The Traditional Tunes of the Child Ballads

Young Allan

CHILD NO. 245

For this ballad four fairly distinct tunes, or tune-families, have been recorded. Christie's tune, which he says he can trace back to eighteenth century tradition, is unique, so far as the record goes. The characteristic fourth phrase is found as the opening of other ballads: e.g., cf. Nos. 32 (*ante*, Vol. I), 86, 97 (*ante*, Vol. II), 209 (Kinloch, *ante*, Vol. III, variant 38).

The second type occurs in a dozen examples collected by Greig and Duncan. The tune is usually π^8, authentic, but occasionally includes also the plagal range.

The third type consists of but one example, which may be related to the fourth, but seems distinct enough to be separately classed.

The fourth type belongs to the "Drumdelgie" tribe, the most widely used of all the tunes Greig collected in his region. Keith notes that it appears also with Child 281, and with "The Miller of Straloch"; and we have met traces of it with ballads earlier in the series.

It may be observed that the ship endowed with human intelligence and purpose, noted by Child as "by far the most interesting feature" of the ballad, had all but vanished by the beginning of the present century. Only one of Greig's copies (Bell Robertson's, without a tune) keeps it surely. Another (variant 13) shows a trace, but almost diminished to a metaphor—had we not known of supernaturally responsive boats since Homer (see Child's headnote). Indeed, on a particularly memorable night during the siege of Troy, in Pandarus' house, one of the distinguished company told such a magical tale, while the storm howled outside. (Cf. Chaucer, *Troilus and Criseyde*, Bk. III, line 614.)

LIST OF VARIANTS

GROUP A

1. "Young Allan." W. Christie, *Traditional Ballad Airs*, I, 1876, p. 252.

GROUP B

2. "Young Allan." Duncan MSS., "Folk-Song Airs of the North East," p. 10, and "Folk-Song Words belonging to the North East, and received from Mrs Gillespie," p. 177, Cecil Sharp House, London. (W. Duncan and Gillespie)
3. "Young Allan." Greig MSS., III, p. 164, and Bk. 766, LVI, p. 19, King's College Library, Aberdeen. (R[obb])
4. "Young Allan." Greig MSS., IV, p. 83. (Johnstone)
5. "Young Allan." Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 506. Also in Gavin Greig and Alexander Keith, *Last Leaves of Traditional Ballads and Ballad Airs*, 1925, p. 199(1a). (Wallace)
6. "Young Allan." Greig MSS., I, p. 35. (Duncan)
7. "Young Allen." Greig MSS., I, p. 186. (Riddell)
8. "Young Allen." Greig MSS., III, p. 88. Also in *Rymour Club Miscellanea*, I (1910), p. 198; and Greig and Keith, *Last Leaves*, 1925, p. 200(1b). (A. Greig)
9. "Four and Twenty Sailor Lads." Archive, School of Scottish Studies, University of Edinburgh, recording No. 1960/134/A5. (George Fraser)
10. "Young Allan." Greig MSS., IV, p. 7, and Bk. 738, XXVIII, p. 75. (Coutts)
11. "Young Allan." Greig MSS., I, p. 34, and Bk. 716, VI, p. 41[v]. (J. G[reig])
12. "Miraladen." Greig MSS., III, p. 118, and Bk. 751, XLI, p. 112. (Thain)
13. "Young Allan." Greig MSS., II, p. 47, and Bk. 716, VI, p. 42. Also in Greig-Duncan MS. 785 (transcription of W. Walker), King's College Library, Aberdeen. (Stuart)
14. "Young Allan." Greig MSS., II, p. 131. (Knox)

a. "I saw a sparrow." Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 443. (L[yall])

GROUP C

15. "Young Allan." Greig MSS., II, p. 40. Also in Greig and Keith, *Last Leaves*, 1925, p. 200(3). (Barron)

GROUP D

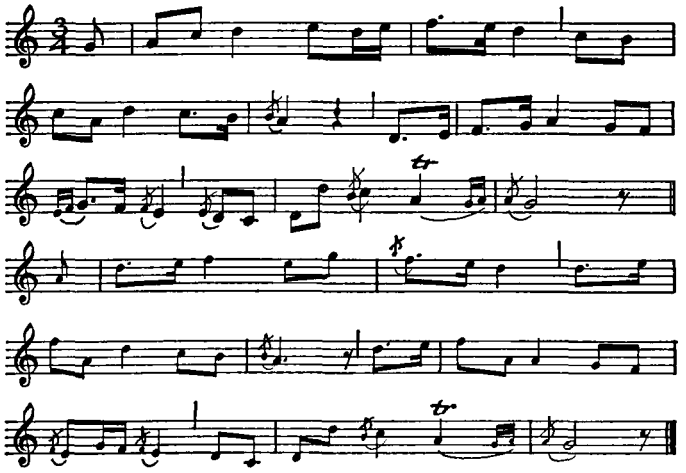
16. "Young Allan." Greig MSS., II, p. 40. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 200(2). (Calder)

TUNES WITH TEXTS

GROUP A

1. "Young Allan"

Christie, I, 1876, p. 252. From the singing of an old woman of Buckie, Banffshire, who died at 80 in 1866; her father was a famous ballad-singer in Buckie in the eighteenth century.

m M

As all the skippers o' Scarboro'
Sat drinking at the wine;
There fell a-roosing them amang,
On an unseally time.
And some there roos'd their hawk, their hawk,
And some there roos'd their hound;
But young Allan roos'd his comely cog,
As she stood on dry ground.

[*Etc.*]

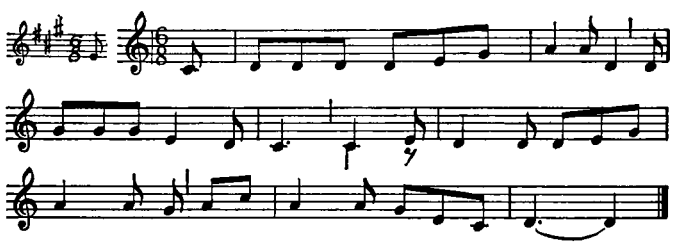
Christie's text is "epitomized" from Buchan (*Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland*, 1828, II, p. 11), with some alterations from his memory of the sung version.

GROUP B

2. "Young Allan"

Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 10; "Words," p. 177. From William Duncan, Rothienorman, who learned it from farm servants in boyhood. Words from Mrs. Gillespie. Noted 1905.

a π^3



1. A' the sailors in Merry London
An they were drinking wine
They fell a reasoning among themselves
About some unlucky time.

Chorus:

Young Allan he grat an he wrang his hands
An kent na well fer to dae
For the wind wis loud an the waves wis proud
An weel a be lost by sea.

2. Some o thim praised their ladies gay
An some o thim their wine
But Young Allan he praised his bonnie new ship
For she cost him mony a pound.

Chorus.

3. O what will ye wager wi me my boys
O what will ye wager wi me
That there's nae a ship in a' the coast
To morrow will sail wi me.

Chorus.

4. Except the rose o the heckling game
An the decks o the dorminee
An the muckle black snake wi her lee lang end
I winna count in the three.

Chorus.

5. Out it spake a little wee boy
That sat by young Allan's knee
Said ye lee ye lee young Allan he cried
Sae loud's I hear you lee.

Chorus.

6. My father has a bonnie boat
To morrow will sail wi thee
An thirty times the lee lang nicht
She'll turn the wind wi thee.

Chorus.

6a. There's nane o' them took to their ships
Till they got mess an' dine,
An' they took fare weel o' their sweethearts,
An' took to their ships syne.

Chorus.

7. They sailed east an they sailed west
Out our the ragin main
Till they saw the Rose o the Heckling Game
Sink down among the fame.

Chorus.

8. They sailed east an they sailed west
Out our the ragin main
Till they saw the deck o the Dorminee
Wi her top mast rent in twain.

Chorus.

9. They sailed east an they sailed west
Out our the ragin main
Till the muckle Black Snake wi her lee lang end
Sank never to rise again.

Chorus.

10. O where will I get a boy sae kind
That'll tak my helm in hand
Till I go up to my high top mast
To look out for some dry land.

Chorus.

11. Here am I a little wee boy
That'll tak yere helm in hand
Till ye gang up to your high top mast
To look out for some dry land.

Chorus.

12. Come down come down young Allan he cried
Ye see not what I see
For through an through yere bonnie ship's sails
I see the Greenland (sic) Sea.

Chorus.

13. O where will I get a clever boy
That'll tak my ship in hand
An if he brings me safe on shore
he'll wed my daughter Ann.

Chorus.

14. Hell hae the ae half o' my gear
An the third part o my land
An if he brings me safe on shore
Hell wed my daughter Ann.

Chorus.

15. Here am I a clever wee boy
That'll tak yere ship in hand
An gin I bring ye safe on shore
Ill wed your daughter Ann.

Chorus.

16. I'll hae the ae half o your gear
An the third part o your land
An gin I bring ye safe to shore
Ill wed your daughter Ann.

Chorus.

17. Y'ell tak [four an] twenty feather beds
An busk yere bonnie ship roun
An as much o the canvas claith
As gar her gang hale an soun.

Chorus.

18. An where ye want an iron nail
Yell ca' a siller pin
An where ye want an oaken spale
Yell beat the yellow gold in.

Chorus.

19. An where he wanted an iron nail
He caad a siller pin
An where he wanted an oaken spale
He beat the yellow gold in.

Chorus.

20. The firstan shore that they came tull
It was the shore o ?Lynes
Wi guns an swords they held them out
An widna lat them in.

Chorus.

21. The nextan shore that they came tull
Wis bonnie Aberdeen
Wi pipes play'n an merry dancin
They welcomed young Allan in.

Chorus.

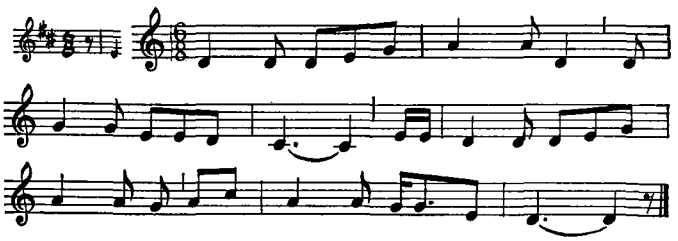
22. I'll hae the a half o yere gear
An the third part o yere land
An since Ive brought ye safe on shore
I'll wed yere daughter Ann.

Chorus.

"There should be another verse, stating that he drowned him, instead of giving him his daughter." [*Duncan's MS. note*].

3. "Young Allan"

Greig MSS., III, p. 164; text, Bk. 766, LVI, p. 19. From A[lexander] R[obb.], New Deer.

a π^3

I will wager wi' you the morn,
If ye will wager wi' me,
That there's nae a ship in the Moray Firth
That'll sail to-morrow wi' me.

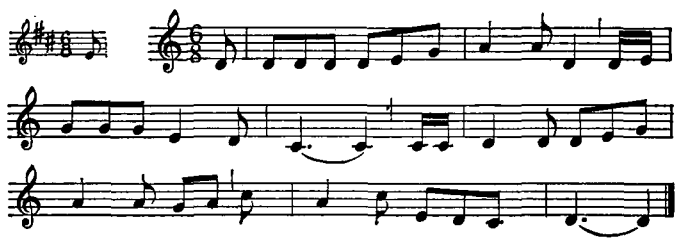
. . . . . .

Come doon, come doon, my skipper, he said,
For ye know not what I see;
For thro' & thro' your bonnie ship
I see the green hyauv* sea.

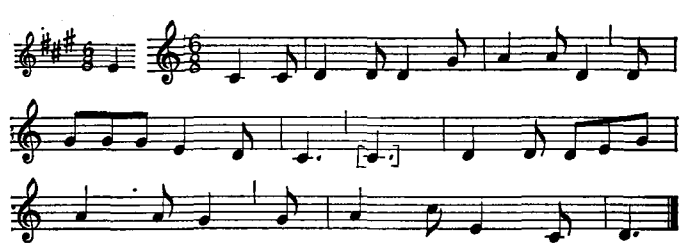
* Mixed green. (?tyauv) Old people wd. call miswashen clothes *hyauv white*. B[ell] R[obertson] has same word in her version, with similar explanation. [*Greig's MS. note.*]

4. "Young Allan"

Greig MSS., IV, p. 83. From John Johnstone, New Deer.

a π^3

5. "Young Allan"

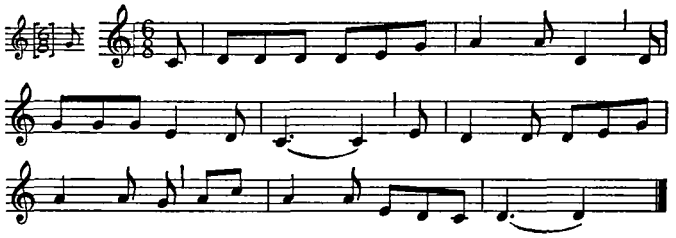
Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 506. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 199(1a). Sung by William Wallace, October 6, 1911, Leochel-Cushnie. Learned c. 1871.

a π^3

There was four an' twenty sailors a'
Sat merrily drinkin' wine,
Some they reesed their ha's an' bows,
(sic) bowers?
An' some they reesed their lan'.

Young Allen he grat & he wrang his hands,
And he kentna what to dee,
For the winds were lood & the waves were prood,
And we'll a' be drooned by sea.

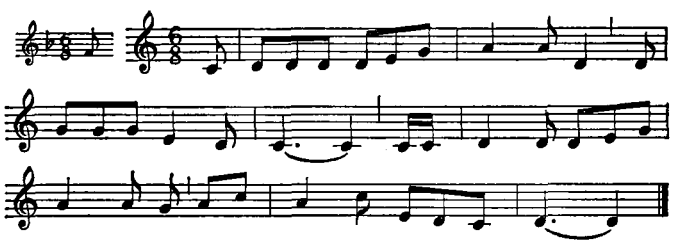
6. "Young Allan"

Greig MSS., I, p. 35. From Rev. James B. Duncan, Lynturk.

a π^3

Young Allan he grat & wrang his hands
And kent na weel fu' to dee
For the wind was lood & the waves were prood
& we'll a' be lost by sea.

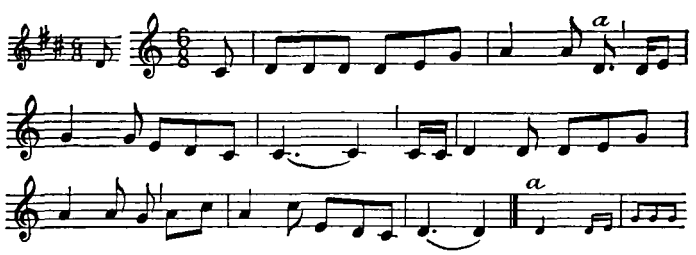
7. "Young Allen"

Greig MSS., I, p. 186. From George Riddell, Rosehearty.

a π^3

Young Allen he grat & he wrung his hands
He kent na weel foo to dee.
For the winds were lood, and the waves were prood,
And we'll a' be lost by sea.

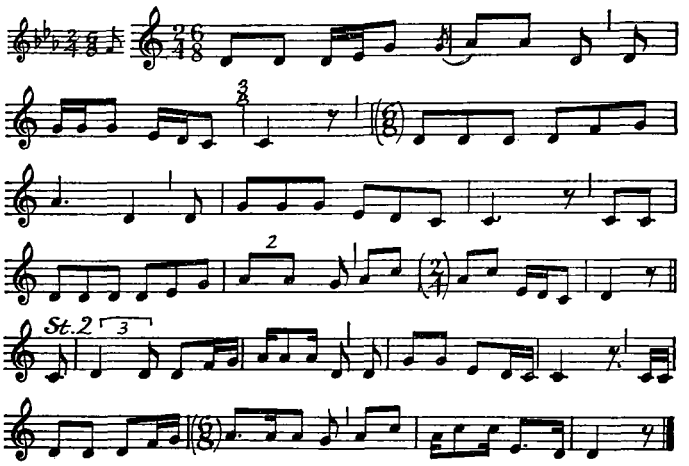
8. "Young Allen"

Greig MSS., III, p. 88. Also in *Rymour Club Miscellanea*, I (1910), p. 198; and Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 200(1b). From Alexander Greig, Oldwhat, New Deer, April 1908.

a π^3

Young Allen he grat & he wrang his hands,
And he kentna what to dee,
For the winds were lood & the waves were prood,
And we'll a' be drooned by sea.

9. "Four and Twenty Sailor Lads"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1960/134/A5. Sung by George Fraser, Strichen, Aberdeenshire, November 3, 1959. Collected by K. S. Goldstein. Tune transcribed by James Porter.

a π^3

1. Fowre an'-twenty sailor lads
Sat merrily drinkin' wine;
Some o' them raised t'their haorses,
An' some o' them raised t'their land.
But young Allan he raised t' his bonnie ship
That had cost him many a pound.

2. "It's I will wager wi' onie o' you,
It's wha' will wager wi' me?
For there's no a ship intae a' the lang day (?Lungdale)
'at'll sail the seas wi' me."

3. Out did speak a merry little boy,
Stood by young Allan's knee:
"Ye lee, ye lee, young Allan," he said,
An' fu' loud as I hear ye lee.

4. "For my father he has a bonnie wee boat,
A bonnie wee boat has he;
For my father he has a bonnie wee boat
An' to Moray shall sail wi' me."

5. They sailèd east an' they sailèd west;
They sail'd all over the sea.
The wind blew loud' an' the waves came brod,
An' they'll a' be lost by sea.

6. Young Allan he grat an' he wrang his hands,
For he kent nae weel for to dee,
For he saw the black snake o' the Lang leein',
She sank, she never was seen.

7. "Oh where will I get a merry little boy
That'll take my helm in hand,
Or I ging up to my high topmast,
Look oot for some dry land?

8. "He shall hae the hauf o' my gold,
The third part of my land,
An' if ever we get safe on shore,
He'll wed my daughter, Ann."

9. "Oh here am I, a merry little boy
That'll take your helm in hand,
Or ye ging up to your high topmast,
Look out for some dry land.

10. "I winna hae the hauf o' your gold,
Nor either will I your land;
But ever we get safe on shore,
I'll wed your daughter, Ann."

11. "Come down, come down, young Allan," he cried,
"Come down, come down to me,
For through an' through your bonnie ship
I see the Greenland sea."

12. "Take fowre-an'-twenty feather beds
An' busk my bonnie ship round,
An' ye'll take as much o' the canvas cloth
As'll make her whole an' sound.

13. "Where ye want an iron nail,
Ye'll ca' a silver pin,
An' where ye want a waukin' spale
Ye'll beat the yellow gold in."

14. There was thirty ships gaed oot to sea;
There was thirty ships at e'en,
But neen o' them cam' back again,
But just young Allan MacLean.

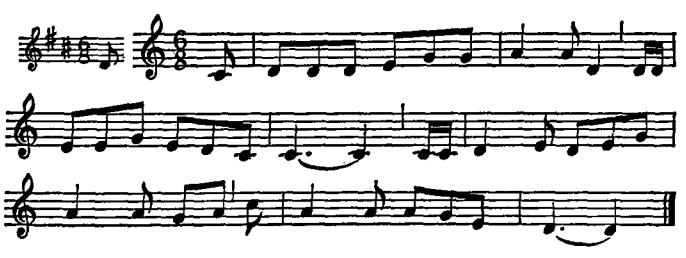
15. "Oh where is now the merry little boy
That took my helm in hand,
Or I gaed up to my high topmast,
Looked out for some dry land?

16. "He shall hae the half o' my gold,
The third part of my land,
And now that we've got safe on shore
He'll wed my daughter, Ann."

17. "I will nae hae the half o' your gold,
Nor either will I your land,
But now that we've got safe on shore,
I'll wed your daughter, Ann."

10. "Young Allan"

Greig MSS., IV, p. 7; text, Bk. 738, XXVIII, p. 75. From Mrs. Coutts, Ellon, learned c. 1865.

a π^3

1. . . . . .
As they sat drinkin' wine,
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

2. And some o' them raist their cups o' wine,
And some o' them raist their hands,
Young Allan he raist his bonny new ship,
That cost him many a pound.

3. Fat will ye wager, my bonny young lads,
And fat will ye wager wi' me?
That there's nae a ship in a' the main
That'll sail the seas wi' me.

Dirck

4. Unless the (Drake) o' Normandie,
The black Snake o' the Leeland Inn,
And for the Rose o' the Lee Lang deck,—
That three I winna tak' in.

(as they did down,)

5. But they sailed up & they sailed down,
Through many a stormy sea,
They saw the Dirck o' Dormandie
It sank & never was seen.

6. Young Allan he grat & wrung his hands,
And he kent na fat to dee,
For the wind was lood & the waves were high,
We'll a' be droont at sea.

7. Far 'ull I get a bonny wee lad
To tak' my helm in hand,
Till I rin up to my topmast high,
And look for some dry land

8. He shall get the half o' my gold,
And the third pairt o' my land,
And gin ever we get safe to shore,
He'll get my daughter Ann.

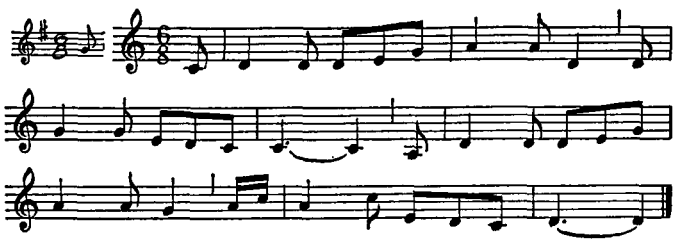
9. Here am I a bonny wee lad
Will tak' your helm in hand,
Till ye rin up to your topmast high
And look for some dry land.

10. I dinna want the half o' your gold,
Nor the third pairt o' your land;
But gin ever we get safe to land,
I'll tak' your daughter Ann.

11. The first port . . . . . .
. . . . . .
Wi' guns & pistols they met us there,
And they widna lat us in.

11. "Young Allan"

Greig MSS., I, p. 34; text, Bk. 716, VI, p. 41[v]. Sung by James Greig, Oldwhat, New Deer, 1904 and January 1906.

m π^3

The sailors and the merry-go-round,
And they sat drinking wine;
They fell a reasoning a-mong themselves,
About some unlucky time.

Because the MS. does not give the name of the singer of the following text, its attribution to James Greig can only be conjectural, the evidence being the nearly exact correspondence between the one stanza of text (above) given with Greig's tune and the first stanza of the anonymous long text.

1. The sailors, and the merry goround
And they sat drinking wine,
They fell a reasoning among themselves
About some unlucky time.

2. I will wager wi' you my boys
And what'll you wager wi' me
That there's nae a boat in a' the bay
Tomorrow will sail wi' me.

3. Unless it be the Rosalind
Or the Duke o Dermondy
Or the little black snake
Wi' the lea like end
And I winna count in that three.

4. Young Allan he grat & he wrung his hands
And he didna ken for to dee
For the winds blew loud & the waves were proud
And we'll a' be lost at sea.

5. Where will I get a little wee boy
That'll take my helm in hand
Till I go to my topmast high
And look out for some dry land.

6. He'll hae the ae half o' my gowd
And the third pairt o' my land
And if he rows me safe on shore
And he'll wed my daugther Ann.

7. Here am I your little wee boy
That'll take your helm in hand
Till ye go to your topm[a]st high
And look oot for some dry land.

8. I'll hae the ae half o' your gowd
And the third pairt o' your land
And if I row you safe on shore
I'll wed your daughter Ann.

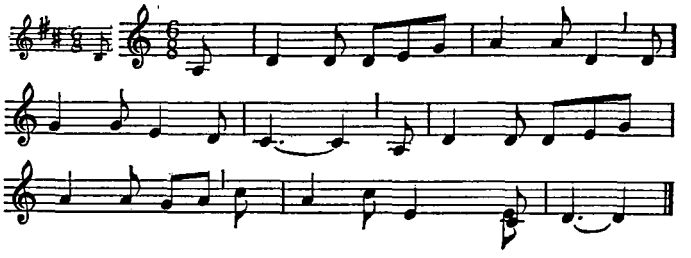
9. There were twenty ships gaed out at bay
There were twenty ships and ane
But nane o' them a' cam back again
But juist young Allan him lane,

10. We sailed east & we sailed west
Thro mony's the stormy sea.
Till the next in port we landed at
Was bonny Aiberdeen.

11. Sae merrily as the sailors danced
Sae merrily as they danced a'
Sae merrily as the sailors danced
Wi' their new buckled sheen.

12. "Miraladen"

Greig MSS., III, p. 118; text, Bk. 751, XLI, p. 112. From Mrs. Thain, New Deer.

m π^8

1. A the sailors o' Miraladen
As they sat drinkin' wine
They fell areesin amang themselves
In some unlucky time.

2. Some o' them reesed the ladies gay
An' some o' them reesed the rooms
But young Allan he reesed his bonny ship
She cost him mony a pound.

3. Oh what will ye wager wi' me my boys
Oh what will ye wager wi' me
That there's nae a ship in a' Miraladen
That will sail the morn wi' me.

4. Young Allan he grat & he wrang his hands
He kent na weel fu to dae
The winds are loud & the waves are proud
And we'll a' be lost at sea.

5. Faur will I get a bonny wee boy
To tak my helm in hand
Till I gang up to my topmast
To look for some dry land.

6. It's he shall have one part o' my gowd
And the third part o' my land
And if he rows me safe on shore
He'll have my daughter Ann.

7. Oh here am I a bonny wee boy
To tak your helm in hand
Till ye gang up to your topmast
To look for some dry land.

8. You'll tak four & twenty feather beds
And busk your bonny ship roun
And as much o' the canvas cloth
As gar her gang whole and soun.

9. And far you want an iron nail
You'll drive a silver pin
An' far you want an oaken spell
You'll beat the yellow gold in.

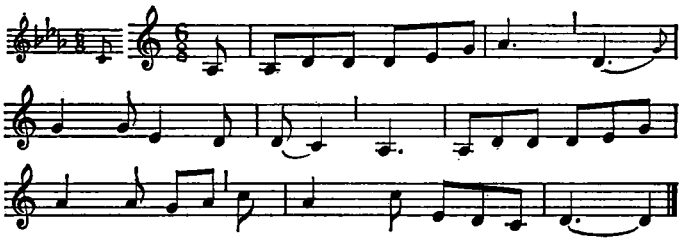
10. There were four and twenty bonny ships
Left the pier o' Aberdeen
But there was na ane cam' back again
But just brave Allen him lane.

11. Faur will I get the bonny wee boy
That took my helm in hand
Till I gaed up to my topmast
And looked for some dry land.

12. Oh here am I the bonny wee boy
That took your helm in hand
And since I've rowed you safe on shore
I'll have your daughter Ann.

13. "Young Allan"

Greig MSS., II, p. 47; text, Bk. 716, VI, p. 42. Also in Greig-Duncan MS. 785 (Walker transcript). From Mrs. Stuart, Mitchelhill, New Deer, July 1906.

m π^8

The sailors o' Mirrley Den
As they sat drinking wine
But some o' them fell a-reasoning
At some unlucky time.

As with variant 11 above, the MS. does not give the name of the singer of the following text; therefore, its attribution to Mrs. Stuart can be only conjectural, based on the similarity between the one stanza of text (above) given with her tune and the first stanza of the following long anonymous text.

1. The Sailors o' merrily Den
As they sat drinkin' wine
Some o' them fell a reasonin'
At some unlucky time.

2. Some o' them reesed their ladies gay
And some o' them reesed their rooms
But young Allan he reesed his bonnie new ship
For she cost him mony a pound.

3. There were four & twenty bonny new ships
Left the pier o' Aiberdeen
There was nane o' them a' returned again
But juist young Allan him lane.

4. Where will I get a bonny wee boy
To take my helm in hand
Or I gang up to my topmost high
To look out for some dry land.

5. It's he shall have the half o' my gold
And the third pairt o' my land
And if he roll me safe ashore
He shall have my daughter Ann.

6. Here am I a little wee boy
That will take your helm in hand
Till you gang up to your topmast high
To look out for some dry land.

7. Come down come down young Allan he says
Ye dinna ken what I see
Richt even through your bonny new ship
And the green wall seas I see.

8. Young Allan he grat & he wrung his hands
And he didna ken what to dee
For the winds they were loud & the waves they were proud
And we'll all be lost at sea.

9. Noo ye'll tak four & twenty feather beds
And busk yer bonnie ship roon
And as muckle o' the canvas cloth
As gar her gang sailin' roon.

10. And there ye want an iron nail
And ye'll ca' in a silver pin
And there ye want an oaken spell
And ye'll ca' the yellow gold in.

11. And Seen they took four & twenty feather beds
And busked their bonnie ship roon
And as much o' the canvas cloth
As gared her gang sailin' roon.

12. There they wantit an iron nail
And they caed in a silver pin
And there they wantit a oaken spell
And they caed the yellow gold in.

13. The ship she's hearkened to our voice
To our voice hearkened she
And she's gaen skipping out owre the waves
As a bird gangs owre the lea.

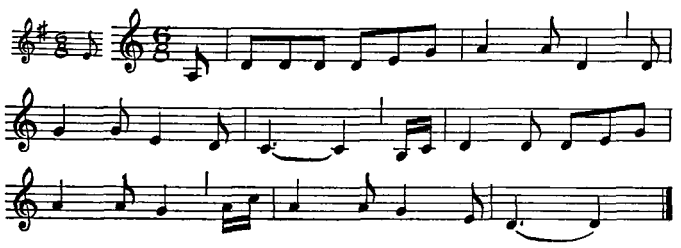
14. (Ye lee, ye lee young Allan he said
Sae lood as I hear you lee
There's nae a ship in a' Merrily Den
As will sail the sea wi thee.)

15. Where is now the little wee boy
That took my helm in hand
And since he's rolled us safe ashore
He'll have my daugther Ann.

16. Here am I the little wee boy
That took your helm in hand
And since I've rolled you safe ashore
I'll wed your daugther Ann.

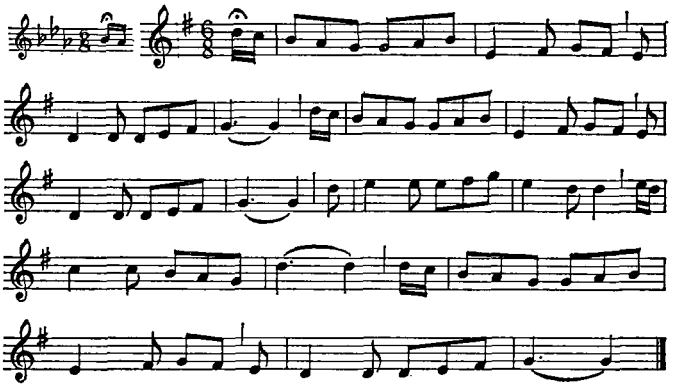
14. "Young Allan"

Greig MSS., II, p. 131. From Mrs. Knox, New Deer, August 1907.

m M/D

GROUP C

15. "Young Allan"

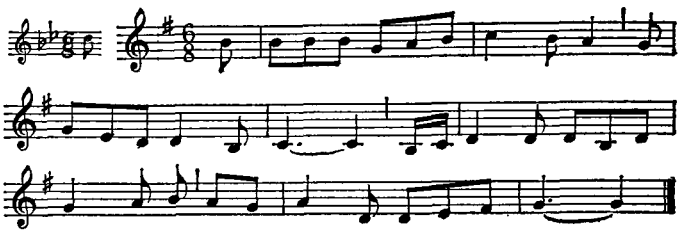
Greig MSS., II, p. 40. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 200(3). From Arthur Barron, Mains of Whitehill, New Deer, November 1906.

m I

Young Allen he grat & he wrung his hands
& he didna ken what to dee,
For the wind was lood & the waves were prood,
And we'll a' be lost by sea.

GROUP D

16. "Young Allan"

Greig MSS., II, p. 40. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 200(2). From Rev. John Calder, Crimond, August 1906.

p I

Young Allan he grat & he wrung his hands
And didna ken what to dee
For the wind was lood & the waves were prood
And we'll a' be lost by sea.

Redesdale and Wise William

CHILD NO. 246

THE only trace of a tune for this ballad is the note that Mrs. Harris sang Child B to "Johnnie Brod" (Child, 1882-98, IV, p. 386). Although that version has been printed, *ante*, Vol. III, No. 114 (variant 4), it is repeated here for convenience.

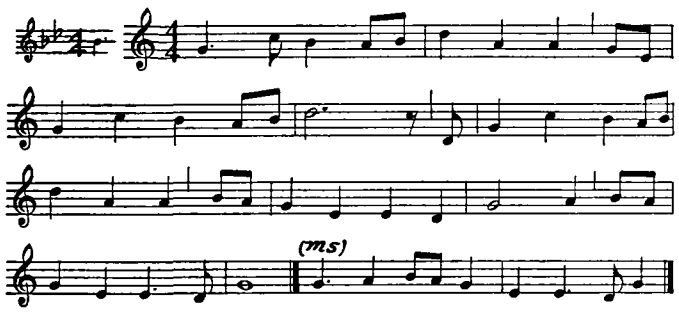
LIST OF VARIANTS

"Redesdale and Wise William." Harris MS., No. 18 ("Johnnie Brod"), and fol. 14 b, Harvard College Library. Also in Francis James Child, *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, 1882-98, V, p. 419, and IV, p. 385(B).

TUNE WITH TEXT

"Redesdale and Wise William"

Harris MS., No. 18 ("Johnnie Brod"); text, fol. 14 b. Also in Child, 1882-98, V, p. 419; text, IV, p. 385(B). From Mrs. Amelia Harris; learned from an old nurse during childhood in Perthshire, late eighteenth century. Noted by her daughter. Text given from Child.

p I/M

1. Roudesdales an Clerk William
   Sat birlin at the wine,
   An a' the talk was them atween
   Was aboot the ladies fine, fine,
   Was aboot the ladies fine.

2. Says Roudesdales to Clerk William,
   'I'll wad my lands wi thee,
   I'll wad my lands against thy head,
   An that is what I'll dee,

3. 'That there's no a leddy in a' the land,
   That's fair, baith ee an bree,
   That I winna wed withoot courtin,
   Wi ae blink o my ee.'

4. Says William, 'I've an ae sister,
   She's fair, baith ee an bree;
   An you'll no wed her withoot courtin,
   Wi ae blink o your ee.'

5. He has wrote a broad letter,
   Between the nicht an the day,
   An sent it to his ae sister
   Wi the white feather an the gray.

6. The firsten line she luekit on,
   A licht lauchter gae she;
   But eer she read it to the end
   The tear blindit her ee.

7. 'Oh wae betide my ae brither,
   Wald wad his head for me,
   . . . . . .
   . . . . . .

8. Roudesdales to her bour has gane,
   An rade it round aboot,
   An there he saw that fair ladie,
   At a window lookin oot.

9. 'Come doon, come doon, you fair ladie,
   Ae sicht o you to see;
   For the rings are o the goud sae ried
   That I will gie to thee.'

10. 'If yours are o the goud sae ried,
    Mine's o the silver clear;
    So get you gone, you Roudesdales,
    For you sall no be here.'

11. 'Come doon, come doon, you lady fair,
    Ae sicht o you to see;
    For the gouns are o the silk sae fine
    That I will gie to thee.'

12. 'If yours are o the silk sae fine,
    Mine's o the bonnie broun;
    Sa get you gone, you Roudesdales,
    For I will no come doon.'

13. 'Come doon, come doon, you ladie fair,
    Ae sicht o you to see;
    For the steeds are o the milk sae white
    That I will gie to thee.'

14. 'If yours are o the milk sae white,
Mine's o the bonnie broun;
Sae get you gone, you Roudesdales,
For I will no come doon.'

15. 'Come doon, come doon, you ladie fair,
Ae sicht o you to see;
Or I will set your bour on fire
Atween your nurse an thee.'

16. 'You may set my bowr on fire,
As I doubt na you will dee,
But there'll come a sharp shour frae the wast
Will slocken't speedilie.'

17. He has set her bour on fire,
An quickly it did flame;
But there cam a sharp shour frae the wast
That put it oot again.

18. Oot amang the fire an smoke
That bonnie lady cam,
Wi as muckle goud aboon her bree
As wald bocht an earldom.

19. 'Oh wae betide you, ill woman,
An ill, ill died may you dee!
For ye hae won your brither's head,
An I go landless free.'

Lady Elspat

CHILD NO. 247

THE proper tune of this ballad is not that which is printed for it in Child's Appendix of Ballad Airs (1882-98, V, p. 422), but a quite different one. The proper tune is an authentic π^3, of which all four phrases have a cadence on the tonic.

The only other tune in the record is that of Christie, given (in two strains) from his father's papers. It has an inflected VII (if the final be tonic, otherwise IV). There might well be question whether the tune have not a fallen close, its true tonic being G. In the latter case, the tune is I/M; otherwise M/D. There may be a connection between these tunes, but Christie is too undependable to allow of debate on the matter.

Hitherto in this work we have relied on Joseph Ritson's transcript of the long-lost MS. of Mrs. Brown's ballads, made with the help of her nephew, Robert Scott, who set down the tunes, for the benefit of William Tytler. The original was lately recovered at Aldourie Castle, and a photographic copy is on deposit in the National Library of Scotland (MS. Acc. 3640). It corroborates Ritson's accuracy in assigning the tune given as "Lady Elspat" in Child's Appendix to "King Henry" (Child No. 32). The Abbotsford MS. cited as Child's source also derives from Mrs. Brown's ballads. See his list of MS. sources, V, p. 397, and an article, sadly inaccurate, by the present editor, in *CFQ*, I (April 1942), pp. 185-200.

There is said to be a tune in the Bunyan MS., 1877, p. 118 (cf. Gray-Muir MS., NL Scotland MS. 2254).

LIST OF VARIANTS

GROUP A

1. "Lady Elspat." Ritson-Tytler-Brown MS., p. 82, Harvard College Library. Also in Bertrand Harris Bronson, *California Folklore Quarterly*, I (1942), p. 192.

GROUP B

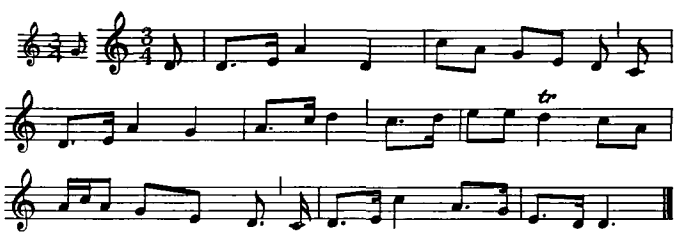
2. "Lady Elspat." W. Christie, *Traditional Ballad Airs*, I, 1876, p. 102.

TUNES WITH TEXTS

GROUP A

1. "Lady Elspat"

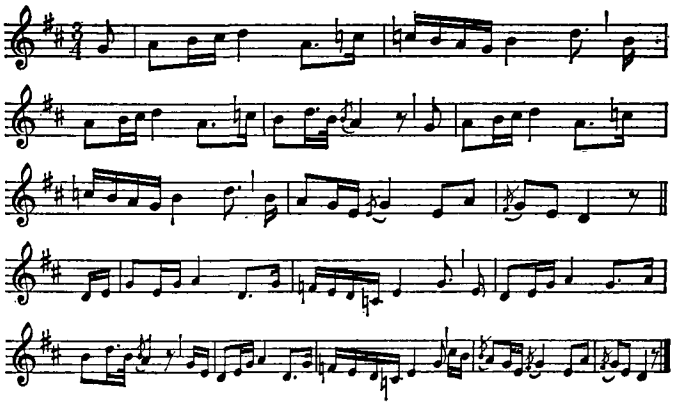
Ritson-Tytler-Brown MS., p. 82. Also in Bronson, *California Folklore Quarterly*, I (1942), p. 192. Sung by Mrs. Brown, Falkland, Aberdeenshire; copied by Joseph Ritson, c. 1792-94.

a π^3

"How brent is your brow, my lady Elspat!
How golden yallow is your hair!
Of all the maids in fair Scotland,
There's nane like lady Elspat fair."
Perform your vows, Sweet William, she says,
The vows which ye have made to me,
And at the back o' my mithers castle
This night i'll surely meet wi' thee.
But wae be to her brithers foot-page,
Who hard the words this two did say,
He told them to her lady mother,
Who wrought Sweet Willliam meikle wae.
For she has ta'en him Sweet William,
And she's gar'd bind him wi' his bow-string,
Til the red blude o' his body
Frae ilka nail o's hand did spring.
O it fell once upon a time
That the lord justice came to town,
Out has she ta'en him Sweet William,
Brought him before lord justice bound.
An' what is the crime now, madam, he says,
Has been committed by this young man?
"O he has broken my bonny castle,
That was well bigged wi' lime and stane;
An' he has broken my bonny coffers,
That was well banded wi' aiken beam;
An' he has stolen my rich jewels,
I wat he has them every one."
Then out it spake her lady Elspat,
As she sat by lord justice' knee,
"Now ye have tauld your tale, mother,
I pray, lord justice, hear you me.
He has not broken her bonny castle,
That was well bigget wi' lime and stane;
Nor has he stol'n her rich jewels,
For i wot she has them ev'ry one.
But though he was my first fair love,
And though i'd sworn to be his bride,
'Cause he had not a great estate,
She would this way our loves divide."
Then out it spake the good lord justice,
I wot the tear was in his ee,
"I see nae fault in this young man,
So loose his bands and set him free.
Take back your love now, lady Elspat,
An' my best blessing you baith upon,
For gin he be your first fair love,
He is my eldest sisters son."

GROUP B

2. "Lady Elspat"

Christie, I, 1876, p. 102. Christie found this tune, from an unknown source, among the papers of his father, who died in 1849.

a D (inflected VII); or on G, p M (inflected IV)

"How brent's your brow, my lady Elspat?
How gouden yellow is your hair?
O' a' the maids o' fair Scotland,
There's nane like lady Elspat fair,"
"Perform your vows, sweet William," she says,
"The vows that ye ha'e made to me;
And at the back o' my mither's castle,
This night I'll surely meet wi' thee."
[*Etc.*]

Christie's text is as Jamieson gave it in *Popular Ballads*, 1806, II, p. 191, "from the recitation of Mrs. Brown of Falkland." This is Child's *a*.

The Grey Cock, or, Saw You My Father?

CHILD NO. 248

THE text of this ballad is in no very satisfactory state. As it stands in the first printed form, Herd's of 1769, there are but four stanzas (one, four, six, and seven of the text printed by Child) and it can hardly be maintained that the three added in 1776 are a great improvement, or do more than bridge the most palpable gaps in the readiest way. We still do not guess why the lassie asks after her father or mother—unless to throw some one off the track, or to make the conventional *three*, the first two of which are always rejected. But indeed, of whom should she ask such a question at all, since what she would most wish to conceal is that she is waiting to admit her lover. If the answer, and not merely her rationalizing thought, be given in the second stanza, the wonder is increased: some one knows too much and is acting as go-between, or knows not enough and is acting presumptuously. And why should the lassie ask the go-between about her own parents, or how should Johnnie, cooped up as he is, be able to send a messenger? Stanza three is a paltry and unballadlike modern invention.

We may suppose, then, that we have some very unskillful cobbling, more in the manner of the broadside hack than of hugger-mugger tradition. Child is quite right, surely, in hazarding a guess that the opening is indebted to "Sweet William's Ghost" (No. 77), where it makes complete sense. It is a *revenant*, there, who tirls at the pin, and elicits the question:

> Is that my father, or is it my brother,
> Or is it my true-love John?

Or so it might run if we had a closer text for parallel. The pointlessness of the opening in the present context makes it almost certain that something of the other kind lies behind this. One notes besides that the palpably *earthly* character of the returning lover in Herd's third stanza, with John's face reddening angrily while he waits for the family to settle to sleep, is established in the later addition.

If such be the truth, we may infer that this is a humorous or serio-comic *rifacimento* of a tragic ballad—the invariable sequence of those who would

> let olde thinges pace
> And hold after the newe world the space.

We have met already many instances of such a declension in the ballad canon: "The Three Ravens," "Lord Lovel," "Giles Collins," "Bessie Bell," for a few. (Some critics, however, e.g., Robert Burns [cf. J. C. Dick, ed., 1903, p. 386] have found the piece tenderly pathetic. The suspicious stanza five comes closest to being so.)

Here, then, we might assume in the original a serious use of the "bird of dawning" to warn the spirit to take his departure. And in fact that is what happens in "Sweet William's Ghost" (No. 77): "Up and crew the red, red cock, And up and crew the gray"—and the lover vanishes into the grave. Child noted (1882-98, IV, p. 389) that an Irish ballad "descriptive of the visit of a lover's ghost to his betrothed" had been cited (from P. W. Joyce) by A. P. Graves, in *Irish Songs and Ballads*, 1880 (Child's date is 1882), "in which the woman, to protract the interview, says:

> O my pretty cock, O my handsome cock,
> I pray you do not crow before day,
> And your comb shall be made of the very beaten gold,
> And your wings of the silver so gray"—

almost the same words as the lassie utters in the present song. Joyce published the whole song in his *Old Irish Folk Music and Songs*, calling it "The Lover's Ghost" (see variant 12 below; there are slight verbal differences in the passage quoted). But in this Irish version the situation is reversed, and it is the girl who returns to her living lover. The Maine editors hereupon assert that Joyce's song, which they reprint (*British Ballads from Maine*, 1929, p. 312), "must stand as the original of 'The Grey Cock.'" But, without pausing to cavil about the word "original," it seems more in keeping with the evidence to regard "The Lover's Ghost" as a "variety" (Child's word) of "Sweet William's Ghost," and to consider the latter as the true parent. Or would it not be better to say that both have a common ancestor?

It is to be noted that Karpeles' Newfoundland texts (variants 3, 4, 5 below) restore the roles of the lovers and are much closer to the pattern of "The Grey Cock" than are the first two stanzas of Joyce. Yet the last stanza of Joyce corresponds to stanzas in the Karpeles versions, and also to both versions from Nova Scotia (variants 11 and 13 below), where, however, it is again the girl who returns. This element, proper to the *revenant*, is of course lacking in the Scottish ballad. The last stanzas of Karpeles' texts, on the other hand, as well as similar verses in several other versions, seem imported as the familiar commonplace for "never," and not quite at home in this context. Interestingly enough, Sharp's text from North Carolina, sadly corrupted, ends with desertion (variant 6 below), which is a natural result when the "never" figure is used of the living rather than the dead. The middle section of this version belongs to the "Grey Cock" tradition, however; and the beginning of it might well belong to the Irish branch. In the latter connection, there is surely no necessary reason for believing with the Maine editors that the cock in the song is a supernatural bird. Where in ghost lore is it suggested that it is not an earthly cock which warns spirits of the approach of day—and, for that matter, earthly lovers as well? In the famous lines of Child No. 77 B, so often discussed, it is most definitely with this middle earth that chanticleer has to do: "Cocks are crowing a merry mid-larf."

It is probably idle to speculate on the possibility that Shakespeare had in mind ancestors of these songs when he wrote Ophelia's lines. But the question, "How should I your true love know?" follows naturally enough after the opening enquiry of this ballad in its earlier state; and the answer that the lover is dead would be an appropriate sequence in the narrative, which would proceed with the ghost's return. The "St. Valentine's Day" song, however, seems to belong to the more lighthearted and worldly branch. Its second stanza comes close to versions of "The Grey Cock"—in particular to Mrs. Gentry's (variant 6 below)—but also it resembles the Newfoundland style of "The Lover's Ghost." There was, of course, a plentiful supply, in Elizabethan England and elsewhere, of songs on the night visit. (Cf. C. R. Baskerville, *PMLA*, XXXVI [1921], pp. 565-614; T. Lyle, *Ancient Ballads and Songs*, 1827, pp. 142-43, etc.) Neither are Shakespeare's two songs in the same metre; nor is either of them in the metre of "The Grey Cock," although "St. Valentine's Day" is in CM, like "Sweet Wil-

liam's Ghost." By an odd coincidence, one Irish tune on this subject (variant 15 below, Petrie, *Complete Collection of Irish Music*, No. 580) with the telltale title "Song of the Ghost," but lacking words (cf. A. P. Graves, *op.cit.*, p. 222) is a suggestively close variant of the older forms of "How should I your true-love know." (Cf. "Walsingham," in Chappell, *Popular Music* [1855-59], I, p. 123.)

In view of all this textual crossing and counter-crossing, it is curious to observe that the extant tunes as well have apparent interconnections. The "Saw you my father?" form of the ballad appeared in English and Scottish record at almost the same moment; and "The Lover's Ghost" may have been circulating in Ireland not long after. The tune of the first was given by Neil Stewart, *A Collection of Scots Songs*, Edinburgh, 1772, according to Glen (*Early Scottish Melodies*, 1900, p. 55); in *Vocal Music*, London, 1772; in *Thompson's Country Dances*, 1775, III, p. 99 (according to Chappell, *op.cit.*, II, p. 731); in *Musical Miscellany*, Perth, 1786, p. 25; in *Calliope*, Perth, 1788, p. 121; in Johnson's *Scots Musical Museum*, No. 76; in G. Thomson, Urbani, R. A. Smith, Graham, Maver, Eyre-Todd, and elsewhere, and there is no question that it got about. It is a major, authentic, tune on a familiar pattern which could be either Scots or English, but more probably English. Maver's copy of 1866 (variant 2 below) is simpler, and, while authentic, leads off from the plagal lower fifth. Maver says of this copy, "first time published," and indicates that it is a *lively* air. There is no doubt of close relationship between these two variants. A second subgroup, but related none the less, begins with a Newfoundland tune. The range has been shortened upwards, but falls easily. The tune starts in the major, then develops a strongly Mixolydian feeling, then (in two variants) abandons the earlier tonic and drops a fifth for its final. Technically, then, it is a major. The North Carolina tune (variant 6 below) is definitely Mixolydian, and presents as well a second strain with a repetitive return. This tune suggests in the first part of its second strain the first part of the Newfoundland copies, whilst the rest suggests the second part of the Newfoundland tunes. But the rhythmical effect partakes of the quality of the variants (if so they may be called) from Ireland in Group Ac. The next (variant 7 below) derives from 6, Mrs. Long being Mrs. Gentry's daughter. The Irish tunes, and those from Nova Scotia, make a third subgroup inclining to minor modes. Hughes' copy (variant 8 below) is a mixed M/D. Joyce's (variant 12 below) is an authentic tune with an inflected VI, major in ascending, minor in descending, passages; hence D-Æ impartially. The Irish tunes are unusually beautiful and interesting. More recently collected, a version sung by Ewan MacColl, coming from Perthshire, seems to belong to the Irish line of descent (variant 10 below). A Dorset tune stands apart (Group B). Variants 15 and 16 below, perhaps improperly grouped together, have been given to a third independent group (C).

According to the Gray-Muir MS. (NL Scotland MS. 2254), there are tunes for "The Grey Cock" also in N. Gow, and in Dale's *Collection of Sixty Favourite Scotch Songs*, 1811, II, p. 103, but they are undoubtedly the familiar Anglo-Scottish setting. Another is in William Boag, *Choice Selection of Ancient & Modern Scots Songs*, BK. III, London, n.d., but after Burns.

LIST OF VARIANTS

GROUP Aa

1. "O Saw ye my Father?" James Johnson, *The Scots Musical Museum*, I [1787], No. 76, p. 77 (repr. 1853). Also in Peter Urbani, *A Selection of Scots Songs*, II [1794], p. 45; Robert Archibald Smith, *The Scotish Minstrel* [1820-24], VI, p. 78; G. F. Graham, *The Songs of Scotland* [1848-49], I, p. 102; W. Chappell, *Popular Music of the Olden Time* [1855-59], II, p. 731; and George Eyre-Todd, *Ancient Scots Ballads* [1894], p. 140.
2. "O Saw Ye My Father." Robert Maver, *Genuine Scottish Melodies*, 1866, No. 281, p. 141.

GROUP Ab

3. "The Lover's Ghost," or "The Little Fishes." Maud Karpeles MSS., No. 5166, and p. 4700.
4. "The Lover's Ghost," or "The Little Fishes." Karpeles MSS., No. 5151.
5. "The Lover's Ghost," or "The Little Fishes." Karpeles MSS., No. 5148, and p. 4661. Also in Maud Karpeles, *Folk Songs from Newfoundland*, 1934, II, p. 108.
6. "The Grey Cock." Sharp MSS., 3315/2420, Clare College Library, Cambridge. Also in Cecil J. Sharp and Maud Karpeles, *English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 259. (Gentry)
7. "The Gray Cock." Maud Gentry Long, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 9158(B3).

GROUP Ac

8. "The light of the moon." Herbert Hughes, *Irish Country Songs*, II, 1915, p. 64.
9. "Fly Up My Cock," or "The Grey Cock" ["Lover's Ghost"]. Robert Cinnamond, Sound Archives of the British Broadcasting Corporation, London, recording No. 24841.
10. "Here's A Health To All True Lovers." Ewan MacColl and Peggy Seeger, Argo album (Z)DA 68, recording No. 3(B6). (Arthur Phillips)
11. "Margaret and John." Helen Creighton and Doreen H. Senior, *Traditional Songs from Nova Scotia*, 1950, p. 83(A).
12. "The Lover's Ghost." Patrick Weston Joyce, *Old Irish Folk Music and Songs*, 1909, No. 408, p. 219.
13. "Margaret and John." Creighton and Senior, *Traditional Songs from Nova Scotia*, 1950, p. 84(B).

GROUP B

14. "O Once I Loved a Lass." Joan Brocklebank and Biddie Kindersley, *A Dorset Book of Folk Songs*, 1948, p. 7. Also, by Ewan MacColl, on Riverside recording No. RLP 12-656(A5), ed. Kenneth S. Goldstein.

GROUP C

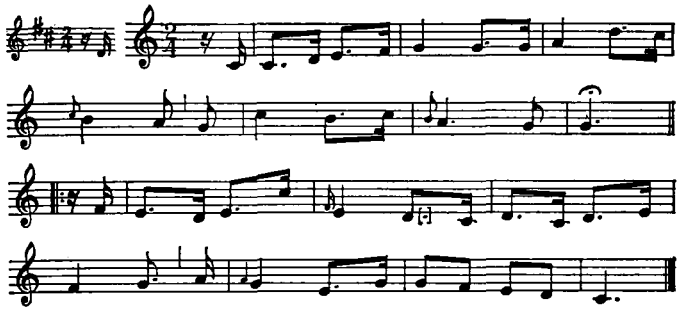
15. "The Song of the Ghost." George Petrie, *The Complete Collection of Irish Music*, ed. Charles Villiers Stanford, 1902-05, No. 580. Also in F. Hoffmann, *Ancient Music of Ireland from the Petrie Collection*, 1877, No. 120, p. 80; and A. P. Graves, *Irish Songs and Ballads*, 1880, p. 222.
16. "The Lover's Ghost." Marie Slocombe, *JEFDSS*, VII, No. 2 (1953), p. 97.

TUNES WITH TEXTS

GROUP Aa

1. "O Saw ye my Father?"

Johnson, I [1787], No. 76, p. 77 (repr. 1853). Also in Urbani, II [1794], p. 45; Smith [1820-24], VI, p. 78; Graham [1848-49], I, p. 102; Chappell [1855-59], II, p. 731; and Eyre-Todd [1894], p. 140.

a I

1. O Saw ye my Father, or saw ye my Mother,
   Or saw ye my true love John
   I saw not your Father, I saw not your Mother,
   But I saw your true love John.

2. It's now ten at night, and the stars gi'e nae light,
   And the bells they ring, ding dong;
   He's met wi' some delay, that causeth him to stay,
   But he will be here ere long.

3. The surly auld carl did naething but snarl,
   And Johny's face it grew red;
   Yet tho' he often sigh'd, he ne'er a word reply'd,
   Till all were asleep in bed.

4. Up Johny rose, and to the door he goes,
   And gently tirled the pin;
   The lassie taking tent, unto the door she went,
   And she open'd, and let him in.

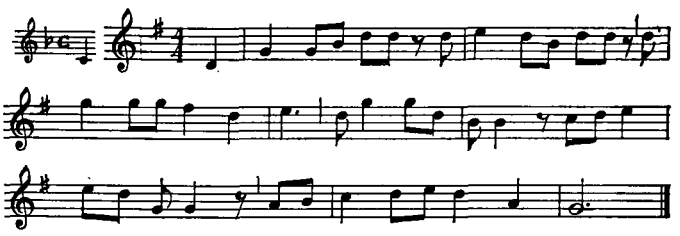
5. And are you come at last, and do I hold ye fast,
   And is my Johny true!
   I have nae time to tell, but sae lang's I like mysell,
   Sae lang shall I love you.

6. Flee up, flee up, my bonny gray cock,
   And craw when it is day;
   Your neck shall be like the bonny beaten gold,
   And your wings of the silver grey.

7. The cock prov'd false, and untrue he was,
   For he crew an hour o'er soon;
   The lassie thought it day, when she sent her love away,
   And it was but a blink of the moon.

2. "O Saw Ye My Father"

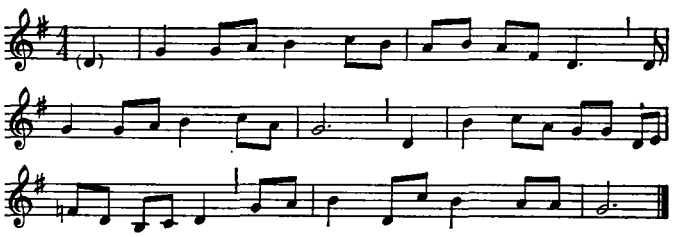
Maver, 1866, No. 281, p. 141.

m I

The timing looks amiss after the mid-cadence; two bars of 5/4 beginning with the upper G would help considerably.

GROUP Ab

3. "The Lover's Ghost," or "The Little Fishes"

Karpeles MSS., No. 5166; text, p. 4700. Sung by Mr. James Day, Fortune Harbor, Newfoundland, October 1, 1929.

p M (inflected VII)

1. Johnny is the young man that lately promised he'd marry me
   But I am afraid that he is . . .
   There's something else bewailed him or else he got a charm
   Or always with some fair one he's gone.

2. But John he come back at the very hour he appointed
   Tappen to her window so low.
   The fair one then arose and hurried on her clothes
   And welcomed her true love, young John.

3. She got him by the hand and 'twas through the room she ledded him,
   She felt he was colder than clay.
   She says: My dearest dear, if I only had my wish
   This long night would never be day.

4. Where is your soft bed of down, my love, she cries,
   Or where is your white holland sheets,
   Or where is the maiden sweet that used to wait on you
   Every night in your long silent sleep?

5. The sand is my soft bed of down, my love, he cries,
   And the waves is my white holland sheet,
   And the rocks and the worms is my jury just (sic) companion
   Every night I sleep in the deep.

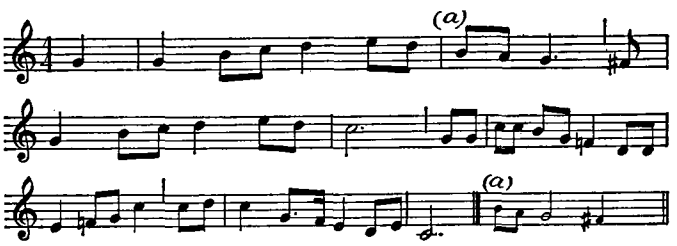
6. When will I see you again, my love, she cries,
   Or when will I see you any more?
   When the little fishes fly and the seas will run dry
   And the hard rocks will melt with the sun.

Additional stanza given October 2nd:

The birds they must be false and very false, she cries,
They crows two hours too soon.
Their combs must be made of the very beads of gold
And their wings of the silver so fine.

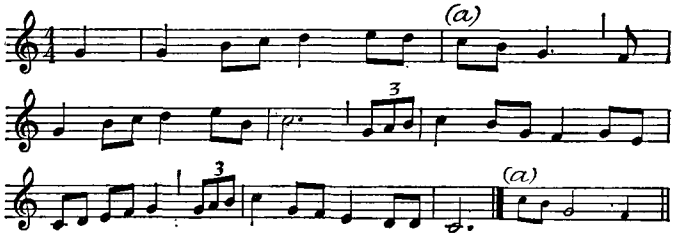
4. "The Lover's Ghost," or "The Little Fishes"

Karpeles MSS., No. 5151. Sung by Miss Mary Gallahue, Scotch Cove, Newfoundland, September 22, 1929.

a I (inflected IV)

O when will I see you again, my love,
O when will I see you again?
When the little fishes flies and the seas they run dry
And the hard rocks they melt in the sun.

5. "The Lover's Ghost," or "The Little Fishes"

Karpeles MSS., No. 5148; text, p. 4661. Also in Karpeles, 1934, II, p. 108. Sung by Matthew Aylward, Stock Cove, Bonavista Bay, Newfoundland, September 20, 1929.

a I (but M feeling)

1. She said unto her mamma, she said unto her dada:
There's something the matter with me
There's something the matter and I don't know what it is
And I'm weary from lying alone.

2. John he came there at the very hour appointed,
He tapped at the window so gay.
This fair maid arose and she hurried on her clothes
And let her true love John in.

3. She took him by the hand and on the bed she laid him,
Felt he was colder than clay.
If I had my wish and my wish it would be so,
This long night would never be morn.

4. Crow up, crow up, my little bird.
And don't crow before it is day
And your cage shall be made of the glittering gold, she says,
And your doors of the silver so gay.

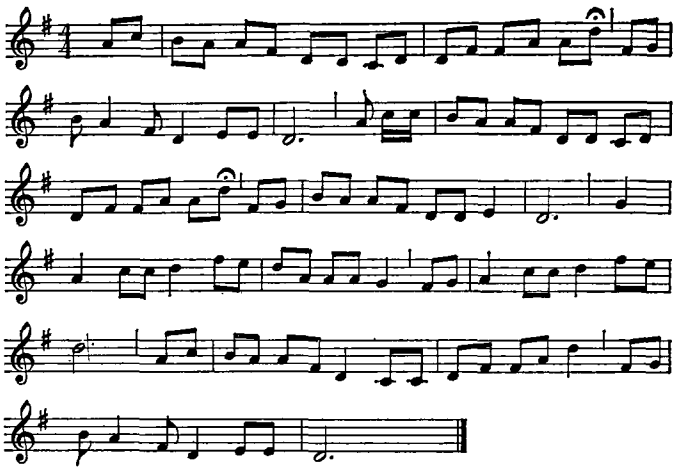
5. Where is your soft bed of down, my love, she cries,
And where is your white holland sheet,
And where is the fair maid that watches on you
While you are taking your long silent sleep.

6. The sand is my soft bed of down, my love, he cried,
The sea is my white holland sheet,
And long hungry worms will feed off of me
While I'm taking my long silent sleep.

7. O when will I see you, my love, she cries,
And when will I see you again?
When the little fishes flies and the seas they do run dry
And the hard rocks they melt with the sun.

6. "The Grey Cock"

Sharp MSS., 3315/2420. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 259. Sung by Mrs. Jane Gentry (54), Hot Springs, N.C., August 24, 1916.

a M

All on one summer's evening when the fever were a-dawning
I heard a fair maid make a mourn.
She was a-weeping for her father and a-grieving for her mother,
And a-thinking all on her true love John.
At last Johnny came and he found the doors all shut
And he dingled so low at the ring.
Then this fair maid she rose and she hurried on her clothes
To make haste to let John[1] come in.

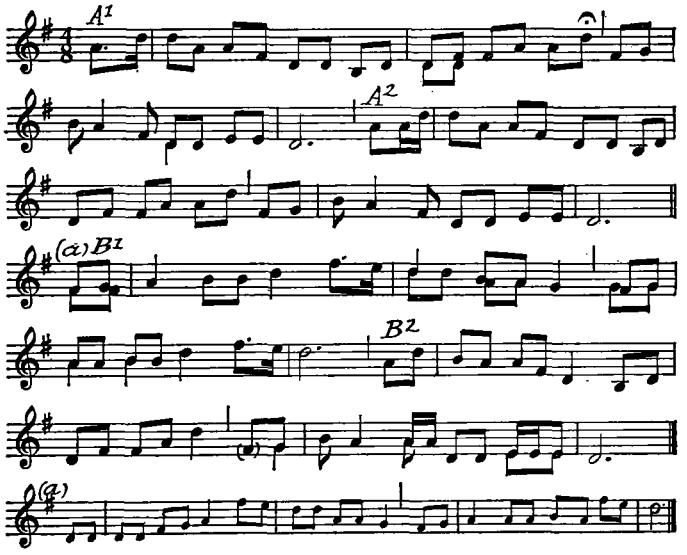
All around the waist he caught her and unto the bed he brought her,
And they lay there a-talking awhile.
She says: O you feathered fowls, O[2] you pretty feathered fowls,
Don't you crow till 'tis almost day.
And your comb it shall be of the pure ivory
And your wings of the bright silveree (silver grey).[3]
But him a-being young, he crowed very soon,
He crowed two long hours before day.
And she sent her love away, for she thought 'twas almost day,
And 'twas all by the light of the moon.

It's when will you be back, dear Johnny,
When will you be back to see me.[4]
When the seventh moon is done and passed
And shines on yonder lea[5]
And you know that will never be.
What a foolish girl was I when I thought he was as true
As the rocks that grow to the ground.
But since I do find he has altered in his mind,
It's better to live single than bound.

[1] 1932: Johnny
[2] Omitted in 1932.
[3] 1932: (*or* silver grey)
[4] 1932: me?
[5] Not separated from line three in 1932.

7. "The Gray Cock"

Sung by Maude Gentry Long, Hot Springs, N.C., 1948. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 9158(B3). Collected by Maud Karpeles and Sidney Robertson Cowell.

a I/M

The lines are lettered according to the musical phrases to which they are sung.

A[1] All on a summer's evening when the fever was a-dawning
I heard a fair maiden make a moan.
A[2] She was a-weeping for her father and a-grieving for her mother
And a-thinking all on her true love John.

B[1] At the last Johnnie came, and he found the doors all shut,
And he dingled low at the ring.
B[2] And this fair maiden arose and she hurried on her clothes
To make haste to let her Johnnie come in.

A[1] All around the waist he [caught] her and to the bed he brought her
And they lay there a-talking awhile.
B[1] She says O you feathered fowls, O you pretty feathered fowls,
Don't you crow till it's almost day.
B[2] And your comb it shall be of the pure ivory
And your wings of the bright silveree.

B[1] But him being young, he crowed very soon.
He crowed two long hours before day
B[2] And she sent her love away for she thought 'twas almost day,
And 'twas all by the light of the moon.

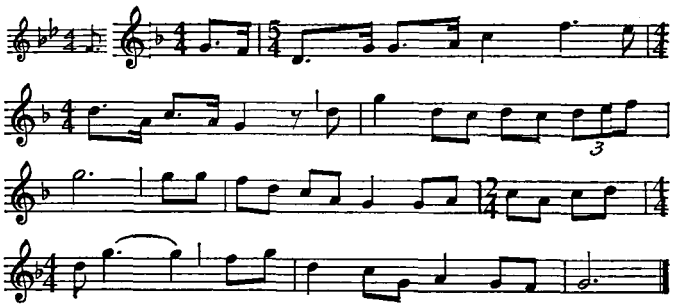
B[1] It's when will you be back, Johnnie dear,
When will you be back to see me?
B[2] When the seventh moon is done and past and shines on yonder lea
And you know that will never be.

B[1] What a foolish girl was I when I thought he was true,
As the rocks that grow to the ground,
B[2] But since I do find he has altered his mind,
It's better to live single than bound.

GROUP AC

8. "The light of the moon"

Hughes, II, 1915, p. 64. Learned "from my old nurse, Ellen Boylan," County Derry.

m M/D

It was on a moonlight night when the stars were shining bright,
A young maid was sighing all alone.
She was sighing for her father, lamenting for her mother,
Shedding tears for her true lover John.

Young John he's come at last and the doors were bolted fast,
And slowly he tinkled on the ring.
And up this maid arose and she bundled on her clothes,
And it's all to let her true lover in.

O ye bird of early dawn, O ye well-feathered bird,
Do you not crow before it is day,
And I will make your comb of the weather beaten gold
And your wings of the light silver grey.

Now this bird he crew false, he crew very, very false,
He crew two long hours before it was day,
And she thought that it was day and she sent her love away
But it was only the light of the moon.

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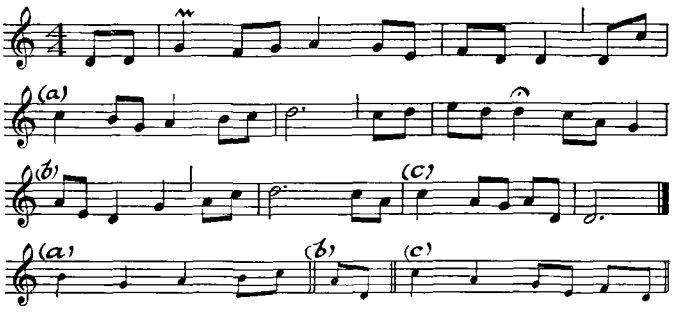
9. "Fly Up My Cock," or "The Grey Cock" ["Lover's Ghost"]

BBC Sound Archives, rec. No. 24841. Sung by Robert Cinnamond, Ireland, August 1955. Collected by Sean O'Boyle.

a D

1. . . . . tender
   Where to find him I don't know
   But may kind Providence protect him
   And send me back my Woodley O.
   [Wu(d)lly? = Willie?]

2. As May lay sleepin' her lover came creepin'
   To her bed-chamber door so slow,
   Sayin' Arise up, rise up, O lovely Mary.
   Weep no more for your Woodley O.

3. May arose and put on her clothing,
   Till her bed-chamber door did go,
   And 'twas there she found her true love Woodley
   And his face was as white as snow.

4. Laddy, where are the blushes
   That you had some years ago?
   O Mary dear, it is death has changed them
   For I'm the ghost of your Woodley O.

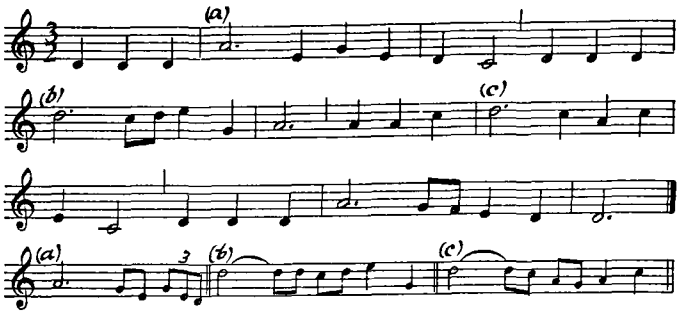
5. It's seven long years that I have been writing
   To the Bay of Biscay O,
   But cruel death brought me no answer
   From my own true Woodley O.

6. They spent some time in conversation
   Concerning their courtship of years ago,
   And 'twas then they kissed and shook hands and parted
   As the cocks they began to crow.

7. When she saw him disappearing,
   Down her cheeks the tears did flow.
   He says, Mary dear, Sweetheart darling,
   Weep no more for your Woodley O.

10. "Here's A Health To All True Lovers"

Sung by Ewan MacColl. Learned from Arthur Phillips, London, who learned it from a tinker in Blairgowrie, Perthshire, 1958. Argo album (Z) DA 68, rec. No. 3(B6), ed. Ewan MacColl and Peggy Seeger.

a D/Æ

1. Here's a health to all true lovers,
   And here's to mine wherever she may be,
   For this very night I'll go and see her,
   Although she's many a mile from me.

2. Let the night be dark as any dungeon,
   Let not a star shine from above,
   O, I'll be guided, safely guided,
   Into the arms of my own true love.

3. He then approached her bedroom window,
   His knee he placed on a cold, cold stone,
   Through a pane of glass he gently whispered,
   'My darling maid, do you sleep alone?'

4. She rose her head from her snow-white pillow,
   Her hand she placed on her lily-white breast,
   Through a pane of glass she then did call him:
   'Who's this disturbs my quiet night's rest?'

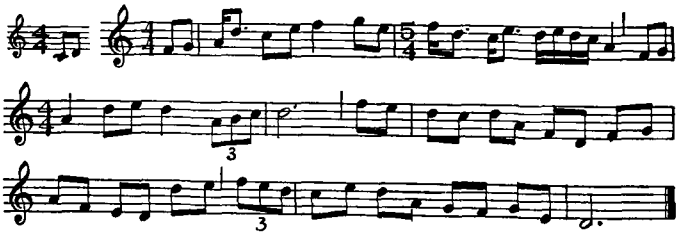
5. ''Tis only I, my darling lover,
   Open the door and let me in,
   For I am tired from this long night's journey,
   And besides I am drenched to the very skin.'

6. She opened the door with the greatest pleasure,
   She opened the door and he walked in,
   They both embraced and kissed each other,
   Until the dawning of day it came creeping in.

7. 'The cocks are crowing, love, I must be going,
   The cocks are crowing, love, I must away:
   The cocks are crowing, love, I must be going,
   For we are servants and we must obey.'

11. "Margaret and John"

Creighton and Senior, 1950, p. 83(A). Sung by Dennis Smith, Chezzetcook, N.S.

a D

1. As I rode out one evening the moon it shined clearly,
   And I heard a fair damsel complain,
   She was crying for her mammy, and lamenting for her daddy,
   And complaining for her true lover John.

2. Oh Johnny he came when he was not expected
And he knocked at the bedroom so loud,
And it's up this fair one rose and it's to the door she goes
It's all to let her true lover in.

3. "Oh Johnny dear Johnny you told me that you'd meet me,
You have stayed full an hour too long,
For what has delayed you? for there's something has detained you
For I'm weary wandering alone."

4. He took her in his arms and he gave her many kisses
And those words unto her he did say,
"Oh if I had my wishes my dearest dearest dear
This long night would never come day."

5. "Where is your down bed dear Margaret?" he cries,
"And where is your white holland sheet?
And where are those waiting maids that used to wait upon you
Every night when you lie down to sleep?"

6. "The grave is my down bed, oh Johnny," she cries,
"And the linen is my white holland sheet,
And the night larks and worms they are my waiting servants
For to feed on me whilst I'm asleep.

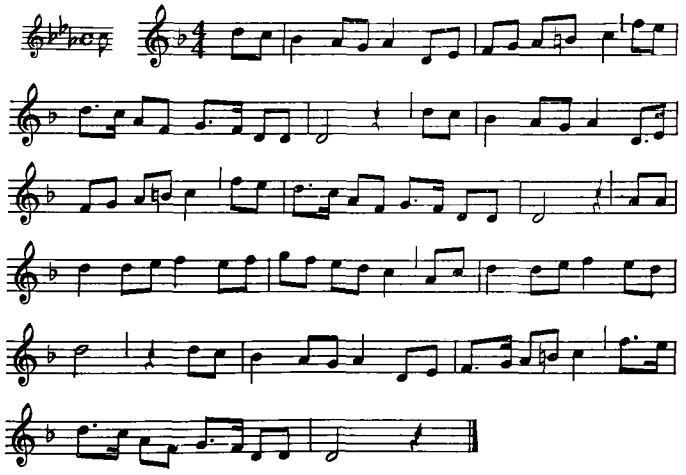
7. "Oh pretty little cockerel, you very handsome cockerel
Don't you crow before day,
For your comb shall be gilded with the very best of gold
And your wings of the silver so gay."

8. The cock he proved false, so very, very false oh
And he crowed full an hour too soon,
And she sent her love away before it was day
And it proved to be the light of the moon.

9. "Oh Margaret, dear Margaret, oh Margaret," he cries oh,
"When shall we ever meet again?"
"When the salt seas run dry and the little fishes fly
And these hard rocks shall melt with the sun."

12. "The Lover's Ghost"

Joyce, 1909, No. 408, p. 219. Learned by Joyce during his childhood in Glenosheen, County Limerick.

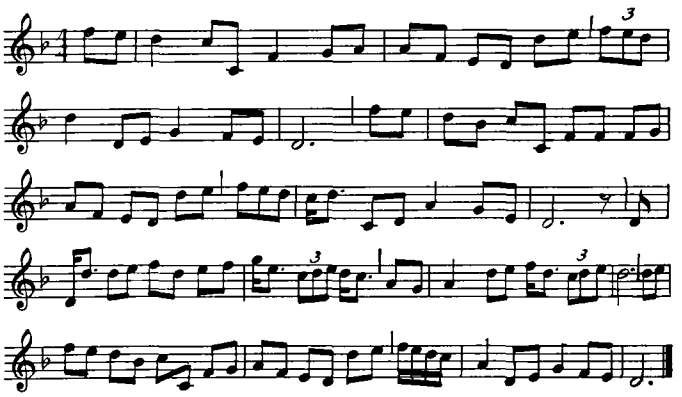
a D—Æ (inflected VI)

"Oh, you're welcome home again," said the young man to his love,
"I am waiting for you many a night and day.
You are tired, you are pale," said this young man to his dear:
"You shall never again go away."
"I must go away," she said, "when the little cock will crow,
For here they will not let me stay:
But if I had my wish, Oh, my darling," she said,
"This night should be never never day."

"Oh my pretty pretty cock, oh, my handsome little cock,
I pray you will not crow before day;
And your comb shall be made of the very beaten gold,
And your wings of the silver so grey!"
But oh, this pretty cock, this handsome little cock,
He crew loud a full hour too soon:
"Oh, my true love," she said, "it is time for me to part,
It is now the going down of the moon!"

"And where is your bed, my dearest dear?" he said,
"And where are your white holland sheets?
And where are the maidens, my dearest love," he said,
"That wait on you while you are asleep?"
"The clay is my bed, my dearest dear," she said,
"The shroud is my white holland sheet;
The worms and the creeping things are my waiting maids,
To wait on me whilst I am asleep."

13. "Margaret and John"

Creighton and Senior, 1950, p. 84(B). Sung by James Young, West Petpeswick, N.S.

a Æ

1. As I walked out on a moonlight summer's evening
I espied a young damsel all alone,
She was crying for her mammy and lamenting for her daddy
And complaining for her true lover John.
Oh Johnny dear Johnny you promised you would meet me
Down in the valley all alone,
There is something has delayed you, there is something has detained you,
And I'm left weary wandering alone.

2. Johnny he came when he was not least expected
And he rapped at her window so loud,
Up this pretty one she rose, unto the door she goes
All for to let her true lover in.

He took her in his arms and he gave her many kisses
And these very words to her did say,
"If I only had my wishes, my dearest dear," he cried
"This long night would never come day."

3. "Margaret," he cried, "Love, where is your down bed,
And where are those white holland sheets?
And where is the waiting maid that used to wait upon you
Every night when you lay fast asleep?"
"Johnny," she cries, "love, the grave will be my down bed
And those linen robes are white holland sheets,
And the night larks are worms, they will be my waiting servants
Every night when I lay fast asleep."

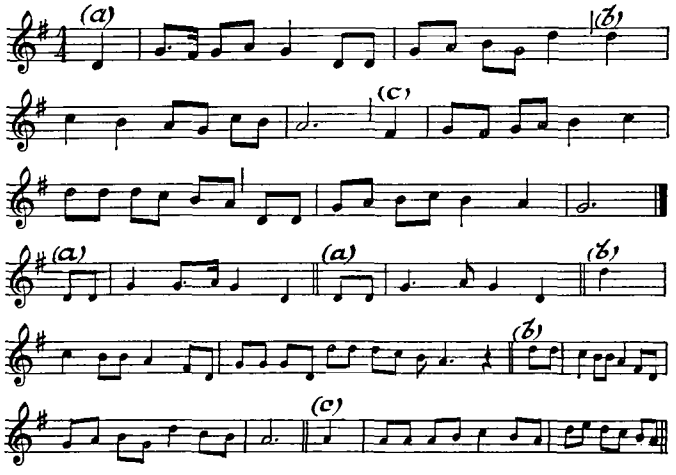
4. "O you cock, o you cock, o you false crowing cock oh,
Don't you dare to crow before 'tis day,
For your comb it will be of the very best of gold
And your wings of the silver so gay.
The cock as it was he proved so very falsely
And he just crowed one hour too soon,
And she sent her love away just before that it was day
And it proved to be the light of the moon.

5. He took her in his arms and he gave her many kisses
Saying, "Margaret, dear Margaret, when shall we meet again?"
"When the salt salt seas run dry and the little fishes fly
And the hard rocks shall melt in the sun."

GROUP B

14. "O Once I Loved a Lass"

Brocklebank and Kindersley, 1948, p. 7. Sung by Roberts Barrett, Puddletown, Dorset, 1905. Collected by H. E. D. Hammond. Also sung by Ewan MacColl, Riverside rec. No. RLP 12-656(A5), ed. K. S. Goldstein.

p I (–VI)

1. O once I loved a lass but she loved not me,
Because I looked too poor,
Now she all in good part has stole away my heart
And will keep it for evermore.

2. O 'twas under my true love's window one night,
Yo! there did I holloa so shillo, little shillo, little shillo;
My true love she arose and she slipped on her clothes
And so softaly she let me in.

3. Yo! 'twas all the fore part of the night
We did both sport and play, play so pretty, play so pretty, play;
And all the last part of the night
O she sleeped in my arms till day.

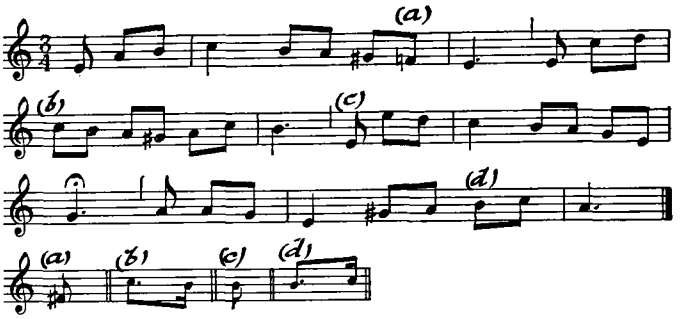
4. Now my father keeps a cock and a wonderful cock,
And he crows in the morning: so soon,
I thought it had been day, when I sent my love away
But it proved to be the light of the moon.

5. Now I'll be so true to my love as the sun that doth shine
Over the fallow, the fallow, fallow ground,
And if she's not true to me as I am true to she
I would rather she were lost than found.

GROUP C

15. "The Song of the Ghost"

Petrie, 1902-05, No. 580. Also in Hoffman, 1877, No. 120, p. 80; and Graves, 1880, p. 222.

p Minor

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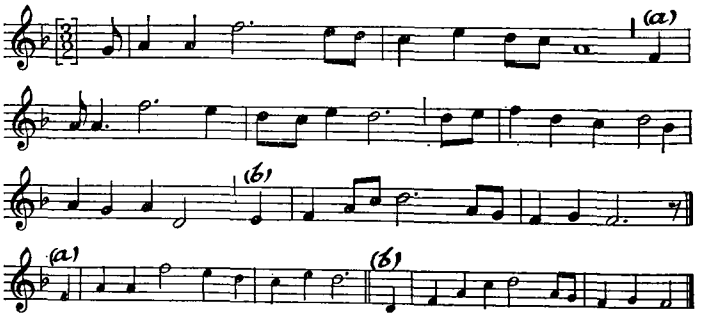
16. "The Lover's Ghost"

Slocombe, *JEFDSS*, VII, No. 2 (1953), p. 97; transcribed by Patrick Shuldham-Shaw. Sung by Mrs. Cecilia Costello (65), of Irish extraction, Birmingham.

a Æ (ending on III)

248. THE GREY COCK, OR, SAW YOU MY FATHER?

1. I must be going no longer staying
The burning Thames I have to cross
Oh, I must be guided without a stumble
Into the arms of my dear lass.

2. When he came to his true love's window
He knelt down gently on a stone
And it's through a pane he whispered slowly
"My dear girl are you alone?"

3. She rose her head from her down-soft pillow,
And snowy were her milk-white breasts,
Saying, "Who's there, who's there at my bedroom window,
Disturbing me from my long night's rest".

4. "Oh I'm your lover and don't discover
I pray you rise love and let me in
For I am fatigued out of my long night's journey
Besides I am wet into the skin".

5. Now this young girl rose and put on her clothing
Till she quickly let her own true love in
Oh they kissed, shook hands and embraced each other
Till that long night was near at an end.

6. "Willie dear, O dearest Willie,
Where is that colour you'd some time ago?"
"O Mary dear, the clay has changed me
I am but the ghost of your Willie O."

7. "Then O cock, O cock, O handsome cockerel
I pray you not crow until it is day
For your wings I'll make of the very first beaten gold
And your comb I'll make of the silver -ay."

8. But the cock it crew and it crew so fully
It crew three hours before it was day
And before it was day my love had to go away
Not by the light of the moon or the light of day.

9. So when she saw her love disappearing
The tears down her pale cheeks in streams did flow
He said "Weep no more for me, dear Mary
For I am no more your Willie O".

10. "Then it's Willie dear, O dearest Willie
Whenever shall I see you again?"
"When the fish they fly, love, and the sea runs dry, love,
And the rocks they melt by the heat of the sun".

Henry Martyn

CHILD NO. 250

"THE ballad," Child remarks, "must have sprung from the ashes of 'Andrew Barton,' of which name Henry Martyn would be no extraordinary corruption" (1882-98, IV, p. 393). *Must* is more than *may* to so cautious a scholar and the observation would at first glance seem tantamount to saying that No. 250 is a secondary form of No. 167. Nevertheless, it is obvious that he regarded them as distinct ballads, or he would not have given them separate places in the canon.

On what grounds, however, is not at all easy to determine. We should be able to assume that in Child's opinion every ballad in the collection either had a popular origin or is a surrogate for such a ballad, a more authentic form not having survived. Unquestionably, the present ballad is genuinely traditional. Not only is it still very much alive in oral circulation, but we have no hint of illegitimacy in origin, no suggestion by Child of traffic in the black market of the broadside press. What is the meaning of his metaphor, "sprung from the ashes"? In what sense is the new phoenix another, and in what is it the same? The phrase was only too happily chosen: it cannot be reduced to precise statement. It expresses perfectly Child's sense of a vital, spontaneous genesis for the younger ballad. But *ashes* imply, surely—for we must try to compel a statement from the myth—that there was a real cessation: the earlier ballad died. Had there been no actual break in the tradition there could be no justification for separating the two versions by number. Yet in the same sentence, Child suggests that the later name is a "corruption" of the earlier. In balladry, "corruption" is one of the clearest marks of genuine oral transmission. It implies the opposite of deliberate, willful alteration: an unconscious, uncontrolled substitution, produced by mishearing, misunderstanding, or forgetfulness. But such a change cannot occur in connection with beginnings: baptism is a deliberate act. What is implied, then, is continuity in oral tradition; between the last singer to use the name Barton and the first to use Martin there could be no gap either geographical or temporal. In that case, no matter how great the changes which ensue, the ballad is a single entity, and 167 and 250 are the same ballad. To uphold the alternative, of baptism, we should have to meet awkward questions, if we wished to cling to the old orthodoxy. For it would mean, would it not, that someone had possessed himself of a written text of the old ballad of "Andrew Barton"—note that it must have been *written*, because oral transmission has been rendered impossible by death—and deliberately made up a new ballad along similar lines, and called it "Henry Martin." This act of conscious invention would have to have been performed by a single individual some time in the eighteenth century, for the oral tradition of "Henry Martyn" goes back as far as 1800 and the "Barton" tradition is alive into the eighteenth century. But such an origin, and so late, would at once throw "Henry Martyn" out of the traditional canon, in obedience to the teaching of Gummere, who thought he was following Child in declaring that "only a definition by origins really defines" (*The Popular Ballad*, 1907, p. 14). For how could an interloper like this be other than an impostor? Therefore, if "Henry Martyn" be a genuine traditional ballad—and Child accepted it as such—and if it sprang from the ashes of an earlier but extinct authentic traditional ballad—and Child says it "must have" done so—: Child's most devoted disciples are caught on the horns of an interesting dilemma. They must reject their master's decision or give up their basic definition.

The easiest way out of the difficulty would be to regard the two ballads as in reality one, which has survived into the present century in a considerably altered form, like "Lady Isabel" (No. 4) and a good many others. Nor do I see reason, in the light of the dozens of variants which have been collected since Child's death, to deny a closer connection than he suspected.

In particular, the editors of *British Ballads from Maine* set down four heads under which they find a close correspondence between certain American texts and the older ballad. (Cf. *ibid.*, pp. 248-58.) These points are: (1) the name of the hero; (2) the name of the king; (3) the name of the pursuer; (4) the defeat of the pirate. Among these more recent variants, we find the name given as Andrew Bartin (Battan, Batan, Bardan, Bardun, Bardeen, Bardee, Bodee), or Andrew Martine, and Bolender (?Bold Andrew) Martin. The last two obviously exhibit a transitional stage in which the first name preserves the old, the last name the new, form. Bodee, it should be said, appears in Child's D; and the king in his C version is Henrie. In other versions, the king's name is revised to George. None of Child's versions except American E introduces a pursuer; but in this and other copies lately recovered, that character is named Stewart—Captain Charles Stewart, revised, for plausible reasons suggested by the Maine editors, from the Howard of the earlier ballads.

The "Henry Martyn" ballads fall into two classes, those in which the pirate is killed, as in "Sir Andrew Barton," and those in which he is victorious. The majority make the pirate the victor, and it is worthwhile to try to account for this shift. Both classes exist in two forms, a short and a long. In the first there is only one encounter; in the second there are two. Now, the earlier "Barton" ballads take account of two battles, one against a merchant, in which the pirate wins, the other against an avenging naval captain, in which the pirate is worsted. It is the second battle that gets fully described: the first is merely mentioned. It is obvious, in the general diminishment that has overtaken traditional balladry in latter days, that the two sea-fights would come to be described in more and more repetitive terms, so that except for the outcome, the incident would tend to be merely duplicated. With resemblance carried to such a point, the inclination to drop the one or the other encounter would be fairly sure to prove irresistible. Then, according to which fight is omitted, the pirate ends victorious or defeated. If the ballad recounts a fight between the pirate and a merchantman, in which the latter is defeated, there is no difficulty. It is simply a matter of forgetting the old termination and stopping short with the triumph of iniquity. Here, a reversal of fortune in the narrative follows as a matter of course. But where two fights are mentioned and the pirate remains victor, we need further explanation. We find it in a crossing with another pirate ballad, "Captain Ward and the Rainbow" (No. 287). In the "Henry Martyn" texts (and not in the "Barton" texts) there are often two striking features which provide confirmation of this influence. The first is that Martin is made to cry defiance before the battle in terms like the following (from Child E, 1882-98, V, p. 303; variant 42 below):

> 'Come on! come on!' says Andrew Bartin,
> 'I value you not one pin:
> And though you are lined with good brass without,
> I'll show you I've fine steel within.'

The second is a final taunt after Bartin (or Martin) has defeated his antagonist:

> 'Go home! go home!' says Andrew Bartin,
> 'And tell your king for me,
> That he may reign king of the merry dry land,
> But that I will be king of the sea.'
> (*Ibid.*)

Both these features are characteristic of "Captain Ward," and Child himself without hesitation pronounces them importations from that ballad. A good example of the simple mechanism of the iniquitous reversal is to be seen in Maine A (*British Ballads from Maine*, pp. 248-50; *ante*, Vol. III, p. 138, variant 9), where the defeat of the merchantman is conveyed largely by implication and is in turn the provocation of Captain Charles Stewart's expedition. The latter is described in—*mutatis mutandis*—identical terms; an additional stanza recounts the battle with its routing of justice; and Battam's final taunt to the king, as above, ends the ballad.*

Child's A text of "Sir Andrew Barton" is in anapaestic tetrameter quatrains, a metre which perfectly accords with the 6/8 of the tune, "Come follow, my love." The B texts of that ballad are also in tetrameters, basically iambic—a metrical scheme which fits the tune readily enough. All the extant variants of that tune which I have seen are Scottish. It is noticeable that the one Scottish (Scotch-Irish more accurately) copy of "Henry Martyn" printed by Child is also in LM, again anapaestic. One other northern variant recorded by Kidson (variant 32 below) compromises by having the metrical scheme 4.4.4.3. The vast majority, however, of the variants collected in the present century—in fact, perhaps all—are in CM anapaestic quatrains, or extensions, by refrain and repetition, to five- or six-line forms with or without a bridge. The musical tradition is strong and relatively homogeneous. Except in the prevailing 6/8 rhythm, I myself find little in the tune-family of "Henry Martyn" to suggest that of "Come follow, my love," with its constant tetrameter phrases. But it is possible that there may once have been a clearer connection. At any rate, the "Henry Martyn" family is one of the most widespread and interesting of all the melodic patterns current in tradition today.

Modally, the tunes run all the way from Ionian to Æolian, in heptatonic and hexatonic forms. Broadly speaking, there are two groups, one authentic, the other plagal. The authentic has the wider modal spread, the plagal confining itself to Ionian, I/M, and Mixolydian. The mid-cadence of the authentic tunes is nearly always on V, the first-phrase cadence on I; of the plagal tunes, the mid-cadence is generally III II, the first-phrase cadence on lower V.

Two late copies from the Ozarks and Colorado (variants 49 and 50 below) stand quite apart from the rest—and from each other. If the final of the Ozark copy is the true tonic, it is that black swan in the Anglo-American tradition, a tune in the Phrygian mode. But in view of the rarity, and of the mid-cadence, I suspect it to be a major tune with a final on III. The other tune seems borrowed from "Auld Lang Syne."

* For a detailed analysis, coming to a conclusion opposite to the above, and distinguishing Nos. 167 and 250 as separate ballads, cf. A. K. Davis, Jr., *More Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1960, pp. 290-97.

LIST OF VARIANTS

GROUP Aa

1. "Henry Martin," or "Salt Seas." L. Priscilla Wyatt-Edgell, *JFSS*, IV, No. 15 (1910), p. 92.
2. "Henry Martin." Phillips Barry, *JAF*, XVIII (1905), p. 135.
3. "Henry Martyn." Helen Creighton and Doreen H. Senior, *Traditional Songs from Nova Scotia*, 1950, p. 86. (Gallagher)
4. "Henry Burt Doyle." Creighton and Senior, 1950, p. 86.
5. "Henry Martin." Maud Karpeles MSS., No. 5222, and p. 4768.
6. "Andrew Battan." Emelyn Elizabeth Gardner and Geraldine Jencks Chickering, *Ballads and Songs of Southern Michigan*, 1939, p. 213(B).
7. "Captain Markee(?)." Ralph Vaughan Williams MSS., III, p. 206.
8. "Andy Bardean." Lester A. Hubbard and LeRoy J. Robertson, *JAF*, LXIV (1951), p. 49. Also in Lester A. Hubbard, *Ballads and Songs from Utah*, 1961, p. 32.
9. "Hendry Martin." Peter Shepheard, private collection.
10. "The Three Scotch Robbers." Gardner and Chickering, *Ballads and Songs of Southern Michigan*, 1939, p. 211(A).

a. "Zanzibar Dean." Ben Gray Lumpkin, *Colorado Folksong Bulletin*, I (1962), p. 2.

11. "Henry Martin." Sharp MSS., 1426/, Clare College Library, Cambridge. (Parish)
12. "Henry Martin." Vaughan Williams MSS., II, p. 272. Also in Ralph Vaughan Williams, *JFSS*, IV, No. 17 (1913), p. 302.
13. "Henry Martin." Sharp MSS., 2801/. (Hills)
14. "Henry Martin." Sharp MSS., 1772/. (Say)
15. "The Lofty Tall Ship." Sam Larner, Sound Archives of the British Broadcasting Corporation, London, recording No. 26075.
16. "The Pirates." Mary O. Eddy, *Ballads and Songs from Ohio*, 1939, p. 78(A).
17. "Bolender Martin." W. Roy Mackenzie, *Ballads and Sea Songs from Nova Scotia*, 1928, pp. 394 and 61.
18. "Henry Martin." Sharp MSS., 866/. (Rapsey)
19. "Henry Martin." Sharp MSS., 918/. (Barratt)
20. (Untitled.) Sharp MSS., 2071/. (Glover)
21. "Henry Martyn." Sabine Baring-Gould MSS., LII(3), Plymouth Public Library. Also in Lucy E. Broadwood, *JFSS*, I, No. 4 (1902), p. 162; Broadwood, *JFSS*, I, No. 2 (1900), p. 44; and Broadwood, *English Traditional Songs and Carols*, 1908, p. 30.
22. "Henry Martin." Karpeles MS., No. 5304, and p. 4854. Also in Maud Karpeles, *Folk Songs from Newfoundland*, 1934, II, p. 105.
23. "Salt Seas." Vaughan Williams MSS., III, p. 431. Also in Vaughan Williams, *JFSS*, IV, No. 17 (1913), p. 302.
24. "Henry Martin." Sharp MSS., 967/. (Ash)
25. "Henry Martin." Sharp MSS., 1171/. (Unnamed)
26. "Henry Martyn." Baring-Gould MSS., LII(2) and (B).
27. "Henry Martin." Sharp MSS., 686/760. (Vincent)
28. "Henry Martin." Sharp MSS., 1795/. (Reed)
29. "Henry Martin." Sharp MSS., 2584/. (Plumb)
30. "Henry Martin." Sharp MSS., 619/. (Hendy)
31. "Andrew Marteen." Helen Hartness Flanders and Marguerite Olney, *Ballads Migrant in New England*, 1953, p. 73.

GROUP Ab

32. "Henry Martin." Frank Kidson, *Traditional Tunes*, 1891, p. 30(1).

33. "Henry Martin." Philip Tanner, Columbia recording No. 372-M (CA 16052). Also on Caedmon recording No. TC 1146(B3).
34. "Henry Martin." H.E.D. Hammond, *JFSS*, IV, No. 17 (1913), p. 303.
35. "Henry Martin." Karpeles MSS., No. 5318, and p. 4873.
36. "Henry Martyn." Sharp MSS., 510/. Also in Cecil J. Sharp and Charles L. Marson, *Folk Songs from Somerset*, 2nd series, 1905, p. 6; Sabine Baring-Gould and Cecil J. Sharp, *English Folk-Songs for Schools* [1906], No. 10(2), p. 22; and Cecil J. Sharp, *One Hundred English Folksongs*, 1916, p. 1. (White)
37. "Henry Martin." Archive, School of Scottish Studies, University of Edinburgh, recording No. 1968/10/A10. (MacFarlane)
38. "Henry Martin." Sharp MSS., 551/622. (Bale)
39. "Henry Martyn." Baring-Gould MSS., LII(1) and (A). Also in Sabine Baring-Gould and H. Fleetwood Sheppard, *Songs and Ballads of the West*, 1895, p. 114.
40. "Henry Martin." Sharp MSS., 894/965. (Barnett)
41. "Henry Martin." George Butterworth, *JFSS*, IV, No. 17 (1913), p. 301.

GROUP B

42. "Andrew Bartin." Reed Smith, *South Carolina Ballads*, 1928, p. 156. Also in Francis James Child, *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, 1882-98, V, pp. 423 and 302(E).
43. "Henry Martin." Sharp MSS., 760/. (Pope)
44. "Henry Martin." Sharp MSS., 1446/. (Geen)
45. "Henry Martin." Sharp MSS., 577/658. Also in Baring-Gould and Sharp, *English Folk-Songs for Schools* [1906], No. 10(1), p. 20. (Lewis)
46. "Andrew Batan." Flanders and Olney, *Ballads Migrant in New England*, 1953, p. 201.
47. "Andrew Batan." Eddy, *Ballads and Songs from Ohio*, 1939, p. 80(B).
48. "Henry Martin." Kidson, *Traditional Tunes*, 1891, p 31(2).

APPENDIX

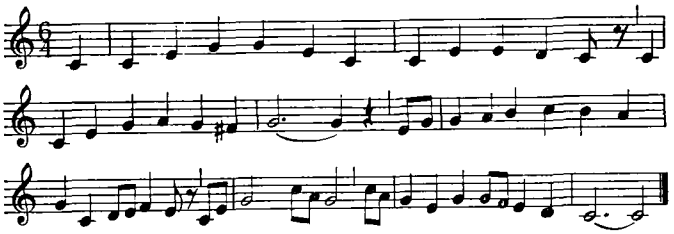
49. "Harry Maltee." Lumpkin, *Colorado Folksong Bulletin*, I (1962), p. 5.
50. "Andrew Bardeen." Vance Randolph, *Ozark Folksongs*, I, 1946, p. 177.

TUNES WITH TEXTS

GROUP Aa

1. "Henry Martin," or "Salt Seas"

Wyat-Edgell, *JFSS*, IV, No. 15 (1910), p. 92. Sung by Mr. Venton (70), gamekeeper, Pynes (near Exeter), Devonshire, 1908.

a I (inflected IV)

1. There were three brothers in merry Scotland,
   In merry Scotland dwell they;
   For the one did cast lots with the other two,—other two,—other two,
   Which-e of them should rob the salt sea.

2. These lots have been cast, these lots have been thrown,
   These lots have been cast by we;
   And the lot it did fall on young Henry Martin—Martin—Martin
   The youngest of the brothers three.

3. And we set a-sailing one cold Winter's night,
   One cold Winter's night before day;
   There we espied a lofty brave ship—brave ship—brave ship
   A-sailing all on the salt sea.

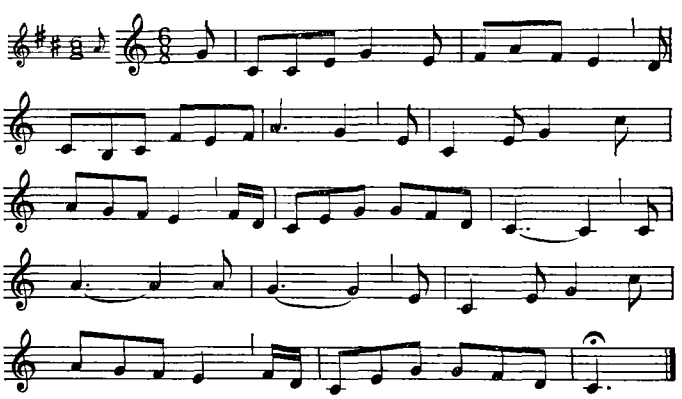
4. "Who's there? who's there?" cried Henry Martin,
   "Who's there? who's there?" cried he;
   "It's a lofty brave ship, for old England we're bound—we're bound—we're bound
   If your lordship will let us pass by."

5. "O no, O no," cried Henry Martin,
   "O no, that never can be;
   For I am a robber, all on the salt sea—salt sea—salt sea
   To maintain my two brothers and me."

6. Then broadside for broadside for two or three hours,
   For two or three hours fought they;
   At last Henry Martin gave him his death blow—death blow—death blow
   And his body sunked in the salt sea.

2. "Henry Martin"

Barry, *JAF*, XVIII (1905), p. 135. From Mrs. Susan D. Gale, Minneapolis, Minn., November 5, 1904; learned from her husband c. 1850.

a I

1. In Scotland there dwelt three brothers of late,
   Three brothers of late, brothers three,
   And they cast lots, to see which of them
   Should go robbing all on the salt sea.
   Salt sea!
   And they cast lots, to see which of them
   Should go robbing all on the salt sea.

2. The lot it fell on Henry Martin,
The youngest of these brothers three,
That he should go robbing all on the salt sea,
To maintain his two brothers and he.

3. He had scarce sailed one long winter's night,
One long winter's night on the sea,
Before he espied a lofty brave ship,
A-sailing off over the sea.

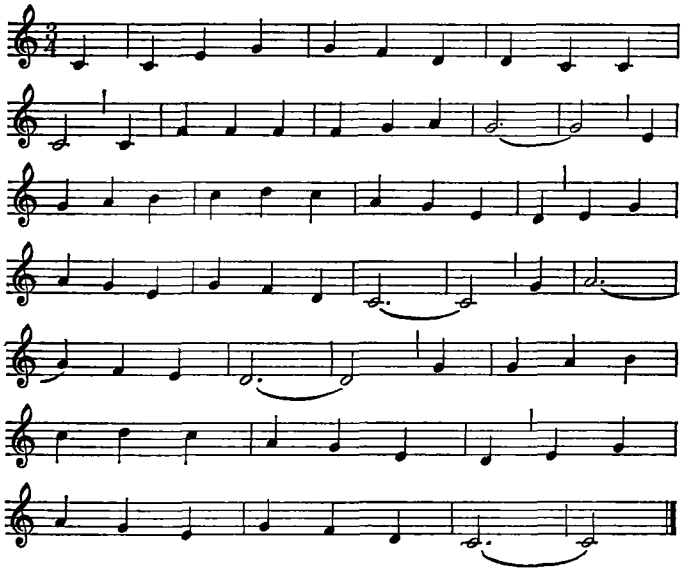
4. "Put back!" he cried, "and square your main tack,—
Come sail down under my lee,
Your gold we'll take from you, your ship we'll let drift,
And your bodies we'll sink in the sea!"

5. Broadsides, broadsides they gave to each other,
They fought for hours full three,
Till Henry Martin received his death wound,
And his body did sink in the sea.

6. Bad news, bad news I bring to old England,
Bad news I bring unto thee,
Your rich merchant ship is now cast away,
And your mariners sunk in the sea.

3. "Henry Martyn"

Creighton and Senior, 1950, p. 86. Sung by Mrs. Edward Gallagher, Chebucto Head, N.S.

a I

1. There were three brothers in fair London town,
In fair London town lived three,
And they cast lots for to see which of them
Would go robbing all on the salt sea,
Salt sea, salt sea,
And they cast lots for to see which of them
Would go robbing all on the salt sea.*

2. The lot it fell to Henry Martyn
The youngest of the three
That he should go robbing all on the salt sea
To maintain his two brothers and he. *etc.*

3. "He had not sailed many cold winter's nights
Not many cold winter's nights sailed he
Till he spied a fair lofty ship coming in
A-bearing down on his lee. *etc.*

4. "Who's there? Who's there?" then said Henry Martyn,
"Who's there? Who's there?" cried he,
"'Tis a rich merchant ship for fair London bound,
Will you please to let me pass by?" *etc.*

5. "Pass by? Pass by?" said Henry Martyn,
"Such a thing as that couldn't be,
Since I been sent roving upon the salt sea
To maintain my two brothers and me." *etc.*

6. "Pull down your top mainsail and square your fore yard
And bring your ship under my lee,
And I will take from you your rich flowing gold
And your mariners sink in the sea." *etc.*

7. "I'll not pull down my top mainsail or square my fore yard
Or bring my ship under your lee,
But I will fight you for my rich flowing gold
And my mariners safe on the sea." *etc.*

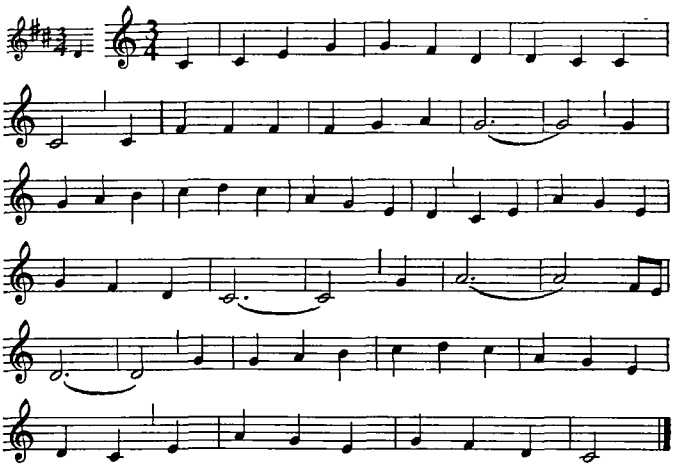
8. Broadside to broadside those two ships did fight
For the space of two hours or three,
Till Henry Martyn he gave his death wound
And his mariners sank in the sea. *etc.*

9. Bad news, bad news for old Engaland,
Bad news as there could be,
A rich merchant ship is robbed of her gold
And her mariners sank in the sea. *etc.*

* The stanza has been realigned by the present editor.

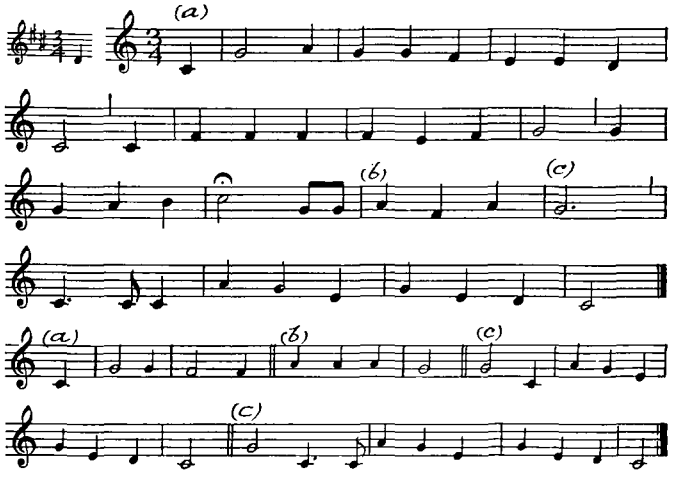
4. "Henry Burt Doyle"

Creighton and Senior, 1950, p. 86. Sung by Andrew Scott, Enfield, N.S.

a I

"Mr. Scott remembers Henry Martyn's name as Henry Burt Doyle." [*Creighton and Senior's note.*] Otherwise, his text is the same as Mrs. Gallagher's.

5. "Henry Martin"

Karpeles MSS., No. 5222; text, p. 4768. Sung by John Neville, Clarke's beach, Conception Bay, Newfoundland, October 21, 1929.

a I

1. There were three brothers in merry Scotland
And only three brothers were they,
They had to cast lots for to see who would go
For to stand pirate all on the salt sea.

2. Hard lot did fall to Henry Martin,
The youngest of the three,
All for to stand pirate all on the salt sea
To maintain his two brothers and he.

3. He had not been sailing but a long winter's day (night?)
And part of a short winter's day
When a long, lofty ship he chanced to spy
Came bearing down under our lee.

4. What ship, what ship, cried Henry Martin,
What ship, what ship, said he.
I'm a rich merchant ship bound for old England
If you please for to let me go free.

5. O no, O no, cried Henry Martin,
That thing can never be,
For I had to cast lots for to see which would go
To maintain my two brothers and me.

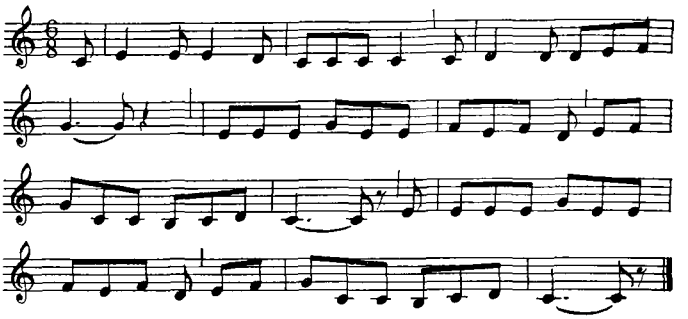
6. Throw back your main topsail and heave your ship to
And lie close up under my lee,
For your rich merchant's goods I will hoist them on board
And your mariners I'll sink in the sea.

7. 'Twas yard-arm on yard-arm those two ships did lay,
For the space of two hours or three,
Till Henry Martin gave her a broadside
And down to the bottom went she.

8. Bad news, bad news for George our King,
Bad news with a sorrowful sound,
A rich merchant's goods was taken away
And there is thirty-five mariners drowned.

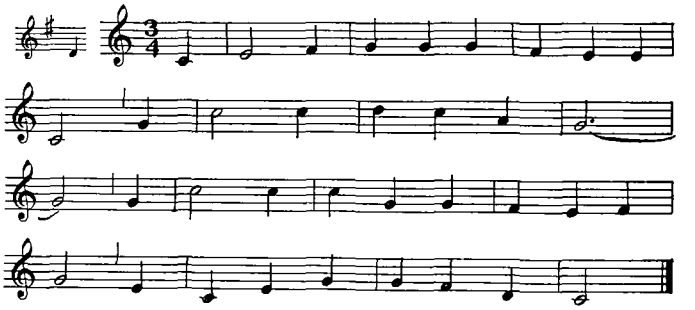
6. "Andrew Battan"

Gardner and Chickering, 1939, p. 213(B). Sung by Mrs. Rachel Post, Belding, Mich., in 1931; learned from her father.

a I (–VI)

"Go back, go back," cries Andrew Battan.
"This thing it never can be.
You may be captain all on the dry land,
But I'm captain all o'er the salt sea.
Yes, you may be captain all on the dry land,
But I'm captain all o'er the salt sea."

7. "Captain Markee(?)"

Vaughan Williams MSS., III, p. 206. Sung by Mr. Harper, King's Lynn, Norfolk, January 13, 1905.

a I/M

1. There was three brothers in Merry Scotland,
There was three brothers all three,
And they did cast lots whose lot it should be
To turn robber all on the salt sea.

2. The lot it fell to Captain Markee,
The youngest of all the three,
To turn a scotch robber all on the salt sea
To maintain his two brothers and he.

3. They rovèd, they rovèd all one winter's night,
Till daylight did appear ("repair"),
They spied a rich merchant ship sailing far off,
And at length she began to come near.

4. "O it's where are you bound," says Captain Markee,
"O where are you sailing so high?"
"We're bound for Old England," the ship's crew replied,
"If you will let us pass by."

5. "O no, O no," says Captain Markee,
"O no that never can be,
For all your rich merchants goods we'll take away
And your sailors all drownded shall be."

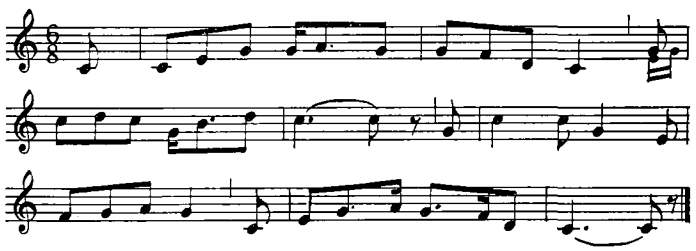
6. "Bad news, bad news," the ship's crew replied,
"Bad news and a sorrowful sound,
For all the rich merchants goods you'll take away
And forty-two merry men drowned."

7. They rovèd, they rovèd this rich merchant ship
For hours twelve and three,
Till at length the salt water so fast flowèd in
And down to the bottom went she.

8. They lashed the sailor men back unto back
And threw them into the sea . . .
"Some help, some help," cried Captain Markee,
"And ?? we all could agree,
For you've the salt water, and we've the money,
Now you've got to follow the sailors to sea."

8. "Andy Bardean"

Hubbard and Robertson, *JAF*, LXIV (1951), p. 49. Also in Hubbard, 1961, p. 32. Sung by Milas E. Wakefield, Ogden, Utah, August 12, 1948; learned in 1889 from Arlie Day at a sawmill in Huntington Canyon, Emery County, Utah.

a I

1. Three loving brothers from Old Scotland,
Three loving brothers were they,
They all cast lots to see which would go
A-robbing all on the salt sea.

2. The lot it fell to young Andy Bardean,
The youngest one of the three,
To maintain himself and his brothers too
He went robbing all on the salt sea.

3. He had not sailed scarce three cold winters' nights
When a ship he did espy,
Sailing far off, a-sailing far off,
And at length it came sailing close by.

4. "Who's there, who's there?" cried Andy Bardean;
"Who's there that sails so nigh?"
"We're three merchant vessels from old England shore.
Won't you please to let us pass by?"

5. "Oh no, oh no," said Andy Bardean,
"Such a thing as that never could be,
For I'll take your ship and your cargo, boys,
But your bodies I'll sink in the sea."

6. Then broadside to broadside the two vessels sailed,
And cannons did loudly roar
Until Andy Bardean gained the victory,
And the rich merchant vessel gave o'er.

7. The news soon reached to the ears of the king.
Young Alfred then wore the crown.
He said, "Is there anyone here I can find
That will run young Andy Bardean down?"

8. "Go build me a ship," said Captain Charles Stewart;
"Go build it strong and sure,
And if I don't bring in that young Andy Bardean,
My life I'll no longer endure."

9. The ship it was ricketed and ready for sail
With guns and men galore,
And one cold, frosty morning the anchor she weighed
And sailed from old England shore.

10. They had not sailed scarce three cold winter nights
When a ship he did espy,
Sailing far off, sailing far off,
And at length it came sailing close by.

11. "Who's there, who's there?" cried Captain Charles Stewart,
"Who's there that sails so nigh?"
"We're three bold robbers from old Scotland shore:
Won't you please to let us pass by?"

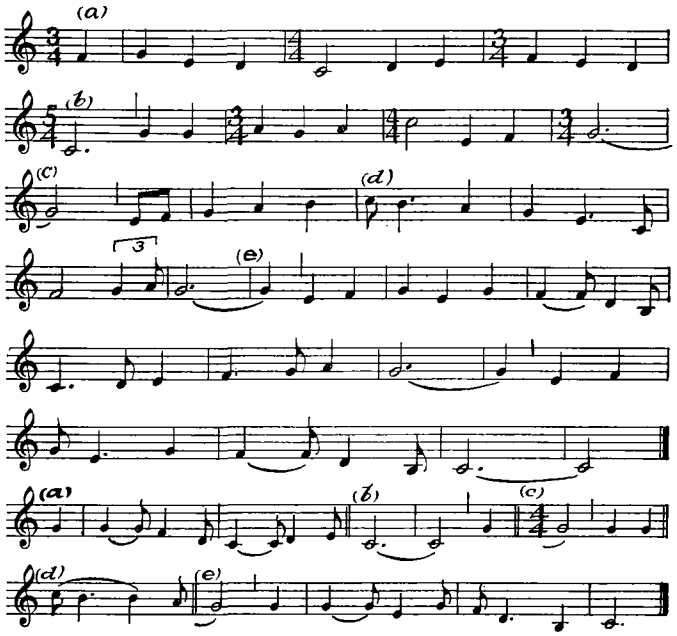
12. "Oh no, oh no," cried Captain Charles Stewart,
"Such a thing as that never could be,
For I'll sink your ship and your cargo, boys,
But your bodies I'll carry with me."

13. Then broadside to broadside the two vessels sailed,
And cannons did loudly roar
Till Captain Charles Stewart was forced to give up,
And he sailed for Old England shore.

14. "Go back, go back," cried Andy Bardean,
"And tell your king for me
That he may reign king over the dry land,
But I shall reign king on the sea."

9. "Hendry Martin"

Sung by Danny Brazil (60), Gloucester, May 1966; learned from his father. Collected and transcribed by Peter Shepheard; sent by him to the Editor.

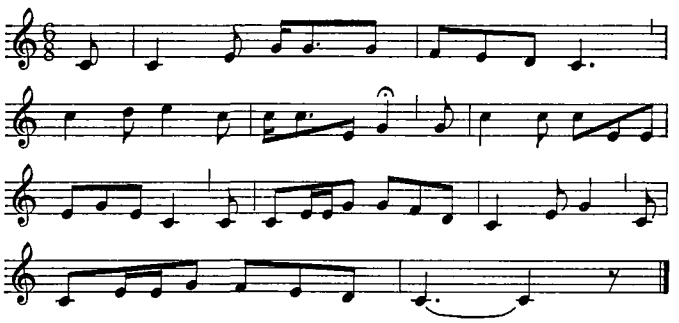
a I

Come lower your reef and come lay your ship too
Come you quickelye under my glee[1]
For your rich merchant stores I will take away take away
And your bodies I'll sink in the sea the salt sea the salt sea
And your bodies I'll sink in the sea

From broadside to broadside the two vessels went
An' at it they went merrily
Until Hendry Martin give her a death vown a death vown[2]
And down to the bottom went she

[1] glee = lee (presumably) [*Collector's note.*]
[2] vown = round or wound [*Collector's note.*]

10. "The Three Scotch Robbers"

Gardner and Chickering, 1939, p. 211(A). Sung by Otis Evilsizer, Alger, Mich., 1934.

a I/M

1. There were three brothers in old Scotland,
Three jolly brothers were they,
For they cast lots, and they did cast lots,
To see which would maintain the whole three, three, three,
To see which would maintain the whole three.

2. The lot it fell on Andrew Bretan,
The youngest of the three,
That he should go roaming all o'er the salt sea
To maintain his two brothers and he.

3. They hadn't been sailing but a week or ten days
When a ship they did espy,
A ship which came sailing far off and far on,
And at length it came sailing so nigh.

4. "Who are you? Who are you?" cried Andrew Bretan,
"Who are you and where are you bound?"
"We are the rich merchants from old England,
Will you please for to let us pass by?"

5. "O no, O no," cried Andrew Bretan,
"Such a thing could never be;
Your ship and your cargo we'll take all away
And your jolly crew drown in the sea."

6. "Go build me a ship," cried Captain James Stuart,
"Go build it strong and sure,
And if I don't bring in that Andrew Bretan
My life shall no longer endure."

7. They hadn't been sailing but a week or ten days
When a ship they did espy,
A ship which came sailing far off and far on,
And at length it came sailing so nigh.

8. "Who are you? Who are you?" cried Captain James Stuart,
"Who are you, and where are you bound?"
"We are the Scotch robbers from old Scotland,
Would you please for to let us pass by?"

9. "O no, O no," cried Captain James Stuart,
"Such a thing could never be,
Your ship and your cargo we'll take all away,
And your jolly crew drown in the sea."

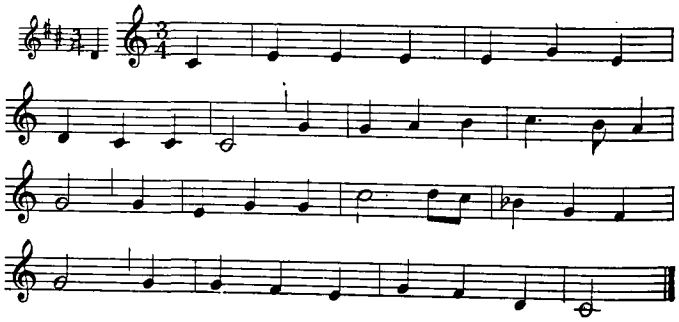
10. "Come on, come on," cried Andrew Bretan,
"We fear you not a pin.
You show us bright brass without, without,
We'll show you bright steel within."

11. The fight, the fight it did begin,
Loud cannons they did roar,
The battle it lasted two hours and a half,
When Captain James Stuart gave o'er.

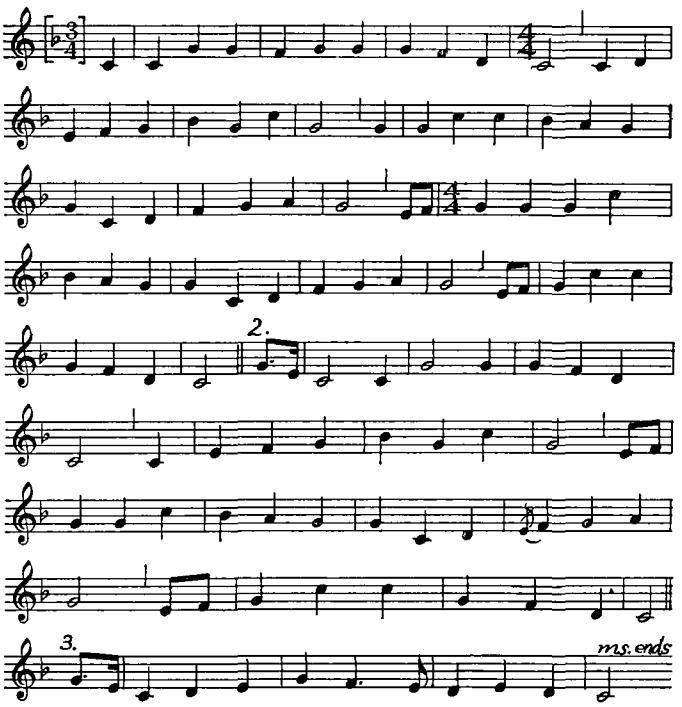
12. "Go home, go home," cried Andrew Bretan,
"Go home and tell King George
That if he'll reign king o'er all the dry land,
I will reign king o'er the sea."

11. "Henry Martin"

Sharp MSS., 1426/. Sung by Robert Parish (86), Exford, August 20, 1907.

a I—M (inflected VII)

12. "Henry Martin"

Vaughan Williams MSS., II, p. 272. Also in Vaughan Williams, *JFSS*, IV, No. 17 (1913), p. 302. Sung by Mr. Peter Verrall and his wife, Harriet, Horsham, Sussex, October 8, 1904.

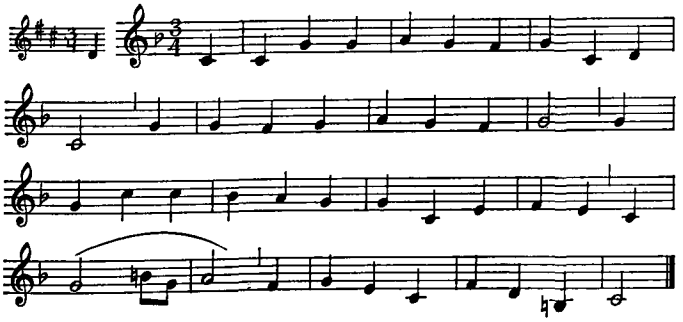
a M

In Scotland, in Scotland, there lived brothers three,
In Scotland there lived brothers three,
And they did cast lots o'er the three, o'er the three, o'er the three,
To know which was to turn robber all on the salt sea, the salt sea,
To maintain his two brothers and he.

The lot it fell on Henry Martin,
The youngest of the three,
To go a scotch-robbing all on the salt sea, the salt sea,
To maintain his two brothers and he.

They had not sailed three cold winter's nights . . .

13. "Henry Martin"

Sharp MSS., 2801/. Sung by James Hills at Dunmow Union, Essex, September 15, 1912.

a M (inflected VII)

1. As I was a sailing one cold winter's night
   One cold winter's night before day
   Twas there I espied a lofty top ship top ship
   Come sailing and roaring so high

2. . . . . .
   . . . . . .
   I am bound for old England's land
   If you please for to let me pass by.

3. O no O no cried Henry Martin
   There is no such a thing as can be
   For I'm a Scotch robber along the high seas
   To maintain my two brothers and me.

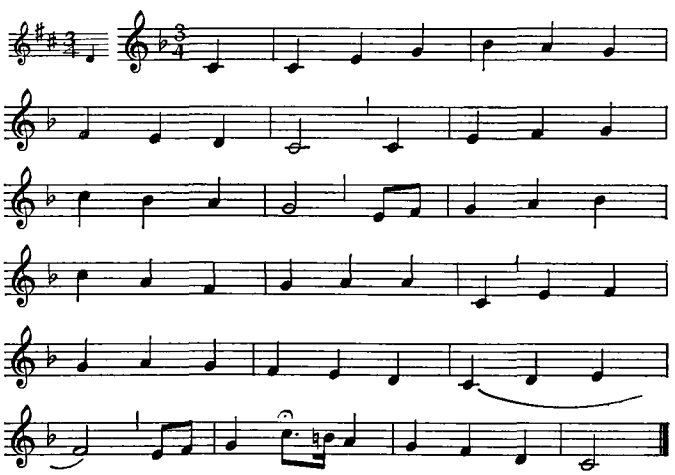
4. We wont take down our lofty top ship
   Nor bow ourselves under your lea
   Nor you shant take from us our rich merchants goods
   Nor point our bold guns to the seas.

5. Dont mann her dont mann her on her broadside delay
   When they fought four hours so free
   At length Henry Martin gave her a death wound
   And straight to the bottom went she.

6. Bad news bad news to old England came
   Bad news, bad news came to Town
   But our lofty tall ship has got lost on the salt seas
   And most of our merry men drowned

14. "Henry Martin"

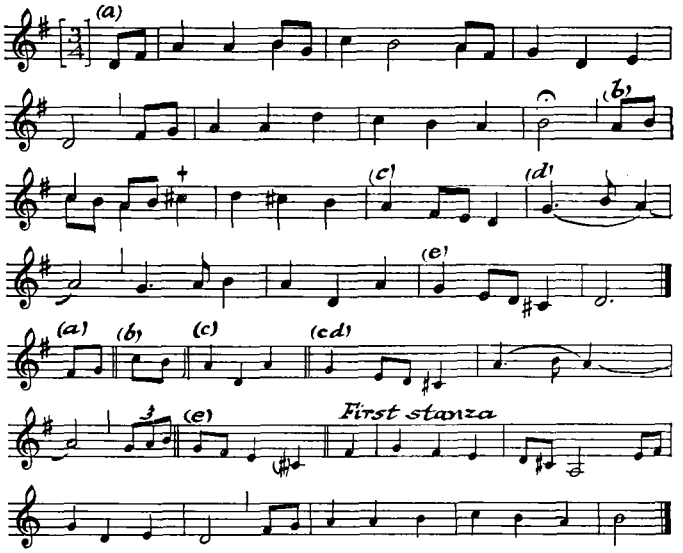
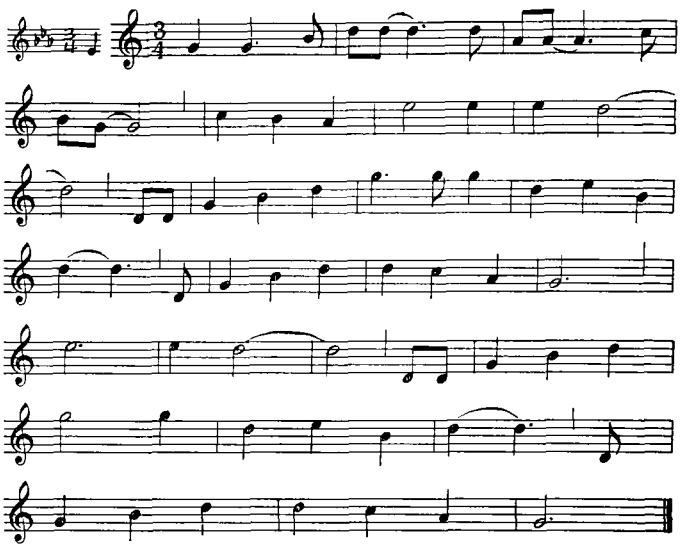
Sharp MSS., 1772/. Sung by George Say, Axbridge, August 7, 1908.

a M (but inflected VII)

There were three brothers in merry Scotland
In merry Scotland there were three
And they did cast lots who should rob on the sea

To maintain his two brothers & he
To maintain his two brothers & he

15. "The Lofty Tall Ship"

BBC Sound Archives, rec. No. 26075. Sung by Sam Larner, Winterton, Norfolk, July 3, 1958. Collected by P. Donnellan.

a (m in variant) M (inflected VII)

1. As we were gone sailing five cold frosty night(s)
   Five cold frosty nights and four days,
   It was there we espied a lofty tall ship,
   She come bearin' down on us, brave boys.

2. Now where are you a-goin', you lofty tall ship?
   How dare you to venture so nigh?
   For I have turned robbin' all on the salt sea
   To maintain my two brothers and I.

3. Now come heave up your courses and let go 'f your main sheets,
   And let her come under my lee
   And I shall take from you your rich merchants' good merchants' goods,
   And I'll point your bow guns to the sea.

4. I'll not heave up my courses nor let go 'f my main sheets,
   Nor I'll let her come under your lee,
   Nor you shan't take from me my rich merchants' good merchants' goods,
   Nor you'll point my bow guns to the sea.

5. Now broadside to broadside these two vessels did lay,
   They were fightin' four hours or more,
   Till at length Henry Martin gave her a broadside
   And she sank and she never rose more.

6. Sad news, Henry Martin, sad news I've to tell,
   Sad news I'm a-goin' to tell,
   Of a lofty tall ship lost on the salt sea,
   And the most of her merry men drowned.

16. "The Pirates"

Eddy, 1939, p. 78(A). Sung by Mrs. Anna E. Housley (91), Canton, Ohio; learned in her early home in Lancaster County, Pa.

m I/M

1. Down in old England there lived three brothers,
   Three, oh, three kind brothers,
   They were casting lots to see which of them
   Should plunder all o'er the salt sea, salt sea,
   They were casting lots to see which of them
   Should plunder all o'er the salt sea.

2. The lot it fell upon Henry Martin,
   The youngest brother of three;
   They rig-ged him up, both gallant and stout,
   To plunder all o'er the salt sea, salt sea,
   They rig-ged him up both gallant and stout
   To plunder all o'er the salt sea.

3. Away, away sailed Henry Martin,
   Away, away sailed he;
   For six weeks or more he plowed o'er the blue ocean
   Before that a vessel he see, he see,
   For six weeks or more he plowed o'er the blue ocean
   Before that a vessel he see.

4. Early one morning he mounted on cabin,
   With spy-glass for to see,
   And there he espied topsail of a ship
   Come sailing down under his lee, his lee,
   And there he espied topsail of a ship
   Come sailing down under his lee.

5. "Oh, who comes there?" cried Henry Martin,
   "Oh, who dare sail so nigh?"
   "She's a rich merchant's ship, for fair London she's bound,
   Won't you please for to let her pass by, pass by,
   She's a rich merchant's ship, for fair London she's bound,
   Won't you please for to let her pass by?"

6. "Oh, no, oh, no," cried Henry Martin,
   "There's no such thing can be,
   Since I've took to robbing all o'er the blue ocean
   To support my two brothers and me, and me,
   Since I've took to robbing all o'er the blue ocean
   To support my two brothers and me.

7. "So lower down your topsail mast,
And sail down under our lee,
Or I'll take from you your rich goods and gold,
And your bodies I'll give to the sea, the sea,
Or I'll take from you your rich goods and gold,
And your bodies I'll give to the sea."

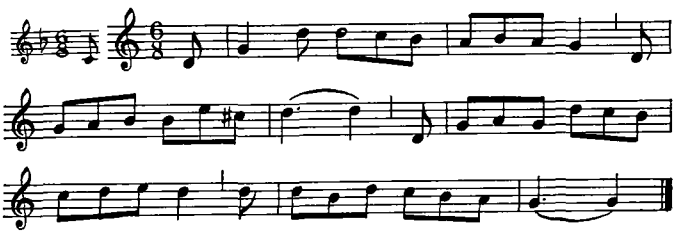
8. "We won't lower down our topsail mast,
Nor will we sail under your lee,
But here we will fight for our rich goods and gold;
Our bodies we'll save from the sea, the sea,
But here we will fight for our rich goods and gold;
Our bodies we'll save from the sea."

9. From broadside to broadside these vessels did fire
For one long hour or more;
At length Henry Martin gave her the death wound,
And down to the bottom she bore, she bore,
At length Henry Martin gave her the death wound,
And down to the bottom she bore.

10. "Bad news! Bad news!" cried Henry Martin,
"Bad news I bring unto thee,
I've taken from you your rich goods and gold,
Your bodies I've given to the sea, the sea,
I've taken from you your rich goods and gold,
Your bodies I've given to the sea."

17. "Bolender Martin"

Mackenzie, 1928, p. 394; text, p. 61. Sung by Little Ned Langille.

p I/M (but inflected IV)

There lived three brothers in fair Scotland,
In Scotland there lived brothers three.
And they drew lots to see which would go
A robbing all on the salt sea.

The lot it fell on Bolender Martin,
The youngest of the three,
That he should turn robber all on the salt sea
To maintain his two brothers and he.

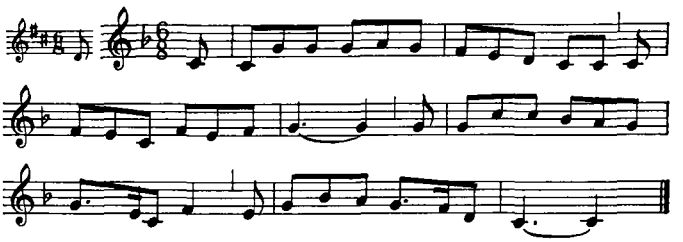
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

"I am the rich merchant from fair Engeland,
And I pray you to let me pass by."

"Oh no, oh no," says Bolender Martin,
"That thing can never be,
For I have turned robber all on the salt sea,
To maintain my two brothers and me."

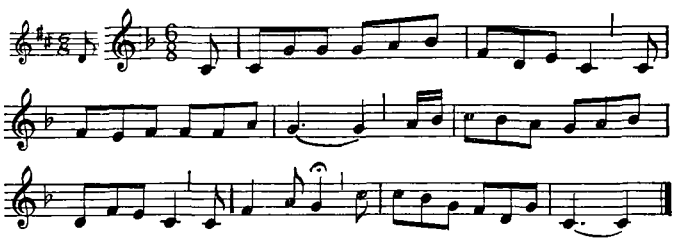
18. "Henry Martin"

Sharp MSS., 866/. Sung by Mr. Rapsey, at Bridgwater, April 12, 1906.

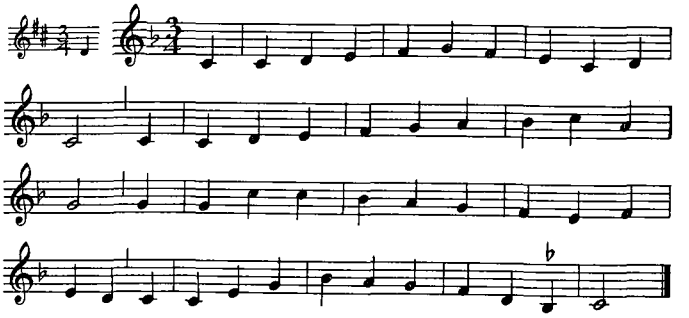
a M

In Merry Scotland there lived three brothers
There lived three brothers three
And they did cast lots to see which of them
A-robbing all on the high sea

19. "Henry Martin"

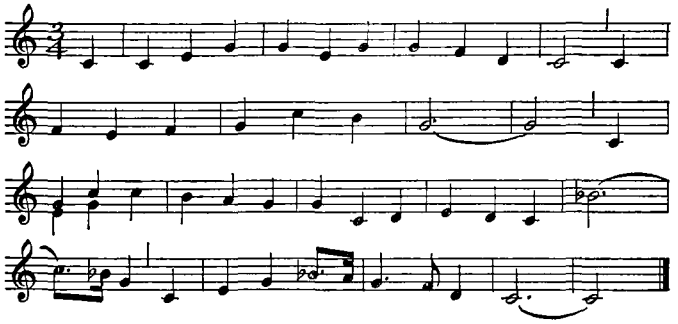
Sharp MSS., 918/. Sung by Hugh Barratt, Cannington, April 20, 1906.

a M

20. [Untitled]

Sharp MSS., 2071/. Sung by Mrs. Glover, Huish Episcopi, January 6, 1909.

a M

21. "Henry Martyn"

Baring-Gould MSS., LII(3), as sent by Broadwood in 1894. Also in Broadwood, *JFSS*, I, No. 4 (1902), p. 162; Broadwood, *JFSS*, I, No. 2 (1900), p. 44, without text; and Broadwood, 1908, p. 30. Sung by Henry Burstow, Horsham, Sussex, 1893.

a M (inflected VII)

1. There were three brothers in merry Scotland,
   In merry Scotland livèd they,
   And they did cast lots, one with the other, other,
   To know who should rob the salt seas.

2. The lot it fell on Henry Martin,
   The youngest of the three,
   To go a Scotch-robbing all on the salt sea, salt sea,
   To maintain his two brothers and he.

3. They had not sailed three cold winter's nights,
   Nor scarcely cold winter's days three,
   Before they espied a lofty tall ship, tall ship,
   Come sailing all on the salt sea.

4. 'Where are you going?' said Henry Martin,
   'How dare you sail so nigh?'
   'I am a rich merchant's ship, to fair England bound,
   England bound,
   So I pray you to let me pass free!'

5. 'Oh no! oh no!' cried Henry Martin,
   'Such a thing as that never can be,
   For I am a Scotch robber, all on the salt sea, salt sea,
   To maintain my two brothers and me!'

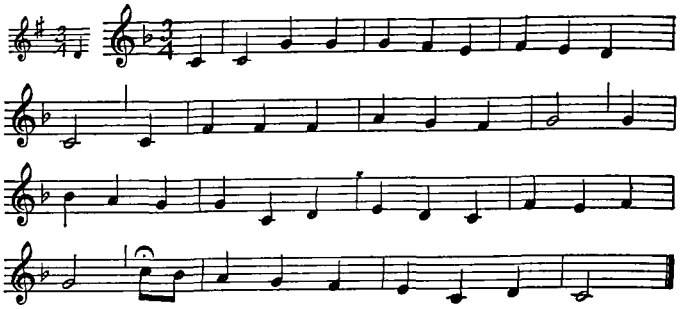
6. So broadside to broadside in battle they went,
   They fought full three hours or more,
   Till Henry Martin gave her her death wound, death wound,
   And to the bottom sank she.

7. Bad news, bad news, my brave Englishmen,
   Bad news I now bring to town,
   The rich merchant's ship she is now cast away, cast away,
   And the most of her merry men drowned.

The text is printed from Broadwood, *JFSS*, I, No. 4 (1902).

22. "Henry Martin"

Karpeles MSS., No. 5304; text, p. 4854. Also in Karpeles, 1934, II, p. 105. Sung by Joseph Jackman, Grole, Hermitage Bay, Newfoundland, July 23, 1930.

a M

There were three brothers in merry Scotland,
In merry Scotland did dwell,
And they had to cast lots for to see which would go, would go,
A bold robber all on the salt sea.

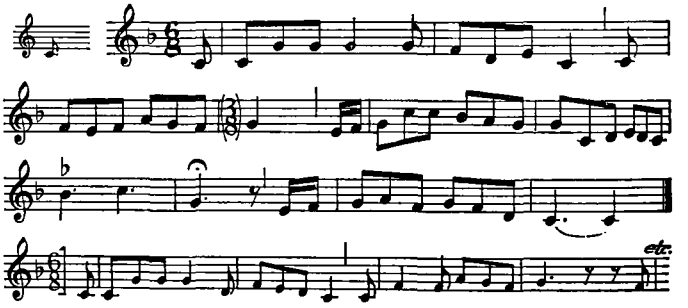
The nigh-est lot fell on young Henry Martin,
He being the youngest of the three,
He had to go robbing all on the salt sea, salt sea,
To maintain his two brothers and he.

He had not been sailing but a cold winter's night
Nor the part of a cold winter's day
Before they had spied some tar-locking ship
Came a-bearing down on them so nigh.

Come rattle your may yards (mainyards?), cried Henry Martin,
And heave your ship under me
For I will toss over your ball-flowing, ball-flowing boat
And your bodies I'll send to the sea.

23. "Salt Seas"

Vaughan Williams MSS., III, p. 431. Also in Vaughan Williams, *JFSS*, IV, No. 17 (1913), p. 302. Sung by Mr. Miles, Plough Inn, Rusper, Sussex, May 2 (or 4), 1907, and August 13, 1908.

a M

In the copy printed in the *Journal*, the time is in 3/4, and the second opening is followed.

1. There were three brothers in Merry Scotland,
   In Merry Scotland there were three.
   And each of these brothers they all did cast lots
   (To go) robbing all on the salt seas.

2. The lot it fell on young Henry Martin,
   The youngest of them all three,
   To go a scotch robbing all on the salt seas
   To maintain his two brothers and he.

3. He had not sailèd one cold bitter night
And (?) one cold bitter day
Till at length he did spy a rich merchant ship
(Stood) bearing all on that way.

4. . . . . .
"How dare you come nigh
Since I've been scotch robber all on the salt seas
To maintain my two brothers and me."

5. "I'm a fair English ship from fair Engeland
Will you please to let me pass by?"

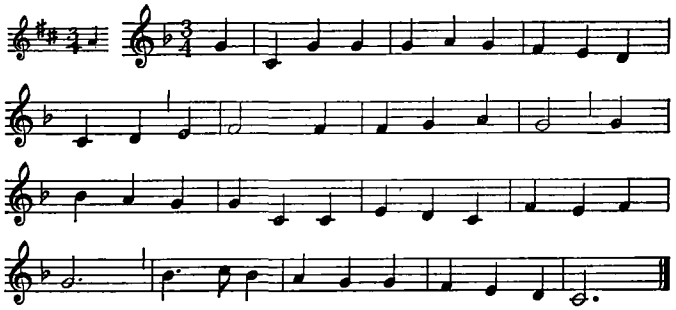
6. "Oh no, oh no," says Henry Martin,
"Oh no that never can be,
Since I've been [scotch robber all on the salt seas
To maintain my two brothers and me."]

7. Then broadside to broadside to battle they went
For two or three hours (or more?)
Till at length Henry Martin gave her a broadside
And down to the bottom went she.

8. Sad news, sad news, my brave English boys,
Sad news is now come to town,
Oh a fair English ship to fair England bound
And most of her merry men drowned.

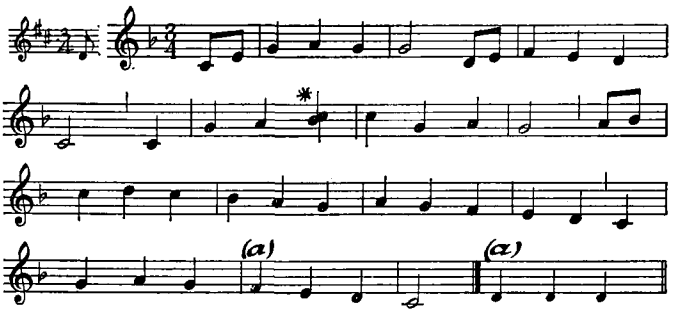
24. "Henry Martin"

Sharp MSS., 967/. Sung by Mrs. Mary Anne Ash (74), Cannington, August 7, 1906.

a M

In merry Scotland in merry Scotland
there lived 3 brothers three
And they cast a lot which other should go should go
A robbing all on the salt sea

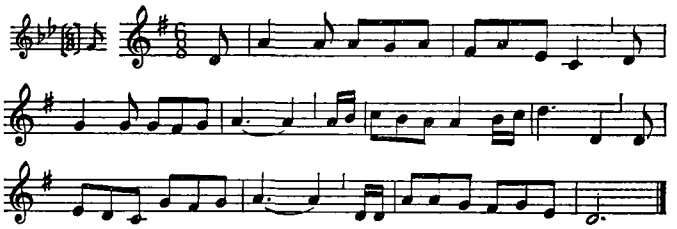
25. "Henry Martin"

Sharp MSS., 1171/. No singer named, but probably at Chew Magna, January 12, 1907.

a M

Sharp was uncertain as to whether this was a VII or octave.

26. "Henry Martyn"

Baring-Gould MSS., LII(2); text, (B). Sung by Matthew Baker (72), Lew Down, September 14, 1890. Noted by F. W. Bussell. The text is Child's A, with verbal differences. By permission of Mr. G. Hitchcock, on behalf of the Estate of Baring-Gould.

a M

1. In Merry Scotland, in merry Scotland,
There lived brothers three.
They all did cast lots which of them should go
A robbing upon the salt sea.

2. The lot it fell upon Henry Martyn
The youngest of the three,
That he should go rob on the salt, salt seas
To maintain his brothers & he.

3. He had not asailed three winter's nights
A little before the day,
He met with a lofty old merchant ship
Come sailing along that way.

4. O when she came by Henry Martyn
I prithee now let me go.
O no! O no! O no that will I not
I never that will do.

5. Stand off! stand off! said he, God wot
And you shall not pass by me,
For I am a robber all on the salt seas,
To maintain my brothers & me.

6. How far! how far! cries Henry Martyn,
How far do you make it? said he.
For I am a robber, all on the salt seas
To maintain my brothers & me.

7. They merrily fought for three long hours
   They fought for hours full three.
   At last a deep wound got Henry Martyn
   And down by the mast fell he.

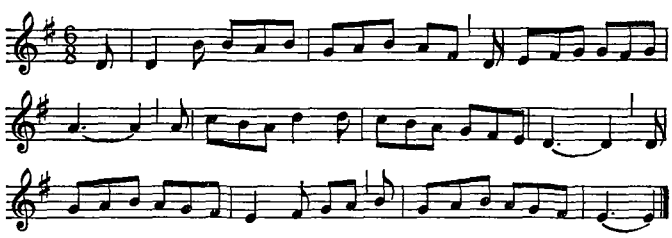
8. 'Twas a broadside to a broadside then
   And a rain & hail of blows
   But the salt sea ran in, ran in, ran in
   To the bottom then she goes.

9. Bad news! bad news for old England
   Bad news has come to the town
   For a rich merchant vessel is cast away,
   And all the brave seamen drown.

10. Bad news! bad news, through London Street,
    Bad news has come to the King.
    For all the brave lives of mariners lost
    That are sunk in the watery main.

27. "Henry Martin"

Sharp MSS., 686/760. Sung by John Vincent, Priddy, December 22, 1905.

? a M, ending on II

Sharp notes that the singer always began on the final of the preceding stanza, thus rising a step with each repetition of the tune.

1. There was three brothers in merry Scotland
   In merry Scotland there was three
   One of them cast lots for they other two, other two
   Which of them should rob the salt sea, salt sea
   Which of them should rob the salt sea.

2. The lot it fell on Henry Martin
   The youngest of all the whole three
   For to engage and act a robber
   For to maintain his two brothers and he,

3. As Henry Martin was roaming one night
   One cold winter's night before day
   Who should he spy but a lofty tall ship, tall ship
   Come sailing so close & so nigh.

4. Hullo, Hullo, says Henry Martin
   What makes you sail so nigh?
   I'm a rich merchant ship for old England
   Will you please for to let me pass by?

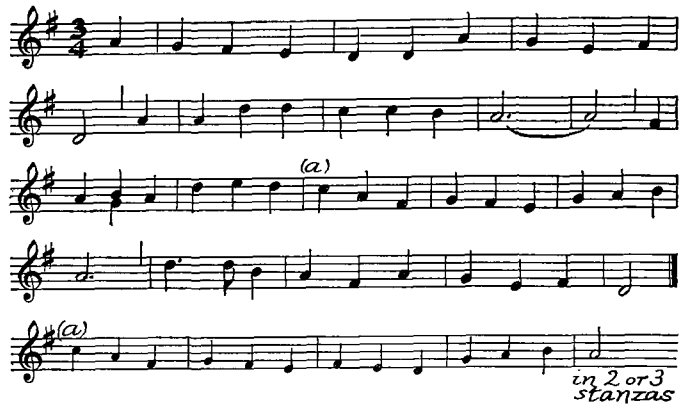
5. O no, O no says Henry Martin
   Those things they never can be
   Since I turned a robber all on the salt seas, salt seas
   For to maintain my two brothers and me.

6. So from broadside to broadside they nearly fought
   For one or two hours or three
   Till Henry Martin gave her a dead wound
   And down to the bottom sunk she.

7. Bad news, bad news for old England
   Bad news, bad news is a come.
   There's a rich merchant ship she's lost in the deep
   And all of her merry men all.

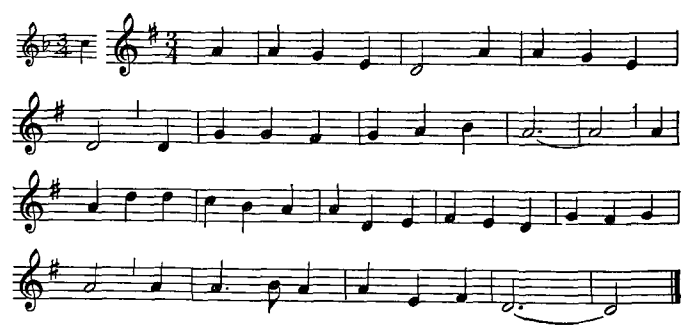
28. "Henry Martin"

Sharp MSS., 1795/. Sung by Henry Reed, Axbridge, August 22, 1908.

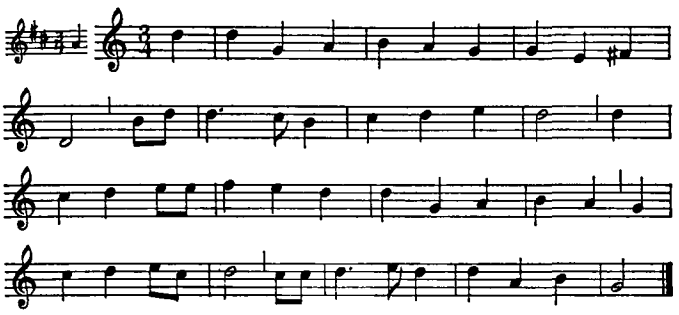
a M

There lived 3 brothers in merry Scotland
In Scotland there lived all three
And they did cast lots which should rob on the sea salt
    sea salt sea
For to maintain his two brothers & he

29. "Henry Martin"

Sharp MSS., 2584/. Sung by Ellen Plumb (85), Armscote, April 13, 1911.

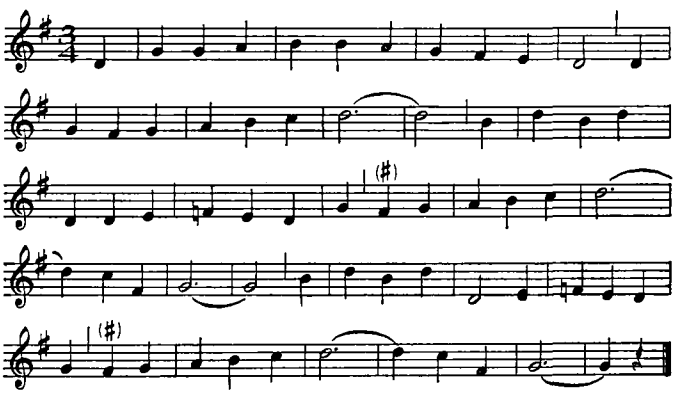
a M

30. "Henry Martin"

Sharp MSS., 619/. Sung by Thomas Hendy, Ilminster, August 30, 1905.

m M (inflected VII)

O no O no said Henry Martin
That thing it never can be
For I have turned a robber all on the salt sea salt sea salt sea
To maintain my 2 brothers & me.

31. "Andrew Marteen"

Flanders and Olney, 1953, p. 73. Sung by Hanford Hayes, Staceyville, Me., September 22, 1940. From *Ballads Migrant in New England*, edited by Helen Hartness Flanders and Marguerite Olney; copyright 1953 by Helen Hartness Flanders.

p I (but inflected VII)

1. In bon-ey Scotland three brothers did dwell,
Three brothers did dwell, the three,
And all did cast lots to see which of them
Would go robbing down on the salt sea.
And all did cast lots to see which of them
Would go robbing down on the salt sea.

2. The lots they fell on Andrew, fourteen,
The youngest of those brothers three,
That he should go robbing down on the salt sea
To maintain his two brothers and he.
That he should go robbing down on the salt sea
To maintain his two brothers and he.

3. As he was a-sailing one fine summer's morning
Just as the day did appear,
He spied a large vessel a-sailing far off
And at last she came sailing quite near.

4. "Art thou, art thou?" cried Andrew Marteen,
"Art thou, a-sailing so high?"
"A rich merchant-ship from Old England's shores
And please will you let me pass by?"

5. "O no, O no," cried Andrew Marteen,
"It's a thing that can't very well be;
Your ship and your cargo I will take away,
And your body feed to the salt sea."

6. The news it went back to Old England's shore.
King Henry he wore the crown.
His ship and his cargo were all cast away
And his mariners they were all drowned.

7. "Come build me a boat," cried Captain Charles Stewart,
"And build it both safe and secure,
And if I don't bring in that Andrew Marteen,
My life I will never endure.
And if I don't bring in that Andrew Marteen,
My life I will never endure."

8. As he was a-sailing one fine summer's morning,
Just as the day did appear,
He spied a large vessel a-sailing far off,
And at length it came sailing quite near.

9. "Art thou, art thou?" cried Captain Charles Stewart,
"Art thou a-sailing so high?"
"A Scotch bone-y robber from Old Scotland's shore,
And it's please will you let me pass by?"

10. "O no, O no," cried Captain Charles Stewart,
"It's a thing that can't very well be;
Your ship and your cargo I will take away,
And your body feed to the salt sea."

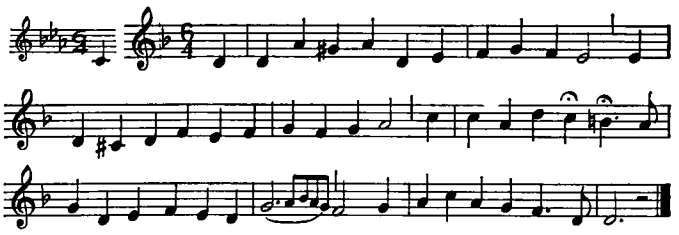
11. "Fire on, fire on!" cried Andrew Marteen,
"Your talk I don't value one pin.
Your brass at your side makes a very fine show
But I'm pure steel within."

12. Broadside to broadside those two came together;
Their cannons like thunder did roar.
When Captain Charles Stewart took Andrew, fourteen,
And they hung him on Old England's shore.

GROUP Ab

32. "Henry Martin"

Kidson, 1891, p. 30(1). Sung by William Cheetham, Horsforth; learned in boyhood from his mother as she in her own youth heard it sung by a very old woman.

a minor (inflected IV, VI, VII)

There lived three brothers in merry Scotland,
In merry Scotland lived three brothers;
And they did cast lots which should rob on the sea,
To maintain his two brothers and he.

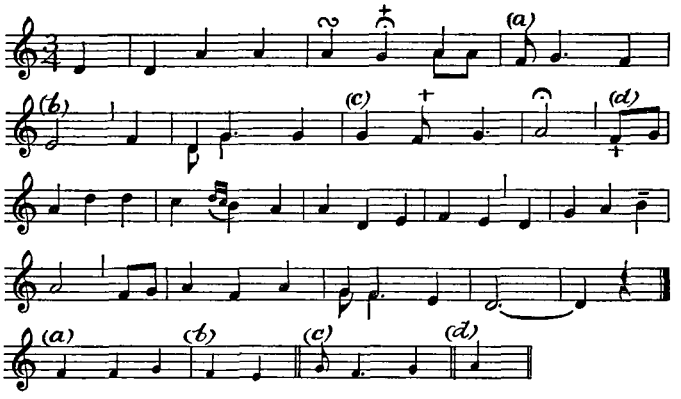
And the lot it did light on Henry Martin—
The youngest of all the brothers three—
And he went a roaming on the salt sea,
To maintain his two brothers and he.

And when they had sailèd five days and more,
On a rich merchant ship coming down they then bore,
As he went a roaming on the salt sea,
To maintain his two brothers and he.

The rich merchant ship got wounded by he,
And right down to the bottom of the salt sea went she,
As he went a roaming on the salt sea,
To maintain his two brothers and he.

33. "Henry Martin"

Sung by Philip Tanner, Gower, South Wales. Columbia rec. No. 372-M (CA 16052). Also on Caedmon rec. No. TC 1146(B3).

a D

1. There livèd in Scotland three brothers three,
In Scotland there lived brothers three.
And they did cast lots for to see which of them,
which of them, which of them,
Should go sailing all on the salt sea.

2. The lot it fell out on young Henry Martin
The youngest of these brothers three,
That he should go sailing all on the salt sea,
salt sea, salt sea,
To maintain his two brothers and he.

3. We had not long been sailing on a cold winter's morning,
Three hours before it was day,
Before we espièd a lofty tall ship,
a tall ship, a tall ship,
Coming sailing all on the salt sea.

4. "Hallo, hallo," cried bold Henry Martin,
"How dare you come sailing so nigh?"
"We're a rich merchant ship bound for old England,
old England, England,
Will you please for to let us pass by?"

5. "O no, no, no," cried bold Henry Martin,
"That never, no never can be.
For I am turned pirate to rob the salt sea,
salt sea, salt sea,
To maintain my two brothers and me."

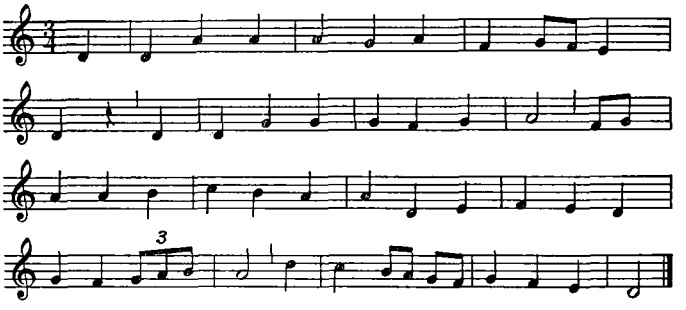
6. "Take down your toproyal, cut away your mainmast,
Come hither in under my lee.
For I will take from you all of your flowing [?glowing] gold,
flowing [?glowing] gold, flowing gold,
And return your fair bodies to the sea."

7. Then broadside and broadside we valiantly fought,
We fought for four hours or more.
Till Henry Martin gave her a dead shot,
a dead shot, a dead shot,
And down to the bottom she goes.

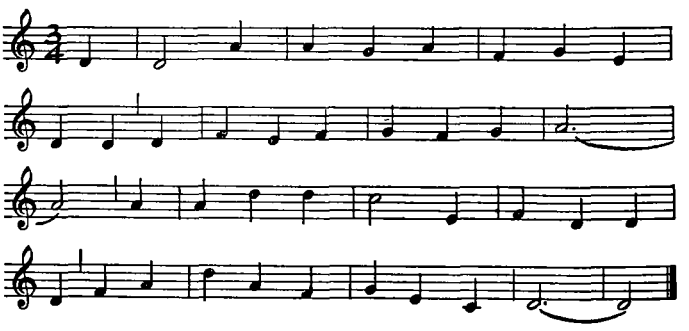
8. Bad news, bad news, you English heroes,
Bad news I have for to tell;
There's one of your rich ships lies sunk off the land,
off the land, off the land,
And all of your merry men drowned.

34. "Henry Martin"

Hammond, *JFSS*, IV, No. 17 (1913), p. 303. Sung by Joseph Taunton, Corscombe, Dorset.

a D

35. "Henry Martin"

Karpeles MSS., No. 5318; text, p. 4873. Sung by Patrick Bishop, Gaskier, Point La Hare, St. Mary's, Newfoundland, July 29, 1930.

a D/Æ

1. There were three brothers, three brothers in London,
In fair London town they done well,
They had to cast lots to see which of them
Would stand pirate all on the salt sea.

2. The youngest, the youngest of those brothers three,
He had to stand pirate all on the salt sea
For to maintain his two brothers and he.

3. They built them a boat and a bonny boat,
And a bonny fine boat she may be,
Her topsail was oak and her keel it was bark
And her two sides was lin-ed with steel.

4. They were not long sailing all on the sea,
At the length of a long winter's night,
And the part of a short winter's day,
When a large lofty stout ship,
A large lofty ship come rolling down in the salt sea.

5. What ship, what ship, cries Henry Martin,
What ship, what ship it may be.
I'm a rich merchant ship to England I'm bound,
And I pray you to let me go free.

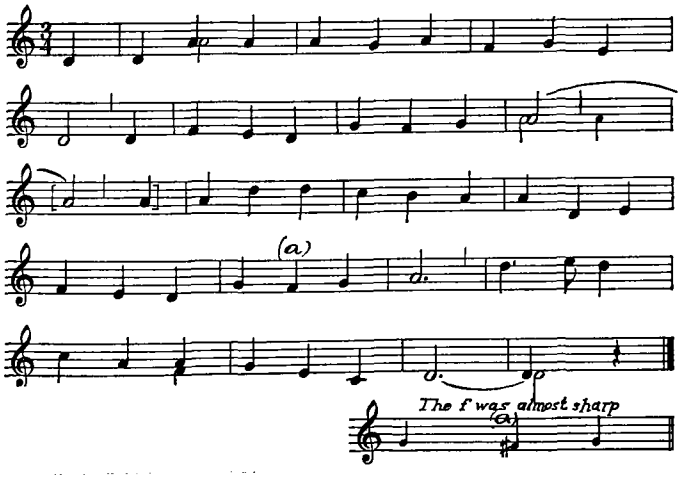
6. Such things, such things, cries Henry Martin,
Such things that never shall be,
For your rich merchant's goods I will take on my board
And your men I'll sink in the sea.

7. For broadside, for broadside those two . . .
For the space of two hours or three,
Till Henry Martin gave her a broadside
And down to the bottom sank she.

8. Bad news, bad news, cries Henry Martin,
Bad news I have got unto thee,
Your rich merchant's goods I'm told they're all lost,
And your men are all sunk in the sea.

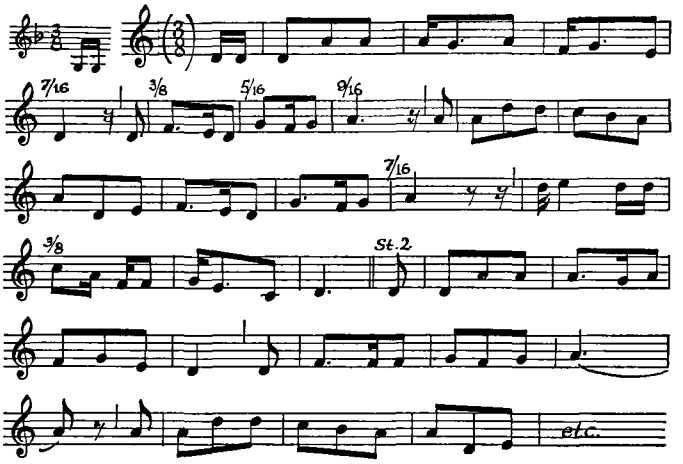
36. "Henry Martyn"

Sharp MSS., 510/. Also in Sharp and Marson, 2nd series, 1905, p. 6; Baring-Gould and Sharp [1906], No. 10(2), p. 22; and Sharp, 1916, p. 1. Sung by Lucy White, Hambridge, April 19, 1905.

a D

O no no says Henry Martyn
O no that never can be
For I am turned robber all on the salt seas salt seas salt seas
For to maintain my two brothers & me.

37. "Henry Martin"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1968/10/A10. Sung by Charles MacFarlane, Strontian, Argyllshire. Collected and transcribed by James Porter.

a D

1. Oh there were three brothers in merry Scotland,
In Scotland there lived brothers three,
An lots they did cast who should rob on the sea, salt sea,
salt sea,
For to maintain my two brothers an me.

2. The lot it did fall upon Henry Martin,
The youngest of all the three,
An he sailed away on the sea, salt sea, salt sea,
For to maintain my two brothers an me.

3. They had not been sailing but a long winter's night,
An part of a short winter's day,
Before he espied a lofty stout ship, a stout ship, a stout ship,
Come a ? dipping down at him straightway.

4. "Oh where are you bound for?" cried Henry Martin,
"How far are ye bound for?" cried he.
"I'm a rich merchant-ship bound for merry England,
England, England,
Therefore will you to let me pass free?"

5. "Oh no, oh no," cried Henry Martin—
"That thing it never could be,
For I've turned a robber all on the salt sea, salt sea, salt sea,
For to maintain my two brothers an me."

6. "Then lower your topsail an brail up your mizen,
An bring your ship under my lee,
Or a full-flowing bar will I fire at your tail, at your tail,
at your tail,
All your dear bodies drowned in the salt sea."

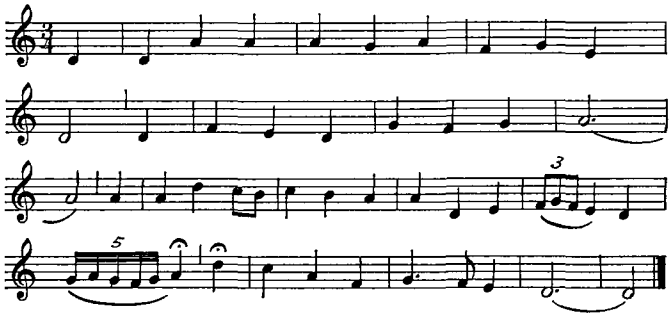
7. Then broadside an broadside an at it they went,
For fully two hours or three
. . . . . .
Till ? the/a rich merchant-ship . . .
Heavily listing to starboard went she.

8. The rich merchant-ship she was wounded full sore—
Right down to the bottom went she,
An Henry Martin sailed away on the sea, salt sea, salt sea,
For to maintain my two brothers an me.

9. Bad news, bad news to fair London town,
Bad news I will give unto thee;
They've robbed our rich vessel an she's cast away, cast away, cast away,
All the brave sailors drowned in the salt sea.

38. "Henry Martin"

Sharp MSS., 551/662. Sung by James Bale (75), Bridgwater, August 14, 1905, except for last stanza, obtained on August 22.

a D

1. There was 3 brothers in merry Scotland
In merry Scotland there were three
And they cast lots which of them should go
A robbing all on the salt seas.

2. O the first lot it fell on Henry Martin
The youngest of all the three
That he was to turn robber all on the salt sea
For to maintain his two brothers & he.

3. They hadn't been sailing but a long winter's night
And a part of a short winter's day
Before he espied a stout lofty ship
Come bibbing down on him straightway.

4. What ship what ship cried Henry Martin
What ship I pray tell on to me
We're a rich marchant ship for England bound
If you please for to let us pass by.

5. O no, O no, cried Henry Martin
That thing it never could be
For I am turned robber all on the salt seas
For to maintain my 2 brothers and me.

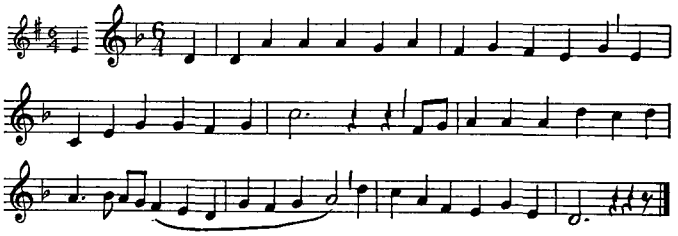
6. With broadside & broadside & at it we goes
For a space of four hours & more
Until at length Henry Martin gave them a dead shot
And down to the bottom goes she.

7. Sad news sad news to old England came
Sad news and a sorrowful crime
They've a lost one of our rich marchantmen cast away
And all of our jolly tars drowned.

8. Come lower down yr topsails & brail up your mizen
And bring your ship under my lea
And I will give you a full glowing ball
And I will send your dear bodies to the deep.

39. "Henry Martyn"

Baring-Gould MSS., LII(1); text, (A). Also in Baring-Gould and Sheppard, 1895, p. 114. Sung by Roger Luxton, Halwell, in 1889. Noted by H. Fleetwood Sheppard. By permission of Mr. G. Hitchcock, on behalf of the Estate of Baring-Gould.

a Æ

Later editions substitute the V for the VII at the mid-cadence.

1. In Merry Scotland, in Merry Scotland
There lived brothers three,
They all did cast lots which of them should go,
A robbing upon the salt sea.

2. The lot it fell upon Henry Martyn
The youngest of the three,
That he should go rob on the salt, salt sea,
To maintain his brothers & he.

3. He had not been a-sailed a long winter's night
Nor yet a short winter's day,
Before he espied a gay merchant ship,
Come sailing along that way.

4. "How far! How far?" cried Henry Martyn
"How far are you going?" said he.
"For I am a robber upon the salt seas
To maintain my brothers & me."

5. "Stand off, stand off!" the Captain he cried
"The life guards they are aboard
My cannons are loaden with powder & shot,
And every man hath a sword."

6. For three long hours they merrily fought,
For hours they fought full three.
And many a blow it dealt many a wound
As they fought on the salt, salt sea.

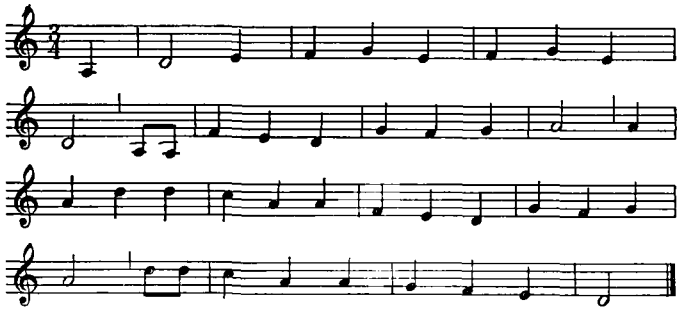
7. 'Twas broadside against a broadside then,
And at it the which should win,
A shot from the gallant ship bored a hole,
And then did the water run in.

8. Bad news, bad news in the London street
Bad news has come to the King,
For all the lives of his lifeguards is lost
O the tidings be sad that I bring.

8. Bad news bad news to our Queen's bench
Bad news in a sorrowful sound
There's a rich merchant ship from old England came
And all our mariners drowned.

40. "Henry Martin"

Sharp MSS., 894/965. Sung by John Barnett, Bridgewater, April 16, 1906.

m Æ/D

1. There was three brothers in Merry Scotland
And in merry Scotland there was three
And each of the brothers cast lots, cast lots, cast lots
Should turn robber all on the salt sea.

2. The lot it fell first on Henry Martin
The youngest of them all three
That he should turn robber all on the salt sea
To maintain his 2 brothers & he

3. He had not asailed a long winter's night
Nor a part of a short winter's day
Before he saw the hull of a ship
Come sailing down straight that way.

4. What ship what ship cried young Henry Martin
What ship pray tell unto me
A rich merchant ship from old England came
Please sir will you let me pass by.

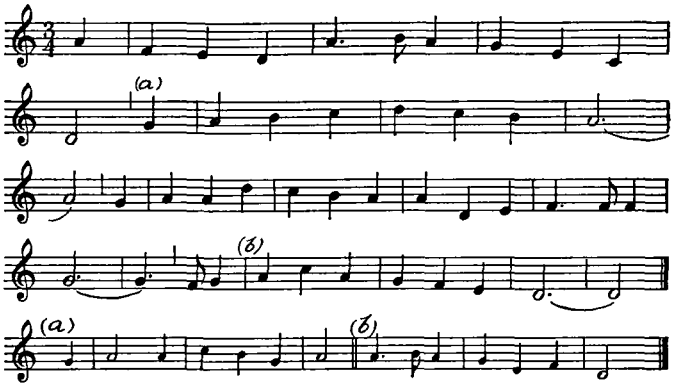
5. O no, O no, cried Henry Martin
O no that never can be
For I'm a Scotch robber all on the salt sea
To maintain my two brothers & me

6. Now draw your ship nigh, do you hear what I say
Now draw your ship nigh unto me
Or else with my flowing boat
I'll send all your bodies to sea.

7. Now they fight on the sea two hours or more
Two hours I'm sure it must be
When at last the ship sprung a leak
And down to the bottom went she.

41. "Henry Martin"

Butterworth, *JFSS*, IV, No. 17 (1913), p. 301. Sung by Mr. Hillman, Shoreham Union, Sussex, January 1909.

a D

1. Its of three brothers in merry Scotland,
In merry Scotland lived they,
And they did cast lots, cast lots one with the other,
For to know which should rob the salt sea.

2. The lot it did fall on Henry Martin,
The youngest of all of the three,
To go a Scotch-robbing all on the salt sea, salt sea,
To maintain his two brothers and he.

3. They had not been sailing three cold winter's nights,
Nor scarce three cold winter's days,
Afore they espied a lofty tall ship, tall ship,
Come a sailing all on the salt sea.

4. "Then who are you," says Henry Martin,
"I dare not you come too nigh."
"I'm a rich merchant-ship to England bound, England bound,
If you please for to let me pass by."

5. "O no, O no," says Henry Martin,
"Such things they never can be,
For I'll take away all your rich flowing, rich flowing gold,
And send your fair body to sea."

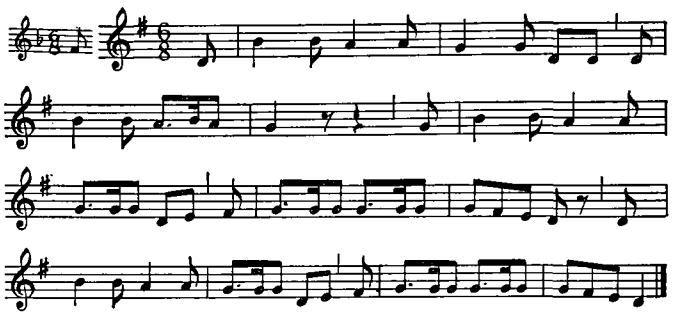
6. Then broadside to broadside to battle they went,
They fought for four hours or more,
Till Henry Martin gave them a death-wound, death-wound,
And down to the bottom sank she.

7. Bad news, bad news, my brave English boys,
Bad news is come to town,
Our rich merchant-ship is now cast away, cast away,
And most of her merry men drowned.

GROUP B

42. "Andrew Bartin"

Smith, 1928, p. 156. Also in Child, 1882-98, V, p. 423; text, p. 302(E). Communicated by Louise Porter Haskell as from Gen. E. P. Alexander of South Carolina, who heard it sung by a cadet at West Point Military Academy in the winter of 1856-57.

p I/Ly, ending on *V*

1. Three bold brothers of merrie Scotland,
   And three bold brothers were they,
   And they cast lots the one with the other,
   To see who should go robbing all o'er the salt sea;
   And they cast lots the one with the other,
   To see who should go robbing all o'er the salt sea.

2. The lot it fell on Andrew Bartin,
   The youngest of the three,
   That he should go robbing all o'er the salt sea,
   To maintain his two brothers and he.

3. He had not sailed but one long summer night,
   When daylight did appear;
   He saw a ship sailing far off and far round,
   At last she came sailing quite near.

4. "Who art? Who art?" says Andrew Bartin,
   "Who art comes sailing so nigh?"
   "We are the rich merchants of merrie England,
   Just please for to let us pass by."

5. "Pass by? pass by?" says Andrew Bartin,
   "No, no, that never can be;
   Your ship and your cargo I will take away,
   And your brave men drown in the sea."

6. Now when this news reached merrie England—
   King George he wore the crown—
   That his ship and his cargo were taken away,
   And his brave men they were all drowned.

7. "Go build me a ship," says Captain Charles Stewart,
   "A ship both stout and sure,
   And if I don't fetch this Andrew Bartin,
   My life shall no longer endure."

8. He had not sailed but one long summer night,
   When daylight did appear,
   He saw a ship sailing far off and far round,
   At last she came sailing quite near.

9. "Who art? Who art?" says Captain Charles Stewart,
   "Who art comes sailing so nigh?"
   "We are the bold robbers of merrie Scotland,
   Just please for to let us pass by."

10. "Pass by? pass by?" says Captain Charles Stewart,
    "No, no, that never can be;
    Your ship and your cargo I will take away,
    And your brave men carry with me."

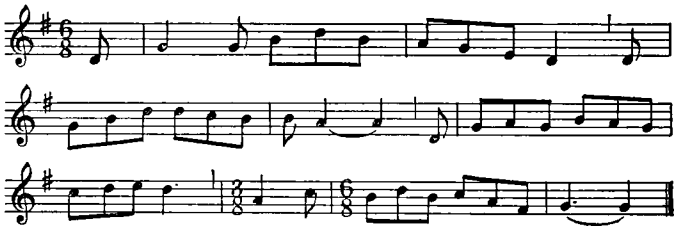
11. "Come on! come on!" says Andrew Bartin,
    "I value you not one pin;
    And though you are lined with good brass without,
    I'll show you I've fine steel within."

12. Then they drew up a full broadside
    And at each other let pour;
    They had not fought for three hours or more,
    When Captain Charles Stewart gave o'er.

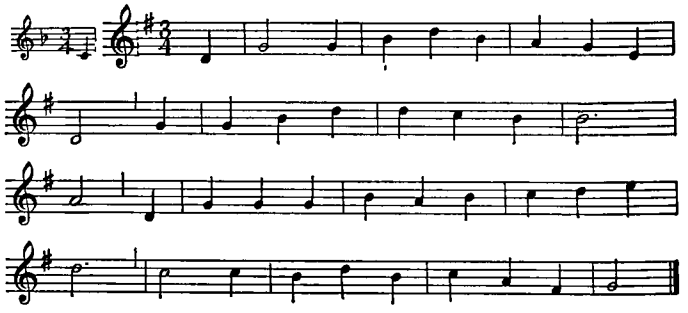
13. "Go home! go home!" says Andrew Bartin;
    "And tell your king from me,
    That he may reign king of the merry dry land,
    But that I will be king of the sea."

43. "Henry Martin"

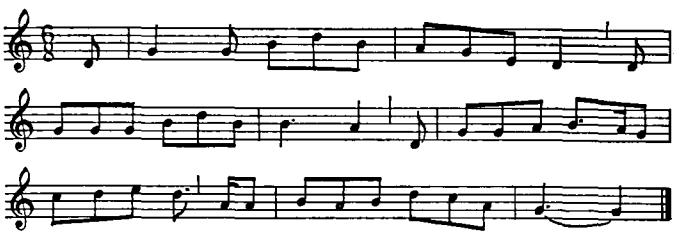
Sharp MSS., 760/. Sung by Robert Pope, Minehead, January 12, 1906.

p I

44. "Henry Martin"

Sharp MSS., 1446/. Sung by Mr. Geen, Rose Ash, Devon, August 26, 1907.

p I

45. "Henry Martin"

Sharp MSS., 577/658. Also in Baring-Gould and Sharp [1906], No. 10(1), p. 20. Sung by Capt. Lewis, Minehead, August 18, 1905.

p I/M

1. There were three brothers in Scotland did dwell
In Scotland did dwell all three
And they did cast lots to see which of them
Should turn robber all on the salt sea.

2. The lot fell on young Henry Martin
The youngest of all three
All for to turn robber all on the salt sea
To maintain his 2 brothers & he.

3. They had not been sailing many cold winter nights
Many cold winter nights but two or three
Before they espied a high lofty ship
Come rolling down on the salt sea.

4. How far are you bound for? cried Henry Martin
O where are you bound for? cried he.
O I am bound to Fair London Town,
Kind sir if you'll let me pass by.

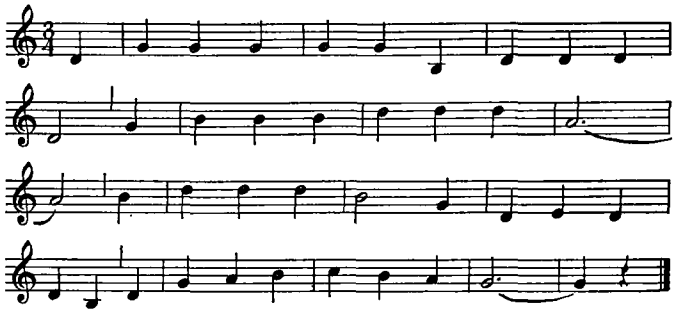
5. O no! O no! cried Henry Martin
O no! that never can be
For I have turned robber all on the salt sea
To maintain my two brothers & me.

6. Then broadside to broadside they both fought away
For passing two hours or three
Till Henry Martin gave her the death shot
And down to the bottom went she.

7. Bad news, bad news to Fair London Town
Bad news I will bring unto thee
For the old Britannia of Fair London Town
Has sunk to the bottom of the sea.

46. "Andrew Batan"

Flanders and Olney, 1953, p. 201. Sung by Oscar Degreenia, West Cornwall, Conn., May 16, 1949; learned from his parents. From *Ballads Migrant in New England*, edited by Helen Hartness Flanders and Marguerite Olney; copyright 1953 by Helen Hartness Flanders.

p I/M

1. There were three brothers in merry Scotland;
Three brothers they were all three
And they cast lots from one to the other
To see which the robber would be.

2. The lot did fall on Andrew Batan,
The youngest of the three,
That he would go robbing all on the high sea
To maintain his two brothers and he.

3. As he was sailing one cold winter's night
A light did soon appear.
They saw a ship sailing far off and far off
And at length it came sailing near.

4. "Who art, who art," cried Capting Charles Stewart,
"Who art that's sailing so nigh?"
"We are the bold robbers from fair Scotland.
Will you please for to let us pass by?"

5. "O no, O no, that thing we never shall do,
That thing we never shall do.
Your ship and your cargo we'll all take away
And salt water your bodies shall see.
Your ship and your cargo we'll all take away
And salt water your bodies shall see."

6. The news soon came on England's home shore
(King George he wore the crown.)
That the rich merchant's goods had been taken away
And the crew and the captain was drowned,
That the rich merchant's goods had been taken away
And the crew and the captain was drowned.

7. "Go and build me a ship," cries Captain Charles Stewart,
"Go and build it safe and sure.
I'll take the command from Andrew Batan
Or my life I will never endure."

8. As he was sailing one cold winter's night
A light did soon appear.
They saw a ship sailing far off and far off
And at length it came sailing near.

9. "Who art, who art?" cries Captain Charles Stewart,
"Who are, that's sailing so nigh?"
"We are the bold robbers from fair Scotland.
Will you please for to let us pass by?"

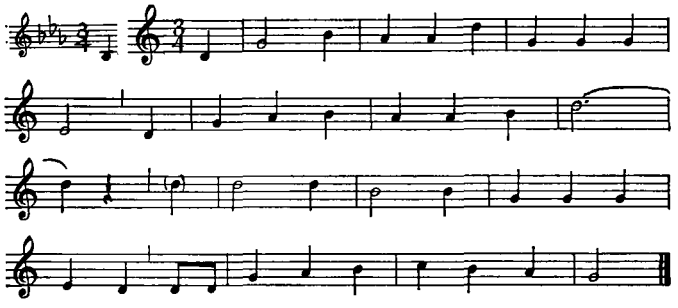
10. "O no, O no, that thing we never shall do;
That thing we never shall do.
Your ship and your cargo we'll all take away
And your bodies fair England will see."

11. "Come on, come on," cried Andrew Batan,
"We fear you not one pin
For we're brass without that makes the fine show
But we are all steel within."

12. Broadsides, broadsides they quickly put on
And cannons loud did roar
And Capting Charles Stewart took Andrew Batan
And they hung him on England's own shore.

47. "Andrew Batan"

Eddy, 1939, p. 80(B). From Professor James H. Hanford, Cleveland, Ohio; procured from L. C. Williams of North Carolina, who learned it from his father, of New England.

p I/M

1. There were three brothers from merry Scotland,
And three merry brothers were they;
They cast lots from one to the other
To see which of them robbers should be.

2. The lot it fell on Andrew Batan,
The youngest of the three,
That he should go robbing on the high seas
All for his brothers and he.

3. He had not sailed one long winter's night,
When daylight did appear,
He saw a ship sailing far off and far off,
Till at last it came sailing so near.

4. "Who's there, who's there," cried Andrew Batan,
"Who's there come sailing so nigh?"
"We are the rich merchants from old England shore;
Will you please for to let us pass by?"

5. "Oh, no, oh, no," cries Andrew Batan,
"Oh, no, that never can be,
Your ship and your cargo I'll take all away,
And your bodies shall feed the salt sea."

6. The news to old England gone,
(King Henry wears the crown,)
That the rich merchant's goods were all taken away
And his mariners they were all drowned.

7. "Go, build me a ship," cries Captain Charles Stuart,
"Go build it strong and secure,
And if I do not bring back Andrew Batan,
His life shall not long endure."

8. The ship was built both strong and secure,
As we do understand,
And Captain Charles Stuart was placed thereon
To take the bold command.

9. He had not sailed one long winter's night,
When daylight did appear;
He saw a ship sailing far off and far off,
Till at last it came sailing so near.

10. "Who's there, who's there," cried Captain Charles Stuart,
"Who's there come sailing so nigh?"
"We are the Scotch robbers of merry Scotland;
Will you please for to let us pass by?"

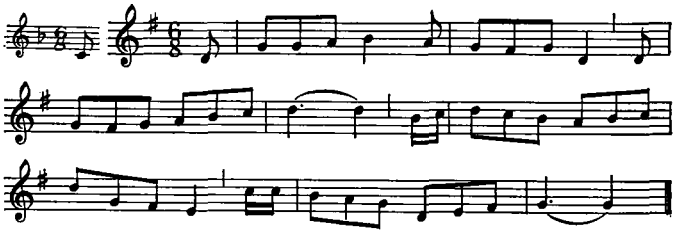
11. "Oh, no, oh, no," cries Captain Charles Stuart,
"Oh, no, that never can be;
"Your ship and your cargo I'll take all away,
And your bodies I'll carry with me."

12. "Come on, come on," cries Andrew Batan,
"I value you not one pin;
If you can show fine brass without,
I can show you's fine steel within."

13. From broadside to broadside then at it they went;
So loud the cannons did roar,
Till Captain Charles Stuart took Andrew Batan
And carried him to old England's shore.

48. "Henry Martin"

Kidson, 1891, p. 31(2). From fisher folk at Flamborough, Yorkshire.

p I

1. In Scotland there lived three brothers of late,
In Scotland there lived brothers three;
Now, the youngest cast lots with the other two,
Which should go rob on the salt sea.

2. The lot it did fall to bold Henry Martin—
The youngest of all the three;
And he had to turn robber all on the salt seas,
To maintain his two brothers and he.

3. He had not been sailing past a long winter's night,
Past a long winter's night before day,
Before he espied a lofty, fine ship,
Come sailing all on the salt sea.

4. "O! where are you bound for?" cried Henry Martin,
"O! where are you bound for?" cried he;
"I'm a rich loaded ship bound for fair England,
I pray you to let me pass free."

5. "O, no! O no!" cried Henry Martin,
"O, no! that never can be;
Since I have turned robber all on the salt sea,
To maintain my two brothers and me.

6. "Heave down your main tack, likewise your main tie,
And lig yourself under my lee;
For your rich glowing gold I will take it away,
And your fair bodies drown in the salt sea."

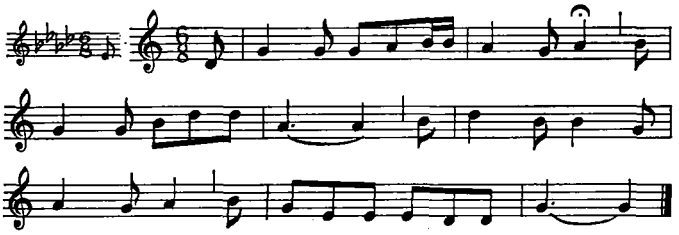
7. Then broadside to broadside they merrily fought,
For fully two hours or three,
When, by chance, Henry Martin gave her a broadside,
And right down to the bottom went she.

8. Bad news! bad news! unto old England,
Bad news I tell unto thee;
For your rich glowing gold is all wasted away,
And your mariners are drown'd in the salt sea.

APPENDIX

49. "Harry Maltee"

Lumpkin, *CFB*, I (1962), p. 5. Sung by Mr. H. B. Stevenson, Lewis, Colo., August 1962; learned from his father. Recorded by Dr. J. B. Wheat; transcribed by Miss Helen K. Wilson.

p π^1

The tune obviously derives from "Auld Lang Syne."

1. Three loving brothers from old England came.
Three loving brothers were they.
They all cast lots among the three
To see who the robber should be.

2. Oh, the lot it fell on Harry Maltee,
The youngest of the three,
That he should go robbing upon the salt sea
To maintain his two brothers and he.

3. Well, he had not sailed long
Till one cold frosty morn
A rich merchant vessel he spied
While rounding Cape Horn.

4. "Who are you, who are you?"
Cried Harry Maltee.
"Who are you that dare come so nigh?"
"I'm a rich merchant vessel;
And, please sir, won't you let me pass by?"

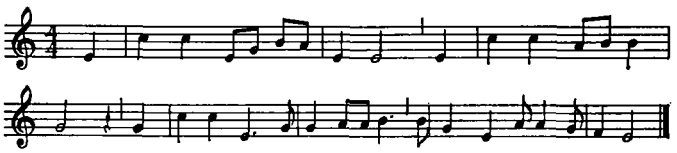
5. "Oh no, oh no," cried Harry Maltee.
"Oh no, that never can be;
For I've turned robber upon the salt sea
To maintain my two brothers and me."

6. From broadside to broadside they watched
For two long hours or three,
When the rich merchant vessel received a bad wound,
And down to the bottom sank she.

7. Bad news, bad news to old England came,
Bad news, what a terrible sound!
The rich merchant vessel'd been cast away,
And all her merry men drown'd

50. "Andrew Bardeen"

Randolph, I, 1946, p. 177. From Bruce Evans, Rogersville, Mo., April 19, 1934; learned by his mother's people in Breathitt County, Ky.

If on E, P (–VII); if on C, I (–II)

1. There was three brothers in old Scotland,
Three lovin' brothers was they,
They all cast lots to see who should go
A-robbin' all o'er the salt sea.

2. The lot it fell to Andrew Bardeen,
He being the youngest of three,
Was forced to go robbing all o'er the salt sea
To maintain his two brothers and he.

3. He had not sailed more than a week in the year,
When a ship he did espy,
Come sailing so far off and so far on
Till at last it come sailing so high.

4. Who are you? Who are you? cries Andrew Bardeen,
Who are you? And where are you bound?
We're the merry rich merchants from old England,
Won't you please for to let us pass on?

5. Oh no, oh no, cries Andrew Bardeen,
Oh no, that never can be.
Your ship and your cargo we'll take all away
And your merry men we'll drown in the sea.

6. Go build me a boat, cries Captain Charles Stuart,
Go build it both safe and strong,
That I may go capture this king of the sea,
Or my life it will not last me long.

7. He had not sailed more than a week in the year,
When a ship he did espy,
Come sailing so far off and so far on
Till at last it come sailing so high.

8. Who are you? Who are you? cries Captain Charles Stuart,
Who are you? And where are you bound?
We're the merry Scotch robbers from old Scotland,
Won't you please for to let us pass on?

9. Oh no, oh no, cries Captain Charles Stuart,
Oh no, that never can be,
Your ship and your cargo we'll take all away
And your merry men we'll drown in the sea.

10. Come on, come on, cries Andrew Bardeen,
'Tis I that don't fear you a pin,
'Tis you that can show your bright brasses without,
But we'll show you bright steel within.

11. 'Twas at that moment the battle began,
And loudly the cannon did roar,
They had not fought more than a last and a half,
Till Captain Charles Stuart gave o'er.

12. Go back, go back, cries Andrew Bardeen,
And tell King George Third for me,
That he may be king of the whole wide land,
But I will be king of the sea.

Lang Johnny More

CHILD NO. 251

ALL the variants of this simple piece of Scottish pride belong together. Nearly all are plagal π^1, or virtually π^1, tunes in a quick duple rhythm with a refrain. The mid-cadence is usually on V, the first cadence on II. Two subtypes may be distinguished, according as the tune uses the full authentic plus plagal range, or only the plagal.

The tune, as Keith notes, has already appeared with "Earl of Errol" (No. 231) and "Clyde's Water" (No. 216). There is a tune in Blaikie's MS. (NL Scotland MS. 1578, No. 109, p. 34), without words, but called "It fell upon a certain day," which belongs to the same family. Compare also Greig MSS., II, p. 129 ("Maybe I'll be mairriet yet"), III, p. 110 ("It fell aboot a Martimas time"), III, p. 159 ("The Plooman Laddie"), and IV, p. 184 ("It's braw sailin'"). Again, G. Kinloch, *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, 1827, App'x. to p. 25 ("The Shepherd's Daughter"). The last is a version of Child No. 110 (*ante*, Vol. II, variant 16).

Child calls attention to the close parallel between this ballad and "Johnie Scot" (No. 99). The present improves upon the other by transferring the physical advantage of the King's champion, a fearsome "Talliant" (Italian), to the hero himself. The transfer is more in accord with the national reputation; and the ballad, parody or not, has clearly superseded the other in popular esteem in its homeland.

A story was told in the First World War of a company of Cockneys being withdrawn from engagement at the front, to be relieved by Highlanders. As they passed one another, the height of the Highlanders excited some humorous jibes from the English; to which the Scots, looking down good-naturedly, replied, "Ay, and when ye get hame, ye can tell them ye've seen the so'diers."

LIST OF VARIANTS

GROUP Aa

1. "Lang Johnny More." Greig MSS., IV, p. 140, King's College Library, Aberdeen. Also in Gavin Greig and Alexander Keith, *Last Leaves of Traditional Ballads and Ballad Airs*, 1925, p. 204(1b). (Keith)
2. "Lang Johnnie Moir." George Riddell MSS., National Library of Scotland MSS. 3042-43, No. 6. Also in Greig MSS., I, p. 178; and Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 203(1a).
3. "Lang Johnnie Moir." Greig MSS., II, p. 149, and Bk. 729, XIX, p. 39. (Mowat)
4. "Lang Johnny More." Archive, School of Scottish Studies, University of Edinburgh, recording No. 1960/154/A9. (John Mowat)
5. "Lang Johnny More." Duncan MSS., "Folk-Song Airs of the North East," p. 3, and "Folk-Song Words belonging to the North East, and received from Mrs Gillespie," p. 78, Cecil Sharp House, London. (Gillespie, G. F. and J. B. Duncan)
6. "Lang Johnny More." Archive, School of Scottish Studies, recording No. 1960/136/B15. (George Fraser)
7. "Lang Johnny More." W. Christie, *Traditional Ballad Airs*, I, 1876, p. 44.
8. "Lang Johnnie More." Archive, School of Scottish Studies, recording No. 1952/27/A6. Also on Caedmon LP recording No. TC 1146(B4). (John Strachan)

GROUP Ab

9. "Lang Johnnie More." Greig MSS., IV, p. 182. Also in Greig-Duncan MS. 785 (transcription of W. Walker), King's College Library, Aberdeen. (Duncan)
10. "Where Will I Get a Little Wee Boy." Archive, School of Scottish Studies, recording No. 1960/169/B4. (Mrs. Christina Stewart)
11. "Lang Johnnie More." Greig MSS., II, p. 117. Also in Greig and Keith, *Last Leaves*, 1925, p. 204(2a). (Calder)
12. "Lang Johnnie More." Greig MSS., IV, p. 161. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 204(2c). (Spence)
13. "Lang Johnny More." Greig MSS., IV, p. 76. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 204(2b). (Johnstone)

GROUP B

14. "Lang Johnnie More." Ewan MacColl, Riverside recording No. RLP 12-626(A3), *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, III, ed. Kenneth S. Goldstein.

GROUP C

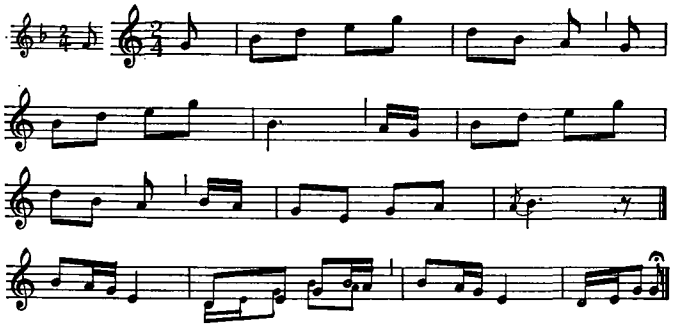
15. "Lang Johnny More." Archive, School of Scottish Studies, recording No. 1955/152/B7. (Andra Stewart)

TUNES WITH TEXTS

GROUP Aa

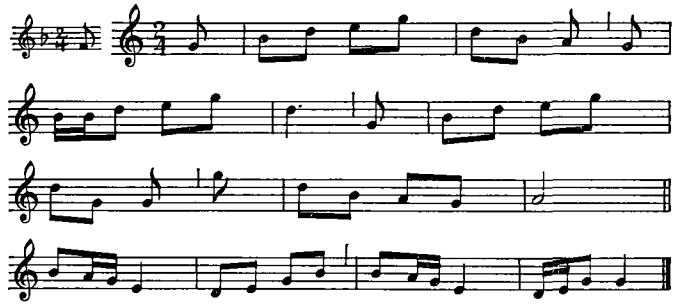
1. "Lang Johnny More"

Greig MSS., IV, p. 140. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 204(1b). From A. Keith, Maud, 1910.

m π^1

The tune is given above as it appears in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 204(1b); the MS. copy is in notes of double the length, signature 4/4.

2. "Lang Johnnie Moir"

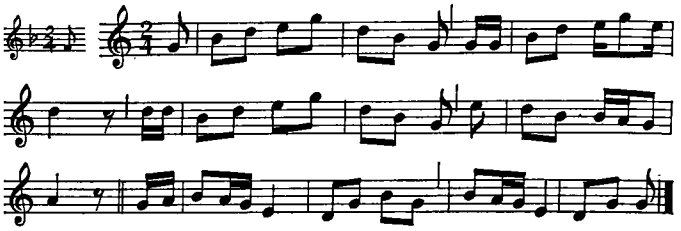
Riddell MSS., NL Scotland MSS. 3042-43, No. 6. Also in Greig MSS., I, p. 178; and Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 203(1a). From George Riddell, Rosehearty, in 1903; learned from Buchan singers.

m π^1

Text given in MSS. for chorus only:

ah, needle ah, ow dine a-chie,
ah, needle ah, ow dine ee.

3. "Lang Johnnie Moir"

Greig MSS., II, p. 149; text, Bk. 729, XIX, p. 39. From J. Mowat, Craigmaud, New Pitsligo, September 1907; learned from tradition.

m π^1

1. There lived a man in Rhynie's land
   And anither in Auchindore
   But the bonniest lad among them a'
   Was young Johnnie Moir
   And sing a riddle an elden adie
   A riddle an elden ee.

2. Johnnie was a sturdy blade
   Both sturdy stout and tall
   And the sword that hung by Johnnie's side
   Was fully six feet long

Chorus

3. The press gang came quickly round
   For soldiers to our king
   And they enlisted Johnnie Moir
   He suited them right weel

Chorus

4. He had not been in London town
   Years but barely three
   When he's fa'en in love wi' the king's daughter
   And for her he wad die.

5. Word's gane up and word's gane doon
   And word's gane to the king
   That this Scottish laddie's fa'en in love
   Wi' his daughter Lady Jean.

6. When the king got word o' this
   An angry man was he
   He swore before he ate or drank
   And hanged he should be.

7. When Johnnie heard his sentence passed
   A loud loud laugh gave he
   Says as long as I can wield my blade
   And ye daurna a' hang me.

8. But the English rouges [*sic*] are cunning dogs
   Around him they did creep
   And they gave him drinks wi lodumy
   And caused him to sleep

9. Johnnie wakened out of sleep
   And angry man was he
   He was lying bound in iron bands
   And his feet in fetters three.

10. Where would I get a little wee boy
    Fit to win meat and fee
    That would rin on to my uncle
    At the fit o' Benachie

11. Here am I a little wee boy
That wid win meat and fee
That wid rin on to your uncle
At the fit o' Benachie

12. When you come where brigs broken
You'll bend your back and swim
And when you come where the grass grows lang
You['ll] slack your shoes and run.

13. And when you come to my uncle
Bide neither to chap nor ca
So weel's you'll ken auld Johnnie Moir
That bodie Jock o' No(r)th.

14. Benachie lies very low
And the tap o' Noth lies high
And for all the distance that was between
They heard auld Johnnie cry.

15. As they went down thro' London town
The cockney's all did stare
To see two Scots with shoulders broad
And their heids set in the air.

16. O what's the matter says Johnnie Moir
What's the matter within
That the drums do beat and the fife's do play
And they make a dumbful din.

17. There's nothing the matter, the proud kipper replied
There's nothing the matter within
But a wighty Scotch man lying bound
And tomorrow he must die.

18. Open your gates says Johnnie Moir
Open them unto me
Out spake the proud kipper
Says I have not got the key.

19. Open your gates says Johnnie Moir
Open them unto me
Or there is a body (from) at my back
From Scotland's brought the key.

20. Open your gates says John o' Noth
Open them at my call
And with his fit he's driven
Three yards aff their high wall

21. O is't for murder, is't for theft
Or is it for robbery
If it be for any of these crimes
And hanged ye shall be

22. It's not for murder not for theft
It's not for robbery
For the loving o' a lady fair
That they're gaun to gar me dee

23. When the king got word o' this
An angry man was he
I will hang this little wee boy
That brought tidings unto thee

24. If you do hang this little wee boy
Brought tidings unto me
I will attend the funeral
And rewarded ye shall be

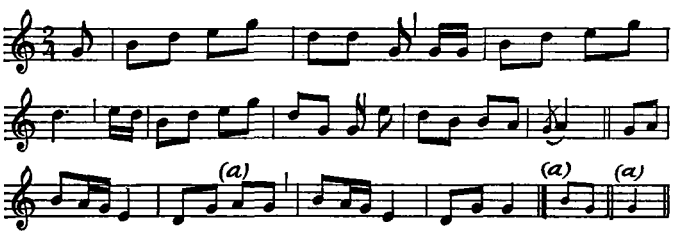
25. Have you any masons in this place
Or any within your call
That you might employ a few o' them
To build up your broken wall.

26. W(h)e have masons in this place
And masons at our call
But gang you back the way you came
Ne'er mind our broken wall.

27. Auld Johnnie Moir & young Johnnie Moir
And Jock o' Noth a' three
The king's daughter & the little wee boy
And they're a' at Benachie.

4. "Lang Johnny More"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1960/154/A9. Sung by John Mowat, New Pitsligo, Aberdeenshire, March 7, 1960. Collected by K. S. Goldstein.

m π^1

1. There lives a man in Rynie's land
An' anither in Auchindore,
But the brawest lad among them a'
Is Lang Johnny More.

Amsing ahadeedlan ildin haddie
ahadeedlan ildin ee.

2. Johnny was a clever youth
Both sturdy, stoot and strang
And the sword that hung by Johnny's side
Was fully ten feet long.

Amsing ahadeedlan ildin haddie
ahadeedlan ildin ee.

3. Johnny was a clever youth,
A sturdy, stoot and strong,
He was fully three yairds roon' the waist
And fourteen feet in height.

4. If a' be true that did 'ou say,
If a' be true we hear
Young Johnny's on to fair England
The king's standard to bear.

5. He hidnae been in fair Londin
A year were scarcely three,
When the fairest lady in-ah Londin
Fell in love wi' young Johnnee.

Amsing ahadeedlan ildin haddie
ahadeedlan ildin ee.

6. So word's gane up, and word's gane doon,
And word's gane tae the king,
That a muckle Scot is fau'n in love
Wi' his daughter, Lady Jean

7. "If a' be true that they do say
And they tell it to me,
The mighty Scot shall stracht a rope
And hangit he shall be."

ahadeedlan ildin ee.

8. But oot his falchion Johnny then,
This word pronouncèd he:
"While I hae strength to wield my blade,
And ye daurna ha' hung me."

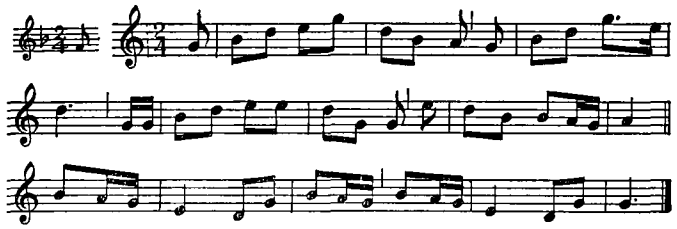
ahadeedlan ildin ee.

9. But the English . . . .*

* The recording was cut off at this point.

5. "Lang Johnny More"

Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 3; "Words," p. 78. As remembered by Mrs. Gillespie, G. F. Duncan, and J. B. Duncan, from the singing of their father. Noted in 1905.

m π^1

1. There lived a lad at Rhynie's town
Anider at Auchindore
Bit the bravest lad amon thim a
Wis Lang Johnny More

Chorus.

A riddle a nil din adie
A riddle a nil din ee

2. Young Johnny was a clever youth
He clever was an strong (strang)
And the sword that hang by Johnny's side
Was fully ten feet long (lang)

Chorus.

3. Young Johnny was a clever youth
He clever was an wise
He was three yairds about the middle
An fourteen feet o hize

Chorus.

4. Gin a' be true they tell me noo
Gin a' be true I hear
Young Johnny's on to fair London
The King's bannér to bear

Chorus.

5. He hidna been a month in fair London
A month bit barely three
Tull the bonniest lady in a' London
His faen in love wi young Johnńy

Chorus.

6. Word's gaen up an word's gaen down
An word's gaen tae the King
That the weighty scot fae Ben-a-hee
His fa'en in love wi Lady Jean

Chorus.

7. When the King did hear o this
An angry man wis he
An he his sworn a solemn oath
That hangèd he should be

Chorus.

8. When Johnny he did hear o this
A loud, loud, laugh gae he
As lang as I can wield my blade
Ye sana a hang me

Chorus.

9. But the English rogues were cunnin dogs
About him they did crep
They gae him drap[s] o lodomie
An he fell fast asleep

Chorus.

10. When Johnny waukned up again
A sorry man wis he
His hands wis bound with iron chains
His feet in fetters three

Chorus.

11. Where will I get a little wee boy
To win goud for his fee
An will run on to my uncle
At the fit o Ben-a-hee

Chorus.

12. Here am I a little wee boy
That'll win goud for my fee
An will rin on to your uncle
At the fit o Ben-a-hee

Chorus.

13. When ye come to Brigs-broken
Ye'll bend yere bow an swim
An when ye come to dry land again
Tak' off yere shoes an rin

Chorus.

14. When ye come to Ben-a-hee
Ye'll bide neather to chap nor caa
Sae weel's ye'll ken my uncle there
Three feet abeen them a'

Chorus.

15. Ye'll bid him tak' this broad letter
Sealed wi' my faith an troth
Ye'll bid him bring alang wi him
The boddy Jock-o-Noth

Chorus.

16. When he came to Brig's broken
He bent his bow an swam
An when he came to dry land again
He took off his shoes an ran

Chorus.

17. An when he came to Ben-a-hee
He bade neather to chap nor caa
For sae weel's he kent aule Johnny there
Three feet abee them a

Chorus.

18. What news, what news my bonnie little boy
You've never been here before
Nae news, nae news, bit a broad letter
Fae yere nephew Johnny More

Chorus.

19. Yer bidden tak this broad letter
Sealed wi' his faith an troth
An yere bidden bring alang wi' you
The boddy Jock O Noth

Chorus.

20. When Johnny looked the letter on
A loud, loud laugh gae he
Bit ar he want the hinner end
A sorry man was he

Chorus.

21. Ben-a-hee lies very low
The tap o Noth is high
For ás far as the distance is
They heard aule Johnny cry

Chorus.

22. Twas on the plain the twa champions meet
Twa grizley ghaists to see
There wis three feet atween their e'en
Their shoulders yard breadths three

Chorus.

23. These twa they ran our hills an dales
And over mountains high
Till they came on to London toun
At the dawn of the third day

Chorus.

24. An when they came to London toun
The yetts were back'd wi bands
An wha wis there bit trumpter's
Wie trumpets in their hands

Chorus.

25. O what's the matter, ye keepers all,
O what's the matter within
That the drums do beat, an the trumpet's blow
An they mak' such a doleful din

Chorus.

26. There's naething the matter the harpers said
Naething concerning thee
The weighty Scot shall strett the rope
An hangèd he shall be

Chorus.

27. Open the yetts said Jock o Noth,
Come open them unto me
The trembling keepers smiling said
But I have not the key

Chorus.

28. Ye'll open the yetts ye proud harper
Ye'll open them unto me
Or I've a boddy at my back
Fae Scotland's brought the key

Chorus.

29. Ye'll open the yetts said Jock o Noth
Ye'll open them at my call
He took up his fit dung in the yett
Wi three yards breadths o the English wall

Chorus.

30. As they gid down by Drury Lam
An down by the town hall
An there they saw young Johnny More
Looking over the English wall

Chorus.

31. Yere welcome here my uncle dear
Yere thrice welcome to me
Ye'll loose the knot an slack the rope
An ance mair lat me free

Chorus.

32. Is't for murder or is't for theft
Or is't for robbery
In't be for ony o' a these crimes
There's nene here's lat ye free

Chorus.

33. It's nae for murder nor is't for theft
Nor yet for robbery
It's a' for the lovin o a gay fair leddy
'At they've gane to gar me dee

Chorus.

34. O, faur's the sword said Jock o Noth
Ye brought fae Scotland wi thee
I never saw a Scotsman yet
But could wield a sword or tree

Chorus.

35. O curse upon their lodomie
Took sic affect on me
Four o their men the bravest four
They bare my blade away

Chorus.

36. Bring back his sword said Jock o Noth
And freely to him gie
Or I hae sworn a black scotch aith
That I'll gar five millíon o ye dee

Chorus.

37. Now where's the lady said Jock o Noth
Sae fain's I wid her see
She's locket up in her chamber
And the King he keeps the key

Chorus.

38. Syne they hae gane afore the King
Wi courage bauld an free
Their armour bricht kiest sic a light
It almost dimmed his ee

Chorus.

39. O where's the leddy said Jock o Noth
Sae fains we wid her see,
For we are come to her weddin'
Fae the fit o Bin-a-chee

Chorus.

40. O tak the lady said the King
Ye welcome are for me
I never thocht to see sic men
Fae the fit o Bin-a-chee

Chorus.

41. If I had thocht, said Jock o Noth,
Ye'd winnered sae muckle at me
I wid hae brocht ane lainger far
By sizes three times three

Chorus.

42. If I hid thought that I hid been
Sae great a fright to thee
I'd brought Sir John o Erskine Park
He's thirty feet an three

Chorus.

43. Woe to the little boy said the King
Brought tidings unto thee
Let all England say what it will
High hangèd he shall be

Chorus.

44. If you hang the boy said Johnny More
Brought tidings unto me
Wee'l attend his burial,
And rewarded ye shall be

Chorus.

45. O tak the lady said the King
The boy shall go free
A priest a priest cried Johnny More
To join my love and me

Chorus.

46. A clerk, a clerk, the King he cried
To seal her tocher wi',
Out speaks then aul' Johnny More
And these bold word spake he

Chorus.

47. I want nae land, nor seal's at hame,
I ask nae goud fae thee,
For I'm possessed of riches great,
Full fifty ploughs an three,

Chorus.

48. Hae ye ony masons in this place
Or ony at yere ca',
That ye may noo send some o them
To men' yer broken wa'

Chorus.

49. Yes, there is masons in the place,
An' plenty at my ca'
But ye may gang to whence ye came,
Never mind the broken wa'

Chorus.

50. They've teen the leddy by the han'
And set her person free,
Wi drums beatin' an pipes playin'
They spent the night wi glee

Chorus.

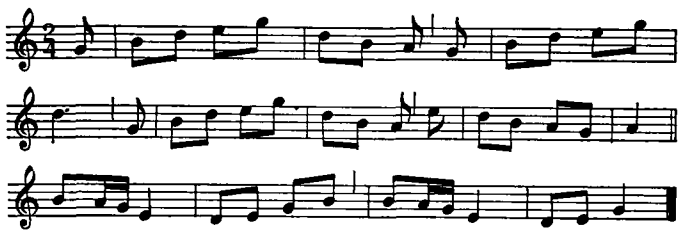
51. Now aule Johnny More an young Johnny More
An Jock o Noth a' three
And the English lady an the little wee boy
Went a to Bin-a-hee

Chorus.

The text was probably learned from Buchan and slightly altered in transmission.

6. "Lang Johnny More"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1960/136/B15. Sung by George Fraser, Strichen, Aberdeenshire, December 1, 1959. Collected by K. S. Goldstein.

m π^1

1. There lived a man in Rynie's land,
And anither in Auchindore,
But the bonniest lad among them a'
Was Lang Johnny More.

Chorus:

(W)awreedle ah, heydim nadee
areedle ah heydim nee.

2. Young Johnny was a clever youth
Baith sturdy, stoot an' strang,
An' the sword that hung by Johnny's side
Was fully ten feet lang.

Chorus.

3. Johnny was a clever youth,
A sturdy, stoot and wicht
He was full three yairds aboot the waist
And fourteen feet in hicht.

Chorus.

4. If a' be true that they do say,
An' if a' be true we hear,
Young Johnny's on for fair England,
The king's standard to bear.

Chorus.

5. He hadnae been in fair Londin,
(For) a year but barely three,
Till the fairest lady in a' Londin
Fell in love wi' young Johnnee.

Chorus.

6. Word's gane up and word's gane doon,
And word's gane tae the king
That this muckle Scot had fau'n in love
Wi's daughter, Lady Jean.

Chorus.

7. "An a' be true that they do say
An' that ye tell to me,
The wichty Scot shall strait the rope
And hungit he shall be."

Chorus.

8. But oot it spak young Johnny then,
This word pronouncèd he:
"While I have strength to wield my blade
Ye daurna a' hang me."

Chorus.

9. But the English dogs is cunnan rogues
An' roon him they did creep,
An' gie him drams o' laudanee
Till he fell fast asleep.

Chorus.

10. When Johnny waukent frae his sleep,
A sorry man was he,
Wi's jaws and hands in iron bands
An' his feet in fetters three.

Chorus.

11. "Faur will I get a bonny boy,
Will win baith meat an' fee,
An' will rin on tae my uncle
At the fuit o' Benachie?"

Chorus.

12. "Oh here am I, a bonny boy
That will bear (?) meat and fee
Will run on to your uncle, at
The fuit o' Benachie."

Chorus.

13. "It's faur ye fin' the brig's broken
Ye'll bend your bow an' swim
An faur ye fin' the grass growin'
Ye'll slack your shoes an' rin.

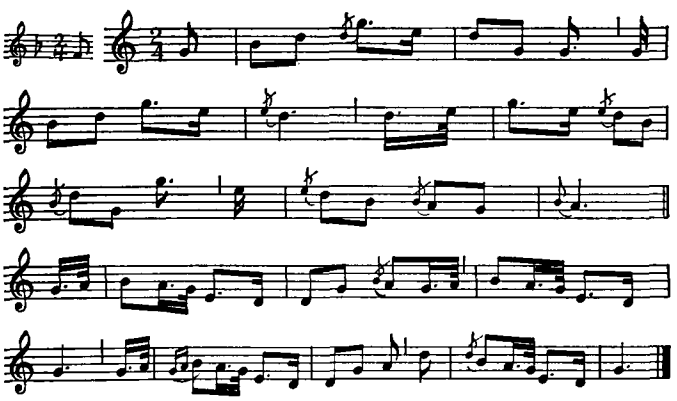
Chorus.

14. "Fen 'ee come on tae Benachie,
Bide neither chap nor ca'
Sae weel's ye'll ken that auld Johnny there
Six feet (?This threit) abuin them a'."

Chorus.

7. "Lang Johnny More"

Christie, I, 1876, p. 44. The tune is from Aberdeenshire tradition.

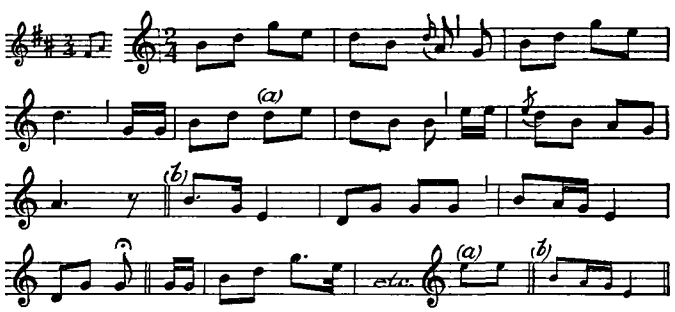
m π^1

There lives a man in Rhynie's land,
And ane in Auchindoir;
But the bravest man amang them a',
Was lang Johnny More.
And if a' be true they tell me now,
And a' be true I hear;
Young Johnny's on to London gone,
The king's banner to bear.

[*Etc.*]

Text "epitomized" from Peter Buchan, *Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland*, 1828, I, p. 248, with changes according to the way Christie had heard it sung.

8. "Lang Johnnie More"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1952/27/A6. Also on Caedmon, rec. No. TC 1146(B4). Sung by John Strachan, Fyvie, 1952. Collected by Hamish Henderson. Transcribed by Francis M. Collinson.

m π^1

1. There lives a man in Ryvie's land,
An' anither in Auchindore,
Bit the bravest among them a'
Wis Lang Johnnie More.

Chorus:

A reedle a, nilden naddie,
A reedle a, nilden nee.

2. Young Johnnie wis a cliver youth,
A sturdy, stoot an' strang,
An' the sword that hung by Johnnie's side
Was fully sax feet lang.

Chorus.

3. An' if a' be true that they do say,
An' if a' be true we hear,
Young Johnnie's on to fair England,
The king's standard to bear.

Chorus.

4. He hidnae been in fair Londin
A year but barely three,
The fairest lady in a' Londin
Fell in love wi young Johnnee.

Chorus.

5. Word's gane up, and word's gane doon,
An word's gane to the king,
That a muckle Scot has fau'n in love
Wi's daughter, Lady Jean.

Chorus.

6. 'A' if a' be true that they do say,
An' that ye tell to me,
This michty Scot shall strett the rope
An' hangit he shall be.'

Chorus.

7. But oot it spake young Johnnie then;
This word's pronounced he:
'While I hae strength to wield my blade,
Ye daurna ha' hung me.'

Chorus.

8. But the English lads are cunnin' rogues
An' roon' him they did creep,
and they gie'd him drams o' lodomy
Till he fell fast asleep.

Chorus.

9. When Johnnie wakent frae his sleep,
A sorry man wis he,
Wi' his jows an' hands in iron bands
An' his feet in fetters three.

Chorus.

10. 'Faur will I get a bonnie boy,
Will win baith meat an' fee,
An' will run on til my uncle
At the fuit o' Benachie?'

Chorus.

11. 'Oh here am I, a bonnie boy,
Will win baith meat an' fee,
An' will rin on tae your uncle
At the fuit o' Benachie.'

Chorus.

12. 'Fen ye come on to Benachie,
Pey it neither chap nor ca',
Sae weel's ye'll ken aul' Johnnie there,
Three fit abeen them a'.

Chorus.

13. 'Ye'll gie to me this braid letter
Seal'd wi' my faith an' troth,
An ye'll bid him bring alang wi him
The body Jock o Noth.'

Chorus.

14. 'Fat news, fat news, my bonnie boy,
You never was here afore?'
'Nae news, nae news, bit a braid letter
Frae your nephew, Johnnie More.'

Chorus.

15. Benachie lies very low,
An the tap o Noth stands high,
Bit, fir aa the distance that lies atween,
They heard auld Johnnie cry.

Chorus.

16. When on the plain the champions met,
Two grisley ghaists to see,
There was three feet atween their brous
An their shouders braid yairds three.

Chorus.

17. Those men they ran owre hills and dales
And over mountains high,
Till they arrived in fair England
At the dyin o the day.

Chorus.

18. When they arrived at fair Londin,
The yetts were lockit in,
An fo was there but a trumpeter
Wi' a trumpet in his haun?

Chorus.

19. 'Fat's the maitter?' old Johnnie says,
'Oh fat's the maitter wi them,
That the drums do beat, an' the bells do ring,
An make sic a dolefu din?'

Chorus.

20. 'Naething's the maitter,' the keeper said,
"Naething's the maitter to thee,
'Bit a wechty Scott to strett the rope,
An to-morrow he maun dee.'

Chorus.

21. 'Open the yetts', aul Johnnie said,
'Open the yetts, I say.'
The tremmlin keeper smilin said,
'Bit I haena got the key.'

Chorus.

22. 'Open the yetts,' said Jock o' Noth,
'Open them at my call.'
An wi his fuit he his dung in
Three yaird-widths o the wall.

Chorus.

23. Syne they are doun throu fair Londin
An doun by the toun-haa,
An there they saw young Johnnie More
Staund on the English waa.

Chorus.

24. 'Ye're welcome here, my uncle dear,
Ye're welcome here to me;
Ye'll lowse the knot an slack the rope
An tak me fae the tree.'

Chorus.

25. 'Oh is't for murder, or for theft,
Or is't for robberie?
If it be for onie o these crimes,
Thir's nae remeid for thee.'

Chorus.

26. 'It's nae for murder, nor for theft,
Nor yet for robberie;
It's aa for loving a fair lady,
This gyaun tae gar me dee.'

Chorus.

27. 'Bring back his sword,' said Jock o Noth,
'An freely to him gie,
Or I hae sworn a braid Scots oath
I'd gar five million dee.'

Chorus.

28. 'Oh faur's the lady?' said Jock o Noth,
'Sae fair's I would her see.'
'She's lockt up in her ain chamber,
The king he keeps the key.'

Chorus.

29. So they hae gane afore the king,
Wi courage bauld an free,
Their armour brisht had sic a licht,
It almost blinnd his ee.

Chorus.

30. 'Faur is the lady?' said Jock o Noth
'Sae fain I would her see,
For I hae sworn a solemn oath,
She's gyaun to Benachie.'

Chorus.

31. 'Oh tak the lady,' the king he says,
'Ye're welcome to her for me.
Fir I niver thocht ye hid sic men,
At the back o Benachie.'

Chorus.

32. 'If I had kent,' said Jock o Noth,
'Ye'd winner sae mickle at me,
I wid a brocht ye bigger men
Bi sizes three times three.'

Chorus.

33. 'Bit wae betide that little wee boy,
That tidings brocht to me:
Let all England say what they will,
It's hangit he shall be.'

Chorus.

34. 'Oh if ye hang that little wee boy
That's tidings brought to thee,
He will attend the burial,
An rewarded he shall be.'

Chorus.

35. 'Oh tak the lady,' the king he said,
'Ye're welcome to her for me;
Oh tak the lady,' the king he said,
'An the boy he shall go free.'

Chorus.

36. 'A priest, a priest,' young Johnnie cried,
'To join my love an me!
'A clerk, a clerk', the king he cried,
'To seal her tocher wee.'

Chorus.

37. But oot it spak auld Johnnie then;
This word's pronounced he:
'Oh he has lands and rents eneuch,
An' he'll seek nae gowd fae thee.'

Chorus.

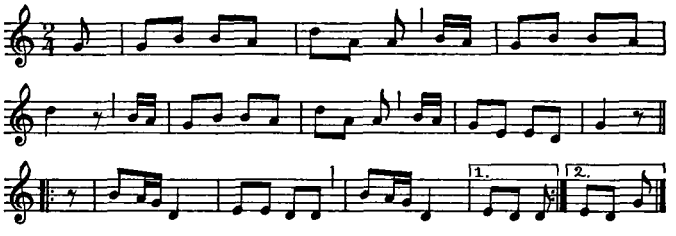
38. They've taen the lady by the hand,
An set her prison free;
Wi drums beatin an fifes playin,
They've on to Benachie.

Chorus.

GROUP Ab

9. "Lang Johnnie More"

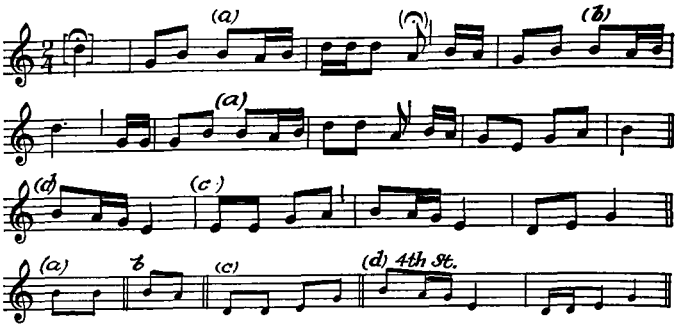
Greig MSS., IV, p. 182. Also in Greig-Duncan MS. 785 (Walker transcript). Sung by James Duncan, Aberdeen.

p π^1

Text is given in MSS. at chorus only:

A rickie a roo dum dadie
A rickie a too tum day
[*repeat at last chorus*]: too tum day.

10. "Where Will I Get a Little Wee Boy"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1960/169/B4. Sung by Mrs. Christina Stewart, Fetterangus, July 5, 1960. Collected by K. S. Goldstein.

p π^1

1. Where will I get a little wee boy
'at'll run a message for me
'at will run over twa hundred miles
Tae the back o' Benachie?

Hey diddle dee, yildin laddie
Hey diddle dee, Bonny Dundee.

2. Oh, Johnny More was an angry man,
An' an angry man was he,
But the sword 'at hung by Johnny's side
Did gar them all flee.

Hey diddle dee, yildin laddie
Hey diddle dee, Bonny Dundee.

3. Oh, he put his back against a gate,
And his fuit tae an oaken tree,
It was his sword sharp and lang,
And he made them a' to flee.

Hey diddle dee, yildin laddie
Hey diddle dee, Bonny Dundee.

4. Johnny More was an angry man
An' an angry man was he;
The sword that hung by Johnny's side
Gar'd them a' flee.

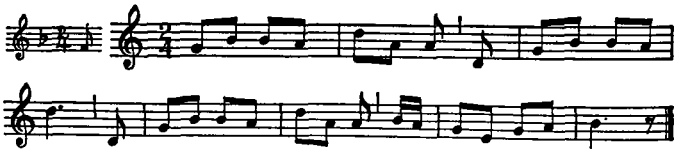
Hey diddle dee, Bonny Dundee.

5. "Here I am, a little wee boy
'at'll rin a message for you,
'at will rin over two hundred miles
To the back o' Benachie."

Hey diddle dee, yildin laddie
Hey diddle dee, Bonny Dundee.

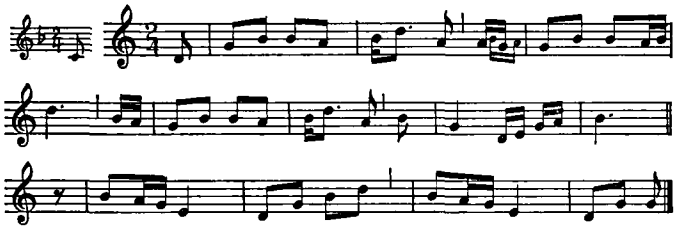
11. "Lang Johnnie More"

Greig MSS., II, p. 117. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 204(2a). From the Rev. John Calder, Crimond, June 1907.

p π^1, ending on III

Jock o' Noth & Jock o' Forth
And Jock o' Benachie
Gin they were a' on ither's heids
They'd be fifty feet & three

12. "Lang Johnnie More"

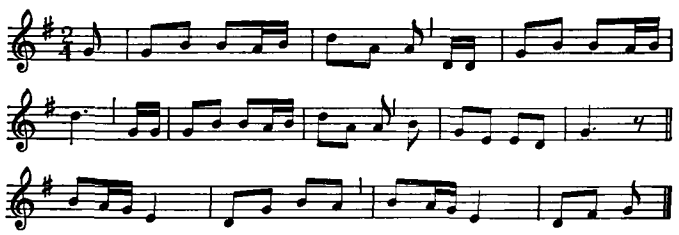
Greig MSS., IV, p. 161. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 204(2c). From J. W. Spence, Rosecroft, Fyvie.

p π^1

Text is given in MSS. for chorus only:

A riddle ae lil-dil-da-di,
A riddle ae lil-dil-dee.

13. "Lang Johnny More"

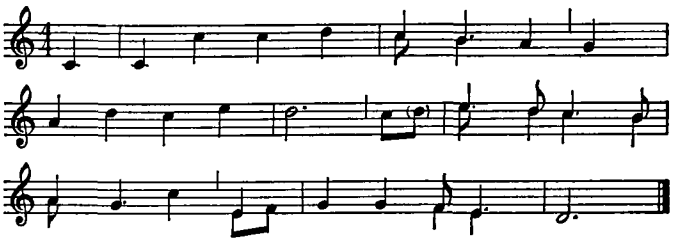
Greig MSS., IV, p. 76. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 204(2b). From John Johnstone, New Deer.

p I/Ly (virtually π^1)

There stands a man in Rhynie's land,
And anither in Auchin-doir,
But the brawest man a-mang them a'
Is lang Johnny More.

GROUP B

14. "Lang Johnnie More"

Sung by Ewan MacColl, Riverside rec. No. RLP 12-626(A3), ed. K. S. Goldstein. Learned in fragmentary form from his father and collated with a version in Greig and Keith.

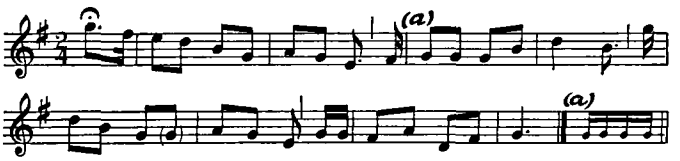
a I, ending on II (or a D)

There lives a lad in Rhynies' lands,
And anither at Auchindore,
But the bonniest lad among them a',
Was lang Johnnie More.

[*Etc.*]

GROUP C

15. "Lang Johnny More"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1955/152/B7. Sung by Andra Stewart, Aberdeen. Collected by Hamish Henderson.

m I/Ly

For the tap o' Benachie is high,
The bottom o' the north is low,
There is nine mile between the twa
And they heard old Johnny's roar.

The Kitchie-Boy

CHILD NO. 252

THE Brown copy of this ballad differs from the rest in its metrical scheme, being in tetrameter quatrains (LM) instead of "ballad-metre" (CM). Mrs. Brown's tune has not survived, but presumably it would have been in a different line of tradition from those we have.

The first strain of Christie's tune—which is all we can depend on—is an authentic π^3 tune, but the second strain (and the graces in the first) supply a minor third, making the tune D/Æ. Greig's second tune is nearly the same, but once includes an unaccented Dorian sixth (variant 2 below). It is also authentic. Mrs. Harris's tune for "Sweet William's Ghost" (No. 77) is a near relation in a different metre.

Greig's first tune (variant 3 below) is also authentic π^8, but only very distantly connected with the other tradition, if at all. It is however clearly akin to Mrs. Harris's tune for No. 256 ("My love she lives in Lincolnshire"), a Dorian variant.

LIST OF VARIANTS

GROUP A

1. "Earl Richard's Daughter." W. Christie, *Traditional Ballad Airs*, I, 1876, p. 14.
2. "The Kitchie-Boy." Greig MSS., IV, p. 90, and Bk. 769, LIX, p. 5, King's College Library, Aberdeen. Also in Gavin Greig and Alexander Keith, *Last Leaves of Traditional Ballads and Ballad Airs*, 1925, pp. 207(2) and 206(B). (Annie Robb)

GROUP B

3. "The Kitchie Boy." Greig MSS., III, p. 67. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 207(1). (Alexander Robb)

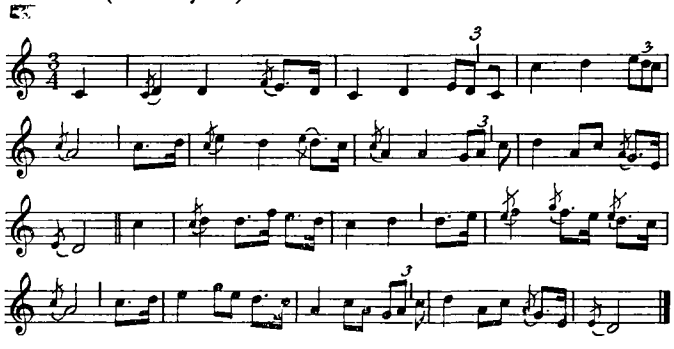
TUNES WITH TEXTS

GROUP A

1. "Earl Richard's Daughter"

Christie, I, 1876, p. 14. Tune arranged by Christie's father from the singing of an aged relative and from another copy obtained in Buchan.

a D (virtually π^3)



Earl Richard had but ae daughter,
A maid o' birth and fame;
She loved her father's kitchen boy,—
The greater was her shame.

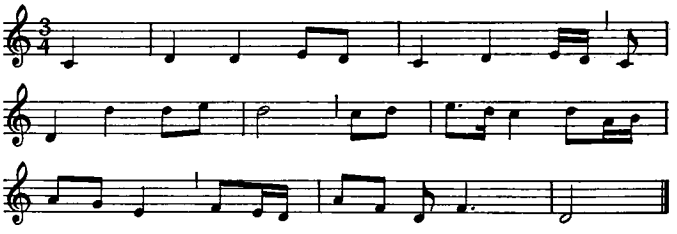
But she could ne'er her true love see,
Nor with him could she talk,
In towns where she had wont to go,
Nor fields where she could walk.

[*Etc.*]

The text above is from Buchan (*Ancient Songs and Ballads of the North of Scotland*, 1828, I, p. 145), as Christie says his copy was so sung, although he himself alters it, for the sake of "expediency."

2. "The Kitchie-Boy"

Greig MSS., IV, p. 90; text, Bk. 769, LIX, p. 5. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 207(2); text, p. 206(B). From Annie Robb, Strichen.

a D

1. . . . . .
. . . . . .
She's fa'en in love wi' her kitchie boy,
And the greater was her shame.

2. He's gien him a ship, a ship,
A ship o' muckle fame,
And he sent him awa' to Flanders,
And never see land again.

3. The ship being fair, the day being rare
That that ship took the sea,

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

He put a mask upon his face,
For fear she wad him ken.

4. The lady she stood in her bower[1] door,
Beheld baith[2] dale and doon,
And she beheld a bonnie ship
Cam' sailin' to the toon.

5. Bonnie, bonnie was the ship,
And bonnier was her men;
And bonnier was the bonnie skipper
That was bringin' her thro' the faem.

6. Come up, come up, skipper, she said,
Come up wi' me and dine;
I thank you for your offer, lady,
But I really hinna time.

. . . . . .

Oh, got ye't on the sea, sailor,
Or got ye't on the sand?
Or got ye't at Flanders far
Upon a droont man's hand?

I got not it on the sea, lady,
I got not it on the sand;
But I got it at Flanders far
Upon a droont man's hand.

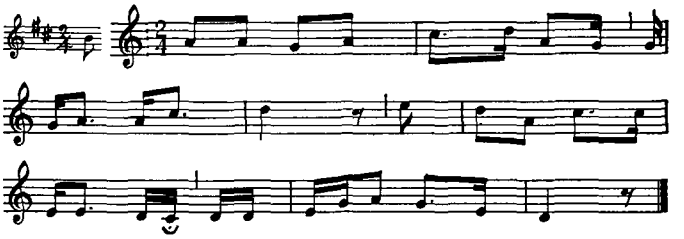
For sorrow she tore her green mantle,
For grief she tore her hair,—
Alas, alake, it's my love Willie,
And I'll never see him mair.

[1] Variant in MS. ha'
[2] Variant in MS. a'

GROUP B

3. "The Kitchie Boy"

Greig MSS., III, p. 67. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 207(1). From Alexander Robb, New Deer, December 1907.

a π^3

(It's) Bonnie was the bonnie ship,
And bonnier was his men;
And bonnier was the bonnie skipper,
That was bringin' her thro' the faem.

Thomas o Yonderdale

CHILD NO. 253

CHRISTIE alone has preserved a tune for this ballad, which he says came from family tradition, his "maternal grandfather." His tune is a plagal π^1, which he has stretched into a second strain. It would be better to bar it one beat later throughout—a correction which I have ventured to make. The tune itself is undistinguished, like the text; but unlike the text, does not suggest any obvious parallels. Child, in his headnote, Vol. IV, p. 409, considers the ballad a late fabrication out of Nos. 53, 62, 73.

The tune given from Duncan's MSS. carries words of a song referred by him to *The Edinburgh Musical Miscellany*, 1808, to a different tune. The present tune he thinks may come from R. Mackie's MS. of 1873-74, which has not been found by the current editor. It supports Christie's as a traditional melody.

LIST OF VARIANTS

1. "Thomas o' Yonderdale." W. Christie, *Traditional Ballad Airs*, I, 1876, p. 96.

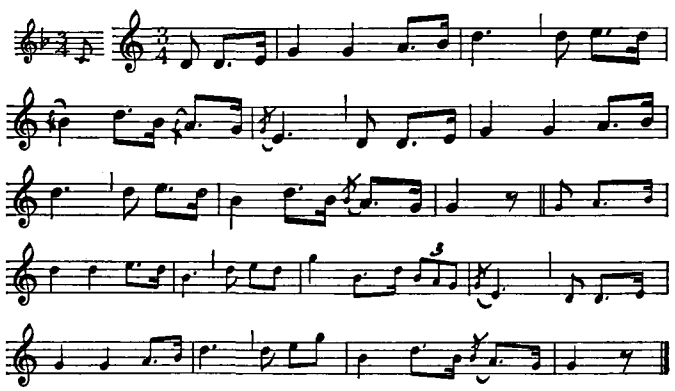
APPENDIX

2. "Bonnie Jem o' Aberdeen." Duncan MSS., "Folk-Song Airs of the North East," p. 351, Cecil Sharp House, London.

TUNES WITH TEXT

1. "Thomas o' Yonderdale"

Christie, I, 1876, p. 96. Tune from Christie's grandfather.

m π^1

1. Lady Maisry lives intill a bower,
   She never wore but what she would;
   Her gowns were o' the silks sae fine,
   And a' stood up wi' bolts o' gold.
   And mony knight there courted her,
   And gentlemen o' high degree;
   But it was Thomas o' Yonderdale,
   That gained the love o' this gay ladye.

2. "If Saturday be a bonnie day,
   Then, my love, I maun sail the sea;
   But if I live to return again,
   O then, my love, I will marry thee."
   And Saturday was a bonnie day,
   Fair and leesome blew the wind;
   Ships did sail, and boats did row,
   Which took true Thomas to unco' ground.

3. He hadna been on unco' ground,
   A month, a month, but barely three,
   Till he has courted another maid,
   And quite forgot Lady Maisry.
   Ae night as he lay on his bed,
   In a dreary dream dream'd he,
   That Maisry stood by his bed-side,
   Upbraiding him for's inconstancie.

4. He's call'd upon his little boy,
   Says, "Bring me candle, that I may see;
   And ye maun gang this night, my boy,
   Wi' a letter to a gay ladye."
   "It is my duty you to serve,
   And bring you coal and candle light,
   And I would rin your errand, master,
   If't were to Lady Maisry bright."

5. "Win up, win up, my bonnie boy,
   And at my bidding ye maun be;
   For ye maun quickly my errand rin,
   For it is to Lady Maisry.
   Ye'll bid her dress in the gowns o' silk,
   Likewise in the coats o' cramasie;
   Ye'll bid her come alang wi' you,
   True Thomas's wedding for to see."

6. She dress'd her in the finest silk,
   Her coats were o' the cramasie;
   And she's awa' to unco' land
   True Thomas's wedding for to see.
   At ilka tippit o' her horse mane
   Twa bonnie bells did loudly ring;
   And on the tor o' her saddle,
   A courtly bird did sweetly sing.

7. The bells they rang, the bird he sang,
As they rode in yon pleasant plain;
Then soon she met true Thomas's bride,
Wi' a' her maidens and young men.
The bride she garn'd round about,
"I wonder," said she, "who this may be?
It surely is our Scottish queen,
Come here our wedding for to see."

8. Out it speaks true Thomas's boy,
"She maunna lift her head sae hie;
But it's true Thomas's ain first love,
Come here your wedding for to see."
Then out bespake true Thomas's bride,
I wyte the tear did blind her e'e;
"If this be Thomas's first true love,
I'm sair afraid he'll ne'er ha'e me."

9. Then in it came her Lady Maisry,
And aye as she trips in the fleer;
"What is your will, Thomas?" she said,
"This day, ye know, ye call'd me here."
"Come hither by me, ye lily flower,
Come hither, and set ye down by me;
For ye're the ane I've call'd upon,
And ye my wedded wife maun be."

10. Then in it came true Thomas's bride,
And aye as she tripp'd on the stane;
"What is your will, Thomas?" she said,
"This day, ye know, ye call'd me hame."
"Ye ha'e come here on hir'd horseback,
But ye'se gae hame in coach sae free;
For here's the flower into my bower,
I mean my wedded wife shall be."

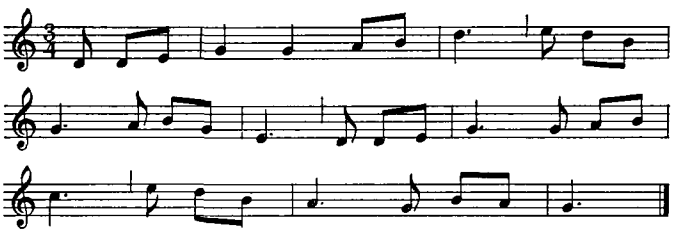
11. "O ye will break your lands, Thomas,
And part them in divisions three;
Gi'e ane o' them to your ae brother,
And cause your brother to marry me."
"O I will break my lands," he said,
"And ae third will I gi'e to thee;
But my brother's ane o' wealth and might,
And he'll wed nane but he will for me."

Christie's text is epitomized from Buchan's (*Ancient Ballads and Songs from the North of Scotland*, 1828, I, p. 221), with insignificant alterations "from the way he has heard the Ballad sung," but is given here entire for lack of other examples.

APPENDIX

2. "Bonnie Jem o' Aberdeen"

Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 351. From MS. of G. F. Duncan, possibly out of R. Mackie MS. 1873-74.

p π^1

Lord William, or, Lord Lundy

CHILD NO. 254

THE only tune preserved for this clumsy piece is that printed by Motherwell, a plagal major which Andrew Blaikie of Paisley secured for him. If it suggests any relations, they lie among Sharp's variants of "The Unquiet Grave" (No. 78); but it is chiefly in the third phrase that the resemblances are found.

Since the stanza quoted with the tune is found verbatim in the ballad, Motherwell's full text is given here.

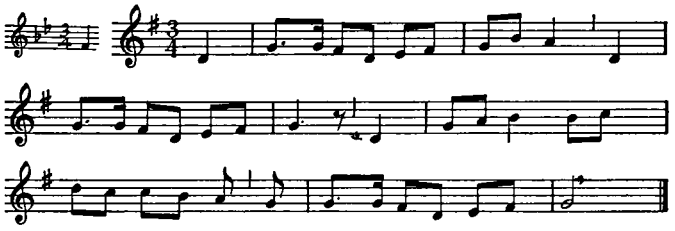
LIST OF VARIANTS

"Sweet William." William Motherwell, *Minstrelsy: Ancient and Modern*, 1827, App'x., No. 19, and p. 307.

TUNE WITH TEXT

"Sweet William"

Motherwell, 1827, App'x., No. 19; text, p. 307. Tune noted by A. Blaikie, Paisley.

p I

1. Sweet William's gane over seas,
   Some unco lair to learn,
   And our gude Bailie's ae dochter
   Is awa to learn the same.

2. In ae braid buik they learned baith,
   In ae braid bed they lay;
   But when her father cam to know,
   He gart her come away.

3. "It's you must marry that Southland lord,
   His lady for to be;
   It's ye maun marry that Southland lord,
   Or nocht ye'll get frae me."

4. "I must marry that Southland lord,
   Father, an it be your will;
   But I'd rather it were my burial day,
   My grave for to fill."

5. She walked up, she walked down,
   Had nane to mak her moan,
   Nothing but the pretty bird
   Sat on the causey stone.

6. "If thou could speak, wee bird," she says,
   "As weel as thou can flee,
   I would write a lang letter
   To Will ayont the sea."

7. "What thou wants wi' Will," it says,
   "Thou'll seal it wi' thy ring;
   Tak a thread o' silk, and anither o' twine,
   And about my neck it hing."

8. What she wanted wi' Willie
   She sealed it wi' a ring;
   Took a thread o' silk, anither of twine,
   About its neck did hing.

9. This bird flew high, this bird flew low,
   This bird flew owre the sea,
   Until it entered the same chamber
   Wherein was sweet Willie.

10. This bird flew high, this bird flew low—
    Poor bird it was mista'en—
    It loot the letter fa' on Baldie's breast
    Instead of sweet William.

11. "Here's a letter, William," he says,
    "I'm sure it's not to me;
    And gin the morn gin twelve o'clock
    Your love shall married be."

12. "Come saddle to me my horse," he said,
    "The brown and a' that's speedie,
    And I'll awa' to Old England,
    To bring hame my ladie."

13. Awa he gade, awa he rade,
    Awa wi' meikle speed;
    He lichtit at every twa miles' end,
    Lichtit and changed his steed.

14. When she entered the church style,
    The tear was in her e'e,
    But when she entered the church door
    A blythe sight did she see.

15. "O hold your hand you minister,
    Hold it a little wee,
    Till I speak wi' the bonnie bride,
    For she's a friend to me."

16. "Stand off, stand off, you braw bridegroom,
Stand off a little wee;
Stand off, stand off, you braw bridegroom,
For the bride shall join wi' me."

17. Up and spak the bride's father,
And an angry man was he—
"If I had pistol, powther and lead,
And all at my command,
It's I would shoot thee stiff and dead
In the place where thou dost stand."

18. Up and spoke then sweet William,
And a blithe blink from his e'e;
"If ye ne'er be shot till I shoot you,
Ye'se ne'er be shot for me."

19. "Come out, come out, my foremost man,
And lift my lady on;
Commend me all to my goodmother,
At night when you gang home."

Willie's Fatal Visit

CHILD NO. 255

A TUNE for this "medley," as Child calls it, made out of Nos. 248, 69, 70, 216, is preserved by Christie, this time from his "paternal grandmother." It is an authentic π^1 tune, with Christie's usual second strain. He compares it to his tune for No. 243 (cf. *ante*, Vol. III, p. 494); and it seems to have a fortuitous resemblance to the recently popular Irish tune to Yeats's "Down by the Sally Gardens." Recently, a second tune has been recovered in the same region; its second half is obviously related to the first phrases of Christie's. The text of the late version corresponds fairly closely to the latter part of Buchan's text, stanzas 13-18.

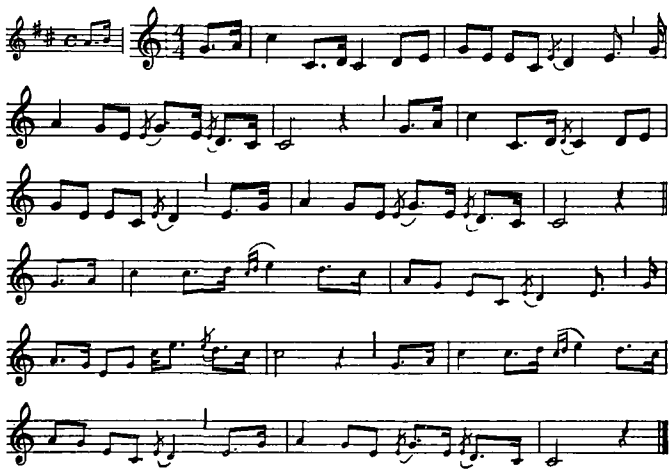
LIST OF VARIANTS

1. "Willie's Fatal Visit." W. Christie, *Traditional Ballad Airs*, I, 1876, p. 218.
2. "Willie's Fate." Jeannie Robertson, Caedmon LP recording No. TC 1146(B5), ed. Peter Kennedy and Alan Lomax.

TUNES WITH TEXTS

1. "Willie's Fatal Visit"

Christie, I, 1876, p. 218. From Christie's paternal grandmother.

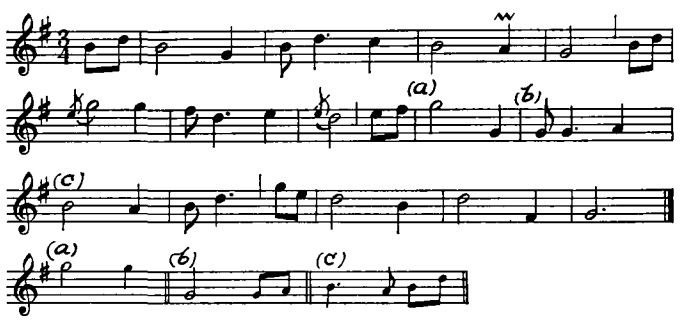
a π^1

"Oh, saw ye my father, or saw ye my mother,
Or saw ye my brother John?
Or saw ye the lad that I love best,
And his name it is sweet William?"
"I saw not your father, I saw not your mother,
Nor saw I your brother John;
But I saw the lad that ye love best,
And his name it is sweet William."

[*Etc.*]

Christie prints five stanzas of Buchan's text (*Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland*, 1828, II, p. 259), and hazards the guess that his grandmother's text was little different from Buchan's.

2. "Willie's Fate"

Sung by Jeannie Robertson, Aberdeen, Scotland. Caedmon rec. No. TC 1146(B5). Recorded by Peter Kennedy; collected and edited by Peter Kennedy and Alan Lomax.

a I

1. For Willie's gane o'er yon high, high hill,
And doon yon dowie den;
For it was there he met a griev-i-ous ghost
That would fear ten thousand men.

2. For he's gane doon by Mary Kirk,
And in by Mary's Stile.
Wae and weary was the ghost
On him that grimly smiled.

3. "Oft hae ye travelled this road, Willy,
Oft hae ye travelled and sang;
Nor thought what would come of your poor soul
When your sinful life was done.

4. "Oft hae ye travelled this road, Willy,
Your bonny new love tae see,
Oft hae ye travelled this road, Willy,
Nor thought of pooren me.

5. "Oft hae ye travelled this road, Willy,
Your bonny new love tae see.
But you'll never travel this road again,
For this nicht avenged I'll be."

6. Then she has ta'en her perjured love,
And reived him gair by gair,
And ilka side o' Mary's stile,
Of him she hung a share.

7. His faither and mither baith made moan,
His true love muckle mair;
His faither and mither baith made moan,
And his new love reived her hair.

Stanzas 1-4 and 7 are omitted from the Caedmon recording.

Alison and Willie

CHILD NO. 256

THE only tune for the ballad is from Mrs. Harris, inaccurately reproduced in Child's Appendix of Airs (1882-98, V, p. 423), "My luve she lives in Lincolnshire." It is a beautiful Dorian authentic tune, resembling those already met as Mrs. Brown's No. 247 (*ante*, variant 1) and Greig's first tune for No. 252 (*ante*, variant 3)—both π^3 tunes.

There is said to be a tune for this ballad in the Bunyan MS., 1877, p. 121 (cf. Gray-Muir MS., NL Scotland MS. 2254).

Recently, there has been an attempt to interpret the cryptic stanza 7 as a signal of supernatural abduction, but one may doubt that it would have convinced Child. Cf. R. Y. Mortenson, *Midwest Folklore*, XI, 213-14. Despite the high ancestry invoked for parallel, the argument stretches forbearance too far. All we can be sure of is that Willie never reached his destination.

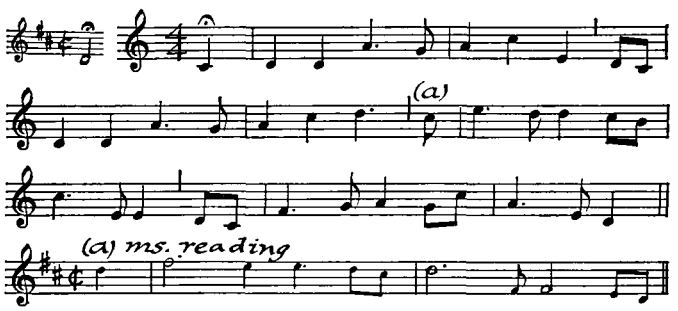
LIST OF VARIANTS

"My luve she lives in Lincolnshire." Harris MS., No. 4 and fol. 18b, Harvard College Library. Also in Francis James Child, *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, 1882-98, V, p. 423, and IV, p. 416.

TUNE WITH TEXT

"My luve she lives in Lincolnshire"

Harris MS., No. 4; text, fol. 18b. Also in Child, 1882-98, V, p. 423; text, IV, p. 416. From Mrs. Amelia Harris; learned from an old nurse during childhood in Perthshire, late eighteenth century. Noted by her daughter.

a D

The following text from Mrs. Harris is given as it appears in Child.

1. "My luve she lives in Lincolnshire,
   I wat she's neither black nor broun,
   But* her hair is like the thread o gowd,
   Aye an it waur weel kaimëd doun."

2. She's pued the black mask owre her face,
   An blinkit gaily wi her ee:
   "O will you to my weddin come,
   An will you bear me gude companie?"

3. "I winna to your weddin come,
   Nor [will] I bear you gude companie,
   Unless you be the bride yoursell,
   An me the bridegroom to be."

4. "For me to be the bride mysel,
   An you the bonnie bridegroom to be—
   Cheer up your heart, Sweet Willie," she said,
   "For that's the day you'll never see.

5. "Gin you waur on your saiddle set,
   An gaily ridin on the way,
   You'll hae nae mair mind o Alison
   Than she waur dead an laid in clay."

6. When he was on his saiddle set,
   An slowly ridin on the way,
   He had mair mind o Alison
   Than he had o the licht o day.

7. He saw a hart draw near a hare,
   An aye that hare draw near a toun,
   An that same hart did get a hare,
   But the gentle knicht got neer a toun.

8. He leant him owre his saiddle-bow,
   An his heart did brak in pieces three;
   Wi sighen said him Sweet Willie,
   "The pains o luve hae taen hald o me."

9. . . . . .
   . . . . . .
   There cam a white horse an a letter,
   That stopped the weddin speidilie.

10. She leant her back on her bed-side,
    An her heart did brak in pieces three;
    She was buried an bemoaned,
    But the birds waur Willie's companie.

* But: omitted in tune-manuscript.

Burd Isabel and Earl Patrick

CHILD NO. 257

CHRISTIE obtained the only surviving tune for this piece of modern high life from "Jenny Meesic," of Buckie, Banffshire, who learned her songs from her father, a famous ballad-singer in his district. Jenny died at the age of eighty in 1866. Her tune is probably Mixolydian, plagal plus authentic, and ending on the fifth. To the editor's ear, it has much more of a Mixolydian than a Dorian feeling, in spite of the final.

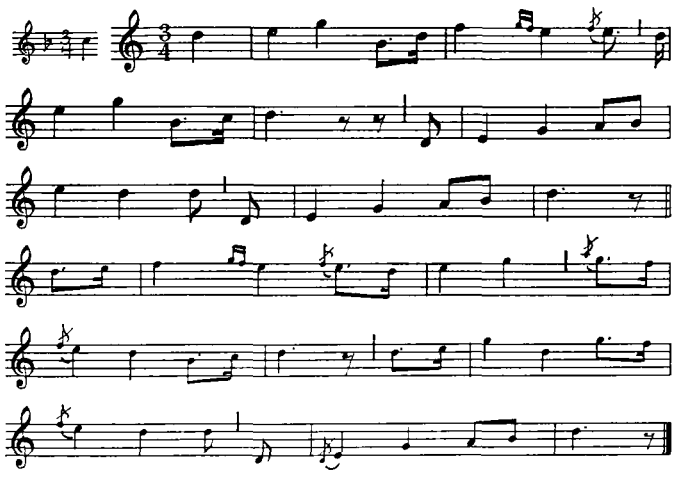
LIST OF VARIANTS

"Burd Isbel and Sir Patrick." W. Christie, *Traditional Ballad Airs*, II, 1881, p. 34.

TUNE WITH TEXT

"Burd Isbel and Sir Patrick"

Christie, II, 1881, p. 34. From the singing of "Jenny Meesic," Buckie, Banffshire; learned from family tradition.

m M, ending on V; or a D, ending on the octave.

Sir Patrick dress'd in best array,
His gowd rod in his hand,
Gaed on to fair Burd Isbel's bower,
As fast as he cou'd gang.
"O how is this, Burd Isbel,
So ill you've usèd me?
What gart you anger my grand aunt,
That I did send to thee?"

[*Etc.*]

Christie prints ten of the concluding stanzas of Buchan's text (*Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland*, 1828, I, p. 76).

Broughty Wa's

CHILD NO. 258

Mrs. Harris's tune, in the absence of other variants, leaves us uncertain of its mode. The simplest solution is also the most natural: to regard the tonality as major, with a final on the third. To take the final as tonic is to go counter to the feeling of fully half of the tune; and other choices are arbitrary in almost equal measure.

A tune is accredited by the Gray-Muir MS. (NL Scotland MS. 2254) to the Bunyan MS., 1877, p. 121.

In spite of the dramatic subject-matter, the ballad, in its matter-of-fact specificity of detail and moral platitude sounds rather more like a piece of memorized local journalism than the stuff of tradition. It is worth observing that Mrs. Harris's version complicates the story by introducing another character as the fiancé, by name Hunglen. Whether the band of men belonged to him, or were serving their own ends, is left undetermined. If the former, a pretext for their violence might lie in the resented presence of Helen's lover, Glenhazlen. The latter, for his part, seems to have been a sober, 'varsity lad (with better chances than Burd Helen of learning to swim), and if he is stolen with her, he makes no fuss about it. He can hardly have contrived the plot as a ruse. And how could *he* be keeping her prisoner when she had shown him such favor? Yet—to grasp the other horn—why should Hunglen, the duly affianced, be engaged in a kidnapping plot? If, then, we decide that the marauders were acting independently, singularly little compassion is spent on the two suitors, beguiled or beguiling. In that case, Burd Helen may well congratulate herself on her skill; but who is drowned, that she should not weep for him, even though she came safe to Broughty Walls?

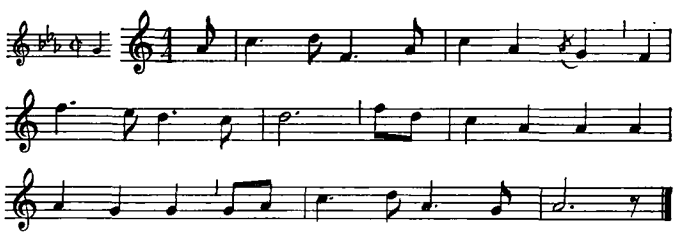
LIST OF VARIANTS

"Burd Helen," or "Brochtie Wa's." Harris MS., No. 20, and fol. 17b, Harvard College Library. Also in Francis James Child, *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, 1882-98, V, p. 423, and IV, p. 424.

TUNE WITH TEXT

"Burd Helen," or "Brochtie Wa's"

Harris MS., No. 20; text, fol. 17b. Also in Child, 1882-98, V, p. 423; text, IV, p. 424. From Mrs. Amelia Harris; learned from an old nurse during childhood in Perthshire, late eighteenth century. Noted by her daughter.

a I/Ly, ending on III?

The time-values in the MS. are double the length here, with the signature ¢.

1. Burd Helen was her mother's dear,
   Her father's heir to be;
   He was the laird of Broughty Walls,
   And provost o Dundee.

2. Burd Helen she was much admired
   By all that were round about;
   But to Hunglen she was betrothed,
   Her virgin days were out.

3. Glenhazlen was a comely youth,
   And virtuous his friends;
   He left the schools o bonny Dundee
   And on to Aberdeen.

4. It fell oot once upon a time
   Burd Helen was left alone
   All for to keep her father's towers;
   They stand ten miles from town.

5. Glenhazlen he cam ridin bye
   An thinkin to get in;
   But the wind it blew, and the rain dang on
   And wat him to the skin.

6. He was very well entertaind,
   Baith for his bed and board,
   Till a band o men surrounded them,
   Well armd wi spear and sword.

7. They hiēsed her along wi them,
   Locked up her maids behind;
   An flang the keys out-ower the walls,
   That none the plot might find.

8. They hiēsed her along wi them,
   Ower mony a rock and glen,
   But, all that they could say or do,
   To weep she wald not refrain.

9. "The Hiland hills are hie, hie hills,
The Hiland hills are hie;
An if you wald my favour gain,
Oh, tak me to Dundee!"

10. It fell out once upon a time
They went oot to take the air;
She threw hersell into the stream,
Between wind and despair.

11. The stream was deep, he coudna wide,
Boats werna to be found,
So he leapt in after her himsell,
And sunk down like a stone.

12. "The Highland hills are high, high hills,
The Highland hills are hie;
They're no like the pleasant banks o Tay,
Nor the bonnie town o Dundee."

13. She kilted up her green claiding
A little below her knee,
And never rest nor was undrest
Till she reachd again Dundee.

14. "I learned this at Broughty Walls,
At Broughty near Dundee,
That if water waur my prison-walls
I could swim for libertie."

The above text is given from Child's variant readings. In the tune MS. the first stanza is as follows:

Burd Helen was her Mother's dear,
Her Father's heir to be;
He was the Laird o' Brochty Wa's,
An' Provost o' Dundee.

Lord Thomas and Lady Margaret

CHILD NO. 260

THE only tune for this ballad derives again from Christie's "paternal grandmother"—Buchan tradition reaching back into the eighteenth century. It has points in common with both Christie's and Greig's tune for "The Kitchie-Boy" (No. 252). It is worth noting that there is between the A and B texts of the present ballad the same metrical divergence as occurs between those of the former: that is, both CM and LM texts appear. The present tune would be turned into CM by simply omitting the notes occurring on the first beat at the end of the second and fourth phrases (and similarly, of course, in the second strain). The transformation is so simple that it never would be noticed; and the resulting variant would accord more closely with the "Kitchie-Boy" variants. A further result, it is interesting to observe, would be that the only occurrence of the minor sixth would disappear at the same time, so that we should have left a D/Æ tune instead of an Æolian. As the tune stands, one may well feel that the minor sixth is perhaps editorial, and that there is otherwise quite as much of Dorian as of Æolian character in the basic tune. The present case is a good illustration, at any rate, of how arbitrary sometimes a decision may be to classify tunes under one or another of the heptatonic modes in accordance with inferred, but non-present, notes.

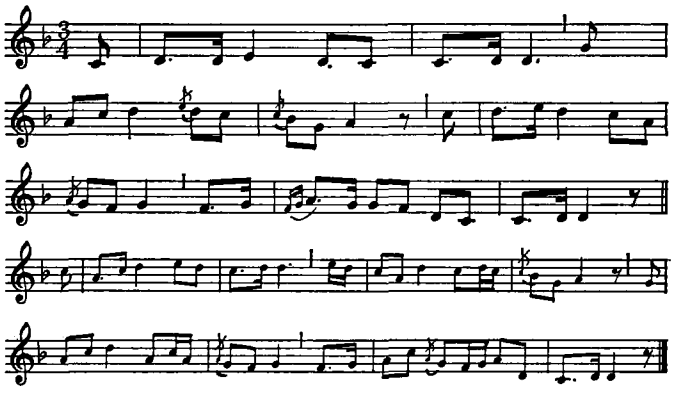
LIST OF VARIANTS

"Clerk Tamas, and Fair Annie." W. Christie, *Traditional Ballad Airs*, II, 1881, p. 12.

TUNE WITH TEXT

"Clerk Tamas, and Fair Annie"

Christie, II, 1881, p. 12. From the singing of Christie's paternal grandmother, Buchan.

a Æ (almost D/Æ)

Clerk Tamas lov'd her, fair Annie,
As well as mother lov'd a son;
But now he hates her, fair Annie,
And hates the lands that she lives in.
"Ohon, alas!" said fair Annie,
"Alas! this day I fear I'll dee;
But I will on to sweet Tamas,
And see gin he will pity me."

[*Etc.*]

Christie's text is "epitomized and slightly changed" from that given in Buchan, *Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland*, 1828, I, p. 43.

The White Fisher

CHILD NO. 264

A VERY different light is thrown on this story by the copies recovered by Greig in the present century. The lady is shown to be faulty before marriage, while the new husband considerately conceals her lapse. Cf. Greig and Keith, *Last Leaves of Traditional Ballads and Ballad Airs*, 1925, pp. 207-10.

Greig failed to recover a tune for the ballad, and none has yet been printed. James M. Carpenter, however, in the twenties collected one in Scotland which he may in time disclose.

The Knight's Ghost

CHILD NO. 265

CHRISTIE's is the only tune that has been preserved for this pointless ballad. It is an undistinguished major, made out of common materials, and authentic except for the initial upbeat on the plagal lower fifth. For general pattern, cf. the familiar outlines of "Died for Love" ("In London city," etc.).

Christie's full text is given here since, although it is in all likelihood only an edited copy of Buchan's, Child has not included its variant readings. Its presence in Christie's book is at least evidence that the ballad was traditionally sung in the last century, whether or no, as Child declares, it "has not a perceptible globule of old blood in it." Christie says he got it from a native of Buchan. The benevolent ghost who retrieves the keys to the cellar-door from the ocean-bed acts in a most unballadlike way, though *The Book of the Duchess* (or Ovid) could provide a predecessor in compassion.

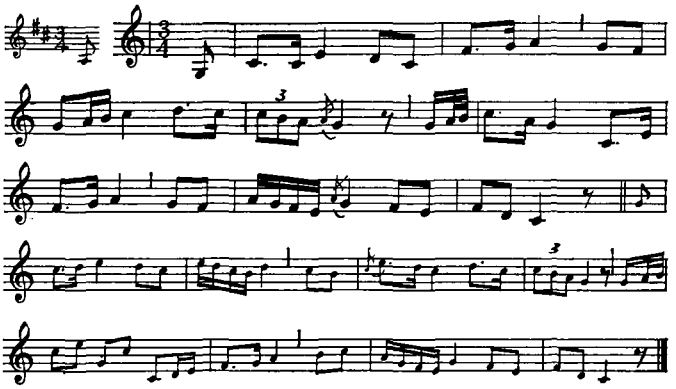
LIST OF VARIANTS

"The Knight's Ghost." W. Christie, *Traditional Ballad Airs*, II, 1881, p. 238.

TUNE WITH TEXT

"The Knight's Ghost"

Christie, II, 1881, p. 238. From the singing of a native of Buchan, c. 1851.

m I

1. There is a fashion in this land,
   And even come to this countrie,
   That every lady should meet her lord,
   When he is newly come from sea.
   "Some gae wi' hawks, and some wi' hounds,
   Or other seemly thing to see;
   But I will gae myself alane,
   And set his young son on his knee."

2. She's ta'en her young son in her arms,
   And nimbly walk'd by yon sea strand;
   And there she spied her husband's ship,
   As it came sailing to the land.
   "Where ha'e ye put my ain gude lord?
   Oh, where about may my gude lord be?"
   "If ye be wanting your ain gude lord,
   A sight of him ye'll never see."

3. "Was he burnt, or was he slain?
   Or was he drown'd in the deep sea?
   Or what's become of my ain gude lord,
   That he comes not to meet with me?"
   "Oh, your gude lord he wasna burnt,
   Nor was he drown'd in the deep sea;
   But he was slain in Dunfermline,—
   A fatal day to you and me."

4. "Come in, come in, my merry young men,
   Come in and drink the wine with me;
   And all the better ye shall fare,
   For this gude news ye tell to me."
   She brought them down to a low cellar,
   And birl'd them with the beer and wine;
   And then she lock'd the cellar door,
   Says,—"Lye there with my sad malison."

5. She's ta'en the keys into her hand,
   And threw them deep, deep in the sea,—
   "Lye there with my sad malison,
   Till my gude lord return to me."
   Then she sat down in her ain room,
   And sorrow lull'd her fast asleep;
   When up it starts her ain gude lord,
   As she sat there in slumber deep.

6. "Take here the keys, Janet," he says,
   "That ye threw deep, deep in the sea,
   And gae relieve my merry young men,—
   They're nane to blame for death of me.
   They shot the bolt, and drew the stroke,
   And in red blude waded to the knee,
   Nae sailors mair for their lord cou'd do,
   Nor my young men they did for me."

7. "I ha'e a question at you to ask,
Before that ye depart from me;
Tell me how lang I ha'e to live,
And the kind of death I ha'e to dee."
"I ha'e nae mair of God's ain power
Than He has granted unto me;
But come to heaven when you will,
There porter to you I'll be.

8. "But ye'll be wed to a finer knight
Than ever was in my degree;
Unto him ye'll ha'e children nine,
And six of them will be ladies free.
The other three will be bold young men,
To fight for king and for countrie;
The ane a duke, the second a knight,
The third a laird of lands sae free."

John Thomson and the Turk

CHILD NO. 266

THE only tune that has survived for this ballad is Christie's fine Mixolydian pipe tune from Buchan tradition. This is a somewhat unusual, but not unique, type of tune to go with ballad texts. We may compare with it the *Scots Musical Museum* tunes for "Sir Patrick Spens" (Johnson, V [1796], No. 482, p. 496 [repr. 1853])—which, however, is very dubiously traditional in that context—and for "The Battle of Harlaw" (*ibid.*, VI [1803], No. 512, p. 528), and also for "O'er the moor to Maggy" (*ibid.*, I [1787], No. 55, p. 56). Other comparable tunes are "Gray Steel," in McFarlan of that Ilk's MS. (NL Scotland MS. 2084-85, No. 158); and a couple of tunes in the Skene MS. (NL Scotland Adv. MS. 5.2.15): "Shoe looks as shoe would lett me" and "Pitt on your shirt on Monday" (transcribed in Dauney, *Ancient Scotish Melodies*, 1838, No. 25, p. 226 and No. 58, p. 240). These are all major in tonality. But "Green grow the rashes, O!" might be cited as a minor instance of the same family.

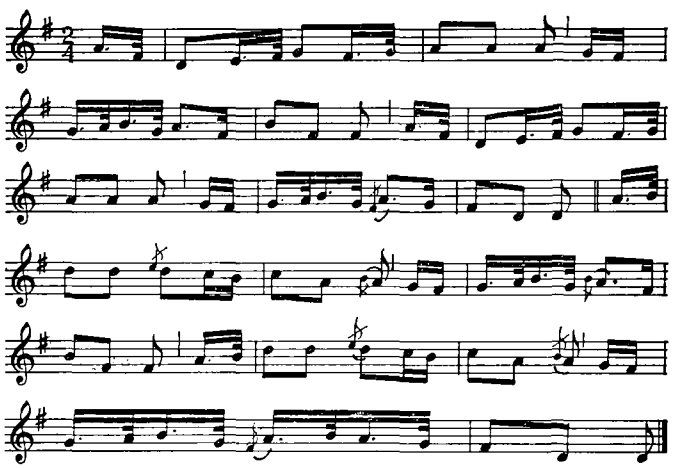
LIST OF VARIANTS

"John Thomson and the Turk." W. Christie, *Traditional Ballad Airs*, II, 1881, p. 52.

TUNE WITH TEXT

"John Thomson and the Turk"

Christie, II, 1881, p. 52. From Buchan tradition.

a M

John Thomson fought against the Turks,
Three years, intil a far countrie;
And all that time and something mair,
Was absent from his gay ladie.
But it fell ance upon a time,
As this young chieftain sat alane,
He spied his lady in rich array,
As she walk'd ower a rural plain.

[*Etc.*]

Christie's text is taken from Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, 1827, App'x., p. ix, with a few stanzas omitted.

The Heir of Linne

CHILD NO. 267

So FAR as a melodic tradition can be made out for this ballad, it seems to lie adjacent to the "Cowdenknowes" tunes. Christie's tune, which he claims to follow back into the eighteenth century, is another one of those with ambiguous finals. The second half is doubtless Christie's drawing-room variation of the first half. The range is implausible. If the final be tonic, the tune is a plagal π^2; but the final might, if the "Cowdenknowes" pattern were more closely followed, be A: then possibly π^3 authentic. Christie quite properly refers to "O Mary turn awa" (*Scots Musical Museum*, No. 541) as a variant, and the latter tune ends on E. If E be tonic here, the tune becomes π^4, plagal. But also, G is a conceivable tonic; then π^1.

Clearly Greig's second tune (variant 2 below) belongs to the same family. If the final be tonic, then a D. But if the tonic be D, then Ionian, ending on the second.

Greig's first tune (variant 3 below) seems of a different rise. It, clearly, is in a major tonality, though it lacks its sixth, by chance, as well as its seventh. But its final is not in doubt, and the tune is definitely I/M, plagal. There is a close coincidence here with the lately recorded version of Ewan MacColl (variant 4 below).

There is said to be a tune in the Bunyan MS., p. 83 (*penes* Gray-Muir MS., NL Scotland MS. 2254).

An early related broadside, to which Child does not refer, is Pepys Ballads, IV, 313. Printed J. Conyers, the Black Raven, Holborn: *The Despairing Prodigal*: or, the Happy Surprisall. "To an Excellent New Tune, Sung at the Court, Call'd, *The Boarding School.*" This tune I have not much troubled to identify. But there is a broadside (*Pepys Ballads*, V, p. 435) entitled *The Modish Dancing-Master* or *The Boarding School Miss* of about the same time, with its tune, a minuet, printed on it. It is reprinted in D'Urfey, *Pills*, 1719-20, II, pp. 170-71. See, further, Claude M. Simpson, *The British Broadside Ballad and Its Music*, New Brunswick, 1966, pp. 479-80.

LIST OF VARIANTS

GROUP Aa

1. "The Laird o' Linne." W. Christie, *Traditional Ballad Airs*, I, 1876, p. 112.

GROUP Ab

2. "The Heir of Linne." Greig MSS., IV, p. 86, and Bk. 769, LIX, p. 1, King's College Library, Aberdeen. Also in Gavin Greig and Alexander Keith, *Last Leaves of Traditional Ballads and Ballad Airs*, 1925, p. 212(2). (Miss Robb)

GROUP B

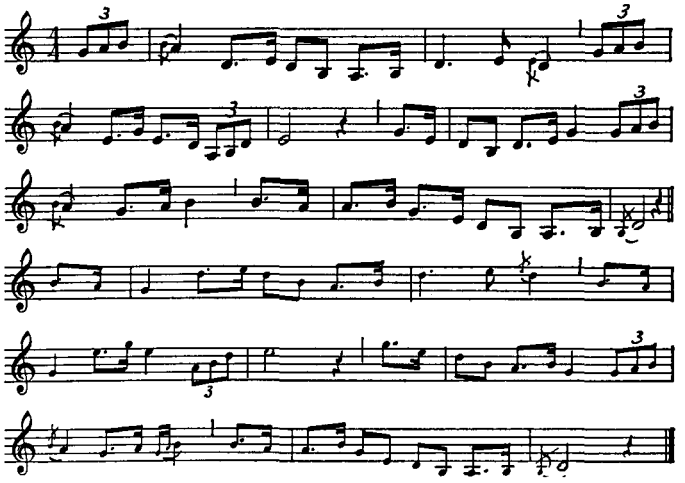
3. "The Heir of Linne." Greig MSS., IV, p. 20, and Bk. 765, LV, p. 31. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 212(1). (Robb)
4. "The Heir o' Lynne." Ewan MacColl, Riverside recording No. RLP 12-626(B3), *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, III, ed. Kenneth S. Goldstein.

TUNES WITH TEXTS

GROUP Aa

1. "The Laird o' Linne"

Christie, I, 1876, p. 112. From family tradition traceable to mid-eighteenth century, in Buchan.

Disregarding second strain:
If tonic G, a π^1, ending on V, or p π^1, ending on *V*
If tonic D, p π^2

1. O yonder he stands, and there he gangs,
The weary heir o' Linne;
Yonder he stands on the cauld causey,
And nane bids him come in.
But it fell ance upon a day,
The sheets were laid in fauld;
And poor Willie found he had nae friends,
And it was wondrous cauld.

2. "Oh, one sheave o' your bread, nourice,
And one glass o' your wine;
And I will pay you o'er again,
When I am Laird o' Linne."
"Oh, one sheave o' my bread, Willie,
And one glass o' my wine;
But the seas will be dry ere ye pay me again,
For ye'll never be Laird o' Linne."

3. But he mind't him up, and he mind't him down,
And he mind't him o'er again;
And he mind't him on a little wee key,
That his mother ga'e to him.
He did him to the House o' Linne,
He sought it up and down,
And there he found a little wee door,
And the key gaed slippin' in.

4. And he got gowd, and he got gear,
He got gowd stor'd within;
And he got gowd, and he got gear,
Thrice worth the lands o' Linne.
He did him to the tavern straight,
Where nobles were drinking therein;
The greatest noble among them a'
Was near to Willie o' kin.

5. And some of them bade him fish to eat,
And some of them bade him a fin;
And some of them bade him nothing at a',
For he'd never be father's son.
But out it spake an aged knicht,
And vow but he spake slie,—
"I'll sell you your father's land back again,
All for the third pennie."

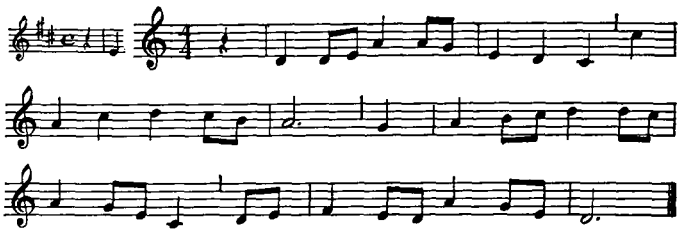
6. "I take witness upon you here," he says,
"I take witness upon thee,
That you will sell me my father's land again,
All for the third pennie."
Then he took out a little wee coffer,
And he set it on his knee;
And he told the gowd doun on the table roun',
Says, "Tak' up your third pennie."

7. "Come ben, come ben, my good nourice,
I'll pay you, when you come ben,
For the seas are not dry, and I'll pay you back again,
For I'm again the Laird o' Linne."
Poor Willie, that night at eight o'clock,
Had his stockings abeen his sheen;
But ere the morrow at twelve o'clock,
He was convoy'd by lords sixteen.

GROUP Ab

2. "The Heir of Linne"

Greig MSS., IV, p. 86; text, Bk. 769, LIX, p. 1. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 212(2). From Miss Annie Robb, Strichen.

a D, or a I, ending on II

1. Four-and-twenty noblemen
They sat a' drinkin' wine
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

2. Some they bade him a fish to eat,
And some they bade him a fin,
And some o' them bade him never a bit ava,
He would never be heir o' Linne.

. . . . . .

3. Bring ben a glass o' wine, Janet,
Bring ben a glass o' wine;
And I will pay you it back again
When I am heir o' Linne.

4. Here's a glass o' wine, Willie,
Here's a glass o' wine;
But the sea will run dry ere ye pay me again,
For ye'll never be heir o' Linne.

. . . . . .

5. But he min't him up & he min't him doon,
And he min't him owre again
And he min't himsel' on a little wee key
That his mither gae to him
And she bade him keep it ere he had as great need
As any dead woman's son.

6. He gaed back to the Hoose o' Linne
And he's ca'd up & doon,
Until he cam' to a little wee door,
And the key gaed slippin' in.

7. He's gotten gowd and he's gotten gear,
And he's gotten gowd therein,
And he's gotten gowd & he's gotten gear
Thrice worth the lands o' Linne

. . . . . .

8. We'll gie your father's lands back again
A' for the third pennie.

9. Good witness, good witness, then Willie he said,
Good witness I take of thee,
That ye'll gie me my father's lands back again
A' for the third pennie.

. . . . . .

10. He tabled doon upon the table roon,
Says, Tak' up your third pennie

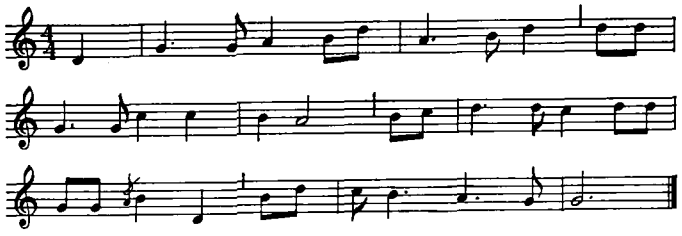
11. Come ben, come ben, jolly Janet, he said,
O Janet, ye'll come ben,
And I will pay your wine back again,
For the nicht I am heir o' Linne

12. The Heir o' Linne cam' here last nicht
Wi' his stockins abeen his sheen,
But ere the morn at twal' o' clock
He was convoyed by lords sixteen.

GROUP B

3. "The Heir of Linne"

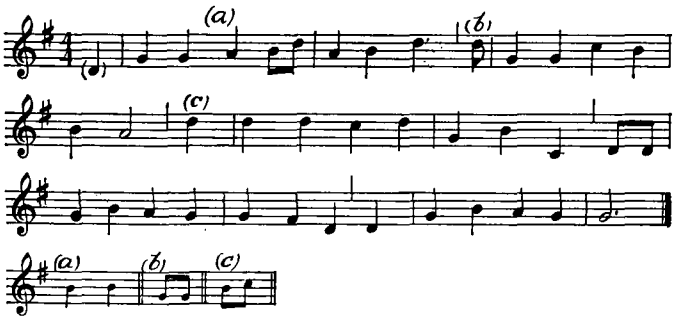
Greig MSS., IV, p. 20; text, Bk. 765, LV, p. 31. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 212(1). From Alexander Robb, New Deer.

p I/M (–VI)

He min't him up, & he min't him doon,
And he min't him owre again;
He min't himsel' on a little key
That his mother gae to him;
She bade him keep it till he should need it
As sair's ony mither's ae son.

Witness, witness, witness, he said,
It's witness I take o' thee
That ye'll gie me my father's lands back again,
And for the third pennie.

4. "The Heir o' Lynne"

Sung by Ewan MacColl, Riverside rec. No. RLP 12-626(B3), ed. K. S. Goldstein. Learned from his mother.

p I (–VI)

1. Lane he stands and lane he gangs,
The weary heir o' Lynne,
And lane he stands on the cauld causie
And nane will let him in, him in,
And nane will let him in.

2. When he was the bonnie heir o' Lynne,
His sheets lay aye in fauld,
But now he stands on the cauld causie
And rives his chafts for cauld.

3. When he was the bonnie heir o' Lynne,
His brose was keepit het;
But now he stands on the cauld causie
And nane will gie him meat.

4. "O, gie me a loaf o' your breid, nerice,
And ane glass o' your wine,
And I will pay ye seven times ower
When I am the heir o' Lynne."

5. "Ye'se get me a sheaf o' my breid, Willie,
And a mutchkin o' my wine,
And ye'll pay me when the sea gangs dry,
For you'll never be heir o' Lynne."

6. When he was the bonnie heir o' Lynne,
He had horses aye to his hand;
But now he walks wi' a willow wand
Like a palmer through the land.

7. He's traivelled East and he's traivelled West,
Through a' the wynds o' Lynne,
Till he min't him on a siller key
That he wore next to his skin.

8. This key he got frae his auld mither
When she was near to deein',
An' she tell't him to keep't for as muckle need
As ever had mither's son.

9. He's travelled haigh and he's travelled laigh
Through a' the wynds o' Lynne,
And when he came to the iron yett,
The key gaed sleekin' in.

10. There were seven kists o' the white siller
And seiven o' the gowd sae fine,
And there he got reid gowd enough
To free the lands o' Lynne.

11. Then he's gane doon to a tavern hoose
Whaure the burgesses drink at the wine,
Says, "Gie me a drink o' your wine, burgess,
For the half o' it is mine."

12. Some would gi'e him a glass, a glass,
Some gi'ed him a fish's fin,
And some were wae for the beggar chylde
That had tint the lands o' Lynne.

13. Then oot it spak' a prood burgess,
An' he crawed baith crouse and hie,
"I s'll gi'e ye your bonnie lands back again
Gin ye'll gie me but a'e bawbee."

14. "Noo, ye'll be witnesses," Willie cried,
"Ye'll be witnesses until me.
He'll gi'e me my bonnie parks back again,
Gin I gi'e him but a'e bawbee."

15. "Ay, we'll be your witnesses, Willie," they cried,
"We'll witness until thee,
And we'll pledge it in the bluid-reid wine,
But whaure's your a'e bawbee?"

16. He's lowpit up to the ingle then
Whaure the burgesses drink at the wine,
And he's ta'en oot a hantle o' gowd
To free the lands o' Lynne.

17. Then oot it spak' a prood burgess
And he grat baith loud and hie:
"Gin ye ever hangit a fule," he cried,
"This day ye may hang me!"

18. "Come here, come here, my ain nerice,
And I'll pay ye your breid and wine,
An' the seas as wat as ever it was,
But I am the heir o' Lynne."

Lady Diamond

CHILD NO. 269

THE melodic tradition for this ballad is probably single, though there is considerable variety in the four recorded tunes. It cannot, however, be claimed that there is much individuality in any of them.

The oldest copy has not, so far as I know, been printed before. If we should take it as I/Ly, mixed, with tonic B♭ and its final on the sixth, it might appear to relate to the later tradition more closely than if we regard the final as tonic and class the tune as D/Æ. But as the latter it makes good musical sense, and the other classification seems forced. Christie's tune is a clear plagal I/M, built in the order of "Gypsy Laddie" (No. 200) in the first strain, and allied in its second strain to the "Valentine's Day" tribe. It is to be compared especially with Greig's second tune (variant 4 below), and with Christie's tune for the ballad which follows (Child No. 270).

Duncan's tune (1 in Greig and Keith; here variant 3) is a π^1 tune, starting off somewhat like Christie's, but having a midcadence corresponding to the Blaikie variant's. Greig's second tune (variant 4 below) at first glance bears quite a different look from the other. It is an I/Ly tune, making use both of authentic and plagal ranges. But it is noteworthy that its first half is authentic, its second half plagal. Now, on the contrary, Duncan's tune (variant 3 below) is really plagal in the first three phrases, but in the last phrase with its repetition, authentic, on the lower octave. The result is that, while both tunes are in adjoining modes, Greig's second tune starts as the authentic counterpart of the other's plagal opening. The parallel may be seen perhaps even more clearly if we compare Greig's second tune with Christie's opening phrase. The same transformation will be observed in the related variant which follows with the next ballad. Here is illustrated another way in which melodic variation can take place, even without a change of mode. Incidentally, Greig's second tune is probably badly barred in the last phrase, needing correction from the third cadence onward.

For a cognate ballad, mentioned by Child in a footnote (1882-98, V, p. 34n) as deriving from a broadside, a traditional tune, "The Knight in Jessamont," has been preserved in the Blaikie MS., NL Scotland MS. 1578, No. 53, p. 19.

LIST OF VARIANTS

GROUP Aa

1. "Dysmal." Blaikie MS., National Library of Scotland MS. 1578, No. 72, p. 23.

GROUP Ab

2. "Lady Daisy." W. Christie, *Traditional Ballad Airs*, II, 1881, p. 218.

GROUP Ac

3. "Eliza's Bowers, or Lady Diamond." Duncan MSS., "Folk-Song Airs of the North East," p. 11, and "Folk-Song Words belonging to the North East, and received from Mrs Gillespie," p. 73, Cecil Sharp House, London. Also in Gavin Greig and Alexander Keith, *Last Leaves of Traditional Ballads and Ballad Airs*, 1925, p. 213(1). (Gillespie)

GROUP Ad

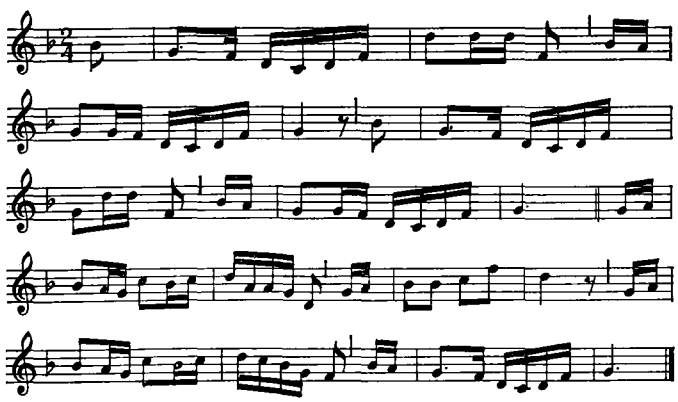
4. "Lady Dysie." Greig MSS., IV, p. 126, and Bk. 769, LIX, p. 19, King's College Library, Aberdeen. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 214(2). (Johnstone)

TUNES WITH TEXTS

GROUP Aa

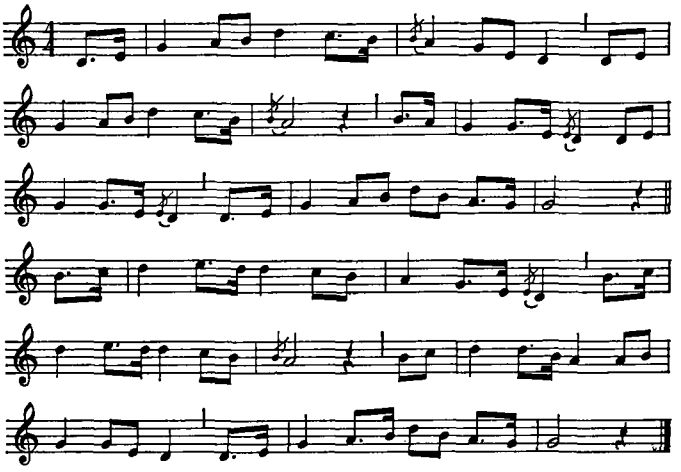
1. "Dysmal"

Blaikie MS., NL Scotland MS. 1578, No. 72, p. 23.

m D/Æ (or a I/Ly, ending on VI)

GROUP Ab

2. "Lady Daisy"

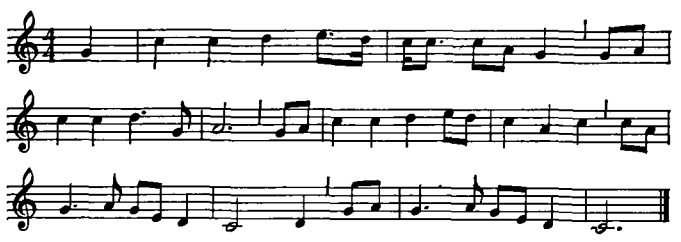
Christie, II, 1881, p. 218 ("The Crusader's Farewell"). From the singing of a native of Banffshire, c. 1850.

p I/M

Christie's text has not been given because he set his tune to other words, feeling that those of "Lady Daisy" were "unsuited" to his work.

GROUP Ac

3. "Eliza's Bowers, or Lady Diamond"

Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 11, and "Words," p. 73. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 213(1). Sung by Mrs. Gillespie, Glasgow, in 1905; learned from her mother c. 1850.

m π^1

1. There lived a King an' a very great King
   A King o great renown [muckle fame?]
   He had a lovely daughter fair
   And Eliza was her name, name, an Eliza was her name.

2. Word's gaen up an word's gaun down
   An word's gaen to the King
   That Eliza goes right roun' about
   But to whom they dina keen, keen, but to whom they dinna keen

3. When bells were rung an mess wis sung
   An a' were bound for bed
   The King came to Eliza's bower
   But he was not a welcome guest, guest, he was not a welcome guest

4. . . . . .
   Come tell to me Eliza dear
   To whom you go so round, round, to whom you go so round

5. Is't till a laird or is't tull a lord
   Or to any Baronee
   Come tell to me Eliza dear
   An I pray ye dinna lee, lee, an I pray ye dinna lee

6. Its nae tull a laird nor yet tull a lord
   Nor yet tull a Baronee,
   But its to Rodger the Kitchen boy
   What occassion hae I to lee, lee, what ocassion hae I to lee

7. He's called his merry men a' by one
   By one by two an' by three O
   At last came Rodger the Kitchen boy,
   An he dashed him to a tree, tree, an he dashed him to a tree

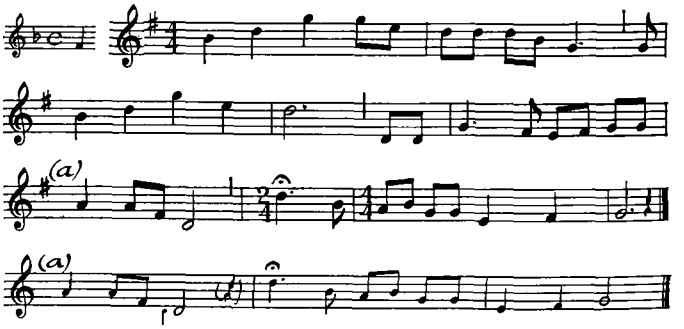
8. He's te'an out this bonnie boy's heart
   Put it on a plate o gold
   An he's sent it to Eliza's bower
   Because she was so bold, bold, because she was so bold

9. Adieu, adieu, adieu father
   I bid this world adieu
   Since my bonnie love has died for me
   I'll die for him also, so, I'll die for him also.

GROUP Ad

4. "Lady Dysie"

Greig MSS., IV, p. 126; text, Bk. 769, LIX, p. 19. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 214(2). Sung by John Johnstone, New Deer.

m I/Ly

. . . . . .

They hae taen the little boy's heart,
And stuck it on a spear,
And they've carried it to Lady Dyzie's bower,
For a token that he'd been there.

. . . . . .

Farewell father, and farewell mother,
Farewell brothers three;
Ye thought ye had taken the life o' one,
But you've taken the lives o' three.

Farewell father, an' farewell mother,
Farewell pleasure and joy;
He died for me, I'll die for him,
Tho' he was but a kitchen boy.

The Earl of Mar's Daughter

CHILD NO. 270

CHRISTIE's is the only tune for this ballad. It is I/M, using both authentic and plagal ranges. As has been noted in connection with the preceding ballad, it is a variant of that family, most closely related to Greig's second tune (*ante*, No. 269, variant 4). Christie properly calls attention to its connections, further, with his "The Place where my love Johnnie dwells" (Christie, I, 1876, p. 144; cf. Child No. 218).

A tune for the present ballad is said to appear in the Bunyan MS., 1877, p. 137 (cf. Gray-Muir MS., NL Scotland MS. 2254).

One cannot but regret that ballads on such venerable and well-avouched themes of medieval romance as this, No. 266, and No. 268 subsist in our tradition only in copies of apparently late manufacture. Testimony of intermediary survival in the Percy Folio MS. is sadly lacking for them.

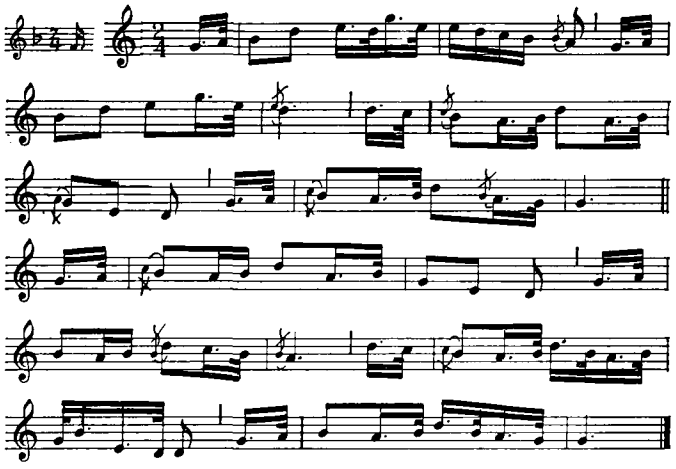
LIST OF VARIANTS

"The Earl of Mar's Daughter." W. Christie, *Traditional Ballad Airs*, II, 1881, p. 38.

TUNE WITH TEXT

"The Earl of Mar's Daughter"

Christie, II, 1881, p. 38. From Buchan tradition.

m I/M

It was intil a pleasant time,
Upon a simmer's day,
The noble Earl of Mar's daughter
Went forth to sport and play.
As thus she did amuse hersel'
Below a green aik tree,
There she did see a sprightly doo
Set on a tower sae hie.

[*Etc.*]

Text "epitomized" from Buchan, *Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland*, 1828, I, p. 49.

The Lord of Lorn and the False Steward

CHILD NO. 271

ALL the good broadsides of this ballad are of the second half of the seventeenth century; but the Percy Folio copy doubtless derives from an earlier broadside than any which has survived, and the ballad was licensed as early as 1580 (again in 1624). The broadsides all note that the ballad is to be sung to the tune of "Greensleeves." For copies of that tune in earlier and later forms, together with much information about it, cf. Chappell, *Popular Music* [1855-59], I, pp. 227ff. A great deal more can be learned from Claude M. Simpson, *The British Broadside Ballad and Its Music*, 1966, pp. 268ff., where six varieties of the tune are printed. It may be noted that the Restoration copies of the ballad are more carefully adapted to the tune as we know it in the earlier (e.g., William Ballet lute-book) form, there being a particular effort to limit the last line of each quatrain to three stresses: an effort, that is to say, in more than half the stanzas. For a ballad-writer that is scrupulosity itself. Of course, the tune is easily, if awkwardly, accommodated to the extra stress by dividing the last note again. It may be admitted that one might hang oneself for impatience long before singing the ballad through to that tune, even in the *short* (i.e., 66-stanza) version. But if epics could be chanted, perhaps "The Lord of Lorn." "Greensleeves" itself is proof against the wind and the rain—and even time. Unlike youth, 'tis a stuff that will endure.

The Suffolk Miracle

CHILD NO. 272

ALL the oldest broadsides of this ballad are directed to be sung to the tune of "My Bleeding Heart." I have not identified a copy of this tune. To judge by its use with broadside ballads, it accommodated best the iambic tetrameter quatrain in couplet rhymes, and was most favored in the latter part of the seventeenth century. But it may be Elizabethan, for all that. The name, as noted by Rollins, *Pepys Ballads*, III, 1930, p. 21, comes from the first line of a broadside called, "A Warning to All Lewd Livers. . . . To the tune of *Sir Andrew Barton*" (*Roxburghe Ballads*, Part VII, Vol. III, 1875, ed. W. Chappell, pp. 22-28). But "Sir Andrew Barton" itself, as we have seen, was directed to be sung to "Come follow my love" (cf. No. 167). The latter tune, in extant copies, none so early as the seventeenth century, is properly in 6/8 metre, corresponding to the text, of Elizabethan date, of its own proper ballad. Cf. "The Fair Flower of Northumberland" (No. 9).

The extant tunes for the present ballad, at any rate, all seem to belong to a widespread type, favorite for lugubrious themes such as pathetic deaths, awful portents, and moralizing carols. To it belong "Death and the Lady," "Christmas now is drawing near at hand," "The Iron Peel," "Died for Love," etc. For some of these, cf. *JFSS*, V, No. 18 (1914), pp. 7ff. and the references there given. Also cf. Sharp, *One Hundred English Folksongs*, 1916, No. 22 and the notes. The simpler forms of this tradition conform with a most wooden and tedious regularity to an iambic dimeter rhythm, with every other accent held to the length of an added foot, e.g.,

A handkerchief (⏑/)
She said she tyed (⏑/)
About his head (⏑/)
And that they tryed (⏑/), etc.

Musically, this rhythm is best expressed in 3/2 time. But the variants of this type which have been recovered, both in England and in America, are surprisingly irregular in their timing, as will be evident in even the few examples that follow for the present ballad. The phrases of a tune of this sort will accommodate, without being unduly taxed, a line of six stresses, or of five, or of four; and all these varieties may be illustrated in the texts below. Pentameter couplets are generally found in "Death and the Lady" and the hymns; but the secular pieces appear to favor tetrameters.

So far as I have discovered, "The Suffolk Miracle" is no longer sung in England, and there is no indication that it has ever been current in Scotland—an odd fact, in view of its subject-matter and the very wide geographical spread of its continental analogues. Nor, I believe, has it been recovered in Ireland. The American copies are mostly Mixolydian. Sharp's Richards copy (variant 8 below), in view of the other copies, is probably corrupt and fragmentary, only half a tune, as is also another in his MS. (*viz.* variant 5 below). If F is the true tonic in the Richards copy, the tune is a plagal π^1, a reasonable supposition. All other copies, however, are authentic. Sharp's copy from Small (variant 1 below) is especially close to familiar forms of "Died for Love" ("The Butcher's Boy").

Among the seventeenth-century broadsides, "My bleeding heart" as a tune for a ballad is frequently paired with "In Crete" as alternative or equivalent. The latter title comes from the first line of a ballad formerly well known and referred to by Nashe and Deloney. "My bleeding heart" is the opening of Martin Parker's subsequently popular ballad, earlier cited (*Roxburghe Ballads*, III, p. 23), and although the text therefore cannot be so old, it is barely possible that the tune merely took on another name, to identify it more readily. "In Crete" is given by Claude Simpson from William Ballet's lute-book (Claude M. Simpson, *The British Broadside Ballad and Its Music*, 1966, p. 363) and the tune has survived in more than one copy. As Simpson prints it, the 3/4 metre looks unfriendly to the iambic tetrameter couplets of our ballad-text; but it may as easily be read in 3/2 time, and is perfectly suitable to "The Suffolk Miracle."

LIST OF VARIANTS

GROUP Aa

1a. "The Suffolk Miracle." Sharp MSS., 4263/3062, Clare College Library, Cambridge. Also in Cecil J. Sharp and Maud Karpeles, *English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 264(D). (Small)

1b. "The Suffolk Miracle." Adolphus Small, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 58(B1).

2. "The Suffolk Miracle." Sharp MSS., 3385/2483. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 262(B). (Stockton)

3. "The Suffolk Miracle." Sharp MSS., 3263/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 264(C). (Rice)

4. "The Suffolk Miracle." Sharp MSS., 3182/2323. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 261(A). (Sands)

5. "The Suffolk Miracle." Sharp MSS., 4445/. Also in Arthur Kyle Davis, Jr., *Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1929, pp. 595(C) and 484. (Beckett)

6. "The Suffolk Miracle." Helen Creighton and Doreen H. Senior, *Traditional Songs from Nova Scotia*, 1950, p. 89(B).

7. "The Holland Handkerchief." Helen Hartness Flanders and Marguerite Olney, *Ballads Migrant in New England*, 1953, p. 146. Also in Helen Hartness Flanders, *Ancient Ballads Traditionally Sung in New England*, IV, 1965, p. 57.

8. "The Suffolk Miracle." Sharp MSS., 4455/3144. Also in Davis, *Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1929, pp. 594(B) and 484; and Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 266(E). (Richards)

9. "Richest Girl in Our Town," or "Lucy Bound." *The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore*, IV (*The Music of the Ballads*, ed. Jan P. Schinhan), 1957, p. 102. Text, *Brown Collection*, II (*Folk Ballads from North Carolina*, ed. Henry M. Belden and Arthur Palmer Hudson), 1952, p. 180.

GROUP Ab

10. "The Suffolk Miracle." Helen Hartness Flanders, Elizabeth Flanders Ballard, George Brown, and Phillips Barry, *The New Green Mountain Songster*, 1939, p. 86. Also in Phillips

Barry, *BFSSNE*, No. 5 (1933), p. 8; and Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, IV, 1965, p. 51.

11. "There was a Farmer." Alton C. Morris, *Folksongs of Florida*, 1950, p. 315.

GROUP B

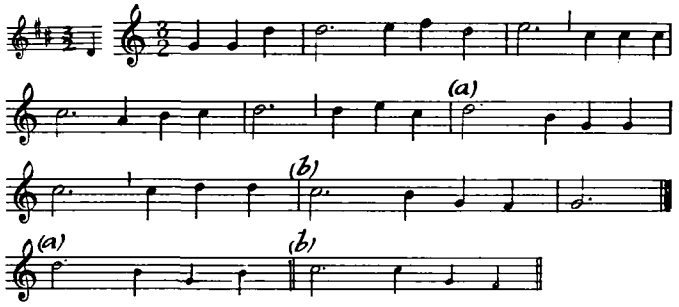
12. "Lady Fair." Vance Randolph, *Ozark Folksongs*, I, 1946, p. 179.

TUNES WITH TEXTS

GROUP Aa

1a. "The Suffolk Miracle"

Sharp MSS., 4263/3062. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 264(D). Sung by Adolphus G. Small, Nellysford, Nelson County, Va., May 22, 1918.

a M

1. There was[1] an old and wealthy man,
He had a daughter great and grand.
She were neat, handsome and tall,
She had a handsome face withall.

2. A many a squire came this way,[2]
This handsome lady for to see;
But at length there were a widow's son,
'Twas found he were her chosen one.

3. It's when her[3] old folks came this to know
They sent him[4] two thousand miles from home,
Which broke this young man's tender heart
To think that he and his love must part.

4. It were[5] on a cold and stormy night,
He started for his heart's delight;
He rode till he came to the place he knew,
Says he: My love, I've come for you.

5. It's your father's request, your mother's heed,
I've come for you all in great speed,
And in two weeks or a little more,
I'll set you safe at your father's door.

6. They rode till they came to the old man's gate,
He did complain his head did ache.
With a handkerchief that he[6] had out,
With it she tied[7] his head about.

7. They rode till they came to the old man's stile,
Says he: My love, let's tarry awhile.
Alight, alight, alight, says he,[8]
And I will put your steeds away.

8. She knocked upon her father's door,
The sight of her love[9] she saw no more.
It's welcome home, my child, says he.
What trusty friend hath[10] come with thee?

9. It's the one I love, I love so well,
I love him better than tongue can tell.
Which[11] made the hair stand on the old man's head,
To think that he'd been twelve months dead.

10. Then princes grand and judges too
Were sent for to witness this great one do (wonder?).[12]
It's although[13] he had been twelve months dead,
The[14] handkerchief were around his head.

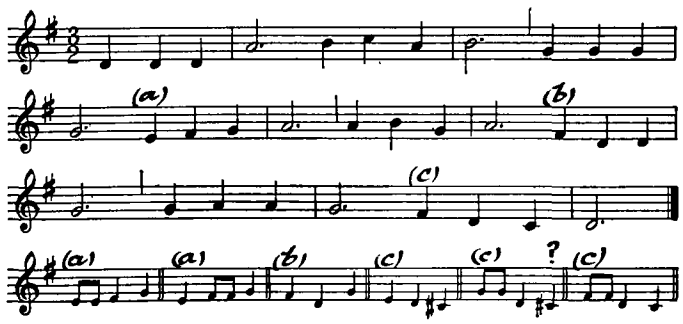
11. Now this is warning to young and old
Who love your[15] children better than gold;
For if you love them give them their way
For fear that love will lead astray.[16]

The following changes were made in Small's 1950 recording (1b, below):

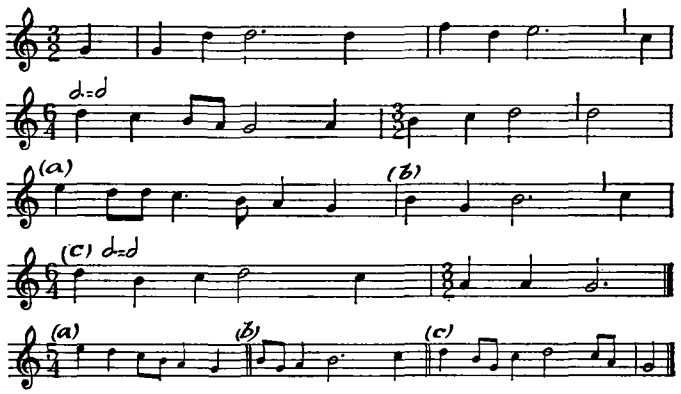
[1] 1950: were
[2] 1950: There were many a guy there came this way.
[3] 1950: the
[4] 1950: her
[5] 1950: was
[6] 1950: she
[7] 1950: bound
[8] 1950: she
[9] 1950: lover
[10] 1950: friends has
[11] 1950: It
[12] 1950: Summons'd were to witness this grave's undo
[13] 1950: though
[14] 1950: Her
[15] 1950: their
[16] 1950: For fear their love may lead astray

1b. "The Suffolk Miracle"

Sung by Adolphus G. Small, Nellysford, Nelson County, Va., 1950. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 58(B1). Collected by Maud Karpeles and Sidney Robertson Cowell.

a M (inflected *VII*)

2. "The Suffolk Miracle"

Sharp MSS., 3385/2483. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 262(B). Sung by T. Jeff Stockton, at Hogskin Creek, Flag Pond, Tenn., September 4, 1916.

a M

1. Sing courting, courting, courting, cane,[1]
   But all the courtships was[2] in vain.
   As soon as her parents this came to know,
   They send[3] her three hundred miles or more.

2. It's first they vowed and then they swore
   Back home she should not come no more.
   This young man was taken sad,
   No kind of news could make him glad.
   His day had come, his hour had passed,
   Unto his grave he must go at last.

3. Although he had[4] twelve months been dead,
   He arose and rode this milk white steed.
   Your mother's cloak, your father's steed,
   My love, I've come for you with great speed.

4. They rode more swifter than the wind
   At last, at last, three hours or more,
   At last, at last, three hours or more,
   He sought[5] her at her father's door.

5. Just as they got within the gate,
   He did complain his head did ache.
   She drew her handkerchief from around her neck
   And bound it round her lover's head.

6. She reached around to kiss his lips.
   She says: My love, you're colder than the clay.
   When we get home some fire we'll have,
   But little did she know he'd come from his[6] grave.

7. Go in, go in, my love, go in,
   Till I go put this steed away.
   Her knocking at her father's door,
   The sight of her love she saw no more.

8. This old man arose, come putting on his clothes,
   Saying: You're welcome home, dear child, to me,
   You're welcome home, dear child, to me.
   What trusty friend did come with thee.

9. Did you not send one I did adore,
   I loved so dear, could love no more?
   Him a-knowing he had twelve months been dead,
   It made the hair rise on the old man's head.

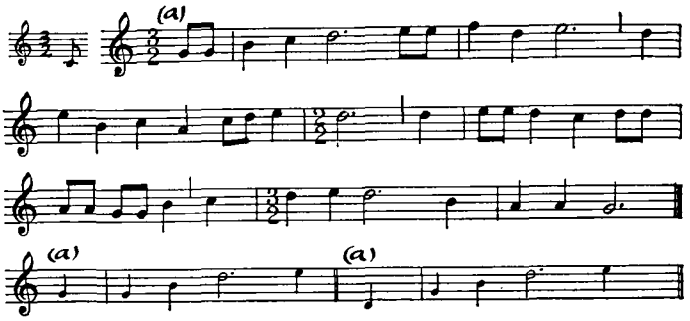
10. The very next morning this was to do,
    This young man raise and him to view.
    Although he had twelve months been dead,
    The handkerchief was around his head.

11. Come parents all, both old and young,
    Your children love more precious than gold.
    For in love let them have their way,
    For love brings many to their grave.

[1] 1932: cain (*sic*)
[2] 1932: were
[3] 1932: sent
[4] 1932: has
[5] 1932: sot
[6] 1932: the

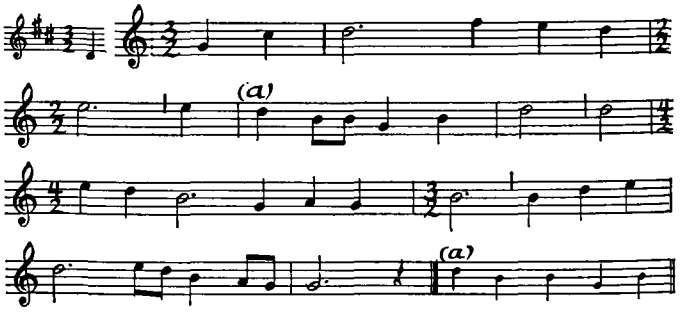
3. "The Suffolk Miracle"

Sharp MSS., 3263/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 264(C). Sung by Mrs. Tom Rice (61), Big Laurel, N.C., August 16, 1916.

(m)a M

Here's your mother's cloak and your father's steed
I've come for you within great speed
And when her old uncle to this he understood
He hoped it might be for her good

4. "The Suffolk Miracle"

Sharp MSS., 3182/2323. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 261(A). Sung by Mrs. Mary Sands, Allanstand, N.C., July 31, 1916.

a M

1. Come you people, old and young,
Pray don't do as I have done,
Pray let your children have their way
For fear that love breeds a decay.

2. When her old father came this to know
That she did love young Villian so,
He sent her off three hundred miles or more
And swore that back home she should come no more.

3. This young man wept, this young man cried,
In about six months for love he died,
Although he had not been twelve months dead
Until he rode a milk-white steed.

4. He rode up to his uncle's home
And for his true love he did call.

5. Here's your mother's coat and your father's steed;
I've come for you in great speed.
And her old uncle as he understood
He hoped it might be for her good.

6. He jumped up and her behind
And they rode more[1] faster than the wind,
And when he got near her father's gate
He did complain that his head did ache.

7. A handkerchief he[2] pulled out
And around his head she tied it about
And kissed his lips and thus did say
My dear, you're colder than any[3] clay.

8. Get down, get down, get down, says he,
Till I go put this steed away.
While she was knocking at the door
The sight of him she saw no more.

9. Get up, get up, get up, says he,
You're welcome home, dear child, says he,
You're welcome home, dear child, says he.
What trusty friend did come with thee.

10. Dear old father, do you know
The one that I once loved before.
The old man knowing he had been twelve months dead
Hit (it)[4] made the hair rise on his head.

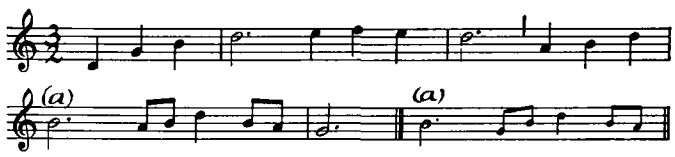
11. He summoned clerks and clergies too
The grave was to open and him to view.
Although he had been twelve months dead
The handkerchief was around his head.

12. Come all of ye both young and old
Who love your children better than gold,
And always let them have their way
For fear that love might prey decay.

"Last verse not given me by Mrs. Sands." [*Sharp's MS. note.*]
[1] Omitted in 1932.
[2] 1932: she
[3] 1932: the
[4] 1932: It

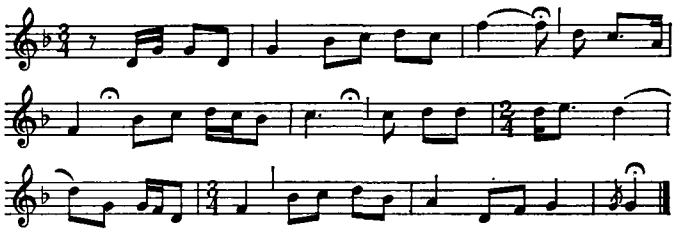
5. "The Suffolk Miracle"

Sharp MSS., 4445/. Also in Davis, 1929, p. 595(C); text, p. 484. Sung by Mrs. Laura Beckett, St. Peter's Settlement School, Callaway, Franklin County, Va., August 16, 1918.

m M (–IV)

O father, father, don't you know
The one I loved I will endure.

6. "The Suffolk Miracle"

Creighton and Senior, 1950, p. 89(8). Sung by William Gilkie, Sambro, N.S.

m D

1. There was a squire lived in this town
He was well known by the people round,
He had a daughter of beauty bright
And she alone was his heart's delight.

2. There was a squire a-courting came
But none of them could her fancy gain
Until a lad of low degree
He fell in her arms and she fancied he.

3. It's when her father he came to hear
He separated her from her dear,
Four score miles or better he had her sent
To her uncle's house and her discontent.

4. This fair one unto her bed of down
She heard a deep and a deadly sound,
She heard a deep and a deadly sound
Saying, "Unloose those bandages that's lightly bound."

5. She looked out of her window clear
And saw her true love on her father's mare,
Saying, "Your mother's orders you must obey
And your father's anger to satisfy."

6. She jumped on to the mare's behind
And they rode off with contented mind,
They rode on till this sad mourn he made
Saying, "My dearest dear how my head do ache."

7. She had a handkerchief of holland clear
And around her true love's head she bound,
She kissed his lips and this sad mourn she made
Saying, "My dearest dear you're as cold as clay."

8. They rode along to her father's cot,
Loud for her father she thus did call,
Saying, "Father dear did you send for me?"
And by such a young man she namèd he.

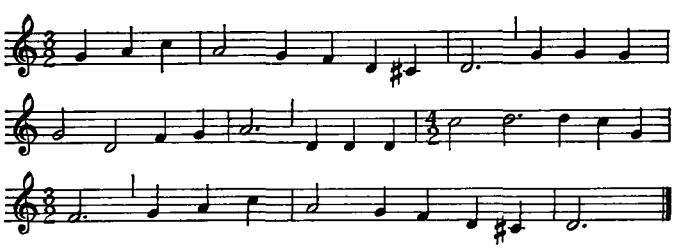
9. Her father knowing this young man was dead
Caused every hair to stand on his head,
He wrung his hands and he wept full sore
But this young man's darling wept ten times more.

10. She arose, to the churchyard goes,
She riz the corpse that was lying once dead,
She riz the corpse that was nine months dead
With a holland handkerchief tied round his head.

11. So come all young men and maidens,
It's never be persuaded by your parents dear,
For when love and virtue it is all gone
There's no recalling it back again.

7. "The Holland Handkerchief"

Flanders and Olney, 1953, p. 146. From Hanford Hayes, Staceyville, Me. Also in Flanders, IV, 1965, p. 57. 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 π^4 (inflected VII)

1. There was a lord lived in this town;
His praises went the country round.
He had a daughter, a beauty bright
On her he placed his heart's delight.

2. O, many a lord a-courting came
But none of them could her fancies gain
Till a poor young man of a low degree
Came under hand and she fancied he.

3. And when her father came this to hear
He separated her far from her dear.
Four scores of miles he had her sent
To her uncle's house at her discontent.

4. One night as she was for bed bound
And all things ready for to lie down,
She heard the voice of a deadly sound,
Saying, "Oh, loose those bands that so earthy bound.
(Here's your father's orders for to go home.")

5. (She dressed herself in quick retire)
Her father's steed she quickly knew;
Her mother's mantle and safeguard, too,
And as she mounted on behind,
Rode swifter, faster than the wind.

6. And all along those words did say,
"My dear and darling, how my head does ache!"
She kissed his lips and those words did say,
"My dear and darling, you're as cold as clay."

7. Her Holland handkerchief she then pulled out
And bound it 'round his head about,
Saying, "When we get home a good fire we'll have."
But little she knew he came from the grave.

8. A short while after a little space
They both arrived at her father's gate.
"Un-light, my dear, and go to bed;
You'll find your steed in the stable fed."

9. But when she entered her father's door,
Her aged father stood on the floor,
Saying, "Father, dear father, did you send for me
By such a messenger, kind sir?" said she.

10. The hair rose on the old man's head
For he knew quite well her true love was dead.
He wrung his hands and wept full sore
But this young man's darling wept ten times more.

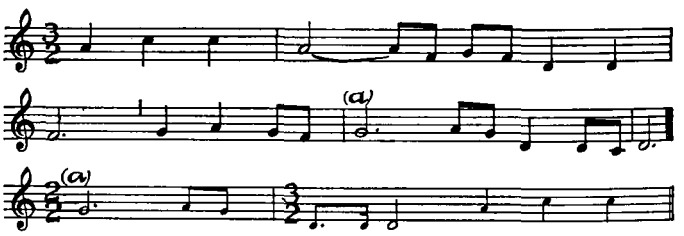
11. A short while after a little space,
They both arrived at this young man's grave.
Although his body was six weeks dead,
Her Holland handkerchief was 'round his head.

12. So come all young maidens, a warning take.
Beware, and not your vows to break.
My vows are broke; my true lover gone.
I never can call him back again.

The lines in parentheses were added in a re-recording, May 5, 1942.

8. "The Suffolk Miracle"

Sharp MSS., 4455/3144. Also in Davis, 1929, p. 594(B); text, p. 484; and Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 266(E). Sung by Mrs. Frances Richards, St. Peter's Settlement School, Callaway, Franklin County, Va., August 16, 1918.

a π^4 (or if on F, p π^1)

1. Twelve months he rose put on his clothes,
Then off to[1] her he then did go.

2. Here's your mother's cloak and your father's steed,
That's sent for you within great speed.

3. He mounted on and she got behind him,
And they rode swiftly as the wind.

4. Before she got to her father's gate,
He did complain his head did ache.

5. She taken her own handkerchief
And around his head she bound it around.

6. He set her at her father's door.
The sight of him she saw no more.

7. Come in, come in, dear daughter, dear,
You are welcome, dear child, to me.

8. Saying: Do you send the[2] any more,
Whom I once loved till I could love no more.

9. It made the hair rise on this old man's head
In knowing he had been twelove[3] months dead.

10. This old man rose, put on his clothes,
Saying: This young man's grave is to be undone.

11. And when they undone this young man's grave
The handkerchief bound round his head.

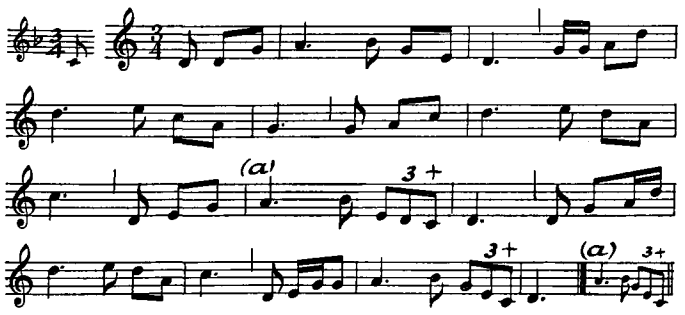
12. Saying: If love can bring the dead decay,
I say pray give to them their way.

13. And ain't this warning to both young and old
To love their children better than gold.

[1] 1932: after
[2] 1932: thee
[3] 1932: twelve

9. "Richest Girl in Our Town," or "Lucy Bound"

Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 102. Text, Belden and Hudson, *Folk Ballads, Brown Collection*, II, 1952, p. 180. Sung by Pat Frye (73), East Bend, Yadkin County, N.C., 1945. Collected by Profs. W. Amos Abrams and Cratis D. Williams.

a M/D

1. The richest girl in our town
To the poorest man was tightless bound.

2. When her old father found it out
He sent her off full forty miles
To stay twelve months and a day
Till her love . . . lay in the clay.

3. One night when she was going to bed—
She was undressing of her head—
She heard a dead and doleful sound:
"O Lucy Bound, I am so tight bound!"

4. She dressed herself in her richly tire
To ride behind her heart's desire.
As she got up behind him
They rode more swiftly than the wind.

5. As they rode upon their way
She kissed his lips as cold as clay;
As they rode on to the tavern gate
He did complain how his head did ache.

6. There was her handkerchief; she pulled it off
And bound his head was all a-bound,
Sayin, "Get thee down, go safe to bed,
And I will see those horses fed."

7. As she knocked at her father's door
It's "Who comes there?" her father says.
"It is your daughter that you've sent for,
You sent for her by the massy dear."

8. It made the hair rise on his head
To think she'd rode behind a dead;
And he did hurry and no safeguard
Straight to that grave and undo.
There was her handkerchief, for very well knew,
For there it hung so well in view.

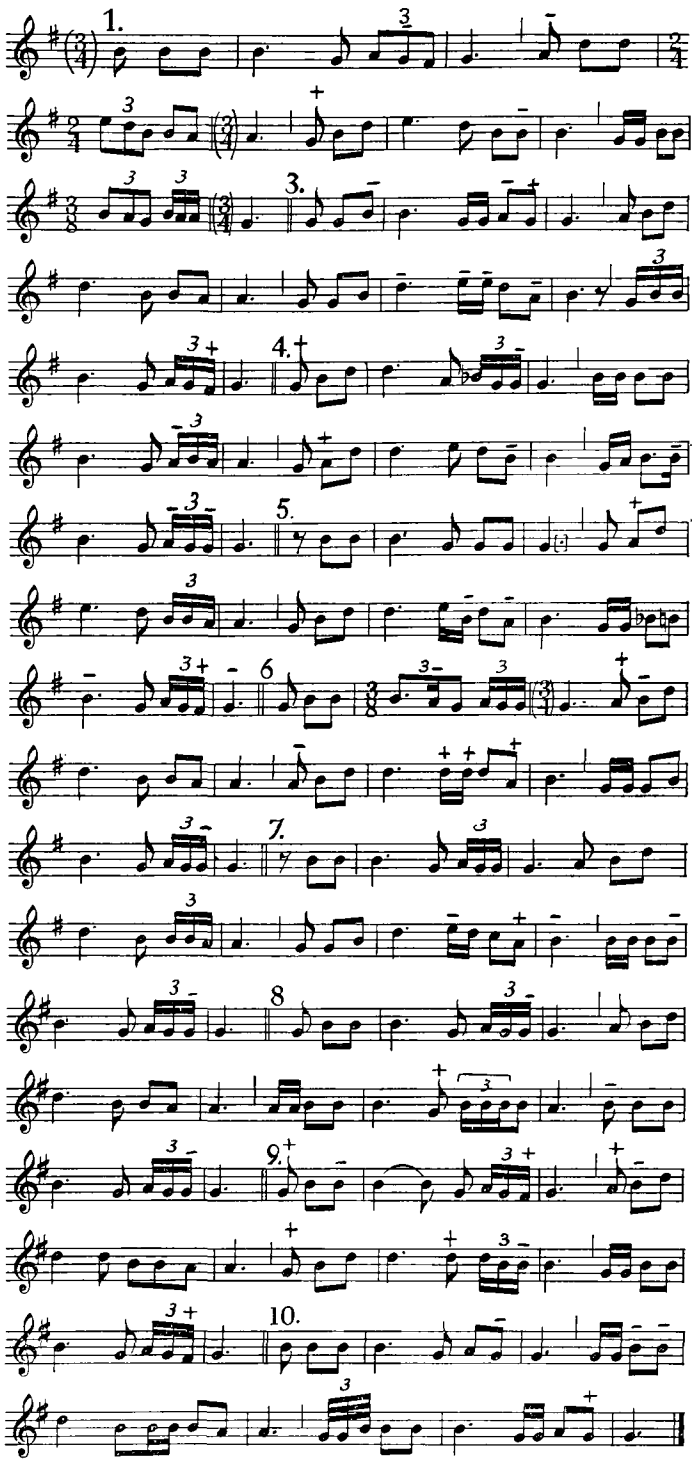
9. If this ain't a warning to old folks still,
Never hinder young ones from their will.

"The 'Lucy Bound' of line 10, apprehended apparently by the singer as the girl's name, comes from the phrase 'loosen these bonds, love, that we have bound'; 'the massy dear' of line 26 is what is left of 'the messenger' of the broadside; the 'safeguard' of line 29, which makes little sense as it stands, seems to have been remembered in the wrong place from an earlier stanza of the broadside where 'her mother's hood and safeguard too' are among the things by which the girl recognizes that her ghostly visitant is authorized to bring her home from her uncle's." [*Belden and Hudson's note.*]

GROUP Ab

10. "The Suffolk Miracle"

Flanders, *et al.*, 1939, p. 86. Also in Phillips Barry, *BFSSNE*, No. 5 (1933), p. 8; and Flanders, IV, 1965, p. 51. Sung by Mrs. E. M. Sullivan, Springfield, Vt.; learned from her father, County Cork, Ireland. Transcribed from dictaphone by Elizabeth Flanders Ballard. Collected by Helen Hartness Flanders. 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/Ly

1. There was a squire lived in this town,
   He was a squire of high renown;
   He had one daughter, a beauty bright,
   And the name he called her was his "Heart's Delight."

2. When her father came this to know,
   He sent his daughter far away,
   Sends her over fifty miles or more
   To detain her of her wedding day.

3. One night as she was for her bed bound,
   As she was taking out her gown,
   She heard the knock, and the deadly sound,—
   "Loosen those bonds, love, that we have bound.

4. "I have your horse, and your mother's cloak,
   And your father's orders to take you home."
   She dressed herself in rich attire,
   And she rid away with her Heart's Desire.

5. She got on, with him behind,
   They rode far faster than any wind,
   And every mile, he would sigh and say,
   "O my lovely jewel, my head it aches."

6. A Holland handkerchief she then took out
   And tied his head with it around;
   She kissed his lips and she then did say,
   "O my love, you're colder than any clay."

7. When they came to her father's gate,
   "Come down, dear jewel," this young man said,
   "Come down, my darling, and go to bed,
   And I'll see your horse in his stable led."

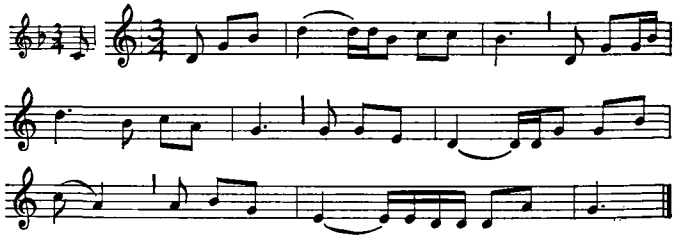
8. And when they came to her father's hall,
   "Who's there, who's there?" her father called,
   "It is I, dear father, did you send for me,
   By such a messenger?"—naming he.

9. Her father, knowing this young man being dead,
   He tore his grey hair down from his head;
   He wrung his hands and he wept full sore,
   And this young man's darling cried more and more.

10. The next day to the grave they went,
    And although this young man had been nine months dead,
    He had a Holland handkerchief
    Around his head.

11. "There was a Farmer"

Morris, 1950, p. 315. Sung by Mrs. G. A. Griffin, Newberry, Fla.; learned from her father.

p I/M

1. There was a farmer lived in our town,
   A farmer we knew, we knew full well;
   He had one daughter most beauty bright,
   And on that daughter takened a great desire.

2. He sent her away, yes, forty long miles,
   To her uncle's house with a discontent;
   Yes, forty long miles, and did he send;
   To her uncle's house with a discontent.

3. As she was setting on her bedside,
A quiet loosening at her gown,
She heard a deep and mourning sound;
"Unloose them bands," says the deepest wound.

4. She knew her father's horse so well,
Her mother's saddle and her safeguard, too,
She dressed herself in the array she died
For to ride along as her heart's desire.

5. As she was riding all alone,
He made his moans that his head did ache;
A handkerchief she out her pulled,
And tied around his heavy brow.

6. As they was riding all alone,
As riding as hard as hard wind could blow.
A kissing of his cold clay lips,
Saying, "Yes, my dear, you're as cold as clay."

7. "Go in, go in, and go to bed,
And I will see your horse well fed;
Go in, go in, and go to bed,
And I will see your horse well fed."

8. The old man cried, "Who's at my door?"
"It is your daughter, Father," she replied;
"It is your daughter, Father," she replied.
"And did you send my love for me?"

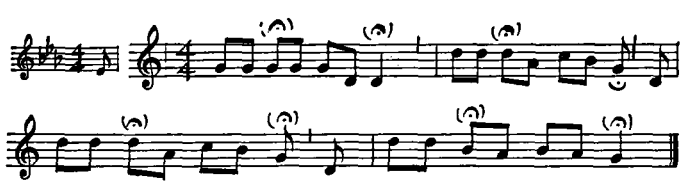
9. This old man knowing he's been so long twelve months dead,
Till it made the hair rise upon his head.
So early next morning this old man rose,
Straightway to the grave, the grave to undo.

10. He dug, he dug, full thirty feet deep,
He dug, he dug till he found a handkerchief.
He had been so long twelve months dead,
But the handkerchief was around his head.

GROUP B

12. "Lady Fair"

Randolph, I, 1946, p. 179. Sung by Mrs. Emma L. Dusenbury, Mena, Ark., November 24, 1930; learned from Miss Eliza Cooper, c. 1870, who had it from her father of Haversham County, Ga.

p I/M (– VI, VII)

While this variant appears quite distinct from the rest, it may be related in a breathless sort of way. The phrases are decayed and indiscriminate; but if the holds indicated in parentheses are measured out to the usual length of the other copies preceding, the tune will be found comparable to variant 5 above (Sharp MSS., 4445/).

1. Lady, lady, lady fair,
Many suitors she had there,
There was a man of low degree,
An' 'mongst them all she fancied he.

2. Also her father come to know,
An' forty miles he made her go,
An' there to stay four months an' a day
Till her true love was laid in the clay.

3. One night she was a-standin'
A-dressin' of her head,
She heard a low an' mournful sound
Sayin' loose them bands that are so tight bound.

4. She knowed her father gilden well,
Likewise her mother, all safe too,
Sayin' dress up so neat an' fine,
An' ride behind your heart's design.

5. As they rode on she kissed his lips,
They was as cold, as cold as clay,
Sayin' when we git there a good fire we'll have,
Not knowin' he was from the grave.

6. They rid till they come to Garland's gate,
An' there he complained his head did ache,
A handkerchief she pulled it out
An' with the same she bound it up.

7. Sayin' we aint got but a few more miles to go,
Till I land you in your father's door,
Go in, go in, go safe to bed,
An' I will see your horse is fed.

8. They rid up an' knocked at the door,
An' her father says who's at the door?
Hit's your daughter, didn't you send for her,
An' mention said such a mass endure?[1]

9. Her father jumped up all out of the bed,
To think his daughter had rode with the dead,
He wrung his hands, he wept a-sore,
Her mother dear she wept much more.

10. Next mornin' so early to the grave they went,
To give this dangal[2] some content;
The handkerchief was round his head,
An' he had been a four months dead.

11. Now it is a warnin' to old folks,
They won't let young-uns have their will,
The first they love they'll never forget,
They'll still stand to it they love 'em yet.

[1] "messenger?" [*Randolph's note.*]
[2] "damsel?" [*Randolph's note.*]

King Edward the Fourth and a Tanner of Tamworth

CHILD NO. 273

THE earliest extant broadsides of this ballad name no tune, but speak of "an excellent new tune"—the usual meaningless formula. That there was a favorite tune associated with the ballad in Elizabeth's day is clear from a passage quoted by Chappell (*Popular Music* [1855-59], II, p. 392) from *Noctes Templariae*, in the Harleian MSS., dated (he says) 1599: "Poet Natazonius saluted him to the tune of *The Tanner and the King*"; but no tune has survived under that name.

For the tune which Chappell arbitrarily assigns to the ballad, on the strength of the opening verbal phrase, "In summer time," see Chappell, *op.cit.*, II, pp. 392-93; and for discussion see *ante*, Vol. III, p. 21, in connection with Child No. 123, and again, p. 64 (No. 148). The dubiousness of such an association is not worth arguing twice. See, again, Claude M. Simpson, *The British Broadside Ballad*, 1966, pp. 373ff.

It is possibly worth noticing that the early texts show abundant substitution of dactyls for trochees—which could most easily be accommodated by a tune in 6/8 metre, or its equivalent. A number of short second lines appear to contain an extra (fourth) foot; and this would necessitate filling up the mid-cadence.

Of the varieties of the poems given in Child's appendices, the first, "The Kyng and the Barker," in a very rough CM, has no surviving tune. The second, the "delectable Historie," has no named tune, but is in the same metre as the ballad proper, with which it has much in common. The third, "King Henry II and the Miller of Mansfield," is in a quite different metre, clearly dactylic and 3/4; with six-line stanzas, the last two lines of each being written in couplet form, but with internal rhyme that breaks them into shorter, more lyrical, units. Most, if not all, of the copies of this piece direct it to be sung to "The French Levalto" [Lavolta, Lavalto]. A tune of that name rescued by Rimbault from a MS. collection of music for virginals (then belonging to T. Birch, of Repton, Derbyshire) is printed with the text in question, by Chappell, *op.cit.*, I, p. 169, and is a variant, undoubtedly, of the one intended. In his *Illustrations of Percy's Reliques*, 1850, p. 39, Rimbault claimed ownership of the MS. which he might have sold or exchanged by the date of Chappell's publication (c. 1855). It seems to have vanished. No date is given for the MS., but the tune sounds Elizabethan. *The Fitzwilliam Virginal Book* (ed. J. A. Fuller Maitland and W. Barclay Squire, 1899, reprint 1963, Vol. II, CLV, p. 180) contains a setting of the tune for virginals, by William Byrd. Both Chappell and Rimbault took it to be English, and we do not care to deny this. But it is an unnoticed fact that the tune has much in common with the one employed by Gay, in *The Beggar's Opera*, for Polly's song, "The Turtle thus with plaintive crying," and the latter air is called "Le printemps rappelle aux armes." So that there would appear to be French associations of at least a century and a half with this graceful melodic idea. See, too, Simpson, *op.cit.*, pp. 237-38, who cites Dutch and French versions as well as English, but believes that no recorded form of the tune "was set down with the ballad in mind."

Chappell's suggestion, *op.cit.*, II, p. 541, that there may be a connection between "Edward IV and the Tanner" and the tune of "Under the Greenwood Tree" seems not to stand in need of disproof. Of other varieties of the theme of royalty in disguise, among ballads mentioned by Child (V, 73-74), the one about King Arthur and a shepherd, first licensed in 1578, later in 1624, and on broadsides in many collections, was in common metre and (naturally) matched with that tune-of-all-work, "Flying Fame," or "Chevy Chase." Cf. *ante*, No. 162, and Simpson, *op.cit.*, pp. 96ff.

If there is little help to be got from the early broadsides, there appears to be a clear melodic line of tradition, howsoever it chances to exist, between the three known records, of dates and places far separated, transmitted from oral sources as the tune of one of the secondary forms of this ballad, "The King and the Tinker." (Cf. Child, V, *loc.cit.*) One was noted in Ireland in the eighteenth century, one in Scotland (apparently) at the beginning of the present century, and one quite recently from Ontario, Canada. Although there is an unmistakable kinship, each has its own individuality, and it is hardly conceivable that the later copies owe anything directly to their printed predecessors. Unfortunately, the textual record is very deficient, and in this case, *faute de mieux*, has been filled with the traditional copy printed in 1846 by J. H. Dixon, later by Robert Bell.

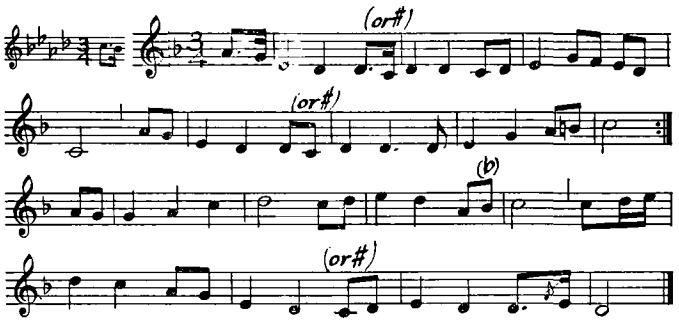
LIST OF VARIANTS

1. "The King and the Tinker." George Petrie, *The Complete Collection of Irish Music*, ed. Charles Villiers Stanford, 1902-05, No. 399.
2. "The King and the Tinker." A. G. Gilchrist, *JEFDSS*, III No. 1 (1936), p. 63.
3. "The King and the Tinker." Edith Fowke, *JAF*, LXXIX (1966), p. 469.

TUNES WITH TEXTS

1. "The King and the Tinker"

Petrie, 1902-05, No. 399. "From O'Neill's Collection, 1787."

a D (inflected VI and VII)

1. And now, to be brief, let's pass over the rest,
   Who seldom or never were given to jest,
   And come to King Jamie, the first of our throne,
   A pleasanter monarch sure never was known.

2. As he was a hunting the swift fallow-deer,
   He dropt all his nobles; and when he got clear,
   In hope of some pastime away he did ride,
   Till he came to an alehouse, hard by a wood-side.

3. And there with a tinkler he happened to meet,
   And him in kind sort he so freely did greet:
   Pray thee, good fellow, what hast in thy jug,
   Which under thy arm thou dost lovingly hug?

4. By the mass! quoth the tinkler, its nappy brown ale,
   And for to drink to thee, friend, I will not fail;
   For altho' thy jacket looks gallant and fine,
   I think that my two-pence as good is as thine.

5. By my soul! honest fellow, the truth thou hast spoke,
   And straight he sat down with the tinkler to joke;
   They drank to the King, and they pledged to each other,
   Who'd seen 'em had thought they were brother and brother.

6. As they were a-drinking the King pleased to say,
   What news, honest fellow? come tell me, I pray?
   There's nothing of news, beyond that I hear
   The King's on the border a-chasing the deer.

7. And truly I wish I so happy may be
   Whilst he is a hunting the King I might see;
   For altho' I've travelled the land many ways
   I never have yet seen a King in my days.

8. The King, with a hearty brisk laughter, replied,
   I tell thee, good fellow, if thou canst but ride,
   Thou shalt get up behind me, and I will thee bring
   To the presence of Jamie, thy sovereign King.

9. But he'll be surrounded with nobles so gay,
   And how shall we tell him from them, sir, I pray?
   Thou'lt easily ken him when once thou art there;
   The King will be covered, his nobles all bare.

10. He got up behind him and likewise his sack,
    His budget of leather, and tools at his back;
    They rode till they came to the merry green wood,
    His nobles came round him, bareheaded they stood.

11. The tinkler then seeing so many appear,
    He slyly did whisper the King in his ear:
    Saying, They're all clothed so gloriously gay,
    But which amongst them is the King, sir, I pray!

12. The King did with hearty good laughter, reply,
    By my soul! my good fellow, it's thou or it's I!
    The rest are bareheaded, uncovered all round.—
    With his bag and his budget he fell to the ground,

13. Like one that was frightened quite out of his wits,
    Then on his knees he instantly gets,
    Beseeching for mercy; the King to him said,
    Thou art a good fellow, so be not afraid.

14. Come, tell thy name? I am John of the dale,
    A mender of kettles, a lover of ale.
    Rise up, Sir John, I will honour thee here,—
    I make thee a knight of three thousand a year!

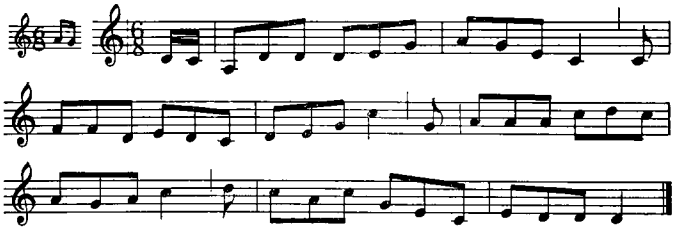
15. This was a good thing for the tinkler indeed;
    Then unto the court he was sent for with speed,
    Where great store of pleasure and pastime was seen,
    In the royal presence of King and of Queen.

16. Sir John of the Dale he has land, he has fee,
    At the court of the King who so happy as he?
    Yet still in his Hall hangs the tinkler's old sack,
    And the budget of tools which he bore at his back.

The text is from J. H. Dixon, *Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs of the Peasantry of England*, Percy Society Publications, Vol. 17, 1846, pp. 109-112. The tune reprinted by permission of the publishers, J. B. Cramer & Co., Ltd.

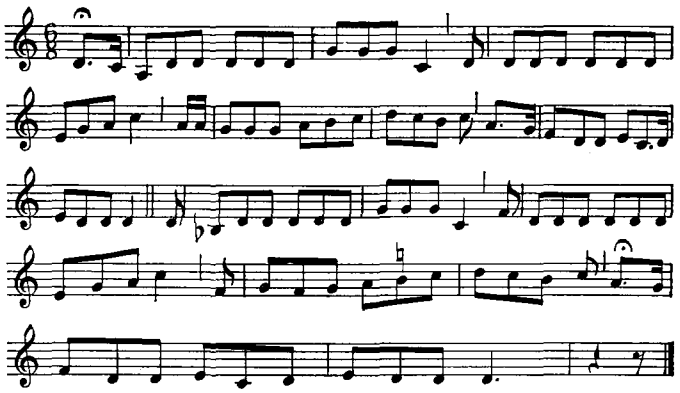
2. "The King and the Tinker"

Gilchrist, *JEFDSS*, III, No. 1 (1936), p. 63. From Frank Kidson's "Edinburgh MS."

m D/Æ

3. "The King and the Tinker"

Fowke, *JAF*, LXXIX (1966), p. 469. Sung by Fred Shorthill, Balinafad, Ontario, Canada, March 27, 1964.

m D (inflected VI)

273. KING EDWARD THE FOURTH AND A TANNER OF TAMWORTH

Oh, the King and the tinker were at a great fair.
The King went a-hunting a deer for to chase.
Over hill and o'er vale away they did steer,
Till they whipped all his nobles and of them got clear.

Chorus:

Why why whack the farrel the farrel la lay;
Why why whack the farrel the farrel la lay;
Why why whack the farrel the tarrel la lay;
Fal the tarrel la larrel la larrel la lay.

Our Goodman

CHILD NO. 274

THE melodic stuff of this ballad is so fluid that it is difficult to handle. It keeps taking the shape of, or borrowing phrases from, other and more familiar tunes, most of them popular, but not ballad, tunes. Especially in the American variants, traces will be noted of "Uncle Ned," "Susanna," "Ain't goin' to rain no more," "Polly-wolly-doodle," "Son of a Gambolier," "Jingle Bells," "The Derby Ram." Yet it hardly seems necessary to separate the variants into different families, or to regard them as belonging to truly unrelated traditions. The Scottish, English, Manx, Irish, and American copies appear to show enough features in common to convince one that all the singers were aiming at a roughly similar melodic ideal, in spite of the great divergences in their realizations of it. The most convenient divisions, therefore, are the objective ones of plagal and authentic, and modal variation between I/Ly and I/M. The tune almost never leaves the major galaxy: only twice in the copies seen. The exceptions (variants 3, 4) may be in fact "sports" and not true variants, as they show little resemblance to the rest, and have a marked affiliation to a tune collected in the same region for "The Broomfield Hill" (Child No. 43, *ante*, Vol. I, p. 340, variant 13; Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 32(1)).

The earliest version on record, that in *The Scots Musical Museum*, is one of the most elaborate, being swelled out by phrases inserted in recitative; but the tune is entirely present, apart from excrescences, in the first four long phrases. Its second half is twice restated thereafter, so that four stanzas of Herd's text, plus two interpolated short couplets, are required for one full musical statement. Maver's tune, 1866, appears to derive from this; and R. A. Smith's, c. 1824, is closely allied. Most of the others are far simpler, several of them being worn down to two long phrases. Refrains and repetitions are handled in a number of ways, more quickly observed than described. Clearly the basic stanza is composed of long couplets, not of quatrains; some violence is done to the melodic phrases when they are broken into shorter units.

More variants are found in a full major scale than in other scales; but I/M is a close second. Half as many variants as in major are in π^1, and half as many variants as in π^1 are in I/Ly. One variant (number 58) appears to end on the second degree and one (variant 50 below) has a dropped close on the lower dominant. About two-thirds of the total are plagal tunes; and all are in some form of duple time: 2/2, 2/4, 4/4, and, rarely, 6/8.

A tune is said to be in the Bunyan MS., 1877, p. 83, according to the Gray-Muir MS., NL Scotland MS. 2254.

An extended study of this song has been made by Joseph Hickerson, who has gathered a very large number of versions. He will, one may hope, publish in due time.

LIST OF VARIANTS

GROUP Aa

1. "Our Goodman came hame at e'en, etc." James Johnson, *The Scots Musical Museum*, V [1796], No. 454, p. 466 (repr. 1853). Also in Robert Maver, *Genuine Scottish Melodies*, 1866, No. 375, p. 188.
2. "Hame Cam Our Gudeman at E'en." Robert Archibald Smith, *The Scotish Minstrel* [1820-24], IV, p. 66. Also in George Eyre-Todd, *Ancient Scots Ballads* [1894], p. 116.

GROUP Ab

3. "Our Goodman." Duncan MSS., "Folk-Song Airs of the North East," p. 118, and "Folk-Song Words belonging to the North East, and received from Mrs Gillespie," p. 590, Cecil Sharp House, London. Also in Gavin Greig and Alexander Keith, *Last Leaves of Traditional Ballads and Ballad Airs*, 1925, p. 216(1). (Gillespie)
4. "Our Goodman." Ewan MacColl, Riverside recording No. RLP 12-621(B1), *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, I, ed. Kenneth S. Goldstein. Also on Argo LP recording No. DA 68, ed. Peggy Seeger and Ewan MacColl.

GROUP B

5. "The Old Man Came Home." Phillips Barry, Fannie H. Eckstorm, and Mary W. Smyth, *British Ballads from Maine*, 1929, p. 315. (Young)
6. "Home Comes the Good Old Man." Arthur Kyle Davis, Jr., *Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1929, pp. 596(D) and 491.
7. "Home Comes the Good Old Man." Davis, 1929, p. 596(F).
8. "Hobble and Bobble." Davis, 1929, pp. 595(B) and 487. Also in C. Alphonso Smith, *The Musical Quarterly*, II (1916), p. 125(B).
9. "Our Goodman." Mrs. Emma Etta Butcher Lewis, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 11,457 (B8).
10. "The Drunken Fool." Mrs. Ruby Abel, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 12,038(A16).

a. "Kind Wife." *The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore*, IV (*The Music of the Ballads*, ed. Jan P. Schinhan), 1957, p. 104(A1).

11. "Three Night Spree." D. K. Wilgus, *Kentucky Folklore Record*, III (1957), pp. 109 and 94.
12. "Our Goodman." "Tunes of Old Ballads and Folksongs," unpublished collection from the singing of Mrs. John Williams, ed. Charles A. Williams and Mabel Williams Kemmerer, 1963.
13. "Our Goodman." Doney Hammontree, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 11,894(B9).
14. "Came Home the Other Night." Elizabeth Law, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 11,454(A6).

b. "Our Goodman." Eloise Hubbard Linscott, *Folk Songs of Old New England*, 1939, p. 260.

GROUP C

15. "Old Wichet." Sharp MSS., 3279/, Clare College Library, Cambridge. Also in Cecil J. Sharp and Maud Karpeles, *English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 269 (C). (Rice)
16. "Kind Wife." Frank C. Brown MSS., 16 a 4 b, Library of Congress, photostat. Also in Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 103(A). Text in *The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore*, II (*Folk Ballads*

from North Carolina, ed. Henry M. Belden and Arthur Palmer Hudson), 1952, p. 181(A).
17. "The Drunkard's Song." William A. Owens, *Texas Folk Songs*, 1950, p. 65.
18. "Home Came A Goodman." Mrs. Minta Morgan, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 907(A1).
19. "Our Goodman." Vance Randolph, *Ozark Folksongs*, I, 1946, p. 181(A). Also in Vance Randolph, *Ozark Mountain Folks*, 1932, p. 225.
20. "Hame Drunk on Sunday." Greig MSS., III, p. 144. King's College Library, Aberdeen. Also in Greig and Keith, *Last Leaves*, 1925, p. 216(2). (Carle)
21. "The Cuckold." Sharp MSS., 766/. (Pope)
22. "The Cuckold's Song." Sharp MSS., 963/1005. (Brooks)
23. "Old Man Crip." The Jolly Boys of Lafayette, Decca recording No. De 5431. Transcribed by Judith McCulloh, in *Folklore and Society: Essays in Honor of Benjamin A. Botkin*, ed. Bruce Jackson, 1966, p. 127.
24. "Our Goodman." Lester A. Hubbard, *Ballads and Songs from Utah*, 1961, p. 36.
25. "Johnny Come Home the Other Night." Warren Roberts, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 10,367(B2).
26. "Four Nights." Maurice Matteson and Mellinger Edward Henry, *Beech Mountatin Folk-Songs and Ballads*, 1936, p. 14.
27. "The Seven Drunken Nights." Peter Shepheard, private collection.

GROUP D

28. "Our Good Man." Alton C. Morris, *Folksongs of Florida*, 1950, p. 317.
29. "Three Nights Experience." Dorothy Scarborough, *A Song Catcher in Southern Mountains*, 1937, pp. 417(A) and 232.
30. "Our Goodman." Sharp MSS., 3666/2724. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 270(E). (Sloan)
31. "Our Goodman." Orrin Rice, LC Archive of American Folk Song, Album 12, record No. 60(A2); and on LC/AAFS record No. L12(B8).
c. "Three Nights Experience." Earl Johnson, Okeh recording No. 45092. Transcribed by McCulloh, in *Folklore and Society: Essays in Honor of Benjamin A. Botkin*, ed. Bruce Jackson, 1966, p. 122.
32. "Six Nights Drunk." Emmet Bankston and Red Henderson, Okeh recording No. 45292 (A and B).
33. "Drunkard's Special." Coley Jones, Columbia recording No. 14489-D. Also on Folkways LP recording No. FP 251, ed. Harry Smith.
d. "Arrow Goodman." Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 104(B).
e. "Arrow Goodman, or Good Wife." Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 105(B1).
34. "Five Nights Experience." Mustard and Gravy, Bluebird recording No. 7905. Transcribed by McCulloh, in *Folklore and Society: Essays in Honor of Benjamin A. Botkin*, ed. Bruce Jackson, 1966, p. 124.
35. "The Three Night's Experience, or The Three Good Nights." Bascom Lamar Lunsford, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 9475(A1).
f. "Three Nights' Experience." Arthur Kyle Davis, Jr., *More Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1960, p. 303(BB).
36. "Our Goodman." Robert Shiflett, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 12,004(A14).
37. "Our Goodman." Dan Tate, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 12,005(A11).
38. "Three Nights Drunk." Mainer and Holmes, Prestige-International Album No. INT-DS 25003(A1).
g. "Arrow Goodman." Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 107(B3).
h. "Our Goodman." Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 111(C).
i. "Arrow Goodman." Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 109(B5).
j. "Arrow Goodman." Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 106(B2).
k. "Arrow Goodman." Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 108(B4).
l. [Our Goodman.] Davis, *More Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1960, p. 302(AA).
m. "Arrow Goodman." Schinhan. *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 110(B6).

GROUP E

39. "The Old Man." Davis, *Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1929, pp. 596(C) and 490. Also in Smith, *The Musical Quarterly*, II (1916), p. 125(C).
40. "The Cuckold," or "Old Milking Cow." Sharp MSS., 80/140. (Preston)
41. "Our Goodman." Sharp MSS., 4839/. (Noble)
42. "Our Goodman." Winston Wilkinson MSS., 1935-36, p. 94.

GROUP F

43. "Hame cam' our Gudeman at e'en." Colin Brown, Josiah Pittman, Myles B. Foster, and Charles Mackay, eds., *Songs of Scotland* [1877], II, p. 62. Also in Smith, *The Musical Quarterly*, II (1916), p. 125(A).
44. "Our Goodman." Helen Creighton and Doreen H. Senior, *Traditional Songs from Nova Scotia*, 1950, p. 91.
45. "An Old Man Came Tumbling Home." Reed Smith, *South Carolina Ballads*, 1928, p. 160.
46. "I Went Home One Night." Randolph, *Ozark Folksongs*, I, 1946, p. 183(B).

GROUP G

47. "The Cuckold's Song." Sabine Baring-Gould MSS., CXLIII (2), Plymouth Public Library.
48. "Old Wichet." Sabine Baring-Gould, H. Fleetwood Sheppard, and F. W. Bussell, *Songs of the West*, 1905, p. 60.
49. "The Cuckold's Song." Baring-Gould MSS., CXLIII(1) and (A).
50. "I Called to My Loving Wife." Scarborough, *A Song Catcher in Southern Mountains*, 1937, pp. 418(C) and 235.

GROUP H

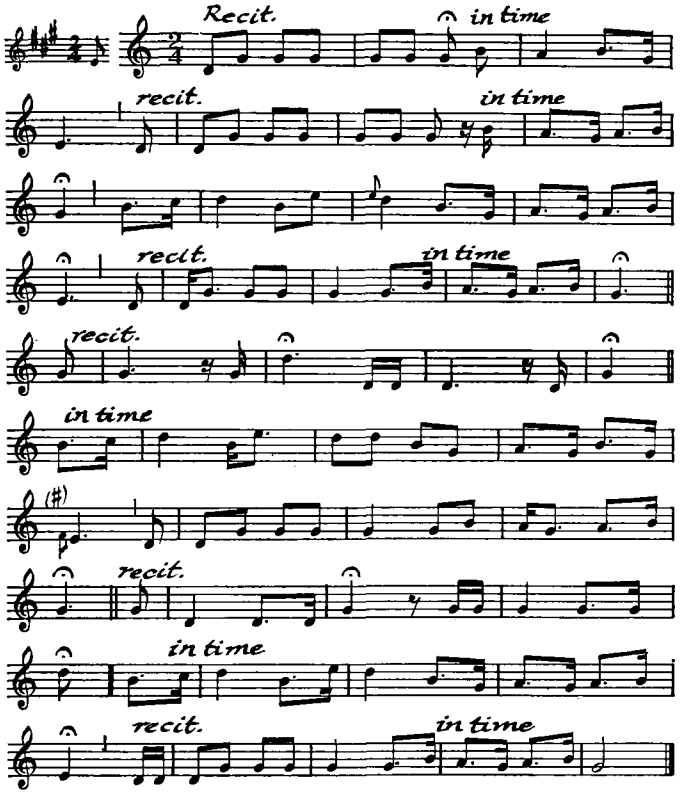
51. "Haink Fer-Thie Thie Amnagh" ("Hame Came our Gudeman")." Dr. John Clague, *JFSS*, VII, No. 30 (1926), p. 302.
52. "Our Goodman." Sharp MSS., 4671/3293. (Mitchell)
53. "Old Wichet." Sharp MSS., 3289/2396. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 268(B). (Rice)
54. "Three Nights of Experience." Scarborough, *A Song Catcher in Southern Mountains*, 1937, pp. 417(B) and 234.
55. "Old Wichet." Sharp MSS., 3484/2569. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 267(A). (Gentry)
56. "Down Came the Old Man." Davis, *Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1929, p. 597(G).
57. "Hobble and Bobble." Frank Luther, *Americans and Their Songs*, 1942, p. 18.
58. "Our Goodman." Sharp MSS., 3803/2797. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 269(D). (Wilson)

TUNES WITH TEXTS

GROUP Aa

1. "Our Goodman came hame at e'en, etc."

Johnson, V [1796], No. 454, p. 466 (repr. 1853). Also in Maver, 1866, No. 375, p. 188. From the singing of an old Edinburgh hair-dresser named Geikie.

p I/M

1. Our goodman came hame at e'en,
   And hame came he;
   And there he saw a saddle horse,
   Where nae horse should be.
   O how came this horse here?
   Or how can it be
   O how came this horse here,
   Without the leave o' me?
   A horse! quo' she:
   Ay a horse, quo' he.
   Ye auld blind dotard carl,
   And blinder mat ye be
   'Tis but a dainty milk cow,
   My minny sent to me.
   A milk cow! quo' he;
   Ay a milk cow, quo' she.
   O far hae I ridden,
   And meikel hae I seen,
   But a saddle on a milk cow afore
   I ne'er saw nane.

2. Our goodman came hame at e'en,
   And hame came he;
   He spy'd a pair of jackboots,
   Where nae boots should be.
   What's this now goodwife?
   What's this I see?
   How came these boots there
   Without the leave o' me?
   Boots! quo' she:
   Ay, boots quo' he.
   Shame fa' your cuckold face,
   And ill mat ye see,
   It's but a pair of water stoups
   The cooper sent to me.
   Water stoups! quo' he:
   Ay, water stoups, quo' she.
   Far hae I ridden,
   And farer hae I gane,
   But siller spurs on water stoups
   Saw I never nane.

3. Our goodman came hame at e'en,
   And hame came he;
   And then he saw a (siller) sword,
   Where a sword should not be:
   What's this now goodwife?
   What's this I see?
   O how came this sword here,
   Without the leave o' me?
   A sword! quo' she:
   Ay, a sword, quo' he.
   Shame fa' your cuckold face,
   And ill mat you see,
   It's but a parridge spurtle
   My minnie sent to me.
   (A parridge spurtle! quo' he:
   Ay, a parridge spurtle quo' she.)
   Weil, far hae I ridden,
   And muckle hae I seen;
   But siller handed (parridge) spurtles
   Saw I never nane.

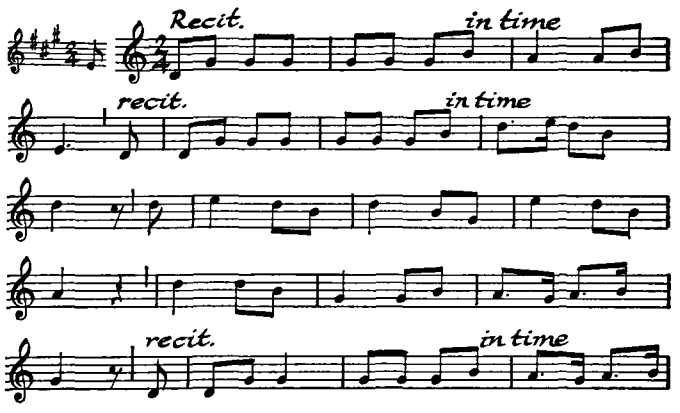
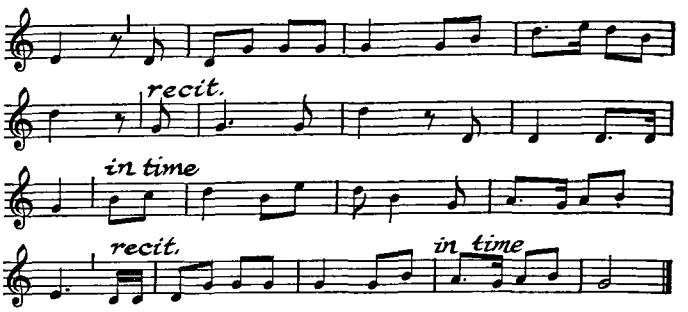
4. Our goodman came hame at e'en,
   And hame came he;
   There he spy'd a powder'd wig,
   Where nae wig should be.
   What's this now goodwife?
   What's this I see?
   How came this wig here,
   Without the leave o' me.
   A wig! quo' she:
   Ay, a wig, quo' he.
   Shame fa' your cuckold face,
   And ill mat you see,
   'Tis naething but a clocken hen
   My minnie sent to me.
   A clocken hen! quo' he:
   Ay, a clocken hen, quo' she.
   Far hae I ridden,
   And muckle hae I seen,
   But powder on a clocken-hen,
   Saw I never nane.

5. Our goodman came hame at e'en,
And hame came he;
And there he saw a muckle coat,
Where nae coat shou'd be.
O how came this coat here?
How can this be?
How came this coat here
Without the leave o' me?
A coat! quo' she:
Ay, a coat, quo' he.
Ye auld blind dotard carl,
Blind mat ye be,
It's but a pair of blankets
My minnie sent to me.
Blankets! quo' he:
Ay, blankets, quo' she.
Far hae I ridden,
And muckle hae I seen,
But buttons upon blankets
Saw I never nane.

6. Ben went our goodman,
And ben went he;
And there he spy'd a sturdy man,
Where nae man should be.
How came this man here.
How can this be?
How came this man here,
Without the leave o' me?
A man! quo' she:
Ay, a man, quo' he.
Poor blind body,
And blinder mat ye be,
It's a new milking maid,
My mither sent to me.
A maid! quo' he:
Ay, a maid, quo' she,
Far hae I ridden,
And muckle hae I seen,
But lang-bearded maidens
Saw I never nane.

2. "Hame Cam Our Gudeman at E'en"

Smith [1820-24], IV, p. 66. Also in Eyre-Todd [1894], p. 116.

p. I/M

Eyre-Todd restores the first exclamatory section as in the *Museum*, and then repeats it without change as it stands in the present variant.

Hame cam oure gudeman at e'en,
And hame cam he,
And there he saw a saddle horse,
Where horse sud na be.
Oh! how's this? and what's this?
And wha's may he be?
How cam this horse here
Without the leave o' me?
Ye silly, blind, doited carl,
And blinder may ye be;
It's but a bonnie milk cow
My minnie sent to me.
Milk cow! quo' he; ay milk cow, quo' she;
O far hae I ridden, and miekle hae I gaen,
But a saddle on a milk cow
Saw I never nane.

Hame cam oure gudeman at e'en,
And hame cam he,
And there he saw a siller gun,
Whar nae sic gun sud be.
How's this? and what's this?
And how cam this to be?
How cam this gun here
Without the leave o' me?
Ye stupid auld doited carl,
Ye're unco blind I see;
It's but a bonnie parritch-stick
My Minnie sent to me.
Parritch-stick! quo' he; ay, parritch-stick, quo' she;
Far hae I ridden, and miekle hae I seen,
But siller munted parritch-sticks
Saw I never nane.

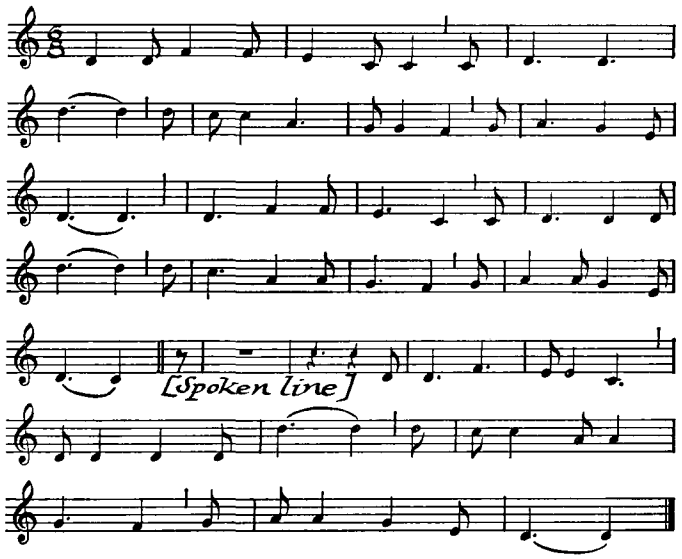
Hame cam oure gudeman at e'en,
And hame cam he,
And there he saw a feather-cap,
Whar nae cap sud be.
How's this? and what's this?
And how cam this to be?
How cam this bannet here
Without the leave o' me?
Ye're a silly auld donard bodie,
And unco blind I see;
It's but a tappit clocken hen
My minnie sent to me.
A clocken hen! quo' he; a clocken hen, quo' she;
Far hae I ridden, and farer hae I gaen,
But white cockauds on clocken hens
Saw I never nane.

Ben the house gaed the gudeman,
And ben gaed he,
And there he spied a Hieland plaid,
Whar nae plaid sud be.
How's this? and what's this?
And how cam this to be?
How cam the plaid here
Without the leave o' me?
Oh hooly, hooly, my gudeman,
And dinna angered be;
It cam wi' cousin McIntosh
Frae the north countrie.
Your cousin! quo' he; aye cousin, quo' she;
Blind as ye may jibe me, I've sight enough to see,
Ye're hidin tories in the house
Without the leave o' me.

GROUP Ab

3. "Our Goodman"

Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 118; "Words," p. 590. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 216(1). Sung by Mrs. Gillespie, Glasgow, 1905. From local tradition.

a D/Æ

Duncan names other singers who used the same tune, Mrs. Petrie, Mrs. Kindness. Mrs. Gillespie, he says, also sang to it "Molly Leigh." Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 115.

1. Hame cam oor goodman, an' hame cam he,
An' he got a horse in a stall where nae horse should be.
"An' how cam this horse here, an' how can it be?
An how cam this horse here withoot the leave o' me?"
(*Spoken*) "A horse?" quo' she; "Ay, a horse," quo he.
"Ye aul' blin' dottered carle, blinner mat ye be,
It's but a little milk coo my minnie sent to me."
(*Spoken*) "A milk coo"? quo' he; "Ay, a milk coo," quo' she.
"Far hae I ridden an' muckle hae I seen,
But a saddle on a milk coo saw I never neen."

2. Hame cam oor goodman, an' hame cam he,
An' he got a pair o' boots where nae boots should be.
"How cam this boots here, an how can it be?
An how cam this boots here withoot the leave o' me?"
(*Spoken*) "Boots"? quo' she, "Ay, boots," quo' he.
"Ye aul' blin' dottered carle, blinner mat ye be,
It's but a pair o' water stoups my minnie sent to me."
(*Spoken*) "Water stoups"? quo' he; "Ay, water stoups," quo she.
"Far hae I ridden, an' muckle hae I seen,
But laces upon water stoups saw I never neen."

3. Hame cam oor goodman, an' hame cam he,
An' he got a staff in the hoose where nae staff should be.
"How cam this staff here, an' how can it be?
Or how cam this staff here withoot the leave o' me?"
(*Spoken*) "A staff?" quo' she; "Ay, a staff," quo' he.
"Ye aul' blin' dottered carle, blinner mat ye be,
It's but a little pottage stick my minnie sent to me."
(*Spoken*) "A pottage stick?" quo' he; "Ay, a pottage stick," quo' she.
"Far hae I ridden an' muckle hae I seen,
But siller heids on pottage sticks saw I never neen."

4. Hame cam oor goodman, an' hame cam he,
An' there he saw a man's hat where nae hat should be.
"How cam this hat here, or how can it be?
Or how cam this hat here withoot the leave o' me?"
(*Spoken*) "A hat?" quo' she; "Ay, a hat," quo' he.
"Ye aul' blin' dottered carle, blinner mat ye be,
It's but a hen's nest my minnie sent to me."
(*Spoken*) "A hen's nest?" quo' he; "Ay, a hen's nest," quo' she
"Far hae I ridden an' muckle hae I seen,
But ribbons aboot hen's nests saw I never neen."

5. Hame cam oor goodman, an' hame cam he,
An' there he saw a muckle coat where nae coat should be.
"How cam this coat here, an' how can it be?
Or how cam this coat here withoot the leave o' me?"
(*Spoken*) "A coat?" quo' she; "Ay, a coat," quo' he.
"Ye aul' blin' dottered carle, blinner mat ye be,
It's but a pair o' blankets my minnie sent to me."
(*Spoken*) "Blankets?" quo' he; "Ay, blankets," quo' she.
"Far hae I ridden, an' muckle hae I seen,
But buttons upon blankets saw I never neen."

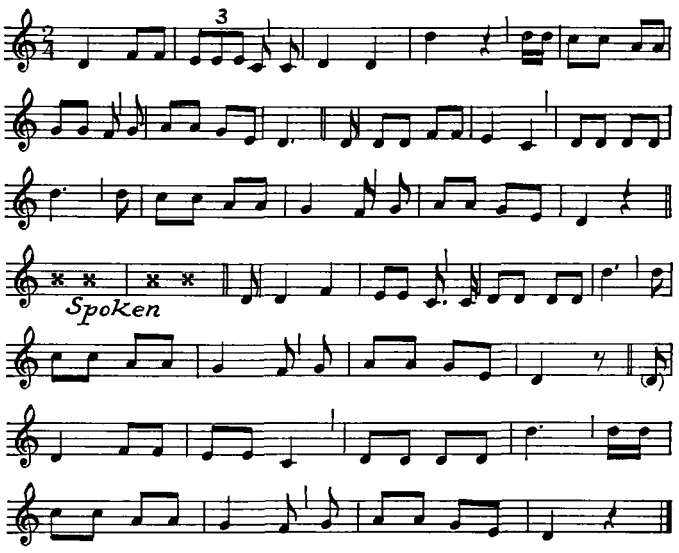
6. Hame cam oor goodman an' hame cam he,
An' he got a man i' the bed where nae man should be.
"O how cam this man here, an' how can it be?
An' how cam this man here withoot the leave o' me?["]
(*Spoken*) "A man?" quo' she; "Ay, a man," quo' he.
"Ye aul' blin' dottered carle, blinner mat ye be,
It's but a little milkmaid my minnie sent to me."
(*Spoken*) "A milkmaid?" quo' he; "Ay, a milkmaid," quo' she.
"Far hae I ridden an' muckle hae I seen
But lang-bearded milkmaids saw I never neen."

Stanza six above accompanies the tune, where it appears with some variations, as follows:

He got a man i' the hoose,
Where nae man should be.
Hoo cam this man here, an' hoo can it be?
Or hoo, cam' this man here withoot the leave o' me?

4. "Our Goodman"

Sung by Ewan MacColl, Riverside rec. No. RLP 12-621(B1), ed. K. S. Goldstein. Also on Argo LP rec. No. DA 68, ed. Peggy Seeger and Ewan MacColl. Learned from MacColl's father.

a D/Æ

1. Hame cam' oor gudeman at e'en,
And hame cam' he,
And he saw a muckle horse
Where nae horse should be.
"How cam' this muckle horse here,
How cam' this to be?
How cam' this muckle horse here
Wi'oot the leave o' me?"
"A horse?" quo' she,
"Ay, a horse," quo' he.
"Ye auld blin' doited carle,
For unco blin' ye be,
It's but a bonnie milk coo
My minnie sent to me."
"O, far ha'e I traivelled,
And far'er hae I been,
But a saddle on a milk coo
Saw I never nane."

2. Hame cam' oor gudeman at e'en,
And hame cam' he,
Saw a pair o' muckle shoon
Where nae shoon should be.
"What's this and wha's this,
How cam' this to be?
How cam' these muckle shoon here
Wi'oot the leave o' me?"
"Shoon?" quo' she,
"Ay, shoon," quo' he.
"Ye auld, blin' doited carle,
And blin'er may ye be,
It's but a pair o' water stoups
My minnie sent to me."
"Far hae I traivelled
And far'er hae I been,
But siller spurs on water stoups
Saw I never nane."

3. Hame cam' oor gudeman at e'en,
And hame cam' he,
And he saw a braw plaidie,
Where nae plaidie should be.
"How's this, and what's this,
How cam' this to be?
How cam' this braw plaid here,
Wi'oot the leave of me?"
"A plaidie?" quo' she,
"Ay, a plaidie," quo' he.
"Ye auld blin' doited carle,
And blin'er may ye be,
It's just a bonnie blanket,
My minnie sent tae me."
"Far hae I travelled
And far'er hae I been,
But a blanket o' sic muckle worth,
Saw I never nane."

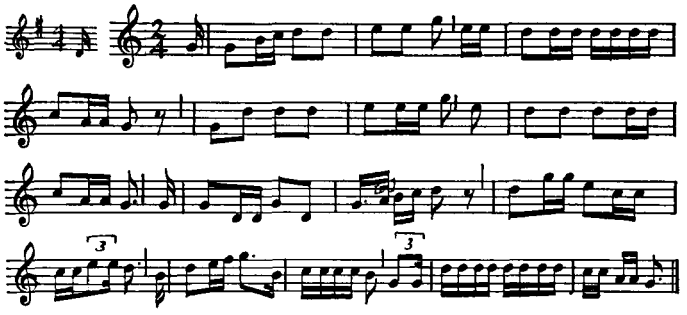
4. Hame cam' oor gudeman at e'en,
And hame cam' he,
And he saw a hielan' bonnet
Where nae bonnet it should be.
"How's this and what's this,
How cam' this to be,
How cam' this hielan' bonnet here
Wi'oot the leave of me?"
"A bonnet?" quo' she,
"Ay, a bonnet," quo' he.
"Ye auld blin' doited carle,
And blin'er may ye be,
It's but a tappit clockin hen
My minnie sent to me."
"Far hae I travelled
And far'er hae I been,
But a white cockade on a clockin' hen,
Saw I never nane."

5. Hame cam' oor gudeman at e'en,
And hame cam' he,
And he got a man into the bed,
Where nae man should be.
"How's this and what's this,
How cam' this to be?
How cam' this man here,
Wi'oot the leave o' me?"
"A man?" quo' she,
"Ay, a man," quo' he.
"Ye auld blin' doited carle,
And blin'er may ye be,
It's but a bonnie milkmaid
My minnie sent tae me."
Far hae I traivelled,
And far'er hae I been,
But whiskers on a milkmaid
Saw I never nane."

GROUP B

5. "The Old Man Came Home"

Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, 1929, p. 315. Sung by Mrs. Susie Carr Young, Brewer, Me.; from family tradition. Noted by George Herzog, 1928.

m M?

It seems likely that the solitary seventh in the tune was sharped.

1. The old man came home, and home came he,
Found a horse in the stable, where his own ought to be.
"Wife, dear wife, do tell unto me:
How came this horse where my own ought to be?"

"You old fool, you blind fool, can't you plainly see,
This is a sow-pig my mother sent to me?"

"I've travelled this world three hundred miles or more,
And a saddle on a sow-pig's what I never saw before."

2. The old man came home and home came he,
Found a whip on the nail where his own ought to be.
"Wife, dear wife, do tell unto me:
How came this whip where my own ought to be?"

"You old fool, you blind fool, can't you plainly see,
This is a churn-dash that my mother sent to me?"

"I've travelled this world three hundred miles or more,
And a lash on a churn-dash's what I never saw before."

3. The old man came home, and home came he,
Found a hat on the table where his own ought to be:
"Wife, dear wife, do tell unto me:
How came this hat where my own ought to be?"

"You old fool, you blind fool, can't you plainly see,
This is a cream-pot my mother sent to me?"

"I've travelled this world three hundred miles or more,
And fur on a cream-pot's what I never saw before."

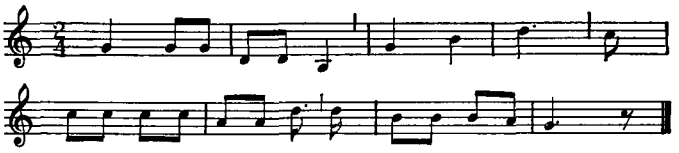
4. The old man came home, and home came he,
Found a man in the place where himself ought to be.
"Wife, dear wife, do tell unto me:
How came this man where myself ought to be?"

"You old fool, you blind fool, can't you plainly see,
This is a baby my mother sent to me?"

"I've travelled this world three hundred miles or more,
And whiskers on a baby's what I never saw before."

6. "Home Comes the Good Old Man"

Davis, 1929, p. 596(D); text, p. 491. Contributed by Juliet Fauntleroy, May 10, 1914, from the singing of Mrs. James Dearing, Lynchburg, Va.

p I/M (–VI)

1. Home comes the good old man,
Home comes he,
He finds a horse a-standing
Where his own horse ought to be.

2. "My own wife, my dear wife,
What can the matter be?
I find a horse a-standing
Where my own horse ought to be."

3. "You old fool, you blind fool,
Can't you plainly see
It's nothing but a milk cow
My mother gave to me?"

4. "I've traveled many thousand miles,
I'll travel many more,
But I never saw a milk cow
With a saddle on before."

5. "My own wife, my dear wife,
What can the matter be?
I find a hat a-hanging
Where my own hat ought to be."

6. "You old fool, you blind fool,
Can't you plainly see
It's nothing but a milk pail
My mother gave to me?"

7. "I've traveled many thousand miles,
I'll travel many more,
But I never saw a milk pail
With a handle (?) on before."

8. "My own wife, my dear wife,
What can the matter be?
I find a coat a-hanging
Where my own coat ought to be."

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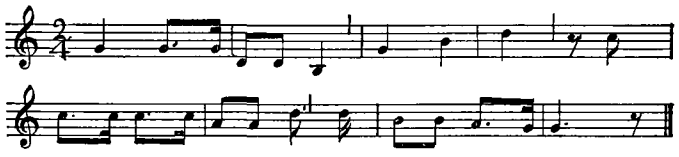
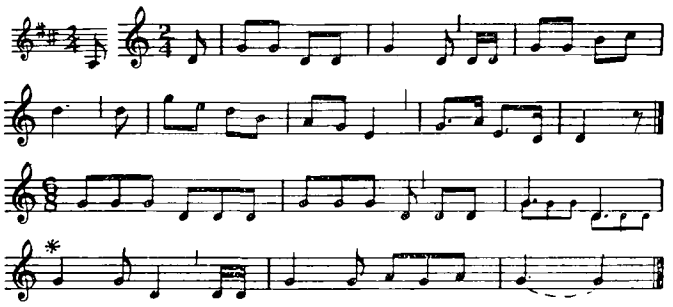
7. "Home Comes the Good Old Man"

Davis, 1929, p. 596(F). Contributed by Juliet Fauntleroy, July 26, 1914, from the singing of Mrs. F. P. Christian, Campbell County, Va.

p I/M (–VI)

Reprinted by permission of the publishers, The University Press of Virginia.

8. "Hobble and Bobble"

Davis, 1929, p. 595(B); text, p. 487. Also in Smith, *MQ*, II (1916), p. 125(B). Contributed by Juliet Fauntleroy, May 11 (text), and June 6 (tune), 1914, from the singing of Henry Payne, near Altavista, Va. Collected by Mrs. H. W. Adams.

m I/M

The bar marked with an asterisk has been inserted by the present editor, conjecturally, to accommodate the text.

1. I walked into my stable,
   And the sight that I did see,
   It was some gentlemen's horses,
   One, or two, or three.

2. I called to my kind wife,
   So kindly she answered me.[1]
   "What are those horses doing there
   Without a lief from me?"

3. "Whole couple, blind couple,[2]
   Fool, can't you see?
   It's nothing but some old milk cows
   My mother sent here to me."

4. "Hobble and bobble,
   Very well done,
   Saddle and bridle on an old milk cow
   Is a thing I never did see."

5. I walked into my yard,
   And the sight that I did see,
   It was some gentlemen's hound dogs there,
   One, or two, or three.

6. I called to my kind wife,
   So kindly she answered me.
   "What are those dogs doing there
   Without a lief from me?"

7. "Whole couple, blind couple,
   Fool, can't you see?
   It's nothing but the old cow's calves
   My mother sent here to me."

8. "Hobble and bobble,
   And very well done,
   The born cows' calves and the hound dogs' ears
   Are things I never did see."

9. I walked into my porch,
   The sight that I did see,
   It was some gentlemen's hats in there,
   One, or two, or three.

10. I called to my kind wife,
    So kindly she answered me.
    "What are those hats doing there
    Without a lief from me?"

11. "Whole couple, blind couple,
    Fool, can't you see?
    It's nothing but some old wash pans
    My mother sent here to me."

12. "Hobble and bobble,
    Very well done,
    A hat band on an old wash pan
    Is a thing I never did see."

13. I walked into my chamber,
    The sight that I did see,
    It was some gentlemen's big coats there,
    One, or two, or three.

14. I called to my kind wife,
    So kindly she answered me.
    "What are those big coats doing there
    Without a lief from me?"

15. "Whole couple, blind couple,
    Fool, can't you see?
    It's nothing but some blankets,
    My mother sent here to me."

16. "Hobble and bobble,
    Very well done,
    Sleeves and pockets on a blanket
    Is a thing I never did see."

17. I walked into my dining room,
    The sight that I did see,
    It was some gentlemen's boots in there,
    One, or two, or three.

18. I called to my kind wife,
    So kindly she answered me.
    "What are those boots doing there,
    Without a lief from me?"

19. "Whole couple, blind couple,
    Fool, can't you see?
    It's nothing but some coffee pots
    My mother sent here to me."

20. "Hobble and bobble,
Very well done,
Boot straps on a coffee pot
Is a thing I never did see."

21. I walked up to my table,
The sight that I did see,
It was some gentlemen sitting there,
One, or two, or three.

22. I called to my kind wife,
So kindly she answered me.
"What are those gentlemen doing there
Without a lief from me?"

23. "Whole couple, blind couple,
Fool, can't you see?
It's nothing but some cabbage heads
My mother sent here to me."

24. "Hobble and bobble,
Very well done,
But hair on a cabbage head
Is a thing I never did see."

[1] "Variant two lines: 'I hailed to my kind wife,
So kind she answered me.'" [*Davis's note.*]

[2] "For 'old cuckold, blind cuckold.' The word *cuckold* evidently meant nothing to the singer. Cf. Child B." [*Davis's note.*]

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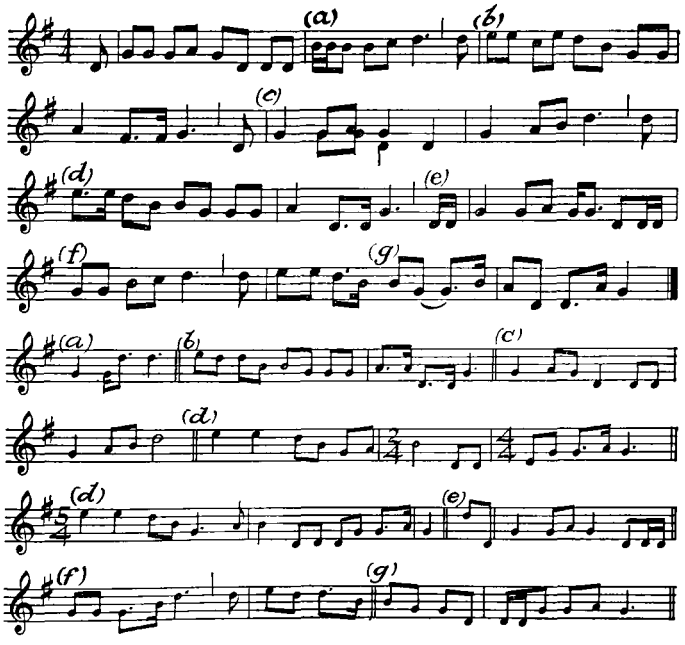
9. "Our Goodman"

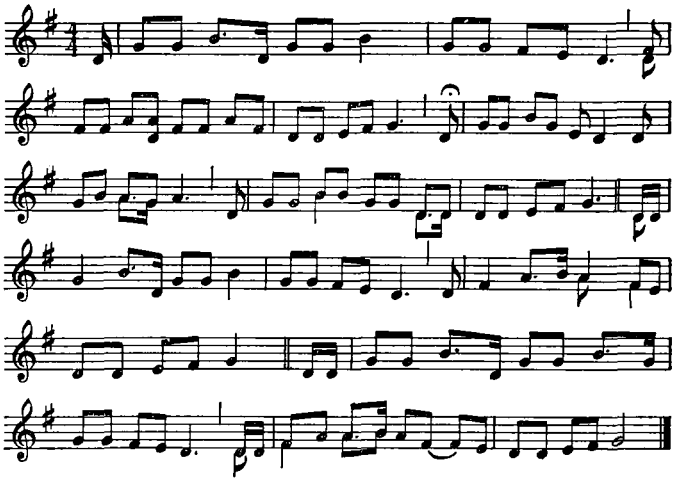
Sung by Mrs. Emma Etta Butcher Lewis, Vinton and Meigs Counties, Ohio. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 11,457(B8). Recorded by Anne Grimes.

p I

I came home from town last night, ?was drier than I could be?
I saw a man in my house, where I ought to be.
I went to my wife and asked her if she
Knew who that man was ín my house where I ought to be.
'Says, You old fool, you crazy fool, have you got no sense at all?
It's nothing but the milkman came to bring my milk
(? 'ave gone)

And I came home another night and what did I see?
I saw a man in my bed, where I had ought to be.
I went to my wife and I asked her if she
Knéw who wás that man in my bed where I had ought to be.
Why, you old fool, you darned fool, ain't y' got no sense at all?
That's nóthing bút a dóll babý my móther gave mé last Fáll.
(ends in laughter)

10. "The Drunken Fool"

Sung by Mrs. Ruby Abel, Huntsville, Ark. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 12,038(A16). Recorded by Mary Celestia Parler, Fayetteville, Ark., August 12, 1958.

p I/M (compass of a sixth)

1. Well I came home the other night
Drunk as I could be
I found a hat on my hat-rack
Where my hat ought to be.

Now come, my little wifie,
Explain yourself to me
Why is this hat on my hat-rack
Where my hat ought to be?

Well, you blind fool, you drunken fool,
Can't you ever see?
That's only a milk pail
My granny gave to me.

(Well) I've travelled East, I've travelled West,
A hundred miles or more,
But a sweat-band in a milk-pail
I've never seen before.

2. Well I came home the other night
'S drunk as I could be
I found a coat on my coat-rack
Where my coat ought to be.

Now come, my little wifie,
Explain this thing to me
Why is this coat on my coat-rack
Where my coat ought to be?

You blind fool, you drunken fool,
Can't you ever see?
That's only a blanket
My granny gave to me.

Well, I've travelled East, I've travelled West
A hundred miles or more,
But pockets in a blanket
I've never seen before.

3. Well I came home the other night
'S drunk as I could be
I found a head on my pillów
Where my head ought to be.

Now come, my little wifie,
Explain this thing to me
Why is this head on my pillów
Where my head ought to be?

Well you blind fool, you drunken fool
Can't you ever see?
That's only a cabbage
My granny gave to me.

Well, I've travelled East, I've travelled West
A hundred miles or more,
But a mustache on a cabbage
I've never seen before.

4. Well I came home the other night
As drunk as I could be
I found some boots undér my bed
Where my boots ought to be.

Now come, my little wifie,
Explain this thing to me.
Why are these boots under my bed
Where my boots ought to be?

'll you blind fool, you drunken fool,
Can't you ever see?
That's only a bed-pan
My granny gave to me.

Well, I've travelled East, I've travelled West
A hundred miles or more,
But spurs on a bed-pan
I've never seen before.

5. Well I came home the other night
'S drunk as I could be
I found some things in my room
The sum of one two three.

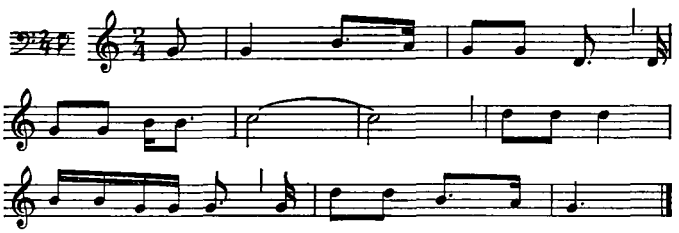
Now come, my little wifie,
Explain these things to me
What are these things in my room
The sum of one two three?

You blind fool, you drunken fool
Can't you ever see?
That's only my sisters
That come to visit me.

Well I've travelled East, I've travelled West,
A hundred miles or more,
But breeches on your sisters
I've never seen before.

11. "Three Night Spree"

Wilgus, *Kentucky Folklore Record*, III (1957), p. 109; text, p. 94. Sung by Ballard J. Moore, Bardstown, August 2, 1955. Recorded in Bowling Green by D. K. Wilgus; tune noted by Howard Carpenter.

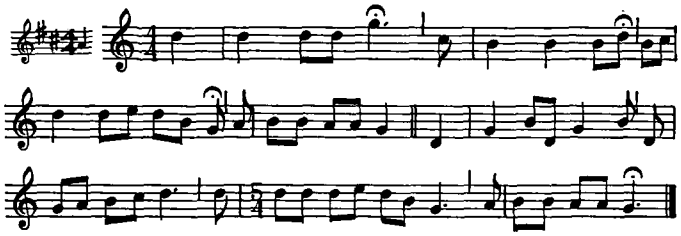
p I/M (–VI)

The first night that I came home so drunk I couldn't see,
Saw a coat hangin' on the rack where my coat oughta be.
Called my wife, my pretty little wife, to explain this thing to me.
I asked her what that coat was doin' where my coat oughta be.
She said, "Oh, you fool, you drunken fool, can't you even see?
That's only a bedspread your grandma gave to me."
"Now, I've traveled this whole world over, a thousand times or more,
But pockets on a bedspread I never saw before."

Now the second night that I came home so drunk I couldn't see,
Saw a horse in the stall where my horse oughta be.
Called my wife, my pretty little wife, to explain this thing to me.
I asked her what that horse was doin' where my horse oughta be.
She said, "Oh, you fool, you drunken fool, can't you even see?
That's only a milk cow your grandma sent to me."
"Now, I've traveled the whole world over, a thousand times or more,
But a saddle on a milk cow I never saw before."

Now, the third night that I came home so drunk I couldn't see,
Saw a head layin' in the bed where my head oughta be.
Called my wife, my pretty little wife, to explain this thing to me.
I asked her what that head was doin' where my head oughta be.
She said, "Oh, you fool, you drunken fool, can't you even see?
That's only the cabbage head your grandma gave to me."
"Now, I've traveled the whole world over, a thousand times or more,
But a moustache on a cabbage head I never saw before."

12. "Our Goodman"

Sung by Mrs. John Williams (née Violet Selena Hankins), Iowa City, Iowa, 1922. Learned from her half-brother Reed Hawkins in the late 1870's or early 1880's. Tune recorded June 7, 1930, by Miss Margaretha Rasmussen in Urbana, Ill. Words noted June 14, 1922. Communicated by Prof. Charles A. Williams.

m I/M

"O, wife dearest wife,
Pray can you tell me,
Whose head is this within the bed
Where my head ought to be?"

"You old fool! You blind fool!
Why can't you ever see?
It's nothing but a cabbage head
That Granny sent to me."

You old fool, you blind old fool,
Why can't you never see?
It's nothing but a bed-quilt
My mother sent to me.

How many miles have I travelled,
Ten thousand miles or more
But pockets in a bed-quilt
I never saw before.

2. The old man came home one night
What a good old man was he
And found a hat all on the rack
Where his own hat ought to be.

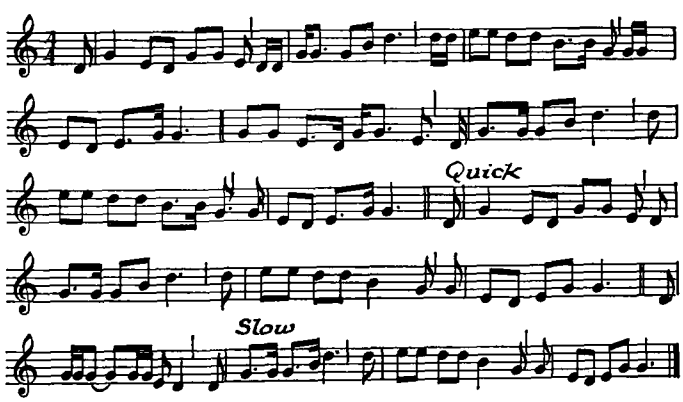
My dear wife, my loving wife,
O what can this all be?
To find a hat all on the rack
Where my hat ought to be.

You old fool, you blind old fool,
Why can't you never see?
It's nothing but a thunder-mug
My mother sent to me.

How many miles have I travelled,
Ten thousand miles or more
But brims on a thunder-mug
I never saw before.

13. [Our Goodman]

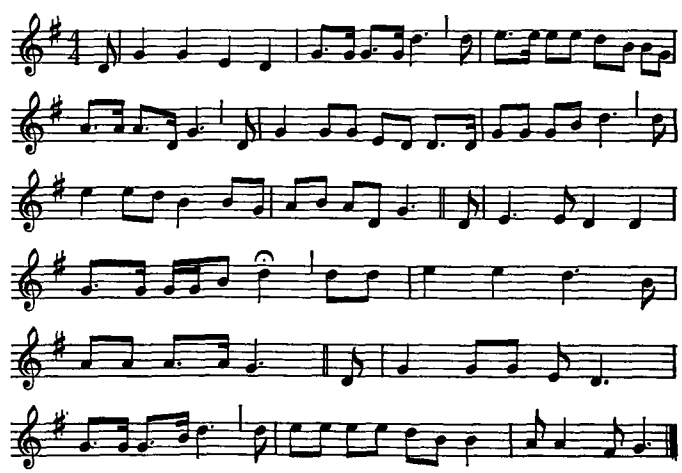
Sung by Doney Hammontree, Farmington, Ark., July 1954. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 11,894(B9). Recorded by Mary Celestia Parler.

p π^1 (-II)

1. The old man came home one night
What a good old man was he
And he found a coat all on the bed
Where his own coat ought to be.

My dear wife, my loving wife,
O what can this all be?
To find a coat all on the bed,
Where my coat ought to be.

14. "Came Home the Other Night"

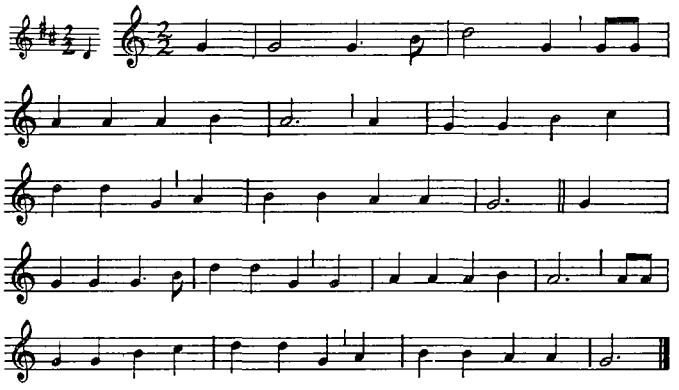
Sung by Elizabeth Law, from Jackson County, Ohio, tradition. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 11,454(A6). Recorded by Anne Grimes.

p I/Ly

Came home last night as drunk as I could be
I saw another man's horse tied where my horse ought to be.
My kind wife, my loving wife, my dearest wife, I say,
Whose horse is this horse tied where my horse ought to be?
You fool, you blind fool, can't you very well see?
It's a milk-cow that (your?) mama sent to me.
A long ways I've travelled, thousand miles or more,
I never saw a saddle on a milk-cow before.

GROUP C

15. "Old Wichet"

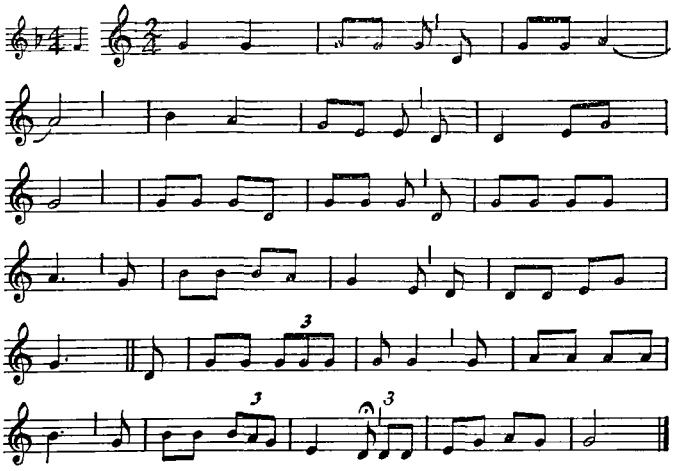
Sharp MSS., 3279/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 269(C). Sung by Mrs. Tom Rice (61), Big Laurel, N.C., August 17, 1916.

a I/M (–VI)

You old fool you blind fool
You are blind and cannot see
Its nothing but a milking cow
My mother sent to me

I've travelled miles and many miles,
Ten thousand miles or more
And a milk-cow with a saddle on
I never saw before

16. "Kind Wife"

Brown MSS., 16 a 4 b. Also in Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 103(A). Text, Belden and Hudson, *Folk Ballads, Brown Collection*, II, 1952, p. 181(A). Contributed by Thomas Smith, Zionville, Watauga County, N.C., 1914, from an anonymous singer.

p π^1 (compass of a sixth)

1. "Kind wife, loving wife, how may it be,
Whose old horse is that where mine ort to be?"
"You old fool, you blamed fool, can't you never see?
It's nothing but a milk cow your mammy sent to me."
"As long as I can remember—it's forty years or more—
I never saw a milk cow with a saddle on before."

2. "Kind wife, loving wife, how may it be,
Whose old hat is that where mine ort to be?"
"You old fool, you blamed fool, can't you never see?
It's nothing but a cabbage head your mammy sent to me."
"As long as I can remember—it's forty years or more—
I never saw a cabbage head with a brim on before."

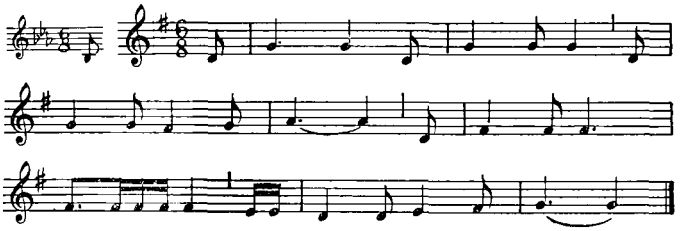
3. "Kind wife, loving wife, how may it be,
Whose old boots are them where mine ort to be?"
"You old fool, you blamed fool, can't you never see?
It's nothing but a milk churn your mammy sent to me."
"As long as I can remember—it's forty years or more—
I never saw a milk churn with heel irons on before."

4. "Kind wife, loving wife, how may it be,
Whose old coat is that where mine ort to be?"
"You old fool, you blamed fool, can't you never see?
It's nothing but a counterpane your mammy sent to me."
"As long as I can remember—it's forty years or more—
I never saw a counterpane with coat sleeves on before."

5. "Kind wife, loving wife, how may it be,
What old man in the bed where I ort to be?"
"You old fool, you blamed fool, can't you never see?
It's nothing but a baby child your mammy sent to me."
"As long as I can remember—it's forty years or more—
I never saw a baby child with a mustache on before."

17. "The Drunkard's Song"

Owens, 1950, p. 65. Sung by Mrs. White, Lamar County, Tex.

p I/Ly (–III) (compass of a fifth)

1. An old man came home one night
As drunk as he could be,
And saw a horse standing in the barn
Where his own horse ought to be.

2. "Oh, my wife, my darling wife,
Now tell me how this can be?
There's somebody's horse standing in the barn
Where your own cow ought to be."

3. "Oh, my wife, my darling wife,
Now tell me how this can be?
There's somebody's hat hanging on the rack
Where my own hat ought to be."

4. "Oh, you fool, you blind old fool,
Oh, cain't you plainly see?
It's your own black hat hanging on the rack
Where your own hat ought to be."

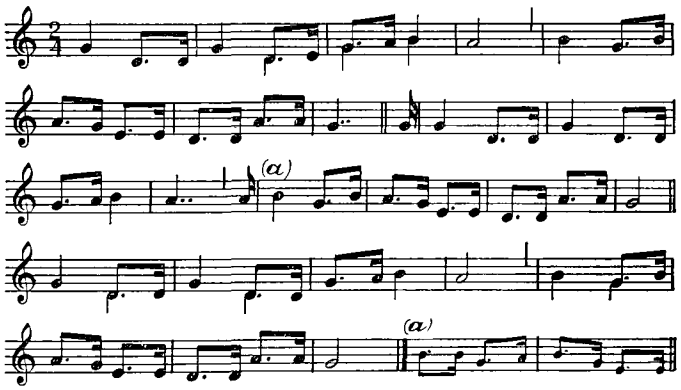
5. "Oh, my wife, my darling wife,
Now tell me how this can be?
Somebody's head's in bed with you,
Where my head ought to be."

6. "Oh, you fool, you blind old fool,
Oh, cain't you plainly see?
It's nothing but a cabbage head
My mother gave to me."

7. "I've traveled up, I've traveled down,
Ten thousand miles or more,
But hair growing on a cabbage head
I never saw before."

18. "Home Came A Goodman"

Sung by Mrs. Minta Morgan, Bells, Tex., 1937. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 907(A1). Collected by John A. Lomax.

p π^1 (compass of a sixth)

1. Home came a goodman, home came he.
"Whose hat hanging where my own hat ought to be?"
"You old fool, you blind fool, you never can see,
It's nothing but a bee-gum my mammy sent me."
"Miles I've travelled, ten thousand or more;
Brim on a bee-gum I never saw before."

2. Home came a goodman, home came he.
"Whose coat a-hanging where my own coat ought to be?"
"You old fool, you blind fool, you never can see,
It's nothing but a table-cloth my mammy sent me."
"Miles I've travelled, ten thousand or more;
Sleeves in a table-cloth I never saw before."

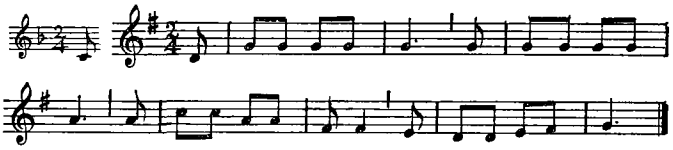
3. Home came a goodman, home came he.
"Whose boots a-setting where my own boots ought to be?"
"You old fool, you blind fool, you never can see,
It's nothing but some pickle-jars my mammy sent to me."
"Miles I've travelled, ten thousand or more;
Spurs on pickle-jars I never saw before."

4. Home came a goodman, home came he.
"Whose head a-laying where my own head ought to be?"
"You old fool, you blind fool, you never can see,
It's nothing but a baby-doll my mammy sent me."
"Miles I've travelled, ten thousand or more;
Whiskers on a baby-doll I never saw before."

5. Home came a goodman, home came he.
"Whose gun a-leaning where my own gun ought to be?"
"You old fool, you blind fool, you never can see,
It's nothing but a walking-cane my mammy sent me."
"Miles I've travelled, ten thousand or more;
Shooting with a walking-cane I never tried before."

19. "Our Goodman"

Randolph, I, 1946, p. 181(A). Also in Randolph, 1932, p. 225. Sung by Mrs. Emma Baird Chambliss, Anderson, Mo., December 12, 1929.

p I (–III)

Cf. "Ain't gonna rain no more."

1. Well I went home one night
As drunk as I could be,
A strange horse in th' stable
Where my horse ought to be!

2. Come here, my little wifie
An' explain this thing to me,
How come this horse in the stable
Where my horse ought to be?

3. Oh now, my dear husband,
I'll explain this thing to thee,
It's nothin' but a milk cow
That your parents sent to me.

4. Well, I've traveled this here world over
A hundred mile or more,
But a saddle on a milk cow's back
I never seen before!

5. Well I went home one night,
As drunk as I could be,
A strange coat was a-hangin'
Where my coat ought to be!

6. Come here, my little wifie,
An' explain this thing to me,
How come this coat a-hangin'
Where my coat ought to be?

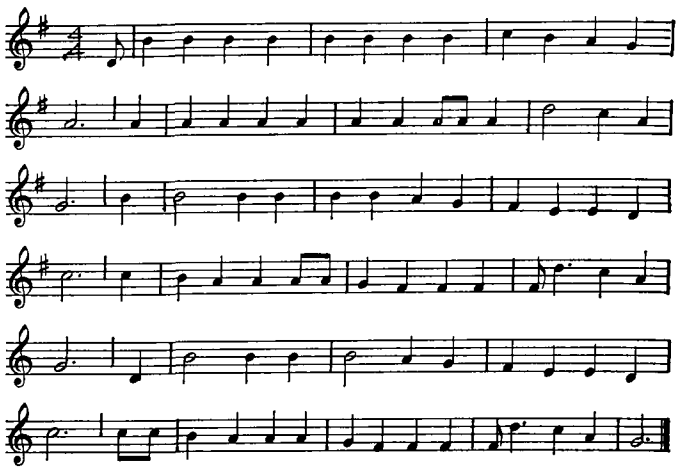
7. Oh now, my dear husband,
I'll explain this thing to thee,
It's nothin' but a bed quilt
That your parents sent to me.

8. Well I've traveled this here world over
A hundred mile or more,
But pockets in a bed quilt
I never seen before!

9. Well I went home one night,
As drunk as I could be,
I seen a head on the pillow
Where my head ought to be.

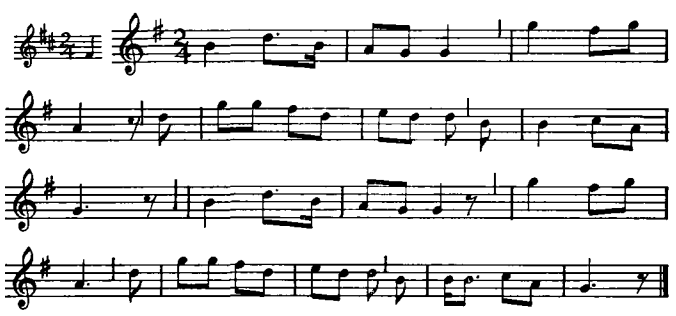
10. Come here, my little wifie,
An' explain this thing to me,
How come this head on the pillow
Where my head ought to be?

11. Oh now, my dear husband,
I'll explain this thing to thee,
It's nothin' but a cabbage-head
That your parents sent to me.

12. Well I've traveled this here world over,
A hundred miles or more,
But a moustache on a cabbage-head
I never seen before!

O my old man come home one night come home one night come he,
He saw a horse out in the stable what horse can this be
What horse can this be my love what horse can this be
O dont you know its a puppy cow my mother sent to me
O miles have I travelled ten thousand miles or more
But a saddle on a puppy cow I never saw before

20. "Hame Drunk on Sunday"

Greig MSS., III, p. 144. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 216(2). Sung by William Carle, December 1908.

a I

Cf. "The Hedgehog" (Greig MSS., IV, p. 159; from A. Robb).

Hame drunk on Sunday nicht,
Hame drunk cam' I,
And there I spied on my wife's bed
A man's hat did lie.

What's this, my dear love,
What's this I see?
Oh that is just a c.[hamber] p.[ot]
My grannie sent to me.

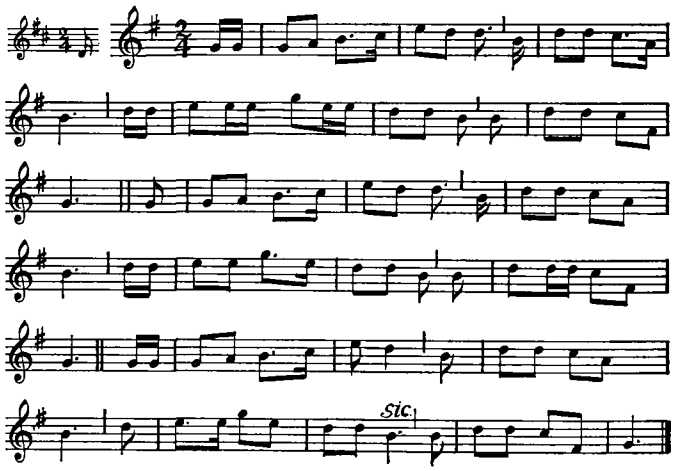
21. "The Cuckold"

Sharp MSS., 766/. Sung by Robert Pope, Minehead, January 12, 1906.

p I

22. "The Cuckold's Song"

Sharp MSS., 963/1005. Sung by James Brooks, Bridgwater, August 6, 1906.

a I

1. Now its my old man came home one night
Came home one night to me
And a strange hat on the stairs he found
What strange hat can this be my love
What strange hat can this be?
Its a chamber po- his wife replied
My mother she sent to me
Many thousand miles I've travelled
Ten thousand miles or more
But a fur all on a c. p. I never saw before. [*sic* MS.]

2. A strange pair of boots on the stairs he found,
It's a milking pail his wife replied
But spurs all on a milking pail I never saw before

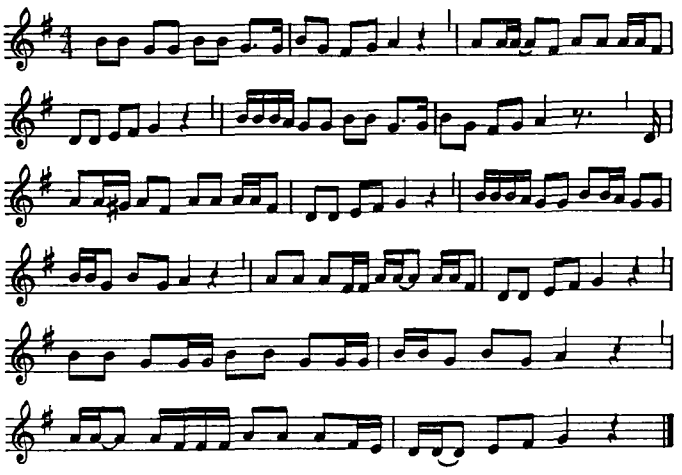
3. A strange horse in the stable.
Tis a milking cow his wife replied
But a saddle on a milking cow I never saw before.

4. A strange coat on the bed he found
It's a counterpaine his wife replied
But buttons on a counterpaine . . . .

5. A strange man in the bed he found
It's a baby his wife replied
But whiskers on a baby's face etc

23. "Old Man Crip"

Sung by the Jolly Boys of Lafayette, a Cajun group, Decca rec. No. De 5431. Transcribed by Judith McCulloh, in B. Jackson, 1966, p. 127.

p I/M

1. Old man Crip came home last night
As drunk as drunk could be,
Saw a car in his garage
Where his car ought to be.

"Pretty little wife, my darling wife,
My dearest wife," said he,
"What is that, a car in my garage
Where my car ought to be?"

"Silly little fool, my darn little fool,
My son of a gun," said she,
"Can't you see it's a baby carriage
My grandma sent to me?"

"Traveled east and I've traveled west
And I've traveled from shore to shore,
But a baby carriage with headlights on
I never seen before."

2. Old man Crip came home last night
As drunk as drunk could be,
Saw a head upon his pillow
Where his head ought to be.

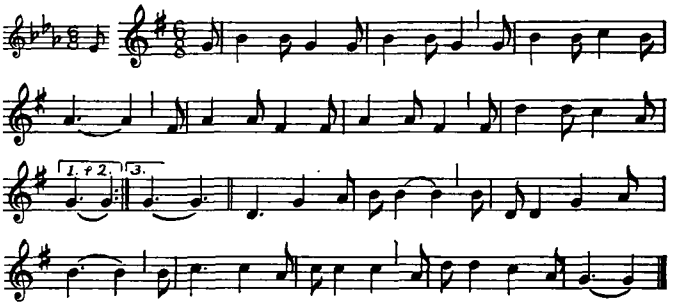
"Pretty little wife, my darling wife,
My dearest wife," said he,
What is that, a head upon my pillow
Where my head ought to be?"

"Silly little fool, my darn little fool,
My son of a gun," said she,
"Can't you see it's a little baby
My grandma sent to me?"

"Traveled east and I've traveled west
And I've traveled from shore to shore,
Little baby with a mustache on
I never seen before."

24. "Our Goodman"

Hubbard, 1961, p. 36. Sung by Dean Baker, Plain City, July 31, 1947.

p I/Ly (–VI)

The other night when I come home
As drunk as drunk could be,
I saw a head upon the bed
Where my head ought to be.

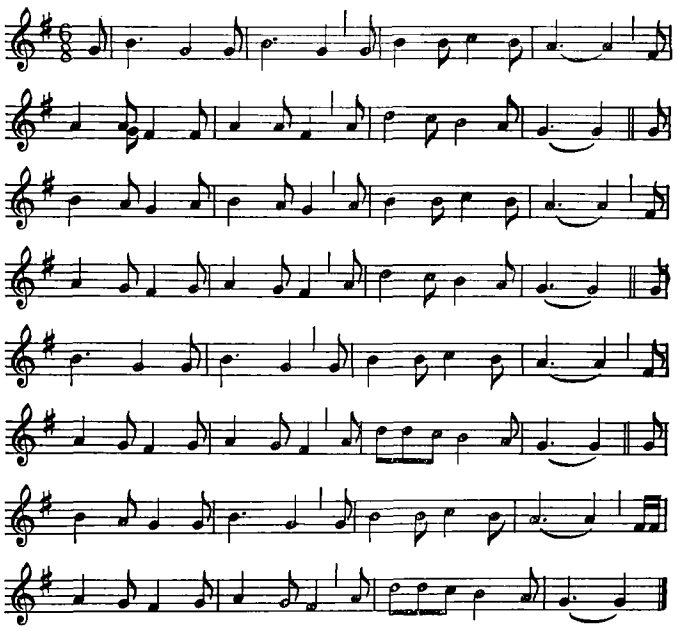
"Oh, wifey dear, oh wifey dear,
Oh, please explain to me
Who is the head upon the bed
Where my head ought to be?"

"Oh, father dear, oh father dear,
Oh, can't you plainly see?
It's only a cabbage head
That granny gave to me."

"Oh, miles I have traveled,
Ten thousand miles or more,
But hair on a cabbage head
I've never seen before."

25. "Johnny Come Home the Other Night"

Sung by Warren Roberts, Portland, Ore., c. 1946. Learned as a child in Norway, Me. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 10,367(B2). Recorded by William L. Alderson.

a I

1. The first night that Johnny come home
   As drunk as he could be
   He found a horse within the barn
   Where his horse ought to be.

   O wifie dear, O wife come,
   Explain this thing to me.
   Whose horse is that within the barn
   Where my horse ought to be?

   You old fool, you d(r)amn fool,
   You drunken fool, says she,
   That's nothin' but a milkin' cow
   My mother sent home to me.

   I've travelled round the world, boys,
   A million times or more,
   But a saddle on a milkin' cow
   I never have seen before.

2. The next night Johnny come home,
   'S drunk as he could be,
   He found a hat upon the rack
   Where his hat ought to be.

   O wifie dear, O wifie come,
   Explain this thing to me.
   Whose hat is that upon the rack
   Where my hat ought to be?

   You old fool, you damn fool,
   You drunken fool, says she,
   That's nothin' but a cookin' pot
   My mother sent home to me.

   I've travelled round the world, boys,
   A million times or more,
   But fur upon a cooking pot
   I never have seen before.

3. The next night that Johnny come home
   As drunk as he could be,
   He found a head upon the bed
   Where his head ought to be.

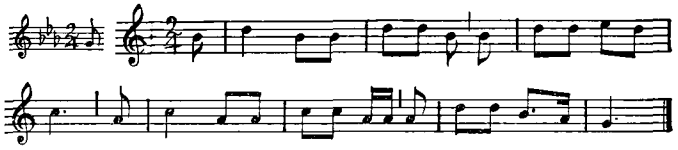
   O wifie dear, O wife come,
   Explain this thing to me,
   Whose head is that upon the bed
   Where my head ought to be?

   You old fool, you damn fool,
   You drunken fool, says she,
   That's nothin' but a cabbage-head
   My mother sent home to me.

   I've travelled round the world, boys,
   A million times or more,
   But a mustache on a cabbage-head
   I never have seen before.

26. "Four Nights"

Matteson and Henry, 1936, p. 14. Sung by Mrs. Mollie Bare Hampton, Elk Park, N.C., August 7, 1933.

a I/M

1. First night when I come home,
   As drunk as I could be,
   I saw a horse in the stable
   Where my horse ought to be.

2. Come here, little wifie,
   Explain yourself to me.
   Why is this horse in the stable
   Where my horse ought to be?

3. You blame fool, you crazy fool,
   Can't you never see?
   It's only a milk-cow
   My mammy give to me.

4. I've been living in this wide world
   Forty years or more;
   I never seen a milk-cow
   With a saddle on before.

5. The second night when I come home,
   As drunk as I could be,
   I saw a coat hanging on the rack
   Where my coat ought to be.

6. Come here, little wifie,
   Explain yourself to me.
   Why is this coat hanging on the rack
   Where my coat ought to be?

7. You blame fool, you crazy fool,
Can't you never see?
It's only a cover-lid
My mammy give to me.

8. I've been living in this wide world
Forty years or more;
I never seen a cover-lid
With buttons on before.

9. The third night when I come home,
As drunk as I could be,
I saw boots standing in the corner
Where my boots ought to be.

10. Come here, little wifie,
Explain yourself to me.
Why are these boots standing in the corner
Where my boots ought to be?

11. You blame fool, you crazy fool,
Can't you never see?
It's only a cream jar
My mammy give to me.

12. I've been living in this wide world
Forty years or more;
I never seen a cream jar
With booties on before.

13. The fourth night when I come home,
As drunk as I could be,
I saw a head lying on the bed
Where my head ought to be.

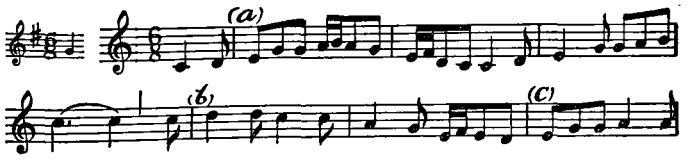
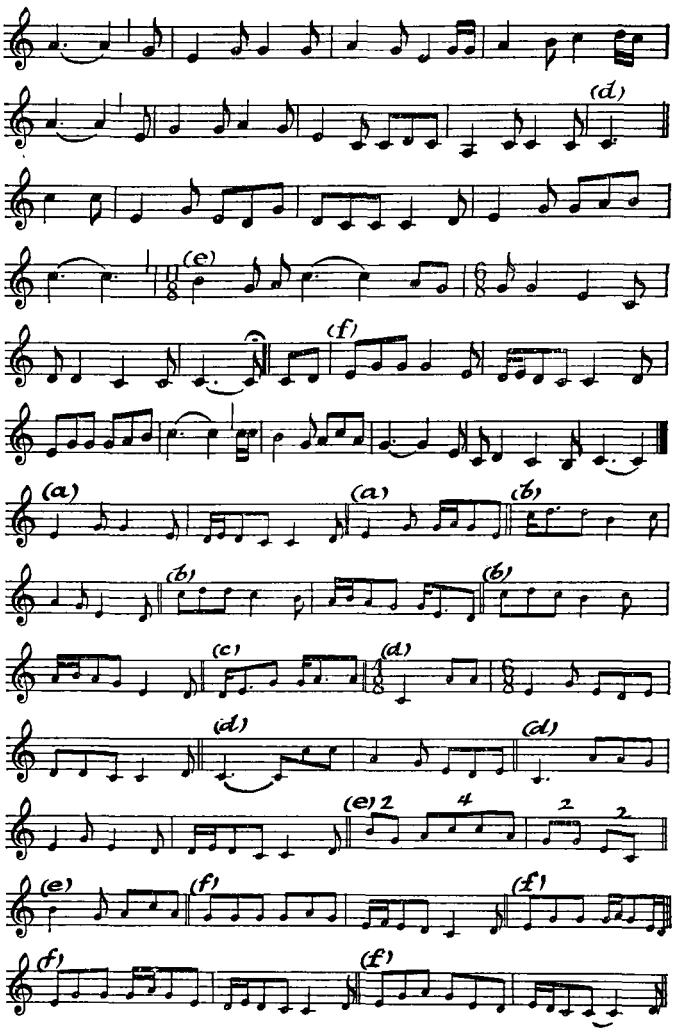
14. Come here, little wifie,
Explain yourself to me.
Why is this head lying on the bed
Where my head ought to be?

15. You blame fool, you crazy fool,
Can't you never see?
It's only a cabbage head
My mammy give to me.

16. I've been living in this wide world
Forty years or more;
I never seen a cabbage head
With a moustache on before.

27. "The Seven Drunken Nights"

Sung by Joe Heaney (in his 50's) of Carna, County Galway, 1963. Collected and transcribed by Peter Shepheard; sent by him to the Editor.

a I

1. And as I came home on Monday night as drunk as I could be
I saw a horse outside the door where my own horse should be.
I called my wife and said to her will you kindly tell to me
Who owns that horse outside the door where my own horse should be?
Ah you're drunk you're drunk you silly old fool and yet you cannot see
That's a sow and ? that me mother sent to me.
Oh it's many the day I've travelled a hundred miles or more
But a saddle on a sow I never saw before.

2. And as I came home on Tuesday night as drunk as drunk could be
I saw a coat behind the door where my own coat should be.
I called my wife and said to her will you kindly tell to me
Who owns that coat behind the door where my own coat should be?
Ah you're drunk you're drunk you silly old fool and yet you cannot see
That's a woollen blanket that my mother sent to me.
Oh many the day I've travelled a hundred miles or more
But buttons in a blanket I never saw before.

3. And as I came home on Wednesday night as drunk as drunk could be
I saw a stick behind the door where my own stick should be.
I called my wife and said to her will you kindly tell to me
Who owns that stick behind the door where my own stick should be?
Ah you're drunk you're drunk you silly old fool and yet you cannot see
That's an old wooden pot stick that my mother sent to me.
Well it's many the day I've travelled a hundred miles or more
But a silver top on a pot stick I've never seen before.

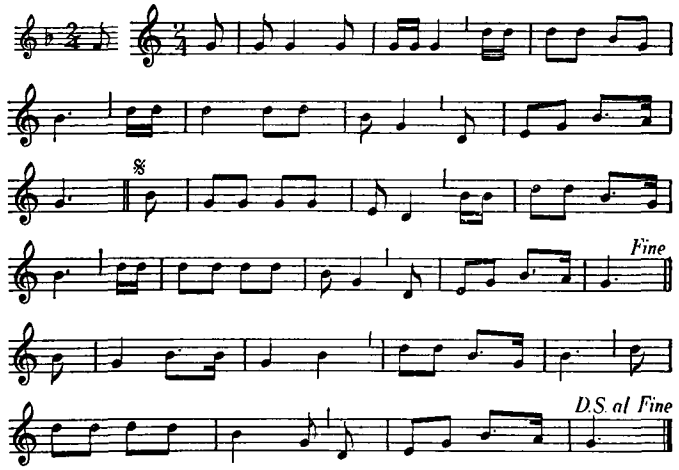
4. As I came home on Thursday night as drunk as drunk could be
I saw a pipe upon the chair where my own pipe should be.
I called my wife and said to her will you kindly tell to me
Who owns that pipe upon the chair where my own pipe should be?
Musher you're drunk you're drunk you silly old fool and yet you cannot see
That's a small geranium pot my mother sent to me.
Oh many the day I've travelled a hundred miles or more
But tobacco in a geranium pot I never saw before.

5. But when I came home on Friday night as drunk as drunk could be
I saw a head inside the bed where my own head should be.
And I called my wife and said to her will you kindly tell to me
Who is that head that's in the bed where my own head should be?
Ah you're drunk you're drunk you silly old fool and yet you cannot see
That's a baby boy that my mother sent to me.
Oh it's many the day I've travelled a hundred miles or more
But whiskers on a baby boy I never saw before.

GROUP D

28. "Our Good Man"

Morris, 1950, p. 317. Sung by Elsie Surber, Panama City, Fla.; learned from her father.

p π^1

1. I came home the other night,
Just as drunk as I could be;
Found a horse in the stable,
Where my horse ought to be.

2. "Oh come here, little wifie,
And explain this thing to me.
What's a horse doing in the stable,
Where my horse ought to be?"

3. "You old fool, you blind fool,
Can't you plainly see,
That's nothing but a milk cow,
My granny sent to me?"

4. I've traveled this world over,
Ten thousand miles or more,
But a saddle on a milk cow
I've never seen before.

5. I came home the next night,
Just as drunk as I could be.
I found a hat a-hanging on the rack
Where my hat ought to be.

6. "Oh, come, my little wifie,
Explain this thing to me.
What's a hat doing on the rack
Where my hat ought to be?"

7. "You old fool, you blind fool,
Can't you plainly see,
That's nothing but a dish pan
My granny sent to me?"

8. I've traveled this world over,
Ten thousand miles or more,
But a dish pan with a brim
I've never seen before.

9. I came home the next night,
Just as drunk as I could be.
I found a coat hanging on the wall
Where my coat ought to be.

10. "Oh come, my little wifie,
Explain this thing to me.
What's a coat doing on the wall
Where my coat ought to be?"

11. "You old fool, you blind fool,
Can't you plainly see,
It's nothing but a blanket
My granny sent to me?"

12. I've traveled this world over,
Ten thousand miles or more,
But buttons on a blanket
I've never seen before.

13. I came home the next night,
Just as drunk as I could be.
I saw a head lying on the bed
Where my head ought to be.

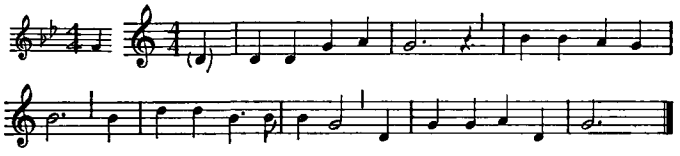
14. "Oh come, my little wifie,
Explain this thing to me.
What's a head lying on the bed
Where my head ought to be?"

15. "You old fool, you blind fool,
Can't you plainly see,
That's nothing but a cabbage head
My granny sent to me?"

16. I've traveled this world over,
Ten thousand miles or more,
But a mustache on a cabbage head
I've never seen before.

29. "Three Nights Experience"

Scarborough, 1937, p. 417(A); text, p. 232. Sung by Selma Clubb, South Turkey Creek, Leicester, N.C.

p I/M (–VI)

The first note of the last phrase as printed is an E♭ instead of an F. I take this to be an error of the copy.

1. The first night that I came home,
So drunk as I could be,
How come a horse in the stable
Where my horse ought to be?

2. Come here, my little wifie,
Explain this thing to me.
How come a horse in the stable
Where my horse ought to be?

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

4. I've rambled this world over,
A thousand miles or more,
A saddle upon a milk cow's back
I never did see before.

5. The second night I come home
So drunk as I could be,
How come a coat a-hanging on the rack
Where my coat ought to be?

6. Come here, my little wifie,
Explain this thing to me.
How come a coat a-hanging on the rack
Where my coat ought to be?

7. You blind fool, you crazy fool,
Can't you never see
It's only a bed-quilt
Your granny gave to me?

8. I've rambled this world over,
A thousand miles or more.
But a pocket upon a bed-quilt
I never did see before.

9. The third night I come home
So drunk as I could be,
How come a head upon a pillow
Where my head ought to be?

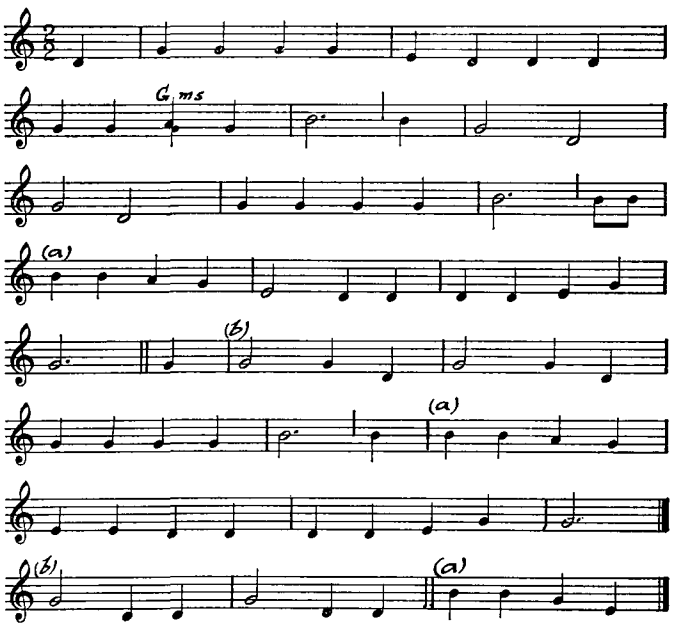
10. Come here, my little wifie,
Explain this thing to me.
How come a head on a pillow
Where my head ought to be?

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

12. I've rambled this world over,
A thousand miles or more.
A mustache on a cabbage head
I never did see before.

30. "Our Goodman"

Sharp MSS., 3666/2724. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 270(E). Sung by Mrs. Alice Sloan, Barbourville, Ky., May 9, 1917.

p π^1

1. What's this man's horse a-doing here
Without the leave of me?
You old fool, blind fool,
Can't you never see?
That's a little milk cow
My mamma sent to me.
I've rambled, I've gambled*
Four hundred miles or more;
I never see'd a milk cow
With a saddle on before.

2. What's this young man's hat doing, etc.
That's a little hen's nest, etc.
I never see'd a hen's nest
With a buckle on before.

3. What's this young man's boot doing, etc.
That's a little churn, etc.
I never see'd a churn
With heels on before.

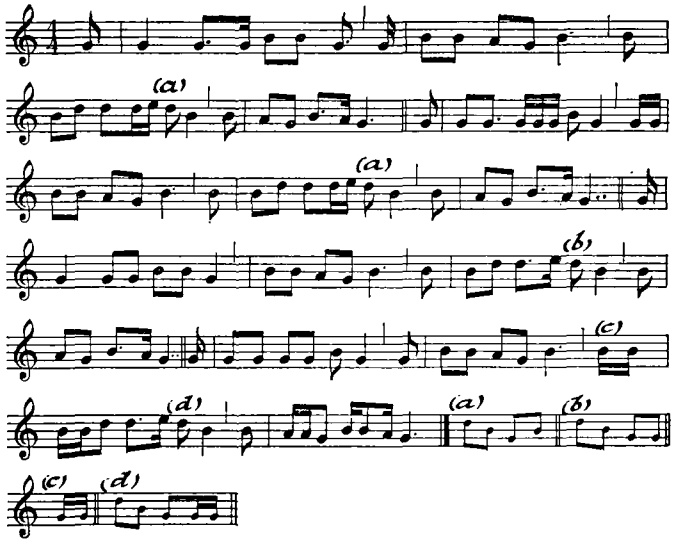
4. What's this young man's coat doing, etc.
That's a little bed-cover, etc.
I never see'd a bed-cover
With sleeves in before.

5. What's this young man doing, etc.
That's a little baby, etc.
I never see'd a baby
With breeches on before.

* 1932: gambolled

31. "Our Goodman"

Sung by Orrin Rice, Harrogate, Tenn., 1943. LC/AAFS, Album 12, rec. No. 60(A2); and on LC/AAFS, rec. No. L12(B8). Collected by Artus M. Moser.

a π^1

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

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

"You blind fool, you crazy fool,
Can't you never see,
It's nothing but a milk cow,
You're crazy to me."

"I've travelled this world over,
Ten thousand miles or more,
But a saddle upon a milk cow,
I never did see it before."

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

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

"You blind fool, you crazy fool,
Can't you never see,
It's nothing but a bed quilt,
You're crazy to me."

"I've travelled this world over,
Ten thousand miles or more,
But a pocket upon a bed quilt,
I never did see it before."

3. The third night when I came in
As drunk as I could be,
I found a head a-laying on the pillow
Where my head ought to be.

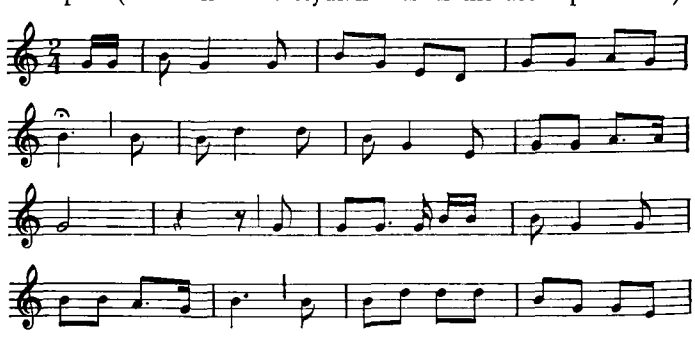
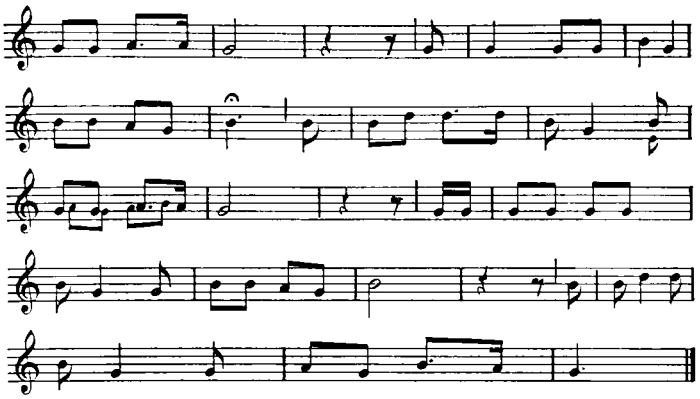
"Oh come here, my little wifie,
And explain this thing to me,
How come a head a-laying on the pillow
Where my head ought to be?"

"You blind, crazy fool,
Can't you never see,
It's nothing but a cabbage head,
You're crazy to me."

"I've travelled this world over,
Ten thousand miles or more,
But a moustache on a cabbage head,
Well, I never did see it before."

32. "Six Nights Drunk"

Sung by Emmet Bankston and Red Henderson [1928], Okeh rec. No. 45292 (A and B).

p π^1 (There is a Mixolydian VII in the accompaniment.)

1. Well the first night when I come home
   As drunk as I could be
   I found a car parked in the yard
   Where my car ought to be
   O come here my little wifie
   And explain this thing to me
   How come a car parked in the yard
   Where my car ought to be
   You blind fool you crazy fool
   Can't you never see
   It's nothing but a wheel barrow
   Your granny sent to me
   Well I've traveled this world over
   Ten thousand miles or more
   And headlights on a wheel barrow
   I never did see before.

2. The second night when I come home
   As drunk as I could be
   I found a pair of boots settin' un' the bed
   Where my boots ought to be
   O come here my little wifie
   And explain this thing to me
   How come a pair of boots settin' un' the bed
   Where my boots ought to be
   You blind fool you crazy fool
   Can't you never see
   It's nothing but a coffee pot
   Your granny sent to me
   Well I've traveled this world over
   Ten thousand miles or more
   Heels upon a coffee pot
   I never did see before.

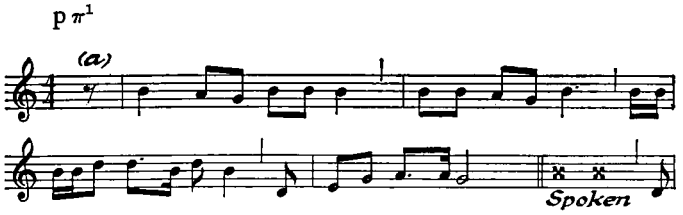
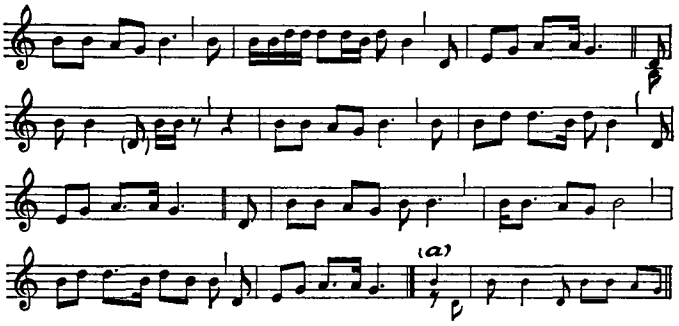
3. Well the third night when I come home
   As drunk as I could be
   I found a pair of pants hangin' on the nail
   Where my pants ought to be
   O come here my little wifie
   And explain this thing to me
   How come a pair of pants hangin' on the nail
   Where my pants ought to be
   You blind fool you crazy fool
   Can't you never see
   It's nothing but a pair of bloomers
   Your granny sent to me
   Well I've traveled this world over
   Ten thousand miles or more
   Suspenders on a pair of bloomers
   I never did see before.

4. Well the fourth night when I come home
   As drunk as I could be
   I found a woman in the kitchen
   Where my wife ought to be
   O come here my little wifie
   And explain this thing to me
   How come a woman in the kitchen
   Where you ought to be
   You blind fool you crazy fool
   Can't you never see
   It's nothing but granny
   Come to cook for me
   Well I've traveled this world over
   Ten thousand miles or more
   The blackest grandmaw
   I ever had before.

5. Well the fifth night when I come home
   As drunk as I could be
   I found a man in the parlor
   Where I ought to be
   O come here my little wifie
   And explain this thing to me
   How come a man in the parlor
   Where I ought to be
   You blind fool you crazy fool
   Can't you never see
   It's nothing but a ice man
   (That?) brought your ice to me
   Well I've traveled this world over
   Ten thousand miles or more
   Ice man with a doctor's satchel
   I never did see before.

6. Well the sixth night when I come home
   Drunk as I could be
   I found a baby in the carriage
   Where my baby ought to be
   O come here my little wifie
   And explain this thing to me
   How come a baby in the carriage
   Where my baby ought to be
   You blind fool you crazy fool
   Can't you never see
   It's nothing but a rag doll
   Well I've traveled this world over
   Ten thousand miles or more
   A rag doll with a bottle in his mouth
   I never did see before.

33. "Drunkard's Special"

Sung by Coley Jones, 1929. Columbia rec. No. 14489-D. Also on Folkways LP rec. No. FP 251, ed. Harry Smith.

1. First night when I went home
   Drunk as I could be
There's another mule in the stable
   Where my mule ought to be.

Come here, Honey,
   Explain yourself to me:
How come another mule in the stable
   Where my mule ought to be?

O crazy, O silly,
   Can't you plainly see?
It's nothing but a milk-cow
   My mother sent to me.

I've traveled this world over,
   Million times or more,
Saddle on a milk-cow back
   I never did see before.

2. Second night when I got home
   Drunk as I could be
Found another coat on the coat-rack
   Where my coat ought to be.

Come here, Honey,
   Explain this thing to me:
How come another coat on the coat-rack
   Where my coat ought to be?

O crazy, O silly,
   Can't you plainly see?
Nothing but a bed-quilt
   Where your coat ought to be.

I've travelled this world over,
   Million times or more,
Pockets in a bed-quilt
   I've never seen before.

3. Third night when I went home
   Drunk as I could be
Found another head on the pillow
   Where my head ought to be.

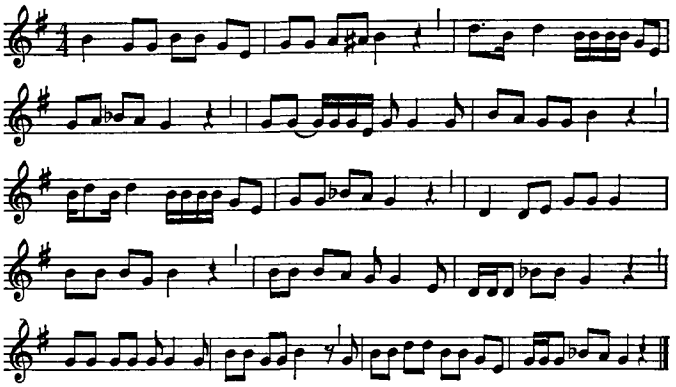
Come here, Honey, come here,
   Explain this thing to me:
How come another head on the pillow
   Where my head ought to be?

O crazy, O silly,
   Can't you plainly see?
That's nothing but a cabbage-head
   That your Grandma sent to me.

I've travelled this world over,
   Million times or more,
Hair on a cabbage-head
   I've never seen before.

34. "Five Nights Experience"

Sung as learned in childhood by "Mustard and Gravy," Bluebird rec. No. 7905. Recorded September 28, 1938, in Rock Hill, S.C.; transcribed by Judith McCulloh in B. Jackson, 1966, p. 124.

p π^1 (inflected III)

1a. First night when I come home
Was drunk as I could be,
Found a horse standing in the stable
Where my horse ought to be.

b. "Now come here, my little wifey,
Explain this thing to me,
How come a horse standing in the stable
Where my horse ought to be?"

c. "Blind fool, you crazy fool,
Can't you plainly see?
Nothing but the milk cow
Your granny has sent to me."

d. I've traveled this world over,
Ten thousand miles or more,
But a saddle on a milk cow's back
I never did see before.

2a. Second night when I come home
Was drunk as I could be,
Found a coat hanging on the rack,
Where my coat ought to be.

[b. "Now come here, my little wifey,
Explain this thing to me,
How come a coat hanging on the rack,
Where my coat ought to be?"]

c. "Blind fool, you crazy fool,
Can't you plainly see?
Nothing but the buggy robe
Your granny has sent to me."

d. I've traveled this world over,
Ten thousand miles or more,
But a pocket on a buggy robe
I never did see before.

3a. Third night when I come home
Was drunk as I could be,
I found a pair of boots sitting in the corner
Where my boots ought to be.

b. "Now come here, my little wifey,
Explain this thing to me,
How come the boots sitting in the corner
Where my boots ought to be?"

c. "Blind fool, you crazy fool,
Can't you plainly see?
It's nothing but the stovepipe
Your granny has sent to me."

d. I've traveled this world over,
Ten thousand miles or more,
But heels on a stovepipe
I never did see before.

4a. Fourth night when I come home
Was drunk as I could be,
I found a head laying on the pillow
Where my head ought to be.

b. "Come here, my little wifey,
Explain this thing to me,
How come a head laying on the pillow
Where my head ought to be?"

c. "Blind fool, you crazy fool,
Can't you plainly see?
Nothing but the cabbage head
Your granny has sent to me."

d. I've traveled this world over,
Ten thousand miles or more,
But a mustache on a cabbage head
I never did see before.

5a. Fifth night when I come home
Was drunk as I could be,
Found a Ford setting in the yard
Where my Ford ought to be.

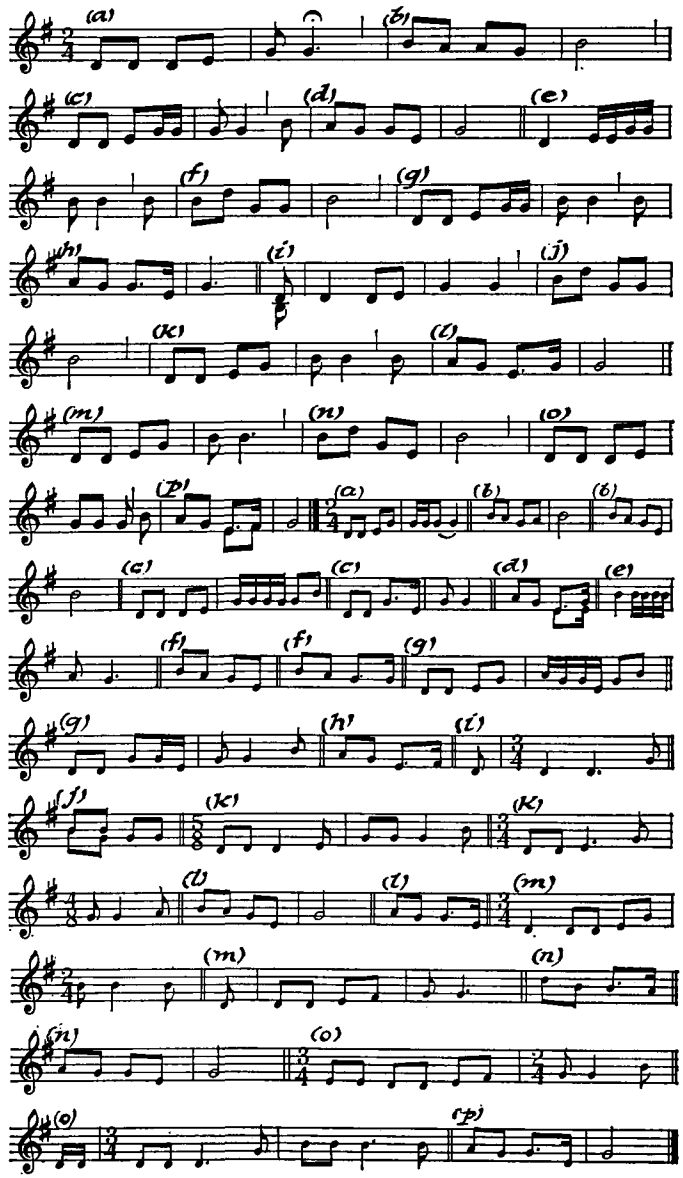
b. "Now come here, my little wifey,
Explain this thing to me,
How come a Ford sitting in the yard
Where my Ford ought to be?"

c. "Blind fool, you crazy fool,
Can't you plainly see?
It's nothing but the 'bacco truck
Your granny has sent to me."

d. I've traveled this world over,
Ten thousand miles or more,
But a steering wheel on a 'bacco truck
I never did see before.

35. "The Three Nights' Experience, or The Three Good Nights"

Sung by Bascom Lamar Lunsford of South Turkey Creek, N.C., 1949. Learned c. 1925 from Sam Hunnicut, who was brought up in Yancy County, N.C. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 9475(A1).

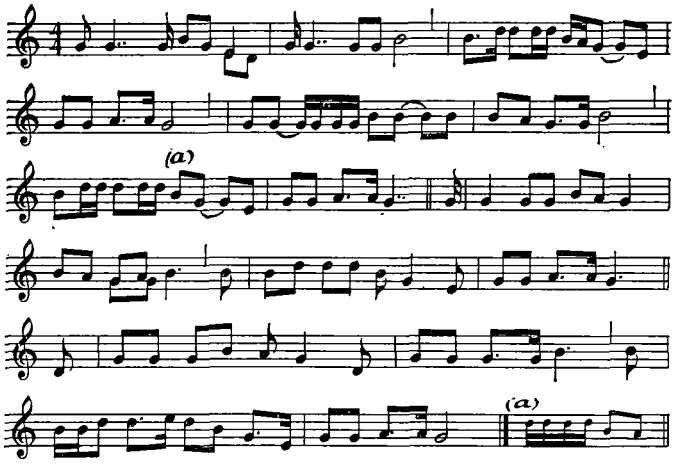
p π^1

I came home the first night drunk as I could be,
Saw a horse in the stable where my horse ought to be.
"Come here, my little wifie, explain this thing to me.
See a horse in the stable where my horse ought to be."
"You old fool, you blind fool, can't you never see?
Nothing but a milk-cow your mammy gave to me."
"Been around the country a thousand miles or more
But a saddle on a milk-cow's back I never saw before."

I came home the second night drunk as I could be,
Saw a coat a-hanging on the rack where my coat ought to be.
"Come here, my little wifie, explain this thing to me.
See a coat a-hanging on the rack where my coat ought to be."
"You old fool, you blind fool, can't you never see?
Nothing but a bed-quilt your mammy gave to me."
"I've been around the country a thousand miles or more
But a pocket on a bed-quilt I never saw before."

I came home the third night drunk as I could be,
Saw a head on the pillow where my head ought to be.
"Come here, my little wifie, explain this thing to me.
See a head on the pillow where my head ought to be."
"You old fool, you blind fool, can't you never see?
It's nothing but a cabbage-head my mammy sent to me."
"I've been around the country a thousand miles or more
But a mustache on a cabbage-head I never saw before."

36. "Our Goodman"

Sung by Robert Shiflett, Brown's Cove, Va., May 30, 1962. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 12,004(A14). Recorded by George Foss.

p π^1

1. First night that I came home, drunk as I could be,
   Found a horse in the stable, where my horse ought to be.
   Come here, my little wifie, explain this thing to me,
   How come a horse in the stable where my horse ought to be?

   You blind fool, you crazy fool, can't you never see?
   It's nothing but a milk-cow, you're drunk as you can be.
   I've travelled this world over, ten thousand miles or more,
   A saddle upon a milk-cow's back I never saw before.

2. Second night that I came home as drunk as I could be,
   I found a coat hanging on the rack where my coat ought to be.
   Come here, my little wifie, explain this thing to me,
   How come a coat hanging on the rack where my coat ought to be?

   You blind fool, you crazy fool, can't you never see?
   It's nothing but a bed-quilt, you're drunk as you can be.*

3. Third night that I came home, drunk as I could be,
   Found a hat hanging on the rack where my hat ought to be.
   Come here, my little wifie, explain this thing to me,
   How come a hat hanging on the rack where my hat ought to be?

   You blind fool, you crazy fool, can't you never see?
   It's nothing but a milk-churn, you're drunk as you can be.
   I've travelled this world over, ten thousand miles or more,
   But a hat-band on a milk-churn I never saw before.

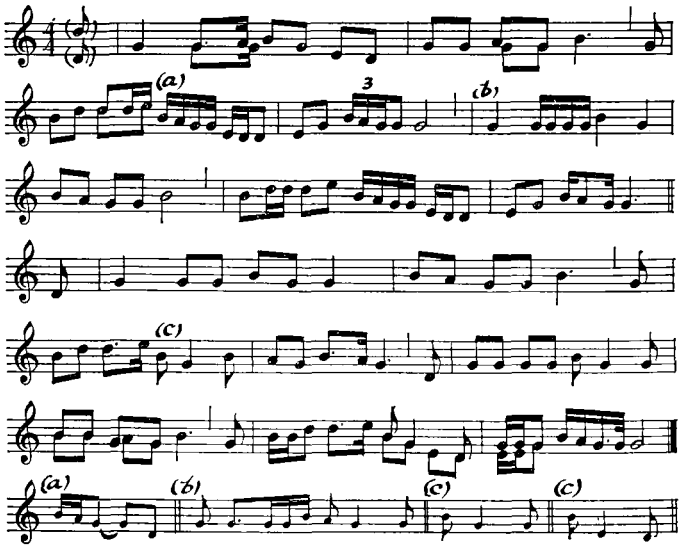
4. Fourth night that I came home, as drunk as I could be,
   Found a head a-layin' on the pillow where my head ought to be.
   Come here, my little wifie, explain this thing to me,
   How come a head a-layin' on the pillow where my head ought to be?

   You blind fool, you crazy fool, can't you never see?
   It's nothing but a cabbage-head, you're drunk as you can be.
   I've travelled this world over, ten thousand miles or more,
   But a mustache on a cabbage-head I never saw before.

* "Pockets on a bed-quilt" was omitted in singing but supplied in subsequent discussion.

37. "Our Goodman"

Sung by Dan Tate, Fancy Gap, Va., June 1, 1962. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 12,005(A11). Recorded by George Foss.

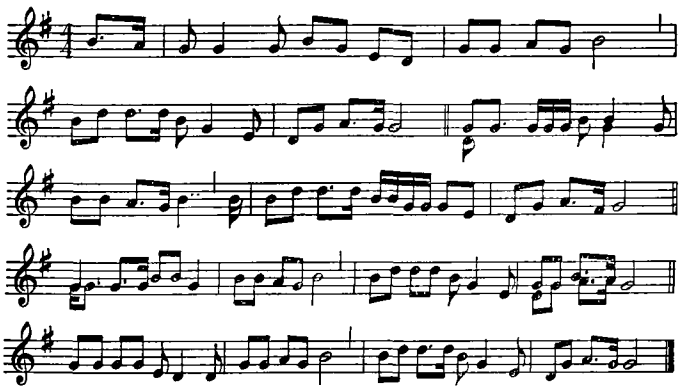
p I/M

First night when I came home as drunk as I could be,
I found a coat a-hanging on the rack where my coat ought to be.
Come here, my little wifie, explain this thing to me,
How come a coat a-hanging on the rack where my coat ought to be?
You blind fool, you crazy fool, can't you plainly see?
It's nothing but a bed-quilt your grandma sent to me.
I've travelled this world over a thousand miles or more,
But pockets upon a bed-quilt I never have seen before.

The second night that I come home as drunk as I could be,
I found a horse in the stable where my horse ought to be.
Come here, my little wifie, 'n' explain this thing to me,
How come a horse in the stable where my horse ought to be?
You blind fool, you crazy fool, can't you plainly see?
It's nothing but a milk-cow your grandma sent to me.
I've travelled this world over a thousand miles or more,
But saddle upon a milk-cow's back I never have seen before.

The third night that I came home as drunk as I could be,
I found a head on the pillow where my head ought to be.
Come here, my little wifie, 'n' explain this thing to me,
How come another head on the pillow where my head ought to be?
You blind fool, you crazy fool, can't you plainly see?
It's nothing but a cabbage-head your grandma sent to me.
I've travelled this world over a thousand miles or more,
But a mustache on a cabbage-head I never have seen before.

38. "Three Nights Drunk"

Sung by J. E. Mainer and Carolyn Mainer Holmes, 1959 or 1960. Prestige-International Album No. INT-DS 25003(A1). Collected by Alan Lomax.

p I/Ly

He: Well, the first night that I come home so drunk I couldn't see,
Found a horse in the stable, where my horse ought to be.
"Come here, my little wifey; explain this thing to me.
How come a horse in the stable, where my horse ought to be?"
She: "You blind fool, you crazy fool, can't you never see?
It's only a milk-cow your granny sent to me."
He: "I've travelled this world over, ten thousand miles or more,
But a saddle upon a milk-cow's back, I never did see before."

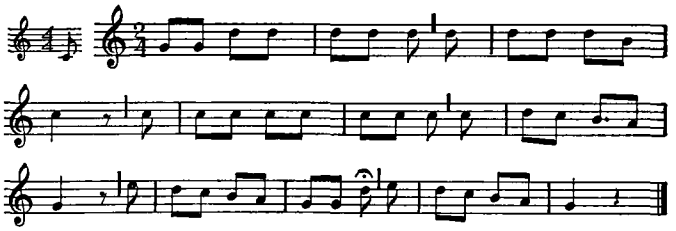
He: Well, the second night that I come home so drunk I couldn't see,
Found a coat a-hanging on the rack, where my coat ought to be.
"Come here, my little wifey; explain this thing to me.
How come a coat a-hanging on the rack, where my coat ought to be?"
She: "You blind fool, you crazy fool, can't you never see?
It's only a bed-quilt your granny sent to me."
He: "I've travelled this world over, ten thousand miles or more,
But pockets upon a bed-quilt, I never did see before."

He: The third night that I come home, so drunk I could not see,
Found a head a-laying on the pillow where my head ought to be.
"Come here, my little wifey; explain this thing to me.
How come a head a-laying on the pillow, where my head ought to be?"
She: "You blind fool, you crazy fool, can't you never see?
It's only a cabbage head your granny sent to me."
He: "I've travelled this world over, ten thousand miles or more,
But a mustache on a cabbage head I never did see before."

GROUP E

39. "The Old Man"

Davis, 1929, p. 596(C); text, p. 490. Also in Smith, *MQ*, II (1916), p. 125(C). Contributed by Juliet Fauntleroy, April 7, 1914, from the singing of Mrs. Maxie (née Holland), Altavista, Va.

a I/M

1. "Lordy, Lordy, my dear wife,
Pray tell me what I see;
Whose horse is that in yonders stall
Where my horse ought to be,
Where my horse ought to be, my love,
Where my horse ought to be?"

2. "You silly fool, you blind fool,
You fool, you cannot see;
It's nothing but a milk cow
My mother gave to me," etc.

3. "I've traveled and I've traveled,
Ten thousand miles or more,
And a bridle upon a milk cow
I never saw before," etc.

4. "Lordy, Lordy, my dear wife,
Pray tell me what I see;
Whose coat is that in yonders hall
Where my coat ought to be?"

5. "You silly fool, you blind fool,
You fool, you cannot see;
It's nothing but a blanket
My mother gave to me."

6. "I've traveled and I've traveled,
Ten thousand miles or more,
But sleeves in a blanket
I never saw before."

7. "Lordy, Lordy, my dear wife,
Pray tell me what I see;
Whose head is that in the bed with you
Where my head ought to be?"

8. "You silly fool, you blind fool,
You fool, you cannot see;
It's nothing but a cabbage head
My mother gave to me."

9. "I've traveled and I've traveled,
Ten thousand miles or more,
But hair upon a cabbage head
I never saw before."

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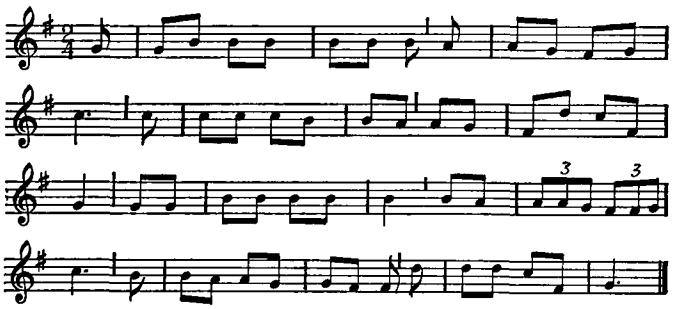
40. "The Cuckold," or "Old Milking Cow"

Sharp MSS., 80/140. Sung by Matthew Preston, Rose Ash, Devon, January 8, 1904.

a I (–VI)

The MS. is written in common time.

Oh my old man came home one night [Came home one night,]
A horse was in the stable
What horse can this be my love
Don't you see our milking cow?
Miles I've travelled a thousand or more
A saddle on a milking cow I never saw before

My old man came home one night
A hat was on the table
What can this be my love
Don't you know a milking pail?
Miles have I travelled, a thousand or more
But fur on a milking mug (pail) I never saw before

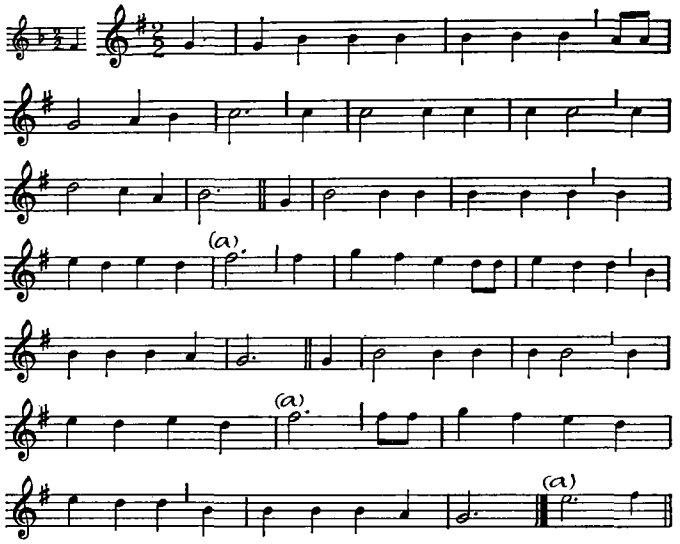
My old man came home one night
A great coat lay on the bed
What coat can this be my love
Why don't you know a blanket
Miles I have travelled a thousand or more
Buttons on a blanket I never saw before

My old man came home one night
A man lay in my bed
Oh what is this man my love
Why don't you know a baby
Miles I have travelled a thousand or more
But whiskers on a baby's face I never saw before.

The bracketed phrase is supplied from the tune-book MS., and is required for each stanza in singing.

41. "Our Goodman"

Sharp MSS., 4839/. Sung by George Noble (82), Ross Workhouse, September 1, 1921.

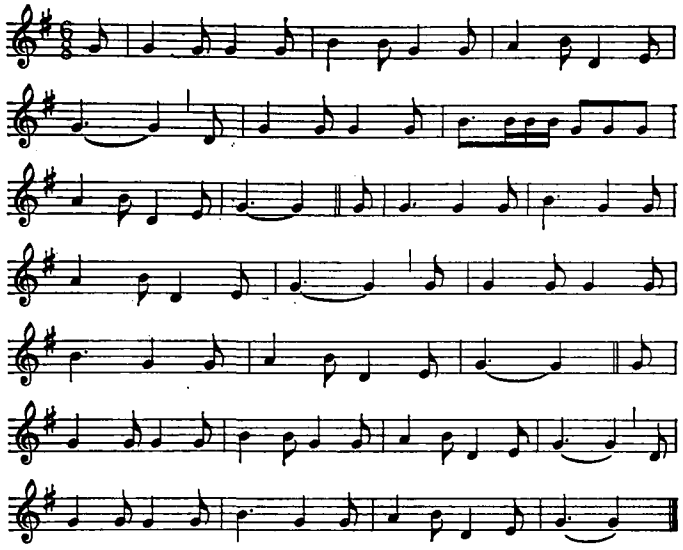
a I

My old man went out one day
And at night he came in
What horse in the stable
What horse can that be?

What horse can this be, my love,
What horse can this be?
O don't you know it's a milking cow
My mother sent to me

Its miles that I've travelled
Ten thousand miles or more
But a saddle on a milking cow
I never saw before.

42. "Our Goodman"

Wilkinson MSS., 1935-36, p. 94. Sung by Miss Alice Bruce, Harriston, Va., October 23, 1935.

p π^1 (compass of a sixth)

The other night when I came home as drunk as I could be,
I saw a horse a-standing in the stable where my horse ought to be.
You durn fool, you blind fool, and why you cannot see:
It's nothing but a milk-cow your granny gave to me.
I've been all round this whole [wide] world for fifty years or more.
A saddle on a milk-cow, I never saw before.

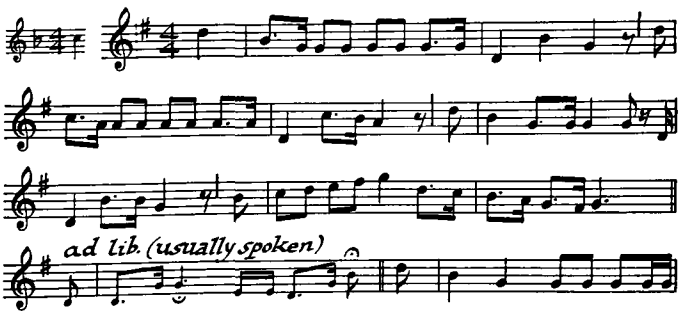
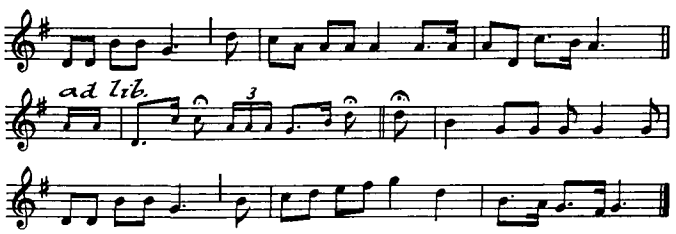
The second night when I came home as drunk as I could be,
I saw a hat a-hanging on the rack where my hat ought to be.
You durn fool, you blind fool, and why you cannot see:
It's nothing but a baby blanket, your granny sent to me.
I've been all round this whole wide world for fifty years or more.
I never saw a baby blanket with a band round it before.

The other night when I came home, as drunk as I could be,
I saw a head lying on the pillow, where my head ought to be.
You durn fool, you blind fool, and why you cannot see:
It's nothing but a cabbage head your granny sent to me.
I've been all round this whole wide world for fifty years or more.
I never did see a cabbage head with a moustache on before.

GROUP F

43. "Hame cam' our Gudeman at e'en"

Brown, Pittman, Foster, and Mackay, eds. [1877], II, p. 62. Also in Smith, *MQ*, II (1916), p. 125(A).

m I

Oh, hame cam' our gudeman at e'en,
And hame cam' he,
And there he saw a saddle horse,
Where nae horse should be;

"And how cam' this horse here?
And whose can it be?
And how cam' this horse here,
Without the leave o' me!"

(Ad lib., usually spoken)

"A horse," quo' she.
"Aye, a horse," quo' he.

"Ye auld blind doited boddy,
And blinder mat ye be!
It's but a bonnie milk-cow
My minnie sent to me."

"A milk-cow," quo' he.
"Aye, a milk-cow," quo' she.

"Weel, far hae I ridden,
And muckle hae I seen,
But saddles upon milk-cows
Saw I never nane!"

[*Etc.*]

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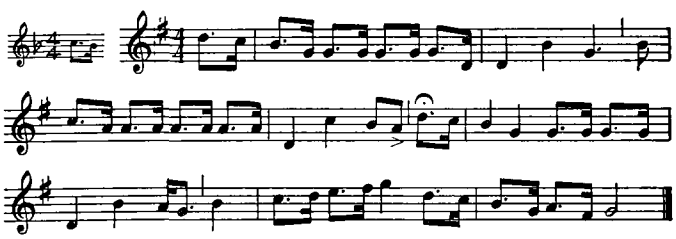
The text approximates the one printed in David Herd, *Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs*, 1776, II, p. 172. See variant 1 above.

44. "Our Goodman"

Creighton and Senior, 1950, p. 91. Sung by Mrs. E. H. McKeen, Sherbrooke, N.S.

m I

1. Oh hame came our guidman at e'en and hame came he,
And there he saw a saddled horse where nae horse should be,
"Oh what's this now guidwife, and what's this I see,
Oh how came this horse here without the leave of me?"

2. "Ye auld blind doited body, blind or what ye be,
It's but a bonny milk coo my mither sent to me,"
"A-far hae I ridden and muckle hae I seen,
But a saddle on a milk coo saw I never nane."

3. Oh hame came our guidman at e'en and hame came he,
And there he saw a pair of boots where nae boots should be,
"Oh what's this now guidwife, what's this I see,
Oh how came these boots here without the leave of me?"

4. "Ye auld blind doited body, blind or what ye be,
It's but a pair o' water-stoups my mither sent to me."
"A-far hae I ridden and muckle hae I seen,
But siller spurs on water-stoups saw I never nane."

5. Oh hame came our guidman at e'en and hame came he
And there he saw a siller sword where nae sword should be,
"Oh what's this now guidwife, and what's this I see,
Oh how came this sword here without the leave of me?"

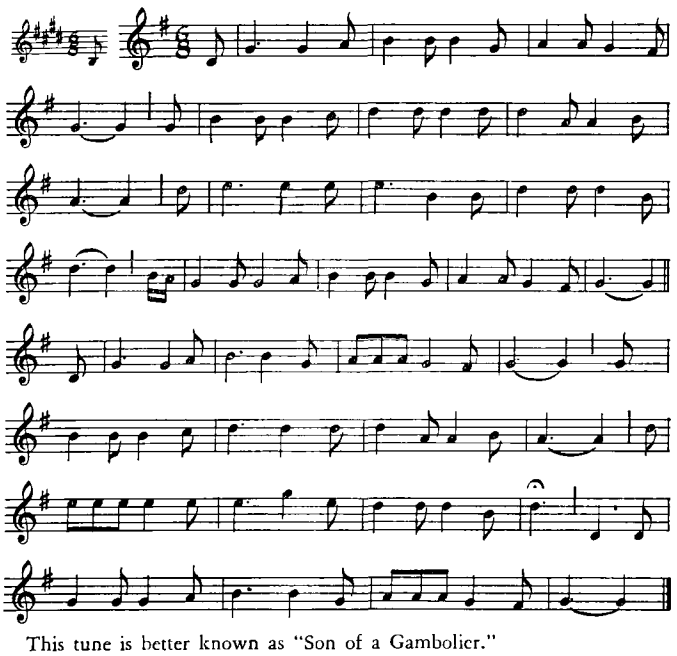
6. "Ye auld blind doited body, blind or what ye be,
It's but a bonny parritch stick my mither sent to me,"
"A-far hae I ridden and muckle hae I seen,
But a tassel on a parritch stick saw I never nane."

7. Oh ben the hoose gaed our guidman and ben gaed he,
And there he saw a sturdy man where nae man should be,
"Oh what's this now guidwife, and what's this I see,
Oh how came this man here without the leave of me?"

8. "Oh huly huly our guidman and dinna angry be,
It's but our cousin MacIntosh came frae the north countree,"
"We'll all be hanged and quartered, Kate, and that you'll soon see,
There's a Hieland rebel in the hoose without the leave o' me."

45. "An Old Man Came Tumbling Home"

Smith, 1928, p. 160. Communicated by several persons of Columbia, S.C.

a I

This tune is better known as "Son of a Gambolier."

An old man came tumbling home,
As drunk as he could be;
He found a horse within the stall
Where his horse ought to be.

"My dear wife, my kind wife,
My loving wife," says he,
"Whose horse is that within the stall
Where my horse ought to be?"

"You poor fool, you [blind] fool,
You son of a [gun]," says she,
"That's nothing but a milk-cow
Your mother gave to me."

"I've traveled the wide world over,
I've sailed from shore to shore;
But a saddle on a milk-cow
I never have seen before."

An old man came tumbling home,
As drunk as he could be;
He found a hat upon the rack
Where his hat ought to be.

"My dear wife, my kind wife,
My loving wife," says he,
"Whose hat is that upon the rack
Where my hat ought to be?"

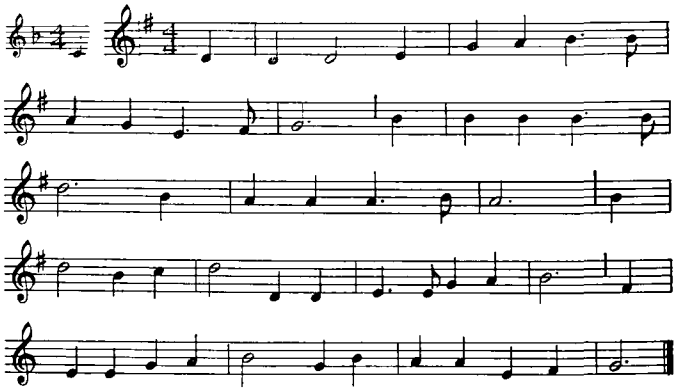
"You poor fool, you [blind] fool,
You son of a [gun]," says she,
"That's nothing but a peck-measure
Your mother gave to me."

"I've traveled the wide world over,
I've sailed from shore to shore;
But silk lining in a peck-measure
I never have seen before."

"In the later stanzas a pair of pants is explained as a pumpkin-bag, a man's head as a baby, etc." [*Smith's note.*]

46. "I Went Home One Night"

Randolph, I, 1946, p. 183(B). Sung by Charles Ingenthron, Walnut Shade, Mo., September 6, 1941.

p I

1. The old man come home one night,
His dearest wife to see.
Whose horse hitched at the gate,
Where mine had ought to be?

You old fool, you blind fool,
And can't you plainly see,
It's nothing but a milk-cow
My granny sent to me.

It's miles I have travelled
This wide world all o'er,
But a saddle on a milk cow
I never saw before!

2. The old man come home one night
His dearest wife to see,
Whose saddle is on the porch
Where mine had ought to be?

You old fool, you blind fool,
And can't you plainly see,
It's nothing but a bed-quilt
My granny sent to me.

It's miles I have travelled
This wide world all o'er,
But a bed-quilt made of leather
I never saw before.

3. The old man come home one night
His dearest wife to see,
Whose hat hangs on the peg
Where mine had ought to be?

You old fool, you blind fool,
And can't you plainly see,
It's nothing but a milk-jar
My granny sent to me.

It's miles I have travelled
This wide world all o'er,
But straps on a milk-jar
I never saw before.

4. The old man come home one night
His dearest wife to see,
Whose coat hangs on the nail
Where mine had ought to be?

You old fool, you blind fool,
And can't you plainly see,
It's nothing but a bed-sheet
My granny sent to me.

It's miles I have travelled
This wide world all o'er,
Sleeves in a bed-sheet
I never saw before!

5. The old man come home one night
His dearest wife to see,
Whose pants lays on the floor
Where mine had ought to be?

You old fool, you blind fool,
And can't you plainly see,
It's nothing but my drawers
My granny sent to me.

It's miles I have travelled
This wide world all o'er,
But pockets in drawers
I never saw before!

6. The old man come home one night
His dearest wife to see,
Whose head lays in the bed
Where mine had ought to be?

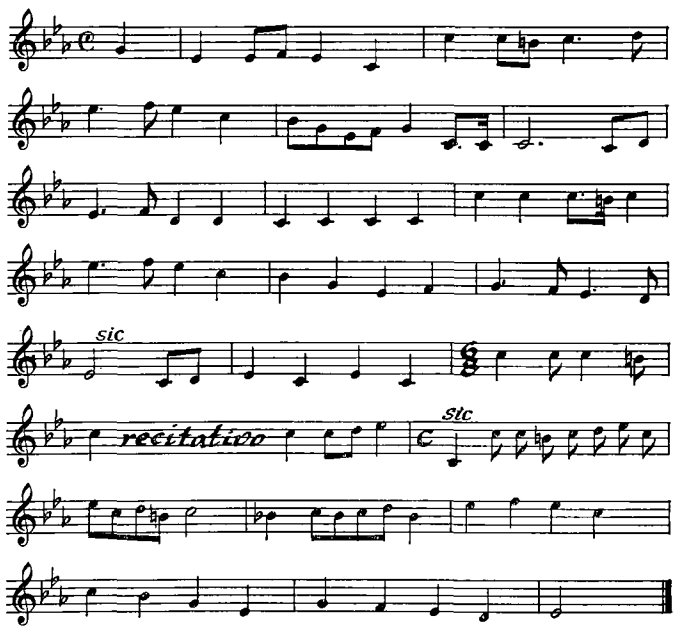
You old fool, you blind fool,
And can't you plainly see,
It's nothing but a cabbage head
My granny sent to me.

It's miles I have travelled
This wide world all o'er,
But whiskers on a cabbage head
I never saw before!

GROUP G

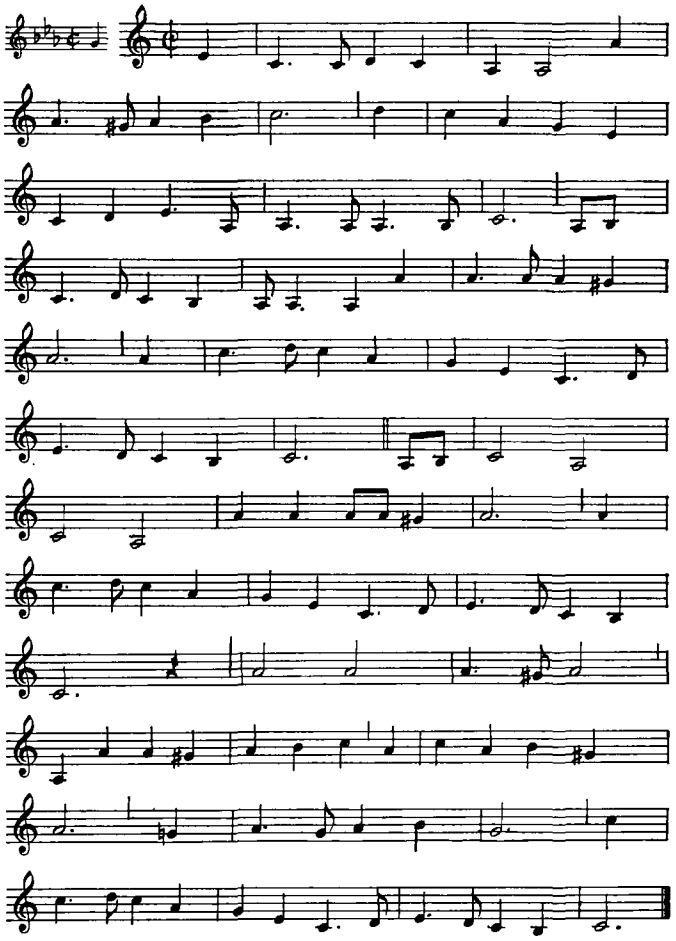
47. "The Cuckold's Song"

Baring-Gould MSS., CXLIII(2). Sung by Samuel Fone, Blackdown, Mary Tavy, Devonshire, July 1793. Noted by F. W. Bussell.

a Æ/D (inflected VII), ending on ♭ III

No text appears to have been collected from Fone. It seems likely that when Sharp re-edited *Songs of the West* (1905), he made the text given him conform to his reconstruction of Fone's tune, which follows as variant 48. Neither text nor tune was recorded from the two other Devonshire singers mentioned in the printed note to the song, namely, James Parsons, and John ("Ginger Jack") Woodrich.

48. "Old Wichet"

Baring-Gould, Sheppard, and Bussell, 1905, p. 60. Edited from the preceding tune by C. J. Sharp; the text printed here revised by Baring-Gould.

p I/Ly (inflected V)

Mr. Dark[e]'s own text, which he learned in 1835, is given from the MSS. as variant 49 below; the published version of the present text was considerably reformed by Baring-Gould, who also added a witty final stanza of his own composition (cf. "Notes on the Songs," *Songs of the West*, 1905, No. 30, p. 10). Baring-Gould in the main patterned his text on the one found in R. Bell, *Ancient Poems, Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry*, 1861, p. 206.

1. I went into my stable to see what I might see,
And there I saw three horses stand, by one, by two, by three.
I call'd unto my loving wife, and "Coming Sir!" said she,
"O what do these three horses here without the leave of me?"
"Why, old fool, blind fool! can't you very well see,
That these are three milking cows my mother sent to me?"
"Hey boys! Fill the cup! Milking cows with saddles up
The like was never known, the like was never known!"
Old Wichet went a noodle out, a noodle he came home.

2. I went into the kitchen, to see what I might see,
And there I saw three swords hung up, by one, by two, by three.
I call'd unto my loving wife, and "Coming Sir!" said she,
"O what do these three swords hang here without the leave of me?"
"Why, old fool, blind fool! can't you very well see,
That these are three toasting forks, my mother sent to me?"
"Hey boys! Well done! Toasting forks with scabbards on!
The like, &c.

3. I went into the pantry, to see what I might see,
And there I saw three pair of boots, by one, by two, by three.
I call'd unto my loving wife, and "Coming Sir!" said she,
"O what do these three pair of boots without the leave of me?"
"Why, old fool, blind fool! can't you very well see,
That these are three pudding bags, my mother sent to me?"
"Hey boys! Well done! Pudding bags with steel spurs on,
The like, &c.

4. I went into the dairy, to see what I might see,
And there I saw three beavers, by one, by two, by three.
I call'd unto my kind wife, and "Coming Sir!" said she,
"O what do these three beavers here without the leave of me?"
"Why, old fool, blind fool! can't you very well see,
That these are three milking pails, my mother sent to me?"
"Hey boys! Well done! Milking pails with ribbons on,
The like, &c.

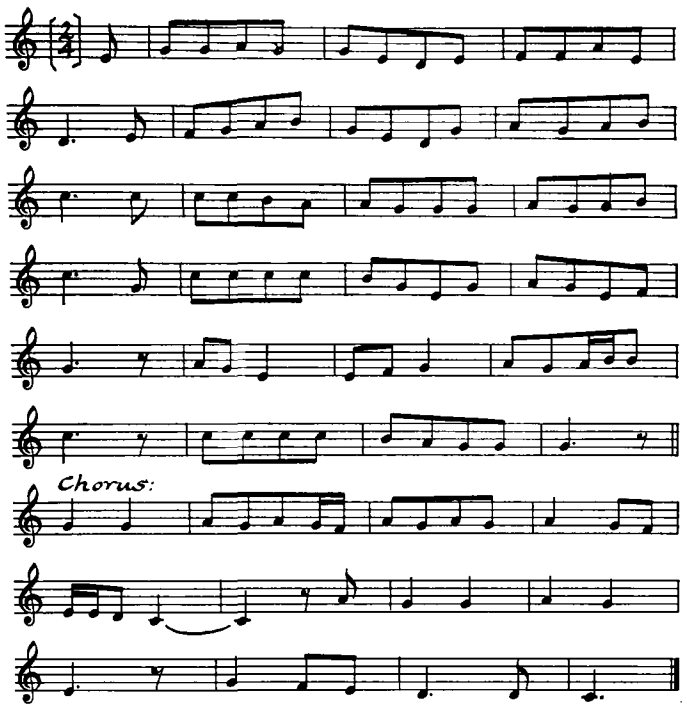
5. I went into the chamber, to see what I might see,
And there I saw three men in bed, by one, by two, by three.
I call'd unto my kind wife, and "Coming Sir!" said she,
"O why sleep here three gentlemen without the leave of me?"
"Why old fool, blind fool! can't you very well see,
That these are three milking maids, my mother sent to me?"
"Hey boys! Well done! Milking maids with beards on,
The like, &c.

6. I went about the chamber, as quick as quick might be,
I kicked the three men down the stairs, by one, by two, by three.
"Without your hats and boots be off, your horses leave and flee,
Your purses 'neath your pillows left; they too belong to me.
Why old wife, blind wife! can't you very well see,
That these are three highwaymen from justice hid by thee?"
"Hey boys! purses left; knaves they be, and away are flown.
The like was never known, the like was never known."
Old Wichet went a noodle out, a wise man he came home.

By permission of Mr. G. Hitchcock on behalf of the Estate of Baring-Gould as also variants 47 and 49.

49. "The Cuckold's Song"

Baring-Gould MSS., CXLIII(1); text, (A). Sung by Thomas Dark[e] (70), Eabmore, Whitstone; learned as an apprentice in 1835. Noted by Sabine Baring-Gould.

a I

According to a note in the MS. exactly the same tune was taken down by F. W. Bussell from the singing of James Parsons.

1. I went into the stable to see what I could see,
And there I saw five horses, by one, by two & three.
I calléd to my kind wife, "O come in Man," says she.
"How came these horses here, Ma'am? without the leave of me?"
"Lame & blind! Lame & blind! Prithee let things be.
It's nothing but three milking kine my mother sent to me."
Hey boys! Fill up the cup!
Milking cows with the saddle up!
Why such a strange thing was never yet known
When honest men went out under a cuckold moon.

2. I went into my passage, to see what I might see,
And there I saw three riding whips, by one, by two & three,
I calléd to my kind wife:—"O come in Man," says she.
"How came these riding whips here, without the leave of me?"
"Lame & blind, &c
"It's nothing but three fishing lines my father sent to me."
Hey boys! Fill the cup!
Fishing lines with the lashes up!
Why such a strange thing, &c.

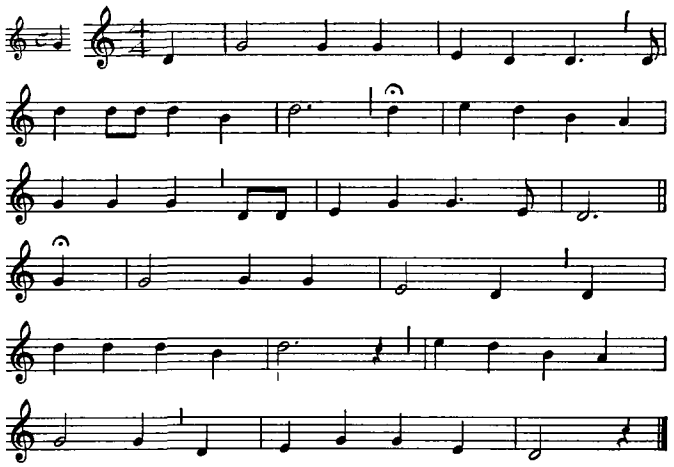
3. I went into the kitchen, to see what I could see,
And there I saw some beavers, by one, by two & three.
I calléd to my kind wife:—"O come in Man!" says she.
"How came these beavers here, Ma'am, without the leave of me?"
"Lame & blind, &c.
"It's nothing but three milking pails my sister sent to me."
Hey boys! Fill the cup!
Milking pails with ribbons round!
Why such a strange thing &c.

4. I went unto the staircase, to see what I could see,
And there I saw men's breeches, by one, by two & three.
I calléd to my kind wife:—"O come in Man!" says she.
"How came these breeches here, Ma'am, without the leave of me?"
"Lame & blind, &c." Hey, boys! fill the cup (*sic* MS)
It's nothing but some petticoats my aunt has sent to me."
Hey boys! Fill the cup
Petticoats with leggings up!
Why such a strange thing &c.

5. I went into my chamber, to see what I could see,
And there I saw some gentlemen, by one, by two & three,
I calléd to my kind wife:—"O come in Man!" says she.
"How came these gentlemen here, without the leave of me?"
"Lame & blind, &c.
It's nothing but some milkmaids my uncle sent to me."
Hey boys! Fill the cup
Milkmaids with beard on chin & lip!
Why such a strange thing, &c.

50. "I Called to My Loving Wife"

Scarborough, 1937, p. 418(C); text, p. 235. Sung by Mrs. Laura Keene, Murphy's Hollow, Buchanan County, Va.

p π^1 (with close on *V*); or a π^2

1. I called to my loving wife.
Oh, what do you want with me?
I see some man in bed in there
Where my own self ought to be.

2. You old fool, you blind fool,
Oh, fool, you cannot see
Nothing but a baby
My mama gave to me.

3. I travelled this world over
Ten thousand times or more,
A baby with whiskers on
I never seen before.

. . . . . .

4. You old fool, you blind fool,
   You fool, you cannot see
   It's nothing but a milk cow
   My mamma gave to me.

5. I've travelled this world over
   Ten thousand times or more.
   A milk cow with wheels on
   I never seen before.

6. I called to my loving wife,
   Oh, what do you want with me?
   I see some man in bed with you
   Where you know he oughtn't to be.

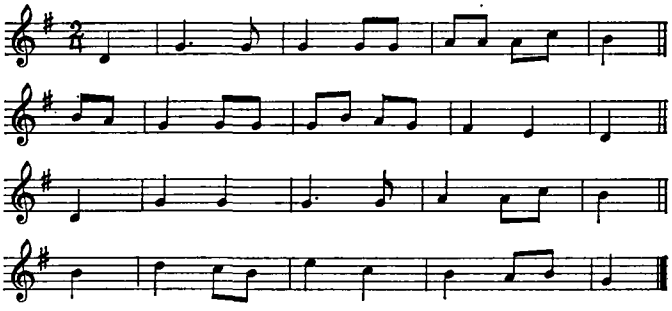
7. You old fool, you blind fool,
   You fool, you cannot see
   It's nothing but a milk churn
   My mama gave to me.

8. I travelled this world over
   Ten thousand times or more
   A milk churn with legs on
   I never seen before.

GROUP H

51. "Haink Fer-Thie Thie Amnagh" ("Hame Came our Gudeman")

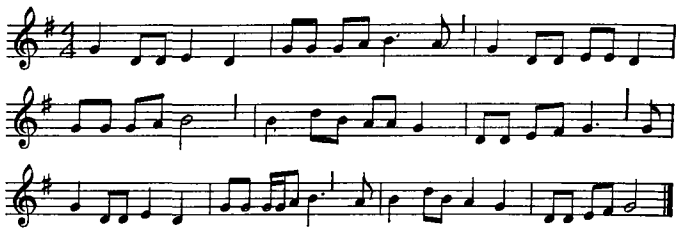
Clague, *JFSS*, VII, No. 30 (1926), p. 302. From Manx tradition.

p I

Haink fer thie thie amnagh amnagh uthey noie
Hooar y cabbyl uthey (uss y) stavyl red ren ching me lesh y cree
Quoie sleshey cabbyl ny gomys sleshey cooid
Ny quoi blowys cur ad ayn fegooish my chied?

(The man of the house came home late, late at night;
He got a horse in the stable, a thing which made me sick at heart.
Who owns the horse?—the goods are not mine,
Who dares to put them in without my leave?)

52. "Our Goodman"

Sharp MSS., 4671/3293. Sung by Mrs. Polly Mitchell, Burnsville, N.C., September 22, 1918.

p I/Ly

The last two phrases were probably repeated to carry the last two lines of the stanza, though the MS. does not indicate the repetition.

1. He went to his gate to see what could be seen,
   Called to his loving wife. Kind sir, she answered me.
   What's these gentlemen's horses here, one, by two, by three?
   You old fool, you blind fool, can't you so mighty well see?
   There's my three milking-cows my mammy sent to me.
   Yea ho, milking-cows with saddles on like I never did see.
   Every time I go from home here they all must be.

2. He went to his gate to see what could be seen,
   Called to his loving wife. Kind sir, she answered me.
   What's these gentlemen's dogs here, one by two, by three?
   You old fool, you blind fool, can't you so mighty well see?
   There's my three sucking-calves my mammy sent to me
   Yea ho, sucking-calves with curly tails like I never did see.
   Every time I go from home here they must be.

3. He went to his bedside to see what could be seen,
   Called to his loving wife. Kind sir, she answered me.
   What's these gentlemen's boots here, one by two, by three?
   You old fool, you blind fool, can't you so mighty well see?
   There's my three milking-churns my mammy sent to me
   Yea ho, milking-churns with heel tops on like I never did see.
   Every time I go from home here they all must be.

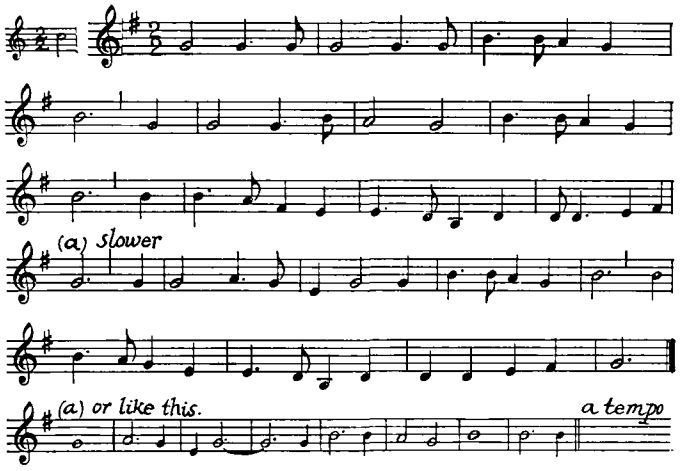
4. He went to his bedside, etc.
   What's these gentlemen's hats here, etc.
   There's my three milking-bowls my mammy sent to me.
   Yea ho, milking-bowls with hat bands on like I never did see, etc.

5. He went to his bedside to see what could be seen,
   Called to his loving wife. Kind sir, she answered me.
   What's these gentlemen's coats here, one, by two, by three?
   You old fool, you blind fool, can't you so mighty well see?
   There's my three coverlets my mammy sent to me.
   Yea ho, coverlets with buttons on like I never did see.
   Every time I go from home here they all must be.

6. He went to his bedside to see what could be seen,
   Called to his loving wife. Kind sir, she answered me.
   What's these gentlemen's heads here, one by two, by three?
   You old fool, you blind fool, can't you so mighty well see?
   There's my three cabbage-heads my mammy sent to me.
   Yea ho, cabbage-heads with hair on like I never did see.
   Every time I go from home here they all must be.

53. "Old Wichet"

Sharp MSS., 3289/2396. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 268(B). Sung by Mrs. Minnie Rice, Big Laurel, N.C., August 18, 1916.

p I/Ly

1. Whose horse is that horse, where my horse
ought to be?
You old fool, you blind fool, can't you
never see?
It's nothing but a milk cow my mother sent
to me.
It's miles I have travelled, some forty miles
or more,
A milk cow with a saddle on I never saw before.

2. Whose coat is that coat, where my coat ought
to be?
You old fool etc.
It's nothing but a bed-quilt my mother sent to me.
It's miles etc.
A bed-quilt with buttons on I never saw before.

3. Whose boots is those boots, where my boots ought
to be?
You old fool etc.
It's nothing but a cabbage head my mother sent to me.
It's miles etc.
A cabbage head with boot heels on I never saw before.

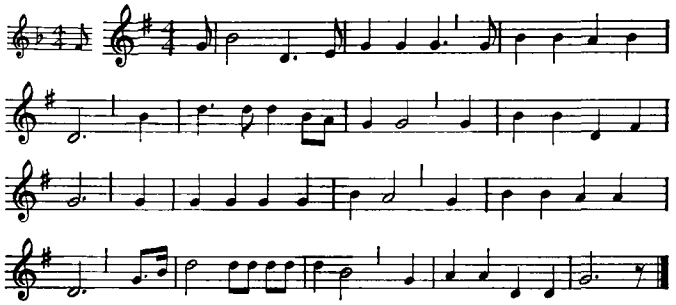
4. Whose hat is that hat, where my hat ought to be?
You old fool etc.
It's nothing but a dish rag my mother sent to me.
It's miles etc.
A dish rag with a hat-band on I never saw before.

5. Whose pants are those pants, where my pants ought
to be?
You old fool etc.
It's nothing but a petticoat my mother sent to me.
It's miles etc.
A petticoat with a gallices (suspenders) on I never
saw before.

6. Who's that in the bed, where I ought to be?
You old fool etc.
It's nothing but a baby child my mother sent to me.
It's miles etc.
A baby child with mushtash (moustachios) on I never
saw before.

54. "Three Nights of Experience"

Scarborough, 1937, p. 417(B); text, p. 234. Sung by Orville O'Quinn, Council, Buchanan County, Va.

p I/Ly

1. The first night when I came home,
Just drunk as I could be,
I saw a horse in the stable
Where my horse ought to be.

2. Come here, my little wifie,
Explain this thing to me.
What's that horse doing in the stable
Where my horse ought to be?

3. You blind fool, you crazy fool,
Can't you never see
Nothing but a milch cow
Your granny sent to me?

4. I've travelled this wide world over,
About a thousand miles or more,
But a saddle on a milch cow's back
I never did see before.

5. The second night when I came home,
Just drunk as I could be,
I saw a coat on the rack
Where my coat ought to be.

6. Come here, my little wifie,
Explain this thing to me.
What's that coat doing on the rack
Where my coat ought to be?

7. You blind fool, you crazy fool,
Can't you never see
Nothing but a bed-quilt
Your granny sent to me?

8. I've travelled this wide world over,
About a thousand miles or more,
But a pocket on a bed-quilt
I never did see before.

9. The third night when I came home
Just drunk as I could be,
I saw a head on a pillow
Where my head ought to be.

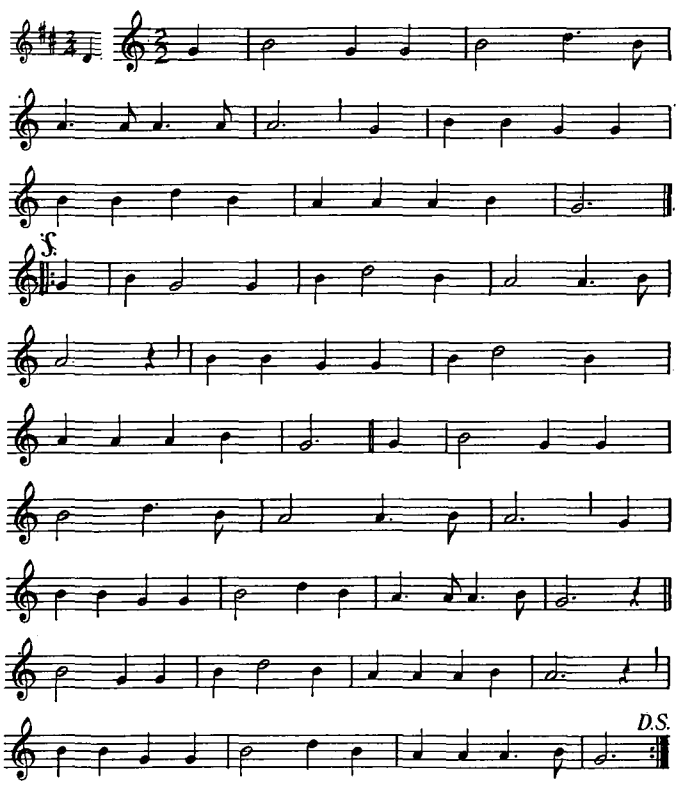
10. Come here, my little wifie,
Explain this thing to me.
What's that head doing on the pillow
Where my head ought to be?

11. You blind fool, you crazy fool,
Can't you never see
Nothing but a cabbage head
Your granny sent to me?

12. I've travelled this wide world over
About a thousand miles or more,
But a mustache on a cabbage head
I never did see before.

55. "Old Wichet"

Sharp MSS., 3484/2569. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 267(A). Sung by Mrs. Jane Gentry, Hot Springs, N.C., September 16, 1916.

a π^1 (−IV, VI, VII)

1. She beats me, she bangs me,
And it is her heart's delight
To beat me with the poking stick
When I come home at night.

2. Old woman, old woman, what means all of this?
Horses in the stables where my mules ought to be.
You old fool, you blind fool, it's fool, can't you see?
It's nothing but some milk cows your mammy sent to me.
Miles I have travelled, ten thousand miles or more,
Saddles on a milk cow I never saw before.

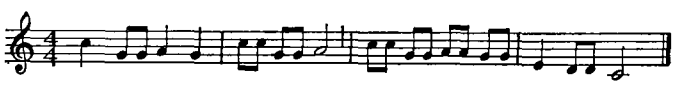
3. Old woman etc.
Boots on the floor where my boots ought to be.
You old fool etc.
It's nothing but a churn, sir, your mammy sent to me.
Miles I have travelled etc.
Heels on a churn, sir, I never saw before.

4. Old woman etc.
A hat on a table where my hat ought to be.
You old fool etc.
It's nothing but a nightcap your mammy sent to me.
Miles I have travelled etc.
Fur round a nightcap I never saw before.

5. Old woman, etc.
A man in the bed where I ought to be.
You old fool etc.
It's nothing but a baby your mammy sent to me.
Miles I have travelled etc.
Hair on a baby's face I never saw before.

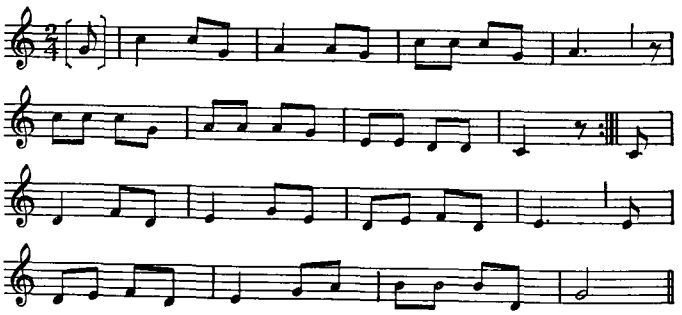
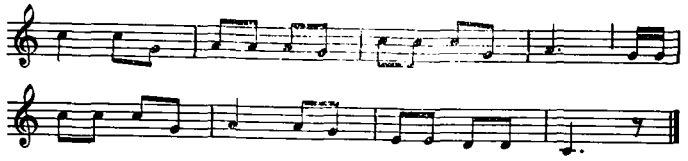
56. "Down Came the Old Man"

Davis, 1929, p. 597(G). Contributed by Mrs. George D. McLaughlin, of Benicia, Calif., May 15, 1916, from the singing of George D. McLaughlin, of Rockbridge County, Va.

a π^1

Reprinted by permission of the publishers, The University Press of Virginia.

57. "Hobble and Bobble"

Luther, 1942, p. 18.

First strain a π^1; second strain a I, modulating; third strain = first

1. Down came the old man
   A-hummin' like a bee,
Found a man a-standin'
   Where himself ought to be.

2. He turned to his wife
   And he said unto she,
"What's this man a-doin' here
   Without a leave o' me?"

3. "You old fool, you blind fool,
   You fool, you cannot see;
It's nothin' but a milkmaid
   My mother sent to me."

4. "I've traveled many miles
   And many miles before;
But breeches on a milkmaid
   I never saw before."

5. Down came the old man
   A-hummin' like a bee,
Found a hat a-hangin'
   Where his own ought to be.

6. He turned to his wife
   And he said unto she,
"What's this hat a-doin' here
   Without a leave o' me?"

7. "You old fool, you blind fool,
   You fool, you cannot see;
It's nothin' but a milk churn
   My mother sent to me."

8. "I've traveled many miles
   And many miles before;
But fur on a milk churn
   I never saw before."

9. He walked up to the table,
   The sight that he did see,
It was some gentlemen sitting there,
   One, or two, or three.

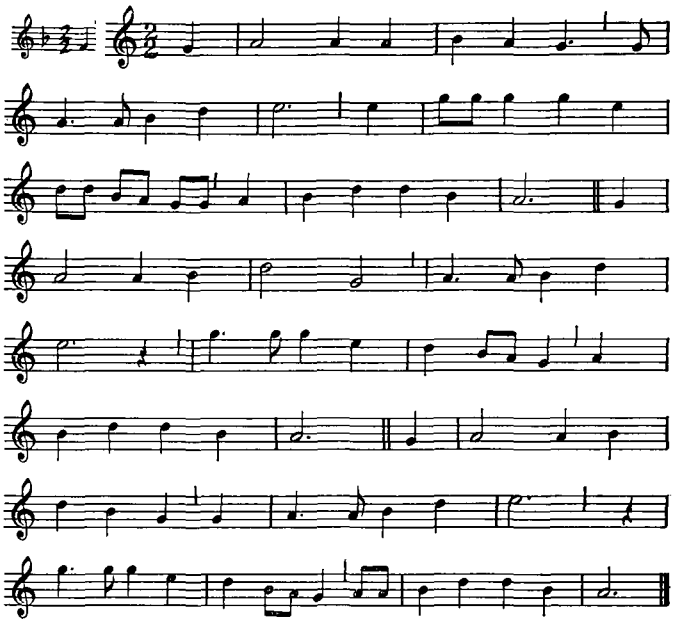
10. He called to his kind wife,
   And he said unto she:
"What are those gentlemen doing there
   Without a lief from me?"

11. "Whole couple, blind couple,
   Fool, can't you see?
It's nothin' but some cabbage heads
   My mother sent here to me."

12. "Hobble and bobble,
   Very well done,
But hair on a cabbage head
   Is a thing I never did see."

58. "Our Goodman"

Sharp MSS., 3803/2797. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 269(D). Sung by Mrs. Wilson, Pineville, Ky., June 5, 1917.

a π^1, ending on II; if on A, a π^3

Cf., e.g., B. L. Lunsford's version of "Fair Margaret and Sweet William" (Child No. 74), *ante*, Vol. II, p. 184 (variant 69).

Old man come home at night, the place he ought to be;
Another man's horse is standing in the stable where his horse ought to be.
You old fool, you blind fool, can't you never see?
Nothing but a milking-cow my mamma sent to me.
I've rambled, I've travelled ten thousand miles or more:
Never saw a milking-cow with a saddle on before.

Old man, etc.
Another man's boots a-sitting in the corner where his boots ought to be.
You old fool, etc.
Nothing but a coffee pot my mamma sent to me.
I've rambled, etc.
Never saw a coffee pot with a heel-irons on before.

Old man, etc.
Another man's hat a-laying in the bed where his hat ought to be.
You old fool, etc.
Nothing but a cabbage head my mamma sent to me.
I've rambled, etc.
Never saw a cabbage head with mustash on before.

Old man, etc.
Another man's feet a-laying in the bed where his feet ought to be.
You old fool, etc.
Nothing but a whole cake of bread my mamma sent to me.
I've rambled, etc.
Never saw a whole cake of bread with the toe-nails on before.

Get Up and Bar the Door

CHILD NO. 275

It seems very odd that this ballad has acquired no traditional currency in England. It has been popular in Scotland and is known in various forms, *fabliau* or folk-tale, in many parts of Europe and the Near East. From Scotland it has been brought to the United States, probably before the present century. It has been collected north and south in this country, and as far west as the Ozarks and Oklahoma. The tune which Burns contributed to *The Scots Musical Museum* with six stanzas ("Johnie Blunt," No. 365, variant 3 below) strikes us as closely akin to several of Playford's country dance tunes (e.g., "Rose is white and Rose is red," *The English Dancing Master*, 1651, ed. Dean-Smith, 1957, p. 33; and even more clearly, "Black John," in the 1670 edition) and seems more English than Scottish. Stenhouse (*Scots Musical Museum*, 1853, IV, p. 341) thought Burns's text older than Herd's; but Dick (*The Songs of Robert Burns*, 1903, p. 489), while admitting the age of the legend, credits Burns with the authorship of the song. The tune nevertheless may be traditional for an earlier form of the song: it is certainly related to the one used in the *Museum*, No. 300, for the Herd text (variant 1 below). At any rate, the *Museum* seems to have been the primary agent of dissemination into popular currency.

All the other known copies of a tune are easily recognizable variants of the same melodic idea. All are in the major tonality; all but the Burns copy are plagal. The chief variations lie in the refrain: some variants lack it, some have an extra final phrase, some two, and some three. All but one or two copies have the feminine cadence with "O" in the second and fourth phrases.

William Macmath, who took Child's B from his aunt's singing, appears not to have preserved the tune. This is regrettable, because the refrain is unique and indicates a possible melodic distinction. There is said to be a tune in the Bunyan MS., 1877, p. 30, which I have not seen; and one in Blockley's *Songs of Scotland*, 1840 (cf. Gray-Muir MS., NL Scotland MS. 2254). It is unlikely that these differ radically from what we already have.

LIST OF VARIANTS

GROUP A

1. "Get up and bar the Door." James Johnson, *The Scots Musical Museum*, III [1790], No. 300, p. 310 (repr. 1853). Also in Joseph Ritson, *Scotish Songs*, 1794, I, p. 226; Robert Archibald Smith, *The Scotish Minstrel* [1820-24], I, p. 29; and G. F. Graham, *The Songs of Scotland*, 1848-49, II, p. 62.
2. "The Barrin' o the Door." Robert Maver, *Genuine Scottish Melodies*, 1866, No. 362, p. 181.
3. "Johnie Blunt." Johnson, *The Scots Musical Museum*, IV [1792], No. 365, p. 376 (repr. 1853).
4. "Get Up and Bar the Door." Helen Creighton and Doreen H. Senior, *Traditional Songs from Nova Scotia*, 1950, p. 92.
5. "Arise and Bar the Door-O." Emelyn Elizabeth Gardner and Geraldine Jencks Chickering, *Ballads and Songs of Southern Michigan*, 1939, p. 371.
6. "The Barrin' o' the Door." Peter Shepheard, private collection.
7. "The Barrin' o Our Door." George Eyre-Todd, *Ancient Scots Ballads* [1894], p. 52. Also in Robert Ford, *Vagabond Songs and Ballads of Scotland*, I, 1899, p. 164; and in ed. of 1904, p. 148.
8. "Barrin' o' the Door." Archive, School of Scottish Studies, University of Edinburgh, recording No. 1952/35/1. (Munro)
9. "Barrin' o' the Door." Archive, School of Scottish Studies, recording No. 1960/143/B3. (Stewart)
10. "Get Up and Bar the Door." Phillips Barry, Fannie H. Eckstorm, and Mary W. Smyth, *British Ballads from Maine*, 1929, p. 320(B). (Macauslan)
11. "The Barrin' o' the Door." Duncan MSS., "Folk-Song Airs of the North East," p. 217, Cecil Sharp House, London. Also in Gavin Greig and Alexander Keith, *Last Leaves of Traditional Ballads and Ballad Airs*, 1925, p. 218(a). (Walker)

a. "Get Up and Bar the Door." *The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore*, IV (*The Music of the Ballads*, ed. Jan P. Schinhan), 1957, p. 112.

12. "The Barrin' o' the Door." Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 282. (Mrs. Gillespie)
13. "Get Up and Bar the Door." Ewan MacColl, Riverside recording No. RLP 12-622(B1), *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, I, ed. Kenneth S. Goldstein. Also on Folkways LP recording No. FW 8755(A4).
14. "The Barrin' o' our Door, weel." W. Christie, *Traditional Ballad Airs*, II, 1881, p. 262.
15. "Get Up and Bar the Door." E. C. Kirkland, *SFQ*, XIII (1949), p. 170. Also in Alton C. Morris, *Folksongs of Florida*, 1950, p. 320.
16. "The Barrin' o' the Door." Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 471. Also in Greig and Keith, *Last Leaves*, 1925, p. 218(b). (Wallace)
17. "Get Up and Bar the Door." Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, *British Ballads from Maine*, 1929, p. 318(A). (McGill)

GROUP B

18. "John Blunt." Frank Purslow, *Marrow Bones: English Folk Songs from The Hammond and Gardiner MSS.*, 1965, p. 47. From Hammond MSS., No. D715.

APPENDIX

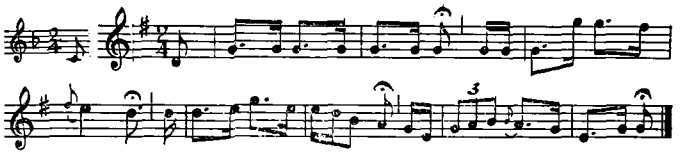
19. ["Get Up and Bar the Door."] Mrs. William Rea Gregg, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 11,457 (A15).
20. "Get Up and Shut the Door." Vance Randolph, *Ozark Folksongs*, I, 1946, p. 186(A).

TUNES WITH TEXTS

GROUP A

1. "Get up and bar the Door"

Johnson, III [1790], No. 300, p. 310 (repr. 1853). Also in Ritson, 1794, I, p. 226; Smith [1820-24], I, p. 29; and Graham, 1848-49, II, p. 62.

m I/Ly

The tune appears, in union with "Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?" in G. Thomson, *A Select Collection of Original Scottish Airs*, 2nd ed. [1804], I, p. 47.

1. It fell about the Martinmass time,
   And a gay time it was then, O
   When our goodwife got puddings to make
   And she's boil'd them in the pan O.

2. The wind sae cauld blew south & north,
   And blew into the floor, O.
   Quoth our goodman, to our goodwife,
   "Gat up and bar the door" O.

3. "My hand is in my hus'if skap,
   Goodman, as ye may see O,
   And it shou'd nae be barr'd this hundred year,
   It's no be barr'd for me O."

4. They made a paction 'tween them twa,
   They made it firm and sure; O
   That the first who should speak the foremost word,
   Shou'd rise and bar the door O.

5. Then by there came two gentlemen,
   At twelve o'clock at night, O
   And they could neither see house nor hall,
   Nor coal nor candle light O.

6. Now, whether is this a rich man's house,
   Or whether is it a poor, O
   But never a word wad ane o' them speak,
   For barring of the door, O.

7. And first they ate the white puddings,
   And then they ate the black O,
   Though muckle thought the goodwife to hersel,
   Yet ne'er a word she spake O.

8. Then said the one unto the other,
   "Here, man, tak ye my knife O
   Do ye tak aff the auld man's beard,
   And I'll kiss the goodwife, O.

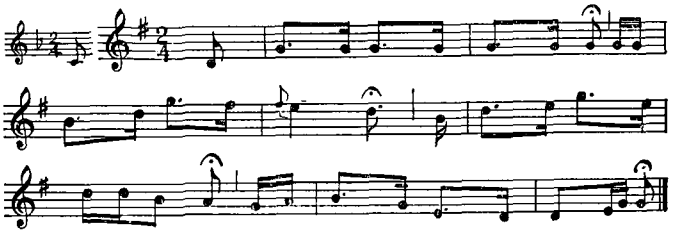
9. "But there's nae water in the house,
   And what shall we do than." O
   "What ails ye at the pudding broo,
   That boils into the pan O."

10. O up then started our goodman,
    An angry man was he, O
    "Will ye kiss my wife before my een,
    And scald me wi' pudding bree." O

11. Then up and started our goodwife,
    Gied three skips on the floor, O
    "Goodman, you've spoken the foremost word,
    Get up and bar the door, O."

2. "The Barrin' o the Door"

Maver, 1866, No. 362, p. 181.

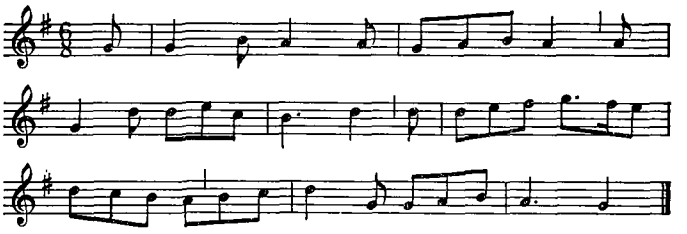
m I/Ly

1. It fell about the Mart'mas time,
   (And a gay time it was than, O,)
   That our guidwife got puddins to mak,
   And she biled them in a pan, O.

   [*Etc.*]

The remainder closely follows Herd's text, 1776, II, 159, as given in the *SMM*, variant 1 above.

3. "Johnie Blunt"

Johnson, IV [1792], No. 365, p. 376 (repr. 1853). From Robert Burns.

a I

1. There liv'd a man in yonder Glen,
   And John Blunt was his name O;
   He maks gude maut, and he brews gude ale,
   And he bears a wondrous fame, O.

2. The wind blew in the hallan ae night,
   Fu' snell out o'er the moor, O;
   "Rise up, rise up, auld Luckie," he says,
   "Rise up and bar the door, O."

3. They made a paction 'tween them twa,
They made it firm and sure, O,
Whae'er sud speak the foremost word,
Should rise and bar the door, O.

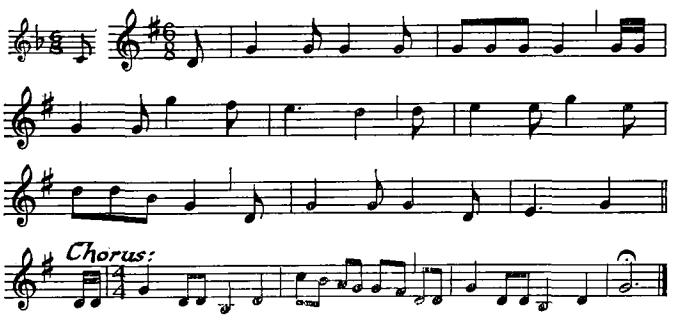
4. Three travellers that had tint their gate,
As thro' the hills they foor, O,
They airted by the line o' light
Fu' straught to Johnie Blunt's door, O.

5. They haurl'd auld Luckie out o' her bed,
And laid her on the floor, O;
But never a word auld Luckie wad say,
For barrin o' the door, O.

6. "Ye've eaten my bread, ye hae druken my ale,
And ye'll mak my auld wife a whore, O."
"A ha, Johnie Blunt! ye hae spoke the first word,
Get up and bar the door, O."

4. "Get Up and Bar the Door"

Creighton and Senior, 1950, p. 92. Sung by Mrs. E. H. McKeen, Sherbrooke, N.S.

m I

1. It fell about the Martinmas time
And a gay time it was then O,
That our guid wife had puddings to make
She boiled them in a pan O,
For the barring of oor door weel, weel, weel,
For the barring of oor door weel.

2. And the wind blew hard fae north to south
And it blew across the floor O,
Says oor guidman to oor guidwife,
"Get up and bar the door O."

Chorus.

3. "My hands are in the husseyskep
Guidman as ye may see O,
If it shouldna be barred these hunner's years
It'll no be barred by me O."

Chorus.

4. So they made a paction between them twa,
They made it firm and sure O
That the one who should speak the foremost word
Should rise and bar the door O.

Chorus.

5. And by there came twa gentlemen
At twelve o'clock at night O,
And they could find out neither hoose nor ha'
Nor hae [coal] nor candle light O.

Chorus.

6. "Now whether is this a rich man's hoose
Or whether it is a puir O?"
But ne'er a word would ane of them speak
For barring of the door O.

Chorus.

7. Says ane unto the tither,
"Here man, take ye my knife O,
While ye cut off the auld man's beard
I'll kiss the auld guidwife O."

Chorus.

8. "But there's nae water in the hoose,
And what shall we do then O?"
"What ails ye at the pudding-bree
That boils into the pan O?"

Chorus.

9. Then up jumps our guidman
And an angry man was he O,
"Ye kissed me wife before me face
And sca'd me with pudding-bree O."

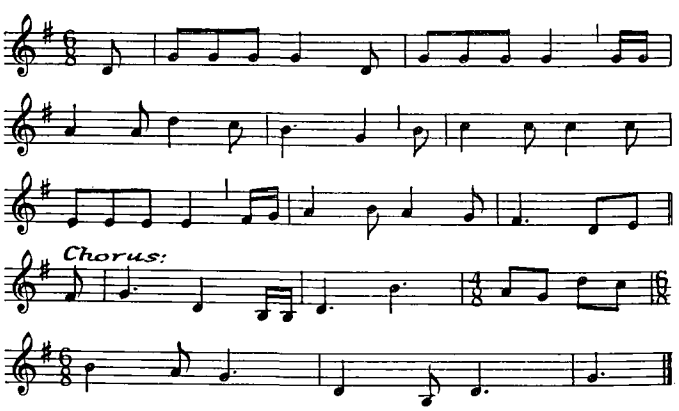
Chorus.

10. Then up jumps our guidwife
And made three skips across the floor O,
"Guidman ye spoke the foremost word,
Ye'll rise and bar the door O."

Chorus.

5. "Arise and Bar the Door-O"

Gardner and Chickering, 1939, p. 371. Sung by Mrs. Frank Gamsby, Saranac, Mich., 1935; learned from her sister, who heard it sung by a Scottish boy.

p I

The original copy is in 3/8 bars. It seems probable that the chorus was inaccurately set down.

1. It happened aboot the Middlemas time,
And a gay time it was then O,
When our guid wife had puddens to mak
And she boiled them in the pan O.

Chorus:

The barrin' o' our door, will, will, will,
'Tis the barrin' o' door, will.

2. They made a poction 'tween them twa,
They made it firm and sure O,
Whoever spoke the foremost word
Should arise and bar the door O.

3. Along there came twa gentlemen
At twelve o'clock at nicht O;
And they could see neither hoose nor hair
Nor cool nor candle licht O.

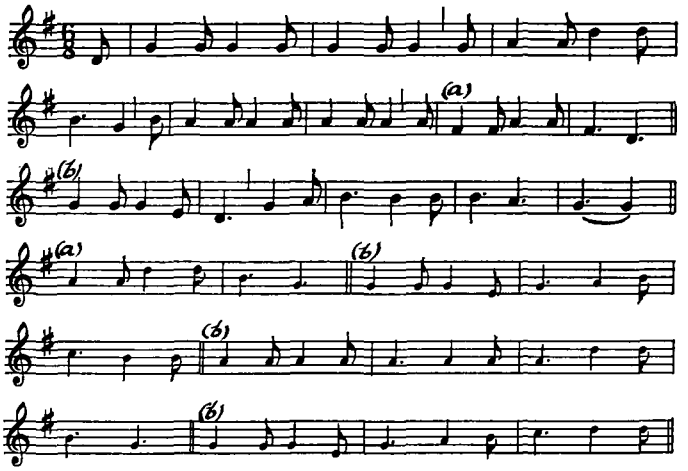
4. Then says the ain unti the ither,
"D'ye take my guid knife O,
D'ye take off the old mon's beard;
I'll gie kiss the guid wife O."

5. Then up started our guid mon,
Gie three skups o'er the floor O,
"Would ye kiss me guid wife before me een
And scald me wi puddin bree O?"

6. Then up started our guid wife,
Gie three skups o'er the floor O,
"My guid mon, you've spoken the foremost word,
Arise and bar the door O."

6. "The Barrin' o' the Door"

Sung by Martha Johnson ("Peasie"), Dunkeld, Perthshire. Collected and transcribed by Peter Shepheard; sent by him to the Editor.

p I

1. It bein' the Martinmas time
A gay time it was then O
When oor gudewife had puddens tae mak
An' she boilt them in the pan O
Weel a weel a weel
Wi' the barrin' o' oor door weel

2. The wind blew South the wind blew West
It blew intae the flair O
Says oor gudeman tae oor gudewife
So rise an' bar the door O
Weel a weel a weel
Wi' the barrin' o' oor door weel

3. My hand is on ma spurtle stick
Gudeman as ye can see O
Should it ne'er be barred this hundred years
It'll ne'er be barred be me O
Weel a weel a weel
Wi' the barrin' o' oor door weel

4. They made a vow between them twa
. . . . . .
What ever yin spoke the foremost word
Would rise an' bar the door O
Weel a weel a weel
Wi' the barrin' o' oor door weel

5. In steps twa genteel men
At twal o'clock at night O
For they couldna see yin another
For want o' candle light O
Weel a weel a weel
Wi' the barrin' o' oor door weel

6. For first they ate the black
An' then they ate the white O
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
Weel a weel a weel
Wi' the barrin' o' oor door weel

7. Said the yin until the other
. . . . . .
You cut off the old man's beard
While I kiss his wife O
Weel a weel a weel
Wi' the barrin' o' oor door weel

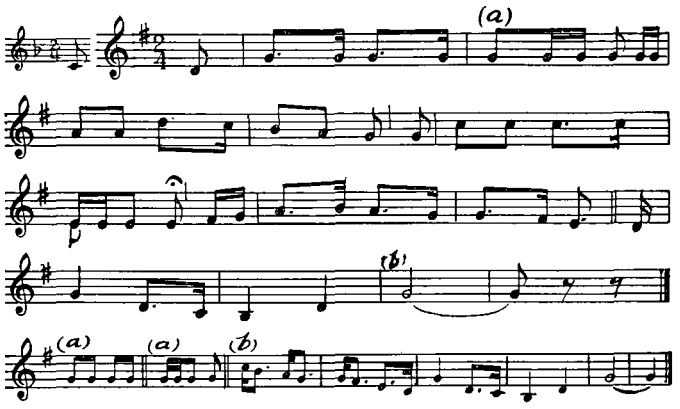
8. There's nae water in the hoose
An' what shall we do then O
Oh what ails ye at the pudden bree
That boils intae the pan O
Weel a weel a weel
Wi' the barrin' o' oor door weel

9. For up steps oor gudeman
An angry man was he O
Tae kiss ma wife before ma face
An' scauld me wi' pudden bree O
Weel a weel a weel
Wi' the barrin' o' oor door weel

10. Up steps oor gudewife
Gaed three skips on the flair O
Saying you had spoke the foremost yin
So rise an' bar the door O
Weel a weel a weel
Wi' the barrin' o' oor door weel

7. "The Barrin' o Our Door"

Eyre-Todd [1894], p. 52. Also in Ford, I, 1899, p. 164; and in ed. of 1904, p. 148. From Aberdeenshire tradition, c. 1870.

p I

The variants appear in Ford's version of the tune.

1. It fell about the Martinmas time,
   And a gay time it was then, O!
   That our gudewife had puddin's to mak',
   And she boil'd them in the pan, O!

   The barrin' o' our door, weel, weel, weel,
   O, the barrin' o' our door, weel.

2. The win' blew cauld frae north to south,
   It blew into the floor, O!
   Quoth our gudeman to our gudewife,
   "Get up and bar the door, O!"

3. "My hand is in my husswifeskip,
   Gudeman, as ye may see, O!
   An' it should na be barr'd this hundred year,
   It's no be barr'd by me, O!"

4. They made a paction 'tween them twa,
   They made it firm an' sure, O!
   Whaever spak' the foremost word
   Should rise and bar the door, O!

5. Then by there cam' twa gentlemen,
   At twelve o'clock at nicht, O!
   And they could neither see house nor ha',
   Nor coal nor candle licht, O!

6. And, oh, they were hungry, cauld, and weet,
   An' it was an awfu' nicht, O!
   And when they saw the open door
   Their hearts lap at the sicht, O!

7. "Now, whether is this a rich man's house,
   Or whether is it a poor, O?"
   But ne'er a word wad ane o' them speak,
   For the barrin' o' the door, O!

8. And first they ate the white puddin's,
   And syne they ate the black, O!
   And muckle thocht the gudewife to hersel',
   Yet ne'er a word she spak', O!

9. Then said the ane unto the other—
   "Here, man, tak' ye my knife, O!
   Do ye tak' aff the auld man's beard,
   And I'll kiss the gudewife, O!"

10. "But there's nae water in the house,
    And what shall we do then, O?"
    "What ails ye at the puddin' bree
    That boils into the pan, O?"

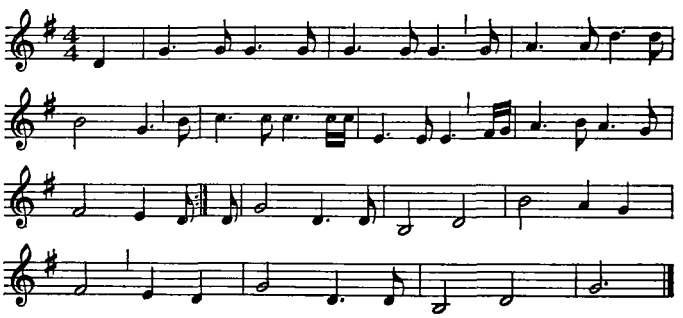
11. O, up then started our gudeman,
    And an angry man was he, O!
    "Would you kiss my wife before my e'en,
    An' scauld me wi' puddin' bree, O?"

12. Then up and started oor gudewife,
    Gae three skips owre the floor, O!
    "Gudeman, ye've spoke the foremost word,
    Get up and bar the door, O!"

The text is that given by Ford. Stanza 6 he attributes to David Kennedy. Eyre-Todd follows Herd's text; and, generally, so does Ford, except that Herd has no refrain, and leaves out the cadential "O's."

8. "Barrin' o' the Door"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1952/35/1. Sung by George Munro, with piano accompaniment, Greenness, Aberdeenshire. Collected by Hamish Henderson.

m I

1. ? Then by there cam' twa gentlemen*
   At twal' o' clock at nicht-o,
   And they could see neither hoose nor ha'
   Nor coal nor candle-licht-o.

2. And they were hungry, cauld and weet,
   It wis an awfu' nicht-o
   And when they saw the open door
   Their herts lap at the sicht-o.

   Chorus.

   The barrin' o' oor door weel, weel, weel
   Oh the barrin' o' oor door weel.

3. "Noo whether is this a rich man's hoose
   Or whether is this a puir-o?"
   But never a word would ane o' them speak
   For the barrin' o' the door-o.

4. And first they ate the white puddens,
And then they ate the black-o.
But muckle thocht the guid-wife then,
Yet ne'er a word she spak-o.

Chorus.

5. Then ane o' them tae the ither said,
"Here, man, tak ye my knife-o
Dae ye tak aff the auld man's beard
And I'll kiss the guid-wife-o."

6. "But there's nae water in the hoose,
An' fit shall we dae then-o?"
"Fit ails ye at the pudden-bree
That biles intae the pan-o?"

Chorus.

7. Oh up then started oor guidman,
An angry man was he-o:
"Wad ye kiss my wife before my een
An' scaud me wi' pudden-bree-o?"

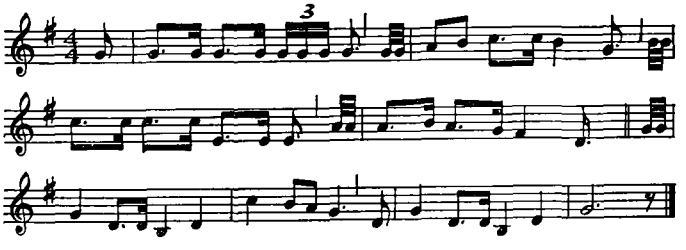
8. Oh up then started oor guidwife,
Took three steps owre the flair-o:
"Guidman, ye've spoken the foremost word,
Get up an' bar the door-o."

Chorus.

* "The tape starts after the beginning of the song." [*Collector's note.*]

9. "Barrin' o' the Door"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1960/143/B3. Sung by Ned Stewart, Fetterangus, Aberdeenshire, December 30, 1959. Collected by K. S. Goldstein.

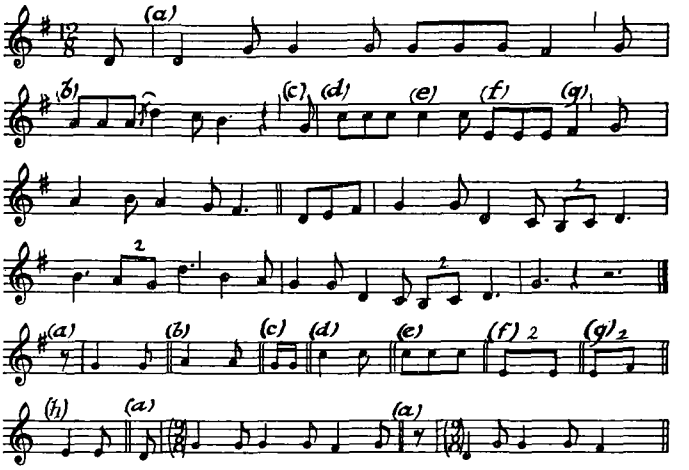
p I (on lower mediant octave)

It fell upon the Martinmas time,
And a guid time 't was then—o,
When our auld wife had puddens to mak',
And she biled them in the pan—o.

Chorus:

For the barrin' o' oor door weel, weel, weel,
The barrin' o' oor door weel.

10. "Get Up and Bar the Door"

Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, 1929, p. 320(B). Sung by Miss Eunice M. Macauslan, Islesford, Me., September 11, 1928. Noted by George Herzog.

p I

1. It came aboot the Michaelmas time,
And many good times were then,
When oor gude wife had puddings to make,
And boiled within the pan.
And the barring of the fore-door, weel, weel, weel,
And the barring of the fore-door, weel!

2. They made a paction 'twixt them twa,
They made it firm and sure,
The first that spak the foremost word
Should rise and bar the door.
And the barring of the fore-door, weel, weel, weel,
And the barring of the fore-door, weel!

3. Long cam twa gentlemen
At twelve o'clock at night;
They neither could see house nor ha',
Nor hae coal nor candle-light.
And the barring of the fore-door, weel, weel, weel,
And the barring of the fore-door, weel!

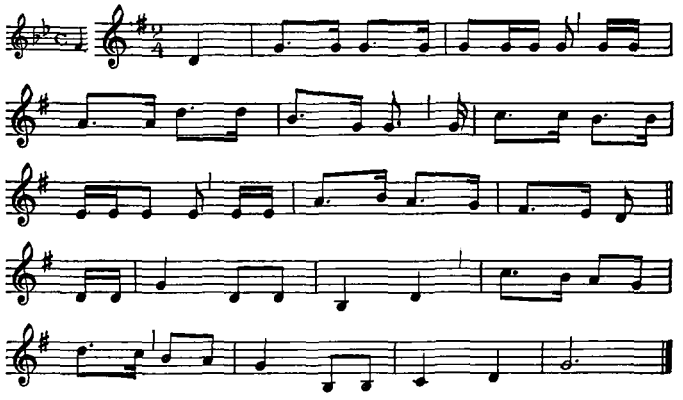
4. Said the tane unto the tither,
"You tak here me knife,
And you'll cut off the old man's beard
While I kiss the gude wife."
And the barring of the fore-door, weel, weel, weel,
And the barring of the fore-door, weel!

5. Up starts the gude man,
An angry man was he,
"Wud ye kiss me good wife before me face,
Scaud me wi' pudding brae!"
And the barring of the fore-door, weel, weel, weel,
And the barring of the fore-door, weel!

6. Up starts oor gude wife,
Takes three steps o'er the flure,
"Gude man, you've spoke the first word,
So rise and bar the door!"
And the barring of the fore-door, weel, weel, weel,
And the barring of the fore-door, weel!

11. "The Barrin' o' the Door"

Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 217. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 218(a). Sung by Mrs. Walker, Rayne, September 1906. From family tradition.

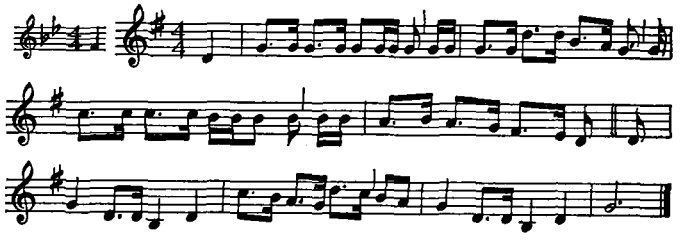
p I

It fell aboot the Martimas,
An' a caul' time it was than, O,
When oor goodwife had puddins to mak,
An' she boil'd them in the pan O,

Chorus:

An' the barrin o' oor door, weel, weel, weel,
An' the barrin' o' oor door weel.

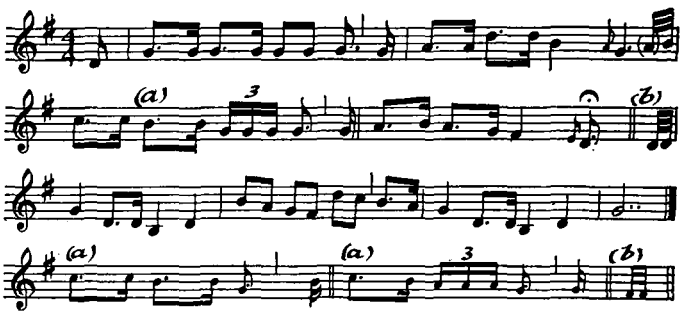
12. "The Barrin' o' the Door"

Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 282. Sung by Mrs. Gillespie, March 22, 1907.

p I

It fell aboot a Martinmas time,
An' a gay time it was then, O,
When oor good wife had puddins to mak
An' she boil'd them in the pan, O.
The barrin o' oor door weel, weel, weel,
An the barrin' o' oor door weel.

13. "Get Up and Bar the Door"

Sung by Ewan MacColl, 1961. Riverside rec. No. RLP 12-622(B1), ed. K. S. Goldstein. Also on Folkways LP rec. No. FW 8755(A4). From the singing of MacColl's father.

p I (–VI)

1. It fell aboot the Martinmas time,
And a fine time it was then, O,
That oor gudewife got puddens to mak',
And she boiled them in a pan, O.

An' the barrin' o' oor door, weel, weel, weel,
An' the barrin' o' oor door weel.

2. The wind it blew fae East to West,
And blew upon the floor, O,
Says oor gudeman to oor gudewife,
"Get up bar the door, O."

3. "My hand is in my hissy-skip,
Gudeman as ye may see, O;
Though it shouldna be barred this seiven year
It'll no' be barred by me, O."

4. They made a paction 'tween themselves
And fixed it firm and sure, O,
That the yin wha spoke the foremost word,
Should rise and bar the door, O.

5. Twa gentlemen had lost their road,
At twal o'clock o' the nicht, O,
And they couldna find neither hoose nor ha'
Nor coal nor candle-licht, O.

6. "Now whether is this a rich man's hoose,
Or whether is it a poor, O?"
But ne'er a word would yin o' them speak,
For the barrin o' the door, O.

7. Well, first they ate the white puddens
And syne they ate the black, O,
And oor gudeman said to himsel',
"The deil gang doon wi' that, O."

8. The young man to the auld man said,
"Here, man, tak ye my knife, O,
And gang and shave the gudeman's beard
And I'll kiss the gudewife, O."

9. "There is nae water in the hoose,
And what'll we do then, O?"
"Whit ails ye at the pudden-bree
That boils intil the pan, O?"

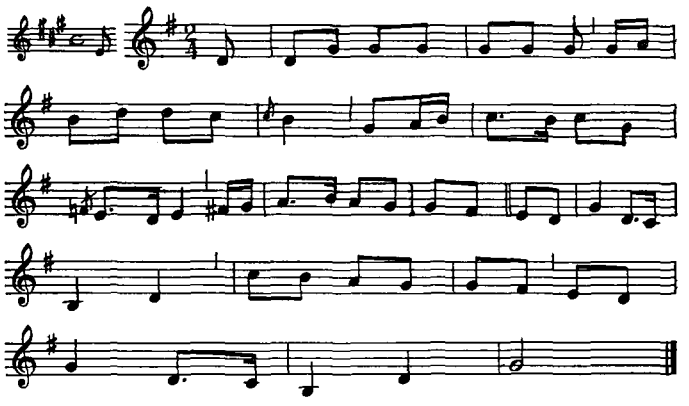
10. Then oot it spak the auld gudeman,
And an angry man was he, O:
"Would ye kiss my wife afore my e'en?
Scaud me wi' pudden bree, O?"

11. Then up it raise the auld gudewife,
Gae three skips on the floor, O:
"Gudeman, ye spak the foremost word,
Get up and bar the door, O."

MacColl sings stanza six as in the collections of Johnson and Maver (see variants 1 and 2 above). The other stanzas conform to Gavin Greig and Alexander Keith, *Last Leaves of Traditional Ballads and Ballad Airs*, 1925, p. 217.

14. "The Barrin' o' our Door, weel"

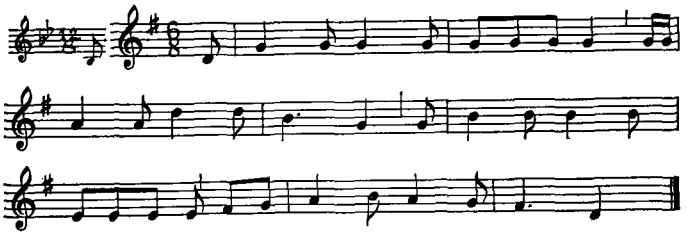
Christie, II, 1881, p. 262. From Scottish tradition.

p I

It fell about the Mart'mas time,
And a gay time it was than,
When our gudewife got puddings to mak',
And she boil'd them in the pan.
And the barring o' our door,
Weel, weel, weel!
And the barrin' o' our door, weel!

[*Etc.*]

15. "Get Up and Bar the Door"

Kirkland, *SFQ*, XIII (1949), p. 170. Also in Morris, 1950, p. 320. Collected, summer of 1949, by Prof. E. C. Kirkland, Gainesville, Fla., from the singing of a student, Mrs. Angela Gunn Salswell, Clearwater, who had learned it from her Scottish father. Tune transcribed by Robert C. Lee.

p I/Ly

1. It was about the Martinmas time,
An' a gay time it was then, O,
For our guid wife had puddins to make,
An' she biled them in the pan, O.

2. First she made a black puddin',
And then she made a white, O.
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

3. The win' was blowin' fram the north;
It blew upon the floor, O.
Said our guid man to our guid wife,
"Gae up an' bar the door, O."

4. "My han's are in my hussyfcap
Guid man, as ye can see, O;
It'll nae be barred this hunder year;
It'll nae be barred by me, O."

5. They made a paction twixt them twa,
An' they made it firm an' sure, O,
That the first ane spaking the foremost ward
Would gae up an' bar the door, O.

6. The win' blew cauder fram the north,
It blew upon the floor, O,
But naether a ward woud ane of them spake
For the barrin' o' the door, O.

7. By there came twa travelers
At twelve o'clock at nicht, O.
And naether ane coud see house nor hale
Nor cale nor candlelicht, O.

8. "Coud this be a rich man's hous,
Or coud it be a poor, O?"
But ne'er a ward wad ane o' them spak
For the barrin' o' the door, O.

9. First they ate the black puddin',
An' then they ate the white, O;
Though muckle thocht the guid wife to hersel',
Yet not ane ward she spoke, O.

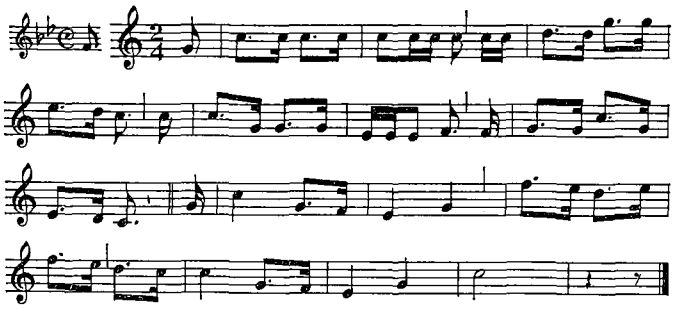
10. Then said the ane unto the ither,
"Here man, take ye my knife, O;
Ye cut off the auld man's beard,
An' I'll kiss the guid wife, O."

11. Then up starts our guid man,
An' an angry man is he, O,
"Woud ye kiss my wife before my face
An' scad me wi' puddin' bree, O?"

12. Then up jumps our guid wife
Gae three skips roond the floor, O,
"Guid man ye've spaken the foremost ward;
Gae up an' bar the door, O."

16. "The Barrin' o' the Door"

Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 471. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 218(b). Sung by William Wallace, Leochel Cushnie, September 17, 1908.

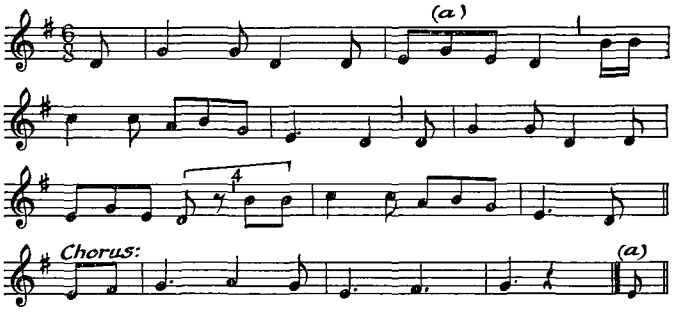
a I/M (–VI, ending on the octave)

It fell aboot a Martimas time, an' a gay time it was then, O,
When oor goodwife had puddin's to mak, she boil'd them in the pan, O.

Chorus:

The barrin' o' oor door weel, weel, weel, O,
The barrin' o' oor door weel.

17. "Get Up and Bar the Door"

Barry Eckstorm, and Smyth, 1929, p. 318(A). Sung by Mrs. James McGill, Chamcook, N.B.; learned from her mother in Scotland. Noted by George Herzog, 1928.

p I

The original is in 15/8 bars, with the chorus in 12/8. I take it that the pauses at the phrase-ends are not an organic element of the tune, and presume to drop them.

1. It fell aboot the Martinmas time,
And a gey time it was then, O,
When oor gudewife got puddins to mak,
And she's boiled them in the pan, O.

Chorus.

O, the barrin' o' oor door, weel!

2. The wind sae cauld blew sooth and north,
And blew into the floor, O,
Quoth oor guidman tae oor guidwife,
"Get up and bar the door, O."

Chorus.

3. "My han' is in my hussyfscap,
Guidman, as ye may see, O,
An' it shuldna be barred this hundred year
It'll na be barred by me, O."

Chorus.

4. They made a paction 'tween them twa,
They made it firm and shair, O
That the first word whae'er shoud speak
Should rise and bar the door, O.

Chorus.

5. Then by cam twa gentlemen,
At twelve o'clock at nicht, O,
And they coud ne'er see hoos or hall,
Or coal or cannel-licht, O.

Chorus.

6. "Now what if this be a rich man's hoos,
Or what if it be a pair, O?"
But ne'er a word wad ane of them speak
For barring o' the door, O.

Chorus.

7. And first they ate the white puddins,
And then they ate the black, O,
Though muckle thoucht the guidwife tae hersel
Yet ne'er ane word she spake, O.

Chorus.

8. Then said the ane untae the ither,
"Here, man, tak ye my knife, O,
Dae ye tak off the auld man's beard,
And I'll kiss the guidwife, O."

Chorus.

9. "But there's nae watter in the hoos,
And what will we do then, O?"
"What ails ye at the puddin brew
That boils in the pan, O?"

Chorus.

10. O, up then got our guidman,
An angry man was he, O,
"Will ye kiss my wife afore my een,
And scad me wi' puddin-brew, O?"

Chorus.

11. Then up and started oor guidwife,
Gied three skips on the floor, O;
"Guidman, you've spake the foremost word,
Get up and bar the door, O."

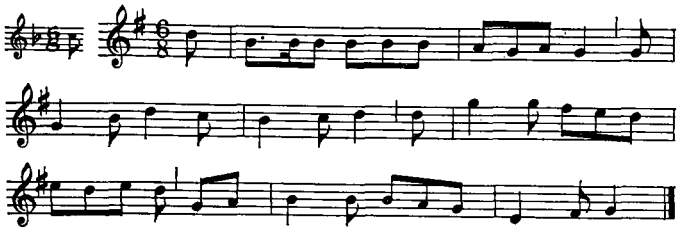
Chorus.

The chorus, omitted from the full version of the text, has been added from the stanza printed with the tune.

GROUP B

18. "John Blunt"

Purslow, 1965, p. 47; from Hammond MSS., No. D715. Sung by Mrs. Seale, Dorchester Union, Dorset, December 1906.

a I

1. There was an old couple lived under a hill,
And Blunt was their name-O.
They had good beer and ale for to sell,
And it bore a wonderful name-O.

2. John Blunt and his wife drank free of this ale,
Till they could drink no more-O.
Then its off to bed this old couple went,
And forgot to bar the door-O.

3. Then they a bargain—bargain made,
They made it strong and sure-O.
The which of them should speak the first word,
Should go down and bar the door-O.

4. Then there came travellers—travellers three,
Travelling in the night-O
No house, nor home nor fire had they,
Nor yet no candle-light-O.

5. Then straight to John Blunt's house they went,
And gently opened the door-O.
The devil a word the old couple spoke,
For fear which should bar the door-O.

6. They went to his cellar and drank up his drink,
Till they could drink no more-O.
They went to his cupboard and ate up his meat,
Till they could eat no more-O.

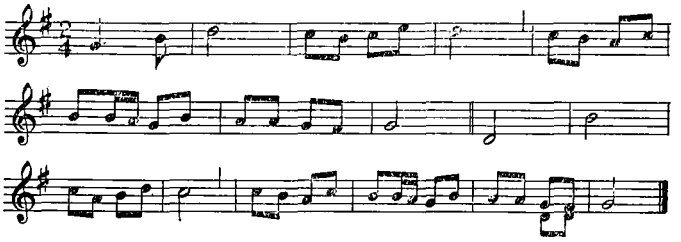
7. Then quickly they procured a light,
And gently walked upstairs-O.
They pulled the old woman out of her bed,
And put her on the floor-O.

8. Up speaks John Blunt—You've ate of my meat,
And laid my wife on the floor-O.
You've spoke the first word—John Blunt—she said,
GO DOWN AND BAR THE DOOR-O.

APPENDIX

19. ["Get Up and Bar the Door"]

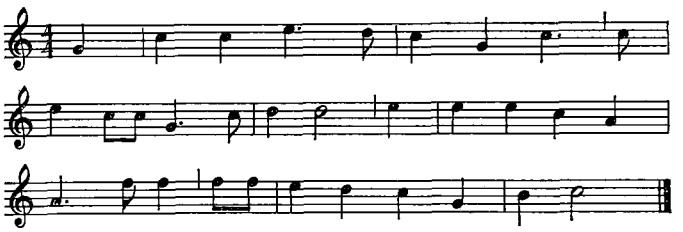
Sung by Mrs. William Rea Gregg, Brown County, Ohio; learned from her father. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 11,457(A15). Recorded by Anne Grimes.

p I

John, dear John, why lie there and snore?
I forgot when I come to bed: get up and shut the door.
John, John, why lie there and snore?
I forgot when I come to bed: get up and shut the door.

The third phrase may be only bad intonation: the singer repeated the same words, and did not remember any more of the song.

20. "Get Up and Shut the Door"

Randolph, I, 1946, p. 186(A). Sung by Mrs. Marie Wilbur, Pineville, Mo., May 12, 1930. Part of a longer ballad learned from tie-hackers near Pineville, c. 1900.

p I

'Twas in th' merry month of May,
Th' wind blew across th' wide moor,
Th' old man came in from his plow,
And an angry old man was he.

My hands are in the sausage meat,
Get up an' shut the door,
I won't get up an' I can't get up,
It will never be shut for me!

The Friar in the Well

CHILD NO. 276

THE seventeenth-century broadsides of this ballad designate the melody not by name but descriptively: "To a merry tune." This is reassuring, but not of much help. Better service is rendered by the stanza-pattern and refrain, which are identical with that of "Sir Eglamore," a song already met in connection with "Sir Lionel" (No. 18). The tune of "Sir Eglamore" was very popular in the later seventeenth century, and many texts were set to it. It is usually a plagal major.

In Playford's *Dancing Master*, 1651, and thereafter in successive editions till 1684, according to Chappell, *Popular Music* [1855-59], I, p. 274, is found a tune entitled "The Maid peept out at the window, or the Frier in the well." This tune is certainly a Dorian variant of the "Eglamore" tune, and very flavorsome. But see, for subsequent melodic change, Claude M. Simpson, *The British Broadside Ballad*, 1966, pp. 240-42. No extant copy of our ballad contains the line, "The maid peept out," and if that was the opening, we must presume a considerably altered narrative from the one we have. There was no need for the maid to peep unless she was the aggressor in the adventure. Yet the tune's secondary title, its close relation to the other, with the identity in refrain, seem conclusive. It is a curious fact that two nineteenth-century traditional copies of "Sir Lionel" (No. 18, Child's E) substitute a friar as here in place of the knight—a friar who is a "jovial hunter." Child's conjecture upon the point (1882-98, I, p. 209) is that *friar* is a corruption of "Rylas, or some like name"; but in view of the melodic interchange it is possible that the friar jumped without premeditation out of the well into high romance—"to a merry tune."

There appear to be no Scottish traditional copies of the present ballad more recent than those of Buchan and Kinloch, and the melodic tradition which would have gone with those was unfortunately not recorded. The Scottish refrains imply a quite different tune from the English: a five-phrase tune, or one with an extended fourth phrase.

Child believes the Scottish form of the ballad to be "derived from print" (presumably English?), and cites a passage in Skelton's *Colyn Cloute* as evidence that the English ballad was known in the first quarter of the sixteenth century. We can hardly do so well for the Playford tune; but it may certainly be as old as Elizabeth's day, and the stanza pattern has been noted as early as 1568, in Wager's play, *The longer thou livest, the more fool thou.* (Cf. *California Folklore Quarterly*, III [July 1944], pp. 192ff.)

A solitary version, with a rollicking tune, was found in Dorset by Hammond at the beginning of the present century. It has only very recently been published. Although the text is palpably close to the old broadside, there is no kinship between the old and new tunes.

Lately, the broadside version has been given a fresh start in oral circulation by A. L. Lloyd, who has matched the text with a traditional tune happily suited to it. The tune was well known in eighteenth-century Scotland as "Andro and his Cutty Gun" and is to be found, we learn from J. C. Dick, ed., *The Songs of Robert Burns*, 1903, p. 361, in *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, 1754, VI, 4; Aird's *Airs*, 1782, II, No. 37; *Perth Musical Miscellany*, 1786, 133; *Calliope*, 1788, 410; J. Ritson, *Scotish Songs*, 1794, I, 268; and R. W. Chambers, *Songs of Scotland*, 1880, p. 163. To Burns's new words, "Blythe, blythe, and merry was she," it appears in *The Scots Musical Museum*, No. 150 (and in R. A. Smith [1820-24], III, 33, and Dick, ed., *op.cit.*, p. 29).

LIST OF VARIANTS

GROUP A

1. "The Maid peept out at the window, or the Frier in the Well." John Playford, *The English Dancing Master*, 1651, ed. Margaret Dean-Smith, 1957, p. 36.

GROUP B

2. "The Friar in the Well." Frank Purslow, *Marrow Bones: English Folk Songs from the Hammond and Gardiner MSS.*, 1965, p. 33. From Hammond MSS., Nos. D 629 D 661.

GROUP C

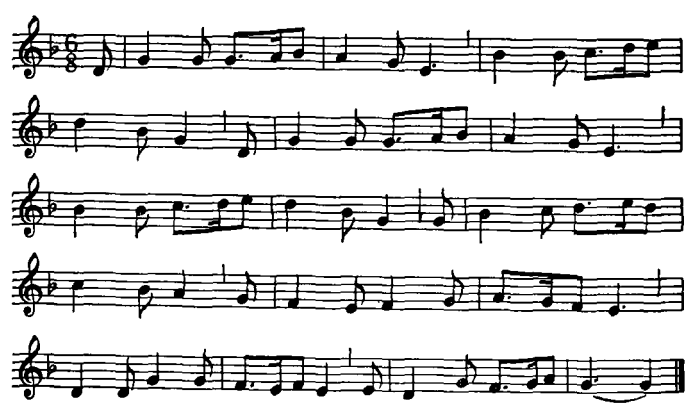
3. "The Parson and the Maid." A. L. Lloyd, Riverside recording No. RLP 12-618(A7), ed. Kenneth S. Goldstein.

TUNES WITH TEXTS

GROUP A

1. "The Maid peept out at the window, or the the Frier in the Well"

Playford, 1651, ed. Dean-Smith, 1957, p. 36.

pD

1. As I lay musing all alone,
   fa, la, la, la, la
   A pretty jeast I thought upon;
   fa, la, la, la, la
   Then listen a while, and I will you tell
   Of a fryer that loved a bonny lass well.
   fa, la, la, la, la
   fa, la, la, lang-tre-down-dilly

2. He came to the maid when she went to bed,
   Desiring to have her maidenhead,
   But she denyëd his desire,
   And told him that she feard hell-fire.

3. "Tush," quoth the fryer, "thou needst not doubt
   If thou wert in hell I could sing thee out:"
   "Then," quoth the maid, "thou shalt have thy request;"
   The fryer was glad as a fox in his nest.

4. "But one thing," quoth she, "I do desire,
   Before you have what you require;
   Before that you shall do the thing,
   An angel of mony thou shalt me bring."

5. "Tush," quoth the fryer, "we shall agree,
   No mony shall part my love and me;
   Before that I will see thee lack,
   I'le pawn the grey gown from my back."

6. The maid bethought her of a wile
   How she the fryer might beguile;
   While he was gone, the truth to tell,
   She hung a cloth before the well.

7. The fryer came, as his covenant was,
   With money to his bonny lass;
   "Good morrow, fair maid!" "Good morrow!" quoth she.
   "Here is the mony I promised thee."

8. She thankt the man, and she took his mony:
   "Now let us go to 't," quoth he, "sweet hony:"
   "O stay," quoth she, "some respite make,
   My father comes, he will me take."

9. "Alas!" quoth the fryer, "where shall I run,
   To hide me till that he be gone?"
   "Behinde the cloath run thou," quoth she,
   "And there my father cannot thee see."

10. Behind the cloath the fryer crept,
    And into the well on the sudden he leapt;
    "Alas," quoth he, "I am in the well!"
    "No matter," quoth she, "if thou wert in hell.

11. "Thou sayst thou couldst sing me out of hell,
    Now prithee sing thy self out of the well:"
    The fryer sung with a pittiful sound,
    Oh help me out, or I shall be dround!

12. "I trow," quoth she, "your courage is coold."
    Quoth the fryer, I was never so foold,
    I never was servëd so before.
    "Then take heed," quoth she, "thou comst there no more."

13. Quoth he, For sweet Saint Francis sake
    On his disciple some pitty take:
    Quoth she, Saint Francis never taught
    His scholars to tempt young maids to naught.

14. The fryer did entreat her still
    That she should help him out of the well;
    She heard him make such pittious moan
    She helped him out, and bid him be gone.

15. Quoth he, Shall I have my mony again,
    Which thou from me hast beforehand tane?
    "Good sir," said she, "there's no such matter;
    I'le make you pay for fouling my water."

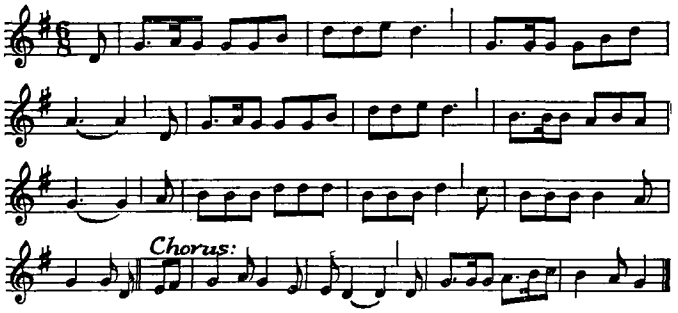
16. The fryer went all along the street,
    Droping wet, like a new-washed sheep;
    Both old and young commended the maid
    That such a witty prank had plaid.

The text is Child's A, taken from the Rawlinson Ballads, 566, fol. 63, 4°.

GROUP B

2. "The Friar in the Well"

Purslow, 1965, p. 33; from Hammond MSS., Nos. D 629 D 661. Sung by Mr. J. Penny, Poole, Dorset, October 1906; and Mr. F. Stockley, Dorset, November 1906.

p I

1. It's of an old friar as I have been told,
   (Fal-the-dal-diddle-i-dee)
   He courted a young maid just sixteen years old,
   (Fal-the-dal-diddle-i-dee)
   He came to the maid as she lay on her bed,
   And swore he would have her maidenhead,
   To my fero-lero-liddle,
   Sing twice to my lanky-down-derry-o!

2. "Oh! no," said the maid, "for you know very well,
   If we do such things we should go to Hell".
   "No matter, my dear, you need have no doubt,
   If you was in Hell I could sing you out".

3. "Oh! then", said the maid, "you shall have this thing,
   But you to me ten shillings must bring."
   And while he went home the money to fetch,
   She thought to herself how the old friar she could catch.

4. Now while he was gone, the truth to tell,
She hung a cloth in front of the well,
He knocked at the door, the maid let him in,
"Oh! now, my dear, Oh! let us begin."

5. Then "Alas!" cried the maid, all crafty and cunning,
"I think I hear my father a-coming",
So behind the cloth the old friar did trip,
And into the well he happened to slip.

6. The friar called out with a pitiful sound,
"Oh! help me out or I shall be drowned",
"You said you could sing my soul out of Hell,
Well, now you can sing yourself out of the well".

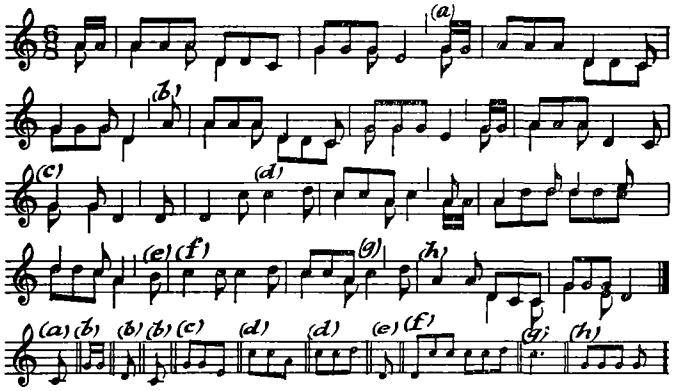
7. So she helped him out and bid him be gone,
And the friar he wanted his money again,
"Oh! no", said the maid, "I'll have none of the matter,
For indeed you must pay me for dirtying the water".

8. So out of the house the old friar did creep,
Dripping his arse like a newly-dipped sheep,
And young and old commended the maid,
For the very pretty trick she had played.

GROUP C

3. "The Parson and the Maid"

Sung by A. L. Lloyd, Riverside rec. No. RLP 12-618(A7), ed. K. S. Goldstein.

a π^3 (or a M/D)

1. Oh listen, my lads, and I'll tell you the tale
Of a parson who loved a maiden well.
He come to her while she was in bed
With a fancy to have her maidenhead.

2. Says she: "I'd grant you your desire
If it weren't for the fear of hell's old-fire."
"Of hell's old fire, please have no doubt,
If you were in I could whistle you out."

3. Then says the maid: "You'll have your request."
And the parson he grinned like a fox in his nest.
"But before that we may do this thing,
Some money unto me you must bring."

4. He brought the money and did it down tell.
She had a sheet spread over the well.
She thanked the parson and took his money.
Says he: "Now let's go to it, sweet honey."

5. But the fair maid cried that her father was come,
"Oh, Oh," says the parson, "Where shall I run?"
"Oh, you must go behind that screen
And then by my dad you won't be seen."

6. Behind the screen the parson crept,
And into the well of a sudden he lept.
He give a great scritch and a pitiful moan.
"Oh help! Oh help! Else I'll be drowned."

7. "You said you'd whistle me out of hell,
Now whistle your own self out of the well.
And as for your money, there's nothing to tell,
For you must pay for fouling the well."

8. Now all who heard, commend the maid
For the nimble trick that she have played.
And the parson he ran down the street,
Shaking his ears like a newly-washed sheep.

The Wife Wrapt in Wether's Skin

CHILD NO. 277

It appears sensible to make several classes among our materials for this still living and lively ballad. The first two are Scots tradition; the last three English (and American). In nearly all cases the verbal refrain has remained steady enough to locate it in one or another melodic tradition—a laudable if uncommon virtue in refrains.

Class A corresponds with Child's A and B texts and appears to have died out, giving way in Scotland to the "Cooper of Fife" form with its highly characteristic refrain. It may be observed in passing that Child's Ab (from Miss Agnes Macmath) belongs, by its refrain, to this later class, although going back two generations from 1893. C. K. Sharpe is the sole preserver of his beautiful but melancholy tune for the older tradition (variant 1 below), unless we credit the title and general resemblance of a tune in *Albyn's Anthology* (variant 2 below) with establishing the connection. The latter came from Jedburgh. It is interesting that the former was transmitted by Walter Scott, although he lacked musical knowledge to write notes himself. Also to be mentioned is the fact that Child B, the Harris copy, is said in the Harris MS. to go to the tune of "My Jo Janet," although sharing the "Hollin green hollin" refrain. Sharpe's tune is a minor one (π^8, authentic plus a plagal opening).

Class B, still Scottish, though found also in America, is a lively 6/8 tune, with a tonality that swings from Ionian to D/Æ, with examples in π^1, I/M, and D on the way. It is likely to become still better known, for it has been taken up and performed on stage, radio, and phonograph records. It is usually found in the major scales, and is almost always plagal or mixed. The two minor variants (15 and 16 below), very fine in themselves, may have tangled with the tune of "Muirland Willie," which is as old as Allan Ramsay's day. That tune appears in the *Orpheus Caledonius* (1733, I, opp. p. 56) and many later collections.

Class C is found only in the U. S., and appears at its most characteristic in the Appalachian region, where it inclines toward the Dorian; it is usually in 6/8. Variants have occurred in Maine, Vermont, Missouri, and California (from Wisconsin). There is always, for refrain, some form of "Jennifer, gentle, and Rosemary," on the second phrase, and on the fourth, "As the dew flies over the green valley." We have met this refrain elsewhere (cf. Child No. 1, B). It seems likely that the tune may be Scots. Cf., e.g., in Greig's collection, the tunes for Child Nos. 41 and 63. It resembles still more closely a Northumbrian variant of Child 2 (i.e., "Whittingham Fair," Bruce and Stokoe, *Northumbrian Minstrelsy*, 1882, p. 79); and perhaps its nearest affiliations lie with the latter ballad.

Class D is limited to two Somerset variants which have rather little in common. One is a plagal major, the other Mixolydian. The texts have more likeness than the tunes.

Class E, "Dandoo," is again found only in the U. S.: Virginia, Kentucky, Mississippi, and Missouri. All the variants are in the major tonality, and all plagal. Three are I/M, two π^1, and one Ionian. Two variants in this class (50 and 51 below), seem to have adopted much of "The Frog's Courting." Half are in common time, half in 6/8; most are eight-phrase tunes, with refrain on phrases two, four, seven, and eight.

Just as other well-known ballads—notably "Randal" (Child No. 12)—occasionally develop nursery offshoots, so Class F here seems headed in that direction, if not already arrived at its destination. But its high spirits have been long-lived and widely welcomed. There is a clear family kinship between the tunes.

LIST OF VARIANTS

GROUP A

1. "Hollin green Hollin." Lady John Scott's Sharpe MS., National Library of Scotland MS. 843, fol. 7.
2. "Hollin Green Hollin." Alexander Campbell, *Albyn's Anthology*, II [1818], p. 5. Also in Robert Maver, *Genuine Scottish Melodies*, 1866, No. 324, p. 162 ("Border Melody").

GROUP B

3. "The Wee Cooper o' Fife." Duncan MSS., "Folk-Song Airs of the North East," p. 515, Cecil Sharp House, London. Also in Greig-Duncan MS. 785 (transcription of W. Walker), King's College Library, Aberdeen. Text, Greig MSS., Bk. 754, XLIV, p. 11, King's College Library, Aberdeen. (Duncan)
4. "The Wife Wrapt in Wether's Skin." Sharp MSS., 4160/3000, Clare College Library, Cambridge. (Clapp)
5. "The Wee Cooper o' Fife." Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 271, and "Folk-Song Words belonging to the North East, and received from Mrs Gillespie," p. 509. Also in Gavin Greig and Alexander Keith, *Last Leaves of Traditional Ballads and Ballad Airs*, 1925, p. 219(1a); and Robert Ford, *Vagabond Songs and Ballads of Scotland*, ed. of 1904, p. 192. (Gillespie)
6. "Wife Wrapped in Wether's Skin." Archive, School of Scottish Studies, University of Edinburgh, recording No. 1951/23/B8. Also on Riverside recording No. RLP 12-623(B1), *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, ed. Kenneth S. Goldstein. (Ewan MacColl)
7. "The Wee Cooper o' Fife." Archive, School of Scottish Studies, recording No. 1957/107/B10. (Miss Cameron)
8. "The Wee Cooper o' Fife." Archive, School of Scottish Studies, recording No. 1951/20/A8. (Jo Wylie)
9. "Cooper of Fife." Helen Hartness Flanders and George Brown, *Vermont Folk-Songs & Ballads*, 1931, p. 222. Also in Helen Hartness Flanders, *Ancient Ballads Traditionally Sung in New England*, IV, 1965, p. 96(M).
10. "The Wee Cooper o' Fife." George Korson, ed., *Pennsylvania Songs and Legends*, 1949, p. 41.
11. "The Farmer's Curst Wife." Winston Wilkinson MSS., 1935-36, p. 101(C), University of Virginia.
12. "The Farmer's Curst Wife." Wilkinson MSS., 1935-36, p. 98(A).
13. "The Wee Cooper o' Fife." Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 446. Also in Greig and Keith, *Last Leaves*, 1925, p. 219(1b). (Lyall)
14. "The Cooper o' Fife." Harold Boulton and Malcolm Lawson, ed., *Songs of the North*, II [1895] ("Twelfth Edition"), pp. 98 and 104. Also in John Goss, *Ballads of Britain*, 1937, p. 124.

15. "The Wee Cooper o' Fife." Anne G. Gilchrist, *JFSS*, II, No. 9 (1906), p. 223.
16. "The Cooper of Fife." Greig MSS., IV, p. 11. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 219(2). (Forbes)

GROUP C

17. "The Wife Wrapped in Wether's Skin." Flanders and Brown, *Vermont Folk-Songs & Ballads*, 1931, p. 224. Also in Helen Hartness Flanders, ed., *A Garland of Green Mountain Song*, 1934, p. 84; and Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, IV, 1965, p. 83(D).
18. "As the Dew Flies over the Green Valley." Mrs. Elizabeth Walker Ford, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 11,336(B11).

19a. "As the dew flies over the green valléy." Warde H. Ford, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 4197 (B1).

19b. "As the Dew Flies over the Green Valley." Warde H. Ford, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 11,337(B7).

20. "Jenny, flow gentle rosemary." *Folk-Songs, Ballads and Songs of Great Composers*, Set IV (*New England Folk-Songs*, Lyle R. Ring) [1937], p. 8.
21. "The Wife Wrapped in Wether's Skin." H. M. Belden, *Ballads and Songs*, 1940, p. 93. Text also in George Lyman Kittredge, *JAF*, XXX (1917), p. 328.
22. "Jennifer, Jenny," or "The Dew Flies Over the Green Valley." Mrs. Helen Fultz, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 12,043(A21).
23. "Gently, Jinny, Fair Rosemary." Carrie B. Grover, *A Heritage of Songs*, ed. Ann L. Griggs, privately printed by Gould Academy, Bethel, Maine, n.d., p. 68.
24. "The Wife Wrapt in Wether's Skin." Helen Creighton and Doreen H. Senior, *Traditional Songs from Nova Scotia*, 1950, p. 94.
25. "The Wife Wrapt in Wether's Skin." Sharp MSS., 4002/2886. Also in Cecil J. Sharp, *American-English Folk-Ballads from the Southern Appalachian Mountains*, 1918, p. 28; and Cecil J. Sharp and Maud Karpeles, *English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 272(C). (Dunagan)
26. "The Wife Wrapped in Wether's Skin." John Harrington Cox, *Traditional Ballads Mainly from West Virginia*, 1939, p. 46; and 1964 (ed. George Boswell), p. 57.
27. "The Green Valley." Bob Blackston, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 12,044(B16).
28. "While the Dew Flies Over the Green Valley." Garland K. Claiborn, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 12,044(A26).
29. "Old Wetherskin." Mrs. Lena Bourne Fish, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 12,056(A10).
30. "The Wife Wrapped Up in the Wether's Skin." Clay Walters, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 1579(B1).
31. "The Wife Wrapt in Wether's Skin." Sharp MSS., 4076/2910. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 273(D). (Kelly)
32. "Gentle Fair Jenny." Jean Ritchie, Folkways LP recording No. FA 2302(B3), ed. Kenneth S. Goldstein.
33. "The Wife Wrapt in Wether's Skin." Phillips Barry, Fannie H. Eckstorm, and Mary W. Smyth, *British Ballads from Maine*, 1929, p. 323. (Young)
34. "Jenny Fair Gentle Rosemarie." Lester A. Hubbard and LeRoy J. Robertson, *JAF*, LXIV (1951), p. 51. Also in Lester A. Hubbard, *Ballads and Songs from Utah*, 1961, p. 38.

GROUP D

35. "The Daughter of Peggy, O." Sharp MSS., 1815/1658. Also in Cecil J. Sharp, *JFSS*, V, No. 20 (1916), p. 260. (Spiller)
36. "Ruggleton's Daughter of Iero." Sharp MSS., 1414/1299. Also in Cecil J. Sharp, *Folk Songs from Somerset*, 4th series, 1908, p. 52; and Cecil J. Sharp, *One Hundred English Folksongs*, 1916, p. 158. (Gooding)

GROUP E

37. "The Old Man Who Lived in the West." Arthur Palmer Hudson and George Herzog, *Folk Tunes from Mississippi*, 1937, No. 12.
38. "The Wife Wrapt in Wether's Skin." Sharp MSS., 3516/2595, 2607. Also in Arthur Kyle Davis, Jr., *Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1929, pp. 597 and 499(D); and Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 271(A). (Chisholm)

a. "Dandoo." Arthur Kyle Davis, Jr., *More Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1960, p. 309(BB).

39. "Dandoo." Ruth A. Musick, *JAF*, LXX (1957), pp. 353 and 344.
40. "The Wife Wrapt in Wether's Skin." E. C. Kirkland, *Southern Folklore Quarterly*, XIII (1949), p. 172. Also in Alton C. Morris, *Folksongs of Florida*, 1950, p. 322.
41. "Dan-You." Frank C. Brown MSS., 16 a 10, 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. 113(A).

42a. "Dandoo." Frank Proffitt, recorded by Evelyn K. Wells. Sent to the editor by Miss Wells.

42b. "Dandoo." Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 113(C).

43. "The Wether's Skin." Sharp MSS., 3134/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 271(B). (Campbell)
44. "The Wife Wrapt in Wether's Skin." Sharp MSS., 4103/2942. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 274(E). (Pace)
45. "Wife Wrapped in Wether's Skin." Helen Hartness Flanders and Marguerite Olney, *Ballads Migrant in New England*, 1953, p. 221. Also in Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, IV, 1965, p. 91(J).
46. ["Wife Wrapt in Withers Skin."] Ernest Boyd, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 12,007(A23).
47. "Dan Dhu." Linda L. Etherton, *Western Folklore*, XXVI (1967), No. 4, p. 272.
48. "The Old Man in the West." Byron Arnold, *Folksongs of Alabama*, 1950, p. 110.
49. "The Wife Wrapt in Wether's Skin." Wilkinson MSS., 1935-36, p. 96.
50. "Wife Wrapped in Wether's Skin," or "Dandoo." Davis, *Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1929, pp. 598 and 503(J).
51. "Dan-doo." Vance Randolph, *Ozark Folksongs*, I, 1946, p. 187.

b. "The Old Man that Lived in the West." Davis, *More Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1960, p. 310(CC).

52. "Dan Doo." Fred Smith, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 11,903(A5).
53. "Dandoo." Mrs. Lillian Adams, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 11,457(B7).

c. "The Wife Wrapped in a Wether Skin." Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 114(D).

54. "There Was an Old Man Who Lived Out West." Mrs. Don H. Slocomb, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 10,367(A11).

d. "Wife Wrapped in Weather's Skin." Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 115(D1).

55. "The Wife Wrapped in the Wether's Skin." Capt. Pearl R. Nye, LC Archive of American Folksong, recording No. 1603(B).

APPENDIX E

56. "Old Dandoo." Ben Gray Lumpkin, *Colorado Folksong Bulletin*, I (1962), p. 4.

GROUP F

57. "Robertin Tush." M. H. Mason, *Nursery Rhymes and Country Songs* [1878], p. 4.

58. "Hobblety Bobblety How Now." H. Sumner, *The Besom Maker*, 1888, p. 15.

59. "Robin-a-Thrush." Lucy E. Broadwood and J. A. Fuller Maitland, *English County Songs* [1893], p. 92. Also in Goss, *Ballads of Britain*, 1937, p. 125(C).

60. "Robin-a-Thrush." Sabine Baring-Gould and Cecil J. Sharp, *English Folk-Songs for Schools* [1906], No. 50, p. 102.

61. "Ti Rissley Rossley." William A. Owens, *Texas Folk Songs*, 1950, p. 67.

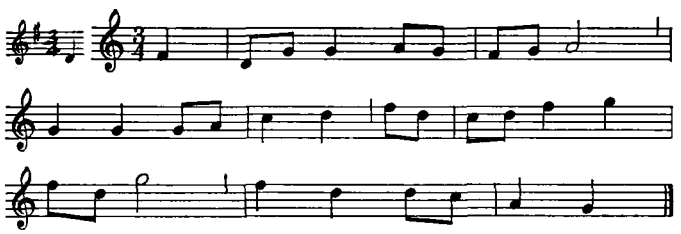
62. "John Dobber." Owens, 1950, p. 69.

TUNES WITH TEXTS

GROUP A

1. "Hollin green Hollin"

Lady John Scott's Sharpe MSS., NL Scotland MS. 843, fol. 7. From Sir Walter Scott, May 1825.

m π^8

1. She wadna bake, an' she wadna brew;
   (Hollin, green hollin;)
   For the spoiling o' her comely hue;
   (Bend your bow, Robin.)

2. She wadna wash, she wadna [w]ring.
   Hollin, green hollin;
   For spoiling o' her gay goud ring,
   Bend your bow, Robin.

3. Robin he's gane to the fauld,
   Hollin, green hollin;
   And catch'd a weather by the spauld,
   Bend your bow, Robin.

4. And he has killed his weather black,
   Hollin, green hollin;
   And laid the skin upon her back,
   Bend your bow, Robin.

5. "I daurna pay you for your kin,
   Hollin, green hollin;
   But I can pay my weather's skin,
   Bend your bow, Robin.

6. "I daurna pay my lady's back,
   Hollin, green hollin;
   But I can pay my weather black,
   Bend your bow, Robin."——

7. ——"O, Robin, Robin, lat me be!
   Hollin, green hollin;
   And I'll a good wife be to thee,
   Bend your bow, Robin.

8. "Its I will wash, and I will wring,
   Hollin, green hollin;
   And never mind my gay goud ring,
   Bend your bow, Robin.

9. "Its I will bake, and I will brew,
   Hollin, green hollin;
   And never mind my comely hue,
   Bend your bow, Robin."——

10. ——"O, blessings on your bonny mow',
    Hollin, green hollin;
    It never smack'd sae sweet as now;
    Bend your bow, Robin!"——

The text is from Jamieson, *Popular Ballads and Songs*, 1806, I, p. 321 ("Sweet Robin"), who, however, after stanza nine, concludes as follows:

"And gin ye thinkna that eneugh,
Robin, sweet Robin;
I'se tak the goad, and I'se ca' the pleugh,
My ain sweet Robin!

"Gin ye ca' for mair whan that is doon,
Robin, sweet Robin;
I'll sit i' the neuk and I'll dight your shoon,
My ain sweet Robin."

"O blessings on your bonny mou,
Peggie, dear Peggie;
It never smack'd sae sweet as now;
Fair fa' thee, Peggie!

"Then do your part, and do it weel,
Peggie, dear Peggie,
And kindness soon your dool will heal,
My bonnie Peggie!

"Haud your house and bairnies clean,
Peggie, dear Peggie;
And chear your Robin morn and een,
My bonny Peggie!

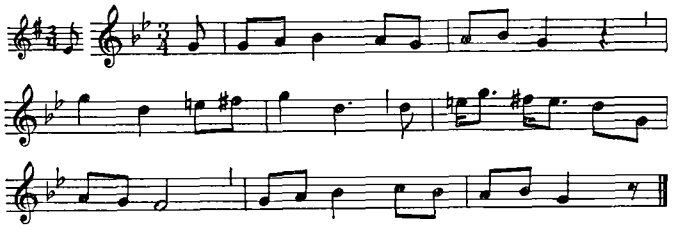
"And ne'er anither Scotsman's wife,
Peggie, dear Peggie,
Sall be mair dauted for her life,
My bonny Peggie!

"For Robin's dearest wish was still,
Peggie, dear Peggie!
To rule your heart, but nae your will,
My bonny Peggie."

Child's A is Jamieson's first eleven stanzas, with altered refrain as in the Sharpe MS.

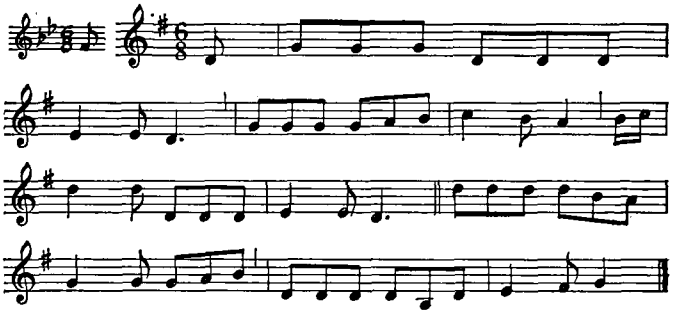
2. "Hollin Green Hollin"

Campbell, II [1818], p. 5. Also in Maver, 1866, No. 324, p. 162 ("Border Melody"). Sung by Mr. Lee, Jedburgh, from local tradition.

a minor

GROUP B

3. "The Wee Cooper o' Fife"

Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 515. Also in Greig-Duncan MS., 785 (Walker transcript). Text, Greig MSS., Bk. 754, XLIV, p. 11. Sung by Ernest P. Duncan; learned from Capt. Gordon of ?Newton in a Territorial camp, 1905.

p I

1. There wis an aul' cooper lived in Fife,
Nickity, nacty, noo noo;
And he has gotten a gentle wife,
Sing Hey Willie Wallachie, how, John Dugal,
Alane quo Ruckitie rue, rue, rue.

2. She wadna wash & she wadna wring, &c.
For fear o' spo[i]lin' her gowden ring, &c.

3. She wadna card & she wadna spin, &c.
For fear o' shaming her gentle kin, &c.

4. He's done him up to the sheep's faul', &c
And catcht a wedder by the spaul, &c.

5. And he's ta'en aff the wedder's skin, &c.
And rowed the dainty lady in, &c.

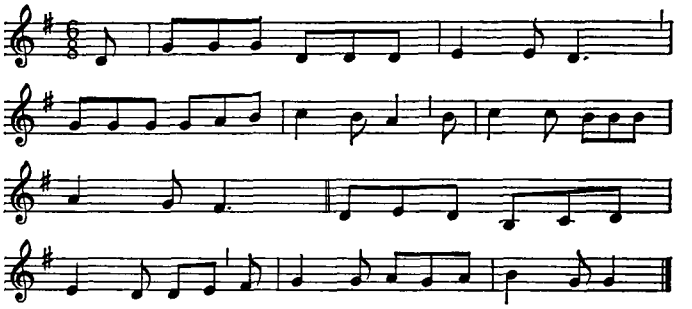
6. I maunna thrash ye for yer gentle kin, &c.
But weel may I leather my ain sheep's skin, &c.

The Duncan MS. has for the first stanza:

There was an aul' cooper he lived in Fife,
Nickety nackety noo, noo, noo;
An' he has mairriet a gentle wife,
Hey Willie Wackety, sing John Donalgy,
Rushy Kinaldie noo, noo, noo.

4. "The Wife Wrapt in Wether's Skin"

Sharp MSS., 4160/3000. Sung by Mrs. John Clapp, New York City, November 16, 1917.

p I

1. There was a wee cooper that lived in Fife,
Nickety nackety noo, noo, noo,
And he has gotten a gentle wife.
Heigh willy wallicky how jock doogle,
Alane carooshity noo, noo, noo.

2. She wadna' caird and she wadna' spin,
For the shamin' o' her gentle kin.

3. She wadna' bake and she wadna' brew
For the spoilin' o' her comely hue.

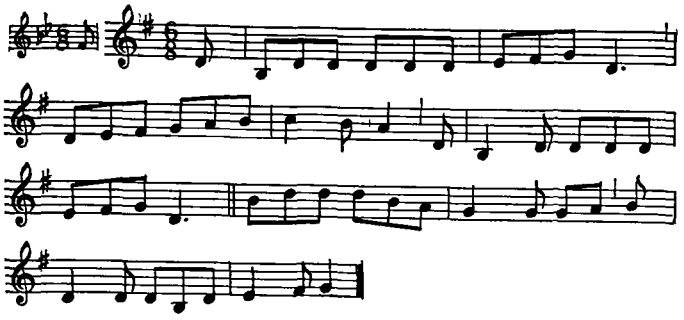
4. She wadna wash and she wadna wring
For the spoilin' o' her braw gold ring.

5. The cooper has gane to his 'oo' pack
And he's laid a sheepskin on his ain wife's back.

6. I daurna thrash ye for your proud kin,
But I'm sure I may thrash my ain sheepskin.

5. "The Wee Cooper o' Fife"

Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 271; "Words," p. 509. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 219(1a); and Ford, ed. of 1904, p. 192. Sung by Mrs. Gillespie, 1905. Learned from her father.

p I

"From Mrs. Gillespie, the Rev. J. B. Duncan got another version, which is almost precisely the form given by Whitelaw, *Book of Scottish Song* (p. 333)." [*Greig and Keith's note.*]

1. There wis a wee cooper wha lived in Fife
Nickity nackity noo' noo' noo'
An he has gotten a gentle wife
Hey Wullie Wallacky how John Dougall
A lane quo Rushety roue' roue' roue'

2. She widna bake she widna brew
Nickity nackity noo' noo' noo'
For the spoilin o her comely hue
Hey Wullie Wallacky how John Dougall
A lane quo rushety roue' roue' roue'

3. She widna card nor she widna spin
Nickity nackity noo' noo' noo'
For the shamin o her gentle kin
Hey Wullie Wallacky how John Dougall
Alane quo rushety roue' roue' roue'

4. She widna wash an she widna wring
Nickity nackity noo' noo' noo'
For the spoilin o her gouden ring
Hey Wullie Wallacky how John Dougall
Alane quo rushety roue' roue' roue'

5. The cooper's awa to his woo pack
Nickity nackity noo' noo' noo'
He's laid a sheep's skin on his wife's back
Hey Wullie Wallacky how John Dougall
Alane quo rushety roue' roue' roue'

6. I'll no thrash you for your proud kin
Nickity nackity noo' noo' noo'
But I will thrash my ain sheep's skin
Hey Wullie Wallacky how John Dougall
Alane quo rushety roue' roue' roue'

7. O I will bake an I will brew
Nickity nackity noo' noo' noo'
I'll never mair think on my comely hue
Hey Wullie Wallacky how John Dougall
Alane quo rushety roue' roue' roue'

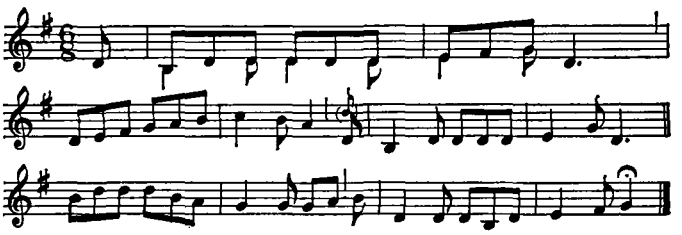
8. I will card an I will spin
Nickity nackity noo' noo' noo'
An never mair think o my gentle kin
Hey Wullie Wallacky how John Dougall
Alane quo rushety roue' roue' roue'

9. O I will wash an I will wring
Nickity nackity noo' noo' noo'
An never mair think on my gouden ring
Hey Wullie Wallacky how John Dougall
Alane quo rushety roue' roue' roue'

10. A ye wha hae gotten a gentle wife
Nickity nackity woo' woo' woo'
Send ye for the cooper o Fife
Hey Wullie Wallacky how John Dougall
Alane quo rushety roue' roue' roue'

6. "Wife Wrapt in Wether's Skin"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1951/23/B8. Sung by Ewan MacColl, Perthshire/London. Also on Riverside rec. No. RLP 12-623(B1), ed. K. S. Goldstein. Collected by Hamish Henderson and Alan Lomax; from the singing of MacColl's parents and others.

p I

1. There was a wee cooper wha lived in Fife
Nickety nackety noo noo noo,
And he has married a gentle wife

Chorus:

Hey walla wallockie, hey John Dougal
Alane quo rushity roo roo roo

2. She wadnae wark, she wadnae sew,
Nickety nackety noo noo noo
For spoilin' o' her comely hew

Chorus.

3. She wadnae bake, she wadnae spin,
Nickety nackety noo noo noo,
For spoilin' o' her gentle kin

Chorus.

4. Noo, the cooper has gane to his woo' pack,
Nickety nackety noo noo noo,
And he's laid a sheepskin on his wife's back.

Chorus.

5. "Oh I'll no shamin' your gentle kin,
Nickety nackety noo noo noo,
But I maun skelp my ain sheepskin."

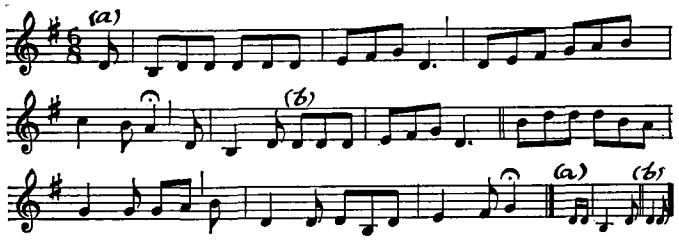
Chorus.

6. Now ye who ha' married a gentle wife,
Nickety nackety noo noo noo,
Just mind ye o' the wee cooper o' Fife.

Chorus.

7. "The Wee Cooper o' Fife"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1957/107/B10. Sung by Miss Cameron, Glasgow. Collected by Hamish Henderson.

m I

1. There was a wee cooper wha lived in Fife,
Nickety nackety noo noo noo,
And he had gotten a gentle wife,
Hey willy wallocky hay John Dougal,
Alane quo rashity, roo, roo, roo.

2. She wadna caird, she wadna spin
Nickety nackety noo noo noo,
For the shamin' o' her gentle kin,
Hey willy wallocky hay John Dougal,
Alane quo rashity, roo, roo, roo.

3. She wadna wash, she wadna wring.
Nickety nackety noo noo noo,
For the spylin' o' her gowden ring,
Hey willy wallocky hay John Dougal,
Alane quo rashity, roo, roo, roo.

4. She wadna bake, she wadna brew,
Nickety nackety noo noo noo,
For the shamin' o' her comely hue,
Hey willy wallocky hay John Dougal,
Alane quo rashity, roo, roo, roo.

5. The cooper has gone to his woo' pack,
Nickety nackety noo noo noo,
And he's laid a sheepskin on his wife's back,
Hey willy wallocky hay John Dougal,
Alane quo rashity, roo, roo, roo.

6. "Noo, I'll no thrash you for your gentle kin,
Nickety nackety noo noo noo,
But I will skelp my ain sheepskin."
Hey willy wallocky hay John Dougal,
Alane quo rashity, roo, roo, roo.

7. "Oh I will caird and I will spin
Nickety nackety noo noo noo,
And think nae mair o' my gentle kin
Hey willy wallocky hay John Dougal,
Alane quo rashity, roo, roo, roo.

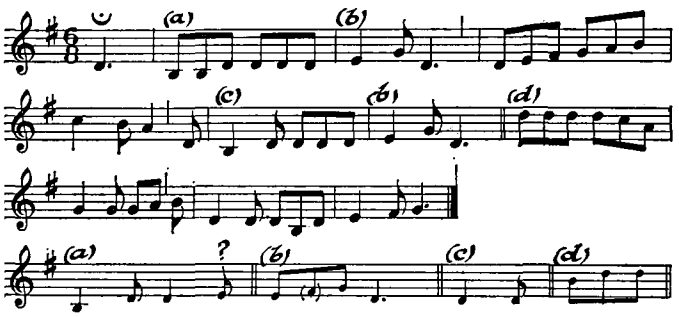
8. "Oh I will wash and I will wring,
Nickety nackety noo noo noo,
And think nae mair o' my gowden ring,
Hey willy wallocky hay John Dougal,
Alane quo rashity, roo, roo, roo.

9. "Oh I will bake and I will brew,
Nickety nackety noo noo noo,
And think nae mair o' my comely hue."
Hey willy wallocky hay John Dougal,
Alane quo rashity, roo, roo, roo.

10. Noo you wha hae gotten a gentle wife,
Nickety nackety noo noo noo,
Jist you send for the wee cooper o' Fife,
Hey willy wallocky hay John Dougal,
Alane quo rashity, roo, roo, roo.

8. "The Wee Cooper o' Fife"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1951/20/A8. Sung by Jo Wylie, Ayrshire. Collected by Hamish Henderson and Alan Lomax.

m I

1. There wis a wee cooper wha lived in Fife,
Nickety-nackety noo, noo, noo;
An he has gotten a gentle wife,
Hey wally wallickie, hey John Dougall,
Allane quo rushity too, roo, roo.

2. She widnae bake, an she widnae brew
Nickety, etc.
For spilin' o' her comely hue,
Hey, etc.

3. She widnae caird, an she widnae spin,
Nickety, etc.
For shamin' o' her gentle kin
Hey, etc.

4. She widnae waash an she widnae wring
Nickety, etc.
For the spilin' o' her gowden ring,
Hey, etc.

5. The cooper has gane tae his woo'pack
Nickety, etc.
An' laid a sheep-skin on his wife's back,
Hey, etc.

6. It's I'll no thrash ye for your gentle kin,
Nickety, etc.
But I will thrash my ain sheep-skin,
Hey, etc.

7. "O I will bake, an' I will brew,
Nickety, etc.
An' nae mair think o' my comely hue.
Hey, etc.

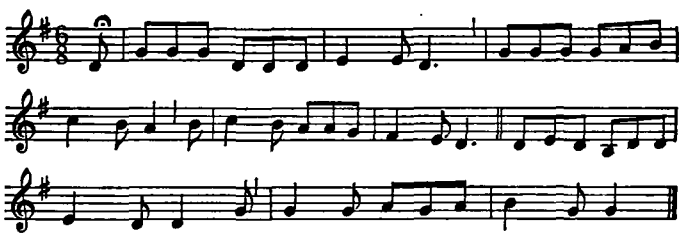
8. "O I will caird an' I will spin
Nickety, etc.
An' nae mair think o' my gentle kin,
Hey, etc.

9. "O I will waash, an' I will wring,
Nickety, etc.
An' nae mair think o' my gowden ring,"
Hey, etc.

10. A' ye wha ha'e gotten a gentle wife,
Nickety, etc.
Jist send ye for the wee cooper o' Fife,
Hey, etc.

9. "Cooper of Fife"

Flanders and Brown, 1931, p. 222. Also in Flanders, IV 1965, p. 96(M). Sung by Miss Stella E. Monson, West Wardsboro, Vt., August 23, 1930; learned in New Haven, Conn., in 1885, from the Patterson family, who had recently left Aberdeen, Scotland. Recorded and transcribed 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

The line-division of the refrain seems arbitrary.

1. There was a wee cooper who lived in Fife,
Nickerty, nackerty, nu, nu, nu,
And he is gotton a gentie' wife.
High willy, waliky,
How duck doodle a,
Lain a rushity,
Ru, ru, ru.

2. She wadna' bake an' she wadna' brew,
Nickerty, nackerty, nu, nu, nu,
For the fear of spoiling her comely hue
High willy, waliky,
How duck doodle a,
Lain a rushity,
Ru, ru, ru.

3. And she wadna' wash and she wadna' wring,
Nickerty, nackerty, nu, nu, nu,
For the fear of spoiling her braw gold ring.
High willy, waliky,
How duck doodle a,
Lain a rushity,
Ru, ru, ru.

4. She wadna' card and she wadna' spin,
Nickerty, nackerty, nu, nu, nu,
With the fear of offending her high-bred kin.
High willy, waliky,
How duck doodle a,
Lain a rushity,
Ru, ru, ru.

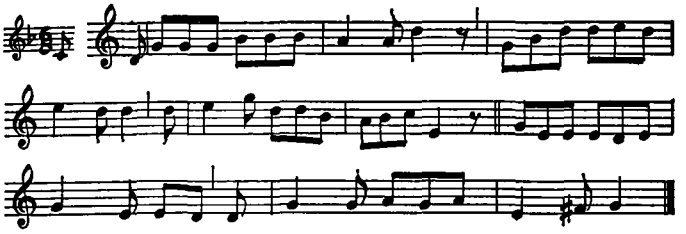
5. The cooper has gone to his wool pack,
Nickerty, nackerty, nu, nu, nu,
An' has laid a sheepskin on his ain wife's back,
High willy, waliky,
How duck doodle a,
Lain a rushity,
Ru, ru, ru.

6. I didna' thrash thee for your proud kin,
Nickerty, nackerty, nu, nu, nu,
But I'm sure I may thrash me own sheepskin
High willy, waliky,
How duck doodle a,
Lain a rushity,
Ru, ru, ru.

7. Now all you have gotten a gentie' wife,
Nickerty, nackerty, nu, nu, nu,
Take example by the cooper of Fife.
High willy, waliky,
How duck doodle a,
Lain a rushity,
Ru, ru, ru.

10. "The Wee Cooper o' Fife"

Korson, 1949, p. 41. Sung by J. D. Gordon and Mrs. Jennie Craven, Fayette County, Pa., 1943. Recorded by Samuel P. Bayard.

m I

1. There was a wee cooper, he leeved in Fife,
Nickety, nackety, noo, noo, noo,
And oh, he married a canty wee wife.
Hi wully, wagglety, ho, John Dougal,
A rick ma rackety, noo, noo, noo!

2. She naither could bake and she naither could brew,
Nickety, nackety, noo, noo, noo,
For gaun aboot wi' her gentil crew.
Hi wully, wagglety, ho, John Dougal,
A rick ma rackety, noo, noo, noo!

3. She naither could wash and she naither could spin,
For gaun aboot wi' her gentil kin.

4. I'll awa' hame to my own sheepspark;
I'll fetch hame a sheepskin, and I'll tie't on her back.

5. I leathered her but and I leathered her ben—
Can I no' leather my ain sheepskin?

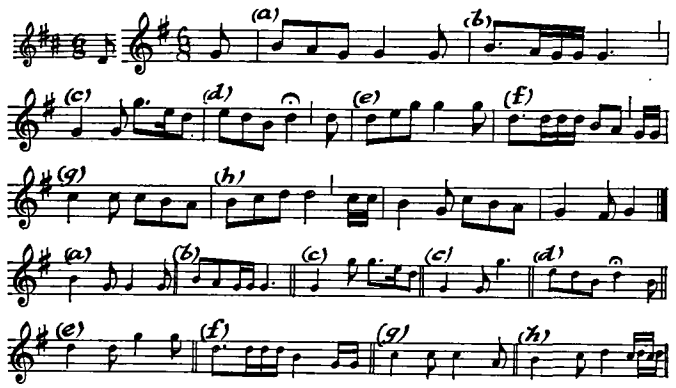
6. Noo she can bake and noo she can brew;
She disne fash wi' her gentil crew.

7. Noo she can wash and noo she can spin,
And she disne fash wi' her gentil kin.

8. Come a' ye young men that's got a bad wife,
Noo just ye try the cooper o' Fife!

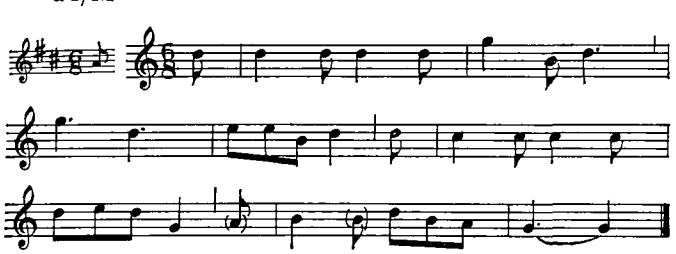
11. "The Farmer's Curst Wife"

Wilkinson MSS., 1935-36, p. 101(C). Sung by T. Henry Lam, Elkton, Va., November 6, 1935.

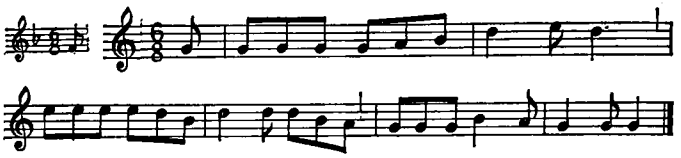
a I (almost I/M)

This and the following variant seem to be wrongly named.

12. "The Farmer's Curst Wife"

Wilkinson MSS., 1935-36, p. 98(A). Sung by Mrs. J. H. Mauzy, Broadway, Va., October 5, 1935.

a I/M

13. "The Wee Cooper o' Fife"

Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 446. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 219(1b). Sung by Mrs. Lyall, Skene, August 11, 1908.

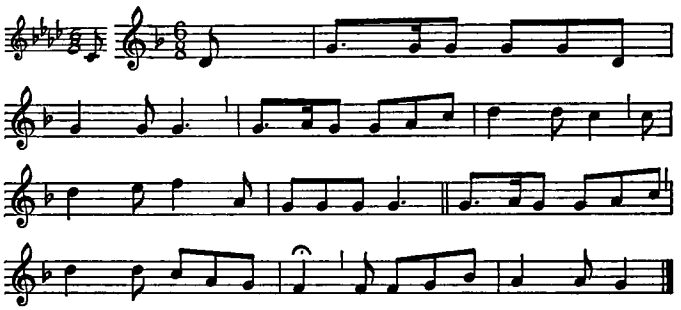
a π^1

There was a wee cooperie liv'd in Fife,
Hey Willie Wallachy,
How[1] John Dugaltie,
Allan Caroostie[2] roo roo roo.[3]

The following variant readings appear in Greig and Keith, 1925:

[1] How: noo
[2] Caroostie: Carostie
[3] roo, roo, roo: noo, noo, noo

14. "The Cooper o' Fife"

Boulton and Lawson, II [1895] ("Twelfth Edition"), p. 98; text, p. 104. Also in Goss, 1937, p. 124. An old Fife ballad.

m D

1. There was a wee cooper wha lived in Fife,
Nickety, nackety, noo, noo, noo!
And he has gotten a gentle wife,
Hey Willie Wallachy!
Now John Dougal alane,
Quo' rushety roo, roo, roo!

2. She wadna' bake, she wadna' brew,
Nickety, nackety, noo, noo, noo!
For spoilin' o' her comely hue.
Hey Willie, &c.

3. She wadna' card, she wadna' spin,
Nickety, nackety, noo, noo, noo!
For shamin' o' her gentle kin.
Hey Willie, &c.

4. Cooper's awa to his wool pack,
Nickety, nackety, noo, noo, noo!
And he's laid a sheepskin on her back.
Hey Willie, &c.

5. "I'll no thrash you, you're o' gentle kin,"
Nickety, nackety, noo, noo, noo!
"But I will leather my ain sheepskin."
Hey Willie, &c.

6. "Oh! I will bake, and brew and spin,"
Nickety, nackety, noo, noo, noo!
"And think nae mair o' my gentle kin."
Hey Willie, &c.

7. All ye who hae gotten a gentle wife,
Nickety, nackety, noo, noo, noo!
Keep weel in mind the wee cooper o' Fife.
Hey Willie Wallachy!
Now John Dougal alane,
Quo' rushety roo, roo, roo!

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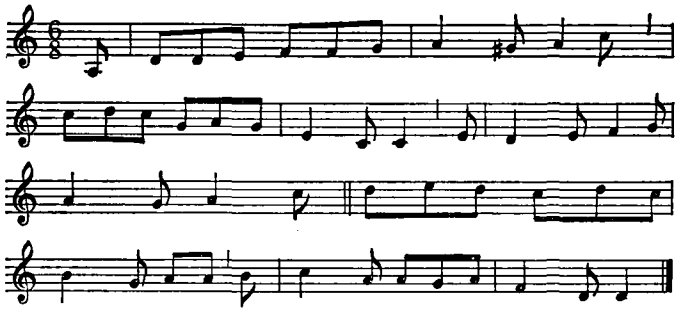
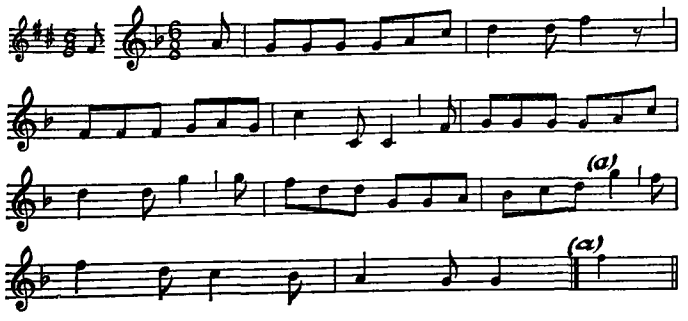
15. "The Wee Cooper o' Fife"

Gilchrist, *JFSS*, II, No. 9 (1906), p. 223. Sung by William Wells, Sunderland Point, July 1906; learned from his father.

m D (inflected IV)

There was a wee cooper wha lived in Fife,
Nickety, nackety, noo, noo, noo,
He took himself a gentle wife,
Hey, Willie Wallacky, How, John Dougal,
Alinkarashity, rue, rue, rue!

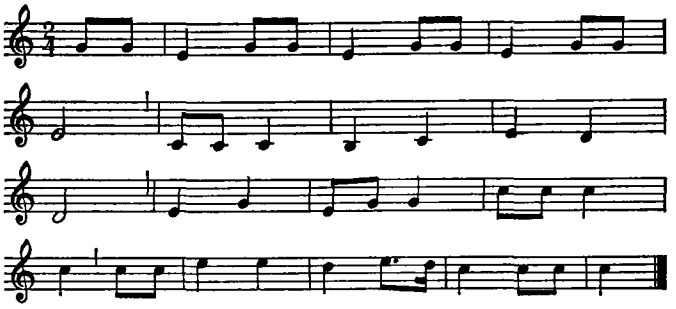
16. "The Cooper of Fife"

Greig MSS., IV, p. 11. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 219(2). Sung by Mrs. Forbes, Skellybog(s), New Deer, 1910.

m D/Æ

GROUP C

17. "The Wife Wrapped in Wether's Skin"

Flanders and Brown, 1931, p. 224. Also in Flanders, 1934, p. 84; and Flanders, IV, 1965, p. 83(D). Sung by Louis Prevost, Springfield, Vt., November 1930; learned from his mother, who was born in 1848. Recorded and transcribed by George Brown. From *Vermont Folk-Songs & Ballads*, edited by Helen Hartness Flanders and George Brown; copyright 1931 by Arthur Wallace Peach.

a I/Ly (–VI), ending on the octave

1. Billy married him a wife and he carried her home,
Jenny go gently, Rose Marie.
Think he'd better let her alone,
As the dew flies over the mulberry tree.

2. She would not into the kitchen go,
Jenny go gently, Rose Marie.
Afraid of soiling her kid white shoes.
As the dew flies over the mulberry tree.

3. She would not card, she would not spin,
Jenny go gently, Rose Marie.
Afraid of soiling her lily-white skin.
As the dew flies over the mulberry tree.

4. One day when Billy came home from the plough,
Jenny go gently, Rose Marie.
Saying, "My dear wife, is dinner ready now?"
As the dew flies over the mulberry tree.

5. "Go off, go off, you ugly elf,
Jenny go gently, Rose Marie.
If you want any dinner you'll get it yourself."
As the dew flies over the mulberry tree.

6. Down to the sheepfold Billy did go,
Jenny go gently, Rose Marie.
Out with a wether without control.
As the dew flies over the mulberry tree.

7. Out with his knife went rip, rip, rip,
Jenny go gently, Rose Marie.
And off went the pelt, strip, strip, strip.
As the dew flies over the mulberry tree.

8. He threw the hide upon her back,
Jenny go gently, Rose Marie.
And with two sticks went whickety whack.
As the dew flies over the mulberry tree.

9. "I have brothers, one, two, three,
Jenny go gently, Rose Marie.
If they knew this, you wouldn't lick me."
As the dew flies over the mulberry tree.

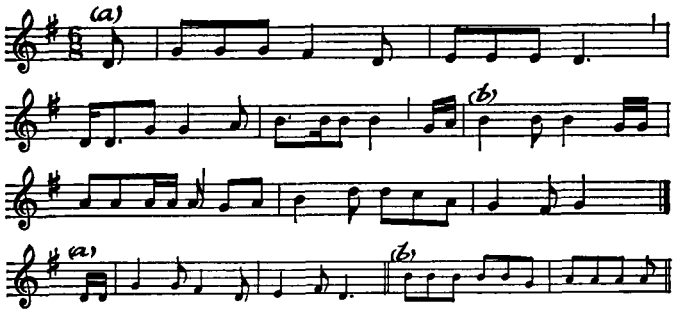
10. "What care I for kith or kin,
Jenny go gently, Rose Marie.
I've a right to tan my own sheepskin."
As the dew flies over the mulberry tree.

11. She up to the table, on with the board,
Jenny go gently, Rose Marie.
'Twas "Yes, sir," "No, sir," every word.
As the dew flies over the mulberry tree.

12. She proved to Billy a kind good wife,
Jenny go gently, Rose Marie.
He loved her as he loved his life.
As the dew flies over the mulberry tree.

18. "As the Dew Flies over the Green Valley"

Sung by Mrs. Elizabeth Walker Ford, Central Valley, Calif., September 25, 1942. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 11,336 (B11). Recorded by Sidney Robertson Cowell.

p I

1. Sweet Willie came jogging home from the plow
Jinny fair John fair Rosa Marie
Saying, Wife, dear Wife, is the dinner ready now?
As the dew flies over the green valley.

2. O no, you dirty, ugly elf
Jinny fair John fair Rosa Marie
If you want any dinner, you'll get it yourself
As the dew flies over the green valley.

3. So down to the barn sweet Willie he flew
Jinny fair John fair Rosa Marie
And down with a good fat wether he slew
As the dew flies over the green valley.

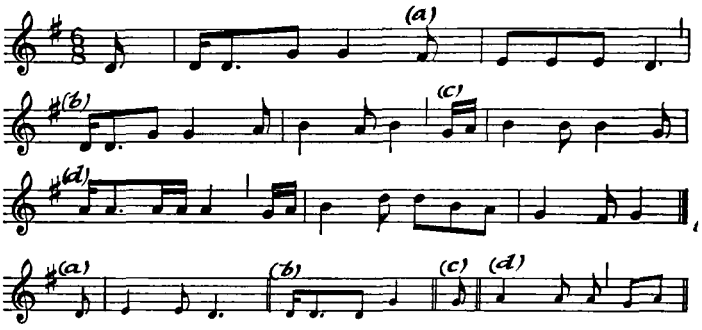
4. He wrapt the skin round his wife's back
Jinny fair John fair Rosa Marie
And with two sticks he went whickety-whack
As the dew flies over the green valley.

5. I'll tell my parents and my kin
Jinny fair John fair Rosa Marie
That you have beat me black within
As the dew flies over the green valley.

6. You may tell your parents and your kin
Jinny fair John fair Rosa Marie
I was only a-tanning a fat wether's skin
As the dew flies over the green valley.

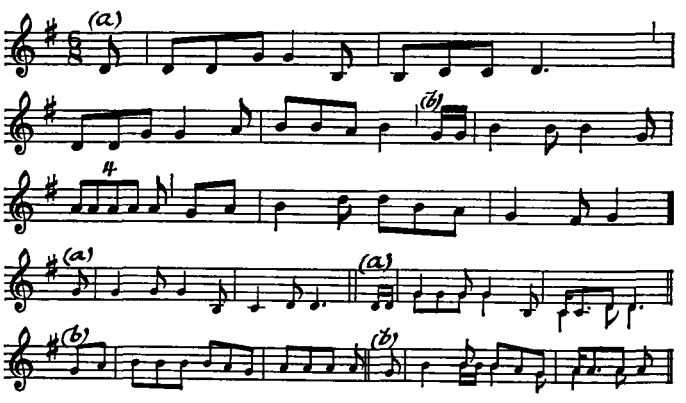
19a. "As the dew flies over the green valléy"

Sung by Warde H. Ford, Central Valley, Calif., December 26, 1938. Learned from Mary E. Longworth of Wisconsin. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 4197(B1). Collected by Sidney Robertson Cowell.

p I/Ly

Ford's 1938 text differs from his mother's of 1942 (variant 18 above) only in that he sang "Rose" throughout.

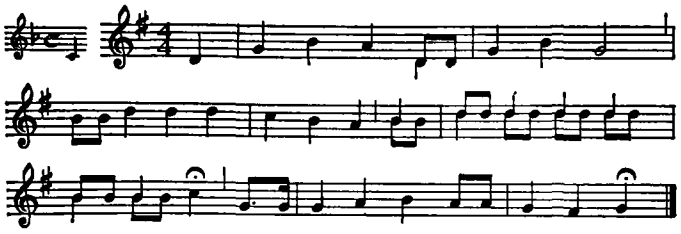
19b. "As the Dew Flies over the Green Valley"

Sung by Warde H. Ford, Crandon, Wisc., August 1954. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 11,337(B7). Collected by Sidney Robertson Cowell.

p I (–VI on mediant octave)

Ford's 1954 text is identical with his of 1938, with the following exceptions:
1. 1954: Rosa (throughout)
2. 1954: is dinner ready (stanza 1^8)
3. 1954: beaten (stanza 5^8)

20. "Jenny, flow gentle rosemary"

Folk-Songs, Ballads and Songs of Great Composers, Set IV (Ring) [1937], p. 8. Sung by Mrs. Mike Lyons, Lee, Mass.

p I/Ly (–VI)

1. Sweet William went on a hoeing ride:
(Jenny, flow gentle rosemary.)
All for to get him a gallant young bride.
(As the dew falls over the white rosie.)

2. She would not into the kitchen come:
(Jenny, flow gentle rosemary.)
For fear of spoiling her cork heel shoes.
(As the dew falls over the white rosie.)

3. She would not card, she would not spin:
(Jenny, flow gentle rosemary.)
For fear of spoiling her gay gold ring.
(As the dew falls over the white rosie.)

4. Sweet William he came in from plow:
(Jenny, flow gentle rosemary.)
"Oh, my dear wife, is my dinner ready now?"
(As the dew falls over the white rosie.)

5. She call'd Sweet William a country whelp:
(Jenny, flow gentle rosemary.)
"If you want any dinner you can get it yourself!"
(As the dew falls over the white rosie.)

6. Sweet William went to the sheep-fold;
(Jenny, flow gentle rosemary.)
From the fattest the skin he roll'd.
(As the dew falls over the white rosie.)

7. Carried it in, put it on his wife's back:
(Jenny, flow gentle rosemary.)
With a good stick he went whickety-whack.
(As the dew falls over the white rosie.)

8. "I'll tell my father and all my kin"
(Jenny, flow gentle rosemary.)
"That you whipp'd my back with a wether-skin."
(As the dew falls over the white rosie.)

9. "You can tell your father and all your kin"
(Jenny, flow gentle rosemary.)
"That I whipp'd your back with a wether-skin."
(As the dew falls over the white rosie.)

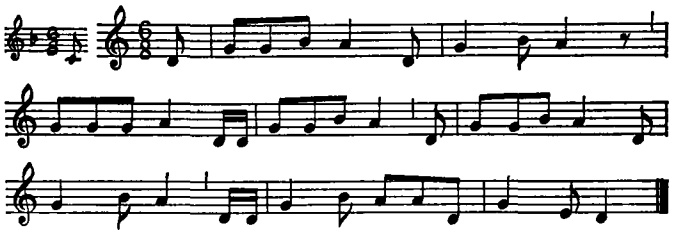
10. Sweet William he came in from plow:
(Jenny, flow gentle rosemary.)
"Oh, my dear wife, is my dinner ready now?"
(As the dew falls over the white rosie.)

11. She out with the table and spread the board:
(Jenny, flow gentle rosemary.)
"Oh, my dear husband, never a word!"
(As the dew falls over the white rosie.)

12. After this, she made a good wife.
(Jenny, flow gentle rosemary.)
If you want any more you can sing it yourself!
(As the dew falls over the white rosie.)

21. "The Wife Wrapped in Wether's Skin"

Belden, 1940, p. 93. Communicated by Mrs. Eva Warner Case, 1916, from childhood memories in Harrison County, Mo. Text also in Kittredge, *JAF*, XXX (1917), p. 328.

p π^1 (or a π^2, ending on *V*)

1. Sweet William he married him a wife,
Jennifer June and the rosymaree
To be the sweet comfort of his life.
As the dew flies over the green vallee.

2. It's she couldn't into the kitchen go
For fear of soiling her white-heeled shoes.

3. It's she couldn't wash and it's she wouldn't bake
For fear of soiling her white apron tape.

4. It's she couldn't card and it's she wouldn't spin
For fear of spoiling her delicate skin.

5. Sweet William came whistling in from the plow;
Says, "O my dear wife, is my dinner ready now?"

6. She called him a dirty paltry whelp:
"If you want any dinner, go get it yourself."

7. Sweet William went out unto the sheep-fold
And out a fat wether he did pull.

8. Upon his knees he did kneel down
And soon from it did strip the skin.

9. He laid the skin on his wife's back
And he made his stick go whickety whack.

10. "I'll tell my father and all my kin
How you this quarrel did begin."

11. "You may tell your father and all your kin
How I have thrashed my fat wether's skin."

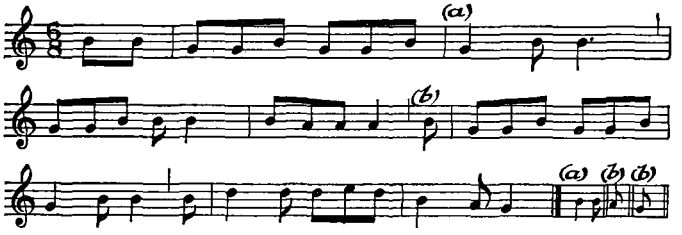
12. Sweet William came whistling in from the plow;
Says, "O my dear wife, is my dinner ready now?"

13. She drew her table and spread her board
And 'twas "O my dear husband" with every word.

14. And now they live free from all care and strife
And now she makes William a very good wife.

22. "Jennifer, Jenny" or "The Dew Flies Over the Green Valley"

Sung by Mrs. Helen Fultz, Mayfield, Ark., January 1960. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 12,043(A21). Recorded by Patrick Todd.

a π^1

1. I married me a wife and I took her home.
   Jennifer Jenny, Rosie Maria
   I wish to my soul I'd left her alone.
   The dew flies over the green valley.

2. To go to the kitchen she did not choose
   Jennifer Jenny, Rosa Maria
   For fear she'd spoil her new ?cloth shoes.
   The dew flies over the green valley.

3. The very first day I came in from the plow.
   Jennifer Jenny, Rosie Marie
   Says, O my dear wife, is my dinner done now?
   The dew flies over the green valley.

4. No, you dirty and lazy welf,
   Jennifer Jenny, Rosie Marie
   If you want any dinner, just cook it yourself.
   The dew flies over the green valley.

5. Well I gets mad and I goes to the barn
   Jennifer Jenny, Rosa Maria
   And I gets me a stick, 's as long as my arm.
   The dew flies over the green valley.

6. I picked it up and I walked straight back
   Jennifer Jenny, Rosa Maria
   And over her back it goes clickety clack.
   The dew flies over the green valley.

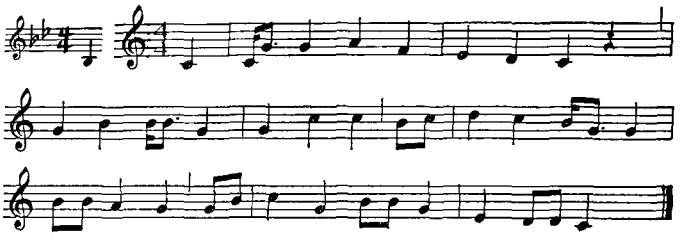
7. The very next day I came in from my plow.
   Jennifer Jenny, Rosa Maria
   Says, O my dear wife, is my dinner done now?
   The dew flies over the green valley.

8. The ?lass she jumped to spread the board.
   Jennifer Jenny, Rosa Maria
   Yes Sir and No Sir at every word said.
   The dew flies over the green valley.

9. We live in peace and we have no strife
   Jennifer Jenny, Rosa Maria
   And I hope she'll live till the end of her life.
   The dew flies over the green valley.

23. "Gently, Jinny, Fair Rosemary"

Grover, n.d., p. 68. Sung by Carrie B. Grover; learned from her cousin, Bessie Long.

a I

1. I married a wife, I took her home,
   Gently Jinny, fair Rosemary.
   But I think I married a little too soon,
   As the dew flies over the mulberry tree.

2. My wife would neither card nor spin,
   Gently Jinnie, fair Rosemary;
   She was afraid of soiling her delicate skin
   As the dew flies over the mulberry tree.

3. My wife would neither bake nor brew,
   Gently Jinnie, fair Rosemary;
   She was afraid of soiling her high heeled shoe
   As the dew flies over the mulberry tree.

4. When I came in from holding the plow,
   Gently Jinnie, fair Rosemary;
   I said, "Dear wife, is my dinner ready now?"
   As the dew flies over the mulberry tree.

5. "There is some cold johnny bread on the shelf."
   Gently Jinnie, fair Rosemary;
   "If you want any more you can get it yourself."
   As the dew flies over the mulberry tree.

6. I went straightway unto my field,
   Gently Jinnie, fair Rosemary;
   I cut two little willows so green
   As the dew flies over the mulberry tree.

7. I went straightway unto my barn,
   Gently Jinnie, fair Rosemary;
   And there I took my old sheepskin down,
   As the dew flies over the mulberry tree.

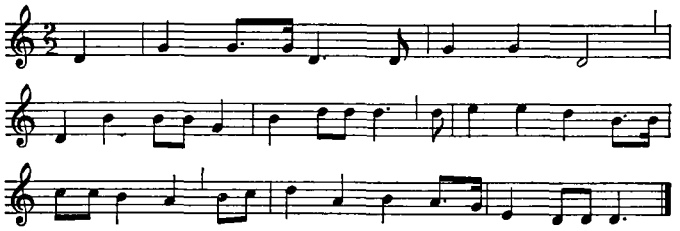
8. I placed the sheepskin on her back,
   Gently Jinnie, fair Rosemary;
   And the two little twigs went whickety-whack
   As the dew flies over the mulberry tree.

9. "Go tell your friends, go tell your kin,"
   Gently Jinnie, fair Rosemary,
   "I was only tanning my old sheepskin."
   As the dew flies over the mulberry tree.

10. Now when I come in from holding the plow,
    Gently Jinnie, fair Rosemary,
    It is, "Yes sir, and no sir, and how do you do?"
    As the dew flies over the mulberry tree.

24. "The Wife Wrapt in Wether's Skin"

Creighton and Senior, 1950, p. 94. Sung by Mrs. Edward Gallagher, Chebucto Head, N.S.

a M/D

1. I married a wife I brought her home
   Gently Willie fair rosamaree
   I fear I married a little too soon,
   As the dew flies over the mulberry tree.

2. She will not card, she will not spin,
   For fear of soiling a gay gold ring.

3. Into the kitchen she won't go
   For fear of soiling a high heeled shoe.

4. One day Willie came home from the plough,
   He said, "Dear wife is the dinner ready now?"

5. She called him a saucy whelp,
   "If you want your dinner go get it yourself."

6. Willie he returned to his plough,
   He saw a fat sheep standing by.

7. He cut her throat and he plucked her skin
   And with two sticks he carried it in.

8. He spread the sheepskin on her back
   And he made the sticks go whackedy whack.

9. "Oh dear Willie don't beat me so,
   I'll be your boy and drive your plough."

10. "I want none of your boyish help
    And I will drive my plough myself."

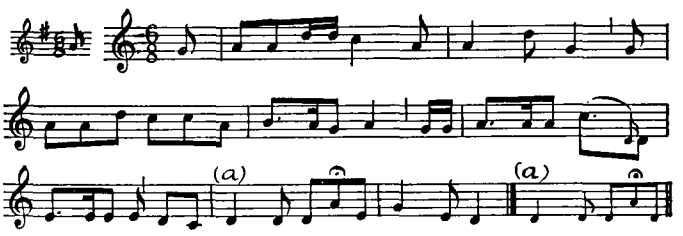
11. "I have brothers one, two, three,
    If they were here you wouldn't beat me."

12. "I don't care for your brothers or any of your kin
    And I will tan my own sheepskin."

"The 2nd and 4th lines of the 1st stanza are the chorus and are sung with every verse." [*Creighton's note.*]

25. "The Wife Wrapt in Wether's Skin"

Sharp MSS., 4002/2886. Also in Sharp, 1918, p. 28; and Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 272(C). Sung by Mrs. Margaret Dunagan, St. Helen's, Ky., September 9, 1917.

a D/M

1. I married me a wife, I got her home,
   For gentle, for Jenny, my rosamaree,
   But I've oftentimes wished I'd let her alone.
   As the dew falls over the green valley.

2. Then I come in it's from my plough.
   O now, my kind wife, is my dinner ready now?

3. There's a piece of bread upon the shelf,
   If you want any more you can bake it yourself.

4. I gets me a knife and I went to the barn,
   And I cut me hickory just as long as my arm.

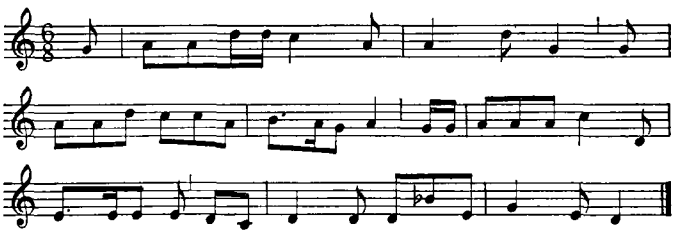
5. Then I come back it's to the house,
   I make my hickory go whickechy whack.

6. Then I come it's from my plough.
   O now, my kind wife, is my dinner ready now?

7. She flew around, the board it was spread,
   And every word it was 'Yes, sir' and 'No, sir'.

26. "The Wife Wrapped in Wether's Skin"

Cox, 1939, p. 46; and 1964 (ed. Boswell), p. 57. Taken from a song-book compiled by Camilla Dennis from the singing of school children at Hindman, Knott County, Ky., 1922-23.

a D/M (inflected VI)

1. I married me a wife, I got her home,
   For gentle, for Jenny, my Rosamarie
   But I oftentimes wished I'd let her alone,
   As the dew lies over the green valley.

2. When I come in it's from my plough,
   "O now, my kind wife, is my dinner ready now?"

3. "There's a piece of bread upon the shelf,
   If you want any more you can bake it yourself."

4. I gets me a knife and I went to the barn,
   And I cut me a hickory as long as my arm.

5. Then I went out to my sheep pen,
And soon had off an old wether's skin.

6. I placed it on my old wife's back,
And made my hickory go whickety-whack.

7. "I'll tell my father and all my kin,
That you have hit me with a hickory limb."

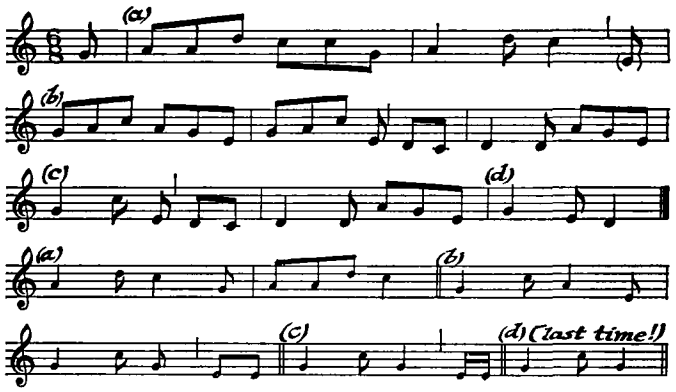
8. "If you do, I'll tell you lied,
For I was a-dressing my old wether hide."

9. Then I come in it's from the plough,
"O now, kind wife, is my dinner ready now?"

10. She flew around, the board was spread,
And every word it was "yes, sir! No, sir!"

27. "The Green Valley"

Sung by Bob Blackston, Springdale, Ark., January 6, 1960. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 12,044(B16).

a π^3

1. I married me a wife and I took her home,
I wish to the devil I'd let her alone,
While the dew flies over the green valley
While the dew flies over the green valley.

2. The very first day I came in from the plow:
Dear little wife, is dinner ready now?
While the dew flies over the green valley
While the dew flies over the green valley.

3. Get out from here, you trifling ?dwelf,
If you want any dinner, you can cook it yourself,
While the dew flies over the green valley
While the dew flies over the green valley.

4. I turned around, walked back to the barn
And I cut me a hick'ry as long as my arm,
While the dew flies over the green valley
While the dew flies over the green valley.

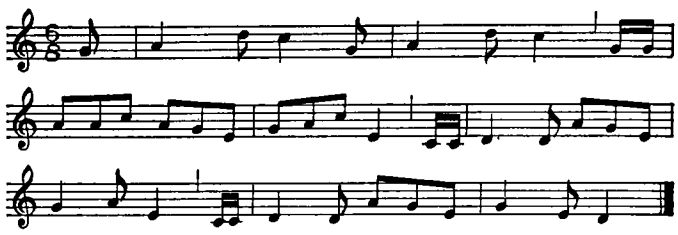
5. I turned around, went walking back,
And around her little back it went whickety-whack,
While the dew flies over the green valley
While the dew flies over the green valley.

6. Next day I came in, everything was prepared,
It was Yes, Sir, and No, Sir, to every word.
While the dew flies over the green valley
While the dew flies over the green valley.

7. Go tell your mother and the rest of your kin
That I brought you under with a hick'ry limb.
While the dew flies over the green valley
While the dew flies over the green valley.

28. "While the Dew Flies Over the Green Valley"

Sung by Garland K. Claiborn, Green Forest, Ark., December 29, 1959. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 12,044(A26).

a π^3

1. I married me a wife and I took her home
And I wish to the Lord that I'd left her alone,
While the dew flies over the green valley
While the dew flies over the green valley.

2. Come in from work, come in from the plow:
My dear little wife, is dinner ready now?
While the dew flies over the green valley
While the dew flies over the green valley.

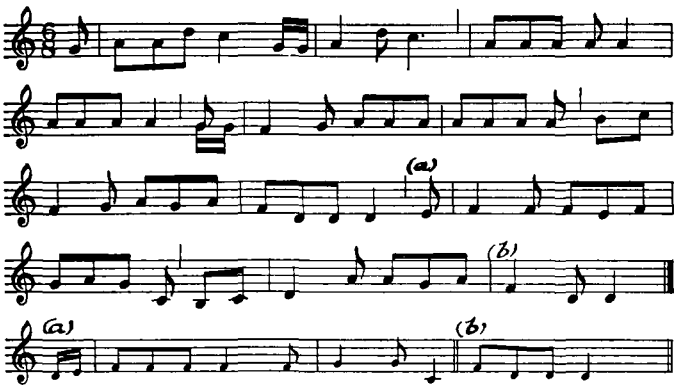
3. Get out of here, you dirty whelp,
If you want any dinner, you'll cook it yourself,
While the dew flies over the green valley
While the dew flies over the green valley.

4. I picked up my hat and I went to the barn
And I cut me a hickory as long as my arm,
While the dew flies over the green valley
While the dew flies over the green valley.

5. I trimmed it up and came walking back
And around her little back it went whickety whack,
While the dew flies over the green valley
While the dew flies over the green valley.

29. "Old Wetherskin"

Sung by Mrs. Lena Bourne Fish, East Jaffrey, N.H., 1941. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 12,056(A10). Recorded by Anne and Frank Warner.

a D

1. I married a wife in the month of June,
Gentle fair Jenny, Rosa, Marie
I think I married a little too soon
As the dew flies over the mulberry tree,
I think I married a little too soon
As the dew flies over the green valléy.

2. She would not card and she would not spin,
Gentle fair Jenny, Rosa, Marie
She was 'fraid of soiling her lily-white skin
As the dew flies over the mulberry tree,
She was 'fraid of soiling her lily-white skin
As the dew flies over the mulberry tree.

3. So while I was tilling my meadow and land,
Gentle fair Jenny, Rosa, Marie
She sat in the parlor with folded hands
As the dew flies over the mulberry tree,
She sat in the parlor with folded hands
As the dew flies over the mulberry tree.

4. One day I came in from jogging the plow,
Gentle fair Jenny, Rosa, Marie
Saying, Good Wife, is my dinner done now?
As the dew flies over the mulberry tree,
Saying, Kind Wife, is my dinner done now?
As the dew flies over the mulberry tree.

5. There's bread and there's cheese upon the shelf,
Gentle fair Jenny, Rosa, Marie
'f you want any dinner, go get it yourself
As the dew flies over the mulberry tree,
If you want any dinner, go get it yourself
As the dew flies over the mulberry tree.

6. Down to the sheep-pen I went with haste,
Gentle fair Jenny, Rosa, Marie
And I killed the bell wether without any waste
As the dew flies over the mulberry tree,
And I killed the bell wether without any waste
As the dew flies over the mulberry tree.

7. Then I took up my knife and went whip whip whip,
Gentle fair Jenny, Rosa, Marie
And off went the wether's ?pelt strip strip strip
As the dew flies over the mulberry tree,
And off went the wether's pelt strip strip strip
As the dew flies over the mulberry tree.

8. I then threw the hide upon my wife's back,
Gentle fair Jenny, Rosa, Marie
And with two sticks I went whickety-whack
As the dew flies over the mulberry tree,
And with two sticks I went whickety-whack
As the dew flies over the mulberry tree.

9. I'll tell my brothers and all of my kin,
Gentle fair Jenny, Rosa, Marie
For to wallop your wife is surely a sin
As the dew flies over the mulberry tree
For to wallop your wife is surely a sin
As the dew flies over the mulberry tree.

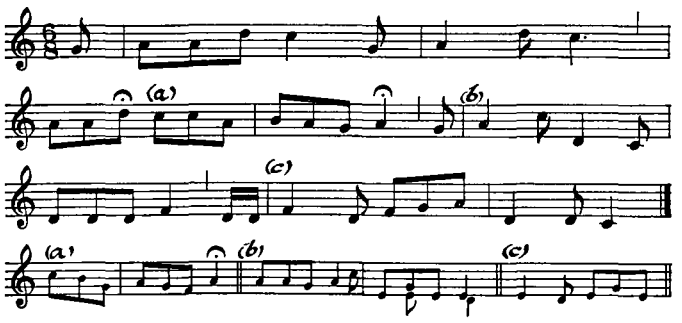
10. You may tell your brothers and all of your kin
Gentle fair Jenny, Rosa, Marie
That I'm bound to tan my old wether's skin
As the dew flies over the mulberry tree
I'm bound to tan my old wether's skin
As the dew flies over the mulberry tree.

11. She then cooked my dinner and set up the bed.
Gentle fair Jenny, Rosa, Marie
It's Yes, Sir and No, Sir at every word
As the dew flies over the mulberry tree
It's Yes, Sir and No, Sir at every word
As the dew flies over the mulberry tree.

12. She cooked my food well, she did card and spin,
Gentle fair Jenny, Rosa, Marie
Since the day that I tanned my old wether's skin
As the dew flies over the mulberry tree
Since the day (that) I tanned my old wether's skin
As the dew flies over the green valléy.

30. "The Wife Wrapped Up in the Wether's Skin"

Sung by Clay Walters, Salyersville, Ky., 1937. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 1579(B1). Recorded by Alan and Elizabeth Lomax.

a D, ending on *VII*

1. I married me a wife, I taken her home
Sing Jennafore, Jennafore, Rosamarie
Ofttimes I'd wish I'd let her alone
As the dew flies over the green valley.

2. Into the kitchen she would not go
Sing Jennafore, Jennafore, Rosamarie
She's afraid of soiling her new cloth (bought?) shoes
As the dew flies over the green valley.

3. The very next day come in from my plow
Sing Jennafore, Jennafore, Rosamarie
And I said Kind Wife, is my dinner ready now
As the dew flies over the green valley.

4. Go way from here, you stinking wretch (elf?)
Sing Jennafore, Jennafore, Rosamarie
If you want any dinner, go cook it yourself
As the dew flies over the green valley.

5. I opened my knife, went down to the barn
Sing Jennafore, Jennafore, Rosamarie
And I cut me a hick'ry as big as my arm
As the dew flies over the green valley.

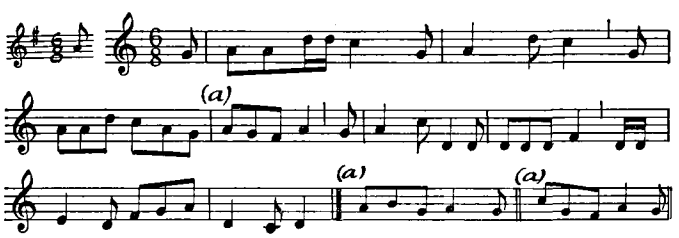
6. I shut up my knife, went back to my house
Sing Jennafore, Jennafore, Rosamarie
And around her old back went whickety whack
As the dew flies over the green valley.

7. I'll tell my brothers and all my kin
Sing Jennafore, Jennafore, Rosamarie
That you whupped me with a hickory limb
As the dew flies over the green valley.

8. I don't care what you tell your brothers or kin
Sing Jennafore, Jennafore, Rosamarie
It was just loosen up your old yellow skin
As the dew flies over the green valley.

31. "The Wife Wrapt in Wether's Skin"

Sharp MSS., 4076/2910. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 273(D). Sung by Miss Polly Anne Kelly (15), Hindman School, Ky., September 20, 1917.

a Æ/D

1. I married me a wife and took her home,
For gentle, for Jenny, for rosamaree,
I often wish I'd left her alone,
As the dew flies over the green valley.

2. For fear of spoiling her new cloth shoes,
All in the kitchen she would not use.

3. First day at noon came in from plough:
My dearest wife, is my dinner ready now?

4. Lays a piece of bread upon the shelf.
If you want any dinner go get it yourself.

5. Next day at noon came in from plough.
My dearest wife, isn't dinner ready now?

6. Get out of here, you dirty scamp (?).
If you want any dinner, go get it yourself.

7. Took my knife and went to the barn.
I cut me a* hickory as long as my arm.

8. As I went back to the house,
Around her back I made it crack.

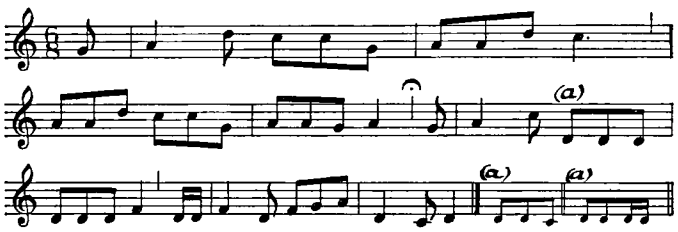
9. I'll tell my father and all my kin
That you have hit me with a hickory limb.

10. You can tell your father and all your kin,
I've whipped you once and I'll whip you again.

* Omitted in 1932.

32. "Gentle Fair Jenny"

Sung to her own dulcimer accompaniment by Jean Ritchie, 1961. Folkways LP rec. No. FA 2302(B3), ed. K. S. Goldstein.

a π^4

1. I married me a wife and took her home,
Gentle fair Jenny, fair Rosy Marie,
I ofttimes wished that I'd let her alone
As the dew flies over the green valley.

2. All in my kitchen she would not use,
For fear of spoiling her new cloth shoes.

3. First day at noon I come in from the plow,
My dearest wife is my dinner ready now.

4. There's a little piece of corn bread layin' on the shelf,
If you want any more you can cook it yourself.

5. Second day at noon I come in from the plow,
My dearest wife, is my dinner ready now.

6. Get out of here, you dirty thief,
If you want any dinner you can cook it yourself.

7. I got my knife and went out to the barn,
I cut me a hickory as long as my arm.

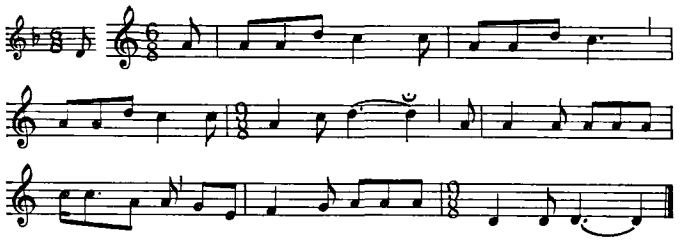
8. I took my limb and I went back,
Around her back I made it crack.

9. I'll tell my father and all of my kin,
You whupped me with a hickory limb.

10. You can tell your father and all your kin
I whupped you once and I'll whup you again.

33. "The Wife Wrapt in Wether's Skin"

Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, 1929, p. 323. A fragment, sung by Mrs. Susie Carr Young, Brewer, Me., as recalled from her grandmother. Noted by George Herzog, 1928.

a Æ/D

As Jinny came in from jogging his plough,
Jinny, come gentle, Rose Marie,
He says: "Dear wife, is my dinner done now?"
As the dew flies over the green vallee.

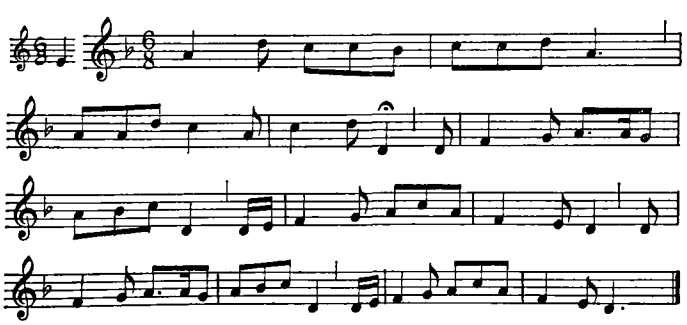
"Get you gone, you dirty dog!"
Jinny, come gentle, Rose Marie,
"If you want any dinner, go get it yourself,"
As the dew flies over the green vallee.

He threw his old wether skin o'er his wife's back,
Jinny, come gentle, Rose Marie,
And with his long goad-stick went whickerty-whack,
As the dew flies over the green vallee.

"I'll tell to my parents and to my kin,"
Jinny, come gentle, Rose Marie,
"How you've bruised my flesh and my skin,"
As the dew flies over the green vallee.

34. "Jenny Fair Gentle Rosemarie"

Hubbard and Robertson, *JAF*, LXIV (1951), p. 51. Also in Hubbard, 1961, p. 38. Sung by Mrs. Susie S. Barlow, Salt Lake City, Utah, October 18, 1948; learned from her mother in Richville, Morgan County, Utah, about 56 years before.

a Æ

1. Now sweet William's to get him a wife,
Jenny fair gentle Rose-Marie,
And there is Nancy and she's very bright,
And the dew flies over the green vallee,
And there is Nancy and she's very bright,
And the dew flies over the green vallee.

2. Now sweet William to church has gone.
He might have done better to have let her alone.

3. Now sweet William comes in from plow.
And says, "Dear wife, is your dinner done now?"

4. She calls sweet William a paltry whelp.
"If you want any dinner go get it yourself."

5. Down to the barn sweet William did go,
And down with his best wether did throw.

6. He wrapt the skin 'round his wife's back,
And with two sticks went whickety whack.

7. Now sweet William comes in from plow
And says, "Dear wife, is your dinner done now?"

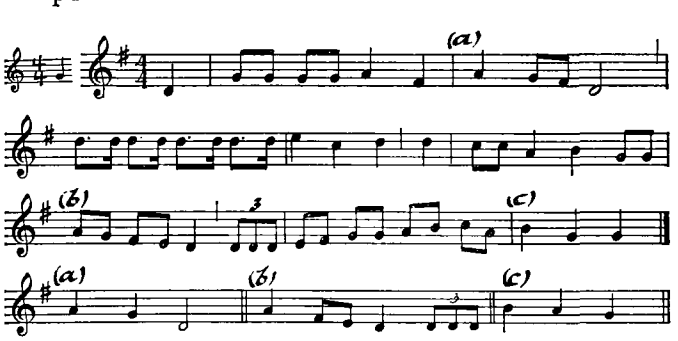
8. She draws her table, spreads her board,
And it's "Oh dear husband" at every word.

9. Ever since then she's been a good wife,
And I hope she'll remain so all the days of her life.

GROUP D

35. "The Daughter of Peggy, O"

Sharp MSS., 1815/1658. Also in Sharp, *JFSS*, V, No. 20 (1916), p. 260. Sung by Charles Spiller (84), Pitminster, Somerset, September 1, 1908.

p I

1. There was a little man came from the West
Fol de rol de rol de rol de ri-ge-o
He married a wife she was not one of the best
She was the driggle draggle daughter of Peggio.

2. She wouldnt card she wouldnt spin
Fol de rol
She wouldnt work all in the kitchen
She was the etc . . . . . .

3. She wouldnt bake she wouldnt brew
She wouldnt make her black look white

4. When this good man came home from plough
He says, My dear is the dinner ready now

(No No and I will not be your drudge)

5. She said No no I wont be your drudge
You'll get some other one to be your drudge

6. And this good man pulled his coat from back
And made his stick go widgy, widgy, whack
On the driggle draggle daughter of Peggio.

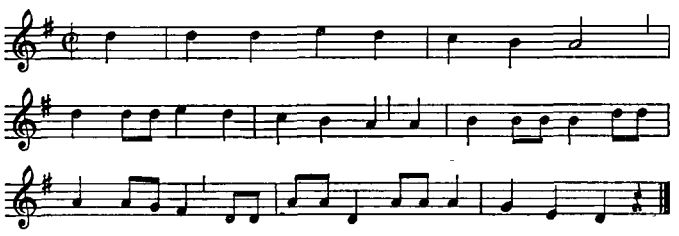
7. O I will card and I will spin
And I will work all in the kitchen

8. I will bake and I will brew
And I will make my black look blue

9. And if that wont do what I say now
I'll take the whip & go to plough

36. "Ruggleton's Daughter of Iero"

Sharp MSS., 1414/1299. Also in Sharp, 4th series, 1908, p. 52; and Sharp, 1916, p. 158. Sung by Miss Gooding, Somerton, August 16, 1907.

a M

1. There was a man lived in the West
Fal la lal lal lol li do
He married a wife she was not of the best
She was Ruggleton's daughter of Iero.

2. Her husband he came in from plough
Fal . . . . . .
He said Good wife is my dinner ready now
To Ruggleton's daughter of Iero

3. If your dinner you must have
You may get it yourself
For I wont be your slave
Said Ruggleton's daughter of Iero.

4. I wont bake and I wont brew
And I wont make my white hands black
Said Ruggleton's daughter of Iero.

5. You shall bake & you shall brew
And you shall make your white hands black
To Ruggleton's daughter of Iero.

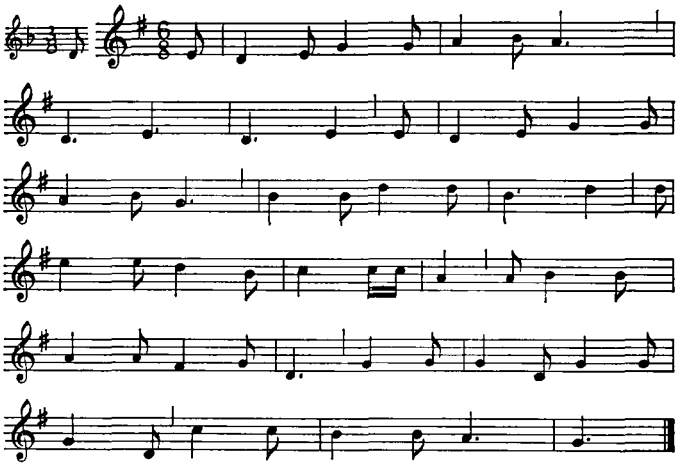
6. He took a stick down off the rack
And on to the back wen[t] rickety rack
Of Ruggleton's daughter of Iero

7. I will bake and I will brew
And I will cook your meat for you
Said Ruggleton's daughter of Iero

GROUP E

37. "The Old Man Who Lived in the West"

Hudson and Herzog, 1937, No. 12. Sung by Mrs. Theodosia Bonnett Long, Saltillo, Lee County, Miss., between 1923 and 1930. Noted by Miss Mary Ila Long.

p I

1. There was an old man who lived in the West,
Dandoo, dandoo,
There was an old man who lived in the West,
Clim a clation, cling-go
There was an old man who lived in the West,
He had a wife that was none of the best,
Lick the ladle, eelie badum,
Mealy and the cling-go.

2. And this old man came in from plow,
Dandoo, dandoo,
And this old man came in from plow,
Clim a clation, cling-go
And this old man came in from plow,
And asked his wife for his breakfast now,
Lick the ladle, eelie badum,
Mealy and the cling-go.

3. "There's a crust of bread lies on the shelf,
Dandoo, dandoo,
There's a crust of bread lies on the shelf,
Clim a clation, cling-go
There's a crust of bread lies on the shelf,
If you want any more you'll get it yourself,"
Lick the ladle, eelie badum,
Mealy and the cling-go.

4. Oh, this old man walked to his sheep-pen
Dandoo, dandoo,
Oh this old man walked to his sheep-pen,
Clim a clation, cling-go
Oh this old man walked to his sheep-pen,
And off he jerked a wether's skin,
Lick the ladle, eelie badum,
Mealy and the cling-go.

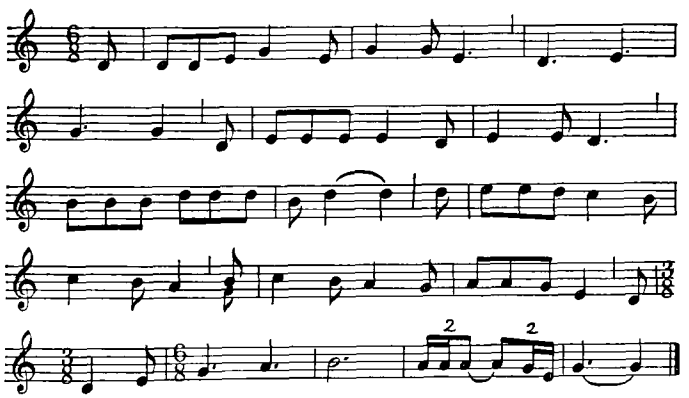
5. He wrapped it all round his wife's own back,
Dandoo, dandoo,
He wrapped it all round his wife's own back,
Clim a clation, cling-go
He wrapped it all round his wife's own back,
And with a switch he made it crack,
Lick the ladle, eelie badum,
Mealy and the cling-go.

6. "I'll tell my father and all my kin,
Dandoo, dandoo,
I'll tell my father and all my kin,
Clim a clation, cling-go
I'll tell my father and all my kin,
That you wipped me in a wether's skin,"
Lick the ladle, eelie badum,
Mealy and the cling-go.

7. "You may tell your father and all your kin,
Dandoo, dandoo,
You may tell your father and all your kin,
Clim a clation, cling-go
You may tell your father and all your kin,
I'll do what I please with my own wether's skin,"
Lick the ladle, eelie badum,
Mealy and the cling-go.

38. "The Wife Wrapt in Wether's Skin"

Sharp MSS., 3516/2595, 2607. Also in Davis, 1929, p. 597; text, p. 499(D); and Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 271 (A). Sung by N. B. Chisholm, Woodridge, Va., September 21, 1916.

p I/M

1. When this old man came in from his plough,
Dan doo, dan doo,
When this old man came in from his plough,
Cling a ma clang a ma clearo,
When this old man came in from plough,[1]
Says: Have you got my breakfast now,
To my kum lam slam dam,
Clearey O Jimmy go.

2. She says: There's a piece of bread upon the shelf,
Dan doo, dan doo,
She says: There's a piece of bread upon the shelf,
Cling a ma clang a ma clearo,
She says: There's a piece of bread upon the shelf,
If that don't do go bake it yourself,
To my kum etc.[2]

3. This old man went out to his sheep-pen,
And soon had off an old wether's skin.

4. He placed it on his old wife's back,
And with two sticks went wickety wack.[3]

5. I'll tell your daddy and mammy and all your kin,
How you tanned your wether's skin.

[1] 1932: omits all but 5 and 6.
[2] 1932: omits chorus and repetitions.
[3] 1932: whack.

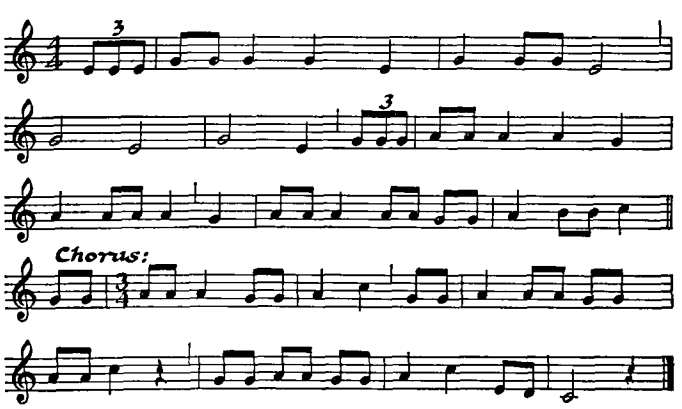
Sharp received this ballad from another singer, Mrs. Puss Smith, Charlottesville, Va., September 25, 1916. At MSS. /2607 he records her text, together with variants offered by Mrs. Betty Smith, September 25, 1916. In 1932 Sharp and Karpeles print with Mr. Chisholm's tune the first stanza sung by Mrs. Puss Smith, as emended by Mrs. Betty Smith. In MSS. the stanza appears thus:

There was an old man he had a wife,
Dandoo, dan doo,
There was an old man he had a wife,
Cling a ma clang a ma clearo,
There was an old man he had a wife,
And she plagued him of* his life
To my kum lam slam dam,
Clearey O Jimmy go.

* 1932: out of (Mrs. Betty Smith)

39. "Dandoo"

Musick, *JAF*, LXX (1957), p. 353; text, p. 344. Sung by Mrs. Henderson, Mannington, W. Va.

a I/Ly

1. There was a little old man that lived in the west,
Dandoo, dandoo.
There was a little old man that lived in the west,
He had an old woman, she was none of the best.

Chorus:

Come a kludie, Come a lingo,
Come a lamberry, Come a berry O,
Jeremiah, Jeremingo, Derry O.

2. This little old man went out to plow,
Dandoo, dandoo.
This little old man went out to plow,
Said he, "Old woman, my breakfast now."

The chorus is repeated after each verse. [*Musick's note.*]

3. "There's a piece of cold cornbread a-layin' on the shelf,
Dandoo, dandoo.
There's a piece of cold cornbread a-layin' on the shelf,
And if you don't eat it, I'll eat it myself."

4. This little old man, he went down to sheepfold,
Dandoo, dandoo.
This little old man, he went down to sheepfold,
He killed a wether, both fat and old.

5. He hung him up on two small pins,
Dandoo, dandoo.
He hung him up on two small pins,
And a couple little jerks, he had him skinned.

6. He wrapped the skin around his old wife's back,
Dandoo, dandoo.
He wrapped the skin around his old wife's back,
Took two little sticks, went whackety-whack.

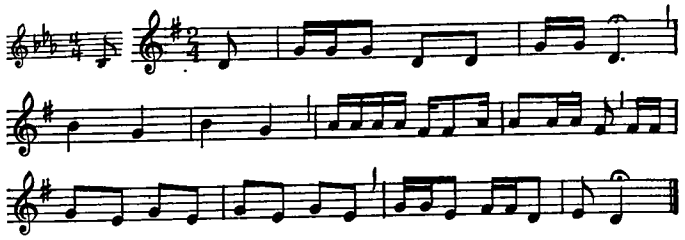
7. "I'll tell my neighbors and all my kin,
Dandoo, dandoo.
I'll tell my neighbors and all my kin,
You whipped me o'er the naked skin."

8. "I'll tell them that you have lied,
Dandoo, dandoo.
I'll tell them that you have lied,
For I never whupped nothin' but the old sheep's hide."

9. This little old man, he started to run away,
Dandoo, dandoo.
This little old man, he started to run away,
Run fourteen miles in fifteen days—
And don't you call that a-gittin' away?

40. "The Wife Wrapt in Wether's Skin"

E. C. Kirkland, *SFQ*, XIII (1949), p. 172. Also in Morris, 1950, p. 322. Sung by Mrs. Myrtle Burnseed, 1949; learned from Miss Judy Garrett of Birmingham, Ala., 1909. Collected by E. C. Kirkland. Tune transcribed by Robert C. Lee.

p I/Ly, ending on *V*

1. The little old man lived in the west,
Dandoo, dandoo,
Married the old woman for none of the best
With a larum blarum killdum klorum
klishama klashama klingo.

2. The little old man went out to plow,
Left the old woman to milk her cow.

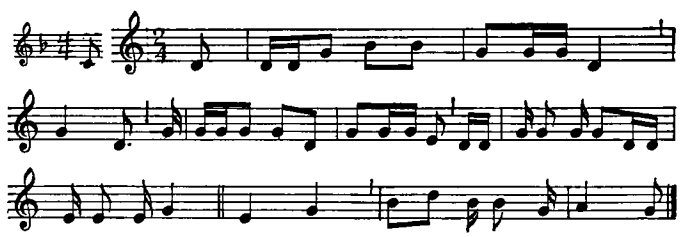
3. The little old man came in from plowing;
He asked if dinner was done.

4. "There's a little piece of bread on the shelf;
If you want any more you will cook it yourself."

5. The little old man jumped in the sheep pen, sheep pen,
Grabbed a wether by the skin.

41. "Dan-You"

Brown MSS., 16 a 10. Also in Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 113(A). Contributed by Thomas Smith; from the singing of Mrs. Ada Rayfield, Zionville, Watauga County, N.C., March 14, 1915.

p π^1

1. There was an old man that lived in the West
Dan-you
There was an old man that lived in the West
And he had him a wife that was none of the best
Dan-you Um-te-did-dle-te Dan-you.

The above stanza appears under the tune in the MSS. Additional stanzas of text from this version are given in Belden and Hudson, *Folk Ballads, Brown Collection*, II, 1952, p. 186, as follows:

2. This old man come in from the plow,
Said to his wife, "Is dinner ready now?"

3. "There's a little piece of bread laying on the shelf;
If you want any more just get it yourself."

4. He jumped into his sheep pen
And downed with a wether and took off its skin.

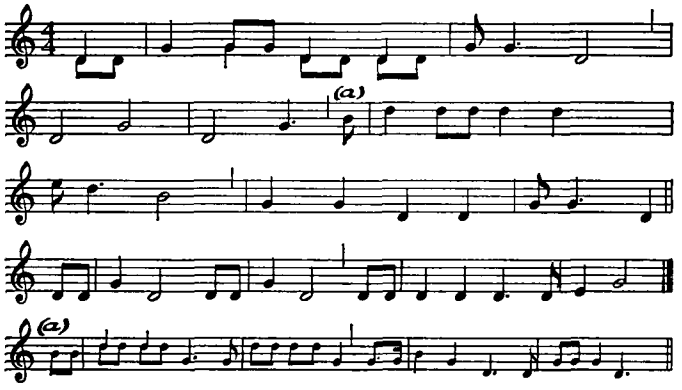
5. He tooked the sheepskin to his wife's back
And the way he made the hickory crack!

6. "I'll tell my father and brothers three
What a whipping you gave me."

7. "I don't care if you tell your father and all your kin
How I dressed my mutton skin."

42a. "Dandoo"

Sung by Frank Proffitt, of Reese, N.C., at Pinewoods Camp, Plymouth, Mass., August 1961. Collected and sent to the Editor by Miss Evelyn K. Wells.

p π^1 (-II, IV)

1. The good little man come in at noon,
Dandoo, dandoo,
The good little man come in at noon,
Have you got my dinner soon,
To my highlands, to my lowlands,
To my crish-ma-crash-ma-cringo.

2. There's a little piece of bread a-layin' on the shelf,
Dandoo, dandoo,
There's a little piece of bread a-layin' on the shelf,
If you want any more, you can fetch it yourself,
To my highlands, to my lowlands,
To my crish-ma-crash-ma-cringo.

3. The little man went out to his sheep-pen,
Dandoo, dandoo,
The little man went out to his sheep-pen,
And he downed an old wether and off with her skin,
To my highlands, to my lowlands,
To my crish-ma-crash-ma-cringo.

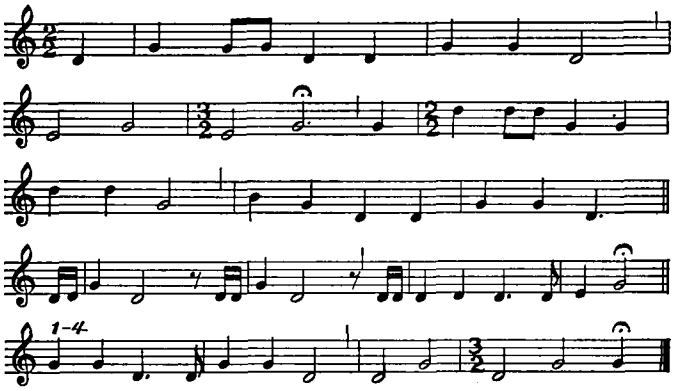
4. He laid the hide right on her back,
Dandoo, dandoo,
He laid the hide right on her back,
And he made that stick go whickety-whack,
To my highlands, to my lowlands,
To my crish-ma-crash-ma-cringo.

5. I'll tell my father and all of my kin,
Dandoo, dandoo,
I'll tell me father and all of my kin
How you dressed your mutton skin,
To my highlands, to my lowlands,
To my crish-ma-crash-ma-cringo.

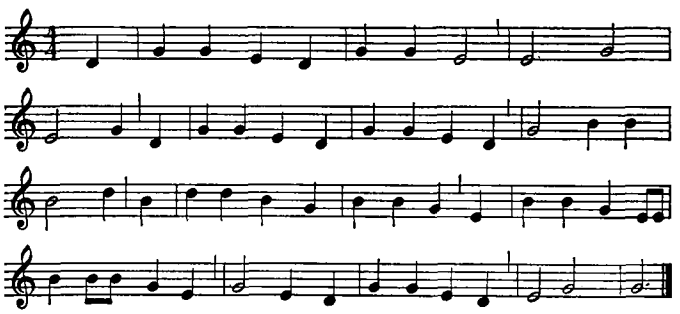
6. You can tell your father and your brothers too,
Dandoo, dandoo,
You can tell your father and your brothers too,
What a whuppin' I gave you,
To my highlands, to my lowlands,
To my crish-ma-crash-ma-cringo.

42b. "Dandoo"

Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 113(C); sung by Frank Proffitt, at Sugar Grove, N.C., 1937.

p π^1 (-II)

43. "The Wether's Skin"

Sharp MSS., 3134/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 271(B). Attributed to Mr. T. [or J.] Campbell, as learned from Miss Mary Large, Lee County, Ky., June 16, 1916.

p π^1 (-II)

1. There was a man lived in the West,
Dan dù, dan dù,
There was a man lived in the West,
Dan dù, dan dù-ah,
There was a man lived in the West,
Who had a wife that was none of the best,
Ram yam gilliam, dan dù-ah.

2. She put a cold slice on the shelf:
If you want any more you can get it yourself.

3. The man went out to his sheep-fold,
And caught the wether tough and old.

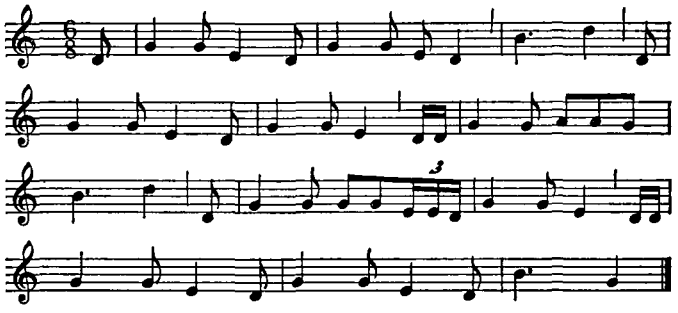
4. He threw the skin round his wife's back,
And that old sheep's hide he did whack.

5. The wife cried out unto her kin:
He's beating me on my bare skin.

6. The man he grinned and he replied:
I'm only tanning my old sheep's hide.

44. "The Wife Wrapt in Wether's Skin"

Sharp MSS., 4103/2942. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 274(E). Sung by Mrs. Eliza Pace, Hyden, Leslie County, Ky., October 1, 1917.

p π^1

1. The old man he come[1] in from plough,
Dan doo,
The old man come[2] in from plough,
And a humpty diddle-dy dan doo.
He says: Old woman, have you got dinner now?
To my halem, galem, wilter halem bango.

2. A piece of cold bread upon the shelf,
If you want anything else you can get it yourself.

3. He went out to his sheep-fold,
He got him a wether both tough and old.

4. He took it out to his wife's back;
He took a little stick and he made it crack.

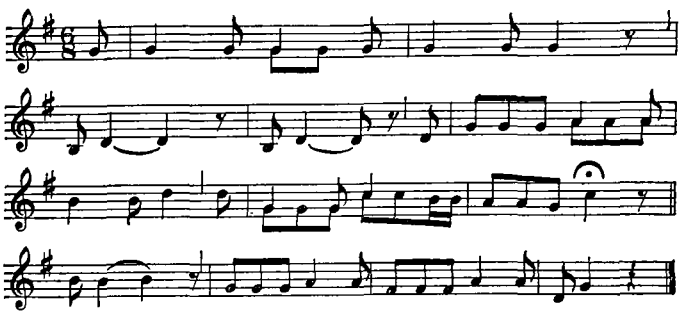
5. She says: I'll tell my father and all my kin
That you whipped me with your old wether's skin.

6. If you do I'll tell you lied.
I was a-dressing my old wether hide.

[1] 1932: came
[2] 1932: man he came

45. "Wife Wrapped in Wether's Skin"

Flanders and Olney, 1953, p. 221. Also in Flanders, IV, 1965, p. 91(J). Sung by Edward Richards, Warren, Conn., August 31, 1949. Learned from his mother. Collected by Helen Hartness Flanders; transcribed by Marguerite Olney. From *Ballads Migrant in New England*, edited by Helen Hartness Flanders and Marguerite Olney; copyright 1953 by Helen Hartness Flanders.

p I (–VI)

1. There was an old man lived in the West
Dan-do, Dan-do,
There was an old man lived in the West
Who had a wife she was none of the best
Dan-do.
Nickety rumpter klinety klunk—
Ter kling-go

(*Follow pattern for next verses*)

2. One morning the old man came in from plow, etc.
Saying, "Wife, is breakfast ready now?" etc.

3. "There's a crust of bread lies on the shelf, etc.
If you want anything, go help yourself." etc.

4. The old man went out to his sheepfold, etc.
He drawed an old wether up to the pole. etc.

5. He drawed an old wether up to the pin, etc.
And quickly he took off its skin. etc.

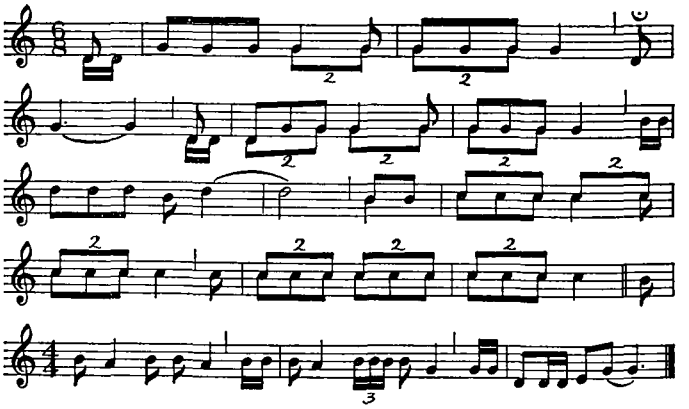
6. He put the skin around his wife's back, etc.
He took his whip and he made it crack. etc.

7. "I'll tell my mother and then I'll see
How cruel you are whipping me." etc.

8. "You can tell your mother and all your kin
That I'm only a-tanning this old sheep skin." etc.

46. ["Wife Wrapt in Withers Skin"]

Sung by Ernest Boyd, Cullowhee, N.C., September 3, 1962. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 12,007(A23). Learned from his mother. Recorded by George Foss.

p I/M

277. THE WIFE WRAPT IN WETHER'S SKIN

1. There was an old man who lived in the West
   Dandoo
   There was an old man who lived in the West
   To my clash and my clingo
   There was an old man who lived in the West,
   He married him a wife which he thought was the best,
   Lingarum, lingorum
   Smackarorum, carimingorum,
   To my clash and my clingo.

2. Now this good man came from his plow
   Dandoo
   Now this good man came from his plow
   To my clash and my clingo
   Now this good man came from his plow:
   O wife, is breakfast ready now?
   Lingarum, lingorum
   Smackarorum, carimingorum,
   To my clash and my clingo.

3. There's a piece of bread upon the shelf
   Dandoo
   There's a piece of bread upon the shelf
   To my clash and my clingo
   There's a piece of bread upon the shelf,
   If you want any more, you can get it yourself,
   Lingarum, lingorum
   Smackarorum, carimingorum,
   To my clash and my clingo.

4. Now, this good man went out to his sheep pen
   Dandoo
   Now, this good man went out to his sheep pen
   To my clash and my clingo
   Now, this good man went out to his sheep pen
   He grabbed him up an old sheep-skin
   Lingarum, lingorum
   Smackarorum, carimingorum,
   To my clash and my clingo.

5. He threw that skin round his wife's back
   Dandoo
   He threw that skin round his wife's back
   To my clash and my clingo
   He threw that skin round his wife's back
   And with a big stick he went whickety whack
   Lingarum, lingorum
   Smackarorum, carimingorum,
   To my clash and my clingo.

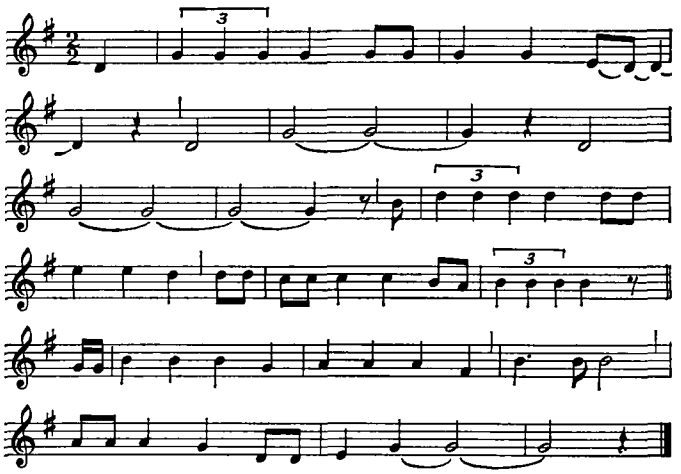
6. I'll tell my neighbors, I'll tell my kin
   Dandoo
   I'll tell my neighbors, I'll tell my kin
   To my clash and my clingo
   I'll tell my neighbors, I'll tell my kin
   That you beat me up with a big hick'ry limb
   Lingarum, lingorum
   Smackarorum, carimingorum,
   To my clash and my clingo.

7. Go tell your neighbors, go tell your kin
   Dandoo
   Go tell your neighbors, go tell your kin
   To my clash and my clingo
   Go tell your neighbors, go tell your kin
   I was only tanning my old sheepskin
   Lingarum, lingorum
   Smackarorum, carimingorum,
   To my clash and my clingo.

8. Ever since that time she has been a good wife
   Dandoo
   Ever since that time she has been a good wife
   To my clash and my clingo
   Ever since that time she has been a good wife
   And I hope she'll be all the rest of her life
   Lingarum, lingorum
   Smackarorum, carimingorum,
   To my clash and my clingo.

47. "Dan Dhu"

Etherton, *Western Folklore*, XXVI (1967), No. 4, p. 272. Sung by Mrs. Irma R. Etherton and Mrs. Ethel R. Jones; learned from their mother, Mrs. Charlotte Maupin, who learned it from her father, Napoleon B. Sickler, in New Jersey c. 1870.

p I

1. There was an old man and he lived out west,
   Dan Dhu, Dan Dhu.
   There was an old man and he lived out west,
   And he had an old wife who was none of the best,
   With a harum scarum nicky harum
   Clarmango climity clash and a-climbo.

2. Now this old man came in from the sheepfold,
   (Saying, "Wife, I am both hungry and cold.")*

3. "There's a piece of bread upon the shelf,
   If you want any more you can get it yourself."

4. Now this old man went out to his sheepfold,
   And killed him an old wetherskin fat as a mole.

5. He put the wetherskin on his wife's back,
   And he made the old hickories go wickety whack whack.

6. "Now I'm goin' home tell Mam, Dad'n all my kin,
   That you been a-beatin' me as hard as you kin."

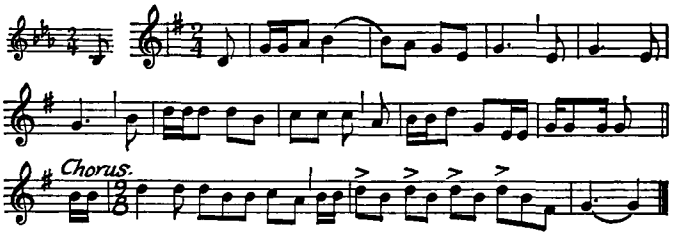
7. "Now you go home tell Mam, Dad'n all your kin,
Damn you, damn you,

Now you go home tell Mam, Dad'n all your kin
That I been a-tannin' the old wetherskin,"
With a harum scarum nicky harum,
Clarmango climity clash and a-climbo.

* Mrs. Etherton, unable to recall this line, "suspects that she made the line to accord with the story detail. . . ." [*Mrs. Etherton's note.*]

48. "The Old Man in the West"

Arnold, 1950, p. 110. Sung by Corie Lambert, Mobile, Ala., Summer 1945; learned from her father.

p I

1. There was an old man lived in the west,
Von doo, von doo.
There was an old man lived in the west,
He married a wife that was none of the best.

Chorus:

Too ma larum, clarum, com barum;
Too ma lowrum, clorum, leesome, gleesome, glamglue.

2. This old man came in from plow,
Von doo, von doo;
This old man came in from plow,
He said "My dear, it's breakfast now."

3. "There's a bit o' bread upon the shelf,
Von doo, von doo;
There's a bit o' bread upon the shelf,
If you want any more you may cook it yourself."

4. He wrapped the hide around her back,
Von doo, von doo;
He wrapped the hide around her back
And made his hickory go whick a-to-me whack.

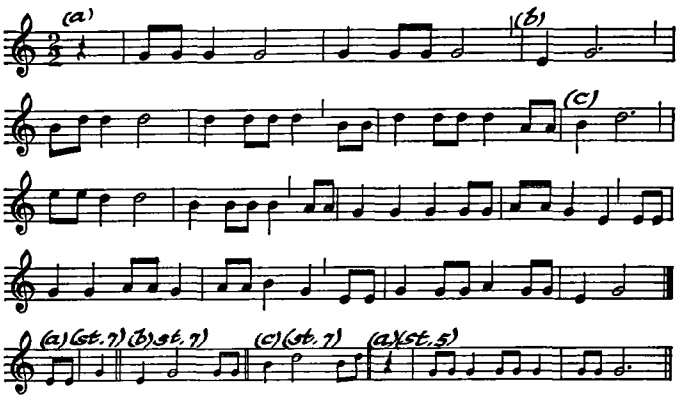
5. "I'll tell my father and brothers three
Von doo, von doo;
I'll tell my father and brothers three
Such a whipping you gave me."

6. "You may tell your father and all your kin
Von doo, von doo;
You may tell your father and all your kin
That I was a tanning my sheep skin."

From *Folksongs of Alabama*, by Byron Arnold. Copyright © 1950 by The University of Alabama Press.

49. "The Wife Wrapt in Wether's Skin"

Wilkinson MSS., 1935-36, p. 96. Sung by Z. B. Lam, Standardsville, Va., November 9, 1935.

p π^1

1. Little old man lived in the West, Dandoo!
Little old man lived in the West,
Tu ma clish tu ma clash tu ma cling-o.
Little old man lived in the West,
And he had a wife, she was none of the best.
Tu ma ling ling liddy may liddy may go,
Tu ma clish tu ma clash tu ma cling-o.

2. Little old man come in from his plough,
Says: Ain't you got breakfast ready now?

3. A little piece of bread and meat laying on the shelf,
And if you want anymore you can get it yourself.

4. Little old man went out to the sheep pen,
And out he drawed the old wether by the shin.

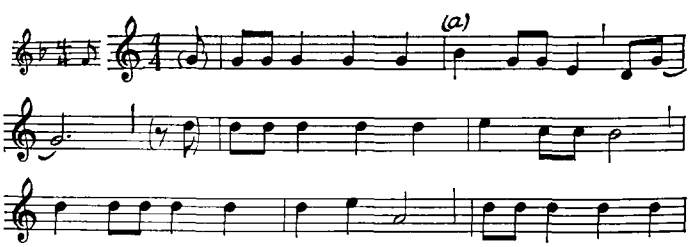
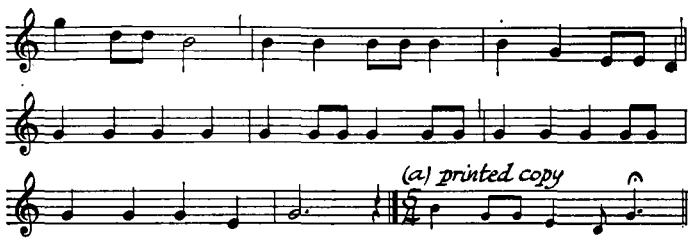
5. Hung the old wether up by the shin,
And off he drawed his old wooly skin.

6. Throwed the old wether skin cross his wife's back,
And two little sticks went whickity-whack,

7. I'll go home and tell my father and mother, and all my kin,
How you tanned the old wether skin.

50. "Wife Wrapped in Wether's Skin," or "Dandoo"

Davis, 1929, p. 598; text, p. 503(J). Contributed by John Stone, August 2, 1920, from the singing of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Mitchell, Brightwood, Va.

m I/M

Cf. the frog song, "Frog he would a-wooing ride," with this and the next variant.

A little old man lived in the West, Dandoo,
A little old man lived in the West,
Meclimeclash-to-meclingo,
A little old man lived in the West,
He married a girl and none of the best.
Lam-squire-beri-mire-mecory-mecory-
mingto-meclimeclash-to-meclingo.

Little old man went out to the field to plow, Dandoo,
Little old man went out to the field to plow,
Meclimeclash-to-meclingo,
Little old man went out to the field to plow,
And he came to the house: "Is my breakfast ready now?"
Lam-squire-beri-mire-mecory-mecory-
mingto-meclimeclash-to-meclingo.

"There's a little piece of bread and meat on the shelf," Dandoo,
"There's a little piece of bread and meat on the shelf,"
Meclimeclash-to-meclingo.
"There's a little piece of bread and meat on the shelf;
If you want any more just get it yourself."
Lam-squire-beri-mire-mecory-mecory-
mingto-meclimeclash-to-meclingo.

2. The old man come in from his plow,
Dan-doo, dan-doo,
The old man come in from his plow,
He says is my supper ready now?
Come a hang scram bang sally mingo,
Kill um clash, come on a clingo.

3. She says there's meat an' bread on the shelf,
Dan-doo, dan-doo,
She says there's meat an' bread on the shelf,
If you want any butter you can git it yourself,
Come a hang scram bang sally mingo,
Kill um clash, come on a clingo.

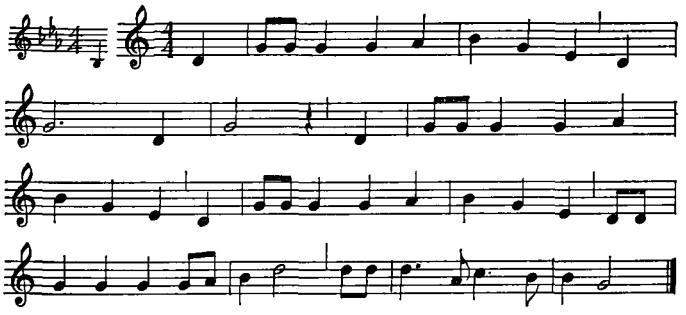
4. The old man went out to his pen,
Dan-doo, dan-doo,
The old man went out to his pen
An' got him a tough old belly-wether skin,
Come a hang scram bang sally mingo,
Kill um clash, come on a clingo.

5. He put the skin on the old gal's back,
Dan-doo, dan-doo,
He put the skin on the old gal's back
An' then the hickory went clickety clack,
Come a hang scram bang sally mingo,
Kill um clash, come on a clingo.

6. Go send for your daddy an' all your kin,
Dan-doo, dan-doo,
Go send for your daddy an' all your kin,
To see how I tan my belly-wether skin,
Come a hang scram bang sally mingo,
Kill um clash, come on a clingo.

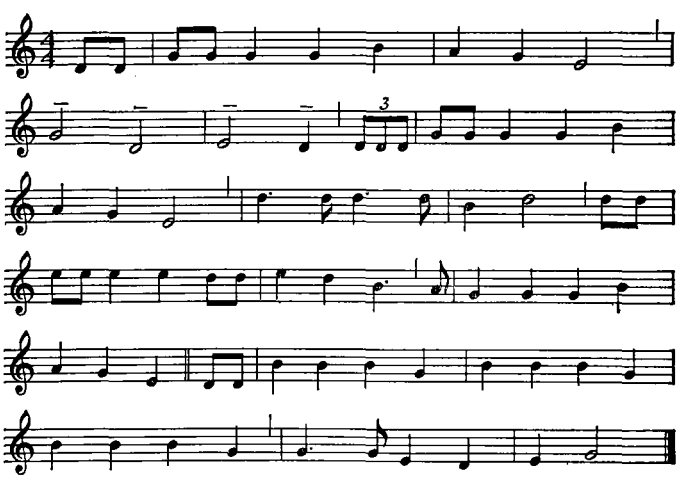
51. "Dan-doo"

Randolph, I, 1946, p. 187. Sung by Frank Payne, Galena, Mo., July 29, 1933.

p I/M

1. There was an old man lived way out West,
Dan-doo, dan-doo,
There was an old man lived way out West,
He married the gal that he loved best,
Come a hang scram bang sally mingo,
Kill um clash, come on a clingo.

52. "Dan Doo"

Sung by Fred Smith, Bentonville, Ark., June 22, 1958. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 11,903(A5). Recorded by Max Hunter.

p π^1

1. There's a little old man he lived out West
   Dandoo, dandoo
   There's a little old man, he lived out West
   Clish ma clash ma clingo
   There's a little old man, and he lived out West
   And his wife wasn't one of the best,
   With a harum scarum tearum wearum
   Nickyorum
   Clish ma clash ma clingo.

2. This little old man come in from the plow
   Dandoo, dandoo
   This little old man come in from the plow
   Clish ma clash ma clingo
   This little old man come in from the plow,
   Saying, Wife, is supper ready now?
   With a harum scarum tearum wearum
   Nickyorum
   Clish ma clash ma clingo.

3. There's a little piece of bread upon the shelf
   Dandoo, dandoo
   There's a little piece of bread upon the shelf
   Clish ma clash ma clingo
   There's a little piece of bread upon the shelf,
   If you want any more you can get it yourself
   With a harum scarum tearum wearum
   Nickyorum
   Clish ma clash ma clingo.

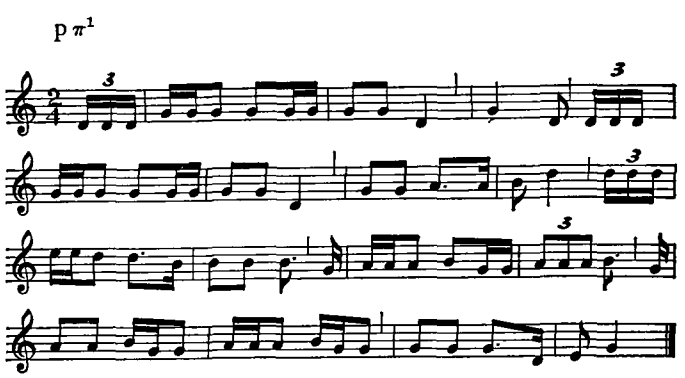
4. This little old man went out to his sheepfold
   Dandoo, dandoo
   This little old man went out to his sheepfold
   Clish ma clash ma clingo
   This little old man went out to his sheepfold
   And he caught an old wether and him he did hold
   With a harum scarum tearum wearum
   Nickyorum
   Clish ma clash ma clingo.

5. He hung the old wether 'pon a pin
   Dandoo, dandoo
   He hung the old wether 'pon a pin
   Clish ma clash ma clingo
   He hung the old wether 'pon a pin
   And how he did jerk off its skin
   With a harum scarum tearum wearum
   Nickyorum
   Clish ma clash ma clingo.

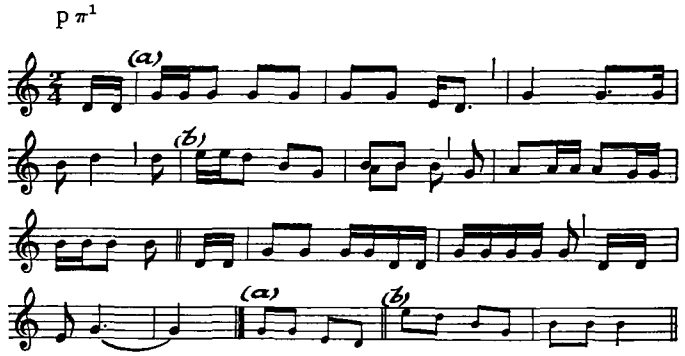
6. He hung this wether's hide on his wife's back
   Dandoo, dandoo
   He hung the wether's hide on his wife's back
   Clish ma clash ma clingo
   He hung the old wether's hide on his wife's back
   And took a stick and went whickety whack
   With a harum scarum tearum wearum
   Nickyorum
   Clish ma clash ma clingo.

7. I'll tell my father and all my kin
   Dandoo, dandoo
   I'll tell my father and all my kin
   Clish ma clash ma clingo
   You can tell your father and all your kin
   But I'm goin' to tan this old wether's skin
   With a harum scarum tearum wearum
   Nickyorum
   Clish ma clash ma clingo.

53. "Dandoo"

Sung by Mrs. Lillian Adams, Xenia, Ohio. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 11,457(B7). Recorded by Anne Grimes.

A little old man, he lived out West
Dandoo
There was a little old man, he lived out West
Ba hám bám, ba jingo
There was a little old man, he lived out West
And he married a wife who was none of the best
Ba ham bam berio
Winky eye doodle-sa
Klemma kalize ma klingo [?].

54. "There Was an Old Man Who Lived Out West"

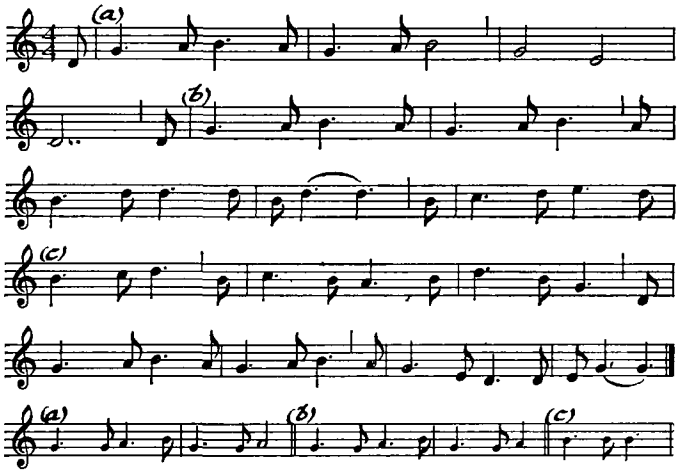
Sung by Mrs. Don H. Slocomb, Oswego, Ore., November 1946. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 10,367(A11). Collected by William L. Alderson.

O there was an old man who lived out West
Ham bam a jingle
There was an old man who lived out West
And he had a wife who was none of your best—
Come a ham bam beri
Come a clinty clinty clie
Come a clingo.

O he hitched his horses to the plow
Ham bam a jingle
He hitched his horses to the plow,
Thinking that his wife had his breakfast now—
Come a ham bam beri
Come a clinty clinty clie
Come a clingo.

O he drove fourteen miles in fifteen days
Ham bam a jingle
He drove fourteen miles in fifteen days
And that's what I call getting away—
Come a ham bam beri
Come a clinty clinty clie
Come a clingo.

55. "The Wife Wrapped in the Wether's Skin"

Sung by Capt. Pearl R. Nye, Akron, Ohio, 1937. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 1603(B). Recorded by Alan and Elizabeth Lomax.

p I/M

1. I married me a wife and took her home
Yes I did
I married me a wife and took her home
While the dew flies o'er the valley.
I married me a wife and took her home
But often I wished I'd let her alone
For often her heart seemed like a stone,
My gentle little Jennie.

2. When I come in 'tis from the field
Yes it is
When I come in 'tis from the field
To greet my little Jennie.
When I come in 'tis from the plow
And say, Kind wife, my dear, now
In scorn she frowns and starts a row,
My gentle little Jennie.

3. There's a piece of bread upon the shelf
See it there
There's a piece of bread upon the shelf,
O my bouncing little laddie.
There's a piece of bread upon the shelf
If you want any more, you can bake it yourself,
My bouncing little laddie but
Your Highness, Master Paddy.

4. I gets me a knife and I went to the barn
Yes I did
I gets me a knife and I went to the barn
For to cut me an old hick'ry.
I gets me a knife and I went to the barn
A hick'ry I cut as long's my arm
It did more good than a thousand charms,
My gentle little Jennie.

5. Then I went out to my sheep-pen
Yes I did
Then I went out to my sheep-pen
For off(?) my gentle Jennie.
Then I went out to my sheep-pen
And soon cut off an old wether's skin
And I put my gentle Jennie in,
My darling little Jennie.

6. She did not like it on her back
No, no, no!
She did not like it on her back
For to smart and tickle.
She did not like it on her back
For my old hick'ry went whickety whack,
It took the wrinkles and the slack
Of darling little Jennie.

7. I'll tell my father and all my kin
Yes I will
I'll tell my father and all my kin,
My bouncing little laddie.
I'll tell my father and all my kin
That you whipped me with your hick'ry limb
And then he'll say, Come home to him,
My bouncing little paddy.

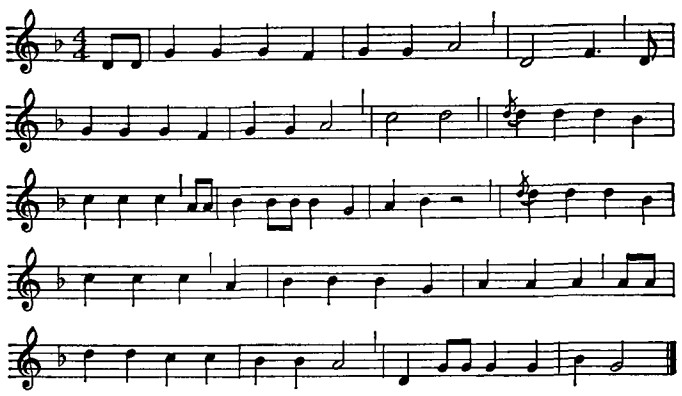
8. If you do, I'll tell you lied
Yes I will
If you do, I'll tell you lied,
My darling little Jennie,
If you do I'll say you lied
I was only dusting my wether's hide
And that it's true cannot be 'nied,
My darling little Jennie.

9. When I come in 'tis from my plow
Yes it is
When I come in 'tis from my plow,
My darling little Jennie.
When I come in 'tis from my plow
She acts much better, like a new creature now,
In the old wether's hide she took a vow,
My darling little Jennie.

APPENDIX E

56. "Old Dandoo"

Lumpkin, *CFB*, I (1962), p. 4. Sung by H. B. Stevenson, Lewis, Colo., December 1961. Learned in Illinois from his father c. 1895. Recorded by Jerry Beaber. Tune transcribed by Mark Gelber; text by Mrs. Harriett Harris.

p D/Æ

1. Old Dandoo come home from plow, Dandoo.
Old Dandoo come home from plow, Dandoo.
Old Dandoo come home from plow.
And a lamity clash to the klingo.
Old Dandoo come home from plow
And says to his wife, "Is my supper ready now?"
To a harum-scarum slam borang
Lambitty clash to the klingo.

2. "There's bread on the shelf, Dandoo.
There's bread on the shelf, Dandoo.
There's bread on the shelf."
And a lamity clash and a klingo.
"There's bread on the shelf.
If you want any more, you can cook it yourself."
To a harum-scarum slam borang
Lambitty clash and a klingo.

3. Dandoo went to his sheepfold, Dandoo.
Dandoo went to his sheepfold, Dandoo.
Dando went to his sheepfold.
And a lamity clash and a klingo.
Dandoo went to his sheepfold;
And to an old ram's wool he did hold.
To a harum-scarum slam borang
Lambitty clash and a klingo.

4. Well, he hung that ram upon a pin, Dandoo.
He hung that ram upon a pin, Dandoo.
He hung that ram upon a pin.
And a lamity clash to the klingo.
Oh, he hung that ram upon a pin.
And soon jerked off his tough old skin.
To a harum-scarum slam borang
Lambitty clash and a klingo.

5. Oh, he put that sheepskin cross his wife's back, Dandoo.
He put that sheepskin cross his wife's back, Dandoo.
Oh, he put that sheepskin cross his wife's back.
And a lamity clash to the klingo.
He put that sheepskin cross his wife's back;
And two little sticks went a whickety-whack.
To a harum-scarum slam borang
Lambitty clash and a klingo.

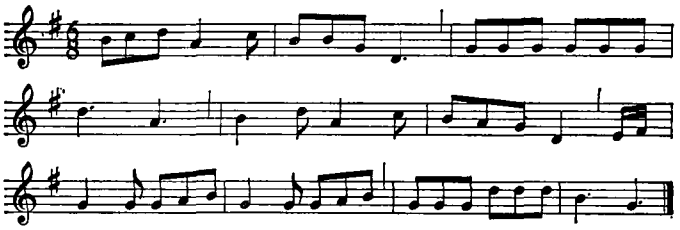
6. "Oh, I'll tell my mother and father and brothers three,
Dandoo.
I'll tell my mother, my father and brothers three, Dandoo.
I'll tell my mother, my father and brothers three."
And a lamity clash to the klingo.
"I'll tell my mother, my father and brothers three,
How you have cruelly beaten me."
To a harum-scarum slam borang
Lambitty clash to the klingo.

7. "Go tell your mother, your father, and all your kin, Dandoo.
Tell your mother, your father, and all your kin, Dandoo.
Tell your mother, your father and all your kin."
And a lamity clash and a klingo.
"Tell your mother, your father, and all your kin,
How I tanned that old ram's skin."
To a harum-scarum slam borang
Lambitty clash to the klingo.

GROUP F

57. "Robertin Tush"

Mason [1878], p. 4.

p I

1. Robertin Tush, he married a wife,
Hoppity boppity bibo,
She turned out the plague of his life,
With a hi jig jiggity, hi jig jiggity,
Hoppity boppity bibo.

2. She swept her house but once a year,
Hoppity, &.
And that was because the brooms were dear,
With a hi jig, &.

3. Whenever she churned, she churned in a boot,
Hoppity, &.
Instead of a staff, she used her foot,
With a hi jig, &.

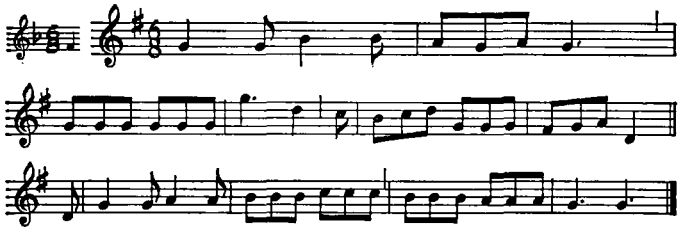
4. She made a cheese, which she laid on a shelf,
Hoppity, &.
She never turned it, till it turned of itself,
With a hi jig, &.

5. It turned, and it turned till it came to the floor,
Hoppity, &.
Then it got up and it ran to the door,
With a hi jig, &.

6. It rolled, and it rolled to Banbury Cross,
Hoppity, &.
And she gallopped after it on a white horse,
With a hi jig, &.

58. "Hobblety Bobblety How Now"

Sumner, 1888, p. 15.

m I/M (–VI)

When she churns she churns in a boot
Hobblety bobblety how now
Instead of a beater she pops in her foot
With a heigh down ho down duffle green petticoat
Robin he thrashes her now now

She puts the cheese upon the shelf
Hobblety etc.
And she leaves it there till it turns of itself
With etc.

It turned of itself and went out at the door
Hobblety etc.
You must make it yourself if you want any more
With etc.

She sweeps the floor but twice a year
Hobblety Bobblety How Now
Because she says the brooms are so dear
With a heigh down ho down duffle green petticoat
Robin he thrashes her now now

3. She milks her cows but once a week,
(Moppety, moppety, mono:)
And that's what makes her butter so sweet,
(With a high jig jiggety, tops and petticoats,
Robin-a-Thrush cries mono.)

4. When she churns she churns in a boot,
(Moppety, moppety, mono:)
And instead of a cruddle she puts in her foot,
(With a high jig jiggety, tops and petticoats,
Robin-a-Thrush cries mono.)

5. She puts her cheese upon the shelf,
(Moppety, moppety, mono:)
And leaves it to turn till it turns of itself
(With a high jig jiggety, tops and petticoats,
Robin-a-Thrush cries mono.)

6. It turned of itself and fell on the floor,
(Moppety, moppety, mono:)
Got up on its feet and ran out of the door,
(With a high jig jiggety, tops and petticoats,
Robin-a-Thrush cries mono.)

7. It ran till it came to Wakefield Cross,
(Moppety, moppety, mono:)
And she followed after upon a white horse,
(With a high jig jiggety, tops and petticoats,
Robin-a-Thrush cries mono.)

8. This song was made for gentlemen,
(Moppety, moppety, mono:)
If you want any more you must sing it again,
(With a high jig jiggety, tops and petticoats
Robin-a-Thrush cries mono.)

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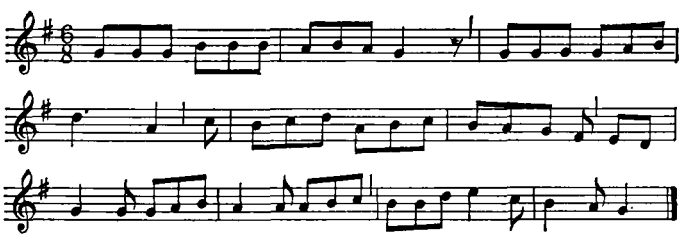
59. "Robin-a-Thrush"

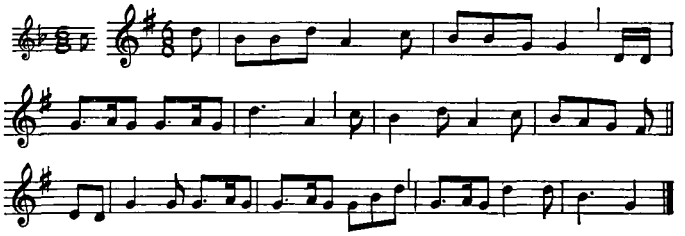
Broadwood and Maitland [1893], p. 92. Also in Goss, 1937, p. 125(C). From A. H. Frere, Esq., Suffolk, as sung by a nurse around the end of the eighteenth century.

p I

1. Robin he married a wife in the West,
(Moppety, moppety, mono:)
And she turned out to be none of the best,
(With a high jig jiggety, tops and petticoats,
Robin-a-Thrush cries mono.)

2. When she rises she gets up in haste,
(Moppety, moppety, mono:)
And flies to the cupboard before she is laced,
(With a high jig jiggety, tops and petticoats,
Robin-a-Thrush cries mono.)

60. "Robin-a-Thrush"

Baring-Gould and Sharp [1906], No. 50, p. 102.

p I

1. O Robin-a-Thrush he married a wife,
With a hoppety, moppety mow, now!
She proved to be the plague of his life,
With a hig jig jiggety, ruffety petticoat,
Robin-a-Thrush cries mow, now!

2. She never gets up till twelve o'clock,
With a hoppety, moppety mow, now!
Puts on her gown and above it her smock,
With a hig jig jiggety, ruffety petticoat,
Robin-a-Thrush cries mow, now!

3. She sweeps the house but once a year;
With a hoppety, moppety mow, now!
The reason is that the brooms are dear.
With a hig jig jiggety, ruffety petticoat,
Robin-a-Thrush cries mow, now!

4. She milks her cows but once a week,
With a hoppety, moppety mow, now!
And that's what makes her butter sweet.
With a hig jig jiggety, ruffety petticoat,
Robin-a-Thrush cries mow, now!

5. The butter she made in an old man's boot;
With a hoppety, moppety mow, now!
For want of a churn she clapp'd in her foot.
With a hig jig jiggety, ruffety petticoat,
Robin-a-Thrush cries mow, now!

6. Her cheese when made was put on the shelf,
With a hoppety, moppety mow, now!
And it never was turned till it turned of itself.
With a hig jig jiggety, ruffety petticoat,
Robin-a-Thrush cries mow, now!

7. It turned and turned till it walked on the floor,
With a hoppety, moppety mow, now!
It stood upon legs and walked to the door.
With a hig jig jiggety, ruffety petticoat,
Robin-a-Thrush cries mow, now!

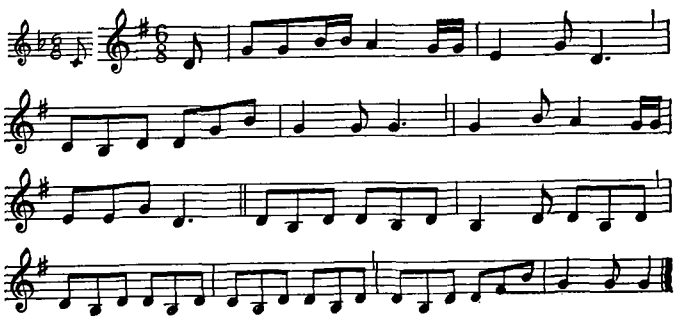
8. It walked till it came to Banbury Fair;
With a hoppety, moppety mow, now!
The dame followed after upon a grey mare.
With a hig jig jiggety, ruffety petticoat,
Robin-a-Thrush cries mow, now!

9. This song it was made for gentlemen,
With a hoppety, moppety mow, now!
If you want any more you must sing it again.
With a hig jig jiggety, ruffety petticoat,
Robin-a-Thrush cries mow, now!

By permission of Mr. G. Hitchcock on behalf of the Estate of Baring-Gould.

61. "Ti Rissley Rosslety"

Owens, 1950, p. 67. Sung by Maidy Kelly, Soda community, and Rod Drake, Drake settlement, Tex.

p I/Ly

1. I married me a wife in the month of June,
Rissley Rosslety now now now,
Took her home by the light of the moon.

Refrain.

Rissley Rosslety hey John dossley
Nicklety nacklety
Rusty koc wally
Ti willy ti wally ti now now now.

2. She swept her floor but once a year,
Rissley Rosslety now now now,
She swore her broom 'twas all too dear.

Refrain.

3. She combs her hair but once a year,
Rissley Rosslety now now now,
At every rake she gives a tear.

Refrain.

4. Oh, she churns her butter in dad's old boot,
Rissley Rosslety now now now,
And for her dash she uses her foot.

Refrain.

5. The butter turned to a grizzly gray,
Rissley Rosslety now now now,
The cheese took legs and ran away.

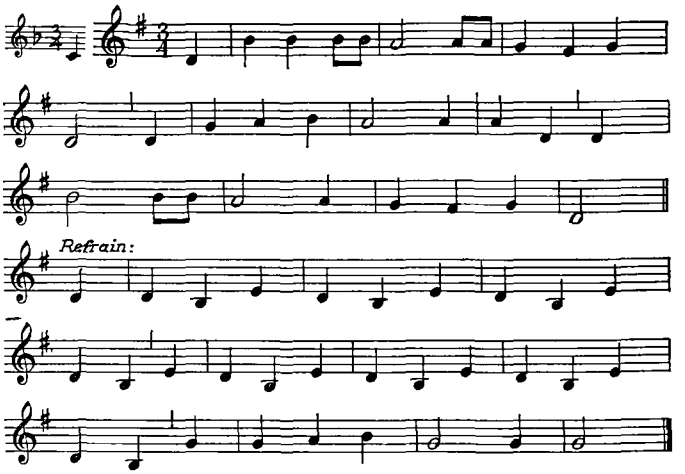
Refrain.

6. Oh, the saddle and bridle is on old Jep,
Rissley Rosslety now now now,
You want any more you may sing it yourself.

Refrain.

62. "John Dobber"

Owens, 1950, p. 69. From Texas tradition.

p I

I married me a wife and I sent her to milk,
Ti rissle ti row row row,
The old crazy thing she didn't know how.

277. THE WIFE WRAPT IN WETHER'S SKIN

Refrain.

Ti rissle ti rassle
Ti how oh, John Dobber,
Ti Willie ti Wallie
Ti Rusty go cwaller
Ti nickety now now now.

She churns her milk in dad's old boot,
Ti rissle ti row row row,
And for her dasher she uses her foot.

Refrain.

She takes up her butter in dad's old hat,
Ti rissle ti row row row,
And for her paddle she uses the cat.

Refrain.

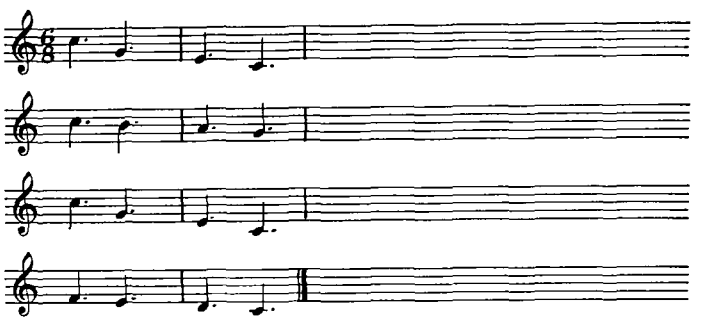
She sweeps her floor but once a year,
Ti rissle ti row row row,
And for her broom she uses a chair.

Refrain.

The Farmer's Curst Wife

CHILD NO. 278

OF THE various styles of verbal refrain exhibited in the copies of this still favorite ballad, it does not appear that any demarcate a strong and separate musical tradition. The majority of variants are four-phrase tunes, with the second and fourth phrases carrying nonsense syllables. About a third of the total are five-phrase tunes, with refrains of the same style, extended to a fifth line. About one-seventh elaborate into six-phrase tunes, of which a majority have refrains on the second, fifth, and sixth phrases, and fewer on the third and sixth. About a quarter of the total, also, give over the second phrase to whistling; but of these variants some are four-phrase tunes, some five-phrase; most are American, the rest English and Irish. The Scots eschew the whistle. Burns's refrain (variant 42 below)—(2) "Hey and the rue grows bonnie wi thyme," and (4) "And the thyme it is wither'd and rue is in prime"—is unique for this ballad. But a Michigan copy (variant 27 below) also has a flower refrain, corrupted: (2) "Jack a fie gent to rosim Marie," and (4) "As the dew flies over the green vallee." There would seem to be some sort of connection between the verbal tradition of a Virginia copy (Davis's I, variant 24 below) with (2) "Old Marindy, Marowly," (4) "With his left leg, right leg, over leg, under leg," (5) "Old Marindy, Marowly," and that of a Michigan copy (variant 23 below), with (2) "Brave old Anthony Marala," (4) "By the right leg, left leg, upper leg, under leg," (5) "Brave old Anthony Marala." For the rest, there promises no ready advantage from sorting out the varieties of fol-lols, dols, and diddles, since they do not appear to signalize distinct species of tune.

The underlying idea of a melodic scheme, in spite of great superficial variation, appears to be three successive descending phrases, each commencing on the octave above the tonic, the first and third following the major triad and cadencing on the tonic, the second with cadence on the dominant, the fourth opening near the subdominant and also descending. The overall pattern is thus roughly as follows:

But this pattern is always departed from in one way or another, according to varying melodic or harmonic impulses. It should be noted that something on these lines is rooted in the British folk tradition. Analogous tunes are the Elizabethan "Carman's Whistle," "My father was born before me," and Sheridan's "Here's to the maiden" (e.g., Chappell, *Popular Music* [1855-59], I, pp. 137ff., and II, pp. 446, 744). Moreover, Dixon informs us that his Sussex copy, Child's A, with a whistling chorus, was sung and whistled to the tune of "Lilli burlero," the soloist repeating the stanza for the second strain, and the chorus whistling all the refrain lines. That tune, even if Purcell had a finger in it, is out of the common well, though not so close to our pattern here.

The modal range of the variants is small, from I/Ly to Mixolydian and very often hexatonic. There are some eight anomalies, debatable, or not ending on the tonic, or bi-modal. The melodic range is often more than an octave, plagal plus authentic. All variants are in some form of duple rhythm, most frequently 6/8.

A tune is said to be in the Bunyan MS., 1877, p. 122, on the authority of the Gray-Muir MS., NL Scotland MS. 2254.

LIST OF VARIANTS

GROUP Aa

1. "The Devil and the Ploughman." Ralph Vaughan Williams, *JFSS*, II, No. 8 (1906), p. 184. Also, by A. L. Lloyd, on Riverside recording No. RLP-621(A2), *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, I, ed. Kenneth S. Goldstein.
2. "The Devil and the Farmer." H. E. D. Hammond, *JFSS*, III, No. 11 (1907), p. 131.
3. "The Devil's Song." William A. Owens, *Texas Folk Songs*, 1950, p. 54.
4. "The Farmer's Curst Wife." Helen Creighton and Doreen H. Senior, *Traditional Songs from Nova Scotia*, 1950, p. 95.
5. "Farmer's Curst Wife." Helen Creighton, *Songs and Ballads from Nova Scotia*, 1932, p. 18.
6. "The Devil." Jimmy White, Sound Archives of the British Broadcasting Corporation, London, recording No. 20606.
7. "The Women are Worse than the Men." Colm O'Lochlainn, *Irish Street Ballads*, 1939, p. 108. Also in D. J. O'Sullivan, *Journal of the Irish Folk Song Society*, XVIII (1921), p. 28.
8. "The Farmer's Curst Wife." Blaine Stubblefield, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 1635(A1).
9. "Jack's Wife." Alton C. Morris, *Folksongs of Florida*, 1950, p. 323.
10. "The Farmer's Curst Wife." Arthur Kyle Davis, Jr., *More Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1960, p. 325(EE).
11. "The Farmer's Curst Wife." Arthur Kyle Davis, Jr., *Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1929, pp. 599(F) and 510.

GROUP Ab

12. "Killyburn Braes." O'Sullivan, *Journal of the Irish Folk Song Society*, XVIII (1921), p. 27.
- a. "Two Little Devils." Davis, *More Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1960, p. 319(AA).
13. "The Scolding Wife." Helen Hartness Flanders and George Brown, *Vermont Folk-Songs & Ballads*, 1931, p. 226.
- b. "The Farmer's Curst Wife." Davis, *More Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1960, p. 324(DD).
14. "The Devil and the Farmer's Wife." Frank Purslow, *Marrow Bones: English Folk Songs from The Hammond and Gardiner MSS.*, 1965, p. 24. From Gardiner MSS., No. H 719.

15. "The Farmer's Curst Wife." John Goss, *Ballads of Britain*, 1937, p. 126(A).
16. "The Devil and Scolding Kate." Ben Gray Lumpkin, *Western Folklore*, XIX (1960), p. 80.
17. "Devil Doings," or "The Devil and the Farmer's Wife." Mrs. George Ripley, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 12,046(B20).

GROUP Ac

18. "The Farmer's Curst Wife." Sharp MSS., 4876/3346, Clare College Library, Cambridge. (Taylor)
19. "The Farmer's Curst Wife." Mrs. Phydella Gilbert Hogan, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 12,043 (A5).
20. "Hi Lum Day." E. C. and M. N. Kirkland, *Southern Folklore Quarterly*, II (1938), p. 78.
c. "Farmer's Curst Wife." *The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore*, IV (*The Music of the Ballads*, ed. Jan P. Schinhan), 1957, p. 119.
21. "The Devil and the Farmer." Phillips Barry, *JAF*, XXVII (1915), p. 68.
22. "The Farmer's Curst Wife," or "The Devil and the Farmer." Sharp MSS., 1043/1057. (Bailey)

GROUP Ad

23. "Brave Old Anthony Marala." Emelyn Elizabeth Gardner and Geraldine Jencks Chickering, *Ballads and Songs of Southern Michigan*, 1939, p. 377(D).
24. "The Farmer's Curst Wife." Davis, *Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1929, pp. 600(I) and 513.
25. "The Farmer's Curst Wife." Davis, 1929, pp. 601(M) and 515.
26. "The Devil and the Farmer's Wife." Ellen Stekert, private collection.
27. "The Farmer's Curst Wife." Gardner and Chickering, *Ballads and Songs of Southern Michigan*, 1939, p. 373(A).
28. "The Farmer's Curst Wife." Davis, *Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1929, pp. 600(H) and 512.
29. "The Old Man that Lived under the Hill." Bascom Lamar Lunsford, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 9475(A2).
30. "Farmer's Curst Wife." Sam Eskin, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 11,714(B1).
31. "The Farmer's Curst Wife." Sharp MSS., 3501/2587. Also in Cecil J. Sharp and Maud Karpeles, *English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 275(A). (Buckner)

GROUP Ae

32. "The Old Lady and the Devil." Bill Reed, Columbia recording No. 15336-D, 1928. Also on Folkways LP recording No. FP 251(A5).
33. "The Farmer's Curst Wife." Horton Barker, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 2837(B1). Also in LC/AAFS, Album 1, record No. 1(B); on LC/AAFS, record No. L1(A2); in Davis, *More Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1960, p. 321 (BB); in Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 116 and in Folkways LP record No. FA 2362, Side 2, Band 5.
34. "The Farmer's Curst Wife." Winston Wilkinson MSS., 1935-36, p. 99(B), University of Virginia.
d. "Farmer's Curst Wife." Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 117.
35. "The Farmer's Curst Wife." Sharp MSS., 3580/2643. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 278(D). (Storey)
e. "The Farmer's Wife." Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 118.

GROUP Af

36. "The Farmer's Curst Wife." Davis, *Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1929, pp. 601(L) and 514.
37. "The Farmer's Curst Wife." Davis, 1929, pp. 598(C) and 507.
38. "The Farmer's Curst Wife." Creighton and Senior, *Traditional Songs from Nova Scotia*, 1950, p. 98.
f. "The Old Man That Went Out to Plow." Davis, *More Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1960, p. 323(CC).
39. "The Farmer's Old Curst Wife." Clifford Haislip, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 12,050(B35).
40. "Devil and the Farmer's Wife." Doney Hammontree, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 11,894(B6).

GROUP Ag

41. "The auld Deil cam." Macmath MS., pp. 116 and 96, Harvard College Library. Also in Francis James Child, *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, 1882-98, V, pp. 423 and 108(B).
42. "Kellyburnbraes." James Johnson, *The Scots Musical Museum*, IV [1792], No. 379, p. 392 (repr. 1853). Also in George Thomson, *A Select Collection of Original Scottish Airs*, IV, 1805, p. 182; Robert Maver, *Genuine Scottish Melodies*, 1866, No. 222, p. 111; and Goss, *Ballads of Britain*, 1937, p. 126(B).
43. "The Farmer's Curst Wife." Wilkinson MSS., 1935-36. Also in Richard Chase, *Old Songs and Singing Games*, 1938, p. 23.
44. "The Farmer's Curst Wife." Lester A. Hubbard, *Ballads and Songs from Utah*, 1961, p. 40.
45. "The Farmer's Curst Wife." Bob Blackston, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 12,044(B15).
46. "The Farmer's Curst Wife." E. C. and M. N. Kirkland, *Southern Folklore Quarterly*, II (1938), p. 77.
47. "The Farmer's Curst Wife." Phillips Barry Dictaphone Cylinders, No. 168, last cutting, Harvard College Library; transcribed by Samuel P. Bayard. (Harding)
48. "Kellyburn Braes." Duncan MSS., "Folk-Song Airs of the North East," p. 270, Cecil Sharp House, London. Also in Gavin Greig and Alexander Keith, *Last Leaves of Traditional Ballads and Ballad Airs*, 1925, p. 220. (Gillespie)
49. "The Devil and the Farmer's Wife." Don Edmondson, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 12,047 (B21).
g. "The Devil and the Farmer's Wife." Eloise Hubbard Linscott, *Folk Songs of Old New England*, 1939, p. 189.
50. "The Farmer's Curst Wife." Sharp MSS., 4129/2978. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 281(G). (Morgan)
51. "The Old Man Under the Hill." Mabel Major, *Publications of the Texas Folk-Lore Society*, X (1932), p. 164.

GROUP Ah

52. "Little Devils." Jean Ritchie, *Singing Family of the Cumberlands*, 1955, p. 144. Also in Jean Ritchie, *A Garland of Mountain Song*, 1953, p. 23; and on Folkways LP recording No. FA 2302(A2), ed. Kenneth S. Goldstein.
53. "The Farmer's Curst Wife." Sharp MSS., 4092/2906. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 227(C). (Ritchie)

GROUP Ai

54. "The Farmer's Curst Wife." Sharp MSS., 3517/2596. Also in Davis, 1929, pp. 599(E) and 509; and Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 276(B). (Chisholm)
55. "Old Woman Under the Hill." Capt. Pearl R. Nye, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 1008(A2). Also on LC/AAFS, record No. L51(A1).
56. "The Farmer's Curst Wife." Sharp MSS., 3889/2833. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 279(E). (Moberly)
57. "The Devil out of Hell." George Vinton Graham, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 3813(B1,2).
58. "The Devil and the Farmer's Wife." Mrs. May Kennedy McCord, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 11,872(B11).

GROUP Aj

59. "There Was an Old Woman Lived Under the Hill." Anne Grimes and Mrs. Bertha Basham Wright, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 11,453(B4).
60. "The Farmer's Curst Wife." Elmer Barton, LP recording, *Eight Traditional British-American Ballads*, New England Folk-Song Series I, Helen Hartness Flanders Collection, Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vt., 1953, ed. Marguerite Olney. Also in Helen Hartness Flanders and Marguerite Olney, *Ballads Migrant in New England*, 1953, p. 50.
61. "The Farmer's Cursed Wife." Phillips Barry, Fannie H. Eckstorm, and Mary W. Smyth, *British Ballads from Maine*, 1929, p. 330. (Mr. and Mrs. Robbins)
62. "The Farmer's Curst Wife." C. W. Spaulding, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 10,368(B4).

GROUP Ak

63. "The Old Man Under the Hill." Vance Randolph, *Ozark Folksongs*, I, 1946, p. 189. Also in Vance Randolph, *Ozark Mountain Folks*, 1932, p. 228.
64. "Old Jokey Song." George Korson, ed., *Pennsylvania Songs and Legends*, 1949, p. 40.
65. "The Devil Came to the Farmer's One Day." Paul G. Brewster, *JAF*, XLVIII (1935), p. 299. Also in Paul G. Brewster, *Ballads and Songs of Indiana*, 1940, p. 156.
66. "The Farmer's Curst Wife." Sharp MSS., 4102/2941. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 280(F). (Pace)

GROUP B

67. "The Devil and the Farmer's Wife." Mrs. Carrie Grover, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 4454 (B2). Also on LC/AAFS, record No. L58(B2).

GROUP C

68. "The Farmer's Curst Wife." Archive, School of Scottish Studies, University of Edinburgh, recording No. 1953/237/B14. (Willie McPhee)

GROUP D

69. "The Devil and the Farmer's Wife." Peter Shepheard, private collection.

GROUP E

70. "Worse than men." Marius Barbeau, Arthur Lismer, and Arthur Bourinot, *Come a Singing* (National Museum of Canada, Bulletin No. 107; Anthropological Series No. 26), 1947, p. 19.

APPENDIX

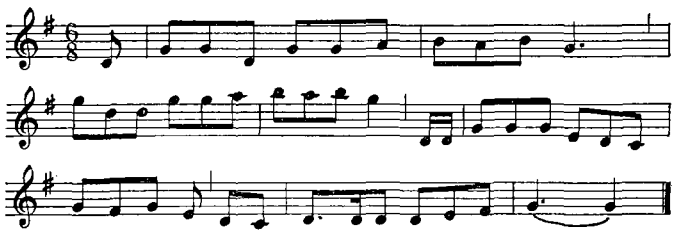
71. "Devil & the Plough," or "Farmer's Curst Wife" [Sea Shanty]. Sharp MSS., 1947/. (Jones)

TUNES WITH TEXTS

GROUP Aa

1. "The Devil and the Ploughman"

Vaughan Williams, *JFSS*, II, No. 8 (1906), p. 184. Sung at Leith Hill Place, Surrey, by Henry Burstow, Horsham, Sussex, December 7, 1903. Also sung by A. L. Lloyd on Riverside rec. No. RLP-621(A2), ed. K. S. Goldstein, with additional stanzas from a different source.

m I

1. The Devil he came to an old man at plough,
(*Whistle.*)
Saying, "One of your family I must have now
To my fal-de-ral lit-tle-law-day.

2. It is not you nor yet your son,
But your bad scolding wife that you have got at home,
To my fal, etc."

3. "O take her, O take her with all my heart,
And I wish she and you may never more part.
To my fal, etc."

4. The devil he took her upon his back,
And like a bold Scotchman he carried his pack.
To my fal, etc.

5. The devil he took her upon his prong,
And into hell he put her headlong.
To my fal, etc.

6. There was two young devils in chains, in chains,
She took off her pattens and knocked out their brains.
To my fal, etc.

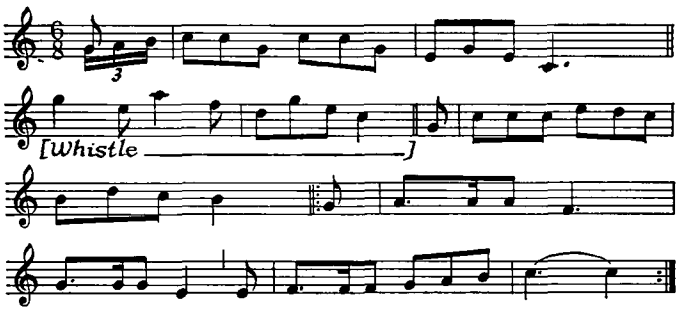
7. Two more young devils jumped over the wall,
Saying "Turn her out, father, or she will kill us all."
To my fal, etc.

8. Now to conclude and make an end,
You see the women is worse than the men,
If they get sent to Hell, they get kicked back again,
To my fal, etc.

9. So the women are ten times worse than the men,
[*Whistle*]
Since they've been into Hell and got kicked out again.
Sing Fal la la la, etc.

2. "The Devil and the Farmer"

Hammond, *JFSS*, III, No. 11 (1907), p. 131. From an unnamed singer at Beaminster, Dorset, June 1906.

a I, ending on the octave

1. There was an old farmer in Yorkshire did dwell.
[*Whistle*]
He had an old wife and he wished her in Hell.
Sing fa la la la, fa la la la,
Sing fa la la liddle la day.

2. Oh! the Devil came in when he was at plough,
[*Whistle*]
Saying, "One of your family I will have now."
Sing Fal la la la, fal la la la, sing fal la la liddle la day.

3. "Now Oh! Mr. Devil, and which do you crave?"
[*Whistle*]
"Your ugly old wife, and she I will have."
Sing Fal la la la, etc.

4. So they bundled the old woman into a sack.
[*Whistle*]
The Devil he lugged her away on his back.
Sing Fal la la la, etc.

5. So when Mr. Devil he came up to his door:
[*Whistle*]
"In there you must go [for to bide evermore]."
Sing Fal la la la, etc.

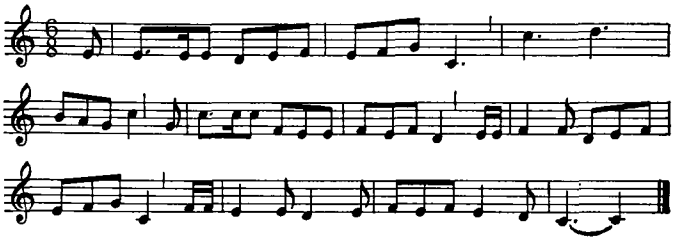
6. There she spied three young devils a-hanging in chains.
[*Whistle*]
She took off her pattens, got smashing their brains.
Sing Fal la la la, etc.

7. So they to the Devil for mercy did call:
[*Whistle*]
"This ugly old woman she will kill us all."
Sing Fal la la la, etc.

8. So they bundled the old woman out over the wall.
[*Whistle*]
She came down [on the earth a most terrible fall].
Sing Fal la la la, etc.

3. "The Devil's Song"

Owens, 1950, p. 54. Sung by Bessie Baird, Navarro County, Tex.

a I

1. There was an old man who owned a farm,
Hi Hi diddle um day,
There was an old man who owned a farm,
And he had no cattle to carry it on,
Singing twice fi dum fi diddle fi dum fi day.

2. He yoked two pigs in order to plow,
Hi Hi diddle um day,
He yoked two pigs in order to plow,
And if he did it the devil knows how,
Singing twice fi dum fi diddle fi dum fi day.

3. The devil came to him in the field one day,
Hi Hi diddle um day,
The devil came to him in the field one day,
Saying, "One of your family I will carry away,"
Singing twice fi dum fi diddle fi dum fi day.

4. "You can't have my oldest son,"
Hi Hi diddle um day,
"You can't have my oldest son,
For the work of the farm must still go on,"
Singing twice fi dum fi diddle fi dum fi day.

5. "You can have my scolding wife,"
Hi Hi diddle um day,
"You can have my scolding wife,
But you can't keep her to save your life,"
Singing twice fi dum fi diddle fi dum fi day.

6. He packed her up all in a sack,
Hi Hi diddle um day,
He packed her up all in a sack,
And he looked like a peddler a-packing his pack,
Singing twice fi dum fi diddle fi dum fi day.

7. Six little devils a-climbing the walls,
Hi Hi diddle um day,
Six little devils a-climbing the walls,
Saying, "Take her back, pappy, 'fore she kills us all,"
Singing twice fi dum fi diddle fi dum fi day.

8. Six little devils a-dragging their chains,
Hi Hi diddle um day,
Six little devils a-dragging their chains,
Saying, "Take her back, pappy, 'fore she beats out our brains."
Singing twice fi dum fi diddle fi dum fi day.

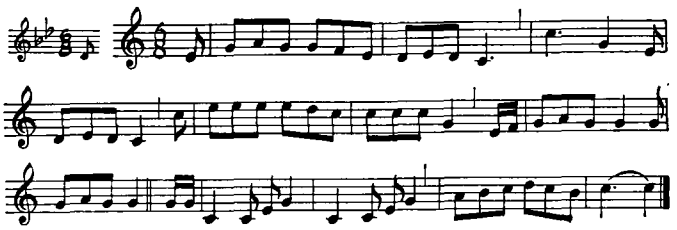
9. He packed her up all in a sack,
Hi Hi diddle um day,
He packed her up all in a sack,
And like a damn fool went carrying her back,
Singing twice fi dum fi diddle fi dum fi day.

10. The old man was lying sick in bed,
Hi Hi diddle um day,
The old man was lying sick in bed,
She took off her shoe and beat him on the head,
Singing twice fi dum fi diddle fi dum fi day.

11. The old man went whistling across the hill,
Hi Hi diddle um day,
The old man went whistling across the hill,
Saying, "If the devil won't have her I'll be damned if I will,"
Singing twice fi dum fi diddle fi dum fi day.

4. "The Farmer's Curst Wife"

Creighton and Senior, 1950, p. 95. Sung by Edmund Henneberry, Devil's Island, N.S.

a I, ending on the octave

1. There was an old farmer lived on a hill,
(whistle)
There was an old farmer lived on a hill,
And if he's not dead he lives there still.
To my chorla lido chorlalido fall the dol diddle I dey.

2. The old devil he came to the man at the plow,
He says, "I am after your scolding wife now."

Chorus.

3. "Take her old devil with all of my heart,
I hope you and her will never part."

Chorus.

4. The old devil he flounced her on his back
And like an old pedlar went carrying his pack.

Chorus.

5. He carried her till he came in sight of hell,
And says, "Here you old woman, it's here you must dwell."

Chorus.

6. The devil he opened a big iron door
And he slammed her in among ten thousand more.

Chorus.

7. The little devils they all hung on chains,
She up with her foot and she kicked out their brains.

Chorus.

8. Some of them they hung on wire,
She up with her foot and kicked nine in the fire.

Chorus.

9. Three little devils peeped over the wall
Saying, "Take her away master or she'll kill us all."

Chorus.

10. The old devil he flounced her on his back
And like an old fool he carried her back.

Chorus.

11. "Oh here's your wife, she's not worth a curse,
She's been all through hell and she's ten devils worse."

Chorus.

12. And then she went whistling over the hill,
"If the devil won't have me I don't know who will."

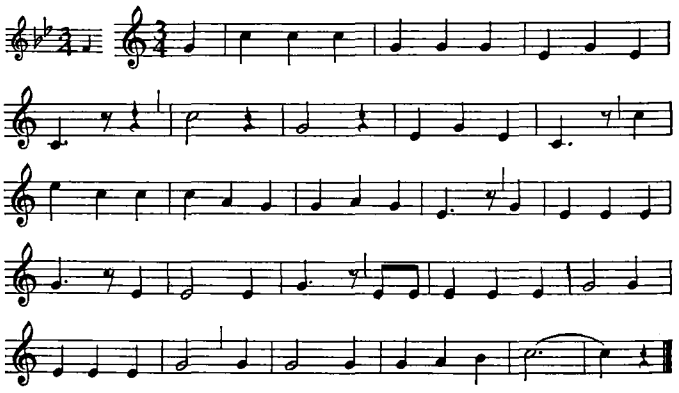
Chorus.

13. Oh women they are so much worse than men,
If you send them to hell they get sent back again.

Chorus.

5. "Farmer's Curst Wife"

Creighton, 1932, p. 18. Sung by Mr. Faulkner, Devil's Island, N.S., with the assistance of Ben Henneberry and others.

a I/Ly (–II), ending on the octave

1. There was an old farmer lived on a hill,
(whistle second line)
There was an old farmer lived on a hill,
And if he's not dead he lives there still.

Chorus:

To me chorl a lido, chorl a lido, fall the diddle I dey.

2. The old devil he came to the man at the plow,
He says, "I am after your scolding wife now."

Chorus.

3. "Take her, old devil, with all of my heart,
I hope you and her will never part."

[*Chorus.*]

4. The old devil he slounced her on his back,
And like an old peddler when carrying his pack.

Chorus.

5. He carried her till he came in sight of home,
She tickled the skin off the devil's backbone.

Chorus.

6. The devil he opened a big iron door
And he slammed her in among ten thousand more.

Chorus.

7. The little devils they all hung on chains,
She up with her foot and she kicked out their brains.

Chorus.

8. Some of them they hung on wire,
She up with her foot and kicked nine in the fire.

Chorus.

9. Three little devils peeped over the wall,
Saying, "Take her away, master, or she'll kill us all."

Chorus.

10. Oh, the old devil he slounced her on his back,
And like an old fool he carried her back.

Chorus.

11. "Oh, here's your wife, she's not worth a curse,
She's been all through hell and she's ten devils worse."

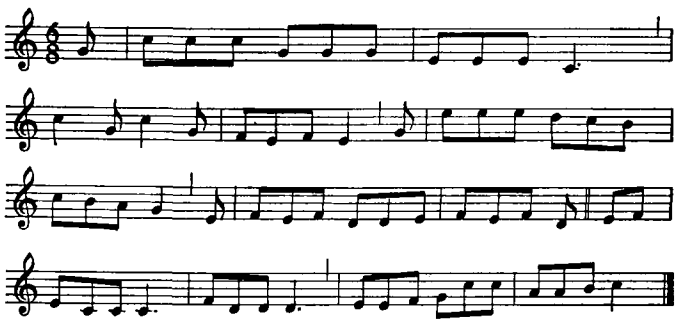
Chorus.

12. And then she went whistling over the hill,
"If the devil won't have me I don't know who will."

Chorus.

6. "The Devil"

BBC Sound Archives, rec. No. 20606. Sung by Jimmy White, a shepherd, Whittingham, Northumberland, June 9, 1954. Collected by Peter Kennedy.

a I, ending on the octave

1. There was an old man lived by Kellyburn brae
Right fol right fol tilly fol lay
There was an old man lived by Kellyburn brae
Had a scolding old wife for the most of his days
With a rightity dol, fal idy dal
Fal-idy dal di dal, dal day.

2. Says he, My old man, I have come for your wife
Right fol right fol tilly fol lay
Says he, My old man, I have come for your wife
For I hear she's the plague and torment of your life
With a rightity dol, fal idy dal
Fal-idy dal di dal, dal day.

3. So the Devil he hoisted her up on his back
Right fol right fol tilly fol lay
So the Devil he hoisted her up on his back
And he ?hotfoot for Hell with the wife on his back
With a rightity dol, fal idy dal
Fal-idy dal di dal, dal day.

4. Now when at the finish he got to Hell's gate
Right fol right fol tilly fol lay
Now when at the finish he got to Hell's gate
He threw her right down with a thump on her face
With a rightity dol, fal idy dal
Fal-idy dal di dal, dal day.

5. There were two little devils that were tied up in chains
Right fol right fol tilly fol lay
There were two little devils that were tied up in chains,
She lifted her stick and she ?stobbed out their brains
With a rightity dol, fal idy dal
Fal-idy dal di dal, dal day.

6. So the Devil he hoisted her up on his back
Right fol right fol tilly fol lay
So the Devil he hoisted her up on his back,
He was seven years goin' and nine years comin' back
With a rightity dol, fal idy dal
Fal-idy dal di dal, dal day.

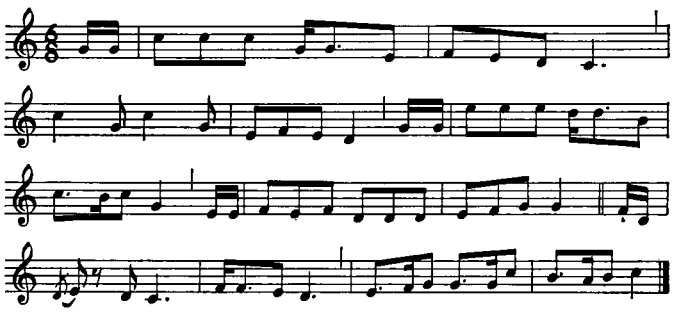
7. Says he, My old man, here's your wife safe and well
Right fol right fol tilly fol lay
Says he, My old man, here's your wife safe and well,
For the likes of herself we will not have in Hell
With a rightity dol, fal idy dal
Fal-idy dal di dal, dal day.

8. Now, I've been a devil the most of my life
Right fol right fol tilly fol lay
Now, I've been a devil the most of my life
But I ne'er was in Hell till I met with your wife
With a rightity dol, fal idy dal
Fal-idy dal di dal, dal day.

9. Now it's told that the women are worse than the men
Right fol right fol tilly fol lay
Now it's told that the women are worse than the men,
When they gang [?] down to Hell they get threw out again
With a rightity dol, fal idy dal
Fal-idy dal di dal, dal day.

7. "The Women are Worse than the Men"

O'Lochlainn, 1939, p. 108. Learned from D. Maguire, Belfast, 1912. Also, titled "Killyburn Braes," in O'Sullivan, *JIFSS*, XVIII (1921), p. 28, as sung by a sailor in Ardglass, County Down, c. 1915.

a I, ending on the octave

1. Is it true that the women are worse than the men
Right fol right fol tiddy fol lay
Is it true that the women are worse than the men,
That they went down to hell and were thrown out again,
With your right fol-lol tiddy fol lol
Fol-the-dol-lol-the-dol, lol-the-dol-lay.

2. Now there was an old man lived at Kellyburn braes
And he had a wife was the plague of his days.

3. The divil he came to the man at the plough,
Saying, "One of your family I must take now."

4. Said he, "My good man, I've come for your wife,
For I hear she's the plague and torment of your life."

5. So the divil he hoisted her up on his back,
And landed at Hell's hall-door with a crack.

6. There were two little divils a playing with chains,
She upp'd with her stick, and knocked out their brains.

7. There were two other divils looked over the wall
They said, "Take her away or she'll murder us all."

8. So the divil he hoisted her up on his back,
And back to the old man hurried the pack.

9. They were seven years going and nine coming back,
Yet she asked for the scrapings she left in the pot.

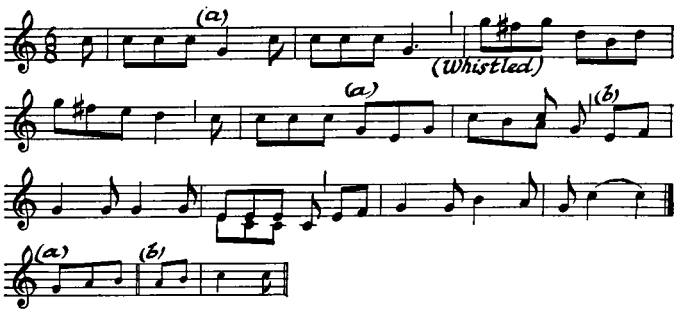
10. Said he, "My good man, here's your wife back again.
For she wouldn't be kept, not even in Hell!

11. Now, I've been a divil the most of my life,
But I ne'er was in Hell till I met with your wife."

12. So it's true that the women are worse than the men,
For they went down to Hell and were threw out again.

8. "The Farmer's Curst Wife"

Sung by Blaine Stubblefield, Washington, D.C., 1938. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 1635(A1). Collected by Alan Lomax.

m I (inflected IV), ending on the octave

1. There was an old man who owned a farm,

Whistle.

He had no horses to carry it on,
To my whack fa tura laddy I ad,
To my whack fa tura laddy.

2. He hooked the hogs up for to plough,

Whistle.

And away they went and the devil knows how,
To my whack fa tura laddy I ad,
To my whack fa tura laddy.

3. Devil, O devil, you're after my life,

Whistle.

O no I'm not, it's your damned old wife,
To my whack fa tura laddy I ad,
To my whack fa tura laddy.

4. Take her along with all my heart,

Whistle.

Hope you and she will never part,
To my whack fa tura laddy I ad,
To my whack fa tura laddy.

5. He picked her up all on his back,

Whistle.

Just like a bold pedlar a-carryin' a pack,
To my whack fa tura laddy I ad,
To my whack fa tura laddy.

6. He took her up to his Hell-door,

Whistle.

He bid her go in and come out no more,
To my whack fa tura laddy I ad,
To my whack fa tura laddy.

7. One little devil was fixin' the chains,

Whistle.

She up with her foot and she knocked out his brains,
To ma whack fee tura laddy I ad,
And a whack fee tura laddy.

8. One little devil said, "Hook her up higher,"

Whistle.

She up with her foot and kicked nine in the fire,
To ma whack fee lura laddy I ad,
To ma whack fee lura laddy.

9. One little devil had on a red hat,

Whistle.

She up with a poker you bet she? that,
To ma whack fee lura laddy I ad,
A ma whack fee lura laddy.

10. One little devil he scaled the wall,

Whistle.

Take her back, Daddy, she'll murder us all,
To ma whack fee lura laddy I ad,
A ma whack fee lura laddy.

11. He picked her up all on his back,

Whistle.

And like a damn fool he went carrying her back,
To ma whack fee tura laddy I ad,
A ma whack fee tura laddy.

12. Here's your old woman all sound and well,

Whistle.

She ain't fit for heaven, she won't stay in Hell,
To ma whack fee tura laddy I ad,
A ma whack fee tura laddy.

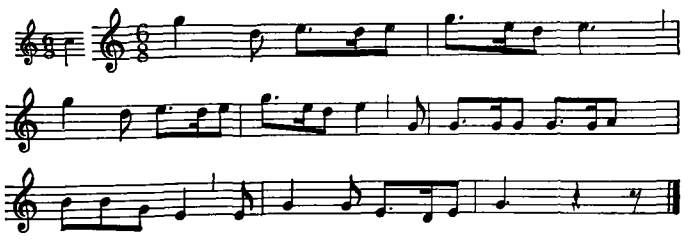
13. The old man said, "She is a curse,

Whistle.

You took her to Hell and you brought her back worse,"
To ma whack fee tura laddy I ad,
A ma whack fee tura laddy.

9. "Jack's Wife"

Morris, 1950, p. 323. Sung by Mrs. J. H. Smith, Newberry, Fla.; learned from her mother.

m π^1

1. Jack went out to plow his corn,

(Whistling)

He saw the old devil come marching along,
Saying: hi fol diddle dal day.

2. "Well," said Jack, "what shall I do now?

(Whistling)

"The old devil's come after my horse and my plow?"
Saying: hi fol diddle dal day.

3. "No, I've not come after your horse and your plow,

(Whistling)

"But your old scolding wife and I shall have her now."
Saying: hi fol diddle dal day.

4. He took her all upon his back,

(Whistling)

Just like a peddler would his sack,
Saying: hi fol diddle dal day.

5. He took her to the Hell house door,

(Whistling)

Saying, "Go in there, old woman; don't scold no more."
Saying: hi fol diddle dal day.

6. One mean little devil run up the wall,

(Whistling)

Saying, "Shake her out, Daddy; she'll murder us all."
Saying: hi fol diddle dal day.

7. He took her all upon his back,

(Whistling)

And carried her right back home to Jack,
Saying: hi fol diddle dal day.

8. "Jackie, O Jackie, I've brought your wife back."

(Whistling)

"No," says Jack, "I don't thank you for that."
Saying: hi fol diddle dal day.

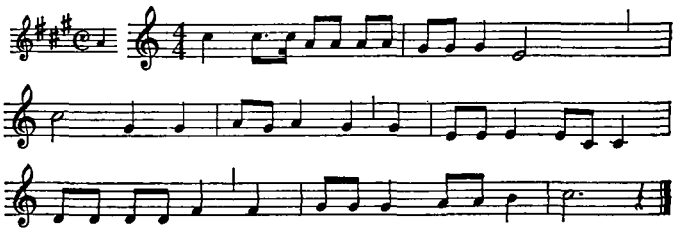
9. Now the people can all laugh and tell,

(Whistling)

Jack's got a wife they won't have in Hell.
Saying: hi fol diddle dal day.

10. "The Farmer's Curst Wife"

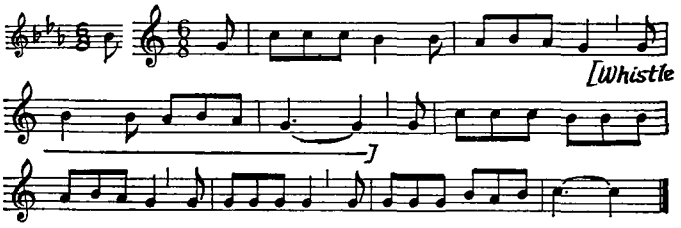
Davis, 1960, p. 325(EE). Contributed by Miss Juliet Fauntleroy, March 15, 1934, from the singing of Mrs. Kit Williamson, Yellow Branch, Va. Tune noted by Mrs. Paul Cheatham.

a I, ending on the octave

See this singer's earlier version of the same song, variant 28 below. Mrs. Williamson was formerly Mrs. Sprouse.

Up came the devil to the farmer one day,
Oh me, sing tu, le la lu,
Said, "One of your family I'm going to take away,"
Sing tu, le la, lu le la, lu.

11. "The Farmer's Curst Wife"

Davis, 1929, p. 599(F); text, p. 510. Contributed by John Stone, September 13, 1917, from the singing of T. C. Cummins, Rumford, Va.

p I/Ly (-II, III)

1. There was an old farmer who in Gloucester did dwell, (*Whistle*)
He had an old wife whom he wished was in hell.
Sing Tol-le-rol-dol,
Sing Tol-le-rol-diddle-dee-dee.

2. The devil he made his appearance one day, (*Whistle*)
And said, "One of your family I must take away."
Sing Tol-le-rol-dol,
Sing Tol-le-rol-diddle-dee-dee.

3. "Then you may take my oldest son, (*Whistle*)
If he won't do, take two for one."
Sing Tol-le-rol-dol,
Sing Tol-le-rol-diddle-dee-dee.

4. "Your oldest son I do not crave, (*Whistle*)
But your old wife I must have."
Sing Tol-le-rol-dol,
Sing Tol-le-rol-diddle-dee-dee.

5. He packed her up in a sack, (*Whistle*)
And slung the sack across his back.
Sing Tol-le-rol-dol,
Sing Tol-le-rol-diddle-dee-dee.

6. When he arrived at hell's gate, (*Whistle*)
He chucked her in and she fell on her pate,
Sing Tol-le-rol-dol,
Sing Tol-le-rol-diddle-dee-dee.

7. She spied two little devils fettered with chains, (*Whistle*)
She took up their fetters and knocked out their brains.
Sing Tol-le-rol-dol,
Sing Tol-le-rol-diddle-dee-dee.

8. Three little devils sitting on the wall, (*Whistle*)
Cried, "Father, take her back or she'll murder us all."
Sing Tol-le-rol-dol,
Sing Tol-le-rol-diddle-dee-dee.

9. So he rammed he rammed her back into the sack, (*Whistle*)
And like an old fool came trudging her back.
Sing Tol-le-rol-dol,
Sing Tol-le-rol-diddle-dee-dee.

10. This proves that the women are worse than the men, (*Whistle*)
For when sent to hell they come back again.
Sing Tol-le-rol-dol,
Sing Tol-le-rol-diddle-dee-dee.

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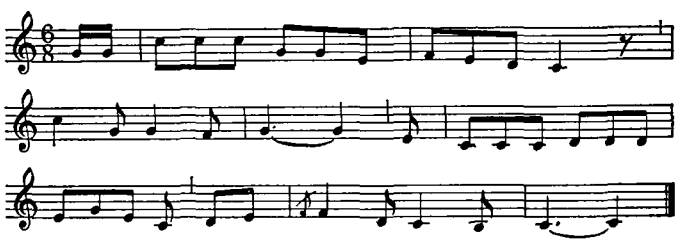
GROUP Ab

12. "Killyburn Braes"

O'Sullivan, *JIFSS*, XVIII (1921), p. 27. From Colm O'Lochlainn, Dublin, March 1921; learned in Belfast.

a I (-VI)

There may be an oversight in the attribution of the sources of variants 7 and 12. O'Lochlainn says (*op.cit.*, p. 223) that he gave his version (i.e., variant 7 above) to O'Sullivan, "who published it in IFS xviii, 27." But the tune which O'Sullivan prints there (i.e., variant 12) and attributes to O'Lochlainn is not so like O'Lochlainn's published version as is the tune O'Sullivan prints on p. 28 of the *Journal* and attributes to the Ardglass sailor. The latter is, in fact, virtually identical with O'Lochlainn's 1939 tune.

1. Is it true that the women are worse than the men?
Ri ti ol de ay
That [they] went into hell and were thrown out again
With their tiddy fo lol de ay!

2. There was an old man lived in Killyburn Braes,
Ri ti, etc.
And he had a wife was the plague of his days,
With her tiddy, etc.

3. One day the old man walked out in the glen,
Ri ti, etc.
And he met with a devil, says, "How do ye fen',"
With your tiddy, etc.

4. Says he, "My good man, I've come for your wife,
Ri ti, etc.
For I hear she's the plague and torment of your life,"
With her tiddy, etc.

5. So the devil he hoisted her up on his back,
Ri ti, etc.
And landed at hell's hall-door in a crack,
With his tiddy, etc.

6. There were two little devils looked over the wall,
Ri ti, etc.
They said, "Take her away or she'll murder us all,"
With her tiddy, etc.

7. There were two other devils were playing with chains,
Ri ti, etc.
They said, "Take her away or she'll dash out our brains,"
With her tiddy, etc.

8. So the devil he hoisted her up on his back,
Ri ti, etc.
And back to the old man landed the pack,
With his tiddy, etc.

9. Says he, "My good man, here's your wife back again,
Ri ti, etc.
For she wouldn't be kept, not even in hell,
With her tiddy, etc.

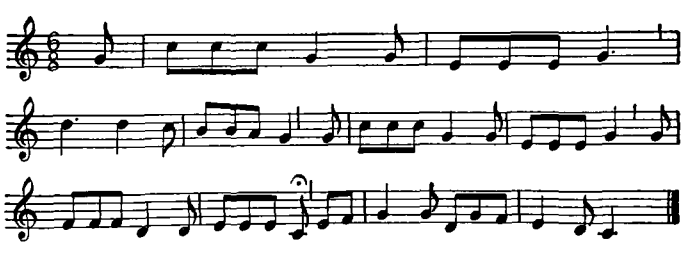
10. Now I've been a devil the most of my life,
Ri ti, etc.
But I ne'er was in hell till I met with your wife,"
And her tiddy, etc.

11. They were seven years going and nine coming back,
Ri ti, etc.
Yet she asked for the scrapings she left in the pot,
And her tiddy, etc.

12. So it's true that the women are worse than the men,
Ri ti, etc.
That they went into hell and were thrown out again.
With their tiddy, etc.

13. "The Scolding Wife"

Flanders and Brown, 1931, p. 226. Sung by George Farnham, Wardsboro, Vt., August 28, 1930; learned from E. S. Gale of Millington, Mass. Recorded by George Brown. From *Vermont Folk-Songs & Ballads*, edited by Helen Hartness Flanders and George Brown; copyright 1931 by Arthur Wallace Peach.

a I

1. He yoked up his pigs one day for to plow,
Fy lee, fy liddle, fy lum.
He yoked up his pigs one day for to plow,
And one broke away, the devil knows how.
To my twice, fy liddle, fy lay, go down.

2. The devil, he came to him one day,
Fy lee, fy liddle, fy lum.
The devil, he came to him one day,
Saying, "One of your family I must take away."
To my twice, fy liddle, fy lay, go down.

3. Then says the farmer, "I'm undone,"
Fy lee, fy liddle, fy lum.
Then says the farmer, "I'm undone,
For the devil has called for my oldest son."
To my twice, fy liddle, fy lay, go down.

4. " 'Tis not your oldest son I crave,"
Fy lee, fy liddle, fy lum.
" 'Tis not your oldest son I crave,
But your old scolding wife that I must have."
To my twice, fy liddle, fy lay, go down.

5. "Oh, take her, oh, take her, with all my heart,"
Fy lee, fy liddle, fy lum.
"Oh, take her, oh, take her, with all my heart,
Hoping you will live happy and never will part."
To my twice, fy liddle, fy lay, go down.

6. He took her and threw her across his back,
Fy lee, fy liddle, fy lum.
He took her and threw her across his back,
And he looked like a peddler a-carrying a pack.
To my twice, fy liddle, fy lay, go down.

7. He laid her right down beside of Hell's door,
Fy lee, fy liddle, fy lum.
He laid her right down beside of Hell's door,
Saying, "Now, go in and say no more."
To my twice, fy liddle, fy lay, go down.

8. She saw the young devils preparing the chains,
Fy lee, fy liddle, fy lum.
She saw the young devils preparing the chains.
She up with her foot and kicked out their brains.
To my twice, fy liddle, fy lay, go down.

9. Then said the old devil, "We must cast her up higher."
Fy lee, fy liddle, fy lum.
Then said the old devil, "We must cast her up higher."
She up with her foot and kicked nine in the fire.
To my twice, fy liddle, fy lay, go down.

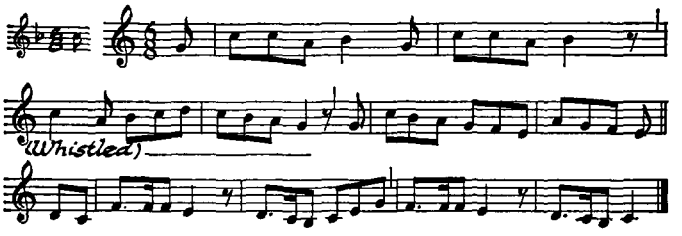
10. Then says the old devil, "Must carry her back."
Fy lee, fy liddle, fy lum.
Then says the old devil, "Must carry her back,"
For I believe, on my soul, she would destroy the whole pack.
To my twice, fy liddle, fy lay, go down.

11. Then he took her and threw her across his back,
Fy lee, fy liddle, fy lum.
Then he took her and threw her across his back,
And the damned old peddler came bringing her back.
To my twice, fy liddle, fy lay, go down.

12. There's just three things that the devil can't drive—
Fy lee, fy liddle, fy lum.
There's just three things that the devil can't drive—
A hog, and a woman, and bees into a hive.
To my twice, fy liddle, fy lay, go down.

14. "The Devil and the Farmer's Wife"

Purslow, 1965, p. 24; from Gardiner MSS., No. H 719. Sung by Charles Gamblin, Winchester, Hampshire.

a I

1. There was an old man who lived near Hell's gate
(*whistle*)
What happened to him I soon will relate,

Chorus:

With my fal-la-lal-lal,
Fal-la-lal-la-li-day,
Fal-la-lal-lal,
Fal-la-li-day.

2. The Devil he called upon him one day,
One of your family I must take away.

3. This put the old man in a terrible fright,
But good Mr. Devil soon put him quite right.

4. It's not your eldest son I crave,
But that damned scolding old bitch of a wife you have.

5. The Devil he took her up on his back,
Just like a bold Scotsman carrying his pack.

6. The Devil he brought her close to Hell's door,
Get along in you damned scolding old whore.

7. She saw some young devils all hanging in chains,
She pulled off her pattens and dashed out their brains.

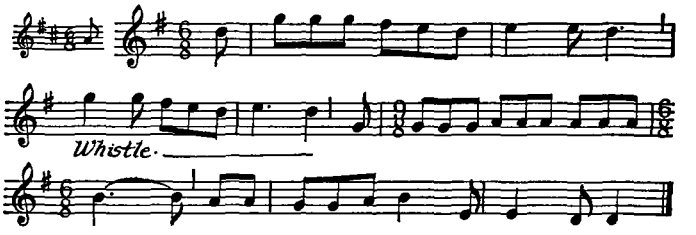
8. Some more little devils looked over the wall,
Cried, take her back, daddy, she'll murder us all.

9. So the Devil he cantered her over Hell's wall,
She landed on her arse a Hell of a fall.

10. Which proves that the women are worse than the men,
If they go to Hell they get thrown out again.

15. "The Farmer's Curst Wife"

Goss, 1937, p. 126(A). From Herbert Hughes MSS.

a I/M (or m I/Ly)

1. There was an old man who lived near Hell,
[*Whistle*]
And with him a scolding old woman did dwell,
With a fa ra ra ran ta na ree o

2. The devil came to him one day at the plough,
'It's one of your family I do want now.'

3. 'It isn't your son that I do crave,
But it is your oul' wife, its her I maun ha'e.'

4. 'Tak her awa' wi all ma guid hert,
Hoping that you and her never will part.'

5. He hoisted her up on the oul' de'ils back,
And like a bold pedlar he carried his pack.

6. Its when they came unto Hell's door,
He then threw her down with a clash on the floor,

7. There were seven de'ils there tied up wi' chains,
She lifted her crutch and she knocked out their brains.

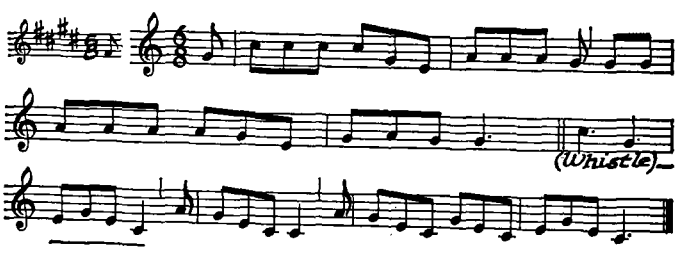
8. There were three de'ils more holdin' up the wall,
'Tak her awa' she will kill us all.

9. 'She's not fit for heaven an' naither for Hell,
We must build her house, she maun live by her sel'.

10. 'And on her dresser she maun have some delf;
If you want anymore, you maun sing it yourself.'
With a fa ra ra ran ta na ree o.

16. "The Devil and Scolding Kate"

Lumpkin, *Western Folklore*, XIX (1960), p. 80. Sung by Ira Cole. Learned from a Dutch rancher and cattle dealer of Bazine, Kans., in the late 1880's.

a π^1 (–II)

1. There was an old man lived in yonder hill,
And he had no oxen to go to the mill.
Sing doddle ding day.
Sing doddle ding, doddle ding, doddle ding day.

2. So he hitched his hogs, all four in a row;
The Devil came up and stood by the plow.

(*Repeat nonsense refrain after each two-line stanza.*)

3. Said the old man, "What are you after now?
It must be my youngest or oldest son."

4. "It's neither your youngest or oldest son;
It's your scolding old wife—oh, she's the one."

5. "Take her along, Devil, with all of my heart;
I'll go along with you to give her a start."

6. So he gathered her up, all onto his back;
And with her old pipe, she gave him a whack.

7. He took her along into his yard gate,
And introduced her there as Scolding Old Kate.

8. Three little devils tied tight with chains—
She up with her foot and kicked out their brains.

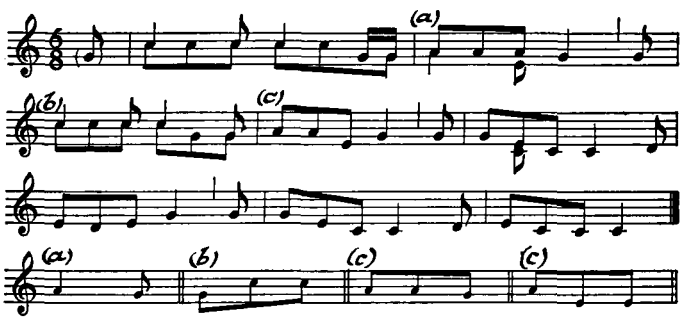
9. Some more little devils looked over the wall;
"Oh, take'r back, Devil; she'll murder us all."

10. He gathered her up again onto his back
And like a danged fool he came wagging her back.

11. So you see that the women are worse than the men;
They've been to Hell and back agen.

17. "Devil Doings," or "The Devil and the Farmer's Wife"

Sung by Mrs. George Ripley, Milford, Mo., December 14, 1959. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 12,046(B20).

a π^1

1. The old devil came to me one day at the plow,
Saying, One of your family I must have now
Sing lack a faloo, faladdy i ay
Sing lack a faloo, faladdy i ay.

2. O I cannot part with my eldest son
With all the work that I must get done
Sing lack a faloo, faladdy i ay
Sing lack a faloo, faladdy i ay.

3. It is not your eldest son that I crave
But your scolding old wife that makes you a slave
Sing lack a faloo, faladdy i ay
Sing lack a faloo, faladdy i ay.

4. I'll give you my wife with all my heart,
Come right along and I'll help you to start
Sing lack a faloo, faladdy i ay
Sing lack a faloo, faladdy i ay.

5. Like a peddler should'ring his pack
He took her up on his old hump-back
Sing lack a faloo, faladdy i ay
Sing lack a faloo, faladdy i ay.

6. He took her to Hell and pitched her in well
Sing lack a faloo, faladdy i ay.

7. Seven little devils bound down in their chains,
She up with a poker and beat out their brains
Sing lack a faloo, faladdy i ay
Sing lack a faloo, faladdy i ay.

8. Twelve little devils a-sitting up higher,
She up with her foot and kicked nine in the fire
Sing lack a faloo, faladdy i ay
Sing lack a faloo, faladdy i ay.

9. Some more little devils peeped over the wall,
Saying, Take her away, Daddy, she'll murder us all
Sing lack a faloo, faladdy i ay
Sing lack a faloo, faladdy i ay.

10. So, like a peddler, should'ring his pack,
He picked her up on his old hump-back
And like a black dog he took the back-track
Sing lack a faloo, faladdy i ay
Sing lack a faloo, faladdy i ay.

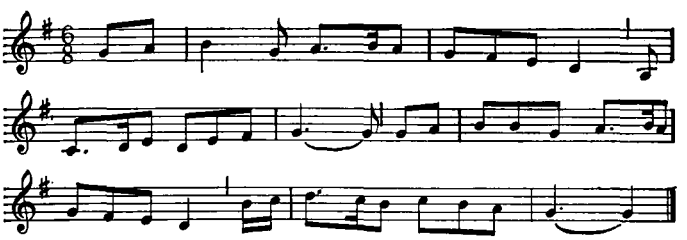
11. The old man saw him coming over the hill,
He thinks he'll get me but I'll be darned if he will
Sing lack a faloo, faladdy i ay
Sing lack a faloo, faladdy i ay.

12. The old man leaped up with a right good will,
'n if he hasn't stopped he's running still
Sing lack a faloo, faladdy i ay
Sing lack a faloo, faladdy i ay.

GROUP AC

18. "The Farmer's Curst Wife"

Sharp MSS., 4876/3346. Sung by Thomas Taylor, Ross Workhouse, September 10, 1921.

p I

1. It was of a farmer in Cheshire did dwell
   Sing fal the lal laddy I day.
   And by the old devil was known very well.
   Sing fal the lal laddy I day.

2. The devil came to him one day to his plough
   Saying: One of your family I must have now.

3. I don't want thee nor thy son Jack,
   But it's thy old bitch of a wife I'll have.

4. The old devil he tumbled her into his sack
   Just like an old pedlar a-carrying his pack.

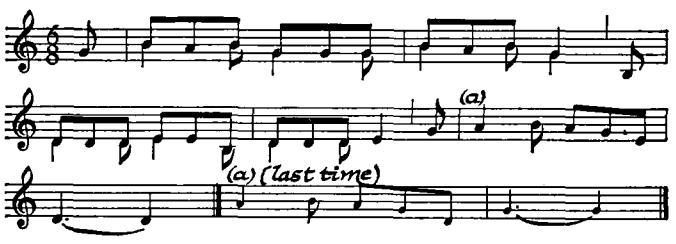
5. He took her and threw her down at hell's door,
   And bade her stay there not to rise any more.

6. Up come the young devils all fettered in chains,
   She up with her patterns and beat out their brains.

7. So you see now the women they're worse than the men,
   If you send them to heaven they get sent back again.

19. "The Farmer's Curst Wife"

Sung by Mrs. Phydella Gilbert Hogan, Fayetteville, Ark., January 1960. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 12,043(A5). Recorded by Patrick Todd.

p π^1, on mediant octave

1. There was an old man and his name was Bill,
   He lived all alone up on top of a hill
   Sing ti o rattle ding day.

2. He hitched up his oxen each morning to plow
   And plowed out a furrow, the devil knows how
   Sing ti o rattle ding day.

3. One day he went and married a wife,
   She soon became the bane of his life
   Sing ti o rattle ding day.

4. He hitched up the oxen one morning to plow
   And then the old devil came up right now
   Sing ti o rattle ding day.

5. You have a wife and a son, said he,
   Methinks you'd better give one to me
   Sing ti o rattle ding day.

6. Says he, You old devil, you must be in fun,
   You cannot have my only son
   Sing ti o rattle ding day.

7. 'Tis not your only son I crave
   But your hag of a wife and her I will have
   Sing ti o rattle ding day.

8. Well, take her along, with all of my heart,
   Here's hoping to God that you never do part
   Sing ti o rattle ding day.

9. He took her right upon his back,
   You never saw peddler more proud of his pack
   Sing ti o rattle ding day.

10. He took her down to the gates of sin
    And there, by gum, he did tumble her in
    Sing ti o rattle ding day.

11. Now, ten little devils were hanging up chains,
    She picked up the ax and ? warped out their brains
    Sing ti o rattle ding day.

12. But one little devil took up over the wall,
    Said, Take her back Daddy, she's killing us all
    Sing ti o rattle ding day.

13. He picked up the ax and he gave her a whack,
    She grabbed a sledge-hammer and walloped him back
    Sing ti o rattle ding day.

14. They fought and they scratched all over the place,
    When the devil fell down she spit in his face
    Sing ti o rattle ding day.

15. And then she jumped upon his back,
    Saying, You trotted me here but you'll gallop me back
    Sing ti o rattle ding day.

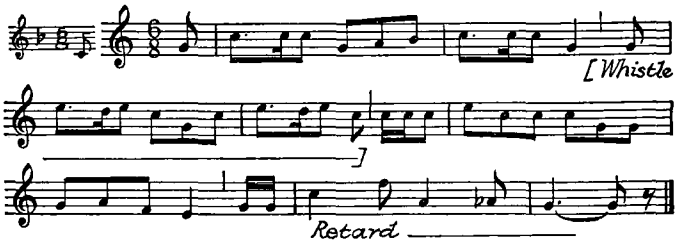
16. When the old man saw 'em he took over the hill,
    If the devil won't have you, I don't know who will
    Sing ti o rattle ding day.

17. One day she caught him asleep on the bed,
    With her old pewter pot she knocked him stone dead
    Sing ti o rattle ding day.

18. So now you see what a woman can do,
    She can conquer all Hell and her husband too
    Sing ti o rattle ding day.

20. "Hi Lum Day"

E. C. and M. N. Kirkland, *SFQ*, II (1938), p. 78. Sung by Mrs. Mariana Schaupp, Columbus, Ohio, July 1937; learned from her father, of Beatrice, Nebr.

p I, ending on *V*

1. One day the old devil he came to my plow,
(*Whistled refrain*)
Saying, " 'tis [n]one of your children that I must have now
To my hi-lum, hi-lum day.

2. Your oldest daughter I do not crave,
But your old scolding wife, 'tis she I must have."

3. "Well," said the old man, "if the rest you will leave,
My old scolding wife, 'tis she you may have."

4. So he packed her off till he came to Hell,
And he pitched her in saying, "There you may dwell."

5. Came old Beelzebub, rattling his chains;
She picked up a poker and beat out his brains.

6. Came three little devils to raise her up higher;
She up with her foot and kicked nine in the fire.

7. Then the old she-devil looked over the wall,
Saying, "Take her 'way, Master Devil, or she'll kill us all."

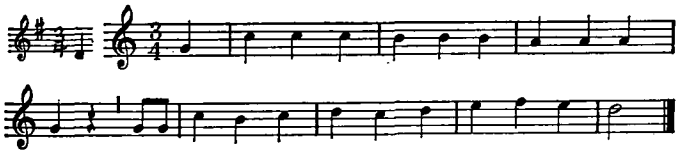
8. So he picked her up all on his back,
Like an old johnny pedlar went packing her back.

9. She was seven years going and seven years coming,
And she called for the mush she had left in the oven.

10. "Well," said the old man, "What to do I can't tell,
For you aren't fit for heaven and you won't stay in hell."

21. "The Devil and the Farmer"

Barry, *JAF*, XXVII (1915), p. 68. Sung by E. W. Hazewell, Boston, Mass., August 9, 1912.

p I, ending on II?

1. The Devil came to the farm one day,
With his tol de rol, tol de rol,
Diddle doll day.

2. "Oh, say! have you come for my oldest son?
With your tol de rol," etc.

3. "Oh, no! I've not come for your eldest son,
With my tol de rol," etc.

4. "Oh! then, have you come for my hired man?
With my tol de rol," etc.

5. "Oh, no! I've not come for your hired man,
With my tol de rol," etc.

6. "But I have come for your scold of a wife,
With my tol de rol," etc.

7. "Take her right off, she's the plague of my life,
With your tol de rol," etc.

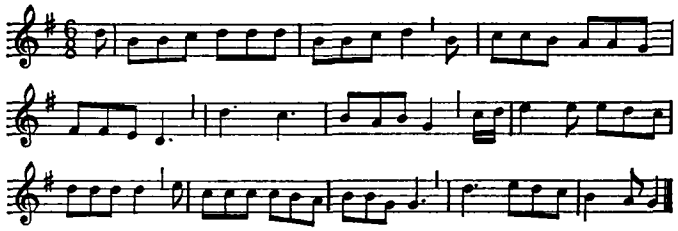
8. The Devil came back to the farm next day,
With his tol de rol, etc.

9. "Oh, say! I've brought back your scold of a wife,
With my tol de rol," etc.

10. "She filled all hell with clamor and strife,
With her tol de rol," etc.

22. "Farmer's Curst Wife," or "The Devil and the Farmer"

Sharp MSS., 1043/1057. Sung by William Bailey (60), Cannington, August 18, 1906.

p I

The Devil went out with the Farmer to plough
I mean to have one of yr. family now
Fol dol diddle dum day
He's not your oldest son I do crave
Your scolding old wife I mean to have
Fol lal de lal i ge o.

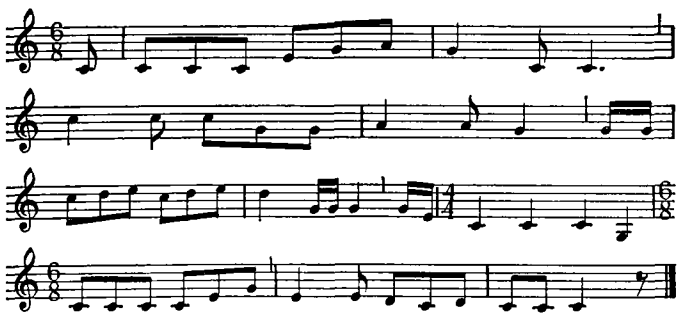
For she saw the young devil hanging out in the chains
She took up her pattens & beat out his brains
Saying she called for the taters she left in the pot
For none of her neighbours could neighbour her well

For he tooked her up threw her over the wall
She may go & be damned she'd murder us all

GROUP Ad

23. "Brave Old Anthony Marala"

Gardner and Chickering, 1939, p. 377(D). Sung by Berthold A. Chickering, Belding, Mich., 1931; learned from his father.

m π^1

1. The devil he came to his house one day,
Brave old Anthony Marala,
Saying, "One of your family I'll take away."
By the right leg, left leg, upper leg, under leg,
Brave old Anthony Marala.

2. . . . . .
"But I'll have your darned old wife," he said.

3. "Just take her and take her with all of my heart,
Here's hoping that you two never will part."

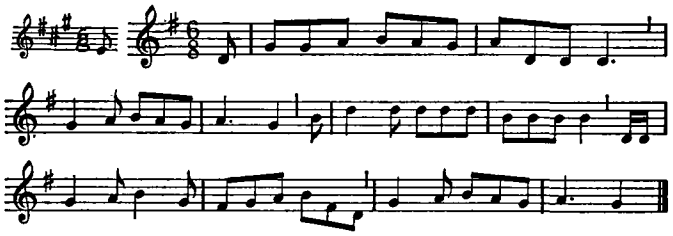
4. Three little devils set bound in chains;
She grabbed up a hell hook and knocked out their brains.

5. One little devil peeked over the wall,
Saying, "Take her away or she will murder us all."

6. . . . . .
And like a darn fool he came luggin' her back.

24. "The Farmer's Curst Wife"

Davis, 1929, p. 600(I); text, p. 513. Contributed by John Stone, November 3, 1920, from the singing of C. F. Carpenter and brother, Bolar, Va.

p I/Ly (–VI)

1. There was an old man when he was first born,
Old Marindy Marowly,
He had no horses to plow up his corn,
With his left leg, right leg, over leg, under leg,
Old Marindy Marowly.

2. He called up his pigs and he yoked up his sows
And plowed up his corn the devil knows how.

3. The old woman came home in a powerful fright;
Says she, "I saw the devil this night."

4. He packed her up upon his back
Just like a brave pedlar carrying his pack.

5. He carried her up just to the door,
Give her a kick, saying, "Go in at that door."

6. He (She?) saw little Rufus all bowing in chains
And he (?) up with his foot and kicked out his brains.

7. The children raised a powerful squall;
Said, "Take her away, he'll (?) kill us all."

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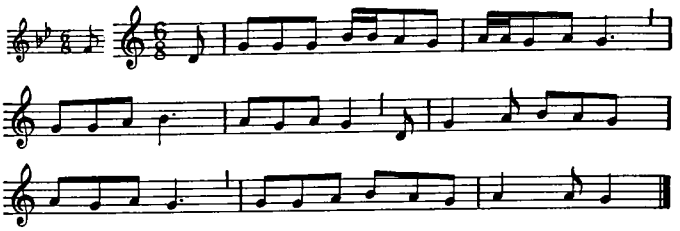
25. "The Farmer's Curst Wife"

Davis, 1929, p. 601(M); text, p. 515. Contributed by John Stone, November 3, 1920, from the singing of Miss Emma Carpenter, Madison County, Va.

p π^1 (–VI)

There was an old farmer and he had a little farm,
Lily-fa-le-lily-fa-la.
He had no horses to plow up his ground,
Lily-fa-lily-fa-la-re-do.

He hitched up his hogs and set them to plow,
And how he did plow the devil knows how.

The devil he took her up on his back
And away he went a-whickety-whack.

The little devils run all over the wall,
Say, "Carry her back, daddy, she'll conquer us all."

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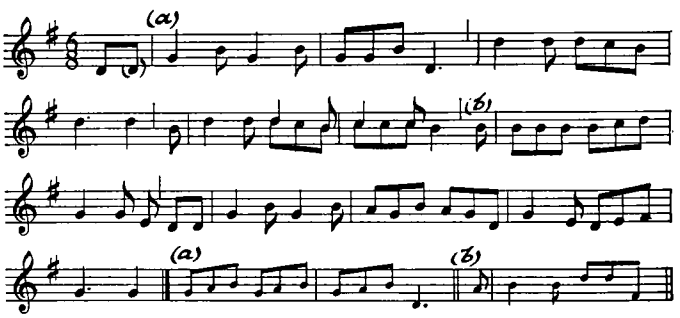
26. "The Devil and the Farmer's Wife"

Sung by Ezra Barhight, March 11, 1956. Recorded by Ellen Stekert; sent by her to the Editor.

p I

1. There was a man when he was first born,
(Poor) Old Anthony Rōwley
There was a man when he was first born,
He had no horse to plow his corn,
With his right leg, left leg, upper leg, under leg,
Poor Old Anthony Rōwley

2. So he hitched the pigs with his old sow,
(Poor) Old Anthony Rōwley
He hitched the pigs with his old sow
And plowed up the corn the devil knows how
With his right leg, left leg, upper leg, under leg,
Poor old Anthony Rowley.

3. Well the devil he came to the old man's plow,
Poor old Anthony Rowley
The devil he came to the old man's plow,
"It's your oldest son that I'm after now."
With his right leg, left leg, upper leg, under leg,
Poor old Anthony Rowley.

4. "You cannot have my oldest son,
Poor old Anthony Rowley
You cannot have my oldest son,
You'll have to take the old woman or none."
With (his) right leg, left leg, upper leg, under leg,
Poor old Anthony Rowley.

5. So the devil he took her all onto his back,
Poor old Anthony Rowley
The devil he took her all onto his back
And like an old fool he went carrying his pack
With his right leg, left leg, upper leg, under leg,
Poor old Anthony Rowley.

6. Well he carried her over three fields more,
Poor old Anthony Rowley
(Well) he carried her over three fields more,
At length he came to his old trap door
With his right leg, left leg, upper leg, under leg,
Poor old Anthony Rowley.

7. There sat little devils all bound in chains,
Poor old Anthony Rowley
There sat little devils all bound in chains,
She up with a shovel, knocked out their brains,
With their(?) right leg, left leg, upper leg, under leg,
Poor old Anthony Rowley.

8. Then one little devil all with a red cap,
Poor old Anthony Rowley
(Poor) One little devil all with a red cap
(She) up with her shovel, gave him a slap
With his right leg, left leg, upper leg, under leg,
Poor old Anthony Rowley.

9. Then three little devils peeped over the wall,
Poor old Anthony Rowley
Then three little devils peeped over the wall,
Crying, "Carry her back, she'll brain us all
With her right leg, left leg, upper leg, under leg."
Poor old Anthony Rowley.

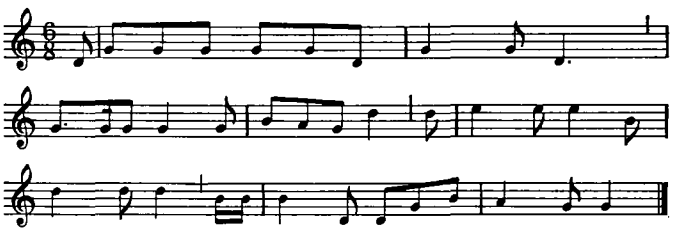
10. So the devil he took her all onto his back,
Poor old Anthony Rowley
The devil he took her all onto his back
And like an old fool he went carrying her back
With his right leg, left leg, upper leg, under leg,
Poor old Anthony Rowley.

11. Well he carried her over three fields more,
Poor old Anthony Rowley
Well, he carried her over three fields more,
At length he came to the old man's door,
With his right leg, left leg, upper leg, under leg,
Poor old Anthony Rowley.

12. (Well), that shows the women are worse than the men,
Poor old Anthony Rowley
That shows the women are worse than the men,
They'll go to hell and come back again
With their right leg, left leg, upper leg, under leg,
Poor old Anthony Rowley.

27. "The Farmer's Curst Wife"

Gardner and Chickering, 1939, p. 373(A). Sung by Otis Evilsizer, Alger, Mich., 1934.

p π^1

1. There was an old farmer who had a farm,
Jack a fie gent to rosim Marie;
He had no horse to plow his farm,
As the dew blows over the green vallee.

2. The old farmer hitched up his old sow to plow;
She went here and there, and the devil knows where.

3. The devil came to the farmer one day;
Says, "One of your family I'm going to take away."

4. "Well," said the old farmer, "I'm all undone,
For the devil he's after my only son."

5. "It's not your only son that I want,
But your darned old scolding wife I'll have."

6. "It's take her, old devil, with all my heart,
And I hope to God you never will part."

7. So he picked her up with his old broken back,
And over the fields he went klickety-klack.

8. He carried her over two fields of rye,
She up with her foot and kicked out his eye.

9. He carried her over two fields or more
Before he came to hell's back door.

10. One little devil all bound in wire,
She up with her foot and kicked him in the fire.

11. Another little devil all bound in chains,
She up with her foot and kicked out his brains.

12. Another little devil from behind the wall
Says, "Take her away or she'll murder us all."

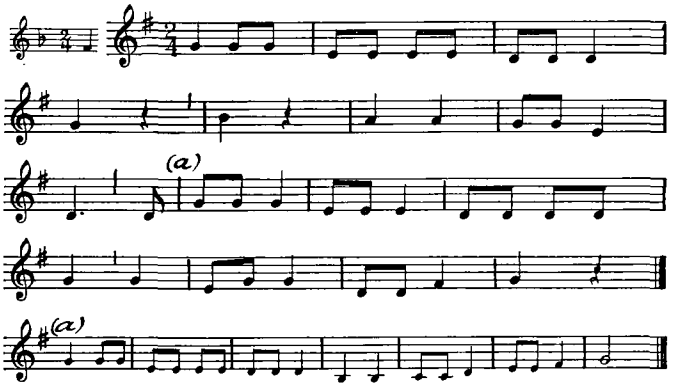
13. So he picked her up with his old broken back,
And away he went, went a-totin' her back.

14. "O here's your old wife all sound and well;
If we'd kept her much longer, she'd lathered all hell."

15. So you see the women are worse than the men;
If they go to hell, they'll come back again.

28. "The Farmer's Curst Wife"

Davis, 1929, p. 600(H); text, p. 512. Contributed by Juliet Fauntleroy, September 4, 1915, from the singing of Mrs. James Sprouse, Lawyers, Va. Learned from her cousin, Fletcher Gill.

p I/Ly (IV in variant)

Compare variant 10.

1. Up came the devil to the farmer one day,
Oh me, sing tu le la, lu,
Said, "One of your family I mean to take away,"
Sing tu le la, lu le la, lu.

2. "Well, you may have my oldest son,"
Oh me, sing tu le la, lu,
"If that won't do, take two to one,"
Sing tu le la, lu le la, lu.

3. "It isn't your oldest son I want,"
Oh me, sing tu le la, lu,
"It's your old wife I'm going to take away,"
Sing tu le la, lu le la, lu.

4. So up came the devil with his ball and his chain,
Oh me, sing tu le la, lu,
She up with a shoe and she smacked out his brain,
Sing tu le la, lu le la, lu.

5. Up popped seven little devils with their heads over the wall,
Oh me, sing tu le la, lu,
"Take her on back, don't she'll conquer us all,"
Sing tu le la, lu le la, lu.

6. So he gathered her up in his old sack,
Oh me, sing tu le la, lu,
Away he went, a-wagging her back,
Sing tu le la, lu le la, lu.

7. Young men, young men, take warning from this,
Oh me, sing tu le la, lu,
Let get you a wife be the last thing you do,
Sing tu le la, lu le la, lu.

8. Let get you a wife be the last thing you do,
Oh me, sing tu le la, lu,
For if you give them to the devil, he'll bring them back again,
Sing tu le la, lu le la, lu.

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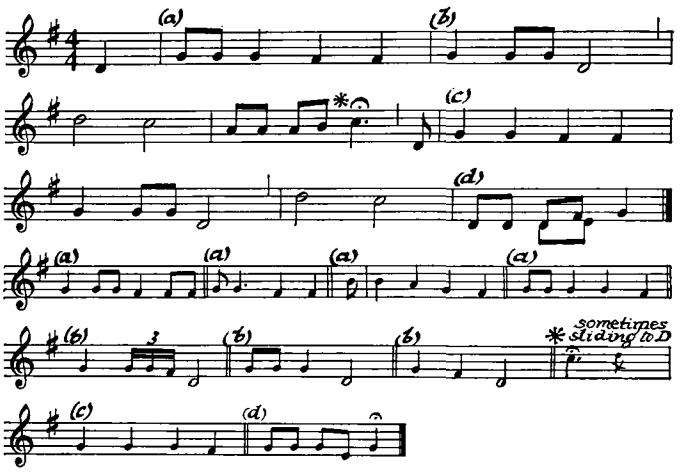
29. "The Old Man that Lived under the Hill"

Sung by Bascom Lamar Lunsford, of Asheville, N.C., in Washington, D.C., 1949. Learned from Hetty Lane, Rabbit Ham, Buncombe County, N.C., c. 1925. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 9475(A2). Collected by Duncan Emrich and Mrs. Rae Korson.

p I

1. There was an old man who lived under the hill,
Fi fi diddle alli day,
If he's not dead he's living there still,
Fi fi diddle alli day.

2. He geared up his horses and he went to the plow,
Fi fi diddle alli day,
The way he was going I don't know how,
Fi fi diddle alli day.

3. The old black man came tearing up the hill,
Fi fi diddle alli day,
"There's one of your family I'm going to steal,"
Fi fi diddle alli day.

4. "I don't want your eldest son,"
Fi fi diddle alli day,
"But it's the old woman for the sins she's done,"
Fi fi diddle alli day.

5. He picked her up all on his back,
Fi fi diddle alli day,
Like a pedlar with his heavy pack,
Fi fi diddle alli day.

6. He took her down to the brink of Hell,
Fi fi diddle alli day,
He built up a fire and he scorched her well,
Fi fi diddle alli day.

7. He then bound her all in chains,
   Fi fi diddle alli day,
   He [*sic*] picked up a little devil and he dashed out his brains,
   Fi fi diddle alli day.

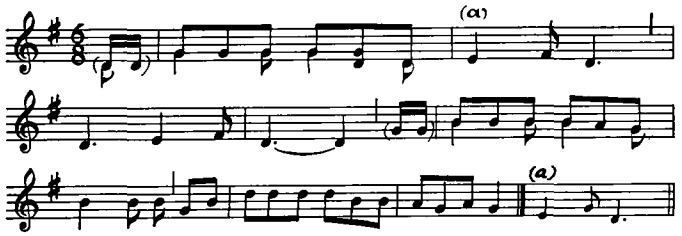
8. Three little devils went scaling round the wall,
   Fi fi diddle alli day,
   "Take her away, Dad, she's a-goin to kill us all,"
   Fi fi diddle alli day.

[*Alternate ending*]

There's many a thing that a woman can do,
   Fi fi diddle alli day,
She can outwit the devil and the old man too,
   Fi fi diddle alli day.

30. "Farmer's Curst Wife"

Singer anonymous. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 11,714(B1) Collected by Sam Eskin.

p I/M

1. O the devil he came to the farmer's gate

   Whistle

   Saying, One of your family I must take
   Singing too-ra la loo
   Singing too-ra la loo.

2. Old wifie, old wifie, what have we done?

   Whistle

   The devil has come for our eldest son
   Singing too-ra la loo
   Singing too-ra la loo.

3. It's not your eldest son I crave

   Whistle

   But your scolding wife I'm bound to have
   Singing too-ra la loo
   Singing too-ra la loo.

4. O take her, O take her with all my heart,

   Whistle

   May she and the devil never part
   Singing too-ra la loo
   Singing too-ra la loo.

5. The devil he threw her across his back

   Whistle

   And off to Hell went clickety clack
   Singing too-ra la loo
   Singing too-ra la loo.

6. And when he came to Hell's great gate,

   Whistle

   There sat the king in his robes of state
   Singing too-ra la loo
   Singing too-ra la loo.

7. There sat the king in his robe of chains

   Whistle

   And she took up a club and she beat out his brains
   Singing too-ra la loo
   Singing too-ra la loo.

8. O the devil he threw her across his back

   Whistle

   And back to the farmer went clickety clack
   Singing too-ra la loo
   Singing too-ra la loo.

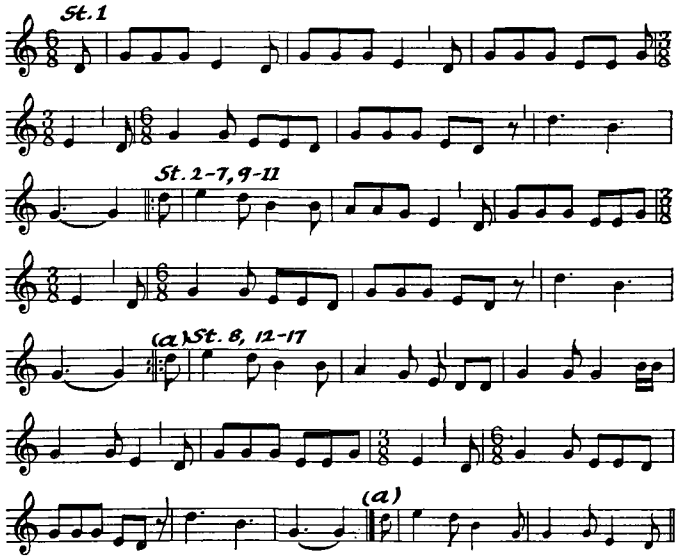
9. O farmer, O farmer, we treated her well,

   Whistle

   If we kept her, she'd kill all the devils in Hell
   Singing too-ra la loo
   Singing too-ra la loo.

31. "The Farmer's Curst Wife"

Sharp MSS., 3501/2587. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 275(A). Sung by Mrs. Sarah Buckner, Black Mountain, N.C., September 19, 1916.

p π^1

1. There was an old man who followed the plough,
Sing halifor band if I do,
Sing bands and rebels and rebels and troubles,
Sing new new.

2. He drove six oxens and an old cow,
Sing nickel sing nackel sing new,
Sing bands and rebels and rebels and troubles,
Sing new new.

3. His wife she had ten hens in the lot,
Sing halifor band if I do,
Sing bands and rebels and rebels and troubles,
Sing new new.

4. And every day had one in the pot,
Sing halifor etc.

5. He prayed for the devil to come get them all,
Sing halifor etc.

6. One day the old devil he come,
Sing halifor etc.

7. Says: Now old man, I've come after your wife,
Sing halifor etc.

8. He picked her up all on his back
And away he went to old tample (temple) shack,
Sing halifor etc.

9. He took her down unto his den,
Sing halifor etc.

10. Where he had bell, blubs, blinds and chains,
Sing halifor etc.

11. She picked up the axe and mauled out his brains,
Sing halifor etc.

12. He picked her up all on his back
And away he went to old tample (temple) shack,
Sing halifor etc.

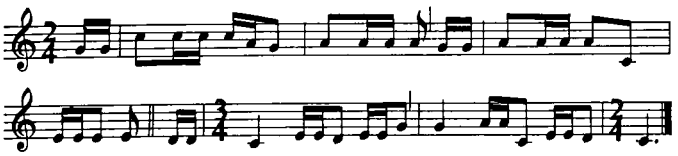
13. Says: Here old man, you may have your wife,
She's almost plagued me out of my life,
Sing halifor etc.

14. And now you see what women can do,
They can conquer men and the devil too,
Sing halifor band if I do,
Sing bands and rebels and rebels and troubles,
Sing new new.

GROUP Ae

32. "The Old Lady and the Devil"

Sung by Bill Reed, 1928. Columbia rec. No. 15336-D; also on Folkways LP rec. No. FP 251(A5).

a π^1

1. There was an old man lived foot of the hill
If he ain't moved away he's a-livin' there still.
Singing Fi-diddle-I diddle I Fi-diddle-I diddle I day.

2. He hitched up his horse and went out to plow
How he got around we never knew how.

3. The old devil came to him in the field one day
Saying, One of your family I'm goin' to take away.

4. Take her off, take her off, with the joy of my heart
I hope, by golly, you will never part.

5. The old devil got her all up on his back
He looked like a peddler with a hump on his back.

6. The old devil got to the forks of the road
He said, Old Lady, you're a hell of a load.

7. The old devil got to the gates of Hell
Said, Punch the fire up, we'll scorch her well.

8. Out come a little devil a-dragging his chains
She pick'd up a hatchet and split out his brains.

9. Out come a little devil, peep'd over the wall
Saying, Take her back, Daddy, she's a-murdering us all.

10. Little devil was peepin' out the crack
Saying, Take her back, Daddy, don't you bring her back.

11. The old man was peeping out the crack
He see'd the old devil come wagging her back.

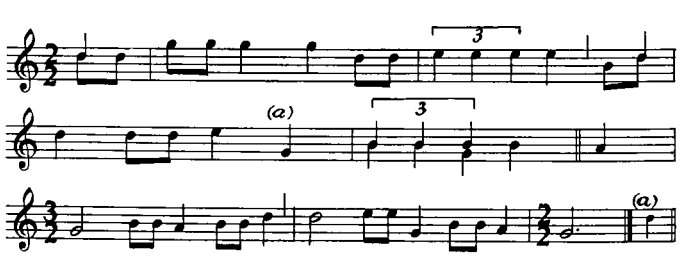
12. The old man lay sick in the bed
She up with the butter-stick and paddled his head.

13. The old lady went whistling over the hill
Said, The devil won't have me, 'n' I don't know who will.

14. Now you see what a woman can do
She can outdo the devil and the old man too.
Singing Fi-diddle-I diddle I, Fi-diddle-I diddle I day.

33. "The Farmer's Curst Wife"

Sung by Horton Barker, near Chilhowie, Va., 1939. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 2837(B1). Also in LC/AAFS, Album 1, rec. No. 1(B); and on LC/AAFS, rec. No. L1(A2). Collected by Herbert Halpert. Other records of this song as Barker sang it are preserved in Davis, 1960, p. 321(BB); Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 116; and in Folkways LP rec. No. FA 2362, Side 2, Band 5.

a π^1

1. There was an old man at the foot of the hill,
If he ain't moved away he's livin' there still.
Sing heigh! diddle-eye, diddle-eye, fie!
Diddle-eye, diddle-eye, day!

2. He hitched up his horse and he went out to plow,
But how to get around he didn't know how.
Sing heigh, etc.

3. The Devil came to his house one day,
Says, "One of your family I'm a-gonna take away."
Sing heigh, etc.

4. "Take her on, take her on, with the joy of my heart;
I hope by gollies you'll never part!"
Sing heigh, etc.

5. The Devil put her in a sack,
And the old man says, "Don't you bring her back."
Sing heigh, etc.

6. When the Devil got her to the forks of the road,
He says, "Old lady, you're a terrible load."
Sing heigh, etc.

7. When the Devil got her to the gates of Hell,
He says, "Punch up the fire, we want to scorch her well."
Sing heigh, etc.

8. In come a little devil a-draggin' a chain;
She upped with the hatchet, and split out his brains.
Sing heigh, etc.

9. Another little devil went climbin' the wall,
An' says, "Take her back, Daddy, she's a-murderin' us all."
Sing heigh, etc.

10. The old man was a-peepin' out of the crack,
And saw the old Devil come a-waggin' her back.
Sing heigh, etc.

11. She found the old man sick in the bed,
And upped with the butterstick and paddled his head.
Sing heigh, etc.

12. The old woman went whistlin' over the hill.
"The Devil wouldn't have me, so I wonder who will?"
Sing heigh, etc.

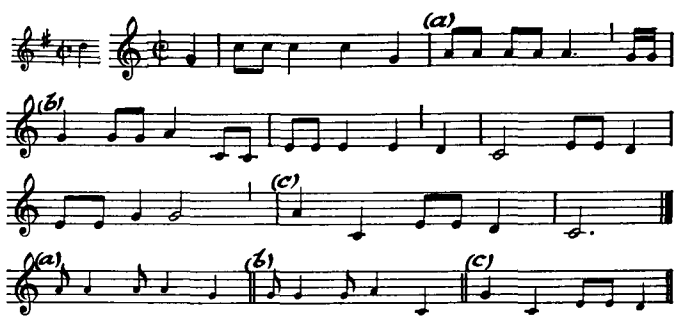
13. This is what a woman can do:
She can outdo the Devil and her old man, too.
Sing heigh, etc.

14. There's one advantage women have over men:
They can go to Hell and come back again.
Sing heigh, etc.

The texts given by Davis and Schinhan differ in particulars from the text printed above. Barker felt no literal obligation to a fixed reading.

34. "The Farmer's Curst Wife"

Wilkinson MSS., 1935-36, p. 99(B). Sung by Alice Bruce, Harriston, Va., October 23, 1935.

a π^1

1. There was an old woman living on a hill,
If she ain't moved away she's living there still.
Sing fie diddle I diddle I fie,
Fie diddle I day.

2. Old man hitched up his horse and went out to plough,
How he got along, well I don't know how.
Sing fie diddle I diddle I fie,
Fie diddle I day.

3. Old devil came to him in the field one day,
Said: One of your family I'm going to take away.
Sing fie diddle, etc.

4. Take her on, take her on, by the joy of my heart,
I hope by golly, you never shall part.
Sing fie diddle, etc.

5. Old devil went a-wagging her down the road,
Say, old lady, you're a hell of a load.
Sing fie diddle, etc.

6. Old devil got her to the gates of hell,
Said: Stir up the fire we'll scorch her well.
Sing fie diddle, etc.

7. Came two little devils a-dragging a chain,
She picked it up and dashed out their brains.
Sing fie diddle, etc.

8. There two little devils sick in the bed,
She picked up a butter-knife and paddled their heads.
Sing fie diddle, etc.

9. Come two little devils skipping up the wall,
Says: Take her back daddy, she'll murder us all.
Sing fie diddle, etc.

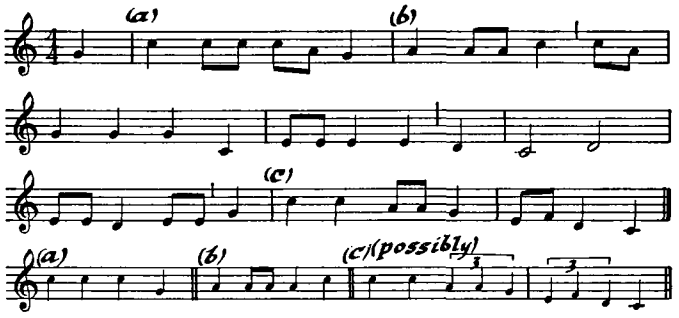
10. There two little devils peeping through the crack,
Saw their daddy a-wagging her back.
Sing fie diddle, etc.

11. Old woman a-walking over the hill,
Says: Devil won't have me and I wonder who will?
Sing fie diddle, etc.

12. So now you see what a woman can do,
She can outdo the devil and her old man too.
Sing fie diddle, etc.

35. "The Farmer's Curst Wife"

Sharp MSS., 3580/2643. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 278(D). Sung by Sandy S. Storey, Mt. Smoky Academy, Sevier County, Tenn., April 19, 1917.

a I/M

1. There was an old man who lived under the hill,
   If he ain't moved out he's living there still.
   Sing dow, dow, diddle a diddle,
   Sing dow a diddle, a diddle a day.

2. He geared up his hogs and went out to plough,
   And how he got along I hardly know how.

3. One day the old devil came down the field,
   Said: One of your family I'm going to steal.

4. He got her up upon his back,
   He looked like a pedlar with a pack on his back.

5. He carried her till he came to the road:
   Get down, old lady, you're a terrible load.

6. He carried her till he came to the gate:
   Get down, old lady, right here's the place.

7. As he was binding her down with chains,
   She grabbed up a pick and split out his brains.

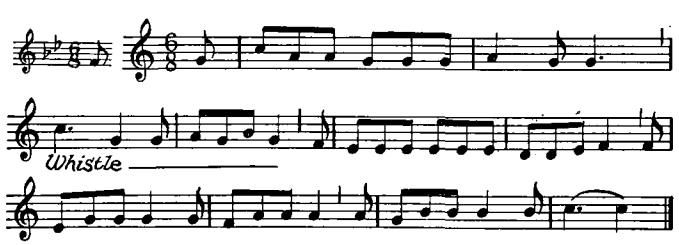
8. Seven little devils came out from the wall,
   Saying: Take her back, daddy, she'll murder us all

9. And now you see what a woman will do,
   She can out the devil and her husband too.

GROUP Af

36. "The Farmer's Curst Wife"

Davis, 1929, p. 601(L); text, p. 514. Contributed by John Stone, September 13, 1917, from the singing of Mrs. Weathers, Rumford, Va.; learned from a childhood schoolmate.

a I, ending on the octave

1. There was an old farmer in Yorkshire dell, (*Whistle*)
   He had an old wife and he wished her in—well . . .

   Sing fol-de-rol-rol,
   Sing fol-de-rol-rol,
   Sing fol-de-rol-rol-rol-ray.

2. So when he arrived at old hell's gate,
   He pitched the old woman upon her pate.

3. She saw two devils bound in chains,
   She took up their fetters and beat out their brains.

4. Two little imps climbed upon the wall,
   Crying, "Take her away or she'll kill us all."

5. So the devil he bundled her up in a sack,
   And like an old fool came lugging her back.

6. This proves that women are worse than men,
   She was carried to hell and brought back again.

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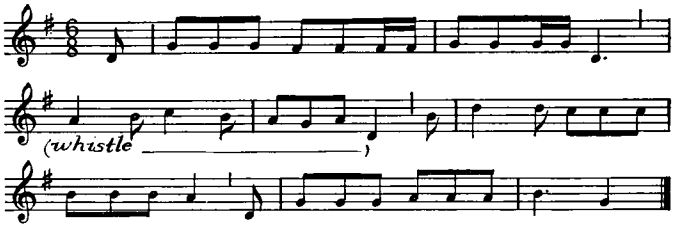
37. "The Farmer's Curst Wife"

Davis, 1929, p. 598(C); text, p. 507. Contributed by John Stone, September 13, 1917, from the singing of Charles Vest, Louisa County, Va.; learned as a soldier in the Confederate Army.

p I (–VI)

1. There was an old farmer and he had a little farm. (*Whistle*)
   He had no horses to carry it on.
   Sing fol-de-rol-dol-de-rol-di-do.

2. He hitched his oxen (up) to the plow; (*Whistle*)
   Mr. Devil come along a-crossing his brow.
   Sing fol-de-rol-dol-de-rol-di-do.

3. "Now, Mr. Devil, what is it you crave?" (*Whistle*)
   "Your derned old scolding wife I'll have."
   Sing fol-de-rol-dol-de-rol-di-do.

4. "Now, Mr. Devil, I'll tell you apart, (*Whistle*)
   You can take her with all my heart."
   Sing fol-de-rol-dol-de-rol-di-do.

5. He threw her over across his back (*Whistle*)
   And off he went a-clickety-clack.
   Sing fol-de-rol-dol-de-rol-di-do.

6. When he got her to his door, (*Whistle*)
   He threw her sprawling on the floor.
   Sing fol-de-rol-dol-de-rol-di-do.

7. One little devil came dragging a chain. (*Whistle*)
   She up with her foot and kicked out his brains.
   Sing fol-de-rol-dol-de-rol-di-do.

8. One little devil says, "Take her up higher." (*Whistle*)
   She up with her foot and kicked him in the fire.
   Sing fol-de-rol-dol-de-rol-di-do.

9. One little devil peeped over the wall: (*Whistle*)
   "Take her back, pap, she'll kill us all."
   Sing fol-de-rol-dol-de-rol-di-do.

10. So the devil he bundled her up in a sack, (*Whistle*)
    And like an old fool came lugging her back.
    Sing fol-de-rol-dol-de-rol-di-do.

11. Now what will become of the women? (*Whistle*)
    Won't have them in hell and they can't get to heaven.
    Sing fol-de-rol-dol-de-rol-di-do.

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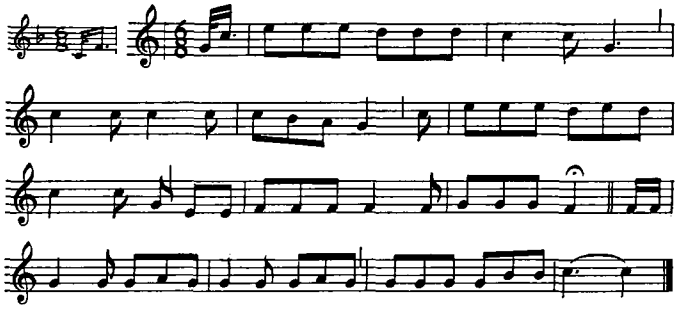
38. "The Farmer's Curst Wife"

Creighton and Senior, 1950, p. 98. Sung by Ralph Huskins, Cape Sable Island, N.S.

p I

The original copy is barred in alternating 9/8, 3/8, and finally 6/8, metres that seem unnecessarily complicated.

1. The old devil came into a field one day,
   Dol dol dol dol diddle dol dey,
   It isn't your oldest son I crave
   It's your old scolding wife and she I must have
   With my tor rol ro ral tor rol ro rel
   Diddle all diddle all dey.

2. Take her old devil with all of my heart,
   Dol dol dol dol diddle dol dey,
   Take her old devil with all of my heart,
   I hope you and her will never part.

Chorus.

3. The old devil he muscled her on to his back,
   Dol dol dol dol diddle dol dey,
   The old devil he muscled her on to his back
   And like an old Jew went carrying his pack.

Chorus.

4. And when he got her in sight of hell,
   Dol dol dol dol diddle dol dey,
   And when he got her in sight of hell
   Saying here's the place where you got to dwell.

Chorus.

5. He carried her to a big iron door,
   Dol dol dol dol diddle dol dey,
   He carried her to a big iron door
   And tumbled her in with ten thousand more.

Chorus.

6. One little devil peeped over the wall,
   Dol dol dol dol diddle dol dey,
   One little devil peeped over the wall
   Saying take her away or she'll kill us all.

Chorus.

7. No, says the old devil, we'll hang her up higher,
   Dol dol dol dol diddle dol dey,
   No, says the old devil, we'll hang her up higher
   And then she up foot and kicked nine in the fire.

Chorus.

8. The old devil he mustered her on to his back,
   Dol dol dol dol diddle dol dey,
   The old devil he mustered her on to his back
   And like an old fool went carrying her back.

Chorus.

9. And when he got her in sight of home,
   Dol dol dol dol diddle dol dey,
   And when he got her in sight of home
   She kicked all the skin off the devil's backbone.

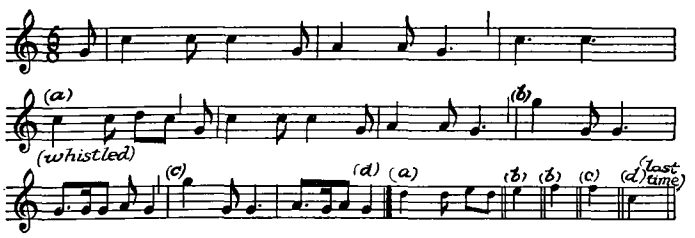
Chorus.

10. He said, I brought your old scolding wife back safe and well,
    Dol dol dol dol diddle dol dey,
    I brought your old scolding wife back safe and well,
    She's been through hell and she's ten times worse.

Chorus.

39. "The Farmer's Old Curst Wife"

Sung by Clifford Haislip, Altus, Ark. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 12,050(B35). Recorded by Mary Celestia Parler, Fayetteville, Ark., August 20, 1958.

p I/M, on G

The quarter-notes are frequently divided to admit extra syllables.

278. THE FARMER'S CURST WIFE

1. Old man, old man, the devil's come,
   Zip, zip, *whistle*
   He's either after you or his [your] oldest son.
   Fol de rol, fol de rol diddle,
   Fol de rol, fol de rol day.

2. It's neither you nor the oldest son that I crave,
   Zip, zip, *whistle*
   But it's your old scolding wife I intend to have.
   Fol de rol, fol de rol diddle,
   Fol de rol, fol de rol day.

3. And he picked her up on his old back
   Zip, zip, *whistle*
   And her legs hung down like a peddler's pack.
   Fol de rol, fol de rol diddle,
   Fol de rol, fol de rol day.

4. He carried her round to Hell's back door,
   Zip, zip, *whistle*
   He gave her a shove and said, Go in before.
   Fol de rol, fol de rol diddle,
   Fol de rol, fol de rol day.

5. There sat the old devil all bound up in chains,
   Zip, zip, *whistle*
   He [*sic*] grabbed up a poker and beat out her [*sic*] brains.
   Fol de rol, fol de rol diddle,
   Fol de rol, fol de rol day.

6. Another little devil peeped over the wall,
   Zip, zip, *whistle*
   Said, Take her back, Daddy, or she'll murder us all.
   Fol de rol, fol de rol diddle,
   Fol de rol, fol de rol day.

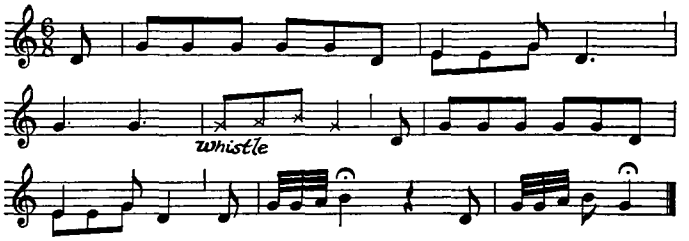
7. And he picked her up on his old back
   Zip, zip, *whistle*
   And like an old fool he went lugging her back.
   Fol de rol, fol de rol diddle,
   Fol de rol, fol de rol day.

8. Old man, old man, here's your wife again,
   Zip, zip, *whistle*
   I don't want her, or none of her kin.
   Fol de rol, fol de rol diddle,
   Fol de rol, fol de rol day.

9. She's been to Hell and she's ten times worse,
   Zip, zip, *whistle*
   The devil won't have her and I reckon I must.
   Fol de rol, fol de rol diddle,
   Fol de rol, fol de rol day.

40. "Devil and the Farmer's Wife"

Sung by Doney Hammontree, Farmington, Ark., July 1954. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 11,894(B6). Recorded by Mary Celestia Parler.

p π^1 (compass of a sixth)

1. The devil came up from Hell one day
   Zip! zip! *Whistle*
   To a farmer's house just over the way.
   Sing tithery i, sing tithery o dum.

2. The farmer was scared within an inch of his life,
   Zip! zip! *Whistle*
   It's not you but your scolding wife.
   Sing tithery i, sing tithery o dum.

3. Take her O take her with all my heart,
   Zip! zip! *Whistle*
   I hope you and her will never part.
   Sing tithery i, sing tithery o dum.

4. The devil he swung her across his back
   Zip! zip! *Whistle*
   And down to Hell he went clickety clack.
   Sing tithery i, sing tithery o dum.

5. There was one little devil a-catching flies,
   Zip! zip! *Whistle*
   She grabbed up the hell-hooks and gouged out his eyes.
   Sing tithery i, sing tithery o dum.

6. There was another devil a-wiggling in the coals,
   Zip! zip! *Whistle*
   She laid him flat with a ten-foot pole.
   Sing tithery i, sing tithery o dum.

7. There was another little devil peeped over the wall,
   Zip! zip! *Whistle*
   She never left none of him at all.
   Sing tithery i, sing tithery o dum.

8. The devil he wished he had never been born
   Zip! zip! *Whistle*
   When she grabbed up a club and knocked off a horn.
   Sing tithery i, sing tithery o dum.

9. And then he delivered a pitiful wail
   Zip! zip! *Whistle*
   When a back-handed lick jerked a knot in his tail.
   Sing tithery i, sing tithery o dum.

10. There was seven little devils, they raised up a squall,
    Zip! zip! *Whistle*
    Saying, Take her out, Daddy, she'll kill us all.
    Sing tithery i, sing tithery o dum.

11. The devil he swung her across his back
    Zip! zip! *Whistle*
    And to the young farmer went clickety clack.
    Sing tithery i, sing tithery o dum.

12. Said he, Young farmer, I'm sorry to tell,
Zip! zip! *Whistle*
She whipped me and all the devils in Hell.
Sing tithery i, sing tithery o dum.

GROUP Ag

41. "The auld Deil cam"

Macmath MS., p. 116; text, p. 96. Also in Child, 1882-98, V, p. 423; text, V, p. 108(B). Sung by Miss Jane Webster, Kirkcudbrightshire, August 27, 1892; learned many years before at Airds of Kells from the singing of Samuel Galloway. Tune noted by Miss Minnie Macmath.

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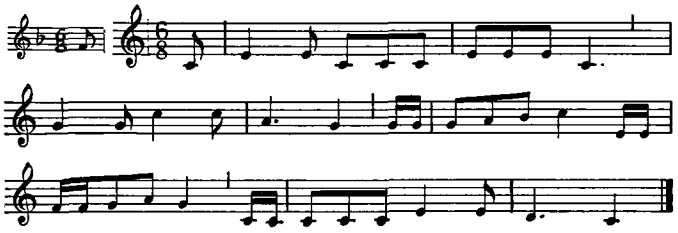
1. The auld Deil cam to the man at the pleugh,
Rumchy ae de aidie
Saying, I wish ye gude luck at the making o yer sheugh.
Mushy toorin an ant tan aira.

2. "It's neither your oxen nor you that I crave;
It's that old scolding woman, it's her I must have."

3. "Ye're welcome to her wi a' my gude heart;
I wish you and her it's never may part."

4. She jumped on to the aul Deil's back,
And he carried her awa like a pedlar's pack.

5. He carried her on till he cam to hell's door,
He gaed her a kick till she landed in the floor.

6. She saw seven wee deils a sitting in a raw,
She took up a mell and she murdered them a'.

7. A wee reekit deil lookit owre the wa:
"O tak her awa, or she'll ruin us a'."

8. "O what to do wi her I canna weel tell;
She's no fit for heaven, and she'll no bide in hell."
. . . . . .

9. She jumpit on to the auld Deil's back,
And he carried her back like a pedlar's pack.
. . . . . .

10. She was seven years gaun, and seven years comin,
And she cried for the sowens she left in the pot.

The text is printed from Child, V, p. 108(B).

42. "Kellyburnbraes"

Johnson, IV [1792], No. 379, p. 392 (repr. 1853). Also in Thomson, IV, 1805, p. 182; Maver, 1866, No. 222, p. 111; and Goss, 1937, p. 126(B). From Robert Burns, with words written for the *Museum* by him.

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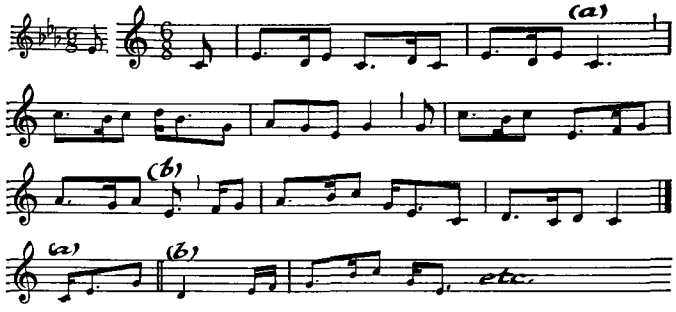
1. There lived a carl in Kellyburnbraes,
Hey, & the rue grows bonie wi' thyme,
And he had a wife was the plague of his days
And the thyme it is wither'd and rue is in prime.

2. Ae day as the carl gaed up the lang-glen,
Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme;
He met wi' the d-v-l, says, how do ye fen?
And the thyme it is wither'd and rue is in prime.

3. I've got a bad wife, Sir, that's a' my complaint,
Hey, &c.
For, saving your presence, to her ye're a saint,
And, &c.

4. It's neither your stot nor your staig I shall crave,
Hey, &c.
But gie me your wife, man, for her I must have,
And, &c.

5. O, welcome most kindly! the blythe carl said;
Hey, &c.
But if ye can match her ye're waur than ye're ca'd,
And, &c.

6. The d-v-l has got the auld wife on his back,
Hey, &c.
And like a poor pedlar he's carried his pack,
And, &c.

7. He's carried her hame to his ain hallan door,
Hey, &c.
Syne bade her gae in for a b— and a w—
And, &c.

8. Then straight he makes fifty, the pick o' his band,
Hey, &c.
Turn out on her guard in the clap of a hand,
And, &c.

9. The carlin gaed thro' them like ony wud bear,
Hey, &c.
Whae'er she gat hands on, cam near her nae mair,
And, &c.

10. A reekit, wee deevil looks over the wa',
Hey, &c.
O help, Master, help! or she'll ruin us a',
And, &c.

11. The d-v-l he swore by the edge o' his knife,
Hey, &c.
He pitied the man that was ty'd to a wife,
And, &c.

12. The d-v-l he swore by the kirk and the bell,
Hey, &c.
He was not in wedlock, thank Heaven, but in h—,
And, &c.

13. Then Satan has travell'd again wi' his pack,
Hey, &c.
And to her auld husband he's carried her back,
And, &c.

14. I hae been a d-v-l the feck o' my life,
Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme;
But ne'er was in h—ll till I met wi' a wife,
An' the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

43. "The Farmer's Curst Wife"

Wilkinson MSS., 1935-36. Also in Chase, 1938, p. 23. Tune sung by Polly Morris, Pirkey, Va.; noted by Winston Wilkinson. Text conflated from versions from Randolph Harrison, Cartersville, Va., learned from his father, and from Pat Campbell Buchanan, Marion, Va., learned from Horton Barker, Chilhowie, Va.

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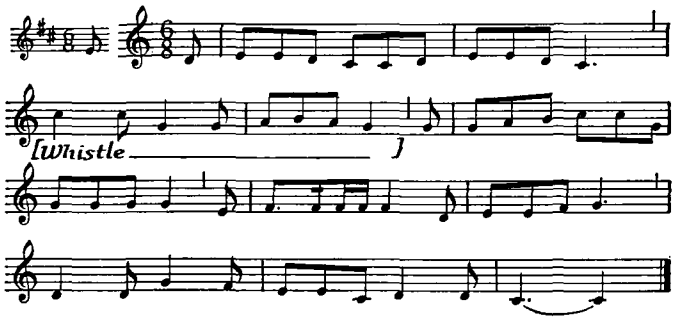
1. There was an old farmer lived under the hill—
(Whistled)
There was an old farmer lived under the hill;
He had a little farm and on it did dwell.
Twice fa la, fa lilly, fa la ri O!

2. The devil came to him one day at the plow . . .
Says, "One of your family I'll have to have now."
Twice fa la, fa lilly, fa lay ri O! (*Repeat at end of each verse.*)

3. "It's neither your son nor your daughter I crave . . .
But your old scolding wife I now must have." . . .

4. "Take her, O take her with all my heart . . .
I hope you and she will never more part." . . .

5. So the devil he bundled her up in a sack . . .
And slung her up across his back. . . .

6. He carried her down to the high gates of Hell . . .
Says, "Poke up the fire boys, we'll scorch her well." . . .

7. Twelve little devils came walking by . . .
She up with her foot, kicked eleven in the fire. . . .

8. The odd little devil peeped over the wall . . .
Says, "Take her back, daddy, she's a-murderin' us all." . . .

9. The poor old farmer he looked through the crack . . .
And saw the old devil a-waggin' her back. . . .

10. The poor old man he lay sick in the bed . . .
She upped with the butterstick and paddled his head. . . .

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

44. "The Farmer's Curst Wife"

Hubbard, 1961, p. 40. Sung by Mrs. Susie S. Barlow, Salt Lake City, Utah, October 18, 1948. Learned from her father in Richville, Utah, about 60 years before.

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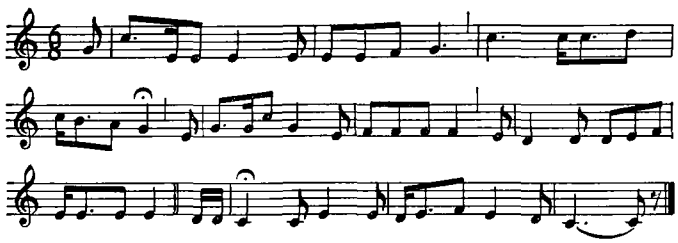
1. There was an old man, he bought him a farm.
Fi diddle fi diddle fi dum.
There was an old man, he bought him a farm.
He had no oxen to carry it on.
Ta ma twice fi do fi diddle fi do fi dum.

2. So he yoked his pigs unto his plow,
And he plowed up the piece that the devil knows how.

3. As he was jogging his plow one day,
The devil he chanced to come that way.

4. "Lord!" cries the old man, "I'm surely undone;
The devil has come for my oldest son."

5. "It's not your oldest son that I crave,
But your old scolding wife and 'tis her I will have."

6. "Oh, take her, oh take her with all my heart,
And I hope that with her you never will part."

7. The old devil he shouldered her onto his back
And like an old pedlar went lugging his pack.

8. He carried her till he came to hell's gate;
He then set her down and he made her walk straight.

9. Two little devils came rattling their chains.
She took off her slipper and beat out their brains.

10. Two more little devils peeped over the wall,
Singing, "Take her away, dad, or she'll murder us all."

11. The old devil he shouldered her onto his back,
And like an old fool he went lugging her back.

12. He came to where the old man was jogging the plow,
Singing, "Take her, oh take her, I won't have her now."

13. "Lord," cries the old man, "she was born for a curse;
She's been to hell and she's ten times worse."

14. You can see that the women are worse than the men,
For they go to hell and get kicked out again.

45. "The Farmer's Curst Wife"

Sung by Bob Blackston, Springdale, Ark., January 6, 1960. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 12,044(B15).

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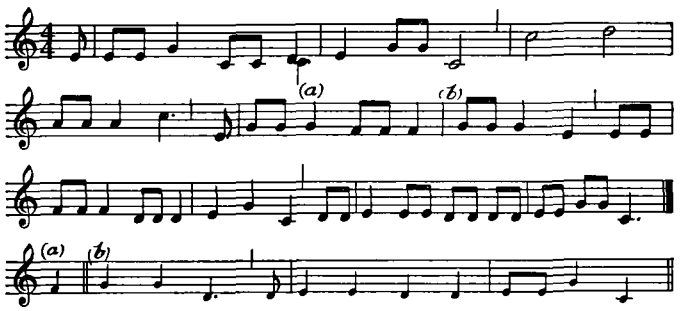
1. The devil came to him one day in the field
Hi, hi, diddle i day
The devil came to him one day in the field,
There's one of your family I'm going to steal
Singing twice fum a dum fum a diddle fum a day.

2. You can't have my oldest son
Hi, hi, diddle i day
You can't have my oldest son,
There's too much work that's got to be done
Singing twice fum a dum fum a diddle fum a day.

3. You can have my scolding wife
Hi, hi, diddle i day
You can have my scolding wife
For I can't keep her to save my life
Singing twice fum a dum fum a diddle fum a day.

4. He wagged her all upon his back
Hi, hi, diddle i day
He wagged her all upon his back
And with his paddle [?] he give her a whack
Singing twice fum a dum fum a diddle fum a day.

5. And when they got there they were all in bed
Hi, hi, diddle i day
And when they got there they were all in bed,
She picked up a shovel and banged their head(s)
Singing twice fum a dum fum a diddle fum a day.

6. Eight little devils come a-peeping over the wall
Hi, hi, diddle i day
Eight little devils come a-peeping over the wall,
Saying, Take her away, Daddy, 'fore she kills us all
Singing twice fum a dum fum a diddle fum a day.

7. He wagged her all upon his back
Hi, hi, diddle i day
He wagged her all upon his back
And like an old fool went a-wagging her back
Singing twice fum a dum fum a diddle fum a day.

8. And when they got back, she give a yell
Hi, hi, diddle i day
And when they got back, she give a yell
And swore she had whipped every devil in Hell
Singing twice fum a dum fum a diddle fum a day.

9. The old man went a-hast'ning over the hill
Hi, hi, diddle i day
The old man went a-hast'ning over the hill,
If the devil can't keep her, I don't know who will
Singing twice fum a dum fum a diddle fum a day.

46. "The Farmer's Curst Wife"

E. C. and M. N. Kirkland, *SFQ*, II (1938), p. 77. Sung by Oliver Hamby, of Unaka, N.C., in Knoxville, Tenn., November 1936.

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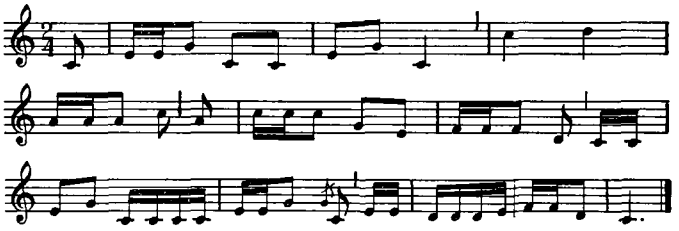
There was an old man who owned a farm,
Hi-di, diddle-fie day,
There was an old man who owned a farm,
And he had no cattle
For to carry him along,
Sing a-twas-fie, dum-fie, diddle-fie day.

47. ["The Farmer's Curst Wife"]

Barry Dict. Cyl., No. 168, last ctg. Transcribed by S. P. Bayard. Sung by Mrs. S. M. Harding.

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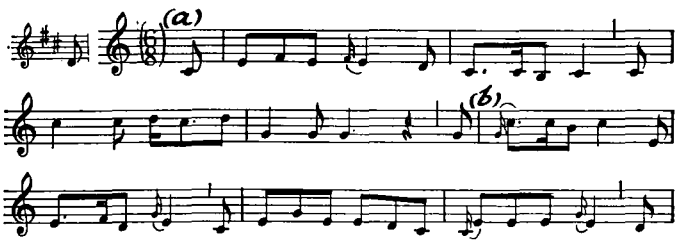
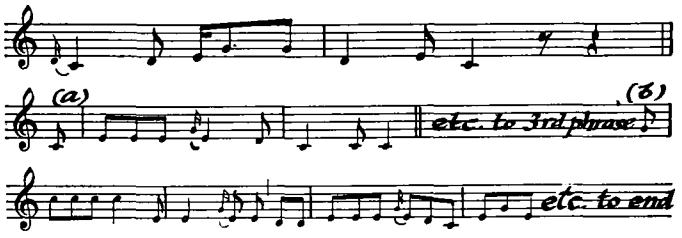
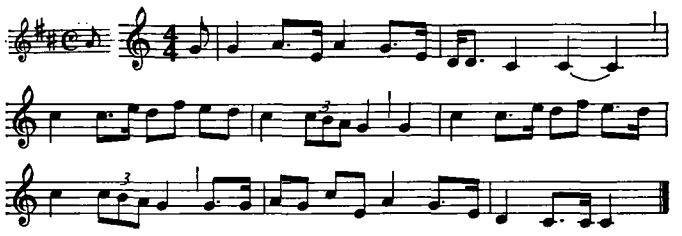

48. "Kellyburn Braes"

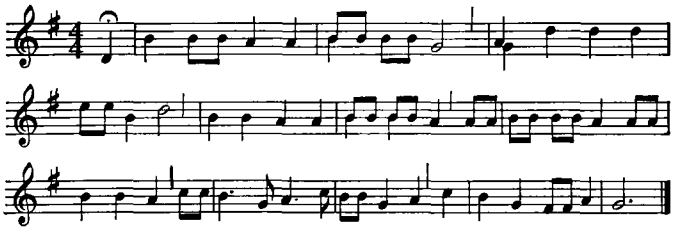
Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 270; text, p. 269. Sung by Mrs. Gillespie, Glasgow, 1905. Learned from Mrs. Petrie (née F. Birnie) about 55 years earlier. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 220.

a I

This tune was also used by Mrs. Gillespie and Mrs. Petrie for "The Massacre of Glencoe." Their given text is Burns's, vt. 42.

There lived a carl in Kellyburn braes,
Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme;
And he had a wife was the plague of his days,
And the thyme it is wither'd and rue is in prime.

49. "The Devil and the Farmer's Wife"

Sung by Don Edmonson, of Forrest City, Ark. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 12,047(B21). Recorded by Mary Celestia Parler, Fayetteville, Ark., March 1957.

p I

1. O the old devil he came down in the field
Hi fi di fi diddle fi dum
The old devil he came down in the field
Saying, One of your folks I'm bound to steal
Singing hi, fi di, fi diddle fi dum
Fi dum fi diddle fi dum.

2. Now you can't have my darling son
Hi fi di fi diddle fi dum
You can't have my darling son
For he and me are the working ones
Singing hi, fi di, fi diddle fi dum
Fi dum fi diddle fi dum.

3. Now you can have my scolding wife
Hi fi di fi diddle fi dum
You can have my scolding wife
But you can't keep her to save your life
Singing hi, fi di, fi diddle fi dum
Fi dum fi diddle fi dum.

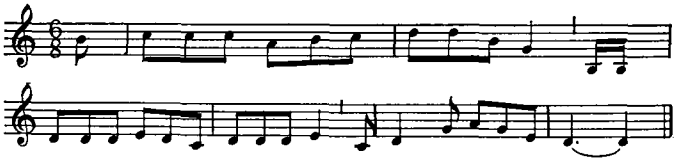
4. Now the old devil he packed her on his back
Hi fi di fi diddle fi dum
The old devil he packed her on his back
Just like an old peddler with his sack
Singing hi, fi di, fi diddle fi dum
Fi dum fi diddle fi dum.

5. Now, when they got to Hell they were all in bed
Hi fi di fi diddle fi dum
When they got to Hell they were all in bed
So she picked up a hammer, started hitt'n' 'em in the head
Singing hi, fi di, fi diddle fi dum
Fi dum fi diddle fi dum.

6. Now, eight little devils climbing up the wall
Hi fi di fi diddle fi dum
Eight little devils climbing up the wall
Saying, Papa, take her out of Hell 'fore she kills us all
Singing hi, fi di, fi diddle fi dum
Fi dum fi diddle fi dum.

50. "The Farmer's Curst Wife"

Sharp MSS., 4129/2978. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 281(G). Sung by William Morgan (70), Short Creek, Hyden, Ky., October 5, 1917.

a D/M

There was an old man lived under the hill,
If he ain't moved away he's living there still.
Sing tiro rottling day.

. . . . . .

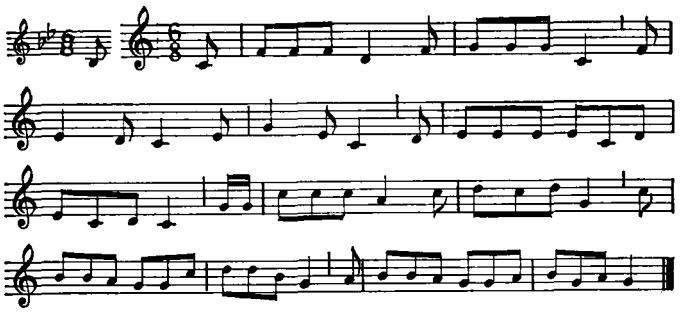
Take her on with all my heart.
I hope you and she will never part.*

. . . . . .

* 1932 does not print these last two lines.

51. "The Old Man Under the Hill"

Major, *PTFLS*, X (1932), p. 164. Sung by Mrs. J. C. Marshall, Quanah, Tex.

?Bi-modal; on two pentachords, tonic and dominant, major

The second half of the tune is nearly identical with the first half, but a fifth higher. Since either half copes with a complete stanza, one might guess the peculiar repetition to be an idiosyncrasy of the singer.

1. There was an old man lived under the hill;
   He had no horse to send to mill.

Chorus

Ting addle, ting addle, ting addle de-day.

2. So he yoked up his hogs and started to plough;
   He ploughed such a furrow the devil knew how.

3. He saw the devil come into the field.
   . . . . . .

4. Now says the old man, "I'm surely undone;
   The devil's come after my oldest son."

5. Now says the old devil, "It's a sure mistake,
   For I've come after old scolding Kate."

6. He carried her down to old hell's gate,
   And bid her go in as scolding Kate.

7. Four or five little devils lay tangled in chains;
   She up with her foot, kicked out their brains.

8. Four or five little devils came up a little nigher;
   She up with her foot, kicked them all in the fire.

9. Four or five little devils came peeping thru the wall,
   "Oh, take her back, Daddy, she'll kill us all."

10. So he loaded her up all on his back,
    And like an old fool went packing her back.

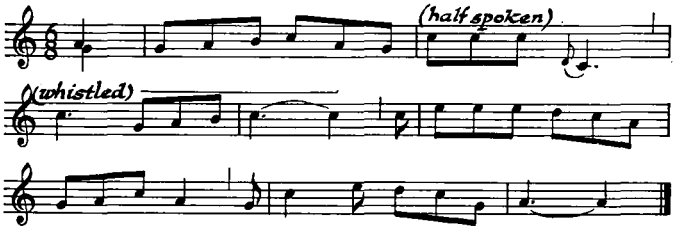
11. Seven years going and longer coming back,
    She called for the mush she left in the pot.

12. Now says the old man, "I hope you'll be good;
    If the devil won't have you, I don't know who would."

GROUP Ah

52. "Little Devils"

Ritchie, 1955, p. 144. Also in Ritchie, 1953, p. 23, and on Folkways LP rec. No. FA 2302(A2), ed. K. S. Goldstein. Sung by the Ritchie family, Viper, Ky. Learned from an uncle, Jason Ritchie, Ball Mountain, Ky.

a I/M, ending on *VI*

1. There was an old man and he lived near Hell,
   (Whistle)
   He had a little farm and upon it did dwell,
   Sing heigh O rattle ding day.

2. O the devil came to him one day at his plow,
   (Whistle)
   There's one in your family I have to have now,
   Sing heigh O rattle ding day.

3. O, it's neither your son nor your daughter I crave,
   It's your old scolding wife and it's her I must have.

4. So he hobst her up all on his back,
   And like a bold peddlar went a-packing his pack.

5. As they drew near the high gates of Hell,
   Sing, rake back the coals, boys, and we'll roast her well.

6. O, two little devils come a-rattling their chains,
   She hauled back her cudgel and knocked out their brains.

7. Two more little devils peeped over the door,
   She hauled back her cudgel, killed ninety-nine more.

8. Two more little devils peeped over the wall,
   Says, Take her back Daddy, or she'll kill us all.

9. So he hobst her up all on his back,
   And like a bold peddlar went a-packing her back.

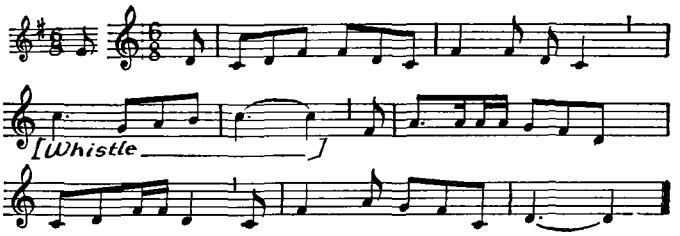
10. Here's your old scolding wife and it's her I won't have,
    She ain't fit for Heaven, she shant stay in Hell.

11. O it's seven year going and seven coming back,
    She called for the 'baccer she left in the crack.

12. O the women they are so much better than men,
    When they go to Hell they get sent back again!

53. "The Farmer's Curst Wife"

Sharp MSS., 4092/2906. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 277(C). Sung by Miss Sabrina Ritchie, Hindman School, Knott County, Ky., September 20, 1917.

a D (-II)

This tune might be a plagal major ending on the lower sixth. But if so, the omission of the leading-note and the presence of the Lydian fourth makes it seem quite abnormal. On the other hand, it could be regarded as an authentic major ending on the second, in which case it oddly lacks the major third. I have preferred to regard the final as tonic. But the variant printed by Jean Ritchie herself (cf. variant 52 above) makes it seem probable that the intonation of the whistled phrase was not exact but suited to the singer's convenience. Sometimes the pitch of whistling is hard to fix.

1. There was an old man who lived near hell;
   (*Whistle*)[1]
   He had a little farm and upon it he did dwell,
   Sing tiro ratteling day.

2. The devil come[2] to him to his plough one day,
   Saying: One out of your family I'll have to have now.

3. It's neither your son nor your daughter I crave,
   But your old scolding wife and I have to have her now.

4. He harvest[3] her up all on his back,
   Like an old pedlar went packing his pack.

5. He carried her down to the high gates of hell,
   Saying: Rake back the coals and we'll roast her well.

6. Two little devils came rattling their chains,
   She hauled back her cudgels and hauled out their brains.

7. Two more little devils peeped over the door,
   She hauled back her cudgel and killed ninety-nine more.[4]

8. Two more little devils peeped over the wall,
   Saying: Take her back, daddy, she'll kill us all.

9. So he harvest her up all on his back,
   And (went) like a bold pedlar went packing her back.

10. Seven years gone and seven a-coming back,
    She called for the 'bacca she left in the crack.

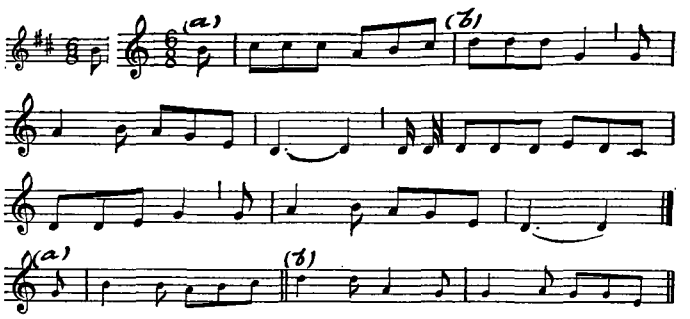
11. The women they are so much better than men,
    When they go to hell they're sent back again.

[1] 1932: (*Whistled*)
[2] 1932: came
[3] She probably sang "hobbest" like the rest. [Ed.]
[4] 1932 omits this stanza.

GROUP Ai

54. "The Farmer's Curst Wife"

Sharp MSS., 3517/2596. Also in Davis, 1929, p. 599(E); text, p. 509; and in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 276(B). Sung by Mr. N. B. Chisholm, Woodridge, Va., September 21, 1916.

a M/D (or on G, p I/M with fallen close on *V*)

1. There was an old man lived under the hill,
   Sing tiro rattle-ing day,
   If he ain't moved away he's living there still,
   Sing tiro rattle-ing day.

2. This old man went out to his plough
   To see the old devil fly over his mow.

3. The old man cries out: I am undone,
   For the devil has come for my oldest son.

4. It's not your oldest son I want,
   But your damned old scolding wife I'll have.

5. He took the old woman upon his back,
   And off he went with her packed in a sack.

6. He packed her back in one corner of hell,
   Saying: I hope the old devil will use you well.

7. Twelve little devils came walking by,
   Then she up with her foot and kicked eleven in the fire.

8. The odd little devil peeped over the wall,
   Saying: Take me* back, daddy, or she will kill us all.

9. She was six months going and eight coming back,
   And she called for the mush she left in the pot.

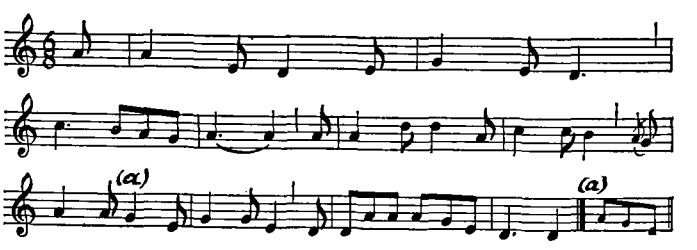
10. The old man lay sick in the bed.
    With an old pewter pipe she battered his head.

11. The old man cries out: I am to be cursed,
    She has been to hell and come back worse.

* 1929 and 1932: her

55. "Old Woman Under the Hill"

Sung by Capt. Pearl R. Nye, Akron, Ohio, 1937. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 1008(A2). Also on LC/AAFS, rec. No. L51(A1). Recorded by John A. Lomax.

a M/D

1. There was an old woman lived under the hill,
O Daddy be gay,
There was an old woman lived under the hill,
If she hasn't moved away she's a-living there still,
Daddy be gay and eat candy.

2. One day she sent her old man to plow,
O Daddy be gay,
One day she sent her old man to plow,
And when he got there he didn't know how,
So Daddy be gay and eat candy.

3. He hadn't gone but a round or two,
O Daddy be gay,
He hadn't gone but a round or two,
He spied the old devil all in full view,
So Daddy be gay and eat candy.

4. I've come for you or your oldest son,
O Daddy be gay,
I've come for you or your oldest son,
So hurry, hurry, and we will be gone,
So Daddy be gay and eat candy.

5. Don't take us but the old Dame,
O Daddy be gay,
Don't take us but the old Dame,
For she knocks us around with a poker and cane,
So Daddy be gay and eat candy.

6. So he went to the kitchen door,
O Daddy be gay,
So he went to the kitchen door,
And he picked her up while she kicked and swore,
So Daddy be gay and eat candy.

7. He took her to old Hell's back-door,
O Daddy be gay,
He took her to old Hell's back-door,
And sat her down and said no more,
So Daddy be gay and eat candy.

8. Ten little devils came sat by her side,
O Daddy be gay,
Ten little devils came sat by her side,
Said they were all proud of Papa's new bride,
O Daddy be gay and eat candy.

9. One little devil who wore a blue cap,
O Daddy be gay,
One little devil who wore a blue cap,
She up with a poker and soon finished that,
So Daddy be gay and eat candy.

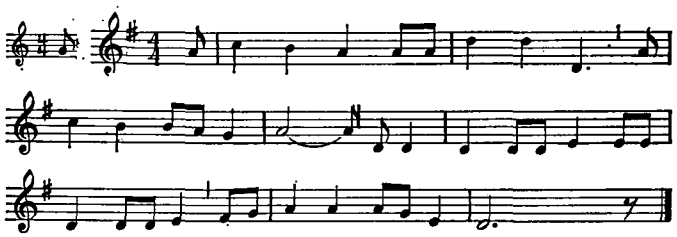
10. She fought her family and neighbors too,
O Daddy be gay,
She fought her family and neighbors too,
And tried to destroy everything old and new,
O Daddy be gay and eat candy.

11. She made things lively down in Hell,
O Daddy be gay,
She made things lively down in Hell,
She whipped everything and they all made her yell,
O Daddy be gay and eat candy.

One surmises that Capt. Nye compensated for a faulty memory with a ready but reckless improvisation.

56. "The Farmer's Curst Wife"

Sharp MSS., 3889/2833. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 279(E). Sung by Miss Susan Moberly, Oneida, Clay County, Ky., August 20, 1917.

a M

1. An old man went to the field to plough,
Te ole dum diddle dum day,
Along comes an old devil, peeps over his horse,
Te ole dum diddle dum day.

2. The old man dropped his lines to run.
He's right now after my oldest son.

3. It's not your oldest son I want,
But your old hump-back-ed wife I crave.

4. Take her, O take her with all your heart,
And leave me with hopes that you'll never depart.

5. He picked her up all on his back
Like an old pedlar went wagging his pack.

6. He carried her on to the forks of the road,
Says: Good lady, you're a pretty good load.

7. He carried her on to the devil's back-door,
He put her down there to carry no more.

8. The old devil laid far back on the bed.
With an old pewter pipe[1] she mellered(?)[2] his head.

9. Ten little devils hanging up by a chain;
With her old pewter pipe she picked out their brains.

10. Seven little devils peeped over the wall,
Says: Take her back, daddy, she'll murder us all.

11. He picked her up all on his back;
Just like an old fool went wagging her back.

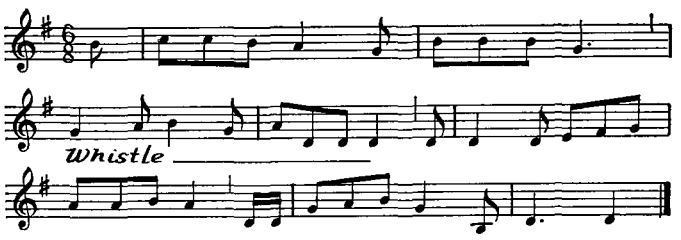
12. He carried[3] her on to the foot of the hill.
She says: If the devil won't have me, don't know who will.

13. Seven years there and three years back,
She called for the bread-crust she left in the crack.

[1] 1932: pot
[2] '(?)' omitted in 1932: i.e. mellowed
[3] 1932: carries

57. "The Devil Out of Hell"

Sung by George Vinton Graham, San Jose, Calif., December 3, 1938. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 3813(B1, 2). Collected by Sidney Robertson Cowell.

a M

1. There was an old man lived down at the barn,

   Whistle.

   He had no horses to plow up his corn.
   Come a too-ra-lan-nan dan-neero.

   [Repeat whistled line and refrain throughout.]

2. He saddled his hogs all ready to plow,
   And turned up the furrow the devil knows how,
   Come a too-ra-lan-nan dan-neero.

3. The old devil himself he did appear,
   " 'Tis one of your family that I must have now."

4. "I know it, I know it, I am undone,
   I fear it is my oldest son."

5. "O no it ain't your oldest son,
   But it is your darned old scolding wife."

6. "Go take her, go take her with all my heart,
   I hope you two devils may never part."

7. He shouldered her up all on his back,
   And like an old fool he went packing his pack.

8. And when he got back to hell again,
   He opened the gates and bid her go in.

9. Four little devils peeped over the chain,
   She picked up the shovel and beat out their brains.

10. Four more devils peeped over the wall,
    "Go take her back home, or she'll murder us all."

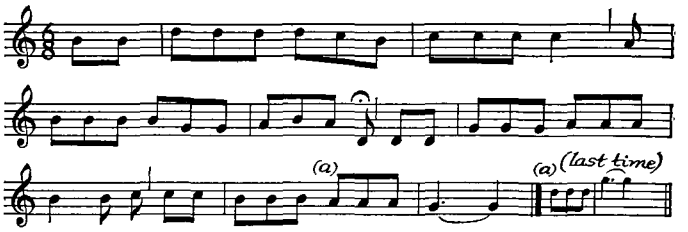
11. He shouldered her up all on his back,
    And like an old fool he went packing her back.

12. "Here is your darned old scolding wife,
    She ain't fit for heaven, we wouldn't have her in hell."

13. Say one year's goin' and seven years back,
    She asked for the scrapin's she left in the pot.

58. "The Devil and the Farmer's Wife"

Sung by May Kennedy McCord, Springfield, Mo., May 21, 1960. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 11,872(B11). Recorded by Sherman Lee Pompey.

m I/M (–VI)

1. O there was an old farmer lived over the hill
   And if he ain't dead, he's a-livin' there still
   Sing a hi dumma deedle um hi dum fi
   Sing a hi dumma deedle um day.

2. O the devil he came to the farmer one day
   Said, One of your family I'm a-goin' to take away
   Sing a hi dumma deedle um hi dum fi
   Sing a hi dumma deedle um day.

3. Alas, said the farmer, I am undone
   For I'm 'fraid you're takin' my oldest son
   Sing a hi dumma deedle um hi dum fi
   Sing a hi dumma deedle um day.

4. O it's neither your son nor your daughter I crave
   But your naggin' old wife I'm a-goin' for to have
   Sing a hi dumma deedle um hi dum fi
   Sing a hi dumma deedle um day.

5. O take her, O take her with all of my heart
   And I hope to my soul that you never will part
   Sing a hi dumma deedle um hi dum fi
   Sing a hi dumma deedle um day.

6. So the devil he bundled her up in his sack
   And he slung her up and over his back
   Sing a hi dumma deedle um hi dum fi
   Sing a hi dumma deedle um day.

7. He took her down to the gates of Hell
   Said, Punch up the fire, boys, roast her well
   Sing a hi dumma deedle um hi dum fi
   Sing a hi dumma deedle um day.

8. O ten little devils came in in a row
   And she kicked 'em all in the fire with her toe
   Sing a hi dumma deedle um hi dum fi
   Sing a hi dumma deedle um day.

9. The devil came in a-rattlin' his chains
   And she up with a shovel and beat out his brains
   Sing a hi dumma deedle um hi dum fi
   Sing a hi dumma deedle um day.

10. Ten little devils went over the wall
    Said, Take her back, Daddie, she'll murder us all
    Sing a hi dumma deedle um hi dum fi
    Sing a hi dumma deedle um day.

11. So the poor old farmer looked out of his shack
And he saw the devil a-bringin' her back
Sing a hi dumma deedle um hi dum fi
Sing a hi dumma deedle um day.

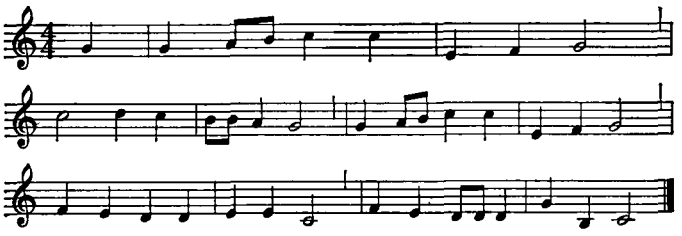
12. The poor old man lay flat on his back
And she up with the poker and give him a whack
Sing a hi dumma deedle um hi dum fi
Sing a hi dumma deedle um day.

13. Now I'll tell you what a woman can do,
She can whip the devil and her old man, too
Sing a hi dumma deedle um hi dum fi
Sing a hi dumma deedle um day.

GROUP Aj

59. "There Was an Old Woman Lived Under the Hill"

Sung by Anne Grimes and Mrs. Bertha Basham Wright, Franklin County, Ohio. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 11,453(B4). Recorded by Anne Grimes.

a I

1. There was an old man and he owned a farm
Fi lay fi liddle fi lay
There was an old man and he owned a farm,
Had no horses to carry it on
Twice fi liddle fi lay go down.

2. He yoked up two pigs one day for to plow
Fi lay fi liddle fi lay
He yoked up two pigs one day for to plow
And one got away and the devil knows how
Twice fi liddle fi lay go down.

3. Then said the old man, I am undone
Fi lay fi liddle fi lay
Then said the old man, I am undone
For the devil hath called for my oldest son
Twice fi liddle fi lay go down.

4. It's not your oldest son I crave
Fi lay fi liddle fi lay
It's not your oldest son I crave
But your old scolding wife I'm determined to have
Twice fi liddle fi lay go down.

5. Then he turned around, With all my heart
Fi lay fi liddle fi lay
Take her away, with all my heart,
I hope you and her will never part
Twice fi liddle fi lay go down.

6. He strapped her up across his back
Fi lay fi liddle fi lay
He strapped her up all on his back
Like a peddler with his pack
Twice fi liddle fi lay go down.

7. He took her to Hell's hall-door
Fi lay fi liddle fi lay
He took her down to Hell's hall-door,
Says, Go in there and talk no more
Twice fi liddle fi lay go down.

8. Three little devils came scaling up the wall
Fi lay fi liddle fi lay
Three little devils came scaling up the wall,
Said, Get her out of here, she'll destroy us all
Twice fi liddle fi lay go down.

9. Nine little devils came running with fire
Fi lay fi liddle fi lay
Nine little devils came running with fire,
She up with her foot and kicked nine in the fire
Twice fi liddle fi lay go down.

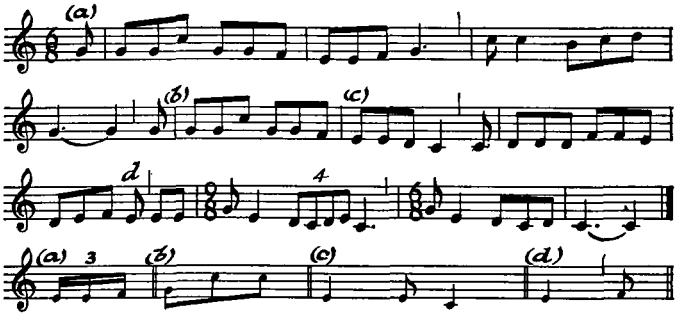
10. Six little devils came running with chains
Fi lay fi liddle fi lay
Six little devils came running with chains,
She up with her hatchet and beat out their brains
Twice fi liddle fi lay go down.

11. He packed her up all on his back
Fi lay fi liddle fi lay
He packed her up all on his back
And like an old fool he went packing her back
Twice fi liddle fi lay go down.

12. Then said the old man, You were born for a curse
Fi lay fi liddle fi lay
Then said the old man, You were born for a curse
'Cause you've been through Hell and you're ten times worse
Twice fi liddle fi lay go down.

60. "The Farmer's Curst Wife"

Sung by Elmer Barton, Quechee, Vt., August 13, 1945. LP recording, N.E. Folk-Song Series I, from the Helen Hartness Flanders Collection, Middlebury College, Vt., 1953, ed. Olney. Also in Flanders and Olney, 1953, p. 50. Learned in boyhood from an uncle, of northern Vermont. Collected by Marguerite Olney.

a I (–VI)

278. THE FARMER'S CURST WIFE

1. There was an old man who bought him a farm
   Low land, tickle O lay
   There was an old man who bought him a farm
   And he had no team to carry it on,
   Low land, tickle O ladday
   Low land, tickle O lay.

2. So he yoked up his dog beside his sow
   Low land, tickle O lay
   He yoked up his dog beside his sow
   And he went walloping round, well, the devil knows how,
   Saying, Low land, tickle O ladday
   Low land, tickle O lay.

3. Then he saw the old devil on one certing day,
   Saying, Low land, tickle O lay
   He saw the old devil on one certing day,
   Saying, One of your family I'll carry away,
   Low land, tickle O ladday
   Low land, tickle O lay.

4. O out cried the old man, I am undone
   Low land, tickle O lay
   Out cried the old man, I am undone,
   The devil has come for my oldest son,
   Saying, Low land, tickle O ladday
   Low land, tickle O lay.

5. No, it is nót your son, the devil did say,
   Sing, Low land, tickle O lay
   'Tis not your son, the devil did say,
   But your scolding old wife I'll carry away,
   Low land, tickle O ladday
   Low land, tickle O lay.

6. So the old devil he swung her acrost his back
   Low land, tickle O lay
   The old devil he swung her acrost his back
   And up to Hell's door he went clickety clack,
   Saying, Low land, tickle O ladday
   Low land, tickle O lay.*

7. So she saw one little devil preparing the chains
   Low land, tickle O lay
   One little devil preparing the chains,
   Well, she up with her foot and she kicked out his brains,
   Saying, Low land, tickle O ladday
   Low land, tickle O lay.

8. Then another little devil said, Hitch her up higher
   Low land, tickle O lay
   Another little devil said, Hitch her up higher,
   Well, she up with her foot and kicked nine in the fire,
   Saying, Low land, tickle O ladday
   Low land, tickle O lay.

9. Then another little devil peeped over the wall
   Low land, tickle O lay
   Another little devil peeped over the wall:
   Carry her back, Master Devil, she will kill us all,
   Saying, Low land, tickle O ladday
   Low land, tickle O lay.

10. So the old devil he swung her acrost his back,
    Sing, Low land, tickle O lay
    The old devil he swung her acrost his back
    And like a damn fool he went tugging her back,
    Saying, Low land, tickle O ladday
    Low land, tickle O lay.

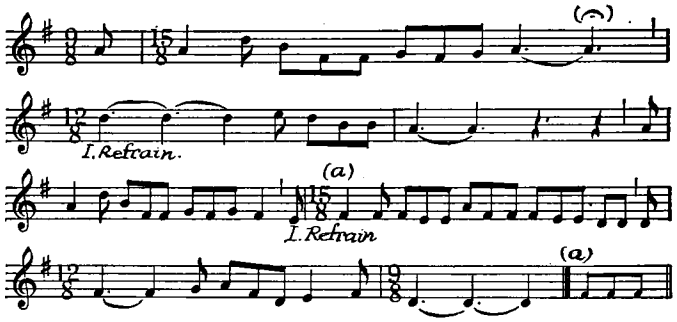
11. O out cried the old man, You was born for a curse
    Low land, tickle O lay
    Out cried the old man, You was born for a curse,
    For you've been to Hell and now you are worse,
    Saying, Low land, tickle O ladday
    Low land, tickle O lay.

12. Well the old woman she went yelling all over the hills
    Low land, tickle O lay
    The old woman went yelling all over the hills,
    The devil won't have her and I dunno who will,
    Saying, Low land, tickle O ladday
    Low land, tickle O lay.*

* Stanzas six and twelve do not appear on the recording. They are printed from Helen Hartness Flanders and Marguerite Olney, eds., *Ballads Migrant in New England*; copyright 1953 by Helen Hartness Flanders.

61. "The Farmer's Cursed Wife"

Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, 1929, p. 330. Sung by Mr. and Mrs. Edwin F. Robbins, Northeast Harbor, Me., August 1928. Noted by George Herzog.

a I/M

The first two phrases were omitted after the second stanza. As the piece was recited, the refrain will not fit the tune.

1. There was an old man who owned a small farm,
   Scratch-a-fillee, fillee, filiddle, filum,
   And he had no oxen to carry it on,
   Scratch-a-fillee, fillee, filiddle, filum.

2. He yokes his hogs right onto the plow,
   And down comes the Devil, saying, "How are you now?"

3. "Devil, O Devil, are you after my life?"
   "O, no, I'm after your darned ugly wife."

4. "Take her, O take her, with all of my heart,
   And I hope to the Lord you never will part."

5. The Devil he slung her acrost his back
   And to Hell he went flipperty crack.

6. She saw the Devil preparing his chains,
And she up with her foot and kicked out his brains.

7. A little wee devil looked over the wall
And said, "Take her away, or she'll murder us all."

8. The Devil he slung her acrost his back,
And, like an old fool, went carrying her back.

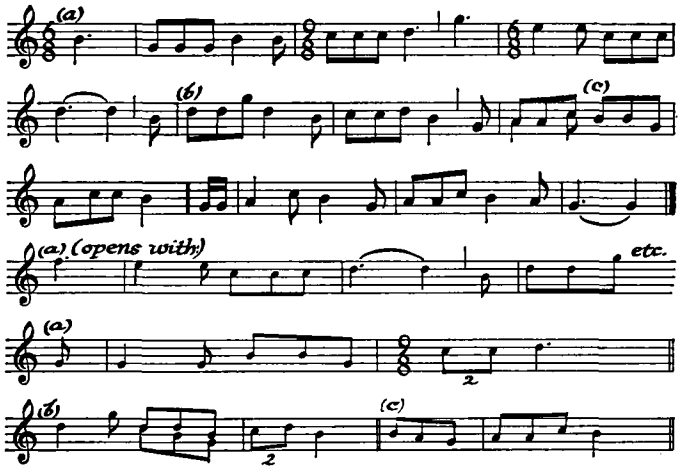
9. He carried her right to the man with the plow,
And said, "You dumb beast, I won't have you now."

10. "My dear old wife, you have done well,
For you've killed all the devils and rent* over Hell,"
Scratch-a-fillee, fillee, filiddle, filum.

* Rent, reigned. [*Barry, Eckstorm and Smyth's note.*]

62. ["The Farmer's Curst Wife"]

Sung by C. W. Spaulding (81), Los Angeles, Calif., April 28, 1947. Mr. Spaulding, of Utah, learned the song from "an old English sheep-herder." LC/AAFS, rec. No. 10,368(B4). Recorded by Austin Fife.

a M

Opening:

Hi li, sing fiddle fi hi.

1. There was an old man who had an old farm,
He had an old ox, and plowed his corn
To my twice fi li, sing fiddle fly high
Hi down.

2. This poor old fellow, he had an old wife
Hi li, sing fiddle fly high
This poor old fellow, he had an old wife,
A cross old crone, the scourge of his life
To my twice fi li, sing fiddle fly high
Hi down.

3. The old devil came to him on one certain day
Fi li, sing fiddle fly high
The old devil came to him on one certain day,
He said, I must have óne of yóur familáy
To my twice fi li, sing fiddle fly high
Hi down.

4. O is it my oldest son that you crave?
Fi li, sing fiddle fly high
O is it my oldest son that you crave?
No, your old scolding wife, and her I must have
To my twice fi li, sing fiddle fly high
Hi down.

5. O take her, O take her with all of my heart
Fi li, sing fiddle fly high
O take her, O take her with all of my heart,
I am glad that she and me must part
To my twice fi li, sing fiddle fly high
Hi down.

6. He took her down untó hell's gate
Hi li, sing fiddle fly high
He took her down unto hell's gate,
He gave her a boost and in she went
To my twice fi hi, sing fiddle fly high
Hi down.

7. She saw the young devils dividing their gains
Hi li, sing fiddle fly high
She saw the young devils dividing their gains,
She up with a club and knocked out their brains
To my twice fi li, sing fiddle fly high
Hi down.

8. O, said the old devil, we'll toss her up higher
Fi li, sing fiddle fly high
O, said the old devil, we'll toss her up higher,
She up with her foot and kicked him in the fire
To my twice fi li sing fiddle fly high
Hi down.

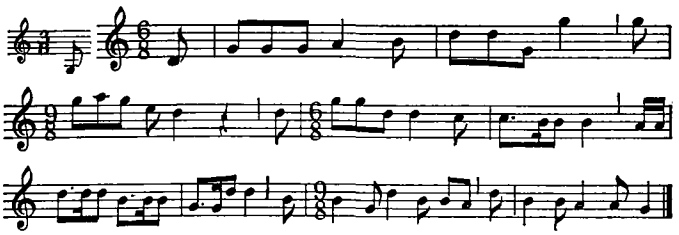
9. O, said the old devil, we'll carry her back
Fi li, sing fiddle fly high
O, said the old devil, we'll carry her back,
He looked like a peddler a-carrying his pack
To my twice fi li, sing fiddle fly high
Hi down.

10. O, cried the old man, she was born for a curse
Fi li, sing fiddle fly high
O, cried the old man, she's born for a curse,
She's been to hell, and she's ten times worse
To my twice fi li, sing fiddle fly high
Hi down.

GROUP Ak

63. "The Old Man Under the Hill"

Randolph, I, 1946, p. 189. Also in Randolph, 1932, p. 228. Sung by Mrs. Isabel Spradley, Van Buren, Ark., November 7, 1929.

m I/M

278. THE FARMER'S CURST WIFE

1. There was an old man lived under the hill,
Hi di diddle di day,
There was an old man lived under the hill,
If he hasn't went crazy he's livin' there still,
Sing twice fi dum fi diddle,
Fi dum fi dum fi day.

2. The old man he went out to plow,
Hi di diddle di day,
The old man he went out to plow,
But to save his life he didn't know how,
Sing twice fi dum fi diddle,
Fi dum fi dum fi day.

3. The devil come a-creepin' across the field,
Hi di diddle di day,
The divil come a-creepin' across the field,
Says one of your family I'm a-goin' to steal,
Sing twice fi dum fi diddle,
Fi dum fi dum fi day.

4. You caint have my oldest son,
Hi di diddle di day,
You caint have my oldest son,
For the work has only just now begun,
Sing twice fi dum fi diddle,
Fi dum fi dum fi day.

5. You can have my scoldin' old wife,
Hi di diddle di day,
You can have my scoldin' old wife,
But you caint keep her to save your life,
Sing twice fi dum fi diddle,
Fi dum fi dum fi day.

6. An' then one day the devil appeared,
Hi di diddle di day,
An' then one day the devil appeared,
This old woman was badly scared,
Sing twice fi dum fi diddle,
Fi dum fi dum fi day.

7. He lugged her all upon his back,
Hi di diddle di day,
He lugged her all upon his back
An' like a thief went a-waggin' her back,
Sing twice fi dum fi diddle,
Fi dum fi dum fi day.

8. When he got down to hell's fair gates,
Hi di diddle di day,
When he got down to hell's fair gates,
There he bid her to walk mighty straight,
Sing twice fi dum fi diddle,
Fi dum fi dum fi day.

9. Three little devils come a-rattlin' their chains,
Hi di diddle di day,
Three little devils come a-rattlin' their chains,
She up with her foot an' kicked out their brains,
Sing twice fi dum fi diddle,
Fi dum fi dum fi day.

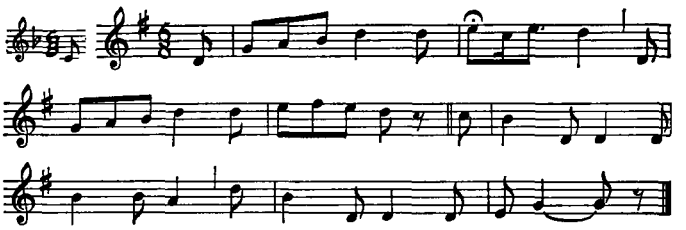
10. Four little devils peeped over the wall,
Hi di diddle di day,
Four little devils peeped over the wall,
Sayin' take her back, daddy, she'll murder us all,
Sing twice fi dum fi diddle,
Fi dum fi dum fi day.

11. When he got there they was all in bed,
Hi di diddle di day,
When he got there they was all in bed,
She up with a plate an' battered their heads,
Sing twice fi dum fi diddle,
Fi dum fi dum fi day.

12. The old man went a-braggin' in remorse,
Hi di diddle di day,
The old man went a-braggin' in remorse,
My wife rode the devil all round for a horse,
Sing twice fi dum fi diddle,
Fi dum fi dum fi day.

64. "Old Jokey Song"

Korson, 1949, p. 40. Sung by F. P. Provance, Point Marion, Pa., 1943. Recorded by S. P. Bayard.

p I

1. It's off [*sic*] an old man, and he lived poor,
He lived in a house that had but one door.

Chorus

Sing whack faloora, loora lay,
Sing whack faloora, laddie!

2. This old man he went out to foller the plow;
'Long comes the old devil, saying, I'll have you now!

Chorus

Sing whack faloora, loora lay,
Sing whack faloora, laddie!

3. You shan't have me nor my oldest son,
But my old scolding wife, take her and wel*come*!

4. He hobbust her up all onto his back,
Like a pedlar packin' his pack.

5. He packed her along till he come to hell's gates;
He hit her a kick, saying, Go in, you old jade!

6. And he packed her along till he come to hell's door;
And he hit her a kick, saying, Go in, you old whore!

7. Now one little devil come and sit down by 'er:
She up with her foot and she kicked him in the fire.

8. Oh, two little devils with rattlesome chains,
She up with the poker, she knocked out their brains.

9. Then two little devils were lying in bed:
She up with the poker, she killed 'em both dead.

10. Then one little devil run up the wall,
Crying, Pap, take 'er out o' hell, or she'll kill us all!

11. Then he hobbust her up all onto his back,
And like a danged fool he went packin' her back.

12. Then he packed 'er along till he come to hell's door;
He hit her a kick, saying, Gwout (go out), you old whore!

13. Then he packed her along till he come to hell's gates;
And he hit her a kick, saying, Gwout you old jade!

14. He says, Now here's your old woman both sound and well—
If I'd kep' her much longer, she'd lathered all hell!

15. She was seven years going and seven coming back,
And she called for the mush that she left in the pot.

65. "The Devil Came to the Farmer's One Day"

Brewster, *JAF*, XLVIII (1935), p. 299. Also in Brewster, 1940, p. 156. Sung by Mrs. Mayme C. Waller, Winslow, Ind., June 17, 1935. Learned from her mother. Tune noted by Mrs. Inez Lysle Johnson.

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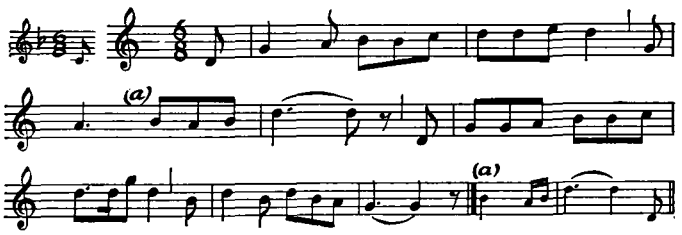

1. The devil came to the farmer's one day,
Um-um, um-hum-hum-hum,
Said, "One of your fam'ly I'll carry away,"
Sing tyo raddle ding day.

2. "If you won't take my oldest son,"
Um-um, um-hum-hum-hum,
"I surely will trade you two for the one,"
Sing tyo raddle ding day.

3. "It's not your oldest son I crave,"
Um-um, um-hum-hum-hum,
"It's your danged old wife I mean for to have,"
Sing tyo raddle ding day.

4. He hoisted her on his old back,
Um-um, um-hum-hum-hum,
And like an old peddler went packing his sack,
Sing tyo raddle ding day.

5. He carried her down to the gates of hell,
Um-um, um-hum-hum-hum,
Cried, "Kindle the fire, boys, and we'll burn her well,"
Sing tyo raddle ding day.

6. There sat a little devil with his red cap,
Um-um, um-hum-hum-hum,
She up with her foot and she gave him a slap,
Sing tyo raddle ding day.

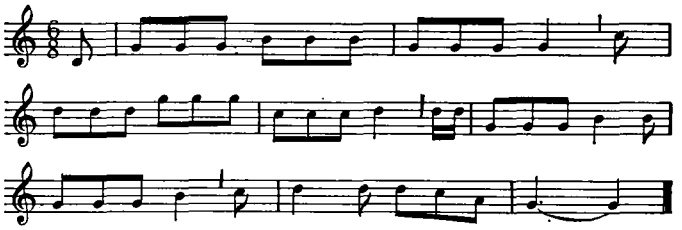
7. Two little devils sat parching beans,
Um-um, um-hum-hum-hum,
She picked up a pine-knot and split out their brains,
Sing tyo raddle ding day.

8. Six little devils ran up the wall,
Um-um, um-hum-hum-hum,
Cried, "Take her back, daddy, or she'll kill us all,"
Sing tyo raddle ding day.

9. He hoisted her up on his old back,
Um-um, um-hum-hum-hum,
And like an old fool went packing her back,
Sing tyo raddle ding day.

66. "The Farmer's Curst Wife"

Sharp MSS., 4102/2941. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 280(F). Sung by Mrs. Eliza Pace, Hyden, Leslie County, Ky., October 1, 1917.

m I/M (–VI)

1. There was an old fellow lived under the hill (*bis*)
If he hain't moved away he's living there still,
Sing tiro rattling day.

2. One day the old man went out to plough,
The devil flew over his old grey mare.

3. He dragged his plough, it broke and he ran:
The devil's come after my oldest son.

4. It's not your oldest son I pray,
It's your old scolding wife I'll have.

5. He took her down to the gates of hell,
He gave her a kick, saying: Go there.

6. Nine little devils come rattling their chains.
She up with the poker and knocked out their brains.

7. One little devil peeped over the wall,
Saying: Take her back, daddy, or she'll kill us all.

8. He humped her up all on his poor back,
And away the old fool went walking her back.

9. Her husband lying sick on the bed,
She took her old pewter pot, battered his head.

10. She's six months going and nine coming back;
Called for the mush she left in the pot.

11. What I can do I never can tell;
I ain't fit for heaven and they won't have me in hell.

7. Nine little blue devils peeped over the wall

(Whistle)

Oh, take her back, Dad, or she'll kill us all,
To my right fol-lol-fol-laddi-i-day.

8. So the Devil he mounted her onto his back

(Whistle)

And like a bold pedlar went carrying her back.
To my right fol-lol-fol-laddi-i-day.

GROUP B

67. "The Devil and the Farmer's Wife"

Sung by Mrs. Carrie Grover, Gorham, Me., 1941. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 4454(B2). Also on LC/AAFS, rec. No. L58(B2). Recorded by Alan Lomax.

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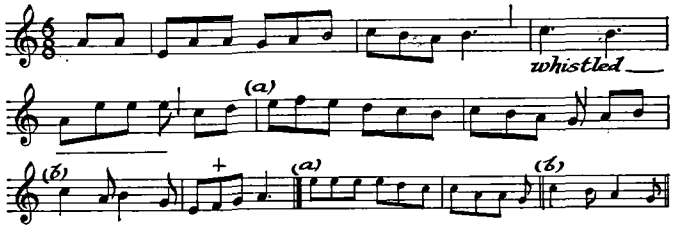

1. Oh, the Devil he came to the farmer one day

(Whistle)

Saying you owe me a debt and I will 'a' my pay,
To my right fol-lol-fol-laddi-i-day.

2. It is not your children or you that I crave

(Whistle)

But your old scolding wife and it's her I must have
To my right fol-lol-fol-laddi-i-day.

3. Oh, take her, oh take her, with all my heart

(Whistle)

And I hope you and she will never part,
To my right fol-lol-fol-laddi-i-day.

4. So the Devil he mounted her onto his back

(Whistle)

And like a bold pedlar went carrying his pack,
To my right fol-lol-fol-laddi-i-day.

5. Nine little devils were hanging in chains

(Whistle)

She up with a poker and knocked out their brains,
To my right fol-lol-fol-laddi-i-day.

6. She climbed on a stool for to make herself higher

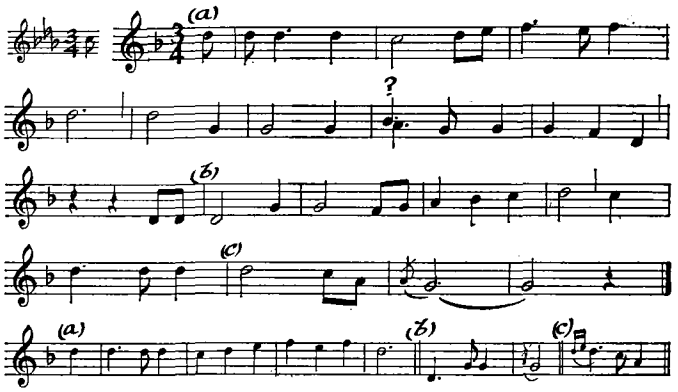
(Whistle)

She threw round her left leg and knocked nine in the fire,
To my right fol-lol-fol-laddi-i-day.

GROUP C

68. "The Farmer's Curst Wife"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1953/237/B14. Sung by Willie McPhee, Blairgowrie, Perthshire (born in Helensburgh, Dunbartonshire). Collected by Hamish Henderson. Transcribed by Francis M. Collinson.

m D

1. Oh the Devil, he cam tae the man at the plew,
Right fa lah right fal de larriddle,
Sayin', "Here I come for your auld wife noo."
Right fal deedle ah riddle ay.

2. "Oh, tak her awa wi aa my hairt,"
So he humped her away like a pedlar's pack.

3. Oh, when he cam to the gates o Hell,
He flung her doon: "Get in there, auld Nell."

4. For there were six devils chained up wi a chain,
For she lifted her crutch an she lashed oot their brains.

5. For there six more lookit over a wall,
Sayin, "Take her away, or she will kill us all."

6. An he humped her again like a pedlar's pack,
For she taen seven year comin an seven gaun back.

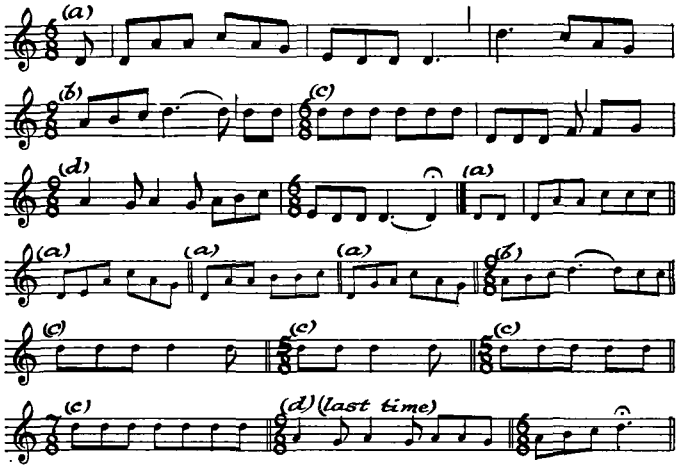
7. Oh, when he cam back tae the man at the plew,
Sayin, "Here I'm back wi your auld wife noo."

8. For she's too bad for Heaven; they won't have her in Hell,
So here she's back; ye can try her yersel."

GROUP D

69. "The Devil and the Farmer's Wife"

Recorded by Peter Shepheard from Seamus Ennis of Dublin, 1963; probably collected in Ireland. Sent to the Editor by Peter Shepheard.

a D

1. There was an old couple that lived on a hill
(whistled phrase)
If they're not gone away then they're living there still
With me wig fo(l) lay folligity fol di do(l) lay

2. Well the Devil he came to the man at the plough
(whistled phrase)
Saying one of your family I'll take away now
With me wig fo(l) lay folligity fol di do(l) lay

3. Now which of me family do you like best
(whistled phrase)
It's your old scolding wife it's her I like best
With me wig fo(l) lay folligity fol di do(l) lay

4. Take her off take her off with the joy of me heart
(whistled phrase)
And I hope to the Lord that thee never may part
With me wig fo(l) lay folligity fol di do(l) lay

5. Well the Devil he bundled her into the sack
(whistled phrase)
To the Devil said don't you bring her back
With me wig fo(l) lay folligity fol di do(l) lay

6. The Devil he hoisted her up on his back
(whistled phrase)
And it's hotfoot for Hell with her then he did pack
With me wig fo(l) lay folligity fol di do(l) lay

7. He carried her on to a heap of stones
(whistled phrase)
He left her down there and he jumped on her bones
With me wig fo(l) lay folligity fol di do(l) lay

8. Then he carried her on till he came to Coult hill(?)
(whistled phrase)
And she wept as much there as would turn a mill
With me wig fo(l) lay folligity fol di do(l) lay

9. And he carried her on till he came to Hell's wall
(whistled phrase)
And she skated pissed and she scorned at them all
With me wig fo(l) lay folligity fol di do(l) lay

10. And then all the Devils ran up in the wall
(whistled phrase)
Saying take her home daddy she'll murder us all
With me wig fo(l) lay folligity fol di do(l) lay

11. So handled(?) he hoisted her up on his back
(whistled phrase)
They were nine days going and one coming back
With me wig fo(l) lay folligity fol di do(l) lay

12. The old man was peeping into the crack
(whistled phrase)
He saw the old Devil come winding back
With me wig fo(l) lay folligity fol di do(l) lay

13. They were nine days going and one coming back
(whistled phrase)
She's gone with the scraper she left in her pot
With me wig fo(l) lay folligity fol di do(l) lay

14. They went into the room the old man was in bed
(whistled phrase)
She lifted the butter stick and patted his head
With me wig fo(l) lay folligity fol di do(l) lay

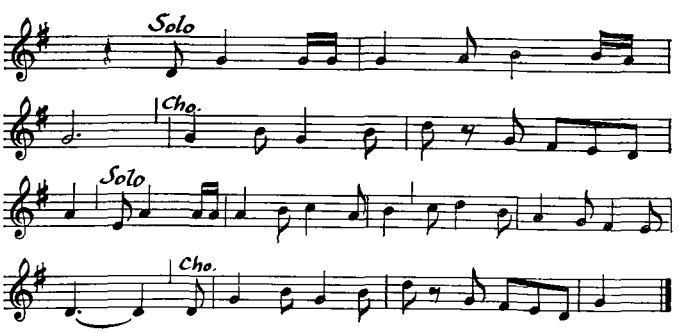
15. Now the old woman ran away over the hill
(whistled phrase)
The Devil won't have her I wonder who will
With me wig fo(l) lay folligity fol di do(l) lay

16. There's one thing that women have got over men
(whistled phrase)
They can go down to Hell and come back again
With me wig fo(l) lay folligity fol di do(l) lay

GROUP E

70. "Worse than men"

Barbeau, Lismer, and Bourinot, 1947, p. 19. Sung by Linda Kearns, an Irish singer, Gatineau River, Québec, Canada.

p I

1. There was a farmer living in town.
Tour ly lour ly lip! For y dee dum day!
There was a farmer living in town,
He had no horse to plough his ground,
Ly tour ly tour ly lip! For y dee dum day!

2. He saddled a pig, an old black cow,
Tore up the ground, the deuce knows how!

3. The devil he came to him one day,
And said, "One of yours must come away."

4. "Oh surely, it's not my eldest son.
If 'tis, my God, I am undone."

5. "Oh no, it's not your eldest son.
Your scolding wife, she has to come."

6. "Take her, yes, take her with all my heart.
I hope you devils ne'er will part."

7. He took the woman upon his back.
A pedlar strange, and strange his pack.

8. And when he came to hell's back door
He threw his pack upon the floor.

9. A devil came and clanked his chain.
She kicked him quick, knocked out his brain.

10. Up came another, behind the wall,
And cried, "She's out to kill us all!"

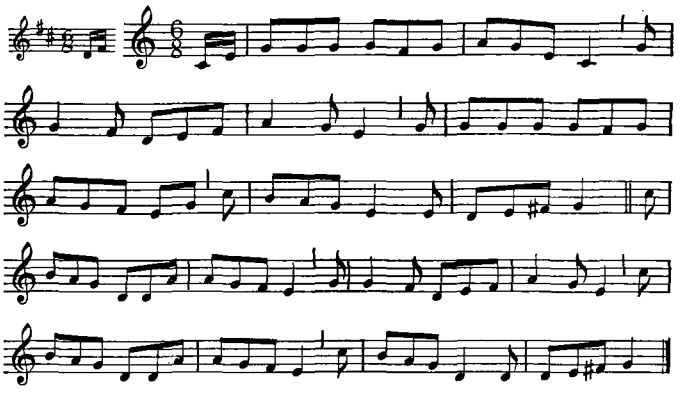
11. The devil put her upon his back,
And back to earth carried his pack.

12. Now women are much worse than men;
They go to hell, come back again.

APPENDIX

71. "Devil & the Plough," or "Farmer's Curst Wife" [Sea Shanty]

Sharp MSS., 1947/. Sung by Joseph Jones (74), Marylebone Workhouse, October 3, 1908.

a I (inflected IV), ending on V

There was an old farmer in New York did dwell
Hurrah my boys hurrah hurrah
He had an old wife and he wished her in hell
Hurrah my boys hurrah hurrah
The devil came to him one day at his plough
Hurrah my boys hurrah hurrah
O one of your family I must have now
Hurrah my boys hurrah hurrah

"The first part was usually sung twice and then sandwiched with second part." [*Sharp's MS. note.*]

The Jolly Beggar

CHILD NO. 279

CHILD, curtly dismissing the attribution of this piece to James V of Scotland, refuses to decide whether its antecedents belong more properly to Scotland or to England. He notes the existence of a seventeenth-century English broadside, but remarks that the Scottish form, although it makes its first appearance a century later, is "far superior." At any rate, clearly, the ballad, in one form or another, has been current for at least three hundred years, and has been well liked in England, Scotland, Ireland, and latterly in this country. The oral and printed traditions are impossible to disentangle, and especially in England, *rifacimenti* of the broadside press have had widespread oral currency.

The ballad has circulated with various styles of refrain: a line after each long couplet, a refrain as the second and fourth line of a quatrain, a burden as second strain. The last style is that with the longest musical tradition of record, and has here been given first place, although one must regard it, on account of its burden-text, as borrowed from yet another piece. The burden text appears first in Herd's MSS., I, No. 5 (Brit. Mus. Add MS. 22311), is printed in his revised collection of 1776, and appears soon after in *The Scots Musical Museum*, No. 266, with the tune, copied thence into a good many other collections. It is major, authentic, and sometimes abbreviated. Something like the tune of the "Derby Ram" has been attracted to it in versions found as far apart as Aberdeenshire and Missouri (variants 6 and 9 below), in plagal π^1 varieties, and in one case apparently in major with a fallen close on the lower dominant (variant 8 below).

What we have placed in the second class may be especially Irish, though there are several Scottish variants. The refrain pattern is on phrases two and four. The tonality is sometimes debatable, and appears to stretch from major to Æolian; but more than one copy fails to establish its final as tonic. One Irish variant is bi-modal, the first two phrases being really a plagal major, the last two authentic Mixolydian (variant 13). Another, Scottish, seems to be I/M, plagal, but ending on the lower *VI* (variant 14). A third (variant 16 below) is Dorian, authentic; but it may be observed that the first half of this copy moves about the octave as tonic, and lacks IV and VI, being quasi-plagal: the second half establishes the authentic range and full Dorian scale. Another, recently collected, is close enough to have been learned from it (variant 17). Two other copies (variants 18 and 19) are Æ/D, mixed, and one (20) is Æ plagal; but the latter ends on the lower flattened seventh. A Northumbrian copy is an authentic Æolian (variant 15).

Apart from all the preceding is a Scottish copy, plagal Æ/D, which we have classed as C (variant 21). It may have some distant relation to the secondary ballads of Baring-Gould's harvesting which immediately follow here as D. The words lately recovered from the Duncan MS make its inclusion dubious.

According to the Gray-Muir MS., NL Scotland MS. 2254, tunes for this ballad are given in Bunyan MS., 1877, p. 11, in Muir, *Old Scottish Songs*, 1811, and in Finlay Dun, c. 1840.

A quite different style of tune is found with the more genuinely secondary forms of this ballad lately current in the west of England, "The Tinker," collected in several variants by Sharp in Devon and Somerset. To this family may be added another corrupt derivative, "The Dirty Beggarman," found in the same area. The "plot" of both types is closer to the old "Jolly Beggar" than is "The Gaberlunzie Man."

LIST OF VARIANTS

GROUP A

1. "The Jolly Beggar." James Johnson, *The Scots Musical Museum*, III [1790], No. 266, p. 274 (repr. 1853). Also in Joseph Ritson, *Scotish Songs*, ed. of 1869, I, p. 245; Robert Maver, *Genuine Scottish Melodies*, 1866, No. 484, p. 242; and Robert Ford, *Vagabond Songs and Ballads of Scotland*, ed. of 1904, p. 9.
2. "The Jolly Beggar." John Harrington Cox, *Traditional Ballads Mainly from West Virginia*, 1939, p. 50; and 1964 (ed. George Boswell), p. 61.
3. "The Jolly Beggar." George Eyre-Todd, *Ancient Scots Ballads* [1894], p. 2.
4. "The Jolly Beggar." Ritson, *Scotish Songs*, 1794, I, p. 168.
5. "Nae Mair I'll Gang a-Rovin'." Archive, School of Scottish Studies, University of Edinburgh, recording No. 1954/100/B9. (Willie Robertson)
6. "The Jolly Beggar." Archive, School of Scottish Studies, recording No. 1952/33/A17. Also on Caedmon LP recording No. TC 1146(B8), ed. Peter Kennedy and Alan Lomax. (Jeannie Robertson)

GROUP A APPENDIX

7. "The Jolly Beggar." Duncan MSS., "Folk-Song Airs of the North East," p. 483, and "Folk-Song Words belonging to the North East, and received from Mrs Gillespie," p. 35, Cecil Sharp House, London. Also in Gavin Greig and Alexander Keith, *Last Leaves of Traditional Ballads and Ballad Airs*, 1925, p. 222(1d). (Gillespie)
8. "The Jolly Beggar." Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 439. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 222(1c). (Matheson)
9. "The Jolly Beggar." Vance Randolph, *Ozark Folksongs*, I, 1946, p. 194.

GROUP Ba

10. "The Beggarman." Edward Bunting, *The Ancient Music of Ireland*, 1840, No. 82, p. 63.
11. "The Jolly Beggar." Phillips Barry MSS., IV, No. 42, Harvard College Library. Also in Barry, *JAF*, XXII (1909), p. 79. (Carson)
12. "The Duke of Aberdeen." George Petrie, *The Complete Collection of Irish Music*, ed. Charles Villiers Stanford, 1902-05, No. 679.
13. "There Was a Bold Beggarman." Patrick Weston Joyce, *Ancient Irish Music*, 1873, No. 44, p. 45 (repr. 1912). Also in John Goss, *Ballads of Britain*, 1937, p. 129(D).
14. "The Jolly Beggar." Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 439(a). Also in Greig and Keith, *Last Leaves*, 1925, p. 222(1b). (Lyall)

GROUP Bb

15. "Jolly Beggar." James Telfer MS. ("Mr. Telfer's tunes"),

No. 48, p. 23; in MS. C 30, Society of Antiquaries Library, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

16. "He wadna lie in barn." George Riddell MSS., National Library of Scotland MSS. 3042-43, No. 10. Also in Greig MSS., I, p. 179, King's College Library, Aberdeen. Also in Greig and Keith, *Last Leaves*, 1925, p. 223(2a).
17. "The Jolly Beggar." Archive, School of Scottish Studies, recording No. 1952/55/2. (Norman McCaig)
18. "The Jolly Beggar." Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 343. Also in Greig and Keith, *Last Leaves*, 1925, p. 222(1a). (Greig)
19. "The Jolly Beggar." Archive, School of Scottish Studies, recording No. 1965/154/B11. (Donald MacMartin)
20. "The Jolly Beggar." Greig MSS., III, p. 65, and Bk. 752, XLII, p. 82. Also in Greig and Keith, *Last Leaves*, 1925, p. 223(2b). (Robb)

GROUP C

21. "The Jolly Beggar." Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 39. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 223(3). (Day)

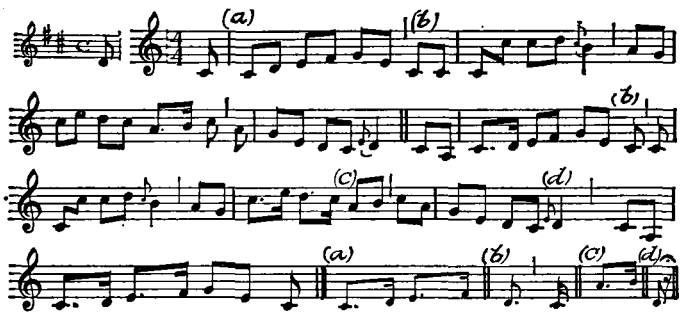
GROUP D

22. "The Ragged Beggarman." Sabine Baring-Gould MSS., CXXIV(1) and (A), Plymouth Public Library.
23. "The Ragged Beggarman." Baring-Gould MSS., CXXIV (2).
24. "The Beggar Man." Sabine Baring-Gould and H. Fleetwood Sheppard, *A Garland of Country Song*, 1895, p. 52. Also in Goss, *Ballads of Britain*, 1937, p. 129(C).
25. "Dirty Beggarman." Sharp MSS., 196/292, Clare College Library, Cambridge. (Hooper)
26. "The Ragged Beggarman." Baring-Gould MSS., CXXIV (3). (Parsons)
27. "Old Barn Door," or "The Tinker." Sharp MSS., 74/135. (Spearman)
28. "Davie Faa." Archive, School of Scottish Studies, recording No. 1953/247/B11. (Jeannie Robertson)
29. "The Tinker." Sharp MSS., 113/177. (Edbrook)
30. "The little paggy-lad." Percy Grainger MS., NYPL MS. *MO+ (English), No. 139, New York Public Library.
31. "Dirty Beggarman." Sharp MSS., 1210/1186. (Briffett)
32. "Dirty Beggarman." Sharp MSS., 913/988. (Barnett)
33. "The Beggarman." Sharp MSS., 693/769. (Laurence)
34. "The [Dirty] Beggar Man." Sharp MSS., 527/600. (Swain)
35. "The Tinker." Sharp MSS., 1796/1643. (Say)
36. "Farmer and Tinker." Sharp MSS., 2365/2138. (Hayden)
37. "The Tinker." Sharp MSS., 1339/. (Callow)

TUNES WITH TEXTS

1. "The Jolly Beggar"

Johnson, III [1790], No. 266, p. 274 (repr. 1853). Also in Ritson, ed. of 1869, I, p. 245; Maver, 1866, No. 484, p. 242; and Ford, ed. of 1904, p. 9.

a I

1. There was a Jolly beggar, and a begging he was bound,
And he took up his quarters into a land'art town,
And we'll gang nae mair a roving
Sae late into the night,
And we'll gang nae mair a roving,
Let the moon shine ne'er sae bright,
And we'll gang nae mair a roving.

2. He wad neither ly in barn, nor yet wad he in byre,
But in ahint the ha' door, or else afore the fire.
And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

3. The beggar's bed was made at e'en wi' good clean straw and hay,
And in ahint the ha' door, and there the beggar lay.
And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

4. Up raise the goodman's dochter, and for to bar the door,
And there she saw the beggar standin i' the floor.
And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

5. He took the lassie in his arms, and to the bed he ran,
O hooly, hooly wi' me, Sir, ye'll waken our goodman.
And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

6. The beggar was a cunnin' loon, and ne'er a word he spake,
Until he got his turn done, syne he began to crack.
And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

7. Is there ony dogs into this town, Maiden, tell me true;
And what wad ye do wi' them, my hinny and my dow.
And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

8. They'll rive a' my mealpocks, and do me meikle wrang.
O dool for the doing o't, are ye the poor man.
And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

9. Then she took up the mealpocks and flang them o'er the wa',
The d—l gae wi' the mealpocks, my maidenhead and a'.
And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

10. I took ye for some gentleman, at least the Laird of Brodie;
O dool for the doing o't! are ye the poor bodie.
And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

11. He took the lassie in his arms, and gae her kisses three,
And four-and-twenty hunder mark to pay the nurice fee.
And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

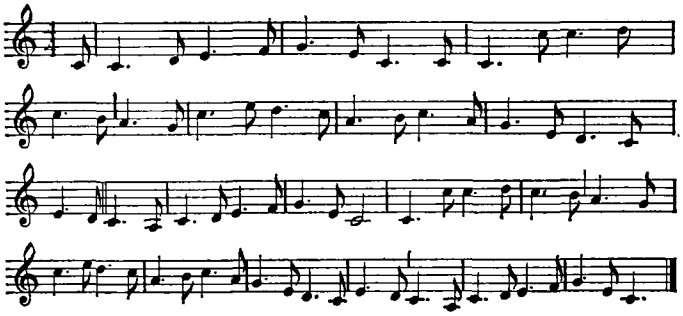
12. He took a horn frae his side, and blew baith loud and shrill.
And four-and-twenty belted knights came skipping o'er the hill.
And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

13. And he took out his little knife, loot a' his duddies fa'.
And he was the brawest gentleman that was amang them a'.
And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

14. The beggar was a cliver loon, and he lap shoulder height,
O ay for sicken quarters as I gat yesternight.
And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

2. "The Jolly Beggar"

Cox, 1939, p. 50; and 1964 (ed. Boswell), p. 61. From Prof. James Main Dixon, University of Southern California, July 1929.

a I

1. There was a jolly beggar, and a begging he was bound,
And he took up his quarters into a landwart town.
And we'll gang nae mair a roving, sae late into the night,
And we'll gang nae mair a roving, let the moon shine e'er sae bright,
And we'll gang nae mair a roving.

2. He wad ne'er lie into the barn, nor yet wad he in byre,
But in ahint the ha' door or else beyont the fire.
And we'll gang, etc.

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

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

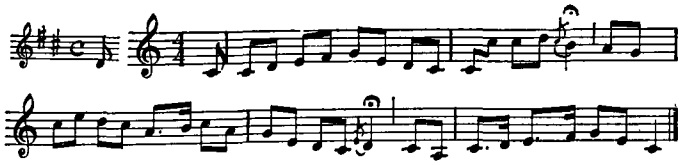
5. He took the lassie in his arms, and to the neuk he ran,
"Oh, hooly, hooly wi' me, sir, ye'll wauken our guidman."
And we'll gang, etc.

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

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

3. "The Jolly Beggar"

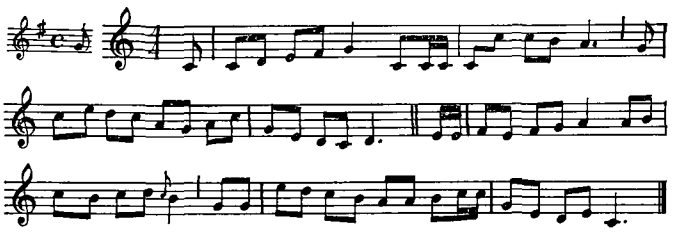
Eyre-Todd [1894], p. 2.

a I

There was a jolly beggar, and a begging he was 'boun',
And he took up his quarters intil a land'art toun;
And we'll gang nae mair a-roving!
[*Etc.*]

Eyre-Todd "epitomizes" his text from Herd's *Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs*, 1776, II, p. 26.

4. "The Jolly Beggar"

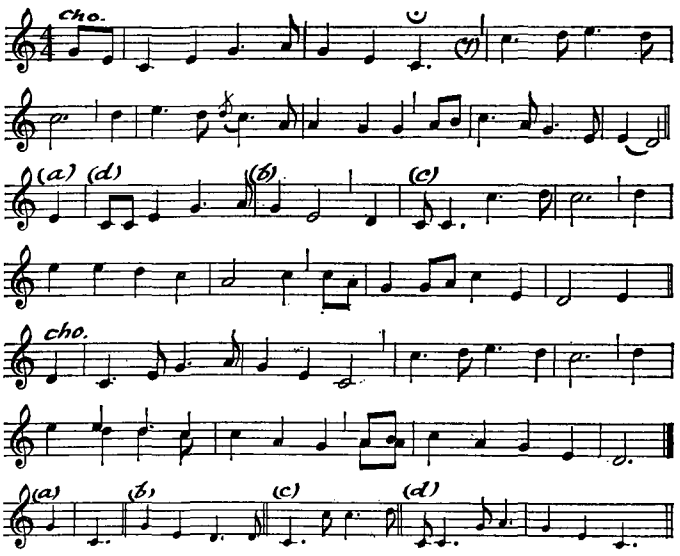
Ritson, 1794, I, p. 168.

a I

There was a jolly beggar, and a begging he was 'boun',
And he took up his quarters into a land'art town.
'And we'll gang nae mair a roving,
Sae late into the night,
And we'll gang nae mair a roving, boys,
Let the moon shine ne'er so bright.'
[*Etc.*]

Ritson's text follows that printed in *The Scots Musical Museum* (see variant 1 above).

5. "Nae Mair I'll Gang a-Rovin' "

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1954/100/B9. Sung by Willie Robertson, Aberdeen. Collected by Hamish Henderson.

a I/Ly, ending on II

Chorus:

Nae mair I'll gang a-rovin' rovin' in the nicht,
Nae mair I'll gang rovin' though the muin be ne'er sae bricht

1. He wouldnae lie in the kitchen, or neither in the byre,
He wouldnae lie nae place, but aside the kitchen fire.

Chorus.

2. He took a pen-knife oot his pooch, and aa his duddies fa'
An' he was the brawest gentleman that stood amang them a'.

Chorus.

3. For if you had been a decent lass, as I took you to be,
I would made you the queen o' a' this country.

Chorus.

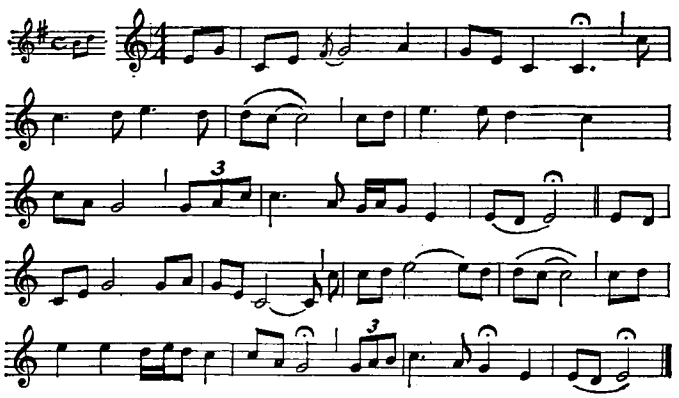
4. He took a whistle oot his pooch, and whistled loud and shrill,
And four-and-twenty hielanmen cam' trippin' owre the hill.

Chorus.

5. Nae mair I'll gang a-rovin' rovin' rovin' in the nicht,
Nae mair I'll gang a-rovin' tho' the muin shines ne'er sae bricht.

6. "The Jolly Beggar"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1952/33/A17. Sung by Jeannie Robertson, Aberdeen. Collected by Hamish Henderson. Also on Caedmon rec. No. TC 1146(B8), recorded by Peter Kennedy; collected by Peter Kennedy and Alan Lomax. Transcribed by Gillian Johnstone.

a π^1, ending on III

1. There wis a auld beggar man
An' he was dressed in green
An' he was askin' lodgin's
At the place near Aberdeen.

Chorus:

Na mair I'll gang a-rovin a-rovin in the nicht,
Nae mair I'll gang a-rovin till the meen shines
[ne'er sae bricht.]

2. He wadna lie in the barn,
Nor yet intae the byre,
He wadna lie in nae ither place
But at the kitchen fire.

3. "For if ye had been a decent lass,
As I took you to be,
I wad 's made you the queen
O' a' the counteree."

4. He put his hand intae his pooch,
He gied her guineas three.
"O tak you this, ma bonnie lass,
For to pay the nurse's fee."

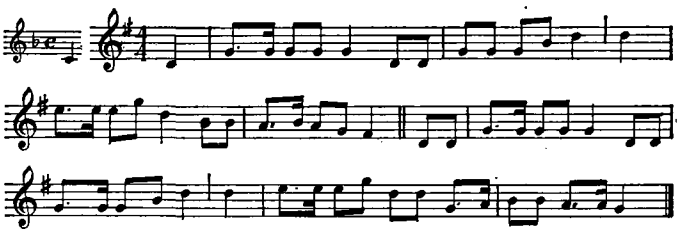
5. He took a horn frae his side,
He blew it loud and shrill,
And four and twenty noblemen
Come trippin' ower the hill.

6. He took a penknife frae his pooch,
He let a' his duddies fall,
And he was the brawest gentleman
That stood amangst them all.

GROUP A APPENDIX

7. "The Jolly Beggar"

Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 483; "Words," p. 35. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 222(1d). Sung by Mrs. Gillespie, Glasgow, January 1909.

m π^1

1. There was a jolly beggar, for beggin' he was boun',
And he took up his quarters into a lan'art toun.

Chorus:

And we'll gang nae mair a-roving,
So late into the night,
We'll gang nae mair a-roving,
Let the moon shine e'er sae bright.

2. He wad neither lie in barn, nor yet wad he in byre,
In ahin' the ha' door or else aside the fire.

Chorus.

3. The beggar's bed was made at even wi' gweed clean strae,
In ahin' the ha' door, and there the beggar lay.

Chorus.

4. Up raise the goodman's dochter, and for to bar the door,
And there she saw the beggarman standing i' the floor.

Chorus.

5. He took the lassie in his arms, and to the bed he ran,
"O heely, heely, wi' me, sir, ye'll wauken our gudeman."

Chorus.

6. The beggar was a cunning loon, and ne'er a word he spak'
Until he got his turn dune, syne he began to crack.

Chorus.

7. "Is there ony dogs aboot this toon, maiden, tell me true?"
"And what wad ye do wi' them, my hinny and my doo?"

Chorus.

8. "They'll rive a' my meal pocks, and do me meikle wrang."
"Deil tak the deein' o't, are ye the peer man?"

Chorus.

9. Then she took up the meal pocks and dashed them to the wa';
"The deil rive your meal pocks, my maidenhead and a'."

Chorus.

10. "I took ye for some gentleman, or else the laird o' Brodie;
Oh deil tak the deein' o't! are ye the poor bodie?"

Chorus.

11. He took the lassie in his arms, and gae her kisses three,
And four-and-twenty[2] hunder merk to pay the neerice' fee.

Chorus.

12. He took a horn fae his side, and blew baith loud and shrill,
And four-and-twenty belted knights came skipping o'er the hill.

Chorus.

13. And he took out his little knife, loot a' his duddies fa',
And he was the brawest gentleman that was amang them a'.

Chorus.

14. The beggar was a clever loon, and he lap shouther-height.
"O, aye for siccan quarters as I gat yesternicht!"

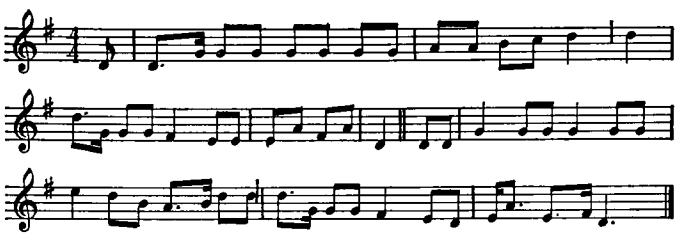
Chorus.

[1] Instead of writing down the full text sung by Mrs. Gillespie, Duncan only noted variations from the text in Robert Ford, *Vagabond Songs and Ballads of Scotland*, ed. of 1904, p. 9. The text above, taken from Ford, incorporates Mrs. Gillespie's variations.

[2] "Not sure about sum." [*Duncan's MS. note.*]

8. "The Jolly Beggar"

Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 439. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 222(1c). Sung by Mrs. Matheson (60), Torphins Farm, August 24, 1908. Learned in girlhood from John Eggo, Tornaveen district, Kincardine O' Neil parish.

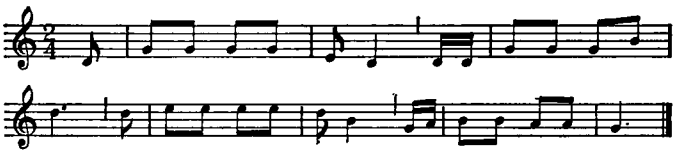
a M (or p I, ending on *V*)

There was a jolly beggar, and a beggin' he was boun',
An' he's taen up his quarters into yon landward toon;

Refrain:

Wi' a dan dilly dan dilly tey deedle ill de reedle,
ah die umty tah dummin, dilly dan dan.

9. "The Jolly Beggar"

Randolph, I, 1946, p. 194. Sung by Fred Terry, Joplin, Mo., January 30, 1933; learned from a man named Burkes, Argenta, Ark., c. 1905.

p π^1

There was a jolly beggar
An' a-beggin' he was bound,
He begged the farmer's daughter
An' he come to Looney Town.

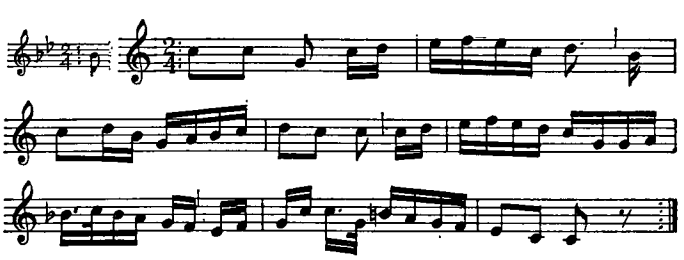
He then pulled up his blowin' horn
An' blowed so loud an' shrill
That four-an'-twenty gentlemen
Came ridin' over the hill.

He then cut off the tidy-string
An' let his duddies fall,
He was the biggest gentleman
That stood among them all.

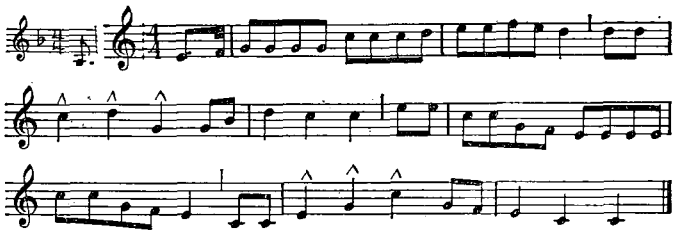
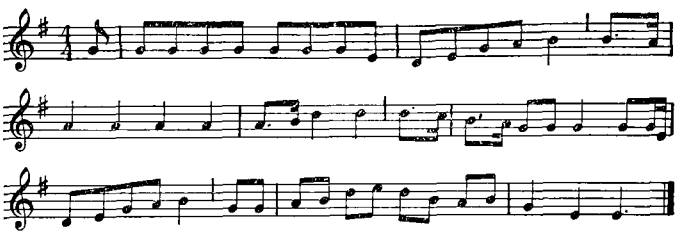
GROUP Ba

10. "The Beggarman"

Bunting, 1840, No. 82, p. 63. From G. Petrie, 1839.

a I (inflected VII)

11. "The Jolly Beggar"

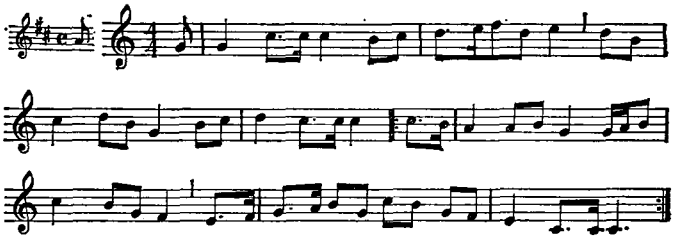
Barry MSS., IV, No. 42. Also in Barry, *JAF*, XXII (1909), p. 79. Sung by Mrs. Sarah Carson, Boston, Mass., April 4 and 10, 1908; learned in County Tyrone.

a I (–VI)

The surprise ending is all that deprives this variant of a straight major feeling.

There was a jolly beggar and a beggin' he was boun',
Wi' his eel ol eel ol andie, O,
An' he took up his quarters in a hoose in Aiberdeen,
Wi' his teerin' oorin eerin oorin andie, O.

12. "The Duke of Aberdeen"

Petrie, 1902-05, No. 679. From P. Carew's MS.

a I

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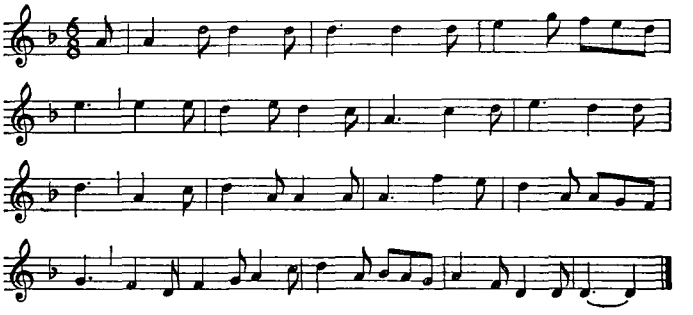
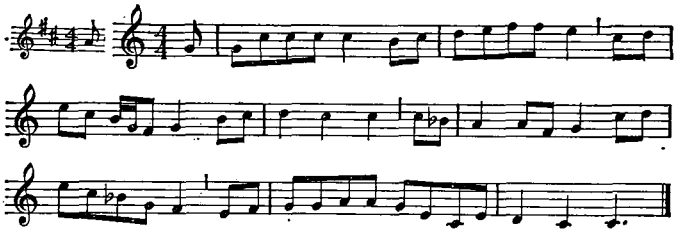
GROUP Bb

15. "Jolly Beggar"

Telfer MS., No. 48, p. 23. Tune noted by William Oliver of Langraw, 1855.

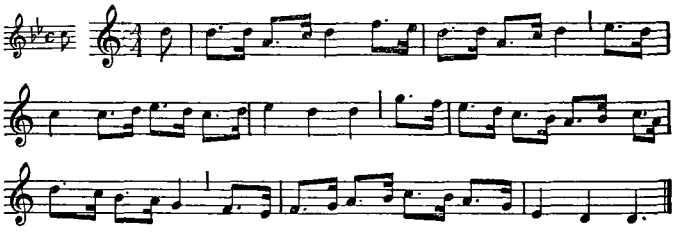
a Æ

13. "There Was a Bold Beggarman"

Joyce, 1873, No. 44, p. 45 (repr. 1912). Also in Goss, 1937, p. 129(D). Learned by Joyce in his childhood.

I—M: first half p I, second half a M

There was a bold beggarman as ever you did see,
With a hi, with a ho fol-de dan-dy-o;
He asked for a lodging near the house of Tandragee,
With his toorn-oorn-oorn-oorn-andy-o!

16. "He wadna lie in barn"

Riddell MSS., NL Scotland MSS. 3042-43, No. 10. Also in Greig MSS., I, p. 179, and in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 223(2a). Collected by George Riddell, Rosehearty, 1903.

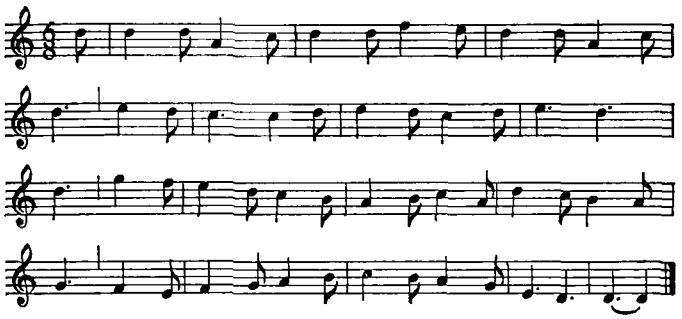
a D

14. "The Jolly Beggar"

Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 439(a). Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 222(1b). Sung by Mrs. Lyall, Skene, August 11, 1908. Learned from her mother.

p I/M, ending on *VI* (or a Æ/P)

17. "The Jolly Beggar"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1952/55/2. Sung by Norman McCaig, Edinburgh, 1952. Collected by Hamish Henderson.

a D

1. There was a jolly beggar and a-beggin' he was boun'
With his fal and his dal and his dandy-o
And he has taen up his quarters intae some landward toon
With his teerin owrin' teerin owrin' andy-o

Interlinear refrain throughout

2. He wouldna lie in barn nor yet would he in byre
But in a-hint the ha' door or else afore the fire

3. The beggar's bed was weel made wi' lynen sheets and hay
And in a-hint the ha' door the jolly beggar lay.

4. Up raise the gude man's dochter for to bar the door
When there she saw the jolly beggar standin' on the floor

5. He's taen her in his airms an' till his bed he ran
"Be canny wi' me noo", she says, "you'll waken oor pair man".

6. The beggar being a cunnin' loon the ne'er a word he spake
Until he got his jobby deen an' he began to crack

7. Hae ye cats or dogs aboot the place oh lassie tell me true.
Oh what would ye dae wi' them my hinny and my doo?

8. They would rive a' my mealpocks and gar me curse an' ban.
Oh the deil gae wi' your mealpocks are ye the beggar-man?

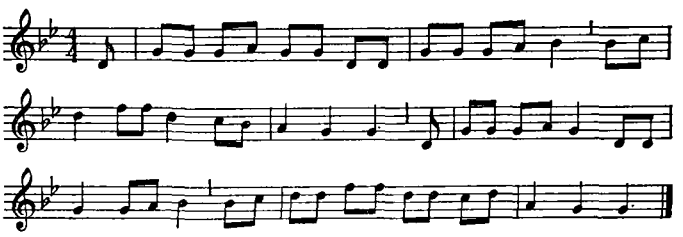
9. She's taen up his mealpocks and thrown them owre the wa'
The deil gae wi' your mealpocks my maiden-heid's awa

10. He's taen a horn fae his side and blawn it loud and shill
And four and twenty belted knights came tripperin's owre the hill

11. He's taen oot his little knife let a' his duddies fa'
And he was the bravest gentleman there was among them a'

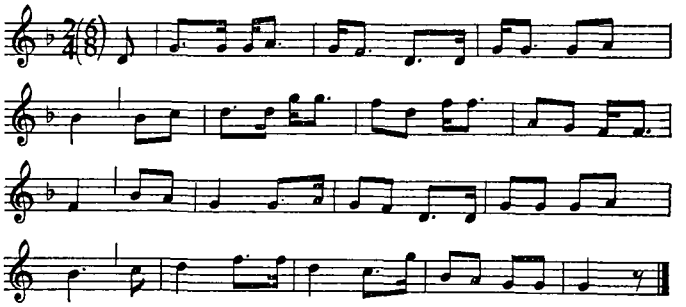
18. "The Jolly Beggar"

Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 343. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 222(1a). Noted by Mrs. Harper, Schoolhouse, Cluny, August 1907, as sung by her mother, Mrs. James Greig (née Norrie.)

m Æ/D

There was a jolly beggar, an' a beggin he was boun',
Wi' his fal an' his dal an' his dandie, O;
An' he's taen up his quarters at yon neeper toon,
Wi' his teerin owrin eerin owrin andie, O.

19. "The Jolly Beggar"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1965/159/B11. Sung by Donald MacMartin, Coldingham, Berwickshire. Collected by Hamish Henderson. Transcribed by James Porter.

m Æ/D

1. It was the jolly beggar—at the beggin he had been;
He took up his summer's quarters in a hoose in Aberdeen,

Chorus:

Wi his hey dauntin airy, airy airy an,
His long tantin airy, sing ho, the beggar man.

2. He wadnae ludge in barns, nor yet wad he in byres,
It was aye intill door, before the kitchen fire.

Chorus.

3. The missus bid her daughter gae forth to bar the door,
But when she saw the beggar man staund naked on the floor.

Chorus.

4. He took a wee whistle frae his pooch, an blew it loud and shrill,
An fowre-an-twenty horsemen came troopin owre the hill.

Chorus.

5. He took a wee knife frae his pooch, an let his duddies faa,
An he was the brawest gentleman there was among them aa.

Chorus.

6. Oh, he took her round the middle an he laid her on the floor,
An he played to her a new tune she never heard before.

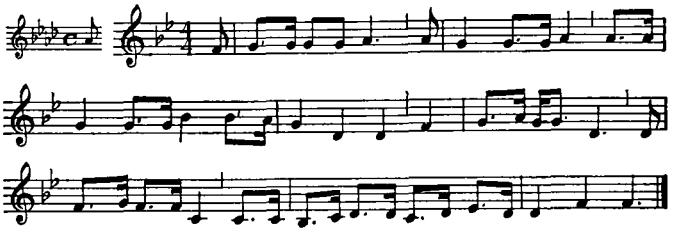
Chorus.

7. "Ah sae fare-ye-weel, me aul' guidwife, an fare-ye-weel guidman,
For ye hae a jolly daughter—I haven't got a son."

Chorus.

20. "The Jolly Beggar"

Greig MSS., III, p. 65, and Bk. 752, XLII, p. 82. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 223(2b). Sung by A. Robb, New Deer.

p Æ, ending on *VII*

1. There was a jolly beggar
A begging he had been
Wi' his fal & his dal & his dandy oh
And he has ta'en up his quarters
Nae far frae Aberdeen
Wi' his teerin owre an' eerin owre an' andy oh.

2. He wadna be in barn
He wadna be in byre
Wi' his fal &c.
But in beneath the ha' door
Beside the kitchen fire
Wi' his teerin' &c.

3. Up rose the maiden
And went to bar the door.
Wi' his fal &c.
She met the naked beggar
He was stanin' in the floor etc.

4. He took her in his airms
And to the bed he ran &c.
Oh canny canny wi' me
Cause ye'll wauken oor gudeman &c.

5. The beggar being a cunning man
Never a word spak he &c.
Till he got his work a' dane
He then began to crack &c.

6. Have ye ony dogs aboot your toon
Oh lassie tell me noo &c.
Oh what wad ye do wi' them
My honey and my doo &c.

7. They would tear a' my meal pocks
And scale a' my meal &c.
And may the deil gae wi' yer meal pocks
Are ye the puir man &c.

8. Are ye the puir man
That I met the streen &c.
I'm just the puir man
That ye met the streen &c.

9. If you had been a decent maid
As I thocht ye had been
I would hae ta'en ye alang wi' me
Ye would have lived like any queen.

10. He's ta'en oot a horn
And blown it loud and shrill
And four and twenty gentlemen
Came trippin' doon the hill.

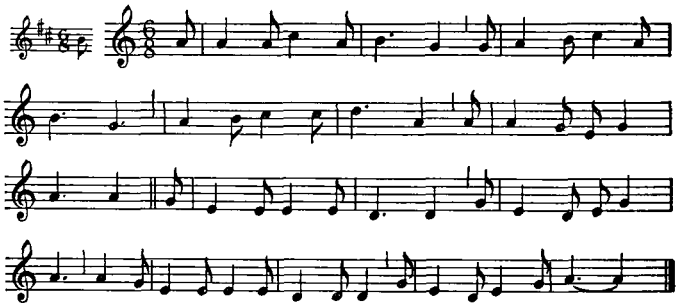
11. He's ta'en oot his little pen knife
Let his beggar duddies fa'
And he was the bravest gentleman
That was among them a'.

12. This maid has ta'en his meal pocks
And flung them owre the wa'
Says may the deil gae wi' your meal pocks
My maidenhead's awa'.

GROUP C

21. "The Jolly Beggar"

Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 39 ("Johnny Lad"). Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 223(3). Sung by Mrs. Betty Mitchell Day. Contributed by Mrs. Gillespie, Glasgow, January 1909.

p Æ/D

See note on text of variant 23 below. Also see the headnote, *ante*, p. 213.

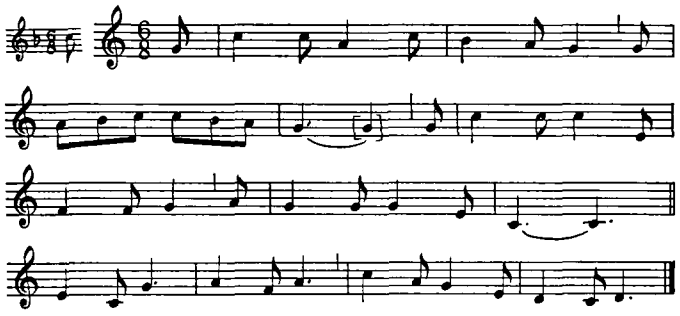
Johnny's nae a gentleman, and Johnny's nae a laird,
But I wad follow Johnny, suppose he were a caird.
And wi' you, and wi' you, and wi' you, my Johnny lad,
I'll drink the buckles o' my sheen wi' you, my Johnny lad.

Johnny's nae a gentleman, and Johnny's nae a laird,
But I wad follow Johnny, suppose he were a caird.
And wi' you, and wi' you, and wi' you, my Johnny lad,
I think I'll gang the lang road wi' you, my Johnny lad.

GROUP D

22. "The Ragged Beggarman"

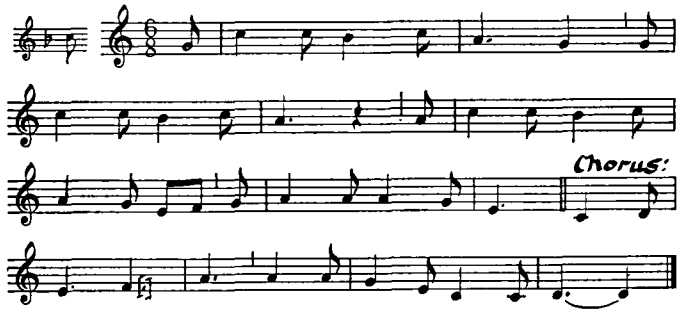
Baring-Gould MSS., CXXIV(1); text (A). Sung by William Setter, Two Bridges, Dartmoor. Noted by F. W. Bussell.

a D

See note on text of variant 23 below.

This and two following variants by permission of Mr. G. Hitchcock on behalf of Baring-Gould Estate.

23. "The Ragged Beggarman"

Baring-Gould MSS., CXXIV(2). Sung by J. Gorrard, Collyhole, Chagford, October 1890. Noted by F. W. Bussell.

a D

1. It's of a ragged beggarman came tripping oe'r the plain
He came unto a farmer's door, a lodging for to gain.
Robellow, zangalee, Ribellow-below.
The farmer he came out to view, he looked the man around,
Says he, "For ragged beggar men, no shelter here is found."
Robellow, zangalee, Robellow-below.

2. Then down the stair came the daughter fair, & viewed him cheek & chin
And said, "He is a handsome man, I pray you take him in."
Robellow, &c.
The maiden bade him to the barn, and made a bed with hay.
She made it plum & easy, that the beggar there might lay.
Robellow, &c.

3. She went into her father's house, she brought him cake & wine,
She gave him of her father's clothes, all laced rich & fine,
Robellow, &c.
The father laughed a mocking laugh, "Thou art a silly fool,
To feed & clothe a beggarman that fasts & lyeth cool.["]
Robellow, &c.

4. She rose so early in the morn to unbar the linney door,
And there she saw the beggar man a standing on the floor.
Robellow, &c.
He caught the maiden in his arms & to the bed he ran,
"Now fie! for shame," the maiden said, "Thou art a forward man."
Robellow, &c.

5. She lay as still as any mouse, as if she had been dead,
He gave her kisses two & three, & stole her maidenhead.
Robellow, &c.
"I'm sure thou art no beggar man, of gentlemen art one,
For you have spoiled an honest maid, & I am quite undone."
Robellow, &c.

6. "I am no squire, I am no lord, of beggars I be one,
And beggars they be robbers all, by such are you undone."
Robellow, &c.
"I took you for a nobleman, I took you for a squire,
In truth thou art the finest lad that runneth in the shire."
Robellow, &c.

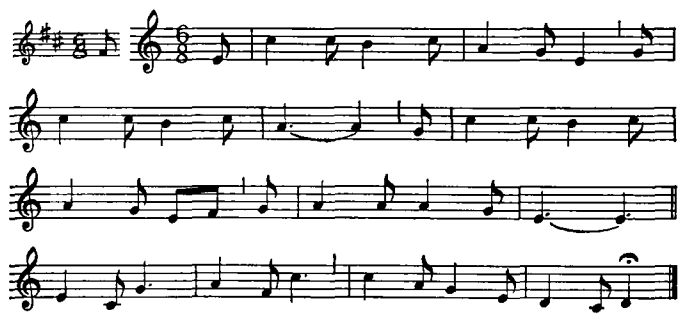
7. "My mother she will loudly chide, my father curse & ban
That I have played the fool this day, all with a beggar man."
Robellow, &c.
She took the bed all in her hands, & dashed it on the wall
Saying, "Go you with the beggar man, my maidenhead & all."
Robellow, &c.

[1] The above text is no doubt a composite from three singers, each of whom sang his own version of the tune. Sabine Baring-Gould does not distinguish the components in his MS.

[2] The tune printed in the *Garland*, 1895, appears to be an edited copy from this and the next, with bowdlerized text to match.

24. "The Beggar Man"

Baring-Gould and Sheppard, 1895, p. 52. Also in Goss, 1937, p. 129(C).

a D

1. 'Tis of a ragged beggar man, came tripping o'er the plain,
He came unto a farmer's door, a lodging good to gain.
Rom-be-low, zin-garee, Rom-be-low, below-below.

2. The farmer he came out to view, and looked the man around,
Said he, "For ragged beggar men, no shelter here is found."
Rom-be-low, &c.

3. The daughter saw the beggar man, and, moved with pity, she
Said, "Father, sure this beggar man is other than you see!"
Rom-be-low, &c.

4. The daughter sent him to the barn, to make his bed in hay,
She made it soft and easy, that in comfort he might lay.
Rom-be-low, &c.

5. She went into her father's house, and fetched him bread and wine,
She gave him of her father's clothes, all silver laced and fine.
Rom-be-low, &c.

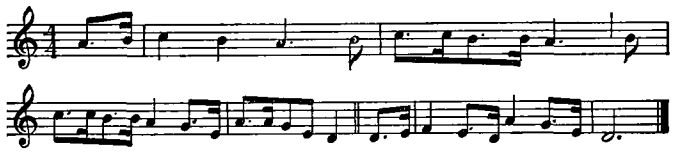
6. She locked him in, but when she went to let him out at dawn,
With wine and clothes, all laced and fine, the beggar man was gone.
Rom-be-low, &c.

7. Her father laughed a mocking laugh, "Thou art a silly fool,
To feed and clothe a beggar man that fasts and goeth cool."
Rom-be-low, zin-garee, Rom-be-low, below-below.

By permission of Mr. G. Hitchcock on behalf of the Estate of Baring-Gould.

25. "Dirty Beggarman"

Sharp MSS., 196/292. Sung by Louie Hooper, Hambridge, April 13, 1904.

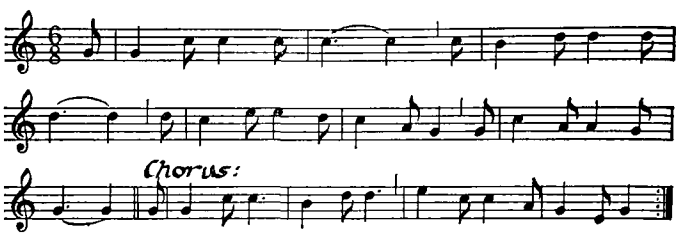
a D

This dear young girl
She made her bed with hay
She made it plumb and easy
And along with him she lay
Low below, low below, low below
Devil take the beggar mans bag
Maidenhead and all
Low below, low below.

The father he come out
And he viewed this man all round
And he said it to the dirty beggar man
Come trippling over the plain
Low below etc.

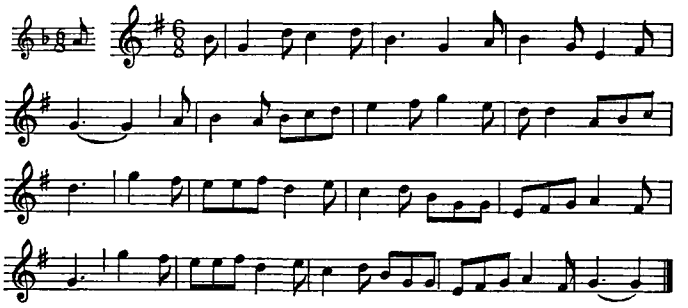
The father he come out
And this he did say
The devil take etc.

26. "The Ragged Beggarman"

Baring-Gould MSS., CXXIV(3). Sung by James Parsons, September 11, 1890. Noted by F. W. Bussell.

a I/M

27. "Old Barn Door," or "The Tinker"

Sharp MSS., 74/135. Sung by Mr. Spearing, Ile Brewers, January 6, 1904.

m I

1. There was a wealthy farmer, in London he did dwell
He had one lovely daughter, most loving, kind & free.
And there's many a wealthy squire's son
She would shun their company.

2. There a lonely farmer that lived there close bye
He swore he'd never be easy until he had a try
So he dressed himself in tinkers clothes, and on the road he trot
Until he came to that farm house where he intends to stop.

3. He knocked at the door; Bring out your pots & kettles
Girls if you have any to mend
Or give to me a night's lodging,
For I'm a single young man.

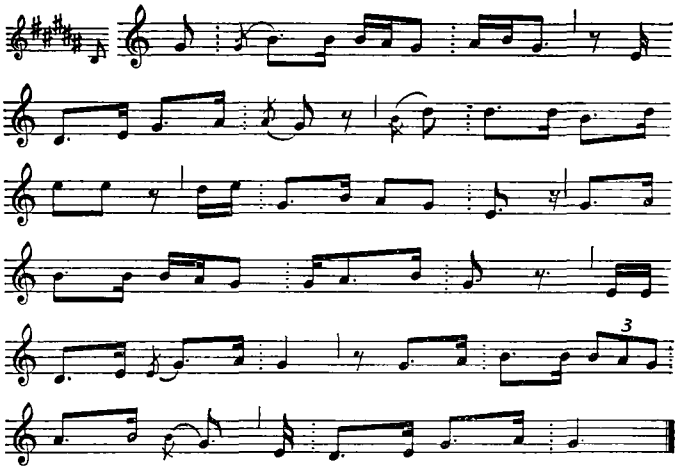
4. The girl spoke up so cheerfully, not thinking any harm
O you're welcome to stay here all night
If you'll sleep in my fathers barn.

5. So after supper was over, she went to make his bed
He slily crept along after her & quickly barred the door
And that night she slept in the tinkers arms
All among the wheaten straw.

6. So now you've had your will of me
I'm sure you're none the worse
Put your hand into my pocket
Draw out a heavy purse
Theres five guineas all in bright gold
That'll pay the nurses fees
And if ever I call this way again
Love remember the old barn door.

28. "Davie Faa"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1953/247/B11. Sung by Jeannie Robertson, Aberdeen. Learned from her mother 35 years before. Collected by Hamish Henderson. Transcribed by James Porter.

p π^1

1. There was a wealthy farmer
   Lived in the North countree;
   He had a lovely daughter
   Who was always frank an free
   An day by day and night by night
   She was always in my ee.
   So there was a jolly tinker-lad
   Cam to this farm-house:

2. It is 'Have you any pots or pans,
   Or cannl-sticks to mend?
   Or have you onie lodgins
   For me, a single man?'
   The fairmer he thocht it nae hairm,
   The tinker for to keep,
   And the lassie she thocht it nae hairm
   The tinker's bed to mak.

3. But the tinker followed after her,
   And did bar the door;
   He catcht her by the middle smaa,
   An laid her on the floor;
   He catched her by the middle smaa,
   And up against the waa.

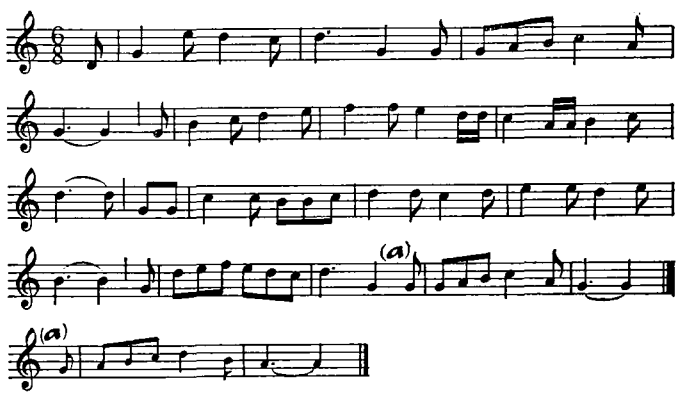
4. The bonnie lassie blushed,
   An Oh, but she thocht shame;
   It's 'Since ye've taen the wills o me,
   Come, tell to me your name.'
   He whispert in the lassie's ear
   'They caa me Davie Faa
   And ye'll mind upon this happy nicht
   Amang the pease straw.'

5. Six weeks had passed an gone;
   This maid grew white an pale,
   Nine month an better brought
   Her first, a bonnie son,
   'An since the baby's born,
   I will caa him Davie Faa,
   And I'll mind upon the happy nicht
   Amang the pease straw.'

6. 'For any man who weds my girl,
   For he'll get farms three;
   For any man who weds my girl
   For he'll get gold quite free,
   For although she's lost her maidenheid,
   Oh, whit the waur is she?'

29. "The Tinker"

Sharp MSS., 113/177. Sung by John Edbrook, Bishop's Nympton, N. Devon, January 11, 1904.

m M

1. Here comes the farmers son, with his budget to his back
   He dressed himself in tinkers clothes, & he went to the farmers gate
   Saying, Have you got any pots or pans, or candle-sticks to mend
   Or have you got any lodgings, for I'm a single man

2. The farmer grant him lodgings all on the barley straw
   And for to make the tinkers bed, the fair maid she did go
   And for to make the tinkers bed the maid went to the barn
   To please this young mans fancy, not thinking any harm

3. There the tinker he played cunning, he quickly barred the door
   He took her round the middle so small, & laid her on the floor
   He laid her on the floor so low, all on the barley straw
   And before he got the will of her, he would not let her go

4. He pulled out twenty guineas all tied up in a purse
   Take this my dearest dear he said, I hope your nothing the worse
   But if it should happen to be a boy you shall have so much more
   In remembrance of his marriage life, & barring up the door.

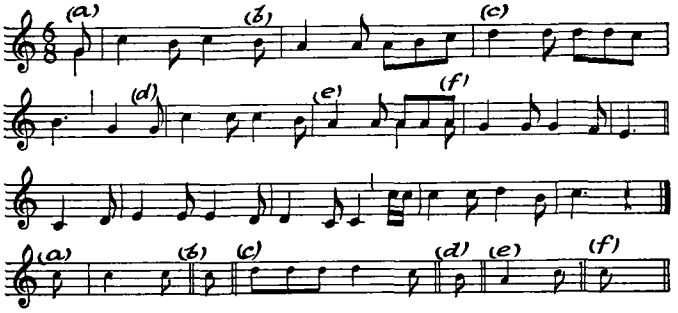
5. When twenty weeks was over she looked most pale & wan
   The mother to the daughter said, I'm afraid what you have done
   The mother to the daughter said, I'm afraid what you have done
   I think it was the tinker, that slept in our barn.

6. He's one of the rarest tinkers that ever my eyes did see
   He pulled out twenty guineas, to pay my nursery
   Saying If it should happen to be a boy you shall have so much more
   In remembrance of the marriage life, & barring up the door

7. When twenty weeks was over and forty weeks was come
This fair maid was delivered of a fine & lovely boy
She sent to him in a letter for to have so much more
In remembrance of a marriage life, in barring of the door.

30. "The little paggy-lad"

Grainger MS., NYPL MS. *MO+(English), No. 139. Sung by George Gouldtho[rp], Brigg, Lincolnshire, July 28, 1906.

a I, ending on the octave

1. It's of a little paggy-lad came trippin' over the lea,
& a handsome little pàggy-lad, & a pàggy lad was he;
to mý rē tol ēürel laddy O, to my rē tol ēürel ē.

2. It's of a farmer's daughter, she viewed him cheek to chin;
"A (I) prá (pray) thee little pàggylad, A prá thee táke me in,"
to my rē tol ēürel laddy O, to my rē tol ēürel ē.

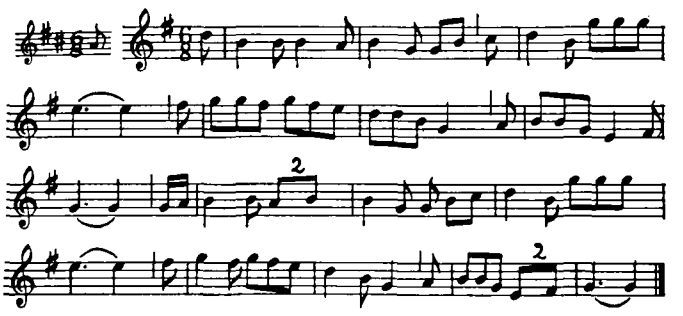
3. She tök (took) 'im in the stable, and she made him a bed of háa (hay),
& she covered him all over with the softest of the háa,
to my rē tol ēürel laddy O, to my rē tol ēürel ē.

4. When she aroase next mornin' & ōàpened the stable dör (door),
She thrēü herself all on the bêd she made the night beföre,
to my rē tol ēürel laddy O, to my rē tol ēürel ē.

5. My màmmy she will charge me, mý dàddy will cârse (curse) & damn
To think I've lost mý máden's 'ead all by a beggar màn,
to my rē tol ēürel laddy O, to my rē tol ēürel ē.

31. "Dirty Beggarman"

Sharp MSS., 1210/1186. Sung by William Briffet (73), Bridgwater, January 19, 1907.

m I

1. Its of a jolly beggarman
Was tripping over the plain
For he was admired by every lass
For he was a handsome man
With his long staff & his pitch patch coat
And his watch chain down to his knees
He *is the handsomest beggar man*
As ever my eyes did see.

2. He entered into the farm yard
Some lodgings for to hire
Go out you saucy beggarman
No lodgings you shant have.

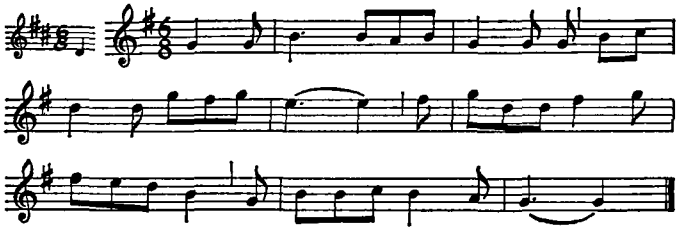
3. The farmer's daughter she came out
She viewed him cheek & chin
He is the handsomest beggar man
So pray now let him in.

4. She tooked him into the farm yard
And she made him a bed of straw
And 40 bright guineas she tipped in his hand
Till he would have no more.

5. Then she tooked up the beggarman's bag
And dashed it against the wall
The devil might take the beggarman's bag
And his old scran bag and all.

32. "Dirty Beggarman"

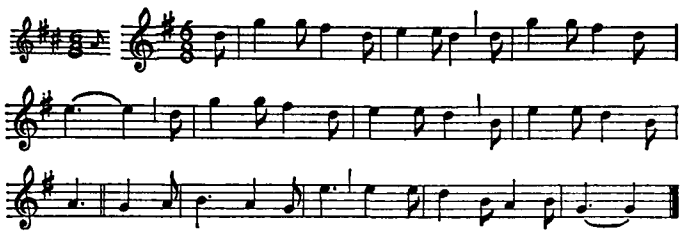
Sharp MSS., 913/988. Sung by John Barnett, Bridgwater, April 18, 1906.

a I

With his long staff and his pitch patch coat
And his watch chain down to his knees
He's one of the findest beggarmen
That ever my eyes did see.

She took him out in the old backyard
And made him a bed of straw
Forty bright guineas she clapped in his hand
Come pity the Beggarman

33. "The Beggarman"

Sharp MSS., 693/769. Sung by Abraham Laurence, Ilminster, December 25, 1905.

a I/Ly

1. There was a dirty beggarman
Came trippling over the plain
He called to go some farmer's yard
Some lodgings to be gained.

2. The daughter she came down
She viewed the man all round
Saying he's not a dirty beggarman
Some lodgings shall be found.

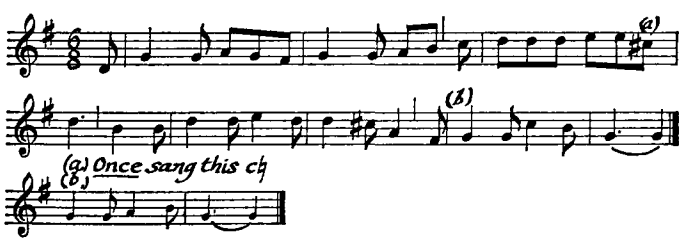
3. She tooked him to a stable
She made his bed with hay
She made him safe and easy
And along with him she laid.

4. 'Twas early by next morning
Just by the break of day
She tooked him to her father's house
And made him a cup of tea.

5. The farmer he came down
He began to curse & swear
Then he took up the beggar's bag
And slung 'em against the wall
Saying the devil take the beggar's bag
The maidenheads & all!

34. "The [Dirty] Beggar Man"

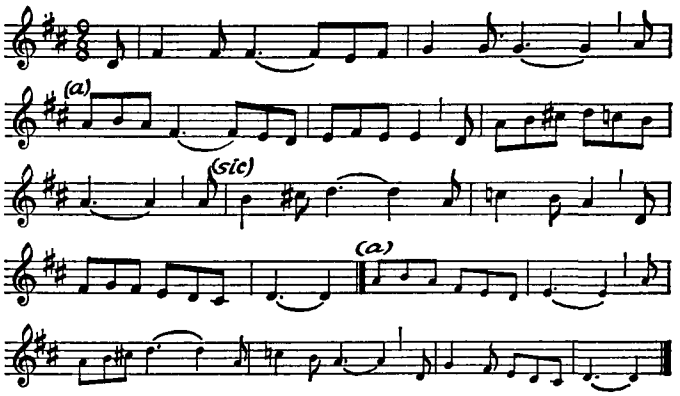
Sharp MSS., 527/600. Sung by Jack Swain, Donyatt, August 7, 1905.

p I (inflected IV)

There was a dirty beggar-man
Came trippling over the plain
He trippled to some farmer's house
Some lodging for to gain.

This farmer he came down
And viewed this man all round
You are a dirty beggarman
There's no lodging to be found.

35. "The Tinker"

Sharp MSS., 1796/1643. Sung by George Say, Axbridge, August 22, 1908.

a I (inflected VII)

1. There was a girl in Westminster
I loved her well I loved her dear
I loved her every way
Till I could take no rest of her
O neither by night nor day.

2. He dress himself in a tinker's clothes
With a pack all on his back
He walked till it was 'most dark
Till he came to a farmer's gate

3. Saying have you got any pretty pans
Or candlesticks to mend
And have you got any lodgings
For I am a single man

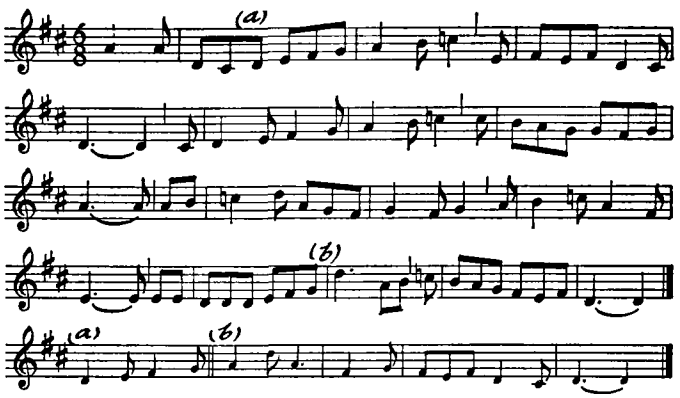
4. The maid she quickly went up t the barn
To make the tinker a bed
And there she made the tinker a bed
All on some barley straw

5. Crying then you've had your will of me
Before he let me go
And now you've had your will of me
Pray tell to me your name

6. My name it is baptised
I'll call it after the same
He put his hand in his pocket
Pulled out a yellow purse
He gave her a golden guinea
Saying you're none the worse
And if it chance to be a boy
I'll give you so much more
Remember love that very night
The bolting of the door.

36. "Farmer and Tinker"

Sharp MSS., 2365/2138. Sung by Shepherd Hayden (83), Bampton, September 6, 1909.

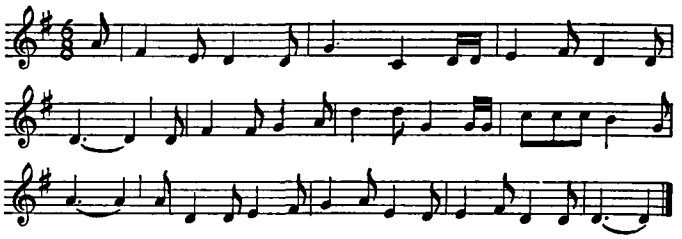
a M (inflected VII)

Its of an old farmer lived in the West Countree
And he had as fine a daughter that ever my eyes did see
Most night and day as I've heard say that girl was in his eyes
And he never would rest contented until he had gained her joy

Then he dressed himself up in a tinker's suit of clothes
With the breeches hanging round him to the farmer's house he goes
Saying have you any frying pans or candle sticks to mend
Or have you any lodging for I am a single man

Then this young man being so cunning he run & bar the door
He laid this pretty fair maid down flat upon the floor
He laid this pretty fair maid among the proud straw
Until he had gained her maidenhead he never wd. let her go
So now you've had your will of me & brought me here to shame
I'll hope you'll be so cruel as tell to me your name
When I am in my own countree they called me David Four
What pretty pastime we did have in the barn upon the floor.

37. "The Tinker"

Sharp MSS., 1339/. Sung by Mrs. Emma Callow (73), Stockham Cross, Bagborough, April 9, 1907.

a M

Its of a brisk young farmer with a budget to his back
He dressed himself in tinker's clothes and away to the farmer's gate
O have you any pots & pans or candlesticks to mend

The Gaberlunyie-Man

CHILD NO. 279, APPENDIX

CHILD has relegated this favorite song to an appendix of "The Jolly Beggar." It is difficult to guess why. The melodic tradition of the two, at any rate, lends no support to this determination, and on grounds of metrical and stanzaic pattern, as well as of plot, there would seem to be better justification for making the present ballad No. 280, and reducing Child's 280 to a later redaction of "Gaberlunyie-Man." Indeed, Child himself calls his 280 "a sort of 'Gaberlunyie-Man' with a romantic conclusion."

The present ballad has had a long life, both textual and melodic. The earlier melodic tradition first appears in Thomson's *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1725, and can be followed to the present century. The later tradition cannot be traced before the last century: in fact, Greig's examples are the earliest discovered. But there may be some distant relation between the two groups.

The first group is mainly inclined to the D/Æ mode, in plagal range. The Dorian copy (variant 2 below), given by Johnson in the *Museum*, has an unusually wide melodic range for British folksong—almost two octaves—and may be somewhat dressed up editorially. Variant 3 below, from the *Vocal Magazine* (reprinted by Eyre-Todd), is more normal, and the 6/8 time more expressive of the true rhythm. Christie's 3/4 tune (variant 6 below) is the only genuinely triple-time variant in the lot; and one suspects from this and other evidence that he had an overmastering preference for this metre.

Greig's and a generous reinforcement of recent copies collected for the School of Scottish Studies are the mainstay of the second class, which contains variants in Mixolydian, M/D, and π^3, all authentic unless they are better considered major or I/M with fallen closes. The tradition is so consistent that it seems safer to accept the final as tonic. All except one are in duple time.

Two or three anomalous cases remain to be cited. A copy collected by Barry in Boston, Mass., is textually a compound between "The Wee Wee Man" and the "Gaberlunyie-Man," and melodically a Mixolydian variant, much simplified, of the B group. R. A. Smith's tune is perhaps mainly a derivative of "Muirland Willie," a tune itself of equal age with the A group. Here it is a melodic minor, as indeed it is in the *Orpheus Caledonius*.

LIST OF VARIANTS

GROUP A

1. "The Gaberlunzie-Man." W. Thomson, *Orpheus Caledonius* [1725], fol. 43; and 1733, I, opp. p. 95.
2. "The Gaberlunzie-man." James Johnson, *The Scots Musical Museum*, III [1790], No. 226, p. 234 (repr. 1853).
3. "The Gaberlunzieman." George Eyre-Todd, *Ancient Scots Ballads* [1894], p. 98. Tune also in *The Vocal Magazine*, Edinburgh, 1798.
4. "The Gaberlunzie Man." Robert Maver, *Genuine Scottish Melodies*, 1866, No. 167, p. 84.
5. "The Gaberlunzie Man." W. Christie, *Traditional Ballad Airs*, II, 1881, p. 106.
6. "The Gaberlunzie." Christie, II, 1881, p. 104.
7. "The Gaberlunzie Man." Greig MSS., II, p. 31, King's College Library, Aberdeen. Also in Gavin Greig and Alexander Keith, *Last Leaves of Traditional Ballads and Ballad Airs*, 1925, p. 226(2). (Calder)

GROUP B

8. "The Gaberlunzie Man." Greig MSS., IV, p. 136. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 225(1a). (Corbet)
9. "The Beggar Man," or "The Gaberlunzie Man." Duncan MSS., "Folk-Song Airs of the North East," p. 263, Cecil Sharp House, London. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 225(1b). (Greig)
10. "The Beggar Man." Greig MSS., I, p. 160. (Clark)
11. "The Beggar Man." Helen Creighton and Doreen H. Senior, *Traditional Songs from Nova Scotia*, 1950, p. 100.
12. "The Beggar Man." Greig MSS., II, p. 76. (Finnie)
13. "The Beggar Man." Greig MSS., I, p. 34. Also in Greig-Duncan MS. 785 (transcription of W. Walker), King's College Library, Aberdeen. (Greig)
14. "The Beggar Man." Greig MSS., III, p. 19. (McAllan)
15. "The Beggar Man." Greig MSS., IV, p. 174. (Angus)
16. "Gaberlunzie Man." Greig MSS., IV, p. 29. Also in Greig-Duncan MS. 785 (Walker). (Dunbar)
17. "The Beggar Man." Greig MSS., I, p. 93, and Bk. 713, III, p. 94. Also in Greig and Keith, *Last Leaves*, 1925, p. 226(1c). (Barron)
18. "The Beggar Man." Greig MSS., II, p. 30. (Fowler)
19. "The Beggar Man." Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 299. (Lyall)
20. "The Beggar Man." Greig MSS., I, p. 93. (Pyper)
21. "The Gaberlunzie Man." Archive, School of Scottish Studies, University of Edinburgh, recording No. 1955/154/B21. (Jimmy Byrne)
22. "The Beggar Man." Greig MSS., I, p. 92. (Milne)
23. "The Beggar Man." Greig MSS., IV, p. 7, and Bk. 738, XXVIII, p. 71. (Coutts)
24. "The Gaberlunzie Man." Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 18, and "Folk-Song Words belonging to the North East, and received from Mrs Gillespie," p. 217. Text also in Greig and Keith, *Last Leaves*, 1925, p. 224. (Gillespie)
25. "The Gaberlunzie Man." Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 18. (Chree)
26. "The Jolly Beggar." Archive, School of Scottish Studies, recording No. 1963/27/A12. (Elizabeth Ireland)
27. "The Beggar Man." Archive, School of Scottish Studies, recording No. 1960/149/B11. (Charles Reid)
28. "The Beggar-man." Archive, School of Scottish Studies, recording No. 1953/196/2. (Betsy White)
29. "The Beggar Man." Greig MSS., IV, p. 157. (New Leeds woman)
30. "The Beggar Man (Gaberlunzie)." George Riddell MSS., National Library of Scotland MSS. 3042-43, No. 25. Also in Greig MSS., I, p. 183, and in Greig and Keith, *Last Leaves*, 1925, p. 226(1d).
31. "The Beggar Man." Peter Shepheard, private collection.
32. "The Beggar's Bride." Phillips Barry, Fannie H. Eckstorm, and Mary W. Smyth, *British Ballads from Maine*, 1929, p. 333. (McGill)

33. "The Beggar Man." John Ord, *The Bothy Songs and Ballads*, 1930, p. 375.
34. "The Beggar Man." Archive, School of Scottish Studies, recording No. 1952/4/B8. (Willie Mathieson)
35. "The Beggar Man." Archive, School of Scottish Studies, recording No. 1958/8/A5. (Robert Hamilton)
36. "The Beggar Man." Archive, School of Scottish Studies, recording No. 1958/A6. (Annie McDonald)
37. "Jolly Beggar." Archive, School of Scottish Studies, recording No. 1955/65/B18. (Auld Kirstie)
38. "The Beggar Man." Archive, School of Scottish Studies, recording No. 1951/14/B13a. (John Strachan)
39. "The Beggar Man." Archive, School of Scottish Studies, recording No. 1958/8/A7. (Mrs. Mary Molloy)
40. "The Beggar Man." Peter Shepheard, private collection.
41. "The Beggar Man." Archive, School of Scottish Studies, recording No. 1954/103/A2. (Jeannie Robertson)
42. "Jolly Beggar." Archive, School of Scottish Studies, recording No. 1953/236/B7. (Mary B. Simpson)
43. "The Jolly Beggar." Archive, School of Scottish Studies, recording No. 1955/64/A5. (Henry MacGregor)
44. "The Beggarman." Ralph Vaughan Williams MSS., III, p. 355.
45. "The Jolly Beggar." Archive, School of Scottish Studies, recording No. 1965/159/B17. (Donald MacMartin)
46. "The Auld Beggarman." Maggie and Sarah Chambers, Caedmon LP recording No. TC 1146(B9).

APPENDIX

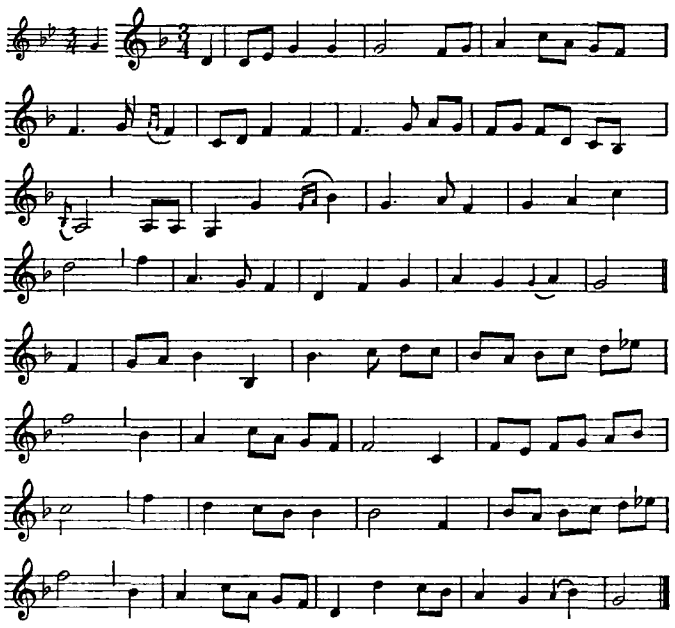
47. "The Wee Wee Man." Phillips Barry MSS., II, No. 279A1, Harvard College Library. (Carson)
48. "Jolly Beggar." Archive, School of Scottish Studies, recording No. 1955/41/B2. (Stewart McPhee)
49. "The Gaberlunzie Man." Robert Archibald Smith, *The Scotish Minstrel*, 2nd ed. [1825], V, p. 78.

TUNES WITH TEXTS

GROUP A

1. "The Gaberlunzie-Man"

Thomson [1725], fol. 43; and 1733, I, opp. p. 95.

m Æ—D (inflected VI)

1. The pawky auld Carle came o'er the Lee,
   Wi' many good E'ens and Days to me,
   Saying, Good-wife, for your Courtisie,
   Will ye lodge a silly poor Man?
   The Night was cauld, the Carle was wat,
   And down ayont the Ingle he sat;
   My Daughter's Shoulders he 'gan to clap,
   And cadgily ranted and sang.

2. O wow! quo' he, were I as free,
   As first when I saw this Country,
   How blyth and merry wad I be!
   And I wad never think lang.
   He grew canty, and she grew fain;
   But little did her auld Minny ken
   What thir slee twa togither were say'n,
   When wooing they were sae thrang.

3. And O! quo' he, ann ye were as black,
   As e'er the Crown of my Dady's Hat,
   'Tis I wad lay thee by my Back,
   And awa' wi' me thou shou'd gang.
   And O! quo' she, ann I were as white,
   As e'er the Snaw lay on the Dike,
   I'd clead me braw, and lady-like,
   And awa' with thee I'd gang.

4. Between the twa was made a Plot;
   They raise a wee before the Cock,
   And wylily they shot the Lock,
   And fast to the Bent are they gane.
   Up in the Morn the auld Wife raise,
   And at her Leisure pat on her Claise;
   Syne to the Servant's Bed she gaes,
   To speer for the silly poor Man.

5. She gaed to the Bed where the Beggar lay,
   The Strae was cauld, he was away,
   She clapt her hands, cry'd, Walady,
   For some of our Gear will be gane.
   Some ran to Coffers, and some to Kists,
   But nought was stown that cou'd be mist,
   She danc'd her lane, cry'd, Praise be blest,
   I have lodg'd a leal poor Man.

6. Since nathing's awa', as we can learn,
   The Kirns to Kirn, and Milk to Earn,
   Gae butt the House, Lass, and waken my Bairn,
   And bid her come quickly ben.
   The Servant gade where the Daughter lay,
   The Sheets was cauld, she was away,
   And fast to her good Wife can say,
   She's aff with the Gaberlunzie-Man.

7. O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,
   And haste ye find these Traitors again;
   For she's be burnt, and he's be slain,
   The wearifu' Gaberlunzie-Man.

Some rade upo' Horse, some ran a fit,
The Wife was wood, and out o' her Wit:
She cou'd na' gang, nor yet cou'd she sit,
But ay she curs'd and she ban'd.

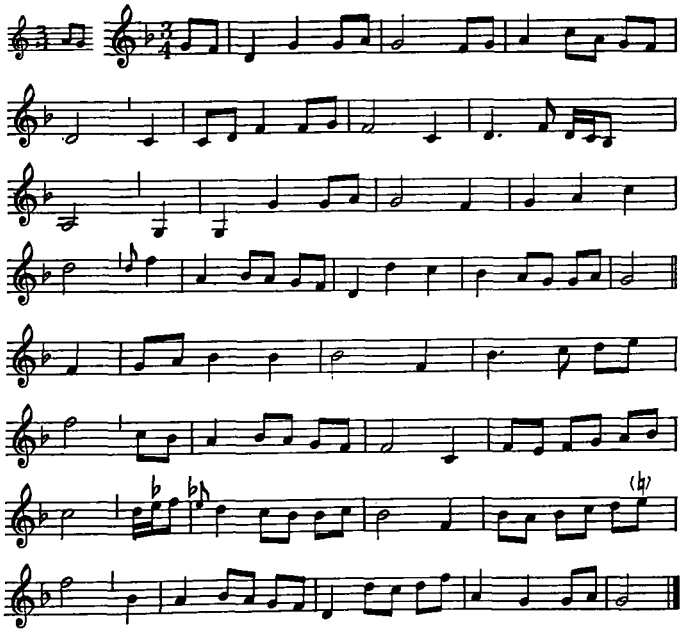
8. Mean time far hind out o'er the Lee,
Fu' snug in a Glen, where nane cou'd see,
The twa, with kindly Sport and Glee,
Cut frae a new Cheese a whang:
The Priving was good, it pleas'd them baith,
To lo'e her for ay, he ga'e her his aith;
Quo' she, to leave thee I will be laith,
My winsome Gaberlunzie-Man.

9. O ken'd my Minny I were wi' you,
Ill fardly wad she crook her mou,
Sic a poor Man she'd never trow,
After the Gaberlunzie-Man.
My Dear, quo' he, ye're yet o'er young,
And ha' na' learn'd the Beggars Tongue,
To follow me frae Town to Town,
And carry the Gaberlunzie on.

10. Wi' cauk and keel I'll win your Bread,
And Spindles and Whorles for them wha' need,
Whilk is a gentle Trade indeed,
To carry the Gaberlunzie-O.
I'll bow my Leg, and crook my Knee,
And draw a black Clout o'er my Eye,
A Cripple or Blind they will ca' me,
While we shall be merry, and sing.

2. "The Gaberlunzie-man"

Johnson, III [1790], No. 226, p. 234 (repr. 1853).

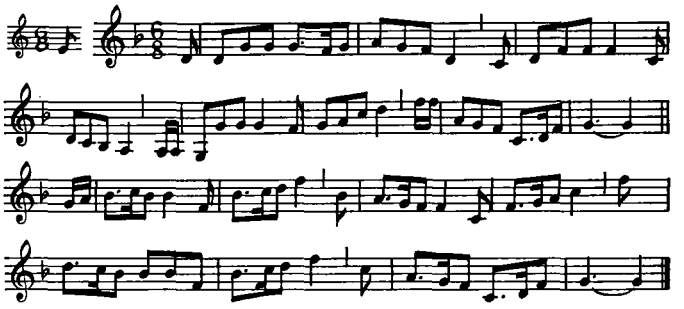
m D (inflected VI)

The pawky auld carl came o'er the lee,
Wi' many good e'ens and days to me,
Saying goodwife for your courtesie
Will ye lodge a silly silly poor man.
The night was cauld, the carl was wat,
And down ayont the ingle he sat,
My daughter's shoulders he gan to clap
And cadgily cadgily ranted and sang.

[*Etc.*]

Johnson's text does not differ significantly from that in *Orpheus Caledonius* (cf. variant 1 above).

3. "The Gaberlunzieman"

Eyre-Todd [1894], p. 98. Tune from *The Vocal Magazine*, 1798.

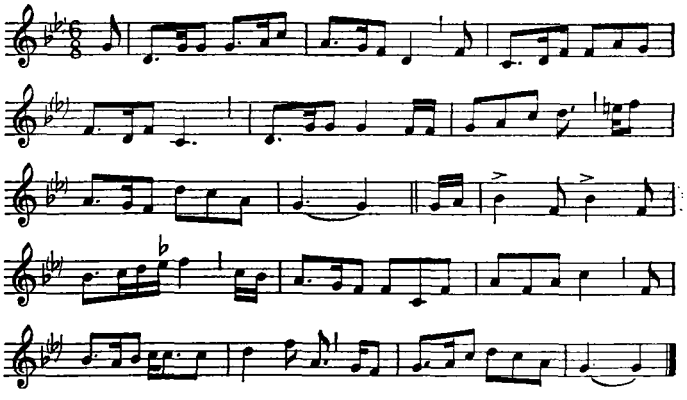
m Æ/D

The pawkie auld carle cam' o'er the lea,
Wi' mony gude-e'ens and days to me,
Saying, "Gudewife, for your courtesie,
Will you lodge a silly puir man?"
The nicht was cauld, the carle was wat,
And down ayont the ingle he sat;
My dochter's shouthers he 'gan to clap,
And cadgily ranted and sang.

[*Etc.*]

Eyre-Todd has "epitomized" his text from that in Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany* (cf., e.g., edition of 1871, I, p. 80).

4. "The Gaberlunzie Man"

Maver, 1866, No. 167, p. 84.

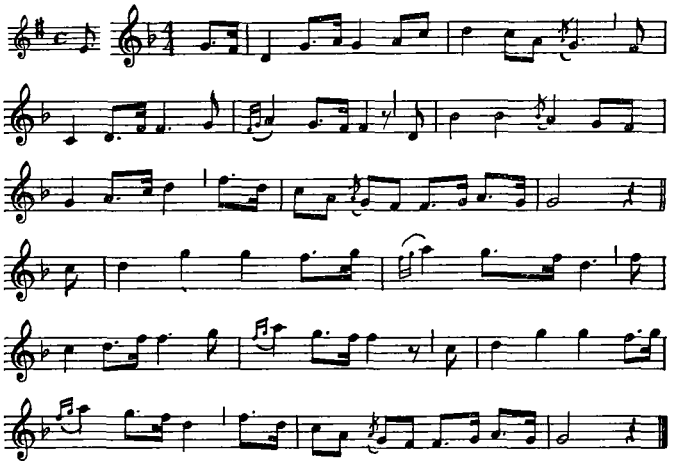
m Æ—D (inflected VI)

The pawkie auld carle cam owre the lea,
Wi' mony guid e'ens and days to me,
Saying, "Guidwife, for your courtesie,
Will you lodge a silly poor man?"
The nicht was cauld, the carle was wat,
And doun ayont the ingle he sat;
My dochter's shouthers he 'gan to clap,
And cadgily ranted and sang.

[*Etc.*]

Maver's text, like Eyre-Todd's (variant 3 above), is apparently epitomized from Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*, at one or more removes.

5. "The Gaberlunzie Man"

Christie, II, 1881, p. 106. Sung by Christie's maternal grandfather.

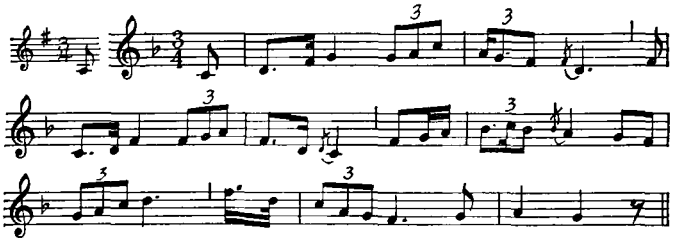
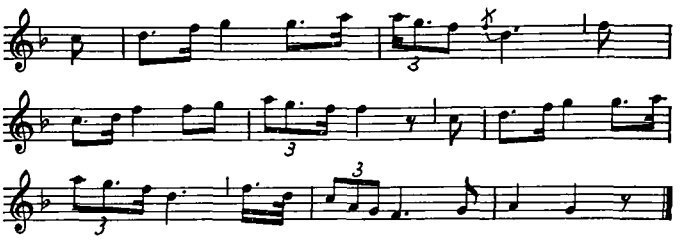
m D/Æ

The pawky auld carle cam' ower the lee,
Wi' mony guid-e'ens and days to me,
Saying, Guidwife, for your courtesie,
Will ye lodge a silly puir man?
The nicht was cauld, the carle was wat,
And doun ayont the ingle he sat;
My douchter's shouthers he 'gan to clap,
And cadgily ranted and sang.

[*Etc.*]

Christie's text is edited, most probably, from Johnson's *Museum*; see variant 2 above.

6. "The Gaberlunzie"

Christie, II, 1881, p. 104. Sung by Jenny Meesic; from family tradition.

m D/Æ

The tune is still recognizable beneath its different guise. But the words, as Christie gives them, have scarcely a trace of the old unregenerate blood.

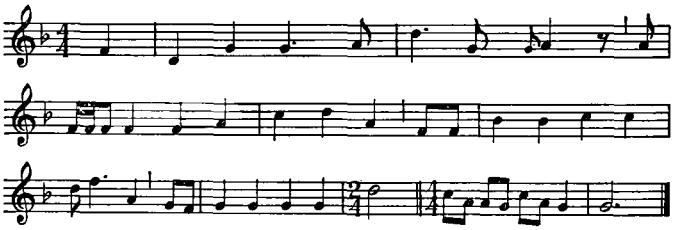
'Twas on a morning fresh and fair,
As I went out to take the air,
I pu'd the roses here and there,
I pu'd them at my pleasure.
A bonny lad stood by my side,
At him I look'd wi' mickle pride,
And said, "I'd range the warld wide,
Gin ye wad tak' me wi' ye."

[*Etc.*]

Christie's text is from the recitation of "Jenny Meesic," "with some changes."

7. "The Gaberlunzie Man"

Greig MSS., II, p. 31. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 226(2). Sung by the Rev. John Calder, Crimond, July 1906.

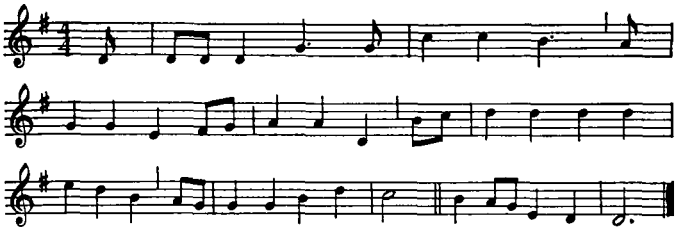
m D/Æ

The tune here seems to have tangled with "Johnny Cope."

A beggar man cam' owre the lea
Wi' mony a fine story unto me
He was seekin' oot for charity
Will ye lodge a beggar man.
Laddle tee yer tow-row-ree.

GROUP B

8. "The Gaberlunzie Man"

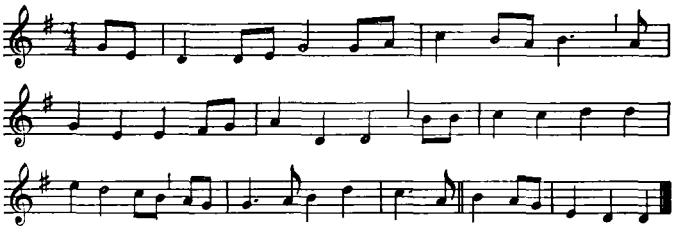
Greig MSS., IV, p. 136. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 225(1a). Sung by George Corbet, Weetingshill, New Deer; learned from his mother.

a M

The MS. gives only the refrain-line:

Lad-li tow row ree

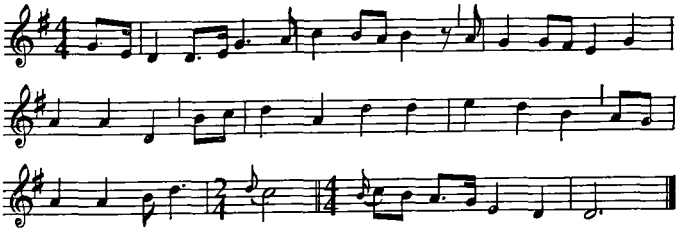
9. "The Beggar Man," or "The Gaberlunzie Man"

Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 263. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 225(1b). Sung by Mrs. James Greig (née Norrie), a native of Old Deer, February 1907. Noted by Mrs. Harper, of Schoolhouse, Cluny.

a M

A beggar man cam' owre the lea,
And mony a fine tale he taul' me,
He was askin help for charitee,
"Could you lodge a beggar man?"
Ladlee a tow row ree.

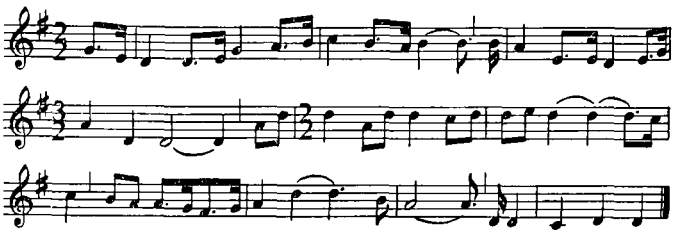
10. "The Beggar Man"

Greig MSS., I, p. 160. Sung by Mrs. Clark, April 1906.

a M

There was an auld man cam' owre the lea,
Wi' mony a fine tale unto me,
He was seekin' oot for charity.
Wd ye lodge a beggar man?
Laddil ilti tow row ree.

11. "The Beggar Man"

Creighton and Senior, 1950, p. 100. Sung by William Gilkie, Sambro, N.S.

a M

The original copy is barred as straight 2/4.

1. There was an old man came over lea
With many a fine story onto me,
He was sick and wet and for charitie's sake
Will you lodge a beggar that comes
A lea tow tow ray.

2. The night being dark and somewhat damp
It's down by the fireside the old man sat,
He slung his meal bag o'er his back
As he knelt and he knelt and sang.
A lea tow tow ray.

3. O it's, "Lassie o lassie you are too young,
You are not got the lilt nor the begging tongue,
You are not got the lilt nor the begging tongue
So along with me you cannot gang."
A lea tow tow ray.

4. Those two rigged up a plot to rise four hours,
To rise four hours before the folks,
So slyly did they slip the lock
And across the fields they ran.
A lea tow tow ray.

5. It's early in the morning when the old man rose
He missed the beggar man and all his clothes,
"O Will, O Will," the old man cries,
"There are some of our old gear gone."
A lea tow tow ray.

6. She ran to the room where the old man lay
She bid the old man go out in the barn
The cow for to milk and the cream for to churn,
She bid him to go speedily a-bey.
A lea tow tow ray.

7. She ran to the room where her daughter slept,
The bed it was empty and she was away,
She held up her hands saying, "Praise be blest,
She's awa' with the beggar man."
A lea tow tow ray.

8. O some went on horseback and some run on foot
And as for the old wifie she could not creep,
But she hustled about saying, "Hip free hip[1]
I'll never lodge a beggar that gang's."
A lea tow tow ray.

9. When twenty long months had passed and gone
The beggar man came back in all his rags,
Saying, "Old wifie since your courtship is gained[2]
Will you lodge a beggar man that comes?"
A lea tow tow ray.

10. "I'll lodge no beggar that comes a lea,
I only had a daughter yet but one,
And she's awa' with the beggar man.
I don't know when or where."
A lea tow tow ray.

11. "Old wifie, old wifie, what would you give
A sight of your daughter for to see?"
"You cunning light rogue, I think it is thee,
And I wish that I had you slain."
A lea tow tow ray.

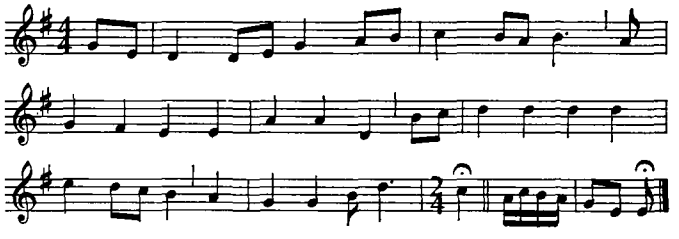
12. "Old wifie, old wifie, that couldn't be
For your daughter she's far happier with me
For she holds a baby on her knee
And another one a-coming.
A lea tow tow ray.

13. "It's yonder over the muriel she's coming,
Her silks and her satins and her coach and three."
She held up her hands, she blessed the hour
That her daughter had married the lord of the land.
A lea tow tow ray.

[1] frae hip to hip? [*Editor's note.*]
[2] for your courtsie? [*Editor's note.*]

12. "The Beggar Man"

Greig MSS., II, p. 76. Sung by Mrs. Finnie, June 1907.

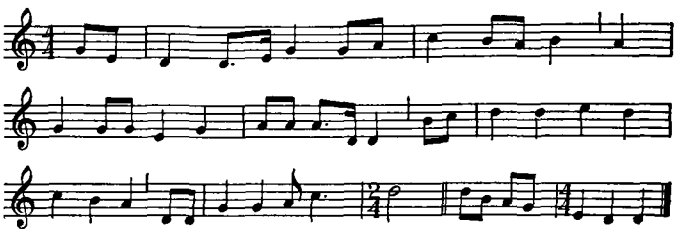
a M, ending on II

Query whether the last two bars are not in error for notes of double the values here given?

The MS. gives only the first words of the text:

A pawky auld carle &c.

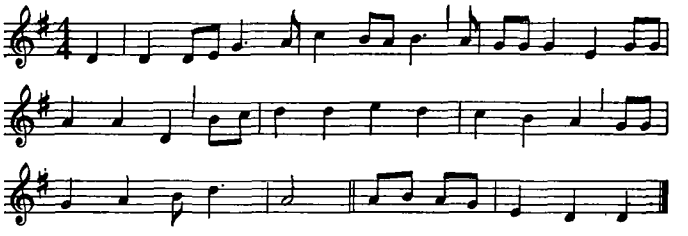
13. "The Beggar Man"

Greig MSS., I, p. 34. Also in Greig-Duncan MS. 785 (Walker transcript). Sung by J. Greig, New Deer, 1904, as sung by Hugh Begg's grandfather.

a M/D

There was an auld carle cam' owre yon lea
Wi' mony a story telling unto me;
He was lookin' oot for charity,
Will ye lodge a beggar man?
Laddie to my tow-row-ree.

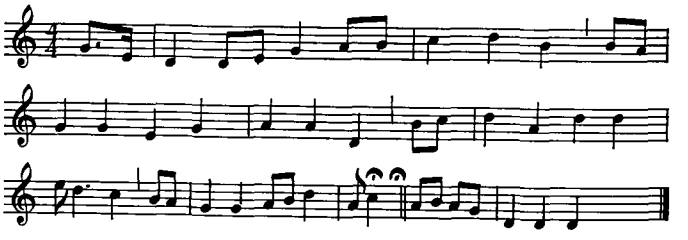
14. "The Beggar Man"

Greig MSS., III, p. 19. Sung by J. McAllan, September 1907.

a M/D

There was an auld carle cam' owre the lea,
Wi' mony good-days & good-e'ens to me;
He was lookin' oot for charity,
Will ye lodge a beggar man?
Ladil ilti towrowree.

15. "The Beggar Man"

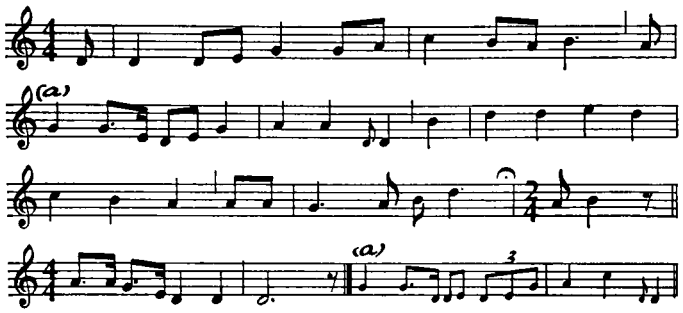
Greig MSS., IV, p. 174. Sung by J. Angus.

a M/D

The MS. gives only the refrain-line:

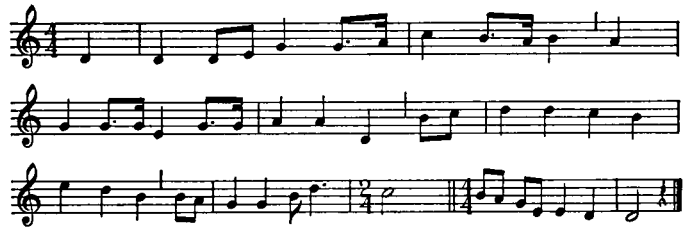
Ladle tee a tow row ree.

16. "Gaberlunzie Man"

Greig MSS., IV, p. 29. Also in Greig-Duncan MS. 785 (Walker transcript). Sung by Mrs. Dunbar, Longhill of Crimond.

a M/D

17. "The Beggar Man"

Greig MSS., I, p. 93; text, Bk. 713, III, p. 94. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 226(1c). Sung by Arthur Barron, Whitehill, New Deer, January 1906.

a M/D

There was an auld carle cam' owre the lea,
Wi' mony guid days & guid e'ens to me,—
Will (W^{d}) ye lodge a beggar man?
La-dil-ee-a tow-row-ree.

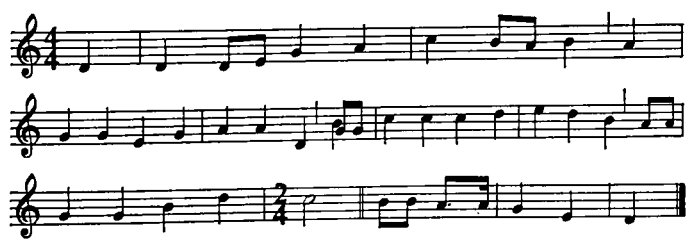
. . . . . .

Auld wifie, auld wifie, what would you g[ie]
For a sicht o' your dochter Jean to see,
Wi' a bairn on her back and anither on her knee,
And anither comin' hame?

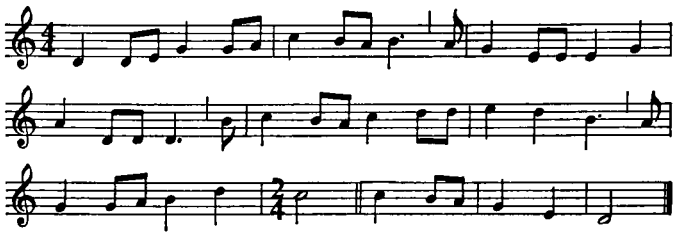
The second stanza above may be part of the same singer's text, procured later.

18. "The Beggar Man"

Greig MSS., II, p. 30. Sung by Mrs. Fowler, Aberdeen, August 1906.

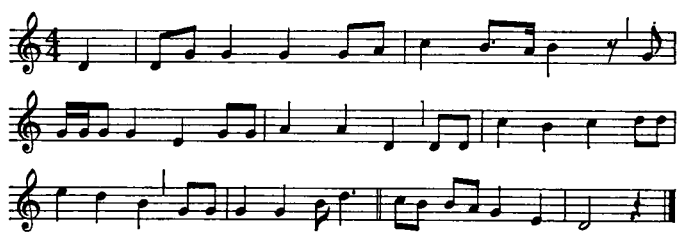
a M/D

19. "The Beggar Man"

Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 299. Sung by Mrs. Lyall, June 4, 1907. From her mother, who probably learned it from her mother.

a M/D

"Aul' wifie, aul wifie, fat wid ye gie,
A sicht o' yer dother Jean for to see?"
"Awa wi' ye, carle, it's jist been thee,
I wish I had ye slain."
Lah, liltie tow row ree.

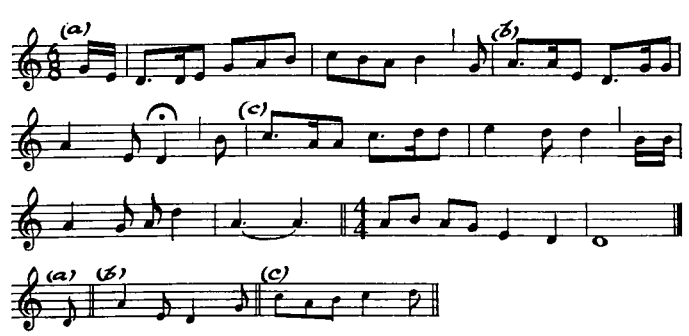
20. "The Beggar Man"

Greig MSS., I, p. 93. Sung by Mrs. Pyper, December 1905.

a M/D

There was an auld carle cam' owre the lea,
Wi' mony a good nicht & good e'en to me,
Says Hey goodwife wi' a courteous e'e,
Will ye lodge a beggar man
Lal-ti-tow-row-ree.

21. "The Gaberlunzie Man"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1955/154/B21. Sung by Jimmy Byrne, Edinburgh; learned from his mother. Collected by Hamish Henderson.

a M/D

Oh lassie, oh lassie, ye're far owre young,
Ye havena the cant o' the beggin' tongue,
Ye havena the cant o' the beggin' tongue
So wi' me ye cannae gang.

Chorus:

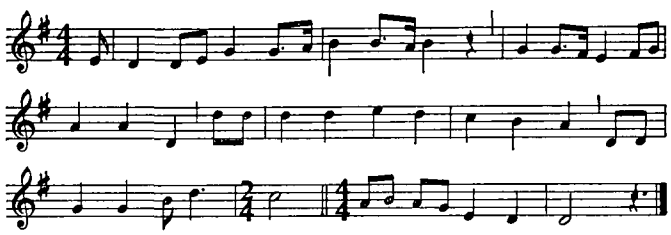
Lassie wi' your tow row ree.

Oh I'll bend my back, an' I'll bou my knee
I'll pit a black spatch on my ee,
I'll pit a black spatch on my ee,
An' alang wi' you I'll gaun.

Chorus.

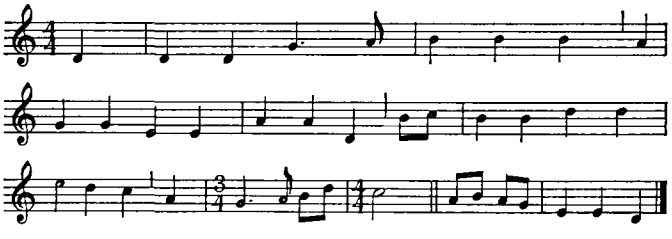
22. "The Beggar Man"

Greig MSS., I, p. 92. Sung by A. Milne, December 1906.

a M

The beggar man cam' owre the lea,
Mony's the fine tale he'll tell thee;
He was askin' help for charity
Will ye lodge a beggar man
Laddle-ilti-towrow-ree.

23. "The Beggar Man"

Greig MSS., IV, p. 7; text, Bk. 738, XXVIII, p. 71. Sung by Mrs. Coutts, Ellon, 1909; learned 40 years before.

a M/D

1. There was an aul' beggar cam over the lea,
And mony's the fause tale he telt me,
He was seeking help for charitie,—
Wad ye lodge a beggar man?
Lal lal te tow row re.

2. The nicht bein' caul' & the carle weet,
In aside the ingle he did creep,
In aside the ingle he did creep,
And aye as he liltet and sang
Lal lal te tow row re.

3. Their dother Jean sat neist the fire,
And aye she sang till his desire,
And aye she sang till his desire,—
Wad ye lodge a beggar man?
(a leal aul' man?)
Lal lal te tow row re.

. . . . . .

4. I'm no such a beggar as ye think I be.

5. Gin I were as fair as fair could be,
As fair as the snaw on yonder lea,
I'd dress mysel' richt beggarlie,
And awa wi' you wad gang.

6. And then at nicht when the aul' folk sleep,
Oot at the window the twa did creep,
Oot at the window they baith did creep,
And ower the lea they ran.

7. In the mornin' when the aul' wife rose,
She missed the beggar and his aul' clothes,
She missed the beggar and his aul' clothes,
Says, "There's some o' oor guid gear gane.

8. Gae ben guidman & wauken the bairn,
The cheese is to mak' & the claes is to iron,
And tell her to come speedily ben,
I'm afraid she's lien o'er lang."

9. When he cam to the place where his daughter lay,
The sheets were caul' & she was away,
The sheets were caul' & she was away,—
She's awa' wi' the beggar man.

10. Some rode on horseback & some ran afoot,
A' but the aul wife & she wasna fit,
She rockit aboot fae fit to fit,
(happit) (hip to hip,)
And aye she cursed & bannt.

11. And when a twalmonth was gane & past,
The same aul' beggar cam back at last,
He was seekin' help for charitie,—
Wad ye lodge a beggar man?
(leal aul')

12. Awa' wi' ye carle that gangs your lane,
I never lodged ae beggar but ane,
And I never had but ae daughter,
And awa' wi' him she's gane.

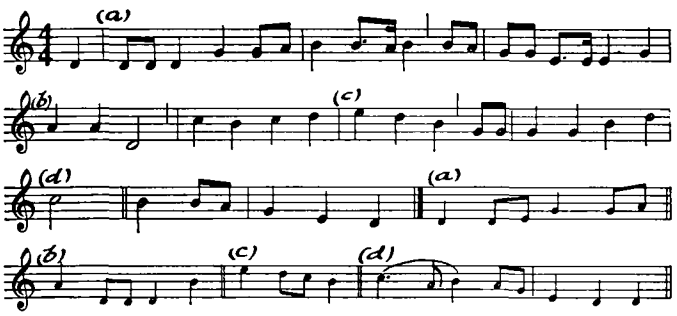
13. Aul' wifie, aul' wifie, fat wad ye gie,
A sicht o' your dother Jean to see?
Awa' wi' ye carle, it's jist been thee
I wish I hid thee slain.

14. Yair dother Jean's comin' over the lea,
In silks & satins as you can see,
Wi' a bonnie bairn on her knee,
And anither on the road comin' hame.
(And I've brocht your dother hame.)
(To you I've brocht her hame.)

15. And aye she blessed the happy day
That she lodged the beggar man,

24. "The Gaberlunzie Man"

Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 18; "Words," p. 217. Text also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 224. From Mrs. Gillespie, 1905, as sung by Mary Gallen, 40 years earlier. Also from the MS. of G. F. Duncan (1885), who had it from several sources (chiefly his mother).

a M/D

1. There wis an auld carle cam our the lea
An mony's the fine tale he tell unto me
Asking meal for charity
Will ye lodge a leal pu'r man; Laddle lilt te tow, row, ree.

2. The nicht wis caul an the carle wis wat
An down by the fireside the auld beggar sat
The dochter he began to clap
An aye as he rantit an sang; Laddle lilt-te tow, row, row.

3. O wow quoth he if I were as free
As first when I came to this countrie
O blyth an merry wid I be,
An' I wid never think lang. Laddle lilt-te-tow row, row.

4. He wis canty an she wis fain
But little did her auld mither ken
What the twa together wer sayin
When they were sae thrang. Laddle lilt-te-tow, row, row.

5. O says he gin ye were as black
As the croun o my daddies hat
'Tis I wid lay thee at my back
An awa on me ye wid gang. Laddle lilt-te tow, row, row.

6. O said she if I were as white
As e'er the snaw lay on the dyke
I'd cleed me braw an leddy like
An awa wi thee I'd gang. Laddle lilt te-tow, row, row.

7. Gin my mammy kent I were wi you
Ill faurd'ly wid she crook her moo
Anather pu'r man she ne'er wid trew
After the Gaberlunzie man. Laddle lilt-te-tow row, row.

8. O said the beggar ye're yet our young
Ye hina the clink o the beggin tongue
Ye hina the clink o the beggin tongue
An wi me ye canna gang. Laddle lilt te tow row row.

9. I'll ben' my back I'll bue my knee
I'll tie a black patch on my e'e
An for a beggar they'll tak me
An awa wi you I'll gang. Laddle lilt-te-tow row row.

10. Between the twa they made a plot
To rise a wee before the cock
An wili-ly they shot the lock
An fast tae the bents they ran. Laddle lilt-te-tow row, row.

11. She's bent her back she's bou'd her knee
She's tied a black patch on her e'e
An for a beggar they've ta'en she
An awa wi him she's gane. Laddle lilt te tow row row.

12. Up in the mornin the auld wife raise,
An at her leisure pat on her claise
Sine to the servant's bed she gae's
To spier for the silly pe'er man. Laddle lilt-te-tow, row row.

13. She gid tae the bed whare the beggar lay
The stray wis caul an he wis away
She clapped her hands cried wal-la-day
For some o our gear'ill be gaen. Laddle lilt-te-tow row, row.

14. Some ran to coffer an some ran tae kist
But nought wis stoun that could be missed
She danced her lean crying praised be bless't
I've lodged a leal pu'r man. Laddle lilt-te-tow, row, row.

15. Since naething's awa as we can learn
The kirn is tae kirn and the milk tae yern
Gie but the hoose an wauken the bairn
An bid her come quickly ben. Laddle lilt-te-tow, row, row.

16. The servant gid where the dochter lay
The sheets wis caul an she wis away
An fast tae the auld wife she did gae
Say'n she's awa wi the beggar man. Laddle liltte-tow, row, row.

17. Some rode on horseback some ran on fit
A' bít the auld wife and she wisna fít
Aye she rockit fae hip tae hip
An aye she cursed an bann'd. Laddle lilt-te-tow, row, row.

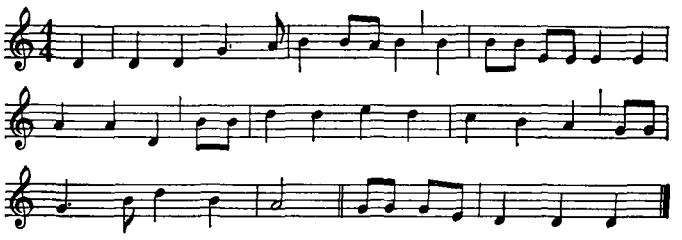
18. When five long years wis come and gaen
The auld beggar carl came back again
He's seekin after charity
Could ye lodge a leal pu'r man. Laddle lilt te tow row, row.

19. I never lodged a beggar bit ane
I never had a dochter bit ane
An awa wi the beggar she his gane
An I canna tell where nor when. Laddle lilt-te-tow row row.

20. O auld wife auld wife what wad ye gie
For a sight o ye're dochter Jean to see
Wi a baby at her fit an anether on her knee
An ane o the road coming hame? Laddle lilt te tow row row.

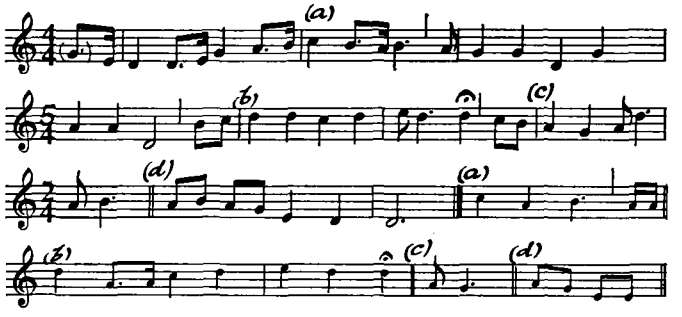
25. "The Gaberlunzie Man"

Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 18. Sung by R. Chree, Alford, 1906; learned in Strathdon 40 years earlier.

a M/D

A beggar man cam owre the lea;
Wi mony a fine story unto me;
He was seekin' oot for charity,
Wad ye lodge a beggar man;
Laddle-lee-a-tow-row-ree.

26. "The Jolly Beggar"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1963/27/A12. Sung by Elizabeth Ireland, Maybole, Ayrshire. Collected by Hamish Henderson.

a M/D

1. A beggar-man came owre yon lea,
Seekin' oot for charity,
He was seekin' oot for charity:
"Could ye lodge a beggar-man?"

Chorus:

Larrity a tow row ree.

2. Oh, the night being dark and something wat,
Down by the fireside the auld man sat;
He flung his meal-poke on the flair
And he ranted and he sang.

Chorus.

3. Oh, early next mornin' the auld wife rose,
Sayin' "Gae ben the hoose an' rise my bairn,
For the kirn is to kirn an' the claes are to airn,
An' tell her to come speedily ben."

Chorus.

4. Oh, he went tae the bed where the dochter lay;
The sheets they were cold and she was away,
The sheets they were cold and she was away,
An' she's gane wi' the beggar-man.

Chorus.

5. Oh, some rade on horseback, and some ran on fuit,
But thir auld man, he wasna fit,
But there he ran frae door tae door,
Sayin', "She's away wi' the beggar-man."

Chorus.

6. When four long years hid passed an' gane,
The same auld man cam' back again,
He was seekin' oot for charity,
"Could ye lodge a beggar-man?"

Chorus.

7. "Oh, a beggar, a beggar, I'll ne'er lodge again,
For I yince had a dochter, but noo I've nane,
For awa' wi' the beggar she has gane,
An' I dinna ken where nor when."

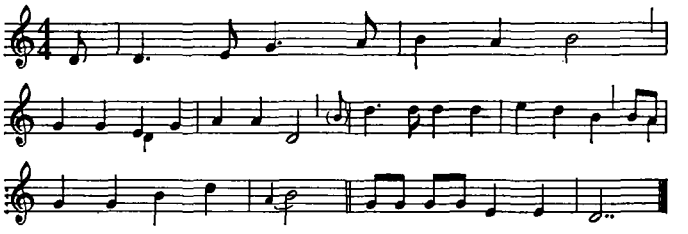
Chorus.

8. "Oh, yonder your dochter comes owre yon lea,
Wi' silks an' satins tae her knee,
Wi' a bairn at her fuit, an yin at her knee,
An' yin comin' toddlin' hame."

Chorus.

27. "The Beggar Man"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1960/149/B11. Sung by Charles Reid (from St. Fergus, Aberdeenshire) in Epsom, Surrey, January 24, 1960. Collected by K. S. Goldstein.

a π^2

1. A beggar-man cam' owre the lea,
Cryin' oot for charity,
Cryin' oot for charity,
"Wad ye lodge a beggar-man?"

Chorus:

Raddle at the tow row ree.

2. The nicht being dark, an' somewhat wat,
Doon by the fireside the aul' man sat,
He keest the meal-pyoke aff his back
An' aye he roared an' sang.

Chorus.

3. Early next mornin' the auld folk got up,
But the beggar-man didnae bide tae sup,
He was up an' awa' at the break o' day;
Awa' was the beggar-man.

Chorus.

4. They ran to the bed where the daughter lay,
The sheets were cauld an' she was away,
The sheets were cauld an' she was away,
Away wi' the beggar-man.

Chorus.

5. Some ran on horseback, some ran on fuit,
A' but the auld wife, an' she wasna fit,
She clawed the steel (?stook) instead o' her hip,
An' aye she rared an' sang.

Chorus.

6. Here is your daughter comin' owre the bower,
Dressed in satin an' fine flower;
She held up her hand, an' she blessed the hour
That she ran wi' the beggar-man.

Chorus.

Chorus:

Oh raddlety ma tow row ree.

"For a beggar, a beggar, I wull ne'er hae again;
I ne'er had a daughter but ane,
I ne'er had a daughter but ane,
An' awa' wi' a beggar she gane."

Chorus.

Oh, some went on horse an' other went on fuit,
And for the auld wife, she gaed oot o' her wit,
She empit herself he's done to ?return
She wad ne'er ladge a beggar again.

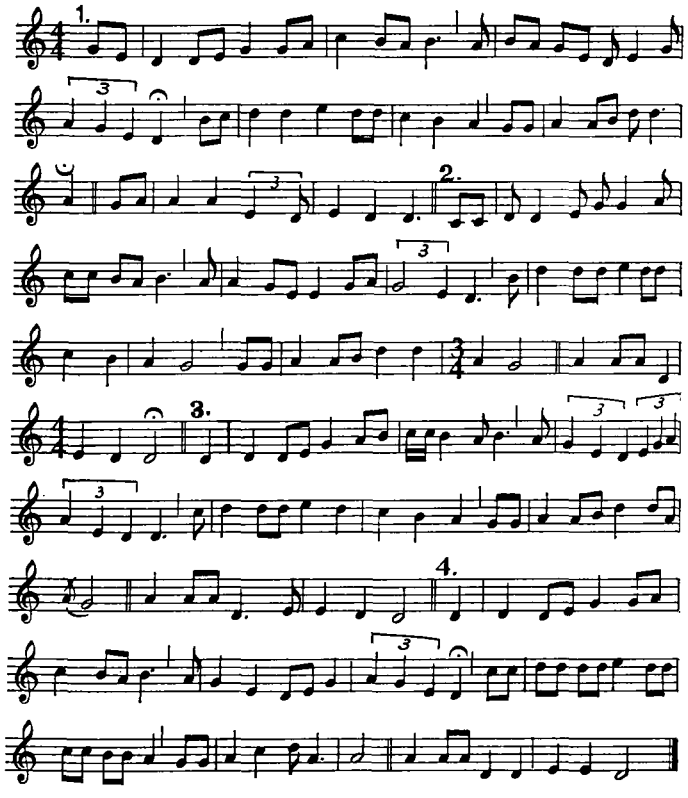
Chorus.

Oh, thonder she's comin' owre the lea,
She's dressed in silks an' satin so free,
Wi' a babby on her back and another on her lap,
An' the third yin's comin' hame.

Chorus.

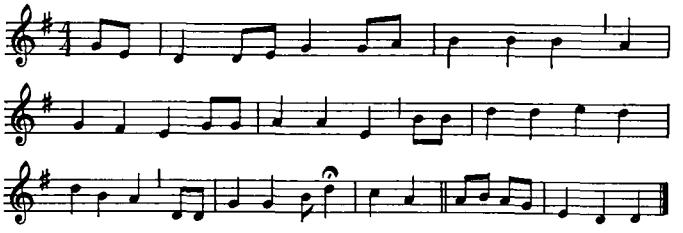
28. "The Beggar-man"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1953/196/B. Sung by Betsy White, Fraserburgh, Aberdeenshire, September 16, 1953. Collected by Hamish Henderson and Jeannie Robertson.

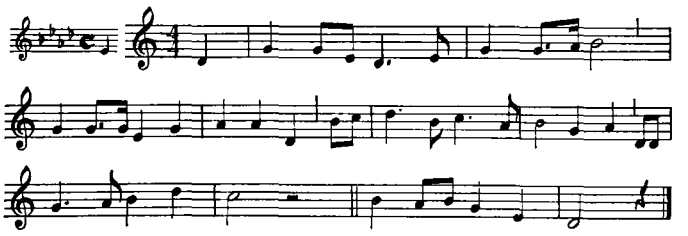
a D/M

For a beggar-man cam' owre the lea,
Oh, askin' lodgin' for charity,
"I say, ?aul' wife for a charity
Wad ye lodge an auld beggar-man?"

29. "The Beggar Man"

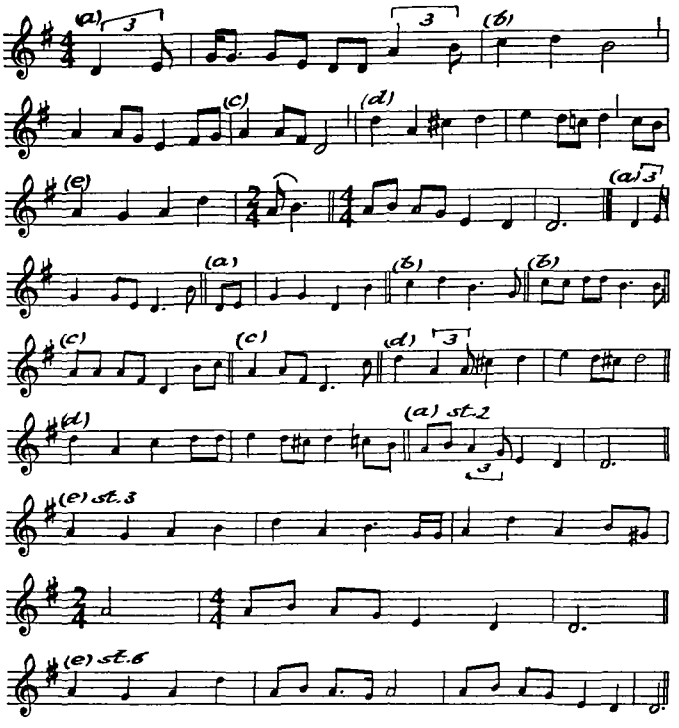
Greig MSS., IV, p. 157. Sung by a New Leeds woman.

a M

30. "The Beggar Man (Gaberlunzie)"

Riddell MSS., NL Scotland MSS. 3042-43, No. 25. Also in Greig MSS., I, p. 183, and in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 226(1d). Collected by George Riddell, Rosehearty, 1903.

a D/M

31. "The Beggar Man"

Sung by John MacDonald (60), at one of the berry-picking camps in Perthshire, August 1965. Collected and transcribed by Peter Shepheard; sent by him to the Editor.

a M (inflected VII)

1. For there were an auld beggar man come ower yon lea
Seekin' hope and charity
Seekin' hope and charity
Would you lodge a beggar man
Laddle tae ma tow row ray

2. For the day bein' wat an' the night bein' cauld
In by the fireside the auld buddy sat
Castin' a meal poke off his back
Laddle tae ma tow row ray

3. For the daughter kept lookin' and sighin' said
Awa wi you I'll go across the lea
For I'll boo ma back an' I'll bend ma knee
I'll put a black patch on ma ee
An' awa wi you I'll gang
Laddle tae ma tow row ray

4. Oh lassie oh lassie ye're far ower young
An' ye hannae got the cant o' the sprachan tongue
An' ye hannae got the cant o' the sprachan tongue
An' wi me ye cannae jill
Laddle tae ma tow row ray

5. For I'll boo ma back an' I'll bend ma knee
I'll put a black patch on ma ee
I'll boo ma back an' I'll bend wir knee
An' awa wi you I'll gang
Laddle tae ma tow row ray

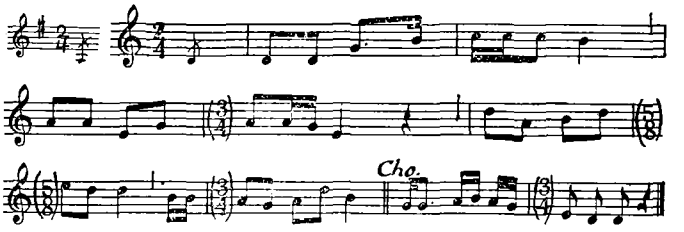
6. For the auld woman tossed an' sighed an' said
A beggar a beggar I'll ne'er lodge again
The last auld beggar that I lodged here
He stole awa my daughter fae me
Laddle tae ma tow row ray

7. For it's here's your daughter she's comin' ower the lea
Wi yin on her back an' another at her fit
Wi yin at her back an' another at her fit
An' a third yin comin' hame
Laddle tae ma tow row ray

st. 2—poke = sack
st. 3—boo = bow or bend
st. 4—sprachan = begging
st. 4—jill = gang or go
st. 5—wir = our [*Shepheard's notes.*]

32. "The Beggar's Bride"

Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, 1929, p. 333. Sung by Mrs. James McGill, Chamcook, N.B.; her version is from Galloway, Scotland. Noted by George Herzog, 1928.

a M/D

1. A beggar man cam' ower the lea,
Seekin' help an' charity,
Seekin' help an' charitee—
"Could 'e lodge a beggar man?"
O, Ladli tae mi tow row ra.

2. Doon by the fire the auld man sat,
An' cast his meal pouch aff his back,
He cast his meal pouch aff his back,
An' aye he rant an' sang—
Singin', Ladli tae mi tow row ra.

3. "If I was as black as I am white,
As the snaw that lies on yonder dyke,
I'd dress mysel' up beggar-like
An' awa' wi' you I'd gang,"
Sae, Ladli tae mi tow row ra.

4. "O lassie, O lassie, ye're far ower young,
'E ha' na got the cant o' a begging tongue,
'E ha' na got the cant o' a begging tongue,
An' wi' me ye canna gang."
Singin', Ladli tae mi tow row ra.

5. "I'll bow my back an' bend my knee,
An' pit a black patch on my e'e,
An' for a beggar thae'll tak' me
An' awa' wi' you I'll gang."
Sae, Ladli tae mi tow row ra.

6. "Betide me weel, betide me woe,
It's wi' the beggar man I will go,
An' follow him thro frost an' snow,
I care na' what they say."
Sae, Ladli tae mi tow row ra.

7. Sae the twa made up the plot
Tae rise two oors afore the auld folk,
Tae rise two oors afore the auld folk,
An' ower the fields they ran,
Singin', Ladli tae mi tow row ra.

8. Up in the mornin' the aul' folk arose,
[Remainder of stanza forgotten.]

9. She went tae the room where the dochter lay,
The sheets were cauld an' she was awa',
The sheets were cauld an' she was awa',
Awa' wi' the beggar man.
Sae, Ladli tae mi tow row ra.

10. Some rode on horseback, some rode on fit,
But the auld wife she wasna fit,
She hirpled aboot frae bit to bit,
Sayin', "A beggar I'll ne'er lodge again."
Singin', Ladli tae mi tow row ra.

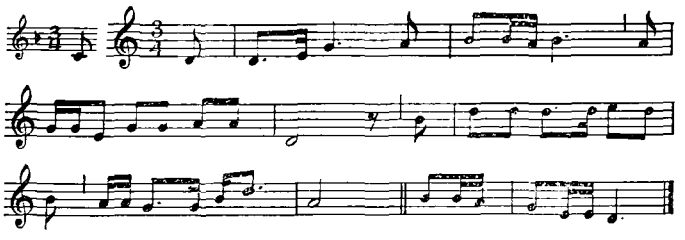
11. Seven lang years are past an' gane,
Whan back cam' the same beggar man again,
Seekin' a place to lodge in,
Sayin' "Could 'e lodge a beggar man?"
Sae, Ladli tae mi tow row ra.

12. "A beggar, a beggar I'll ne'er lodge again,
I had ae dochter but ane o' ma ain,
An' awa' wi' a beggar man she's gane,
An' a' canna' tell when nor where."
Sae, Ladli tae mi tow row ra.

13. "Yonder's your dochter comes ower yon lea,
Wi' many a fine story to tell to thee,
Not a beggar's bride but a gay ladye,
Since she followed a beggar man."
Sae, Ladli tae mi tow row ra.

33. "The Beggar Man"

Ord, 1930, p. 375. From tradition in the north of Scotland.

a π^3

1. A beggar man cam' owre yon lea,
An' mony a fine tale he tauld me,
Seeking out for charity,
Will ye lodge a beggar man?
La lal-tee too roo a ree.

2. The nicht was cauld, the carl was wat,
An' down ayont the ingle he sat;
Then he threw the meal-pock aff o' his back
An' aye as he ranted and sang
La lal-tee too roo a ree.

3. If I were black as I am white
As the snaw that lies on yonder dyke,
I'd dress mysel' some beggar-like
An' awa wi' you I would gang.
La lal-tee too roo a ree.

4. O lassie, O lassie, you're far too young,
An' you haena the cant o' the begging tongue;
Ye haena the cant o' the beggin' tongue,
An' wi' me ye canna gang.
La lal-tee too roo a ree.

5. I'll bend my back an' bow my knee,
And I'll put a black patch on my e'e,
An' for a beggar they'll tak' me,
Syne awa wi' you I'll gang
La lal-tee too roo a ree.

6. 'Twas then the twa made up the plot
To rise twa hours before the auld folk;
Sae gently as they slipped the lock
An' through the fields they ran.
La lal-tee too roo a ree.

7. Early neist mornin' the auld wife arose,
An' at her leisure put on her clothes,
Syne to the servant's bed she goes
To speir for the silly, puir man.
La lal-tee too roo a ree.

8. She gaed to the bed where the beggar lay;
The strae was cauld and he was away;
She clapped her hands, cried, "Walladay,
Is there ony o' our gude gear gane?"
La lal-tee too roo a ree.

9. Some ran to the coffer, some ran to the kist,
But nocht was stolen that could be mist;
She danced her lane, cried, "Praise be the blest,
I've lodged an honest auld man."
La lal-tee too roo a ree.

10. Since naething's awa that we can learn,
The kye are to milk an' the milk is to kirn;
Gae but the house, lass, an' wauken my bairn,
An' bid her come speedily ben.
La lal-tee too roo a ree.

11. The servant gaed where the dochter lay;
The sheets were cauld and she was away;
An' fast to the gudewife she did say,
She's awa wi' the auld beggar man.
La lal-tee too roo a ree.

12. O fye gar ride, O fye gar rin,
An' haste ye find thae traitors again;
For she'll be burnt and he'll be slain,
The wearifu' auld beggar man.
La lal-tee too roo a ree.

13. Some rode on horseback and some ran on foot,
A' but the auld wife, and she wasna fit;
But she hobbled about frae hip to hip,
An' aye as she cursed and she bann'd.
La lal-tee too roo a ree.

14. Meanwhile, far out owre yon lea,
Fu' snug in a glen where nane could see,
The twa wi' kindly sport and glee
Frae a new cheese cut a whang.
La lal-tee too roo a ree.

15. When years had passed some twa or three,
The same beggar carl cam' owre yon lea,
Saying, gudewife for your courtsie
Will you lodge a silly, puir man?
La lal-tee too roo a ree.

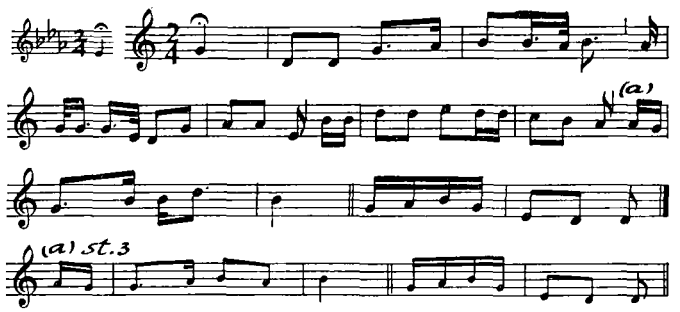
16. A beggar, a beggar, I'll ne'er lodge again,
I hadna a dochter but ane o' my ain,
An' awa wi' a beggar man she's gane
An' I dinna ken whence nor where.
La lal-tee too roo a ree.

17. O, yonder she's comin' owre yon lea,
Wi' mony a fine tale unto thee;
An' she's got a baby on her knee
An' anither comin' hame.
La lal-tee too roo a ree.

18. O yonder she's comin' to your bower,
In silk an' satin wi' mony a flower;
She's held up her hands, and she's blest the hour
That she followed the beggar man.
La lal-tee too roo a ree.

34. "The Beggar Man"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1952/4/B8. Sung by Willie Mathieson, Ellon, Aberdeenshire. Collected by Hamish Henderson. Transcribed by Francis M. Collinson.

a M/D

1. 'T's a beggar man cam ower the lea
Wi' mony a fine story unto me;
He was asking lodgings for charity,
Would you lodge a beggar man.

Chorus:

Laddie lilt ee tow row ree.

2. The nicht being caul' and somewhat wat
It's doon by the fireside the auld man sat.
He caest the meal poke aff his back
And aye he ranted an' sang.

3. If I'd been as blythe, as blythe could be
As the day I left my ain country,
It's blythe and merry would I be
And I would not think it lang.

4. If I'd been as black as I am white,
As the snaw that lies on yonder dyke,
I'd dress mysel some beggar-like
And awa wi' you I'd gang.

5. Oh lassie, oh lassie, ye're far ower young
Ye hinna the cant o' the beggin' tongue—
Ye hinna the clink o' the beggin' tongue
So wi' me ye canna gang.

6. I'll bend my back and bow my knee
And put a black patch on my ee,
And for a beggar they'd tak me
And awa wi' you I'd gang.

7. Noo the twa's made up the plot
To rise two hours afore the auld folks;
Sae cannily as they slipped the lock
And throw the fields they ran.

8. Up in the mornin' the auld man arose,
He missed the aul' beggar and his clothes.
He missed the aul' beggar and his clothes,
Says, there's some o' oor gweed gear gane.

9. He ran to the cupboard, he ran to the press:
There's a'thing here, an gweed be blessed.
There's a'thing here, an gweed be blessed,
And there's nane o' oor gweed gear gane.

10. The auld wife she cries, gang an wauken the bairn,
The milk for to kirn an' the claes for to iron.
The milk for to kirn an' the claes for to iron,
Ging an' tell her to come speedily ben.

11. He ran to the bed where his daughter lay,
The sheets was caul' an' she was away—
The sheets was caul' an' she was away,
She's awa wi' the beggar man.

12. Some ran on horseback and some ran on fit,
But ae aul' wife, and she wisna fit,
For she clawed the steel instead o' her hip
And aye she cursed an' ban'.

13. When seven years were passed an' gane
Come back this same beggar man again.
He was askin' lodgings for charity,
Would you lodge a beggar man.

14. I lodge nae beggars, I lodge nae neen.
I ne'er had a daughter, ne'er but een.
I ne'er had a daughter ne'er but een,
An' awa wi' a beggar man she did gang.

15. Oh auld wifie, auld wifie, fat wad ye gie
A sicht o' yer daughter aince mair for to see?
Oh ye rogue, I thought it was you,
I wish I'd had ye slain.

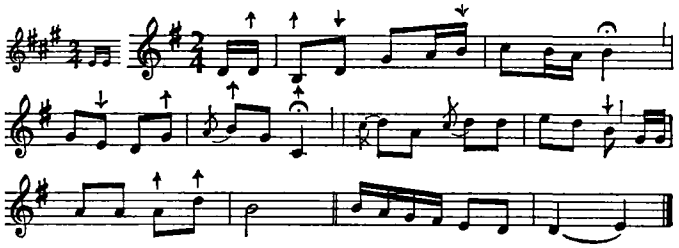
16. It's yonder she comes oot ower the lea,
Wi' mony a fine story unto thee.
She has ae baby on her back,
An' anither een comin' hame.

17. It's yonder she comes oot ower the burn,
Wi' silks and satins a' clad ower.
She held up her hands an' she blessed the 'oor
She followed the beggar man.

35. "The Beggar Man"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1958/8/A5. Sung by Robert Hamilton. Collected by Hamish Henderson. Transcribed by Alex Sinclair.

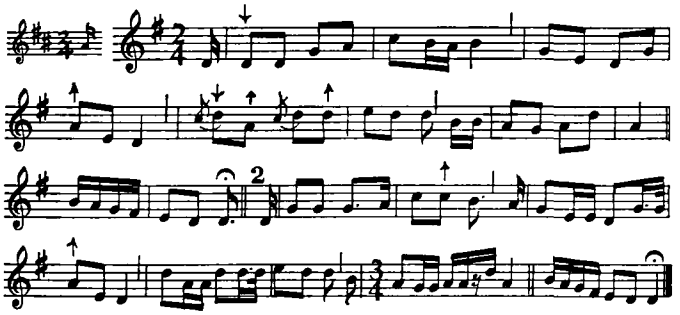
a M, ending on II



There's a beggar man comin over the lea
Seekin out for charitie
Seekin out for charitie
Could ye ludge yer beggar man?
La-di-lay a tow-row-ray.

36. "The Beggar Man"

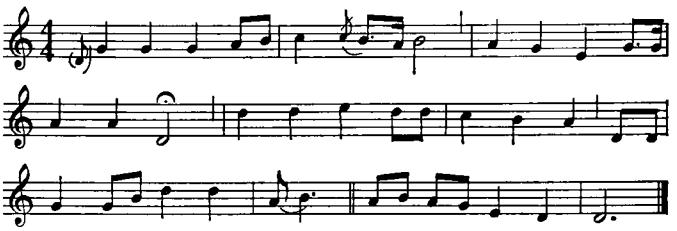
Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1958/8/A6. Sung by Annie McDonald. Collected by Hamish Henderson. Transcribed by Alex Sinclair.

a M

A beggar man cam oer the lea
Seekin oot for charitie
. . . . . .
Would ye ludge a beggar man?
Larity a tow-row-ray.

The night bein dark an somewhat wet
It's doon by the fireside the auld man sat
Doon . . . . . .
An aye as he riddled he sang
Larity a tow-row-ray.

37. "Jolly Beggar"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1955/65/B18. Sung by Auld Kirstie. Collected by Hamish Henderson and Peter Kennedy.

a M/D

1. Ainst a beggar cam' out owre the lea,
Seekin' lodgin' for charlitee
Seekin' lodgin' for charlitee,
"Wad ye lodge a beggar-mannie?"

Chorus:

Raddle tee a tow row ree.

2. Doon at the fireside the aul' deevil sat,
Castin' the meal-pyokes aff his back,
Castin' the meal-pyokes aff his back,
An' aye is the riddlin' sang.

Chorus.

3. "But if I was black, that I am fite,
I wad dress mysel' in beggar-like,
I wad dress mesel' in beggar-like,
An' awa' wi' you I'd gyaun."

Chorus.

4. "But lassie, lassie, ye're far too young;
Ye hanae got the cant o' the beggin' tongue,
Ye hanae the cant o' the beggin' tongue,
Wi' me ye cannae gyaun'."

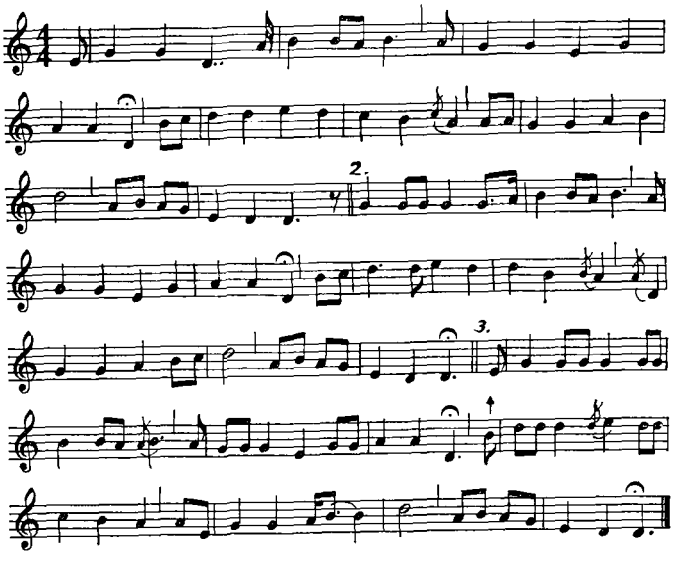
Chorus.

5. Early the mornin' the auld wife she rose,
She missed the beggar an' his clothes,
But whan she gaed ben whaur Jean she lay,
The . . . . . an' she was away.

6. Some gaed on horseback and some gaed on fit,
She hobbled awa' tae her bed in the room. [*twice*]

38. "The Beggar Man"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1951/14/B14. Sung by John Strachan, Fyvie, Aberdeenshire. Collected by Alan Lomax and Hamish Henderson. Transcribed by Donya Etherington Irving.

a M/D

1. A beggar man cam ow'r the lea
A-lookin' oot for charity
A-lookin' oot for charity
"Will you lodge a beggar-man?"

Refrain:

Little do you toor owr ee

2. Doon be the fireside the auld man sat
He keist his meal-pyokes aff his back
He keist the meal-pyokes aff his back
And aye he lilted and sang.

Refrain.

3. O lassie, o lassie, ye are too young
Ye hinna the knack o' the beggin' tongue
Ye hinna the knack o' the beggin' tongue
And wi' me ye canna gyang.

Refrain.

4. I'll bend my back and boo my knee
I'll pit a black patch on my ee
And for a beggar they'll tak me
And awa' wi' you I'll gyang.

Refrain.

5. Early next mornin' the auld wife arose
And at leisure she put on her clothes
Syne tae the servant bed she goes
Tae speir for the silly peer man.

Refrain.

6. She gaed tae the bed where the beggar lay
The strae was cauld and he was away
She clappit her hand, cried, "Waladay!
Is there ony o' oor guid gear gane?"

Refrain.

7. The servant gaed where the dochter lay
The sheets were cauld and she was away
And fast to the good-wife she did say,
"She's awa' wi' the beggar-man."

Refrain.

8. Some rode on horseback and some rode on foot
A' but the auld-wife—she wasnae fit
She hirpled aboot frae hip tae hip
And aye she cursed and banned.

Refrain.

9. When years had passed some twa or three
The same beggar came ow'r yon lea
Sayin', "Good wife for your court'sy
Will ye lodge a silly peer man?"

Refrain.

10. "A beggar, a beggar, I'll never lodge again
I hadnae a daughter but een o' my ain,
And awa' wi' a beggar man she is gane
And I dinna ken whence nor whaur."

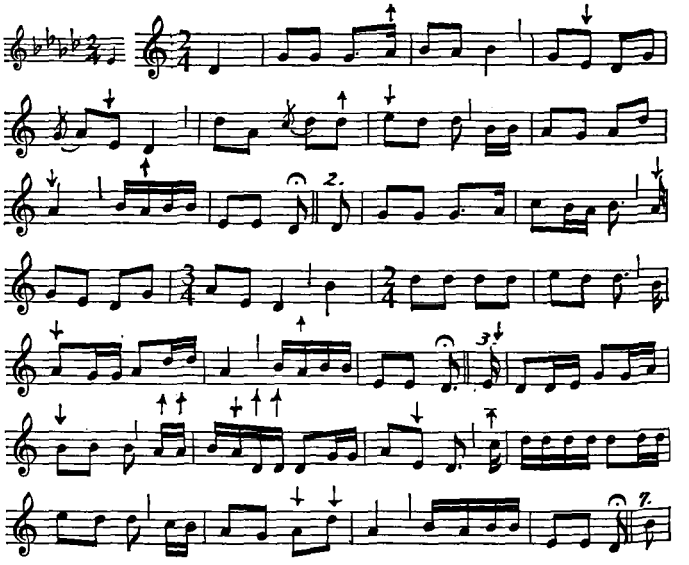
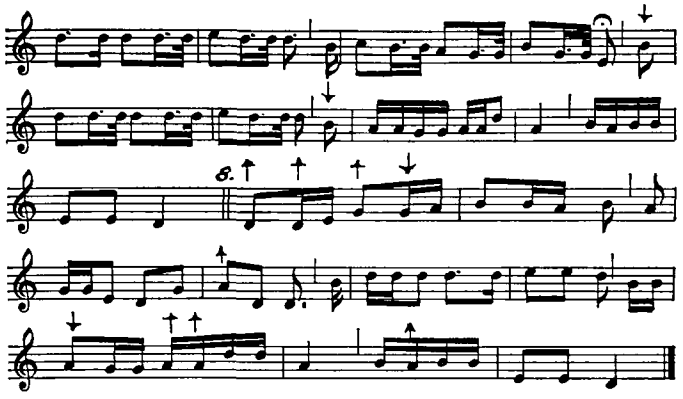
Refrain.

11. "Auld wifie, auld wifie, whit would ye gie
For ae secht o' your Jean tae see,
A bairn on her back and anither at her knee
And anither on the road comin' hame?"

Refrain.

39. "The Beggar Man"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1958/8/A7. Sung by Mrs. Mary Molloy, Campbeltown, Argyllshire, with a verse supplied by Robert Hamilton. Collected by Hamish Henderson. Transcribed by Robert Lorimer.

a D/M

1. A beggar-man cam' owre the lea,
Seeking oot for charity,
Seeking oot for charity,
"Will ye lodge a beggar-man?"

Chorus:

Larry tee a tow row ree.

2. The night was dark and something wet;
Doonbye the fire the auld man sat;
He took his mealsack aff his back,
And aye as he ranted he sang.

Chorus.

3. "Oh lassie, oh lassie, ye're far too young,*
An' ye haenae the cant o' the begging tongue, [*twice*]
An' wi' me ye canna gang."

Chorus.

4. "I'll bend my back, I'll boo my knee,
I'll pit a black spatch on my ee,
An' for a beggar they'll take me,
And awa' wi' you I'll gang.

Chorus.

5. Sae syne the twa made up the plot,
To rise twa hours before the auld folk,
So gently as they slipped the lock,
And through the fields they ran.

Chorus.

6. She sent the auld man to waken the bairn,
The milk was to churn an' the claes is to airn,
"The milk is to churn an' the claes is to airn,
An' tell her to come speedily ben."

Chorus.

7. The aul' man went ben where the dochter lay;
The sheets was cauld an' she was away,
The sheets was cauld an' she was away,
She was awa' wi' the beggar-man.

Chorus.

8. Some rode on horseback an' some rode on foot,
But for the auld wife, she wasna fit;
She crippled aboot frae stern tae hip,
Sayin' "I'll ne'er lodge a beggar-man again."

Chorus.

9. Syne seven long years are past and gane,
Back came the same auld beggar again,
Sayin' "Auld wife, since your courtship's gane,
Will ye lodge a beggar-man?"

Chorus.

10. Yonder she's comin' owre yon lea,
Wi' many a story for to tell thee;
She's gotten a baby on her knee
An' another on the road comin' hame.

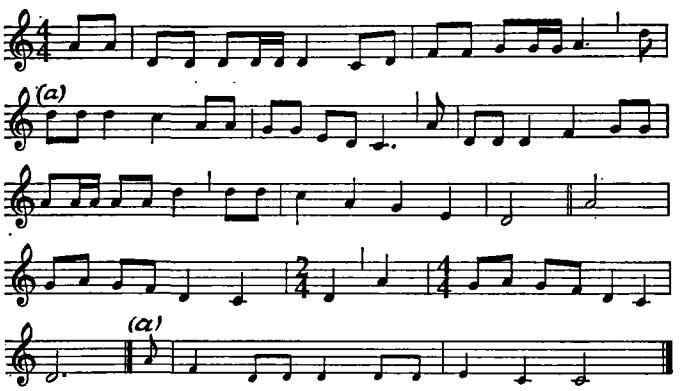
Chorus.

11. Yonder she's comin' owre yon bower
Wi' silk and satin and fine flowers,
She puts up her hand an' she blesses the hour
When she followed the beggar-man.

* This verse was sung by Robert Hamilton.

40. "The Beggar Man"

Sung by Donald Campbell (35), Huntly, Aberdeenshire, at one of the berry-picking camps in Blairgowrie, August 1966. Collected and transcribed by Peter Shepheard; sent by him to the Editor.

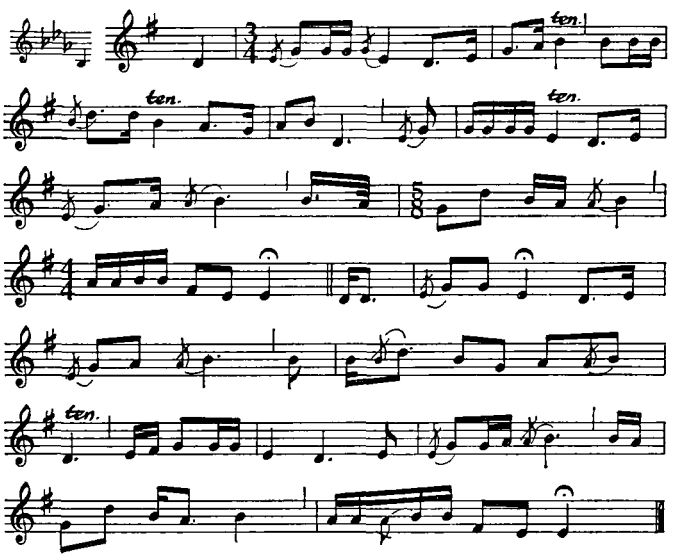
a D/Æ

A beggar man he cam ower yon lea
Asking help and charity
Asking help and charity
Wad ye lodge a beggar man
O laddie tae ma tow row ray

But he wadnae sleep in the barn he wadnae sleep in the byre
He wadnae sleep nae way but at the kitchen fire
He wadnae sleep nae way but at the kitchen fire
Wad ye lodge a beggar man
O laddie tae ma tow row ray

But I never lodged a beggar but the een
An' he ran awa wi ma dother Jean
He ran awa wi ma dother Jean
Wad ye lodge a beggar man
O laddie tae ma tow row ray
O laddie tae ma tow row ray

41. "The Beggar Man"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1954/103/A2. Sung by Jeannie Robertson; learned from her mother. Collected by Hamish Henderson. Transcribed by Francis M. Collinson.

a D/Æ

1. For a beggar, a beggar cam owre the lea;
   He was askin ludgin for charity,
   He was askin ludgin for charity:
   Wad ye ludge a beggar-man?
   Laddie wi ma tow row ray.

2. "Oh a beggar, a beggar I winnae ludge again;
   I had a dochter, an Jeannie was her name,
   I had a dochter, an Jeannie was her name—
   She ran awa wi a beggar man.
   Laddie wi ma tow row ray."

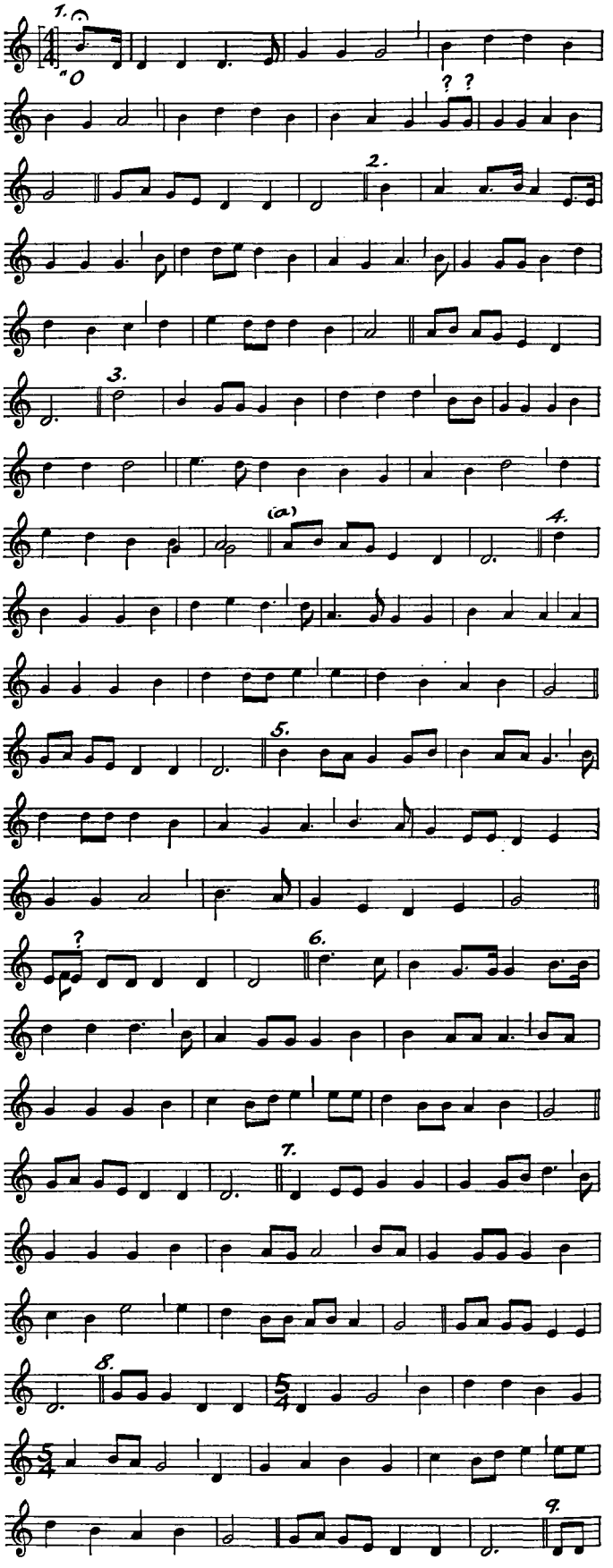
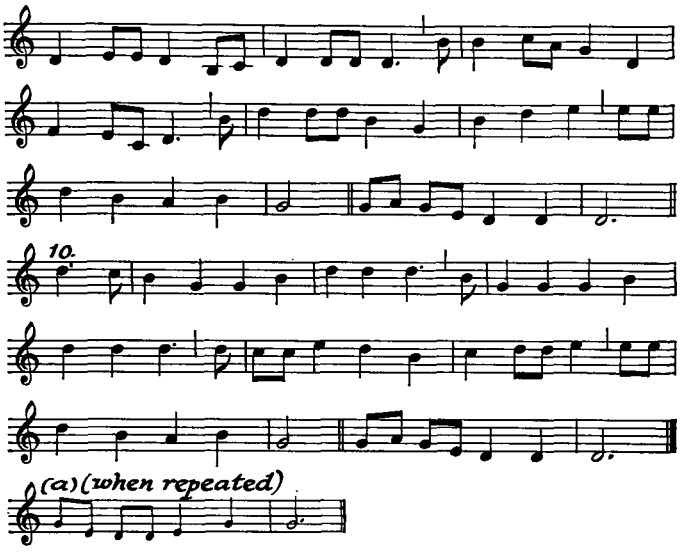
3. "For your dochter Jean's comin owre the lea,
   Wi een on her back, an another in her lap,
   An another een toddlin hame.
   Laddie wi ma tow row ray."

4. "For I will bend my back, I will boo my knee—
   I'll pit a black patch on my ee,
   An a beggar, a beggar they will tak me to be,
   An awa wi you I'll gang."
   Laddie wi ma tow row ray.

5. "Oh lassie, oh lassie, you are far too young;
   You hannae got the cant or the beggin tongue,
   You hannae got the cant or the beggin tongue,
   An wi me you cannae gang."
   Laddie, wi ma tow row ray.

42. "Jolly Beggar"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1953/236/B7. Sung by Mary B. Simpson, Lanarkshire. Collected by Hamish Henderson.

a D/M

1. Oh, the beggar man cam owre yon lea,
Seekin help for charity,
Seekin help from charity:
"Could ye lodge a beggar man?"

Chorus:

Larrletee a tow row ree

2. It's doon by the fireside the aul man sat;
He's casted his meal-poke off his back,
Oh, he's casted his meal-poke off his back,
An aye as he rantin sang.

Chorus.

3. If I was as black as I am white,
As the snaw that lies on yonder dike,
I wad dress mysel in a beggar-like (light)
An awa wi you I'm gaun.

Chorus.

[*Spoken*] (?) Next sae the dochter comes in.
[*Sung*] If I was as black as . . . I'll bend my back . . . [no]

4. If I was as black as I am white,
As the snaw that lies on yonder dike,
I would dress mysel in the beggar light,
An awa wi you I'm gaun.

Chorus.

5. An so the twa made up their plot
To rise twa 'oors afore the old folk,
Sae gently as they slipted(?slipped at) the lock,
And through the fields they'd run.

Chorus.

6. Early next mornin her father arose;
He's missed the aul beggar and his clothes,
Oh, he's missed the aul beggar and his clothes:
"See thir nane o oor guid gear gane."

Chorus.

7. He's gane to the room whaur the dochter lay;
The sheets they were cauld an she was away:
"Oh dear, oh dear!" the aul man did say,
"She's awa wi the beggar-man."

Chorus.

8. Some rade on horseback; some gaed on fuit,
But the aul bodie, he wasnae fit,
So he's hirpled aboot frae door tae door,
An aye as he thocht it lang.

Chorus.

9. Seven long years was past an gane;
Back came that same aul beggar again:
"Oh dear, oh dear!" the aul man did say,
"Can ye lodge a beggar man?"

Chorus.

10. "Oh, a beggar, a beggar, I'll ne'er lodge again;
I'd only a dochter yin o my ain;
Awa wi a beggar she has gane,
An I dinnae ken hou or whan."

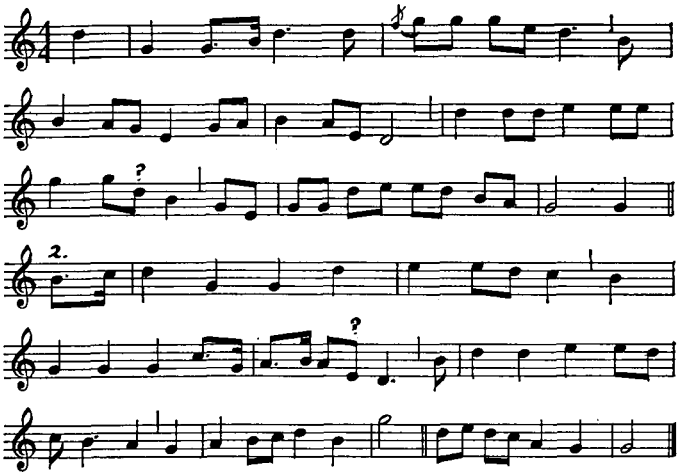
Chorus.

11. It's yonder she comes owre yon bower
Wi silks an saitans in fine flower;
She's held up her hand an blessèd the hour
That she followed the aul beggar man.

[*Spoken*] He turned oot a gentleman. . . .
There was a lecturer in some of the meetings I was at, and it was a minister, and that was hou he cam on, ye see, the Bible; they wanted them aa married to plenty . . . except the beggar-man, he says, . . . Well I could say it aa then, but I didnae like to rise and say oniething. . . .

43. "The Jolly Beggar"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1955/64/A5. Sung by Henry MacGregor, Perth. Collected by Hamish Henderson and Peter Kennedy.

m I/M

1. Oh, some gaed on horse, anither gaed on fut,
An' for the aul' wife, she gaed oot o' her wut.
For the auld wife, she gaed oot o' her wut,
Wi' her lassie bein' awa' wi' the beggar.

2. Oh, the night was dark an' something late,
An' tae the door come an aul' beggar-man;
He says, "Aul' wife, for charity,
Wad ye lodge a beggar-man, oh?"

Chorus:

Raddlee a tow row ray [?].

3. "A beggar, a beggar I'll never lodge again,
I hadnae a daughter but a-ane,
I hadnae a daughter but a-ane,
An' awa' wi' the beggar she gane."

Chorus:

Waw raddle a tow run anay.

4. Way yonder she's comin' out owre thon lea,
Wi monie a story intae thee,
Wi' her hyen (?one) on her back an' another on her lap,
An' a tidder yin coman hame, ah.

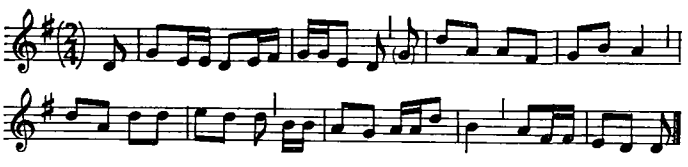
Chorus.

5. "Well, had I been black, as I am white,
Or like the snaw lies on the dike,
I wad dress myself so beggar-like,
An' awa' wi' the beggar I'll gane."

Chorus.

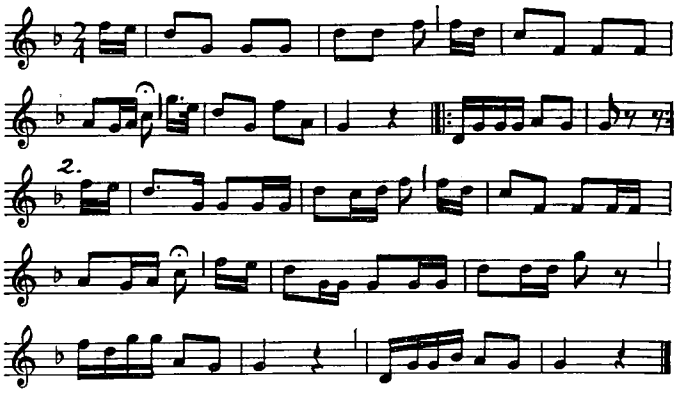
44. "The Beggarman"

Vaughan Williams MSS., III, p. 355. Sung by Mr. Urquhart, July 28-29, 1906, Hawick, Northumberland.

a I/M

There was an old beggar came over yon lea,
Seeking out for charitee,
Seeking out for charitee,
Can ye lodge a silly puir man O,
Lally tow row ree.

45. "The Jolly Beggar"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1965/159/B17. Sung by Donald MacMartin, Coldingham, Berwickshire (formerly of Loch Tay-side). Collected by Hamish Henderson. Transcribed by James Porter.

m M

A beggar man came owre yon lea
An he brought good tidings new tae me:
"Will you ludge a beggar man?"

Chorus:

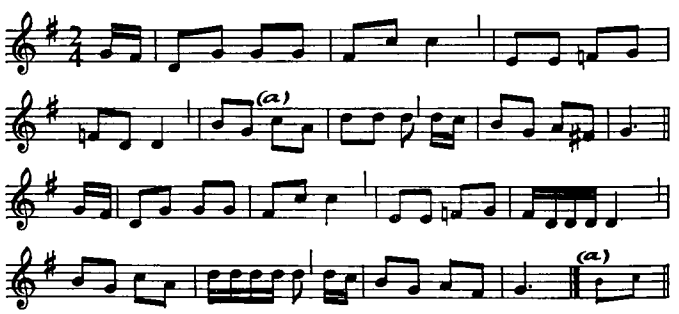
Laddlety a two row ree.

Around the fire the aul' bodies sat
For they talked of this, an they talked o' that
An the snuff-mill(?) gaed round an they smoked an they spat

Chorus.

46. "The Auld Beggarman"

Sung by Maggie and Sarah Chambers, Tempo, Fermanagh, northern Ireland. Caedmon rec. No. TC 1146(B9), edited by Peter Kennedy and Alan Lomax. Recorded by Peter Kennedy and Sean O'Boyle.

p M (inflected VII)

1. As I went linking o'er the lee
The finest weel that I did see,
Looking for his charity,
"Would you lodge a lame poor man?"
For the night being wet and it being cold,
She took pity on the poor old soul,
She took pity on the poor old soul
And she bade for him to sit down.

Chorus:

With his tooran nooran non ton nee,
Right ton nooran fol the doo-a-dee,
Right ton nooran nooran nee,
With his tooran nooran-i-do.

2. For he gat himself in the chimbley neuk,
With all his bags behind the crook,
All his bags behind the crook,
Right merrily he did sing.

For if I was as black as I am white,
Like the snow that lies on yon hill-dyke,
I would dress myself sae beggarlike
And awa' with you I'd gang.

O lassie, o lassie, you're far ower young,
You hinna got the lilt o' the begging tongue,
You hinna got the lilt o' the begging tongue,
So wi' me ye canna gang.

I'll bur'en my back, I'll ben' my knee,
I'll draw a black patch o'er my e'e,
And for a beggar they'll tak' me,
So awa' wi' you I'll gang.

3. For all the doors being locked quite tight,
The old woman rose in the middle of the night,
The old woman rose in the middle of the night
To find the old man gone.

4. For she ran to the cupboard, likewise to the chest,
All things there and nothing missed,
Clapping her hands and, "The dear be blessed,
Wasn't he the honest old man."

Chorus.

5. When the breakfast was ready and the table laid,
The old woman went to waken the maid,
The bed was there and the maid was gone,
She'd away with a lame poor man.

Chorus.

6. Seven long years were past and gone,
And this old beggar came back again,
Looking for his charity,
"Would you lodge a lame poor man?"

"For I never lodged any but the one,
And with him my one daughter did gang,
And I choose you to be the very one,
And I'll have ye to be gone."

Chorus.

7. "If it's your one daughter you want to see,
She has two bairns on her knee,
She has two bairns on her knee,
And a third one's comin' round.

"For yonder she sits and yonder she stands,
The fairest lady in all Scotland,
She has servants at her command,
Since she went with the lame poor man."

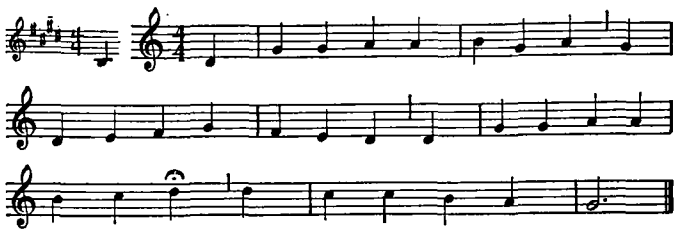
Chorus.

Stanzas between 2 and 3 are missing from the recording, but supplied by the editors.

APPENDIX

47. "The Wee Wee Man"

Barry MSS., II, No. 279A1. Sung by Mrs. Sarah Carson, Boston, Mass., March 14, 1908.

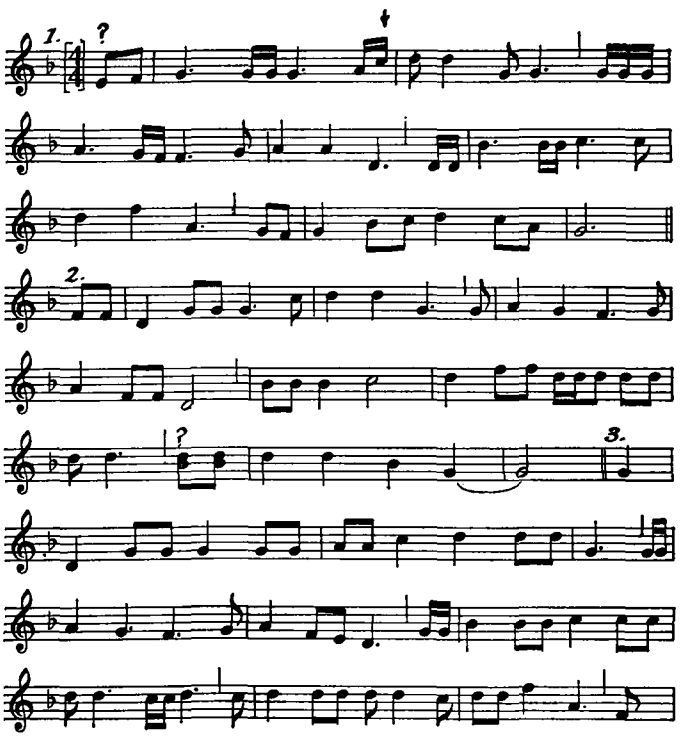
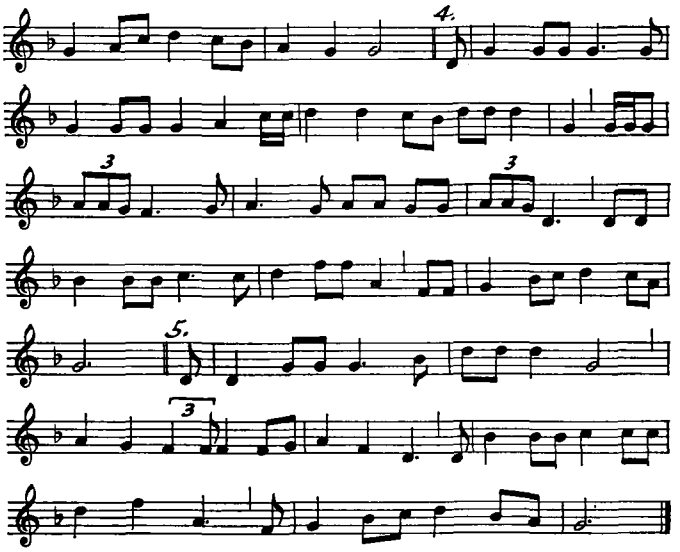
p M

One day as I went o'er the plain
The wee-est man that e'er I seen
The wee-est man that e'er I seen
Come tripping o'er the lea.

Chorus:

Too ran on tan oo ran ee
Too ran on tan oo ran ee
Too ran on tan oo ran ee
Come tripping o'er the lea.

48. "Jolly Beggar"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1955/41/B2. Sung by Stewart McPhee, of Wick, Caithness, at Bonnet Mills, Pitlochry, Perthshire; learned 50 years ago. Collected by Maurice Fleming.

m I/M

1. Oh, an old beggar-man comin' over the lea
   Was inquirin' the road for charity,
   Was 'quirin' the road for charity,
   "Wad ye lodge an auld beggar-man?

2. "For the day 't has been wet an' awful cold,
   I hope you'd lodge an auld beggar-man."

3. Takin' his brogues off him an' throwin' it in the corner,
   ? and he still being of our clan, son.

4. "But, auld beggar, auld beggar, we've only one bed in the
   hoose,
   An' we cannae lodge an auld beggar-man."

5. For the auld man says, in the morning when he says,
   "I'll bet ye a shillin' whatever ye like,
   Your dochter's awa' wi' the beggar-man."

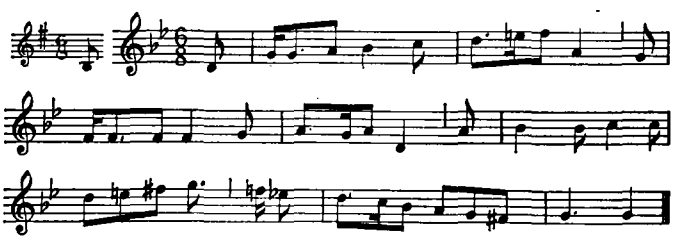
6. But twa year from that day, the auld beggar-man
   went lippy stack (?) lookin' over the lea.

7. Whan he looked over the lea he saw a woman comin over
   the lea,
   An' a girl on her back an' one on her lap,
   an' the third one followin' behin'.

8. "I'll bet ye a shillin', whatever you like,
   Here's your daughter back wi' th beggar-man."
   "A beggar, a beggar, I'll never lodge,
   She's off with the beggar-man."

49. "The Gaberlunzie Man"

R. A. Smith, 2nd ed. [1825], V, p. 78.

m minor

1. The pawkie auld carle came o'er the lea,
   Wi' mony good e'ens and days to me,
   Saying "gudewife, for you courtesie,
   Will ye lodge a silly puir man, O."

2. The night was cauld, the carle was wat,
   And down ayont the ingle he sat;
   My dochter's shouthers he 'gan to clap,
   And cadgily ranted and sang, O.

3. O vow! quo' he, were I as free,
   As first when I saw this country,
   How blyth and merry wad I be!
   And I wad never think lang, O.

4. He grew canty, and she grew fain,
   But little did her auld minny ken
   What thir slee twa together were say'ng,
   When wooing they were sae thrang, O.

5. And O! quo' he, and ye were as black
   As e'er the crown of my daddy's hat,
   'Tis I wad lay thee by my back,
   And awa' wi' me thou shou'd gang, O.

6. And O! quo' she, an I were as white,
   As e'er the snaw lay on the dike,
   I'd clead me braw and lady-like,
   And awa' wi' thee I would gang, O.

7. Between the twa was made a plot,
   They raise a wee before the cock,
   And wilily they shot the lock,
   And fast to the bent they are gane, O.

8. Up in the morn the auld wife raise,
   And at her leisure pat on her claise;
   Syne to the servants bed she gaes,
   To speer for the silly poor man, O.

9. She gaed to the bed where the beggar lay,
   The strae was cauld, he was away,
   She clapt her hands, cry'd, walladay!
   For some of our gear will be gane, O.

10. Some ran to coffers, and some to kists,
    But nought was stown that cou'd be mist,
    She danc'd her lane, cry'd praise be blest!
    I have lodg'd a leal poor man, O.

11. Since naething's awa', as we can learn,
    The kirn's to kirn, and milk to earn,
    Gae butt the house, lass, and wauken my bairn,
    And bid her come quickly ben, O.

12. The servant gade where the dochter lay,
    The sheets were cauld, she was away,
    And fast to her goodwife did say,
    She's aff wi' the gaberlunzie-man.

13. O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,
    And haste ye find these traitors again;
    For she's be burnt, and he's be slain,
    The wearifu' gaberlunzie-man.

14. Some rade upo' horse, some ran a foot,
    The wife was wud and out o' her wit;
    She cou'd na gang, nor yet cou'd she sit,
    But ay she curs'd and she bann'd, O.

15. Mean time far hind out o'er the lea
Fu' snug in a glen, where nane could see,
The twa with kindly sport and glee,
Cut frae a new cheese a whang, O.

16. The priving was good, it pleas'd them baith,
To lo'e her for ay, he gae her his aith,
Quo' she, to leave thee I will be laith,
My winsome gaberlunzie-man.

17. O kend my minny I were wi' you,
Ill-fardly wad she crook her mou',
Sick a poor man she'd never trow,
After the gaberlunzie-man.

18. My dear, quo' he, ye're yet o'er young,
And ha' nae learn'd the beggars tongue,
To follow me frae town to town,
And carry the gaberlunzie on.

19. Wi' cauk and keel I'll win your bread,
And spindles and whorles for them wha need,
Whilk is a gentle trade indeed,
To carry the gaberlunzie on.

20. I'll bow my leg, and crook my knee,
And draw a black clout o'er my e'e,
A cripple or blind they will ca' me,
While we shall be merry and sing, O.

The Beggar-Laddie

CHILD NO. 280

THIS ballad, so far as the record shows, seems to have had a very limited circulation, almost entirely confined to the northeast of Scotland. Neither can its tradition be followed back beyond the nineteenth century, though Christie says the air has been a great favorite, sung from "time immemorial." In connection with the preceding ballad, it was suggested that the present one, a "romantic" "Gaberlunyie-Man," from which one of its stanzas "is taken almost bodily," as Child remarks (1882-98, V, p. 116), might better be considered a derivative or secondary form of the "Gaberlunyie-Man" than an independent piece.

Nevertheless, the melodic tradition is perfectly distinct and unusually stable. The commonest variety is a strongly Mixolydian tune, beginning and ending at the octave, and descending to the tonic in the third, or beginning of the fourth, phrase. All the copies are in 3/4 time. Two copies (variants 13 and 14 below) have their mid-cadence on the second, instead of the usual sixth. Two others descend to the tonic for the mid-cadence (variants 15 and 16); and one goes to V (variant 8). One of these, apart from the rest of the evidence, might be considered a plagal M/D tune; but the weight of other variants makes it advisable to regard this copy as I/M, ending on the dominant (variant 14).

A copy which Keith regards as distinct appears to be a plagal variety of the same tune: lacking both sixth and seventh, it still seems I/M (variant 15). The time is still 3/4, but the mid-cadence is on the tonic, and the melody has been worn down (perhaps) to two phrases, repeated in the second half. Keith identifies it with "The Rigs o' Rye." This style is repeated in two late copies which show the same influence (variants 16 and 17). The main type is also found with other texts, as "The Plooman Laddie" (e.g., Duncan MSS., p. 302, from Mrs. Lyall, who, interestingly, also supplies the only straight major variant of the present ballad).

LIST OF VARIANTS

GROUP Aa

1. "The Gaberlunzie Laddie," or "The Beggar's Bride." W. Christie, *Traditional Ballad Airs*, I, 1876, p. 100.
2. "The Gaberlunzie Laddie," or "The Beggar's Bride." Christie, I, 1876, p. 284.
3. "The Beggar Laddie." Greig MSS., III, p. 123, King's College Library, Aberdeen. (Corbet)
4. "The Beggar Laddie." Greig MSS., III, p. 37, and Bk. 722, XII, p. 22 (Hall)
5. "The Beggar's Bride," or "The Beggar's Dawtie." Duncan MSS., "Folk-Song Airs of the North East," p. 259, Cecil Sharp House, London. Also in Gavin Greig and Alexander Keith, *Last Leaves of Traditional Ballads and Ballad Airs*, 1925, p. 228(1b). (Harper)
6. "The Beggar's Dawtie." Greig MSS., II, p. 48. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 228(1c). (Barron)
7. "The Beggar Laddie." Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 2, and "Folk-Song Words belonging to the North East, and received from Mrs Gillespie," p. 36. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, pp. 229(1d) and 227. (Gillespie)
8. "The Beggar's Dawtie." Greig MSS., I, p. 128. (B[eattie])
9. "The Beggar's Dawtie." Greig MSS., II, p. 34. (Quirrie)
10. "The Beggar's Dawtie." Greig MSS., IV, p. 53. (Morice)
11. "The Beggar's Dawtie." Greig MSS., IV, p. 84. (J[ohnstone])
12. "The Beggar Laddie." Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 503. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 228(1a). (Lyall)

GROUP Ab

13. "The Beggar Laddie." Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 2. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 229(1e). (Aitken)
14. "The Beggar's Dawtie." Greig MSS., I, p. 91. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 229(1f). (Pyper)

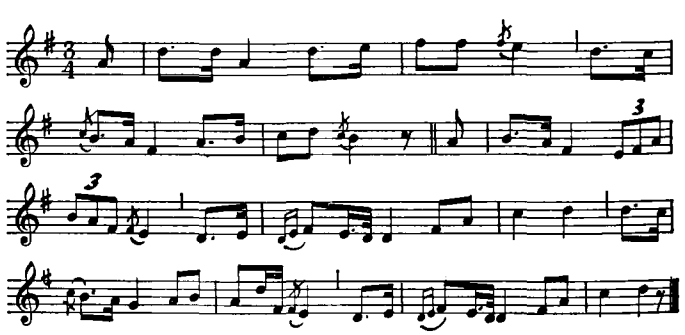
GROUP Ac

15. "The Beggar's Dawtie." Greig MSS., I, p. 88, and Bk. 711, I, p. 36. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 230(2). (Clark)
16. "The Beggar Laddie." Ewan MacColl, Riverside recording No. RLP 12-626(A5), *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, III, ed. Kenneth S. Goldstein.
17. "The Beggar Laddie." Willie Mathieson (singer), Archive, School of Scottish Studies, University of Edinburgh, recording No. 1952/12/A3.

TUNES WITH TEXTS

1. "The Gaberlunzie Laddie," or "The Beggar's Bride"

Christie, I, 1876, p. 100. From northeast Scotland tradition.

a M, ending on the octave

1. 'Twas in the pleasant month of June,
When woods and valleys a' grow green,
And valiant ladies walk alane,
While Phœbus shines so clearly.
And valiant ladies, &c.

2. Out ower yon den, I spied a swain,
Wi' a shepherd's club into his han';
He was driving ewes out ower yon knowes,
And said, "Lassie, I could love you."
He was driving ewes, &c.

3. "Oh! I could love you manifold,
As Jacob lov'd Rachel of old,
As Jesse lov'd the fields of gold,
So dearly could I love you.
As Jesse lov'd, &c.

4. "In ha's and chambers ye'se be laid,
In silks and cambrics ye'se be clade,
And wi' the finest ye'se be fed,
My dear, gin ye would believe me.
And wi' the finest," &c.

5. "Your ha's and chambers ye'll soon sweep clean,
Wi' your flattering tongue now let me alane;
You are design'd to do me wrang,
Awa', young man, and leave me.
You are design'd, &c.

6. "But tell me now what is your trade,
When you've given over sheep and club?"
"By making besoms I win my bread,
And spindles and whorles in time o' need.
Isn't that a gentle trade indeed?
Bonnie lassie, can you lo'e me?

7. "Will ye cast aff your mantle black,
And put on you a clouty cloak,
And follow me close at the back,
The Gaberlunzie laddie?"
And follow me, &c.

8. Then she coost aff her mantle black,
And she put on a clouty cloak,
And she follow'd him close at the back,
Her Gaberlunzie laddie.
And she follow'd, &c.

9. As they gaed through yon borough town,
For shame the lassie lookit down;
But they bought a loaf, and they both sat down,
And the lassie ate wi' her laddie.
But they bought, &c.

10. When they came to his father's gate,
Sae loudly as he rapp'd thereat,
"My dear," said she, "ye'll be found in faut,
For rapping there sae loudly."
"My dear," said she, &c.

11. Then four-and-twenty gentlemen
Convoy'd the gentle beggar ben;
And aye as mony gay ladies
Convoy'd the bonnie lassie.
And aye as mony, &c.

12. When they were come into the ha',
Wi' laughter a' were like to fa',
"I wish, dear brother, we had beggèd a',
For sic a bonnie lassie."
"I wish, dear brother," &c.

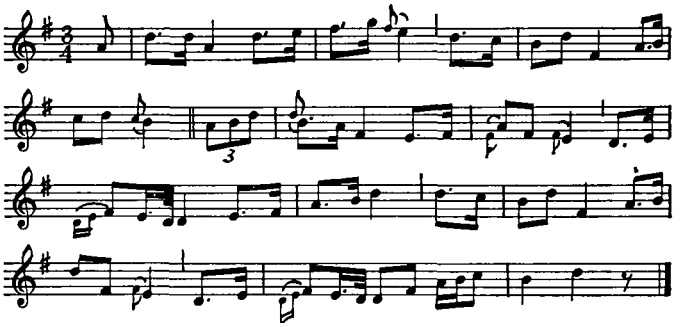
13. Then as he stood amang them a',
He let his meal pocks a' down fa';
And wi red gowd he shone o'er them a',
And she was a young knight's lady.
And wi' red gowd, &c.

14. Yestreen she was the beggar's bride,
As his wife, she now stood by his side;
And for a' the lassie's ill misguide,
She's now the young knight's lady.
And for a', &c.

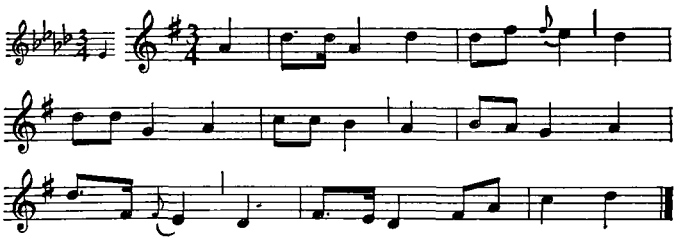
"The Ballad is given from three copies,—two in Banffshire and one in Aberdeenshire." [*Christie's note.*]

2. "The Gaberlunzie Laddie," or "The Beggar's Bride"

Christie, I, p. 284. From northeast Scotland tradition.

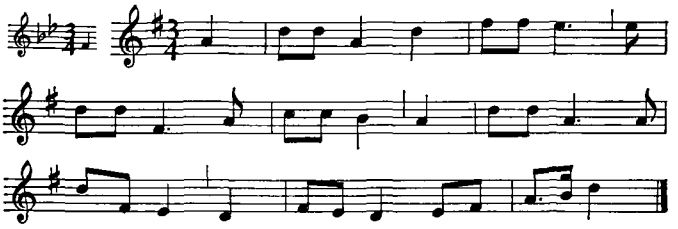
a M, ending on the octave

3. "The Beggar Laddie"

Greig MSS., III, p. 123. Sung by Mrs. Corbet.

a M, ending on the octave

'Twas in the merry month of June,
When a' the flowers were in their bloom,
The ladies gay did trip the plain
To see the flocks a-feedin'

4. "The Beggar Laddie"

Greig MSS., III, p. 37; text, Bk. 722, XII, p. 22. Sung by Miss Hall, New Deer, October 1907.

a M (–IV), ending on the octave

1. Twas in the merry month of June
When woods and valleys a' were green
When gentle ladies walks their lane
And piebroch sounds sae clearly.

2. A gentle lady went out to walk
But there she spied a shepherd lad
He was ca'in' his ewes out owre the knowes
And tendin' them fu' duly.

3. She said Shepherd lad what is your trade
Or by what means do you mak your bread
Or by what means do you mak your breid
When the clubbing times they're over.

4. It's makin' the whorls I am richt glad
Wi' rocks & spindles that I maun knead
But I am a beggar to my trade
So lady do you love me.

5. It's I love you, love, as men of old
As Jacob loved Rachel of old
As Laban loved his cups of gold
Dear laddie ye'll believe me.

6. It's ye'll pit aff your robes o' reid
And ye'll pit on a beggin' rig
And ye'll follow me close at the back
Ye're a bonnie weel made lassie.

7. She's pitten aff her robes o' reid
And she's pitten on a beggin' rig
And she's followed him close at the back
He's a bonnie weel-made laddie.

8. When they cam to yon borough toon
The lassie there & she lookit doon
But they bocht a loaf and they baith sat doon
And the lassie ate wi' her laddie.

9. And when they cam to his father's gate
The laddie there and he rappit lood
She said "Beggar lad, ye'll be fun' in faut
For rappin there sae loodly."

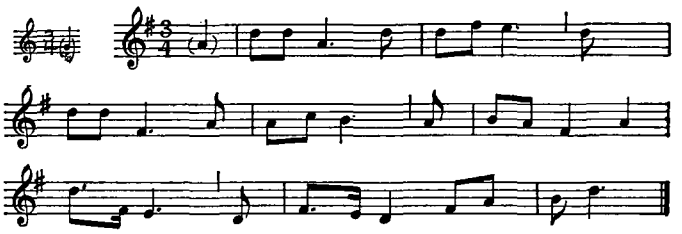
10. Then ben cam' his brothers a'
Wi' lauchin they were like to fa'
They said "Brither dear we should hae begged a'
For sic a bonnie lassie."

11. It's he let a' his duddies fa'
Atween the kitchen and the ha
And he's taen the shine oot owre them a'
He's a bonnie weel made laddie.

12. That nicht she was the young laird's bride
Tomorrow she lies down by his side
And she's come to good by her own misguide
And the followin her beggar laddie.

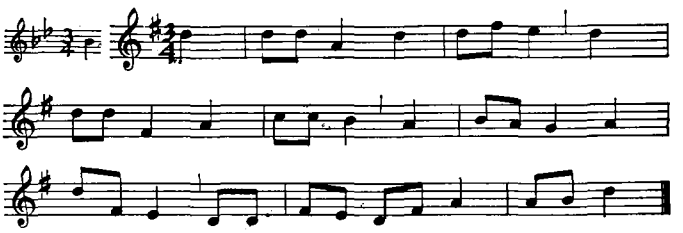
5. "The Beggar's Bride," or "The Beggar's Dawtie"

Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 259. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 228(1b). Sung by Mrs. Harper, Schoolhouse, Cluny; learned from her mother.

a M (–IV), ending on the octave

The tune is also called "The Rigs o' Rye" in the MSS.

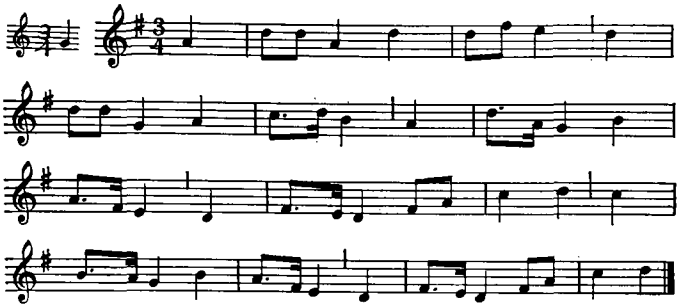
6. "The Beggar's Dawtie"

Greig MSS., II, p. 48. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 228(1c). Sung by Arthur Barron, Whitehill, New Deer, March 1906.

a M, ending on the octave

'Twas in the merry month of June,
When gentle ladies walks their lane
When gentle ladies walks their lane
On a fine summer's mornin'

7. "The Beggar Laddie"

Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 2; "Words," p. 36. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 229(1d); text, p. 227. Tune as sung by Mrs. Gillespie, Glasgow, 1905; text as remembered by her and her brother, George F. Duncan. Learned from their mother over 50 years before. Tune noted by George F. Duncan.

a M, ending on the octave

1. 'Twas in the pleasant month o' June,
When woods an' valleys a' grow green,
An' gentle ladies walk aleen,
An' Phoebe shines sae clearly.

2. Doon in yon grove I spied a swain,
A shepherd's sheep club in his hand,
He was drivin's yowes ootower the knowes,
A bonnie weel-faur'd laddie.

3. "Come, tell to me what is your trade,
Or by what airt ye win your bread,
Or by what airt ye win your bread,
When herdin' ye gie over.["][1]

4. "Makin' spin'les is my trade
An' fitin sticks in time o' need,
But I am a beggar to my trade,
Noo, lassie, could ye love me?"

5. "I could love you as many fold
As Jacob loved Rachél of old,
As Jesse loved his cups of gold,
My laddie, if you'll believe me" [laddie dear]

6. "Then ye'll tak aff yer robes o' reed,
An' ye'll pit on the beggin weed,
An' ye'll follow me hard at the back,
An' ye'll be the beggar's dawtie."

7. Then she keest aff her robes o' reed,
And she put on the beggin' weed,
And she followed him hard at the back,
And she was the beggar's dawtie.

8. But when they cam to yonder toon,
They bocht a loaf and they baith sat doon,
They bocht a loaf and they baith sat doon,
And the lassie ate wi' her laddie.

9. But the lassie's courage began to fail,
And her rosy cheeks grew wan and pale,
And the tears cam trinklin' doon like hail,
Or a heavy shower in summer.

10. "O, gin I were at yon high hill,
Where my father's flocks do feed their fill,
I would sit me doon and greet[2] a while,
For the followin' o' my laddie["]

11. "Then ye'll tak aff that beggin' weed,
An ye'll put on your robes o' reed,
An ye'll turn ye back the way ye cam
For I canna bide yer greetin'."

12. "It's betide me weel, or betide me woe,
It's wi' my beggar I will go,
And I'll follow him through frost and snow,
And be the beggar's dawtie."

13. When they cam to yon marble gate,
Sae boldly as he knocked thereat,
He rappit lood an' he rappit late,
An' he rappit there sae rudely.

14. Oot spak the lassie at his back,
"Oh dear, but ye'll be found in faut,
Oh dear, but ye'll be found in faut,
For rappin' there sae boldly."

15. But four an' twenty gentlemen
Cam oot to welcome the beggar hame,
And jist as many ladies gay,
To welcome the young knicht's lady.

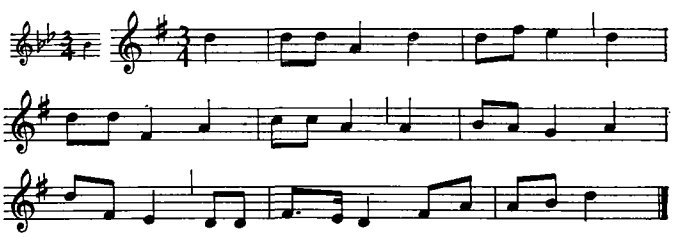
16. His brother John stood next the wa',
He laughed till he was like to fa',
"O brother, I wish we had beggit a'
For sic a bonnie lassie."

17. "Yestreen I was the beggar's bride,
This nicht I'll lie doon by his side,
I've come to gweed by my misguide,
For I'm noo the young knicht's lady."

Duncan gives the following variants as from his brother, G. F. Duncan:
[1] "When club and you give over."
[2] "weep"

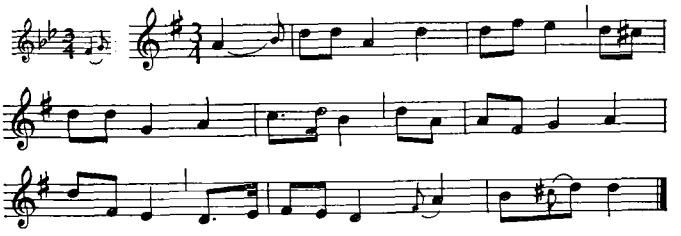
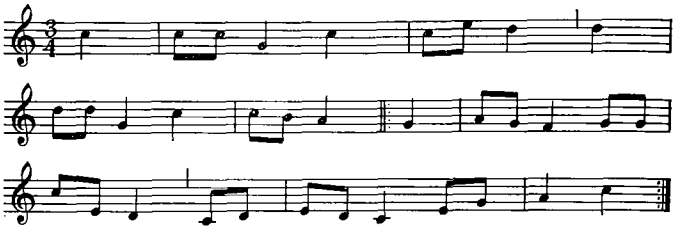
8. "The Beggar's Dawtie"

Greig MSS., I, p. 128. Sung by J. B[eattie], March 1906.

a M, ending on the octave

'Twas in the merry month of June,
When gentle ladies walks them lane
When gentle ladies walks them lane,
On a fine summer mornin'.

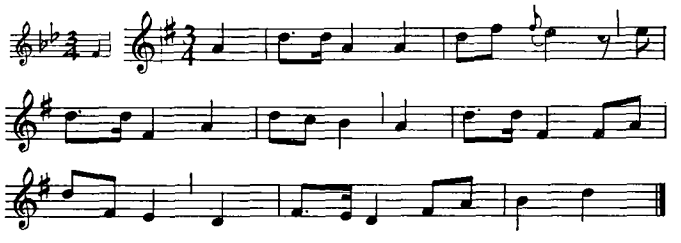
9. "The Beggar's Dawtie"

Greig MSS., II, p. 34. Sung by J. Quirrie, August 1906.

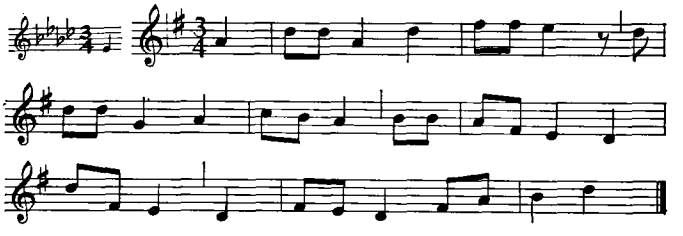
a M (inflected VII), ending on the octave

'Twas in the merry month of June
When gentle ladies walks their lane
When gentle ladies walks their lane
And Phoebus shines sae clearly.

His brother John stood in the ha',
Wi' lauchin' he was like to fa',
I wish, dear brother, we beggit a'
For sic a bonnie lassie.

10. "The Beggar's Dawtie"

Greig MSS., IV, p. 53. Sung by K[irsty] Morice, [Loch Kininmonth?].

a M (–IV), ending on the octave

11. "The Beggar's Dawtie"

Greig MSS., IV, p. 84. Sung by J. J[ohnstone], n.p., n.d.

a M, ending on the octave

His brither John cam' ben the ha',
Wi' laughter he was like to fa',
Says, I wiss we had gane beggin' a'
For sic a bonnie lady.

12. "The Beggar Laddie"

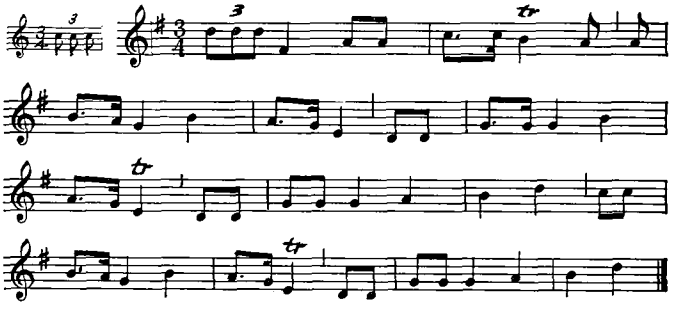
Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 503. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 228(1a). Sung by Mrs. Lyall, Lyne of Skene, February 2, 1911.

a I, ending on the octave

GROUP Ab

13. "The Beggar Laddie"

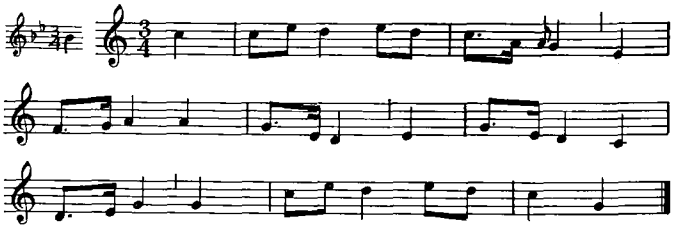
Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 2. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 229 (1e). Sung by Mrs. Aitken, Edinburgh, 1905; learned from her grandmother, Mrs. Meston, c. 1840. Tune noted by Mrs. Aitken.

a M, ending on the octave

Doon in yon glen I spied a swain,
Wi' a shepherd's rod into his hand,
He wis drivin's yowes oot owre the knowes,
And he wis a weel-faur'd laddie,
He wis drivin's yowes oot owre the knowes,
And he wis a weel-faur'd laddie.

14. "The Beggar's Dawtie"

Greig MSS., I, p. 91. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 229(1f). Sung by Mrs. Pyper, Whitehill, New Deer, December 1905.

a I/M, ending on V (or p M/D)

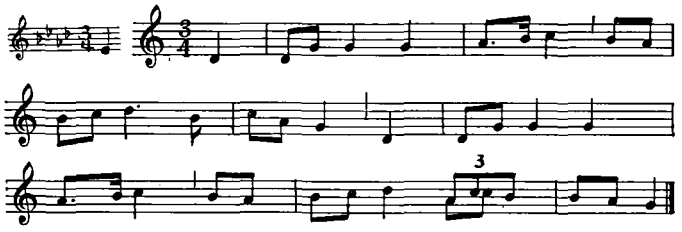


'Twas in the bonnie month of June
When hills & valleys were in bloom,
When gentle ladies walks them lane
And Phoebus shines fu' bonnie.

GROUP AC

15. "The Beggar's Dawtie"

Greig MSS., I, p. 88, and Bk. 711, I, p. 36. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 230(2). Sung by Mrs. Clark, Brucklay, December 1905.

p I/M (– VI)

1. It was in the merry month of June,
When gentle ladies walk their lane,
When gentle ladies walk their lane,
In a fine summer's morning.

2. It was down in yon glen I spied a swain,
A shepherd crook into his hand,
He was driving yowes frae the howes to the knowes,
He's a bonnie weel-faured laddie.

3. Bonnie laddie what is your trade,
Or to what occupation are you bred
Or what the way you win your bread
When herding ye give over?

4. It's makin' spin'les is my trade
And fitin' sticks in a time o' need,
And I am beggar to my trade—
So lassie can ye love me?

5. I love you just as manifold
As Jessie loved the cups of gold
And as Jacob loved Rachel of old—
And oh how dear as I love ye.

6. It's ye'll cast off your robes o' reid,
It's ye'll pit on a beggar weed,
And ye'll follow me and beg your breid
And be a beggar's dawtie

7. It's I'll cast off my robes o' reid,
And I'll pit on a begging weed,
And follow you and beg my breid,
And be a beggar's dawtie.

8. When they came to yonder town
The lassie blushed and she looked down
They bocht a loaf and they baith sat down
And the lassie ate wi' her laddie.

9. But ye'll cast off your begging weed,
And ye'll pit on your robes o' reid,
And I'll hae ye back the road *ye cam'* (wi' speed?)
For I canna bide your weeping.

10. I winna cast off my begging weed,
Nor I winna pit on my robes o' reid,
But I'll follow you love and beg my breid,
And be the beggar's dawtie.

11. But when they came to yonder gate
He rappit loudly, loudly at it,
Says she "My dear well be finani [finely?] fautit
For rappin here so loudly.

12. There was four & twenty gentlemen
Cam' oot to welcome the beggar in
And as mony ladies gay cam' ben
To welcome his bonnie lassie.

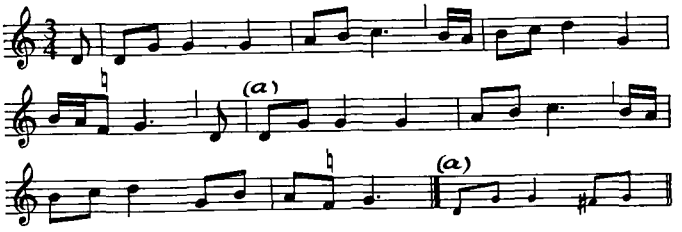
13. It's atween the kitchen & the ha',
He let his clooty cloak doon fa'
And he shone like red gold owre them a'
The Gaberlunyie laddie.

14. The brither Jock cam' ben the ha'
And he did laugh till he was like to fa'
Says, "I wish dear brother we had begged a'
For sic a bonnie lassie.["]

15. Last nicht I was the beggar's bride,
And now this nicht I lie by his side,
And I've come to good by my ain misguide,
And I'm now the young Knight's Lady.

16. "The Beggar Laddie"

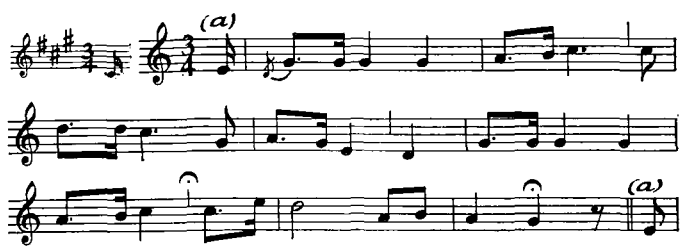
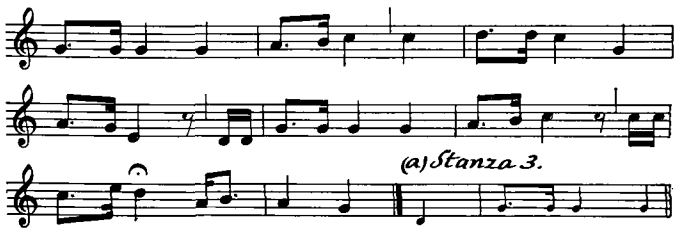
Sung by Ewan MacColl, Riverside rec. No. RLP 12-626(A5), ed. K. S. Goldstein. Learned from his mother.

p M (– VI; inflected VII)

Twas in the pleasant month o' June
When gentle ladies walked their lane
When woods and valleys a' grow green
And the sun it shone sae clearly.

MacColl has filled out his text, transmitted in fragmentary form by his mother, with lines from Greig and Keith, *Last Leaves*, 1925.

17. "The Beggar Laddie"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1952/12/A3. Sung by Willie Mathieson, Ellon, Aberdeenshire. Collected by Hamish Henderson. Transcribed by Francis M. Collinson.

p I/M

280. THE BEGGAR-LADDIE

1. 'Twas in the merry month o' June
When woods and valleys a' grow green
And gentle ladies walk their leen
In a fine summer's morning.

2. Doon in yon glen I spied a swain,
A shepherd's crook into his haun;
He was drivin' yowes oot owre the knowes
He's a bonnie weel-faur'd laddie.

3. O shepherd-lad, what is your trade?
What occupation are ye bred?
Or what the way ye win your bread
When herding ye give over?

4. To makin' spinnles is my trade
And fitin' sticks to them wha need;
I'm a beggar tae my trade
So lassie can ye lo'e me?

5. I lo'e ye just as manifold
As Jesse loved the cups of gold,
And as Jacob loved Rachael of old—
Sae dearly as I lo'e ye.

6. It's ye'll cast aff your robes o' reid,
And ye'll put on a beggin' weed,
And ye'll follow me and beg your breid
And be a beggar's dawtie.

7. It's I'll cast aff my robes o' reid
And I'll put on a beggin' weed
And I'll follow you an' beg my breid
And be a beggar's dawtie.

8. When they came to yon borough toon
The lassie blushed an' she lookèd doon,
They bocht a loaf an' they baith sat doon
And the lassie ate wi' her laddie.

9. But when they cam to yon high high hill
Where sheep an' ousen eat their fill
She has sat her doon and has wept her will
For the following o' her laddie.

10. It's ye'll cast aff your beggin' weed
And ye'll put on your robes o' reid
And I'll hae ye back the road ye cam
For I canna bide your weepin.

11. I winna cast aff my beggin' weed
Nor I winna put on my robes o' reid
But I'll follow you, love, and beg my breid,
And be the beggar's dawtie.

12. But when they cam to yonder gate,
He rappit lood sae lood at it—
Says she, my dear, will ye be fautit
For rappin here sae loodly?

13. There was four-and-twenty gentlemen
Cam oot to welcome the beggar in,
And as mony ladies gay cam ben
To welcome his bonnie lassie.

14. It's atween the kitchen and the ha'
He let his clooty cloak doon fa'—
And he shone like reid gowd owre them a',
The handsome beggar laddie.

15. His brither Jock cam ben the ha',
He leuch till he was like to fa'—
I wish that we'd been beggars a'
For sic a bonnie lassie.

16. Yestreen I was the beggar's bride,
This nicht I will lie by his side;
I've come to good by my misguide
And I'm now the young Knight's lady.

The Keach in the Creel

CHILD NO. 281

THIS ballad has lived mainly in Scotland, but has been found also in Northumbria, Ireland, and in the northeast of the U. S. and Canada. Considering its subject matter, and the early analogues in *fabliaux* pointed out by Child's infallible finger, it is rather odd that we have no fuller traditional record.

The melodic tradition appears to be at least double, and exceptional variants in Scotland, Northumbria, and Ireland make one wonder about other branches. One type is comparatively steady, I/Ly or major, with a range confined within the octave from lower to upper mediant. The time is 2/4, and there is always a two-phrase end-refrain. This type is our B. It enjoys a vigorous life today, continuous or perhaps resuscitated.

The earlier type is much less steady. Its modal character is so various that it is difficult to guess the true center of the tradition. The variants have here been placed in nearly chronological order, and run from Æ/D through D/M, I—M to I/Ly. These are also all in a duple metre, properly 2/4, and there may probably be a relation between the two classes, type B breaking off from A and crystallizing. But the A type varies in number of phrases: five, six, seven, eight. The three variants (2, 3, and 5 below) with eight phrases simply repeat the tune for a burden.

Our C group stands apart. It consists of a Mixolydian and a major version, closely allied. It is authentic, in 6/8 metre, with an end-refrain of one phrase. Telfer's tune, of the mid-nineteenth century, without words, classed as D, appears to be solitary. Two Irish copies, E, also have no comparisons known to this editor, but they can hardly prove unique. One of Greig's copies, a truncated variant of the omnipresent "Drumdelgie," has been relegated to the appendix.

Copies of a tune appear also, according to the Gray-Muir MS., NL Scotland MS. 2254, in the Bunyan MS., 1877, pp. 33, 123, and in Muir, *Old Scottish Songs*, 1811, p. 3.

LIST OF VARIANTS

GROUP A

1. "Ricadoo," or "The Auld Wyfe and the Peet Creel." William Motherwell, *Minstrelsy: Ancient and Modern*, 1827, App'x., No. 29; text, Andrew Crawford MS., Paisley Central Library, PC 1453, pp. 174-77.
2. "The Keach in the Creel." Greig MSS., IV, p. 77, King's College Library, Aberdeen. Also in Gavin Greig and Alexander Keith, *Last Leaves of Traditional Ballads and Ballad Airs*, 1925, p. 233(2b). (Johnstone)
3. "The Keach in the Creel." Grieg MSS., II, p. 37. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 233(2a). (Calder)
4. "The Keach i' the Creel." John Collingwood Bruce and John Stokoe, *Northumbrian Minstrelsy*, 1882, p. 82. Also in James Telfer MS. ("Mr. Telfer's tunes"), No. 2, p. 1; in MS. C 30, Society of Antiquaries Library, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.
5. "The Keach i' the Creel." Phillips Barry, Fannie H. Eckstorm, and Mary W. Smyth, *British Ballads from Maine*, 1929, p. 337(A). (McGill)
6. "The Keach i' the Creel." Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, 1929, p. 338(B). (Carson)

GROUP B

7. "The Cunning Clerk." Duncan MSS., "Folk-Song Airs of the North East," p. 263, Cecil Sharp House, London. Also in Greig and Keith, *Last Leaves*, 1925, p. 232(1a). Shepherd)
8. "The Wee Toon Clerk." George Riddell MSS., National Library of Scotland MSS. 3042-43, No. 52. Also in Greig MSS., I, p. 190, and in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 232(1c).
9. "The Keach in the Creel." Greig MSS., I, p. 98. (Milne)
10. "The Keach in the Creel." Greig MSS., I, p. 36. Also in Greig and Keith, *Last Leaves*, 1925, p. 232(1b). (Barron)
11. "The Keach in the Creel." Greig MSS., I, p. 36. (G[reig])
12. "The Keach i the Creel." Francis James Child, *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, 1882-98, V, p. 424.
13. "The Wee Toun Clerk." Robert Ford, *Vagabond Songs and Ballads of Scotland*, ed. of 1904, p. 277.
14. "The Wee Town Clerk." Archive, School of Scottish Studies, University of Edinburgh, recording No. 1952/28/B25. (Jimmie MacBeath)
15. "Wee Toon Clerk." Archive, School of Scottish Studies, recording No. 1955/181/2. (William Roberts)
16. "Ricky Doo Dum Day." Archive, School of Scottish Studies, recording No. 1960/136/A7. (George Fraser)
17. "Wee Toon Clerk." Archive, School of Scottish Studies, recording No. 1959/106/B2.
18. "The Keach in the Creel." Greig MSS., III, p. 125 (Robb)
19. "The Keach in the Creel." Ewan MacColl, Riverside recording No. RLP 12-623(A1), *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, II, ed. Kenneth S. Goldstein. Also on Folkways LP recording No. FW 8759(A1).
20. "Love will find a way." "Ballad Hunting in the Orkney Islands," Otto Andersson, *Budkavlen*, XXXIII (1954), p. 34.
21. "Wee Toon Clerk." Archive, School of Scottish Studies, recording No. 1957/107/B9(?). (Miss Cameron?)
22. "Ricky Doo Dum Day." Archive, School of Scottish Studies, recording No. 1960/146/B2. (Mary Robbie)

a. "The Keach i' the Creel." Helen Hartness Flanders, *Ancient Ballads Traditionally Sung in New England*, Vol. IV, 1965, p. 136.

23. "The Wee Toon Clerk." Archive, School of Scottish Studies, recording No. 1960/163/A11. (Charles Reid)
24. "Wee Toon Clerk." Archive, School of Scottish Studies, recording No. 1960/162/B1. (Cameron Turriff)
25. "Ricky Do Dum Day." Archive, School of Scottish Studies, recording No. 1960/142/A1. (Andrew Robbie)
26. "Wee Toon Clerk." Archive, School of Scottish Studies, recording No. 1952/55/4. (Norman McCaig)
27. "The Wee Toon Clerk." Archive, School of Scottish Studies, recording No. 1952/9/A3. (Willie Mathieson)
28. "The Keach in the Creel." Greig MSS., IV, p. 45, and Bk. 750, XL, pp. 60 and 73. (Duncan)
29. "Wee Toon Clerk." Archive, School of Scottish Studies, recording No. 1952/26/A7. (John Strachan)

30. "The Keach in the Creel." Archive, School of Scottish Studies, recording No. 1951/15/A6. (Bob Cooney)
31. "The Wee Toon Clerk," or "The Cunning Clerk." Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 334. (Greig)
32. "The Keach in the Creel." Greig MSS., III, p. 55. Also in Greig and Keith, *Last Leaves*, 1925, p. 232(1d). (Beaton)

GROUP C

33. "The Keach in the Creel." Greig MSS., I, p. 36, and Bk. 764, LIV, p. 103. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 233(3). (Spence)
34. "The Coverin' Blue." Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 19, and "Words," p. 52. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 230. (Gillespie)

GROUP D

35. "The Keatch i' the creel." Telfer MS., No. 3, p. 2.

GROUP E

36. "Hurroo-Ri-Ah." Michael Gallagher, Sound Archives of the British Broadcasting Corporation, London, recording No. 20024. Also on Caedmon recording No. TC 1146 (B10).
37. "The Newry Maid." Peter Shepheard, private collection.

APPENDIX

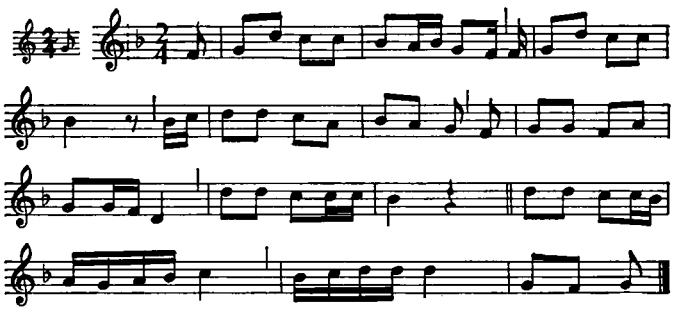
38. "The Coerin' Blue." Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 430. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 233(4).

TUNES WITH TEXTS

GROUP A

1. "Ricadoo," or "The Auld Wyfe and the Peet Creel"

Motherwell, 1827, App'x., No. 29; text, Andrew Crawford MS., Paisley Central Library, PC 1453, pp. 174-77. From the singing of Mrs. Storie of Lochwinnoch, December 12, 1826; learned from her brother, Tam.

p D/Æ; or if tonic B♭, p I/Ly

The tune and the stanza below, contributed by Andrew Blaikie to Motherwell's collection, were apparently also recorded from Mrs. Storie, probably on a different occasion. The fresh text that follows is included here by the kindness of Dr. Emily Lyle, Edinburgh.

The farmer's daughter gade to the market,
Some white fish for to buy,
The young squire followed after her
As fast as he could hie, Ricadoo,
Tunaway ricadoo [tunaway ricadoo] a doo a day,
Raddle ricadoo,
Tunaway.

1. The farmer's daughter gade to the market
Some white fish for to buy
The young squire followed after her
As hard as he could hie, ricadoo
tun-un-nay, ricadoo,
tun-un-nay, ricadoo.
a dee a day, raddle, ricadoo
tun-un-nay.

2. A gude mornin to you sweetheart she said
For to see you I am richt glad
But my faither he locks the door every nicht
Puts the key below his head, ricadoo, &c

3. But ye maun get a lang ladder
That's thirty feet and three
And ye maun gang to the chimney top
And your brither will let you to me, &c.

4. He has got a lang ladder
That is thirty feet and three
He has gane to the chimney top
And his brither lute him in the creel, ricadoo

5. But the auld wyfe she could nae rest
For thoughts ran in her head
I'll lay my life quo the silly auld wyfe
There a man in our dochter's bed, ricadoo, &c.

6. The auld man he rose up himsel
To see if it was true
But she tuke the young squire in her arms
An the curtains around him drew, ricadoo, &c.

7. Gude morrow to you auld faither she said
Whar are ye gaun sae soon
Ye disturbit me of my prayer
And so did ye last noon, ricadoo &c.

8. O woe to you he said,
And an ill death may you die
It was the braid book she had in her arms
She was prayand for you and me, ricadoo, &c.

9. But the auld wyfe she could nae rest
Till she got up hersel
But sumthing or anither tuke the auld wyfe's fit,
Into the creel she fell, ricadoo.

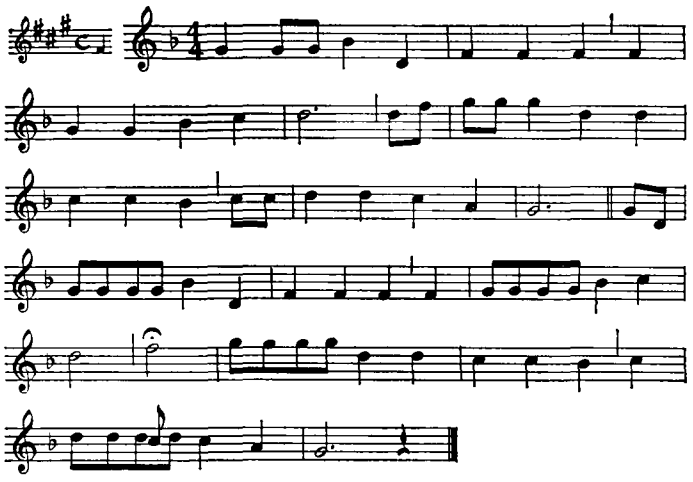
10. The man upon the chimney top
He gade the creel a pou
I'll lay my lyfe quo the auld wyfe
The deil will hae us aw just now, ricadoo, &c.

11. The man upon the chimney top
He lute the creel down fa
He brak three of the auld wyfe's ribs
Knock't her agane the wa, ricadoo, &c.

12. O the brume and the bonnie bonnie broom
And the broom that I like weel
An every auld wyfe that's jealous o her daughter
May be dangled in the same peet creel, &c.

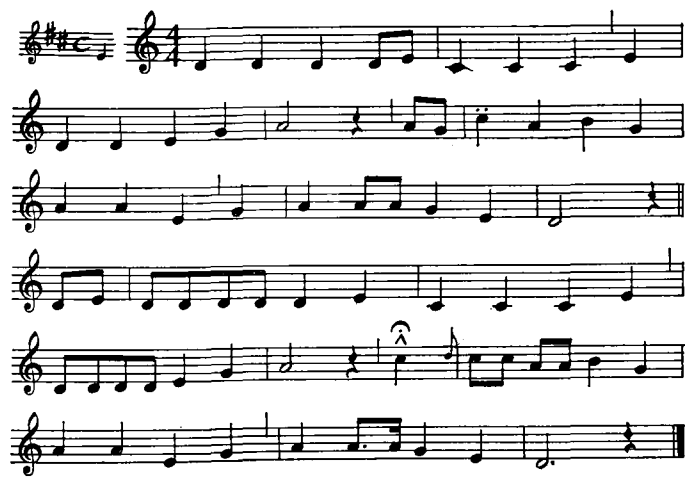
2. "The Keach in the Creel"

Greig MSS., IV, p. 77. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 233(2b). Sung by John Johnstone, New Deer.

m D/Æ

Hey bonnie May went out one day
Some fresh fish for to buy;
And the bonniest lad in a' oor toon,
And he kissed her by & by,
Singin' Tilly illy rey dum dey dum dey,
Sing Tilly illy rey dum dey, Hooch,
[Singin' Tilly illy rey dum dey dum dey,
Sing Tilly illy rey dum dey.]

3. "The Keach in the Creel"

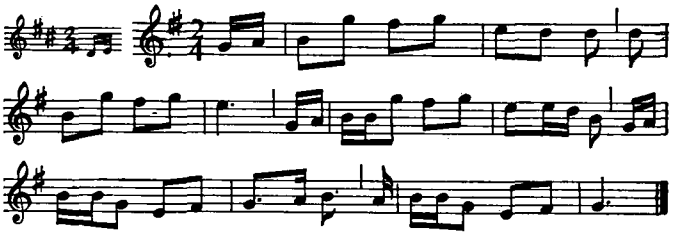
Greig MSS., II, p. 37. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 233(2a). Sung by John Calder, Crimond, July 1906.

a D/M

This is close to a tune-type current in the Appalachians. Cf. Lunsford's "Little Margaret" (Vol. I, 184, variant 69); also Jean Ritchie's "Shady Grove" (*Singing Family of The Cumberlands*, 1955, p. 50).

Pretty Polly went out one day
Some fresh fish for to buy,
And a little town-clerk he followed her,
And how could the case deny?
And sing Tillie illie ridum didum dadie
Tillie illie ridum dee,
Hoch! tillie illie ridum didum dadie
Fal al the dal i dee.

4. "The Keach i' the Creel"

Bruce and Stokoe, 1882, p. 82. Also in Telfer MS., No. 2, p. 1. From a Northumbrian private printing of c. 1845. (Substantially Child's A copy.)

a I/Ly

1. A fair young May went up the street,
Some white fish for to buy,
And a bonny clerk's fa'n in luve wi' her,
An' he's followed her by and by, by;
He's followed her by and by.

2. "O! where live ye, my bonny lass,
I pray thee tell to me,
For gin the night were ever sae mirk,
I wad come and visit thee."

3. "O! my faither he aye locks the door,
My mither keeps the key,
And gin ye were ever sic a wily wicht,
Ye canna win in to me."

4. But the clerk he had ae true brother,
And a wily wicht was he,
And he has made a lang ladder,
Was thirty steps and three.

5. He has made a cleek but and a creel—
A creel but and a pin;
And he's away to the chimley-top,
And he's letten the bonny clerk in.

6. The auld wife being not asleep,
Tho' late, late was the hour—
"I'll lay my life," quo' the silly auld wife,
"There's a man in our dochter's bower."

7. The auld man he gat owre the bed,
To see if the thing was true,
But she's ta'en the bonny clerk in her arms,
And covered him owre wi' blue.

8. "O! where are ye gaun now, father?" she says,
"And where are ye gaun sae late?
Ye've disturbed me at my evening prayers,
And, O, but they were sweit."

9. "O! ill betide ye, silly auld wife,
And an ill deeth may ye dee;
She has the muckle buik in her airms
And she's prayin' for you and me."

10. The auld wife still lay wide awake,
Then something mair was said,
"I'll lay my life," quo' the silly auld wife,
"There's a man by our dochter's bed."

11. The auld wife now gat owre the bed,
To see if the thing was true,
But what the wrack took the auld wife's fit!
For into the creel she flew.

12. The man that was at the chimley-top,
Finding the creel was fu',
He wrappit the rape round his left shouther,
And fast to him he drew.

13. "O help! O help! O hinny now, help!
O help! O hinny, do!
For *him* that ye aye wished me at,
He's carryin' me off just noo'."

14. "O! if the foul thief's gotten' ye,
I wish he may keep his haud;
For a' the lee lang winter nicht
Ye'll never lie in your bed."

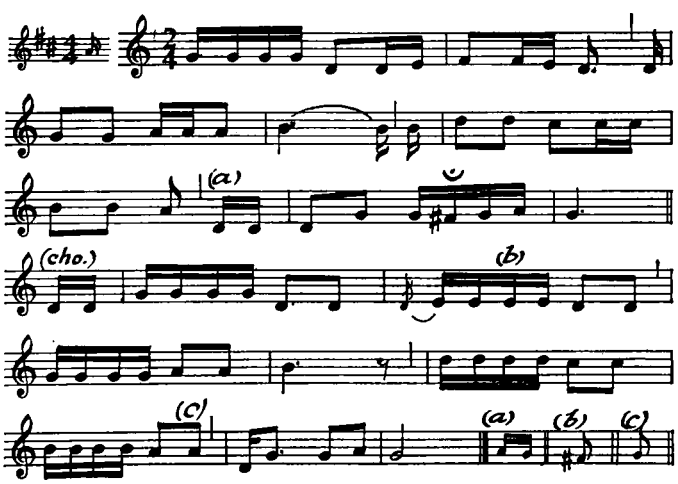
15. He's towed her up, he's towed her down,
He's gien her a richt down fa',
Till every rib o' the auld wife's side,
Played nick nack on the wa'.

16. O! the blue, the bonny, bonny blue,
And I wish the blue may do weel;
And every auld wife that's sae jealous o' her dochter
May she get a good keach i' the creel.

The first stanza is given as it is printed beneath the notes of the tune and not as it appears with the full text.

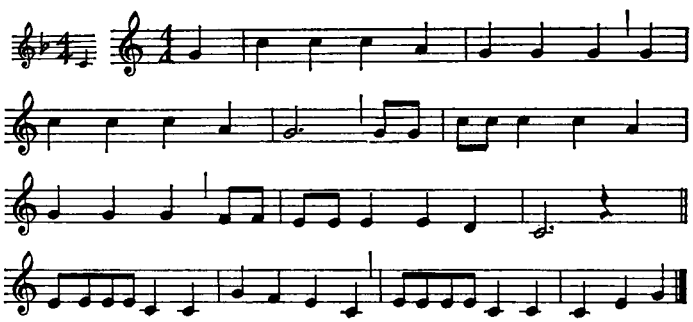
5. "The Keach i' the Creel"

Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, 1929, p. 337(A). Sung by Mrs. James McGill, Chamcook, New Brunswick, September 28, 1928. Learned from her grandmother.

p M (inflected VII)

When the creel cam' to the top o' the lum,
It's dune the creel did fall,
An' broke twa ribs, an' the auld wife said,
An her heid cam' against the wall,
Sayin': Too ra loo ra lido,
Fol the diddle li do,
Too ra loo ra lido day,
Too ra loo ra lido,
Fol the diddle dido,
Diddum daddum day,

6. "The Keach i' the Creel"

Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, 1929, p. 338(B). Sung by Mrs. S. Carson, a native of County Tyrone, Ireland, April 25 and May 2, 1908.

a I/M, ending on V

1. This little maid went up the street,
Some fresh fish for to buy,
And the little town-clerk he heard of it,
And he followed her by-and-by.
Titty itty ol tol, liro lido,
Titty itty ol tol liro lee.

2. "Oh, where are you going, my pretty fair maid?
Oh, where are you going?" said he,
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

3. "Oh, where are you going, old man?" she says,
"Oh, where are you going so soon?
You've deprived me of my evening prayer,
Just at my lying down."

4. . . . . .
. . . . . .
"She's just the prayer book in her arms,
She's praying for you and I."

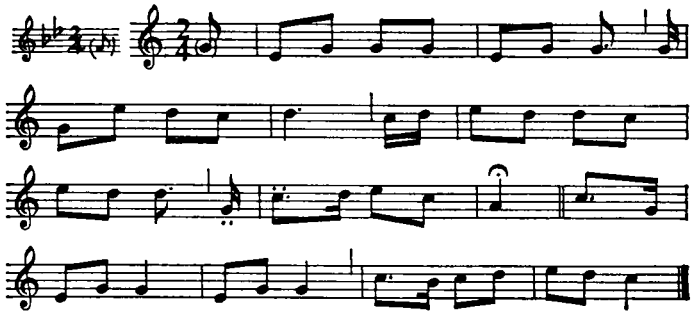
5. . . . . .
. . . . . .
"You prayed for the devil to break my neck,
But he took me clean away."

6. "A blue, a blue, a bit of blue,
A blue last night on green,
And if any old woman is jealous of her daughter,
That she may get a rock in the creel."

GROUP B

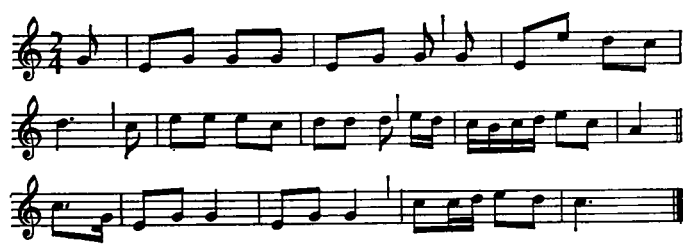
7. "The Cunning Clerk"

Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 263. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 232(1a). Sung by Mrs. Shepherd, Achath (?), Cluny, March 1907. Noted by Mrs. Harper.

p I/Ly, on lower mediant octave

Bonny May went out one day,
Some fresh fish for to buy;
An' there she spied a wee toon's clerk,
An' he follow'd her speedilie,
Ricky doo dum dae, doo dum dae,
Ricky dicky doo dum dae.

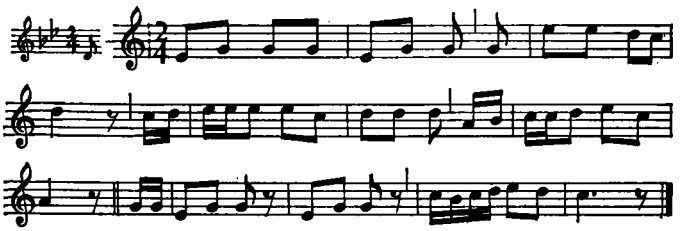
8. "The Wee Toon Clerk"

Riddell MSS., NL Scotland MSS. 3042-43, No. 52. Also, in Greig MSS., I, p. 190, and in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 232(1c). Collected by George Riddell, Rosehearty, 1903.

p I/Ly, on lower mediant octave

Oor Mysie she gaed oot ae nicht,
Some fresh fish for to buy.
The wee toon-clerk heard her footstep,
And followed her speedily,
Ricky doo dum day, doo dum day
Ah ricky doo dum day.

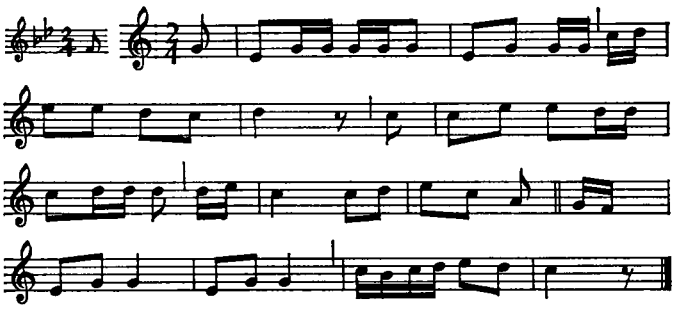
9. "The Keach in the Creel"

Greig MSS., I, p. 98. Sung by A. Milne, May 1906.

p I/Ly, on lower mediant octave

Bonny Meg went out one day
Some white fish for to buy,
The little town clerk he heard o' that,
And he followed her instantly.
Ricki du dum day, Du dum day,
Ricki ricki du dum day[.]

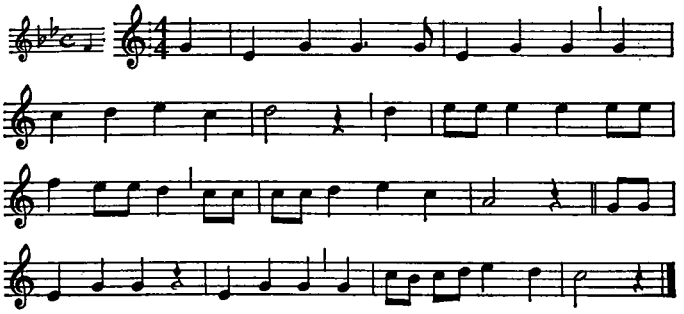
10. "The Keach in the Creel"

Greig MSS., I, p. 36. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 232(1b). Sung by A. Barron, Whitehill, 1905.

p I, on lower mediant octave

Oh, ye'll get a ladder a long long ladder,
O' twenty steps & mair,
And ye'll gang up to the tap o' the hoose,
And come doon in a creel to me
Ricky doo dum day, doo dum day
Ricky ricky doo dum day.

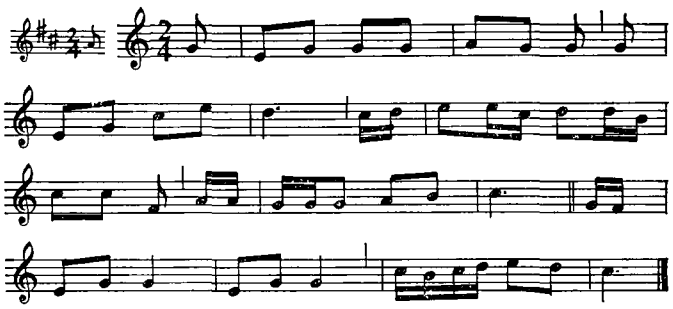
11. "The Keach in the Creel"

Greig MSS., I, p. 36. Sung by J. G[reig], 1904.

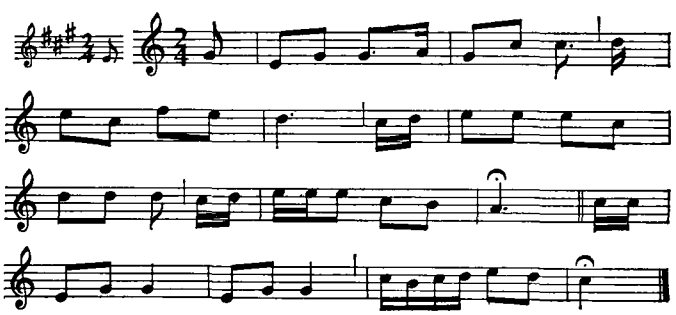
p I, on lower mediant octave (or a I, ending on the octave)

A bonnie may went out one day
Some fresh fish for to buy.
The little town clerk being up to a lark
And he followed her instantly
(He)
Ricky doo dum day, Doo dum day
O ricky, ricky, doo dum day.

12. "The Keach i the Creel"

Child, 1882-98, V, p. 424. From W. Walker, Aberdeen.

p I, on lower mediant octave

13. "The Wee Toun Clerk"

Ford, ed. of 1904, p. 277. From a Paisley man.

p I, on lower mediant octave

1. As Mysie she gaed up the street,
Some white fish for to buy;
The wee toun clerk he heard her feet,
And he followed her by and by.

Rickidoo dum day, doo dum day,
Rickidicki doo, dum day.

2. "O, where live ye, my bonnie lass,
I pray you, tell to me;
For gin the nicht were e'er sae mirk,
I wad come and visit thee."

3. "My father he aye locks the door,
My mither keeps the key;
Gin ye were ne'er sae wily a wicht,
Ye canna win in to me."

4. "I will get a ladder made,
Full thirty steps and three;
I'll syne get up to the chimla-tap,
And then come doun to thee."

5. The clerk he had a true brither,
And a wily wicht was he;
And he has made a lang ladder,
Was thirty steps and three.

6. He has made a cleek but and a reel,
A creel but and a pin;
And he's awa' to the chimla-tap,
And he's latten the wee clerk in.

7. The auld wife couldna sleep that nicht,
Tho' late, late was the hour;
"I'll lay my life," quo' the silly auld wife,
"There's a man in our dochter's bower."

8. The auld man he gat owre the bed,
To see if the thing was true;
But she's ta'en the wee clerk in her arms,
And covered him owre wi' blue.

9. "O where are you gaun now, faither," she says,
"Where are you gaun sae late?
Ye've disturbed me in my evening prayers,
And O, but they were sweet."

10. "O, ill betide ye, silly auld wife,
And an ill death may ye dee;
She has the Gude Book in her arms,
And she's praying for you and me."

11. The auld wife still lay wauken yet,
Till something mair was said;
"I'll lay my life," quo' the silly auld wife,
"There's a man by my dochter's bed."

12. The auld wife then got up hersel',
To see if the thing was true;
But what the wrack took her fit in the dark,
For into the creel she flew.

13. The man that was at the chimla-tap,
Finding the creel was fu',
He wrappit the rope his elbow round,
And fast to him he drew.

14. "O, help! O help! my hinny, noo help!
O, help! my hinny, do;
For *him* that ye hae wished me at,
He's carryin' me aff just noo."

15. "O, gin the foul thief's gotten ye, wife,
I wish he may keep his haud;
For a' the lee-lang winter's nicht,
Ye'll never lie in your bed."

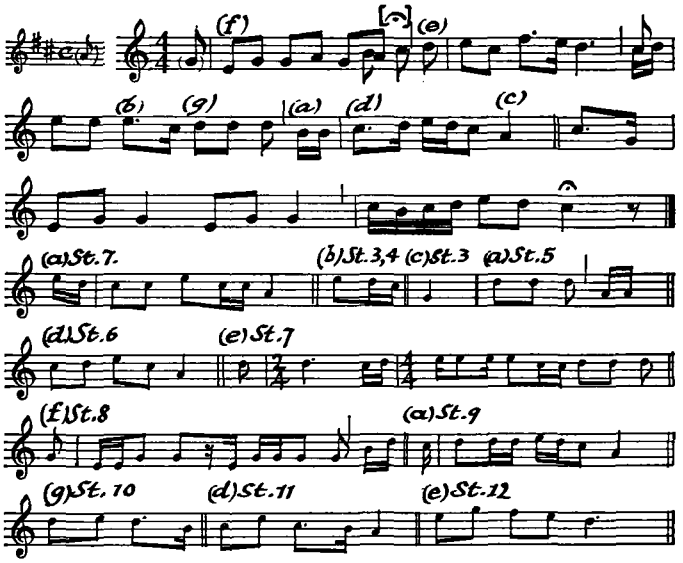
16. He's towed her up, he's towed her doun,
He's towed her through and through;
"O, Gude assist!" cried the silly auld wife,
"For I'm just departin' noo."

17. He's towed her up, he's towed her doun,
He's let the creel doun fa';
Till every rib i' the auld wife's side,
Played nick-nack on the wa'.

18. O, the blue, the bonnie, bonnie blue,
And I wish the blue aye weel;
And may every jealous silly auld wife,
Be rock'd in the same auld creel.

14. "The Wee Town Clerk"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1952/28/B25. Sung by Jimmie MacBeath, Portsoy, Banffshire. Collected by Hamish Henderson. Transcribed by James Porter.

p I, on mediant octave

1. Mysie, she went up the street,
Some fresh fish for to buy,
An the wee toon clerk, he heard her feet
An he followed her on the sly.

Chorus:

Ricky doo dum day, doo dum day,
Ricky dicky doo dum day.

2. "Whit wey will I get to your bed, my love?
Whit wey will I get to your bed?"
"My mither, she locks the door at nicht,
An the key lies under her head."

Chorus.

3. "If ye get a ladder along,
Some sixty steps an three,
An wi a lang rope tae the chimney-top,
And ye'll come in a creel to me."—

Chorus.

4. "It's noo he's got a ladder along,
Some sixty steps an three,
An wi a lang rope to the chimney-top,
An he's come in a creel to me."

Chorus.

5. Nae peace nor rest could the aul wife get;
Strange things cam in her heid;
"I'll wager my life," says the silly aul wife,
"There's a man in my dochter's bower."

Chorus.

6. The aul man rose, pit on his clothes
To see if this was true,
But she caught the Bible in her hand,
An in the curtains drew

Chorus.

7. "Oh, father dear, whit wey ye'r up so late,
When my mither, she ?rocks/locks to the bed at nicht
An the key lies under her head?"

Chorus.

8. "Ye silly aul wife, ye lyin aul wife,
An an ill daith may ye dee!
When your dochter's lyin in her bed,
An she's prayin for you an me."

Chorus.

9. The aul wife she rose an put on her clothes
To see if this was true,
But she caught her fuit in the tummlin-block,
An into the creel she flew

Chorus.

10. Them 'at was at the chimney-top,
They thocht it was naethin new,
But they thocht it was the wee toon clerk,
So up the creel they drew.

Chorus.

11. But when they saw it was the aul wife,
They let the creel doon faa,
An every rib o the aul wife's back
Played nick-nack on the waa

Chorus.

12. It's oh! the blue, the bonnie, bonnie blue,
The blue that I lo'e weel;
Let ilka aul wife be jealous o her dochter
Be rockit in the same aul creel.

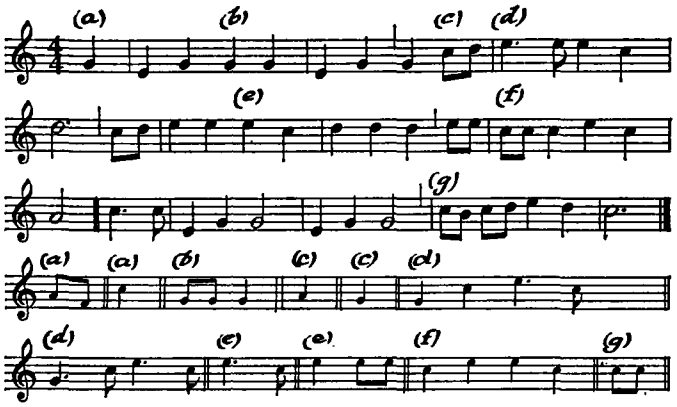
Chorus:

Ricky doo dum day, doo dum day,
Aw ricky doo dum day.*

* The chorus as given at the end sometimes replaces the version given after the first verse.

15. "Wee Toon Clerk"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1955/181/2. Sung by William Roberts. Collected by Hamish Henderson.

p I/M, on lower mediant octave

1. Oh, Mysie, she gaed oot ae nicht,
Some fresh fish for to buy,
The wee toon clerk he spies his mark,
An' he follows her on the sly.

Chorus:

Ricky doo dum day, doo dum day,
Ricky ricky doo dum day.

2. "Oh Mysie," he cried wi' a' his micht,
"There's something that I dread,
Your faither locks the door at nicht,
An' pits the key ablow his head."

Chorus.

3. "Could ye no get a ladder so lang,
Fu' sixty steps an' three,
An' syne get up to the chimney-top,
An' then come doon tae me?"

Chorus.

4. He couldnae get a ladder sae lang,
But he got a rope an' creel,
An' syne got up to the chimney-top
An' his comrade lowered him richt weel.

Chorus.

5. Noo, the auld wife cudna sleep that nicht,
For something she'd heard said;
"I'll lay my life," said the silly auld wife,
"There's a man in my dochter's bed."

Chorus.

6. The auld man, he got up himsel'
To see if this was true,
But she clapsed her truelove in her airms,
An' close the curtains drew.

Chorus.

7. "Oh, silly auld wife, oh, silly auld wife,
An' a sair death may ye dee;
The dochter's lyin' with a Bible in her hand,
Prayin' for you an' me."

Chorus.

8. The auld wife wisnae content wi' this,
So up she got hersel',
But something took the auld wife's fut,
An' intae the creel she fell.

Chorus.

9. Noo, the comrades at the chimney-top
Thocht they the signal knew;
They thocht it was the wee toon-clerk
An' up the creel they drew.

Chorus.

10. But when they found it was the auld wife
They let the creel doon fa',
And five or sax o' the auld wife's ribs
Played rick-a-tick against the wa'.

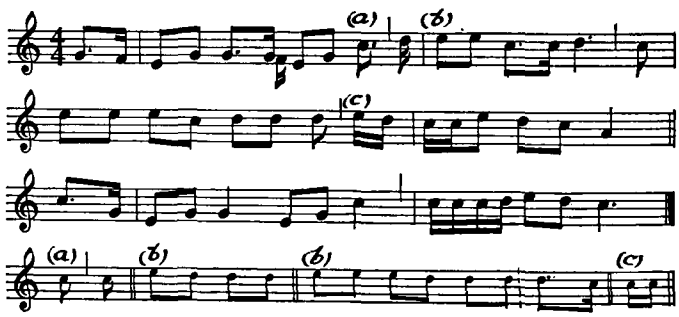
Chorus.

11. So here's tae the blue, the bonnie, bonnie blue,
The blue we a' lu'e weel
An' may ilkae auld wife that's jealous o' her dochter,
Be rockit in the same auld creel.

Chorus.

16. "Ricky Doo Dum Day"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1960/136/A7. Sung by George Fraser, Strichen, Aberdeenshire, December 1, 1959. Collected by K. S. Goldstein.

p π^1, on lower mediant octave

1. 'S oh bonny May's gane oot one nicht,
Some fresh fish for to buy,
An' by there cam' the wee toon-clerk,
An' he followed her instantlye.

Chorus:

Ricky doo dum day, doo dum day,
Ricky dicky doo dum day.

2. "Oh what will I get to your bedside
Or what will I win in?
For your father he locks the door at night
And the keys lie under's head."

Chorus.

3. "Oh you'll get a ladder, an' a lang, lang ladder
Wi' fifty steps an' three,
An' you'll ging up to the chimney-top,
An' come doon in a creel to me."

Chorus.

4. The auld wife, she being staundan near,
She heard what her daughter said.
"I could wadger my life," says the gay auld wife,
"There's a man in wir daughter's bed."

Chorus.

5. "Oh rise ye up, ye silly aul' man,
An' see if that be true,"
But Mysie heard her father comin',
An' she rowed him up in a clew.

Chorus.

6. "'S oh father dear, oh father dear,
What brings ye here sae late at nicht?
Ye've disturbit me o' my evening prayers,
An' oh, but they were sweet."

Chorus.

7. "Pray on, pray on, my daughter dear,
An' see that ye be richt,
For if ever the devil was in onie auld wife,
He's in your mither the nicht."

Chorus.

8. "So deil take you for a silly auld wife,
And an ill death may ye dee!
For your daughter's in her bed wi' her Bible in her haund,
An' she's prayin' for you an' me."

Chorus.

9. But niver a wink could the auld wife sleep
Till she gaed ben hersel',
She trippit her fuit on the dirler-lip,
An' intae the creel she fell.

Chorus.

10. The chaps that stood on the lum that nicht,
They thought it nothing new;
They thocht it was the wee toon-clerkie
So up the creel they drew.

Chorus.

11. But when they saw 'twas the silly auld wife,
They lat the creel doon fa'
An' twa or three o' the auld wife's ribs
Cried 'Rickatick' against the wa'.

Chorus.

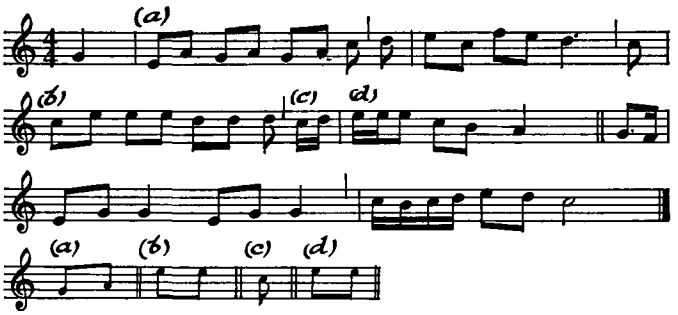
12. Till here's tae the blue, an' the bonny, bonny blue,
An' the blue that I like weel.
May ilka wife that's jealous o' her daughter
Get a rock in the same auld creel.

Chorus.

17. "Wee Toon Clerk"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1959/106/B2. Sung by a blind man at a *ceilidh,* Aberdeen. Collected by Hamish Henderson.

p I, on lower mediant octave



1. As Mysie May gaed up the toon,
Some white fish for to buy,
The wee toon clerk, he heard her feet,
An' he followed her on the sly,

Chorus:

Ricky doo dum day, doo dum day,
Ricky ricky doo dum day.

2. "Oh, I am gaun to Glesga toon,
An' I'll ging gang wi' May
I'll meet ye by the licht o' the muin,
An' syne we'll mairried be."

Chorus.

3. Quo she, "My faither locks the door;
My mother keeps the key,
Gin I were ne'er sae wily a lass,
I cudnae win oot tae thee."

Chorus.

4. "Oh, I will get a ladder long,
And a creel o' basketry,
And wi' a rope frae the chimney-tap
I'll lower the creel for thee."

Chorus.

5. The auld wife cudnae sleep that nicht;
Oh, late it was the hour.
"I'll lay my life," said the silly auld wife,
"There's something in my dochter's bower."

Chorus.

6. Wi' that she jumped oot o'er the bed,
To spy for her ain sel',
But what . . . took a risk in the dark,
For into the creel she fell.

Chorus.

7. The wee toon clerk at the chimney-top,
Findin' the creel was fu',
He wrappit the rope his elbows roon
And fast to him he drew.

Chorus.

8. He's towed her up, he's towed her doon,
He's let the creel doon fa',
Till every rib on the auld wife's back
Pleyed nick-nack on the wa'.

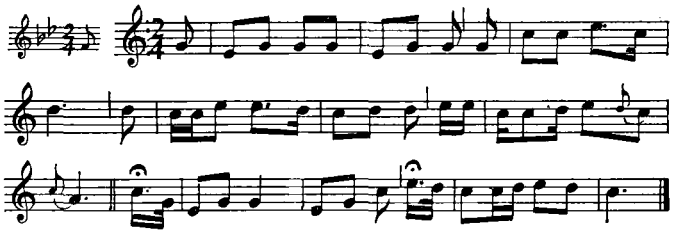
Chorus.

9. Pleyed nick-nack, nick-nack on the wa',
An' it sair'd the jaud richt weel,
An' may every jealous, silly auld wife
Be rockit in the same auld creel!

Chorus.

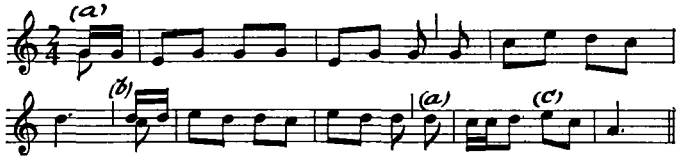
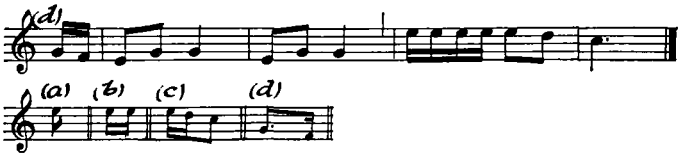
18. "The Keach in the Creel"

Greig MSS., III, p. 125. Sung by A. Robb.

p π^1 (or a π^1, ending on the octave)

O pretty May went out one day
Some fresh fish for to buy,
And . . . . . .
. . . . . .
Ricky doo dum day, Doo dum day,
Oh a ricky doo dum day.

19. "The Keach in the Creel"

Sung by Ewan MacColl, Riverside rec. No. RLP 12-623 (A1), ed. K. S. Goldstein. Learned from Jimmie MacBeath of Elgin. Also in Folkways LP rec. No. FW 8759(A1), recorded in 1961.

p I/M, on lower mediant octave

1. A fair young maid went up the street
Some fresh fish for to buy,
And a bonnie clerk's fallen in love wi' her
And he's followed her by and by.

Ricky doo dum da, doo dum da,
Ricky dicky doo dum dae.

2. "O whaur live ye, my bonnie lass,
I pray ye tell to me;
And though the nicht were never sae mirk
I would try and win in tae thee."

3. "My faither he aye locks the door
And my mither keeps the key,
And though the nicht were never sae mirk
Ye couldna win in tae me."

4. Now the clerk he had a true brother,
And a wily wicht was he,
And he has made a lang ladder
Wi' thirty steps and three.

5. He has made a pin but and a creel,
A creel but and a pin,
And he has ga'en to the chimla-top
To let'n the bonnie clerk in.

6. Now the old wife she lay wide awake
Though late, late was the hour;
"I'll lay my life," said the silly old wife,
"There's a man in our dochter's bower."

7. The old man he gat oot o' the bed
To see gin the thing was true;
But she's ta'en the bonnie clerk in her airms
And covered him ower wi' blue.

8. "O fat are ye daeing, my ain dochter?
And fat are ye daein', my doo?"
"I'm praying on the muckle buik
For my silly old mammie and you."

9. "Pray on, pray on, my ain dochter,
And see that ye dae it richt,
For if ever a woman has tint her reason,
Your mither has done this nicht."

10. "O wife, O wife, ye silly old wife,
An' an ill deith may ye dee;
She's gotten the muckle buik in her airms
An' she's praying for you and me."

11. The old wife she lay wide awake,
No' anither word was said,
"I'll lay my life," said the silly old wife,
"There's a man in oor dochter's bed.

12. "Get up again, my old guid man,
And see if the thing be true."
"Get up yoursel', ye silly old wife,
I'll no be fashed wi' you.

13. "Get up yoursel', ye silly old wife,
And may the deil tak' ye,
For atween you and your ae dochter
I havna aince blinkit an ee."

14. The old wife she gat ower the bed
To see gin the thing be true,
But she slippit her fit and fell into the creel
And up the tow he drew.

15. The man that was at the chimla-top,
Finding the creel was fu',
He's wrapt the rope his shouther roond
And up the tow he drew.

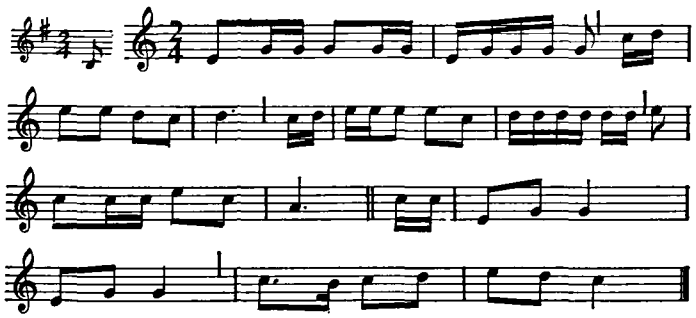
16. "O help, O help, my old guidman!
O help me noo, my doo!
For he that ye wished me wi' this nicht,
I fear he's gotten me noo!"

17. "O gin he has got ye, I wish he may haud ye,
I wish he may haud ye fast,
For atween you and your ae dochter
I hanna aince gotten my rest."

18. O, hey the blue and the bonnie, bonnie blue,
And I wish the blue richt weel,
And for ilka old wife that wakes at nicht,
May she get a guid keach in the creel!

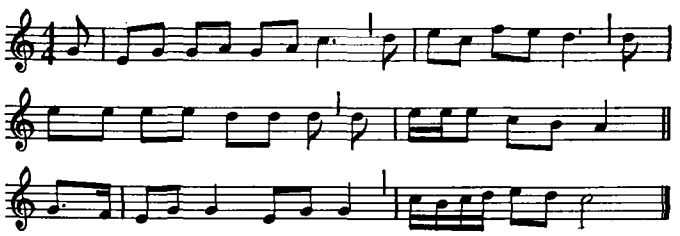
20. "Love will find a way"

Andersson, *Budkavlen*, XXXIII (1954), p. 34. Sung by John and William Wood, Kirkwall, Orkney, Summer 1938.

p I/Ly, on lower mediant octave

Here's tae the blue, and the bonny, bonny blue,
And the blue that I love weel;
And many [may?] ivry auld wife that's jealous o' her dochter
Be rocket in the same auld creel.
Reki du dam da, du dam da,
Rattle reki du dam dee.

21. "Wee Toon Clerk"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1957/107/B9(?). Sung by Miss Cameron(?). Collected by Hamish Henderson.

p I, on lower mediant octave

1. As Mysie she gaed up the street,
Some fresh fish for to buy,
The wee toon clerk he heard her feet,
An followed her on the sly.

Chorus:

Ricky doo dum day, doo dum day,
Ricky dicky doo dum day.

2. "If you'll come oot wi me my dear,
I love you weel," said he;
Jist meet me by the licht o the moon,
An suin we'll mairried be."

Chorus.

3. "My faither locks the door at ten;
My mither keeps the key,
So nae matter hoo wily a lass I was,
I cudnae win oot to-day."

Chorus.

4. "Then I will bring a creel wi me,
If I kent which room," said he,
"An wi a rope frae the chimney-tap,
I'll lower the creel to thee."

Chorus.

5. The old wife couldnae sleep that nicht,
Though late late was the houre:
"I'll lay my life," says the silly old wife,
"There's something in my dochter's boure."

Chorus.

6. So up she got oot o her bed,
To speir for her ain sel,
But she took one plunge in the dark, dark room,
An into the creel she fell.

Chorus.

7. The wee toon clerk at the chimney-tap,
Feelin that the creel was fu,
He wrappit the rope his elbows roon,
An fast to him he drew.

Chorus.

8. He towed her up; he towed her doon;
He let the creel doon faa,
Til every bane in the auld wife's back
Played nick-nack on the waa.

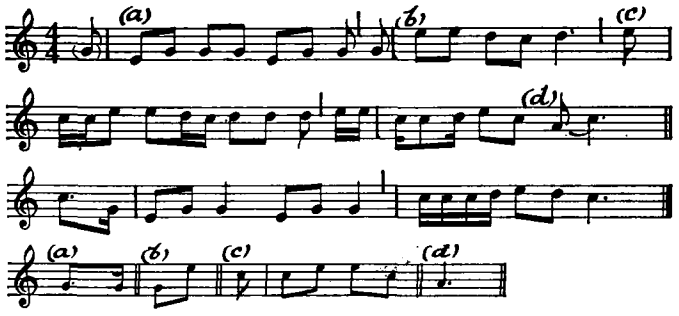
Chorus.

9. Played nick-nack, nick-nack on the waa,
An it served the auld wife richt weel,
An may every silly, jealous auld wife
Be rockit in the same auld creel.

Chorus.

22. "Ricky Doo Dum Day"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1960/146/B2. Sung by Mary Robbie, Rathen near Frasenburgh, Aberdeenshire, February 27, 1960. Collected by K. S. Goldstein.

p π^1, on lower mediant octave

1. Mysie, she gaed oot ae nicht,
Some fresh fish for tae buy,
The little town clerk an' he eyed her mark,
An' he followed her instantly.

Chorus:

Ricky doo dum day, doo dum day,
Ricky ricky doo dum day.

2. "Oh fan will I win to your bedside,
An' fan will I win in?"
"Father locks the door at night,
An' the key hangs on yon pin."

Chorus.

3. "Oh, I'll get a lang, lang ladder
Wi' fifty steps an' three;
I'll hyse it up to the chimney-top
An' I'll come doon in a creel to thee."

Chorus.

4. He has gotten a lang, lang ladder,
Wi' fifty steps an' three;
He's hyste it up to the chimney top
An' he's doon in a creel tae me.

Chorus.

5. The aul' wife, she couldnae get sleep this nicht
For something that she heard.
"Arise, arise, ye silly aul' man,
There's a chiel in oor daughter's bed."

Chorus.

6. The auld man he did rise this nicht
To see if this was true,
But when she heard her father's steps,
She in about the curtains drew.

Chorus.

7. "Oh, father dear, what brings you here
At such an hour so late,
Disturbing me from my long prayers?
An' oh but they were sweet!"

Chorus.

8. "Oh ye lee, ye silly auld wife,
Sae loud ye lee tae me.
She's lyin' wi' the Bible in her lap
An' prayin' for you an' me."

Chorus.

9. The aul' wife, she wasna pleased wi' this,
Until she raise hersel.
She trippit her fuit on the dirler-lip
An' intae the creel she fell.

Chorus.

10. The men upon the chimney-top,
It's up the creel they drew.
"I'll lay my life," said the gweed aul' wife,
"I'm awa' to heaven noo."

Chorus.

11. The men upon the chimney-top,
They loot the creel doon fa';
Twa or three o' the aul' wife's ribs
Gaed rickystick against the wa'.

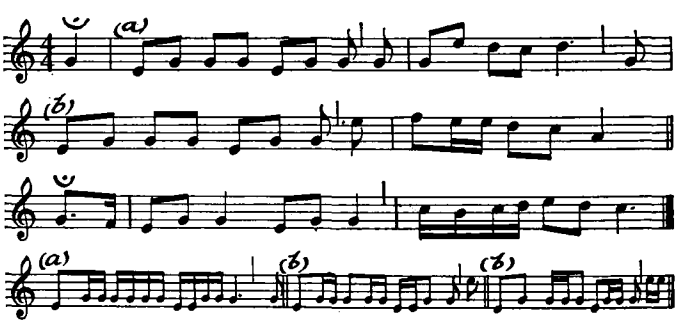
Chorus.

12. Oh it's a blue, an' a bonny, bonny blue,
An' a blue that I like weel.
Let ilka aul' wife that's jealous of her daughter
Get a rock i' the same auld creel.

Chorus.

23. "The Wee Toon Clerk"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1960/163/A11. Sung by Charles Reid, Epsom, Surrey (originally from St. Fergus, Aberdeenshire), March 27, 1960. Collected by Tony Wales.

p I, on lower mediant octave

1. Oh, Mysie, she gaed oot ae nicht,
Some fresh fish for to buy,
Then the wee toon clerk, he kent her fuit,
An' eftir her he did fly.

Chorus:

Ricky doo dum day, doo dum day,
Ricky ricky doo dum day.

2. "Oh Mysie dear, oh Mysie dear,
I loo ye weel indeed,
Your father locks the door ilka nicht,
Pits the key underneath his heid.

Chorus.

3. "Oh I'll get a ladder, an' a lang, lang ladder,
Wi' thirty steps an' three,
An' I'll ging up to the chimney-top,
An' come doon wi' a creel to thee."

Chorus.

4. The auld wife, she wadnae sleep that nicht,
Tho' late, late was the hour;
"I'll wadger my life," said the silly aul' wife,
"There's a man in wir daughter's bower."

Chorus.

5. "Oh deil speed you for a curst aul' wife,
And an ill death may ye dee,
Your daughter's lyin' wi' the Bible in her airms,
Prayin' for you and me."

Chorus.

6. The auld wife, she wadnae rest that nicht,
But she wad rise and see,
She trippit her fuit on the dirler-lip
And intae the creel fell she.

Chorus.

7. The young folks at the chimney-top,
They gied her up wi' a pull,
"I'll wadger my life," said the gay aul' wife,
"I'm awa' tae heaven noo."

Chorus.

8. But when they got her tae the tap,
They lait her doon wi' a fa'
Then two or three o' the auld wife's ribs
Gaun rickatick against the wa'.

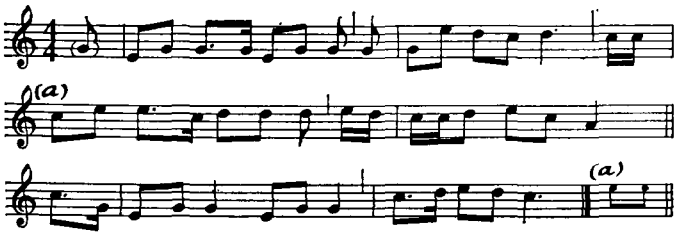
Chorus.

9. Now you wi' the blue, an' the bonny, bonny blue,
An' the blue I know so weel,
An' the neist aul' wife that interferes
May she rock in the same auld creel.

Chorus.

24. "Wee Toon Clerk"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1960/162/B1. Sung by Cameron Turriff, Fetterangus, Aberdeenshire, April 19, 1960. Collected by K. S. Goldstein.

p π^1, on lower mediant octave

1. Oh, Mysie she gaed oot ae nicht,
Some fresh fish for to buy,
An' the new toon's clerk heard o' this,
An' he followed her on the sly.

Chorus:

Ricky doo dum day, doo dum day
Ricky doo dum day.

2. They bawled oot wi' a' their micht
For something that they dread,
For the auld gweed man locked the doors at night,
Keept the keys below his heid.

Chorus.

3. "Ye can tak' a ladder, a lang, lang ladder,
O' fifty steps an' three
An' ye can gae up to the chimney stack
An' lower the creel tae me."

Chorus.

4. The auld gweed man an' the auld gweed wife,
Noo they've gaen tae their beds;
With a lamin' fuit, said the silly auld wife,
"There's a man in the daughter's bed."

Chorus.

5. The auld gweed man, he wad rise himsel',
To see if this was true,
But she drew her loved one into heir airms
And there the curtains drew.

Chorus.

6. "Ah, ye lee, ye auld wife lee,
[?] Ye sair maun life ye be
For the daughter's sittin' wi' the Bible in her hand
Prayin' for you an' me."

Chorus.

7. The auld gweed wife wasnae pleased at this,
An' she wad rise hersel',
But she slippit her fuit on the dirler-lip,
An' intae the creel she fell.

Chorus.

8. The comrades at the chimney-top,
They thocht 'twas naething new,
For they thocht it was a wee-bit fun
Tae draw up the creel they drew.

Chorus.

9. When they saw the auld gweed wife,
They doon the creel let fa',
For sax or seven o' the auld wife's ribs
Got rattled up against the wa'.

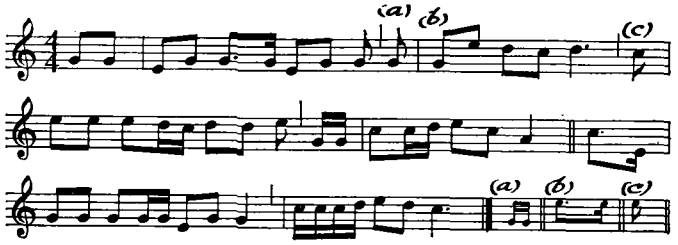
Chorus.

10. Here's tae the blue, the bonny, bonny blue,
The blue that I lo'e weel,
An' ilka aul' wifie that's jealous o' her daughter
May row'd in the same auld creel.

Chorus.

25. "Ricky Do Dum Day"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1960/142/A1. Sung by Andrew Robbie, Auchentumb near Strichen, Aberdeenshire, December 26, 1959. Collected by K. S. Goldstein.

p π^1, on lower mediant octave

1. Oh, it's Mysie, she gaed oot ae nicht,
Some fresh fish for to buy.
The wee toon clerk, an' he eyed her mark,
An' he followed her on the sly.

Chorus:

Ricky doo dum day, doo dum day,
Ricky ricky doo dum day.

2. "So whan will I win to your bedside?
An' it's whan will I win in?"
"Oh, my daddy locks the door at night,
An' the key hangs on yon pin."

Chorus.

3. "Oh, but I will get a long, long ladder
Wi' fifty steps an' three;
I'll hyste her up tae your chimney-top,
An' come doon in a creel tae thee."

Chorus.

4. Noo, he has gotten a long, long ladder
Wi' fifty steps an' three;
He's hyste it up to my chimney-top
An' he's doon in a creel tae me.

Chorus.

5. Noo, the auld wife, she couldnae sleep that nicht,
For something that she heard;
"Arise, arise, ye silly aul' man,
There's a chiel in oor daughter's bed."

Chorus.

6. The aul' man, he did rise that nicht,
To see if this was true,
But whenever she heard her faither's fuit,
She in about the curtains drew.

Chorus.

7. "So, father dear, what brings you here
At such an hour so late,
Disturbin' me from my long prayers?
An' oh! but they were sweet."

Chorus.

8. "So ye lee, ye silly auld wife,
So loud's ye've lee'd to me,
For she's lyin' wi' the Bible in her lap,
An' prayin' for you an' me."

Chorus.

9. The auld wife she wasnae pleased wi' this,
Since ill she rais hersel',
But she trippit her fuit on the dirler-lip,
An' intae the creel she fell.

Chorus.

10. The men upon the chimney-tap
It's up the creel they drew,
"I'll bet my life," said the silly auld wife,
"I'm awa' to heaven noo."

Chorus.

11. But the men upon the chimney-tap
Let the creel doon fa'.
Twa or three o' the auld wife's ribs
Gaed rickydick against the wa'.

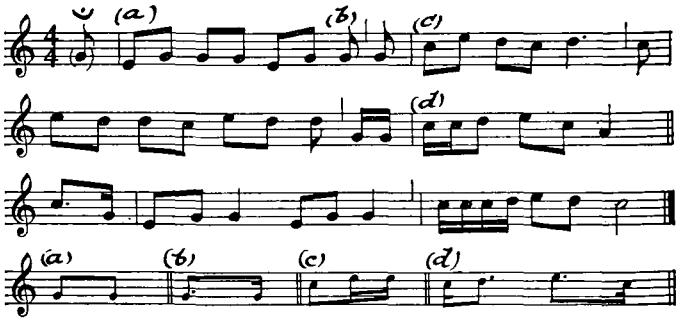
Chorus.

12. Oh, it's a blue, an' a bonnie, bonnie blue,
An' a blue I like richt weel.
Let ilka auld wife that's jealous o' her daughter
Get a showd o' the same auld creel.

Chorus.

26. "Wee Toon Clerk"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1952/55/4. Sung by Norman McCaig, Edinburgh. Collected by Hamish Henderson.

p π^1, on lower mediant octave

1. As Mysie she gaed up the street,
Some white fish for to buy,
The wee toon clerk he followed her
And he followed her speedily.

Chorus:

Ricky do dum dey, do dum dey
Ricky dicky do dum dey.

2. Oh far live ye my bonny lass
I pray ye tell me true
For gin the nicht were ne'er sae mirk
I'll come an' visit you.

3. My faither he aye locks the door
My mither keeps the key
And though you were ne'er sae wily a wight
Ye canna win tae me.

4. Oh I will get a lang ladder
Fu' thirty feet and three,
Syne I'll get up tae the chimley tap
And then come doon tae thee.

5. The clerk he had a true brother
And a wily wight was he,
And he has made a lang ladder
Was thirty feet and three.

6. He has made a cleek and creel
A creel but and a pin,
And he's awa to the chimley tap
And he's letten the wee clerk in.

7. The auld wife couldnae sleep that night
So lately it was the oor
"I'll lay my life," quo the silly auld wife
"There's a man in oor dochter's bower."

8. The auld man he got owre the bed
To see if the thing was true,
But she's taen the wee clerk in her airms
And covered him owre wi' blue.

9. "Fat are ye daein my ae dochter,
Fat are ye daein my doo?"
"I'm prayin on my prayer book
For my silly auld mammy and you."

10. Pray on, pray on, my ae dochter,
And see that ye dae it richt,
For if ever a woman went oot o' her reason
Your mither'll gang this nicht.

11. Oh ill betide ye silly auld wife
And an ill death may ye dee,
She has the gude book in her airms
And she's prayin for you and me.

12. The auld wife still lay waken yet
Till something mair was said,
I'll lay my life, said the silly auld wife
There's a man in oor dochter's bed.

13. Get up yoursel' you auld gude wife
An the deil tae raise you wi'
For atween you and your ae dochter
I haena ance winkèd an e'e.

14. The auld wife then got up hersel
To see if the thing was true,
But she slithered a bit and fell in the creel
And up the tow he drew.

15. The man that was at the chimley tap
Findin the creel was fu'
He whappit the rope his elbow roon'
And fast tae him he drew.

16. Oh help me noo, my auld gude man
Oh help me noo my doo,
For him that you wished me wi this nicht
I think he's gotten me noo.

17. Gin he's got you I wish he may haud you
I wish he may grip ye fast,
For atween you and your ae dochter
I haena got kindly rest.

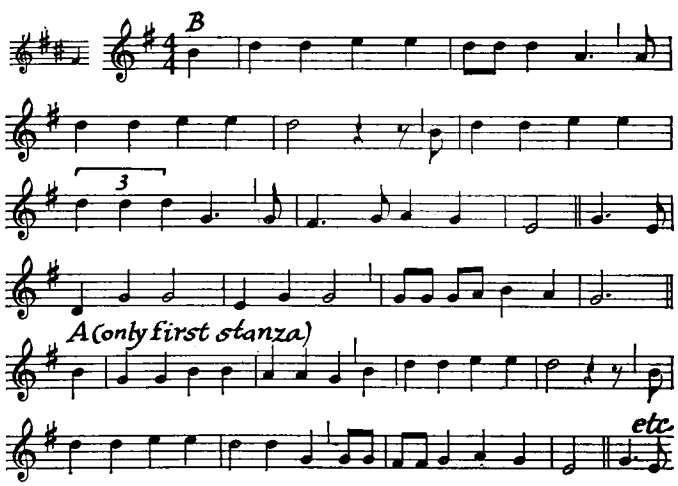
18. He's towed her up and he's towed her doon
And he's let the creel doon fa',
Till every rib o' the auld wife's side
Played nick nack on the wa'.

19. He shooded her and he pu'ded her
Fae back tae fore o' the wa'
Till twa or three o' her auld rotten ribs
Cried nick nack owre in twa.

20. Hey the blue and the bonny blue
And I wish the blue-eyed weel,
And the auld cauld wife that walks at night
Be rocked in the same auld creel.

27. "The Wee Toon Clerk"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1952/9/A3. Sung by Willie Mathieson, Ellon, Aberdeenshire. Collected by Hamish Henderson. Transcribed by Francis M. Collinson.

p I/Ly

1. 'Ts as Mysie she gaed up the street
Some white fish for to buy,
The wee toon clerk he heard her fit
And he followed her on the sly.

Chorus:

Ricky doo dum day
doo dum day
Ricky dicky doo dum day.

2. 'Ts oh where live ye, my bonnie lass,
I pray ye tell to me,
For gin the nicht were e'er sae mirk
I wid come and visit thee.

3. My faither he aye locks the door,
My mither keeps the key.
Gin ye were ne'er sae wily a wicht
Ye canna win in tae me.

4. Oh I will get a ladder made
Wi' thirty steps and three;
I'll syne get up tae the chimney tap
And doon the lum to thee.

5. The Clerk he had a true brither
And a wily wicht was he,
And he has made a lang ladder
Wi' full thirty steps and three.

6. He has made a cleek but and a creel,
A creel but and a pin,
And he's awa to the chimney tap
And he's latten the wee clerk in.

7. The auld wife couldna sleep that nicht
Tho late late was the hoor.
I'll lay my life, says the silly auld wife,
There's a man in my dochter's boo'er.

8. The auld man he jumped oot ower the bed
To see if the thing was true,
But she's ta'en the wee clerk in her arms
And covered him owre wi' blue.

9. 'Ts oh father, dear father,
Oh faur are ye gaun sae late,
Disturbing me frae my evening prayers
And oh but they were sweet.

10. Oh ill betide ye, ye silly auld wife,
And an ill death may ye dee,
For my dochter is lying wi' the Bible in her airms
And she's prayin' for you and me.

11. The auld wife wisna pleased wi' this
Until she rose hersel—
But what in the wrack took her fit in the dark
For into the creel she fell.

12. The man that was at the chimney tap
Finding the creel was fu',
He wrappit the rope his elbow roon
And fast to him he drew.

13. Oh help me, help me, my good man—
Oh help me, help me do!
For him that ye hae wished me at
I'm sure he hiz me noo.

14. Oh gin he's got ye my gude wife
I wish he'd keep his haud,
For a' the lee-lang winter's nicht
Ye'll ne'er lie in your bed.

15. He's towed her up and he's towed her doon
He's let the creel doon fa',
Till every rib in the auld wife's side
Played nick-nack on the wa'.

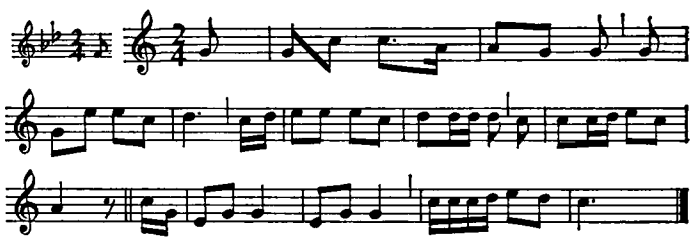
16. It's here to the blue, the bonnie blue,
The blue that I lo'e weel—
And may every auld wife that is jealous o' her dochter
Be rocked in the same auld creel.

Alternative Chorus:

Tin a rin a raw
Rick a doo day—hooch—
Riddle rick a doo
Rick a doo tin raw.

28. "The Keach in the Creel"

Greig MSS., IV, p. 45; text, Bk. 750, XL, pp. 60 and 73. Sung by Mrs. Duncan.

p π^1 (or a π^1, ending on the octave)

1. They lay, they lay, in the bed they lay
Then they heard a whisper say
I'll lay my life said the silly auld wife
There's a man in my daughter's bed.

2. Up she rose, put on her clothes,
An' she wad go and see
But her petticoats tripped her by the way
And into the creel fell she.

3. They shoudet her and they houdet her
Fae side to side o' the wa',
Till twa three o' the aul' wife's banes
Cried "Knip knap owre in twa.["]

4. May ilka aul' wife that's jealous o' her daughter
Get a rock in the same aul' creel.
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

5. O father dear, O father dear,
What brought you here so soon,
Disturbing me in my evening prayers,
And me jist new lien doon?

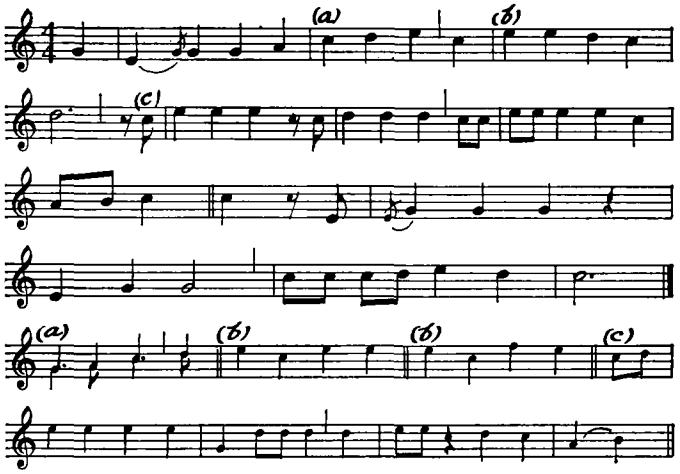
6. Ye lee, ye lee, ye silly aul' wife,
Ye lee, ye lee to me,
Disturbing my daughter in her evening prayers
She's prayin' for you & me,

Cho.—Rick a doo dum day, a doo dum day,
Rick a dick a doo dum day.

[Mrs. Duncan apparently recalled a fragment of the text upon two different occasions.]

29. "Wee Toon Clerk"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1952/26/A7. Sung by John Strachan, Fyvie. Collected by Hamish Henderson. Transcribed by Francis M. Collinson.

p I, on lower mediant octave

1. As Maisie she gaed doon the toon
Some fine fish for to buy,
The wee toon clerk he heard her fuit
And he followed her on the sly.

Chorus:

Rick-a-doo-dum day, doo dum day,
Rickie-rickie-doo-dum-day.

2. Says he: "I'm bound for Glesga toon
And if ye'll ging wi' me,
I'll meet ye be the licht o' the meen
And marrit we will be."

Chorus.

3. Says she: "My father locks the door
And my mither keeps the key,
And though ye were e'er so wily a lad
Ye'd never get to see me."

Chorus.

4. Says he: "I'll get a ladder lang
And a creel o basketry,
And wi' a rope frae the chimney top
I'll lower the creel to thee."

Chorus.

5. The auld wife couldnae sleep that nicht
Though late it was the oor,
"I'll lay my life, said the silly auld wife,
There's something in my daughter's bouer.

Chorus.

6. "Arise auld man, arise auld man,
And see if that be true."
But when Maisie heard her father's fuit
She in aboot the curtain drew.

Chorus.

7. "Oh father dear, what brings you here
And it an hour so late
Disturbing me from my long prayers
And O but they were sweet!"

Chorus.

8. "Pray on, pray on, my daughter dear,
And see if you be right,
For if ever the devil was in a woman
He is in your mother this night."

Chorus.

9. Nae a wink o' sleep cud the auld wife get
Till she maun ging hersel,
But something [took] her fuit, I dinnae ken yet,
Into the creel she fell.

Chorus.

10. The young men at the chimney top
They gave the rope a haul,
I'll lay my life, said the game auld wife,
It's oot o' this warld I'm called.

Chorus.

11. They towed her up, they towed her doon,
They lat the creel doon fa',
Till sax or seven o' the auld wife's ribs
Cried nick-nack through in twa.

Chorus.

12. They socht her but, they socht her ben,
An socht her in the biggin',
But faur do you think they got the auld jade
But stickin up in the riggin'.

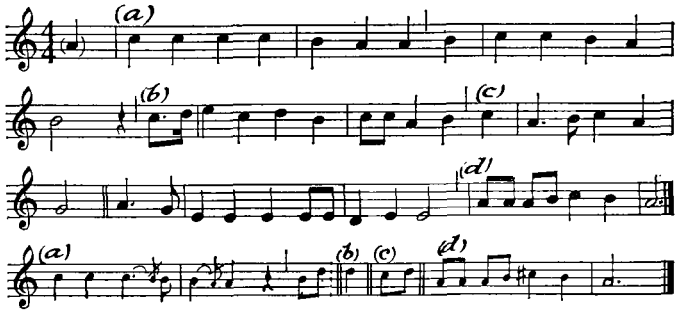
Chorus.

13. Noo here's to the blue, and the bonnie blue,
And the lass that I lou weel,
And may ilkae auld interferin' wife
Get a rock in the same auld creel.

Chorus.

30. "The Keach in the Creel"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1951/15/A6. Sung by Bob Cooney, Aberdeen. Collected by Hamish Henderson and Alan Lomax. Transcribed by Mrs. Donna Etherington Irving.

p D/Æ

1. Maisie she went oot tae buy
Some fresh fish for the tea
When the wee toun clerk he followed her up
And whispered in her ear.

Refrain:

Rickie doo dum day
Rickie doo dum day
Rickie dickie doo dum day.

2. "Now Maisie dear, ye maun hear
The sad news I hae heard
Your feyther locks the door at night
And puts the key below his head."

Refrain.

3. "Well, ye maun get a ladder
Full fifty steps and three
And syne get up to the top o' the hoose
And come doon the lum tae me."

Refrain.

4. Well, he got a good strong ladder
Likewise a rope and creel
And syne got up to the top o' the hoose
And his comrades lowered him weel.

Refrain.

5. Noo, the auld wife couldnae sleep that nicht
For something she had heard
"I'll bet my life," says the silly auld wife,
"There's a man in my dochter's bed."

Refrain.

6. Noo, the auld man he got up to see
But his step his dochter knew
So she started loud her prayers to read
And close the curtains drew.

Refrain.

7. "Ye lee, ye lee, ye awful leear
And a sad death may ye dee
Your dochter's lyin' wi' her bible in her airms
A-prayin' for you and me."

Refrain.

8. Noo the auld wife wasnae pleased wi' this
So up she got hersel'
When somethin' taen the auld wife's legs
And into the creel she fell.

Refrain.

9. They thocht it was the wee toun clerk
So up the creel they draw
And five or six o' the auld wife's ribs
Went rick-a-dick against the wa'.

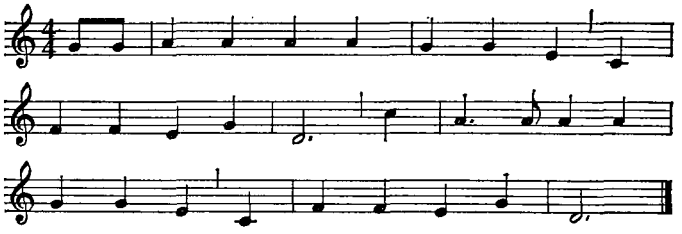
Refrain.

10. Noo, here's tae the blue
The bonnie, bonnie blue
The blue that I luve weel
And may ilka auld wife that's jealous o' her dochter
Be rocked in the same auld creel.

Refrain.

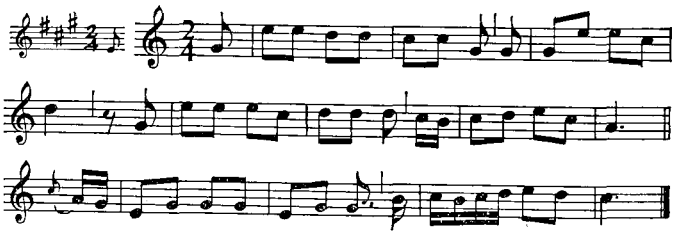
31. "The Wee Toon Clerk," or "The Cunning Clerk"

Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 334. Noted by Mrs. Harper from her sister Miss Elizabeth Greig, July 1907.

a D/Æ

Pretty Polly she went out one day
Some fresh fish for to buy;
An' when the toon clerk heard o' this,
He went forth instantly.

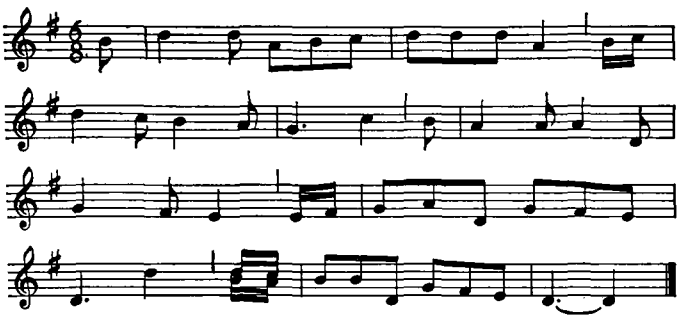
32. "The Keach in the Creel"

Greig MSS., III, p. 55. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 232(1d). Sung by J. Beaton, February 1908.

p I/Ly, on lower mediant octave

GROUP C

33. "The Keach in the Creel"

Greig MSS., I, p. 36; text, Bk. 764, LIV, p. 103. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 233(3). Sung by J. W. Spence, 1905.

a M

1. A fair maid doon thro' Collieston cam',
   Some fresh fish for to buy—buy;
   The little toon clerk he followed her,
   And he followed her speedily.

2. My father locks his doors at night,
   And carries the keys him wi'—wi',
   An ye canna come to my bedside,
   And neither can I to thee.

3. The clerk he had a little wee boy,
   And a cunning wee boy was he—he;
   And he has made a lang lang ladder,
   Wi' thirty steps & three.

4. He has made a lang lang ladder,
   And pitten't oot owre the lum—lum;
   And he's pitten his maister intil a creel,
   And he's latten him doon the lum.

5. The auld guidman & the auld guidwife
   Gaed to their beds to sleep—sleep;
   But weary fa' the auld carlin',
   For e'en she's wakent yet.

6. The auld guidwife she dreamed a dream,
   I hinna wull that it be true—true,
   A rotten crap oot o' a hole in the wa',
   And cuttit the coverin' blue.

7. The auld guidman he rose himsel',
   To see gin it was true—true;
   She's pitten him in atween her and the wa',
   And happit him owre wi' the blue.

8. Fat are ye daein', my ae dochter,
   And fat are ye daein' my doo—doo?
   I'm prayin' on a prayer-book
   For my aul' mither and you.

9. Pray on, pray on, my ae dochter,
   Be sure you do it right—right;
   For gin ever a woman gaed oot o' her wit,
   And your mither she'll gang this night.

10. The auld guidman & the auld guidwife
    Gaed to their beds to sleep—sleep;
    But weary fa' the auld carlin,
    For e'en she's waken't yet.

11. The auld guidwife she dreamed a dream
    I hinna will that it be true—true,—
    The cunning clerk & her ae dochter
    Are aneath the coverin' blue.

12. Rise up, rise up, ye aul' carlin',
    The deil to raise you wi'—wi';
    For atween ye & your ae dochter
    I hinna ance winkit an ée.

13. The aul' guidwife she rose hersel',
    To see gin it was true—true;
    She slippit her fit & into the creel,
    And up the tow they drew.

14. They showdit her, they towdit her,
    Frae back to side o' the wa'—wa',
    Till twa or three o' the aul' wife's ribs
    Gaed knick-knack owre in twa.

15. Come help me noo, my aul' guidman,
    Come help me noo, my doo—doo;
    For the man that ye boded me on last nicht,
    And I'm sure he has me noo.

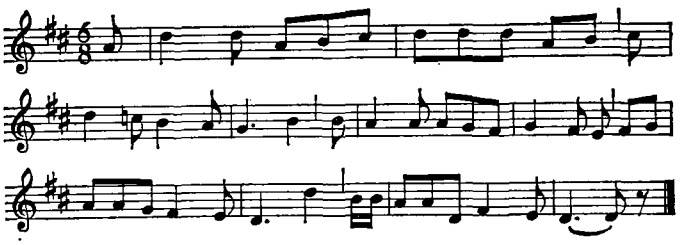
16. Oh gin he hae ye I wish he may haud ye,
    I wish he may grip ye fast—fast;
    For atween ye & your ae dochter
    I hinna got kindly rest.

17. The aul' guidwife she fell oot o' the creel,
    The clerk he jumped into—to;
    And little wee Jack upon the lum
    And up the tow he drew.

18. Sing hey the blue, & sing how the blue,
    And I wish the blue may dae weel—weel;
    And a' the auld wives that wakes at e'en,
    I wish they may rock in the creel, creel, creel,
    And I wish they may rock in the creel.

34. "The Coverin' Blue"

Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 19; "Words," p. 52. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 230. Noted from Mrs. Gillespie, who had heard it from her father and others, 1905.

a I (inflected VII)

1. There came a maid to Colliston town
   Some white fish for to buy, buy,
   A cunning clerk he followed her
   An he followed her speedily, -ly,
   An he followed her speedily.

2. O where live ye, my bonnie lass
   I pray ye tell me true, true
   For gine the nicht were ere so mark
   I wid come and visit you you,
   I wid come and visit you

3. My father he aye locks the door
My mither keeps the key, key,
An though ye were ne'er sae wily a wicht,
Ye canna win in to me, me,
Ye canna win in to me.

4. I will get a lang ladder,
Full thirty feet and three, three
Syne I'll get up to the chimla-tap
An thin come down to thee, thee,
An thin come doun to thee

5. The clerk he had a true brither,
And a wily wicht was he, he,
And he had made a lang ladder,
Was thirty feet an three, three
Was thirty feet an three

6. He has made a cleek an' reel,
A creel-but an' a pin, pin,
An He's awa to the chimla-tap
An he's latten the wee clerk in, in
An he's latten the wee clerk in.

7. The aul wife could na sleep that nicht,
Though late, late, was the hour hour,
I'll lay my life quo the silly aul wife,
There's a man in our dochters bower.

8. The aul man he gat out o the bed,
To see gine it was true, true,
But she's tean the wee clerk in her arms
An covert him wi the blue, blue*
An covert him wi the blue.

9. Fat are ye deain my ae dochter
Fat are ye deain my doo, doo,
I'm prayin on my prayer book
For my silly aul mammie an you, you,
For my silly aul mammie an you

10. Pray on pray on my ae dochter
An see that ye dee it right, right,
For if ever a woman went our o her risson,
Ye'er mither'll gang this nicht, nicht
Ye're mither'll gang this nicht.

11. O ill betide ye silly aul wife
An ill death may ye dee, dee,
She has the guid Book in her arms,
An she's prayin for you & me, me,
An she's prayin for you and me.

12. The aul wife still lay waukin yet,
Till something mair was said, said,
I'll lay my life quo the silly aul wife
There's a man in our dochter's bed, bed
There's a man in our dochter's bed.

13. I dream't a dream its sine the streen,
I hinna will it be true, true,
'At the rottens came out o a hole in the wa
En cuttit the coverin blue, blue
En cuttit the coverin blue.

14. Rise up again my aul guid man
An' see gine it be true, true,
That the rottens came out o a hole in the wa
An cuttit the coverin blue, blue,
An cuttit the coverin blue.

15. Get up yersel ye aul guid wife
An the deil to raise you wi, wi,
For atween you an e'er ae dochter
I hinna aince winkit an ee, ee,
I hinna aince winkit an ee.

16. The aul wife then got up hersel
To see if the thing was true, true
But she slippit her fit an fell into the creel,
An up the tow he drew, drew
An up the tow he drew.

17. The man that was at the chimla-tap
Findin the creel was fu, fu,
He wrappit the rope his elbo roun
An up the tow he drew, drew
An up the tow he drew.

18. He shouded her and he pouded her,
Fae back to fore o' the wa, wa,
Till two or three o her aul rotten ribs
Cried knip knap ower in twa, twa,
Cried knip knap ower in twa.

19. O help me noo, my aul guid man,
O help me noo my doo, doo,
For him that ye wished me wi this nicht
I think he's gotten me noo, noo,
I think he's gotten me noo.

20. Gine he has got ye I wish he may had ye,
I wish he may grip ye fast, fast,
For atween you an your ae dochter
I hinna got kindly rest, rest,
I hinna got kindly rest.

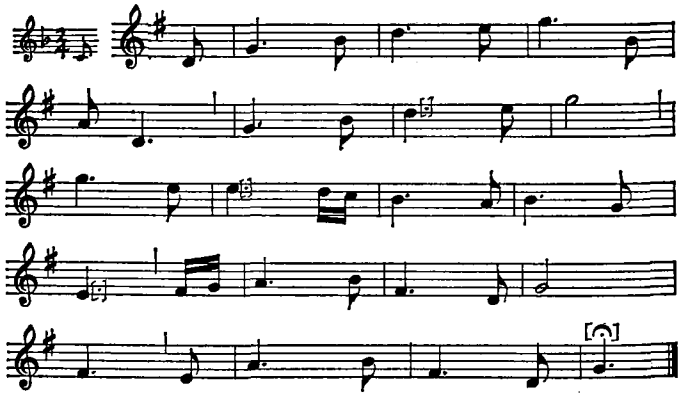
21. Hey the blue and the bonnie blue,
An I wish the blue may de weel, weel,
And for ilka aul wife that wakes at night,
I wish her a rock in a creel, creel
I wish her a rock in a creel.

* = coverin' [*Duncan's MS. note.*]

GROUP D

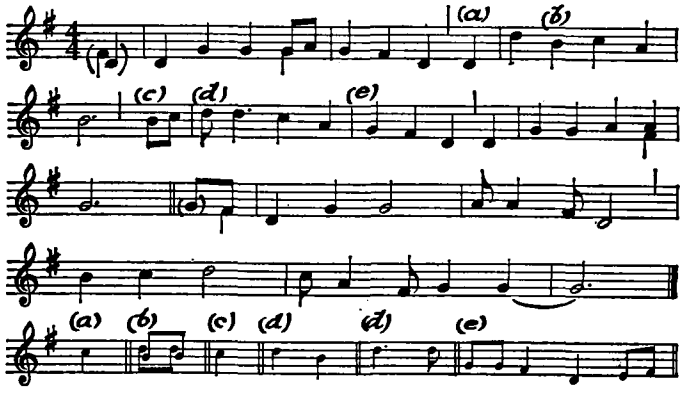
35. "The Keatch i' the creel"

Telfer MS., No. 3, p. 2. Tune noted by William Oliver of Langraw, 1855.

m I

GROUP E

36. "Hurroo-Ri-Ah"

BBC Sound Archives, rec. No. 20024. Also on Caedmon rec. No. TC 1146(B10). Sung by Michael Gallagher, Beleek, County Fermanagh, July 20, 1953. Collected by Peter Kennedy and Sean O'Boyle.

p I

1. As I rode down to Newry Town
   Some fresh fish for to buy,
   'Twas there I sped a bonny wee lass.
   On her I cast an eye.
   Hurroo-ri-ah, fol-lol-di-dah
   Hurroo-ri-ah, fol-lol-di-dido.

2. How would I get to your chamber, love(r),
   How would I get to your bed?
   My father he locks the door at night,
   And the keys lie under his head.
   Refrain.

3. Get a ladder newly made
   With forty steps and three,
   And put it to my chimney-top
   And come down in a creel to me.
   Refrain.

4. No peace nor ease could the old wife get
   With thrills (?) running through her head.
   I'll lay my life, said the gay old wife,
   There's a boy in my daughter's bed.
   Refrain.

5. Then up the stairs the old man crept
   And into the room did steal.
   Silence reigned where the damsel slept
   And he never twigged the creel.
   Refrain.

6. My curse upon you, Father,
   What brought you up so soon,
   To put me fro' the evening prayers,
   And I just lying down.
   Refrain.

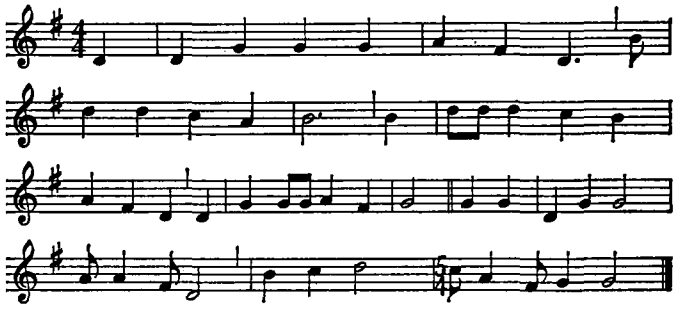
7. He went back to his gay old wife,
   He went back to she.
   She has a prayer-book in her hand
   And she's praying for you and me.
   Refrain.

8. No peace nor ease could the old wife get
   And she had to rise and see.
   She fell on the stumbling-block
   And into the creel went she.
   Refrain.

9. The lad being on the chimney-top
   He gave the creel a haul.
   Broke three ribs in the old woman's side
   And rapped them again the wall.
   Refrain.

37. "The Newry Maid"

Sung by Kevin Mitchell (25); remembered as having been heard in Derry, N. Ireland. Collected and transcribed by Peter Shepheard.

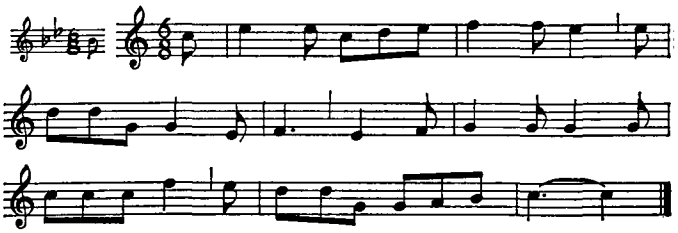
p I (–VI)

Come all you . . . .
. . . . . .
If ever you want to buy fresh fish
. . . . . .
With me touran yah fol lol de dah
Touran yah fol lol de dido

Tune rather seems to suggest a variant of Child 110.

APPENDIX

38. "The Coerin' Blue"

Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 430. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 233(4). Sung by Robert Reid, Kemnay, July 30, 1908.

p I, on lower mediant octave

I dream'd a dream jist sin' the streen,
I hinna will it be true,
A rottan jumpit oot o' the wa'
An' cuttit the coverin' blue.

Jock the Leg and the Merry Merchant

CHILD NO. 282

To BORROW Child's expression, used of "Henry Martin" (No. 250), this ballad "must have sprung from the ashes" of the Robin Hood cycle. It is at any rate a late northern avatar of a greener original, somewhat soiled by a touch of industrialism. Child dates it from the last half of the eighteenth century, and consigns it to the pack of Autolycus.

With the exception of Christie's somewhat fancy copy, Greig's, Duncan's, and Ewan MacColl's from Galloway are the only known examples of the melodic tradition. They fall into two fairly distinct groups, neither of which has much in common with Christie's tune.

The first type is basically D/Æ, if we may trust the final as tonic, and is of that style of melody wherein the first three phrases make much the same beginning on a descending figure. One variant (3) seems at odds with the rest in sinking to a final on the lower seventh. There is an end-refrain of two phrases, with words repeated. The tune has something in common with "The True Lover's Farewell" (e.g., Sharp, *One Hundred English Folksongs*, 1916, p. 126). MacColl's version has a syllabic refrain that rises again to end on the octave.

The second type is similar in starting the first three phrases in the same way. The tune is four-phrased. It is hard to be sure of the tonic. One of the two variants may be a π^1 plagal tune, ending on the lower dominant. The other, which is in large part very close, departs at the mid-cadence and radically in the fourth phrase, and may be I/M, ending on the upper dominant. If the finals be regarded as tonic (a doubtful decision), the first is π^2, authentic, and the second M/D, plagal. This type is also found, as Keith observes, with "The Laird o' Drum."

Christie's tune is an I/M tune, authentic, with a range of almost two octaves. The second strain is doubtless his invention. Phrase two and, less distinctly, three, carry an echo of the "Cowdenknowes" tune.

LIST OF VARIANTS

GROUP A

1. "Jockteleg and the Merry Merchan'." Duncan MSS., "Folk-Song Airs of the North East," p. 11, and "Folk-Song Words belonging to the North East, and received from Mrs Gillespie," p. 578, Cecil Sharp House, London. Also in Gavin Greig and Alexander Keith, *Last Leaves of Traditional Ballads and Ballad Airs*, 1925, p. 235(1a). (Gillespie)
2. "Jock the Leg." Greig MSS., I, p. 134, and Bk. 715, V, p. 67, King's College Library, Aberdeen. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 235(1b). (Milne)
3. "Jock the Leg." Greig MSS., III, p. 155. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 235(1c). (McAllan)
4. "Jock the Leg." Ewan MacColl, Riverside recording No. RLP 12-627(A1), *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, IV, ed. Kenneth S. Goldstein.

GROUP B

5. "Jock the Leg." Greig MSS., III, p. 44. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 236(2a). (Greig)
6. "Jock the Leg and the Merry Merchan'." Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 442. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 236(2b). (Matheson)

GROUP C

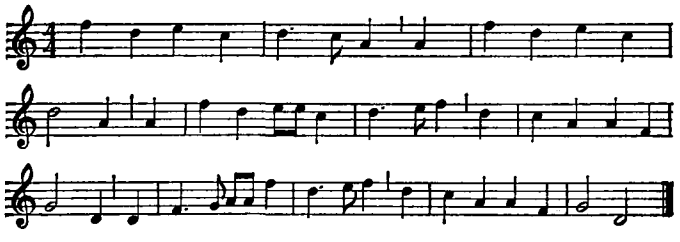
7. "Jock the Leg and the Merry Merchant." W. Christie, *Traditional Ballad Airs*, I, 1876, p. 130.

TUNES WITH TEXTS

GROUP A

1. "Jockteleg and the Merry Merchan' "

Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 11; "Words," p. 578. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 235(1a). Sung by Mrs. Gillespie [Glasgow], 1905. Learned from R. Mutch, Back Weetingshill, Willanshee, c. 1850-60.

a D/Æ

1. . . . . .
. . . . . .

But there is ane ca'd Jockteleg
An' he's seekin to rob me, O.

2. Ye'll gang doon by Dengie's dale
And doon by Coventry, O,
An' I will warrant him Jockteleg
He winna trouble thee, O.

3. He's gaen doon by Dengie's dale,
And doon by Coventry, O,
But wae-a-want him, Jockteleg,
For fast fast followed he, O.

[He blew a horn, and a number of robbers
"cam trippin' owre the hill, O."]

4. Ye'll tak six o' your very best men,
An' yersel the seventh to be, O,
Gin ye ca' me ae fit fae my pack,
Ye'll get it a' for me, O.

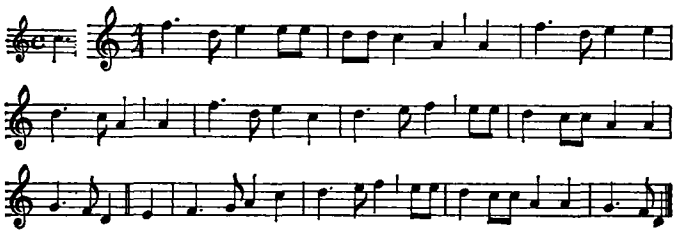
5. He's ta'en six o' his very best men,
An' himsel' the seventh to be, O,
But a' that they could do or say,*
Mov'd he couldna be, O.

[It is then suggested that they might try it hand to hand. Jockteleg, however, refuses; compliments the merchant on his valour; and sets him free.]

All interstanza notes are from Duncan's MS.
* "This line is a little uncertain." [*Duncan's MS. note.*]

2. "Jock the Leg"

Greig MSS., I, p. 134; text, Bk. 715, V, p. 67. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 235(1b). Sung by Mrs. Mary Milne, New Deer, March 1906.

a D/Æ

1. Jock the Leg and the merry merchant
   Went up to London town, O,
   They had twa packs upon their twa backs
   And I wyte they were weel tied on, O.

   [*Repeat the last two lines of each stanza.*]

2. They traivellèd up & they traivelled doon,
   Till they came to London Inn, O,
   Says Jock the Leg to the merry merchant
   Nae farther will we gang, O.

3. When mass was sung & bells was rung,
   And a' wis bound for bed, O,
   Jock the Leg and the merry merchant
   Were both in one bed laid, O.

4. They hadna been an hour in bed,
   An hour but barely one, O,
   Says Jock the Leg to the merry merchant
   We'll rise & gang again, O.

5. Never a fit says the merry merchant,
   Till daylight I do see, O,
   There's one, they call him Jock the Leg,
   He vows he will rob me, O.

6. Ye'll gang in by Netherdale,
   And in by Coventry, O,
   And I will warrant Jock the Leg
   That he winna trouble thee, O.

7. He gaed in by Netherdale,
   And in by the Coventry, O,
   And woe be to him, Jock the Leg,
   For fast fast followed he, O.

8. Your pack your pack upo' your back,
   Your pack & every pin, O,
   There's nae a neuk in a' your pack
   But my hand shall be in, O.

9. Never a fit, says the merry merchant,
   Will I lowse my pack to thee, O,
   As lang's the sword hings by my side
   I'll fecht until I dee, O.

10. They fought up and they fought down
    Wi' the swords o' the tempered steel, O,
    They fought up and they fought down,
    Till the blood ran owre their heels, O.

11. He's putten his whistle to his mouth
    And he's blown it loud & shrill, O,
    As six o' his well-armèd men
    Came tripping down the hill, O.

12. Ye'll tak' sax o' your bravest men,
    And yersel' the seventh to be, O,
    Gin ye pit me ae fit frae my pack
    Ye'll get it a' for me, O.

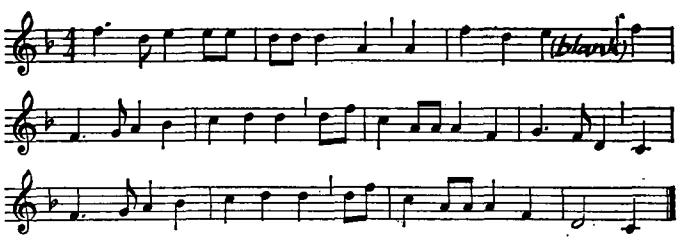
13. They fought up and they fought down,
    Till daylight they did see, O,
    Though they should hae fought till that day month
    One fit he wadna jee, O.

14. Ye'll tak' your pack upon your back
    And ye'll traivel by land or sea, O,
    At kirk or market where we meet,
    And ye'll get nae ill frae me, O.

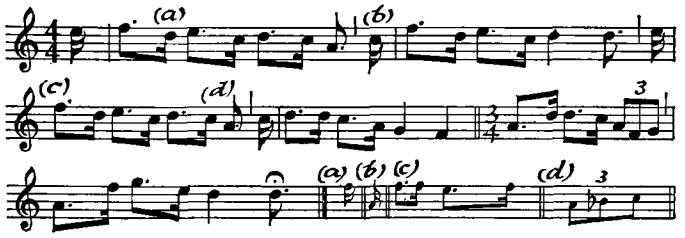
15. I'll tak' my pack upon my back,
    And I'll traivel by land & by sea, O,
    And at kirk or market where we meet,
    I'll *hae* nae ill frae thee, O.

3. "Jock the Leg"

Greig MSS., III, p. 155. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 235(1c). Sung by John McAllan, Shevado, New Deer, August 1908.

a Æ, ending on *VII*

4. "Jock the Leg"

Sung by Ewan MacColl, Riverside rec. No. RLP 12-627 (A1), ed. K. S. Goldstein. Learned from Hughie Graham of Galloway.

a Æ, ending on the octave

1. Jock the Leg and the merry merchant
Went up to London Toon, O,
They had their packs upon their backs,
And they were weill tied on, O.
Fal the ral the riddle doo
Fal di doodle I do.

2. They traivelled up and they traivelled doon,
Till they cam to London inn, O,
Says Jock the Leg to the merchant man,
"Nae further will we gang, O."

3. When mass was sung and bells were rung
And they were bound for bed, O,
Jock the Leg and the merchant man
In ane bed they were laid, O.

4. They hadna been but an hour in bed,
An hour but barely ane, O,
Says Jock the Leg to the merchant man,
"We'll tak' the road again, O."

5. "It's I'll no' stir another fit,
Till daylicht I do see, O,
There's one they call him Jock the Leg
And he's sworn to tak' my fee, O."

6. "If ye gang in by Netherdale,
And in by Coventry, O,
It's ye'll escape frae Jock the Leg
And he winna trouble thee, O."

7. Then he gaed in by Netherdale,
And in by Coventry, O,
And fast behind him Jock the Leg
Was riding for his fee, O.

8. They focht it up and they focht it doon
Wi' swords o' tempered steel, O,
They focht it up and they focht it doon
Till the blood ran ower their heels, O.

9. Jock's pitten his whistle to his mouth,
He's blawn it lood and shrill, O,
And six o' his weil armed men
Cam' tripping doon the hill, O.

10. "Although there's six o' your boldest men,
And ye the seventh shall be, O,
Gin ye drive me a fit fae my pack,
Ye'll get it a' for me, O."

11. They focht it up and they focht it doon,
Till daylight they did see, O,
Though they should hae focht till that day month,
One fit he wouldna gie, O.

12. Then up it spak' bold Jock the Leg,
And an angry man was he, O,
"I'll fecht wi' you, nae more this day,
Though it were for a king's fee, O.

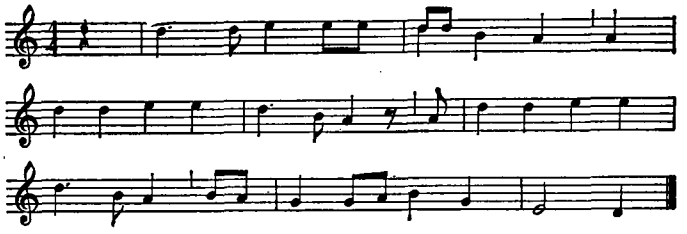
13. "Ye'll tak' your pack upon your back,
And ye'll travel by land or sea, O,
And at kirk or market when we meet,
You'll get nae ill frae me, O."

14. "I'll tak' my pack upon my back,
And I'll travel by land or sea, O,
At kirk or market when we meet,
I'll get nae ill frae thee, O."

GROUP B

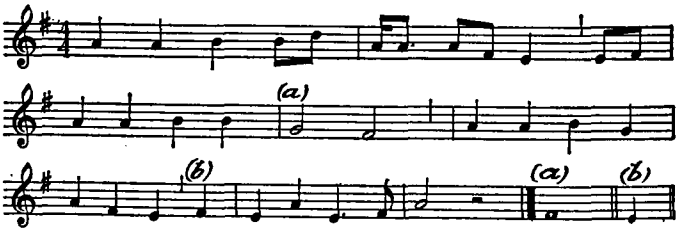
5. "Jock the Leg"

Greig MSS., III, p. 44. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 236(2a). Sung by Alexander Greig, Oldwhat, New Deer, December 1907.

p π^1, ending on *V*; or a π^2

Jock-the-leg & the merry merchant
Went up to London town O,
Wi' their twa packs upon their backs,
And I wyte they were weel tied on, O.

6. "Jock the Leg and the Merry Merchan' "

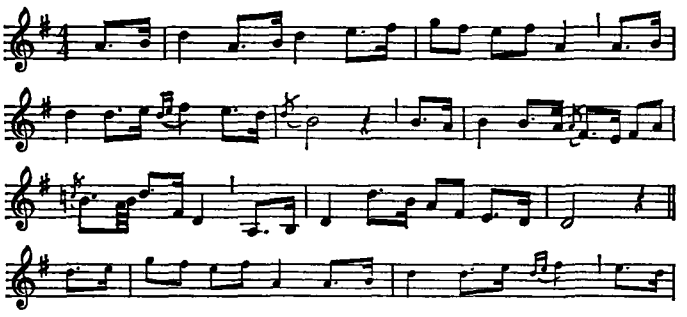
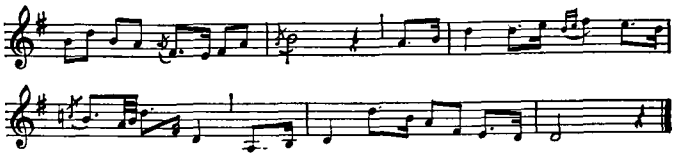
Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 442. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 236(2b). Sung by Mrs. Matheson (60), Torphins Farm, August 24, 1908. Learned in girlhood from John Eggo, Tornaveen district, Kincardine O' Neil parish.

a I/M, ending on V; or p M/D

Jock the Leg an' the merry merchan'
Went up throw London toon,
Wi' their twa packs on their twa backs
They were twa pretty men.

GROUP C

7. "Jock the Leg and the Merry Merchant"

Christie, I, 1876, p. 130. From Buchan, Aberdeenshire, tradition.

a I/M

As Jock the Leg and the merry merchant
Came from yon borrow's town,
They took their budgets on their backs,
And field 'art they were boun'.
And they came to a tavern house,
Where chapmen used to be;
"Provide, provide," said Jock the Leg,
"A good supper for me."

[*Etc.*]

Christie's text is from Peter Buchan, "a little changed" (*Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland*, 1828, II, p. 165).

The Crafty Farmer

CHILD NO. 283

In his concern with story, Child paid very little attention to metrical considerations; but these may be significant where one is tracing lines of traditional descent. It is of considerable importance to the melodic tradition of the present family of ballads that each of the three types mentioned by Child has a different metre, to which it has pretty faithfully clung.

"The Crafty Farmer," or "Saddle to Rags," is in quatrains of three-stressed lines, basically dactylic or anapaestic, and with or without an end-refrain or burden. The first and third lines do not ordinarily rhyme. "The Farmer's Daughter," or "Maid of Rygate," is in quatrains also, without a refrain, more regularly dactylic or anapaestic, and with a double or feminine rhyme on the first and third lines. There is thus an effect of greater speed, because there is typically no end-pause on lines one and three—and on three the pause is infrequent. "The Yorkshire Bite" is in anapaestic four-stress quatrains, rhyming in couplets, with frequent substitution of iambs for anapaests. There is an end-refrain of one, two, or four phrases, composed of nonsense syllables.

The names given above are not a significant means of distinction, however, and editors tend to use them indiscriminately. The first two kinds have melodic traditions rather similar in effect, but probably distinct. "The Crafty Farmer"—in Devonshire copies called "The Silly Old Man"—is a plagal major tune in 3/8 or 6/8, its mid-cadence coming on the second or fourth degree. Three Scottish variants are, as noted by Keith, common to the song, "Jack Munro" (variants 1-3 below). They end not on the tonic, probably, but the sixth, the mid-cadence being on the tonic at the octave, where the tune centers in its earlier phrases. The tune, if read thus, is I/Ly. A further copy, collected by Kidson from Yorkshire (variant 9 below), is grouped here for convenience and mainly because of its text. It has little in common with the rest and might be regarded as in the key of G major, modulating to E minor, and ending on D major.

The next class, B, has a melodic tradition that appears to stem from "The Rant" ("Give ear to a frolicsome ditty," or "How happy could I be with either"); cf. Chappell, *Popular Music* [1855-59], II, p. 554. This is the tune to which Dixon says that the Northern "Saddle to Rags" is sung (*Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs of the Peasantry of England*, 1846, p. 126), although most of the available variants are from Sharp's Somerset collection, and we have no traditional text of "Saddle to Rags" to quite this tune. It is ordinarily major, with mid-cadence on three or five, and sometimes plagal, sometimes authentic.

The third class, frequently called "The Yorkshire Bite," or "Well Sold the Cow," has two melodic subgroups, one major, one minor (our Ca and Cb). Cb has a better defined and more characteristic pattern. Both types are mainly in duple metres, 2/4, 4/4, 2/2, but half a dozen are in 6/8—at least three of them (one from the Orkneys, one English, one found by Sandburg in Chicago) with a "Derry down" refrain (such as that quoted in Logan's *Pedlar's Pack* from a garland of 1782.) The Ca group, major in tonality, is mostly American, but there are Scottish and Irish variants. The Cb group is larger, and contains Dorian, Æolian, and D/Æ tunes mostly. This group is predominantly English, along the East coast from Sussex to Yorkshire (Norfolk examples contributed by Vaughan Williams); with half a dozen Scottish, and three or four from the New England seaboard, traveling westward along the woodsmen's route, from Maine to Wisconsin and beyond. It may be, however, that the whole lot classed as C is linked to the widespread tune-family especially associated with "The King and the Bishop" (Child No. 45). There is in one variant an echo of the "Hind Horn" tune, also very popular (34). Vaughan Williams refers also to "There is an alehouse" (*JFSS*, I, No. 5, p. 252), "My true love once" (Kidson, *Traditional Tunes*, 1891, p. 46), and "A bold young farmer" (*JFSS*, II, No. 8, p. 155). Reference may also be made to "The Nottingham Poacher" (Broadwood and Maitland, *English County Songs*, 1893, p. 50).

Two or three anomalies, e.g., "Turkey in the Straw," complete the list. A tune of "The Farmer's Daughter" is said to be in the Bunyan MS., 1877, p. 24 (Gray-Muir MS., NL Scotland MS. 2254).

LIST OF VARIANTS

GROUP A

1. "The Farmer and the Robber." Greig MSS., III, p. 175, and Bk. 753, XLIII, p. 91, King's College Library, Aberdeen. Also in Gavin Greig and Alexander Keith, *Last Leaves of Traditional Ballads and Ballad Airs*, 1925, p. 237 (Beattie)
2. "The Crafty Farmer." Ewan MacColl, Riverside recording No. RLP 12-626(A1), *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, III, ed. Kenneth S. Goldstein. Also on Folkways LP recording No. FW 8755(A3).
3. "The Scotch Herdie." Greig MSS., III, p. 142. (Ironside)
4. "The Silly Old Man." Sabine Baring-Gould MSS., XVIII (1) and (A), Plymouth Public Library. Also in Sabine Baring-Gould and H. Fleetwood Sheppard, *Songs and Ballads of the West*, 1895, p. 38; and Baring-Gould, Sheppard, and F. W. Bussell, *Songs of the West*, 1905, p. 36.
5. "The Silly Old Man." Baring-Gould MSS., XVIII(2).
6. "The Silly Old Man." Baring-Gould MSS., XVIII(3).
7. "The Silly Old Man," or ["Saddle to Rags"]. H.E.D. Hammond MSS., No. 608, and D. VIII, p. 46, Cecil Sharp House, London.
8. "The Silly Old Man." M. H. Mason, *Nursery Rhymes and Country Songs* [1878], p. 43.

GROUP A APPENDIX

9. "Saddle to Rags." Frank Kidson, *Traditional Tunes*, 1891, p. 141.

GROUP B

10. "Give Ear to a Frolicsome Ditty." W. Chappell, *Popular Music of the Olden Time* [1855-59], II, p. 554.

11. "The Crafty Farmer." Sharp MSS., 2660/, Clare College Library, Cambridge. (Feast)
12. "The Highwayman Outwitted." Frank Kidson, *JFSS*, I, No. 5 (1904), p. 236.
13. "The (Devonshire) Farmer's Daughter." Sharp MSS., 3/3. (Hooper and White)
14. "The Farmer's Daughter." Sharp MSS., 885/954. (Barnett)
15. [Untitled.] Lucy E. Broadwood, *JFSS*, I, No. 5 (1904), p. 237.
16. "Farmer's daughter." Sharp MSS., 1216/. (Briffet)
17. "Lancashire Farmer." Ralph Vaughan Williams MSS., Quarto I, p. 45.

GROUP ca

18. "The Oxford Merchant," or "The Hampshire Bite." Warde H. Ford, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 4197(A). Also on LC/AAFS, recording No. L58(B3).
19. "Well Sold the Cow." Helen Creighton, *Songs and Ballads from Nova Scotia*, 1932, p. 29.
20. "The Yorkshire Bite." Helen Hartness Flanders and George Brown, *Vermont Folk-Songs & Ballads*, 1931, p. 234. Also in Helen Hartness Flanders, *Ancient Ballads Traditionally Sung in New England*, IV, 1965, p. 169.
21. "The Little Yorkshire Boy." Elisabeth B. Greenleaf and Grace Y. Mansfield, *Ballads and Sea Songs of Newfoundland*, 1933, p. 44.
22. "The Yorkshire Bite." Phillips Barry, *JAF*, XXIII (1910), p. 451.
23. "The Boy and the Cow." Greig MSS., II, p. 142. (Fowlie)
24. "The Robber Song." Pat Kelly, Sound Archives of the British Broadcasting Corporation, London, recording No. 20019.

GROUP cb

25. "The Boy and the Cow." Greig MSS., III, p. 24, and Bk. 726, XVI, p. 78. (Spence)
26. "Well Sold the Cow." Helen Creighton and Doreen H. Senior, *Traditional Songs from Nova Scotia*, 1950, p. 238.
27. "Yorkshire Farmer." Greig MSS., II, p. 44. (Quirrie)
28. "The Boy and the Coo." Greig MSS., I, p. 131. (R[obb])
29. "The Yorkshire Bite." Helen Hartness Flanders, *Country Songs of Vermont*, 1937, p. 26. Also in Helen Hartness Flanders, Elizabeth Flanders Ballard, George Brown, and Phillips Barry, *The New Green Mountain Songster*, 1939, p. 97; and Helen Hartness Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, IV, 1965, p. 149(D).
30. [Untitled.] Phillips Barry Dictaphone Cylinders, No. 157, cutting 4, Harvard College Library; transcribed by S. P. Bayard. (Soper)
31. "The New Hampshire Bite." Phillips Barry, Fannie H. Eckstorm, and Mary W. Smyth, *British Ballads from Maine*, 1929, p. 410. (Young)
32. "The Yorkshire Boy." Helen Hartness Flanders and Marguerite Olney, *Ballads Migrant in New England*, 1953, p. 52.
33. "The Yorkshire Farmer." Ralph Vaughan Williams MSS., III, p. 150. Also in Ralph Vaughan Williams, *JFSS*, II, No. 8 (1906), p. 174(2).
34. "The Boy and the Cow." Greig MSS., III, p. 175. (Beattie)
35. "Yorkshire Bite." Otto Andersson, *Budkavlen*, XXXIII (1954), p. 53.
36. "The Crafty Ploughboy." F. M. Collinson and F. Dillon, *Folk Songs from "Country Magazine,"* 1952, p. 24.
37. "Down, Down Derry Down." Carl Sandburg, *The American Songbag*, 1927, p. 118.
38. "The Lincolnshire Farmer." Vaughan Williams MSS., III, p. 136. Also in Vaughan Williams, *JFSS*, II, No. 8 (1906), p. 174(1).
39. "The Yorkshire Bite." Vaughan Williams MSS., I, p. 92.
40. "The Yorkshire Bite." Vaughan Williams MSS., I, p. 114.
41. "It's of an Old Farmer." Vaughan Williams, *JFSS*, II, No. 8 (1906), p. 209.

GROUP D

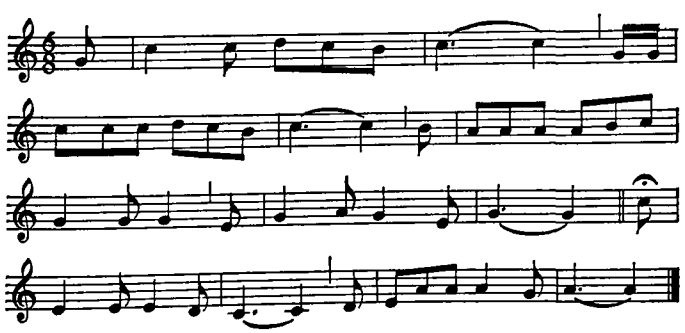
42. "Saddle to Rags." Sharp MSS., 2475/. (Hughes)
43. "The Yorkshire Bite." Frank C. Brown MSS., 16 a 10, Library of Congress, photostat. Also in *The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore*, IV (*The Music of the Ballads*, ed. Jan P. Schinhan), 1957, p. 119 (A).

TUNES WITH TEXTS

GROUP A

1. "The Farmer and the Robber"

Greig MSS., III, p. 175; text, Bk. 753, XLIII, p. 91. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 237. Sung by J. W. Beattie, New Pitsligo.

a I/Ly, ending on VI

1. I'm gaun to sing a sang,
   And I hope it will gie ye content,
   Aboot an auld fairmer
   Gaun awa' to pay his rent.
   [Sing fal al al al al,
   Sing fal al al al al lee.]

2. As he was riding along,
   Along on the highway,
   A gentleman robber rode up to him,
   And thus to him did say:—

3. How far are ye gaun this way, kind sir?
   Which made the auld man to smile;
   Indeed, quoth the auld man,
   I'm jist gaun six miles.

4. I am an auld fairmer
   Just renting a small piece of ground,
   And the half-yearly rent of it
   Amounts to forty pounds.

5. My landlord he's been absent
For twelve months or more,
Which makes the yearly rent of it
Amount unto fourscore.

6. Ye shouldna hae told me this, kind sir,
When robbers they're so many,
And if they meet you on the way
They'll rob ye o' yer money.

7. The auld man grew crusty,
Says, I don't care a fig,
I have it well secured in bags
Just under the saddle I ride.

8. The robber to the auld man said,
Deliver up your money,
Or else your life I'm sure to take,
For pistols are nae canny.

9. The auld man he grew crusty,
Says, What's in this world so many;
Took aff the saddle, threw it over his head,
Says, Ye fetch it if you should have any.

10. The robber dismounted his horse,
With courage so stout & bold;
Away in search of the saddle he ran,
Gave the auld man his horse to hold.

11. The auld man got foot in the stirrup,
And then he got on at the stride,
And syne he set oot at the gallop,
Ye needna hae bidden him ride.

12. The robber he flew in a passion,
Because nothing was in the bags,
He oot with an auld rusty gully
And he hackit the saddle to rags.

13. As the farmer was riding hame again,
And riding through yon glen,
He spied his auld meer Maggie,
And cries, O Maggie will ye come hame?

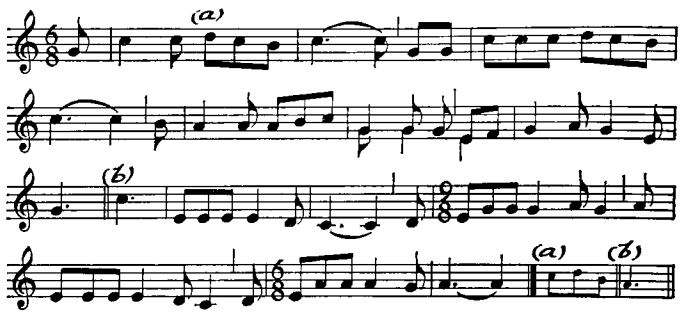
14. When he arrived at hame again,
And told them what he had done,
The jolly auld wife took aff his saddle,
And roon the toon she ran.

15. And aye she ran & aye she sang,
And aye she sang wi' devotion,——
If ever oor dother happen to be mairriet,
It will help to enlarge her portion.

16. When they opened the robber's bag,
'Twas wondrous to behold,
There were 600 guineas in silver,
And 600 guineas in gold
Sing fal al al al lee
Sing fal al al al lee.

2. "The Crafty Farmer"

Sung by Ewan MacColl, Riverside rec. No. RLP 12-626 (A1), ed. K. S. Goldstein. Also on Folkways LP rec. No. FW 8755(A3). Learned from his father.

p Æ (or a I, ending on VI)

1. I'm gaun to sing ye a song,
And I hope it'll gie ye content,
It's a' aboot an auld fairmer
Gaun awa' to pay his rent.
Sing fal la la la la la,
Sing fal la la la la lee,
Sing fal la la la la la,
Sing fal la la la la lee.

2. As he was a-riding along,
A-riding upon the highway,
A gentleman-robber rode up to him
And these words he did say.

3. "How far are ye gaun, kind sir?"
This made the auld man to smile;
"To tell you the truth," the auld man said,
"I'm juist gaun twa-three mile."

4. "A doited auld carle am I,
Juist renting a sma' piece o' grund,
And the half-yearly rent o' it
Amounts to forty pounds.

5. "But my landlord's no' been at hame,
I've no' seen him a year or more,
Which makes the yearly rent o' it
Amount unto fourscore."

6. "You shouldna hae told me this,
When robbers they are so many,
For if they met you on the way,
They'd rob you of every penny."

7. The auld man winked his e'e,
Says, "I don't care a fig,
My money is safe into my bags
Juist under my saddle rig."

8. The gentleman robber then said,
"Deliver up your money,
Or else your life'll be snuffed oot
For pistols are nae canny."

9. But the fairmer he was crafty,
As in this world are many,
He threw the saddle oot ower the hedge,
Says, "Fetch it, if ye'll have ony."

10. The robber he got off his horse
With courage so stout and bold;
Awa' in search o' the saddle he ran,
Gave the auld man his horse to hold.

11. The auld man pit his foot in the stirrup,
And then he got on at the stride,
And syne he set oot at the gallop,
Ye needna hae bidden him ride.

12. The robber he flew in passion,
There was naething but strae in the bags,
So he drew oot his rusty auld gully,
And hackit the saddle to rags.

13. As the fairmer was riding hame,
And galloping through the glen,
He spied auld Maggie, his riding mear,
And shouted, "Maggie, come hame!"

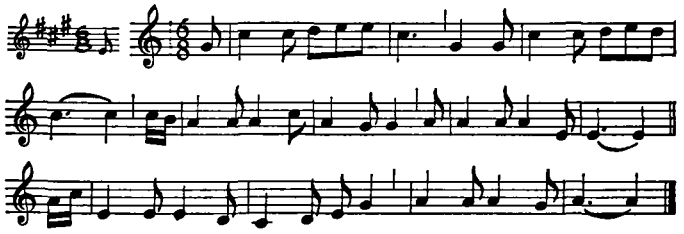
14. And when that he got hame,
And told what he had done
The auld man's wife pit on her claes,
And roond the hoose she ran.

15. When they opened the robber's bag,
A wonderful sight to behold,
There was five hundred guineas in silver
And another five hundred in gold.

16. And aye she danced aroond
And made a muckle commotion,
"If ever oor dochter gets married," she said,
"It'll help to enlarge her portion."

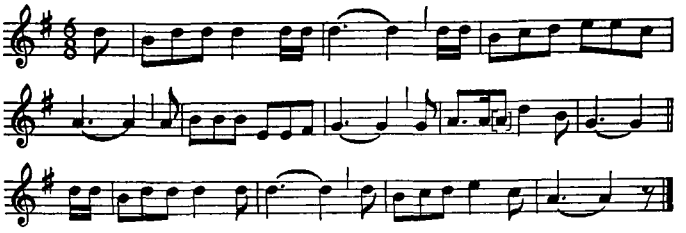
3. "The Scotch Herdie"

Greig MSS., III, p. 142. Sung by George Ironside, November 1908. Noted by M. Milne.

a π^1, ending on VI

I'm gean to sing you a sang,
And I'm sure it will give you content
It's just about an auld man
Gan awa' to pay his rent.

4. "The Silly Old Man"

Baring-Gould MSS., XVIII(1); text, (A). Also in Baring-Gould and Sheppard, 1895, p. 38; and Baring-Gould, Sheppard and Bussell, 1905, p. 36. Sung by W. Weekes, Willistrew, Lamerton, Devonshire, 1888; learned from Rev. E. Luscombe, Bickleigh, 1843.

p I, ending on II

1. Aw! come now I'll sing you a song,
'Tis a song o' right merry intent.
Concerning a silly old man,
Who went for to pay his rent
Singing Too-ral-la, loo-ra-la, Ritoo-ri-loo-ra-loo

2. And as this here silly old man
Was riding along the lane,
A gentleman-thief overtook him
Saying 'Well overtaken old man
Singing Too-ral &c.

3. 'What! well over-taken, do'y say?
'Yes, well overtaken' quoth he.
'No no' said the silly old man
'I be 'unt for thy company'
Singing Too-ral, &c.

4. 'I am only a silly old man
I farm but a parcel o' ground.
And I'm going to the landlord to pay
My rent which is just forty pound.
Singing Too-ral, &c.

5. 'But supposing the highwayman stopped you?
For the rascals are many, they say
And take all the money from off you
As you ride on the King's highway
Singing Too-ral, &c

6. 'What! supposing some fellow should stop me?
Why badly the thief would be sped
For the money I carry about me
In the quilt of my saddle is hid,
Singing, Too-ral, &c.

7. And as they were riding along
Along & along the green lane,
The gentleman thief rode afore him
And summoned the old man to stand,
Singing, &c.

8. But the old man was crafty & cunning
As I wot in the world there be many
Pitched his saddle clean over the hedge, Sir,
Saying 'Fetch 'n if thou wouldst have any
Singing, &c.

9. Then the thief, being thirsty for gold
And eager to get at his bags,
He dra'ed out his rusty old sword
And chopped the old saddle to rags
Singing, &c

10. The old man slipp't off the old mare
And mounted the thief's horse astride,
Clapp't spur; & put him in a gallop
Saying 'I wi'out teaching can ride
Singing &c

11. When he to his landlord's had come,
The old man was almost a spent,
Said he, 'Landlord, provide me a room,
I be come for to pay up my rent.
Singing, &c

12. Then he opened the thief his portmantle,
And there was a sight to behold,
There were five hundred pounds all in silver,
And five (?four) hundred pounds all in gold.
Singing, &c.

13. 'Now suppose the same thief was to stop thee
The landlord unto him did say.
And take all the money a from thee
As thou ridest home the same way.
Singing, &c

14. 'What! supposing the same thief should rob me?
No, no, 'tisn't he that can do't.
No, no, says the silly old fellow,
He'd have the wrong bull by the foot,
Singing, &c

15. And as he was on his way home,
And riding along the same lane,
He seed—'Twas his silly old mare
Tied up to the hedge by the mane.
Singing, &c.

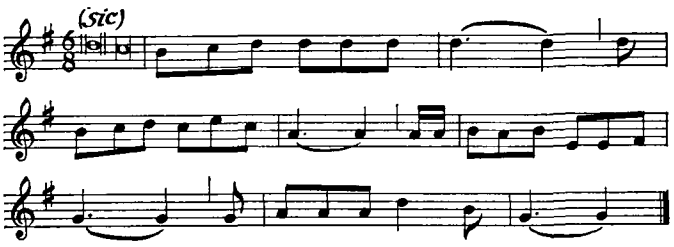
16. He loosed his old mare from the hedge
As she at the grass there did crib.
He gi'ed her a whack o' the broad o' the back,
Saying, "Follow me home, old Tib."
Singing, &c

17. Aw! when to his home he were come,
His daughter he dressed as a duchess,
And his old woman kicked & her capered for joy
And danced in a jig on her crutches,
Singing, &c.

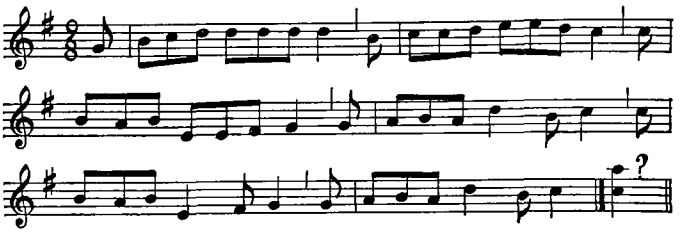
This and variants 5 and 6 by permission of Mr. G. Hitchcock, on behalf of Baring-Gould Estate.

5. "The Silly Old Man"

Baring-Gould MSS., XVIII(2). Sung by Sue Stevens, Stowford.

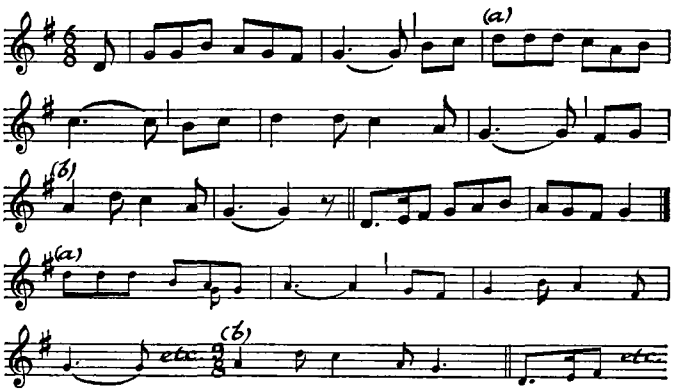
p I

6. "The Silly Old Man"

Baring-Gould MSS., XVIII(3). Sung by Dr. Reed, Tiverton, 1848; transcribed by Samuel Reay.

p I, ending on IV

A note in the Baring-Gould MSS. indicates that Dr. Reed's text, and that of Sue Stevens (variant 5 above), were the same as that sung by Mr. Weekes (variant 4 above), save for "variations merely verbal & slight."

7. "The Silly Old Man" or ["Saddle to Rags"]

Hammond MSS., No. 608; text, D. VIII, p. 46. Sung by Mrs. Bowring, Cerne Abbas, Dorset, 1905-08.

p I

It's of and a silly old man
And he rented a small piece of ground
And the rent it must be paid
And it comes to fifty pound
Fol the dol diddle dol
Fol the dol day.

So you're well overtaken, old man
You're well overtaken by me
"Oh criminal!" cried the old man
"I'm enough for your company."
Fol the dol etc.

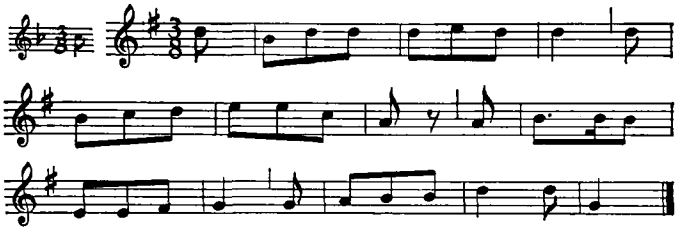
He being a nimble old man
He mounted the thief's horse astride
He put him into a gallop
You need not tell him to ride.

He being a niggard for money
He thought that he would have found bags
He pulled out his rusty old sword
And chopped the old saddle to rags
Fol the dol etc.

8. "The Silly Old Man"

Mason [1878], p. 43. From Devonshire tradition.

p I

283. THE CRAFTY FARMER

1. Come, neighbours, I'll sing you a song,
   And 'tis with a merry intent;
   'Tis all of a silly old man,
   A-going to pay his rent.

2. And as he was riding along,
   Along and along the lane,
   A gentleman-thief came behind him;
   "Now well overtaken, old man!"

3. "What? Well overtaken, old man?
   Nay, nay, 'tis not that," said he,
   "For I'm but a silly old man,
   Not fit for thy company."

4. "I am but a silly old man;
   I rent a few acres of ground;
   I'm going to pay my rent;
   It comes to just fifty pound."

5. "Now suppose anybody should rob thee,"
   The other to him did say,
   "And take all that money a-from thee,
   As thou ridest on the highway?"

6. "What? Suppose anybody should rob me?
   They would but be badly sped,
   For all the money I have
   In my old saddle is hid."

7. Now as they were riding along,
   Along and along the lane,
   The gentleman-thief came before him,
   And called the old man forth to stan'.

8. And he, being crafty and cunning,
   And willing to save his money,
   Threw the saddle right over the hedge;
   "Now fetch un if thou'lt have any!"

9. And the thief, being active and ready,
   And wishing to have the bags,
   He took out his trusty sword,
   And chopped the old saddle to rags.

10. But the old man, left in the road,
    He mounted the thief's horse astride,
    And put him into a stretch gallop,
    Saying, "Thou didn't bid me to ride!"

11. And when he was come to the town,
    Right on to the landlord he went;
    "Now, landlord, come shew me a room;
    I'm come for to pay my rent."

12. Then he took out the thief's pockmanty,
    And spread it a-top of the ground,
    And counted out money, in silver
    And gold, five hundred pound.

13. "Now suppose anybody should rob thee,"
    The landlord to him did say,
    "And take all that money a-from thee,
    As thou ridest home the same way?"

14. "What? Suppose anybody should rob me?
    Nay, nay, 'tis not them as can do't;
    They'd find with the silly old man,
    They'd took the wrong bull by the foot."

15. And when he came home to his house,
    And shewed to his wife all his riches,
    The old woman capered for joy,
    And danced him a jig on her crutches.

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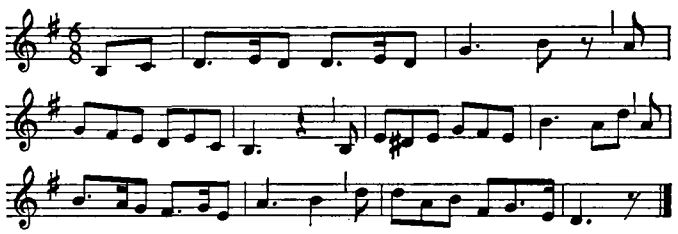
GROUP A APPENDIX

9. "Saddle to Rags"

Kidson, 1891, p. 141. Tune noted by Charles Lolley in the East Riding, Yorkshire; text from *The Manchester Songster*, 1792.

p I, ending on *V*

1. A song I will sing unto you—
   A song of a merry intent;
   It is of a silly old man,
   That went to pay his rent.

2. And as he was riding along—
   A-riding along the highway—
   A gentleman thief steps before the old man,
   And thus unto him he did say:

3. "My friend, how dare you ride alone,
   For so many thieves there now be,
   If any should but light on you,
   They'd rob you of all your money."

4. "If that they should light upon me,
   I'm sure they'd be very ill-sped;
   For, to tell you the truth, my kind sir,
   In my saddle my money I've hid."

5. So as they were riding along,
   And going down a steep hill,
   The gentleman thief slipped before the old man,
   And quickly he bid him stand still.

6. The old man, however, being cunning,
   As in this world there are many;
   He threw the saddle right over the hedge,
   Saying, "Fetch it if thou wouldst have any."

7. The thief being so greedy of money,
He thought that of it there'd been bags,
Whipt out a rusty old sword,
And chopped the saddle to rags.

8. The old man put his foot in the stirrup,
And presently he got astride,
He put the thief's horse to the gallop,
You need not bid the old man ride.

9. "Nay, stay! nay, stay!" says the thief,
"And half the money thou shalt have;"
"Nay, by my troth," says the old man,
"For once I have cheated a knave."

10. And so the old man rode along,
And went with a merry devotion,
Saying, "If ever I live to get home,
T'will enlarge my daughter's portion."

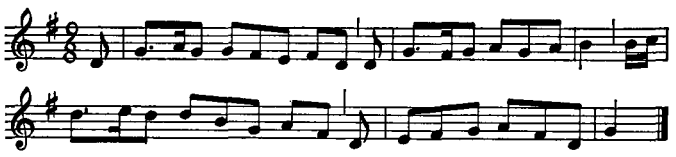
11. And having arrived at home,
And got there with merry intent;
Says he, "Landlord, show me a room,
And I'll pay you your half-year's rent."

12. They opened the thief's portmanteau,
And from it they took out so bold,
A hundred pounds in silver,
And a hundred pounds in gold.

GROUP B

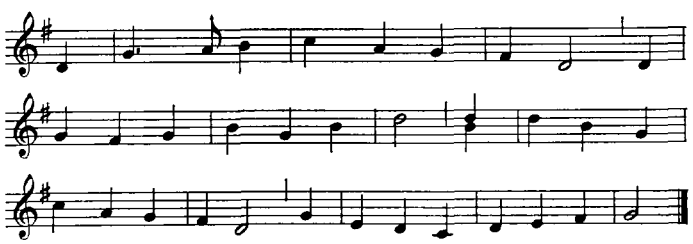
10. "Give Ear to a Frolicsome Ditty"

Chappell [1855-59], II, p. 554. Sung in many ballad operas.

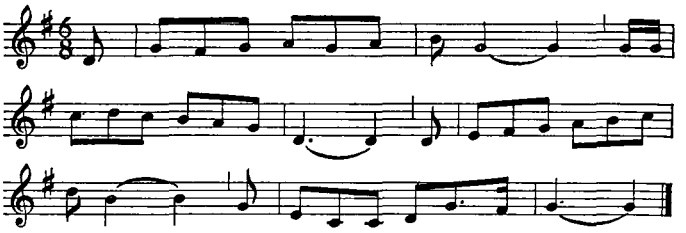
p I

For the ballad-text, Chappell refers to "Saddle to Rags" in James H. Dixon, *Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs of the Peasantry of England*, 1846, p. 126, q.v.

11. "The Crafty Farmer"

Sharp MSS., 2660/. Sung by Robert Feast, Ely Union, September 11, 1911.

p I

12. "The Highwayman Outwitted"

Kidson, *JFSS*, I, No. 5 (1904), p. 236. Sung by Mrs. Kate Thompson, Knaresborough, Yorkshire.

p I

1. It's of a rich farmer in Cheshire,
To the market his daughter would go,
Not thinking that any would harm her,
She'd often been that way before.

2. She was met by a rusty [ruffian] highwayman,
Who caused the young damsel to stand [stay].
"Your money and clothes now deliver
Or else your sweet life is at hand" [you must pay]

3. He stripped this fair damsel stark naked,
And gave her his bridle to hold,
And there she stood shivering and shaking,
Near starved unto death with the cold.

4. She put her left foot in the stirrup,
And mounted her horse like a man,
Over hedges and ditches she galloped,
Crying, "Catch me, bold rogue, if you can.["]

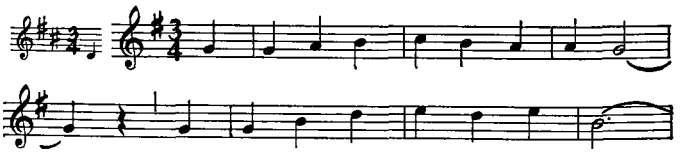
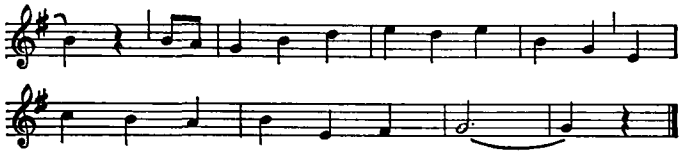
5. The bold rogue he soon followed after,
Which caused him to puff and to blow.
Thank God that he never did catch her,
Till she came to her own father's door.

6. "Oh daughter! dear daughter! what's happened?"
"Oh father! to you I will tell;
I was met by a rusty highwayman,
Thank God! he has done me no harm."

7. "Put the grey mare in the stable,
And spread the white sheet on the floor."
She stood there and counted the money,
She counted five thousand and more.

13. "The (Devonshire) Farmer's Daughter"

Sharp MSS., 3/3. Sung by Louie Hooper and Lucy White, Hambridge, September 1903.

p I

1. In Devonshire lived a rich farmer
His daughter to market did go
How little she thought on her sweetheart
She oftentimes ride to and fro.
It happens one day on a Wednesday
Of a great deal of corn she had sold
She went to receive every penny
They paid her all silver and gold.

2. All in her portmantle she put it
All in her portmantle put she
For fear of some beggars, some troopers
She meet with all on her high way.
Some beggars some troopers she meet with
They bade this poor damsel to stay
She would not stay for the heavens
But keep herself on the high way.

3. They stripped this poor girl stark naked
They gave her the bridle to hold
She stood a shaking and bavering
Almost a froze with the cold.
She up with her foot in the stirrup
Away she did ride like a man
Come follow me follow me trooper
Come follow me now if you can.

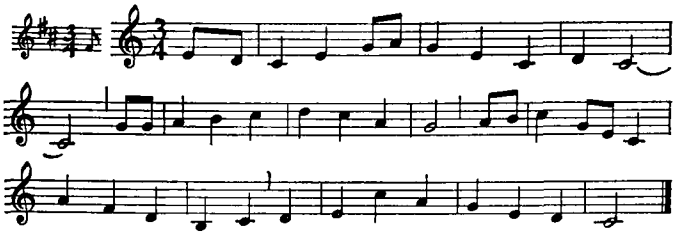
4. They runned but they could not get after
Their boots were baffled in snows
Crying stop my fair young damsel
And you shall have all of your clothes
No matter, no matter she say
You can keep it all now if you will
I've a leaved you a bagfull of farthings
And sum of five shillings to tell.

5. She rode over hills over mountains
'Till she came to her own father's gates
Her father was almost a-frightened
To see her come home in her white.
"Oh! where have you been my dear daughter
"Oh! where have you tarried so long?"
"I've been in some very rough wars
"But still I received no harm."

6. He looked all in her portmantle
And in her portmantle he found
Large pieces of silver and gold
Which mounted to six hundred pound.
"Here's six hundred pound my dear daughter
"And six hundred more you shall have
"I think it's a very large fortune
"To keep the cold wind out of doors."

14. "The Farmer's Daughter"

Sharp MSS., 885/954. Sung by John Barnett, Bridgwater, April 14, 1906.

a I

Cf. The Lizie Lindsay tunes (No. 226).

1. As a lady was riding to market
As a lady was riding along
Not thinking that anyone would harm her
As she come a riding along.

2. The first that she met was a bold highwayman
He presented a pistol to her heart
Deliver up your money pretty maiden
Else your life I will have I protest.

3. He stripped this fair lady naked
He gived her the bridle to hold
While she stood a trembling & shaking
All ready to die with the cold

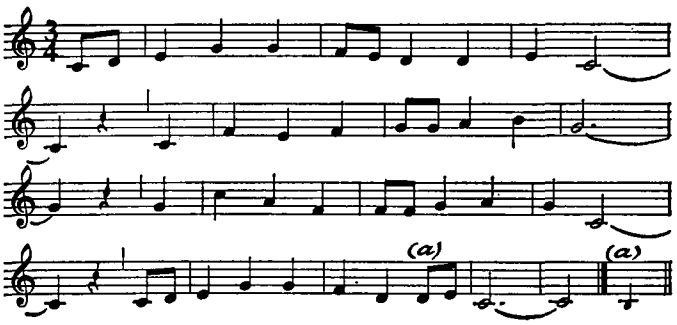
4. From the bridle to the saddle she mounted
She threw her legs across like a man
Over hedges & ditches she'd a gallop,
Crying catch me young man if you can.

5. Over hedges & ditches she'd a gallop,
Over hedges & ditches we hear
Over hedges & ditches she'd a gallop
Till she came to her own father's door.

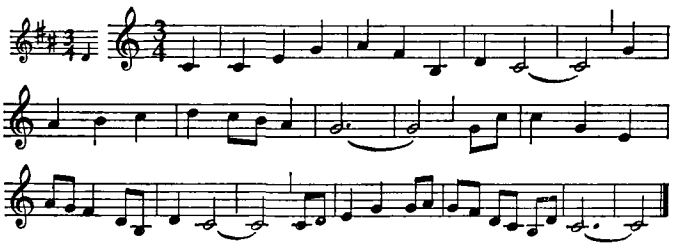
6. Now they searched the horse and the saddle
Where there was thousands of bright pounds in gold
Now is not this a nice fortune
To keep the cold frost from the door.

15. [Untitled]

Broadwood, *JFSS*, I, No. 5 (1904), p. 237. Sung by F. Page (15), a Hertfordshire shepherd-boy, 1898.

a I

16. "Farmer's daughter"

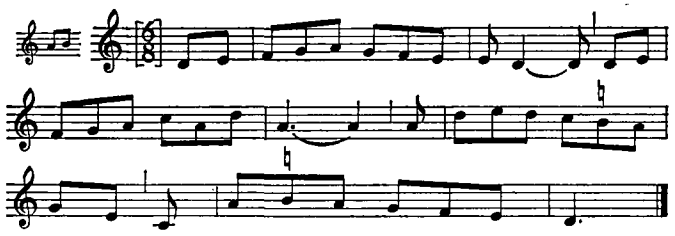
Sharp MSS., 1216/. Sung by William Briffet, Bridgwater, January 19, 1907.

a I

In Evening there lived a rich farmer
His daughter to market did go
Not thinking that anyone would harm her
As she was a-riding to & fro

17. "Lancashire Farmer"

Vaughan Williams MSS., Quarto I, p. 45. Sung by Hilton, South Walsham, Norfolk, March 16 and 18, 1908.

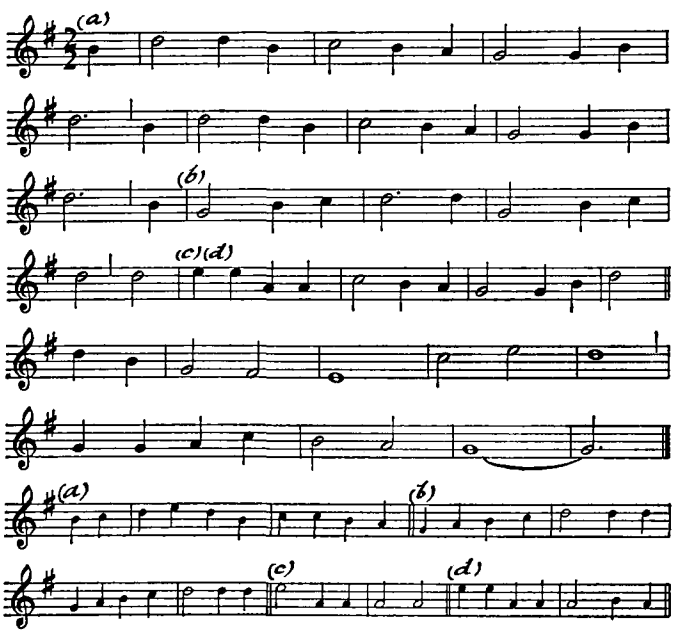
a D



GROUP Ca

18. "The Oxford Merchant," or "The Hampshire Bite"

Sung by Warde H. Ford, Central Valley, Calif., 1938. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 4197(A). Also on LC/AAFS, rec. No. L58(B3). Collected by Sidney Robertson Cowell.

p I

1. In Oxford there lived a merchant by trade
He had for his servants a man and a maid,
A true Hampshire lad he had for his man
All for to do his business, his name it was John.
Laddy tell I day, tell I do, laddy laddy tell I day.

2. One morning quite early he called upon John
And Johnny heard his master and quickly did run.
"Oh take this cow and drive her to the fair
For she's in good order and her I can spare."
Laddy tell I day, tell I do, laddy laddy tell I day.

3. So Johnny took the cow and away he did go,
He drove her to the fair as far as I do know.
Before the day was over he sold her to a man
Who paid him the chink which was six pounds ten.
Laddy tell I day, tell I do, laddy laddy tell I day.

4. They went to a tavern for to get a drink,
'Twas there the tradesman laid down the chink.
Johnny turned to the lady and unto her did say
"Oh, what shall I do with my money, I pray?"
Laddy tell I do, tell I day, laddy laddy tell I day.

5. "Sew it up in your coat lining," the lady did say
"For fear you will be robbed along the highway."
The highwayman sat behind him a-drinking up his wine
And said he to himself, "That money's all mine."
Laddy tell I day, tell I do, laddy laddy tell I day.

6. Then Johnny took his leave and away he did go,
The highwayman followed after him as far as I do know.
He overtook the lad upon the highway,
"You're well overtaken young man," said he.
Laddy tell I day, tell I do, laddy laddy tell I day.

7. "Oh jump on behind me, oh jump on and ride,
How far are you going?" Little Johnny replied,
"About twelve miles, as far as I do know;"
And Johnny jumped a-horseback and away he did go.
Laddy tell I day, tell I do, laddy laddy tell I day.

8. They rode along together till they came to a dark lane,
There the highwayman spoke up very plain,
"Deliver up your money without fear or strife,
Or in this lonesome valley you'll lose your pleasant life."
Laddy tell I day, tell I do, laddy laddy tell I day.

9. So Johnny seeing there was no time for dispute
Came down from the horse without fear or doubt,
From his coat lining he pulled the money out
And in the tall grass he strewed it well about.
Laddy tell I day, tell I do, laddy laddy tell I day.

10. The highwayman suddenly got down, got down from his horse
And little did he think it was for his loss,
For while he was picking the money that was thrown
Little Johnny jumped his horseback and away he did go.
Laddy tell I day, tell I do, laddy laddy tell I day.

11. The highwayman followed after him and bid him for to stay
But Johnny never minded him and still rode away
And home to his master thus he did bring
Horse, saddle, and bridle and many a fine thing.
Laddy tell I day, tell I do, laddy laddy tell I day.

12. The servant maid seeing Little Johnny's return
She went and told his master as near as I can learn.
The master came out and he looked very cross
And said, "Have you turned my cow into a hoss?"
Laddy tell I day, tell I do, laddy laddy tell I day.

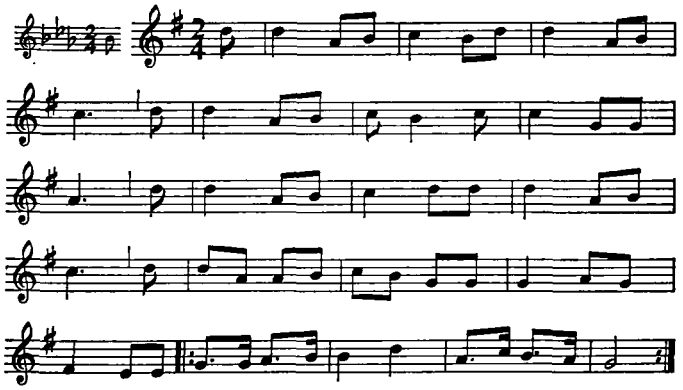
13. "Oh no, dearest Master, your cow I have sold,
But be robbed on the highway by a highwayman bold
And while he was picking the money in his purse
All for to make amends I came off with his horse."
Laddy tell I day, tell I do, laddy laddy tell I day.

14. The saddle bags were opened and there as I've been told
Ten thousand pounds and (*sic*) silver and gold
A brace of loaded pistols. "Oh, Master, I vow,
I think for a boy I have well sold your cow."
Laddy tell I day, tell I do, laddy laddy tell I day.

15. "Oh yes, for a boy you have done quite rare;
Two-thirds of this money you shall have for your share
And as for the villain with whom you had to fight,
I think you've played him a true Hampshire bite."
Laddy tell I day, tell I do, laddy laddy tell I day."

19. "Well Sold the Cow"

Creighton, 1932, p. 29. Sung by Ben Henneberry, Devil's Island, N.S.

p I

1. Come all ye good people, a story I'll tell,
It's of a rich farmer in Yorkshire did dwell.
He had a youthful boy which he hired as a man
All for to do his work, and his name it was John.

Chorus:

Fall de diddle dido, fall de doll de dey,
Fall de diddle dido, fall de doll de dey.

2. Early one morning John's master arose,
Into Jack's room he instantly goes,
"Jack, my dear fellow, drive this cow to the fair,
For she is in good order, and her we can spare."

Chorus.

3. Jack took the cow, drove her out of the farm;
He had not gone far when he met with three men,
He had not gone far when he met with three men,
And he sold the cow for £5 10.

Chorus.

4. They went to an ale-house all for to get a drink,
Those three men paid him right down in a jink,
"What will I do with my money, landlady?" said he.
"In the lining of your coat I'll sew it," said she,
"For it's here upon the road it's robbed you might be."

Chorus.

5. A robber in the room he sat drinking up his wine,
But thinking to himself, "That money shall be mine,"
Jack took his leave and started for home;
The robber he followed him out of the room.

Chorus.

6. The robber overtook him all on the highway,
"How far do you travel, young man?" he did say.
"Three or four miles as near I know,"
And he jumped on behind and away they did go.

Chorus.

7. They rode away together till they came to a narrow lane.
"Deliver up your money, young man," he did say;
"Deliver up your money without fear or strife,
Or this very moment I'll take away your life."

Chorus.

8. Jack jumped from the saddle without fear or doubt,
From the lining of his coat he pulled the money out,
From the lining of his coat he pulled the money out,
And along the green grass he scattered it about.

Chorus.

9. The robber alighted down from his horse,
But little did he think it was to his loss;
While a-gathering up the money which Jack threw on the grass,
Jack jumped on the saddle and rode off with the horse.

Chorus.

10. One of the servants seen Jack coming home,
It's in to the master they instantly run.
He said, "Jack, my dear fellow, have you made a swap?
Or did my cow turn into a horse?"

Chorus.

11. "No, my dear master, the truth I'll unfold
I was stopped on the way by a highwayman so bold,
While gathering up the money which I threw upon the grass
To prove myself a man I brought home the horse."

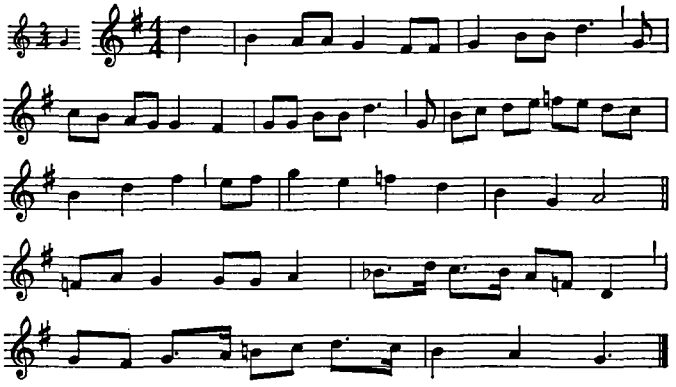
Chorus.

12. When the saddle-bags were opened, and in them were fold
Five hundred bright guineas in silver and gold,
A bright pair of pistols, the farmer did vow,
"Jack, my dear fellow, you have well sold the cow."

Chorus.

20. "The Yorkshire Bite"

Flanders and Brown, 1931, p. 234. Also in Flanders, IV, 1965, p. 169. Sung by Mrs. Herbert Moore, Plymouth, Vt., October 10, 1930; learned from her mother, who was born in Broon, Quebec. Recorded by George Brown. From *Vermont Folk-Songs & Ballads*, edited by Helen Hartness Flanders and George Brown; copyright 1931 by Arthur Wallace Peach.

m I—M (inflected III, VII)

The boy took the cow by the horn with his hand
To lead her to the fair, as you may understand;
And on his way he met three men
And he sold his cow for six pound ten.
Lul-die-lul, lul-die-lul,
Lul-die-lul, de liddle O,
Fall de lall, de liddle O,
Lie low day.

. . . . . .

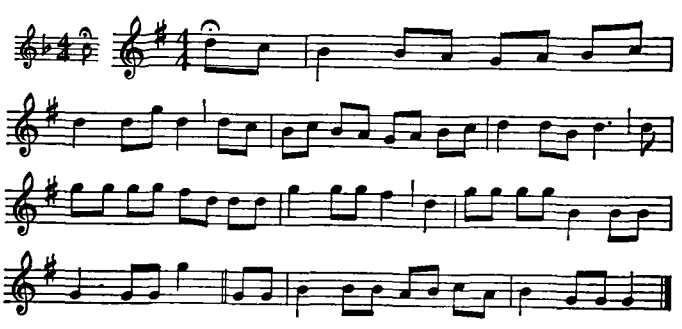
"When they were gathering up
The money that was strown,
I jumped on the horse
And away now I rode."

. . . . . .

"I think for a boy
You've done quite right,
And played on them
A Yorkshire bite."

21. "The Little Yorkshire Boy"

Greenleaf and Mansfield, 1933, p. 44. Sung by Daniel Endacott, Sally's Cove, Newfoundland, 1929.

a I (–VI)

1. There was an old farmer in Yorkshire did dwell,
And a pretty little Yorkshire boy he had for his man,
A pretty little Yorkshire boy he had for his man,
And for to do his business, his name it was John.

Refrain:

Timmy right, fol de dol de dol de, right fol de dee.

2. O, the farmer he called down to his man John
And unto him his man John he came,
Saying, "Take this cow to the fair to-day,
She's in proper good order and her I can spare."

3. O, the boy took the cow and away rode he,
The boy took the cow and away rode he,
He hadn't been long gone till he met two men,
When he sold them the cow for six pound ten.

4. O, the butcher he took the boy in for a drink,
O, the butcher he paid down the boy his jink,
And turning to the landlord, thus he did say,
"What shall I do with the money, I pray?"

5. "I will sew it in the linings of my coat then," says he,
"For I'm afraid on the highway it's robbed I might be."
Says the man to himself while drinking up his wine,
Says he to himself, "That money is mine."

6. O, the boy took his money and away rode he,
The highwayman followed after him also.
"You're well overtaken, young man," says he.
"How many miles further?" the robber did reply.

7. "O, four miles further," the boy did reply.
"Then jump on my horseback, and jump up behind[."]
So the boy jumped the horseback and away rode they.

8. O, they rode till they came to some dark lane;
Says the robber unto Jack, "I must tell you plain,
Deliver up your money without any strife,
Or instantly I will end your life."

9. O, the boy thought it was no time to dispute,
From the linings of his coat all the money he pulled out,
From the linings of his coat all the money he pulled out
And among the long grass he scattered it about.

10. O, the robber he unlighted for to gather in his money,
But little did he think it was to his loss,
While gathering in the money in his purse,
The boy jumped a-horseback and rode away with his horse.

11. "O," says the boy to the farmer, "I must tell you plain,
It's robbed I was by a highwayman,
And while he was gathering his money in his purse,
For to make you amends I brought home his horse."

12. O, the farmer he laughed whilst his two sides he hold:
"That's for a boy you was very bold,
And as for that villain you served him right,
And your name shall shine truly through Yorkshire bright."

13. In the pocket of the saddle was there to be found
The gold and the silver of five thousand pound.
Says the farmer to the boy, "I must tell you clear
Three parts of the money you shall have for your share.

14. "I will give you my youngest daughter to be your sweet wife,
Take her and live happy all the days of your life;
And my youngest daughter to be your sweet wife,
Take her and live happy all the days of your life."
Timmy right, fol de dol de dol de, right fol de dee.

22. "The Yorkshire Bite"

Barry, *JAF*, XXIII (1910), p. 451. Sung by H. J. Collins, of Concord, N.H.; learned in Hebron, Me. and brought to Boston, Mass.

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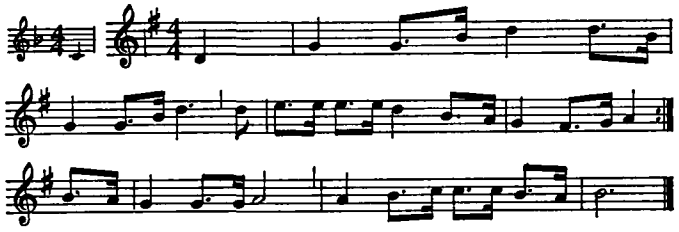

1. In London there lived a mason by trade,
He had for his servants a man and a maid,
A Yorkshire boy he had for his man,
And for to do his business,—his name it was John.
Fol de lol, fol de lol,
Whack fol de diddle all the day.

2. So early Monday morning, his master called for John,
Jack, hearing his master, he quickly did come,
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

3. Johnny took the cow out of the barn,
And drove her to the Fair, as we do learn,
While on his way there, he met with a man,
And he sold him his cow for five pound ten.

4. . . . . .
. . . . . .
While he was picking up the money Jack had lost,
To make his amends, Jack ran off with his horse.

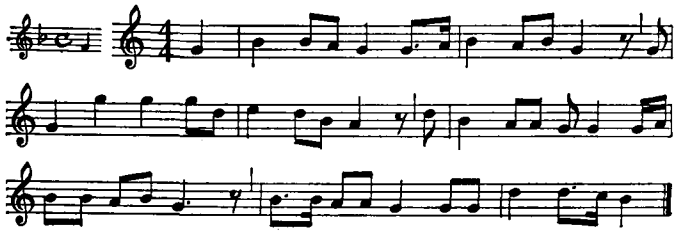
5. Then home to his master Jack he did bring,
Horse, saddle and bridle and many fine things,
They took off the saddle bags, as it was told,
Five thousand pounds of silver and gold.

6. Besides a pair of pistols, and Jack says, "I vow,
I think, my good old master, I've sold well your cow."
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

7. "As for a boy you have done very rare,
And half of this money you shall have for your share,
And as for the villain, you've served him just right,
To think you put upon him a Yorkshire bite."

23. "The Boy and the Cow"

Greig MSS., II, p. 142. Sung by Mrs. Fowlie, September 1907.

a π^1, ending on III

And oh my dear master, the cow has been sold,
And I was robbed by a highwayman bold,
But while he was putting the money in his purse,
For to make amends I ran off with his horse.

24. "The Robber Song"

BBC Sound Archives, rec. No. 20019. Sung by Pat Kelly, Dunalk, Louth County, Ireland, July 31, 1953. Collected by Peter Kennedy and Sean O'Boyle.

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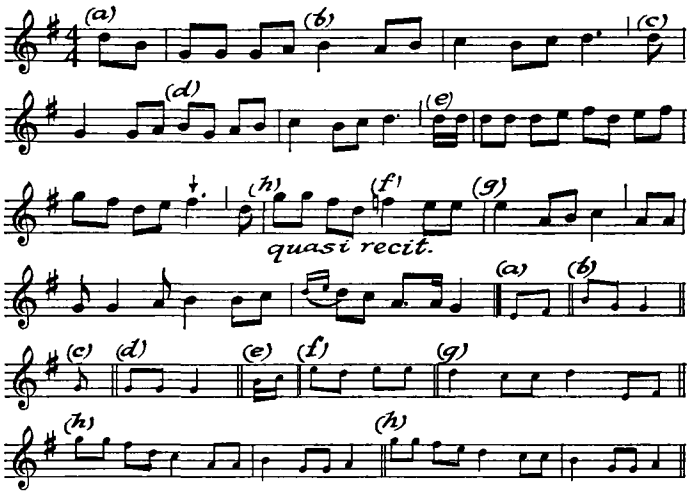
1. Come listen unto me and a story I shall tell
Concerning a farmer near Longford did dwell.
He had a little (helper?) boy 'at he hired as a man
And for to mind his farm and his name it was John.
Laddy fal al the dal Laddy fal al the dee.

2. Now early in the morn the master called John
And John to his master he hastened to run.
"O John," said the master, "take this cow to the Fair
For she's in good order and her I can spare."
Laddy fal al &c.

3. So John drove the cow then straight out of the barn
And off to the Fair he had walked her along.
He had not long been there till he met with three men
And he sold them the cow then for five pounds ten.
Laddy fal al &c.

4. So it's into an alehouse they went for to drink.
These three men paid this young man down his ready chink (?).
"Where will I put this money now?" this young man did say:
"O where shall I put it, Landlady, I pray?"
Laddy fal al &c.

5. "In the linings of your coat 'n I will sew it up," said she,
"For fear on the road sure you robbèd might be."
So the robber he sat drinking in the room all the while
And he says to himself, All this money shall be mine.
Laddy fal al &c.

6. So John took his leave and he started for home
And the robber soon followed him out of the room.
He had soon overtook him out on the highway,
Said "I'm glad of your company, young man," he did say.
Laddy fal al &c.

7. "Now then," says the robber, "you were better for to ride.
How far have you to travel?" The young man he replied,
"Oh it's three or four miles, sure, as far as I know."
So he jumped up behind him and off they did go.
Laddy fal al &c.

8. They had then rode on till they came to a narrow lane.
"Now then," said the robber, "I shall tell you in plain,
Deliver up your money now without any strife,
Or this very moment I shall have away your life."
Laddy fal al &c.

9. "Now then," said John, "there's no time to dispute."
He had jumped off the horse without either fear or doubt.
From the linings of his coat he had pulled this money out,
And in among this grass, sure, he tossed it about.
Laddy fal al &c.

10. So the robber soon got then down from his horse,
And little did he know that it was to his loss.
While the robber he was picking the money off the grass,
John jumped in the saddle and rode off with his horse.
Laddy fal al &c.

11. So one of the servants saw John comin' home,
And in to the master he hastened to run.
"Oh John," said his master, "have you made a swap,
Or how did my cow turn into a horse?"
Laddy fal al &c.

12. "Now then," said John, "I shall tell you in fold [=full?].
I was followed on the way by a highwayman so bold.
As he gathered up the money that I threw among the grass,
For to make you amends sure I brought home his horse."
Laddy fal al &c.

13. When the saddlebags was opened it was to behold
Five hundred bright guineas then in silver and gold.
"What a fine [? choice of parcels]," the farmer did vow.
Said, "John, my dear fellow, you have well sold the cow."
Laddy fal al &c.

14. "Now, then," said the master, "if you will agree,
My daughter and half my land I shall freely give to thee.
And these bags of money on you I will bestow
And you can ride the robber's horse wherever you like to go."
Laddy fal al &c.

GROUP cb

25. "The Boy and the Cow"

Greig MSS., III, p. 24; text, Bk. 726, XVI, p. 78. Sung by Mr. Spence, Sr., September 1907. Text from his son, Mr. J. W. Spence.

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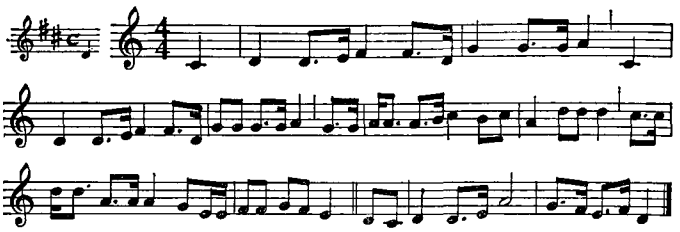

1. There was a rich farmer in Yorkshire did dwell
For wealth & for riches he many did excel
And a little Yorkshire boy that he had for his man
For the doing of his business his name was called John
With my Fal-al-di-di, raddle-il-de-di.

2. I[t] happened on a day that he called on his man
The little boy hearing him he instantly ran
Says tomorrow you must go with my cow to the fair
For she is in good order & her I can spare

3. The boy went away with the cow in his hand
At the end of the market there met him three men
At the end of the market there met him three men
And he sold her to one of them for six pound ten.

4. The boy went away with the farmers to drink
And aye now & then they paid him down the clink
Until to the handmaid the boy this did say
Oh what shall I do with my money I do pray.

5. "Sew it into your coat lining" said she
For fear on the highway ye robbed may be
The highwayman sitting drinking his wine
Says to himself "All the money it is mine

6. The boy went away to his home for to go
The highwaym[a]n followed him as I let you know
The highwaym[a]n followed him & soon did him uptake
It's well uptaken the boy he did cry.

7. "Come up behind me" the highwayman cried
"How far have you to go?" the little lad replied
Two or three miles, for odds that I know
So the boy jumped on horseback & off they did go.

8. They rode on along till they came to a glen
Now my dear boy I must tell you very plain
Deliver your money to me without any strife
Or else to be sure I must take your sweet life.

9. The boy he had no time to dispute
Tore his coat money [*sic*] & the money pulled out
Tore his coat lining & the money pulled out
And he showered it among the green grass round about.

10. The highwayman jumped off his horse
Little did he think that it was to his loss
He hadn't got the place where the money was unto
So the boy jumped on horseback & off he did go

11. The highwayman shouted to make him stand
The boy never minded but rode on alone
With saddle & bridle & many fine things
Till he came to the place where his master did dwell

12. He acquainted the handmaid as soon's he came home
And to acquaint her master she ran to the room
On hearing the news he came out to the close
Crying, "Pocks upon you Jock is my cow turned a horse?"

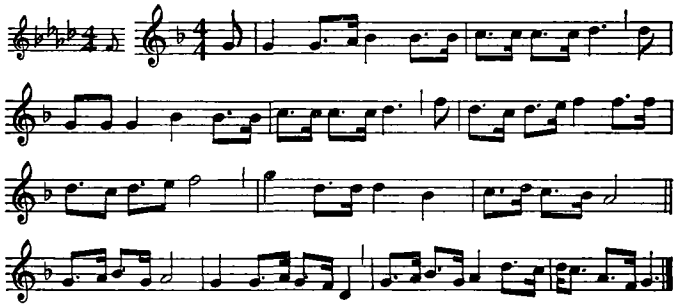
13. Oh no my dear master I must tell you very plain
I have been robbed by the highwayman
And the time he put the money into his purse
To make you amends I came off with his horse.

14. The bags they were unsighted and told
Three hundred guineas & more of bright gold
Besides a pair of pistols loaded near fu'
The boy cries "Hurrah I hae weel sold your coo.["]

15. The boy for his boldness we'll have to reward
Three parts of the money was given to his share
And since that the highwayman lost all his store
Let him go a robbing till he find more
With my Fal-al-de-di, raddle il-de-di.

26. "Well Sold the Cow"

Creighton and Senior, 1950, p. 238. Sung by Mrs. Edward Gallagher, Chebucto Head, N.S.

m D

1. Come all you good people, a story I will tell,
'Tis of a rich landlord, in Yorkshire he did dwell,
Also of a youth whom he hired as a man
All for to labour, Johnnie was his name.

Chorus:

Fol the lol the day whack fol the daddle-um,
Fol the lol the day, fol the diddle all the day.

2. Early one morning the landlord arose,
Into Johnnie's room he speedily goes,
Saying, "Johnnie, you had better take the cow to the Fair,
She's in good order and well her I can spare."

Chorus.

3. Johnnie took the cow and drove her out from the farm,
Right to the market as you may understand,
He hadn't gone far when he met three men
Who bought Johnnie's cow for seven pound, ten.

Chorus.

4. Johnnie took the money which was paid in a jink,
He went to a tavern for to get a drink,
Once inside, the landlady he spied,
"Tell me," he said, "where my money for to hide."

Chorus.

5. "I'll sew it in the lining of your coat," said she,
"For fear on the highway robbed you may be."
The highwayman sat a-drinking of his wine,
Said he to himself, "All that money, it is mine."

Chorus.

6. Johnnie took his leave and for home he did go,
The highwayman he followed him also,
He overtook Johnnie and to him he did say,
"Jump up behind and ride with me a way."

Chorus.

7. They rode till they came to a lonesome lane,
The highwayman to Johnnie he did say,
"Give away your money without any strife
Or this very instant I'll take way your life."

Chorus.

8. Johnnie he trembled with anger and affright,
Down from the horse he did instantly alight,
From the lining of his coat he pulled the money out,
And on the ground he scattered it about.

Chorus.

9. The highwayman from his horse did dismount,
Being very eager the money for to count,
And while he was getting the money in his pride,
Johnnie stole his horse and away he did ride.

Chorus.

10. The master being out, seeing Johnnie riding home,
Right up to him he speedily did run,
Saying, "My boy you are looking none the worse,
But tell me, has my cow been turned into a horse?"

Chorus.

11. "Master, dear master, the truth I'll unfold,
I was robbed on the way by a highwayman so bold,
While he gathered up the money I threw upon the gorse,
To prove me a man I stole away his horse."

Chorus.

12. The saddle bags were opened and in them were found,
Of silver and gold twice five hundred pounds,
A brace of shining pistols; the landlord did vow,
"Johnnie my boy, you have well sold the cow."

Chorus.

27. "Yorkshire Farmer"

Greig MSS., II, p. 44. Sung by J. Quirrie, August 1906.

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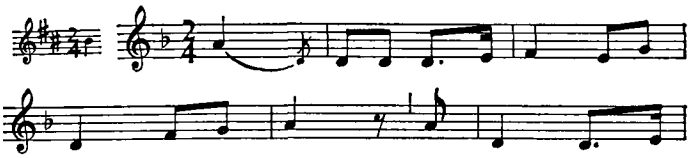
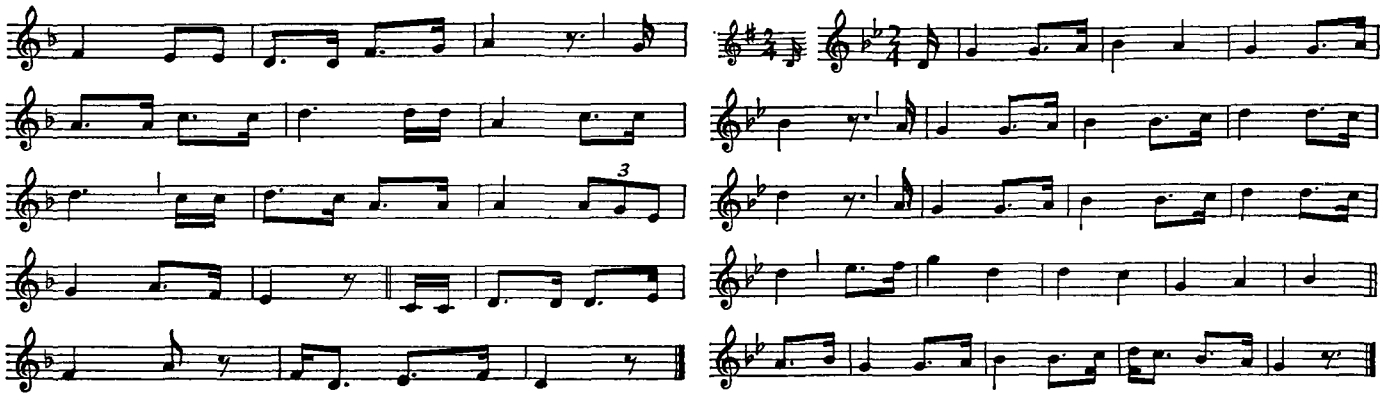
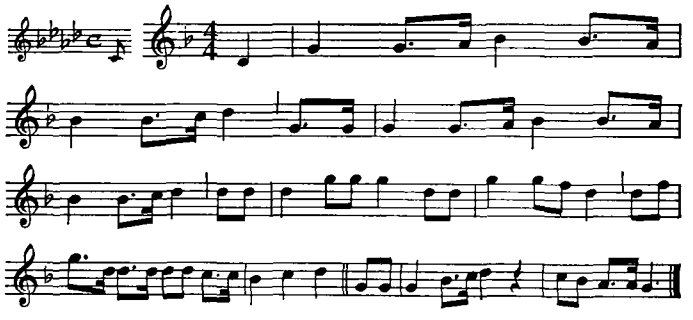

There was a wealthy farmer
In Yorkshire did dwell
For riches and honour
There's none could him excel,
He had a Yorkshire boy
Who was fee'd for his man,
For the workin' o' his work,
And his name it was John.
Wi' my liltil ooral i-do
Fal al de dee

28. "The Boy and the Coo"

Greig MSS., I, p. 131. Sung by A[lexander] R[obb], March 1906.

m D/Æ

The boy went away with the cow in his hand,
At the end of the market there met him three men;
At the end of the market there met him 3 men;
He sold the cow to one of them for Three Pound Ten.
Wi' my fal-al-die-di.
Raddle al-the-di.

29. "The Yorkshire Bite"

Flanders, 1937, p. 26. Also in Flanders, *et al.*, 1939, p. 97, and Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, IV, 1965, p. 149(D). Sung by Mr. George Edwards, Burlington, Vt., October 9, 1933; learned from his Yorkshire grandfather. Transcribed by Elizabeth Flanders [Ballard]. From *Country Songs of Vermont*, collected by Helen Hartness Flanders; copyright 1937 by Helen Hartness Flanders.

m Æ

1. In London there lived a mason by trade,
He kept two servants, a man and a maid;
A Yorkshire boy by the name of John
Was the one that he kept to be his man.
Lol-de-dum, lol-de-do, lol-de-daddy, del-do-dum.

2. One morning so early he called for John.
Johnnie heard his Master and quickly he did run,
"Take a cow from the barn and go drive her to the fair
She is in very good order and she's all I have to spare,"
Lol-de-dum, etc.

3. John took the cow and started for the fair,
And on the highway he met three men,
And on the highway he met three men
And he sold them the cow for six pounds ten,
Lol-de-dum, etc.

4. And then to the tavern, for something to drink,
While the landlord was counting the chink;
Unto the landlady he did say, "Where shall I
Put my money, good woman, I pray?"
Lol-de-dum, etc.

5. "In the lining of your coat, Sir," she did say,
"Lest by some highwayman, robbed you should be."
There sat a highwayman drinking up his wine.
Thinks he to himself, "This money is all mine,"
Lol-de-dum, etc.

6. Then John started off. Not far had he gone
When he was overtaken by this same man,
"You are well overtaken, young man," he cried,
"And now along with me won't you jump up and ride?"
Lol-de-dum, etc.

7. "How far are you going this way?" said John.
"Two or three miles, so far as I know,
Two or three miles, so far as I know."
Then up jumped John and away they did go.
Lol-de-dum, etc.

8. They rode along together till they came to a dark lane.
"Now," said this bold robber, "I will tell you in plain,
Deliver up your money without any strife
Or in this lonesome valley I will end your pleasant life,"
Lol-de-dum, etc.

9. Then John's not having long to dispute,
From his coat lining he quickly pulled it out,
From his coat lining he quickly pulled it out,
And in the tall grass he strewed it about,
Lol-de-dum, etc.

10. The bold robber not thinking of his loss,
Began to pick it up and to put it in his purse,
Began to pick it up and to put it in his purse
While at the same time John rode off on his horse.
Lol-de-dum, etc.

11. The old man called out for John to stay,
But John never minded and still he rode away,
Until he came to his own Master's home
Then horse, saddle, bridle and all was his own,
Lol-de-dum, etc.

12. The portmonie was searched, and there was found,
Three hundred bright guineas in silver and gold,
"A brace of pistols, I do vow.
I think that my master quite well sold his cow,"
Lol-de-dum, etc.

13. "Then, Johnnie, for a boy you have done quite rare;
Two thirds of this money you shall have for your share.
And as for the rogue, you served him just right
I think you played him up a fair Yorkshire Bite."
Lol-de-dum, etc.

30. [Untitled]

Barry Dict. Cyl., No. 157, ctg. 4. Sung by Mrs. Hattie H. Soper. Transcribed by S. P. Bayard.

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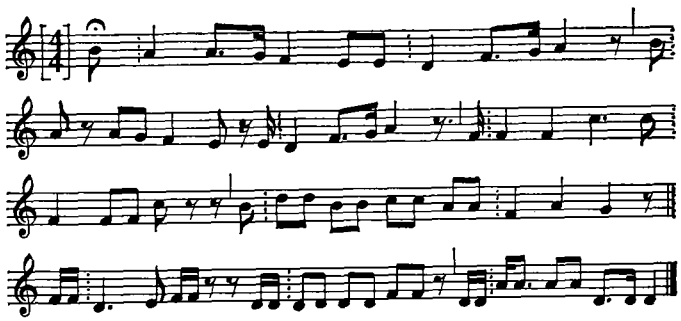
31. "The New Hampshire Bite"

Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, 1929, p. 410. From the manuscript book of Mrs. Susie Carr Young, Brewer, Me.; learned from her grandmother.

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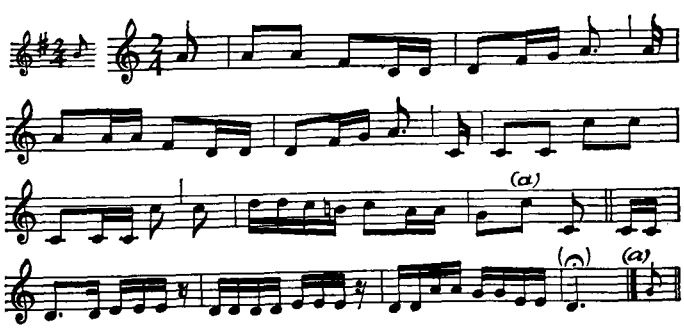
1. I lived in Hampshire, a mason by trade,
I had for my servants a man and a maid,
A Hampshire boy I had for a man,
All for to do my business—his name was John.
To me roddy, toddy ink
Roddy toddy tiddy ink
Toddy toddy tiddy addy day.

2. Early one morning I called for John,
Hearing his master he quickly did come,
Saying, "Take this cow and drive her to the fair,
For she's in good order, the one I have to spare."
To me roddy, toddy ink, etc.

3. John took the cow out of the barn,
And drove her on the highway, as we do learn;
He hadn't drove 'er far 'fore he met three men
And he sold his cow for six pound ten.
To me roddy, toddy, ink, etc.

4. They called to the tavern to get some drink,
The three old farmers paid down the chink,
And unto the landlady he did say,
"O what shall I do with this money, I pray?"
To me roddy, toddy ink, etc.

5. "I'll put it in your coat-lining," said she,
"For fear on the highway, O robbed you might be."
There sat the robber, looking very fine;
So he said to himself, "That money shall be mine."
To me roddy, toddy ink, etc.

6. John took his leave and away he did go,
The highwayman followed after also;
He overtook the boy all on the highway,
"You're well overtaken, young man," he did say.
To me roddy, toddy ink, etc.

7. "Jump up behind me and you can ride.
How far are you going, boy?" He replied,
"About four miles, as far as—I dunno!"
So he jumped up behind and away they did go.
To me roddy, toddy ink, etc.

8. They rode till they came to a long dark lane,
"And now," said the robber, "I'll tell you plain,
Deliver up your money without any strife,
Or I will sure take your sweet life."
To me roddy, toddy ink, etc.

9. John then thought [it] no time to dispute,
He jumped off the horse without fear or doubt,
And out of his coat-lining he pulled the money out
And among the tall weeds he strewed it all about.
To me roddy, toddy ink, etc.

10. The robber, jumping off his horse,
O little did he think it would be for his loss,
Picking up the money along the roadside;
O John jumped on and away he did ride.
To me roddy, toddy ink, etc.

11. The robber called for John to stay,
He did not mind, but he still rode away,
And unto his master he did bring
Horse, saddle and bridle and many a fine thing.
To me roddy, toddy ink, etc.

12. The maid looked out of the window and seeing John come
She called to her master all in the other room.
The master came to the door, and looking very cross,
Said he, "'S my cow turned into a horse?"
To me roddy, toddy ink, etc.

13. Out of the saddle bags then was told
A hundred pounds in silver and gold,
Beside a pair of pistols. John made a bow,
Saying, "I think, good master, I've well sold your cow."
To me roddy, toddy ink, etc.

14. "O yes, for a boy you have done very rare,
Two thirds of this money you shall have for your share,
And as for the rogue, you have served him just right,
For I think you put upon him a New Hampshire bite."
To me roddy toddy ink
Roddy toddy tiddy ink
Toddy toddy tiddy addy day.

32. "The Yorkshire Boy"

Flanders and Olney, 1953, p. 52. Sung by Asa Davis, Milton, Vt., November 8, 1945; learned from his father. From *Ballads Migrant in New England*, edited by Helen Hartness Flanders and Marguerite Olney; copyright 1953 by Helen Hartness Flanders.

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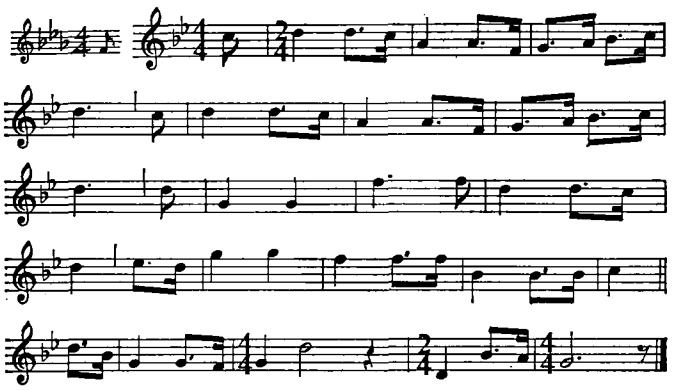

1. In London there lived a mason by trade.
He had him two servants, a man and a maid.
The Yorkshire boy, he had for his man,
And to do his business, his name it was John.

Chorus:

Timi fol dol di lie do fol lol der day.

2. 'Twas early one morning he called his man John.
John hearing his master unto him did run,
Says, "Take this cow and drive her to the fair,
For she is cross and she hooked my old mare."

Chorus.

3. John he took the cow all out of the barn,
And drove her to the fair, as we do learn,
And then pretty soon, he met some men
And sold them the cow for six pounds, ten.

(*Repeat chorus after each verse*)

4. He went to the tavern to get him some drink,
For the good old farmers paid him down the chink.
He went to the landlady and thus he did say,
"Oh, what shall I do with my money, I pray."

5. "All in your coat lining I'll sew it up," she said,
"For fear that on the highway robbed you may be."
The highwayman sat behind a drinking of wine,
And he said to himself, "That money is all mine."

6. John took his leave and away he did go.
The highwayman followed after him also.
He overtook the boy well on the highway,
"You're well overtaken young man," he did say.

7. They went till they came to the long, dark lane.
The highwayman said to the boy, "I'll tell you all plain.
Deliver up your money without fear or strife
Or here in this place I will end your sweet life."

8. John seeing no room for any dispute,
Put his hand in his coat lining and pulled the money out,
Out of his coat lining he pulled the money out,
And in the tall grass he strew it all about.

9. The highwayman getting down from his horse,
But little did he think it was for his loss.
While he was picking money up that was strewed,
John mounted on his horse and away he rode.

10. The highwayman followed after him for to stay.
John minded nothing about him, but still rode away.
Home to his master, he did bring
Horse, saddle and bridle and many things.

11. The maid saw the boy as he was returning home,
And for to tell his master went in the other room.
The old man came to the door and he said, "What a fox,
Has my old cow turned into a hoss?"

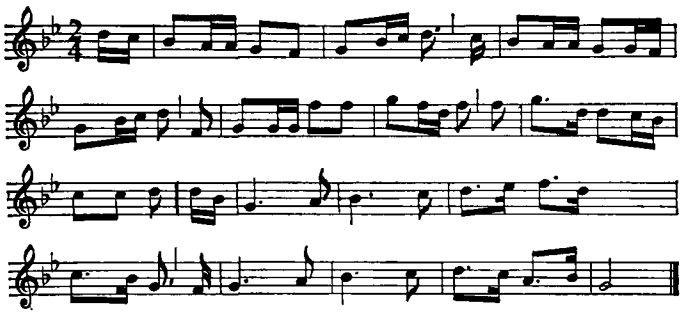
12. "Oh, no, my good master, your cow I have sold,
Being robbed on the highway by the highwayman bold.
While he was picking money up that I strewed,
I mounted on his horse and away I rode."

13. The saddle bags being opened as I've been told,
Five hundred pounds of silver and gold,
Besides a pair of pistols. Says John says he, "I vow,
I think, my good old master, I've well sold your cow."

14. "I think for a boy you have done very rare,
Three quarters of this money you shall have for your share
And as for the old villain you have served him just right,
For you have put upon him the sure Yorkshire Bite."

33. "The Yorkshire Farmer"

Vaughan Williams MSS., III, p. 150. Also in Vaughan Williams, *JFSS*, II, No. 8 (1906), p. 174(2). Sung by Mr. Anderson (70), a fisherman of King's Lynn, Norfolk, January 9, 1905.

a Æ

The only words set down in the MS. with this tune are "fol-de-lol" at the opening of the refrain. When Vaughan Williams printed in the *Journal*, he collated versions for a full text. See variant 38 below.

1. Early one morning he called for his man
For to go to the fair as you shall understand,
Saying, "Boy, the cow's in good order and her I can spare."
Saying, "Boy, the old cow you shall take to the fair."

2. Away the boy went with the cow in a band,
To go to the fair as you shall understand,
As he was a-going he met with three men,
And he sold his old cow for six pound ten.

3. Away they went to the alehouse to drink,
Where the men paid the boy down his chink,
There sat the old highwayman drinking of wine,
Said he to himself, "All that money is mine."

4. The boy unto the landlady did say,
"What am I to do with my money I pray?"
"Sew it up in your coat-lining," the landlady did say,
"For fear you should be robbéd upon the highway."

5. Now as John he was a-walking home,
This highwayman he followed him quite soon,
"O how far are you going?" the highwayman said.
"Four miles and further," the poor boy replied.

6. . . . . .
. . . . . .
"Four miles and further the odds I don't know"
So its jump up behind and away they did go.

7. Then they rode till they came to a green shaded lane,
"O now my little boy I must tell you it plain,
Deliver up your money, without any strife
Or else this very minute I'll make an end of your life."

8. When he found he had no time to dispute
(1 line missing)
From the lining of his coat he tore the money out,
And amongst the long grass he scattered it about.

9. This highwayman he jumped from his horse,
And little he thought it was to his loss,
For while he was gathering the money from the grass,
To make him amends he rode off with his horse.

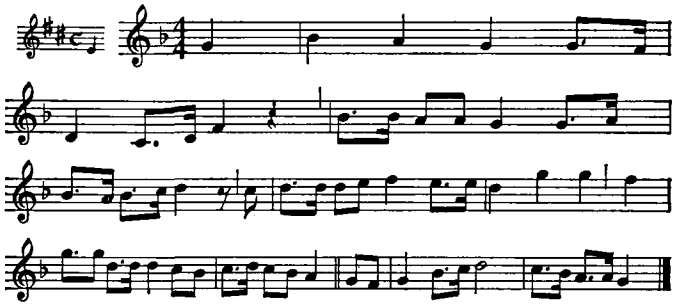
10. O he holloed and he shouted and bid him to stand,
The boy would not hear him but still galloped on.
(2 lines missing)

11. Now as John as he was riding home
The servant was standing all in the front room,
She runs to her master, says she "Here's a loss,"
Says she "The old cow has turned into a hoss."

12. When the saddle bag was opened within was a hole,
They took sixty pounds in silver and gold.
Says the boy to his master "I hope you'll allow
That master, dear master, I've well sold your cow."

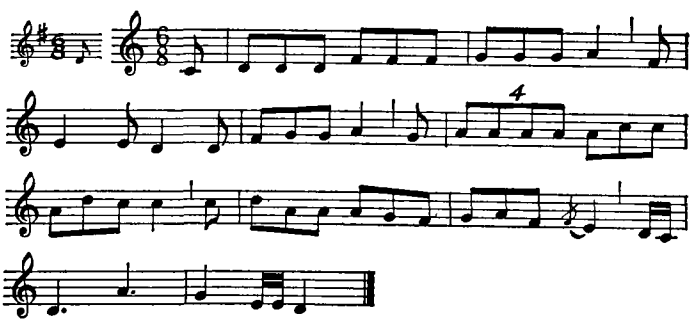
34. "The Boy and the Cow"

Greig MSS., III, p. 175. Sung by J. W. Beattie, New Pitsligo.

m D

Come all nearby me the truth I'll declare,
Of a jolly farmer who lived in Forfarshire,
Who kept a little boy for to be his man,
And when he called him to him his name was called John.
Singing Fal al di dee, Radil al di dee

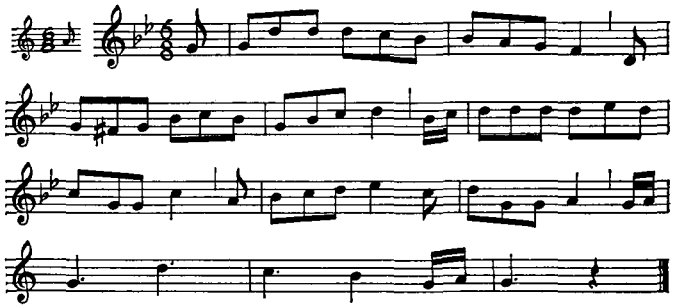
35. "Yorkshire Bite"

Andersson, *Budkavlen*, XXXIII (1954), p. 53. Sung by Thomas S. Towers, Orkney, in the summer of 1938.

a D/Æ

The saddle was riffled and outfit was told,
Two thousand pounds of shining bright gold.
Beside a brace of pistols Jack gave a Hurro!
I think honoured master you've sold well your cow
With your [d]own, down, down derry down.

36. "The Crafty Ploughboy"

Collinson and Dillon, 1952, p. 24.

p Æ (inflected *VII*)

1. There was an old farmer in Devon did dwell,
He had a young son and to him he did tell,
"Go take yonder cow up to Barnstaple Fair:
Tho' she's a good cow, I can her well spare."
Derry down, down, down, down, derry down.

2. Young Dan started off with the cow in a band,
To Barnstaple Fair as you all understand,
But alack at an alehouse he met with three men,
And sold them the cow for nine pounds and ten.
Derry down, down, down, down, derry down.

3. There sat an old highwayman drinking his wine;
Said he to himself I will make that gold mine.
Quoth he "my young sir, if you're going my way,
Pray mount up behind, 'twill lighten the day"
Derry down, down, down, down, derry down.

4. They rode till they came to a very dark lane,
When the highwayman said "I do warn you quite plain
To deliver your money without any strife,
Or else I will certainly take your sweet life"
Derry down, down, down, down, derry down.

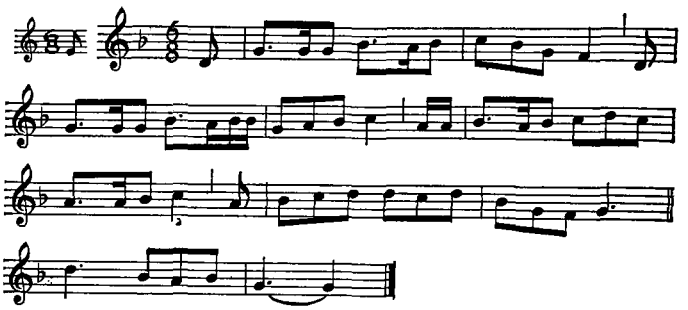
5. Dan opened his coat and the money pulled out,
And on the green grass he did strew it about,
And while the old robber was filling his purse,
Young Dan saw his chance, rode off on his horse.
Derry down, down, down, down, derry down.

6. The highwayman shouted and swore he would fire,
But Dan crouched low and rode off thro' the mire,
And back to his father safe home he did bring
Horse, saddle and bridle a very good thing.
Derry down, down, down, down, derry down.

7. They opened the saddle bags there to behold
Five hundred good pounds in bright silver and gold,
With a brace of good pistols I'll swear and I'll vow—
"Why dang it!" said the farmer "you've well sold the cow."
Derry down, down, down, down, derry down.

37. "Down, Down Derry Down"

Sandburg, 1927, p. 118. Sung by Margery K. Forsythe, Chicago; derived from her grandmother, born in 1793.

p D/Æ

1. Oh! Ladies and gentlemen, please to draw near;
I'll sing of a man who lived in Hartfordshire.
A fine Hartfordshire boy he had for his man
To do his business, his name was called John.
Down, Down Derry Down (repeat this line after each verse).

2. Bright early one morning he to him did come,
Saying, "John, take my cow to the fair in the town.
Oh, this very day take my cow to the fair,
For she's in good order and her I can spare."

3. So John took the cow and rode to the fair;
"I'll make a good bargain," he then did declare.
And on the way there he met with a man
And sold him the cow for six pound ten.

4. The man had paid the boy down all the chink,
When they went into an ale-house to drink,
And unto the landlady then he did say,
"Oh, what shall I do with this money I pray?"

5. "Sew it into your coat lining," then she did say,
"Lest you should be robbed upon the highway."
There sat a highwayman a-drinking his wine;
He said to himself, "That money is mine."

6. The boy took his leave and away he did go,
The highwayman followed soon after also;
He soon overtook him upon the highway,
"You're well overtaken, young lad," he did say.

7. "Oh, jump up behind me," the highwayman said;
"How far are you going?" replied the young lad.
"About four miles further for all that I know,"
So he jumped up behind and away they did go.

8. They rode until they came to a dark lane;
The highwayman said, "I must tell you now plain,
Deliver your money without any strife,
Or I will assuredly take your sweet life."

9. The boy, seeing there was no chance for dispute,
He jumped from the horse and the money pulled out.
And from his coat-lining the money pulled out
And in the long grass he strewed it about.

10. The highwayman immediately jumped from his horse,
But little he judged it was for his loss,
For while he was putting it into his purse,
The boy took his leave and rode off with the horse.

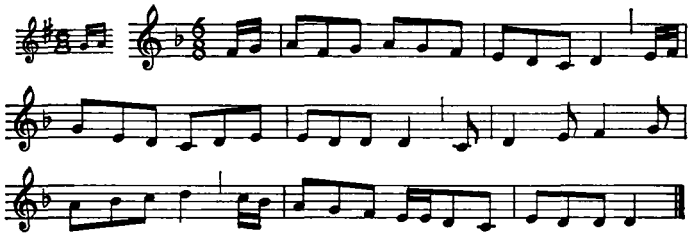
11. The highwayman hollooed and bade him to stay,
The boy never minded but still rode away,
And unto his master's house he did bring
Horse, saddle and bridle and many fine thing.

12. On searching the saddle-bags, as we are told,
There were ten thousand pounds in silver and gold,
Beside two bright pistols—the boy said, "I trow,
I think, my dear master, I've sold well your cow!"

13. His master smiled when him he had told,
Saying, "As for a boy you've been very bold,
As for the highwayman, he's lost all his store,
Let him go a-robbing until he gets more."

38. "The Lincolnshire Farmer"

Vaughan Williams MSS., III, p. 136. From an unidentified source. Also in Vaughan Williams, *JFSS*, II, No. 8 (1906), p. 174(1). Sung by J. Whitby, Tilney-all-Saints, Norfolk, January 8, 1905.

a Æ

These fragmentary verses, from an unidentified singer, found in Vaughan Williams's MSS., correspond in the main with part of the text printed with the first tune in the *Journal* as above cited. Cf. variants 39 and 40 below for other tunes collected by Vaughan Williams with textual fragments.

1. Good people attend and soon you shall hear
It's of an old farmer lived in Lincolnshire
A Yorkshire boy he kept for his man,
For to do his business as you shall understand.

2. Early one morning he called for his man
For to go to the fair as you shall understand
Saying boy the cow's in good order and her I can spare,
Saying boy the old cow you shall take to the fair.

3. Away the boy went with the cow in a band,
To go to the fair as you shall understand.
As he was a going he met with three men
And he sold his old cow for six pound ten.

4. Away they went to the ale house to drink,
Where the men paid the boy down his chink.
There sat the old highwayman drinking of wine,
Said he to myself [*sic*] all that money is mine.

5. The boy unto the landlady did say,
What am I to do with my money I pray?
Sew it up in your coat lining the landlady did say,
For fear you should be robbed upon the high way.

. . . . . .

Without fear or strife,
Or this very next minute I'll take away your life.

. . . . . .

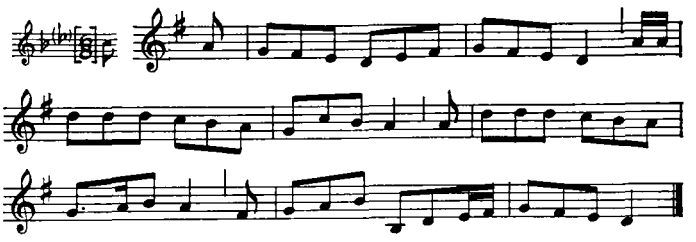
Home to his master the boy did run,
[With] a fine horse and saddle a very fine thing.

. . . . . .

Saying dear master I've well sold your cow.

39. "The Yorkshire Bite"

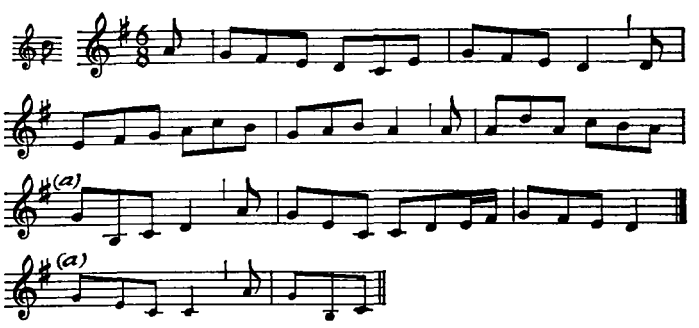
Vaughan Williams MSS., I, p. 92. Sung by "Happy" Flack, Fowlmere, Cambridgeshire, July 12, 1907.

a M

One morning quite early . . .
Now [How?] what shall I do with this money I pray . . .
I'll sew it into your coat(?) lining said she . . .

He quickly alighted without fear or doubt . . .
He tore the coat lining and the money pulled out
And in the long grass he strewed it about.

40. "The Yorkshire Bite"

Vaughan Williams MSS., I, p. 114. Sung by Mr. Smith, ?Fowlmere, Cambridgeshire, August ?10, 1907.

a M

1. and his name it was John

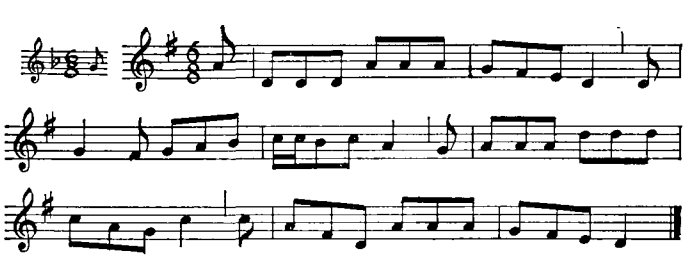
2. as we understand

4. I'll sew it within your coat lining said she
For fear on the road you robbèd should be.

6. He quickly alighted without fear or doubt
He tore his coat lining, the money pulled out,
Amongst the long grass he strayed it about.

41. "It's of an Old Farmer"

Vaughan Williams, *JFSS*, II, No. 8 (1906), p. 209. Heard at an inn at Rodmell, Sussex, January 1906.

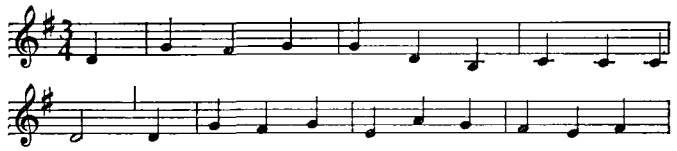
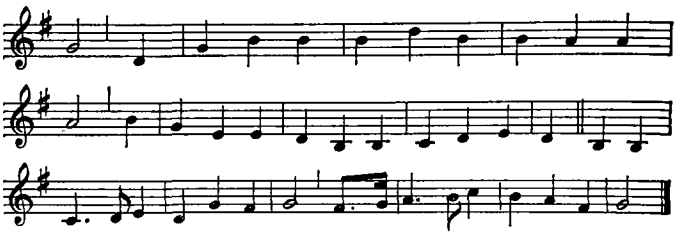
a M

Last verse:

The boy with his valour he carried so rare,
He got three parts of the money for his share,
So now the highwayman he's lost a great store,
[And he] may go robbing until he gets more.

GROUP D

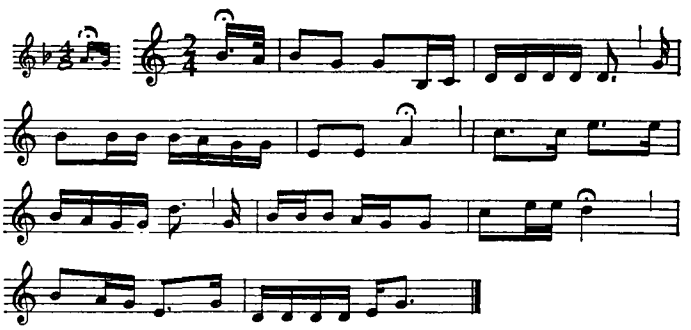
42. "Saddle to Rags"

Sharp MSS., 2475/. Sung by Mark Hughes, Harrington, April 29, 1910.

p I

& sing fal the ral laddie o
and sing fal the ral laddie o

43. "The Yorkshire Bite"

Brown MSS., 16 a 10. Also in Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 119(A). MS. attribution to [Mrs. Maude M.] Sutton.

p I/M

Come down come down said a father to his son
He makes little money and his name is John
Here's a cow and take him to the fair
For she's in good order and her I can spare

John Dory

CHILD NO. 284

THE earliest copy of this ballad, both text and tune, is that in Thomas Ravenscroft's *Deuteromelia*, 1609, sig. B, No. 1. From that copy, apparently, all later versions derive. But Ravenscroft's version was extended into a three-part song, or "Freemans Song of 3 voices"; and it is consequently a question whether the phrases of the tune have not been modified for the purposes of harmonization, quite apart from being dislocated from the stanzaic arrangement.

Child quotes Chappell ([1855-59], I, p. 67) to the effect that "I cannot eat but little meat," in *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, was sung to "John Dory"; but, as he says (Child, V, p. 132), "there is nothing to show that this was the original tune"—of either song. The two familiar tunes are certainly kin; but I believe Ravenscroft's "John Dory" is the earliest of record.

Ravenscroft's tune, at any rate, appears to be a straightforward major, of a style very popular in Elizabeth's day, however deep in the past its roots may lie. (Child identifies the French king in the ballad as John II, who died in 1364.) The best modern printing of the original is that in Peter Warlock's edition [1928] of the rounds from Ravenscroft's three publications, from which copy it is here given (variant 1b below). The three books have been recently reprinted (not too legibly) in facsimile for the American Folklore Society. Ritson reproduced the round from the original edition, in *Ancient Songs*, 1790, pp. 163-66, together with most of the seventeenth-century citations afterwards given by Chappell, *loc.cit.* Ritson printed also, in *A Select Collection of English Songs*, 1783, III, sig. D7 (variant 3 below), the simpler version in common time, to the words of "I cannot eate but lytle meate," with the note "Set, four parts in one, by Mr. Walker, before the year 1600." That version is also reproduced in J. Stafford Smith, *Musica Antiqua*, according to Chappell, who prints it in turn ([1855-59], I, p. 72). Chappell opines that Smith guessed Walker to be Weelkes, but if Chappell himself knew who Walker was, he does not say, and I can tell less of him than of "Gregory Walker"—which is scarcely to the present point, unless Thomas Morley had thought it to be so, or Ritson were mistaken in his assertion. Another simple 6/8 version of "John Dory" is printed in Chappell, p. 68 (variant 1c below), and (modified) in the revised edition of Chappell, ed. Wooldridge, 1893, I, p. 95 as from Playford's [*Pleasant*] *Musical Companion*, 1686 (Pt. 2, No. 22), or from D'Urfey, *Pills*, 1698, I, pp. 25-26. D'Urfey appears to have carried the piece through the first four editions of *Pills*; but he dropped it from the six-volume edition, 1719-20. For another printing from Playford, with further discussion and fresh references, cf. Claude M. Simpson, *The British Broadside Ballad*, 1966, pp. 398-400. Another copy, from Hawkins' *History of Music*, is in Laura A. Smith, *The Music of the Waters*, 1888, p. 75.

Wooldridge's redaction of Ravenscroft (Chappell, 1893, I, p. 93) is hardly likely to be correct except in its first and last phrases. The major doubt in reading the original as a ballad-tune comes in the third phrase. Since the first voice rests at the beginning of that phrase, we should assume, I take it, that the continuing tune lies in one of the other two voices; and of the two, phrase one is more likely to follow a mid-cadence than phrase two. But the first voice enters again at the end of that phrase (now phrase three), and carries the melodic line up to where it can make a fitting entrance to the fourth phrase. The two melodic half-phrases for the words "holy day" may be amalgamated in three almost equally plausible ways. But it seems likely that the highest line was adopted here for harmonic reasons, and that the natural folk tendency would be to jump to the fourth. Such a solution is actually found in a modern analogue, "A boy he had an augur" (Sandburg, *The American Songbag*, 1927, p. 343), which is probably a burlesque offshoot of another old sea-ballad, "The Golden Vanity" (No. 286).

It seems very probable that the line in Ravenscroft, "John Dory [*a*] bought him," etc., is on a melodic alternative of the opening phrase, to avoid monotony, and not, as Wooldridge interprets it, on the third phrase of the tune. All this bother, however, can be very happily circumvented by accepting Ravenscroft's part-song as it stands, or, better still, by embracing Vaughan Williams's exhilarating choral setting of it.

"If all the world were paper" (Playford, *The English Dancing Master*, 1651 ed. Dean-Smith, 1957, p. 25) may also be compared with the present tune. Further remarks, of slight importance, may be found in *Western Folklore*, XI (1952), pp. 234-35.

LIST OF VARIANTS

1a. "As it fell on a holy day." Thomas Ravenscroft, *Deuteromelia*, 1609, No. 1 (American Folklore Society facsimile edition, 1961, p. 59). Also in Joseph Ritson, *Ancient Songs*, 1790, p. 164.

1b. "As it fell on a holy day." Peter Warlock, ed., *Pammelia and other Rounds and Catches by Thomas Ravenscroft* [1928], p. 27.

1c. "John Dory." W. Chappell, *Popular Music of the Olden Time* [1855-59], I, p. 68. Also in W. Chappell, *Old English Popular Music*, ed. H. E. Wooldridge, 1893, I, p. 95.

1d. "John Dory." Chappell, 1893, ed. Wooldridge, I, p. 93.

1e. ["John Dory."] Reduced by the Editor from Ravenscroft, *Deuteromelia*, 1609, p. 59, sig. B, No. 1.

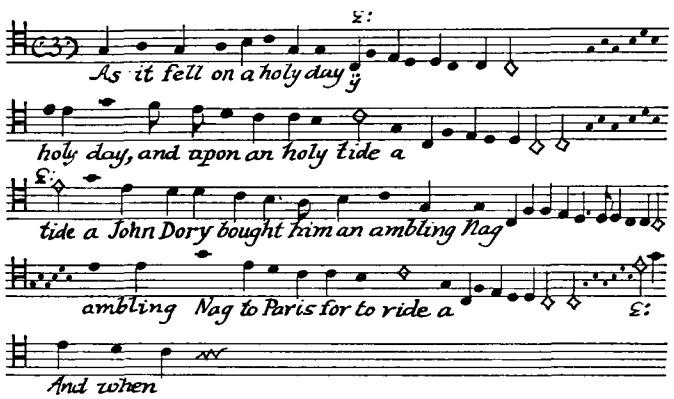
2. "John Dory." *Pleasant Musical Companion*, 1686, II, Pt. II, No. 22. From C. M. Simpson, *The British Broadside Ballad and Its Music*, 1966, p. 399.

3. "I cannot eate but lytle meate." Joseph Ritson, *A Select Collection of English Songs*, 1783, III, sig. D7 (for songs in Vol. II). Also in John Stafford Smith, *Musica Antiqua* [1812], I; Chappell [1855-59], I, p. 72; Chappell, 1893, ed. Wooldridge, I, p. 94.

TUNES WITH TEXTS

1a. "As it fell on a holy day"

Ravenscroft, *Deuteromelia*, 1609, No. 1 (AFS facsimile edition, 1961, p. 59). Also in Ritson, 1790, p. 164.

a I

1. As it fell on a holy day,
and vpon an holy tide a,
Iohn Dory bought him an ambling Nag,
to *Paris* for to ride a.

2. And when *Iohn Dory* to Paris was come,
a little before the gate a
Iohn Dory was fitted, the porter was witted,
to let him in thereat a:

3. The first man that *Iohn Dory* did meet,
was good King *Iohn* of France a:
Iohn Dory could well of his courtesie,
but fell downe in a trance a.

4. A pardon, a pardon my Liege & my king,
for my merie men and for me a:
And all the Churles in merie England,
Ile bring them all bound to thee a.

5. And *Nicholl* was then a Cornish [man]
a little beside Bohyde a:
And he mande forth a good blacke Barke,
with fiftie good oares on a side a.

6. Run vp my boy vnto the maine top,
and looke what thou canst spie a:
Who, ho; who, ho; a goodly ship I do see,
I trow it be *Iohn Dory*.

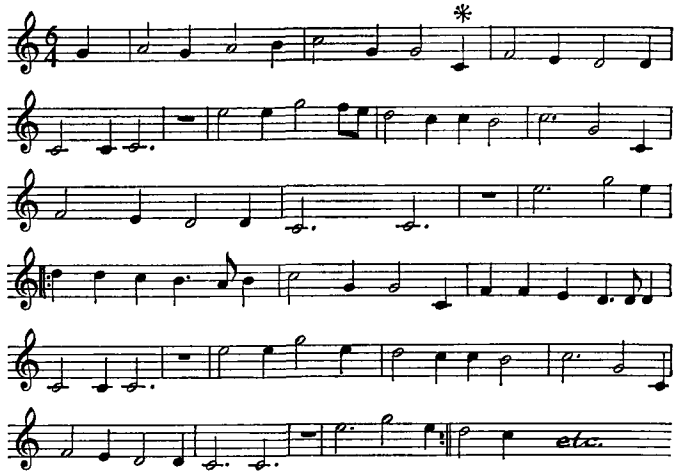
7. They hoist their Sailes both top and top,
the messeine and all was tride a:
And euery man stood to his lot,
what euer should betide a:

8. The roring Cannons then were plide,
and dub a dub went the drumme a:
The braying Trumpets lowde they cride,
to courage both all and some a

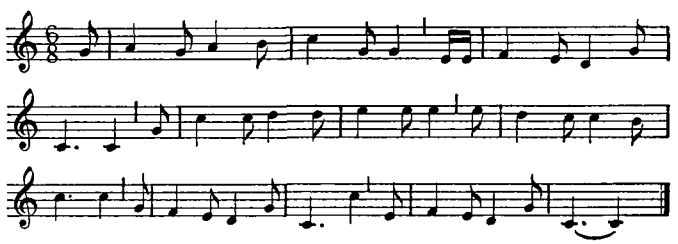
9. The grapling hooks were brought at length,
the browne bill and the sword a:
Iohn Dory at length, for all his strength,
was clapt fast vnder board a.

1b. "As it fell on a holy day"

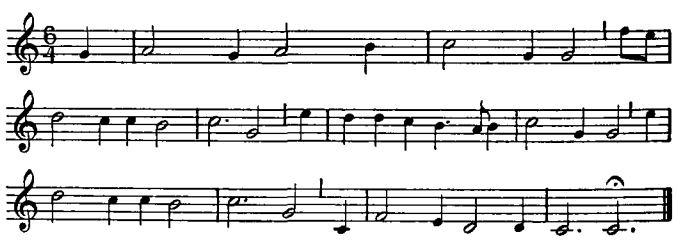
Warlock, ed. [1928], p. 27. From Ravenscroft, *Deuteromelia*, 1609, No. 1.

a I

1c. "John Dory"

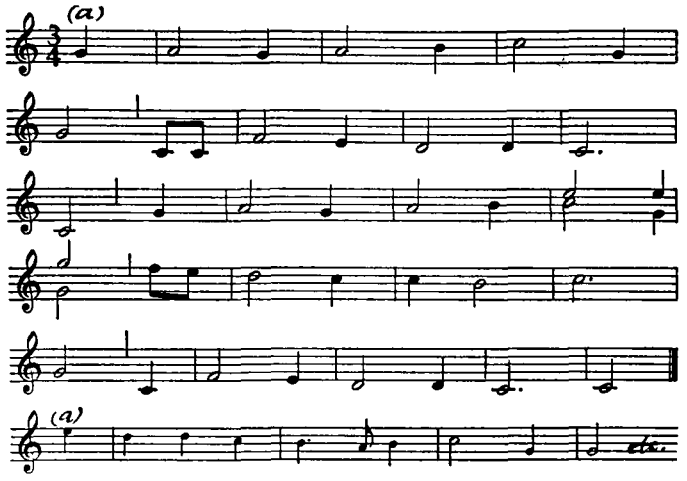
Chappell [1855-59], I, p. 68. Also in Chappell, 1893, ed. Wooldridge, I, p. 95.

a I

1d. "John Dory."

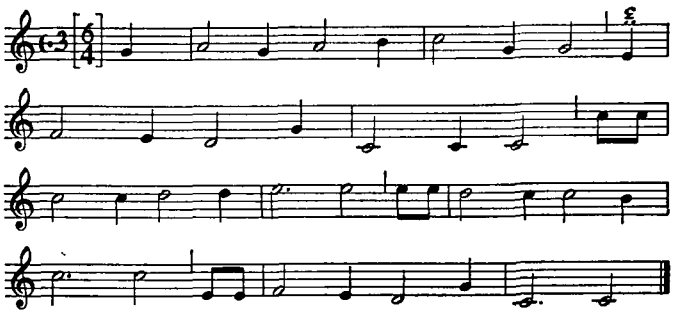
Chappell, 1893, ed. Wooldridge, I, p. 93.

a I

1e. ["John Dory"]

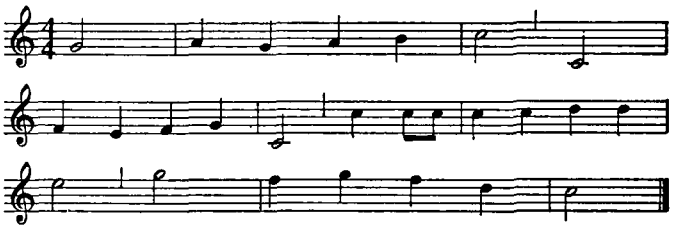
Reduced by the Editor from Ravenscroft, *Deuteromelia*, 1609, sig. B, No. 1.

a I

2. "John Dory"

Pleasant Musical Companion, 1686, Bk. II, Pt. II, No. 22. Transcribed by Claude M. Simpson in *The British Broadside Ballad*, 1966, p. 399.

a I

3. "I cannot eate but lytle meate"

Ritson, 1783, III, sig. D7. Also in Smith [1812], I; Chappell [1855-59], I, p. 72; and Chappell, 1893, ed. Wooldridge, I, p. 94.

a I, ending on the octave

The George Aloe and the Sweepstake

CHILD NO. 285

THE early broadsides of this vigorous song are directed to be sung to "The Saylor's Joy." Child (after Ebsworth) notes that a ballad of that name was registered January 14, 1595; but neither ballad nor tune appears to have survived (Child, V, p. 133n).

There is no musical record of our ballad earlier than the present century, wherein it has been collected on both sides of the Atlantic.* Its most typical style is a plagal D/Æ tune, in duple time (6/8 or 4/4), with a characteristic refrain rhythmically consistent with the earliest copies, on the second and fourth phrases. A Devon copy is in major mode (variant 11 below), and a Vermont one major with inflected seventh (variant 8 below).

Quite apart from all the rest appears to stand the copy printed from an unspecified source in Baring-Gould and Sharp, *Folk Songs for Schools* (variant 15 below). This tune is an authentic Æolian, with inflected seventh.

* Agnes D. Cannon, citing G. Malcolm Laws, Jr., *American Balladry from British Broadsides*, 1957, p. 157, attributes the song to Charles Dibdin. Cf. *Western Folklore*, XXIII, January 1964, p. 7n. Laws quotes Frank Shay, presumably out of *American Sea Songs and Chanties* [1948], as his authority; but Laws seems concerned only with the text. Dibdin's song, "Blow high, blow low," in *The Seraglio*, 1776, is an entirely independent and original composition. It is reprinted in Granville Bantock, *One Hundred Songs of England*, Boston, 1914, p. 154.

LIST OF VARIANTS

GROUP A

1. "The Coasts of High Barbary." Sharp MSS., 1001/1031, 1278, Clare College Library, Cambridge. Also in Cecil J. Sharp, *Folk Songs from Somerset*, 4th series, 1908, p. 16; and Cecil J. Sharp, *One Hundred English Folksongs*, 1916, p. 32. (Laver)
2. "High Barbary." Alton C. Morris, *Folksongs of Florida*, 1950, p. 53.
3. "The George Aloe and the Sweepstake." Phillips Barry, *JAF*, XVIII (1905), p. 134.
4. "Coasts of High Barbaree." Sharp MSS., 3104/. (Wheelwright)
5. "High Barbary." Frank C. Brown MSS., 16 a 7, 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. 203.
6. "High Barbaree." W. B. Whall, *Sea Songs and Shanties*, 1927, p. 85.
7. "Down Around the Coast of La Barbaree." George Vinton Graham, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 3812(B1).
8. "New Barbary." Helen Hartness Flanders and George Brown, *Vermont Folk-Songs & Ballads*, 1931, p. 229. Also in Helen Hartness Flanders, *Ancient Ballads Traditionally Sung in New England*, IV, 1965, p. 185(F).
9. "High Barbaree." Morris, *Folksongs of Florida*, 1950, p. 54.
10. "The Wild Barbaree." Mrs. Carrie Grover, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 1485. Also in LC/AAFS, Album 21, record No. 103(B1). Also in Carrie B. Grover, *A Heritage of Songs*, ed. Ann L. Griggs, privately printed by Gould Academy, Bethel, Maine, n.d., p. 133.
11. "The Coasts of Barbary." Sharp MSS., 2910/. Also in Cecil J. Sharp, *JFSS*, V, No. 20 (1916), p. 262. (Kingdon)
12. "Keep a good Look-out ahead." Duncan MSS., "Folk-Song Airs of the North East," p. 391, Cecil Sharp House, London. (Mrs. Lyall)
13. "High Barbaree." Joanna C. Colcord, *Roll and Go*, 1924, p. 78. Also in Colcord, *Songs of American Sailormen*, 1938, p. 153.
14. "The *Queen of Russia* and the *Prince of Wales*." Louis W. Chappell, *Folk-Songs of Roanoke and the Albemarle*, 1939, p. 50.

GROUP B

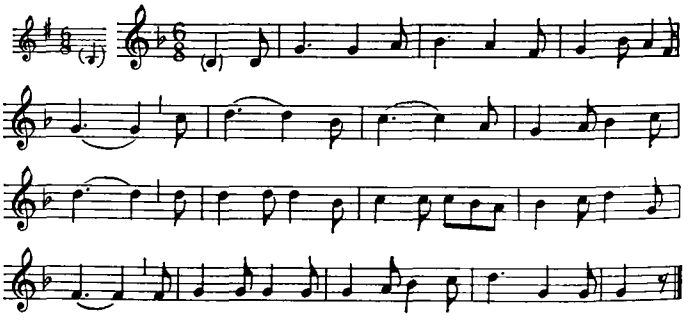
15. "The Coasts of Barbary." Sabine Baring-Gould MSS., CXLIX and (A), Plymouth Public Library. Also in Baring-Gould and Cecil J. Sharp, *English Folk-Songs for Schools* [1906], No. 9, p. 18.

TUNES WITH TEXTS

GROUP A

1. "The Coasts of High Barbary"

Sharp MSS., 1001/1031, 1278. Also in Sharp, 4th series, 1908, p. 16; and Sharp, 1916, p. 32. Sung by Joseph Laver (72), Bridgwater, August 13, 1906.

p D/Æ

Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we
Down all on the coast of High Barbary.
O are you a frigate or a man o' war, cried he,
Blow high, etc.
I'm not a pirate but a man o' war, cried he,
Sailing down all on the, etc.

Then back up your topsails and heave your ship to,
For I have some letters to send home by you.
We will back up our topsails and heave our ship to,
But in some harbour alongside of you.

And for broadside, for broadside, we fought on the main,
Till the frigate shot the pirate's mast away
Down on the coast of High Barbary.

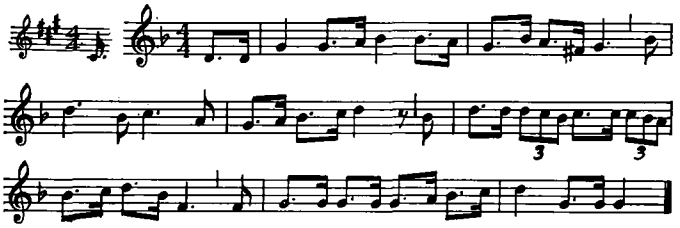
Then for quarters, for quarters, the saucy pirate cried,
But the quarters that I'll show you we'll sink you in the sea,
Sailing down all on the coast of High Barbary.

MS. 1278 contains an extra verse, probably the first, from the same singer, August 7, 1907:

Look ahead, look a-starn, Look the weather and the lee
Blow high, etc.
I saw a wreck to windward, And a lofty ship to lea.
Etc.

2. "High Barbary"

Morris, 1950, p. 53. From Walter Hirschberg, Winter Park, Fla.

p D/Æ (inflected VII)

Look ahead, look astern, look a-weather and the lee;
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we.
I see a wreck to windward and a lofty ship to lee,
A-sailing down along the coast of High Barbary.

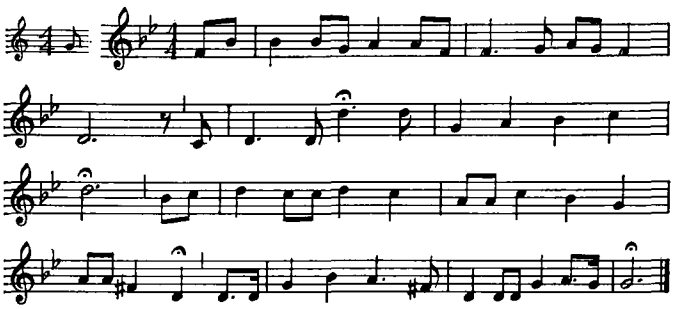
"Oh, are you a pirate or a man-of-war?" cried we;
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we.
"Oh, I am not a pirate, but a man-of-war," cried he,
A-sailing down along the coast of High Barbary.

For broadside to broadside we fought along the main;
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we.
Until at last the frigate shot the pirates' mast away,
A-sailing down along the coast of High Barbary.

But, oh, it was a cruel sight and grieved us full sore;
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we.
To see them all a-drowning as they tried to swim ashore,
A-sailing down along the coast of High Barbary.

3. "The George Aloe and the Sweepstake"

Barry, *JAF*, XVIII (1905), p. 134. Sung by W. M[aynard] of the U.S. Navy, June 1904, as heard from a British sailor over 40 years before.

p Minor (–VI)

1. Once there were two ships, and two ships they were of fame,
   Blow high, blow low, for slow sail-ed we,—
   And one was the King of Prussia and one was Archie of Spain,
   Cruising down the lonely coast of the high Barbary.

2. "Now aloft, there aloft!" our gallant commander cried,
   "Look ahead, look astern, look to windward and to lee!"

3. "Oh, there's nothing ahead, and there's nothing astern,
   But there's a lofty frigate to windward, and another on our lee."

4. "Now, hail her, oh, hail her!" our gallant commander cried,
   "Oh, I am the salt sea pirate, as this night you soon shall see!"

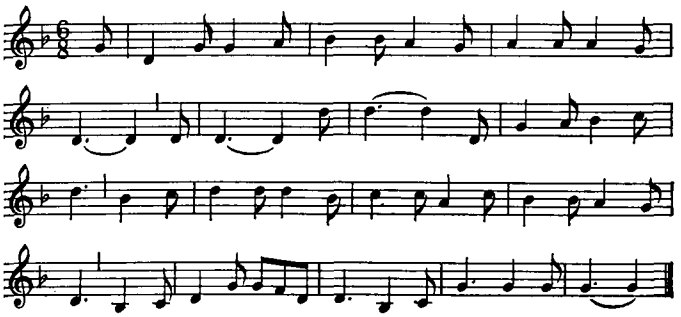
5. Then broadside for broadside this daring dog did pour,
   Till the man at the helm shot the pirate's mast away.

6. Then for mercy, for mercy this daring dog did cry,
   "Oh, the mercy I will give you, I will sink you in the sea!"

7. "Your ship shall be your coffin, and your grave shall be the sea,
   Your ship shall be your coffin, and your grave shall be the sea!"

4. "Coasts of High Barbaree"

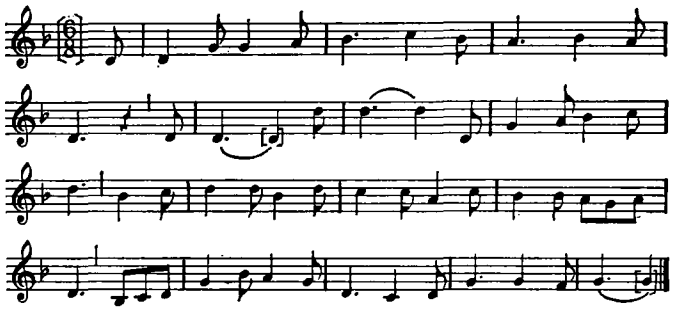
Sharp MSS. 3104/. Sung by R[obert] Wheelwright, New York, N.Y., March 16, 1916.

p D/Æ

Blow high blow low and so sailed we
Cruising down along the coast of the High Barbaree

These lines are given as to the second and fourth phrases of the tune respectively.

5. "High Barbary"

Brown MSS., 16 a 7. Also in Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 203. Sung by Charles Tillett, Wanchese, Roanoke Island, Va.

p D/Æ

There were two lofty ships from old England came
Blow high Blow low and so sailed we
One was the Prince of Luther and the other Prince of Wales
Cruising down along the coast of the High Barbaree.

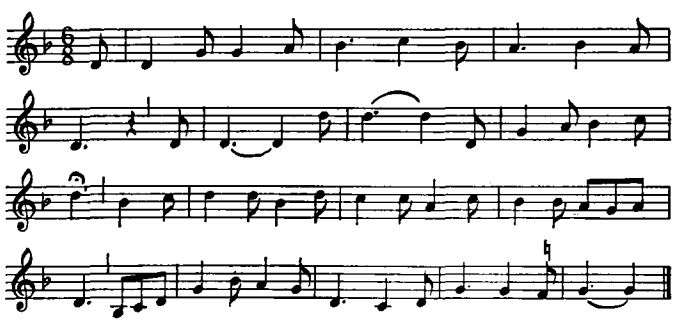
Brown Collection, II (*Folk Ballads from North Carolina*, ed. Henry M. Belden and Arthur Palmer Hudson), 1952, p. 352, gives two additional stanzas of text from this singer, as follows:

'Aloft there, aloft!' our jolly boatswain cries,
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we
'Look ahead, look astern, look aweather and alee,
Look along down the coast of the High Barbary.'

'Oh, hail her, oh, hail her,' our gallant captain cried.
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we
'Are you a man of war or a privateer?' said he,
'Cruising down along the coast of the High Barbary?'

6. "High Barbaree"

Whall, 1927, p. 85.

p D/Æ

1. There were two lofty ships from old England came,
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we:
One was the *Prince of Luther*, and the other *Prince of Wales*,
Cruising down along the coast of the High Barbaree.

2. "Aloft there, aloft!" our jolly boatswain cries,
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we;
"Look ahead, look astern, look a-weather and a-lee,
Look along down the coast of the High Barbaree."

3. "There's nought upon the stern, there's nought upon the lee,"
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we;
"But there's a lofty ship to windward, and she's sailing fast and free,
Sailing down along the coast of the High Barbaree."

4. "O hail her! O hail her!" our gallant captain cried,
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we;
"Are you a man-o'-war or a privateer," said he,
"Cruising down along the coast of the High Barbaree?"

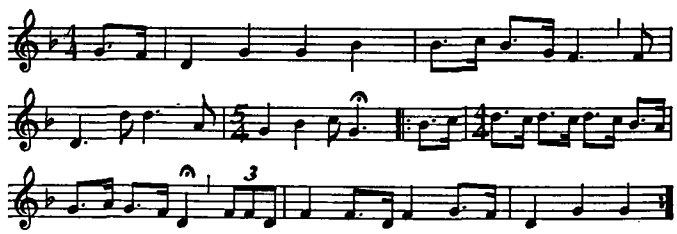
5. "O, I am not a man-o'-war nor privateer," said he,
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we;
"But I'm a salt-sea pirate a-looking for my fee,
Cruising down along the coast of the High Barbaree."

6. O, 'twas broadside to broadside a long time we lay,
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we;
Until the *Prince of Luther* shot the pirate's masts away,
Cruising down along the coast of the High Barbaree.

7. "O quarter! O quarter!" those pirates then did cry,
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we;
But the quarter that we gave them—we sunk them in the sea,
Cruising down along the coast of the High Barbaree.

7. "Down Around the Coast of La Barbaree"

Sung by George Vinton Graham, San Jose, Calif., 1938. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 3812(B1). Collected by Sidney Robertson [Cowell].

p D/Æ

1. Oh, it's two gallant ships from England they did sail,
So high, so low, and so sail we,
It was one the *Prince of Prushia*, and the other *Prince of Wales*,
Cruising around down the coast of La Barbaree.*

2. "Jump aloft, jump aloft," our gall'nt captain cried,
So high, so low, and so sail we,
"Look ahead, look a-stern, look a-larb'rd, look a-lee,
Look around the coast of La Barbaree."

3. "Oh, there's nothing ahead, and there's nothing a-stern,"
So high, so low, and so sail we,
"But the wind is on the breakers and the lofty ship is (seen?)"
Cruising around down the coast of La Barbaree,
"But the wind is on the breakers and the lofty ship is (seen?)"
Cruising around down the coast of La Barbaree.

4. "Oh, hail her, oh, hail her," the gall'nt captain cried,
So high, so low, and so sail we;
"Are you a man of war, or a privateer," said he,
Cruising around down the coast of La Barbaree.
"Are you a man of war, or a privateer," said he,
Cruising around down the coast of La Barbaree.

5. "I am not a man of war, nor a privateer," said he,
So high, so low, and so sail we,
"But I am a sassy pirate and am waiting for m' pay,
Cruising around down the coast of La Barbaree;
But I am a sassy pirate and am waiting for m' pay,
Cruising around down the coast of La Barbaree."

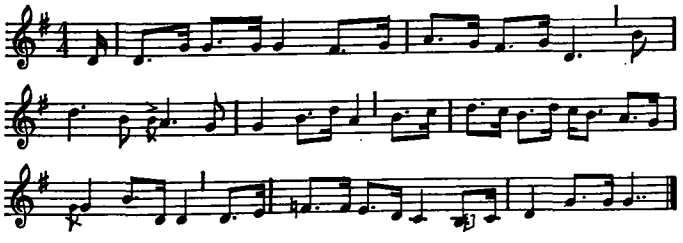
6. Then it's two-side, broad-side, these two lofty ships did pour,
So high, so low, and so sail we,
Till at length the *Prince of Prushia* shot away the pirate's mast,
Cruising around down the coast of La Barbaree.

7. "Oh, for quarters, for quarters," the saucy pirate cried,
So high, so low, and so sail we;
"But the quarters that we'll give you, we will sink you in the sea,"
Cruising around down the coast of La Barbaree,
"But the quarters that we'll give you, we will sink you in the sea,"
Spoken: And, of course, we sunk him in the sea and that was the last of that.

* Graham pronounced the name like a French plural: *Les Barbaries*.

8. "New Barbary"

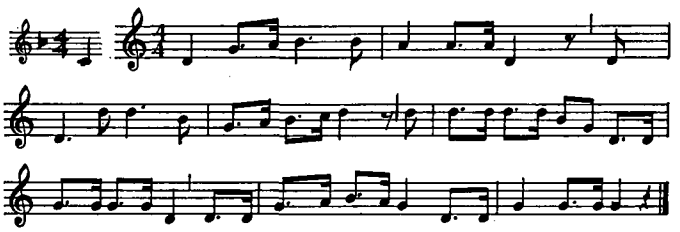
Flanders and Brown, 1931, p. 229. Also in Flanders, IV, 1965, p. 185(F). Sung by Willman J. Delano, Gassetts, Vt., September 19, 1930; learned as a boy in the Maine lumberwoods. Recorded by George Brown. From *Vermont Folk-Songs & Ballads*, edited by Helen Hartness Flanders and George Brown; copyright 1931 by Arthur Wallace Peach.

p I (inflected VII)

There was two jolly ships, from old England they came.
Blow high, blow low and so sail-ed we.
One, she was the "Queen of Prus-shee" and the other, "Prince of Wales."
Cruising down along the coast of the New Barbary.

"Oh, sailor, oh, sailor," this jolly captain cried.
Blow high, blow low and so sail-ed we.
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

9. "High Barbaree"

Morris, 1950, p. 54. Noted by Miss Elsie Surber, Panama City, Fla., from the singing of her brother, E. L. Surber, who learned it in the Marines.

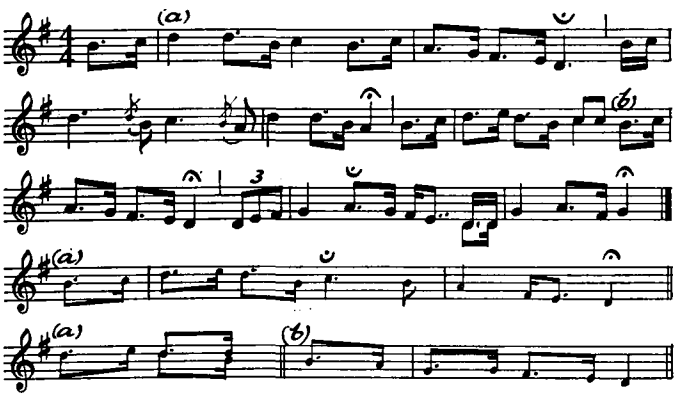
p I/M (–VI)

Two lofty ships from old England sailed;
Sail high, sail low, and so sailed we.
One was the *Prince of Luther* and the other *Prince of Wales*.
Sailing down along the coast of the High Barbaree.

It was broadside to broadside a long time we lay;
Sail high, sail low, and so sailed we
Until the *Prince of Luther* shot that Pirate's masts away.
Sailing down along the coast of the High Barbaree.

"Quarter, oh quarter!" the pirates then did cry;
Sail high, sail low, and so sailed we,
But the quarter that we gave them, we sank them in the sea,
Sailing down along the coast of the High Barbaree.

10. "The Wild Barbaree"

Sung by Mrs. Carrie Grover of Gorham, Me., at Washington, D.C., 1941. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 1485. Also in LC/AAFS, Album 21, rec. No. 103(B1), recorded by Alan Lomax; and in Grover, n.d., p. 133.

p I

1. Two lofty ships of Eng-e-land set sail,
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we,
And one was Prince of Luther and the other Prince of Wales,
Cruising down round the coast of the wild Barbaree.

2. "Look ahead, look astern, look to wind'ard and to lee,"
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we,
"There's a lofty ship astern and for us she does make way,"
Cruising down round the coast of the wild Barbaree.

3. "Oh, hail her, oh, hail her," our gallant captain cries,
"Are you a man-o'-war or a privateer?" said he.

4. "I am neither man-o'-war or a privateer," said he,
"But I am a saucy pirate a-seeking for my fee."

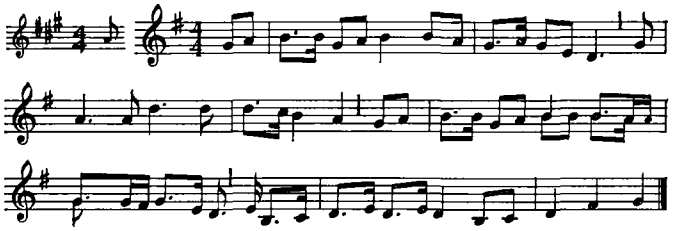
5. Then for broadside for broadside these two ships did go,
Till at length the Prince of Luther shot the pirate's mast away.

6. Then for quarter, for quarter the pirate captain cried,
But the quarter that we gave them was to sink them in the sea.

7. Oh, we fought them for better than three hours as you see,
But their ship it was their coffin and their grave it was the sea.

11. "The Coasts of Barbary"

Sharp MSS., 2910/. Also in Sharp, *JFSS*, V, No. 20 (1916), p. 262. Sung by William Kingdon, Simonsbath, Exmoor, April 27, 1914.

p I

1. Two lofty ships of war from Old England set sail
Blow etc.
One was called the Princess Charlotte the other the Prince of Wales

2. Jump aloft jump aloft our jovial Cap. cried
Blow etc.
Look ahead look astern look a weather on her lea!
A coming etc.

3. O I see no sail ahead I see no sail astern
Blow high blow low and so sailed we
But a lofty ship to windward with a spanker on her lea
A coming down along the coasts of Barbaree

4. O I see no sail ahead, I see no sail astern
But a lofty ship to windward with a spanker on her lea.
O it's a man o war or some Yankee privateer

5. I am no man o war nor no Yankee privateer
But I'm a jolly pirate a looking out for prey.

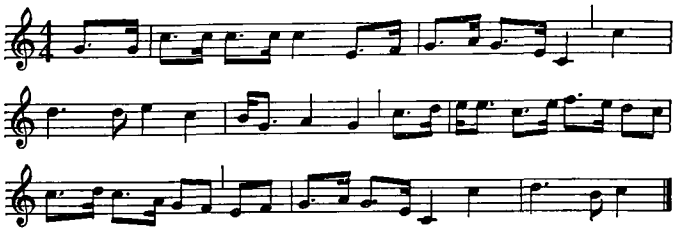
6. Then broadside for broadside these gallant ships did give

7. Till at last the Pr. Charlotte shot the pirate's mast away.

8. Then for quarters for quarters the jolly pirate cried
But the quarters that we gave them was to sink them in the seas.

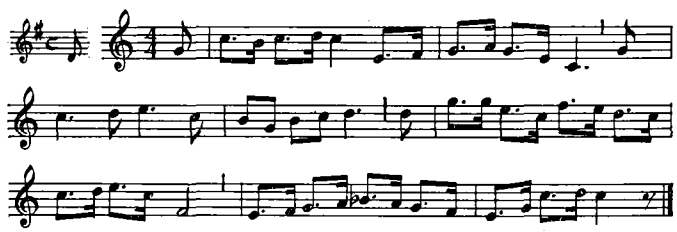
12. "Keep a good Look-out ahead"

Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 391. Sung by Mrs. Lyall, November 7, 1907; from her husband, who learned it at Mearns.

a I

Keep a good look out ahead, our jolly captain said,
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we.
"We see nothing out ahead," our jolly crew they cried,
Cruising down along the coasts of Barbary.

13. "High Barbaree"

Colcord, 1924, p. 78. Also in Colcord, 1938, p. 153. Collected by George H. Taber in New Bedford, Mass., except for the fourth and sixth verses, supplied to Miss Colcord from other sources.

a I (inflected VII), ending on the octave

1. There was two lofty ships, from old England they set sail,
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we!
The one she was the *Princess* and the other *Prince of Wales*,
Cruising down along the shores of High Barbaree!

2. "Lay aloft, lay aloft," our jolly skipper cried,
"Look ahead, look astern, look a-weather and a-lee,"

3. "There's nothing out ahead, sir, there's nothing out astern,
There's a rock upon our quarter and a ship upon our lee,"

4. "Now overhaul and speak her," our jolly skipper cried;
"Are you an India merchantman or Yankee privateer?"

5. "I am no India merchantman or Yankee privateer,
But I am a salt-sea pirate and I'm sailing for my fee."

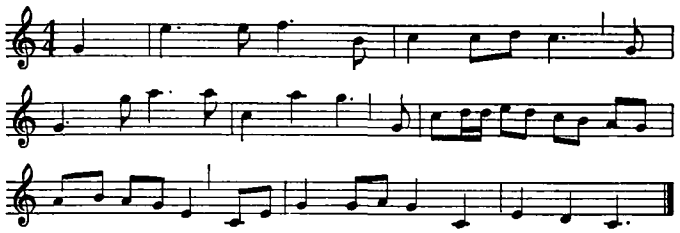
6. 'Twas broadside to broadside those gallant ships did lay,
Until the *Prince of Wales* shot the pirate's masts away.

7. For quarter, for quarter, the pirates they did cry,
But the quarter that we gave them was to sink them in the sea.

8. We tied them one by one and we tied them two by two,
Cruising down on the coast of Barbaree;
We tried them three by three and we chunked them in the sea,
Blow high, blow low, and so sail we.

14. "The *Queen of Russia* and the *Prince of Wales*"

Chappell, 1939, p. 50. Sung by Charles Tillett, Wanchese, N.C., 1924; tune recorded 1935.

a I

1. There was two ships from old England came,
Blow high, blow low, and so sail we;
One she was the *Queen of Russia* and the other *Prince of Wales*,
Cruising down on the coast of Barbaree.

2. Go 'loft, go 'loft, our jolly boatswain cried,
Blow high, blow low, and so sail we,
Look ahead, look astern, look aweather and alee,
Look down on the coast of Barbaree.

3. There is no ship ahead, there is no ship astern,
Blow high, blow low, and so sail we,
There is a lofty ship at windward and a lofty ship is she,
Cruising down on the coast of Barbaree.

4. Hail, hail that lofty tall ship,
Blow high, blow low, and so sail we.
Are you a man of warsman or a privateer? said she,
Cruising down on the coast of Barbaree.

5. I am no man of warsman nor a privateer,
Blow high, blow low, and so sail we,
I am a jolly pirate seeking for my prey,
Cruising down on the coast of Barbaree.

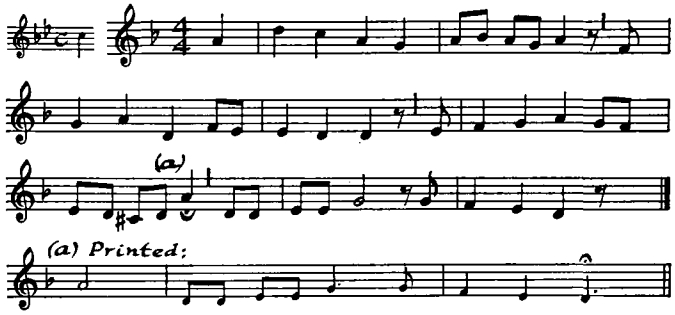
6. Broadside, broadside a long time did lay,
Blow high, blow low, and so sail we,
Till at length the *Queen of Russia* shot the pirate's mast away,
Cruising down on the coast of Barbaree.

7. Quarters, O quarters, this jolly pirate cried,
Blow high, blow low, and so sail we.
The quarters that I'll give, I will sink you in the sea,
Cruising down on the coast of Barbaree.

GROUP B

15. "The Coasts of Barbary"

Baring-Gould MSS., CXLIX; text, (A). Also in Baring-Gould and Sharp [1906], No. 9, p. 18. Taken down from the singing of a tramp in North Devon by A.M.M., 1894.

a Æ (inflected VII)

The metre was (apparently) altered by Baring-Gould from 6/8 to 4/4.

1. There were two ships from England did sail
Blow high! Blow low! & so sailed we.
The King of Prussia & the Prince of Wales,
Cruising down the Coasts of Barbary.

2. There is nothing ahead, sir, there is nothing astern.
Blow high! blow low! & so sailed we.
But a lofty ship to windward doth on us turn.
Cruising down the Coasts of Barbary.

3. Then hail her! hail her! our noble Captain cried,
Blow high! &c.
Are you a man of war or a privateer, he cried.
Cruising down &c.

4. I am no man of war, no privateer today,
Blow high, &c.
But a saucy Pirate I, that seeketh for my prey,
Cruising down &c.

5. Then broadside to broadside these gallant vessels go,
Blow high, &c.
Away the English the (saucy) Pirate's mast did blow,
Cruising down &c.

6. For mercy, for mercy, the daring rascals cried
Blow high, &c.
But the mercy we showed them was to sink them in the tide,
Cruising down &c.

7. With cutlass & gun, they fought for hours three,
Blow high &c.
The ship it was their coffin, their grave it was the sea,
Cruising down the Coasts of Barbary.

By permission of Mr. G. Hitchcock, on behalf of Baring-Gould's Estate.

The Sweet Trinity (The Golden Vanity)

CHILD NO. 286

JUDGING by the number of copies secured in this century, the present ballad was never more vigorously alive than now. It appears more than likely that, with the possible exception of a few intrusions of other (usually recognizable) tunes, a single melodic idea governs the whole tradition. To be sure, this assertion is open to challenge; yet perhaps it will seem especially questionable rather to those who have most acquaintance with a song-literature protected from rough handling than to those familiar with such flotsam as the melodic stuff here collected. The rhythmic element is perhaps the most constant part of this congeries: the dipodic nature of it seems unusually pronounced. There is the freest substitution in half-feet, but the recurrence of the heavy stresses is almost inexorably regular; and one feels that the text has always been in especially close touch with its tune.

Child's A text is in a somewhat different stanza-pattern from later copies, and is besides unusually irregular in number of lines to the stanza. In various stanzas, discounting repeated lines, the narrative is carried in two, or in three, or in four lines. It would be normal for the first line to be sung three times, with a refrain-line after the first and second times, and a couplet rhyming line to follow, with either another line rhyming similarly, plus an end-refrain, or a two-line end-refrain. The A text seldom conforms, and it seems to have become separated from its music before it reached print. The tune indicated, "The Sailing of the Low-land," I have not discovered. It may, however, have been the ancestor of the current forms.

These forms are, in the main, major in character, sometimes I/Ly, sometimes π^1, now plagal, now authentic, now mixed. A fairly large sector descends to the lower octave and ends on the upper. There are a few excellent Mixolydian variants, and some M/D and D/Æ and Æ variants about which one is at times in doubt as to the true tonic. They seem to have drifted from the central current in any case. The overwhelmingly favorite degree for a mid-cadence is the lower or upper dominant; for the first phrase, the tonic either above or below, but not infrequently the fifth and sometimes the fourth, second, third, or lower sixth. The number of phrases varies from four to six, with four vastly more favored than other choices.

I can find little justification for local or national subdivisions either on grounds of phrase-number, mode, or melodic line.

Motherwell's *Notebook*, now at Harvard, has, in a list of tunes to be got, "Turkish Galley," with a cross in front of it, perhaps indicating success. See also the extract from a letter from Motherwell to C. K. Sharpe, October 8, 1825, quoted by Child, V, p. 142. Motherwell's tune may have been the one here printed from the Blaikie MS.(58).

The Bunyan MS., 1877, p. 93, is said to contain a tune. *Vide* Gray-Muir MS., NL Scotland MS. 2254.

LIST OF VARIANTS

GROUP Aa

1. "The Golden Vanity." Sharp MSS., 1600/1451, Clare College Library, Cambridge. Also in Cecil J. Sharp, *One Hundred English Folksongs*, 1916, p. 36. (Emery)
2. "The Golden Vanity." Sharp MSS., 2909/. (Kingdon)
3. "The Golden Vanity." Sabine Baring-Gould MSS., LXIV (1) and (A), Plymouth Public Library. Also in Baring-Gould, H. Fleetwood Sheppard, and F. W. Bussell, *Songs of the West*, 1905, p. 132; Baring-Gould and Cecil J. Sharp, *English Folk-Songs for Schools* [1906], No. 7, p. 14; and John Goss, *Ballads of Britain*, 1937, p. 134(A).
4. "The Golden Vanitee." Ferris Tozer and Frederick J. Davis, *Sailors' Songs or "Chanties,"* revised edition, n.d., p. 30.
5. "The Spanish Canoe." Laura A. Smith, *The Music of the Waters*, 1888, p. 27.

6a. "The Golden Vanity." Sharp MSS., 981/1023. (Hatry)
6b. "Golden Vanity." Sharp MSS., 3005/. (Hatry)

7. "The Golden Vanity." Maud Karpeles MSS., No. 5306.
8. "The Golden Vanity." Ralph Vaughan Williams MSS., III, p. 503. Also in Vaughan Williams, *The Motherland Song Book*, 1919, IV, p. 4; and Goss, *Ballads of Britain*, 1937, p. 134(B).
9. "Golden Vanity." Sharp MSS., 795/. (Snow)
10. "The Golden Vanity." Bill Cameron, Caedmon recording No. TC 1146(B11), ed. Peter Kennedy and Alan Lomax.
11. "The Golden Vanity." Lucy E. Broadwood and J. A. Fuller Maitland, *English County Songs* [1893], p. 182. Also in Goss, *Ballads of Britain*, 1937, p. 134(C).
12. "The Golden Fenadier." Sung by Sam Larner. From the private collections of Ewan MacColl, Peggy Seeger, and Charles Parker.
13. "The Lowlands Low." Greig MSS., III, p. 100, King's College Library, Aberdeen. (Mowat)
14. "Golden Vanity." Sharp MSS., 724/. (Young)
15. "The Golden Vanity." Sharp MSS., 1280/. (Sampson)
16. "The Golden Vanity." Baring-Gould MSS., LXIV(2).
17. "Golden Vanity." Helen Creighton and Doreen H. Senior, *Traditional Songs from Nova Scotia*, 1950, p. 103.
18. "The Golden Vanity." Creighton and Senior, 1950, p. 105.
19. "The Golden Vanity." Creighton and Senior, 1950, p. 104.

a. "The Gallant Victory," or "Lowlands Low." Eloise Hubbard Linscott, *Folk Songs of Old New England*, 1939, p. 136.

20. "Lowlands Low." Warde H. Ford, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 4194(A2).
21. "Golden Vallady." Helen Creighton, *Songs and Ballads from Nova Scotia*, 1932, p. 20.
22. "The Golden Vanity." Sharp MSS., 491/. (Currell)

GROUP Ab

23. "The Golden Vanity." Sharp MSS., 1103/. (Thorne)
24. "Lowlands Low." Percy Grainger MS., NYPL MS. *MO + (English), No. 119, New York Public Library.
25. "The Golden Vanity." Phillips Barry, *BFSSNE*, No. 5 (1933), p. 10.
26. "Lowlands Low." Grainger MS., NYPL MS. *MO + (English), No. 118.
27. "The Golden Vanity." W. Percy Merrick, *JFSS*, I, No. 3 (1901), p. 104.

28. "The Golden Vanity." Sharp MSS., 1522/1358. (Stokes)
29. "The Golden Vanity." Archive, School of Scottish Studies, University of Edinburgh, recording No. 1952/8/B19. (Willie Mathieson)
30. "The Lowlands Low." Archive, School of Scottish Studies, recording No. 1960/162/A2. (Cameron Turriff)
31. "The Golden Furnity." Lester A. Hubbard and LeRoy J. Robertson, *JAF*, LXIV (1951), p. 52.
32. "The Golden Vanity." Phillips Barry, *JAF*, XVIII (1905), p. 127(B). Also in Goss, *Ballads of Britain*, 1937, p. 135 (D).
33. "The Golden Victory." Archive, School of Scottish Studies, recording No. 1958/4/A1. (Dodie Chalmers)
34. "The Golden Victory." Archive, School of Scottish Studies, recording No. 1957/44/B5. (Jeannie Robertson)

GROUP AC

35. "The Golden Vanity." Anne G. Gilchrist, *JFSS*, II, No. 9 (1906), p. 244.
36. "Golden Vanity." Sharp MSS., 2281/. (Hedges)
37. "The Mary Golden Tree." Loraine Wyman and Howard Brockway, *Lonesome Tunes* [1916], p. 72.
38. "The Weeping Willow Tree," or ["The Golden Vanity"]. John Harrington Cox, *Traditional Ballads Mainly from West Virginia*, 1939, p. 52; and 1964 (ed. George Boswell), p. 64.
39. "The Golden Vanity." Sharp MSS., 3938/. Also in Cecil J. Sharp and Maud Karpeles, *English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 289(J). (Ritchie)
40. "Golden Vanity." Sharp MSS., 4062/. (Hindman School girls)
41. "The Merry Golden Tree." Jean Ritchie, Folkways LP recording No. FA 2301(B1), ed. Kenneth S. Goldstein.
42. "The Golden Vanity." Sharp MSS., 3938/. (Short)
43. "The Golden Vanity." Sharp MSS., 3763/2783. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 287(E). (Stoton)
44. "Golden Vanity." Creighton and Senior, *Traditional Songs from Nova Scotia*, 1950, p. 102.
45. "The Golden Vanity." Joanna C. Colcord, *Roll and Go*, 1924, p. 79. Also in Colcord, *Songs of American Sailormen*, 1938, p. 154.
46. "The Golden Vanity." Sharp MSS., 3909/2848. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 288(F). (Patrick and Smith)
47. "Golden Vanity." Archive, School of Scottish Studies, recording No. 1955/49/6. (John MacDonald)
48. "Lonesome Low." Vance Randolph, *Ozark Folksongs*, I, 1946, p. 200(D).
49. "Lowlands Low." Bob Walker, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 11,337(A8).
50. "The Green Willow Tree." Louis W. Chappell, *Folk-Songs of Roanoke and the Albemarle*, 1939, p. 43.
51. "The Merry Golden Tree." Randolph, *Ozark Folksongs*, I, 1946, p. 200(E).

GROUP AD

52. "The Goulden Vanitee." Macmath MS., p. 109. Also in Francis James Child, *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, 1882-98, V, pp. 424(Ba) and 137; Mary Wilson Gordon, *"Christopher North," A Memoir of John Wilson*, 1862, II, p. 317; and Goss, *Ballads of Britain*, 1937, p. 135(E).
53. "The Goulden Vanitee." Robert Ford, *Vagabond Songs and Ballads of Scotland*, ed. of 1904, p. 103.
54. "The Gouden Vanity." Duncan MSS., "Folk-Song Airs of the North East," p. 311, Cecil Sharp House, London. Also in Gavin Greig and Alexander Keith, *Last Leaves of Traditional Ballads and Ballad Airs*, 1925, p. 239. (Duncan)
55. "The Lowlands Low." Macmath MS., pp. 116 and 80, Harvard College Library. Also in Child, *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, 1882-98, V, pp. 424(Cg) and 142(g).
56. "Sailing in the Lowlands Low." Patrick Weston Joyce, *Old Irish Folk Music and Songs*, 1909, No. 182, p. 91.
57. "The Lowlands so low." Greig MSS., II, p. 114. (C[alder])
58. "The French Gallerie O." Blaikie MS., National Library of Scotland MS. 1578, No. 67, p. 22.
59. "He Had a Little Tool." "Tunes of Old Ballads and Folksongs," unpublished collection from the singing of Mrs. John Williams, edited by Charles A. Williams and Mabel Williams Kemmerer, 1963.
60. "The Sweet Kumadee." Ewan MacColl, Riverside recording No. RLP 12-637(A1), ed. Kenneth S. Goldstein.
61. "The Green Willow Tree." Mrs. Rachel Henry, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 10,816(A12).
- b. "Cabin Boy." *The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore*, IV (*The Music of the Ballads*, ed. Jan P. Schinhan), 1957, p. 123(D).
62. "Low in the Lowlands, low." W. Christie, *Traditional Ballad Airs*, I, 1876, p. 238.
63. "The Golden Vanity." Sharp MSS., 1508/. (Hargreaves)

GROUP AE

64. "The Little Cabin Boy." Barry, *JAF*, XVIII (1905), p. 125(A).
65. "The Gold China Tree." Phillips Barry Dictaphone Cylinders, No. 104, cutting 2, Harvard College Library; transcribed by Samuel P. Bayard (Barry-Bayard MS., p. 42). (Buckley)
66. "The Golden Vanity." Phillips Barry, Fannie H. Eckstorm, and Mary W. Smyth, *British Ballads from Maine*, 1929, p. 346(F). (Black)
67. "Green Willow Tree." Oleavia Houser, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 11,909(A5).
68. "The Lowland Sea." Paul G. Brewster, *Ballads and Songs of Indiana*, 1940, p. 160.
69. "The Lowlands Low." Randolph, *Ozark Folksongs*, I, 1946, p. 195. Also in Vance Randolph, *The Ozarks*, 1931, p. 177.
70. "Turkish Reveille." T. M. Davis, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 10,818(A11).
71. "The Golden Willow Tree." Helen Hartness Flanders, *Country Songs of Vermont*, 1937, p. 40.

GROUP AF

72. "The Lonesome Sea." Grant McDonald, "A Study of Selected Folk Songs of Southern Missouri" (Iowa State University, MA thesis in music), 1939, p. 17.
73. "Sinking in the Lonesome Sea." The Carter family, Columbia recording No. 37756 (17478).
74. "The Turkish Rebilee." Horton Barker, Folkways LP recording No. FA 2362(B2), recorded by Sandy Paton.
75. "The Golden Willow Tree." Arthur Palmer Hudson, *North Carolina Folklore*, III (1955), p. 8.
76. "Lonesome Low." Mrs. Mary Briscoe, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 10,821(A3).
- c. "The Turkish Revelee." Arthur Kyle Davis, Jr., *More Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1960, p. 342(AA).

77. "The Merry Golden Tree." E. C. and M. N. Kirkland, *Southern Folklore Quarterly*, II (1938), p. 79.
78. "The Golden Vanity." Sharp MSS., 3629/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 288(G). (Wilson)
79. "The Merry Golden Tree." Mellinger Edward Henry, *JAF*, XLV (1936), p. 26. Also in Mellinger Edward Henry, *Folk-Songs from the Southern Highlands* [1938], p. 128.

GROUP Ag

80. "The Bold Granadee." H.E.D. Hammond MSS., No. 218, and D. V, p. 67, Cecil Sharp House, London.
81. "The Golden Willow Tree." Mrs. William Harmon; from a MS. in possession of Edward Cray, Los Angeles, California.
82. "The Lonesome Low." Frank C. Brown MSS., 16 b Ic, Library of Congress, photostat. Also in Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 122(C); tune also in Brown MSS., 16 a 7.
83. "The Pirate Ship." David Seneff McIntosh, "Some Representative Southern Illinois Folk-Songs" (Iowa State University, MA thesis in music), 1935, p. 22. Also in McIntosh, *JAF*, XLVIII (1935), p. 386.
84. "The Green Willow Tree." Sam Stuart, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 11,906(A6).
d. "The Turkish Revoloo." Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 121(A1).
85. "A Ship Set Sail for North America." Asher E. Treat, *JAF*, LII (1939), p. 11.
e. "The Turkish Revoloo." Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 120(A).
86. "A Ship Set Sail for North America." Mrs. Ollie Jacobs, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording Nos. 4985(B2) and L58(B5).
87. "The Golden Vanity." Sharp MSS., 4655/. (Webb)
f. "The Lonesome Low." Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 122(C1).
88. "The Golden Vanity." Sharp MSS., 3461/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 284(C). (House)
89. "The Golden Vanity." Sharp MSS., 4619/3225. (Banks)
90. "The Golden Vanity." Sharp MSS., 3564/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 289(H). (Maples)
91. "The Golden Willow Tree." Brown MSS., 16 b VIII. Also in Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 121(B).
92. "The Weeping Willow Tree." Ben Gray Lumpkin, *Colorado Folksong Bulletin*, III (1964), p. 18.
93. "The Golden Vanity." Sharp MSS., 3487/2571. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 283(B). (Buckner)
94. "The Golden Vanity." Sharp MSS., 3420/2510. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 282(A). (Gentry)
95. "The Golden Vanity." Mrs. Maude Gentry Long, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording Nos. 9155(B3) and 10,007(A11).
96. "There Was a Bold Captain." Mrs. Bertha Basham Wright and Mrs. Sarah Basham, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 11,453(B5).
97. "The Mary Golden Tree." Ethel Park Richardson and Sigmund Spaeth, *American Mountain Songs*, 1927, p. 28.
98. "Lowlands Lonesome Low." Ben Gray Lumpkin, *Western Folklore*, XIX (1960), p. 82.

GROUP Ah

99. "The Golden Vanity." Sharp MSS., 4084/2923. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 289(I). (Wooton)
100. "The Golden Willow Tree." Josephine McGill, *Folk-Songs of the Kentucky Mountains*, 1917, p. 97.
101. "The Golden Willow Tree." Justus Begley, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 1530(A) and (B1). Also in LC/AAFS, Album 7, record No. 31(A) and (B1); and on LC/AAFS, record No. L7(A1).
102. "The Golden Willow Tree." Mrs. Polly Johnson, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording Nos. 2758(B) and 2759(A1).
103. "Sailing on the Lowland Low." Mrs. Allie Long Parker, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 12,037(A13).
104. "The Golden Vanity." Sharp MSS., 3968/3003. Also in James W. Raine, *The Land of Saddle-bags*, 1924, p. 121; and Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 285 (D). (Shadoin)
105. "The Golden Willow Tree." Jimmy Morris, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 1547(A) and (B1). Also on LC/AAFS, record No. L58(B4).

APPENDIX A

106. "The Golden Vanity." Sharp MSS., 4449/3137. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 290(K). (Beckett)
107. "The Golden Willow Tree." Dorothy Scarborough, *A Song Catcher in Southern Mountains*, 1937, pp. 406 and 187.
108. "The Golden Vanity." Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, *British Ballads from Maine*, 1929, p. 345(E). (Robbins)

APPENDIX B

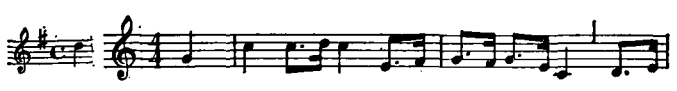
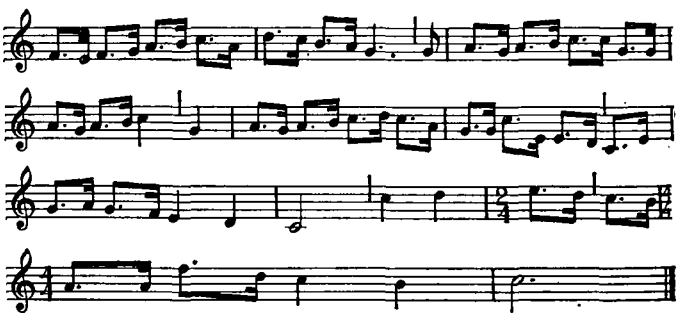
109. "The Turkey-rogherlee and the Yellow Golden Tree," or "Lowlands Low." Arthur Kyle Davis, Jr., *Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1929, pp. 602(D) and 519.
110. "The Lowlands Low." Emelyn Elizabeth Gardner and Geraldine Jencks Chickering, *Ballads and Songs of Southern Michigan*, 1939, p. 214.

TUNES WITH TEXTS

GROUP Aa

1. "The Golden Vanity"

Sharp MSS., 1600/1451. Also in Sharp, 1916, p. 36. Sung by Alfred Emery (78), Othery, April 6, 1908.

a I, ending on the octave



286. THE SWEET TRINITY (THE GOLDEN VANITY)

1. O I had a ship in some foreign country
And she was call-ed after the Golden Vanitee
I fear she will be taken by some proud young enemy
And then she'll be sunk at the bottom of the sea
So we sinked her in the Lowlands low, lowlands low,
So we sinked her in the lowlands low.

2. The first spoken up was the little cabin boy
Saying: Master what will you give me if her I do destroy?
O I will give you gold and I will give you store
And you shall have my daughter if I return on shore
So he sinked her, etc.

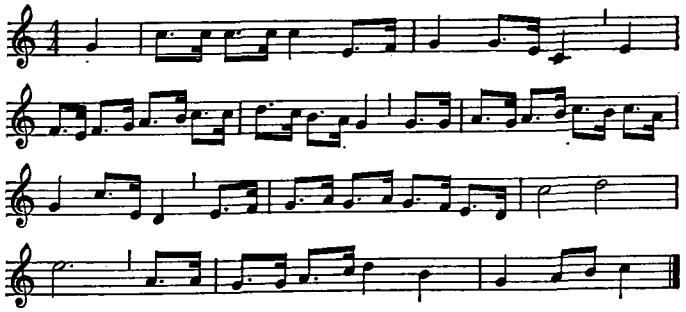
3. The little boy jumped overboard and swam to her ship's side
The one was at the cards, the other at the dice
So he took two borers in his hand
He bored two holes at once
So the waters flowed so strong they couldn't work the pumps
So I sinked her, etc.

4. So the little boy swum round till he came to his ship's side
Saying: Master pick me up or I shall go along with the tide.
I will not pick thee up, my daughter shan't be my bride
You can't swim no further you must go along with the tide
So he sunk her, etc.

5. The little boy swum round till he came to the other side
Saying: Shipmates pick me up or I shall go along with the tide.
So the shipmates picked him up and on the deck he died
They throwed him overboard so he went along with the tide.
So he sunked her, etc.

2. "The Golden Vanity"

Sharp MSS., 2909/. Sung by William Kingdon (76), Simonsbath, April 27, 1914.

a I, ending on the octave

1. My father had a ship in the North Countree
It's called by the name of the Golden Vanity
I'm afraid she will be taken by the Turkish Canoo
As she sails along the Low lands Low, low low
As she sails along the Lowlands lowlands low

2. The [first] that spake up was the little cabin boy
Saying what will you give me if she I will destroy
O I will give thee gold, and I will give thee store
And thou shalt have my daughter when I return on shore
If thou wilt sink her in the Lowlands etc.

3. Then the boy he bent his breast so gallantly he swam
Some they were at card and others were at dice
And he let in the water he dazzled all their eyes
As they sailed along the Lowlands etc[.]

4. Then the boy swam back to the starboard side
Saying Captain pick me up oh so louderly he cried
" " " " " or else I shall be drowned
For I've sunk her in the Lowlands etc.

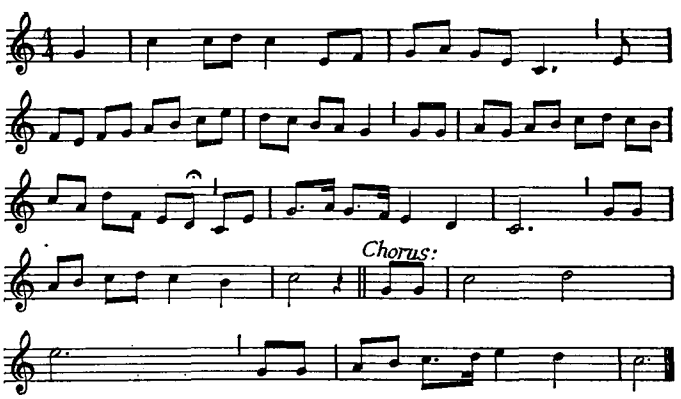
5. Oh I'll shoot thee I'll stab thee & send 'ee with the tide
And I'll send their bodies sinking in the Lowlands.

6. And the boy swam round to the near-board side
Saying Shipmates pick me up or else I shall be drowned.

7. Then his shipmates picked him up } *bis*
And 'twas on the deck he died }
They threw his body overboard
And sent him in the tide
And sent his body sinking in the Lowlands

3. "The Golden Vanity"

Baring-Gould MSS., LXIV(1); text, (A). Also in Baring-Gould, Sheppard, and Bussell, 1905, p. 132; Baring-Gould and Sharp [1906], No. 7, p. 14; and Goss, 1937, p. 134 (A). Sung by James Olver, Launceston, 1889. Noted by F. W. Bussell.

a I, ending on the octave; or p I

1. A ship I have got in the North Countree
She goes by the name of the Golden Vanity
She goes by the name &c
As she sails by the Lowlands low.
I have got a ship in the North Country
I fear she'll be took by a Turkish Galilee
As she sails by the Lowlands low.

2. Then up & spoke the little Cabin boy
O what shall be mine, if them I do destroy
O what &c
And I sink them in the Lowlands low.
I'll give you gold & I will give you store
My fair, pretty daughter I have on the shore
If you sink &c

3. He bent then his breast & he leaped in
He swum till he came to the galleon
As she lay &c
He had an augur & he bored twice
The water came in & it dazzled their eyes,
As she sank &c

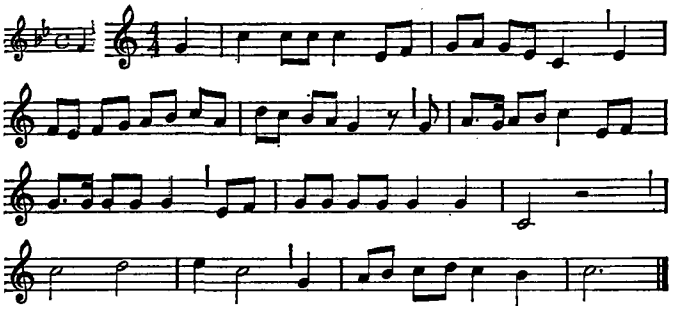
4. The boy did swim to the larboard side
O Captain I am drifting with the tide,
As I swim &c
I'll not take you up, the Captain cried
I'll shoot you & let you drift with the tide
And I'll sink you &c

5. The boy did swim to the starboard side,
O messmates I drift away with the tide,
And I'll sink &c
They laid him on deck O & there he died
They sewed him up in an old cow's hide
And they sank him in &c

By permission of Mr. G. Hitchcock, on behalf of the Estate of Baring-Gould.

4. "The Golden Vanitee"

Tozer and Davis, revised ed., n.d., p. 30.

a I, ending on the octave

Solo:

1. There once was a man who was boasting on the quay,
"Oh, I have a ship, and a gallant ship is she,
Of all the ships I know, she is far the best to me,
And she's sailing in the Lowlands low."

Chorus:

Lowlands, lowlands,
She's sailing in the Lowlands low.

2. "For I had her built in the North-a-Countree,
And I had her christened the 'Golden Vanitee:'
I armed her, and I manned her, and sent her off to sea
And she's sailing in the Lowlands low."
Lowlands, Lowlands,
She's sailing in the Lowlands low.

3. Then up spake a sailor, who'd just returned from sea,
"Oh I was aboard of the 'Golden Vanitee;'
When she was held in chase by a Spanish piratee,
And we sank her in the Lowlands low."
Lowlands, Lowlands,
We sank her in the Lowlands low.

4. For we had aboard us a little cabin boy,
Who said "What will you give me if that ship I do destroy?"
The skipper said, "I'll give my child, she is my pride and joy,
If you sink her in the Lowlands low."
Lowlands, Lowlands,
You sink her in the Lowlands low.

5. The boy took an augur and plunged into the tide,
And bravely swam until he reached the rascal pirate's side:
He climbed on board and went below, by none was he espied,—
And he sank her in the Lowlands low.
Lowlands, Lowlands,
He sank her in the Lowlands low.

6. For he took his augur and let the water through,
And sank the Spanish pirate craft and all her rascal crew;
He swam back to the "Vanitee," 'twas all that he could do,
He was sinking in the Lowlands low.
Lowlands, Lowlands,
Was sinking in the Lowlands low.

7. "I'll not take you up now," our cruel captain cried,
"I'll kill you if you come on deck, to claim my child as bride
I'll throw you in the water, I'll drown you in the tide,
I will sink you in the Lowlands low."
Lowlands, Lowlands,
Will sink you in the Lowlands low.

8. So we took him up, but when on the deck he died,
We lifted him so tenderly, and sewed him in a hide;
We said a short prayer o'er him, and dropped him in the tide
And he's sailing in the Lowlands low.
Lowlands, Lowlands,
He's sailing in the Lowlands low.

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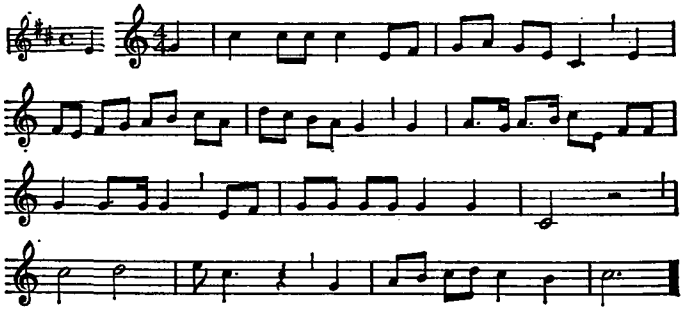
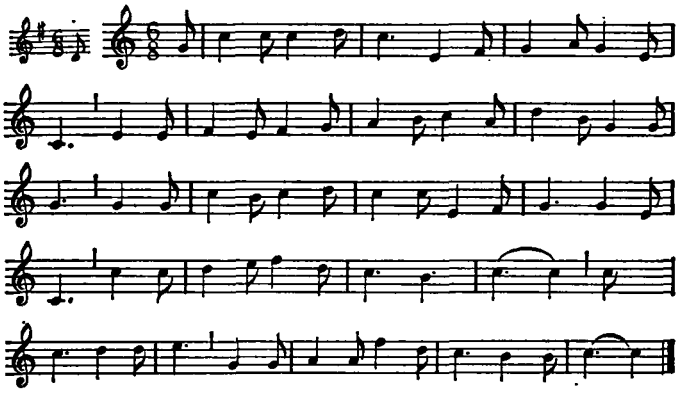
5. "The Spanish Canoe"

Smith, 1888, p. 27.

a I, ending on the octave

Oh, I've got a ship in the North Countree,
She goes by the name of the *Golden Vanitee*;
I fear she will be taken by the Spanish Canoe,
And they'll sink her in the Lowlands low.
Lowlands, Lowlands,
They'll sink her in the Lowlands, low.

6a. "The Golden Vanity"

Sharp MSS., 981/1023. Sung by Tom Hatry, Bridgwater, August 9, 1906.

a I, ending on the octave

1. O once I had a ship in some foreign country,
She is called after the Golden Vanity;
I'm afraid she will be taken by some proud Lady O
And be sunk all in the Lowlands Low,
Lowlands below,
And be sunk all in the Lowlands below.

2. First there spoken up a little cabin boy,
Saying: Master what'll you give me if I will her destroy?
I will give thee gold, I will give thee store,
And thou shalt marry my daughter
When I return on shore.

3. The little boy jumped overboard,
He took two bores in his hand
And bored two holes to once
So they could not use the pumps
And he sunked her, etc.

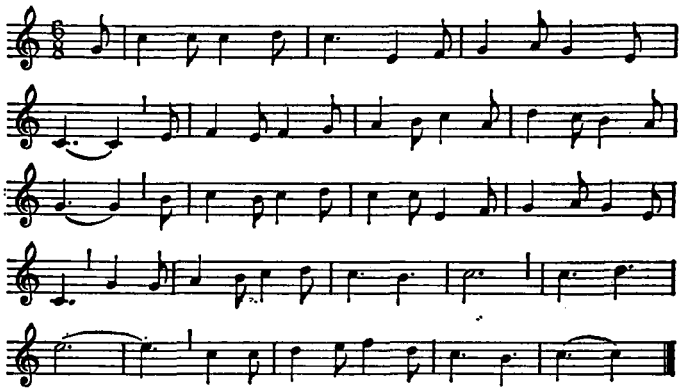
4. The little boy swimmed round till he came to her ship's side,
Saying: Master, pick me up or I shall go
Along with the tide.
And he sunked her, etc.

5. I will not pick thee up, I will not give thee gold
I will not give thee store,
Thou shalt not marry my daughter
When I return on shore,
And he sunked her, etc.

6. The little boy swam round till he came to the other side,
Saying: Shipmates, pick me up or else I shall go along with the tide.
The shipmates picked him up and laid him on the deck
And on the deck he died, so they throwed the little boy overboard
And he went down with the tide.
And he sunked her, etc.

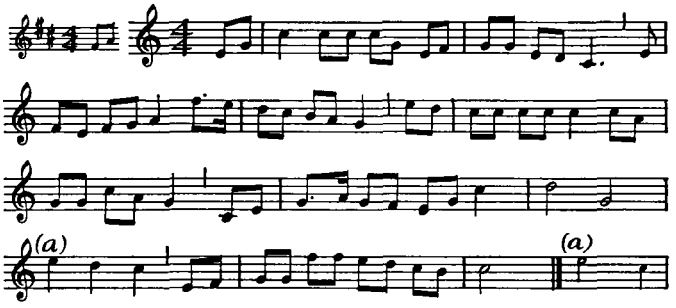
6b. "Golden Vanity"

Sharp MSS., 3005/. Sung by Tom Hatry (64), Bridgwater Union, July 11, 1914.

a I, ending on the octave

low lands Low
And he sank her in the low lands low.

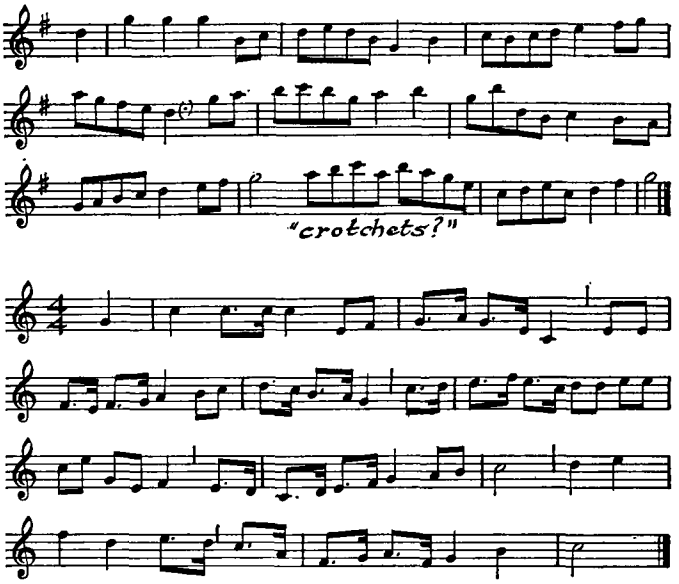
7. "The Golden Vanity"

Karpeles MSS., No. 5306. Sung by Theodore Jackman, Grole, Hermitage Bay, Newfoundland, July 22, 1930.

a I, ending on the octave

The boy took his augur and overboard he jumped,
He swam till he came to the Golden Vanity,
Where he bored three holes each side, and it dazzled all their sight,
And he sank her in the lowlands, lowlands, lowlands
And he sank her in the lowlands low.

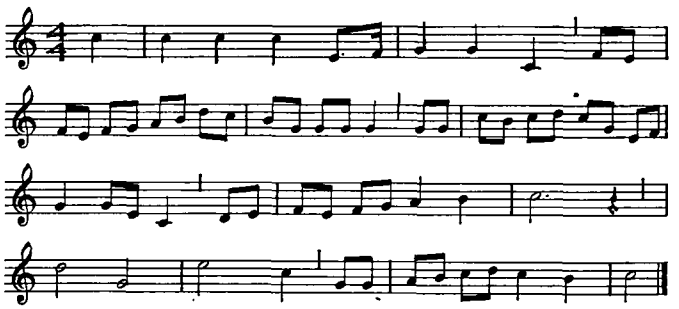
8. "The Golden Vanity"

Vaughan Williams MSS., III, p. 503. Also in Vaughan Williams, 1919, IV, p. 4; and Goss, 1937, p. 134(B). Sung by Mr. A. Muggeridge, Kingsfold, Sussex, September 27, 1906.

a I, ending on the octave

There once was a ship in the North Country,
And she went by the name of the 'Golden Vanity,'
And they feared she would be taken by a Spanish Gallaly,
As she sailed upon the lowlands low, lowlands low,
As she sailed upon the lowlands low.

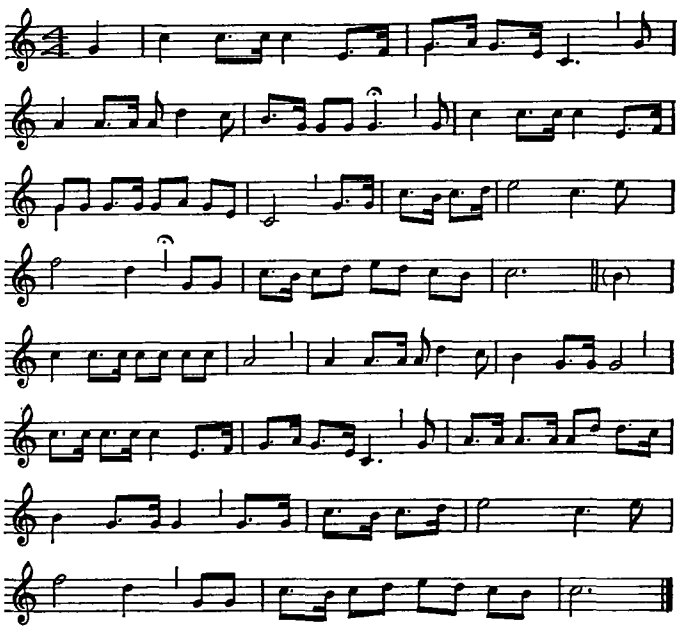
9. "Golden Vanity"

Sharp MSS., 795/. Sung by William Snow (56); learned from Mrs. Snow, Somerton, January 18, 1906.

a I, ending on the octave

I have a ship in the North Country
And she sails by the name of the Golden Vanity
We're afraid she will be taken by some Spanish canoe
As she sails along the Lowlands Low
Lowlands Lowlands
As she sails along the Lowlands Low

10. "The Golden Vanity"

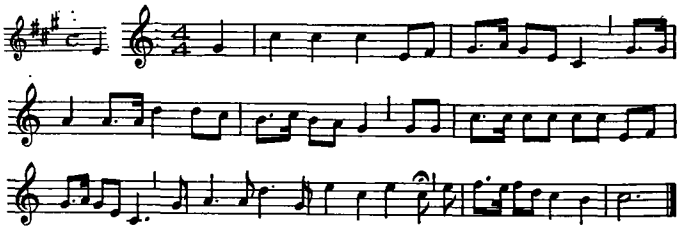
Sung by Bill Cameron, St. Mary's, Isles of Scilly. Caedmon rec. No. TC 1146(B11). Recorded by Peter Kennedy; collected and edited by Peter Kennedy and Alan Lomax.

a I, ending on the octave

I had a little ship in the North Counteree,
She went by the name of the Golden Vanity.
But I was afraid she'd be taken by the Turkish enemy
And we sank her in the lowlands, the lowlands,
And we sank her in the lowlands low.

Then up comes a little cabin boy,
"What would you give me the ship to destroy?"
"First I'd give you silver and then I'd give you gold,
And you shall have me daughter when I get to the shore."
So we sank her in the lowlands, the lowlands,
We sank her in the lowlands low.

11. "The Golden Vanity"

Broadwood and Maitland [1893], p. 182. Also in Goss, 1937, p. 134(C). From Robert C. Thompson; by means of A. H. Birch Reynardson.

a I, ending on the octave

1. There was a ship came from the north country,
And the name of the ship was the Golden Vanity,
And they feared she might be taken by the Turkish enemy,
That sails upon the Lowland, Lowland,
That sails upon the Lowland sea.

2. Then up there came a little cabin-boy,
And he said to the skipper, "What will you give to me,
If I swim alongside of the Turkish enemy,
And sink her in the Lowland sea?"

3. "O I will give you silver and I will give you gold,
And my only daughter your bride to be,
If you'll swim alongside of the Turkish enemy,
And sink her in the Lowland sea."

4. Then the boy made him ready, and overboard sprang he,
And he swam alongside of the Turkish enemy;
And with his auger sharp in her side he bored holes three,
And he sank her in the Lowland sea.

5. Then the boy turned round, and back again swam he,
And he cried out to the skipper of the Golden Vanity;
But the skipper did not heed, for his promise he would need;
And he left him in the Lowland sea.

6. Then the boy swam round, and came to the port side,
And he looked up at his messmates, and bitterly he cried;
"O messmates, take me up, for I'm drifting with the tide,
And I'm sinking in the Lowland sea!"

7. Then his messmates took him up, but on the deck he died;
And they sewed him in his hammock that was so large and wide;
And they lowered him overboard—but he drifted with the tide,
And he sank beneath the Lowland sea.

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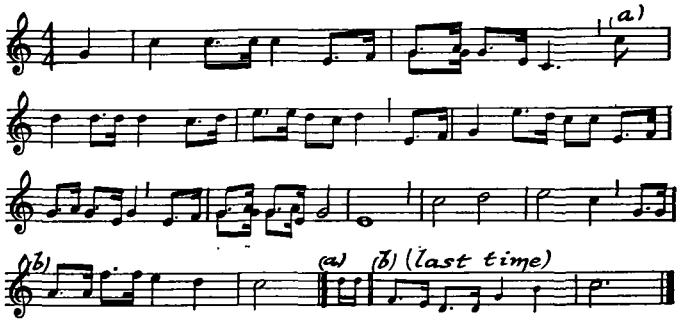
12. "The Golden Fenadier"

Sung by Sam Larner, Winterton, Norfolk, 1958-60. Collected by Ewan MacColl, Peggy Seeger, and Charles Parker.

a I, ending on the octave

1. There once sailed a ship from the North America (-kee)
The name she went by was the Golden Fenadier
She was then overtaken by a Turkish pirate ship
And he sank her in the Lowlands, Lowlands, Lowlands,
And he sank her in the Lowlands low.

2. Now the first one on deck was the little cabin boy
Saying, Captain, what'll you give me if the ship I do destroy?
I will give to you my silver and my daughter for your bride
If you sink her in the Lowlands, Lowlands, Lowlands,
And he sank her in the Lowlands low.

3. He then jumped overboard with an augur in his hand
He swam right around that Turkish pirate ship
And he bored [ ] holes through and he let the water in
And he sank her in the Lowlands, Lowlands, Lowlands,
And he sank her in the Lowlands low.

4. He then swam back to his own Fenadier
Saying, Captain, pick me up, I am drifting in despair
Saying, Captain, pick me up, I am drifting in despair
I am drifting in the Lowlands, Lowlands, Lowlands,
I am drifting in the Lowlands low.

5. He then swam round the starboard part(?) of ship
Saying, Shipmates, pick me up, I am sinking in despair
Saying, Shipmates, pick me up, I am sinking in despair
I am sinking in the Lowlands

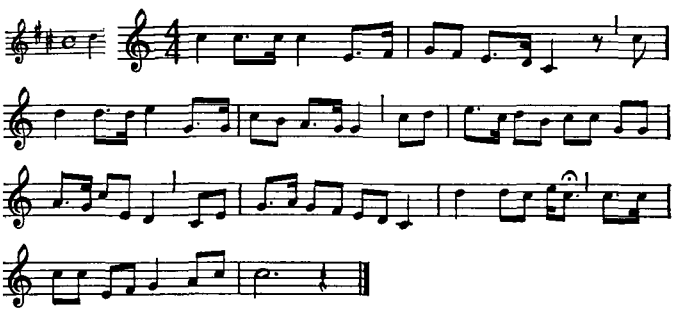
[Here the singer's attention is distracted, and he bursts into exclamation over what he sees. He is recalled and speaks the next three lines. Then he concludes by singing the final stanza.]

Spoken: And they wrapped him in a hammock that was just about his size
And they sank him in the Lowlands, Lowlands, Lowlands
And they sank him in the Lowlands low.

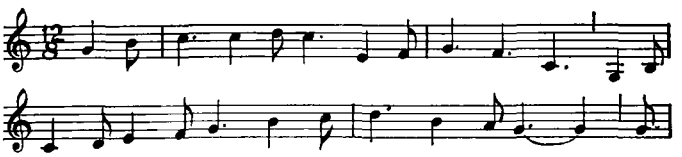
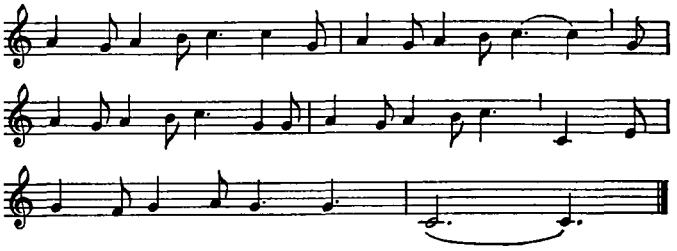
6. They pulled him overside and they laid him on the deck there
And he gasped and he died in despair.
And they wrapped him in a hammock that was just about his size,
And they laid him in the Lowlands, Lowlands, Lowlands,
And they lowered him in the Lowlands low.

13. "The Lowlands Low"

Greig MSS., III, p. 100. Sung by J. Mowat.

a I, ending on the octave

14. "Golden Vanity"

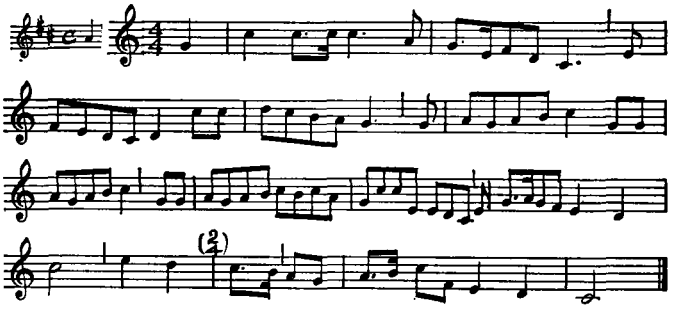
Sharp MSS., 724/. Sung by Harriet Young, West Chinnock, December 29, 1905.

m I

The singer thought she had the concluding measures wrong.

And the boy spread his breast and away swimmed he
For he hed a-been to sink the old Grenadee
Two gimlets in his hand he bored two holes at once
And let the water in so they could not work the pumps
And sunk them in the Low lands low.

15. "The Golden Vanity"

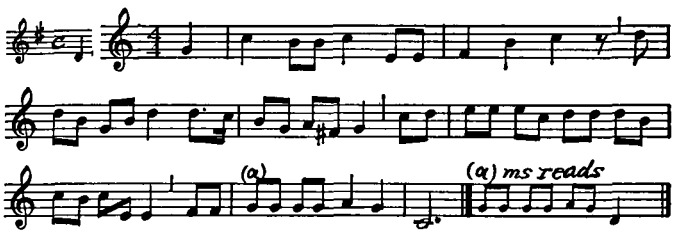
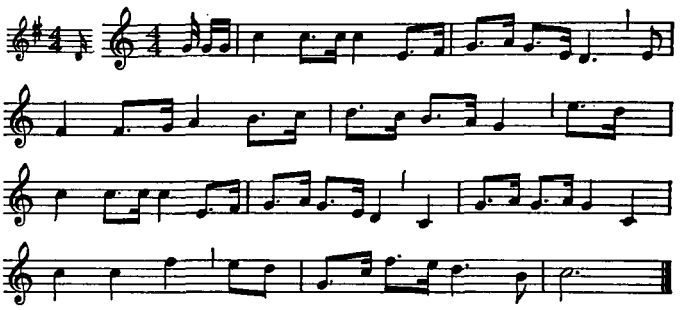
Sharp MSS., 1280/. Sung by Frank Sampson (81), Pensford, April 1, 1907.

a I

& sink them in the low-lands low, lands Low
And sink them in the low lands Low

16. "The Golden Vanity"

Baring-Gould MSS., LXIV(2). Sung by a Herefordshire nurse, 1843. Noted by Miss Bidder.

By permission of Mr. G. Hitchcock, on behalf of the Estate of Baring-Gould.

a I

1. There was a rich merchant ship from the northern counteree,
The name of the ship was the Golden Vanity,
They were scared they'd be taken by the Spanish enemy
That sailed up on the lowland lowland sea,
That sailed upon the lowland sea.

2. Then up spoke a youth, he was a cabin boy,
He said to the captain, "Oh what will you give me
If I swim beside the Spanish enemy
And sink her in the lowland lowland sea,
And sink her in the lowland sea?"

3. "Oh I will give you silver and I will give you gold,
And my only daughter your bride shall be
If you swim beside the Spanish enemy
And sink her in the lowland lowland sea,
And sink her in the lowland sea."

4. Then the boy made ready and overboard sprang he,
And he swam alongside the Spanish enemy,
And with his auger sharp in her side he bore holes three
And he sank her in the lowland lowland sea,
And he sank her in the lowland sea.

5. Then the boy turned round and back again swam he,
He called to the skipper of the *Golden Vanity*,
But the skipper would not heed, from his promise would be freed
So he left him in the lowland lowland sea,
So he left him in the lowland sea.

6. Then the boy turned round and swam to the port side,
He called to his messmates and so bitterlee he cried,
"Oh messmates pick me up for I'm drifting with the tide
And I'm sinking in the lowland lowland sea,
I'm sinking in the lowland sea."

7. Then his messmates picked him up but upon the deck he died,
They wrapped him in his hammock which was so long and wide,
They lowered him overboard and he drifted with the tide
And he sank beneath the lowland lowland sea,
And he sank beneath the lowland sea.

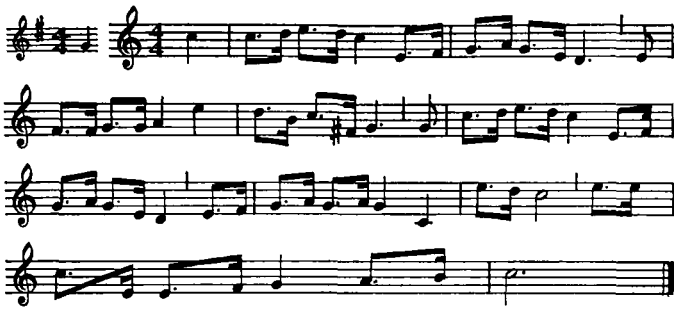
17. "Golden Vanity"

Creighton and Senior, 1950, p. 103. Sung by Andrew Scott, Enfield, N.S.

a I, ending on the octave

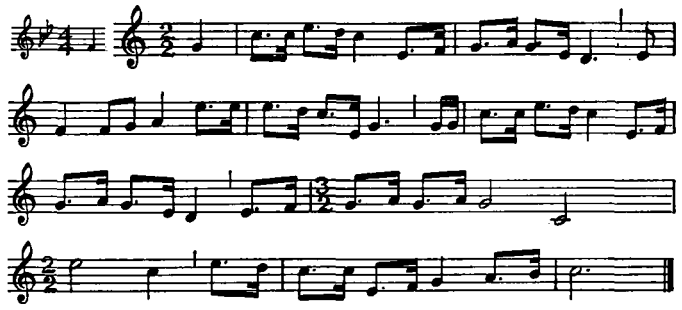
18. "The Golden Vanity"

Creighton and Senior, 1950, p. 105. Sung by Mrs. Byron Mitchell, Jeddore, N.S.

a I (inflected IV), ending on the octave

He bore a hole once, he bore a hole twice,
Some were playing cards and some were throwing dice,
He let the water in and he sank her by the sides,
And he sank her in the lowlands lowlands low,
And he sank her in the lowlands low.

19. "The Golden Vanity"

Creighton and Senior, 1950, p. 104. Sung by Mrs. Annie C. Wallace, Halifax, N.S.

a I, ending on the octave

1. Our ship she was a-sailing to some foreign counteree,
She sailed by the name of the *Golden Vanity*,
I'm afraid she will be taken by some bold pirate crew,
As she sails along the lowlands, lowlands,
As she sails along the lowlands low.

2. Our captain called his cabin boy and unto him did say,
"What will I give you if the pirate you'll destroy?
I will give you gold, I will give you store,
I will give you my daughter Nancy as soon as we reach the shore
If you will sink the pirates never more to rise,
If you sink them in the lowlands, lowlands,
If you sink them in the lowlands low."

3. The boy took an auger and overboard jumped he,
He swam till he came to the bold pirate sea,
He bored a hole once, he bored a hole twice,
Oh some were playing cards and some were playing dice,
He let the water in and it dazzled all their eyes
As he sank them in the lowlands, lowlands,
As he sank them in the lowlands low.

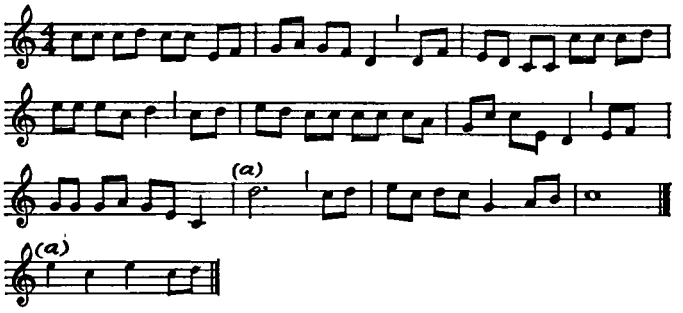
4. The boy took the auger and back swam he,
He swam till he came to the *Golden Vanity*,
Saying, "Captain pick me up for I'm afraid I will be drowned,
For I'm sinking in the lowlands, lowlands,
For I'm sinking in the lowlands low."

5. The captain he was standing upon the starboard side,
He said, "I'll drown you, I'll sink you, I'll send you with the tide."
The boy swam around unto the other side,
His strength failed him and bitterlee he cried
Saying, "Shipmates pick me up for I'm sure I will be drowned,
I am sinking in the lowlands, lowlands,
I am sinking in the lowlands low."

6. His shipmates picked him up and on the deck he died,
They sewed him in his hammock which was both long and wide
And overboard they threw him and sent him with the tide
As they sank him in the lowlands, lowlands,
As they sank him in the lowlands low.

20. "Lowlands Low"

Sung by Warde H. Ford, Central Valley, Calif., December 25, 1938. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 4194(A2). Collected by Sidney Robertson Cowell.

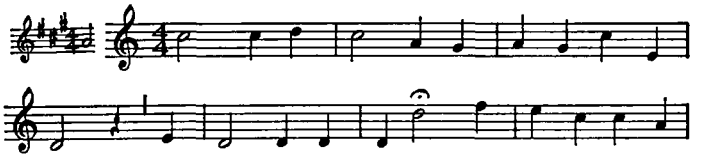
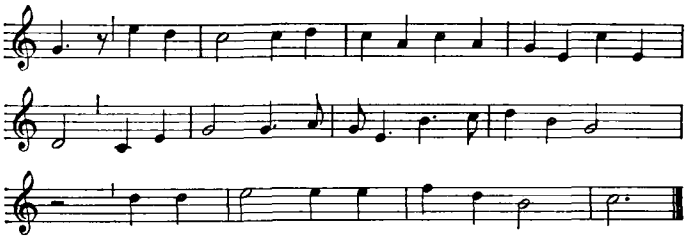
a I, ending on the octave

Compare variant 49 below, sung by Ford's "Uncle Rob."

Then he seized his auger and overboard jumped he,
He swam along the side of that Spanish lovalier,
He bored her bright ship's bottom and he let the water in,
And he sank her in the Lowlands low
And he sank her in the Lowlands low.

"Captain, cruel Captain, if it wasn't for your men,
I would bore your bright ship's bottom and I'd let the water in,
I would bore your bright ship's bottom and I'd let the water in,
And I'd sink you in the Lowlands low
And I'd sink you in the Lowlands low."

21. "Golden Vallady"

Creighton, 1932, p. 20. Sung by Richard Hartlan, South-East Passage, N.S.

a I, ending on the octave

1. I had a ship in the northern counteree,
She goes by the name of the *Golden Vallady.*
I'm afraid she'll be taken by some bold Roosian crew
As she lies on the lowlands, on the lowlands
As she lies on the lowlands low.

2. I will give you gold and silver,
Likewise my daughter Jane,
If you'll sink her in the lowlands, in the lowlands,
If you'll sink her in the lowlands low.

3. Oh, the boy took his auger, and overboard jumped he,
He swam till he came to the bold Russian crew.
Oh, the boy took his auger, and he bore two holes in twice
While some were playing chess and the others were playing dice.
And he sank her in the lowlands, in the lowlands,
And he sank her in the lowlands low.

4. Now the water came in, which dazzled all their eyes,
And he sank her in the lowlands, in the lowlands,
And they sank her in the lowlands low.

5. Oh, the boy took his auger, and back swam he,
He swam till he came to the *Golden Vallady.*
He called, "Captain, pick me up,
For I'm sinking in the lowlands, in the lowlands,
For I'm sinking in the lowlands low."

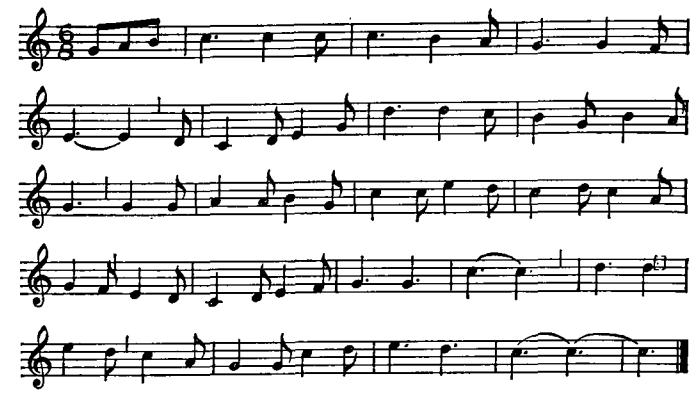
6. "I could kill you, I could stab you,
I could sink you as you lie,
I could sink you in the lowlands, in the lowlands,
I could sink you in the lowlands low."

7. Oh, the boy swam around, around the starboard side,
When his strength began to fail, and bitterly he cries,
He cried, "Friends, pick me up, else I surely will be drowned,
For I'm sinking in the lowlands, in the lowlands,
For I'm sinking in the lowlands low."

8. Oh, his shipmates picked him up, and it's on the deck he died,
They sewed him in his hammock which was so long and wide,
They sewed him in his hammock, and it's overboard him threw,
And they sank him in the lowlands, in the lowlands,
And they sank him in the lowlands low.

22. "The Golden Vanity"

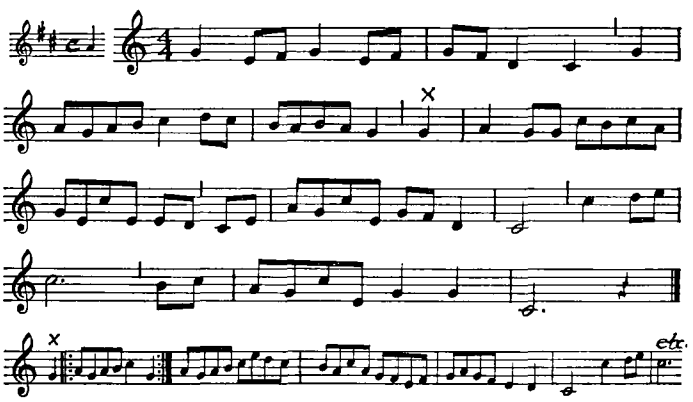
Sharp MSS., 491/. Sung by George Currell, Harptree, January 10, 1905.

a I, ending on the octave

O I got a ship in the North Countree
She goes by the name of the Golden Vanitee
I'm afraid she will be taken by some Turkish enemy
For I sailed upon the low lands low lowlands low
For I sailed upon the low lands low.

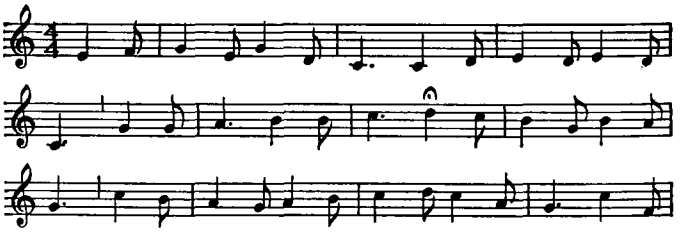
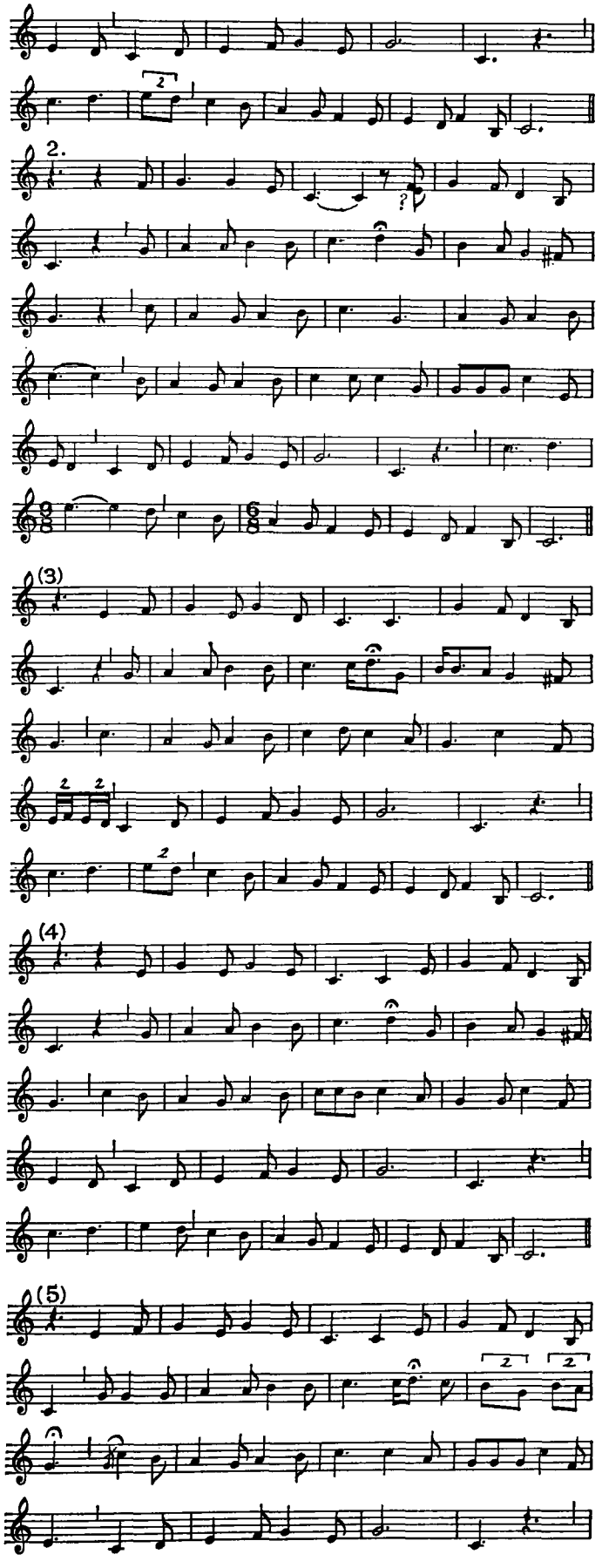
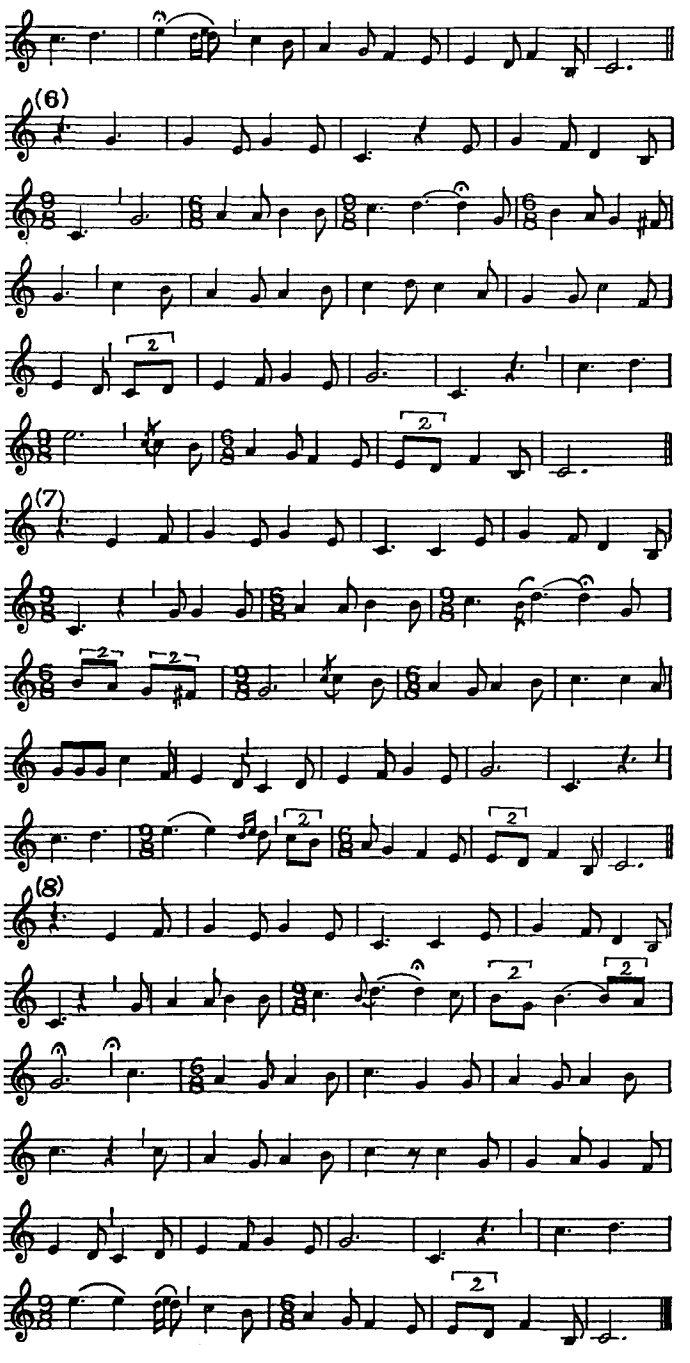
GROUP Ab

23. "The Golden Vanity"

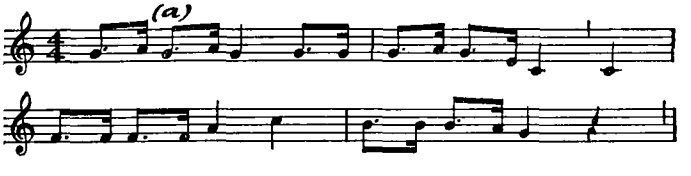
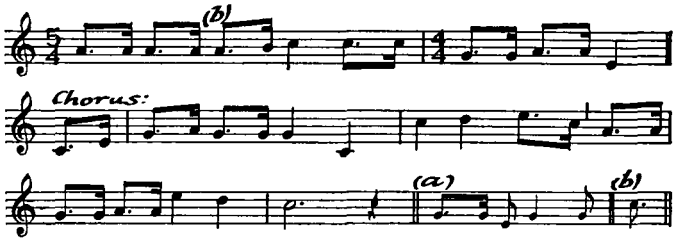
Sharp MSS., 1103/. Sung by John Thorne, Halse, September 3, 1906.

a I

24. "Lowlands Low"

Grainger MS., NYPL MS. *MO+(English), No. 119. Sung by George Wray, Brigg, July 28, 1906.

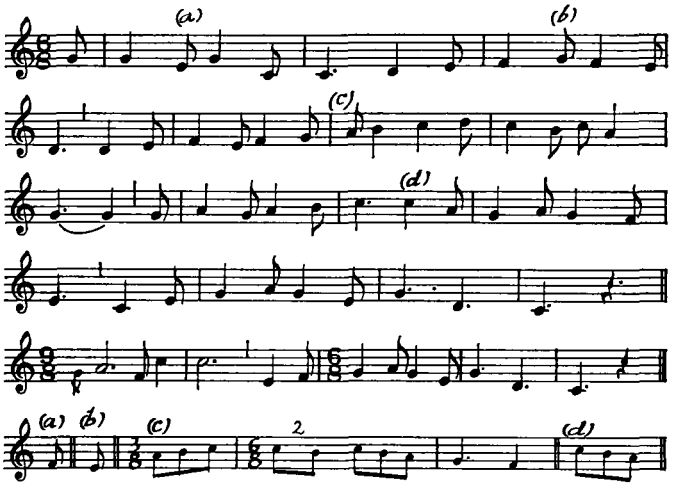
a I (inflected IV)

25. "The Golden Vanity"

Barry, *BFSSNE*, No. 5 (1933), p. 10. Sung by Mrs. Guy R. Hathaway, Mattawamkeag, Me.; learned from her father.

a I, ending on the octave

Jacky had an auger that bored two holes at once,
While some were playing cards and some were playing dice,
Jacky let the water in, and he dazzled out the lights,
And he sank them in the lowlands, Lowlands low,
And he sank them in the Lowlands low.

26. "Lowlands Low"

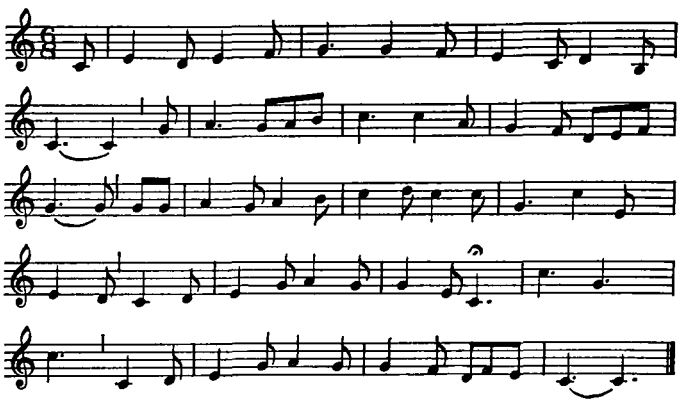
Grainger MS., NYPL MS. *MO + (English), No. 118. Sung by Thomas Button, Thealby, Lincolnshire, July 27, 1906. Learned in boyhood in Atterby, Lincolnshire.

a I

It's I have got a ship in the North of countery,
& she goes in the name of the "Golden Vanity":
I'm 'fraid she will be taken all by some gallery
As she sails upon the Lowlands low;
Lowlands low,
As she sails upon the Lowlands low.

The boy he had a augur to bore two holes at once,
While some was playin' at cards and the other playin' at dice.
"I let the water in, and it dazzled in their eyes,"
And he sunk them in the lowlands low;
Lowlands low,
And he sunk them in the lowlands low.

27. "The Golden Vanity"

Merrick, *JFSS*, I, No. 3 (1901), p. 104. Sung by Henry Hills, Shepperton, Sussex, January 1900.

a I

1. It's I have got a ship in the North country,
She goes by the name of the "Golden Vanity."
I'm afraid she will be taken by the Spanish galleon,
As she sails on the Lowlands, Lowlands, low
As she sails on the Lowlands low.

2. Then up stept a little cabin boy,
Saying, "Master, what will you give me if I will them destroy?"
"I'll give you gold and silver, and you shall have my daughter
If you'll sink her in the Lowlands low."

3. This boy he undaunted and soon jumpèd in,
He leant upon his breast and so gallantly did swim;
He swum till he came to the Spanish galleon,
As she lies in the Lowlands low.

4. This boy had an auger which bored two holes at once;
While some was playing cards and the others playing dice;
He let the water in, and it dazzled in their eyes,
And he sunk her in the Lowlands low.

5. He leant upon his breast and he swum back again.
"Oh master, take me up, for I'm sure I shall be slain;
For I have offended the total of the crew,
And I've sunk her in the Lowlands low."

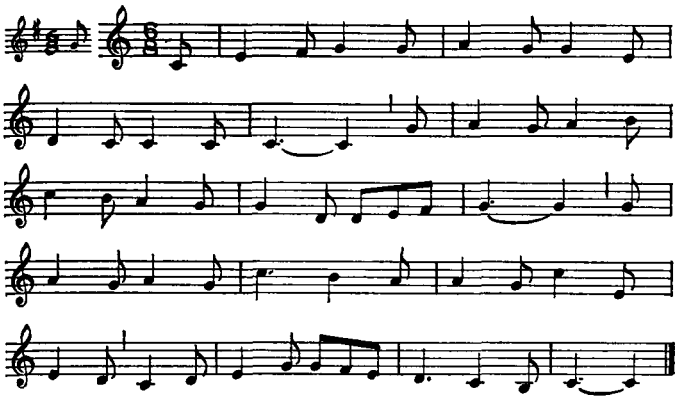
6. "I will not take you up," the master he cried,
"I will not take you up," the captain he replied;
"I will shoot you, I will kill you, I will send you with the tide,
And I'll sink you in the Lowlands low."

7. He leant upon his breast; and swum round the larboard side;
His strength began to fail him, most bitterly he cried,
"O messes, take me up, for I'm sure I shall be slain,
For I've sunk her in the Lowlands low."

8. His messes took him up, and on the deck he died,
And then they wropped him up in an old cow's hide;
They threw him over board to go with the wind and tide,
And they sunk him in the Lowlands low.

28. "The Golden Vanity"

Sharp MSS., 1522/1358. Sung by William Stokes, Chew Stoke, December 23, 1907.

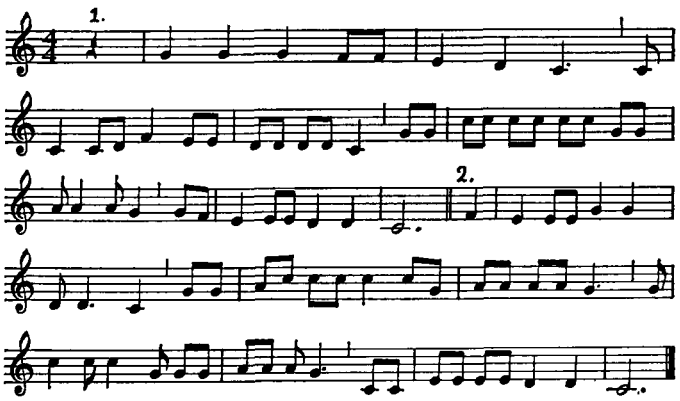
a I

There was a man he had a ship
A-sailing in the North
Afraid she would be taken by
Some Turkish Gallilee.
And I will give you gold
And you shall have my daughter
If you'll sink them in the lowlands low.

The boy bent his breast and he jumped in
And most gallantly did swim.
He swam along the side of the Turkish Gallilee
And sunk her in the lowlands low.

Some were playing cards and some were playing dominoes.

29. "The Golden Vanity"

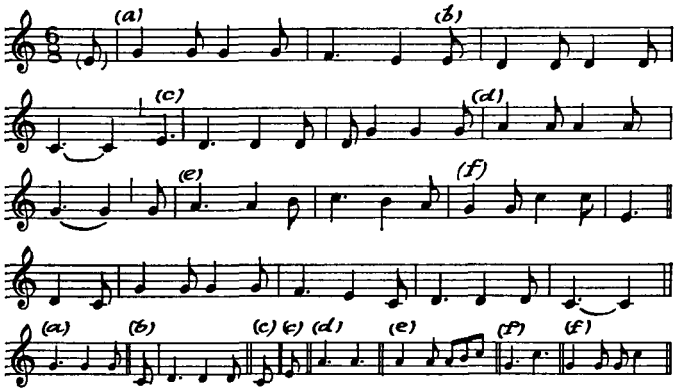
Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1952/8/B19. Sung by Willie Mathieson, Ellon, Aberdeenshire. Collected by Hamish Henderson.

a I/M

I've a ship in the North countrie
She goes by the name of the 'Golden Vanity'
I'm afraid she will be taken by some Spanish Galloon,
As she sails in the low lands low.

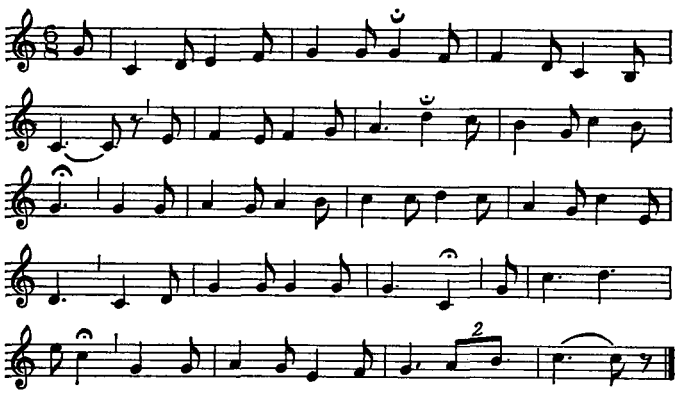
Then up starts a little caibin-boy,
Sayin', "Master will ye give me, if I do them [?him] destroy?"
"I'll give you gold, you'll have my daughter also,
If you sink him in the low lands low."

30. "The Lowlands Low"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1960/162/A2. Sung by Cameron Turriff, Fetterangus, Aberdeenshire, March 30, 1960. Collected by K. S. Goldstein.

a I

31. "The Golden Furnity"

Hubbard and Robertson, *JAF*, LXIV (1951), p. 52. Sung by James Jepson; learned from James Stratton, Virgin, Utah, 1863.

a I, ending on the octave

1. Oh, once there was a ship sailin' the northern counteree,
And she went by the name of the Golden Furnity.
She was 'fraid she would be taken by the Turkey gollee
As she sailed along the lowlands, the lowlands low,
As she sailed along the lowlands low.

2. Up stepped a little cabin boy, to his captain did say,
"What will you give me if her I will destroy?"
"Oh I will give you gold and I will give you store,
And you shall have my daughter Jane when we get safe to shore
If you'll sink them in the lowlands, the lowlands low,
If you'll sink them in the lowlands low."

3. This boy he bent his breast and he did venture in;
This boy he bent his breast and away he did swim;
He swam till he came to the Turkey gollee
As she sailed along the lowlands, the lowlands low,
As she sailed along the lowlands low.

4. This boy he had a brace which bored two holes at twice;
This boy he had a brace which did bore two holes at twice.
As some were playing cards and others playing dice,
He let the water in and it dashed into their eyes,
And he sank them in the lowlands, the lowlands low,
And he sank them in the lowlands low.

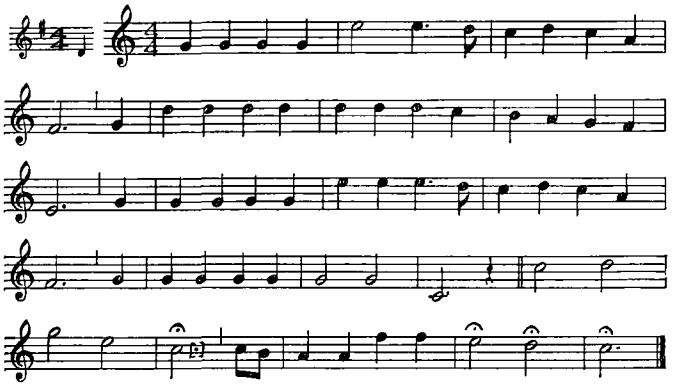
5. This boy he swam back unto his own ship side,
Saying, "Captain, take me up, I am going with the tide;
I am sinking, I am drownding, I am going with the tide,
I am sinking in the lowlands, the lowlands low,
I am sinking in the lowlands low."

6. The captain he spoke and this was his reply,
"I'll sink you, I will drowned you, I'll send you with the tide;
I'll sink you, I will drowned you, I'll send you with the tide;
I will sink you in the lowlands, the lowlands low,
I will sink you in the lowlands low."

7. The boy he swam 'round unto the other side,
Where the sailors took him up but soon the poor boy died.
They dressed him in his armor and threw him overboard,
And they sank him in the lowlands, the lowlands low,
And they sank him in the lowlands low.

32. "The Golden Vanity"

Barry, *JAF*, XVIII (1905), p. 127(B). Also in Goss, 1937, p. 135(D). Sung by Mrs. J. G. Marcy, Newbury, Vt., October 2, 1904.

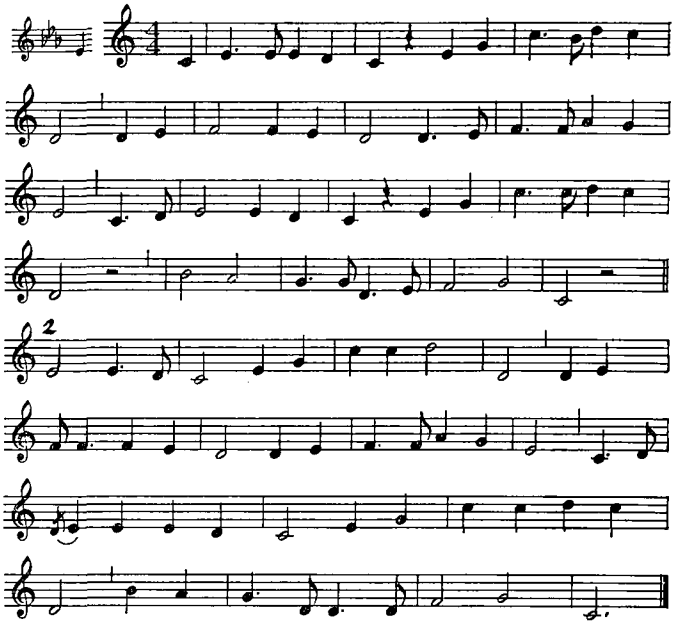
p I

Once there was a ship in the Northern Counteree,
The title she went under was the Golden Vanity,
Supposed to have been taken by a Turkish canoe,
And sunken in the Lowlands low.
Lowlands, Lowlands low,
And sunken in the Lowlands low.

The first on the deck was the little Cabin Boy,
Saying, "Master, what'll you give me, if the ship I will destroy?"
"My gold I will give you, my daughter for a bride,
If you'll sink her in the Lowlands low!"

. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . bored holes three times three,
And sunk her in the Lowlands low.

33. "The Golden Victory"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1958/4/A1. Sung by Dodie Chalmers, Forglen, Banffshire. Collected by Hamish Henderson. Transcribed by Francis M. Collinson.

a I

There was the gallant ship on yon western counteree,
And the name of that ship was the 'Golden Victory',
And the name of that ship was the 'Golden Victory',
And she sailed upon the low lands low.

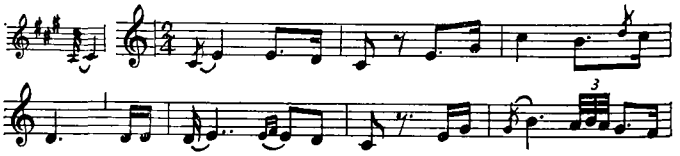
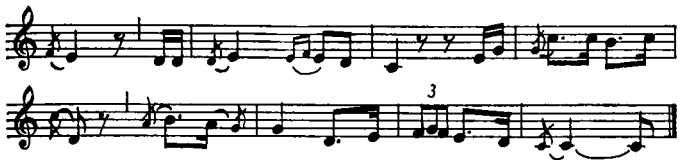
Out spoke the master, it's out spoke he:
Is there anyone on board that will sink the ship for me?
Is there anyone on board that will sink the ship for me?
And plunge her in the low lands low?

Out spoke the cabin-boy, out spoke he:
"Oh master, dear master, what will you give to me,
"Oh master, dear master, what will you give to me,
If I sink her in the low lands low?"

"It's I will give thee silver, and I will give thee gold,
Likewise my oldest daughter, so beautiful and bold,
Likewise my oldest daughter, so beautiful and bold,
If you sink her in the low lands low."

34. "The Golden Victory"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1957/44/B5. Sung by Jeannie Robertson, Aberdeen. Collected by Hamish Henderson. Transcribed by James Porter.

a I

1. There lies a ship in the North Countree,
An the name o that ship is the "Golden Victoree",
An the name o that ship is the "Golden Victoree",
But we'll sink her to the Low Lands low.

2. For up spoke the captain, an up spoke he:
"Is there any man on board who will sink this ship for me?
Is there any man on board who will sink this ship for me,
Who will sink her to the Low Lands low?"

3. For up spoke the cabin-boy, an up spoke he:
"What will you give to me if I sink [the/this] ship for thee?
What will you give to me if I sink [the/this] ship for thee,
If I sink her to the Low Lands low?"

4. "For I will give you silver, and I will give you gold,
Besides my youngest daughter, if you turn bold,
Besides my youngest daughter, if you turn bold,
If you sink her to the Low Lands low."

5. "I neither want your silver, or I neither want your gold,
But I'll take your youngest daughter, if I turn bold,
I'll take your youngest daughter, if I turn bold,
If I sink her to the Low Lands low."

6. He bendit his breast, with a dagger in his hand,
An off he did go for to let the water in,
An off he did go for to let the water in,
For to sink her to the Low Lands low.

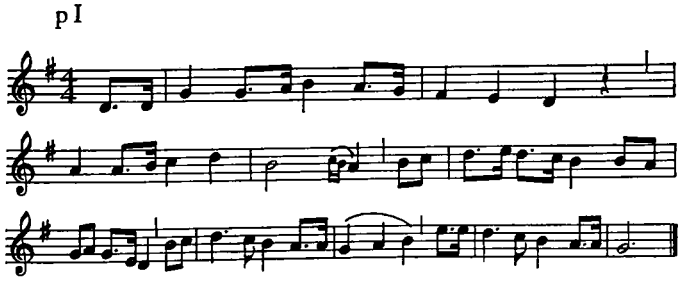
7. Some was playin dominoes, and others playin draughts,
An the water comin in gave them all a great styte,
An the water comin in gave them all a great styte,
But he sunk her to the Low Lands low.

8. He bended his breast, an back he did come,
Roarin, "Captain, dear Captain, it's will ye let me in?"
Roarin, "Captain, dear Captain, it's will ye let me in,
For I've sunk her to the Low Lands low."

GROUP AC

35. "The Golden Vanity"

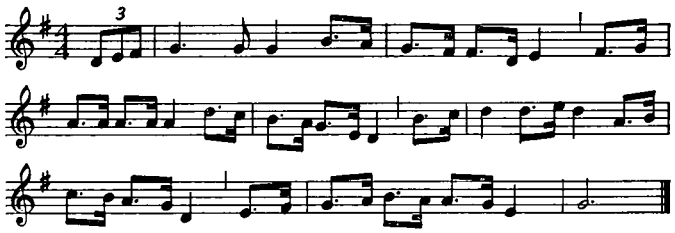
Gilchrist, *JFSS*, II, No. 9 (1906), p. 244. Sung by Mr. Bolton, Southport, June 1906.

p I

"Wrap me up in my black bearskin,
Down in the Lowlands low
And heave me overboard for to sink or to swim,
And I'll sink the French galley O
And I'll sink the French galley O."

So they wrapt him up in his black bearskin,
Down in the Lowlands low
And they hove him overboard for to sink or to swim,
And he sank the French galley O
And he sank the French galley O.

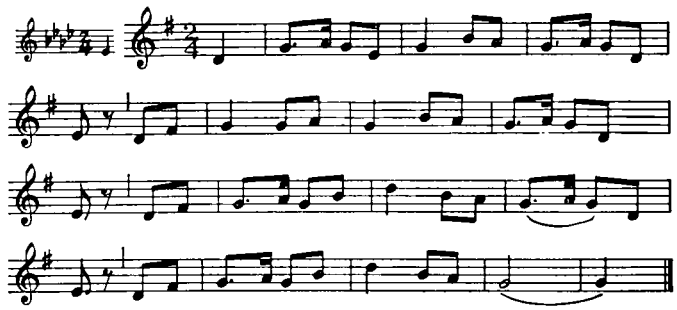
36. "Golden Vanity"

Sharp MSS., 2281/. Sung by William Hedges (76), Chipping Camden, August 14, 1909.

p I

There was a ship in the north country
She sailed by the name of the Golden Vanity
She was so afraid that he would be destroyed
As she sailed in the lowlands low

37. "The Mary Golden Tree"

Wyman and Brockway [1916], p. 72. From Harlan County, Ky.

p I/Ly

1. There was a little ship and she sailed upon the sea,
And she went by the name of The Mary Golden Tree;
As she sailed upon the lone and the lonesome low,
As she sailed upon the lonesome sea.

2. There was another ship and she sailed upon the sea,
And she went by the name of The Turkish Robbery;
As she sailed upon the lone and the lonesome low,
As she sailed upon the lonesome sea.

3. There was a little sailor unto the captain said:
"O captain, O captain, what will you give to me
If I'll sink them in the lone and the lonesome low,
If I'll sink them on the lonesome sea?"

4. "Two hundred dollars I'll give unto thee,
And my oldest daughter I'll wed unto thee;
If you'll sink them in the lone and the lonesome low,
If you'll sink them in the lonesome sea."

5. He bowed upon his breast and away swam he
'Til he came to the ship of The Turkish Robbery
As she sailed upon the lone and the lonesome low
As she sailed upon the lonesome sea.

6. Then out of his pocket an instrument he drew,
And he bored nine holes for to let the water through
As she sailed upon the lone and the lonesome low,
As she sailed upon the lonesome sea.

7. Some had hats and some had caps,
And they tried to stop them awful water gaps,
For they were sinking in the lone and the lonesome low,
For they were sinking in the lonesome sea.

8. He bowed upon his breast and back swam he
'Til he came to the ship of The Mary Golden Tree,
As she sailed upon the lone and the lonesome low
As she sailed upon the lonesome sea.

9. "O captain, O captain, won't you take me on board
O captain, O captain, won't you be good as your word,
For I've sunk them in the lone and the lonesome low
For I've sunk them in the lonesome sea?"

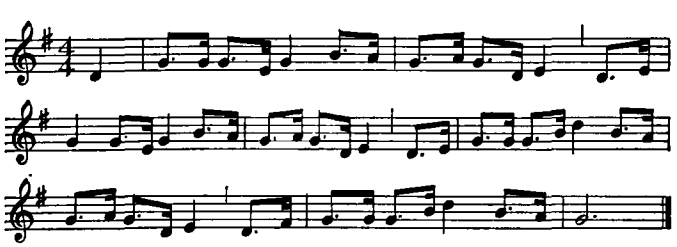
10. "O no! I will neither take you on board,
O no! I will neither be good as my word,
For I'm sailing on the lone and the lonesome low
For I'm sailing on the lonesome sea."

11. "If it wasn't for my love for your daughter and your men
I would do unto you as I did unto them,
I would sink you in the lone and the lonesome low
I would sink you in the lonesome sea."

12. He turned upon his back and down sank he
"Farewell, farewell, to The Mary Golden Tree
For I'm sinking in the lone and the lonesome low,
For I'm sinking in the lonesome sea."

38. "The Weeping Willow Tree," or ["The Golden Vanity"]

Cox, 1939, p. 52, and 1964 (ed. Boswell), p. 64. Sung by Catherine E. Sutherland, Hindman, Ky., December 20, 1925.

p I/Ly

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

2. There was another ship in the North Amerikee,
She went by the name of The Golden Silveree,
As she sailed upon the low and the lonesome low,
As she sailed upon the lonesome sea.

3. "Oh Captain, oh Captain, what'll you give me,
If I sink the ship of The Weeping Willow Tree?"

4. "I'll give you gold and I'll give to you fee,
I'll give you my daughter and married you shall be."

5. He turned upon his back and away swam he,
Till he came to the boat of The Weeping Willow Tree,

. . . . . .

6. Some had hats, some had caps,
And they put them in to stop the water gaps.

7. He turned upon his back and away swam he,
Till he came to the ship of The Golden Silveree.

8. "Oh Captain, oh Captain, pray take me on board,
For I have been just as good as my word."

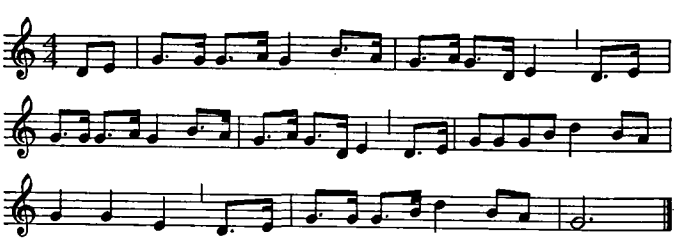
9. "I know that you've been just as good as your word,
But never more will I take you on board."

10. "If it wasn't for the love that I have for your girl,
I'd do unto you as I did unto them."

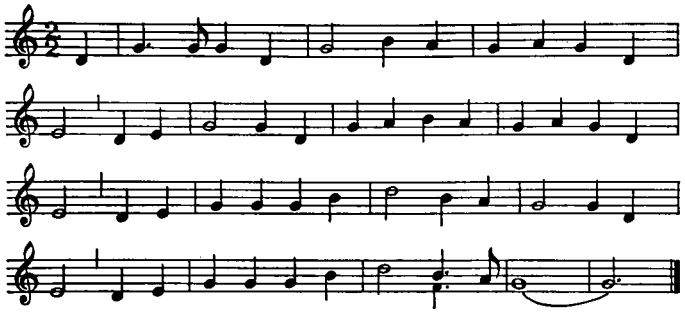
11. He turned upon his back and down went he,
Down, down, down to the bottom of the sea.

39. "The Golden Vanity"

Sharp MSS., 3938/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 289(J). Sung by Miss May Ritchie, Pine Mountain, Ky., August 30, 1917.

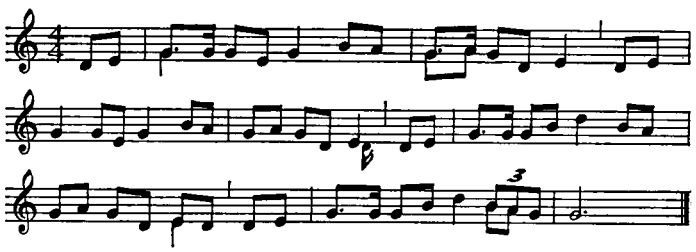
p π^1

40. "Golden Vanity"

Sharp MSS., 4062/. Sung by girls at Hindman School, Ky., September 20, 1917.

p π^1

There was a little ship and she sailed upon the sea,
And she went by the name of the Mary Green Tree,
And she sailed upon the low and the lonesome low,
And she sailed upon the lonesome low.

41. "The Merry Golden Tree"

Sung by Jean Ritchie (1961). Folkways LP rec. No. FA 2301(B1), ed. K. S. Goldstein.

p π^1

1. There was a little ship and she sailed upon the sea,
And she went by the name of *The Merry Golden Tree*,
As she sailed upon the low and the lonesome low,
As she sailed upon the lonesome sea.

2. There was another ship and she sailed upon the sea,
And she went by the name of *The Turkish Robbery*,
As she sailed upon the low and lonesome low,
As she sailed upon the lonesome sea.

3. There was a little cabin boy upon the Golden Tree,
Said, Captain, oh Captain, what will you give to me,
If I sink them in the low and the lonesome low,
If I sink them in the lonesome sea.

4. Oh a half of my ship shall be made unto thee,
And my youngest daughter shall be wed unto thee,
If you sink them in the low and the lonesome low,
If you sink them in the lonesome sea.

5. He bowed upon his breast and away swum he,
Till he come to the ship called *The Turkish Robbery*,
Gonna sink you in the low and the lonesome low,
Gonna sink you in the lonesome sea.

6. Then out of his pocket an instrument he drew
And he bored nine holes for to let that water through,
For to sink them in the low and the lonesome low,
For to sink them in the lonesome sea.

7. Oh some had hats and some had caps,
And they tried for to stop these feverish water gaps,
But he sunk them in the low and the lonesome low,
But he sunk them in the lonesome sea.

8. He bowed upon his breast and back swum he,
Till he come to the ship called *The Merry Golden Tree*,
As she sailed upon the low and the lonesome low,
As she sailed on the lonesome sea.

9. Oh captain, oh captain, pray draw me up on board,
Oh captain, oh captain, pray give me my reward,
For I've sunk them in the low and the lonesome low
For I've sunk them in the lonesome sea.

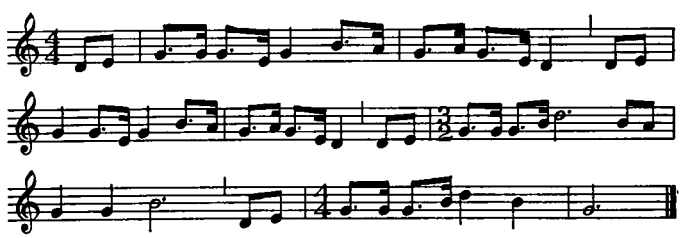
10. I'll never draw you up on board,
No I've never known a cabinboy to gain such reward,
Though you sunk them in the low and the lonesome low,
Though you sunk them in the lonesome sea.

11. If it weren't for the love of your daughter and your men,
I would do unto you what I've done unto them,
I would sink you in the low and the lonesome low,
I would sink you in the lonesome sea.

12. He bowed upon his breast and down sunk he,
Farewell, farewell to *The Merry Golden Tree*,
For I'm sinkin' in the low and the lonesome low,
For I'm sinkin' in the lonesome sea.

42. "The Golden Vanity"

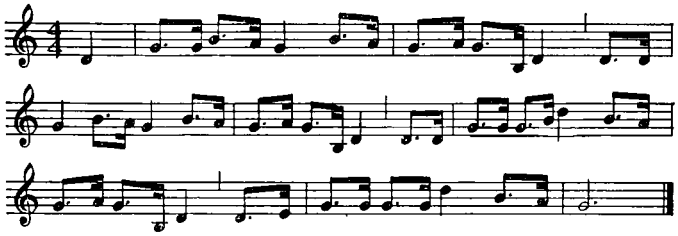
Sharp MSS., 3938/. Sung by Mrs. Mary Ann Short, Pine Mountain, Ky., August 29, 1917.

p π^1

He bowed upon his breast and away he did swim
Till he came to the ship of the Mary Golden Tree,
As she sailed upon the Low and the lonesome low,
As she sailed upon the lonesome sea.

"In many stanzas Mrs. Short sang one line only and then went straight to the refrain. I fancy she had forgotten the second phrase of the tune." [*Sharp's MS. note.*]

43. "The Golden Vanity"

Sharp MSS., 3763/2783. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 287(E). Sung by Miss N. F. Stoton, Berea, Ky., May 29, 1917.

p π^1

1. There was a little ship and she sailed upon the sea
And she went by the name of the Mary Golden Tree,
As she sailed upon the lone and the lonesome low,
As she sailed upon the lonesome sea.

2. There was another ship and she sailed upon the sea
And she went by the name of the Turkish Roberee,
As she sailed, etc.

3. Up stepped a little sailor, unto his captain said:
O captain, O captain, what will you give to me
If I'll sink them in the lone and the lonesome low,
If I'll sink them in the lonesome sea?

4. Ten thousand dollars I'll given unto thee,
And my oldest daughter I'll wedden' unto thee,
If you'll sink them in the lone, etc.

5. He bowed upon his breast and away swum he,
Till he came to the ship of the Turkish Roberee,
As she sailed upon the lone, etc.

6. Then out of his pocket an instrument he drew
And he bored nine holes for to let the water through
As they sailed upon the lone, etc.

7. O some had hats and some had caps,
And they tried for to stop those awful water gaps,
For they're sinking in the lone, etc.

8. He bowed upon his breast and away swam he
Till he came to the ship of the Mary Golden Tree
As she sailed upon the lone, etc.

9. O captain, O captain, won't you take me on board?
O captain, O captain, be as good as your word,
For I've sank them in the low, etc.

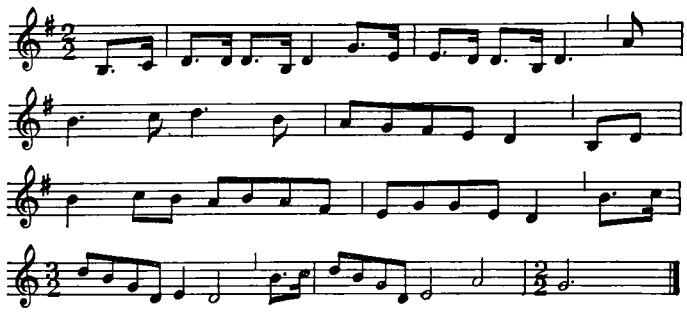
10. O no, I will neither be as good as my word,
O no, I will neither take you on board,
For I'm sailing on the lone, etc.

11. If it wasn't for the love of your daughter and your men
I would do unto you as I done unto them,
I would sink you in the lone, etc.

12. He turned on his back and down sank he.
Farewell, farewell to the Mary Golden Tree,
For I'm sinking in the lone, etc.

44. "Golden Vanity"

Creighton and Senior, 1950, p. 102. Sung by James Young, East Petpeswick, N.S.

p I

The earlier copy is in 4/4 and two 6/4 bars.

1. O there was a British barque in the North Americay,
Her name it was the *Golden Vanity*,
She was to be taken by a Turkish company,
For to sink her in the lowlands,
For to sink her in the lowlands low.

2. The first man on deck was a little cabin boy,
"Captain, what will you give me if the ship I destroy?"
"Oh it's gold I will give you and my daughter for a bride
If you sink her in the lowlands,
If you sink her in the lowlands low."

3. O the boy took an auger and overboard jumped he,
He swam till he came to the *Golden Vanity,*
He swam till he came to the *Golden Vanity*
For to sink her in the lowlands,
For to sink her in the lowlands low.

4. O the boy took his auger, went underneath the ship,
And in her two holes he instantly did slip,
He watched her fast sinking, he held on his brace and bit
And he sank her in the lowlands,
And he sank her in the lowlands low.

5. O the boy took his auger and back again swam he,
He swam till he came to the *Golden Vanity*,
Saying, "Captain come save me for I'm sinking in the sea,
I am sinking in the lowlands,
I am sinking in the lowlands low."

6. "O I won't save your life," the captain now he cried,
"I won't give you gold or my daughter for a bride,
I won't give you gold or my daughter for a bride
But I'll sink you in the lowlands,
But I'll sink you in the lowlands low."

7. O the boy took his breath and swam to the starboard side
And unto the mate so bitterly did cry,
Saying, "Shipmates come and save me for I'm sinking in the tide,
I am sinking in the lowlands,
I am sinking in the lowlands low."

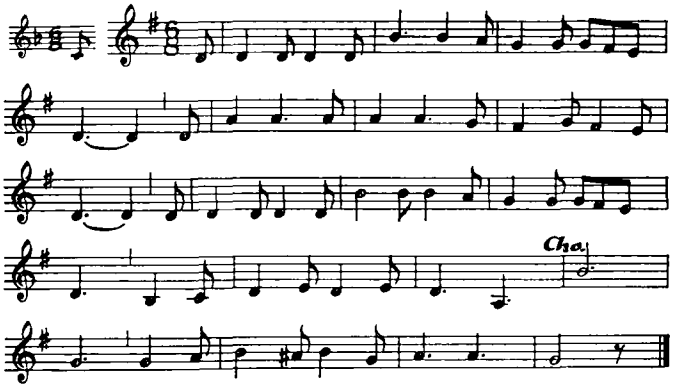
8. O the mate took a line and he hauled him o'er the side,
In a few moments after the little fellow died,
O they made him a hammock and they threw him in the tide
And they sank him in the lowlands,
And they sank him in the lowlands low.

9. Three days later a storm it did arise,
The wind blew a hurricane and dismal was the skies,
And a voice from heaven unto him did say
"O captain, captain, you have been cruel to me
But I'll sink you in the lowlands,
But I'll sink you in the lowlands low."

10. The storm did arise and the ship she went down,
The mate he was saved and the captain he was drowned,
A voice seemed to cry as the captain he went down,
I've sunk you in the lowlands,
I've sunk you in the lowlands low.

45. "The Golden Vanity"

Colcord, 1924, p. 79. Also in Colcord, 1938, p. 154. From Capt. Frank Seeley.

p I (inflected II); or a I, ending on the octave

1. 'Twas of a lofty ship, boys, and she put out to sea,
She goes by the name of the *Golden Vanity*
She's likely to be taken by a Turkish roving canoe,
As she sails along the Lowlands, Lowlands,
As she sails along the Lowlands low!

2. Then up and spake our little cabin boy,
Saying "What will you give me if I will them destroy?
If I will them destroy, send them floating o'er the tide,
And sink them in the Lowlands?"

3. "O the man that them destroys," the captain then replied,
"A fortune he shall have and my daughter to his bride.
A fortune he shall have and my daughter beside
If he'll sink them in the Lowlands."

4. The boy bent his breast and away he jumped in,
He swam until he came to the Turkish galley-in;
He took an auger with him for to bore through her skin,
And sink her in the Lowlands.

5. And some were playing cards and some were playing dice;
He bored three holes once, he bored three holes twice,
The water flow-ed in, and it dazzled their eyes,
As they sunk in the Lowlands.

6. The boy swam back first upon the starboard side,
Crying "Captain, pick me up, for I'm wearied with the tide,
O Captain, pick me up, for I'm wearied with the tide,
And I'm sinking in the Lowlands."

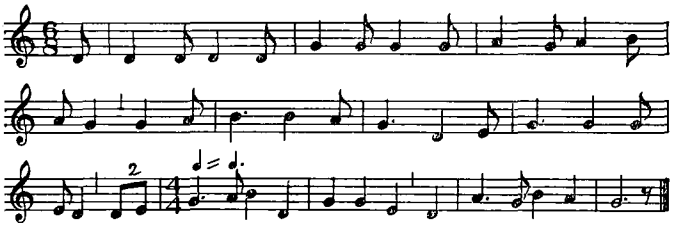
7. "I will not pick you up, you can climb up her side,
I will not pick you up," the master replied,
"I will kill you, I will shoot you, send you floating with the tide,
And sink you in the Lowlands."

8. The boy swam round unto the larboard side,
Crying, "Messmates, pick me up, for I'm wearied with the tide,
O messmates, pick me up, for I'm wearied with the tide,
And I'm sinking in the Lowlands."

9. His messmates picked him up, and on the deck he died.
They sewed him in his hammock which was both long and wide,
And they hove him in the sea, sent him floating with the tide,
And sunk him in the Lowlands.

46. "The Golden Vanity"

Sharp MSS., 3909/2848. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 288(F). Sung by Mrs. Polly Patrick and Mrs. Nanny Smith, Manchester, Ky., August 24, 1917.

p π^1

1. There was a ship a-sailing on the North Amerikee,
And it went by the name of the Green Willow Tree.
Sailing O the lonesome lowland low,
So level lands so low.

2. It hadn't sailed very far upon the sea
When it was overtaken by the Turkish Rebelee.

3. Down came the pilot boy saying: What will you give to me,
If I will destroy the Turkish Rebelee?

4. I have an only daughter your wedded wife shall be,
If you will only destroy that Turkish Rebelee.

. . . . . .

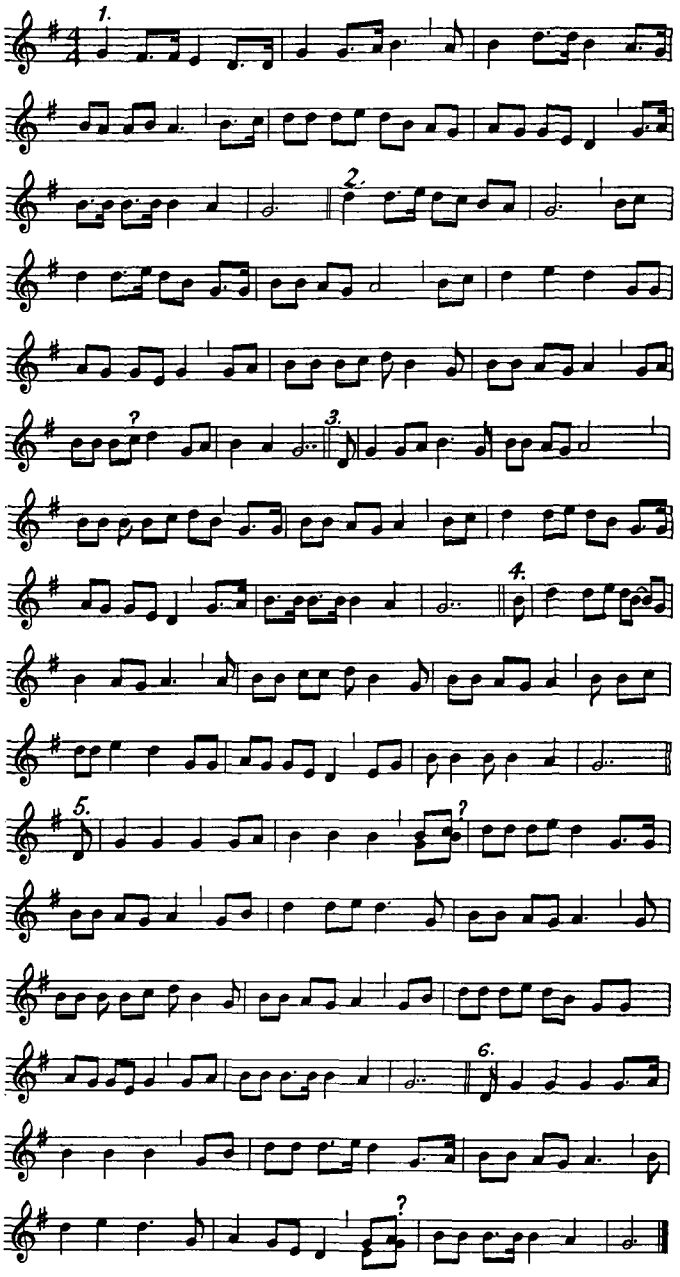
5. He got out his instrument which he carried for his use,
He bored a hole and let in the sluice.

6. Some were playing cards and some were playing checks,
And the first thing they knew the water was round their necks.

47. "Golden Vanity"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1955/49/6. Sung by John MacDonald (10), Birnam, Perthshire. Collected by Maurice Fleming.

p I (VII only once)

286. THE SWEET TRINITY (THE GOLDEN VANITY)

1. I've got a ship in the North Count-r-ee;
   It goes by the name of the 'Golden Vanity',
   I'm afraid she'll be sunken with some Turkish galalee,
   As she lies along the low lands low.

2. Up steps a little cabin boy,
   Saying, "What will ye give me if the galley I destroy?"
   "I will give you gold, I will give you of my store,
   My daughter you will marry, when I come tae a shore,
   If ye sink the Turkish ship to the low lands low."

3. The boy bent his breast, and bumped all intae sea,
   Bringin' with him an auger from the 'Golden Vanity',
   He soomed till he came to the Turkish galalee
   As she lies along the low lands low.

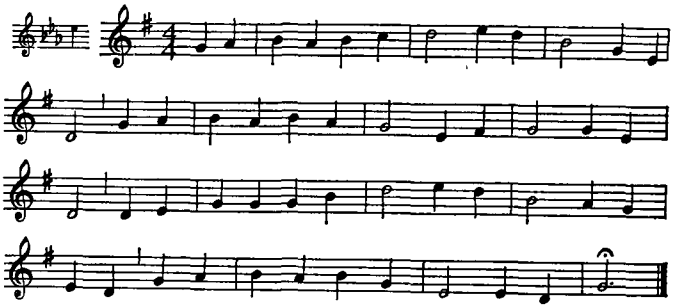
4. He bored with his auger two holes in a trice,
   While some were playing cards, and others playing dice,
   He let the water get in, and it dazzled in their eyes,
   As they lie along the low lands low.

5. The boy swimmed back to the starboard side,
   Saying, "Master, pick me up, I'm a-drowning in the tide,"
   "I will not pick you up, or give you of my store,
   My daughter you will not marry when I come to a shore,
   I will shoot you, I will kill you, I will drown you in the sea,
   I will send you with the low lands low."

6. The boy swimmed round to the starboard side,
   Saying, "Shipmates, pick me up I'm a-drowning in the tide,"
   They picked him up, and also he died,
   So they send him with the low lands low.

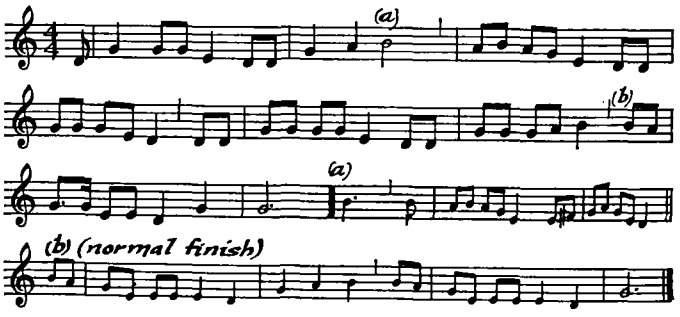
48. "Lonesome Low"

Randolph, I, 1946, p. 200(D). Sung by Charles Ingenthron, Walnut Shade, Mo., September 6, 1941; learned about 45 years before in Taney County, Mo.

p I

If it wasn't for the love that I have for your men
I would do unto you as you've done unto them,
I would sink you in the low, of the lonesome low,
I would sink you in the dark blue sea.

49. "Lowlands Low"

Sung by Bob Walker, Crandon, Wis., August 14, 1954. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 11,337(A8). Recorded by Sidney Robertson Cowell.

p I/Ly (really p π^1)

See variant 20 above; the singers are related.

286. THE SWEET TRINITY (THE GOLDEN VANITY)

1. 'Twas on the Spanish Main that the Turkish Lavoree
Was trying for to stop the Golden Willow Tree,
Yes, she thought that she could stop the Golden Willow Tree
As she sailed upon the Lowlands lonesome low
As she sailed upon the Lowlands low.

2. Then up stepped the Captain's boy, a fine young man was he,
And he said, O tell me, Captain, what will you give to me?
[He] said, Now tell me, Captain, what will you give to me
If I sink her in the Lowlands lonesome low
If I sink her in the Lowlands low?

3. I have houses on dry land and a fine ship upon the sea,
My handsome handsome daughter you[r] wedded wife shall be,
Yes, my handsome young daughter your wedded wife shall be
If you sink her in the Lowlands lonesome low
If you sink her in the Lowlands low.

4. Then he sees the daughter (? seized his auger) and overboard to jump did he,
He swam along the side of the Turkish Lavoree,
He bored her bright ship's bottom and he let the water in,
And he sank her in the Lowlands lonesome low
And he sank her in the Lowlands low.

5. Some were playing cards and some were throwing dice,
Some were standing round a-giving good advice,
Yes, some were standing round a-giving good advice
As she sailed upon the Lowlands lonesome low
As she sailed upon the Lowlands low.

6. Some with their hats and some with their caps
Were trying hard to stop the salt-water gaps,
Were trying very hard to stop all the all the gaps
As she sank into the Lowlands lonesome low,
As she sank into the Lowlands low.

7. He turned upon his face and back swam he
Until he reached the side of the Yellow Willow Tree,
And he swam until he reached the Yellow Willow Tree
As she sailed upon the Lowlands low.

8. Captain, my Captain, be as good as your word,
Now, stop your handsome ship and take me on aboard,
Please stop your handsome ship and take me on aboard,
For I'm sinking in the Lowlands lonesome low
I'm sinking in the Lowlands low.

9. O no, I'll not be as good as my word,
As to stop my handsome ship and take you on aboard,
I'll not stop my handsome ship and take you on aboard,
For you've sunk them in the Lowlands lonesome low,
You sank them in the Lowlands low.

10. O Captain, cruel Captain, if it wasn't for your men,
I would bore your bright ship's bottom, and I'd let the water in,
Yes, I'd bore your bright ship's bottom, and I'd let the water in,
[And I'd sink you in the Lowlands] lonesome low
I'd sink you in the lowlands low.

11. He turned on his back and down sank he,
Saying nothing more to the Golden Willow Tree,
No, he never said no more to the Golden Willow Tree
As he sank into the Lowlands low.

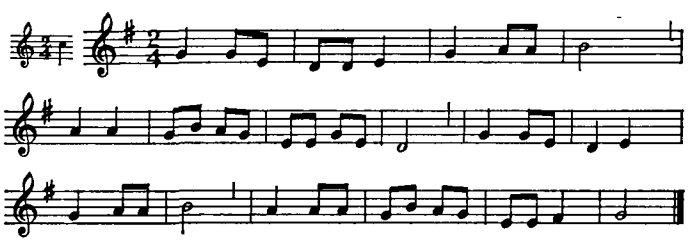
[*Alternative:*]

12. Then he swam around to the other side,
Saying, Shipmates take me out for I'm floating with the tide,
For I'm sinking in the Lowlands lonesome low
I'm sinking in the Lowlands low.

13. Then they took him out and on the deck he died,
They placed him in his hammock so snug and wide,
They sank him in the sea, now he's floating with the tide
And he's sinking in the Lowlands low.

50. "The Green Willow Tree"

Chappell, 1939, p. 43. Sung by Henry Cooper, Chapanoke, N.C. Text, 1924; tune, 1935.

p I/Ly

1. Up steps the cabin boy: What will you give
If I'll go and sink the Turkish Revolee?
I'll give you gold I'll give you fee,
'Sides my own daughter you can have her on deed.

2. He bantered upon his back, he bantered upon his breast,
And he swum until he came to the *Turkish Revolee*;
He had an instrument all fitted for the use,
Punched four and twenty holes all at one push.

3. Some was playing cards, some was throwing dice,
All taken up with the devil and his vice;
Some came with hats, some came with caps,
All trying to stop up the salt water gaps,
But she sunk in the Lowlands, lies so low,
But she sunk in the Lowlands sea.

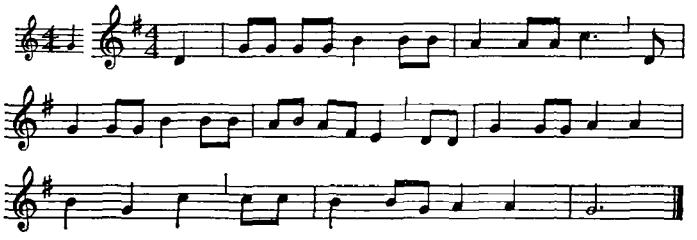
4. He bantered upon his back, he bantered upon his breast,
And he swum back to the *Green Willow Tree*;
Says unto the captain, Will you take me on board
And be as true to me as you was to your word?

5. No, says the captain, I won't take you on board,
I won't be to you as I was to my word;
You may drown in the Lowlands, lies so low,
You may drown in the Lowlands sea.

6. If it weren't for your mate that you have on board
I would do unto you as I done unto them,
I would sink you in the Lowlands, lies so low,
I would sink you in the Lowlands sea.

51. "The Merry Golden Tree"

Randolph, I, 1946, p. 200(E). Sung by Mrs. Olga Trail, Farmington, Ark., February 12, 1942; learned from Mrs. Maggie Chadwick, Springdale, Ark.

p I

1. There was a little ship and she sailed on the sea,
   She went by the name of the Merry Golden Tree,
   As she sailed on the lowlands lonesome low,
   As she sailed on the lonesome sea.

2. She sailed to the west and she sailed to the east,
   And there she espied the Turkey Shovelee,
   As she sailed on the lowlands lonesome low,
   As she sailed on the lonesome sea.

3. A little cappin' boy he run upon the deck,
   Saying captain, oh captain, what will you give me
   If I sink her in the lowlands, lonesome low,
   If I sink her in the lonesome sea?

4. I will give you money and I will give you fee,
   And I have a lovely daughter I'll marry unto thee,
   If you'll sink her in the lowlands lonesome low,
   If you'll sink her in the lonesome sea.

5. He had a little auger all made for the use,
   He bored nine holes in her little hull at once,
   And he sunk her in the lowlands lonesome low,
   And he sunk her in the lonesome sea.

6. The boy bent his breast and away swum he,
   He swum till he reached the Merry Golden Tree,
   As she sailed on the lowlands lonesome low,
   As she sailed on the lonesome sea.

7. Oh captain, oh captain, will you let me on board?
   If you don't, you have broken your word,
   For I've sunk her in the lowlands lonesome low,
   For I've sunk her in the lonesome sea.

8. I'll neither give you money and I'll neither give you fee,
   I'll not be as kind as I said I would be,
   But I'll leave you in the lowlands lonesome low,
   But I'll leave you in the lonesome sea.

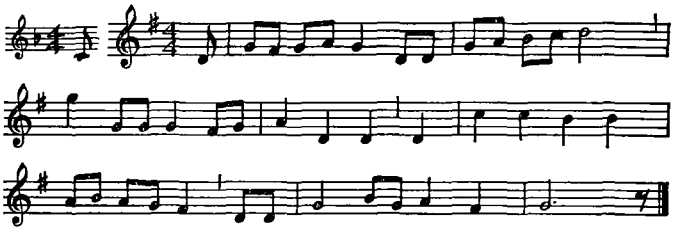
9. If it weren't for the love I have for your men
   I would do the same unto you as I did unto them,
   I would sink you in the lowlands lonesome low,
   I would sink you in the lonesome sea.

10. He fell upon his knees and down sunk he,
    He bid farewell to the Merry Golden Tree,
    For she left him in the lowlands lonesome low,
    She left him in the lonesome sea.

GROUP Ad

52. "The Goulden Vanitee"

Macmath MS., p. 109. Also in Child, 1882-98, V, p. 424 (Ba); text, V, p. 137; Gordon, 1862, II, p. 317; and Goss, 1937, p. 135(E). Noted by Peter Scott Fraser, Edinburgh, from the singing of Prof. John Wilson, c. 1840.

m I (-VI)

1. There was a gallant ship,
   And a gallant ship was she,
   Eek iddle dee, and the Lowlands low,
   And she was called "The Goulden Vanitee,"
   As she sailed to the Lowlands low.

2. She had not sailed a league,
   A league but only three = Eek &tc
   When she came up with a French Gallee, As &tc

3. Out spoke the little cabin boy,
   Out spoke he = Eek &tc
   What will you give me if I sink that French Gallee
   As ye sail &tc

4. Out spoke the Captain
   Out spoke he = Eek &tc
   We'll gie ye an Estate in the North Countree,
   As we sail etc

5. Then row me up ticht
   In a black bull's skin = Eek &tc
   And throw me o'er deek-buird, sink I or swim = As ye &tc

6. So they row'd him up ticht
   In a black bull's skin: = Eek &tc
   And have thrown him o'er deck-buird, Sink he or soom
   As they &tc

   [About, and about, and about went he,
   Until he came up with the French gallee.
   As they sailed, etc.]*

7. Oh! some were playing cards,
   And some were playing dice: = Eek &tc
   When he took out an Instrument, bored thirty holes at twice!
   As they &tc

8. Then some they ran with cloaks,
   And some they ran with caps, = Eek &tc
   To try if they could stap the saut water draps, As they &tc

9. About & about,
   And about went he = Eek &tc
   Until he cam back to the Goulden Vanitee = As they &tc

10. "Now throw me o'er a rope,
And pu' me up on buird: = Eek &tc
And prove unto me as guid as your word" = As ye &tc

11. "We'll no' throw you o'er a rope,
Nor pu' you up on buird, = Eek &tc
Nor prove unto you as guid as our word"
As we sail &tc

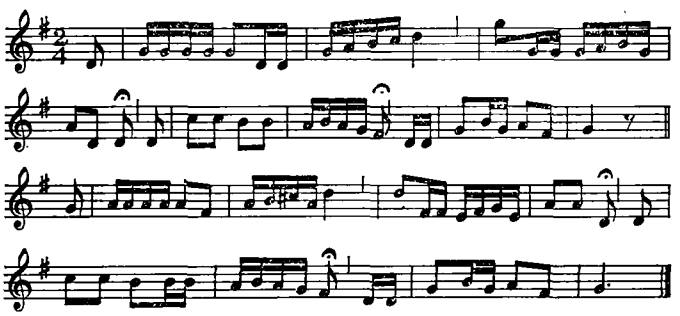
12. Out spoke the little cabin boy,
Out spoke he = Eek &tc
Then hang me I'll sink ye as I sunk the "French Gallee,"
As you sail &tc

13. But they've thrown him o'er a rope,
And have pu'd him up on buird,
Eek iddle dee, and the Lowlands Low
And have proved unto him far better than their Word:
As they sailed to the Lowlands low.

* Child's text includes this stanza, which does not appear in the Macmath MS.

53. "The Goulden Vanitee"

Ford, 1904, p. 103.

m I (modulating)

1. There was a gallant ship, and a gallant ship was she,
Eek iddle dee, to the Lowlands low;
And she was called the Goulden Vanitee,
As she sailed to the Lowlands low.

2. They had not sailed a league, a league but only three,
Eek iddle dee, to the Lowlands low,
When she came up to a French gallee,
As she sailed to the Lowlands low.

3. Out spoke the little cabin boy, out spoke he,
Eek iddle dee, to the Lowlands low,
"What will ye gi'e me if I sink that French gallee?"
As she sailed to the Lowlands low.

4. Then out spoke the captain, out spoke he,
Eek iddle dee, to the Lowlands low,
"We'll gi'e ye an estate in the North Countrie,"
As she sailed to the Lowlands low.

5. "Then row me up tight in a black bull's skin,"
Eek iddle dee, to the Lowlands low,
"And throw me over deck-board, sink I or swim,"
As she sailed to the Lowlands low.

6. They've row'd him up tight in a black bull's skin,
Eek iddle dee, to the Lowlands low,
And they've thrown him over deck-board, sink he or swim,
As she sailed to the Lowlands low.

7. Then about, about, about, and about went he,
Eek iddle dee, to the Lowlands low,
Till he came up to the French gallee,
As she sailed to the Lowlands low.

8. O, some were playing cards, and some were playing dice,
Eek iddle dee, to the Lowlands low,
When he took out an instrument, bor'd thirty holes in twice,
As she sailed to the Lowlands low.

9. Then some they ran with cloaks, and some they ran with caps,
Eek iddle dee, to the Lowlands low,
To see if they could stop the saut-water draps,
As she sunk to the depths below.

10. Then about, about, about, and about went he,
Eek iddle dee, to the Lowlands low,
Till he came back to the Goulden Vanitee,
As she sailed to the Lowlands low.

11. "Now throw me out a rope, and pull me up on board,"
Eek iddle dee, to the Lowlands low,
"And prove unto me as good as your word,"
As she sailed to the Lowlands low.

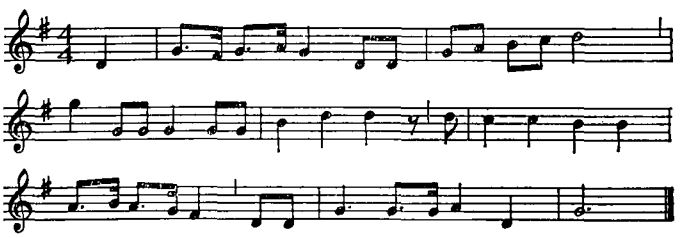
12. "We'll no throw ower a rope, nor pu' ye up on board,"
Eek iddle dee, to the Lowlands low,
"Nor prove unto ye as good as our word,"
As she sailed to the Lowlands low.

13. Out spoke the little cabin boy, out spoke he,
Eek iddle dee, to the Lowlands low,
"Ye will not? then I'll sink ye as I sunk the French gallee!"
As she sailed to the Lowlands low.

14. Now they've thrown him ower a rope, and pu'd him up on board,
Eek iddle dee, to the Lowlands low,
And proved unto him far better than their word,
As she sailed to the Lowlands low.

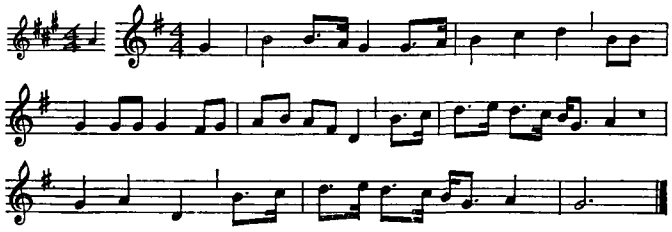
54. "The Gouden Vanity"

Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 311. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 239. Sung by George F. Duncan, June 25, 1907; learned from a Scots student in Germany.

m I (–VI)

There was a gallant ship, and a gallant ship was she,
Eek iddle dee, to the Lowlands low;
And she was call'd the Gouden Vanity,
As she sail'd to the Lowlands low.

55. "The Lowlands Low"

Macmath MS., p. 116; text, p. 80. Also in Child, 1882-98, V, p. 424(Cg); text, V, p. 142(g). From Miss Agnes Macmath, 1893; learned at Airds of Kells, Kirkcudbrightshire. Noted by Miss Minnie Macmath.

p I

1. There was a ship of the North Countrie,
And the name of the ship was The Golden Trinitie.
She was sailing in the Lowlands low, low, low,
She was sailing in the Lowlands low.

2. . . . . .
And the name of the ship was The Turkish Gallee,
And she was sailing in the Lowlands low, low, low,
She was sailing, etc.

3. "O captain, O captain," said the young cabin-boy,
"What will you give me if yon ship I do destroy?
And sink her in," etc.

4. "I'll give you gold, and I'll give you fee,
And my eldest daughter your wedded wife shall be,
If you sink her in," etc.

5. The boy bent his bow, and away swam he,
Until that he came to the Turkish gallee.
She was sailing in, etc.

6. The boy had an auger, right fitted for the use,
And into her bottom he bored a watery sluice.
She is sinking in, etc.

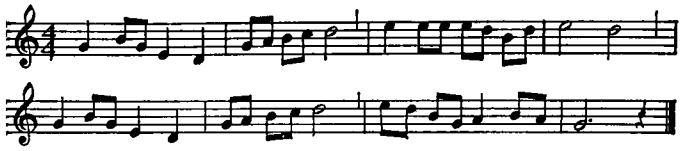
7. The boy bent his bow, and back swam he,
Until that he came to the Golden Trinitie.
She is sailing in, etc.

8. "O captain, O captain, take me on board,
And O be as good, as good as your word,
For I've sunk her in the Lowlands low, low, low,
I've sunk," etc.

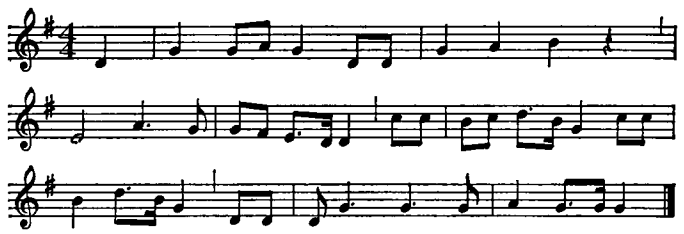
9. They threw him a rope oer the larboard side,
And sewed him up in an auld cow's-hide,
And threw him out to a fair wind and tide,
And sunk him in, etc.

56. "Sailing in the Lowlands Low"

Joyce, 1909, No. 182, p. 91. Whistled by Joe Martin, Kilfinane, County Limerick.

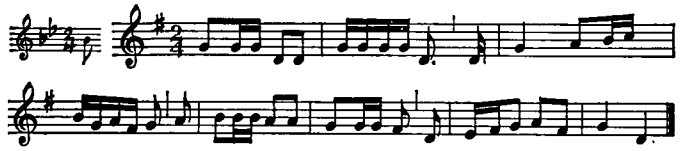
p I/M

57. "The Lowlands so low"

Greig MSS., II, p. 114. Sung by Rev. J. C[alder], June 1907.

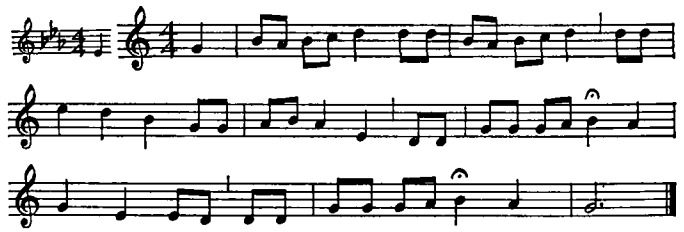
p I

They rowed him up in a black bull's skin
Hey ho, the Lowlands so low.
And they flung him overboard for to sink or to swim,
For the sinking o' yon French galleon.

58. "The French Gallerie O"

Blaikie MS., NL Scotland MS. 1578, No. 67, p. 22.

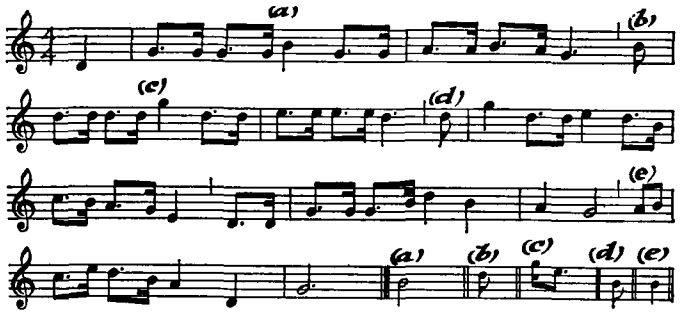
p I, ending on *V*

59. "He Had a Little Tool"

Sung by Mrs. John Williams (née Violet Selena Hankins), Iowa City, Iowa, 1922-23. Learned in 1865-70, in Penn Township, Johnson County, Iowa, from Bert White, a cousin. Noted by Mrs. Flora Brennan. Communicated by Prof. Charles A. Williams.

p I/M

He had a little tool just a-purpose for the use
And he popped nine holes in the bottom at once
And he sank her in the lowlands lonesome, low,
And he sank her in the lowlands low!

60. "The Sweet Kumadee"

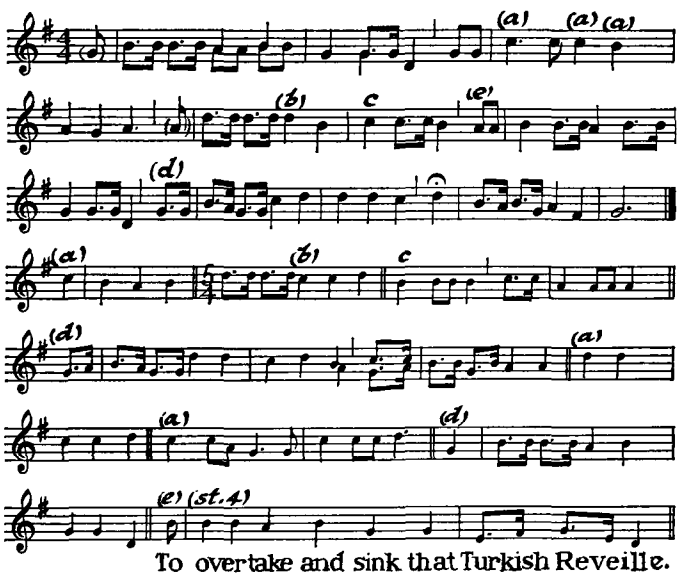
Sung by Ewan MacColl, Riverside rec. No. RLP 12-637 (A1), ed. K. S. Goldstein. Learned from his mother.

m I/M

There was a ship sailed from the North Countree
And the name of the ship was the Sweet Kumadee
She was built of the pine and the Bay Oak (?Bayol) Tree
And she sailed in the Lowlands lowlands
And she sailed in the Lowlands low
Etc.

61. "The Green Willow Tree"

Sung by Mrs. Rachel Henry, Spring Valley, Ark., March 9, 1951. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 10,816(A12).

p I



Stanzas 9, 10, 11, and 12 cut the tune by dropping the phrases corresponding to the omitted lines.

1. There was a little ship that sailed on the sea
Crying O the lonesome Lowland low
There was a little ship that sailed on the sea
And it went by the name of the Green Willow Tree
That was sailing on the lonesome Lowland low
That was sailing on the lonesome sea.

2. Hadn't been sailing but a half-year or more
Crying O the lonesome Lowland low
Hadn't been sailing but a half-year or more
Till it was overtook by the Turkish Reveille
That was sailing on the lonesome Lowland low
That was sailing on the lonesome sea.

3. O Captain, O Captain, what will we do?
Crying O the lonesome Lowland low
Captain, O Captain, what will we do?
It'll run right over us and cut us in two
And sink us in the lonesome Lowland low
And sink us in the lonesome sea.

4. Captain, O Captain, what'll you give me?
Crying O the lonesome Lowland low
Captain, O Captain, what'll you give me
To overtake and sink that Turkish Reveille
That's a-sailing on the lonesome Lowland low
That's a-sailing on the lonesome sea?

5. I'll give you money and I'll set you free
Crying O the lonesome Lowland low
I'll give you money and I'll set you free,
Besides, my eldest daughter your be-wedded wife shall be
If you'll sink 'em in the lonesome Lowland low
If you'll sink 'em in the lonesome sea.

6. He down upon his breast and away swam he
Crying O the lonesome Lowland low
[He] down upon his breast and away swam he
And he soon overtook the Turkish Reveille
That was sailing on the lonesome Lowland low
That was sailing on the lonesome sea.

7. He having a tool that was fit for the use
Crying O the lonesome Lowland low
Having a tool that was fit for the use
He bored seven holes which let in the juice
That would sink 'em in the lonesome Lowland low
That would sink 'em in the lonesome sea.

8. Some with their hats and some with their caps
Crying O the lonesome Lowland low
Some with their hats and some with their caps
Trying for to stop those large water gaps
That would sink 'em in the lonesome Lowland low
That would sink 'em in the lonesome sea.

9. He down upon his breast and away swam he
And he soon overtook the Green Willow Tree
That was sailing on the lonesome Lowland low
That was sailing on the lonesome sea.

10. Captain, O Captain, you take me on board
Crying O the lonesome Lowland low
Captain, O Captain, you take me on board,
Or will you be as good as your word?
For I'm sinking in the lonesome sea.

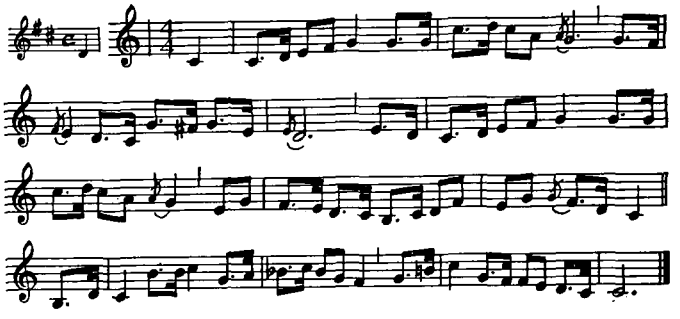
11. No, Sir, no, 's'll not take you on board
Crying O the lonesome Lowland low
No, Sir, no, 's'll not take you on board,
Nor neither will I be as good as my word
For I'll sink you in the lonesome sea.

12. If it wasn't for the sake of those on board,
Crying O the lonesome Lowland low
[If it] wasn't for the sake of those on board,
I'd sink you in the lonesome sea.

13. He down upon his back and away sank he
Crying O the lonesome Lowland low
Down upon his back and away sank he,
Adieu, adieu to the Green Willow Tree
That's a-sailing on the lonesome Lowland low
That's a-sailing on the lonesome sea.

62. "Low in the Lowlands, low"

Christie, I, 1876, p. 238. Sung by a native of Buchan (?Jenny Meesic, d. 1866).

a I (inflected VII and IV)

1. There was a good ship from the north countrie,
Sailing low in the Lowlands, low.
There was a good ship from the north countrie,
And that ship's name was the Golden Vanity,
Sailing low in the Lowlands, low in the sea,
Sailing low in the Lowlands, low.

2. The master said, "I fear for my good ship Vanity,
Sailing low in the Lowlands, low.
Oh! I fear for my good ship, the Golden Vanity,
That she will be taken by the pirate Targalley,
As she sails in the Lowlands, low in the sea,
As she sails in the Lowlands, low."

3. Then said the cabin boy, "What will you give me,
As we sail in the Lowlands, low?
Oh! master, good master, what will you give me,
If I sink yon Targalley low in the sea?
As she sails in the Lowlands low in the sea,
As she sails in the Lowlands, low."

4. "Oh, I'll give you gold, boy, I'll give you fee,
As we sail in the Lowlands, low.
Oh, I'll give you gold, boy, I'll give you fee,
And my eldest daughter your wedded wife to be,
If you sink yon Galleon, low in the sea,
Sink her low in the Lowlands, low."

5. Undaunted and bold then away he jumpèd in,
It was low in the Lowlands, low;
He boldly bent his breast and most gallantly did swim;
Till he came to the pirate ship the Spanish Galleon,
As she sail'd in the Lowlands, low in the sea,
As she sail'd in the Lowlands, low.

6. The boy had an augur to bore two holes at once,
As they sail'd in the Lowlands, low;
And while some were at the cards there and some were at the dice,
He let the water in and it dazzlèd their eyes,
As they sail'd in the Lowlands, low in the sea,
As they sail'd in the Lowlands, low.

7. The boy bent his breast and back again he swam,
It was low in the Lowlands, low,
Crying, "Master, take me up, or soon I shall be slain;
They are firing now upon me from yon Spanish Galleon,
As she sinks in the Lowlands, low in the sea,
As she sinks in the Lowlands, low."

8. "I will not take you up, boy," the Master he replied,
"Though you sink in the Lowlands, low.
I will not take you up, boy," his cruel master cried;
"I will kill you, if you come on deck, and throw you down the tide,
I will sink you in the Lowlands, low in the sea,
I will sink you in the Lowlands, low."

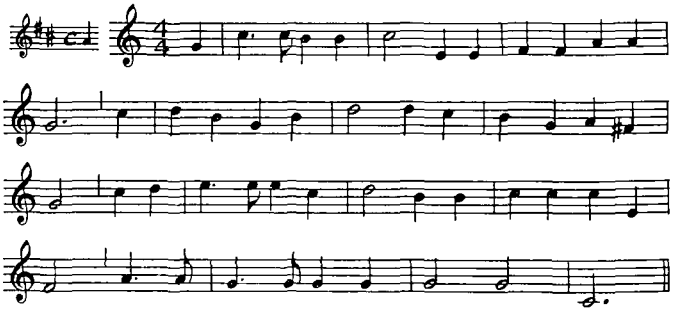
9. The boy swam around, and by the starboard side,
It was low in the Lowlands, low,
Until his strength did fail him then bitterly he cried,
And said, "Messmates, take me up, or I will go with the tide,
And I'll sink in the Lowlands, low in the sea,
And I'll sink in the Lowlands, low."

10. His messmates took him up, but on the deck he died.
It was low in the Lowlands, low.
Then, they took the little boy and sewed him in a hide,
And they threw him overboard to go down with the tide,
And he sank in the Lowlands, low in the sea,
And he sank in the Lowlands, low.

Christie arranged his text from two copies: one recited by an old woman of Buckie (?Jenny Meesic) and the other from a chapbook.

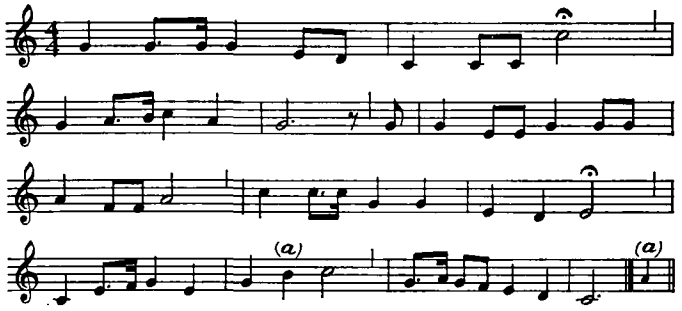
63. "The Golden Vanity"

Sharp MSS., 1508/. Sung by Rev. — Hargreaves, East Harptree, September 1907; learned from a friend who had heard it many years bfore in Cornwall.

a I (inflected IV)

GROUP Ae

64. "The Little Cabin Boy"

Barry, *JAF*, XVIII (1905), p. 125(A). Noted by Miss M. E. Beane, Irasburg, Vt., January 13, 1905, from the singing of an aged man born in Glover, Vt.

a I

1. There was a ship in the Northern Countrie,
   All in the Lowland low,
   The name of the ship was the "Gold China Tree,"
   All in the Lowland low, low, low.
   Sailing the Lowland low, low, low,
   Sailing the Lowland low.

2. She had not sailed past leagues two or three,
   All in the Lowland low,
   She had not sailed past leagues two or three
   Before she espied a French Galilee.

3. The first that spoke was the ship Captain's man,
   All in the Lowland low,
   Saying, "Master, O Master, we're all undone,
   All in the Lowland, low, low, low!"

4. Next spoke up was the little Cabin Boy,
   All in the Lowland low,
   Saying, "Master, O Master, what will you give to me,
   If I will sink the French Galilee?"

5. "Oh, I will give you gold, and I will give you fee,
   All in the Lowland low,
   And my eldest daughter your bride shall be,
   All in the Lowland low, low, low."

6. He smote upon his breast, and away swung he,
   All in the Lowland low,
   He smote upon his breast, and away swung he,
   And he swung till he came to the French Galilee.

7. Then he espied a little augur that came from a nun,
   All in the Lowland low,
   Then he espied a little augur that came from a nun,
   And bored holes with it, twenty and one.

8. Some threw their hats, and some threw their caps,
   All in the Lowland low,
   Saying "For the Lord's sake, stop up the salt water gaps!
   All in the Lowland low, low, low!"

9. He smote upon his breast, and away swung he,
   All in the Lowland low,
   He smote upon his breast, and away swung he,
   Until he came to the "Gold China Tree."

10. Then all around the ship this little boy did swim,
    All in the Lowland low,
    Saying, "Master, O Master, won't you take me in?
    Or I'll serve you as I've served them!"

11. They threw out a rope, and they slightly drew him in,
    All in the Lowland low,
    They threw out a rope and they slightly drew him in,
    And then he began to dance and sing,

12. Saying, "Master, O Master, what will you give to me,
    All in the Lowland low,
    Saying, "Master, O Master, what will you give to me,
    For I have sunk the French Galilee!"

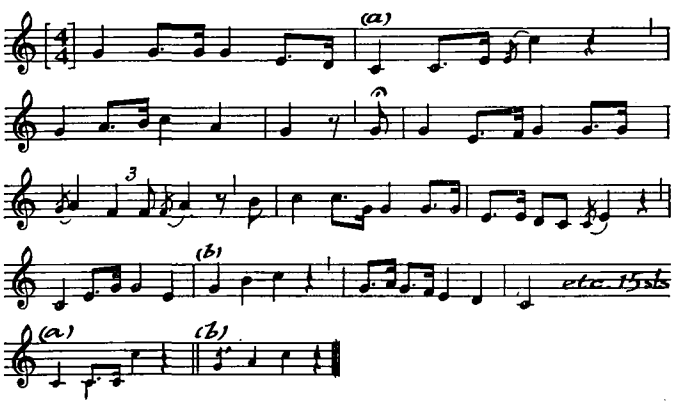
13. "Oh, I'll give you gold, and I'll give you fee,
    All in the Lowland low,
    Oh I'll give you gold, and I'll give you fee,
    And I'll give you the land of North Amerikee!"

14. "Oh, I'll have none of your gold, or none of your fee,
    All in the Lowland low,
    Oh, I'll have none of your gold, or none of your fee,
    But your eldest daughter my bride shall be!"

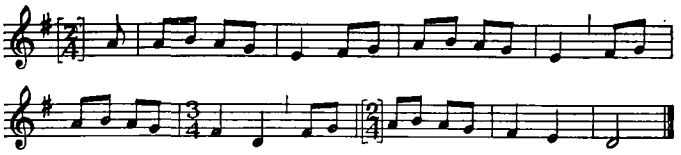
15. He married the daughter in spite of them all,
    All in the Lowland low,
    He married the daughter in spite of them all,
    May the Devil take the Captain, sailors and all!

65. "The Gold China Tree"

Barry Dict. Cyl., No. 104, ctg. 2. Sung by James Buckley, W. Enfield, Me.; transcribed by S. P. Bayard, Barry-Bayard MS., p. 42. Text as in preceding variant[?]

a I

66. "The Golden Vanity"

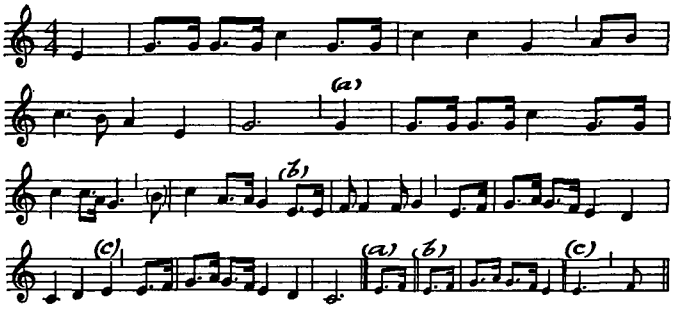
Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, 1929, p. 346(F). Sung by Mrs. Sarah Robinson Black, Southwest Harbor, Me., September 1928. Noted by George Herzog.

a I/M

Some were playing cards and others were playing dice
And they sank her in the lowlands,
And they sank her in the lowlands low.

They bored into her once and they bored into her twice,
And they sank her in the lowlands, lowlands,
And they sank her in the rolling sea.

67. "Green Willow Tree"

Sung by Oleavia Houser, Fayetteville, Ark., October 26, 1958. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 11,909(A5).

a I (almost a I/M)

1. There was a fine ship started out on the sea
Crying, O the lonesome low
There was a fine ship started out on the sea,
She went by the name of the Green Willow Tree
Was sailing in the Lowland lonesome low
Was sailing in the Lowland sea.

2. She hadn't been on the sea more than a week or three
Crying, O the lonesome low
She hadn't been on the sea more than a week or three
'Till she was overtaken by the Turkish Reveille
While sailing in the Lowland lonesome low
While sailing in the Lowland sea.

3. Up stepped the Captain, What shall we do?
Crying, O the lonesome low
Up stepped the Captain, What shall we do?
She'll overtake us and cut us in two
While sailing in the Lowland lonesome low
While sailing in the Lowland sea.

4. Up stepped the cabin-boy, What'll you give to me?
Crying, O the lonesome low
Up stepped the cabin-boy, What'll you give to me
If I'll go and sink that Turkish Reveille
While sailing in the Lowland lonesome low
While sailing in the Lowland sea?

5. O it's I will give thee gold and I will give to thee
Crying, O the lonesome low
O it's I will give thee gold and I will give to thee,
My eldest daughter your wedded bride shall be
While sailing in the Lowland lonesome low
While sailing in the Lowland sea.

6. He fell upon his breast and away swam he
Crying, O the lonesome low
He fell upon his breast and away swam he,
He set his course for the Turkish Reveille
While sailing in the Lowland lonesome low
While sailing in the Lowland sea.

7. He swam underneath and there he went to work
Crying, O the lonesome low
He swam underneath and there he went to work,
He bored nine holes and he bored 'em with a jerk
While sailing in the Lowland lonesome low
While sailing in the Lowland sea.

8. Then he fell upon his breast and away swam he
Crying, O the lonesome low
He fell upon his breast and away swam he,
He set his course for the Green Willow Tree
While sailing in the Lowland lonesome low
While sailing in the Lowland sea.

9. Captain, O Captain, won't you take me on board?
Crying, O the lonesome low,
Captain, O Captain, won't you take me on board?
And will you be as good as your word,
While sailing in the Lowland lonesome low,
While sailing in the Lowland sea.

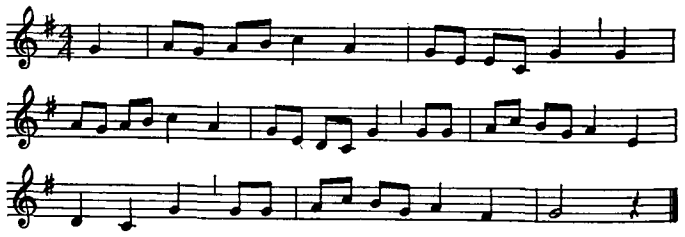
10. No, kind Sir, I won't take you on board,
Crying, O the lonesome low,
No, kind Sir, I won't take you on board,
Neither will I be as good as my word,
While sailing in the Lowland lonesome low,
While sailing in the Lowland sea.

11. If it wasn't for the respect that I have for your crew,
Crying, O the lonesome low,
If it wasn't for the respect that I have for your crew,
O I'd take time and I'd sink you, too,
And I'd sink you in the Lowland lonesome low,
I'd sink you in the Lowland sea.

12. Then he fell upon his breast and away swam he,
Crying, O the lonesome low,
He fell upon his breast and away swam he,
He bid farewell to the Green Willow Tree
While sailing in the Lowland lonesome low
While sailing in the Lowland sea.

68. "The Lowland Sea"

Brewster, 1940, p. 160. Sung by Mrs. A. J. Hopkins, Boonville, Ind., July 22, 1935.

p I; or a I/Ly—p I

286. THE SWEET TRINITY (THE GOLDEN VANITY)

1. All on the Spanish Main the Turkish "Shiveree"
   Was trying for to stop the "Golden Willow Tree,"
   As she sailed on the lowland, lonesome, low,
   As she sailed on the Lowland Sea.

2. Up stepped the cabin boy (what a fine young lad was he!)
   Saying, "Captain, O Captain, what will you give me
   If I'll sink her in the lowland, lonesome, low,
   If I'll sink her in the Lowland Sea?"

3. "I've houses on land, a ship upon the sea;
   My oldest daughter your wedded wife shall be,
   If you'll sink her in the lowland, lonesome, low,
   If you'll sink her in the Lowland Sea."

4. He turned upon his face, and off swam he
   Until he reached the "Golden Willow Tree,"
   As she sailed on the lowland, lonesome, low,
   As she sailed on the Lowland Sea.

5. He took up the tools he had prepared,
   And bored forty holes all in the guard,
   As she sailed on the lowland, lonesome, low,
   As she sailed on the Lowland Sea.

6. Some were playing cards, and some were throwing dice;
   Some were standing round, a-giving good advice,
   As she sailed on the lowland, lonesome, low,
   As she sailed on the Lowland Sea.

7. Some with their hats and some with their caps
   Were trying for to stop the salt water gaps,
   As she sank into the lowland, lonesome, low,
   As she sank into the Lowland Sea.

8. He turned upon his face and back swam he
   Until he reached the Turkish "Shiveree,"
   As she sailed on the lowland, lonesome, low,
   As she sailed on the Lowland Sea.

9. "Captain, O Captain, be as good as your word;
   Be half so good as to take me on board,
   For I've sunk her in the lowland, lonesome, low,
   For I've sunk her in the Lowland Sea."

10. "O no, I will not be as good as my word,
    Nor half so good as to take you on board,
    For she's sunk into the lowland, lonesome, low,
    For she's sunk into the Lowland Sea."

11. "If it wasn't for the love I have for your men,
    I would serve you just as I've served them;
    I would sink you in the lowland, lonesome, low,
    I would sink you in the Lowland Sea."

12. He turned upon his back, and down sank he,
    Bidding adieu to the Turkish "Shiveree,"
    As he sank into the lowland, lonesome, low,
    As he sank into the Lowland Sea.

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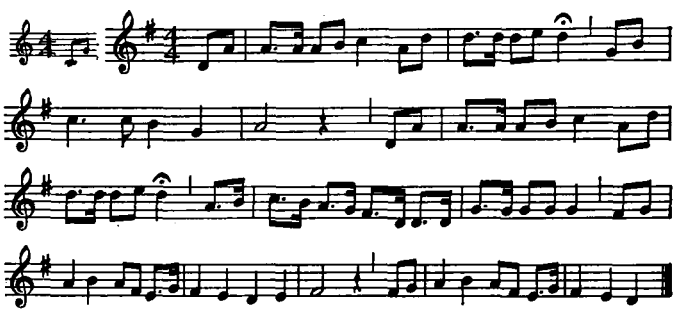
69. "The Lowlands Low"

Randolph, I, 1946, p. 195. Also in Randolph, 1931, p. 177.
Sung by Lewis Kelley, Cyclone, Mo., August 17, 1931.

a M

Doubtless this is more correct than the major reading of the 1931 printing.

1. There was a ship from th' Northern Country,
   Cryin' o'er th' lowlands low,
   There was a ship sailed from th' Northern Country,
   An' th' name that she went under was th' Turkey Shivaree,
   Where she went sailin' on th' lowlands lonesome low,
   Where she went sailin' on th' lowlands low.

2. They had not sailed more than weeks two or three,
   Cryin' o'er the lowlands low,
   They had not sailed more than weeks two or three,
   Till they come in sight of the Green Willow Tree,
   Where she lay anchored on the lowlands lonesome low,
   Where she lay anchored on the lowlands low.

3. I'll give you gold an' I'll give you fee,
   Cryin' o'er the lowlands low,
   I'll give you gold an' I'll give you fee,
   An' my oldest daughter your wedded bride shall be,
   If you'll sink 'em in the lowlands lonesome low,
   If you'll sink 'em in the lowlands low.

4. He bowed upon his breast an' off swum he,
   Cryin' o'er the lowlands low,
   He bowed upon his breast an' off swum he
   An' he come in sight of the Green Willow Tree,
   Where she lay anchored on the lowlands lonesome low,
   Where she lay anchored on the lowlands low.

5. Some was at hats an' some was at caps,
   Cryin' o'er the lowlands low,
   Some was at hats an' some was at caps,
   An' some was a-stoppin' the salt-water gaps,
   Where she lay anchored on the lowlands lonesome low,
   Where she lay anchored on the lowlands low.

6. This laddie had a instrument just fit for the use,
   Cryin' o'er the lowlands low,
   This laddie had a instrument just fit for the use,
   For to put ag'in the cabin an' eleven holes to push,
   To sink 'em in the lowlands lonesome low,
   To sink 'em in the lowlands low.

. . . . . .

7. He bowed upon his breast an' back swum he,
Cryin' o'er the lowlands low,
He bowed upon his breast an' back swum he
Till he come in sight of the Turkey Shivaree,
Where she was sailin' on the lowlands lonesome low,
Where she was sailin' on the lowlands low.

8. Oh captain, oh captain, come take me on board,
Cryin' o'er the lowlands low,
Oh captain, oh captain, come take me on board,
An' be unto me as good as your word,
For I sunk 'em in the lowlands lonesome low,
For I sunk 'em in the lowlands low.

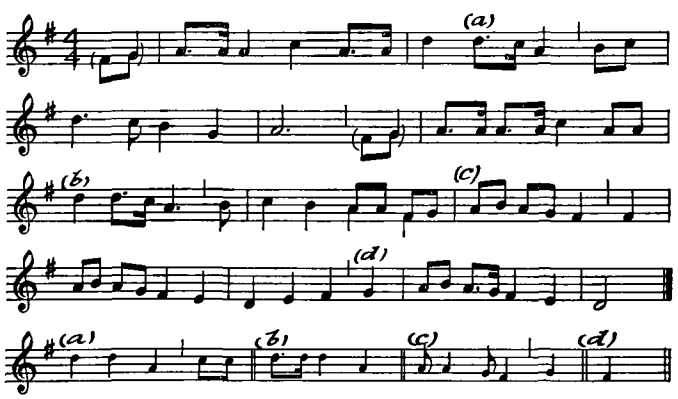
9. Oh no, oh no, I caint take you on board,
Cryin' o'er the lowlands low,
Oh no, oh no, I caint take you on board,
An' be unto you as good as my word,
Though you sunk 'em in the lowlands lonesome low,
Though you sunk 'em in the lowlands low.

10. Now if it warn't for the virtue of your crew,
Cryin' o'er the lowlands low,
Now if it warn't for the virtue of your crew,
I'd do unto you as I done unto them,
I'd sink you in the lowlands lonesome low,
I'd sink you in the lowlands low.

11. He bowed upon his breast an' off swum he,
Cryin' o'er the lowlands low,
He bowed upon his breast an' off swum he,
An' bid an everlastin' 'dieu to the Turkey Shivaree,
An' he left her sailin' on the lowlands lonesome low,
An' he left her sailin' on the lowlands low.

70. "Turkish Reveille"

Sung by T. M. Davis, Fayetteville, Ark., April 5, 1951. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 10,818(A11). Recorded by Mary Celestia Parler.

a M

1. There was a fine ship started out on the sea
Crying O the lonesome low
There was a fine ship started out on the sea,
She went by the name of the Green Willow Tree
While sailing in the Lowlands lonesome low
While sailing in the Lowland Sea.

2. She hadn't been on the sea more than a week or three
Crying O the lonesome low
She hadn't been on the sea more than a week or three
Till she was overtaken by the Turkish Reveille
While sailing in the Lowlands lonesome low
While sailing in the Lowland Sea.

3. Up stepped the Captain, What will we do?
Crying O the lonesome low
Up stepped the Captain, What will we do?
She'll overtake us, cut us in two
While sailing in the Lowlands lonesome low
While sailing in the Lowland Sea.

4. Up stepped the cabin-boy, What'll you give me?
Crying O the lonesome low
Up stepped the cabin-boy, What'll you give me
If I'll go and sink that Turkish Reveille?
And I'll sink her in the Lowlands lonesome low,
I'll sink her in the Lowland Sea.

5. It's I'll give you gold and I'll give to thee
Crying O the lonesome low
It's I'll give you gold and I'll give to thee
My oldest daughter who your wedded wife shall be
While sailing in the Lowlands lonesome low
While sailing in the Lowlands Sea.

6. He fell upon his breast and away swam he
Crying O the lonesome low
He fell upon his breast and away swam he,
He steered his course for the Turkish Reveille
While sailing in the Lowlands lonesome low
While sailing in the Lowland Sea.

7. He dove underneath her and fell to his work
Crying O the lonesome low
He dove underneath her and fell to his work,
He bored nine holes and he bored 'em in a jerk
While sailing in the Lowlands lonesome low
While sailing in the Lowland Sea.

8. He fell upon his breast and away swam he
Crying O the lonesome low
He fell upon his breast and away swam he,
He steered his course for the Green Willow Tree
While sailing in the Lowlands lonesome low
While sailing in the Lowland Sea.

9. Captain, O Captain, won't you take me on board?
Crying O the lonesome low
Captain, O Captain, won't you take me on board?
And won't you be as good as your word
While sailing in the Lowlands lonesome low
While sailing in the Lowland Sea?

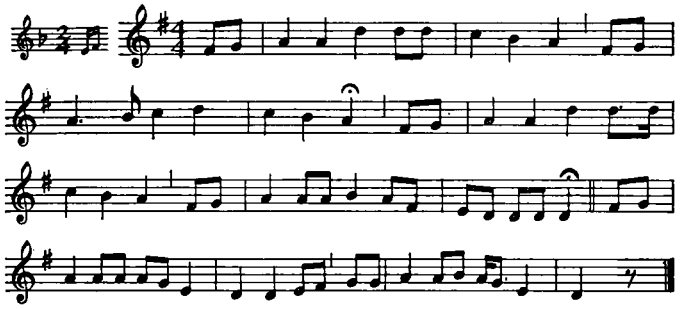
10. No, kind Sir, I won't take you on board
Crying O the lonesome low
No, kind Sir, I won't take you on board
And neither will I be as good as my word
While sailing in the Lowlands lonesome low
While sailing in the Lowland Sea.

11. If it wasn't for respect that I have for your crew
Crying O the lonesome low
If it wasn't for respect that I have for your crew,
I'd take time and I'd sink you, too,
And I'd sink you in the Lowlands lonesome low
I'd sink you in the Lowland Sea.

12. He fell upon his breast and away swam he
Crying O the lonesome low
He fell upon his breast and away swam he,
He bid farewell to the Green Willow Tree
While sailing in the Lowlands lonesome low
While sailing in the Lowland Sea.

71. "The Golden Willow Tree"

Flanders, 1937, p. 40. Sung by Elmer George, East Calais, Vt., c. 1934; learned from F. Layton, lumberjack, 40 years before. From *Country Songs of Vermont*, collected by Helen Hartness Flanders; copyright 1937 by Helen Hartness Flanders.

a M

1. There was a ship in the south countree,
Saying, oh, the lowlands lie so low;
There was a ship in the south countree,
And it went by the name of the "Golden Willow Tree,"
As she sailed o'er the lowlands, low, down low,
As she sailed o'er the lowlands low.

2. There was another ship in the same countree
Sailing o'er the lowlands lie so low,
There was another ship in the same countree
And it went by the name of the Turkish Shageree,
And she sailed in the lowlands, low, down low,
And she sailed in the lowlands, low.

3. Oh, up speaks one little cabing-boy,
Saying, oh, the lowlands lie so low,
Oh, up speaks one little cabing-boy,
Saying, "What would you give me if the ship I'll destroy
If I'll sink her in the lowlands, low, down low,
If I'll sink her in the lowlands, low."

4. "Oh, I'll give you gold and I'll give you fee,
Saying, oh, the lowlands lie so low,
Oh, I'll give you gold, and I'll give you fee,
And my oldest daughter your wedding-bride shall be,
If you'll sink her in the lowlands, low, down low,
If you'll sink her in the lowlands, low."

5. He bent upon his breast and away swam he,
Saying, oh, the lowlands lie so low,
He bent upon his breast and away swam he,
And he swam till he came to the Turkish Shageree,
As she sailed o'er the lowlands, low, down low,
As she sailed o'er the lowlands, low.

6. He had an instrument was fixed for the use,
Saying, oh, the lowlands lie so low,
He had an instrument was fixed for the use
And he bored nine holes and he bored 'em all to once,
And he sank her in the lowlands, low, down low,
And he sank her in the lowlands, low.

7. Then he bent upon his back and back swam he,
Saying, oh, the lowlands lie so low,
He bent upon his back and back swam he,
And he swam till he came to the "Golden Willow Tree."
As she sailed o'er the lowlands, low, down low,
As she sailed o'er the lowlands, low.

8. O capting, O capting, O take me on board,
Saying, oh, the lowlands lie so low.
O capting, O capting, O take me on board
And be unto me as good as your word,
For I've sunk her in the lowlands, low, down low,
For I've sunk her in the lowlands, low."

9. "Oh no, Oh no, I won't take you on board,
Saying, oh the lowlands lie so low,
Oh no, Oh no, I won't take you on board,
Nor be unto you as good as my word,
If you've sunk her in the lowlands, low, down low,
If you've sunk her in the lowlands, low."

10. "If it wasn't for the love that I have for your men,
Saying, oh, the lowlands lie so low,
If it wasn't for the love that I have for your men,
I would do unto you as I did unto them,
I would sink you in the lowlands, low, down low,
I would sink you in the lowlands, low."

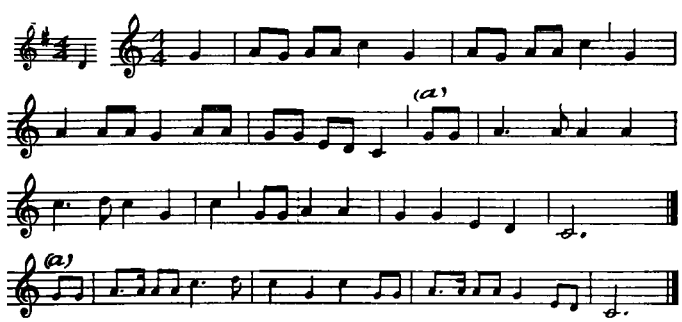
11. He wrote a message and sent it to his friends,
Saying, oh, the lowlands lie so low,
He wrote a message and sent it to his friends,
To let them know of his dreadful end,
And he sank in the lowlands, low, down low,
And he sank in the lowlands, low.

12. He bent upon his head and down swam he,
Saying, oh, the lowlands lie so low,
He bent upon his head and down swam he,
And he swam till he came to the bottom of the sea,
And he lays in the lowlands, low, down low,
And he lays in the lowlands, low.

GROUP Af

72. "The Lonesome Sea"

McDonald, 1939, p. 17. Sung by James Martin, Floods, Mo.

a π^1

Variant (a) is a conjectural reading, in view of the rhythm of the words and of other versions. The original is as given.

1. There was a little ship that sailed upon the sea
That went by the name of the Mary Golden Tree,
As she sailed upon the low and lonesome low,
As she sailed upon the lonesome sea.

2. She hadn't been sailing more than one, two or three
'Till she came 'long side of the Turkish Rebel Lee
As she sailed upon the low and lonesome low
As she sailed upon the lonesome sea.

3. There was a little boy that sat upon the deck
It's "Captain, Oh Captain, What will you give to me,
O if I will sink the Turkish Rebel Lee
As she sails upon the lonesome sea."

4. "I will give thee money, I will give thee a fee,
Besides I will marry my daughter unto thee,
If you sink her in the low and lonesome low
As she sails upon the lonesome sea."

5. He then bowed his knee and off swims he
He swam till he came to the Turkish Rebel Lee
As she sailed upon the low and lonesome low
As she sailed upon the lonesome sea.

6. Then out of his pocket a little tool he drew
And he bored nine holes for to let the water through
So he sank her in the low and lonesome low
So he sank her in the lonesome sea.

7. Then it's, "Captain, Oh Captain, take me upon board
Or else unto me your word you have broken,
For I've sunk her in the low and lonesome low
I have sunk her in the lonesome sea."

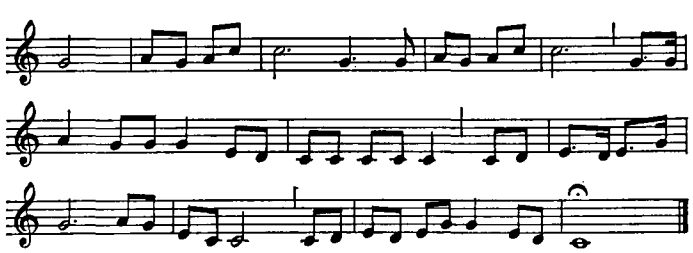
8. "I'll neither give you money, neither give you pay,
Neither will I marry my daughter unto thee
If you've sunk her in the low and lonesome low
If you've sunk her in the lonesome sea."

9. "If it weren't for the love that I have for your men,
I'd do unto you as I did unto them
I would sink you in the low and lonesome low
I would sink you in the lonesome sea."

10. He then bowed his knee and down sinks he
He sank till he came to the bottom of the sea
And we left him in the low and lonesome low
And we left him in the lonesome sea.

73. "Sinking in the Lonesome Sea"

Sung by the Carter family. Columbia rec. No. 37756 (17478).

a π^1

1. There was a little ship and she sailed upon the sea
And she went by the name of the Mary Golden Tree
As she sailed upon the low and lonesome low,
As she sailed upon the lonesome sea.

2. There was a little sailor unto his captain said,
O Captain, Captain, what'll you give to me,
If I sink 'em in the low and lonesome low,
If I sink 'em in the lonesome sea?

3. Two hunderd dollars I will give unto thee
And my oldest daughter I'll wed unto you,
If you'll sink them in the low and lonesome low,
If you'll sink them in the lonesome sea.

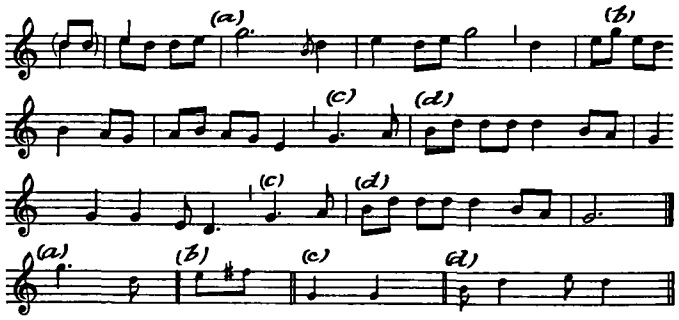
4. He bowed upon his breast and away swim he,
Till he came to the ship of the Turkish Reveille,
As she sailed upon the low and lonesome low,
As she sailed upon the lonesome sea. . . .

5. If it wasn't for the love of your daughter and your men,
I would do unto you as I did unto them,
I would sink you in the low and lonesome low,
I would sink you in the lonesome sea.

6. He bowed his head and down sank he.
Farewell, farewell to the Mary Golden Tree,
For I'm sinking in the low and lonesome low,
For I'm sinking in the lonesome sea.

74. "The Turkish Rebilee"

Sung by Horton Barker. Folkways LP rec. No. FA 2362 (B2), recorded by Sandy Paton. Learned in boyhood from Beecher Webster, Nashville, Tenn.

m I/Ly (nearly π^1)

1. There was a little ship that sailed on the sea
And the name of this ship was the Turkish Rebilee;
She sailed on the lonely, lonesome water,
She sailed on the lonesome sea.

2. There was another ship that sailed on the sea
And the name of this ship was the Golden Willow Tree;
She sailed on the—etc.

3. Up stepped a little sailor, saying what'll you give to me
If I will that ship to the bottom of the sea?
If I'll sink her in—etc.

4. I have a house and I have land
And I have a daughter that shall be at your command
If you'll sink her in—etc.

5. He bowed on his breast and away swam he;
He swam till he came to the Golden Willow Tree;
He sunk her in—etc.

6. He had a little auger all fit for to bore;
He bored nine holes in the bottom of the floor.
He sunk her in the—etc.

7. Some had hats and some had caps
A-trying to stop the salt water gaps
As she sunk in—etc.

8. Some were playing cards and some were shooting dice
While others stood around a-giving good advice
As she sunk in—etc.

9. He bowed on his breast and away swam he;
He swam till he came to the Turkish Rebilee.
"I've sunk her in the—etc."

10. "Now Captain, will you be as good as your word,
Or either will you take me in on board?
I've sunk her in the—etc."

11. "No, I won't be as good as my word
And neither will I take you in on board,
Though you've sunk her in the—etc."

12. "If it were not for the love I have for your men,
I'd do unto you as I've done unto them;
I'd sink you in the—etc."

13. He bowed on his breast and down sunk he,
A-bidding farewell to the Turkish Rebilee;
He sunk in the—etc.

75. "The Golden Willow Tree"

Hudson, *North Carolina Folklore*, III (1955), p. 8. Sung by Andra Joy Hamilton (Mrs. Eugene P. Bond). Learned from her mother, of Durham, N.C. Recorded by Arthur Palmer Hudson; tune transcribed by Daniel W. Patterson.

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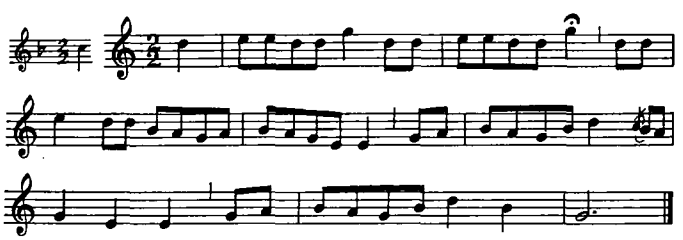

1. There was a little ship, and she sailed upon the sea,
And she went by the name of the Mary Golden Tree,
And she sailed upon the lone and the lonesome low,
And she sailed upon the lonesome sea.

2. She hadn't been sailing but a week or two
Till she came in sight of the Turkish Traveloo,
As she sailed on the lowland lonesome low,
As she sailed on the lowland sea.

3. The Captain cried, "O what shall I do?
For yonder comes the Turkish Traveloo,
As she sails on the lowland lonesome low,
As she sails on the lowland sea."

4. Up stepped a little carpenter, said, "What'll you give to me
If I go and sink her in the bottom of the sea,
As she sails on the lowland lonesome low,
As she sails on the lowland sea?"

5. "I have houses and I have lands, I have houses and I have lands,
I have a daughter you may have at your command
If you sink her in the lowland lonesome sea,
If you sink her in the lowland sea."

6. He turned on his breast and away swum he,
He swum till he came to the Turkish Traveloo,
As she sailed on the lowland lonesome low,
As she sailed on the lowland sea.

7. He had a little instrument a-purpose for the use,
He cut nine gashes in the salt water juice,
As she sailed on the lowland lonesome low,
As she sailed on the lowland sea.

8. Some a-playing cards, some a-playing dice,
Some a-standing by a-giving good advice,
As she sailed on the lowland lonesome low,
As she sailed on the lowland sea.

9. Some with their hats and some with their caps
Trying to stop those salt-water gaps,
As she sunk in the lowland lonesome low,
As she sunk in the lowland sea.

10. He turned upon his breast and away swum he,
He swum till he came to the Golden Willow Tree,
As she sailed on the lowland lonesome low,
As she sailed on the lowland sea.

11. "Captain, O Captain, be true to your word,
And take me now again on board,
For I have sunk her in the lowland lonesome low,
I've sunk her in the lowland sea."

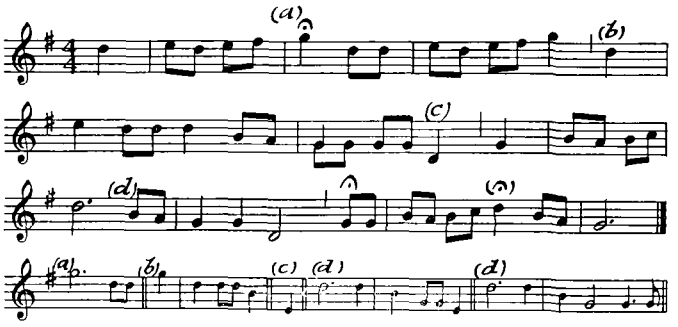
12. "I'll neither be as good as my word
Nor will I take you on board,
For you have sunk her in the lowland lonesome low,
You've sunk her in the lowland sea."

13. "If it wasn't for the love I have for your men
I would do unto you as I did unto them;
I would sink you in the lowland lonesome low,
I would sink you in the lowland sea."

14. He turned on his back and down sunk he,
Bidding farewell to the Golden Willow Tree,
As she sailed in the lowland lonesome low,
As she sailed on the lowland sea.

76. "Lonesome Low"

Sung by Mrs. Mary Briscoe, High, Ark., May 1, 1951. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 10,821(A3); collected by M. C. Parler.

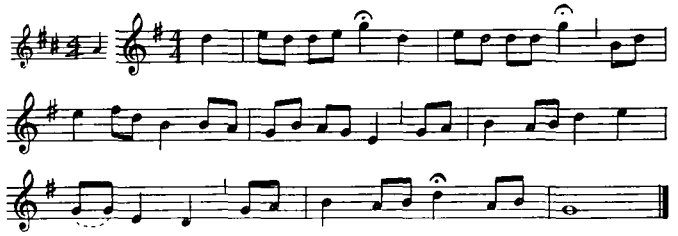
m I

He took to his breast and he swum and he swum,
He swum till he come to the Merry Gold Ship,
And he sunk her in the lowlie lonesome
And he sunk her in the lonesome sea.

He had a little tool for the very same use,
And he bored nine holes in her hollow (?hull) all at once,
And he sunk her in the lowlie lonesome
And he sunk her in the lonesome sea.

If it wasn't for the love that I had for your men,
I'd do unto you as I done unto them,
I'd sink you in the lowlie low in the lonesome,
Yes, I'd sink you in the lonesome sea.

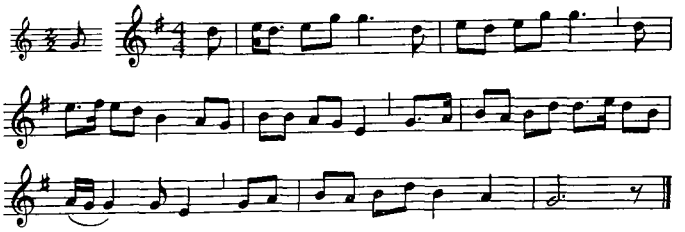
77. "The Merry Golden Tree"

E. C. and M. N. Kirkland, *SFQ*, II (1938), p. 79. Sung by Dr. Claudius M. Capps, July 25, 1937, Knoxville, Tenn.; learned from his mother 50 years before.

m I/Ly

There was a little ship that sailed on the sea,
And the name of the ship was the Merry Golden Tree,
As she sailed on the low land lonesome low,
As she sailed on the lonesome sea.

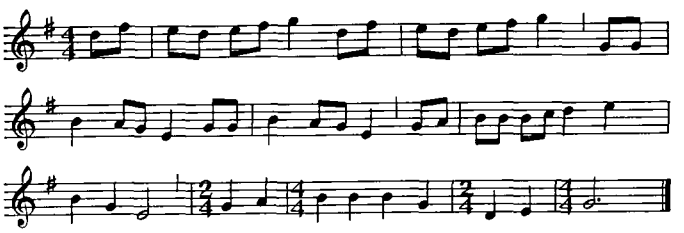
78. "The Golden Vanity"

Sharp MSS., 3629/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 288(G). Sung by Mrs. Wilson, Pineville, Ky., May 4, 1917.

m I/Ly

There was a little ship that sailed upon the sea;
They gave her the name of the Silver Family.
When I'm drownding in the lone, and the lonesome sea,
When I'm drownding in the lonesome sea.

79. "The Merry Golden Tree"

Henry, *JAF*, XLV (1936), p. 26. Also in Henry [1938], p. 128. Sung by Mrs. Samuel Harmon, Cade's Cove, Tenn., August 13, 1930.

m I

I have respected the note-lengths of the printed copy in the last phrase, while re-barring; but I suspect that an *allargando* was all that occurred in the singing.

1. There was a little ship
In the North Amerikee
And it went by the name of
The Merry Golden Tree,
As she sailed on the lonesome Lowlands, low,
As she sailed on the lonesome sea.

2. There was another ship
In the North Amerikee
And she went by the name of
The Turkey Revelee
And she sailed on the lonesome Lowlands low,
And she sailed on the lonesome sea.

3. "O captain, O captain,
What will you give to me
To go and sink yon Turkey Revelee
And sink her in the sea,
As she sails on the lonesome Lowlands low,
As she sails on the lonesome sea?"

4. "I'll give you money,
I'll pay your fee;
I have a loving daughter that
I'll marry unto thee,
If you sink her in the lonesome Lowlands low,
If you sink her in the lonesome sea."

5. He bowed to his breast
And away swam he.
He swum till he come
To the Turkey Revelee,
As she sailed on the lonesome Lowlands low,
As she sailed on the lonesome sea.

6. He had a little tool
That was fitten for to rule
And he bored nine holes
All in her hull at once,
As she sailed on the lonesome Lowlands low,
As she sailed on the lonesome sea.

7. There was some a-playing cards
And some a-playing check
And some was a-dancing on
The salt water deck,
As he sank her in the lonesome Lowlands low,
As he sank her in the lonesome sea.

8. They some with their hats
And some with their caps,
Trying to stop those
Salt water gaps,
As they sunk her in the lonesome Lowlands low,
As they sunk her in the lonesome sea.

9. He bowed to his breast
And away swum he.
He swum till he came to
The Merry Golden Tree,
As she sailed in the lonesome Lowlands low,
As she sailed in the lonesome sea.

10. "O captain, O captain,
You good as your word?
Will you take me
Up on board?
For I've sunk her in the lonesome Lowlands Low,
Oh, I've sunk her in the lonesome sea."

11. "I'll never be
As good as my word;
Nor neither will I take you
Up on board,
For you've sunk her in the lonesome Lowlands low,
Lord, you've sunk her in the lonesome sea."

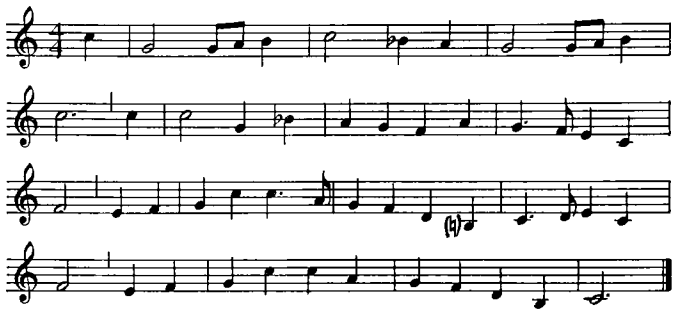
12. "If it wasn't for the love
That I have for your men,
I'd do unto you
As I've done unto them;
I would sink you in the lonesome Lowlands low,
I would sink you in the lonesome sea."

13. He bowed to his breast
And away swum he;
He bidden farewell to
The Merry Golden Tree,
As he sunk in the lonesome Lowlands low,
As he sunk in the lonesome sea.

GROUP Ag

80. "The Bold Granadee"

Hammond MSS., No. 218; text; D. V, p. 67. Sung by Charles Greening, Nettlecombe, Dorset, 1905-08.

a I (inflected VII)

1. Oh! there was a ship in the N[orth] countrie
The name of the ship was the Bold Granadee
He was swimming in the lowlands, below, below, below,
He was swimming in the lowlands, below.

2. Jack says to his master "What will you give to me
If I go and sink down the Bold Granadee?"
He was swimming etc.

3. "Here's half of my gold and half of my fee
And my oldest daughter shall make a bride for thee
If thee sink them etc.

4. He rose up and got his instrument for use
He bored fifty holes in the ship all at once
And he sank them etc.

5. Some was a-dead and some was a-dying
And some the salt water come dashing in their eyen
And they swimmèd etc.

6. Some catched their hats and some their caps
All for to stop up the salt water gaps
And they sinkèd etc.

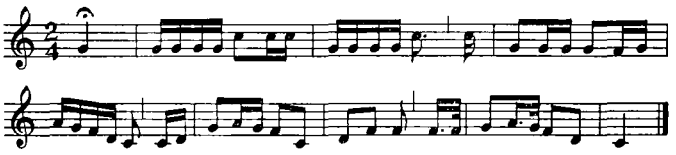
"Another singer, Slade, Dorchester Work-house, sang:

One wrapt him up in an old cow's hide
And to'ther chucked him overside
He went swimming down with wind and tide
And he sunk with the Turks down below."

[*Hammond's MS. note.*]

81. "The Golden Willow Tree"

Sung by Mrs. William Harmon, Beech Creek, N.C., 1939-42. Collected by Hilda C. Kasting and Mrs. Carl Wiseman. Transcribed and sent to the Editor by Edward Cray.

a π^2

1. There was a little ship off the North Amerikee,
   She went by the name of the Golden Willow Tree,
   As she sailed on the lowland, lonesome low,
   As she sailed on the lowland sea.

2. She had not been sailing more than two weeks or three,
   Till she spied the Turkish Travlee,
   As she sailed on the lowland, lonesome low,
   As she sailed on the lowland sea.

3. Then said the captain, "What shall we do
   For to sink this Turkish Travalou,
   As she sails on the lowland, lonesome low,
   As she sails on the lowland sea?"

4. Up jumped a little man, says, "What will you give me
   For to sink the Turkish Travalee,
   As she sails on the lowland, lonesome low,
   As she sails on the lowland sea?"

5. "I have houses and I have land,
   And my only daughter will be at your command,
   If you'll sink her in the lowland, lonesome low,
   If you'll sink her to the bottom of the sea."

6. Down on his back and out swam he
   Till he came to the Turkish Travalee,
   As it sailed on the lowland, lonesome low,
   As it sailed on the lowland sea.

7. He had a little instrument just for his use,
   And he cut nine gashes to let in a sluice,
   As she sailed on the lowland, lonesome low,
   As she sailed on the lowland sea.

8. Some were playing cards and some throwing dice,
   Some standing by giving good advice,
   As she sailed on the lowland, lonesome low,
   As she sailed on the lowland sea.

9. Women grabbed their hats and men got their caps
   As they all tried to stop the salt water gaps,
   As she sank in the lowland, lonesome low,
   As she sank in the lowland sea.

10. Down on his back and back swam he,
    Till he reached the Golden Willow Tree,
    As she sailed on the lowland, lonesome low,
    As she sailed on the lowland sea.

11. "Captain, oh Captain, be as good as your word,
    And will you not take me up on board,
    For I've sunk her in the lowland, lonesome low,
    I've sunk her in the lowland sea."

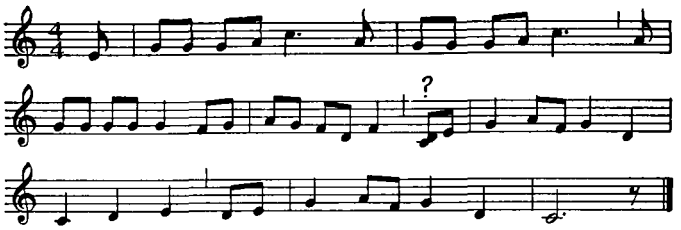
12. "No, I won't be as good as my word,
    Neither will I take you up on board,
    You can sink in the lowland, lonesome low,
    You can sink in the lowland sea."

13. "If it wasn't for the love I have for your men,
    I would serve you just as I've served them.
    I would sink you in the lowland, lonesome low.
    I would sink you in the lowland sea."

14. He turned on his back and down sank he,
    Bidding adieu to the Golden Willow Tree,
    As he sank into the lowland, lonesome low,
    As he sank into the lowland sea.

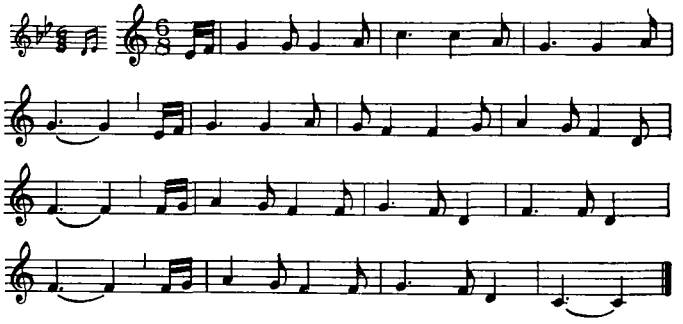
82. "The Lonesome Low"

Brown MSS., 16 b Ic, singer anonymous. Also in Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 122(C), as sung by Myra Barnett Miller. Tune also in Brown MSS., 16 a 7, from Maude M. Sutton.

a I/M

There was a little ship a-sailin' on the sea,
And she went by the name of "The Golden Willow Tree"
As she sailed on the Lowland lonesome low,
As she sailed on the lonesome sea.

83. "The Pirate Ship"

McIntosh, 1935, p. 22. Also in McIntosh, *JAF*, XLVIII (1935), p. 386. Sung by R. H. Finley, Carterville, Ill., May 19, 1934.

a I/M

1. There was a little ship, and she sailed on the sea,
   And she went by the name of the Golden Willow Tree,
   As she sailed in the lonesome low and low,
   As she sailed in the Lowland Sea.

2. She hadn't been a sailing but two weeks or three,
   Till she came in sight of a Turkish robberie,
   As she sailed in the lonesome low and low,
   As she sailed in the Lowland Sea.

3. Then up spoke the cabin boy and said what would he give to me,
If I'll sink them to the bottom of this Lowland Sea,
As she sailed in the lonesome low and low,
As she sailed in the Lowland Sea.

4. Oh, I have money, and I have land,
And I have a daughter that will come at your command,
If you sink them in this lonesome low and low,
If you sink them in this Lowland Sea.

5. He jumped in the water and away swam he,
Till he came to the Turkish robberie,
As she sailed in the lonesome low and low,
As she sailed in the Lowland Sea.

6. He took out an instrument he had for the use,
And cut three gashes and let in the salt and water juice,
As she sailed in the lonesome low and low,
As she sailed in the Lowland Sea.

7. He turned on his breast, and away swam he,
Till he came in sight of the Golden Willow Tree,
As they sailed in the lonesome low and low,
As they sailed in the Lowland Sea.

8. Oh captain, my captain, if you are as good as your word,
Oh, now you will come and take me on board,
As you sail in the lonesome low and low,
As you sail in the Lowland Sea.

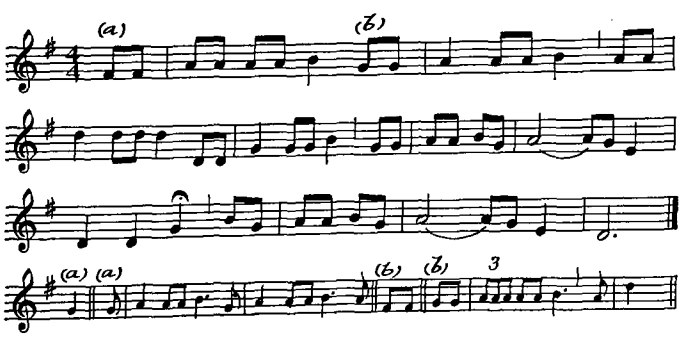
9. Then said the Captain, "I'm not as good as my word,
And I'll not stop and take you on board,
As we sail in the lonesome low and low,
As we sail in the Lowland Sea."

10. "If it wasn't for the love that I have for your men,
I'd do unto you as I did unto them;
I'd sink you in this lonesome low and low,
I'd sink you in this Lowland Sea."

11. Then he turned on his back and away sank he,
Sank to the bottom of that Lowland Sea,
As they sailed in the lonesome low and low,
As they sailed in the Lowland Sea.

84. "The Green Willow Tree"

Sung by Sam Stuart, of Muskogee, Okla., a student at the U. of Ark. Collected by M. C. Parler, February 21, 1959. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 11,906(A6).

a I/M (almost a π^2)

"The Old Chisholm Trail" has powerfully influenced this variant.

1. Well, there was a little ship, and it sailed on the sea,
It went by the name of the Green Willow Tree,
And was sailing in the Lowland lonesome low,
It was sailing in the lonesome sea.

2. Up stepped the captain of the Spanish Cavalry
Saying, What are we going to do? for yonder comes that Green Willow Tree,
And they'll sink us in the Lowland lonesome low
And they'll sink us in the lonesome sea.

3. Up stepped the sailor-boy, said, What'll you give me,
If I will sink 'em in the lonesome sea,
If I'll sink 'em in the Lowland lonesome low,
If I'll sink 'em in the lonesome sea?

4. I'll give you gold and I'll give you fee,
And my daughter your bride shall be,
If you'll sink 'em in the Lowland lonesome low,
If you'll sink 'em in the lonesome sea.

5. He jumped into the water and away swum he,
Till he overtaken the Green Willow Tree,
She was sailing in the Lowland lonesome low,
She was sailing in the lonesome sea.

6. He cut nine gashes, let the salt water in,
Some with their hats, and some with their caps
A-trying to stop up the salt-water gaps,
For they're sinking in the Lowlands lonesome low,
They were sinking in the lonesome sea.

7. He turned around and away swam he
Till he overtaken the Spanish Cavalry,
He was sinking in the Lowland lonesome low
He was sinking in the lonesome sea.

8. Kind Captain, be as kind as your word
Or even stop and take me on board,
For I'm sinking in the Lowland lonesome low,
I am sinking in the lonesome sea.

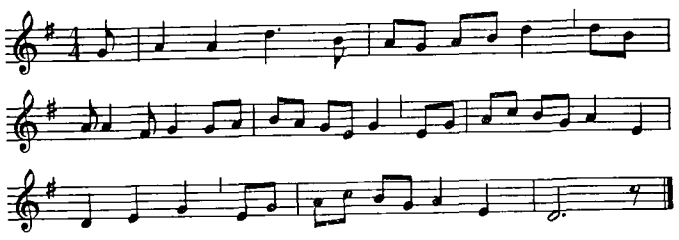
9. O no, I shan't be as kind as my word,
I won't even stop, and take you on board,
But I'll sink you in the Lowlands lonesome low,
I will sink you in the lonesome sea.

10. If it wasn't for the honor that I have for your men,
O I'd do you like I done them,
I would sink you in the Lowland lonesome low
I would sink you in the lonesome sea.

11. He turned upon his back, and away floated he
A-crying, Adieu to the Green Willow Tree,
For he was sinking in the Lowland lonesome low,
He was drowning in the lonesome sea.

85. "A Ship Set Sail for North America"

Treat, *JAF*, LII (1939), p. 11. Sung by Mrs. M. G. Jacobs, Maud Jacobs, and Pearl Jacobs Borusky, Bryant, Wis., September 1933. Learned in Carter County, Ky.

a M

1. A ship set sail for North America
And she went by the name of "The Turkish Revillee,"
As she sails along the lonesome lowlands low,
As she sails along the lowland sea.

2. "Captain, O, Captain, O, what will you give me
If I will overtake 'The Golden Willow Tree,'
If I'll sink her in the lonesome lowlands low,
If I'll sink her in the lowland sea?"

3. "I have a house and I have land,
And I have a daughter that will be at your command
If you'll sink her in the lonesome lowlands low," etc.

4. "I have a little tool just fitted for the use,
Boring for salt water, letting in the sluice.
I'll sink her in the lonesome lowlands low," etc.

5. He fell upon his back and away swam he
Until he overtaken the "Golden Willow Tree,"
As she sailed along the lonesome lowlands low, etc.

6. Some with their hats and some with their caps,
Trying to stop the salt water gaps,
As she sailed along the lonesome lowlands low, etc.

7. He fell upon his back and away swam he
Until he overtaken "The Turkish Revillee,"
As she sailed along the lonesome lowlands low, etc.

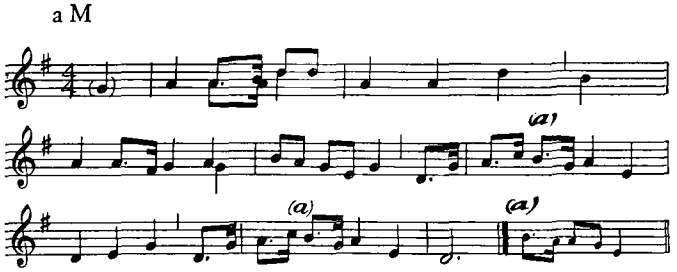
8. "Captain, O, Captain, take me on board
And be to me as good as your word,
For I've sunk her in the lonesome lowlands low," etc.

9. "Neither will I take you on board,
Or be to you as good as my word,
Though you've sunk her in the lonesome lowlands low," etc.

10. "If it wasn't for the love I have for your men,
I'd serve you as I served them,
I'd sink you in the lonesome lowlands low,
[I'd sink you in the lowland sea."]

86. "A Ship Set Sail for North America"

Sung by Mrs. Ollie Jacobs, Pearson, Wis., 1941. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 4985(B2) and LC/AAFS, rec. No. L58(B5). Recorded by Robert F. Draves and Helene Stratman-Thomas.

a M

1. A ship set sail for North America
And she went by the name of the Turkish Revelee
As she sailed along the lonesome lowlands low
As she sailed along the Lowland Sea.

2. There was another ship in the north countre-ee
And she went by the name of a Golden Willow Tree
As she sailed upon the lonesome lowlands low
As she sailed upon the Lowland Sea.

3. Captain, o captain, what will you give me
If I overtake her and sink her in the sea
If I'll sink her in the lonesome lowlands low
If I'll sink her in the Lowland Sea?

4. I have a house and I have land
And I have a daughter that will be at your command
If you'll sink her in the lonesome lowlands low
If you'll sink her in the Lowland Sea.

5. I have a little tool just fitted for the use
Boring for salt water, letting in the sluice
As she sails upon the lonesome lowlands low
As she sails upon the Lowland Sea.

6. He fell upon his back and away swam he
Until he overtaken the Golden Willow Tree
As she sailed along the lonesome lowlands low
As she sailed along the Lowland Sea.

7. Some with their hats and some with their caps
Trying to stop the salt water gaps
As she sailed along the lonesome lowlands low
As she sailed along the Lowland Sea.

8. He fell upon his back and away swam he
Until he overtaken the Turkish Revelee
As she sailed along the lonesome lowlands low
As she sailed along the Lowland Sea.

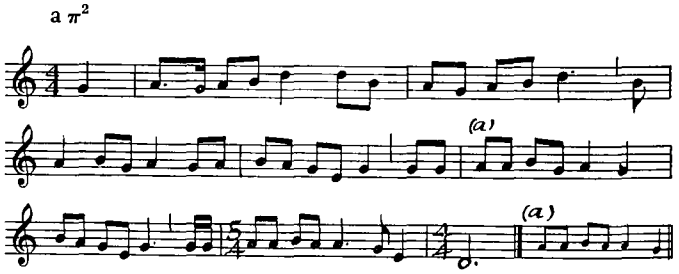
9. Captain, o Captain, take me on board
And be to me as good as your word
For I've sunk her in the lonesome lowlands low
For I've sunk her in the lowlands low.

10. Neither will I take you on board
Or be to you as good as my word
Though you've sunk her in the lonesome lowlands low
Though you've sunk her in the Lowland Sea.

11. If it wasn't for the love I have for your men
I would serve you as I have served them
I would sink you in the lonesome lowlands low
I would sink you in the Lowland Sea.

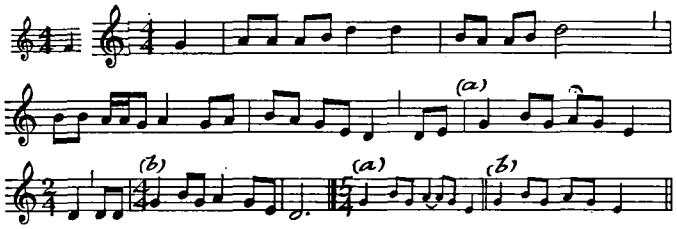
87. "The Golden Vanity"

Sharp MSS., 4655/. Sung by Mrs. Ellen Webb, Burnsville, N.C., September 21, 1918.

a π^2

There was a little ship in the North Amerikee,
She goes by the name of the Golden Willow Tree,
And I sank her in the lowlands, lonesome, lowlands low,
And I sank her in the low-de-lands sea.

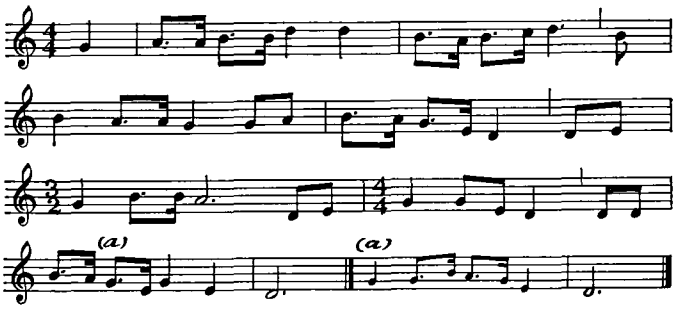
88. "The Golden Vanity"

Sharp MSS., 3461/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 284(C). Sung by Mrs. Hester House, Hot Springs, N.C., September 15, 1916.

a π^2

Some were waving hats and some were waving caps
Some a trying to stop them salty water gaps
As she sailed on the lowlands low
As she sailed on the lonesome sea.

89. "The Golden Vanity"

Sharp MSS., 4619/3225. Sung by Mrs. Ida Banks, Burnsville, N.C., September 16, 1918.

a D/M

1. There was a little ship in South Amerikee;
   It goes by the name of the Golden Willow Tree,
   And it sails on the low and the lonesome below,
   And it sails on the lonesome sea.

2. It has not been sailing more than two weeks or three
   Until it was overtaken by the Turkey Rebelee,
   And it sails on the low, etc.

3. There was a little boy, on board was he.
   O what will you give me to sink the Rebelee?
   If I sink her in the low, etc.

4. I have houses and I have land
   And I have a daughter at your command,
   If you sink her in the low, etc.

5. He had a little tool just made for the use,
   He bored nine holes and the salty water juice,
   And he sank her in the low, etc.

6. He turned upon his back and swimming went he
   Until he overtook the Golden Willow Tree,
   And it sails on the low, etc.

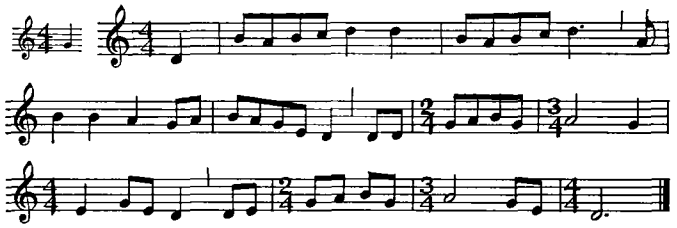
7. Now if you are a man of your word,
   You will not refuse to take me on board,
   For I'm sinking in the low, etc.

8. I am not a man of my word.
   I will not, I will not take you on board,
   You must sink in the low, etc.

9. He turned on his back and swimming went he,
   Bidding farewell to the Golden Willow Tree,
   And he sank in the low and the lonesome below,
   And he sank in the lonesome sea.

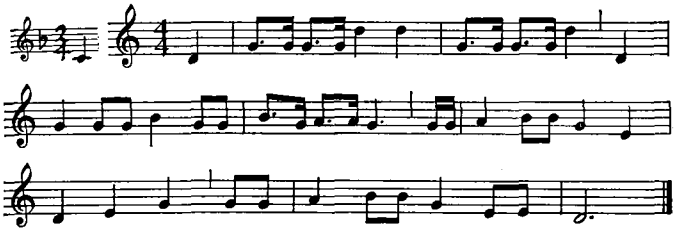
90. "The Golden Vanity"

Sharp MSS., 3564/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 289(H). Sung by Mrs. James A. Maples, Sevierville, Tenn., April 17, 1917.

a D/M

And I'll sink you in the lowlands lonesome low
And I'll sink you in the lowlands deep.

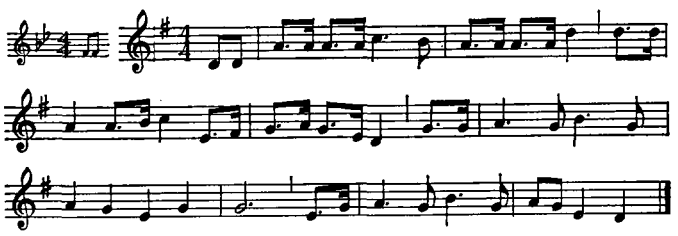
91. "The Golden Willow Tree"

Brown MSS., 16 b VIII. Sung by I. G. Greer. Also in Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 121(B).

a π^2

There was a little ship in South America,
That went by the name of 'The Golden Willow Tree.'
As she sailed on the lowland, lonesome low,
As she sailed on the salt water sea.

92. "The Weeping Willow Tree"

Lumpkin, *CFB*, III (1964), p. 18. Sung by William Martin, Lafayette, Colo., December 5, 1963; learned from his mother. Transcribed by Miss Helen K. Wilson.

a M

The timing in the last two phrases looks dubious, but I have not ventured to alter it.

1. Well, there was a little ship, and she shipped upon the sea.
She shipped by the name of the *Weeping Willow Tree.*
As she sailed along the low and lonesome low,
As she sailed along the lonesome sea.

2. Well, she hadn't been at sea no more'n a week or two
Till she came in sight of the *Spanish Revenue,*
As she sailed along the low and lonesome low,
As she sailed along the lonesome sea.

3. "Well, Captain, O Captain, what'll you give me
If I sink her to the bottom of the deep and lonely sea?"
As she sailed along the low and lonesome low,
As they sailed along the lonesome sea.

4. "Well, I have money, and I have land;
I have a pretty daughter that'll be in your command.
As we sail along the low and lonesome low,
As we sail along the lonesome sea."

5. Well, over the side, and over swum he.
Soon out of sight of the *Weeping Willow Tree.*
As she sailed along the low and lonesome low,
As she sailed along the lonesome sea.

6. Well, some were playing cards, and some were playing dice.
Some were standing round givin' very good advice,
As she sailed along the low and lonesome low,
As she sailed along the lonesome sea.

7. Well, he had a little instrument he'd made for the use,
And he gave her several gushes of the salt-water juice;
As she sailed along the low and lonesome low,
As she sailed along the lonesome sea.

8. Says, "Captain, O Captain, will you give me your hand?
Give me your hand, and help me on board."
As she sailed along the low and lonesome low,
As she sailed along the lonesome sea.

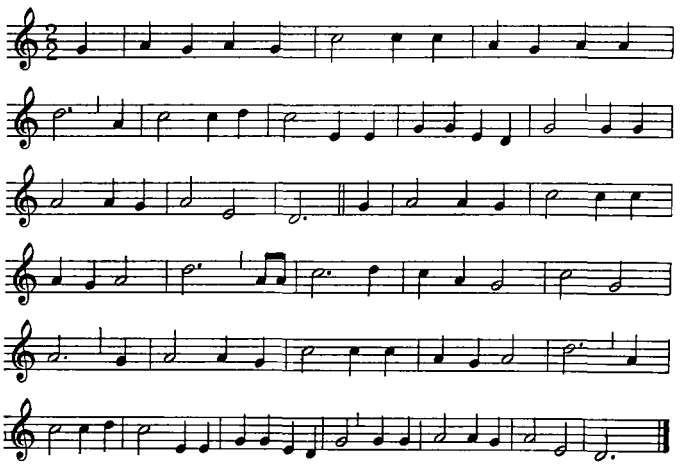
9. "No, I won't be as good as my word;
Neither will I help you on board."
As she sailed along the low and lonesome low,
As she sailed along the lonesome sea.

10. "If it wasn't for the love that I have for your men,
I'd serve you the same as I've served them."
As she sailed along the low and lonesome low,
As she sailed along the lonesome sea.

11. Well, he folded his arms, and down sunk he.
Soon out o' sight of the *Weeping Willow Tree.*
As she sailed along the low and lonesome low,
As she sailed along the lonesome sea.

93. "The Golden Vanity"

Sharp MSS., 3487/2571. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 283(B). Sung by Mrs. Sarah Buckner, Black Mountain, N.C., September 18, 1916.

a π^3

The alternative version, from the 1932 edition, is not in Sharp's MSS., except for the second phrase, indicated for irregular stanzas 5, 6, and 9.

1. There was a little ship in the North Amerikee,
She went by the name of the Golden Willow Tree,
As she sailed in the lowlands low.

2. There was another ship in the South Amerikee,
She went by the name of the Turkey Silveree,
As she sailed in the lowlands low.

3. O captain, O captain, what will you give to me
To sink the ship of the golden willow tree
As she sails in the lowlands low.

4. I will give you gold, I will give you fee,
I'll give you my daughter and a-married you shall be
If you sink her in the lowlands low.

5. He turned on his back and away swam he,
Crying: O this lowland lies so low.
He turned on his breast and away swam he,
He swam till he came to the golden willow tree,
As she sailed on the lowlands low.

6. He turned on his back and away swam he,
Crying: O this lowland lies so low.
He turned on his breast and away swam he,
He swam till he came to the Turkey Silveree,
As she sailed on the lowlands low.

7. O captain, O captain, pray take me on board,
For I have been just as good as my word,
I have sunk her in the lowlands low.

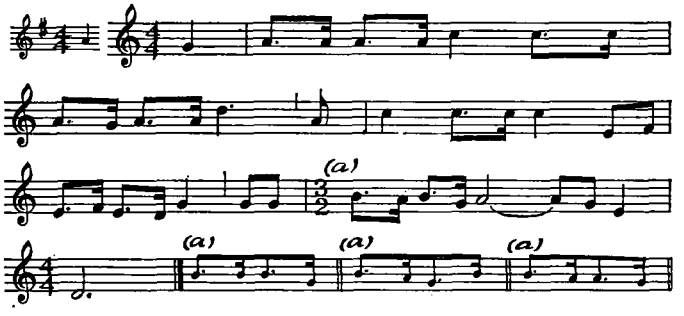
8. I know you have been just as good as your word,
But never no more will I take you on board,
While I sail on the lowlands low.

9. He turned on his back and down swum* he,
Crying: O this lowland lies so low.
He turned on his breast and down swam he,
He sank before he came to the Turkey Silveree,
Till she sailed on the lowlands low.

* Text, swam; footnote, 1932: swum.

94. "The Golden Vanity"

Sharp MSS., 3420/2510. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 282(A). Sung by Mrs. Jane Gentry, Hot Springs, N.C., September 12, 1916.

a D

1. There was a little ship in the South Amerikee
That went by the name of the Weeping Willow Tree,
As she sailed upon the low de lands deep.

2. There was another ship in the North Amerikee,
She went by the name of the golden silveree,
As she sailed upon the low de lands deep.

3. O captain, O captain, what'll you give to me
If I'll go and sink the ship of the weeping willow tree,
As she sailded upon the low de lands deep.

4. I will give to you* gold and I'll give to you a fee,
Give to you my daughter and married you shall be,
As we sailed upon the low de lands deep.

5. He bent to his breast and away swum he,
He swum and he sunk the ship of the weeping willow tree,
As they sailed upon the low de lands deep.

6. He bent to his breast and back swum he,
Back to the ship of the golden silveree,
As they sailed upon the low de lands deep.

7. O captain, O captain, pray take me on my board,
For I have been just as good as my word,
I sunk her in the low de lands deep.

8. I know that you've been just as good as your word,
But never more will I take you on board,
As we sailed upon the low de lands deep.

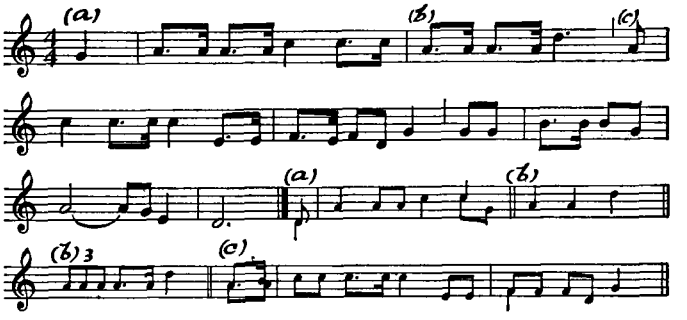
9. If it wasn't for the love that I have for your girl,
I'd do unto you as I did unto them,
I'd sink you in the low de lands deep.

10. But he turned upon his back and down went he,
Down, down, down to the bottom of the sea,
As they sailed upon the low de lands deep.

* 1932: give you.

95. "The Golden Vanity"

Sung by Mrs. Maude Gentry Long, Hot Springs, N.C., 1948. Learned from her mother, Mrs. Jane Gentry. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 9155(B3). Also in LC/AAFS, rec. No. 10,007(A11). Recorded by Maud Karpeles and Sidney Robertson Cowell.

a D

1. There was a little ship in the North Amerikee,
She went by the name of the Golden Silvaree
As she sailed upon the Low-de-lands low.

2. There was another ship in the South Amerikee,
She went by the name of the Weeping Willow Tree
As she sailed upon the Low-de-lands low.

3. "O Captain, O Captain, O what'll you give to me
If I'll go and sink the ship of the Weeping Willow Tree
As she sails upon the Low-de-lands dee?"[1]

4. "I'll give to you gold and I'll give to you a fee,
I'll give to you my daughter and married you shall be
As we sail upon the Low-de-lands dee."

5. He bent to his breast and away swam he,
He swam and sunk the ship of the Weeping Willow Tree
As she sailed upon the Low-de-lands dee.

6. He bent to his breast and back swum he,
Back he swum to the Golden Silvaree
As she sailed upon the Low-de-lands dee.

7. "O Captain, O Captain, O take me on board,
For I have been just as good as my word,
I have sunk the Weeping Willow Tree."

8. "I know you have been just as good as your word,
But I never never more will take you on board
As we sail upon the Low-de-lands dee."[2]

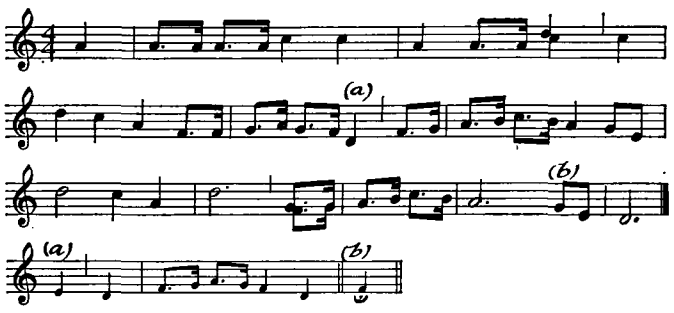
9. "If it were not for the love that I have for your girl,
I'd do unto you as I did unto them,
I would sink you in the Low-de-lands dee."

10. But he turned on his back and down went he,
Down down down to the bottom of the sea,
Never more to sail upon the deep dee.

[1] 1950: stanzas 3 through 6, and 9, end with "deep."
[2] 1950: stanza omitted.

96. "There Was a Bold Captain"

Sung by Mrs. Bertha Basham Wright of Franklin County, Ohio, and her mother, Sarah (Mrs. Bob) Basham. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 11,453(B5). Recorded by Anne Grimes.

a D

There was a ship sailing in the North Country
And the name of the ship was the [Bold Trinity]
And they sank her in the Lowlands low, down below,
They sunk her in the lonesome sea.

He had a little auger made for the work
And he bored nine holes in the bottom of the Turk,
He sank her in the Lowlands low, down below,
He sank her in the lonesome sea.

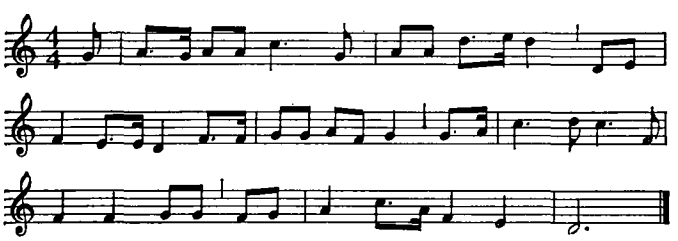
If it wasn't for your daughter and likewise your men,
I'd do unto you as I done unto them,
I'd sink you in the Lowlands low, down below,
I'd sink you in the lonesome sea.

He turned on his back and away swam he
And he bid farewell to the Bold Trinity,
And sink her [*sic*] in the Lowlands low, down below,
We'll sink her [?] in the lonesome sea.

Mrs. Wright was coached throughout her performance.

97. "The Mary Golden Tree"

Richardson and Spaeth, 1927, p. 28.

a D/Æ

1. There was a little ship that sail'd out on the sea,
And the name of that ship was the Mary Golden Tree,
And she sail'd along the lowland, lonesome,
As she sail'd on the lonesome sea.

2. She had not been abroad more than days one, two or three
Till she spied the old ship called the Turkish Rebel Lee,
As she sailed along the lowland, lonesome,
As she sailed on the lonesome sea!

3. A little boy a-sailing, as brave as brave could be,
Cried, "Captain, ah captain, what will you give to me
If I sink her in the lowland, lonesome,
If I sink her in the lonesome sea?"

4. "I will give you money, I will give you a fee,
Beside a lovely daughter, I will marry unto thee,
If you sink her in the lowland, lonesome,
If you sink her in the lonesome sea!"

5. And he bared his breast and away swam he,
He swam till he reached the Turkish Rebel Lee,
As she sailed along the lowland, lonesome,
As she sailed on the lonesome sea.

6. Then out of his pocket a little tool he drew
And he bored nine holes for to let the water through
That would sink her in the lowland, lonesome,
That would sink her in the lonesome sea.

7. Then he bared his breast and back swam he
And he swam till he came to the Mary Golden Tree
As she sailed along the lowland, lonesome,
As she sailed on the lonesome sea.

8. And he cried "Oh, captain, take me on board
Or you won't be as good as you told me you would
For I've sunk her in the lowland, lonesome,
I've sunk her in the lonesome sea!"

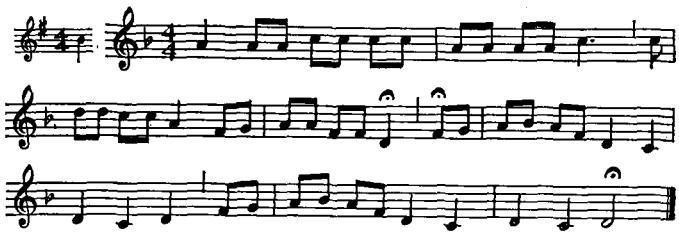
9. "I won't give you money, I won't give you a fee,
And I won't be as good as I told you I would be,
If you sunk her in the lowland, lonesome,
If you sunk her in the lonesome sea!"

10. "If 'twas not for the love I have got for your men,
I would do unto you as I did unto them,—
I would sink you in the lowland, lonesome,
I would sink you in the lonesome sea!"

11. Then he bowed his head and down sank he
And he bade farewell to the Mary Golden Tree
As she sailed along the lowland, lonesome,
As she sailed on the lonesome sea!

98. "Lowlands Lonesome Low"

Lumpkin, *Western Folklore*, XIX (1960), p. 82. Sung by Leroy W. Cook, Boulder, Colo.; learned about 1890, while living in Hamilton County, Kans., from his father, who learned it in Indiana.

a Æ (—II)

There was a little boat, all fitted for the sea.
The name of the boat was the *Merry Golden Tree.*
And she sailed in the lowlands lonesome low.
And she sailed in the lowlands lonesome low.

There was another boat all ready for the sea,
And the name of the boat was the *Turkish Revelrie.*
And she sailed in the lowlands lonesome low. (*Repeat.*)
. . . . . .

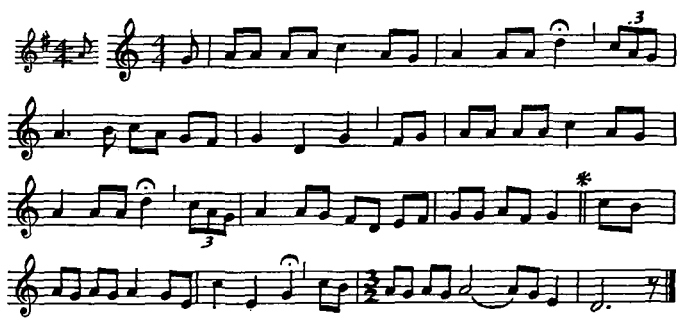
. . . . . had a thing fast to his coat,
And he bored nine holes in the bottom of the boat.
And she sank in the lowlands lonesome low. (*Repeat.*)

"Captain, oh captain, if it wasn't for your men,
I'd serve it unto you as I served it unto them.
And I'd sink you in the lowlands lonesome low." (*Repeat.*)

GROUP Ah

99. "The Golden Vanity"

Sharp MSS., 4084/2923. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 289(I). Sung by William Wooton, Hindman, Ky., September 21, 1917.

a D

* "Phrase uncertain." [*Sharp's MS. note.*]

1. I had a little ship and I sailed on the sea,
   Crying: O the land that lies so low,
   I had a little ship and I sailed on the sea,
   And she went by the name of the Golden Willow Tree,
   As she sailed on the lowlands low, low, low,
   As she sails on the lowlands low.

2. I hadn't been sailing past weeks two or three
   Until we come in sight of the British Robberee,
   As she sailed, etc.

3. Up spoke our little bold cabin boy,
   Saying: What will you give me if the ship I destroy,
   And sink her in the lowlands, etc.

4. I will give you gold, or I will give you fee,
   Or I will give to you my daughter to sail with you on sea
   If you'll sink her, etc.

5. He turned upon his breast and away swum he,
   And he swum till he come to the British Robberee,
   As she sailed, etc.

6. He had a little instrument prepared for the use,
   And he bored nine holes and he bored them all at once,
   And he sunk her, etc.

7. O captain, O captain, take me on board,
   And be unto me as good as your word,
   For I sunk her, etc.

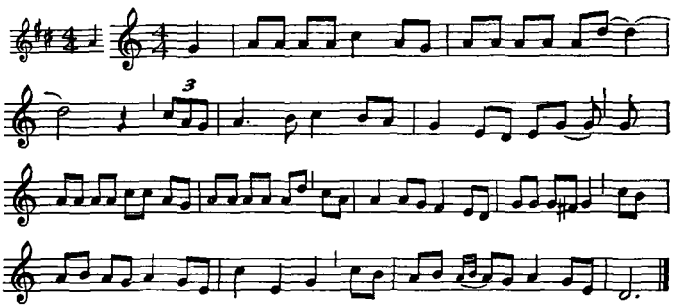
8. I will not take you in on board,
   Nor be unto you as good as my word,
   Though you've sunk her, etc.

9. If it wasn't for the love that I have for your men,
   I would do unto you as I done unto them,
   I would sink you, etc.

10. He turned upon his head and down went he
    And he sunk himself to the bottom of the sea,
    And he sunk in the lowlands, etc.

100. "The Golden Willow Tree"

McGill, 1917, p. 97.

a D (inflected III)

1. I had a little ship, and I sailed her on the sea,
   Crying: "O the land that lies so low;"
   I had a little ship, and I sailed her on the sea,
   And she went by the name of the "Golden Willow Tree."
   As we sailed in the lowlands low, low, low,
   As we sailed in the lowlands low.

2. We hadn't been sailing past weeks two or three,
   Crying: "O the land that lies so low;"
   We hadn't been sailing past weeks two or three,
   Till we came in sight of the British robberie,
   As we sailed in the lowlands low, low, low,
   As we sailed in the lowlands low.

3. Then up spake our little bold cabin boy,
   Crying: "O the land that lies so low;"
   Then up spake our little bold cabin boy,
   Saying: "What will you give me if the ship I will destroy?"
   As we sailed in the lowlands low, low, low,
   As we sailed in the lowlands low.

4. "O I will give you gold, or I will give you fee,"
Crying: "O the land that lies so low;"
"O I will give you gold, or I will give you fee,
Or I'll give to you my daughter to sail with you on the sea,
If you'll sink her in the lowlands low, low, low,
If you'll sink her in the lowlands low."

5. He turned upon his breast, and away swam he,
Crying: "O the land that lies so low;"
He turned upon his breast, and away swam he,
And he swam till he came to the British robberie,
As we sailed in the lowlands low, low, low,
As we sailed in the lowlands low.

6. He had a little instrument prepared for the use,
Crying: "O the land that lies so low;"
He had a little instrument prepared for the use,
And he bored nine holes, and he bored them all at once,
As we sailed in the lowlands low, low, low,
As we sailed in the lowlands low.

7. "O Captain, Captain, take me on board,
Crying: 'O the land that lies so low,
O Captain, Captain take me on board,
And be unto me as good as your word,
For I've sunk her in the lowlands low, low, low,
For I've sunk her in the lowlands low.' "

8. "I will not take you in on board,
Crying: 'O the land that lies so low,'
I will not take you in on board,
Nor be unto you as good as my word,
Though you've sunk her in the lowlands, low, low, low,
Though you've sunk her in the lowlands low."

9. "If it wasn't for the love that I bear for your men,
Crying: 'O the land that lies so low,'
If it wasn't for the love that I bear for your men,
I would do unto you as I've done unto them,
I would sink you in the lowlands low, low, low,
I would sink you in the lowlands low."

10. He turned upon his head, and down went he,
Crying: "O the land that lies so low;"
He turned upon his head, and down went he,
And he sank himself to the bottom of the sea,
As we sailed in the lowlands low, low, low,
As we sailed in the lowlands low.

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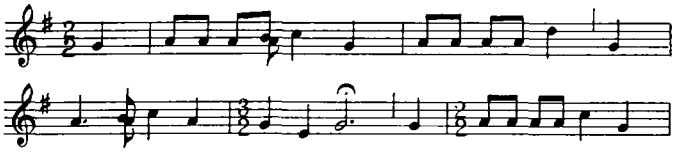
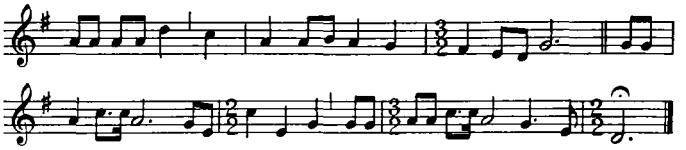
101. "The Golden Willow Tree"

Sung to banjo accompaniment by Justus Begley, Hazard, Ky., 1937. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 1530(A) and (B1). Also in LC/AAFS, Album 7, rec. No. 31(A) and (B1); and on LC/AAFS, rec. No. L7(A1). Recorded by Alan and Elizabeth Lomax.

a M

1. There was a little ship in South Amerikee,
Crying, O the land that lies so low.
There was a little ship in South Amerikee,
She went by the name of the Golden Willow Tree,
As she sailed in the lowland lonesome low,
As she sailed in the lowland so low.

2. We hadn't been a-sailing more than two weeks or three,
Crying, O the land that lies so low,
We hadn't been a-sailing more than two weeks or three
Till we came in sight of the British Roverie,
As she sailed in the lowland lonesome low,
As she sailed in the lowland so low.

[3. Up stepped a little carpenter boy,
Crying, O the lonesome land so low.
Up stepped a little carpenter boy,
Says, "What will you give me for the ship that I'll destroy?
And I'll sink 'em in the lowland lonesome low,
And I'll sink 'em in the lowland so low."]

4. "I'll give you gold or I'll give thee"—
Crying, O the lonesome land so low—
"I'll give you gold or I'll give thee
The fairest of my daughters as she sails upon the sea,
If you'll sink 'em in the lowland lonesome low,
If you'll sink 'em in the land that lies so low."

5. Then he turned upon his back and away swam he,
Crying, O the lonesome land so low.
He turned upon his back and away swum he.
He swum till he came to the British Roverie,
As she sailed in the lowland lonesome low,
As she sailed in the lowland so low.

6. He had a little instrument fitted for his use,
Crying, O the lonesome land so low.
He had a little instrument fitted for his use.
He bored nine holes and he bored them all at once,
And he sank her in the lowland lonesome low,
And he sank her in the lowland so low.

7. Well, he turned upon his breast and back swum he,
Crying, O the lonesome land so low.
He turned upon his breast and back swum he.
He swum till he came to the Golden Willow Tree,
As she sailed in the lowland lonesome low,
As she sailed in the lowland so low.

8. "Captain, O Captain, come take me on board"—
Crying, O the lonesome land so low—
"O Captain, O Captain, come take me on board,
And do unto me as good as your word,
For I sank 'em in the lowland lonesome low,
I sank her in the lowland so low."

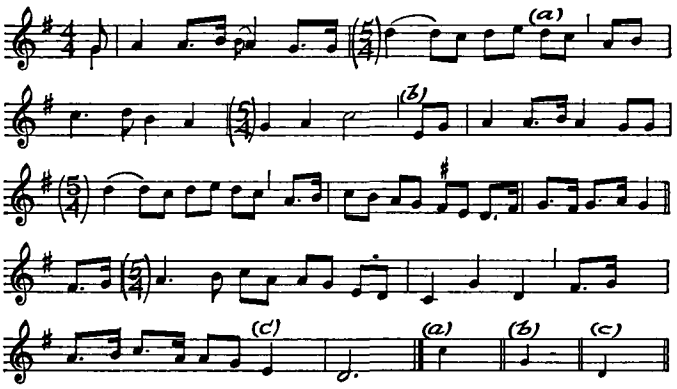
9. "Oh, no, I won't take you on board"—
Crying, O the lonesome land so low—
"Oh, no, I won't take you on board,
Nor do unto you as good as my word,
Though you sank 'em in the lowland lonesome low,
Though you sank 'em in the lowland so low."

10. "If it wasn't for the love that I have for your men"—
Crying, O the land that lies so low—
"If it wasn't for the love that I have for your men,
I'd do unto you as I done unto them.
I'd sink you in the lowland lonesome low,
I'd sink you in the lowland so low."

11. He turned upon his head and down swum he,
Crying, O the lonesome land so low,
He turned upon his head and down swum he.
He swum till he came to the bottom of the sea,
Sank himself in the lowland lonesome low,
Sank himself in the lowland so low.

102. "The Golden Willow Tree"

Sung by Mrs. Polly Johnson, Wise, Va., 1939. LC/AAFS, rec. Nos. 2758(B) and 2759(A1). Collected by Herbert Halpert.

a M

1. There once was a ship she was a-sailing on the sea
Crying O the lowlands lonesome low
There once was a ship she was sailing on the sea
And she goes by the name of the Golden Willow Tree
For she's sailing in the lowlands lonesome low
For she's sailing in the lonesome low.

2. There was another ship that was sailing on the sea
Crying O the lowlands lonesome low
There was another ship she was sailing on the sea
And she went by the name of the Turkish Ravalie
For she's sailing on the lowlands lonesome low
For she's sailing on the lonesome low

3. There was a young man that was sailing on the sea
Crying O the lowlands lonesome low
There was a young man he was sailing on the sea
. . . . . .

4. O Captain O Captain O what will you give
Crying O the lowlands lonesome low
O Captain O Captain what will you give
If I'll overtake her and sink her in the low
I will sink her in the lowlands lonesome low
I will sink her in the lowlands low

5. I will give you gold, I will give you fee
Crying O the lowlands lonesome low
I will give you gold, I will give you fee
And my oldest daughter, and (?then) married you shall be
If you'll sink her in the lowlands lonesome low
If you'll sink her in the lowlands low.

6. He turned on his back and away goes he
Crying O the lowlands lonesome low
He turned on his back and away goes he
Till he came along beside of the Golden Willow Tree
[Turkish Reveille]
For she's sailing in the lowlands lonesome low
For she's sailing in the lowlands low.

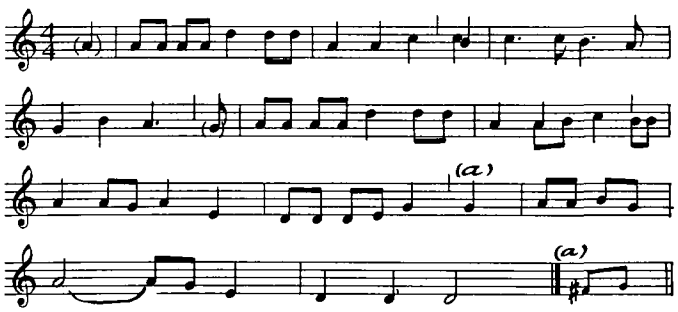
7. He pulled out his tools all fitten for the use
Crying O the lowlands lonesome low
He pulled out his tools all fitten for the use
And he cut nine gashes a-lettin' in the juice
For she's sailing in the lowlands lonesome low
For he sunk her in the lowlands low.

8. He turned on his back and away goes he
Crying O the lowlands lonesome low
He turned on his back and away goes he
Till he came along beside of the Golden Willow Tree
For she's sailing in the lowlands lonesome low
For she's sailing in the lowlands low

9. O Captain O Captain take me on board
Crying O the lowlands lonesome low
O Captain O Captain take me on board
And be unto me as good as your word
For I've sunk her in the lowlands lonesome low
For I've sunk her in the lowlands low.

103. "Sailing on the Lowland Low"

Sung by Mrs. Allie Long Parker, Hog Scald Holler, Ark., April 6, 1958. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 12,037(A13). Recorded by Mary Celestia Parler.

a M/D

1. There was a ship sailed from the North Amerikee,
Crying O the low the Lowland low,
There was a ship sailed from North America
And it went by the name of the Turkish Ugarlee
While sailing in the Lowland lone so low.

2. They had not been sailing more than two weeks or three,
Crying O the low the Lowland low,
They had not been sailing more than two weeks or three
Till they came in sight of the Golden Willow Tree
While sailing in the Lowland lone so low.

3. Up stepped a sailor boy, saying, What will you give me?
Crying O the low the Lowland low,
Up stepped a sailor boy, saying, What will you give me
If I will sink the Golden Willow Tree
While we're sailing in the Lowland lone so low?

4. I will give you silver and I will set you free,
Crying O the low the Lowland low,
I will give you silver and I will set you free
And beside, my eldest daughter shall be married unto thee
While we're sailing in the Lowlands so low.

5. He sprang upon his breast and away swam he,
Crying O the low the Lowland low,
He sprang upon his breast and away swam he,
And he soon overtook the Golden Willow Tree
While sailing in the Lowlands lone so low.

6. He had a little auger just fitted for the use,
Crying O the low the Lowland low,
He had a litttle auger just fitted for the use
And he bored nine holes and let in the juice
[While] sailing in the Lowlands lone so low.

7. Some with their hats and some with their caps,
Crying O the low the Lowland low,
Some with their hats and some with their caps
A-trying to stop those awful water gaps
While sailing in the Lowlands lone so low.

8. He turned upon his breast and away swam he,
Crying O the low the Lowland low,
Turned upon his breast and away swam he
And he soon overtook the Turkish Ugarlee
While sailing in the Lowlands lone so low.

9. Captain, O Captain, won't you take me on board,
Crying O the low the Lowland low,
Captain, O Captain, won't you take me on board,
Or either won't you be as good as your word
While we're sailing in the Lowland lone so low.

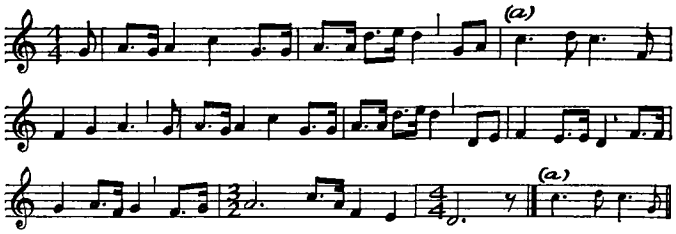
10. No, Sir, No, I won't take you on board,
Crying O the low the Lowland low,
No, Sir, No Sir, I won't take you on board,
Nor either will I be as good as my word,
While we're sailing in the Lowland lone so low.

11. If it wasn't for the respect that I have for your men,
Crying O the low the Lowland low,
If it wasn't for the respect that I have for your men
I'd serve you just like I serv'd them
I would sink you in the Lowland lone so low.

12. He turned upon his back and down sank he,
Crying O the low the Lowland low,
[He] turned upon his back and down sank he,
Crying, O my brave Sailor Boys, I'm drowning in the sea,
Drowning while we're sink[ing] in the Lowland low.

104. "The Golden Vanity"

Sharp MSS., 3968/3003. Also in Raine, 1924, p. 121; and Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 285(D). Sung by Luther Shadoin, Lexington, Ky., September 3, 1917.

a Æ/D

1. There was a ship sailed for[1] the North Amerikee,
Crying O the lonesome lowlands low,
There was a ship sailed for[2] the North Amerikee,
And she went by the name of the Green Willow Tree,
As she sailed from the lowlands low.

2. She'd only been a-sailing for two weeks or three,
O ho, the lonesome lowlands low,
She'd only been a-sailing for two weeks or three,
Till she was overtaken by the Turkish Revelee,
As she sailed from the lowlands low.

3. Then cried the captain: What shall we do?
Crying, O the lonesome lowlands low,
Then said[3] the captain: What shall we do?
The Turkish Revelee will surely cut us in two,
As we sailed from the lowlands low.

4. Up spake a sailor boy: What will you give to me?
Crying, O the lonesome lowlands low.
Up spake a sailor boy: What will you give to me
If I will go sink[4] for you the Turkish Revelee
As we sail from the lowlands low.

5. I'll give you gold, I'll give you fee,
Crying O the lonesome lowlands low,
I'll give you gold, I'll give you fee
And my only daughter for your wedded wife to be,
As we sailed from the lowlands low.

6. The lad leaped down and away swam he,
Crying O the lonesome lowlands low,
He fell upon his breast[5] and away swam he,
And he swam till he came to the Turkish Revelee,
As we sailed from the lowlands low.

[*In Raine's copy, from the same singer, occurs here the stanza*:

6a. Then out of his pocket an instrument he drew,
Crying, O the lonesome Lowlands low!
Then out of his pocket an instrument he drew,
And he bored nine holes for to let the water through,
As we sailed from the Lowlands low.]

7. There were some playing cards and some playing checks,
As we sailed from the lowlands low.
There were some playing cards and some playing checks,
And before they cleared the boards they were in water to their necks,
As we sailed from the lowlands low.

8. Then the lad turned back and away swam he,
Crying O the lonesome lowlands low,
Then he fell upon his breast and away swam he,
And he swam till he came to the Green Willow Tree,
As we sailed from the lowlands low.

9. Cried he: Kind captain, I have done your decree,
Crying O the lonesome lowlands low,
Cried he:[6] Kind captain, etc. I have done your decree,
Now take me on board ere I perish in the sea,
And we sailed from the lowlands low.

10. Nay, nay, sailor-boy, I'll never take you on board,
Crying O the lonesome lowlands low,
Nay, nay, sailor-boy, I'll never take you on board,
Never will I be to you as good as my word,
As we sailed from the lowlands low.

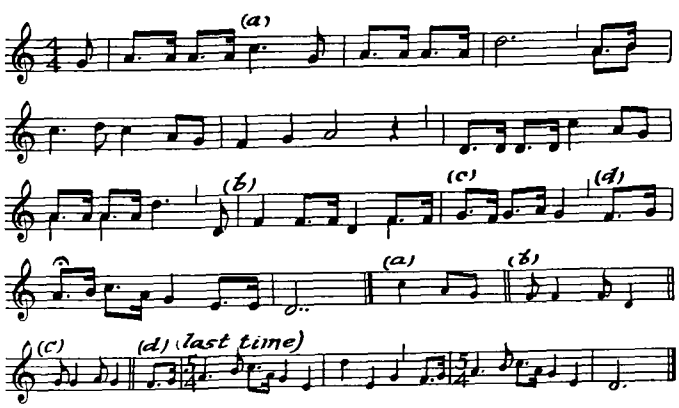
11. 'Tis only the respect that I have for your crew,
O ho, the lonesome lowlands low,
'Tis only the respect that I have for your crew,
Or I'd sink your ship and you with it too,
As we sailed from the lowlands low.

12. Then he fell upon his breast and away swam he,
Crying, O the lonesome lowlands low,
Then he fell upon his breast and away swam he,
Adieu, adieu to the Green Willow Tree,
Adieu to the lowlands low.

[1] 1932: from
[2] 1932: from
[3] 1932: cried
[4] 1932: go and sink
[5] 1932: The lad leaped down
[6] 1932: Cried

105. "The Golden Willow Tree"

Sung by Jimmy Morris, Hazard, Ky., 1937. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 1547(A) and (B1). Also on LC/AAFS, rec. No. L58(B4). Recorded by Alan and Elizabeth Lomax.

a D

1. There was a little ship in South Americ-e-e
Cryin' O the lands that lie so low
There was a little ship in South Americ-e-e
That went by the name of the Weepin' Willow Tree
And it sailed in the Lowlands so low.

2. It hadn't been a-sailing but two weeks or three
Cryin' O the lands that lie so low
It hadn't been a-sailing but two weeks or three
When it was approached by a Turkish Travelee
To sink her in the Lowlands low.

3. Captain, o captain, what will we do?
Cryin' O the land that lies so low
Captain, o captain, what will we do?
If they overtake us they'll cut us in two
They will sink us in the Lowlands so low.

4. Up stepped a little carpenter boy,
Cryin' O the land that lies so low
Up stepped a little carpenter boy,
Said What will you give if the ship I'll destroy?
I will sink 'em in the Lowlands so low.

5. I'll give silver and I'll give gold,
Cryin' O the land that lies so low
I'll give silver and I'll give gold,
I'll give the fairest daughter in my household
If you'll sink 'em in the Lowlands so low.

6. He dived straight down and away swum he,
Cryin' O the land that lies so low
He dived straight down and away swum he,
He swum till he come to the Turkish Travelee
To sink her in the Lowlands low.

7. He had a little instrument suitable to his use,
Cryin' O the land that lies so low
He had a little instrument suitable to his use,
He bored nine holes and in flowed the juice
Then he sunk 'em in the Lowlands so low.

8. The men was playing cards and some was reading checks,
Cryin' O the lands that lie so low
Some was playing cards and some was reading checks,
First thing they know'd they's in water to their necks
They was sinkin' in the Lowlands low.

9. He turned back around and back swum he,
Cryin' O the lands that lie so low
He turned back around and back swum he,
He swum till he come to the Weepin' Willow Tree
Where she sailed in the Lowlands low.

10. Captain, o captain, take me on board,
Cryin' O the lands that lie so low
Captain, o captain, take me on board,
And be unto me as good as your word
I have sunk 'em in the Lowlands so low.

11. (No,) o no, I won't take you on board,
Cryin' O the lands that lie so low
No, o no, I won't take you on board,
And I won't be to you as good as my word
Though you sank 'em in the Lowlands so low.

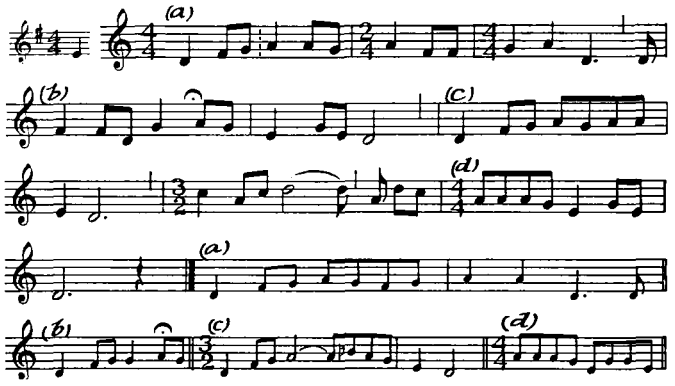
12. If it wasn't for the love that I have for your men,
Cryin' O the lands that lie so low
If it wasn't for the love that I have for your men,
I would do unto you as I done unto them
I would sink you in the Lowlands so low.

13. (He) dived straight down and down swum he,
Cryin' O the lands that lie so low
He dived straight down and down swum he,
He swum till he come to the bottom of the sea
Sunk himself in the Lowland so low lie low
Sunk himself in the Lowlands so low.

APPENDIX A

106. "The Golden Vanity"

Sharp MSS., 4449/3137. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 290(K). Sung by Mrs. Laura Beckett, Callaway, Va., August 16, 1918.

a Æ/D (VI in variant reading, making Æ)

1. There was a ship in the north, in the north country,
It went by the name of the bold Trinity,
That's now a-sailing in the lowlands, low down below,
That's now a-sailing on the lonesome sea.

2. He had a little auger just fit for the work,
He bored nine holes in the bottom of the Turk
That's now a-sailing, etc.

. . . . . .

3. Out on his back and away swam he,
He swam till he came to the bold Trinity.

4. Captain, O captain, take me on board
And be unto me just as good as your word
As we're now a-sailing, etc.

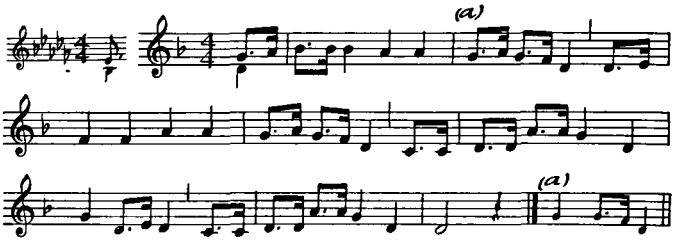
5. O no, cried the captain, can't take you on board
Nor neither can I be unto you as good as my word,
But I'll leave you in the lowlands, etc.

6. If it wasn't for your daughter and the sake of your men
I'd do unto you as I did unto them,
For I'd sink you in the lowlands low down below,
For I'd sink you on the lonesome sea.

"Mrs. Becket thought the name of the other ship was 'The Turkish Geree.'" [*Sharp's MS. note.*]

107. "The Golden Willow Tree"

Scarborough, 1937, p. 406; text, p. 187. Sung by Mrs. Genevieve Ingersoll, Scarsdale, N.Y., c. 1932; learned from a relative from Pike County, Ill.

a Æ; or p D, ending on *V*

1. I suppose you all know that in the Northern Sea
There's a ship that's called the Golden Willow Tree,
And she lay upon the lowlands low-o-oah,
And she lay upon the lowlands low.

2. She had not sailed more than week two or three,
Before she came to the Turkish Rovalee,
And she lay upon the lowlands low-o-oah,
And she lay upon the lowlands low.

3. "Oh, oh," cried the Captain, "We are undone,
They'll take our ship and kill us every one,
And sink us in the lowlands low-o-oah,
And sink us in the lowlands low."

4. Up then spoke the little cabin boy,
Saying, "what will you give me if the ship I destroy,
And sink her in the lowlands low-o-oah.
And sink her in the lowlands low?"

5. "I have gold I'll give to thee,
An only daughter I'll wed to thee,
If you'll sink her in the lowlands low-o-oah,
If you'll sink her in the lowlands low."

6. Some were at cards and others were at dice,
While he was studying the very best device
To sink her in the lowlands low-o-oah,
To sink her in the lowlands low.

7. Then he jumped into the water and away swum he,
Until he came to the Turkish Rovalee,
As she lay upon the lowlands low-o-oah,
As she lay upon the lowlands low.

8. He had with him an instrument before prepared,
And into the ship's sides nine holes at one he bored,
And he sunk her in the lowlands low-o-oah,
And he sunk her in the lowlands low.

9. Then he turned around and back swum he,
Until he came to the Golden Willow Tree,
As she lay upon the lowlands low-o-oah,
As she lay upon the lowlands low.

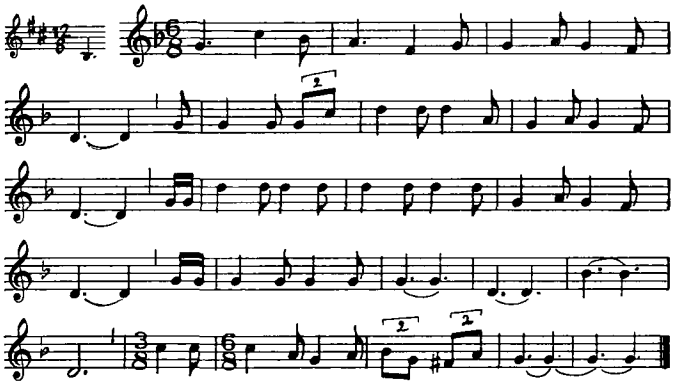
10. "Oh, Captain, oh, Captain, take me on board,
And be unto me as good as your word,
For I've sunk her in the lowlands low-o-oah,
For I've sunk her in the lowlands low."

11. "Oh, no," cried the Captain, "I'll not take you on board,
Nor be unto you as good as my word,
But I'll leave you in the lowlands low-o-oah,
But I'll leave you in the lowlands low."

12. So he turned on his back and down sank he,
And he bid farewell to the Golden Willow Tree,
As she lay upon the lowlands low-o-oah,
As she lay upon the lowlands low.

108. "The Golden Vanity"

Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, 1929, p. 345(E). Sung by Mrs. Rose Robbins, Northeast Harbor, Me., September 1928. Noted by George Herzog.

p Æ/D (inflected VII)

1. I have a ship in the northern countree,
The name she goes under is the *Golden Vanity*,—
I'm afraid she will be taken by some Turkish rover bold,
As she sails along the lowlands, lowlands,
As she sails along the lowlands low.

2. Then up spoke the little cabin boy,
Saying: "What will you give me, if I will her destroy?"
"I'll give you gold and silver, and my daughter that's on shore,
If you'll sink her in the lowlands, lowlands,
If you'll sink her in the lowlands low."

3. The boy took his auger, and overboard jumped he,
He fastened it to his braces, and away swum he,
He swum until he came alongside the Turkish rover bold,
And he sunk her in the lowlands, lowlands,
And he sunk her in the lowlands low.

4. He bored her once, and he bored her twice,
While some were playing cards, and others playing dice,
He bored in thrice, and dazzled all their eyes,
And he sunk her in the lowlands, lowlands,
And he sunk her in the lowlands low.

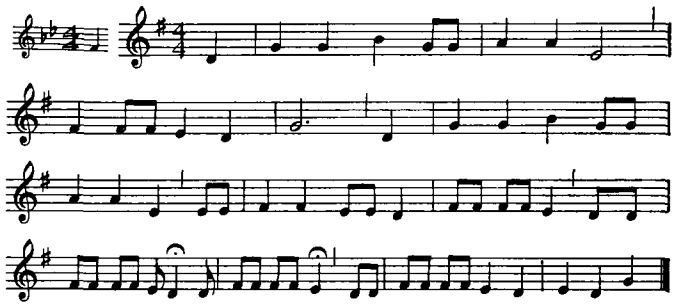
5. The boy took his auger and back swum he,
He swum until he came alongside the *Golden Vanity*,
He says: "Captain, take me in, for this will never be,
Or I sink you in the lowlands, lowlands,
Or I sink you in the lowlands low."

6. The boy swum around to the other side,
His messmates took him in, and on the deck he died,
They sewed him in his hammock, for it was long and wide,
And they sunk him in the lowlands, lowlands,
And they sunk him in the lowlands low.

APPENDIX B

109. "The Turkey-rogherlee and the Yellow Golden Tree," or "Lowlands Low"

Davis, 1929, p. 602(D); text, p. 519. Contributed by Prof. Carpenter and John Stone, from the singing of Mrs. J. A. Mitchell and her daughters, Miss Mary Mitchell and Mrs. Holland Hoffman, Madison County, Va., November 3, 1920. Mrs. Mitchell had learned it 50 years previously from her grandmother (?), Mrs. Sally Yowell.

p I/Ly

"I'll give you gold and I'll give you fee,
Sing o'er the lowlands O,
I'll give you gold and I'll give you fee,
And my oldest daughter your wedded wife shall be,
If you'll sink her in the lowlands, so lowly and so low,
If you sink her in the lowlands, O so low."

"I won't give you gold and I won't give you fee,
Sing o'er the lowlands O,
I won't give you gold and I won't give you fee,
And my oldest daughter your wedded wife shan't be,
O you've sunk her in the lowlands, so lowly and so low,
O you've sunk her in the lowlands, O so low."

"If it wasn't for the ship and it wasn't for the men,
Sing o'er the lowlands O,
If it wasn't for the ship and it wasn't for the men,
I'd serve you as I've just served them,
I'd sink her in the lowlands, so lowly and so low,
I'd sink her in the lowlands, O so low."

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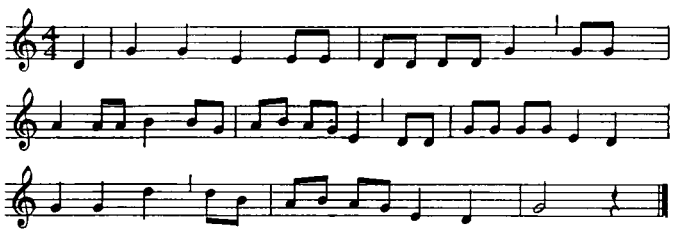
110. "The Lowlands Low"

Gardner and Chickering, 1939, p. 214. Sung by Otis Evilsizer, Alger, Mich., 1935.

p m^1

286. THE SWEET TRINITY (THE GOLDEN VANITY)

Cf. "Arkansas Traveler."

1. There was a ship that was sailing on the sea,
And the name of the ship was the Green Willow Tree,
That was sailing on the lowlands, lowlands low
That was sailing on the lowlands low.

2. There was another ship that was sailing on the sea,
And the name of the ship was the Turkish Revelry,
That was sailing on the lowlands, lowlands low,
That was sailing on the lowlands low.

3. "O captain, O captain, what will you give to me
If I will sink this ship they call the Turkish Revelry,
If I sink them in the lowlands, lowlands low,
If I sink them in the lowlands low?"

4. "O I will give you gold, and I will give you free, [*sic*],
And my youngest daughter your wedded wife shall be,
If you sink them in the lowlands, lowlands low,
If you sink them in the lowlands low."

5. So he bent his breast and away went he
From the ship called the Green Willow Tree,
For to sink them in the lowlands, lowlands low,
For to sink them in the lowlands low.

6. He had a little instrument he carried with him,
And he bored nine holes in the stern end of it,
For to sink them in the lowlands, lowlands low,
For to sink them in the lowlands low.

7. Then he bent his breast and away went he
From the Turkish ship they call the Revelry,
For he had sunk them in the lowlands, lowlands low,
For he had sunk them in the lowlands low.

8. "O captain, O captain, will you take me on board
And be unto me as good as your word,
For I've sank them in the lowlands, lowlands low,
For I've sank them in the lowlands low?"

9. "O no, I'll not take you on board,
Nor be unto you as good as my word,
For you've sank them in the lowlands, lowlands low,
For you've sank them in the lowlands low."

10. Then he bent his breast and away went he,
From the ship they call the Green Willow Tree,
Farewell to the lowlands, lowlands low,
Farewell to the lowlands low.

Captain Ward and the Rainbow

CHILD NO. 287

THIS ballad has been a favorite of the broadside press, and the nineteenth-century collectors, Buchan, Kinloch, Baring-Gould, found it in traditional copies. But the melodic tradition is scattered and thin, hardly convincing one that there is any real core. The tunes that have been collected have little in common, and remind one too much of other songs.

Barrett's English copy (variant 1 below) is clearly derived from "Prince Rupert's March," found in Playford, 1651 (ed. Dean-Smith, 1957, p. 49). Barrett notes it as a variant of "Strike up you lusty gallants." If he means only the text, why, so: but if he refers to the tune, it must be said that his tune is little like the Elizabethan "Lusty Gallant," for which see Chappell, *Popular Music* [1855-59], I, p. 92, given as from William Ballet's lute-book. See also, for another transcription of Ballet's tune and many fresh references on its early currency, Claude M. Simpson, *The British Broadside Ballad*, 1966, pp. 476-78. Barrett's tune is apparently a plagal minor, modulating from G minor to B♭ major and back.

The tunes collected by Baring-Gould and Vaughan Williams, in Devon and Norfolk, look, in spite of considerable difference outwardly, as if they had the same basic melodic idea in mind, and perhaps in this B group we come closest to a tradition for our ballad in England.

For Scotland, Greig's two copies, reinforced by Ewan MacColl's of later vintage, are all undoubtedly related, but the tune does duty elsewhere also; for the Child ballads, notably with "Young Allan" (No. 245). Modally, our copies differ from one another.

Phillips Barry's tunes, from New Brunswick and Maine, are both majors, one plagal, the other authentic (variants 9 and 10 below). They appear to have nothing in common either with each other, or with Barrett's. The Maine copy has echoes of common stuff, e.g., "The Derby Ram." The New Brunswick copy suggests a carol: cf. "Mary's Question" in Sir Richard R. Terry, *Gilbert and Sandys' Christmas Carols* [1931], p. 40, other familiar things, as, "Painful Plough" (e.g., Broadwood and Maitland, *English County Songs* [1893], p. 126), "Farmer's Daughter" (*ibid.*, p. 116). Cf. also Kidson's "Outlandish Knight" (*ante*, Vol. I, No. 4, p. 66, variant 63), and again, variously named, "The Rambling (roving) Sailor (soldier, journeyman, navvy man)," e.g., *JFSS*, III, No. 11(1907), p. 108; V, No. 18(1914), p. 61. As Barry himself says, this variant is equivalent to the second half of an Irish Come-all-ye.

There are tunes in the Grainger MS., NYPL MS. *MO+(English) for "Captain Ward" and for "The Rainbow." These appear to be unrelated to our ballad. (The latter is printed in *JFSS*, III [1908], No. 12, pp. 180ff.) H. W. Thompson, *Body, Boots, and Britches*, 1940, p. 33, gives a text and presumably also had a tune of his singer as well. The early broadsides are to be sung, not to "Lusty Gallant(s)" but where specified, to "Captain Ward" (e.g., Roxburghe [BM c. 20 f. 7-11]; III, i. 56-57; Pepys, IV, p. 202). The tune remains, I believe, unidentified. One late copy in Roxburghe (III. ii. 654-55) is to be sung to " 'Twas when the seas were roaring," Handel's tune used for Gay's song, and also in the *Beggar's Opera* ("How cruel are the Traitors," air 28).

LIST OF VARIANTS

GROUP A

1. "Ward, the Pirate." William Alexander Barrett, *English Folk-Songs* [18-?], No. 36, p. 62.

GROUP B

2. "Ward the Pirate." Sabine Baring-Gould MSS., CLXXVII and (A), Plymouth Public Library.
3. "Captain Ward." Ralph Vaughan Williams MSS., III, p. 144. Also in Vaughan Williams, *JFSS*, II, No. 8 (1906), p. 163; and Cecil J. Sharp, ed., *Folk Songs of England*, 1908-12, II (*Folk Songs from the Eastern Counties*, ed. Vaughan Williams), p. 72.
4. "Captain Ward." Vaughan Williams MSS., Quarto MS. I, p. 45.
5. "Captain Ward." Vaughan Williams MSS., III, p. 295.

GROUP C

6. "Captain Ward," or "Wallace & the Red Reiver." Greig MSS., III, p. 173, and Bk. 753, XLIII, p. 73, King's College Library, Aberdeen. Also in Gavin Greig and Alexander Keith, *Last Leaves of Traditional Ballads and Ballad Airs*, 1925, p. 240(b). (Robb)
7. "Captain Ward and the Rainbow." Ewan MacColl, Riverside recording No. RLP 12-628(B1), *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, IV, ed. Kenneth S. Goldstein.
8. "Captain Ward and the Rainbow," or "The Jolly Mariner." Greig MSS., III, p. 127, and Bk. 727, XVII, p. 52. Also in Greig and Keith, *Last Leaves*, 1925, p. 240(a). (Crighton)

GROUP D

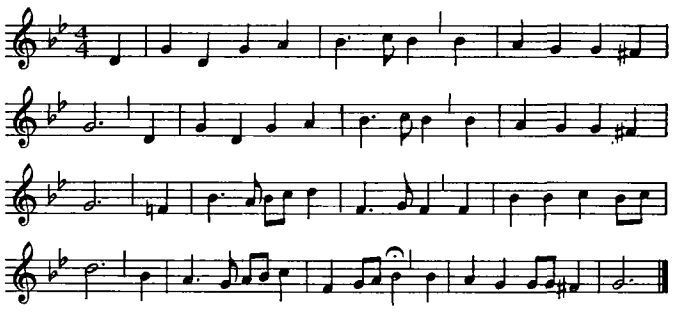
9. "Captain Ward and the *Rainbow*." Phillips Barry, Fannie H. Eckstorm, and Mary W. Smyth, *British Ballads from Maine*, 1929, p. 348(A). (Holt)
10. "Captain Ward and the *Rainbow*." Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, *British Ballads from Maine*, 1929, p. 348(B). (Gott)
11. "Captain Ward and the Rainbow." Helen Hartness Flanders and Marguerite Olney, *Ballads Migrant in New England*, 1953, p. 205.

TUNES WITH TEXTS

GROUP A

1. "Ward, the Pirate"

Barrett [18-?], No. 36, p. 62.

p Minor (–VI)

1. Come all you valiant seamen bold, with courage beat your drum,
   I'll tell you of a rover that on the seas has come;
   His name it is bold Captain Ward, so quickly you shall hear,
   For such a rover there has not been or seen for many a year.

2. On February the seventh day a ship sailed from the west,
   With silks and satins loaded, a cargo of the best,
   Until they met bold Captain Ward upon the watery main,
   He took from her the wealth and store, then sent her back again.

3. Ward wrote a letter to our Queen on the fourteenth of February,
   To know of her if he might come in and all his company,
   To know of her if he might come in old England to behold,
   And for his pardon he would give five hundred tons of gold.

4. Our Queen she got a ship built, a ship of noble fame,
   And she was called the Rainbow, you may have heard her name:
   And she was called the Rainbow, and in the seas went she,
   With full five hundred seamen to bear her company.

5. When the Rainbow came unto the place where Captain Ward did lay,
   Where is the Admiral of your ship? the captain he did say,
   I'm here, I'm here, cried Captain Ward, my name I'll not deny,
   But if you are one of the Queen's fine ships you are welcome to pass by.

6. O, no, says gallant Rainbow, it grieves our Queen full sore,
   That her rich merchant ships can't pass as they have done before;
   Come on, come on, cries saucy Ward, I value not a pin,
   For if you've got brass for an outward show, I've got steel within.

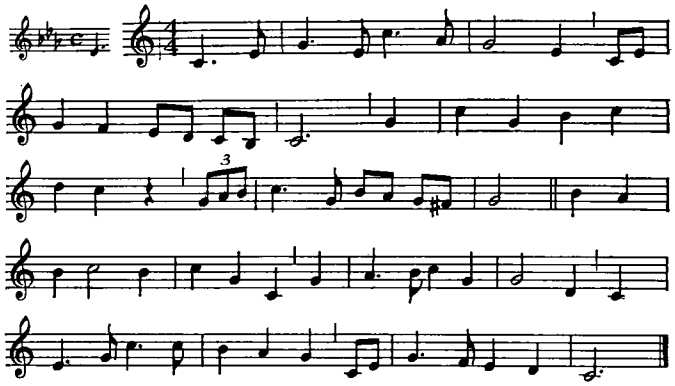
7. Oh, then the gallant Rainbow she fired, she fired in vain,
   Till six-and-thirty of their men all on the deck lay slain;
   Fight on, fight on, says saucy Ward, your style so pleases me,
   I'll fight for a month or two, for your master I must be.

8. At eight o'clock in the morning the bloody fight began,
   It lasted till the evening—till the setting of the sun:
   Go home, go home, cried saucy Ward, and tell your Queen from me,
   If she rules Queen of England, I'll rule King at sea.

GROUP B

2. "Ward the Pirate"

Baring-Gould MSS., CLXXVII; text, (A). Sung by Samuel Fone, December 23, 1892. Noted by F. W. Bussell.

a I (inflected IV)

1. Here comes a ship a sailing
   A sailing from the West.
   Loaded with silks & satins
   And choice things of the best.

2. Then we fell in with Captain Ward
   All on the seas so green,
   He robbéd us of all our store
   Bid us go tell our King.

3. Our King he had a noble ship
   A ship of gallant fame
   Launched on the 24th of March
   The Rainbow was her name.

4. With full five hundred seamen bold
   As ever eyes did see.
   With full five hundred seamen bold
   To keep her company[.]

5. Then O away the Rainbow went
   A sailing on the main
   In search of this bold Robber Ward
   And Ward it was his name.

6. Who's this? Who's this? the Captain said
   My name I'll not deny.
   But if you are in the King's high ship
   You're welcome to pass by[.]

7. The King's high ship indeed I am,
   I speak it to your grief,
   Let you & I some battle try
   Before our sails we reef.

8. With all my heart, cries Captain Ward
Before we sail away,
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

9. With all my heart, cries Captain Ward
I care not half a pin,
For you have brass for blazing show,
But I good steel within.

10. It was early on the next morning
The red blood (be)gun to run,
The fight went on till day was done
and set the golden sun[.]

11. Fight on! Fight on! cries Captain Ward
And tell the King for me,
That if you fight for another night
Your master I will be.

12. Go home! go home! cries Captain Ward
And tell the King for me,
That he may be King on the green land
But I'll be King on the sea.

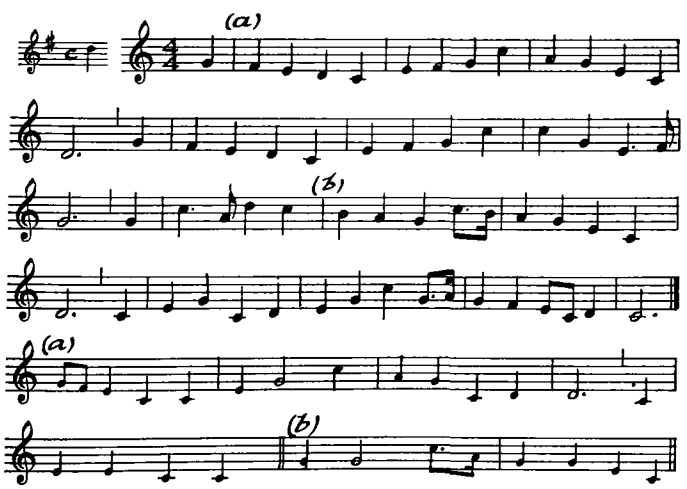
13. Then back returned the Rainbow
Asailing back again,
Brought up in Plymouth Sound once more
But half her crew were slain.

14. Alack! Alack! cries our old King
I once had brothers three,
And one of them is yet alive
And has sent proud Ward against me.

By permission of Mr. G. Hitchcock, on behalf of the Baring-Gould Estate.

3. "Captain Ward"

Vaughan Williams MSS., III, p. 144. Also in Vaughan Williams, *JFSS*, II, No. 8 (1906), p. 163; and in Sharp, 1908-12, II, p. 72. The singer is unidentified in the MSS, but in *JFSS* he is named as Mr. Carter, a fisherman (c. 70), at North End in King's Lynn, Norfolk, January 9, 1905.

a I

1. Come all you gallant seamen bold, all you that "marchy drum" (marched wrong? march along? march to drum?)
Let's go and look for Captain Ward, for on the sea he roams.
He is the biggest robber that ever you did hear.
There's not been such a robber found out [?] for above this hundred year.

2. A ship was sailing from the East and going to the West
Was loaded with silks and satins and velvets of the best.
But meeting there with Captain Ward it proved hard to maintain
He robbèd them of all their wealth and bid them tell their king.

3. O then the King provided a ship of noble fame.
She's called the Royal Rainbow, perhaps you've heard her name.
She was well provided for as any ship can be,
Full thirteen-hundred men on board to bear her company.

4. O then this gallant Rainbow came crossing o'er the main
Saying, "Yonder lies bold Captain Ward and here we must remain."
"Go home, go home," says Captain Ward, "and tell your king from me
If he reigns king on all the land, Ward will reign king on sea."

5. It was eight o'clock in the morning when they began to fight,
And so they did continue there till nine o'clock at night.
"Fight on, fight on," says Captain Ward, "this sport well pleases me,
For if you fight this month and more, your master I will be.

The following re-arrangement and supplemental stanza appeared in the *JFSS* article of 1906.

3. Captain Ward wrote a letter to our king on the 14th day of February,
To know of him if he might come in and all his company,
To know of him if he might come in old England to behold,
And for his pardon he would give five hundred tons of gold.

5. O then this gallant *Rainbow* came crossing o'er the main,
Saying, "Yonder lies bold Captain Ward and here we must remain,"
"I'm here, I'm here," cried Captain Ward, "my name I'll not deny,
But if you are one of the king's fine ships you are welcome to pass by."

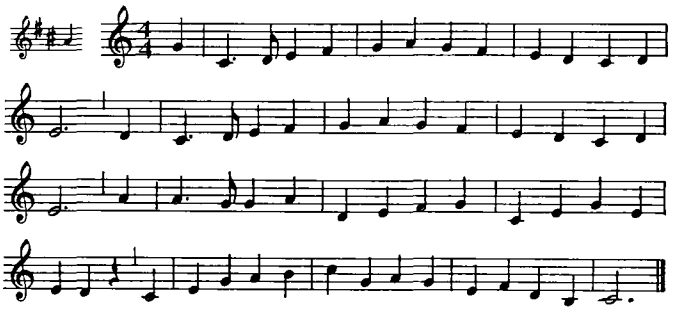
6. "O, no," says gallant *Rainbow*, "it grieves our king full sore,
That her rich merchant ships can't pass as they have done before;"
"Come on, come on," cries Captain Ward, "I value you not a pin,
For if you've got brass for an outward show, I've got steel within."

7. O, then the gallant *Rainbow* she fired, she fired in vain,
Till six-and-thirty of their men all on the deck were slain,
"Fight on, fight on," says Captain Ward, "this sport well pleases me,
For if you fight this month and more your master I will be."

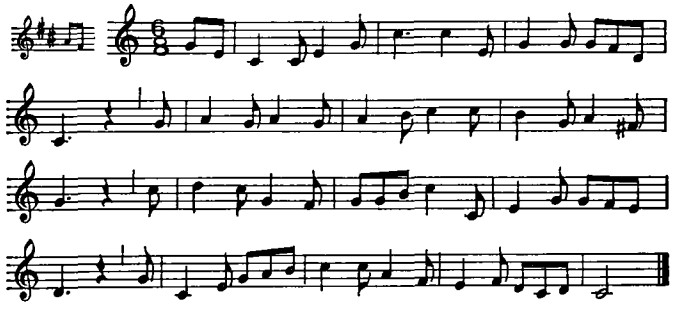
8. It was eight o'clock in the morning when they began to fight,
And so they did continue there till nine o'clock at night:
"Go home, go home," says Captain Ward, "and tell your king from me,
If he reigns king on all the land, Ward will reign king on sea."

4. "Captain Ward"

Vaughan Williams MSS., Quarto MS. I, p. 45. Sung by Mr. Hilton, South Walsham, Norfolk, April 16 and 18, 1908.

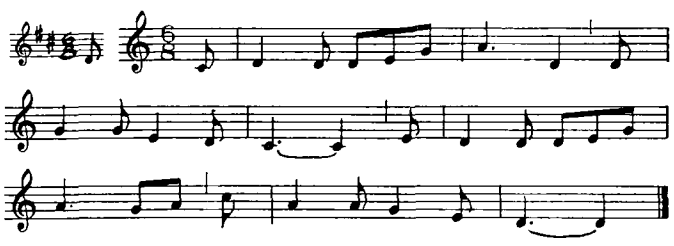
a I

5. "Captain Ward"

Vaughan Williams MSS., III, p. 295. From an unknown source.

a I (inflected IV)

GROUP C

6. "Captain Ward," or "Wallace & the Red Reiver"

Greig MSS., III, p. 173; text, Bk. 753, XLIII, p. 73. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 240(b). Sung by Alexander Robb, New Deer.

a π^3

. . . . . .

Why lie ye here at anchor,
Ye muckle coordy thief?
Why lie ye here at anchor,
And keep oor King in grief?

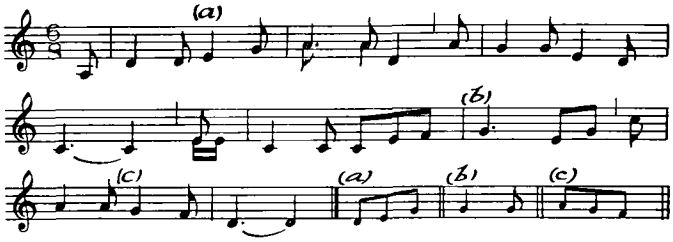
. . . . . .

He has manned a bonnie ship,
And a ship o' muckle fame,
Called her the flyin' rainbow,
The Rainbow was her name.

. . . . . .

7. "Captain Ward and the Rainbow"

Sung by Ewan MacColl, Riverside rec. No. RLP 12-628 (B1), ed. K. S. Goldstein.

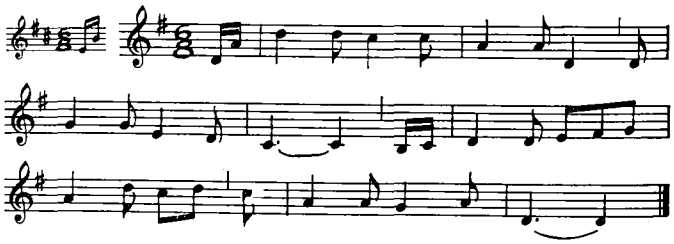
m D/Æ

Come all ye jolly mariners,
That love to tak' a dram,
I'll tell ye o' a robber
That o'er the seas did come.

[*Etc.*]

Mr. MacColl learned the tune and one stanza of the text from his father. The additional stanzas on the recording were learned from Greig and Keith.

8. "Captain Ward and the Rainbow," or "The Jolly Mariner"

Greig MSS., III, p. 127; text, Bk. 727, XVII, p. 52. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 240(a). Sung by Miss L. Crighton, Bonnykelly, July 1908.

a M

1. Come all ye jolly mariners
That love to take a dram
I'll tell ye o' a robber
That o'er the seas did come.

2. He wrote a letter to his King
On the eleventh o' July
To see if he wid accept o' him
For his jovial company.

3. "Oh na, oh na," says the King
Such things they canna be
They tell me ye are a robber
A robber on the sea.

4. He has built a bonny ship
An' sent her to the sea
Wi' fower and twenty mariners
To guard his bonny ship wi'.

5. They sailed up and they sailed doon
Sae stately, blythe and free
Till they spied the King's "High Reindeer,"
Like a leviathan on the sea.

6. "Why lie ye here ye tinker
Ye silly coordy thief
Why lie ye here ye tinker
And hold oor King in grief?"

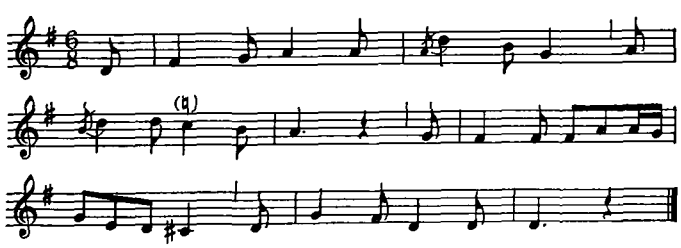
7. They fought from one in the morning
Till it was six at night
Until the King's "High Reindeer"
Was forced to take her flight.

8. "Gang hame, gang hame, ye tinkers
Tell ye yer king frae me
Tho' he reign king upon good dry land
I will reign king on the sea."

GROUP D

9. "Captain Ward and the *Rainbow*"

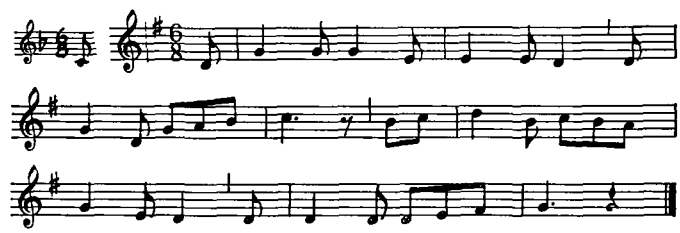
Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, 1929, p. 348(A). Sung by Edward Holt, St. Andrews, New Brunswick, September 27, 1927. Tune noted by George Herzog, 1928.

a M (but inflected VII)

Cf. Kidson's variant of "The Outlandish Knight" (*ante*, Vol. I, p. 66; Child No. 4, variant 63).

"Go home, go home," cries Captain Ward,
"And tell your king for me,
If he reigns king on dry land,
It's I'll reign king on sea."

10. "Captain Ward and the *Rainbow*"

Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, 1929, p. 348(B). Tune sent in by Mrs. H. R. Murphy, Rumford, Me., October 1928; text sent in October 1924 by her uncle, Captain L. F. Gott, Bernard, Me.

p I

1. Our King built a ship, 'twas a ship of great fame,
The *Rainbow* she was called, and the *Rainbow* was her name:
He rigged her and fitted her and sent her off to sea,
With five hundred bold mariners to bear her company.

2. She cruised the blue waves over and sailed on many a lee;
At length a wicked pirate we chanced for to see;
He bore right down upon her, and hailed in the King's name,
We knew it was a pirate ship, a pirate of great fame.

3. "We've got you now, you cowardly dog, you ugly, lying thief;
What makes you rob and plunder, and keep your King in grief?"
"You lie, you lie," cries Captain Ward, "such things can never be,
I've never robbed an English ship, an English ship but three."

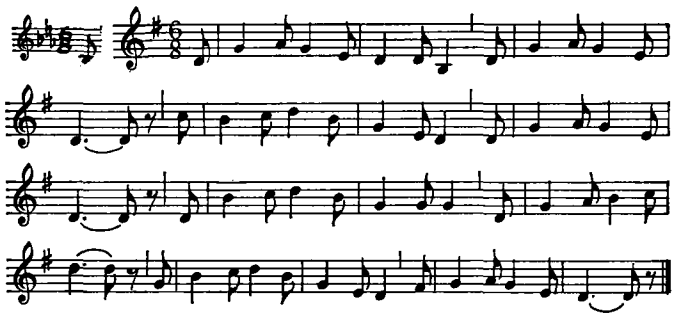
4. Our guns we trained upon her, as everyone might see;
"We'll take you back to England, and hanged you shall be,
Or fill your ship with shot and shell, and sink you in the sea."
"Fire on! Fire on!" cries Captain Ward, "I value you not a pin,
If you are brass on the outside, I am good steel within."

5. They fought from six that morning till six o'clock at night,
And then the gallant *Rainbow* began to take her flight;
"Go home! Go home!" cries Captain Ward, "and tell your King of me,
If he reigns king upon the land, I'll reign king on the sea."

11. "Captain Ward and the Rainbow"

Flanders and Olney, 1953, p. 205. Sung by Ralph Lewis, Agamenticus Section, York, Me.; learned from his grandfather. 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 I, or a M

287. CAPTAIN WARD AND THE RAINBOW

1. Come all you jolly sailors bold,
   Who lives by tuck of drum;
   I'll tell you of a rank robber
   That on the seas has come.
   His name it is called Captain Ward
   Like well it doth appear
   There has not been a rank robber
   Found out ten thousand year.

2. He wrote a letter to a king,
   On the first of January,
   To see if he could accept of him
   And all his jolly company.
   And for a ransom he would pay
   Ten thousand pounds in gold
   "Oh no, oh no," then said the king,
   "For no such thing can be
   For you have been a rank robber
   A rover on the sea.

3. "For you deceived the king of France
   And then the King of Spain.
   For how can you prove true to us
   When you proved false to them?"
   Then says Captain Ward, "My boys,
   We put to sea again
   To see what prizes we can find
   On the coast of France and Spain."

4. They sailed East, they sailed West
   (can't think)
   They espied a lofty ship
   A-sailing from the West
   Loaded with silks and satins
   And cambrics of the best.
   Then they bore down on her,
   A-thinking of no such thing.
   They robbed them of their merchandise
   And bid them tell the King.

5. And when the King did hear of this
   His heart was grief full sore
   To think his ships would not get pass
   And as they had done before.

6. The king caused the old
   . . . . . .
   And a worthy ship of fame
   The Rainbow she was called
   And the Rainbow was her home.

7. He rigged her and he freighted her
   And sent her to the sea,
   With fully five hundred brave mariners
   To bear her company.

8. They sailed East and they sailed West
   But nothing did they spy
   Till they came to the very spot
   Where Captain Ward did lie.
   "Who is the owner of that ship?"
   The Rainbow then did cry.

9. That the gallant Rainbow shot out on either side
   "Fire on, fire on," said Captain Ward,
   "We value not a pin
   If you be brass on the outside
   We are good steel within!"

10. We shot and shot in the morning
    Shot and shot in vain. . . .

The Young Earl of Essex's Victory over the Emperor of Germany

CHILD NO. 288

THE only surviving tunes for this thoroughly English piece are two Scottish variants of the same melodic tribe. The one from the Blaikie MS. has not, I believe, been hitherto printed. It is a plagal Æolian tune, and a very fine one, making provision for an end-refrain of only one line. As it happens, our texts are either for a six phrase tune or a four-phrase, not one with five phrases. Greig's tune in its stanza-phrases is in duple time (4/4), but in its burden goes to 6/8; if the whole be reduced to 6/8 the resemblance with Blaikie's tune becomes more obvious. Greig's tune is a plagal D/Æ in six phrases: the burden is of the same length as are the broadsides', but different syllables are used. Keith has noted that this tune occurs with other songs, "False Mallie" (Christie, *Traditional Ballad Airs*, I, 1876, p. 232), "I will set my ship in order," "In Strichen you know."

Keith mentions a ballad of 1680-90, to be sung to "Young Essex." No extant copy of the present ballad is of so early a date.

Dr. Johnson, in the Isle of Skye, was reminded of this ballad when his efforts to get exact translations of Gaelic songs were proving fruitless. "They told him," writes Boswell, "the chorus was generally unmeaning. 'I take it, (said he,) Erse songs are like a song which I remember: it was composed in Queen Elizabeth's time, on the Earl of Essex; and the burthen was

"Radaratoo, radarate, radara tadara tandore." ' . . .

When Mr. M'Queen began again to expatiate on the beauty of Ossian's poetry, Dr. Johnson entered into no further controversy, but, with a pleasant smile, only cried, 'Ay, ay: Radaratoo radarate.' " (*Boswell's Life of Johnson, together with Boswell's Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides and Johnson's Diary of a Journey into North Wales*, ed. by George Birkbeck Hill, and rev. by L. F. Powell, Oxford, 1950, Vol. V, p. 201.)

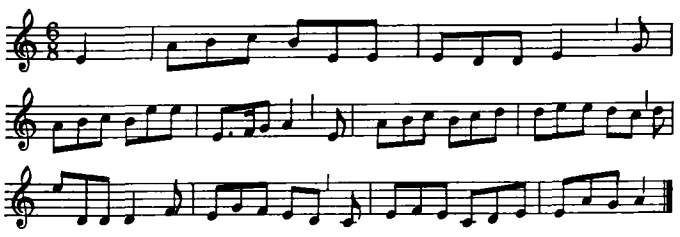
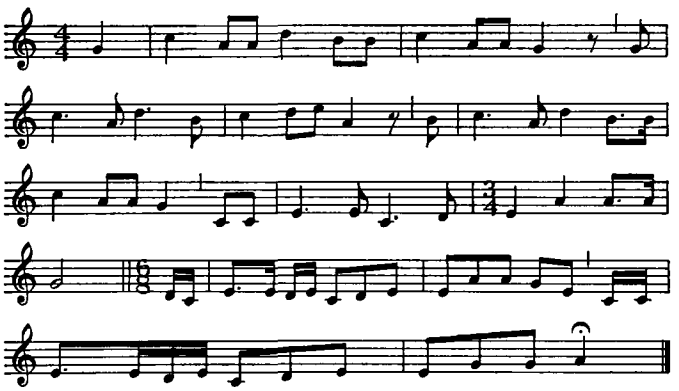
LIST OF VARIANTS

1. "Young Essex." Blaikie MS., National Library of Scotland MS. 1578, No. 60, p. 20.
2. "Young Essex." Greig MSS., II, p. 39, King's College Library, Aberdeen. Also in Gavin Greig and Alexander Keith, *Last Leaves of Traditional Ballads and Ballad Airs*, 1925, p. 241. (Calder)

TUNES WITH TEXTS

1. "Young Essex"

Blaikie MS., NL Scotland MS. 1578, No. 60, p. 20.

p Æ

2. "Young Essex"

Greig MSS., II, p. 39. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 241. Sung by Rev. John Calder, Crimond, July 1908.

p D/Æ

O I winna grant thee thy son back again
Which I this day have taken frae thee,
But he must go on to fair Lunnon Toon,
And appear before the Queen's High Majesty.
Singin' fal the reedle airil al airil al airil
Singin' fal the reedle airil al airil al-ee.

The Mermaid

CHILD NO. 289

THE musical tradition of this still favorite ballad has been unusually constant and widespread in one of its two main branches. Sung to varieties of the same tune-type, the piece is known in Scotland, England, and in many parts of America. It is nearly always an authentic major, and the great majority of copies have mid-cadences on V, a first cadence on I. There is difference in the treatment of refrain or burden. A common style has a fifth phrase with the last line repeated, with a bridge leading into the repetition. Some copies then repeat the whole tune, slightly altered, to accommodate a burden. Others repeat the whole tune, but without the fifth phrase in either part. Barry's New Brunswick copy (variant 25 below) is solitary in its three-phrase chorus added to the four-phrase stanza. One other copy, from Virginia (variant 14), consists of burden alone, four phrase.

The third group, less clearly defined, is a four-phrase tune, with no refrain. Its focus is Æolian but there are slight irregularities, inflected sevenths and in one case (variant 39) a compass of only a fifth. Some of these variants are quite beautiful. Motherwell's copy (variant 34) may be compared with Christie's tune for Child 218 (*ante*, Vol. III, p. 345, variant 1), a rather well-liked type. Miss Gilchrist compares a Hampshire copy (variant 36 below) with the psalm-tune, "Cheshire" (*JFSS*, III, No. 10 [1907], p. 49).

Probably Hammond's Dorset tune is a sport (variant 15). It is, by itself, an I/Ly variant, but when read after the others suggests D/Æ, ending on the mediant. It is a 5/4 variant and, as Miss Broadwood observes, resembles Cecil Sharp's beautiful "Barbara Ellen" tune (*JFSS*, II, No. 6 [1905], p. 15).

It is to be regretted that Child did not take the occasion of this ballad to divulge some of his mermaid-lore. Perhaps he thought the ballad of too recent origin to deserve exegesis from ancient superstition. But we should like to know more of the comb and glass, whether symbols of self-regard or whether, as some sager say, of plectrum and quince. Child mentions the ill omen of Friday for a sailing-date; and it may be presumed that the ship turned withershins when she sank.

LIST OF VARIANTS

GROUP A

1. "The Stormy Winds Do Blow." W. Chappell, *Popular Music of the Olden Time* [1855-59], II, p. 743. Also in Alfred Moffat and Frank Kidson, *The Minstrelsy of England*, 1901, p. 56.
2. "The Mermaid." Duncan MSS., "Folk-Song Airs of the North East," p. 212, Cecil Sharp House, London. Also in Gavin Greig and Alexander Keith, *Last Leaves of Traditional Ballads and Ballad Airs*, 1925, p. 243(c). (Milne)
3. "The Stormy Winds Do Blow." Ferris Tozer and Frederick J. Davis, *Sailors' Songs or "Chanties,"* rev. ed., n.d., p. 94.
4. "The Mermaid." Sabine Baring-Gould MSS., CXCIX and (A), Plymouth Public Library.
5. "The Mermaid." Sharp MSS., 1162/1159. Clare College Library, Cambridge. (Chard)
6. "The Mermaid." Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 213. Also in Greig and Keith, *Last Leaves*, 1925, p. 243(b). (Walker)
7. "The Mermaid." Ann Volkman, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 10,366(A2).
8. "The Mermaid." Phillips Barry Dictaphone Cylinders, No. 289D, Harvard College Library; transcribed by Samuel P. Bayard. Also in Barry MSS., IV, No. 284.
9. "The Mermaid." Louis W. Chappell, *Folk-Songs of Roanoke and the Albemarle*, 1939, p. 46.
10. "It's Three Times Round." "Tunes of Old Ballads and Folksongs," unpublished collection from the singing of Mrs. John Williams, edited by Charles A. Williams and Mabel Williams Kemmerer, 1963.
11. "The Mermaid." Ruth A. Musick, *JAF*, LXX (1957), pp. 353(20) and 341.

a. "Stormy Winds." *The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore*, IV (*The Music of the Ballads*, ed. Jan P. Schinhan), 1957, p. 124.

12. "The Mermaid." Arthur Kyle Davis, Jr., *Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1929, pp. 603(F) and 525.
13. "The Mermaid." Winston Wilkinson MSS., 1935-36, p. 107(C), University of Virginia.
14. "The Mermaid." Sharp MSS., 4306/. Also in Cecil J. Sharp and Maud Karpeles, *English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 293(D). (Fulmiller)
15. "The Mermaid." H.E.D. Hammond, *JFSS*, III, No. 10 (1907), p. 50.
16. "The Mermaid." Greig MSS., IV, p. 42, and Bk. 749, XXXIX, p. 30, King's College Library, Aberdeen. Also in Greig and Keith, *Last Leaves*, 1925, p. 242(a). (Duncan)
17. "The Mermaid." Sharp MSS., 4108/2943. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 291(A). (Melton)
18. "The Mermaid." Wilkinson MSS., 1935-36, p. 103(A).
19. "The Shipwrecked Sailors." Mabel Major, *Publications of the Texas Folk-Lore Society*, X (1932), p. 162.
20. "The Raging Sea, How It Roars." Ernest V. Stoneman, Victor recording No. 21648.
21. "The Mermaid." Sharp MSS., 787/. (Haste)
22. "The Stormy Winds." Davis, *Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1929, pp. 602(B) and 522.
23. "The Mermaid." Josephine McGill, *Folk-Songs of the Kentucky Mountains*, 1917, p. 46.
24. "The Mermaid." Sharp MSS., 4713/3282. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 293(C). (Boone)

b. "The Gallant Ship." Arthur Kyle Davis, Jr., *More Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1960, p. 347(BB).

25. "Our Gallant Ship." Phillips Barry, Fannie H. Eckstorm, and Mary W. Smyth, *British Ballads from Maine*, 1929, p. 365. (McGill)

GROUP B

26. "The Mermaid." Wilkinson MSS., 1935-36, p. 105(B).
27. "The Mermaid." Warren Roberts, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 10,367(B6).
28. "The Mermaid." Wilkinson MSS., 1936-37, p. 31.
29. "The Mermaid." Mrs. Elizabeth Walker Ford, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 11,337(A3).
30. "The Mermaid." A. J. Ford, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 2236(A1).
31. "The Mermaid." Helen Creighton and Doreen H. Senior, *Traditional Songs from Nova Scotia*, 1950, p. 106.

32. "The Mermaid." Bascom Lamar Lunsford, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 9476(B3).
33. [Untitled.] Greig MSS., II, p. 108. [Unnamed]

GROUP C

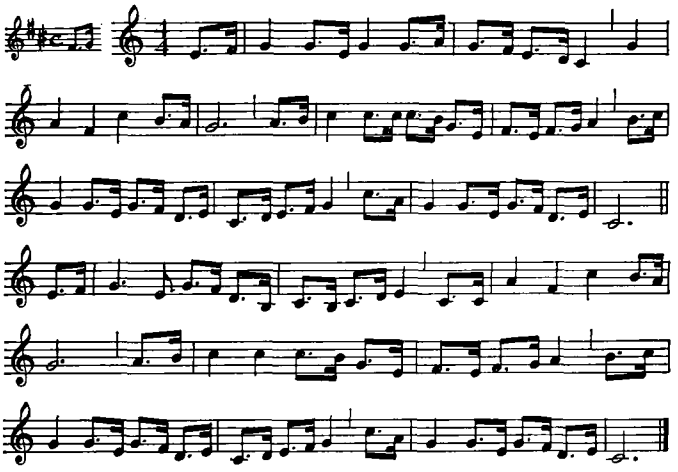
34. "The Bonnie Mermaid." William Motherwell, *Minstrelsy: Ancient and Modern*, 1827, App'x., No. 30 and p. xxiii.
35. "The Mermaid." James Telfer MS. ('Mr. Telfer's tunes'), No. 13, p. 7; in MS. C 30, Society of Antiquaries Library, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.
36. "The Mermaid." E. T. Sweeting, *JFSS*, III, No. 10 (1907), p. 47.
37. "The Cabin Boy." Maria and William Hutchins Callcott, *The Child's Own Singing Book*, 1843, p. 18. Also in Frank Kidson, *JFSS*, III, No. 10 (1907), p. 49.
38. "The Mermaid." Sharp MSS., 2084/1944. (Sister Emma)
39. "The Mermaid." Phillips Barry MSS., IV, No. 193. Also in Barry, *JAF*, XVIII (1905), p. 136; and Barry, *JAF*, XXII (1909), p. 78.
40. "The Mermaid." Mrs. Emma Dusenbury, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 3229(A1). Also on LC/AAFS, record No. L58(B6); and in Vance Randolph, *Ozark Folksongs*, I, 1946, p. 203(B).
41. "The Mermaid." Sharp MSS., 4120/2973. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 292(B). (Pace)
42. "The Wrecked Ship." Randolph, *Ozark Folksongs*, I, 1946, p. 202(A).

TUNES WITH TEXTS

GROUP A

1. "The Stormy Winds Do Blow"

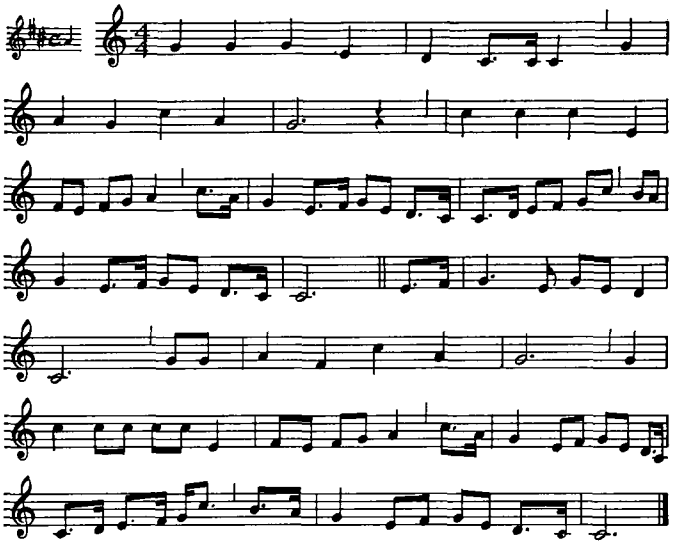
Chappell [1855-59], II, p. 743. Also in Moffat and Kidson, 1901, p. 56. Sung by Charles Sloman, 1840.

a I

Then up spoke the captain of our gallant ship,
And a brave young man was he;
"I have sixty gallant seamen aboard of my ship,
But none half so gallant as he, as he, as he,
But there's none half so gallant as he."

While the vivid lightnings flash,
And the stormy winds do blow;
While we poor seamen are up, up aloft,
And the landsmen are all down below, below, below,
And the landsmen are all down below.

2. "The Mermaid"

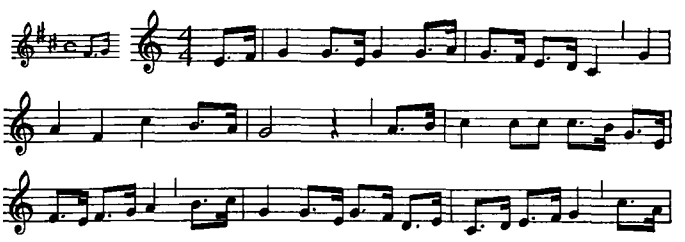
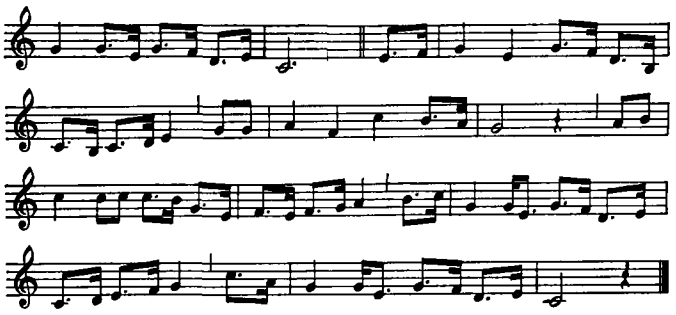
Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 212. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 243(c). Sung by Mrs. John Milne, Glasgow, 1905. Learned in girlhood in Portgordon, Banffshire.

a I

Three times roun' went our gallant ship,
And three times roun' went she;
Three times roun' went our gallant ship,
Till she sank to the bottom o' the sea, the sea, the sea,
Till she sank to the bottom o' the sea.

When the stormy seas do roar,
And the stormy winds do blow,
And we jolly sailors are toiling up aloft,
While the landlubbers lie down below, below, below,
While the landlubbers lie down below.

3. "The Stormy Winds Do Blow"

Tozer and Davis, rev. ed., n.d., p. 94.

a I

Solo:

1. One Friday morn a ship set sail,
And sail'd afar from land.
Her crew did espy a fair pretty maid
With a comb and a glass in her hand, in her hand,
With her comb and a glass in her hand.

Chorus:

For the raging seas do roar
And the stormy winds do blow,
And we jolly sailor boys are sitting up aloft,
And the land lubbers lying down below, below, below,
And the land lubbers lying down below.

2. Then up stood the captain of this gallant ship,
And a fine young man was he;
"Oh I've got a wife in fair Plymouth town,
But a widow I fear she will be."

For the raging seas do roar,
And the stormy winds do blow,
And we jolly sailor boys are sitting up aloft,
And the land lubbers lying down below, below, below,
And the land lubbers lying down below.

3. Then up stood the mate of this gallant ship,
And a bold young man was he;
"Oh I've got a wife in fair Portsmouth town,
But a widow I fear she will be."

For the raging seas do roar,
And the stormy winds do blow,
And we jolly sailor boys are sitting up aloft,
And the land lubbers lying down below, below, below,
And the land lubbers lying down below.

4. Then up stood the cook of this gallant ship,
And a gruff old man was he!
"Oh I've got a wife in fair Bristol town,
But a widow I fear she will be."

For the raging seas do roar,
And the stormy winds do blow,
And we jolly sailor boys are sitting up aloft,
And the land lubbers lying down below, below, below,
And the land lubbers lying down below.

5. Then up stood the boy of this gallant ship,
And a pretty boy was he;
"Oh I care more for my mammy and my dad,
Than you for your wives all three."

For the raging seas do roar,
And the stormy winds do blow,
And we jolly sailor boys are sitting up aloft,
And the land lubbers lying down below, below, below,
And the land lubbers lying down below.

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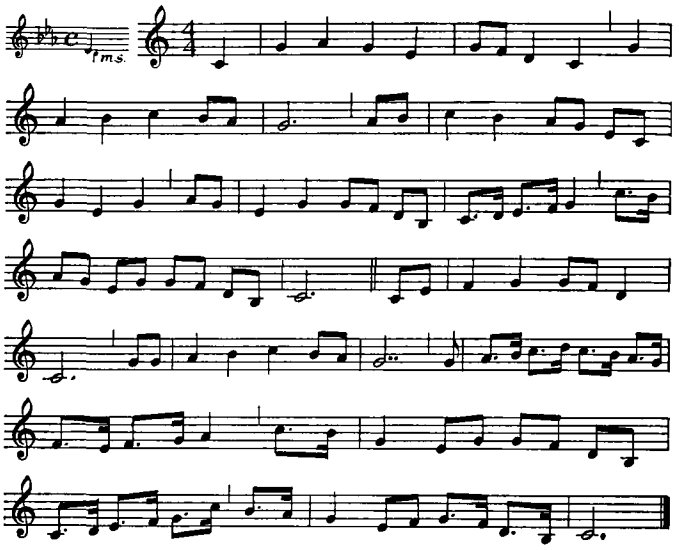
4. "The Mermaid"

Baring-Gould MSS., CXCIX; text, (A). Sung by Robert Hard and James Parsons.

a I

The initial upbeat in the MS. is miswritten as D instead of E♭ [=B for C here].

1. On Friday morning as we set sail
It was not far from land.
O there we espied a fair pretty maid
With the comb & a glass in hand,
her hand,
With the comb & glass in hand.
O the stormy winds they did blow
And the raging seas did roar,
While we poor sailor boys go up a loft
And the land lubbers lie down below
below,
And the land &c.

2. Then up & spake a boy of our gallant ship
And a well spoken boy was he.
I've a father & mother in fair Portsmouth Town,
This night they will weep for me.

3. Then up & spake a man of our gallant ship,
And a well-spoken man was he.
I have married a wife in Fair London Town,
This night she a widow will be.

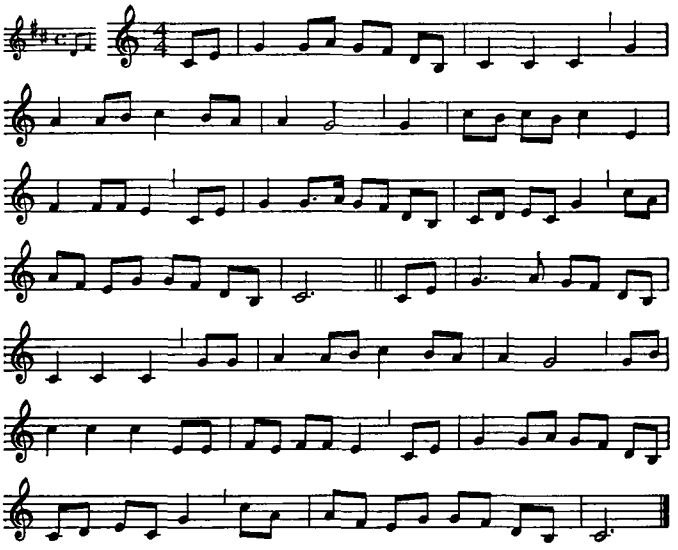
4. Then up spake the captain of our gallant ship
And a valiant man was he.
For want of a long-boat we all shall be drowned
And sink to the bottom of the sea.

5. The moon shone bright, & the stars gave light
And my mother is looking for me,
She may look, she may weep, & with watery eyes,
For I lie at the bottom of the sea.

By permission of Mr. G. Hitchcock, on behalf of Baring-Gould Estate.

5. "The Mermaid"

Sharp MSS., 1162/1159. Sung by Alfred Chard, Chew Magna, January 11, 1907.

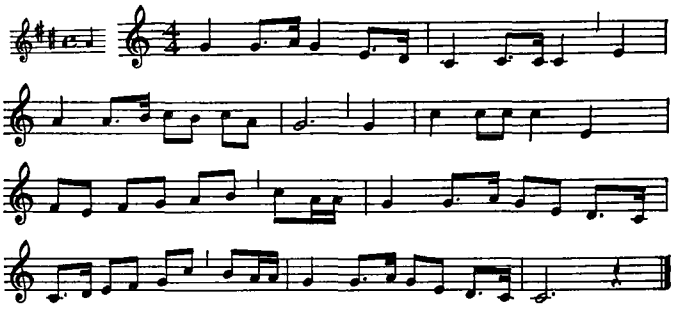
a I

On Good Friday morning our ship set sail
Not very far from land
There I spied a fair pretty lass
With a comb & a brush in her hand.

When the stormy winds they did blow rough rough
And the raging seas did roar,
While we poor sailors are up & to the top
And the land lubbers lying down below.

When up spoke a man of our gallant ship
And a well-speaking man was he
We shall all be drowned for the want of land
We shall sink to the bottom of the sea.

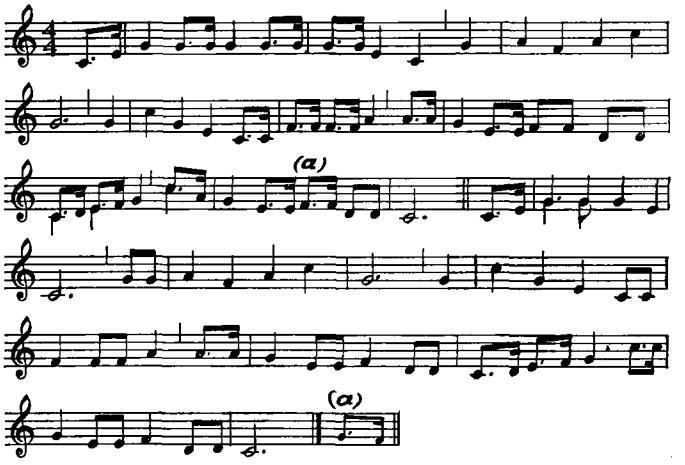
6. "The Mermaid"

Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 213. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 243(b). Sung by Mrs. Walker, Rayne, September 1906. Learned in Huntly.

a I

Oot spak the cook o' this gallant ship,
A weel-spoken cook was he;
I carena a flee for a' your pots an' pans,
Tho' they were a' at the bottom o' the sea, the sea, the sea,
Tho' they were a' at bottom o' the sea.

7. "The Mermaid"

Sung by Ann Volkman, Portland, Ore., 1946. Learned from her grandmother. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 10,366(A2). Collected by William L. Alderson.

a I/M

1. O the first one along was the Captain of the ship
And a nice old fellow was he,
Said he, I've a wife in North America
And this night she is weeping for me for me for me
And this night she is weeping for me.

O the stormy winds may blow
And the raging seas may roll
While we poor sailors are lashed to the top
And the landlubbers lying down below below below
And the landlubbers lying down below.

2. O the next one along was the little sailor boy,
And a nice little fellow was he,
Said he, I've a mother in North America,
And this night she is weeping for me for me for me
And this night she is weeping for me.

O the stormy winds may blow
And the raging seas may roll
While we poor sailors are lashed to the top
And the landlubbers lying down below below below
And the landlubbers lying down below.

3. O the next one along was a jolly Jack Tar
And a jolly Jack Tar was he,
Said he, For the want of a very long boat
We will sink to the bottom of the sea the sea the sea
We will sink to the bottom of the sea.

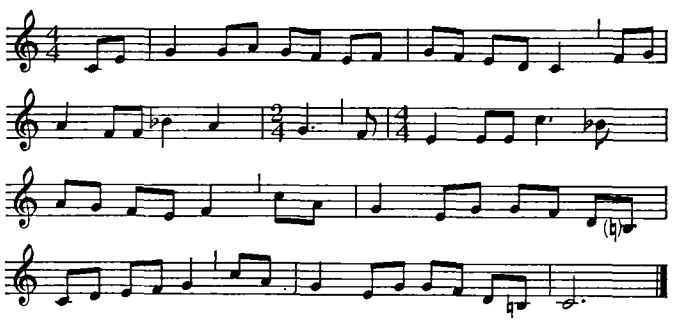
O the stormy winds may blow
And the raging seas may roll
While we poor sailors are lashed to the top
And the landlubbers lying down below below below
And the landlubbers lying down below.

4. O three times round went our gallant ship
And three times round went she,
And three times round went our gallant ship
And she sank to the bottom of the sea, salt sea
And she sank to the bottom of the sea.

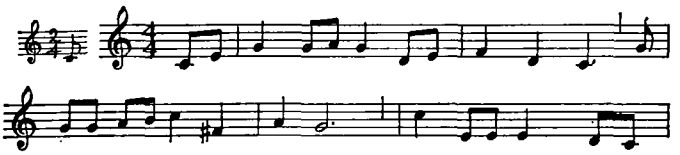
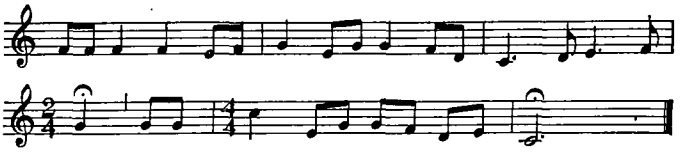
O the stormy winds may blow
And the raging seas may roll
While we poor sailors are lashed to the top
And the landlubbers lying down below below below
And the landlubbers lying down below.

8. "The Mermaid"

Barry Dict. Cyl., No. 289D. Also in Barry MSS., IV, No. 284. Sung by Miss H. L. Wedgwood, Cambridge, Mass., June 18, 1912.

a I—M (inflected VII)

9. "The Mermaid"

Chappell, 1939, p. 46. Sung by Charles Tillett, Wanchese, N.C.; words recorded in 1924, tune in 1935.

a I/M (but inflected IV)

1. O last Monday morning as we set sail,
Not being very far from land,
There we espied a pretty fair maid
With a comb and a glass in her hand, her hand, her hand,
With a comb and a glass in her hand.

Chorus:

For the stormy winds they do blow
And the raging seas do roar,
While we poor seamen go reefing to the top,
While the landsmen are lurking on the shore, the shore, the shore,
While the landsmen are lying down below.

2. Up stepped the captain of our gallant little ship,
And a very well spoken man was he:
I have a family in fair New York town,
And this night they all orphans will be, will be, will be,
And this night they all orphans will be.

3. Up stepped the mate of our gallant little ship,
And a very well spoken man was he:
I have a wife in fair New York town,
And this night she a widow will be, will be, will be,
And this night she a widow will be.

4. Up stepped the man of our gallant little ship,
And a very well spoken man was he:
I have a mother in fair New York town,
And this night she'll be looking for me, for me, for me,
And this night she'll be looking for me.

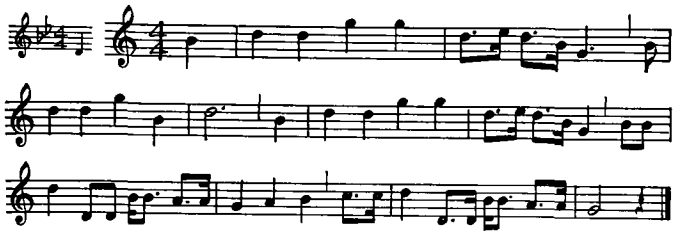
5. She may look, she may cry with a watery weeping eye,
She may look to the bottom of the sea, the sea, the sea,
She may look to the bottom of the sea.

6. Up stepped the cook of our gallant little ship,
And a smutty little fellow was he,
Says, I care more for my pots and my kettles
Than I do for the raging sea, the sea, the sea,
Than I do for the raging sea.

7. Three times around went our gallant little ship,
And three times around went she;
Three times around went our gallant little ship,
And she sunk to the bottom of the sea, the sea, the sea,
And she sunk to the bottom of the sea.

10. "It's Three Times Round"

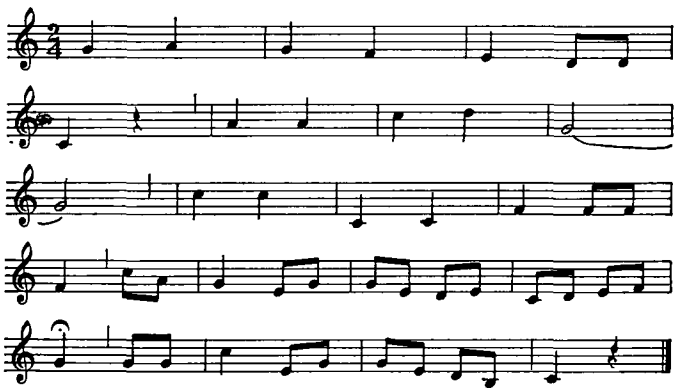
Sung by Mrs. John Williams (née Violet Selena Hankins), Iowa City, Iowa. Learned in 1865-70 in Penn Township, Johnson County, Iowa. Tune noted by Mrs. Flora Brennan, 1922-23. Communicated by Prof. Charles A. Williams.

m I/M

Up spake the cabin boy of our gallant ship
A well-spoken lad was he:
"We poor sailorm'n are going to the top
And the lumbermen are lying down below, -low, -low,
And the lumbermen are lying down below."

It's three times round went our gallant ship,
And three times round went she;
It's three times round went our gallant ship,
And she sank to the bottom of the sea, sea, sea,
And she sank to the bottom of the sea.

11. "The Mermaid"

Musick, *JAF*, LXX (1957), p. 353(20); text, p. 341. From Mrs. Emma Glasscock, Colfax, W. Va.; learned from her grandmother.

a I

Up stepped a man of our gallant ship,
A well-spoken man was he,
Saying, "I have a wife in fair New York town,
And this night she'll be waiting for me, me, me,
And this night she'll be waiting for me."

Chorus:

Round and round went our gallant ship;
Round and round went she;
Round and round went our gallant ship,
And she sank to the bottom of the sea, -sea, -sea,
And she sank to the bottom of the sea.

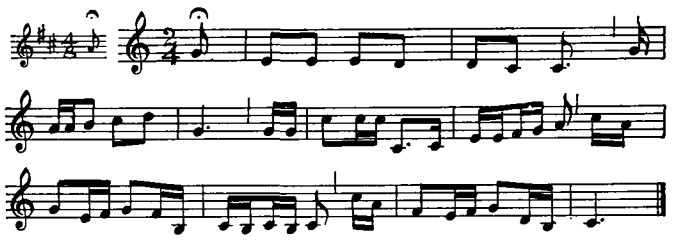
Up stepped a girl of our gallant ship,
A well-spoken girl was she,
Saying, "I have a sweetheart in fair New York town,
And this night broken-hearted he will be, be, be,
And this night broken-hearted he will be."

Chorus.

The stormy winds did blow,
The raging seas did roar,
While us poor seamen go flying to the top,
And the landlubber lies down below, below, below,
And the landlubber lies down below.

12. "The Mermaid"

Davis, 1929, p. 603(F); text, p. 525. Contributed by Martha M. Davis, March 15, 1913, from the singing of Miss Fannie Speck, Harrisonburg, Va., who learned it from her mother.

a I

Last Friday morn when we set sail,
We hadn't sailed far from land,
Till we spied, till we spied a pretty fair maid
With a comb and a glass in her hand, her hand, her hand,
With a comb and a glass in her hand.

Up stepped one of our gallant men,
And a well-spoken man was he:
He cried, "I've a wife in London's famous town,
And a widow this night she shall be, shall be, shall be,
And a widow this night she shall be."

'Tis three times round goes our gallant ship,
And three times around go we,
Till we sink, till we sink to the bottom of the sea,
Till we sink to the bottom of the sea, the sea, the sea,
Till we sink to the bottom of the sea.

The moon shines bright, the stars give light,
And my mother is looking for me;
She may look, she may look with a watery eye,
She may look to the bottom of the sea, the sea, the sea,
She may look to the bottom of the sea.

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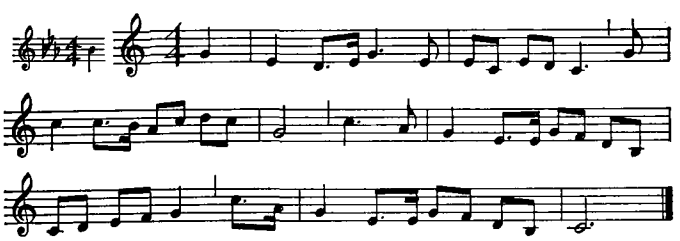
13. "The Mermaid"

Wilkinson MSS., 1935-36, p. 107(C). Sung by Mr. Henry Lam, Elkton, Va., November 6, 1935.

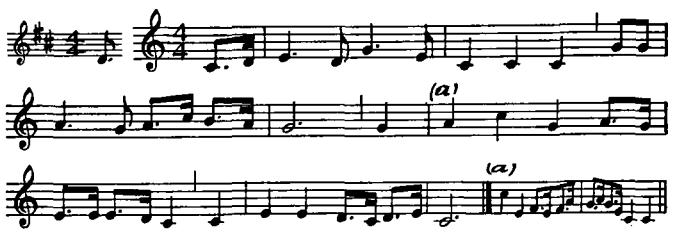
a I

Oh see how she looked, she looked around for me,
She looked to the bottom of the sea.
O she land and she lies down below, below, below,
O she land and she lies down below.*

* A note in the MSS. indicates that lines three and four were sung by Mr. Z. B. Lam, on November 9, 1935, as follows:

O the landsmen, she lies down below, below, below,
O the landsmen, she lies down below.

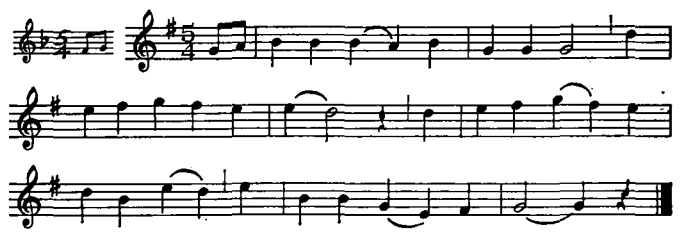
14. "The Mermaid"

Sharp MSS., 4306/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 293(D). Sung by Miss Lulu Fulmiller, Blue Ridge Springs, Va., June 2, 1918.

a I

O the raging sea it rolls, rolls, rolls,
And the stormy winds do blow,
And some poor sailors were dripping in the deep
And some were lying down below.

15. "The Mermaid"

Hammond, *JFSS*, III, No. 10 (1907), p. 50. Sung by Mr. Bartlett, Wimborne, Dorset, 1905; and also by Joseph Elliott, Todber, Dorset.

a I/Ly

Mr. Bartlett's version:

1. One night, as I lay on my bed, I lay both warm and at ease,
   I dreamed about bold mariners—And sailors on the seas....

2. Now the weather be it hot or cold, and many a bitter blast
   Which oftentime we're 'bliged to do, oh, to cut away our mast.

3. Then the plumber on the deck he stands, with a lead and line in his hands,
   For to see how far or near we are from any rocks or sands.

4. Now the mermaid on the rocks she stands, with a comb and glass in her hand,
   "Cheer up, cheer up, you lively lads, oh, you are far from land!

5. Now a token of good mariners, and a token for bold will,
   And when you call this way again, oh, 'tis here you'll find me still!"

Mr. Elliott's version:

1. As I lay on my bed asleep, asleeping warm and at my ease,
   I dreamed about poor mariners, poor sailors on the seas.

2. I do endure both hot and cold, many's a bitter blast,
   And oftentimes obliged to cut away their mast.

3. Then overboard their guns they throw, many's a cargo brave,
   And in their long-boats 'bliged to jump, their precious lives to save.

4. Our captain at the wheel he stands, steering his course right well,
   Looking all round with watery eyes, "Good Lord, the seas do swell!"

5. Our plumber on the quarter stands with lead and line in his hands,
   To see how far or near we are from any rocks or sands.

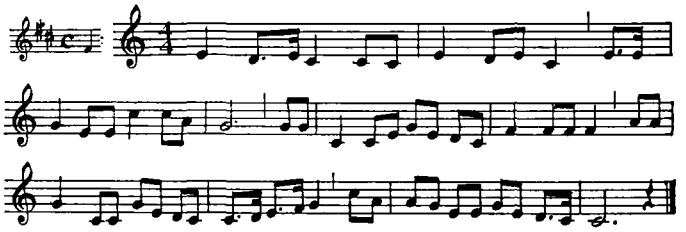
6. The mermaid on the rock she stands with comb and glass in hand,
   "Sheer off, sheer off, bold mariners, you are not far from land!

7. Cheer up, cheer up, bold mariners, don't perish in the deep,
   For this I do for sailors' sake a-losing of my sleep!

8. Cheer up, cheer up, bold mariners, don't let your courage fail,
   And if you ever sail this way, 'tis here you'll find me still!"

16. "The Mermaid"

Greig MSS., IV, p. 42; text, Bk. 749, XXXIX, p. 30. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 242(a). Sung by Mrs. Duncan, New Deer.

a I/M

1. The wind was still & the moon was clear
   And we were in sight of the land
   And there we spied a pretty mermaid
   With the comb & the glass in her hand
   Her hand, her hand, her hand
   With the comb & the glass in her hand.

2. Oot speaks the captain o' oor gallant ship
And a weel spoken fellow was he
Says I married a wife just three weeks ago
And this night a poor widow she'll be
She'll be, she'll be, she'll be
And this night a poor widow she'll be.

3. Oot speaks the cabin boy o' oor gallant ship
And a well spoken fellow was he
. . . . . .
And this night she'll be looking for me
For me, for me, for me
And this night she'll be looking for me.

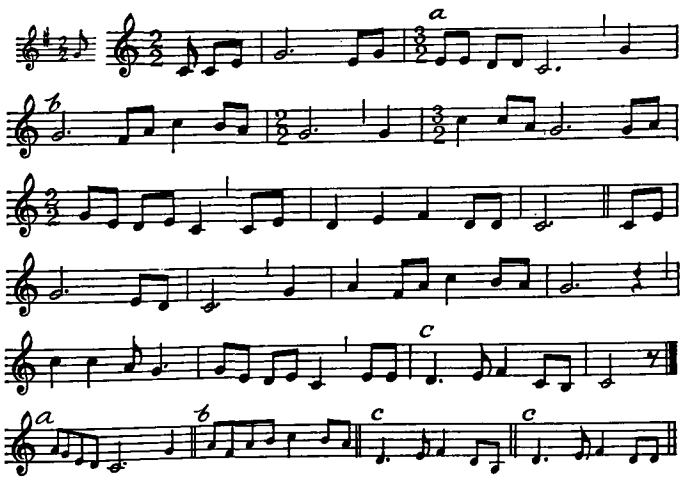
4. She may look, she may sigh with a tear in her eye
She may look she may sigh for me
She may look, she may sigh with a tear in her eye
She may look in the bottom of the sea
The sea the sea the sea
She may look in the bottom of the sea.

5. Oot speaks the (ship) cook o' oor gallant ship
And a rough-spoken fellow was he
Says I care as muckle for my pots & my pans
As ye dee for your wives all three
All three, all three
As ye dee for your wives all three.

6. Three times roon went oor gallant ship
And three times roon went she.
Three times roon went the bold Mary Ann
And she sank to the bottom of the sea
The sea the sea
And she sank to the bottom of the sea.

17. "The Mermaid"

Sharp MSS., 4108/2943. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 291(A). Sung by Mrs. Leona Melton, Hyden, Ky., October 2, 1917.

a I

1. The first on deck was the captain of the ship,
A fine looking fellow was he:
It's I have a wife in South Amerikee
And to-night she's looking for me.
O the sea how it rolls,
The cold chilly wind how it blows.
We're poor sailors struggling in the deep
And the landlords safe on the shore.

2. The next on deck was the conductor of the ship,
A fine looking fellow was he:
I have a wife and three little babes
And to-night they're looking for me.

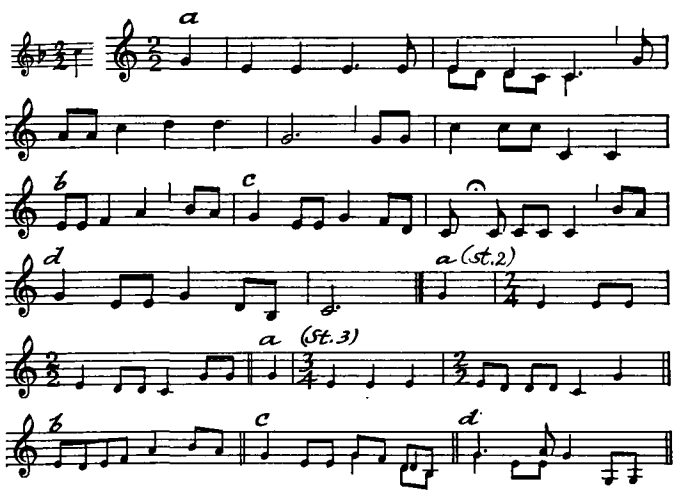
3. The next on deck was the doctor of the ship,
A fine looking fellow was he:
I have two patients on the next deck below,
And to-night they're looking for me.

4. The next on deck was a little boy,
A wretched looking fellow was he:
He said: I care no more for my wife and little babes
Than I do for the fish in the sea.

5. Nine times around sailed the little ship,
Nine times around sailed she,
Nine times around sailed the little ship
And sank to the depths of the sea.

18. "The Mermaid"

Wilkinson MSS., 1935-36, p. 103(A). Sung by Mrs. A. W. Koontz, Harrisonburg, Va., October 5, 1935.

m I

Last Friday morn when we set sail
We hadn't sailed far from land
Till we spied, till we spied a pretty fair maid
With a comb and a glass in her hand, her hand, her hand,
With a comb and a glass in her hand.

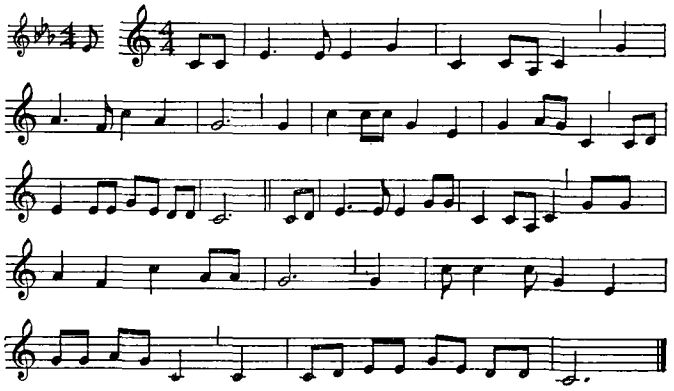
Up steps one of our gallant men,
And a well spoken man was he.
He cried: I have a wife in London's famous town,
And a widow this night she shall be, she shall be,
And a widow she shall be.

Three times round goes our gallant ship
And three times round go we,
Till she sinks, till she sinks to the bottom of the sea,
the sea, the sea.
Till she sinks to the bottom of the sea.

The moon shines bright and the stars they give light,
And my mother is looking for me.
She may look, she may look with a watery eye,
She may look to the bottom of the sea, the sea, the sea,
She may look to the bottom of the sea.

19. "The Shipwrecked Sailors"

Major, *PTFLS*, X (1932), p. 162. Contributed by Mrs. J. C. Marshall, Quanah, Tex.

a I/M

1. On the first of May as we set sail
A pleasure trip to find,
The first came up was a pretty fair maid
With a glass and a comb in her hand.

Chorus:

Oh, the raging sea how she roar, roar, roared,
And the stormy winds how they blew,
While we poor sailors were ripping up aloft
And the landlords were lying down below.

2. The next came up was a little cabin boy,
A fine little fellow was he;
He thought more of his parents at home
Than he did of the ship on the sea.

3. The next came up was an old greasy cook,
And old greasy cook was she;
She thought more of her kettle and her pot
Than she did of the ship on the sea.

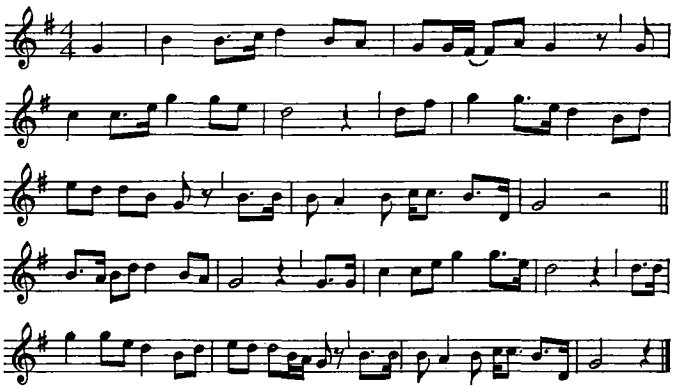
4. The next came up was the mate to the boat,
A fine old fellow was he,
Saying, "I've a wife in South America,
And this night she is waiting for me."

5. The next came up was the captain to the boat,
A fine old fellow was he,
Saying, "I've a wife in New Orleans,
And this night she is looking for me."

6. Five times around went the gallant old ship,
Five times around went she;
Five times around went the gallant old ship,
And she sank to the bottom of the sea.

20. "The Raging Sea, How It Roars"

Sung by Ernest V. Stoneman of Galax, Va., 1928, on Victor rec. No. 21648. Transcribed by Judith McCulloh, in B. Jackson, 1966, p. 120.

m I

"It's nine times around," said the captain of the ship,
"It's nine times around," said he,
"Oh, it's nine times around are we sinking in the deep
While the landlord lies dreaming down below."
Oh, the raging sea, how it roars,
And the cold chilly winds, how they blow.
While tonight us poor sailors is sinking in the deep
And the landlord lies dreaming down below.

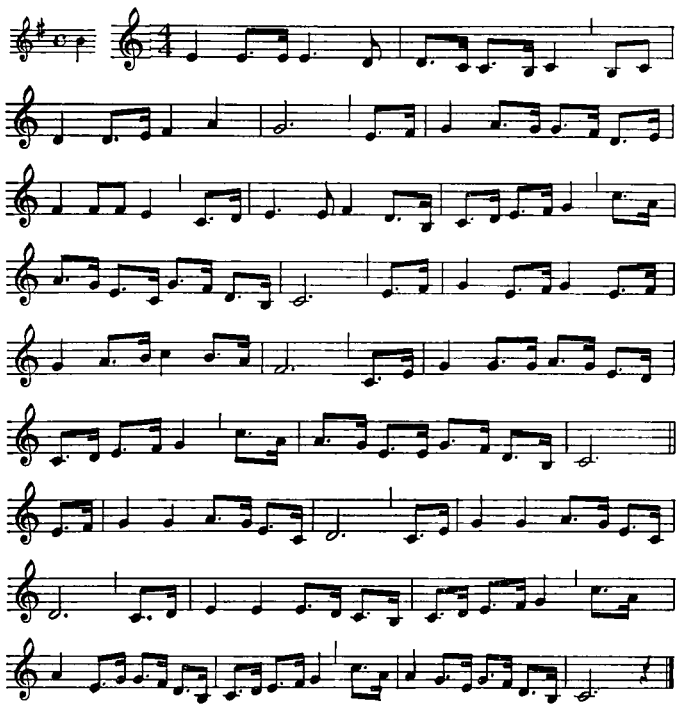
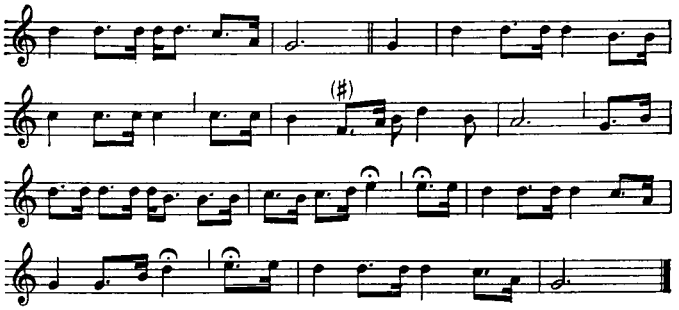
The first on deck was the captain of his ship,
A fine-looking fellow was he.
Said, "I have a wife in Old Mexico
And tonight she is looking for me."
Oh, the raging sea, how it roars,
And the cold chilly winds, how they blow.
While tonight us poor sailors are sinking in the deep
And the landlord lies dreaming down below.

The next on deck was the lady of the ship,
A fine-looking lady was she.
Said, "I have a husband in New Mexico
And tonight he is looking for me."
Oh, the raging sea, how it roars,
And the cold chilly winds, how they blow.
While tonight us poor sailors are sinking in the deep
And the landlord lies dreaming down below.

The next on deck was a sassy little cook,
A sassy little cook was he.
He cared no more for his wife and his child
Then hé does for the fish in the sea.
Oh, thé raging sea, how it roars,
And the cold chilly winds, how they blow.
While tonight us poor sailors are sinking in the deep
And the landlord lies dreaming down below.

21. "The Mermaid"

Sharp MSS., 787/. Sung by John Haste, Enmore, January 15, 1906.

a I

Up spoke the boy of our gallant ship
And a well spoken boy was he
I've a father and mother in fair Portsmouth Town
And this night they're looking for me for me for me
And this night they're looking for me
They may look they may weep they may look with a watery eye
They may look to the bottom of the sea the sea the sea
They may look to the bottom of the sea
And the raging seas did roar
And the stormy winds did blow
Whilst we poor sailors a-rocking on the top
And the landsmen a laying down below below below
And the landsmen a-laying down below.

'Twas Friday morn when we sot sail,
And we were not far from land,
When we all espied a fair mermaid
With a comb and a glass in her hand, in her hand,
With a comb and a glass in her hand.

Chorus:

The stormy winds do blow, blow, blow,
And the raging seas, how they flow,
While we poor sailors are climbing to the top,
The landsmen are lying down below, down below,
The landsmen are lying down below.

Then up spake the captain of our gallant ship,
And a well-spoken man was he,
"I've a wife and a child in my own native land,
Who this night shall be weeping for me, oh, for me,
Who this night shall be weeping for me."

Then up spake the boy of our gallant ship,
And a well-spoken boy was he,
"I've a father and a mother in my own native land,
Who this night childless shall be, oh, shall be,
Who this night childless shall be."

Then three times around turned our gallant ship,
And three times around turned she,
And as she turned the third time around,
She sank to the bottom of the sea, of the sea,
She sank to the bottom of the sea.

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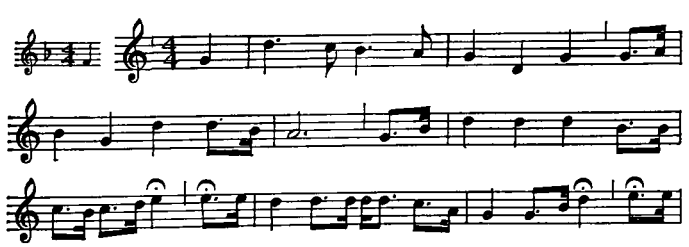
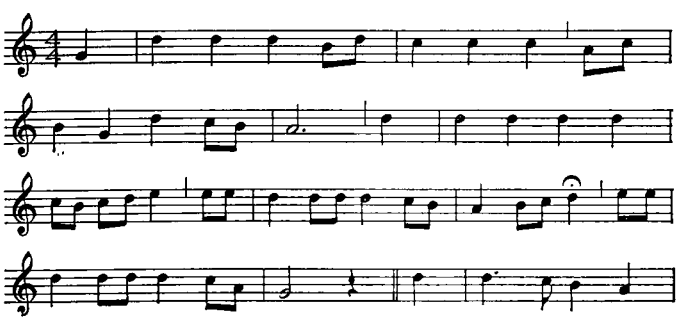
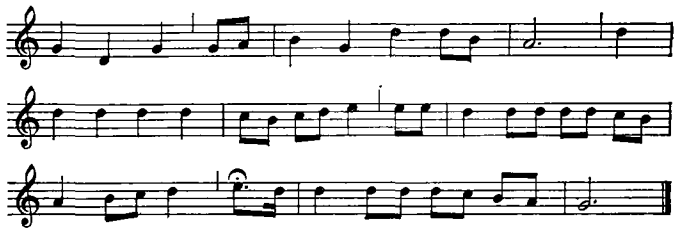
22. "The Stormy Winds"

Davis, 1929, p. 602(B); text, p. 522. Contributed by Mr. Inslee Deaderick, Knoxville, Tenn., March 1914. (Reported by Mrs. J. M. Grainger, Farmville Ballad Club.)

p I/M

23. "The Mermaid"

McGill, 1917, p. 46.

p I/M

1. Last Friday morning as we set sail,
Not very far from land;
We all espied a fair mermaid,
With a comb and a glass in her hand, in her hand,
With a comb and a glass in her hand.

Chorus:

The stormy winds do blow, blow blow,
And the raging seas how they roar;
And us three sailors climbing to the top,
And the land all a-lying down below, down below,
And the land all a-lying down below.

2. The first came up was the captain of the ship,
And a jolly looking fellow was he;
"O I've this night in merry Eng-a-land,
A wife that is weeping for me."

3. The next came up was a pretty little boy,
And a pretty little fellow was he;
"O I've this night in merry Eng-a-land,
A mother that's looking for me."

4. The next came up was the greasy old cook,
And a greasy old fellow was he;
O, "I care more for the kettle and the stove
Than I do for the raging of the sea."

5. The gallant old ship, she turned herself around,
Yes three times over again;
The very last time she turned herself around,
She sank to the bottom of the sea.

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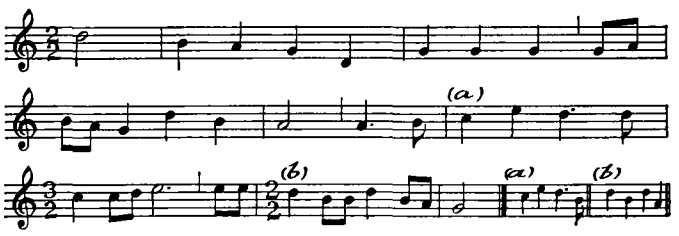
24. "The Mermaid"

Sharp MSS., 4713/3282. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 293(C). Sung by Mrs. Sina Boone, Burnsville, N.C., September 28, 1918.

p I/M

One Friday morning we set sail,
And we hadn't got far from land,
Till there I spied a fair mermaid
With a comb and a glass in her hand.

And the stormy winds may blow, blow, blow,
And the raging seas may flow;
While it's me a poor sailor a-climbing to the top,
And the landsmen lying down below.

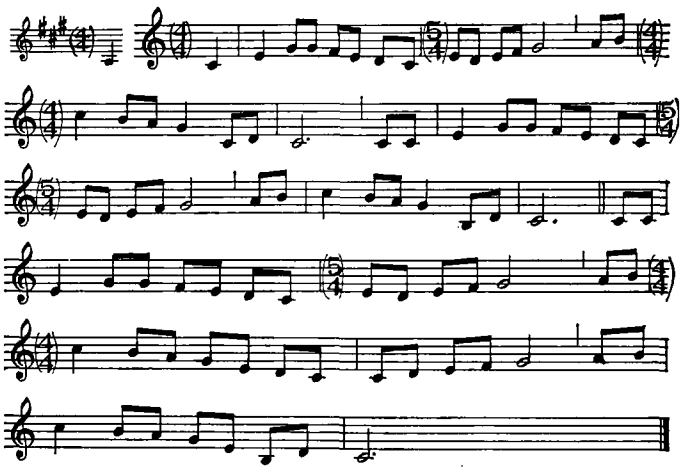
Then it's up said the captain of our gallant ship,
And a well-looking boy was he:
I've a father and a mother in my native land,
And this night they're weeping for me.

It's up said the captain of our gallant ship,
And a well-looking man was he:
I've a wife and a child in my own native land,
And this night a widow may be.

Then three times around went our gallant ship,
And three times around went she,
And the third time that she sailed round,
She sank to the bottom of the sea.

25. "Our Gallant Ship"

Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, 1929, p. 365. Sent in by Mrs. *James McGill, Chamcook, N.B., April 1928; learned in Scotland.*

a I

1. On a stormy sea as we set sail,
Not far, not far from land,
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

2. Up spoke the Captain of our gallant ship,
And a fine old man was he,
"O, I hae a wife in Edinboro toon,
An this nicht she'll be lookin' for me, for me, for me,
An this nicht she'll be lookin' for me."
She may look, she may sigh wi' a watery eye,
She may look tae the bottom o' the sea, the sea, the sea,
She may look tae the bottom o' the sea.

3. Then up spoke the mate o' our gallant ship,
An' a brave young man was he,
"O, I hae a wife in fair Edinboro toon,
An' this nicht she'll be lookin' for me, etc."

4. Then up spoke the cabin boy on our gallant ship,
An' a fine wee boy was he,
"O, I hae a sweetheart in auld Edinboro toon,
An' this nicht she'll be lookin' for me, etc."

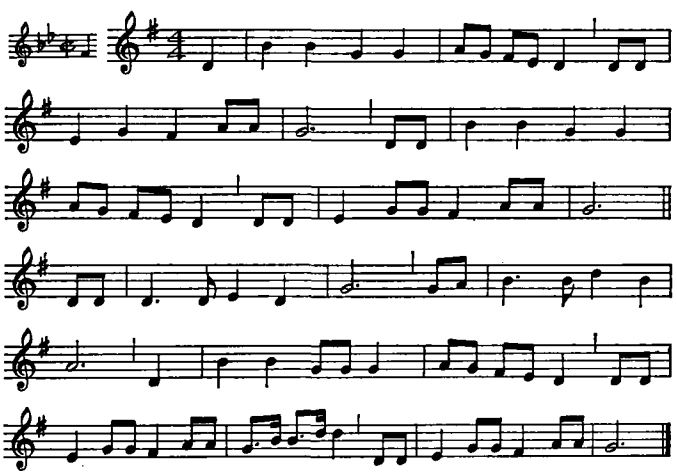
5. Then up spoke the cook on our gallant ship,
An' a cross old cook was he,
"O, I hae mair bother wi' ma kettles, pots an' pans,
Than ye wi' your wives all three, etc."

6. Then three times round went our gallant little ship,
An' three times round went she,
An' three times round went the gallant little ship,
An' she sank to the bottom of the sea.

GROUP B

26. "The Mermaid"

Wilkinson MSS., 1935-36, p. 105(B). Sung by Mrs. Charles A. Rich, Charlottesville, Va., October 6 and November 23, 1935.

p I/Ly

'Twas Friday night when we set sail,
And we were not far from the land,
When the captain spied a merry mermaid
With a comb and a glass in her hand.

Then up starts the captain of our gallant ship,
And a brave young man was he,
"I've a wife and child in Bristol town
And tonight a widow she'll be."

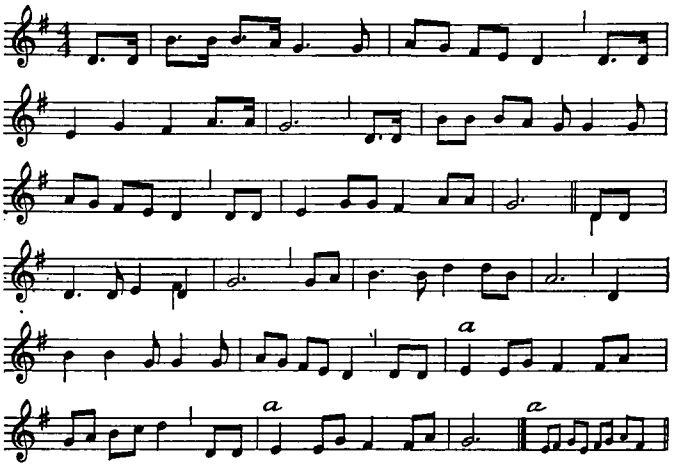
Then three times round went our gallant ship,
And three times round went she,
And three times round went our gallant ship
And she sank to the bottom of the sea.

Refrain:

O the ocean waves may roll,
And the stormy winds may blow,
While we poor sailors go skipping up a-loft,
And the land-lubbers lie down below, below, below,
And the land-lubbers lie down below.

27. "The Mermaid"

Sung by Warren Roberts, from Maine, in Portland, Ore., 1946. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 10,367(B6). Collected by William L. Alderson.

p I

1. It was on a Friday night when we set sail
And we were not far from the land
When our Captain spied a mermaid a-sitting on a rock
With a comb and a glass in her hand.

The ocean waves may roll
And the stormy winds may blow
While we poor sailors go skipping to the top
And the landlubbers lie down below below below
And the landlubbers lie down below.

2. Then up spoke the captain óf our gallant ship
And a well-spoken captain was he:
"I married me a wife in Salem town
But tonight she a widow will be."

The ocean waves may roll
And the stormy winds may blow
While we poor sailors go skipping to the top
And the landlubbers lie down below below below
And the landlubbers lie down below.

3. Then up spoke the cook óf our gallant ship
And a well-spoken cook was he:
"I care more for my kettles and my pots
Than I do for the bottom of the sea."

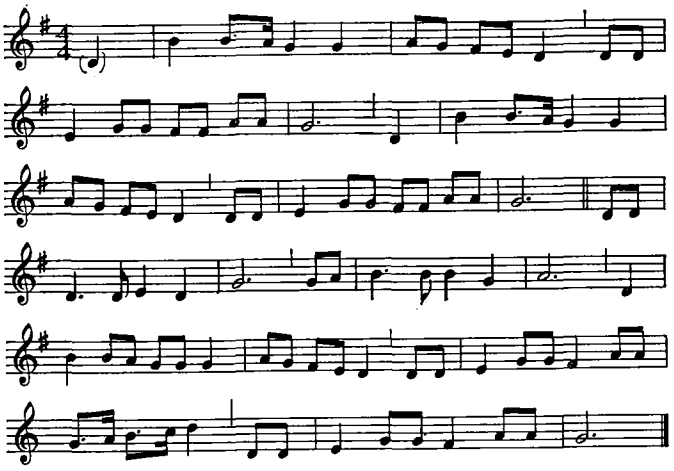
The ocean waves may roll
And the stormy winds may blow
While we poor sailors go skipping to the top
And the landlubbers lie down below below below
And the landlubbers lie down below.

4. Then three times around went our gallant ship
And three times around went she,
Then three times around went our gallant ship
And she sunk to the bottom of the sea.

The ocean waves may roll
And the stormy winds may blow
While we poor sailors go skipping to the top
And the landlubbers lie down below below below
And the landlubbers lie down below.

28. "The Mermaid"

Wilkinson MSS., 1936-37, p. 31. Sung by Leonard Trell, a student from New York City, at the University of Virginia, April 3, 1937.

p I

(O) Eight times around went our gallant ship,
And she sank to the bottom of the sea.
O the ocean waves may roll,
And the stormy seas may blow,
While we poor sailors go skipping through the waves,
And the land-lubbers lie down below, below, below,
And the land-lubbers lie down below.

1. 'Twas Friday morning and we set sail
And we were not far from the land
When our Captain saw a fair mermaid
With a comb and a brush in her hand.

O the ocean waves may roll
And the stormy winds may blow,
But we poor sailors go skipping to the top(s)
While the landlubbers lie down below below below
While the landlubbers lie down below.

2. Then up spoke the Captain [*sic*] of our gallant ship
And a well spoken man was he:
"I care much more for my pots and my kettles
Than I do for the depth(s) of the sea."

O the ocean waves may roll
And the stormy winds may blow,
But we poor sailors go skipping to the top(s)
While the landlubbers lie down below below below
While the landlubbers lie down below.

3. Then up spoke the Captain of our gallant ship
And a well spoken man was he
I have a wife in Salem town
And tonight she a widow will be.

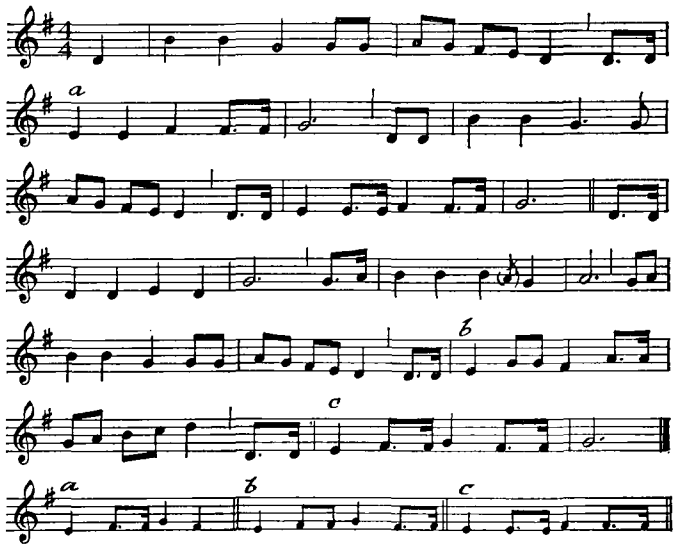
O the ocean waves may roll
And the stormy winds may blow,
While we poor seamen go skipping to the top(s)
While the landlubbers lie down below below below
While the landlubbers lie down below.

4. Well, three times round went this gallant ship
And three times round went she
And three times round went this gallant ship
And she sank to the bottom of the sea.

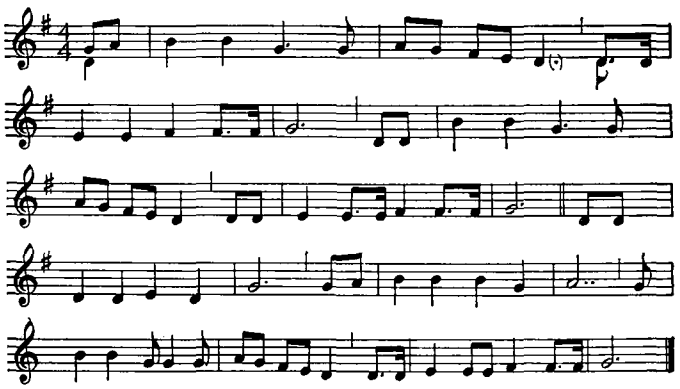
O the ocean waves may roll
And the stormy winds may blow,
And we poor seamen go skipping to the top(s)
While the landlubbers lie down below below below
While the landlubbers lie down below.

29. "The Mermaid"

Sung by Mrs. Elizabeth Walker Ford, Central Valley, Calif., September 26, 1962. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 11,337(A3). Collected by Sidney Robertson Cowell.

p I

30. "The Mermaid"

Sung by A. J. Ford, Crandon, Wis., 1937. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 2236(A1). Collected by Sidney Robertson Cowell.

p I/M

It was Friday morning when we set sail,
And we were not far from the land,
When the Captain spied a fair mermaid
With a comb and a glass in her hand.

O the ocean waves may roll,
And the stormy winds may blow,
While we poor sailors go skipping to the tops
And the landlubbers lie down below.

Well, up spoke the Captain of our gallant ship,
And a well-spoken man was he,
"I've married a wife in Salem town
And tonight she a widow will be."

Chorus.

Then up spoke the Cook of our gallant ship,
And a red-hot cook was he,
"I care much more for my kettles and my pans
Than I do for the depths of the sea."

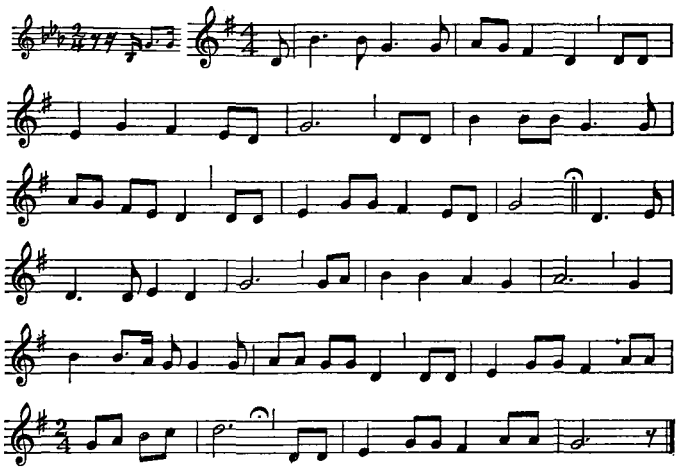
Chorus.

Then three times round went our gallant ship,
And three times round went she,
Then three times round went our gallant ship
And she sank to the depths of the sea.

Chorus.

31. "The Mermaid"

Creighton and Senior, 1950, p. 106. Contributed by Earl B. Smith, Lower Clark's Harbour, Shelburne County, N.S.

p I

The earlier copy is in 2/4, with two interjected 3/4 bars. I have doubled the note-lengths, but not altered the relative values.

1. 'Twas Friday morn when we set sail
And we sailed not far from the land
When our Captain espied a lovely mermaid
With a comb and a glass in her hand.

Oh, the ocean waves may roll and the stormy winds may blow
While we jolly sailors go skipping to the tops
And the land lubbers lie down below, below, below,
And the land lubbers lie down below.

2. Then out spake the captain of our gallant ship
Who at once did the peril see,
"I have married a wife in fair London town
And this night she a widow will be."

Chorus.

3. Then out spake the cook of our gallant ship
And a fine old cook was he,
"I care much more for my pots and my pans
Than I do for the bottom of the sea."

Chorus.

4. Then out spake the cabin boy of our gallant ship,
A fair-haired lad was he,
"I've a father and mother in fair London Town
And this night they'll be weeping for me."

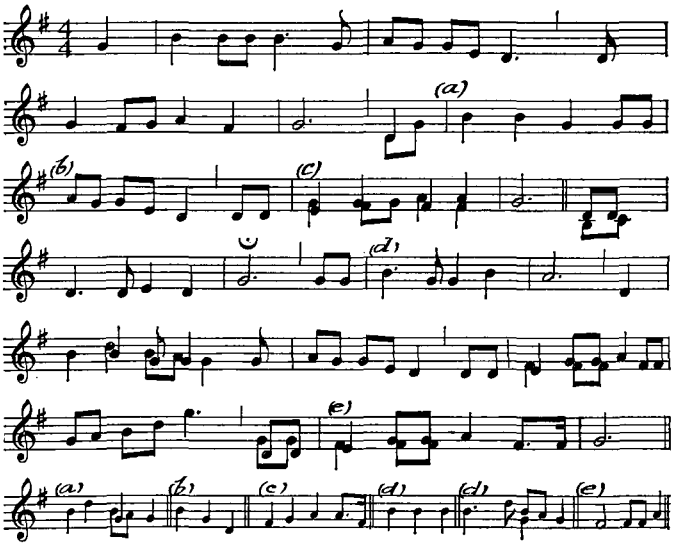
Chorus.

5. Then three times round went our gallant ship,
And three times round went she,
Oh three times round went our gallant ship
And she sank to the bottom of the sea.

Chorus.

32. "The Mermaid"

Sung by Bascom Lamar Lunsford in Washington, D.C., 1949. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 9476(B3).

m I/Ly

1. One stormy night, when we set sail,
We was not far from the land,
When our Captain spied a pretty merry maid
With a comb and a glass in her hand.

Oh the ocean waves may roll,
And the stormy winds may blow,
While we poor sailors go skipping to the tops,
And the landlubbers lie down below, below, below,
And the landlubbers lie down below.

2. Then up spoke the Captain of our gallant ship,
A well-spoken man was he,
"I've married me a wife in Salem town,
Tonight she a widow will be."

Then the ocean waves may roll,
And the stormy winds may blow,
While we poor sailors go skipping to the tops,
And the landlubbers lie down below, below, below,
And the landlubbers lie down below.

3. Then up spoke the Mate of our gallant ship,
A well-spoken man was he,
"I've married me a wife in Salem town,
Tonight she a widow will be."

Then the ocean waves may roll,
And the stormy winds may blow,
While we poor sailors go skipping to the tops,
And the landlubbers lie down below, below, below,
And the landlubbers lie down below.

4. Then up spoke the Cook,
A well-spoken man was he,
"I care much more for my kettles and my pots
Than I do for the depths of the sea."

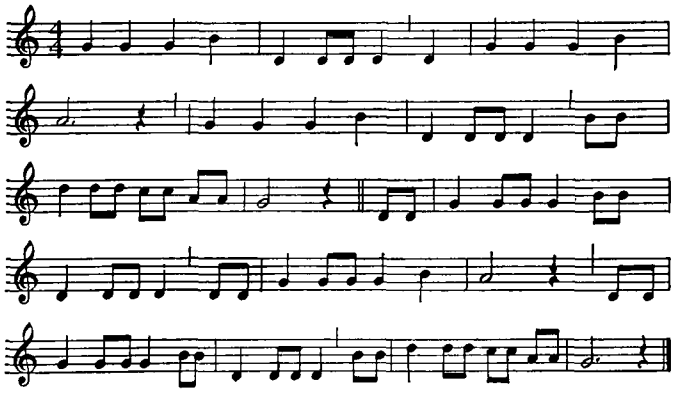
Then the ocean waves may roll,
And the stormy winds may blow,
While we poor sailors go skipping to the tops,
And the landlubbers lie down below, below, below,
And the landlubbers lie down below.

5. Then three times around went our gallant ship,
And three times around went she,
Three times around went our gallant ship,
And she sank to the depths of the sea.

Then the ocean waves may roll,
And the stormy winds may blow,
While we poor sailors go skipping to the tops,
And the landlubbers lie down below, below, below,
And the landlubbers lie down below.

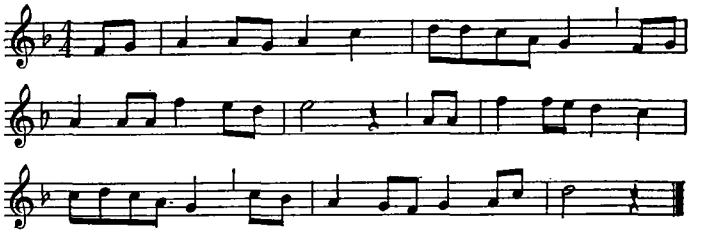
33. [Untitled]

Greig MSS., II, p. 108. A children's game version. The singer's name is not given.

p I/M (-VI)

GROUP C

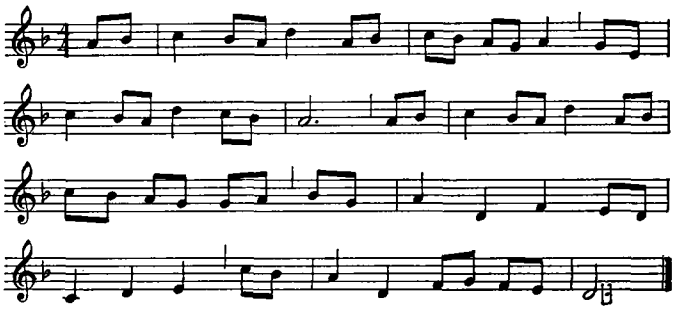
34. "The Bonnie Mermaid"

Motherwell, 1827, App'x., No. 30; Text, App'x., p. xxiii. From A. Blaikie.

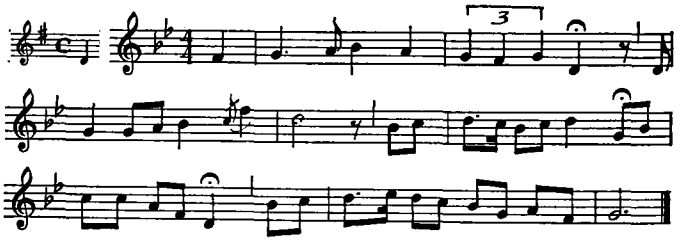
a Æ, ending on the octave

O up and spak the bonnie mermaid,
Wi' the glass and the kaim in her hand;
Reek about, reek about, ye mariners all,
For ye're not very far from the land.

35. "The Mermaid"

Telfer MS., No. 13, p. 7. Tune noted by William Oliver of Langraw, 1855.

a Æ

36. "The Mermaid"

Sweeting, *JFFS*, III, No. 10 (1907), p. 47. Sung by James Herridge (67), Twyford, Hampshire, 1906.

m Æ

1. One night as I lay on my bed,
I lay so fast asleep,
When the thoughts of my true love
Came running to my head,
And poor sailors that sails on the deep.

2. As I sailed out one day, one day,
And being not far from shore (?land);
And there I spied a mermaid
A sitting on a rock,
With a comb and a glass in her hand.

3. The song she sang, she sang so sweet,
But no answer at all could us make:
Till at length our galliant ship
She tooked round about:
Which made all our poor hearts to ache.

4. Then up stepped the helmsman of our ship,
(?In his hand a lead and line),*
All for to sound the seas, my boys,
That is both wide and deep:
But no hard rock or sand could he find.

5. Then up stepped the captain of our ship,
And a well-speaking man is he:
He says, "I have a wife, my boys,
In fair Plymouth town,
But this night and a widow she will be.

6. Call the boat, call the boat, my fair Plymouth boys;
Don't you hear how the trumpets do sound?"
For the want of a longer boat,
In the ocean we were lost,
And the most of our merry men were drowned.

* "The second line of the fourth verse was evidently forgotten by the singer: he was not aware of it, and simply dropped out the corresponding part of the tune." [*Sweeting's note.*]

2. Thus he spoke, the mate of the ship
And a good old man was he:
Oh, I have two sons in Bristol town,
And orphans I fear they will be.
For the raging seas do roar,
And the stormy winds do blow,
And we poor seamen are up to the top,
While the land-lovers lie below.

3. Thus he spoke, the little cabin-boy,
And a pretty little boy was he:
Oh, I care most for my daddy and my mammy,
Whom never, never more I shall see,
For the raging seas do roar,
And the stormy winds do blow,
And we poor seamen are up to the top,
While the land-lovers lie below.

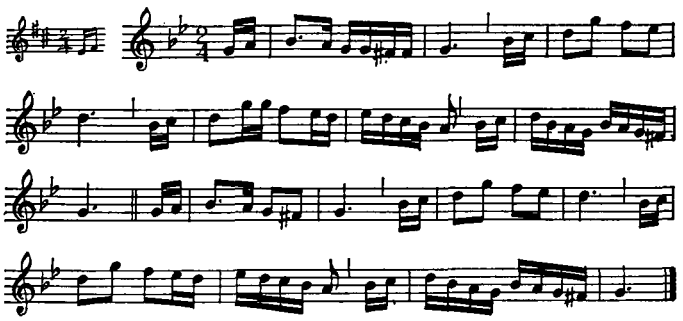
4. No, I learned from them when at home,
There is One who can still the wave,
And He can, if He pleases, now send us safe to land,
And save us from a wat'ry grave.
Though the raging seas do roar,
And the stormy winds do blow,
And we poor seamen are up to the top,
While the land-lovers lie below.

5. And the captain went home to his wife;
And the mate to his sons, ne'er to part;
And the little cabin-boy was the happiest of all,
When his mammy hugg'd him close to her heart.

This cheerfully improved version has not taken with the "folk." But it is recalled in the variant that follows.

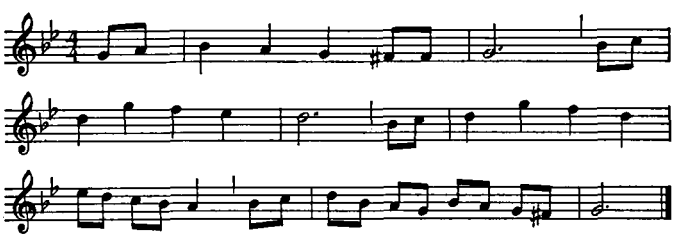
37. "The Cabin Boy"

M. and W. H. Callcott, 1843, p. 18. Also in Kidson, *JFSS*, III, No. 10 (1907), p. 49.

a Æ (inflected VII)

1. Thus he spoke, the captain of the ship,
And a kind young man was he:
Oh, I have a wife in Bristol town,
And a widow I fear she will be,
For the raging seas do roar,
And the stormy winds do blow,
And we poor seamen are up to the top,
While the land-lovers lie below.

38. "The Mermaid"

Sharp MSS., 2084/1944. Sung by Sister Emma (71), Clewer, February 27, 1909.

a Æ (inflected VII)

1. 'Twas nine o'clock by the Bells
And we were not far from land
When we saw a mermaid on a rock
With a glass and a comb in her hand.

And the raging waves did roar
And the stormy winds did blow
And the sailor climbed to the top gallant mast
While the land lubber lay down below.

2. Then up spoke the Captain of the ship
And a fine old man was he
O I have a wife in Bristol Town
And tonight she a widow will be.

3. Then up spoke the captain's mate
And a brave young man was he
O I have two sons in Bristol Town
And tonight they orphans will be.

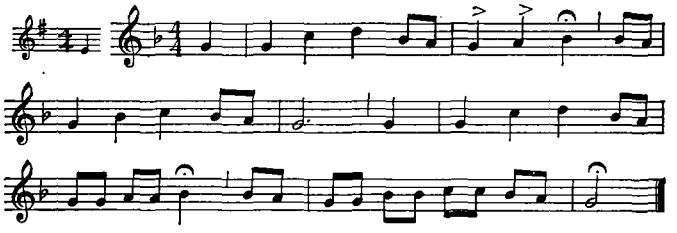
4. Then up spoke the little cabin boy
And a good little boy was he.
O I have a mammy in Bristol town
And tonight she'll be weeping for me.

5. But I've heard my mammy say
That there's One who rules the waves
And He can if He please bring us all to land
And save us from watery graves.

6. Then the Captain went home to his wife
And the mate to his sons neer to part
But none were so happy as the little cabin boy
When his mammy clasped him close to his heart.

39. "The Mermaid"

Barry MSS., IV, No. 193. Also in Barry, *JAF*, XVIII (1905), p. 136; and Barry, *JAF*, XXII (1909), p. 78. Sung by J. G. Marcy, Newbury, Vt., October 11, 1904.

a D/Æ (–VII) (compass of a fifth)

The first came up was the carpenter of the ship,
And a hearty old fellow was he,
Saying, "I have a wife in old England,
And a widow I'm afraid she will be!"

Refrain:

For the raging sea goes roar, roar, roar,
And the story winds they do blow,
While we poor sailors are drowning in the deep,
And the pretty girls are standing on the shore.

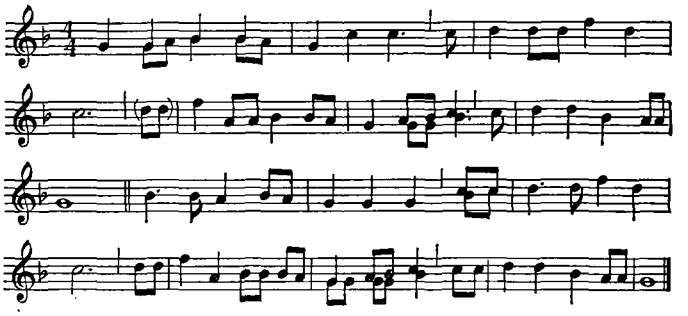
The next came up was a little cabin boy,
And a nice little fellow was he,
Saying—"I'd give more for my daddy and my ma,
Than I would for your wives all three!"

The next came up was a fair pretty maid,
With a comb and a glass in her hand,
Saying, ...
. . . . . .

The foregoing text is that given with the tune in Barry, *JAF*, XVIII (1905), p. 136.

40. "The Mermaid"

Sung by Mrs. Emma Dusenbury, near Mena, Ark., 1936. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 3229(A1). Also on LC/AAFS, rec. No. L58(B6); and in Randolph, I, 1946, p. 203(B). Collected by Sidney Robertson Cowell and Laurence Powell.

a D/Æ

1. As I sailed out one Friday night
I was not fur from land,
When I spied a pretty girl a-combing up her hair
With a comb and a glass in her hand.

Chorus:

And the sea is a-roar, roar, roar,
And the stormy winds may blow,
While us poor sailor boys are climbing up the mask,
And the landlord a-lying down below.

2. Up stepped the captain of our gallant ship,
A well spoken captain was he,
Saying we're all lost for the want of a boat,
And will sink to the bottom of the sea.

Chorus.

3. Up stepped the mate of our gallant ship,
A well spoken mate was he,
Saying we're all lost for the want of a boat,
And will sink to the bottom of the sea.

Chorus.

4. I have a wife and children three,
This night they're looking for me,
They may look, they may wait till the cold water rise,
They may look to the bottom of the sea.

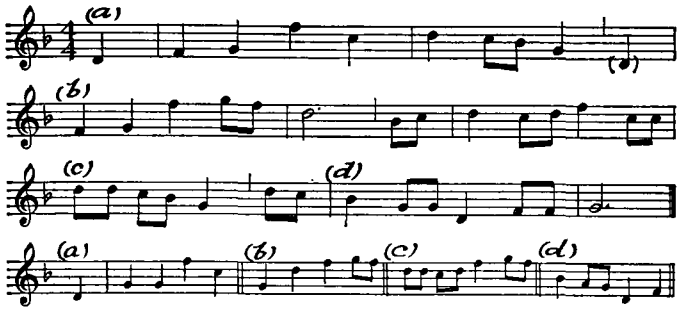
Chorus.

5. I have a mother and sisters three,
This night they're waiting for me,
They may look, they may wait till the cold water rise,
They may look to the bottom of the sea.

Chorus.

41. "The Mermaid"

Sharp MSS., 4120/2973. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 292(B). Sung by Mrs. Eliza Pace, Hyden, Ky., October 3, 1917.

m π^4

1. As I walked out one evening fair
Out of sight of land,
There I saw a mermaid a-sitting on a rock
With a comb and a glass in her hand.

2. A-combing down her yellow hair,
And her skin was like a lily so fair.
Her cheeks were like two roses and her eyes were like a star
And her voice like[1] a nightingale clear.

3. This little mermaid sprung into the deep.
The wind it began for to blow.
The hail and the rain were so dark in the air.
We'll never see the land no more.

4. At last come down the captain of the ship
With a plumb and a line in his hand.
He plumbed the sea, to see how far it was
To the rock or else to the sand.

5. He plumbed him behind and he plumbed him before,
The ship kept turning around.
Our captain cried out: Our ship it does wreck,
For the measles(?) runs around.

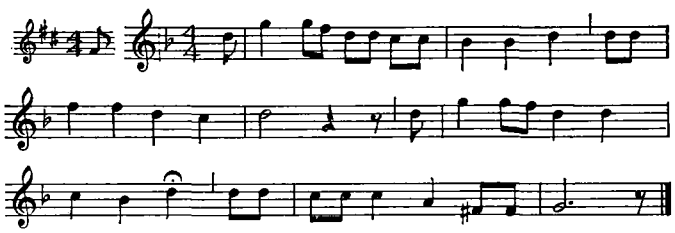
6. Come throw out your loading[2] as fast as you can,
The truth to you I'll tell.
This night we all must part,
To heaven or else to hell.

7. Come all you unmarried men that's living on the land,
That's living at home at your ease.
Try the best you can your living for to gain
And never incline to the seas.

[1] 1932: voice were like
[2] 1932: lading

42. "The Wrecked Ship"

Randolph, I, 1946, p. 202(A). Sung by Sam McDaniels, Pineville, Mo., June 7, 1924.

a D/Æ (inflected VII)

Then up spoke th' captain of our gallant ship,
An' a bold young man was he,
Oh I got a wife in Plymouth Town,
An' a widow I fear she will be.

Then up spoke the cabin boy of our gallant ship,
An' a pretty little boy was he,
Oh I got a wife in Porster Town,
An' a widow I fear she will be.

Then three times round went our gallant ship,
An' three times round went she,
For the want of a boat it all was lost,
An' she sank to the bottom of the sea.

The Wylie Wife of the Hie Toun Hie

CHILD NO. 290

Mr. James M. Carpenter has collected a tune from Scotland for this piece, so severely reprobated by Child; but he has not yet published it. No others have been divulged, to my knowledge.

The West-Country Damosel's Complaint

CHILD NO. 292

THE broadsides direct this piece to be sung to the tune of "Johnny Armstrong," for which cf. No. 169. The ballad appears not to have been collected from tradition.

John of Hazelgreen

CHILD NO. 293

THE musical tradition—let alone the surprisingly widespread circulation—of this rather too literary piece is somewhat puzzling. There appear to be two distinct lines, and a number of unrelated separate tunes.

The line which seems to have had least to do with print is a simple π^1 plagal four-phrase tune, not very interesting, but perhaps worn down from richer materials analogous to the beautiful "Drowsy Sleeper" tradition (for which cf., e.g., Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, pp. 358ff.: "Awake, awake"). Kinloch's (variant 1 below) is the earliest example of this, an I/M tune going to Child B. It is the only example of its type with a mid-cadence on the upper, rather than the lower, dominant; and the other variants are all American. All copies have quite similar melodic contours in the first two phrases.

The other line is historically more interesting, as the tune—but not the ballad-words—can be followed much farther back. With Scott's literary text it first appears as "a border melody" in Campbell's *Albyn's Anthology* (variant 13 below), and is repeated in R. A. Smith and Maver. Barry collected it from tradition in New Brunswick (variant 15). It is still current in Scottish tradition (variants 16 and 17). But long before the appearance of "Jock of Hazeldean" or "John of Hazelgreen," this tune was popular, and Glen (*Early Scottish Melodies*, 1900, pp. 39ff.) has pointed out a version of it, "Lashley's March," as early as 1652 in Playford's *New Lessons on the Gittern* (variant 20). In various forms thereafter, as noted by Glen and by Chappell (*Popular Music* [1855-59], II, pp. 575-76) and confirmed by Day and Murrie (*English Song Books, 1651-1702*, 1940), it reappears in the early song-books: *Choyce Ayres*, Bk. II, 1679; *Apollo's Banquet*, 1687 (5th ed., No. 55, "A Scotch Tune," according to Glen, but not listed in Day and Murrie); all editions of D'Urfey's *Pills* from 1699 to 1719. Glen cites from Blaikie's MSS. (1683 or 1692), Nos. 80 ("The bony brow"), 94 ("In January last"), and 96 ("Lady Binny's Lilt"). A rather divergent copy, "The Glancing of her Apron," appears in Thomson, *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1733 (variant 22 below), and Johnson's *Museum*, No. 445, with words reworked by Ramsay from D'Urfey's lyric in *The Fond Husband*, 1677. Stenhouse claims, without authority, that it is "evidently a florid set of the old simple air of 'Willie and Annet,'" which he prints in *Illustrations* (Johnson's *Museum*, 1853, IV, No. 445, p. 395). (That ballad, to judge by his one stanza, seems to be a corrupt copy of Child No. 73.) We shall leave the question of the tune's origin, whether Scottish or English, where Glen left it in rebuttal of Chappell's arguments, without regarding the case as finally settled. It appears to me that "The Collier's bonny lassie," *Orpheus Caledonius* [1725], No. 44, and 1733, I, opp. p. 99, is an offspring of the same melodic stock. A tune which I have not seen, in the Bunyan MS., 1877, p. 36, is probably of this branch of tradition.

Christie's tune, derived from his "paternal grandmother"—"note by note" for once—is quite different and unique for this ballad (variant 23 below). It is clearly a florid version of the tune used by Burns for "Of a' the Airts," met before in connection with "The Lowlands of Holland" (cf. *ante*, Vol. II, No. 92). Cf. also James C. Dick, ed., *The Songs of Robert Burns*, 1903, pp. 375-76.

There is a further group which may or may not have interrelations. Sharp secured a come-all-ye tune for the ballad from a gypsy on Wigpool Common, in 1921 (variant 24). It is major, authentic. Barry's New Brunswick tune, major, 6/8, authentic, is possibly related to this (variant 27). A version in the same metre, from N.Y. (variant 25), has faint echoes of "Comin' thro' the Rye." Davis's Virginia D (variant 26), a worn-down plagal major, stands rather apart.

And finally, we are unable to classify variant 28, another come-all-ye of undetermined lineage. Though its immediate source is Scottish, it feels Irish. We have had to set it by itself to await its fellows.

LIST OF VARIANTS

GROUP A

1. "Jock o' Hazelgreen." George R. Kinloch, *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, 1827, App'x. to p. 206, and p. 206.
2. "John of Hazelgreen." Arthur Kyle Davis, Jr., *Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1929, pp. 604(E) and 533.
3. "John o' the Hazelgreen." Davis, 1929, pp. 604(A) and 529.
4. "John of Hazelgreen." Florence Shiflett, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 12,006(B26).

5a. "John of Hazelgreen." Sharp MSS., 4238/3054, Clare College Library, Cambridge. Also in Cecil J. Sharp and Maud Karpeles, *English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 294. (L. Fitzgerald)

5b. "John of Hazelgreen." Lloyd Fitzgerald, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 10,004(A3).

6. "Jock o' Hazelgreen." Sharp MSS., 4219/. (Mrs. P. Fitzgerald)
7. "John over the Hazel Green." Dorothy Scarborough, *A Song Catcher in Southern Mountains*, 1937, pp. 416(B) and 226.
8. "John over the Hazel Green." Scarborough, 1937, pp. 415(A) and 226.
9. "John of the Hazelgreen." Arthur Kyle Davis, Jr., *More Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1960, p. 353(AA).
10. "John of Hazelgreen." Robert Shiflett, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 12,004(A10).
11. "John of Hazelgreen." Winston Wilkinson MSS., 1935-36, p. 112(C), University of Virginia.
12. "John of Hazelgreen." Wilkinson MSS., 1935-36, p. 108(A).
13. "John of Hazelgreen." Wilkinson MSS., 1935-36, p. 110(B).

GROUP B

13. "Jock o' Hazeldean." Alexander Campbell, *Albyn's Anthology*, I [1816], p. 19. Also in Robert Archibald Smith, *The Scotish Minstrel* [1820-24], V, p. 90; and Robert Maver, *Genuine Scottish Melodies*, 1866, No. 114, p. 57.
14. "Jock o' Hazeldean." Frank C. Brown MSS., 16 a 4 j, Library of Congress, photostat.
15. "John of Haselgreen." Phillips Barry, *BFSSNE*, No. 3 (1931), p. 9.
16. "Jock o' Hazeldean." Archive, School of Scottish Studies, University of Edinburgh, recording No. 1960/146/B5. (Mary Robbie)

17. "Jock o' Hazelgreen." Archive, School of Scottish Studies, recording No. 1952/10/B24. (Willie Mathieson)

GROUP B APPENDIX

18. "The bonnie brow," or "In January last." Blaikie MS., National Library of Scotland MS. 1578, No. 2, p. 1.
19. "In January last." W. Chappell, *Popular Music of the Olden Time* [1855-59], II, p. 576.
20. "Lashley's March." John Glen, *Early Scottish Melodies*, 1900, p. 40.
21. "Lady Binny's Lilt." Glen, 1900, p. 40.
22. "The Glancing of her Apron." W. Thomson, *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1733, II, opp. p. 95. Also in James Johnson, *The Scots Musical Museum*, V [1796], No. 445, p. 457 (repr. 1853).

GROUP C

23. "Jock o' Hazelgreen." W. Christie, *Traditional Ballad Airs*, I, 1876, p. 124.

GROUP D

24. "Jock of Hazeldean." Sharp MSS., 4858/3336. (Williams)
25. "Young Johnny of Hazelgreen." Helen Hartness Flanders and Marguerite Olney, *Ballads Migrant in New England*, 1953, p. 237. Also in Helen Hartness Flanders, *Ancient Ballads Traditionally Sung in New England*, IV, 1965, p. 283.
26. "John of Hazelgreen." Davis, *Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1929, pp. 604(D) and 532.
27. "Willie of Hazel Green." Phillips Barry, Fannie H. Eckstorm, and Mary W. Smyth, *British Ballads from Maine*, 1929, p. 369. (Nelson)

GROUP E

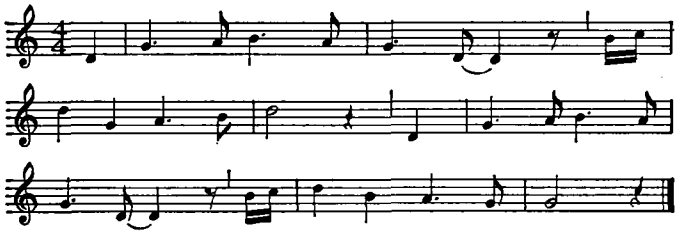
28. "Jock o' Hazeldean." Archive, School of Scottish Studies, recording No. 1952/86/3. (M. Douglas Gordon)

TUNES WITH TEXTS

GROUP A

1. "Jock o' Hazelgreen"

Kinloch, 1827, App'x. to p. 206; text, p. 206.

p I/M (-VI)

1. It was on a morning early,
   Afore day licht did appear,
   I heard a pretty damsel
   Making a heavy bier:
   Making a heavy bier,
   I wonder'd what she did mean,
   But ae the tears came rapping down,—
   Crying, "O Jock o' Hazelgreen."

2. "O whare is this Hazelgreen, maid,
   That I may him see."—
   "He is a ticht and proper youth,
   Lives in the south countrie.
   His shoulders broad, his arms long,
   O! he's comely to be seen,"—
   But ae the tears cam rapping doun,
   For Jock o' Hazelgreen.

3. "Will ye gang wi' me, fair maid,
   And I'll marry ye on my son:"—
   "Afore I wad go along wi' you,
   To be married on your son,
   I'd rather choose to bide at hame,
   And die for Hazelgreen!"

4. But he has tane her up behind,
   And spurred on his horse,
   Till ance he cam to Embro' toun,
   And lichted at the corss.
   He coft to her a petticoat,
   Besides a handsome goun;
   He tied a silver belt about her waist,
   Worth thrice three hunder pund.

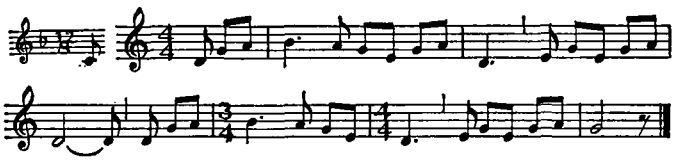
5. And whan he came to Hazelyetts,
   He lichted doun therein;
   Monie war the brave ladies there,
   Monie ane to be seen;
   Whan she lichted doun amang them a',
   She seem'd to be their queen;—
   But ae the tears cam rapping doun,
   For Jock o' Hazelgreen.

6. Young Hazelgreen took her by the hand,
   And led her out and in:
   Said, "Bonnie lady, for your sake,
   I could be rent and ravin';
   I wad gae a' my lands and rents,
   Though I had kingdoms three,
   If I could hae the great pleasure
   To enjoy thy fair bodie,"

7. "Na mair o' this," his father said,
   "Of your mourning let abee;
   I brought the damsel far frae hame,
   She's thrice as wae for thee:
   The morn is your bridal day,
   The nicht's your bridal e'en,
   And I'll gie ye a' my lands and rents,
   My pleasing son, Hazelgreen."

2. "John of Hazelgreen"

Davis, 1929, p. 604(E); text, p. 533. Contributed by John Stone, November 3, 1920, from the singing of Miss Ruby Herndon, Mt. Fair, Va.

p π^1

This copy has been re-timed and re-barred throughout.

1. As I was walking out one wondering morn
   Down by the greenwood side,
   It there I spied a handsome lady.
   "I'm all alone," she cried.

2. "You are welcome home, you are welcome home,
   You are welcome home with me;
   For you may have my oldest son
   A husband for to be."

3. "I do not want your oldest son,
   He's neither a lord nor a king;
   I never intend to be the bride of but one:
   That's John over the Hazelgreen.

4. "His shoulders are broad, his arms are long,
   He's the fairest of all the king;
   His hair swings down like the links of gold,
   John over the Hazelgreen."

5. Thirty times he kissed her cheeks,
   Forty times her chin,
   And fifty times her ruby little lips,
   And let his lady in.

6. He stepped into his carriage gay
   And rode off to the town;
   John jumped over the Hazelgreen
   And helped his lady down.

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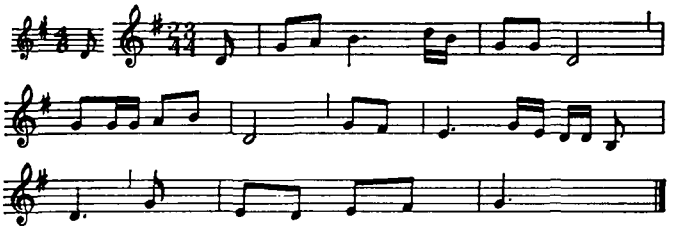
3. "John o' the Hazelgreen"

Davis, 1929, p. 604(A); text, p. 529. Contributed by Martha M. Davis, November 16, 1915, from the singing of a mountain woman.

p I/Ly

The timing here is conjectural. The former print is straight 4/8.

1. As I walked out one May morning
   Down by the greenwood side,
   There I spied a pretty fair maid,
   And all alone she cried.

2. "If you go home, it's home with me,
   It's home with me to stay,
   You may have my oldest son
   A husband for to be."

3. "I neither want your oldest son,
   He's neither lord nor king;
   For I intend to be the bride of none
   But John o' the Hazelgreen.

4. "His arms are long, his shoulders broad,
   He's the flower of all his kin:
   His hair hangs down like links of gold,
   John o' the Hazelgreen."

5. As she rode down the lengthy road
   And drew near to the town,
   Out stepped John o' the Hazelgreen
   And holp his lady down.

6. Three times he kissed her ruby lips,
   Three times he kissed her chin;
   He took her by her lily-white hand
   And led his lady in.

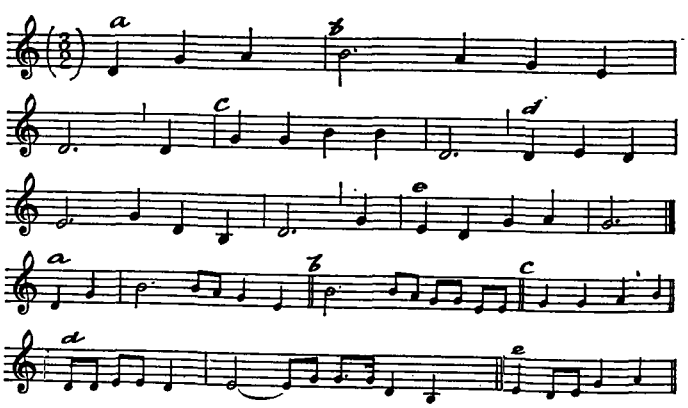
7. "If ever you have forsaken me,
   I hope sweet heaven will forsake you,
   And send you down to the torment place,
   And there forever be."

8. "If ever I have forsaken you,
   The rocks must melt in the sun,
   The fire shall freeze to ice,
   And the raging sea shall burn."

Reprinted by permission of the publishers, The University Press of Virginia.

4. "John of Hazelgreen"

Sung by Florence Shiflett, Wyatt's Mountain, near Dyke, Va., July 13, 1962. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 12,006(B26). Collected by George Foss.

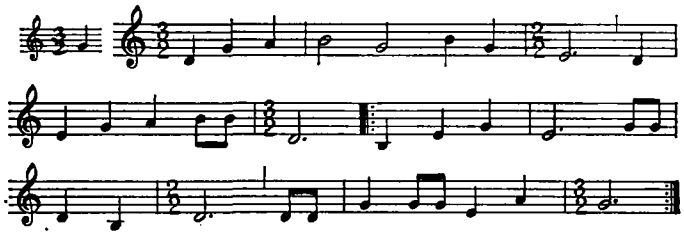
p π^1

O on the road one summer day,
   A road they run (that runs?) to town,
O out stepped John the Hazelgreen
   And led his lady down.

You('re) welcome home, my pretty little maid,
You('re) welcome home with me,
For you can have my oldest son
A husband for to be.

I don't want your oldest son,
He's neither lord or king,
For I never intend to be the bride of none
John over the Hazelgreen.

5a. "John of Hazelgreen"

Sharp MSS., 4238/3054. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 294. Sung by Lloyd Fitzgerald, Nash, Va., May 9, 1918.

p π^1

1. While riding down that green wood road
There sat a lady who mourned,
And all of her lamentation was,
It was John of the Hazelgreen,
It was John of the Hazelgreen.

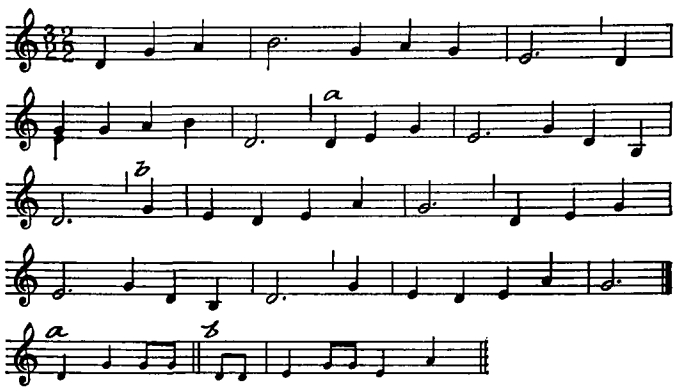
2. You are welcome with me, kind Miss,
You are welcome with me, said he,
And you may have my oldest son
A husband for to be.

3. O I don't want your oldest son,
He's neither lord nor king.
I intend to be the bride of none
But John of the Hazelgreen.

4. For he's tall and his shoulders broad,
He's the lord of all our kin (*or* king?)
His hair hangs down like the links of gold,
He's John of the Hazelgreen.*

5. While riding down that lengthy lane,
That lane that leads to town,
O up stepped John of the Hazelgreen
And holped his lady down.

6. Forty times he kissed her ruby lips,
And forty times he kissed her chin,
And forty times he kissed her ruby lips
And let (*or* led) his lady in.

* Stanza four was obtained from Mr. Fitzgerald's mother.

1. While riding down that greenwood row (?road)
There set a lady who mourned (?moaned)
And all of her lamentation was
It was John of the Hazelgreen.
And all of her lamentation was
It was John of the Hazelgreen.

2. You're welcome home with me, kind Miss,
You're welcome home, said she [*sic*],
And you may have my oldest son
If husband for degree.
And you may have my oldest son
If husband for degree.

3. O I don't want your oldest son
He's neither lord nor king,
(For) I never intend to be the bride of none
But John of the Hazelgreen.
(For) I never intend to be the bride of none
But John of the Hazelgreen.

4. O he is tall and 's shoulders broad,
He's a lord of all our kings
And his hair hangs down like 'e links of gold
He's John of the Hazelgreen.
And his hair hangs down like 'e links of gold
He's John of the Hazelgreen.

5. While riding down that length o' (?lengthy) lane,
That land that leads to town,
O up stepped John of the Hazelgreen
And hope (=helped) his lady down.
O up stepped John of the Hazelgreen
And hope his lady down.

6. Forty times he kissed her ruby lips
And forty times her chin
And forty times her ruby lips
And led his lady in.*

* The last stanza contains no repeat as sung.

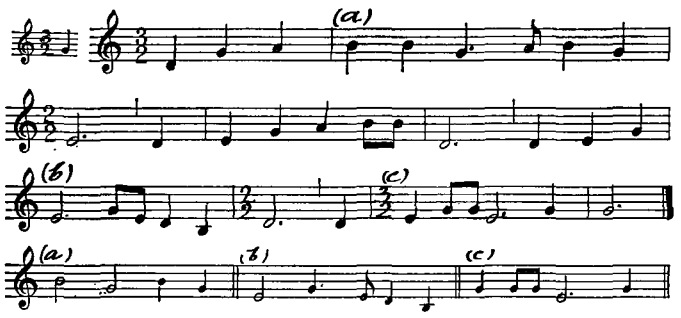
5b. "John of Hazelgreen"

Sung by Lloyd Fitzgerald, Waynesboro, Augustus County, Va., September 14, 1950. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 10,004(A3). Collected by Maud Karpeles and Sidney Robertson Cowell.

p π^1

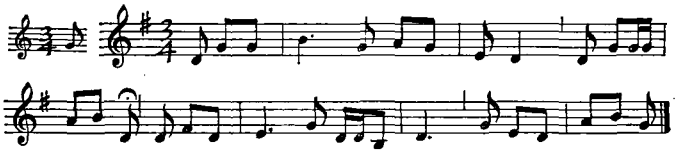
6. "Jock o' Hazelgreen"

Sharp MSS., 4219/. Sung by Mrs. Philander Fitzgerald, Nash, Va., May 7, 1918.

p π^1

As I was walking down that wood-y lane,
There sat a lady who mourned,
And all of her lamentation was,
Was John of the Hazelgreen.

7. "John over the Hazel Green"

Scarborough, 1937, p. 416(B); text, p. 226. Sung by Miss Polly Morris, Yellow Branch, Va., 1930. (Miss Polly's copy.)

p I/Ly

As I walked out one fair May morning,
all down by the green wood side,
and their I saw a pretty fair miss
and all alone she cried.
I drew myself a near to her
To listen to what she had to say,
and all her lamentation was
John over the hazel green.

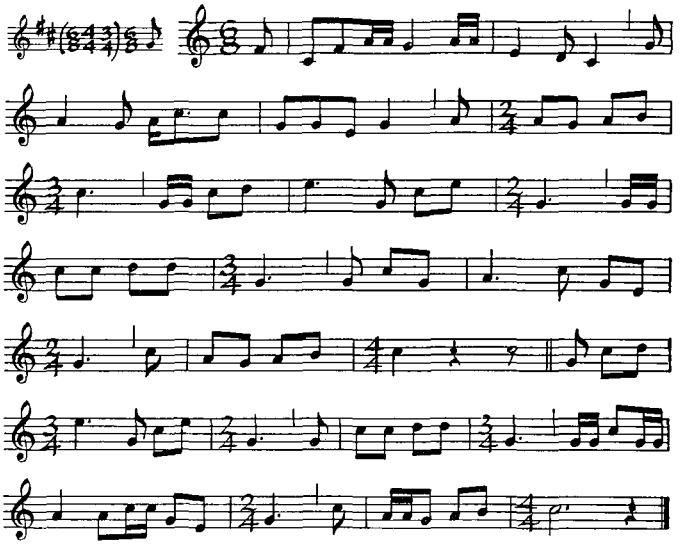
You air welcome home,
you air welcome home,
you air welcome home with me.
you may have my oldest son
a husbin for to be,
I don't want your oldest son
He's neather lord nor king.
I never intend to be the bride
of none save John over the hazel green.

His arms is long, his sholders broad,
Hes the flower among all our knights.
His hair hangs down like links of gold.
John over the hazel green,
If ever I forsaken you
I pray heaven will forsaken me
and take me down to the torment place
And thair forever be.

Its forty times he kissed her cheeks,
and forty times her chin,
and forty times her ruby lips
and led his lady in.

8. "John over the Hazel Green"

Scarborough, 1937, p. 415(A); text, p. 226. Sung by Mrs. Addie Gibson, Roach's Run, Pirkey, Va., 1930.

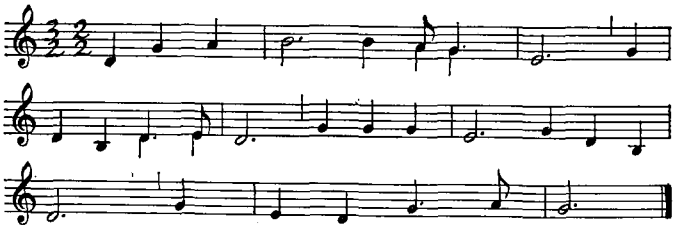
a I, ending on the octave

The copy has been re-barred after the 6/8 passage.

As I walk-ed out yonders green wood tree,
And there I spied a pretty fair miss,
And all alone she cried.
You are welcome home, and home, says she.
You are welcome home with me.
And you may have my oldest son
A husband for to be.

No, I don't want your oldest son,
He's neither lord nor king.
For I never intend to be the bride of none
But John over the Hazel Green.

9. "John of Hazelgreen"

Sung by Robert Shiflett, Brown's Cove, Va., July 15, 1961. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 12,004(A10). Collected by George Foss.

p π^1

1. An old knight rode one summer's day
Down by the greenwood side
And there he spied a fair young maid
And all alone she cried.

2. As he drew nearer unto her
To learn what it could mean,
All her lamentation was
For John of Hazelgreen.

3. You're welcome home, my fair young one,
   You're welcome home with me
   And you may wed my oldest son
   A bold young man is he.

4. I would not wed your oldest son
   If he were lord or king,
   For I intend to be the bride of none
   Save John of Hazelgreen.

5. O he is tall, his shoulders broad,
   He's fairest of the king(s),
   His hair hangs down in links of gold,
   My John of Hazelgreen.

6. He took her up before him then
   And they rode near to town,
   Bold John of Hazelgreen sprang out
   To lift his lady down.

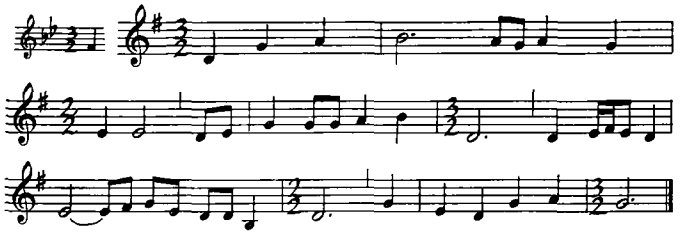
7. Three times he kissed her ruby lips,
   Three times he kissed her chin,
   He took her by her fair white hand
   To lead his lady in.

8. The tears were dry, the sorrow gone
   Though (?) her surprise was seen
   To learn the old knight's oldest son
   Was John of Hazelgreen.

9. If I should ever thee forsake
   May heaven fórsake me
   And cast me in the brimstone lake
   Forever and eternity.

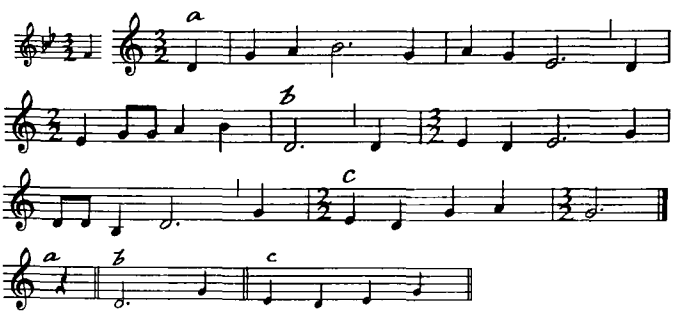
10. "John of Hazelgreen"

Wilkinson MSS., 1935-36, p. 112(C). Sung by Mrs. Texas Anne Lewis, Mount Crawford, Va., October 31, 1935.

p I/M

As I walked out one fair May morning,
All down by the greenwood side,
And there I spied a pretty fair miss,
And all alone she cried.

11. "John of Hazelgreen"

Wilkinson MSS., 1935-36, p. 108(A). Sung by Mrs. Lucy McAllister, Harriston, Va., October 16, 1935.

p π^1 (*III* to III)

1. As I drew out one May morning,
   All down by the greenwood side,
   And there I spied a pretty fair miss,
   And all alone she cried.

2. You're welcome home, all home with me,
   You're welcome home: says he,
   If you may have my oldest son
   A husband for to be.

3. I neither want your oldest son,
   He's neither Lord nor King.
   For I never intend to be the bride of none,
   John over the Hazelgreen.

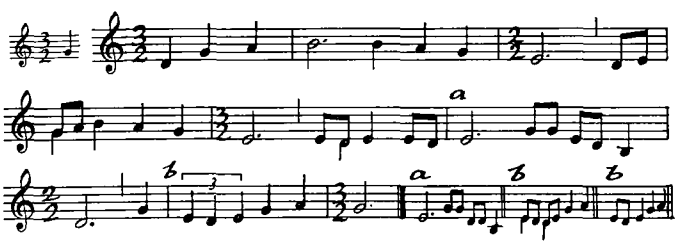
4. As I drew out that lengthy road,
   The road drew near the town.
   Up steps John the Hazelgreen,
   And hoped his lady down.

5. It's forty times he kissed her cheek,
   It's forty times her chin,
   It's forty times her ruby lips,
   And let his lady in.

6. If ever I forsaken her,
   Hopes Heaven will forsaken me.
   And send me down to the torment place,
   And never return again.

12. "John of Hazelgreen"

Wilkinson MSS., 1935-36, p. 110(B). Sung by Mr. R. H. Mace, Grottoes, Va., October 30, 1935.

p π^1

1. As I were walking down the road,
   Down by the greenwood side,
   I cast my eye on a pretty fair miss;
   And all alone she cried.

2. I drew myself up near to her,
   To listen to what she did say.
   And her only imitation were,
   John over the Hazel Green.

3. His arms were long and his shoulders broad,
   He's the flower of all his kin,
   And his hair hung down like links of gold;
   John over the Hazelgreen.

4. You are welcome home, you are welcome home,
   You are welcome home with me,
   And you may have my only son
   Your husband for to be.

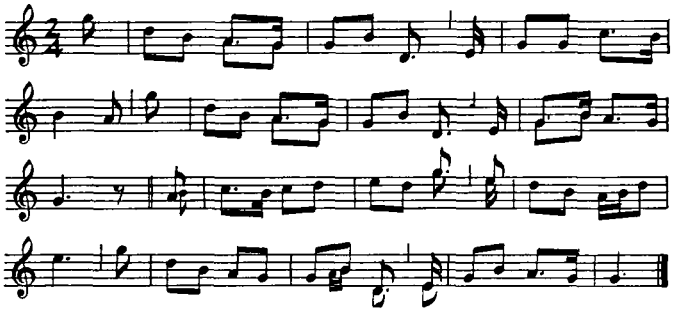
5. Oh I don't want your only son,
   He's neither lord nor king.
   I never expect to be the bride of none,
   But John over Hazelgreen.

6. Forty times he kissed her cheek,
   And forty times her chin.
   And forty times her red ruby lips,
   And led his lady in.

GROUP B

13. "Jock o' Hazeldean"

Campbell, I [1816], p. 19. Also in Smith [1820-24], V, p. 90, and Maver, 1866, No. 114, p. 57.

m I/M

"Why weep ye by the tide, ladye?
   Why weep ye by the tide?
I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
   And ye sall be his bride:
And ye sall be his bride, ladye,
   Sae comely to be seen—"
But aye she loot the tears down fa',
   For Jock o' Hazeldean.

"Now let this wilful grief be done,
   And dry that cheek so pale;
Young Frank is chief of Errington,
   And lord of Langley-dale;
His step is first in peacefu' ha',
   His sword in battle keen—"
But aye she loot the tears down fa',
   For Jock o' Hazeldean.

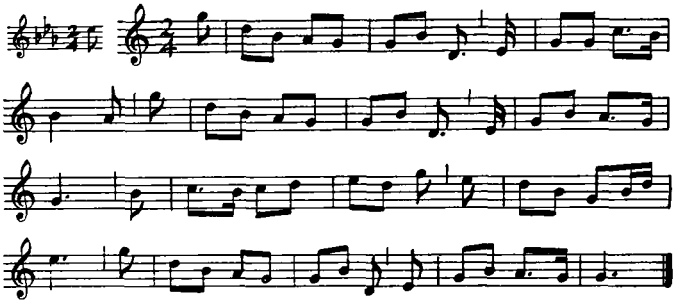
"A chain o' gold ye sall not lack,
   Nor braid to bind your hair;
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
   Nor palfrey fresh and fair;
And you, the foremost of them a',
   Sall ride our forest queen—"
But aye she loot the tears down fa',
   For Jock o' Hazeldean.

The kirk was decked at morning-tide,
   The tapers glimmer'd fair;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
   And dame and knight are there.
They sought her baith by bower and ha',
   The ladye was not seen!
She's o'er the border and awa
   Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean.

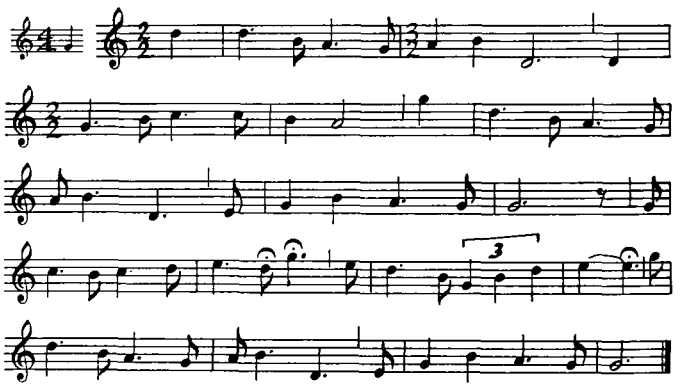
The text, written (except for the first stanza) by Sir Walter Scott for *Albyn's Anthology*, is copied here from R. A. Smith, *The Scotish Minstrel*. See a long note by G. F. Graham, *The Songs of Scotland* [1848-49], II, p. 69.

14. "Jock o' Hazeldean"

Brown MSS., 16 a 4 j. Sung with piano by N.S.W., with the initialed note: "Words and music the same as Victrola record."

m I/M

15. "John of Haselgreen"

Barry, *BFSSNE*, No. 3 (1931), p. 9. Text sent in by Mrs. James McGill, Chamcook, New Brunswick, June 1928. Tune recorded from Mrs. McGill's singing by George Herzog, 1928.

m I/M

"Why weep 'e by the tide, Ladye,
Why weep 'e by the tide?
I'll wed ye tae my youngest son,
An' ye sall be his bryde;
An' ye sall be his bryde, Ladye,
Sae comely tae be seen";
But aye she loot the tear doon fa'
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

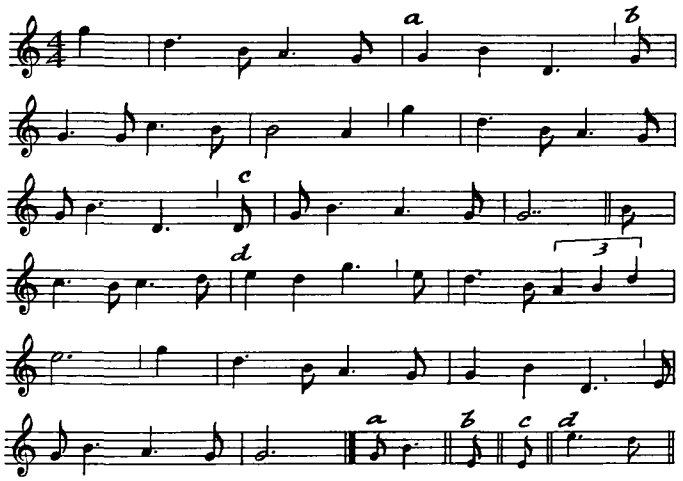
"O, what na man is Hazeldean?
I pray ye, tell tae me."
"O there is na a finer man
In a' the sooth countree;
His step is first in peaceful ha'
His sword in battle keen."
But aye she loot the tear doon fa'
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

. . . . . .
. . . . . .
Young Frank is chief of Errington
An' lord of Langly Dale.
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

The church was decked at morning tide,
An' dame an' knight were there;
Wi' armour bright an' managed hawk
An' palfrey fresh an' fair;
They sought her baith by bower an' ha',
The ladye wasna seen—
She's ower the borders an' awa
Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean!

16. "Jock o' Hazeldean"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1960/146/B5. Sung by Mary Robbie, Rathen near Fraserburgh, Aberdeenshire, February 27, 1960. Collected by K. S. Goldstein.

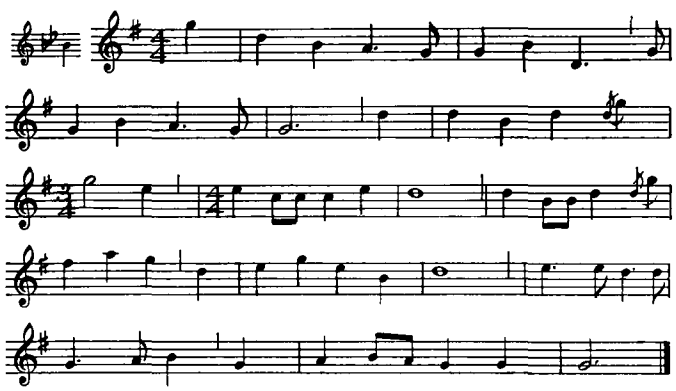
m I/M

"Why weep ye by the tide, lady
Why weep ye by the tide?
I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
And ye shall be his bride,
And ye shall be his bride, lady,
Sae comely to be seen."
But sye she loot the tear doon fa'
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

"Now let this wilful grief be done,
And dry that cheek so pale;
Young Frank is chief of Errington
And Lord of Langley-dale.
His step is first in peacefu' hall,
His sword in battle keen."
But aye she loot the tear doon fa'
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

The Kirk was deckt at morning-tide,
The tapers glimmered fair;
The priest an' bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight are there.
They sought her baith by bower and ha',
The lady was not seen.
She's owre the Border an' awa'
Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean.

17. "Jock o' Hazelgreen"

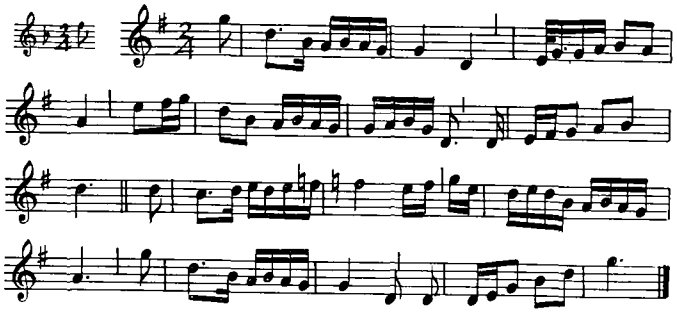
Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1952/10/B24. Sung by Willie Mathieson, Ellon, Aberdeenshire, 1960. Collected by Hamish Henderson. Transcribed by Francis M. Collinson.

m I

As I went forth to tak the air,
'Twas on an evening clear;
I heard a pretty damsel
Makin a heavy beer
Makin a heavy beer what brought
on a piteous moan
Aye she sighed and said,
"Alas for Jock o Hazelgreen."

GROUP B APPENDIX

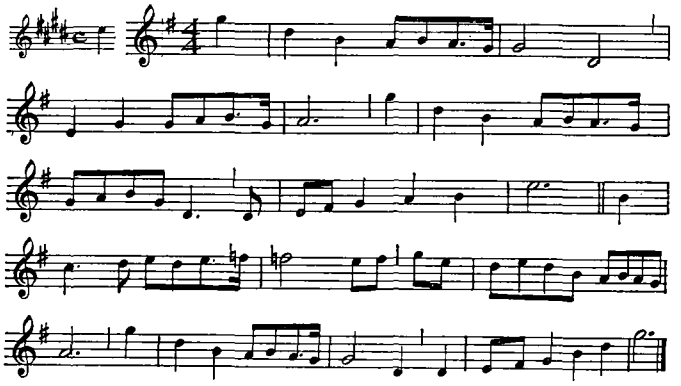
18. "The bonnie brow," or "In January last"

Blaikie MS., NL Scotland MS. 1578, No. 2, p. 1. From the Blaikie MS. of 1683 or 1692.

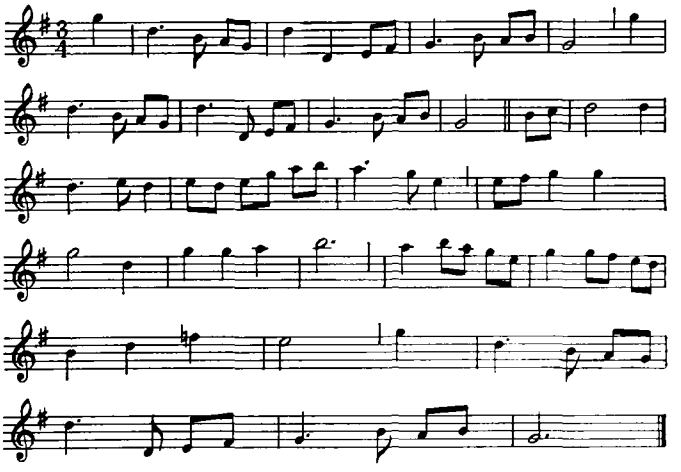
m M, ending on the octave

In the MS., the sixteenths of the second half of bar 2 are eighths.

19. "In January last"

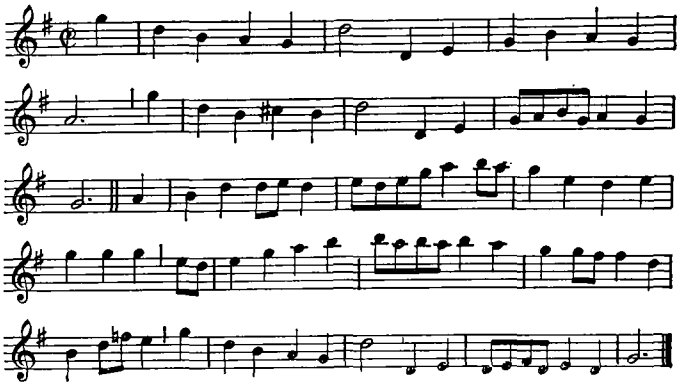
Chappell [1855-59], II, p. 576.

m M, ending on the octave

20. "Lashley's March"

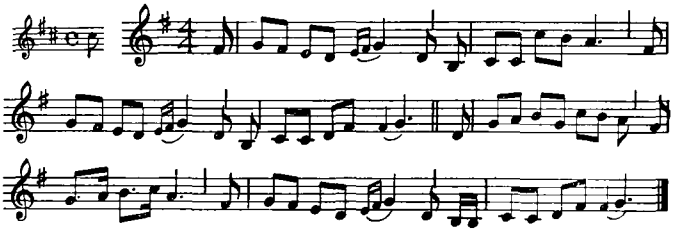
Glen, 1900, p. 40. From John Playford, *New Lessons on the Gittern*, 1652, 1656.

m I (inflected VII)

21. "Lady Binny's Lilt"

Glen, 1900, p. 40. From the Blaikie MS., 1692, No. 96.

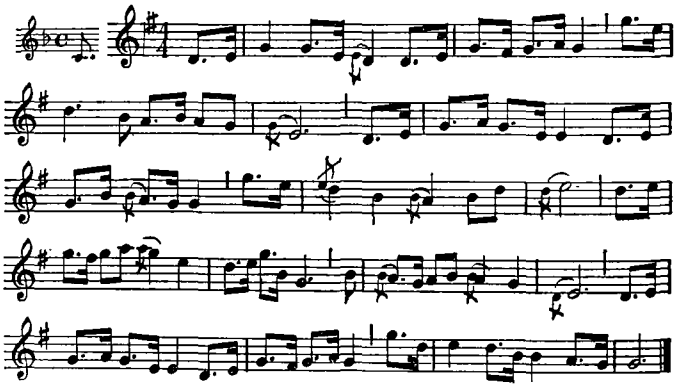
m I (inflected IV and VIII)

22. "The Glancing of her Apron"

Thomson, 1733, II, opp. p. 95. Also in Johnson, V [1796], No. 445, p. 457 (repr. 1853).

a I, ending on the octave

GROUP C

23. "Jock o' Hazelgreen"

Christie, I, 1876, p. 124. "Note for note" as sung by Christie's paternal grandmother.

m I/Ly

As I went forth to take the air,
Intill an evening clear,
I heard a pretty damosel
Making a heavy bier.
Making a heavy bier, I wot,
Bot and a piteous meen;
And aye she sighed and said, "Alas!
For Jock o' Hazelgreen!"

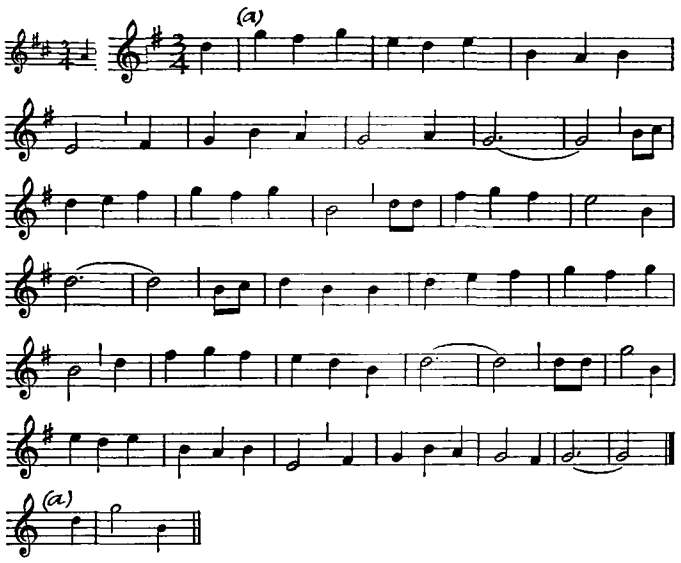
[*Etc.*]

Christie's text follows, with alterations, the text in Robert Chambers, *The Scottish Ballads*, 1829, p. 319 (i.e., Child's Db), itself an altered composite of Kinloch's and Buchan's.

GROUP D

24. "Jock of Hazeldean"

Sharp MSS., 4858/3336. Sung by Mrs. Kathleen Williams (gypsy), Wigpool Common, September 6, 1921.

a I

As I roded out one midsummer morn
A little before the sun,
I overheard a pretty, fair maid,
She was making a sorrowful mourn.
I threw her an eye as I passed her by
Where I could not be seen,
And the tears fell down her rosy cheeks.
My Johnny from Hazel Green.

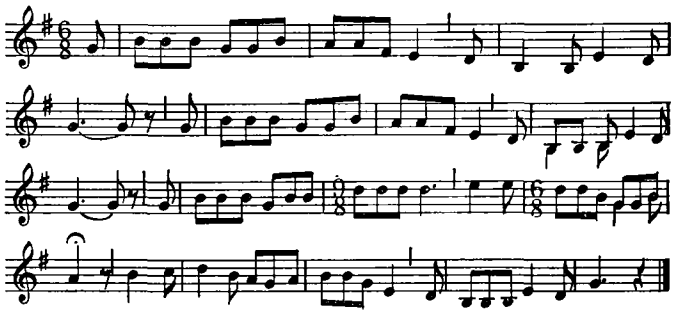
What sort of a man is your Wood Hazel Green,
Or where then does he dwell?
He's as fine a young man as ever you
Did see the sun shine on.
O his arms are long and his shoulders are broad
And he fit unto be seen,
And his hair hung down in ringlets of gold,
My Johnny from Hazel Dean.

What ails you, what ails you, my pretty fair maid,
Why do you sigh or mourn?
Is your father dead or your mother alive,
Or have you ever been home?
My father's dead and my mother's alive,
But I value them not one pin,
But I'd sooner have my own true love,
My Johnny from Hazel Dean.

O if I had five hundred pounds
How freely I'd give it to thee,
We would join our hands in wedlet bands in spite of matrimony,
We would join our hands in wedlet bands in spite of matrimony.
And I'd sooner have my own true love,
My Johnny of Hazel Dean.

25. "Young Johnny of Hazelgreen"

Flanders and Olney, 1953, p. 237. Also in Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, IV, 1965, p. 283. Sung by Mrs. Lily Delorme, Cadyville, N.Y., December 4, 1941; learned in childhood. 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.

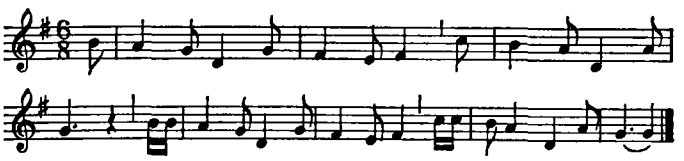
p π^1

"O, what is the matter my pretty fair maid,
What makes you sigh and moan?
Your father is dead and your mother's alive,
I dare you not go home."
"My father is dead and my mother's alive
But I value it not a pin,
I am weeping for my own true love,
Young Johnny of Hazelgreen."

"Come, go with me, my pretty fair maid,
Come go along with me,
And I'll take you to as fine a lord
As ever you wish to see."
And when they came to the castle-gate,
Such a crowd there ne'er was seen,
And amongst the crowd was her own true love,
Young Johnny of Hazelgreen.

"You're welcome back, dear father," he said,
"You're welcome back to me.
You've brought me back my bonny fair bride,
I thought I never should see."
For twenty-five kisses he gave to her
Before he let her in, saying,
"I hope you'll make a virtuous bride
For Johnny of Hazelgreen."

26. "John of Hazelgreen"

Davis, 1929, p. 604(D); text, p. 532. Contributed by John Stone, November 10, 1919, from the singing of Thomas H. Bailey, Shenandoah, Va.

p I

1. As I walked out one fair May morning
   Down by the Haywood side,
   There I saw a pretty fair miss,
   And all alone she cried.

2. "You are welcome home with me.
   And you can have my oldest son,
   A loving husband for to be."

3. "I neither want your oldest son
   Nor a lord nor a king;
   I never can be the bride of none
   But John over the Hazelgreen.

4. "His arms is long, his shoulders is broad,
   He is the flower of all his king,
   His hair hangs down like links of gold,
   John over the Hazelgreen."

5. As we rode 'long the lonesome road,
   The road drew near the town;
   Up steps John of the Hazelgreen
   And helps his lady down.

6. Forty times he kissed her cheeks,
   And forty times her chin,
   And forty times her rosy lips,
   And led his lady in.

7. "If ever I forsaken you,
   I hope heaven will forsaken me,
   And send me down to the torment place,
   There forever to be."

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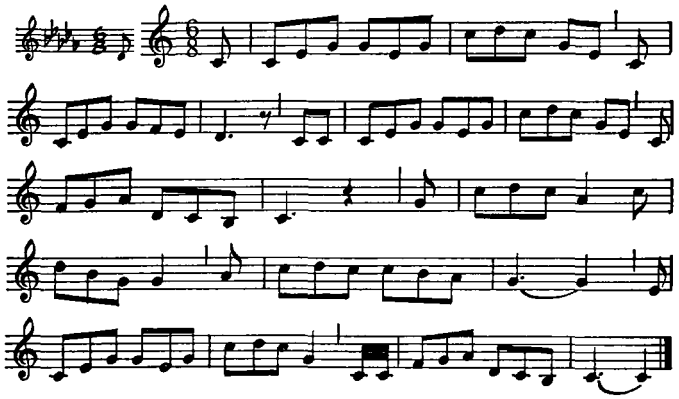
27. "Willie of Hazel Green"

Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, 1929, p. 369. Text sent by Thomas E. Nelson, Union Mills, N.B., February 1929; his tune noted by D. A. Nesbitt.

a I

1. As I walked out one fine summer's evening
   Down by yon shady grove,
   It was there I espied a pretty fair maid
   Lamenting for her love.
   As I drew nigh, sure, she did cry,
   For better it might have been seen,
   For she was a-letting the tears down fall
   For young Willie of Hazel Green.

2. "What grieves, what grieves, my pretty fair maid,
   That you weep so near the tide?
   Sure you might be a bride," said I,
   "To many a Lord or Knight:
   Sure you might be a bride," says I,
   "To many a Lord or King,"
   "I would rather be a bride," said she,
   "To young Willie of Hazel Green."

3. "If you'll forsake your Hazel Green,
   And come along with me,
   I would have you to wed with my only son,—
   I have no child but he:
   I would have [you] ride in many coshays,
   And servants to wait upon thee,
   If you forsake your Hazel Green,
   And come along with me."

4. "Oh, for to ride in many coshays,
   My state it is rather low:
   I would rather be wed to the boy I love,
   Than man I never knew:
   His arms are long, and his shoulders are broad,
   He is rather to be seen,—
   He is none of your north country gentlemen,
   But he is my love Hazel Green."

5. Then he mounted on a milk white steed,
   And she upon a bay,
   And they rode together, that warm summer's night,
   And part of the next day:
   But when they arrived in front of the castle,
   The bells began for to ring,
   And who stepped [out] but that worthy young knight
   Called Willie of Hazel Green.

6. "You are welcome home, dear father," he said,
   "And why did you tarry so long?
   And where did you find this pretty fair maid,
   That I did send you for?"
   He gave her a kiss, one hundred of kisses,
   Before he would let her in,
   So now she is wed to the boy she loved,
   Young Willie of Hazel Green.

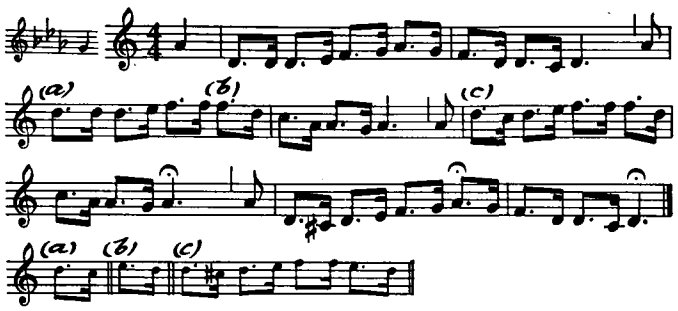
7. He gave her a kiss, one hundred of kisses,
   Before he would let her in,
   And now she stays there, and enjoys happy life,
   With young Willie of Hazel Green.

GROUP E

28. "Jock o' Hazeldean"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1952/86/3. Sung by Miss M. Douglas Gordon, 1953. Collected by Francis M. Collinson.

a D/Æ (inflected VII)

293. JOHN OF HAZELGREEN

1. "Why weep ye by the tide, fair maid,
Why weep ye by the tide?
I'll tak you to my castle [friend]
An ye shall be my bride,
An ye shall wear a silken goon
An bonnie pair o shuin."
But aye she let the tears doon faa
For Jock of Hazeldean.

2. "What like is this young Hazeldean,
That's left ye all alane?
An has he done ye wrang puir maid,
That ye make piteous maen?"
"Young Hazeldean, he is my love,
Sae comely to be seen."
But aye she let the tears doon faa,
For Jock of Hazeldean.

3. "Young Hazeldean he is my luve
And evermair shall be;
I'll no forsake young Hazeldean
For aa that ye could gie."
An aye she sighed an said 'alas'
An made a piteous maen,
An aye she let the tears doon faa
For Jock o Hazeldean.

4. "Oh lady, be nae sae perverse;
Forget this Hazeldean,
For he has left his ?own/lone maid,
An him nae mair ye'll see,"
An he has taen her up behind
An set her on his steed,
An aye she let the tears doon faa
For Jock o Hazeldean.

5. An when they came into his yett,
He took that lady doon,
An many gallant gentlemen
An ladies [?] gathered roon,
And when she stood amang them aa
She seemed to be their queen,
An aye she let the tears doon faa
For Jock of Hazeldean.

6. Then oot there came his eldest son,
To see what he could see
Said, "Welcome hame, my father dear,
And aa your company."
But when he saw [?] *his lady fair*
He blinkit wi his ee,
And [?] such as said she to herself:
"I wish the same as he."

7. He walkèd by that lady's side,
An whispered in her ear,
An many bonnie things he said
That nane but she could hear:
"What dae ye here, my dearest luve,
That caas me Hazeldean?
There's nane shall wed ye but myself,
Your Jock o Hazeldean."

8. The nexten day unto the kirk
Went goodly company,
Monie lords and ladies there,
That gay wedding to see;
The priest was waiting at the door,
The old knight by his side,
An aye he sighed an said, "Alas!
What keeps my bonnie bride?"

9. They sent her maidens to her bower
The lovely lady
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
Her [?] bride . . . only in the [ba . . .]
So comely to be seen.
But she's owre the water and awa
Wi Jock of Hazeldean.

The Brown Girl

CHILD NO. 295

THIS is a very interesting ballad for the student of melodic variation. Reckless though it seem, it hardly belies the homogeneity of musical feeling to set the whole assemblage in one large class; but the differences are none the less striking.

The English and in part the New England tradition rather favors duple time; the Appalachian generally prefers a triple time, and allies the tune with the type associated with "Lord Randall" (No. 12) in this country, and also with "Lamkin" (No. 93). Yet it is impossible to make a significant differentiation on grounds of rhythm, and it has seemed more helpful to give extra importance to differences of range. Further, so few variants are on the minor side of the tonal spectrum, that modal distinctions are less indicative than phrasal pattern. There is a group of squinting tunes, most of which seem to be attempting to escape from major to Mixolydian by means of the fallen close on the lower dominant. There are, however, only two or three clearly achieved Mixolydian examples.

The tune of "On top of Old Smokey," or "Little Mohea," not very distant in character, has been borrowed for variant 30. One hexatonic variant (variant 41) has clear connections with a common tune of "The Wagoner's Lad" (cf., e.g., Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, II, p. 126(D)). A wordless tune printed by Barry in *JAF*, XVIII, p. 295, "The Brown Girl," seems to have no connections with the melodic tradition of the present ballad, and may belong to No. 73. I have, however, admitted Barry's "Fair Sally" from the Whittier Perkins MS. of c. 1790 (variant 26), on grounds of melodic kinship. It is therefore the earliest recorded tune by as much as one hundred years, being almost contemporary with Child's A text—to which, however, it could not possibly be sung. Child has not printed any example of the rhythmic type (anapaestic tetrameter couplets) now almost universally found with this ballad.

Further cognates could be cited, e.g., the lumbermen's "Little Brown Bulls," and a case of textual corruption, variant 46 below and "Queen Jane" (No. 170).

LIST OF VARIANTS

GROUP Aa

1. "Fair Sally." Phillips Barry, Fannie H. Eckstorm, and Mary W. Smyth, *British Ballads from Maine*, 1929, p. 420(B). (Young)
2. "Pretty Sally." Mr. and Mrs. Barry Satterfield, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 11,898(A18).
3. "An Irish Young Lady." Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, *British Ballads from Maine*, 1929, p. 419(A). (Grindle)
4. "The Sailor from Dover." Greig MSS., I, p. 138, King's College Library, Aberdeen. (A. R.)
5. "The Sailor from Dover." Greig MSS., LII, p. 36. (Watson)
6. "Am I the Doctor You Wished For to See?" Patrick Weston Joyce, *Old Irish Folk Music and Songs*, 1909, No. 153, p. 78.
7. "Sally and Her True Love Billy," or "Sailor from Dover," or "The Brown Girl." Sharp MSS., 161/247, Clare College Library, Cambridge. (Lock)
8. "The Bold Soldier." W. Christie, *Traditional Ballad Airs*, II, 1881, p. 240.
9. "The Brown Girl." Sabine Baring-Gould MSS., CXI(1) and (A), Plymouth Public Library.
10. "Sailor from Dover," or "Brown Girl." Sharp MSS., 2180/2035. (Durston)
11. "The Proud Irish Lady." Bascom Lamar Lunsford, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 9476(A3).
12. "The Brown Girl." Maud Karpeles MSS., No. 5140, and p. 4650.
13. "Rich Lady from London." MacEdward Leach and Horace P. Beck, *JAF*, LXIII (1950), p. 260.
14. "The Brown Girl," or "Fine Sally." Sharp MSS., 3209/. Also in Cecil J. Sharp and Maud Karpeles, *English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 296(C). (Wallin)
15. "A Rich Lady from London." Vance Randolph, *Ozark Folksongs*, I, 1946, p. 211(F).
16. "The Brown Girl." Sharp MSS., 3275/2387. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 296(B). (Rice)
17. "The Brown Girl." Sharp MSS., 3179/2320. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 295(A). (Sands)
18. "The Brown Girl." Sharp MSS., 3344/2448. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 297(D). (Shelton)
19. "Fair Sally." Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, *British Ballads from Maine*, 1929, p. 423(D). (Young)
20. "Pretty Sally." Horton Barker, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 10,503(B4).
21. "Pretty Sally." Andrew Rowan Summers, Folkways LP recording, No. FP 64, Side 1, Band 3.
22. "The Brown Girl." Sharp MSS., 3855/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 304(K). (Patrick)
23. "The Brown Girl." Arthur Kyle Davis, Jr., *Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1929, pp. 605(J) and 543.
24. "Fair Sally." Randolph, *Ozark Folksongs*, I, 1946, p. 208(B).
25. "The Rich Lady from London." Arthur Palmer Hudson and George Herzog, *Folk Tunes from Mississippi*, 1937, No. 8.
26. "Fair Sally." Phillips Barry, *JAF*, XXVII (1914), p. 74.
27. "The Brown Girl." Sharp MSS., 4164/. (Macdonald)
28. "The Brown Girl." Sharp MSS., 4164/. (Fitzgerald)
29. "The Brown Girl." Winston Wilkinson MSS., 1935-36, p. 114(B), University of Virginia.
30. "The Brown Girl." Sharp MSS., 4313/. (Roberts)
31. "The Brown Girl." Davis, *Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1929, pp. 605(I) and 543.

32a. "The Brown Girl." Sharp MSS., 4264/3064. (Small)

32b. "Sally Yo' Queen." Mr. Dol Small, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 10,004(A1).

33. "An Irish Young Lady from Dublin She Came." Asher E. Treat, *JAF*, LII (1939), p. 12.
34. "Sally the Queen." Dorothy Mehrten, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 11,335(A6).

GROUP Ab

35. "The Brown Girl." Sharp MSS., 4521/3176. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 300(H). (Blackett)
36. "The Brown Girl." Sharp MSS., 3741/2769. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 299(G). (Kinnard)

37. "Sally." Phillips Barry MSS., IV, No. 282, Harvard College Library. Also in Barry, *JAF*, XXVII (1914), p. 73.
38a. "The Brown Girl." Wilkinson MSS., 1935-36, p. 116(C).
38b. "There Was a Young Lady." Dorothy Scarborough, *A Song Catcher in Southern Mountains*, 1937, pp. 389 and 98.
39. "Pretty Sara." Mrs. Mary Hurst, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 11,456(A12).
40. "The Brown Girl." Wilkinson MSS., 1935-36, p. 113(A2).
41. "The Brown Girl." Sharp MSS., 4599/3217. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 302(I). (Bennett)
42. "The Brown Girl." Sharp MSS., 3525/. Also in Davis, *Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1929, pp. 604(G) and 542; and Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 297(E). (Chisholm)
43. "The Brown Girl." Wilkinson MSS., 1935-36, p. 113(A1).
44. "Pretty Sally of London." Randolph, *Ozark Folksongs*, I, 1946, p. 205(A).
45. "A Rich Irish Lady." William A. Owens, *Texas Folk Songs*, 1950, p. 37.
46. "The Death of Queen Jane," or "The Brown Girl." Sharp MSS., 4453/3140. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, *Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 303(J). (Richards)

GROUP AC

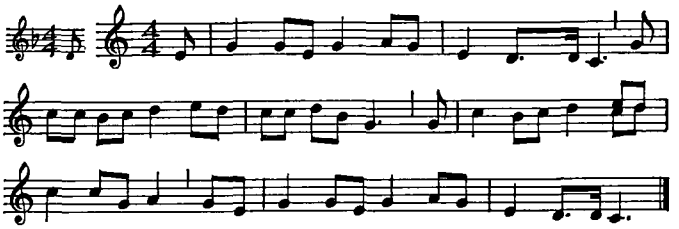
47. "The Brown Girl." Karpeles MSS., No. 5300, and p. 4647.
48. "Pretty Sally." David Morris, LC Archive of American Folk Song, recording No. 12,007(A8).
49. "Pretty Sally." Ruth Ann Musick, *JAF*, LXX (1957), pp. 353(21) and 342.

TUNES WITH TEXTS

GROUP Aa

1. "Fair Sally"

Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, 1929, p. 420(B). Sung by Mrs. Susie Carr Young; learned from her grandmother.

a I/Ly

1. There was a rich lady, from England she came,
Fair Sally she was called and Fair Sally was her name;
Her riches were more than the world e'er possessed,
And her wit and her beauty were more than the rest.

2. There was a rich squire worth ten thousand pounds a year,
And for to court this lady away he did steer,
She being a lady so lofty and so high
That upon this young gentleman she scarce cast her eye.

3. "O Sally, Fair Sally, O, Sally," says he,
"Isn't it a pity you and I can't agree?
For though I do love you, I know you don't me,
Ten thousand times ten thousand my follies I see."

4. When six weeks were over, all over, gone and past,
At length this fair damsel grew lovesick at last;
She being sick and was like for to die,
She sent for this young gentleman whom she did deny.

5. "O Sally, Fair Sally, O Sally," says he,
"O am I a doctor that you sent for me?"
"Yes, you are the one that can kill or can cure,
And without your assistance I am ruined evermore."

6. "O Sally, Fair Sally, O Sally," said he,
"Don't you remember when you slighted me?
'Twas when I did ask you, you answered me with scorn,
And now I'll reward you for what's past and gone."

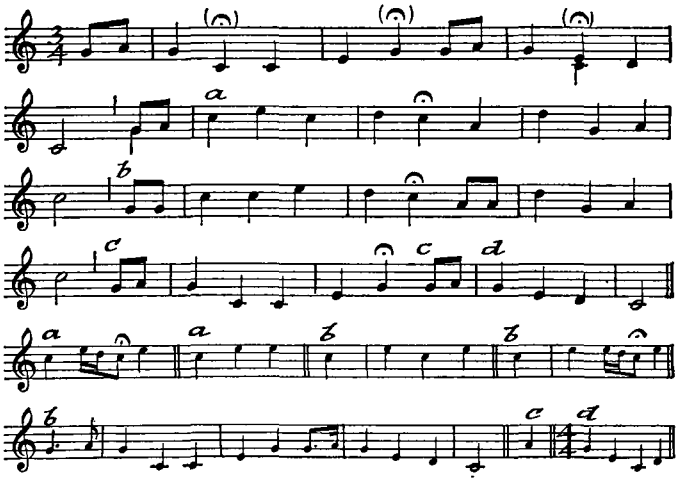
7. "For what's past and gone, love, forget and forgive,
And grant me a little longer that in this world I may live."
"No, I never will forgive you while during of my breath,
But I'll dance o'er your grave when you're cold in the earth."

8. Then off from her finger (she) pulled diamond rings three,
Saying: "Keep these in remembrance while dancing o'er me;
For I can forgive you, although you won't me,
Ten thousand times ten thousand my follies I see."

9. And now she is dead, as we do suppose,
And left some other lady dressed in her fine clothes.
Come all you pretty fair maids, your sweethearts don't slight,
But be always condescending; so I wish you good night.

2. "Pretty Sally"

Sung by Mr. and Mrs. Barry Satterfield, Bluff Springs, Ark., April 19, 1955. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 11,898(A18). Collected under the auspices of the University of Arkansas.

a π^1

1. There was a rich lady, from Ireland she came
A beautiful damsel called Sally by name
Her riches were more than the king could possess
Her beautiful features were more than the rest.

2. There was a poor young man whom we all did know
For reward this fine lady at his courtship said no
Her mind being so lofty and her fortune so high
Upon this poor young man she scarce cast an eye.

3. O Sally O Sally O Sally said he
I'm sorry that (you) your love and mine can't agree
And if you won't marry me, your ruin I'll prove
I hope that your hatred will all turn to love.

4. I can't say that I hate you nor no other man
But as far as to love you it's more than I can
You'll do well to retire and end your discourse
For I never will marry you unless I am forced.

5. Six months had not come nor six months had not passed
When I heard of this rich girl's misfortune at last
She was all tangled in love and she could not tell why
She has sent for this young man that she once did deny.

6. (?) this young doctor to her bedside did ride
O am I the doctor that you sent for tonight (?)
Or am I the young man that you once did deny
O yes, Sir, you're the doctor can kill or can cure
Without your assistance I'm ruined, I'm sure.

7. O Sally O Sally O Sally said he
Don't you remember when you once slighted me
When you denied me, you denied me with scorn,
And now I'll reward you for things past and gone.

8. For things past and gone, Love, I hope you'll forgive
And give (?) me some longer a time for to live
O no I won't, Sally, while I draw my breath,
But I'll dance on your grave when you're cold in the earth.

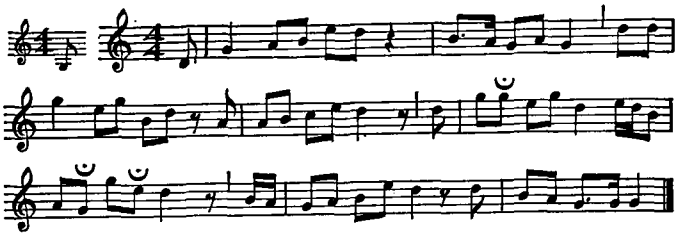
9. She pulled from her fingers gold diamond rings three
Saying, Wear these rings, William, while you're dancing on me
O yes I'll wear, Sally, rejoicing I'll be
When I think of this rich girl who died for me.

10. Farewell to my father and all my good friends
Farewell to sweet William, God let him repent
I can truly forgive him although he won't me
My folly ten thousand times over I see.

11. Now Sally is dead as we may all suppose
And with her sad friends she's left her fine clothes
She took up her lodging in the damp and cold clay
Her red rosy lips are a-mouldering away.

3. "An Irish Young Lady"

Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, 1929, p. 419(A). Tune recorded by George Herzog, September 1928, from the singing of Dr. Robert L. Grindle (82), Mount Desert, Me., who had contributed the text in 1924. Derived from his maternal grandmother.

m *I/M*

1. An Irish young lady to old England came,
A most beautiful damsel, fair Sally by name;
This lady was so lofty and her portion so high
That upon a young sailor she'd scarcely cast an eye.

2. She said, "I do not hate you nor any other man,
But as for to love you I'm sure I never can,
So leave off your attentions and hold your discourse,
For I never will marry you unless I am forced."

3. This lady was sick and she went to her bed;
The thought of this young man came into her head;
She was taken sick in love and she knew not just why,
So she sent for this young man she'd slighted so high.

4. "O am I the young man you've sent for?" said he,
"O am I the doctor who can cure thee?"
"O yes, you're the doctor can either kill or cure,
And without your assistance I'm ruined, I'm sure."

5. "O Sally, O Sally, O Sally!" said he,
"O don't you remember when I came to court thee,
You most scornfully denied me and bade me be gone?
And so now I'll reward you for what you have done."

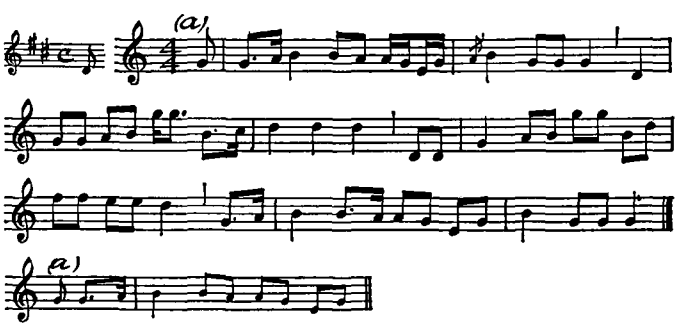
6. "O times past and gone, love, forget and forgive,
And grant me a little more time for to live."
"O times past and gone I'll neither forget nor forgive,
But I'll dance on your grave all the days I may live."

7. "Adieu to my father, adieu to my mother,
Adieu to my sister and likewise my brother,
Adieu to this young man who can't pity me,
O then ten thousand times over my folly I see."

8. "Cheer up, love, cheer up, love," said he,
"Cheer up, love, cheer up, love, and married we'll be."
And married they were and they lived in unity.
And were as happy a couple as ever you did see.

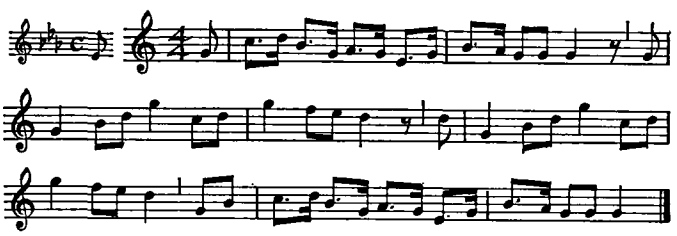
4. "The Sailor from Dover"

Greig MSS., I, p. 138. Sung by A. R., March 1906.

m M

She took the rings from her fingers one two and three,
Take this my dearest Willie and remember me.
And remember me my love when I am dead and gone,
And you'll maybe regret yet what you have done.

5. "The Sailor from Dover"

Greig MSS., LII, p. 36. Sung by William Watson, New Blyth.

a M

1. There is a young sailor from Dover he came
He's courted pretty Sally dear and Sally was her name
Her spirit was so lofty & her portion was so high
That on a poor sailor she could scarce cast an eye.

2. "Oh Sally, dear Sally, oh Sally" says he
I'm afraid that your false heart will soon ruin me
Unless that your hatred will turn into love
I am afraid your false heart my ruin will prove.

3. No hatred have I for you or any other man
But it's to say I love you it's more than I can
Oh keep your intention & mind your own discourse
For it's I will never marry you unless that I be forced.

4. When twenty long weeks they were come, gone and past
This pretty young maid she grew sick at the last
She grew sick at the last and she couldn't tell for why
But she sent for the sailor that she did deny.

dear

5. Oh Sally, (oh) Sally, oh Sally, says he
Oh am I the doctor that you sent for me
Oh yes, you are the doctor you can kill or can cure
For the pain that I do feel my love I cannot long endure.

6. Oh Sally, dear Sally, oh Sally, says he
Don't you remember Sally, since first I courted thee
I courted you with love but you slighted me with scorn
So now I'll reward thee for what you have done.

7. For what's gone and past, love, forget and forgive
And grant me a while in this world to live
For what's gone and past, and I never will forgive
And I'll dance on the green sod your head lies beneath.

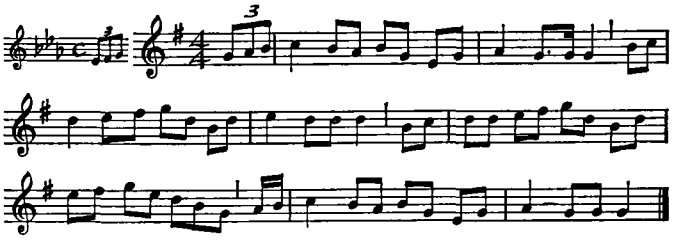
8. She's pulled rings from her fingers, both one two and three.
Take you these my dear Billy in remembrance of me
In remembrance of me my love when I am dead and gone
And I hope you'll be sorry for what you have done.

9. Fare well to my mammy, my daddy & my friends
Likewise to the young man that will not make amends
He will not make amends, nor will he pity me
Ten thousand times over my folly I do see.

10. Oh I have a fine ship that's newly come from Spain
And the goods that she's loaded with is brandy & wine
And every morning when you rise it's you shall bring wine
An' all shall be yours love, and you shall be mine.

6. "Am I the Doctor You Wished For to See?"

Joyce, 1909, No. 153, p. 78. From County Donegal.

m I

"Am I the doctor you wished for to see?
Am I the young man you sent for to me?"
"O, yes, dearest Willie, you can kill or you can cure:
For the pain that I feel, my dear, is hard to endure."

7. "Sally and Her True Love Billy," or "Sailor from Dover," or "The Brown Girl"

Sharp MSS., 161/247. Sung by Mrs. Lock, Muchelney Ham, April 8, 1904.

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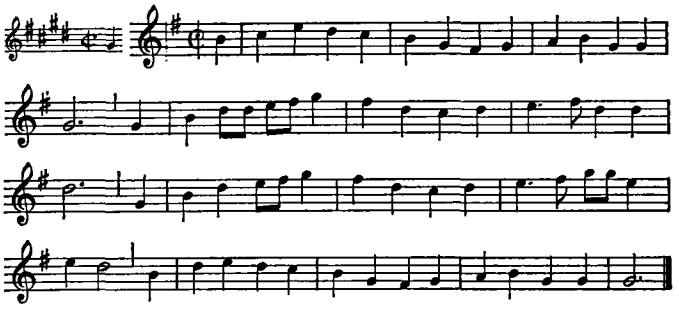

A sailor from Dover from Dover he came
He courted a lovely fair maid and Sally was her name.
She being so lofty and her portion being so high
That on a poor sailor she scarce would cast her eye.

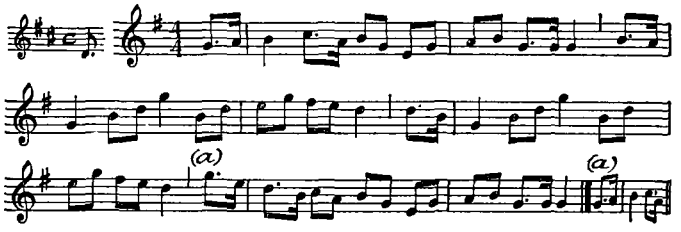
O Sally love, O Sally love, O Sally love said he
I'm afraid that your false heart will my ruin be
Unless that your hatred be turned into love
I'm afraid that your false heart will my ruin prove.

My hatred is not to you my love, nor no other man
But to say that I love you is more than I can
So keep your intention and hold your discourse
For I never intends to marry you unless that I'm forced.

When twenty weeks been over and almost gone and passed
This lively fair maiden grew sick at the last
She grew so sick in love that she could not tell for why
She sent for the sailor of whom she had denied.

8. "The Bold Soldier"

Christie, II, 1881, p. 240. Traditional in northern Scotland.

m I

Christie believes his tune related to those of "The Manchester Angel" and "The Lincolnshire Poacher."

1. There was a bold sailor, from Dover he came,
   He courted a fair maid, and Sally was her name;
   But she was so haughty, her portion being high,
   That she on this sailor would scarce cast an eye.

2. "Oh Sally, fair maiden, dear Sally," said he,
   "I fear that your cold heart will my ruin be;
   I fear that your proud heart will my ruin prove,
   If your hatred don't quickly now turn into love."

3. But after a twelvemonth was all gone and past,
   This beautiful damsel did grow sad at last;
   She grew sick at heart, and she did not know why,
   But the sailor was sent for that she did deny.

4. "Am I a great Doctor that you've sent for me?
   Or am I the young man that you long to see?"
   "Oh, yes, you're the Doctor that can kill or cure,
   And the pain that I feel now is hard to endure."

5. "Oh, where does the pain lie, is it in your head?
   Or, where does it lie, does it lie in your side!"
   "Oh, no, my dear Billy, you have not well guessed;
   For the pain that I feel now lies low in my breast."

6. "Oh, don't you remember, young Sally," said he,
   "Oh, don't you remember how you slighted me,
   How you slighted me, and treated me with scorn;
   But now you're rewarded for what you have done."

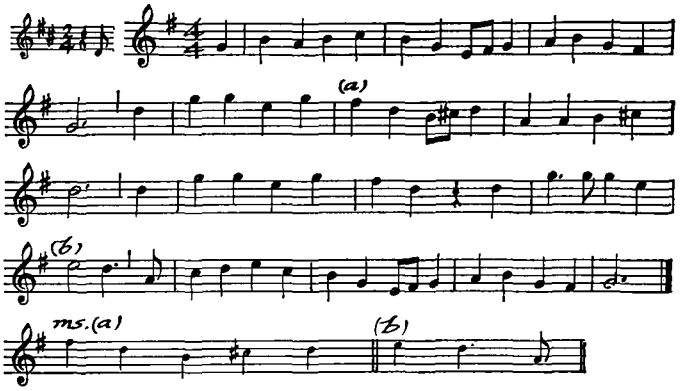
7. "These things all are past now, forget and forgi'e,
   And grant me a short time longer here to be."
   "Oh, no, pretty Sally, for while I do live,
   Your love I'll throw from me, and none will I give."

8. The rings from her fingers she pull'd two or three,
   And said, "Take these, Billy, in memory of me;
   They'll mind you, dear Billy, of me, when I'm gone,
   And perhaps you'll be sorry for what you have done."

9. "Oh, Sally," he said, "I'll no more sail the main,
   For I have three ships now all coming home from Spain;
   And they all are ladened with Brandy and wine,
   And all shall be yours, love, and you shall be mine."

9. "The Brown Girl"

Baring-Gould MSS., CXI(1); text, (A). Sung by J. Woodrich, Thrushleton, 1888. Noted by F. W. Bussell.

a I (inflected IV)

1. I am as brown as brown can be
   And my eyes as black as sloe,
   I am as brisk as a nightingale,
   And wild as a forest doe.
   My love he was so high & proud
   His fortune too so high,
   He for another fair pretty maid
   Did leave & pass me by.

2. Me did he send a love letter
   And he sent it from the town.
   Saying no more he loved me
   For that I was so brown.
   I sent his letter back again
   For his love I valued not,
   Whether that he would fancy me,
   Whether that he would not.

3. When that six months were overpass'd
   Were overpass'd and gone,
   Then did my lover once so bold
   A lie in his bed & groan.
   When that six months were overpass'd
   Were overgone & pass'd,
   My lover then so bold & proud
   With love was sick at last.

4. First sent he to the doctor's man,
   "You doctor must me cure.
   The pains that now do torture me,
   I never can long endure."
   Next did he send from out the town,
   O next did send for me.
   He sent for me the brown, brown girl,
   Who once his wife should be.

5. O never a bit the doctor's man
   His sufferings could relieve,
   O never an one but the brown, brown girl
   Who could his life reprieve.
   O now you shall hear what love she had
   For this poor love sick man,
   All of the day, & a summer's day
   She walked but never ran.

6. When that she came to his bedside,
   Where he lay sick & weak,
   O then, for laughing she could not stand,
   Upright upon her feet.
   "You flouted me, you scouted me
   And many another one,
   And now the reward has come at last,
   For all that you have done."

7. She took the rings from off her hands
   The rings by two & three
   O take & O take these golden rings,
   By these remember me.
   She had a white wand in her hand
   She strake him on the breast
   My faith & troth I give back to thee
   O may thy soul have rest.

8. "Prithee," said he, "forgive, forget
   Prithee forget, forgive.
   Grant to me yet a little space
   That I may longer live."
   O never will I forget, forgive
   So long as I have breath
   I'll dance above your green, green grave
   When you do lie beneath.

By permission of Mr. G. Hitchcock, on behalf of Baring-Gould Estate.

10. "Sailor from Dover," or "Brown Girl"

Sharp MSS., 2180/2035. Sung by Mrs. Lucy Durston (60), Bridgwater, April 16, 1909.

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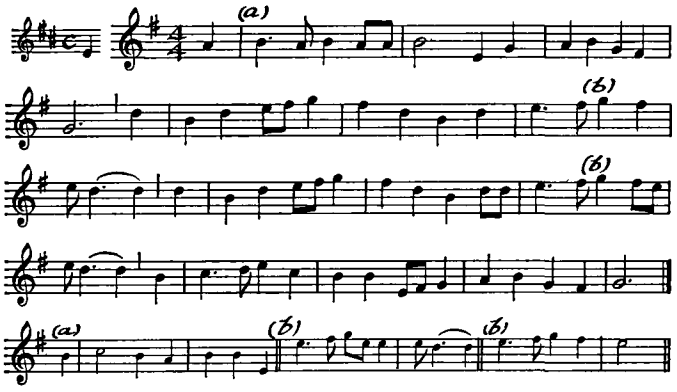
1. There was a sailor from Dover from Dover he came
   He courted pretty Sally & pretty Sally was her name
   She had been so lofty and her portion had been so high
   But she on a sailor love she scarce cast her eye.

2. O Sally O Sally then said he
   I'm afraid your false heart my ruin will be
   Without your hatred is turned into love
   I'm afraid your false heart will my ruin be.

3. My false heart was not to you wed no other man
   The sailors I love you 'tis more than I can
   So I pray you keep a distance and mind yr. own discourse
   For I never intend to marry you unless that I am forced.

4. When 20 weeks was over & gone & past
   This lovely young damsel she grew sick in love at last
   She was taken sick in love she did not know for why
   So she sent for the young man on whom she had in eye.

5. Am I the doctor that you have sent for me
   Or else am I the young man that you do unto to dee
   O yes you are the doctor can neither kill nor cure
   For the pain that I do feel my love 'tis hard to endure.

6. O Sally O Sally thus said he
   O don't you remember when you slighted me
   When you slighted me my love & treated me with scorn
   So now I will reward you for what you have done.

7. For what's gone and past my love forget & forgive
   And grant me a little longer time for to live
   O no my dearest Sally so long as I have health
   I'll dance all on your grave as you lie under the earth.

8. Rings from her fingers by one two & three
   Take these my dearest William in remembrance of me
   In remembrance of me my love when I am dead & gone
   So perhaps you'll be sorry for what you have done.

9. O no my dearest Sally as long as I've got health
   I'll dance all on your grave my love as you lie under the earth
   You not pity me ten thousand times over my folly I see.

11. "A Proud Irish Lady"

Sung by Bascom Lamar Lunsford as learned from Mrs. Etta McKinney, N.C. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 9476(A3).

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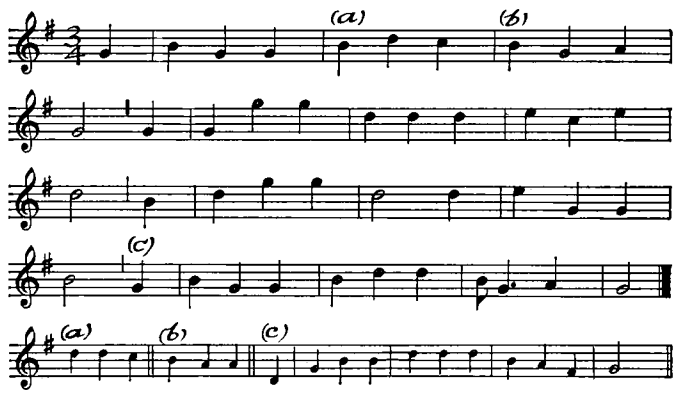
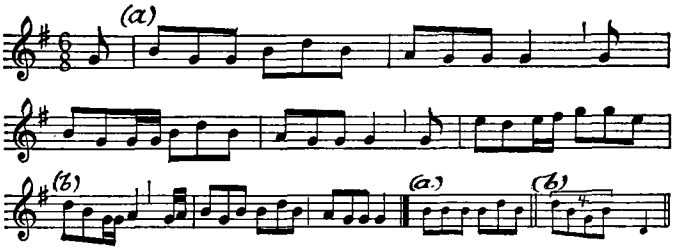

A proud Irish lady from London she came,
Sally, fine Sally, indeed was her name,
Her riches were more than a king can possess,
Her wit and her beauty was more than all this.

I never will have you while I can draw breath,
I'll dance on your grave while you're laid in cold death,
For colors will fade, no more to be seen,
When you are dancing on Sally the Queen.

Now Sally is dead as all may suppose,
Some other fine lady is wearing her clothes,
Her body is lying in the depths of cold clay,
Her red rosy cheeks are fading away.

12. "The Brown Girl"

Karpeles MSS., No. 5140; text, p. 4650. Sung by Mrs. Mary Mahoney, Stock Cove, Newfoundland, September 18, 1929.

a I/Ly

1. A sailor came over, came over he came,
   And courted lovely Sally, love Sally by name.
   . . . . . her portion was high,
   And it was a young sailor she then cast an eye.

2. She got tangled into love and she knew not for why.
   And she sent for the young men she once did deny.
   Am I a doctor that you sent for me,
   Or am I the young man you wish for to see?

3. Yes, you are the doctor can kill or can cure,
   The pain I feel, my love, is hard to endure.

4. Where is the pain, my love, is it in your head,
   Or is it in your feet?
   O no dearest Willie, you have not kissed (guessed?) the place,
   The pain that I feel, my love, lies in my breast.

5. Now Sally, lovely Sally, can't you remember now,
   You slighted me in love, and you treated me with scorn,
   And now I'll reward you for what you have done.

6. O now dearest Willie, forget and forgive,
   And spare me my life, longer to live.
   O no dearest Sally, so long as I can breathe,
   I'll dance on your tomb while you lies underneath.

7. She pulled rings from her fingers, one, two by three,
   Saying: Take these, dearest Willie, in remembrance of me.
   In remembrance of me, my love, when I am dead and gone,
   And perhaps you may be sorrow for what you have done.

13. "Rich Lady from London"

Leach and Beck, *JAF*, LXIII (1950), p. 260. Sung by W. H. Mahoney, Chester's Gap, Va. Transcribed by Antoinette Maros and Helen Fernald.

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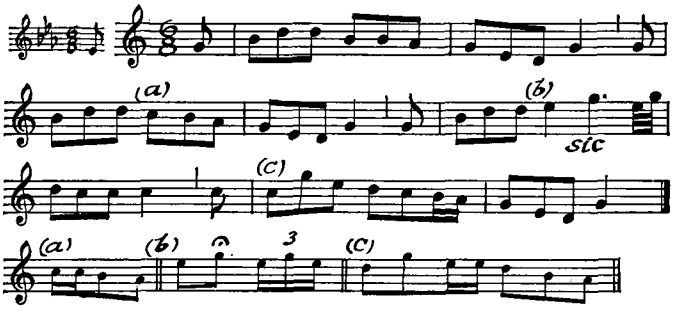

1. There's a fair English Lady,* from London she came
   A beautiful damsel, called Sally by name.

2. Her riches were so great, and her honor so high
   If I must reward you, she would cross and deny.

3. It's now you may tarry, and go on your course
   For I know I'll never marry you, unless I am forced.

4. "No forc'ning, no forc'ning, no forc'ning," said she,
   For there's plenty other boys, are waiting for me.

5. For twenty-four days has rolled and passed by
   This beautiful damsel took sick at last.

6. She was sick and low. She knew not for a while
   She sent for this young man, she once had denied.

7. It's, "Am I the doctor, can kill or can cure?"
   Or it's, "Am I this young man, you once had denied?"

8. "Yes, you are the doctor, can kill or can cure,
   And without your assistance, I'm ruined I'm sure."

9. She pulled from her fingers, gold diamond rings three
   Saying, "Take them and wear them, while you're dancing over me."

10. "No keep your rings, Sally, and lie them on your breast,
    For I'll dance on your grave, Love, while you're lying at rest."

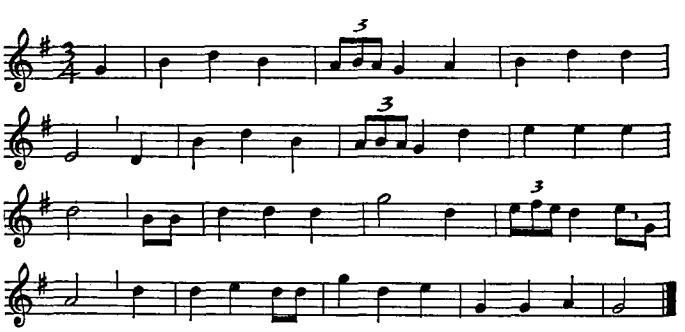
11. Well it's Sally is dead, and you all may be exposed
    To some of her relations, she has willed her fine clothes.

12. She has taken her lodgings, in the banks of cold clay
    Her body, cheeks, lie a-moldering away.

* The words printed by Leach and Beck with the music differ slightly from the full text printed below the tune:
There's a fair English lady = A fair and rich lady

14. "The Brown Girl," or "Fine Sally"

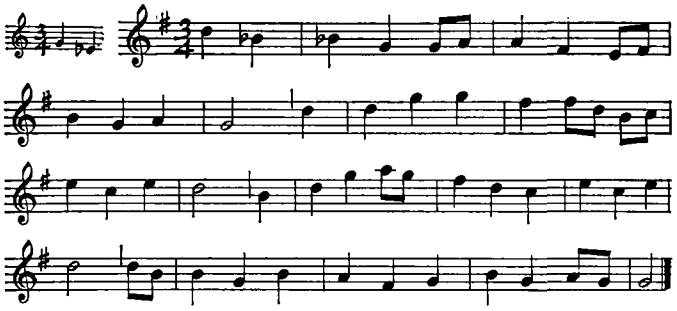
Sharp MSS., 3209/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 296(C). Sung by Richard* Wallin (63), Allanstand, N.C., August 4, 1916.

m I/Ly

There was a rich lady from London she came
And Sally sweet Sally, fair Sally by name
She were wounded in love she knew not for why
She sent out to the young man she used to deny.

* 1932: Mitchell Wallin.

15. "A Rich Lady from London"

Randolph, I, 1946, p. 211(F). Sung by Charles Ingenthron, Walnut Shade, Mo., September 6, 1941; learned in 1892.

m I (inflected III)

1. There was a rich lady from London she came,
   A beautiful damsel, pretty Sally by name,
   Her riches was more than a king could possess,
   Her wit and her beauty was more than the rest.

2. There was a poor young man like we are all here,
   Who toward this rich lady her courtship did steer,
   But her mind being lofty and her eyes were so high
   Toward this poor young man she would scarce cast an eye.

3. Oh Sally, oh Sally, pretty Sally, says he,
   I'm sorry that your love and mine can't agree,
   Unless that your hateward would turn into love,
   Your love is my ruin, I'm sure it will prove.

4. I have no hateward for you nor no other man,
   But to tell you that I love you is more than I can,
   I don't wish to entertain you nor stop your discourse,
   But never will I marry you until I am forced.

5. Six months had not come and six months had not passed
   Till I heard that this rich lady missed fortune at last,
   She was taken so quickly I could not tell why,
   She sent for this poor young man she once did deny.

6. He rode like a doctor all to her bedside,
   Is the pain in your head, love, is the pain in your side?
   Oh no, it is neither, I'll tell you the rest,
   The pain that's now killing me lies deep in my breast.

7. Oh Sally, oh Sally, pretty Sally, says he,
   It's don't you remember when I courted thee,
   I asked you some questions, you answered with scorn,
   And now I'll reward you of things past and gone.

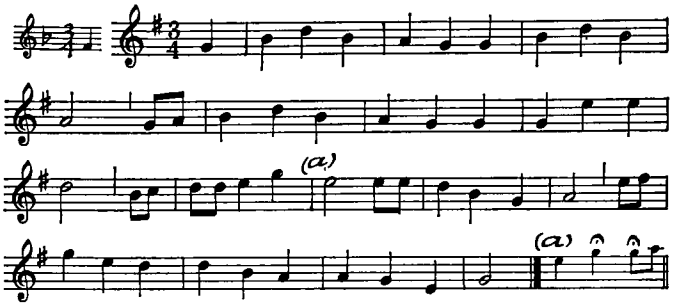
8. Forgotten, forgiven, all things past and gone,
   But to look at the sweet pleasures that is yet for to come,
   Oh no I won't, Sally, enduring my breast,
   I'll dance on your grave when you're gone to your rest.

9. She taken from her fingers, 'twas diamond rings three,
   Saying take them and wear them while dancing on me,
   Oh yes, I will, Sally, rejoicing 'twill be
   To think what a pretty girl has once died for me.

10. Now this lady is dead, as we may suppose,
    Some other fair damsel is a-wearing her fine clothes,
    Her body now lies in a cold tomb of clay,
    Her red rosy cheeks have all faded away.

16. "The Brown Girl"

Sharp MSS., 3275/2387. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 296(B). Sung by Mrs. Tom Rice, Big Laurel, N.C., August 17, 1916.

a I

Fine Sally, fine Sally, fine Sally, said he,
It's don't you remember when I courted thee?
I courted you for love, you denied me with scorn
And now I'll reward you for things past and gone.

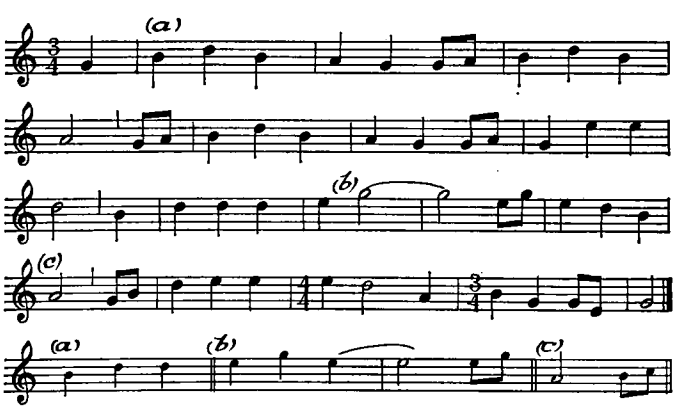
For things past and gone, love, forget and forgive,
And grant me a little longer on this earth to live.
I never will forgive you in the durance of my breath,
And I'll dance on your grave when you're lying in the earth.

Then off her fingers pulled diamond rings three,
Says: O wear these for my sake when you're dancing on me,
And fly from your colours and be no more seen
When you're done dancing on Sally your Queen.

Farewell to old father and old father's friends,
Farewell to this young man. God make him amends
Farewell to this whole world and all. . . .

17. "The Brown Girl"

Sharp MSS., 3179/2320. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 295(A). Sung by Mrs. Mary Sands (65), Allanstand, N.C., July 31, 1916.

a π^1

1. There was a rich lady, from England she came,
   Fine Sally, fine Sally, fine Sally by name,
   And she had more money than the king could possess
   And her wit and her beauty was worth all the rest.

2. There were a poor doctor who lived hard by
And on this fair damsel he cased[1] his eye.
Fine Sally, fine Sally, fine Sally, says he,
Can you tell me the reason our love can't agree?
I don't hate you Billy nor no other man,
But to tell you I love you I never can.

3. Fine Sally took sick and she knew not for why,
And she sent for this young man that she was to deny.
He says: Am I the doctor that you have sent for,
Or am I the young man that you once did deny?
Yes, you are the doctor can kill or can cure
And without your assistance I'm ruined, I'm sure.

4. Fine Sally, fine Sally, fine Sally, says he,
Don't you remember when you slighted me.
You slighted me highly, you used me with scorn,
And now I reward you for what's past (paced)[2] and gone.

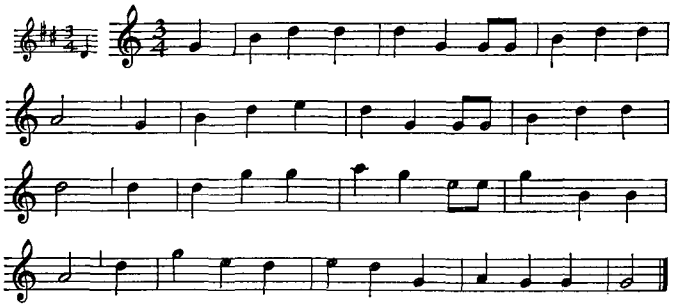
5. What's past[2] and gone, love, forget and forgive
And spare me a while longer in this wide world to live.
I don't want you, Sally, in the durance of my breath,
But I'll dance on your grave when you're laid in the earth.

6. Off from her fingers pulled diamond rings three.
Here, take these rings and wear them when you're dancing on me,
Then fly from your colour and be no more seen
When you have done dancing on Sally your Queen.

[1] 1932: cast
[2] 1932: passed

18. "The Brown Girl"

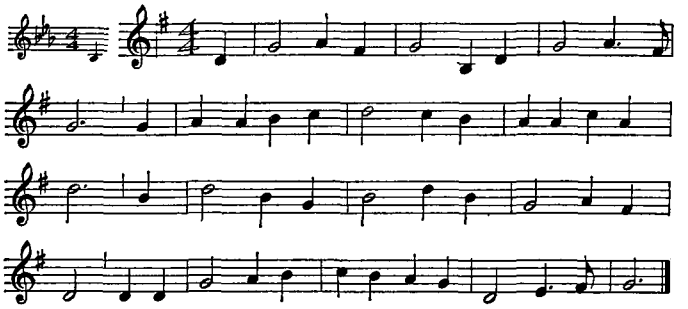
Sharp MSS., 3344/2448. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 297(D). Sung by William Riley Shelton, Alleghany, N.C., August 29, 1916.

a π^1

It's where does your pain lie?
Does it lie in your side?
O where does your pain lie?
Does it lie in your head?

The pain that torments me, love,
I surely confess,
The pain that torments me, love,
Lies in my breast.

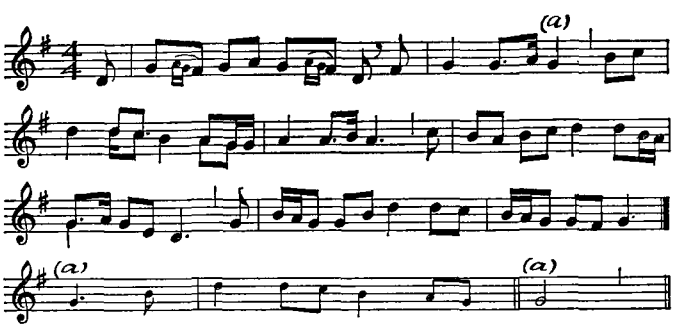
19. "Fair Sally"

Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, 1929, p. 423(D). From Mrs. Susie Carr Young, Brewer, Me., October 23, 1928; learned from her grandmother.

p I

Cf. text of variant 1 above. Mrs. Young sang both tunes to the same text.

20. "Pretty Sally"

Sung by Horton Barker, January 3, 1950. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 10,503(B4). Collected by Sam Eskin.

p I

1. There was a rich lady, from London she came,
She was called pretty Sally, pretty Sally by name.
Her wealth it was more than the King he possessed,
Her beauty was more than her wealth at the best.

2. There was a young doctor was living hard by
Who on this fair maiden in love cast his eye.
He courted her nightly a year and a day,
But still she refused him and ever said nay.

3. O Sally, dear Sally, pretty Sally, says he,
Can you tell me the reason our love can't agree?
Your cruel unkindness my ruin will prove
Unless all your hatred will turn into love.

4. I bear you no hatred nor no other man
But truly, to marry you I never can.
Give over your courting, I pray you, be still,
For you I'll ne'er marry of my own free will.

5. 'Twas soon after this, ere a year had gone by,
Pretty Sally grew sick and she feared she would die
So sent for the doctor she once had refused
She tangled was in love and herself she accused.*

6. O am I the doctor whose skill you would try?
Or am I the young man you once did deny?
Yes, you are the doctor can kill or can cure
Unless you will have me, I'm dying, I'm sure.

7. O Sally, dear Sally, O Sally, says he,
Don't you remember how you slighted me?
You treated me coldly, my love you did scorn,
So now you must suffer for things past and gone.

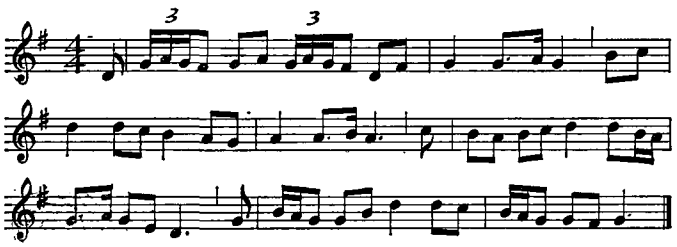
8. If they are past and gone, dear, forget and forgive,
And suffer me longer in this world to live.
I freely forgive you, though me you disdain
So now I will leave you in sorrow and pain.

9. She took from her fingers the diamond rings three
Saying, Take these and wear them, and wear them for me.
I never can forgive you until my dying day,
But on your grave I'll dance when you're laid in cold clay.

* The singer stumbled momentarily and reversed the third and fourth lines of this stanza.

21. "Pretty Sally"

Sung by Andrew Rowan Summers, White Top, Va. Folkways rec. No. FP 64, Side 1, Band 3.

p I

1. There was a rich lady, from London she came;
She called herself Sally, pretty Sally by name.
Her wealth it was more than the king he possessed,
Her beauty was more than her wealth at the best.

2. There was a young doctor, was living hard by,
Who on this fair damsel in love cast his eye.
He courted her nightly for a year and a day,
But still she refused him and ever said nay.

3. "O Sally, dear Sally, pretty Sally" said he,
"O tell me the reason our love can't agree—
Your cruel unkindness my ruin will prove,
Unless all your hatred shall turn into love."

4. "No hatred I bear you, nor no other man,
But truly to fancy you I never can—
Give over your courting, I pray you be still
For you I'll ne'er marry of my own free will."

5. 'Twas soon after this, ere a year had passed by,
Pretty Sally grew sick and she thought she would die.
She tangled was in love, and herself did accuse,
So sent for the doctor she once did refuse.

6. "O am I the doctor whose skill you would try?
Or am I the young man you once did deny?"
"Yes, you are the doctor, can kill or can cure,
Unless you will help me I'm dying sure."

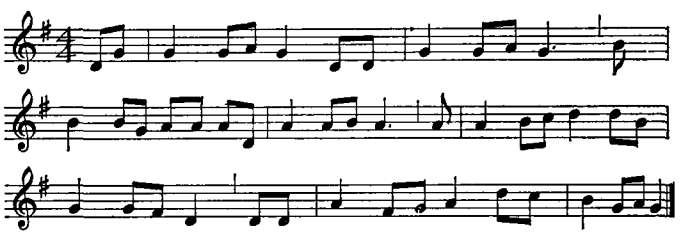
7. "O Sally, dear Sally, pretty Sally" said he,
"O don't you remember how you slighted me?
You treated me lightly, my love you did scorn,
And now you must suffer for things past and gone."

8. "If they are past and gone, love, forget and forgive,
And suffer me longer in this world to live."
"I ne'er can forgive you until my dying day,
But on your grave I'll dance when you're laid in cold clay."

9. She pulled from her fingers, then, diamond rings three,
Saying "Take these and wear them while dancing on me.
I freely forgive you, though me you disdain,
And so I must leave you in sorrow and pain."

22. "The Brown Girl"

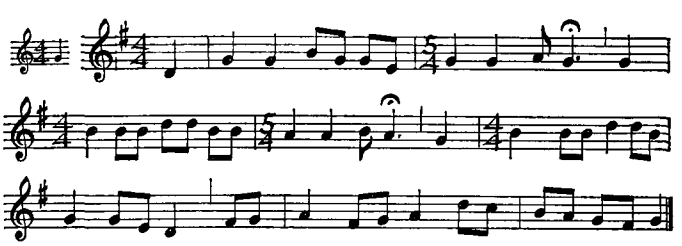
Sharp MSS., 3855/. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 304(K). Sung by Mrs. Polly Patrick, Manchester, Ky., August 14, 1917.

p I (–VI)

O am I the doctor you sent for so sly,*
Or am I the young man that you once did deny?
O you are the doctor can kill or can cure
And without your relief I am ruined I'm sure.

* 1932: shy

23. "The Brown Girl"

Davis, 1929, p. 605(J); text, p. 543. Contributed by John Stone, November 3, 1920, from the singing of Mrs. W. K. Rogers; learned from her sister.

p I

There was a lady from Ireland she came
She called herself Sally, pretty Sally, by name.

Her riches were more than her king could possess,
And her beauty was more than her wealth at the best.

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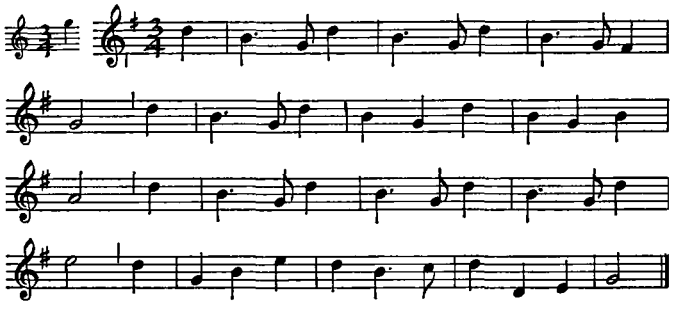
24. "Fair Sally"

Randolph, I, 1946, p. 208(B). Sung by Mrs. Lillian Short, Galena, Mo., August 28, 1940; learned from Mrs. Joseph Pointer, Cabool, Mo., who had heard it in her childhood, c. 1880.

p I

1. Oh Sally, oh Sally, oh Sally, said he,
Oh don't you remember when I courted thee?
You laughed at my courtship, denied me with scorn,
And now I'll reward you for what's past and gone.

2. Oh Jimmie, oh Jimmie, oh Jimmie, said she,
How can you be so cruel to one who loves thee?
For what's past and gone, love, forget and forgive,
And grant me some long years yet for to live.

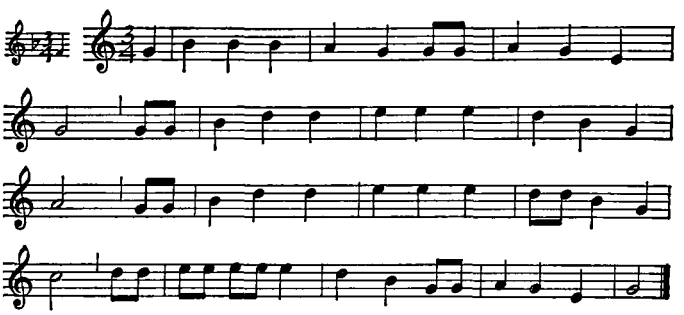
3. No I won't, Sally, not while I have breath,
But I'll dance o'er your grave after your death,
For what's past and gone I shan't forgive and forget,
And the shame that you showed me you must pay for yet.

4. Off her lily white hand she pulled diamond rings three,
Said, for my sake wear these when you dance upon me,
I freely forgive you, although you don't me,
Ten thousand times o'er my folly I see.

5. Now Sally is dead, as we may suppose,
She's left all her lovers for other girls' beaux,
She's gone to lie down in a bed of cold clay,
And her red rosy cheeks are a-mouldering away.

25. "The Rich Lady from London"

Hudson and Herzog, 1937, No. 8. Sung by Mrs. Theodosia B. Long, between 1923 and 1930. Noted by Miss Mary Ila Long.

p I/M

1. There was a rich lady, from London she came,
A very rich lady called Sally by name,
Her riches were more than this world could possess,
Her beauty was more than any tongue could express.

2. There was a young squire worth a thousand a year,
To court this fair damsel away he did steer,
Her being so lofty, her portion so high,
'Twas on this young man she would scarce cast an eye.

3. "Oh Sally, oh Sally, and Sally" said he,
"I'm afraid that your beauty my ruin shall be,
I'm afraid that your beauty my ruin will prove,
Unless all your hatred will turn into love."

4. "I do not hate you nor no other man,
But to say that I love you is more than I can,
I never will have you unless I am forced,
I beg you to retire and end your discourse."

5. Before six months had come, gone and passed,
This beautiful damsel in love she was cast,
In love she was cast and she knew not for why,
She sent for this young man she had slighted so high.

6. Oh this young man he came in great speed,
"Oh where is the pain, in the side or the head?"
"No my dearest Steward, the place you've not guessed,
The place that doth pierce me lies deep in my breast."

7. "Am I the doctor, made you send for me,
Or am I the cause of your misery?"
"Yes, you are the doctor that you can accure,
And without your assistance I'm ruined, I'm sure."

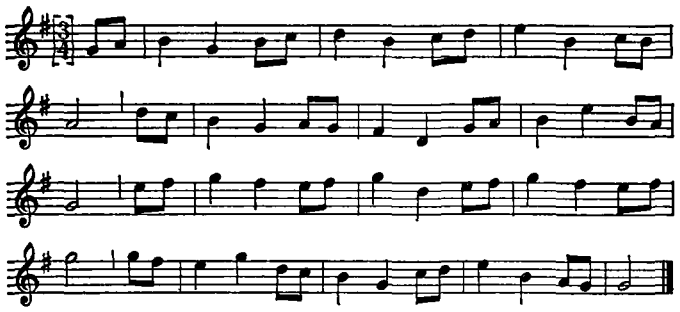
8. "Oh Sally, oh Sally, and Sally" said he,
"Oh don't you remember when you slighted me,
And don't you remember you slighted me with scorn,
And now I reward you for things past and gone."

9. "For things past and gone I hope you'll forgive,
And grant me some longer a time for to live."
"I'll never forgive you, it's whilst I have breath,
And I'll dance on your grave when you're laid in the earth."

10. She pulled the rings from her fingers one two by three,
Saying "Wear these for my sake while dancing on me,
For I have forgiv'n you, although you won't me,
Ten thousand times over my folly I see."

26. "Fair Sally"

Barry, *JAF*, XXVII (1914), p. 74. From the Whittier Perkins MS., c. 1790.

m I

1. There was a young maiden,
   From London she came.
   And with her a young man,
   Sweet William, his name.

2. Six months rolled over,
   And this came to pass.
   That the beautiful maiden,
   Was taken sick at last.

3. She sent for Sweet William,
   Down by her bedside.
   And the pains that you've caused me,
   Pierced right through his side.

4. Oh, Sally, O Sally!
   Oh, Sally, my dear,
   Don't you remember
   When you slighted me here.

5. I asked you to marry,
   You denied me with scorn.
   I will dance on your grave,
   When you are dead and gone.

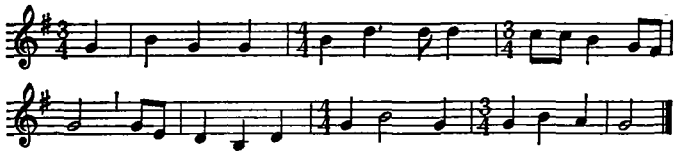
6. O Willie, O Willie!
   Forget and forgive.
   And grant me some longer,
   In your prayers, love, to live.

7. I shall never forgive you,
   Not as long as I draw breath,
   I will dance on your grave, love,
   When you're layed under the earth.

8. The grave will but rot you,
   And turn you to dust.
   Oh, where is the young man,
   That a young girl can trust?

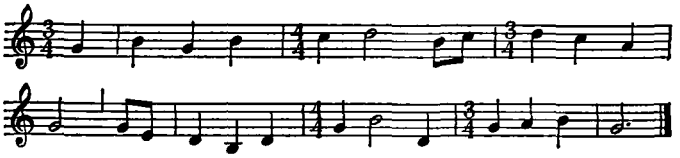
27. "The Brown Girl"

Sharp MSS., 4164/. Sung by Mrs. Macdonald, Afton, Va., April 23, 1918.

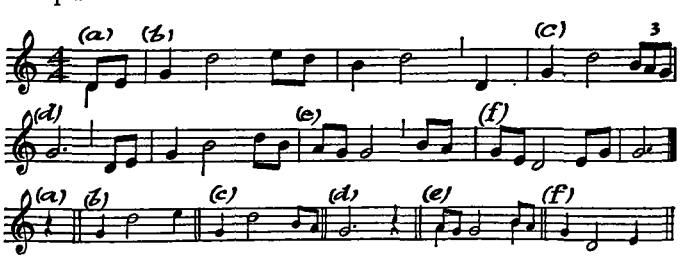
p I

It's off of her fingers she took diamond rings three.
Here take these jewels while dancing(?) on me.

28. "The Brown Girl"

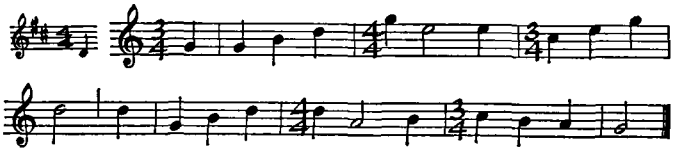
Sharp MSS., 4164/. Sung by Mrs. Florence Fitzgerald, Afton, Va., April 23, 1918.

p I/M

29. "The Brown Girl"

Wilkinson MSS., 1935-36, pp. 114(B). Sung by Mrs. Tom Hall, Altavista, Va., October 20, 1935.

p π^1

30. "The Brown Girl"

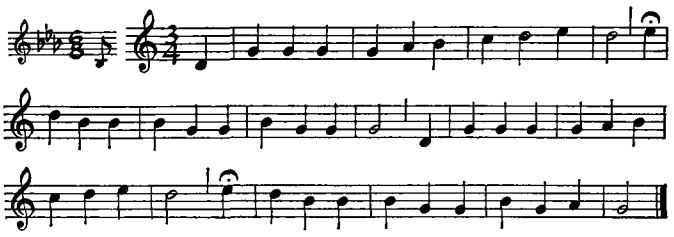
Sharp MSS., 4313/. Sung by Mrs. Roberts, Villamont, Va., June 4, 1918.

a I/M

Most readers will associate this variant with other words: e.g., "Little Mohea," "On Top of Old Smoky," etc.

There was a rich merchant from London he came,
He had a fair daughter, called Sarah by name.

31. "The Brown Girl"

Davis, 1929, p. 605(I); text, p. 543. Contributed by John Stone, November 10, 1919, from the singing of Mrs. Rosson, Alexandria, Va.

p I/M

A fair Irish lady from Ireland came,
Fair Sally, fair Sally, fair Sally by name.

This lady took sick and likened to die,
And sent for this young man who had scarce cast an eye.

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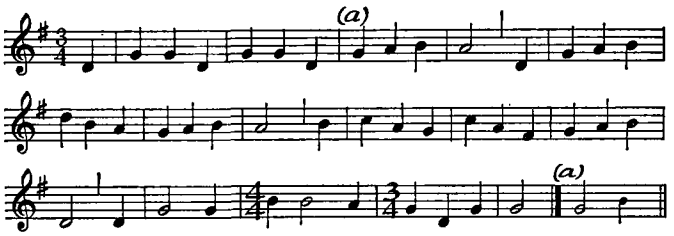
32a. "The Brown Girl"

Sharp MSS., 4264/3064. Sung by Mr. Dol Small, Nellysford, Va., May 22, 1918.

p I (-VI)

1. There was a young lady, from London she came,
   A beautiful damsel, called Sally by name.
   A handsome young squire from many a mile,
   He came to court this lady so fair.
   But being so lofty, her fortune so high,
   Upon this young man she scarce cast an eye.

2. Before six weeks was over and passed,
   This lady she lay lamenting her case,
   So entangled in love, she could not tell why,
   She sent for this young man she once did deny.

3. It's when this young man came to her bedside,
   Says: A pain in your head or a pain in your side?
   It's no, kind sir, the rights you've not guessed,
   The pain that will kill me doth lie in my breast.

4. O am I the doctor you sent for me here,
   Or the young man that loved you so dear?
   You are the doctor can kill or can cure;
   Without your assistance I'm ruined, I'm sure.

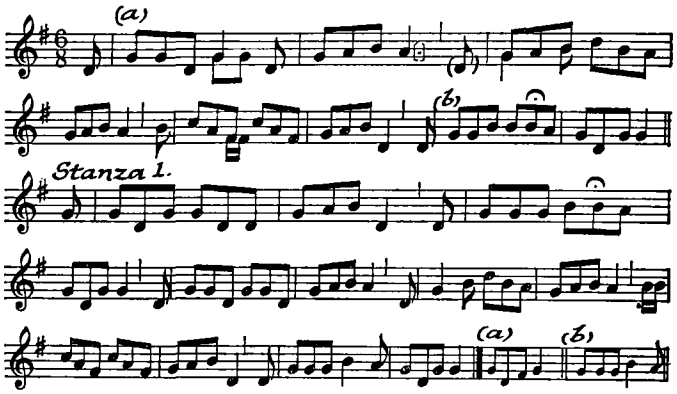
5. O Sally, O Sally, O Sally, said he,
   Don't you remember when I courted thee?
   I courted thee kindly, you slighted with scorn.
   And I will reward you for things passed and gone.

6. For things passed and gone, forget and forgive,
   And grant me a while longer in this world to live.
   I never shall forgive thee while long as I breathe,
   But I'll dance on your grave when laid in the earth.

7. Then off her fingers pulled diamond rings three,
   Saying: Wear these while dancing on me.
   Then fly from your colour no more to be seen
   When you have done dancing on Sally your Queen.

32b. "Sally Yo' Queen"

Sung by Mr. Dol Small, Nellysford, Va., September 13, 1950. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 10,004(A1). Recorded by Maud Karpeles and Sidney Robertson Cowell.

p I

1. There were a young lady, from London she came,
   A beautiful damsel called Sally by name.
   A handsome young squire from many (or) a mile
   He came to court this lady so fair
   But her being so lofty, her fortune so high,
   Upon this young man she scarce cast an eye.

2. Before six weeks was over and past
   This lady she lay rementing her case.
   So entangled in love she could not tell why
   She sent for this young man she once did deny.

3. It's when this young man came to her bedside,
   Is the pain in your head or a pain in your side?
   It's no, kind Sir, the right you've not guessed,
   This pain that will kill me doth lie in my breast.

4. O am I the doctor you sent for me here
   Am I the young man once loved you so dear.
   You are the doctor can kill or can cure
   Without your assistance I'm ruined, I'm sure.

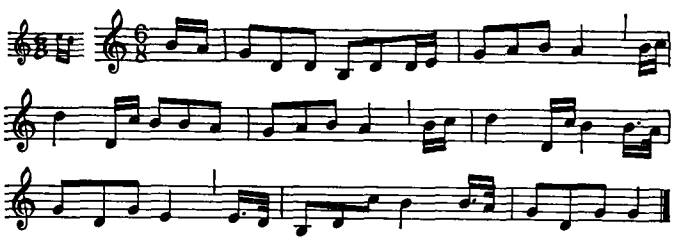
5. O Sally, O Sally, O Sally, says he,
   Don't you remember when I courted thee?
   I courted thee kindly, you slighted with scorn,
   And I will reward you for things past and gone.

6. For things past and gone, forget and forgive,
   Grant me some longer in this world to live.
   I never shall forgive you for as long as I've breath,
   I'll dance on your grave when laid in the earth.

7. Then off of her finger pulled diamond rings three
   Saying, O wear those while dancing on me
   And fly from your color no more to be seen
   When you are done dancing on Sally, your Queen.

33. "An Irish Young Lady from Dublin She Came"

Treat, *JAF*, LII (1939), p. 12. Sung by Pearl Jacobs Borusky, formerly of Carter County, Ky., in Bryant, Wis., July 13, 1938. Collected by Asher E. Treat.

p I/M

1. An Irish young lady from Dublin she came,
   A beautiful damsel called Polly by name.
   Her riches was more than a king could possess,
   And her beauty was more than her riches at best.

2. There was a young doctor, a rich merchant's son
   The list of his income was five hundred pounds.*

3. "O, Polly, pretty Polly, would you think me unkind
   If I should sit by you and tell you my mind?
   My mind is to marry and never to part,
   For the first time I saw you you wounded my heart."

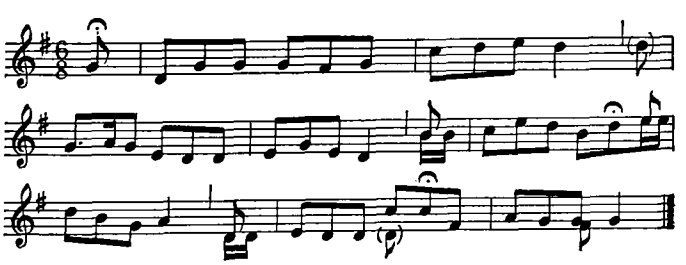
4. "I never said that I hated you or any other man;
   But to say that I love you I know I ne'er can.
   So you may just hush and we'll end this discourse,
   For I never will marry you unless I am forced."

5. Then off of his fingers diamond rings he pulled three,
   Saying, "Take these and wear them when you're dancing o'er me."

* "Pronounced 'pon.'" [*Treat's note.*]

34. "Sally the Queen"

Sung by Dorothy Mehrten, from Calaveras County, in Oakland, Calif., October 14, 1952. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 11,335(A6). Collected by Sidney Robertson Cowell.

p I

1. There was a fair lady, from London she came,
   A beautiful damsel, called Sally by name
   And her riches were more than a king could possess
   And her beauty was more than the world at its best.

2. There was a young squire with thousands a year,
   And for to court Sally of course he did steer,
   But she being lofty, and her fortune[1] so high,
   Upon this young man she would scarce cast an eye.

3. But six months have gone by and six more have past
   We hear[2] of this damsel's misfortune at last.
   In love she has fallen, and she knows not for why
   So she sent for this young man whom she once did deny.

4. When he got up there along her bedside
   Saying, Where is thy pain, in thy head or thy side?
   She lifted her eyes up toward heaven and blest,[3]
   The most of my mis'ry lies deep in my breast.

5. O Sally, O Sally, O[4] Sally, said he,
   Don't you remember when I first courted thee?
   I asked you to marry me, you denied me with scorn,
   So now I'll reward you for things past and gone.

6. For things past and gone, love, I pray you forgive,
   And grant me hereafter a long life to live.
   No, I'll never forgive you while drawing my breath
   But I'll dance on your grave when (you're) laid in cold earth.

7. She pulled from her fingers gold diamond rings three,
   Saying, Take them and wear them while dancing on me.
   You will fly from your color,[5] never more to be seen
   Before you're done dancing on Sally the Queen.

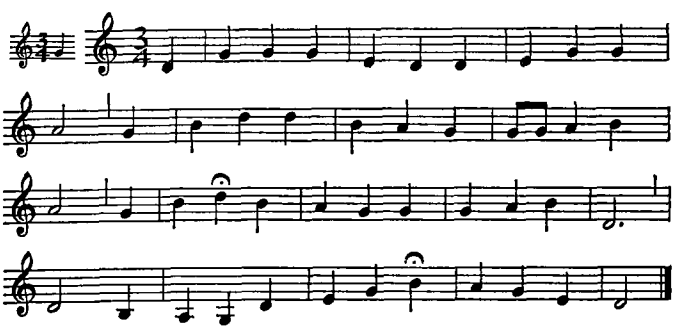
8. O Sally is dead as you all may suppose,
   Unto[6] some rich lady gave all her fine clothes.
   Yes, Sally is dead now and laid in cold clay
   And her red rosy cheeks are all fading away.

Miss Mehrten's grandmother sang the same tune; the following are the variations in her text:
1. fortune = portion
2. hear = read
3. blest = saying
4. O = It's
5. color = colors
6. Unto = And to

GROUP Ab

35. "The Brown Girl"

Sharp MSS., 4521/3176. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 300(H). Sung by Joe Blackett, Meadows of Dan, Va., August 28, 1918.

m π^2

1. There was a young lady, from London she came,
And Sally, and Sally, and Sally was her name.
Her portion was more than the king he possessed,
Her beauty was more than the worth it could fetch.

2. Every night in the city (?) for more than one year
I courted this damsel and straightway did steer.
But Sally being scornful, her portion being high,
All on this young knight she'd scarce cast an eye.

3. O Sally, O Sally, O Sally, said he,
I'm sorry that your love and mine can't agree,
For I'm sure that you will my ruin prove,
Unless your great hatred all turns into love.

4. I've no hatred for you, nor no other man,
But as for to fancy you, I never can.
So drop your attire and end your discourse,
For I never will marry you unless I am forced.

5. Before two years had come, or two years had passed,
He heard of this young lady's misfortune at last,
She sent for this young man she had slighted and scorned,
She was pierced through the heart and she knew not wherefrom.

6. Then to her he came to the side of her bed:
A pain in your side, or a pain in your head?
O no, kind sir, the rights you've not guessed,
The pain that I feel presses (*or* pierces?) me through the breast.

7. Am I then the doctor you sent for me here?
Yes, you are the doctor, she cried, my dear.
You are the man that first caused my woe.
Then without your assistance I'm ruined, I know.

8. O Sally, O Sally, O Sally, said he,
Don't you remember how you slighted me?
The words you have spoken you slighted with scorn,
And now I'll reward you for things past and gone.

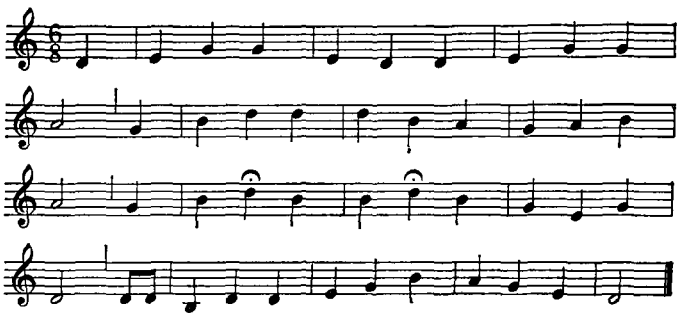
9. For things past and gone, I hope you'll forgive.
God grant me that blessing each day that I live.
No, I never will forgive you while I have breath.
I'll dance on your grave when you're laid in the earth.

10. Then off of her fingers pulled diamond rings three,
Keep these for my sake when you're dancing on me.
I'll freely forgive you although you won't me,
Then thousand times over my folly I see.

11. Then fare you well, friends, and fare you well, foes,
Likewise to my sweetheart wherever he goes.
For ever I must lie in this cold bed of clay.
My red rosy lips must mould away.

36. "The Brown Girl"

Sharp MSS., 3741/2769. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 299(G). Sung by H. D. Kinnard, Berea, Ky., May 27, 1917.

a π^2

1. There was a rich lady from Scotland she came,
Great wealth and great honour, and Molly by name.
Her riches were more than a wealth that is best,
And her beauty was more than the king could possess.

2. There was a poor boy who came to court her,
His wages was only one thousand a year.
This lady being wealthy, so noble and high,
And on this poor boy she scarce cast an eye.

3. O Molly, O Molly, O Molly, says he,
I'm sorry that your love and mine don't agree.
Unless all your trade(?)* should turn into love,
Your beauty is my ruin, I'm sure it will prove.

4. . . . . .
But as for to love you is more than I can,
So you may retire in your discourse,
For I never will have you until I am forced.

5. No forcement, dear Madam, and this you may know,
There's plenty of others all living alone.
I'll go court some other and hope you may rue.
So fare you well, Molly, I bid you adieu.

6. Six weeks had scarce come, six weeks had scarce passed,
This beautiful damsel lay sick at the last.
In anger, in love, she knew not why,
She sent for the young man she once did deny.

7. O am I the doctor you sent for me here?
Or am I the boy once courted you dear?
You are the doctor can kill or can cure,
Without your assistance I'm ruined, I'm sure.

8. O Molly, O Molly, O Molly, says he,
It's don't you remember when I once courted thee:
I courted you lovely, was slighted (with scorn) and scorned,
And it's I'll reward you for what's passed and gone.

9. For what's passed and gone, love, forget and forgive,
And grant me assistance some longer to live.
No, that I won't, Molly, while you do draw breath,
And I'll dance on your tomb when you're laid in the earth.

10. Then off of her fingers gold rings she pulled three,
Saying: Take these and wear them while you're dancing on me.
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

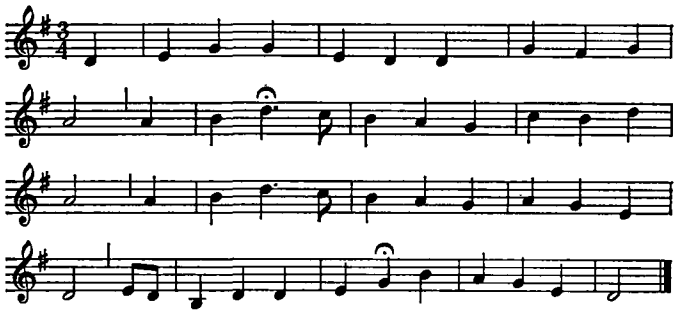
11. This beautiful damsel was laid in the tomb,
Sweet William was taken on hearing her doom.
His heart broke with sorrow, his soul it did weep,
He called for his Molly, but she was asleep.

12. O Molly, O Molly, O Molly, says he,
You're dead, but in death I am crying for thee.
I, too, shall die and be laid at your side,
I'll wed you in death and will make you my bride.

* 1932: hatred

37. "Sally"

Barry MSS., IV, No. 282. Also in Barry, *JAF*, XXVII (1914), p. 73. Tune from Miss Harriet L. Wedgwood, Cambridge, Mass., June 27, 1912; learned from her aunt. The text, contributed by Miss Wedgwood, was from her aunt's sister of Sidney, Kan.

a M

1. There was a fair maiden, from Scotland she came,
Great riches and honor, and Sally by name;
Her riches were more than the king could possess,
And her beauty was more than her riches at best.

2. There was a poor boy who came to court her,
Whose wages were only one thousand a year,—
She being so wealthy, so lofty, so high,
That upon this poor (boy) she would scarce cast an eye.

3. "O Sally! O Sally! O Sally!" said he,
"I fear that your love and mine cannot agree,
Unless all your hatred should turn into love,
For your beauty's my ruin, I'm sure it will prove."

4. "No hatred for you, sir, nor no other man,
But as for to love you, I know I never can:
So you may retire, and end your discourse,
For I never will have you, unless I am forced."

5. "No forcing, dear Madam, and this you may own,
There are plenty of ladies who are living alone;
I'll go and I'll court one, in hopes you may rue:
So fare you well, Sally, I bid you adieu."

6. Three weeks had scarce come, three weeks had scarce passed,
When Sally was taken with love at the last,
Entangled in love, and she knew not for why;
But she sent for the young man she once did deny.

7. "Oh! am I the doctor, you send for me here?
Or am I the young man who once loved you so dear."
"Yes, you are the doctor, can kill or can cure,
And without your assistance I'm ruined, I'm sure."

8. "O Sally! O Sally! O Sally!" said he,
"Don't you remember when you slighted me?
I courted with pleasure, you slighted with scorn,
And so now I'll reward you for what's past and gone."

9. "O Willie! O Willie! forget and forgive,
And grant me some longer in this world for to live!"
"No Sally, I will not, not while I have breath;
But I'll dance on your grave when you're laid in the earth."

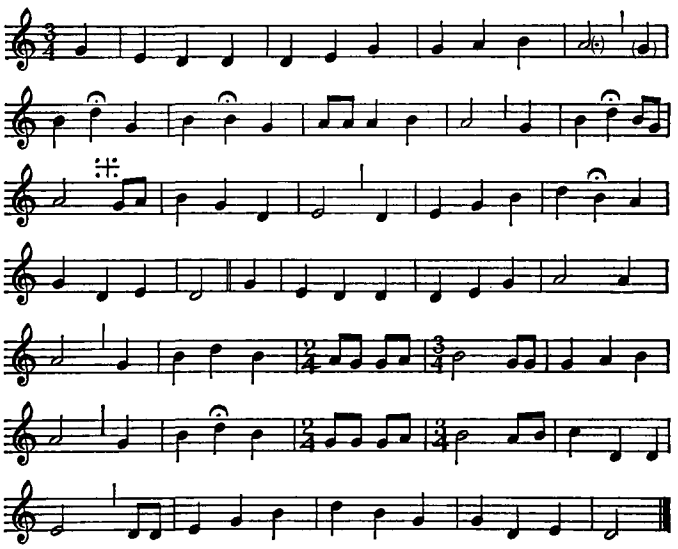
10. Then off from her fingers pulled diamond rings three,
Saying, "Take these, and wear them while dancing o'er me,
While dancing o'er Sally, o'er Sally your queen,
And her colors are there, now no more to be seen!"

11. Soon Willie was taken at hearing her doom,
And over his mind there grew a great gloom,
Said he, "I'll retire, and lay by her side,
I'll wed her in death, and I'll make her my bride!"

The text given above is from *JAF*, XXVII (1914), p. 73.

38a. "The Brown Girl"

Wilkinson MSS., 1935-36, pp. 116(C). Sung by Miss Polly Morris, Pirkey, Va., April 23, 1936.

a π^2

1. There was a young lady from Dublin she came;
Sally, O Sally, O Sally was her name.
Her portion being great and her character high,
Upon this young lady this man cast an eye.

2. I asked her for to marry me and she answered with scorn;
I do not despise you nor no other man,
I do not despise you nor no other man,
But as for to marry you it's more than I can.

3. . . . . .
. . . . . .
O drop your intentions and in your discourse,
For I never intend to marry you unless I am forced.

4. It had not been six weeks what's passed and gone,
Before she was wounded at the heart, and she knew not what from.
Before she was wounded at the heart, and she knew not what from.
It was from this young man she had slighted with scorn.

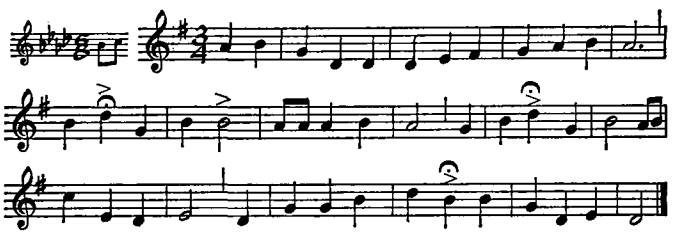
5. She sent for this young man she once had denied,
He drew his chair up by her bed side.
You are my doctor, you can kill or can cure,
And without your insistance I'm ruined, I'm sure.

6. Do you remember the time past and gone,
When I asked you to marry and you answered in scorn?
Do you remember the time past and gone?
So I'll dance on your grave, love, when I know you are gone.

7. Off of her fingers pulled three diamond rings,
Wear these for my sake, love, when you're dancing on me.
Your rings I despise, your body I'll disown,
So I'll leave you in trouble to weep and to mourn.

38b. "There Was a Young Lady"

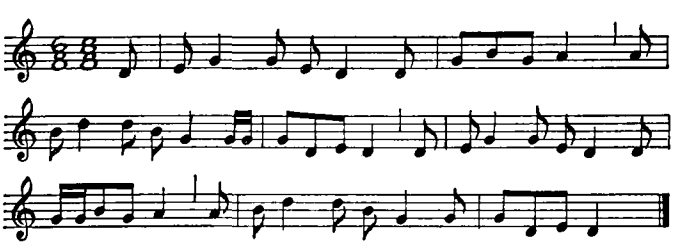
Scarborough, 1937, p. 389; text, p. 98. Sung by Polly Morris, Yellow Branch, Pirkey, Va.

a M

There was a young lady
From Dublin she came,
Oh, Sally, Sally was her name.

Her portion being great
And her character high,
Upon this young lady
This man cast an eye.

39. "Pretty Sara"

Sung by Mrs. Mary Hurst, Scioto County, Ohio. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 11,456(A12). From Anne Grimes.

a π^2

There was a fair damsel from Ireland came
There was a fair damsel, pretty Sara by name

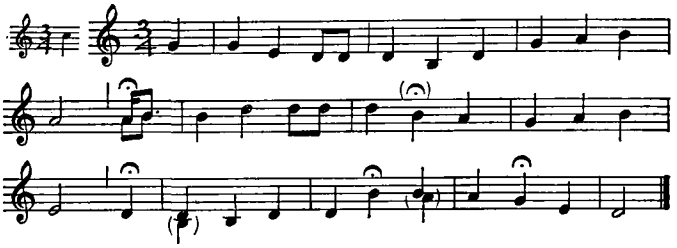
. . . . . .

She spitefully used him and treated him with scorn
He said he'd reward her for what she had done.

. . . . . .

40. "The Brown Girl"

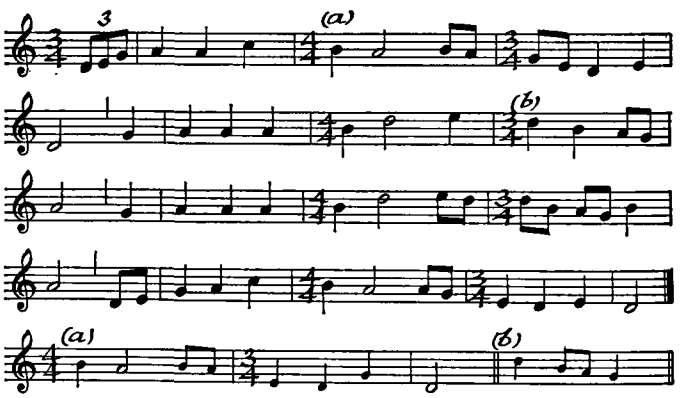
Wilkinson MSS., 1935-36, p. 113(A2). Sung by Mrs. Kit Williamson, Evington, Va., October 19, 1935.

a π^2

Perhaps the proper second phrase, like the above but cadencing on A, was dropped out in a moment of forgetfulness.

There was a wealthy merchant,
In London he dwelt.
There was a wealthy merchant in London he dwelt.
He had but one daughter called Sally by name.

41. "The Brown Girl"

Sharp MSS., 4599/3217. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 302(I). Sung by Mrs. Virginia Bennett, Burnsville, N.C., September 13, 1918.

a D/M

1. A young Irish lady from London she came,
A beautiful creature, fair Sally by name.
Her riches was more than the king did possess,
Her beauty was more than her wealth at the last.

2. There was a young squire who lived right near,
A-courting this lady to make her his dear.
But she was so wealthy, so lofty and high,
That on this young man she would scarce cast an eye.

3. O Sally, O Sally, O Sally, said he,
I fear that your beauty my ruin will be,
Unless that your hatred is turned into love,
I fear that your beauty my ruin will prove.

4. No hatred for you, sir, nor any other man,
But to say that I love you is more than I can,
So quit your intentions and mend your discourse,
For I never will wed you unless I am forced.

5. He said no more to her, but quickly turned home,
Saying: You shall be sorry for what you have done.
For what's past and gone I'll never forgive,
But when you've been buried I will dance on your grave.

6. Before six weeks had scarce come and passed,
This beautiful creature lay sick at the last.
She sent for this young man she once did deny.
She was pierced to the heart and she knew not for why.

7. He came to her softly, walked to her bedside.
Have you a pain in your head or a pain in your side.
O no, sir, dear young man, the rights you've not guessed;
The pain is a-piercing all in my left breast.

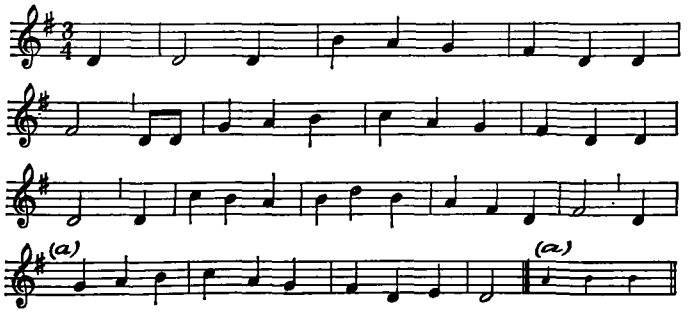
8. O Sally, O Sally, O Sally, said he,
O don't you remember that you once slighted me?
I courted for love, you slighted with scorn;
Now I'll reward you for what you have done.

9. For what's passed and done, sir, I hope you'll forgive,
And grant me some longer in this wide world to live.
That I'll ne'er do, Sally, while I do draw breath,
But I'll dance on your grave when you're laid in the earth.

10. Farewell father and mother, all foes and all friends,
Farewell dear young man, God make you amends.
I'd freely forgive you although you won't me.
Ten thousand times over my folly I see.

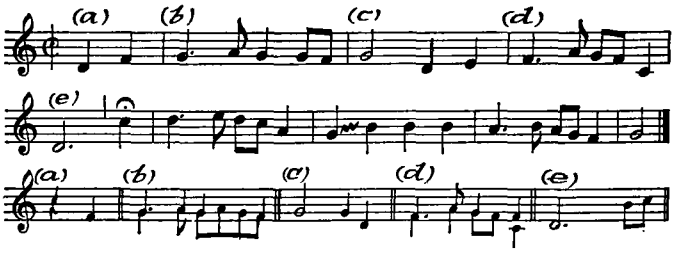
42. "The Brown Girl"

Sharp MSS., 3525/. Also in Davis, 1929, p. 604(G); text, p. 542; and Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 297(E). Sung by N. B. Chisholm (61), Woodridge, Va., September 23, 1916.

a M

Are you the doctor they sent for me here?
Or are you the young man that I loved so dear?
Or are you the doctor can kill or can cure?
Without your assistance I'm ruined I'm sure.

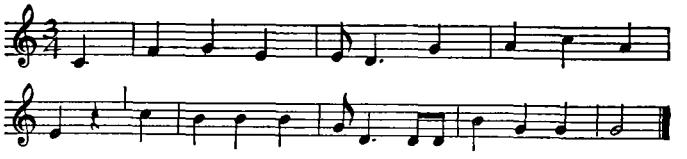
43. "The Brown Girl"

Wilkinson MSS., 1935-36, p. 113(A1). Sung by Mrs. Kit Williamson, Evington, Va., October 19, 1935.

p M

There was a wealthy merchant.
In London he did dwell.
He had one only daughter,
The truth to you I tell.

44. "Pretty Sally of London"

Randolph, I, 1946, p. 205(A). Sung by Mrs. Anna Baker, St. Louis, Mo., April 30, 1934; learned near West Plains, Mo., c. 1903.

p M (perhaps bi-modal)

1. There was a young lady
From London she came,
She called herself, she said,
Pretty Sally by name.

2. Her riches was more
Than the king could possess,
An' her beauty alone
Was her wealth at the best.

3. There was a young gentleman,
A silk merchant's son,
The least of his wealth
Was at five hundred pounds.

4. He was tangled in love,
But he knew not for why,
For on him pretty Sally
Would scarcely cast her eye.

5. Oh Sally, pretty Sally,
Sweet Sally, says he,
I'm sorry my true love
An' yours caint agree.

6. If your hatred for me
Don't soon turn into love,
I'm lost an' I'm ruined
For the lovin' of thee.

7. You know I despise you
Worse than any human man,
To tell you I love you
Is more than I can.

8. I'll drop your acquaintance
An' quit your discourse,
For I never will marry you
Without I am forced.

9. So six months had come,
An' they almost had passed,
An' then pretty Sally
Fell in love at the last.

10. She sent for this young man
She once did deny,
She knew in her sufferance
She was goin' to die.

11. He says am I the man
That you sent for here?
She says you're the very man
That I sent for here.

12. Oh yes, you're the only one
That can kill me or cure,
An' without your relief
I will die I am sure.

13. Oh once I did love you,
But you laughed me to scorn,
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

14. I'll never forgive you
While life is in my breast,
An' I'll dance on your grave
When you lay sweet at rest.

15. So off from her fingers
She pulled three gold rings,
Oh wear these, my true love,
When you dance over me.

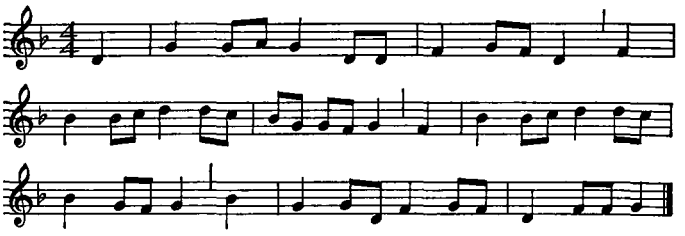
16. For I love you, I love you,
I love you, it is true,
Remember forever
I love no one but you.

17. So farewell, my father,
An' farewell, my friends,
So farewell, my true love,
May God make amends.

18. My soul shall be drafted
Away to the sky,
Ten thousands, ten thousands
Are my folly, I see.

45. "A Rich Irish Lady"

Owens, 1950, p. 37. Sung by Mrs. Penelope Haigood, Owens' great-aunt.

p D/Æ

1. A rich Irish lady from London she came,
Fine Sally, fine Sally indeed was her name.
A young man came courting numbers of years,
Toward this young lady his courtship did steer.

2. "Oh, Sally, oh, Sally, and Sally," said he,
"I'm sorry that your love and mine don't agree;
I know that your beauty will my ruin prove
Unless all your hatred will turn into love."

3. "Sir, to say that I hate you or any other man,
Or to say that I love you is more than I can;
Neither love you nor hate you, but to end your discourse,
I never will marry you unless I am forced."

4. Before five and twenty weeks had quickly come and passed,
This young man had heard of her downfall at last.
She sent for this young man all like unto die,
All tangled in love and she knew not for why.

5. This young man came to her bedside,
Said, "Where lies the pain, in your head or in your side?"
"Oh, no, my young Jew, you cannot know the part;
The pain that troubles me lies nearest my heart."

6. "Am I any doctor, you sent for me here,
Or am I the young man that once loved you dear?"
"You are the very one that can kill or can cure,
Without your assistance I'll die I am sure."

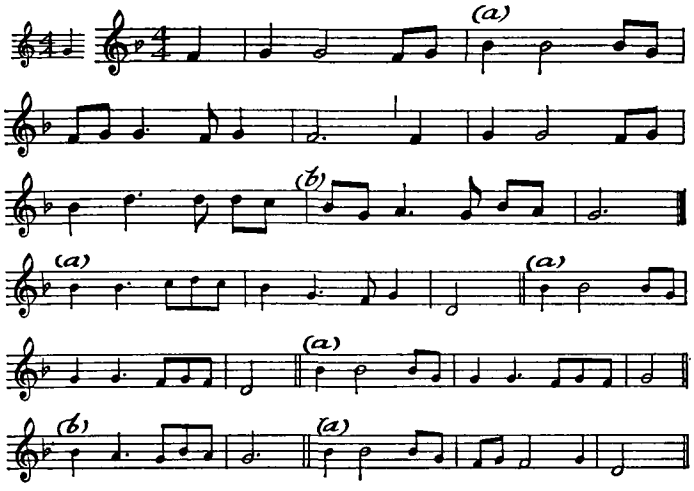
7. "Oh, Sally, oh, Sally, and Sally," said he,
"Oh, do you remember the time you slighted me?
You slighted me, Sally, you slighted me to scorn,
And now I'll reward you, for times past and gone."

8. "For times past and gone, love, I hope you will forgive,
And grant me yet longer a time here to live."
"I'll never forgive you and while I have breath
I'll dance over your grave when you're cold in the earth."

9. She took off her fingers gold diamond rings three,
Saying, "Take these and wear them while dancing over me.
I freely forgive you but you cannot me;
Ten thousand times over my folly I see."

46. "The Death of Queen Jane," or "The Brown Girl"

Sharp MSS., 4453/3140. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 303(J). Sung by Mrs. Frances Richards, St. Peter's School, Callaway, Va., August 16, 1918.

p D/Æ

1. Poor Sally was sick,[1]
Afflicted to her bed;
There's none knew what ailed her
Or could relieve her from pain.

2. King Henry was sent for
On horseback and speed,
In the need of poor Sally,
In the time of her need.

3. Am I the doctor
Was sent for to-day?
O yes, you're the doctor
Can kill or can cure,
And without your assistance
I am ruined, yes, I'm sure.

4. I courted you with honour,
You slighted me with scorn.
I'll remind you of things, girl,
Of the time past and gone.

5. Of the time past and gone,
Forget and forgive,
And 'low me two minutes
And let me still live.

6. I'll allow you no minutes
Nor years to live,
But dance on your grave
Whilst you lie in cold clay.

7. It's off of her fingers
Pulled diamond rings twice three.
Here take those and wear them
While you're dancing on me.

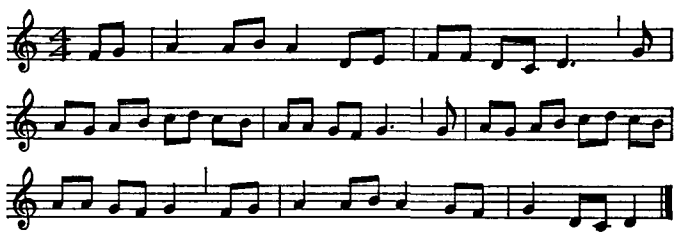
8. O black was the moruing[2]
And yellow was the band,
And white was poor Sally,
Poor Sally of time.

[1] 1932: was taken.
[2] 1932: mourning.

GROUP AC

47. "The Brown Girl"

Karpeles MSS., No. 5300; text, p. 4647. Sung by Mr. George Taylor, Grole, Hermitage Bay, Newfoundland, July 23, 1930.

a D

1. A squire from Dover, a squire he came,
He courted pretty Sally, pretty Sally was her name.
She grew so proud and lofty and her portion was so high
And 'twas on a young sailor she scarce winked an eye.

2. O Sally, dear Sally, O Sally dear, said he,
I'm afraid that your false heart and mine won't agree,
And if your hatred don't turn out in love,
I'm afraid that your false heart will ruin reprove.

3. My hatred don't be to you nor to any other man,
For to say that I love you 'tis more than I can.

4. Six long months being over and past,
Sally, pretty Sally grew sick in love at last,
She grew sick in love and she knew not for why,
And she sent for the young man that she had once denied.

5. Saying: Am I the doctor that you do want to see,
Or am I the young man that you have sent for me?
Yes, you are the doctor can kill or can cure,
And the pain that I do feel, my love, is hard to endure.

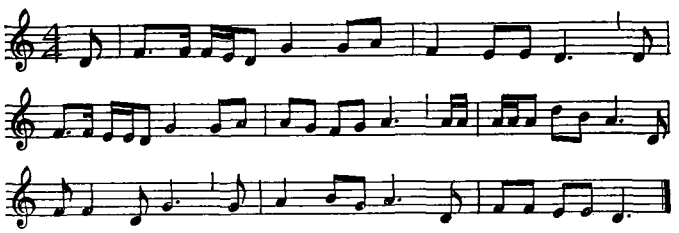
6. Can't you remember when you slighted me for scorn,
And now I will reward you for what you have done.
For what is gone and past, my love, forget and forgive,
And so spare me a little longer in this world for to live.

7. O yes, I might forget it, love, but never could forgive,
I will dance on your grave my love when you lies underneath.
She took rings from her fingers, 'twas one, two by three
Saying: Take this, lovely Willie, in remembrance of me.

8. In remembrance of me, my love, when I am dead and gone,
And perhaps you might be sorry, love, for what you have done.

48. "Pretty Sally"

Sung by David Morris (born 1886), Wyatt's Mountain, Va., July 13, 1962. LC/AAFS, rec. No. 12,007(A8). Collected by George Foss.

a D (–VII)

There was a beautiful damsel, from London she came
There was a beautiful damsel, and Sally was her name
And her beauty it was so fair, her riches was high
And on this young man she scarcely cast her eye.

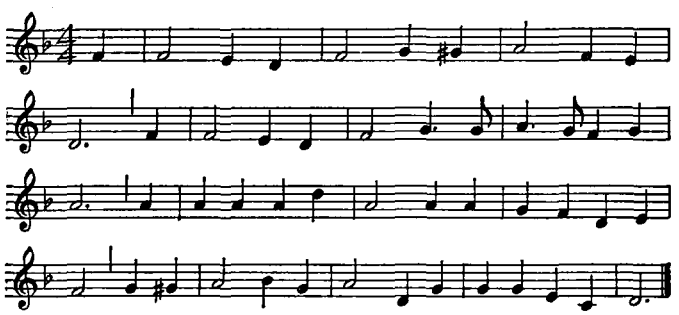
. . . . . .

Sally O Sally O Sally cries he
Am I the doctor that you have sent for me?
You are not the doctor but you can kill or you can cure
And without your insistence I'm ruined for ever more.

Sally, O Sally, it's where does this pain lie?
Sally, O Sally, do it lie in your side?
It's not in my side, the right you'd never guess,
That pain that torments me lies ?roiling in my breast.

49. "Pretty Sally"

Musick, *JAF*, LXX (1957), p. 353(21); text, p. 342. Contributed by Mrs. Glasscock of Colfax, West Va., who learned it from her grandmother.

a Æ (inflected IV)

1. There was a fair damsel, from London she came;
A beautiful damsel, and Sally was her name.
Her beauty was so bright and her riches was so high;
That upon this poor young man she'd scarcely cast an eye.

2. "Oh, Sally, pretty Sally, oh, Sally, love," says he;
"It's I am afraid that our love it won't agree.
I'm afraid that your beauty will my ruins prove,
Unless that your hatred is turned into love."

3. "No hatred to you, sir, nor no other man,
But to tell you that I love you is more than I can;
You may drop your intention, we'll end our discourse,
For I never will wed you, unless I am forced."

4. "No forcing, no forcing, for you to marry me;
No forcing, pretty Sally, for you to marry me;
But the time it will come when you will relent,
And of your past actions, I hope you will repent."

5. After fourteen weeks was over, was over and past,
This beautiful damsel felt sick at the last;
She felt sick at the last and she knew not for why,
But she sent for this young man she once did deny.

6. "Oh, Sally, pretty Sally, oh, Sally, love," says he,
"It's am I the doctor that you have sent for me?"
"Yes, the doctor you are, that can kill or can cure;
But without your assistance, I'm ruined I am sure."

7. "Oh, where is the pain? Does it lie in your head?
Or, where is the pain? Does it lie in your side?"
"It is neither of them, the right you've not guessed,
For the pain that torments me lies sore in my breast."

8. "Oh, Sally, pretty Sally, oh, Sally, love," says he;
"Oh, well I remember when I first courted thee;
When I first courted you, you treated me with scorn,
And now, I'll reward you for what's past and gone."

9. "Oh, for what has passed and gone, forget and forgive,
And grant me on this, sir, some longer to live."
"For what has passed and gone, I never will forget,
But I'll dance on your grave when you're buried in the earth."

10. "It's farewell to my father and all of my friends;
And to you, my loving sweetheart, may the Lord make amends.
I truly would forgive him, although he won't me,
And ten thousand time over, my folly I see."

11. Then off of her fingers, she pulled diamond rings three,
Saying, "Take them and keep them in remembrance of me;
And, when you're through dancing, call Sally your queen,
And fly from your country, no more to be seen."

12. After Sally was dead and was buried in the earth,
The cupids from above shot an arrow of love,
Which wounded this poor young man, and caused him to complain,
And in raving distraction, he called on Sally's name.

13. "Oh, Sally, oh, Sally, oh Sally's dead and gone;
And for me there is no comfort, she now is in the tomb;
'Twas for me that she died, and for her I'll do the same,
For I never can live happy, oh wretch that I am."

Young Peggy

CHILD NO. 298

CHRISTIE is our sole repository of a tune for this piece of cheerful romanticizing. He notes it as sung also to "Lescraigie, or Sandy Fraser," a piece I do not remember to have seen. Apart from the second strain, which is probably Christie's own, the timing appears also to be questionable: the uneven phrase-lengths and awkward mating of words to notes give evidence of editorial interference.

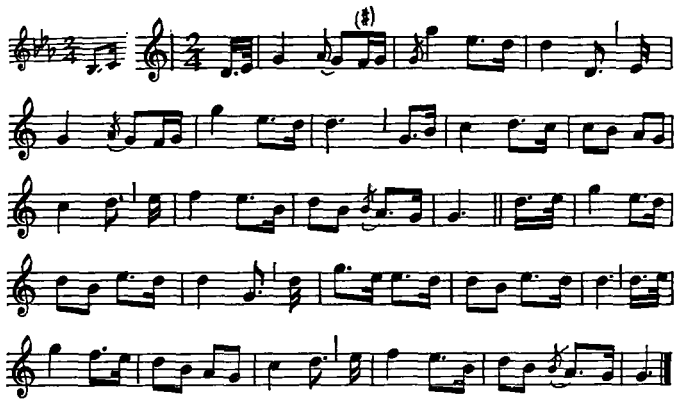
LIST OF VARIANTS

"Young Peggy." W. Christie, *Traditional Ballad Airs*, II, 1881, p. 20.

TUNE WITH TEXT

"Young Peggy"

Christie, II, 1881, p. 20.

m M (inflected VII)

"Oh where hae ye been, Peggy,
Sae late, where hae ye been?
Ye've been in the garden walking,
And it sae late at e'en.

Ye've been wi' that rogue, Jamie,
Wha has sae sleekit a tongue,
That he trysts you out, Peggy,
Though ye're sae very young."

But she has gane to her bower,
And Jamie was there him leen:—
"I'm blythe to see you here, Jamie,
For we maunna meet again."
She's tane the wine glass in her hand,
Pour'd out the wine sae clear;
Says, "Here's your health and mine, Jamie,
And we maun meet nae mair."

When bells were rung, and mass was sung,
About the hour o' twa,
Its up bespak' her auld father,
Says, "Peggy is awa'!—
Gae saddle to me the black horse,
Gae saddle to me the grey!"
But ere they wan to the hill-tap,
The wedding, it was a' bye.

Christie has perhaps extracted his text from a longer version in Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, 1827, p. 153, reprinted by Child.

Trooper and Maid

CHILD NO. 299

ALL the copies of a tune for this tale of careless love appear to be related. To judge by the extant variants, the center of musical tradition in the U. S. inclines to the Æolian mode, in the authentic range; that of Scots tradition a little earlier is plagal, and closer to the Dorian. But latterly in Scotland a cheerful major form, oftenest hexatonic and authentic, seems to have swept the field.

One American variant has struck off in the always beckoning direction of "Boyne Water" (Barry's New Brunswick copy, variant 14 below). Two variants, one from Maine and one from Virginia, are on the major side (variants 15 and 16). The first is a plagal π^1, which may have been influenced by "Yankee Doodle," but which Barry claims also for the "Gypsy Davy" tribe. The other is authentic, and basically π^1; but the second phrase introduces a Mixolydian seventh with great emphasis; and the first phrase, which lacks rhythmic assurance and seems forgetful or experimental, has the raised seventh on the lower octave.

The Æolian tune preserved by Baring-Gould from Dartmoor (variant 13) appears to be quite unrelated to all the rest, and may properly belong to some other text. But the refrain is treated in a fashion similar to a number of American variants.

The good earlier texts probably had a characteristic burden commensurate with the stanza. This has survived in Greig's b (variant 7), but appears to have tried the patience of many singers and been abridged either to three phrases, or two, or entirely omitted in his other copies. But it appears to have returned in full force in the copies recently collected (Group B).

The mid-cadence favored in America is on V; in Scotland, on II, but latterly V. The first phrase in this country prefers to end on I; in Scotland on lower V, latterly I.

Keith relates the tune to "Clout the Cauldron." If there is such a connection—as there may be—it lies chiefly in the refrain of the other tune. Other kinship in Greig's collection may be found in "Bell Hendry" (Greig MSS., I, 127) and "This is Halloweven" (II, 4).

A copy of the tune not examined is said to be in the Bunyan MS., 1877, p. 124 (see Gray-Muir MS., NL Scotland MS. 2254).

LIST OF VARIANTS

GROUP Aa

1. "Bonnie lassie I'll lie near ye now." James Telfer MS. ('Mr. Telfer's tunes'), No. 15, p. 8; in MS. C 30, Society of Antiquaries Library, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.
2. "The Trooper and the Fair Maid." Duncan MS., "Folk-Song Airs of the North East," p. 338, Cecil Sharp House, London. Also in Gavin Greig and Alexander Keith, *Last Leaves of Traditional Ballads and Ballad Airs*, 1925, p. 247(a). (Greig)
3. "Trooper and Maid." Francis James Child, *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, 1882-98, V, pp. 424 and 306, from Macmath MS., Harvard College Library.
4. "The Trooper." Greig MSS., I, p. 143, King's College Library, Aberdeen. (A[rthur] B[arron]?)
5. "Trooper and Maid." Archive, School of Scottish Studies, University of Edinburgh, recording No. 1965/159/B20. (Donald MacMartin)
6. "The Trooper and Fair Maid." W. Christie, *Traditional Ballad Airs*, II, 1881, p. 210.
7. George Riddell MSS., National Library of Scotland MSS. 3042-43, No. 55. Also in Greig MSS., I, p. 191, and in Greig and Keith, *Last Leaves*, 1925, p. 247(b).

GROUP Ab

8. "A Soldier Rode." Vance Randolph, *Ozark Folksongs*, I, 1946, p. 213. Also in Randolph, *Ozark Mountain Folks*, 1932, p. 209.
9. "The Trooper and the Maid." Paul G. Brewster, *Ballads and Songs of Indiana*, 1940, p. 167.
10. "The Trooper and the Maid." Sharp MSS., 4721/3287, Clare College Library, Cambridge. Also in Cecil J. Sharp and Maud Karpeles, *English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians*, 1932, I, p. 307(C). (Mitchell)
11. "Trooper & the Maid." Sharp MSS., 3292/2398. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 305(A). (Rice)
12. "Trooper and the Maid." Sharp MSS., 3393/2491. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 305(B). (Stockton)
13. "A Bold Dragoon." Sabine Baring-Gould MSS., LXV(1) and (A), Plymouth Public Library. Also in Baring-Gould, H. Fleetwood Sheppard, and F. W. Bussell, *Songs of the West*, 1905, p. 134.

GROUP A APPENDIX

14. "The Trooper and the Maid." Phillips Barry, Fannie H. Eckstorm, and Mary W. Smyth, *British Ballads from Maine*, 1929, p. 371. (McGill)
15. "The Trooper and the Maid." Phillips Barry, *BFSSNE*, No. 7 (1934), p. 11.
16. "The Trooper and Maid." Arthur Kyle Davis, Jr., *Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1929, pp. 606 and 544.

GROUP B

17. "Trooper and Maid." Archive, School of Scottish Studies, recording No. 1954/32/A11. Also in Caedmon LP rec. No. TC 1146(B12). (Jimmie MacBeath)
18. "Trooper and Maid." Archive, School of Scottish Studies, recording No. 1953/241/A8. Also on Riverside recording No. RLP 12-623/624(A5), *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, II, ed. Kenneth S. Goldstein. (Ewan MacColl)
19. "Trooper and Maid." Archive, School of Scottish Studies, recording No. 1959/106/A4. (Jeannie Robertson)
20. "Trooper and Maid." Archive, School of Scottish Studies, recording No. 1960/196/A6. (Thomas Kennedy)
21. "The Trooper and the Maid." Archive, School of Scottish Studies, recording No. 1952/16/A7. (George Hay)
22. "Trooper and Maid." Archive, School of Scottish Studies, recording No. 1952/17/B19. (Willie Mathieson)
23. "Bonnie Lassie I'll lie near ye." Archive, School of Scottish Studies, recording No. 1952/31/B20. (Frank Steele)
24. "Trooper and Maid." Archive, School of Scottish Studies, recording No. 1959/77/B6. (Tom Scott)

25. "Trooper and Maid." Archive, School of Scottish Studies, recording No. 1953/201/8. (John MacDonald)

GROUP C APPENDIX

26. "Three 'Stralian Dragoons." Archive, School of Scottish Studies, recording No. 1963/84/A1. (Jeannie Robertson)

27. "The Trooper and the Maid." Archive, School of Scottish Studies, recording No. 1954/91/A3. (Margaret Stewart)

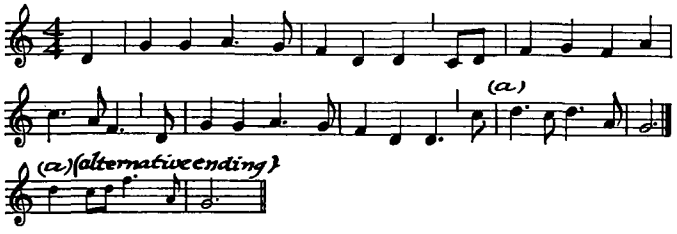
a. "The Bugle Boy." *The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore*, IV (*The Music of the Ballads*, ed. Jan P. Schinhan), 1957, p. 126(1).

TUNES WITH TEXTS

GROUP Aa

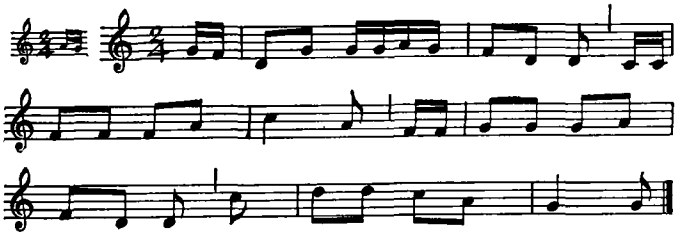
1. "Bonnie lassie I'll lie near ye now"

Telfer MS., No. 15, p. 8. Tune noted by William Oliver of Langraw, 1855.

p π^3

There is an F♯ in the top line in the key signature of the MS., but not distinctly written, and not repeated below. I omit it as an inadvertence, in view of the related tunes that follow.

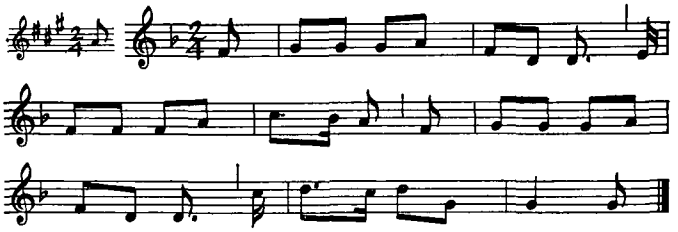
2. "The Trooper and the Fair Maid"

Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 338. Also in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 247(a). Sung by Miss E. Greig, July 1907. Learned at Auchmaliddie, New Deer, about 25 years ago [c. 1880].

p π^3

She's taen her lover by the milk white hand,
An' she's led him to the table;
An' she's gien him beef and bread to eat,
To eat it when he's able.

3. "Trooper and Maid"

Child, 1882-98, V, p. 424; text, V, p. 306. From Macmath MS. Sent to Mr. Macmath by his aunt, Jane Webster, Kircudbrightshire, 1895; learned many years before at Airds of Kells from the singing of John Coltart.

p D

1. The trooper lad cam to oor gate,
And oh! but he was weary,
He rapped at and chapped at,
Syne called for his kind deary.

2. The bonnie lass being in the close,
The moon was shining clearly,—
"Ye'r welcome here, my trooper lad,
Ye'r welcome, my kind deary."

3. She's taen his horse by the bridle-reins,
And led him to the stable,
She's gien him corn and hay to eat,
As much as he was able.

4. She's taen the knight by the milk-white hand,
And led him to her chamber,
And gied him bread and cheese to eat,
And wine to drink his pleasure.

5. "Bonnie lassie, I'll lie near ye noo,
Bonnie lassie, I'll lie near ye,
An I'll gar a' your ribbons reel
In the morning or I leave ye."

6. . . . . .
. . . . . .
And she put off her wee white smock,
Crying, "Laddie, are ye ready?"
* * * * * * * * * * * *

7. The first time that the trumpet played
Was, Up, up and awa, man!
The next time that the trumpet played
Was, The morn's the battle-day, man!

8. "Bonnie lassie, I maun leave ye noo,
Bonnie lassie, I maun leave ye;
But, if e'er I come this way again
I will ca in an see ye."

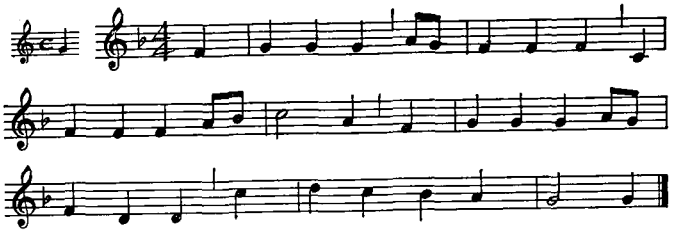
9. Bread and cheese for gentlemen,
An corn and hay for horses;
Pipes and tobacco for auld wives,
And bonnie lads for lasses.

10. "When will us twa meet again?
When will we meet and marry?"
"When cockle-shells turn silver bells,
Nae langer, love, we'll tarry."

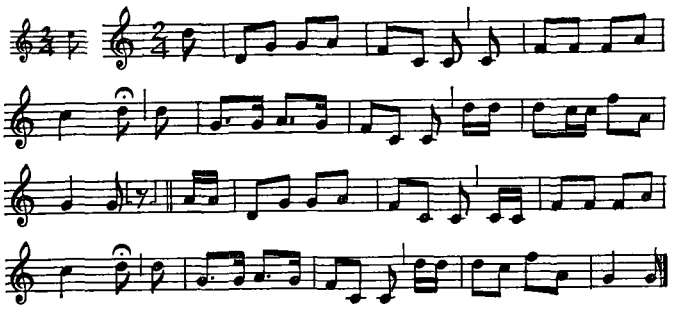
11. So he's taen his auld grey cloak about him noo,
An he's ower the mountains fairly,
Crying, "Fare ye weel, my bonnie lass,
Fareweel, my ain kind deary."

4. "The Trooper"

Greig MSS., I, p. 143. Sung by A[rthur] B[arron?], April 1906.

p D/Æ

5. "Trooper and Maid"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1965/159/B20. Sung by Donald MacMartin, Coldingham, Berwickshire. Collected by Hamish Henderson. Transcribed by James Porter.

m π^3

1. A trooper-lad came here last night,
And oh but he was weary;
He knocked sae gently at my door,
An he says, "Are ye in, my deary?"

Chorus:

Bonnie lassie, I lie near ye now,
Bonnie lassie, I lie near ye;
(For) I'll gar all your ribbons blue
In the mornin here I'll leave ye.

2. She took his horse by the bridle-rein,
An she led him tae the stable—
Corn an hay he got tae eat,
As much as he was able.

Chorus.

3. She went upstairs tae mak their bed—
She's made it like a lady;
She pit twa blankets in their? need
For sheets they wasna needed.

Chorus.

4. She took him by the lily-white hand
An she led him tae her chamber;
Bread an cheese he got tae eat,
An wine tae drink his pleasure.

Chorus.

5. But as they hadnae been lyin in bed
For about an hour an a quarter,
When they heard the bugle-call
[?] You hear ye lassie [asked her
[after

Chorus:

"Bonnie lassie, I maun leave ye now,
Bonnie lassie, I maun leave ye—
If I happen tae come this wey,
I will caa in an see ye."

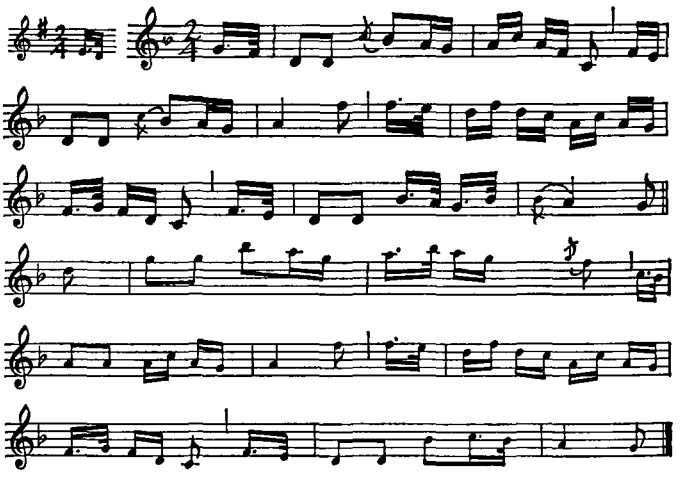
6. "Oh trooper lad, oh trooper lad,
It's when will ye come an marry?"
"When an orange grows on an apple tree,
Then I'll come back an marry."

Chorus.

Bonnie lassie, I lie near ye now,
Bonnie lassie, I lie near ye;
(For) I'll gar a your ribbons blue
In the mornin here I'll leave ye.

6. "The Trooper and Fair Maid"

Christie, II, 1881, p. 210. From Buchan tradition.

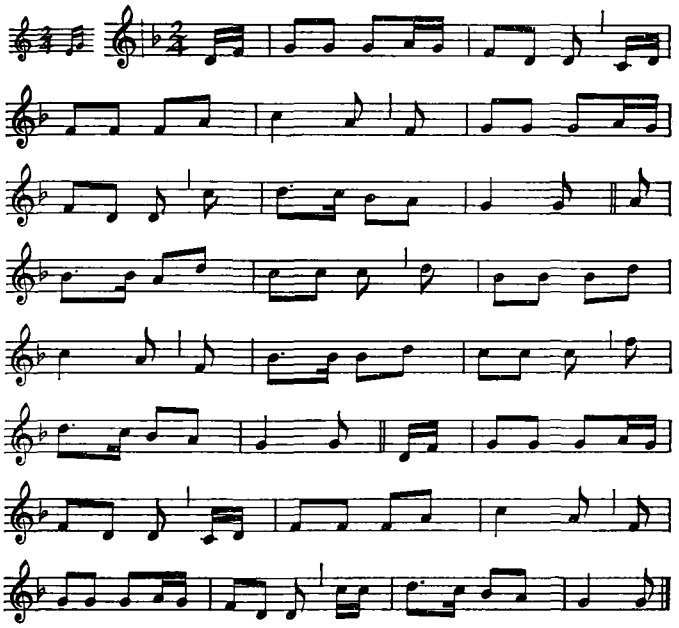
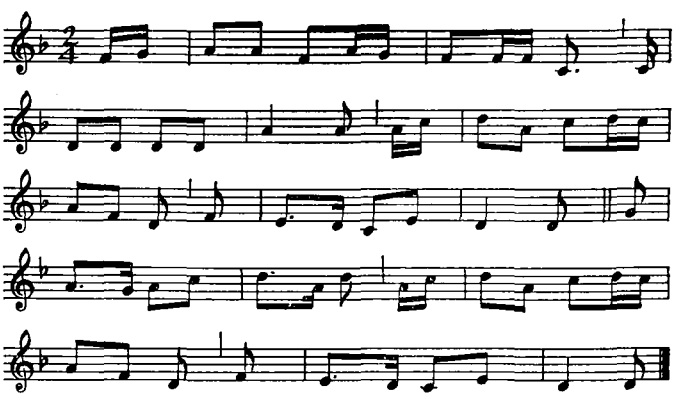
m D

The trumpet sounds by Burreldales,
Says, "Man and horse make ready;"
The drums do beat at Staneman hill—
"Lads leave your mam and daddie."
The fifes did play at Cromlet banks,—
"Lads, leave the Lewes o' Fyvie;"
The trooper to the fair maid said,
"O lassie I maun lea' you."

[*Etc.*]

Christie's text is "epitomized" from Peter Buchan, *Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland*, 1828, I, p. 230.

7. "The Trooper and Maid"

Riddell MSS., NL Scotland MSS. 3042-43, No. 55. Also in Greig MSS., I, p. 191, and in Greig and Keith, 1925, p. 247(b). Collected by George Riddell, Rosehearty, 1903 *et seq.*

m D/Æ

One evening as a maid did walk,
The moon was shining clearly,
She heard a trooper at the gates,
She thought it was her dearie.
She's ta'en his horse then by the head,
And led him to the stable,
And gi'en to him baith corn and hay,
To eat what he was able.
Bonnie lass, gin I come near to you,
Bonnie lass, gin I come near you,
It's I'll gar a' your ribbons reel,
Bonnie lass, or e'er I lea' you.

1. A soldier rode from th' East to th' West,
Th' moon shone bright an' clearly,
She knew her soldier by his horse,
Because she loved him dearly,
So dearly, so dearly,
She knew her soldier by his horse,
Because she loved him dearly.

2. She took his horse by the bridle rein
An' led him to the stable,
Here's oats, here's corn for my soldier's horse,
For to eat it at his leisure,
His leisure, his leisure,
Here's oats, here's corn for my soldier's horse,
For to eat it at his leisure.

3. She took him by the lily white hand,
An' led him to the table,
Here is cakes, here is wine for my soldier to eat
An' drink it while he's able,
He's able, he's able,
Here is cakes, here is wine for my soldier to eat
An' drink it while he's able.

. . . . . .

4. So he pulled off his true blue coat
An' laid it on the table,
With a brace of pistols by his side,
Sayin' oh my dear, I'm able,
I'm able, I'm able,
With a brace of pistols by his side,
Sayin' oh my dear, I'm able!

. . . . . .

5. Oh when shall I see my soldier again?
Oh when shall we get married?
When peace is made an' the soldiers are at home,
Then it's oh my dear, we'll marry,
We'll marry, we'll marry,
When peace is made an' the soldiers are at home,
Then it's oh my dear, we'll marry.

GROUP Ab

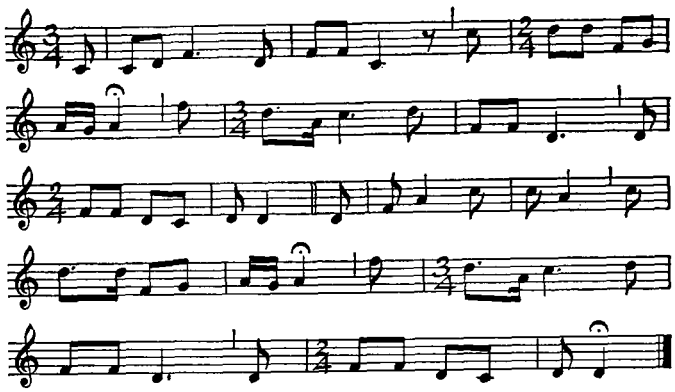
8. "A Soldier Rode"

Randolph, I, 1946, p. 213, as sung by W. A. Patton, Jane, Mo., October 14, 1928. Also in Randolph, 1932, p. 209.

a D/Æ

9. "The Trooper and the Maid"

Brewster, 1940, p. 167. Sung by Mrs. A. J. Hopkins, Boonville, Ind., August 12, 1935. Noted by Mrs. I. L. Johnson.

a π^4

The timing of the earlier print is 6/8 and 4/8.

1. As I rode east and as I rode west,
   As I rode out so early,
   My lady knew me by my horse
   Because she loved me dearly,
   So dearly, so dearly,
   Because she loved me dearly;
   My lady knew me by my horse
   Because she loved me dearly.

2. "O where do you go, my lover?" she cried;
   "O where do you ride so gaily?"
   "I go to meet my lily-white dove,
   The one I love so dearly,
   So dearly, so dearly,
   The one I love so dearly;
   I go to meet my lily-white dove,
   The one I love so dearly."

3. "O why do you go, my lover?" she cried;
   "O why do you go so early?
   O stay, I pray, till the moon shall arise
   Because I love you dearly,
   So dearly, so dearly,
   Because I love you dearly;
   O stay, I pray, till the moon shall arise
   Because I love you dearly."

4. She took his horse by the bridle rein
   And she led him to the stable:
   "Here's oats and corn for you, young man;
   To feed your horse we're able,
   We're able, we're able,
   To feed your horse we're able;
   Here's oats and corn for you, young man;
   To feed your horse we're able."

5. She took him by the lily-white hand
   And she led him to the table:
   "Here's cake and wine for you, young man;
   To eat and drink we're able,
   We're able, we're able,
   To eat and drink we're able;
   Here's cake and wine for you, young man;
   To eat and drink we're able."

6. "O when do we wed, my lover?" she cried;
   "O what is the need to tarry?"
   "When corn grows on a white-oak tree
   It is then, my love, we'll marry,
   We'll marry, we'll marry,
   It is then, my love, we'll marry;
   When corn grows on a white-oak tree
   It is then, my love, we'll marry."

7. He took his horse by the bridle rein;
   "Adieu!" he cried so gaily;
   "I go to see my fair ladylove,
   The one I love most dearly,
   Most dearly, most dearly,
   The one I love most dearly;
   I go to see my fair ladylove,
   The one I love most dearly."

8. He stooped to kiss her lily-white hand
   And she stabbed him, weeping sorely,
   "You ne'er shall see your fair ladylove,
   The one you love most dearly,
   Most dearly, most dearly,
   The one you love most dearly;
   You ne'er shall see your fair ladylove,
   The one you love most dearly."

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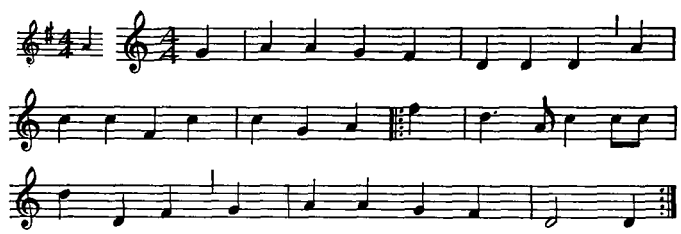
10. "The Trooper and the Maid"

Sharp MSS., 4721/3287. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 307(C). Sung by Mrs. Effie Mitchell, Burnsville, N.C., September 29, 1918. Text from Mrs. Effie Mitchell and Mrs. Hannah Mitchell.

a π^4

1. I knew a soldier by his horse
   Although I love him dearly.

2. She took him by the bridle rein,
   She led him to the stable.
   Here's oats and corn for your horse, young man,
   To feed your horse we're able.

3. She took him by the lily-white hand,
   She led him to the table.
   Here's cakes and wines for you young man,
   To eat and drink we're able.

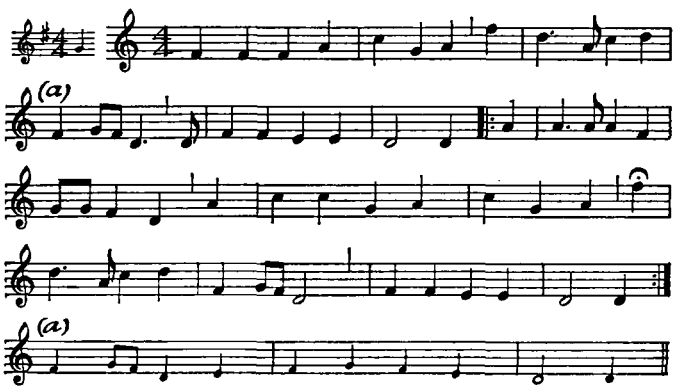
4. She pulled off her lily-white gown
   And fold it on the table;
   He pulled off his bugle clothes
   And jumped into bed with the lady.

5. They hadn't been there but three hours long
Till he heard a bugle blowing,
Saying: O my love, I must go,
But surely you are ruined.

6. O when shall we meet again,
Or when shall we get married.
When conk-shells turn to silver bells,
O then, my love, we'll marry.

11. "Trooper & the Maid"

Sharp MSS., 3292/2398. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 305(A). Sung by Mrs. Tom Rice, Big Laurel, N.C., August 18, 1916.

a Æ/D

Feed your horse, we're able.
Here's oats and corn for you young man,
To feed your horse, we're able.

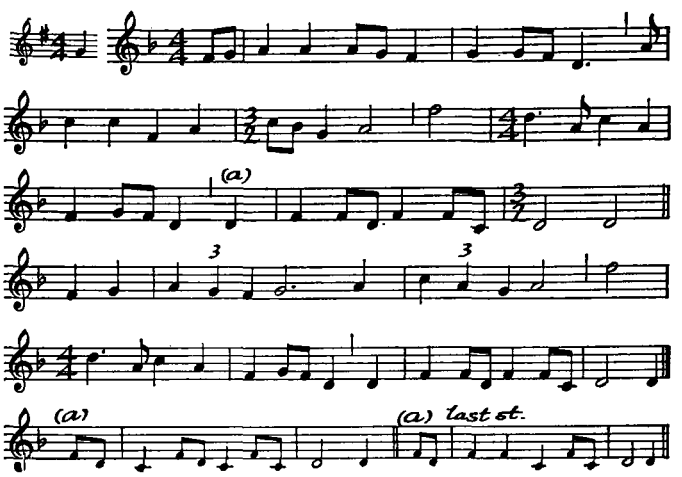
She took him by his lily-white hand
And led him to the table.
Here's cakes and wines for you, young man,
Eat and drink we're able.

She pulled off her lily-white gown
And laid it on the table.
The soldier off with his uniform
And into the bed with the lady.

They hadn't been laying (in bed) but one hour,
When he heard the trumpet sound.
She cried out with a thrilling cry:
O Lord, O Lord, I'm ruined.

12. "Trooper and the Maid"

Sharp MSS., 3393/2491. Also in Sharp and Karpeles, 1932, I, p. 305(B). Sung by T. Jeff Stockton, Hogskin Creek, Flag Pond, Tenn., September 4, 1916.

a Æ/P

Here's cakes and wines for you, young man,
To eat and drink we're able.
Here's cakes and wines for you, young man,
To eat and drink we're able.
Yes, we're able, we're able,
Here's cakes and wines for you, young man,
To eat and drink we're able.

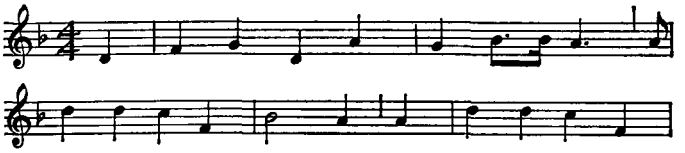
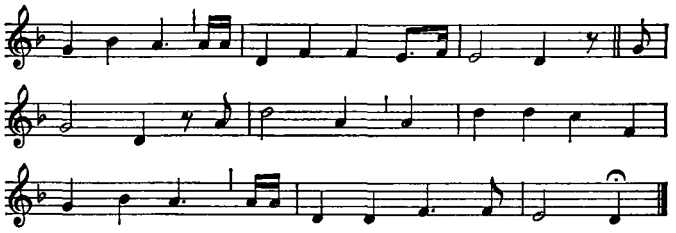
He pulled off his shoe boot clothes
As he rose from the table,
He pulled off his shoe boot clothes
And into the arms of the lady.
Yes, the lady, the lady,
He pulled off his shoe boot clothes
And into the arms of the lady.

The trumpet now is sounding,
And I must go and leave you.
O soldier, my dear, don't you leave me here,
For if you do I'm ruined for ever.
For ever, for ever,
O soldier my dear, don't you leave me here,
For if you do I'm ruined for ever.

O when will you come back my love,
Or when will we get married.
When conk-shells turn to silver bells,
Then, my love, we'll marry.
Yes, we'll marry, we'll marry,
When conk-shells turn to silver bells,
Then, my love, we'll marry.

13. "A Bold Dragoon"

Baring-Gould MSS., LXV(I); text, (A). Also in Baring-Gould, Shepherd, and Bussell, 1905, p. 134. Sung by an old laborer in Dartmoor, 1878. Noted by W. Crossing.

a Æ

The printed copy repeats the first two phrases, and gives E instead of D as the third note after the double-bar.

1. In the dragoon's ride from out the North
   He came up to a lady,
   And then she knew him by his horse
   And she loved him very dearly
   O dearly, O dearly,

2. She took the horse by the bridal rein,
   To lead him to the stable,
   She said, There's hay & corn for the horse
   So let him eat whilst able,
   O able, O able

3. She said, There's cake & wine for you,
   There's corn & hay for horses.
   There's bread & ale for the King's soldiers,
   Aye, & there's pretty lasses
   O lasses, O lasses!

4. She stepped upstairs, she made the bed,
   She made it plum & easy,
   And into bed she nimbly jumped
   And said, Dragoon, I'm ready.
   O ready! O ready!

5. O he pulled off his armour bright,
   He cast it on the table.
   And into bed he nimbly jumps,
   To kiss whilst he was able,
   O able! O able!

6. They spent the night till break of dawn,
   They saw the light full grieving.
   O hark! I hear the trumpet sound
   Sweet maid! I must be leaving.
   O leaving! O leaving!

7. I would the trumpet ne'er might call,
   O cruel does it grieve me.
   My heart, my very heart will break,
   Because, Dragoon, you leave me.
   O leave me! O leave me!

8. Here's half a crown for Saturday night
   Sheeps'head & lung for Sunday.
   Here's bread & cheese for al[l] the week
   And Devil a bit for Monday.
   O Monday! O Monday!

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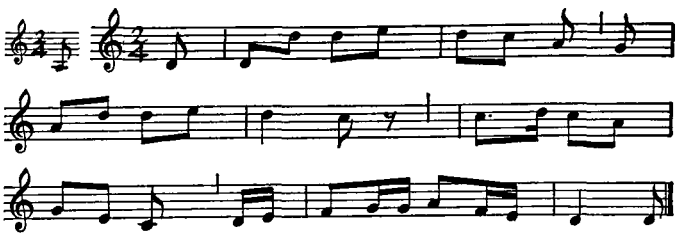
GROUP A APPENDIX

14. "The Trooper and the Maid"

Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, 1929, p. 371. Contributed by Mrs. James McGill, Chamcook, New Brunswick, September 1928.

a D/Æ

This tune has borrowed much of "Geordie" (No. 208).

We hadna lang gane inta bed
An' yet we were na sleepin',
Till the pipes played at oor gate,
"It's up an' awa', bonnie lassie."

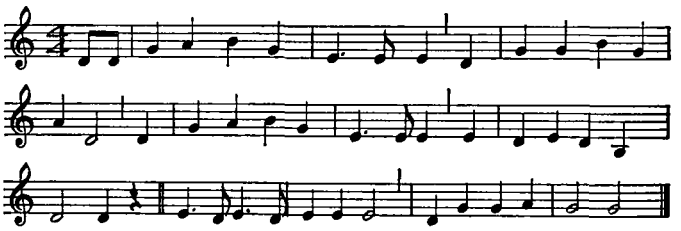
"Bonnie lassie, I maun leave ee noo,
Bonnie lassie, I maun leave ee;
An' it's sair the day ye'll rue
That e'er I lay sae near ee."

"O, it's bread an' cheese for the Cavalrymen,
Corn an' hay for their horses,
Pipes an' tobacco for auld wives,
An' lads for a' bonnie lassies."

"But bonnie lassie, I'll lie near ee yet,
Bonnie lassie, I'll lie near ee,
An' I'll tie a' yer ribbons yet,
Bonnie lassie, I'll lie near ee."

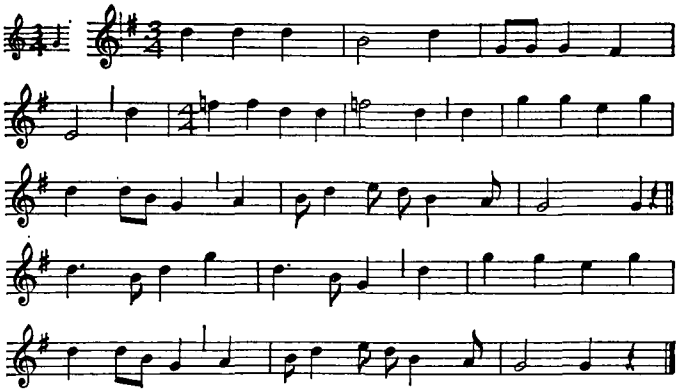
15. "The Trooper and the Maid"

Barry, *BFSSNE*, No. 7 (1934), p. 11. Sung by Mrs. Phila R. Howard, South Penobscot, Me. Learned from her father.

p π^1

A Dragoon came riding from the North,
One fine evening fine and clearly;
A lady knew him by his horse,
Because she loved him dearly.
Too ral loo ral lum tum too,
Lum tum tooral loory.

16. "The Trooper and Maid"

Davis, 1929, p. 606; text, p. 544. Contributed by Martha M. Davis, November 16, 1915, from the singing of Mrs. Sarah Finchum, Elkton, Va.

m I/Ly (inflected VII; – IV)

1. There was a man a-coming from the south,
   It being dark and gloomy.
   She knew the soldier by his horse
   Because she loved him dearly.
   Dearly, O dearly,
   She knew the soldier by his horse,
   Because she loved him dearly.

2. She caught him by the bridle rein,
   She led him to the stable:
   "Here's oats and corn for the soldier's horse,
   Come feed him at your leisure."

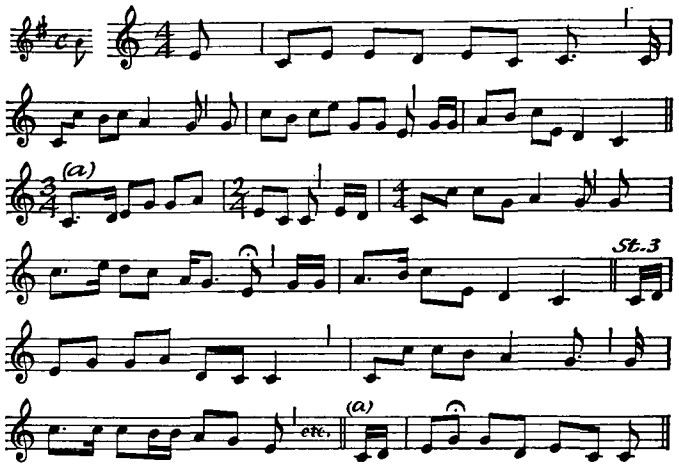
3. She took him by his lily-white hand,
   She led him to the table:
   "Here's cakes and beer for you, my dear,
   Come eat and drink with pleasure."

4. She tripped up stairs to make his bed,
   She made it soft and easy;
   Then she came tripping down the steps,
   Saying, "At last, my dear, it's ready."

5. He pulled off his lily-white robe,
   He laid it on the table,
   A sword and pistol by its side,
   Saying, "At last, my dear, I'm able."

6. He had been in bed not more than two hours,
   When he heard the war drum beating,
   He 'rose, he 'rose and put on his clothes,
   Saying, "Alas, my dear, I leave you."

7. "O when are you a-coming back?
   And when will we get married?"
   "When gray goose quills turn to silver pins,
   O then, my dear, we'll marry."

Reprinted by permission of the publishers, The University Press of Virginia.

1. A trooper-lad cam here last nicht,
   An oh, but he was weary;
   A trooper-lad cam here last nicht,
   When the moon shone bright an clearly.

Chorus:

Bonnie lassie, I'll lie near ye yet,
Bonnie lassie, I'll lie near ye,
An I'll gar all your ribbons reel
In the mornin or I leave ye.

2. Oh, she took this trooper by the hand;
   Led him til her chamber;
   She's . . . him the bread an wine,
   An the wine it bein like aimber (amber)

Chorus.

3. For she made this bed baith lang an wide,
   Shaped it like a lady;
   She took her (?) wee coaties owre her heid,
   Said, "Trooper, are you ready?"

Chorus.

4. "Will ye no come back again?
   Will ye no come back an see me?"
   "When heather growes on yonder k'nowes,
   Bonnie lassie, I'll come an see ye."

Chorus.

5. She took her wee coatie owre her heid,
   Followed him up to Stirlin;
   She grew so fu' that she cuidna boo,
   An he left her in Dunfermline.

Chorus.

GROUP B

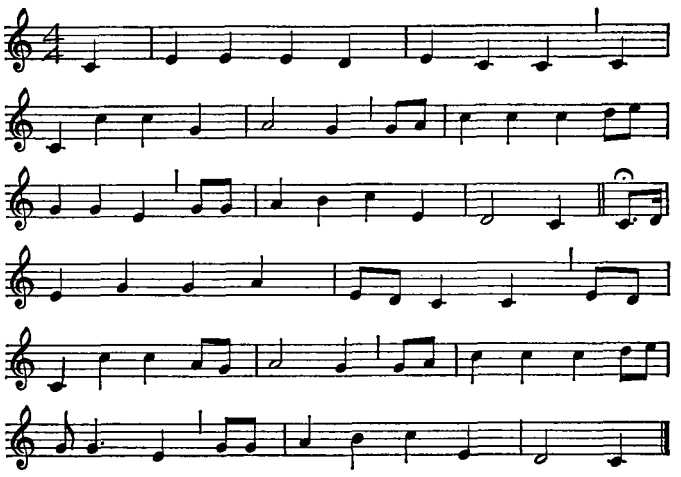
17. "Trooper and Maid"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1954/32/A11. Sung by Jimmie MacBeath, Portsoy, Banffshire. Also on Caedmon rec. No. TC 1146(B12). Collected by Hamish Henderson. Transcribed by James Porter.

a I/Ly

18. "Trooper and Maid"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1953/241/A8. Also on Riverside rec. No. RLP 12-623/624(A5), ed. K. S. Goldstein. Sung by Ewan MacColl, Perthshire. Collected by Hamish Henderson.

a I/Ly

1. Oh, a trooper lad cam' here ae nicht,
And oh, but he was weary,
Oh, a trooper lad cam' here ae nicht,
Whan the moon shone bricht an' clearly.

2. "Bonnie lassie, wad ye lie near me,
Bonnie lassie, wad ye lie near me?
An' I'll gar I'll mak' your ribbons reel;
In the mornin' ere I'll leave ye."

3. She's taen his horse by the halter right
An' led it tae the stable;
She's gien him oats an' hay til eat,
As muckle as he was able.

4. She's taen her sodger by the lily-white hand
And led him tae her chamber;
She's gien him a stoup o' wine to drink;
His love it bleez'd like tinder.

5. She's made her bed baith lang an' wide,
She's made it like a lady.
She's taen her wee coatie owre her heid,
Says, "Sodger, are ye ready?"

6. An' he's taen aff his belted coat,
Likewise his hat an' feather,
An' leaned his sword against the door,
An' noo he's doon aside her.

7. Oh, they hadnae been but an 'oor in bed,
An 'oor but and a quarter,
Whan the drum cam' soundin' up the street,
And ilka beat was shorter.

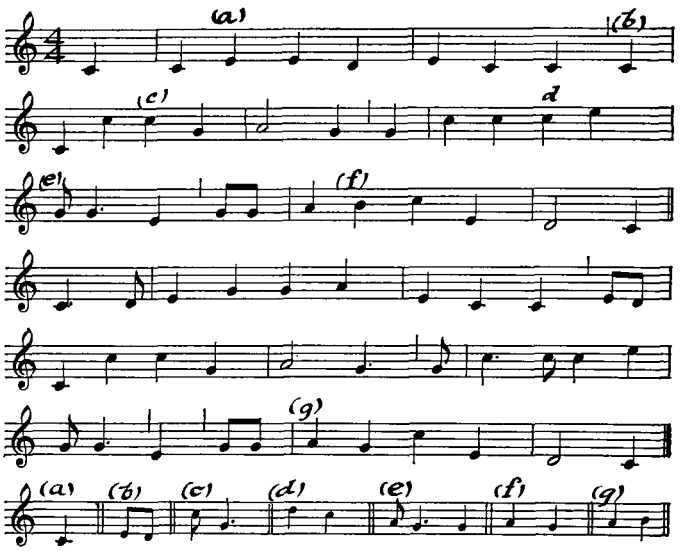
8. "It's up, up, up an' oot," Colonel cries,
"It's up, up, up an' away, then."
"I maun sheath my sword in its scabbard-case,
For to-morrow's oor battle-day, then."

9. "An' when will ye come back again,
My own dear sodger-laddie,
When will ye come back again
An' be your bairn's daddie?"

10. She's taen her wee coatie owre her heid,
An' followed him up to Stirlin'
But she's grown sae fu' that she couldnae boo,
An' he's left her in Dunfermline.

19. "Trooper and Maid"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1959/106/A4. Sung by Jeannie Robertson, Aberdeen. Collected by Hamish Henderson.

a I/Ly

1. . . . . corn an hay
As muckle as he was able.

Chorus:

Bonny lassie, I'll lie near ye yet,
Bonny lassie, I'll lie near ye,
An' I'll gar a' your ribbons reel,
In the mornin' or I leave ye.

2. She's taen the trooper by the hand,
She's led him til her chamber,
An' she's treated him tae breid an' wine,
An' the wine it cleared like aimber.

3. She's made the bed baith lang an' wide,
She's made it like a lady,
An' she's kilted up her petticoats,
Says, "Trooper, are ye ready?"

Chorus.

4. They hadne been in bed an 'oor,
An 'oor but scarce a quarter,
When a drum cam' beatin' up the street,
An' ilka beat grew sharper.

Chorus.

5. "Will ye no come back again,
My ain dear sodger laddie?
Oh, will ye no come back again,
To be your bairny's daddie?"

Chorus.

6. "Oh haud your tongue, my bonnie wee lass,
Never let this pairtin' grieve ye,
When heather knowes growe owsen-bows,
Bonnie lassie, I'll come an' see ye."

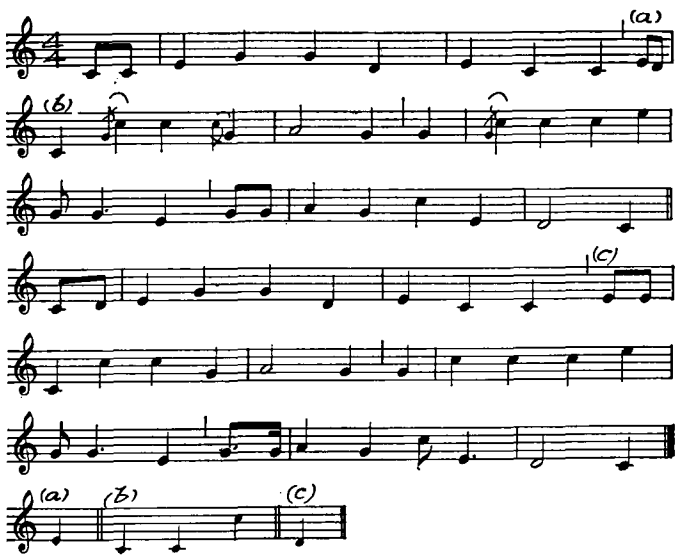
Chorus.

7. She's kilted her wee coaties tae her knee,
An' she's followed him doon tae Stirlin',
But she's grown sae fu' that she couldnae boo,
An' he's left her in Dunfermline.

Chorus.

20. "Trooper and Maid"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1960/196/A6. Sung by Norman Kennedy, Aberdeen. Collected by John MacInnes.

a π^1

Chorus:

Bonnie lassie, I'll bide wi' ye yet,
Bonnie lassie, I'll bide wi' ye,
An' I'll gar a' your ribbons reel
In the mornin' as I'll leave ye.

1. A trooper, he cam' here last nicht,
Wi's traivlin' he was weary;
A trooper, he cam' here last nicht,
An' the muin was shinin' clearly.

Chorus.

2. He's keest his chaplet on the store,
An' placed his chaffet sairly(?)
An' fa' . . . . . ?
At (?but) the fairmer's daughter, Peggy.

Chorus.

3. She's . . . . . ?
An' she's led him tae her chamber,
An' there she's fed him breid an' cheese
An' wine that was like amber.

Chorus.

4. Noo, they hadnae been to the bed an 'oor,
An 'oor an' scarce a quarter,
When they heard the drums beat owre the knowes,
An ilkae beat grew shairper.

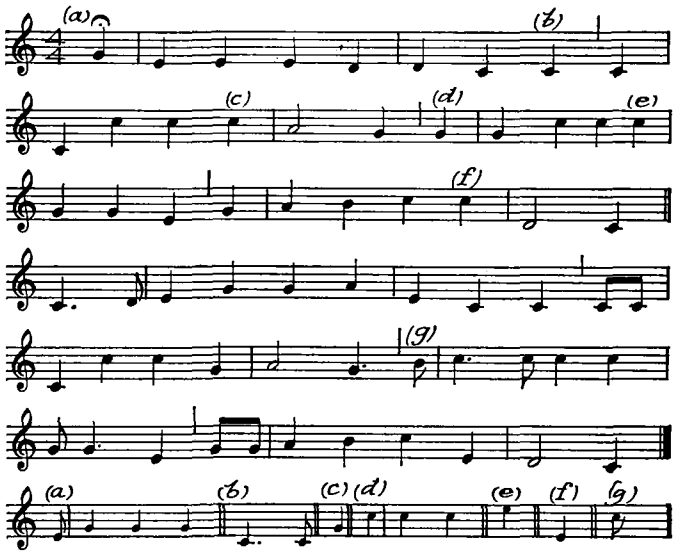
Chorus.

5. An' will ye nae come back again,
Will ye come back an' see me?
When the heather growes on yonder knowes,
It's I'll come back to see ye.

Chorus.

21. "The Trooper and the Maid"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1952/16/A7. Sung by George Hay ("Lordie"), Turriff, Aberdeenshire. Collected by Hamish Henderson.

a I/Ly

1. 'Ts a trooper lad come here last nicht,
O ridin' he was weary.
A trooper lad come here last nicht,
An' the moon was shinin' clearly.

Chorus:

Bonnie lassie, I'll lie near ye:
Yet bonnie lassie I'll lie near ye.
An' I'll gar a' your ribbons reel
In the mornin' or I leave ye.

2. She took the horse by the bridle rein,
She led him til the stable.
She treated him to corn an' hay,
To drink fen he was able.

3. She took the trooper by the hand,
She led him til her chamber.
She treated him tae breid an' wine,
An' the wine it bein' like aimber.

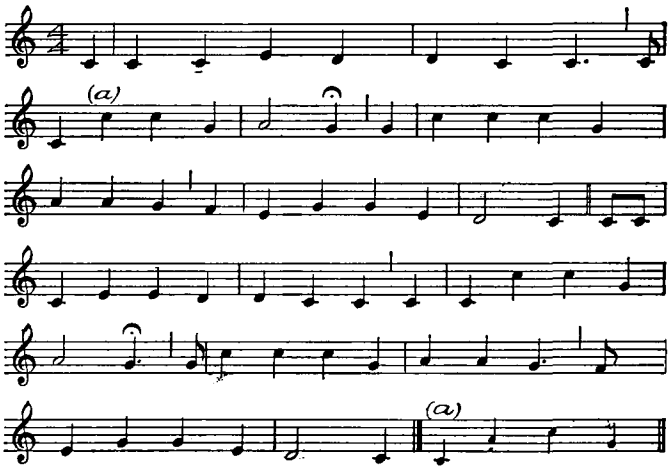
4. She made the bed baith lang an' wide,
She shaped it like a lady.
She kilted up her petticoats,
Says, trooper are ye ready?

5. They hidna been in bed an oor,
An oor but scarce the quarter,
Fen the drums come beatin' ow'r the hill
An ilka beat grew sharper.

6. Will ye no come back again—
Will ye no come back an' see me?
Fen heather grows on yonder Knowes,
It's I'll come back an' see ye.

22. "Trooper and Maid"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1952/17/B19. Sung by Willie Mathieson, Ellon, Aberdeenshire. Collected by Hamish Henderson.

a I/M

A trooper lad cam here last nicht
And the moon was shining clearly:
A trooper lad cam here last nicht
And oh! but he was cheerie.

Chorus:

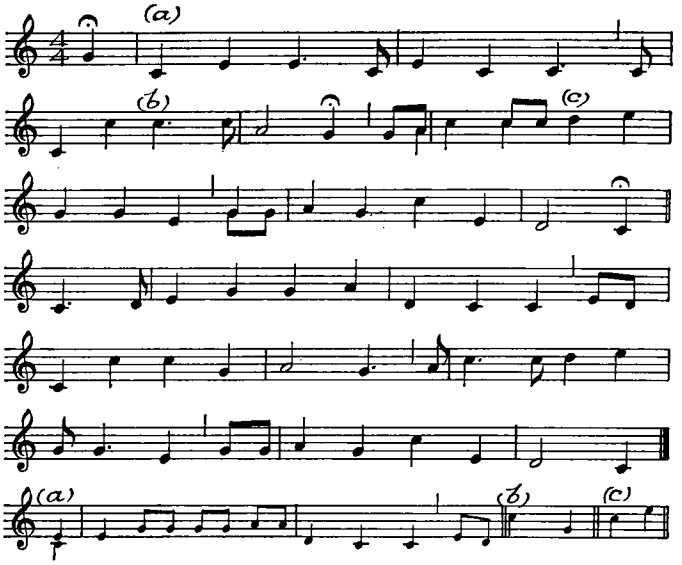
Bonnie lassie I'll lie near ye noo,
Bonnie lassie I'll lie near ye.
It's I'll gar a' your ribbons reel
This morning, ere I leave thee.

She took his horse by the bridle-heid,
And took him to the stable;
She gave him corn and hay to eat
As much as he was able.

This maid into the chamber
To make his bed a' ready:
She turned round to the trooper and said,
"Trooper, are ye ready?"

23. "Bonnie Lassie I'll lie near ye"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1952/31/B20. Sung by Frank Steele, Keith, Banffshire; from his grandfather, a surfaceman on the railway at Keith. Collected by Hamish Henderson.

a π^1

1. A trooper-lad cam' owre the lea,
O' ridin' he was weary;
A trooper-lad came to oor toon,
When the moon was shinin' clearly.

Chorus:

Bonnie lassie, I'll lie near ye yet,
Bonnie lassie, I'll lie near ye.
An' I'll gar all your ribbons reel
In the mornin' ere I'll leave ye.

2. She's taen his horse by the bridle-rein,
An' she's led him to her stable;
She placed afore him corn an' hay
To eat as he was able.

Chorus.

3. She's taen her trooper by the hand,
An' she's led him to her chamber,
An' she's spread the table with bread an' wine,
An' the wine was just like aimber.

Chorus.

4. She's made her bed both long an' narra,
She's made it like a lady,
An' she's kilted her petticoats roon' by her knees,
Says, "Trooper, are ye ready?"

Chorus.

5. They had not been in their bed
Scarcely an hour an' a quarter,
When the drums cam' beatin' up the street,
An' ilkae beat grew sharper.

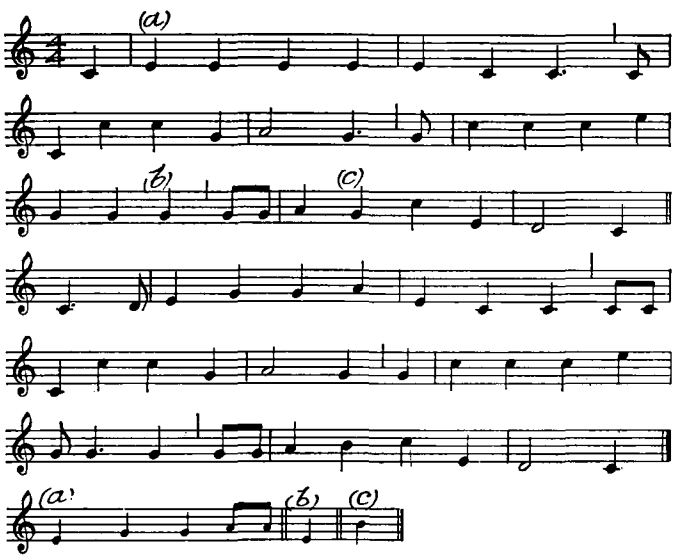
Chorus.

6. She's kilted her petticoats roon' by her knees,
An' she's followed her trooper laddie,
But she grew so fu' that couldna boo,
An' he's left her in Kirkcaldy.

Chorus.

24. "Trooper and Maid"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1959/77/B6. Sung to guitar accompaniment by Tom Scott, Edinburgh from Fifeshire. Collected by Hamish Henderson.

a π^1

1. A trooper lad came here last nicht,
O' ridin he was weary;
A trooper lad came here last nicht,
When the moon was shinin' clearly.

Chorus:

Bonnie lassie, I'll lie near ye yet,
Bonnie lassie, I'll lie near ye,
An' I'll gar all your ribbons reel,
When the mornin's there I'll leave ye.

2. She took his horse by bridle-rein,
She led it tae a stable;
She treated it wi' corn an' hay,
As muckle as he was able.

Chorus.

3. She took the trooper by the hand,
And led him tae her chamber;
She treated him wi' breid an' wine,
An' the wine as free as aimber.

Chorus.

4. She made a bed baith large an' wide;
She made it like a lady,
Kilted up her petticoat,
Said, "Sodger, are you ready?"

Chorus.

5. They hadnae been in bed an 'oor,
But an 'oor and a quarter,
When the big drum-beat cam' doon the street
An' ilka beat grew sharper.

Chorus.

6. "Oh, when will ye come back again,
My dear wee sodger-laddie?
When will ye come back again
An' be your bairnie's daddie?"

Chorus.

7. "Haud your tongue, my bonnie wee lass,
Dinnae let your daffin' grieve ye.
Heather growes on yon bonnie knowes,
An' I'll come back an' see ye."

Chorus.

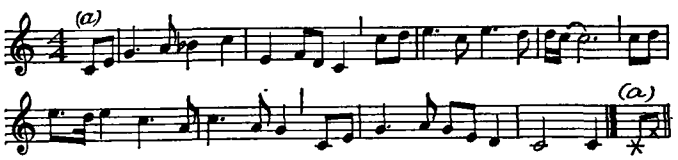
8. She kilted her coaties up to her knee;
She called him doon frae Stirling;
She couldnae do that she shouldnae do,
An' he left her in the morning.

Chorus.

9. Cakes an' ale for cartridges (?)
Oats and hay for horses
Cups o' tea for auld maids
and bonnie lass for partridge(? a passage).

25. "Trooper and Maid"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1953/201/8. Sung by John MacDonald, Elgin, Morayshire. Collected by Hamish Henderson.

a M

1. For there was a lady lived in York,
As a soldier's wife to be,
For she took his horse all by the hand,
And she led it to the stable.

2. There were corn and hay for that horse to eat,
Aye to eat while hit was able,
And she went upstairs to make the bed,
And she made it saft and deep.

3. But they had not been an hour in bed,
Till she heard a bugle soundin'
Sayin' "Lassie, dear, I'll need to go
For I hear the bugle callin'."

4. Sayin' "When will you be back again,
Aye, or when will you be ready?"
"When our queen cries 'Peace,' the war will cease,
Bonnie lassie, I'll lie near ye."

5. For they hadna been aye an hour in bed,
When she heard a bugle soundin',
Sayin' "When will you be back again
For tae be the wee thing's daddie?"

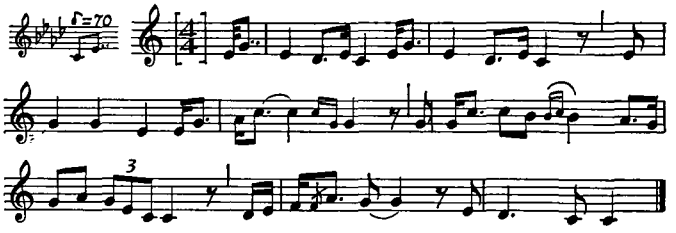
6. "When cockle-shells grow silvery bells,
Bonnie lassie, I'll lie near you;
When the queen cries 'Peace,' the war will cease,
I'll be back and be his daddie."

The singer made a false start with the following two lines of "Yarrow" (No. 214):

There was a lady lived in the North
It was hard to find her marrow

GROUP C APPENDIX

26. "Three 'Stralian Dragoons"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1963/84/A1. Sung by Jeannie Robertson, Aberdeen. Collected by Hamish Henderson. Transcribed by James Porter.

1. Three Strailion dragoons coming home from the war
The night was dark an' dreary,
"For I would know my own soldier-boy,
Because I loved him dearly."

2. She took his horse by the bridle-head,
An' laid it to the stable;
Hay an' corn for a pretty soldier's horse,
For to eat while it was able.

3. She took the lad by the lily-white hand,
An' led him tae her chamber;
Cakes an' wine for a pretty soldier-boy,
For to eat while he was able.

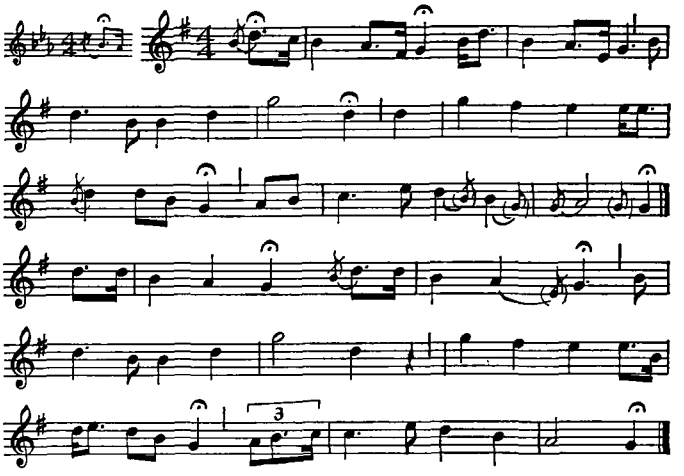
4. She went up the stairs for to make her bed
Then soft and easy,
For she stript off her lily-white goon
Beside his hat an' sabre.
For he stript off his boots and his spurs,
And they both lay down together.

5. They weren't very long into bed,
When the bugle did sounded,
For the bugle it did play, an' the trumpet it did say,
"Bonnie lassie, I maun leave you."

6. "Oh when will you come back, my bonnie soldier-boy
To be the wee thing's daddie?"
"When cockleshells growes in silver bells,
Bonnie lassie, we'll get mairried."

27. "The Trooper and the Maid"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1954/91/A3. Sung by Margaret Stewart, Aberdeen; "learned it from my good-sister." Collected by Hamish Henderson. Transcribed by Francis M. Collinson.

a I

1. Three Stirlin' Dragoons comin' home from the war,
The night was hard and clearly.
I known my own little soldier boy
Because I loved him dearly.

2. For I took his horse by the bridle rein
And led it to the stable.
Hay and corn for a pretty soldier's horse
For to eat while it is able.

3. For I took him by the lily-white hand
And led him to the table.
Cakes and wine for a pretty soldier boy
For to eat while he be's able.

4. For she went upstairs to make his bed
Awfa soft and easy.
She stripped off her lily-white gown
Besides her hat and feather.
He stripped off his spats and his shoon
And they both lay down together.

5. For she was scarcely warm into bed,
Till the bugle did sound love:
The bugle it play and the trumpet it did sound—
Bonnie lassie, I maun leave ye.

6. O when will you be back, my pretty soldier boy,
To be the wee yin's daddy?
When cockle shells grow silver bells,
Bonnie lassie, we'll be married.

Addenda to Volumes I-IV

Addenda

VOLUME I

1. RIDDLES WISELY EXPOUNDED

5.1. "The Devil and Nine Questions"

Arthur Kyle Davis, Jr., *More Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1960, p. 5(AA).

8.1. "There Was a Man Lived in the West"

Helen Hartness Flanders, *Ancient Ballads Traditionally Sung in New England*, I, 1960, p. 47(A).

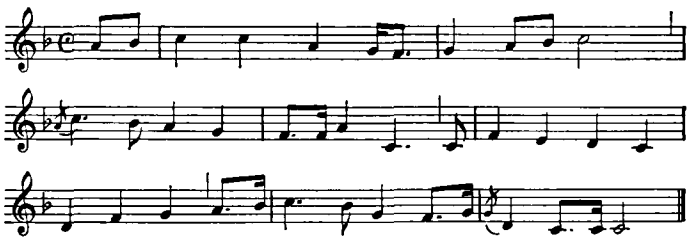
2. THE ELFIN KNIGHT

2.1. "The Cambric Shirt"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, I, 1960, p. 74(L).

2.2. "The Elfin Knight"

Henderson and Collinson, *Scottish Studies*, IX (1965), p. 6(A). Sung by Andra Stewart at Blairgowrie, Perthshire, July 1956; learned from his mother.

a M

You'll hang it on yon green thorn bush,
Blow, blow, blow the wind blow,
And for your life let one drop fall,
And the weary wind blows my plaidie awa.

Since you gave those three tasks to me,
Blow, blow, blow the wind blow,
Let me give three tasks to you,
And the weary wind blows my plaidie awa.

Prompted by his sister, Mrs. Bella Higgins, Stewart produced a third verse which was not tape-recorded:

You'll dip it into yon draw-well
Blow, blow, blow the wind blow,
And for your life let one drop fall,
And the weary wind blows my plaidie awa.

[*Henderson and Collinson's note.*]

3.1. "The Cambric Shirt"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, I, 1960, p. 68(I).

3.2. [Title Unknown]

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, I, 1960, p. 71(K).

3.3. "The Cambric Shirt"

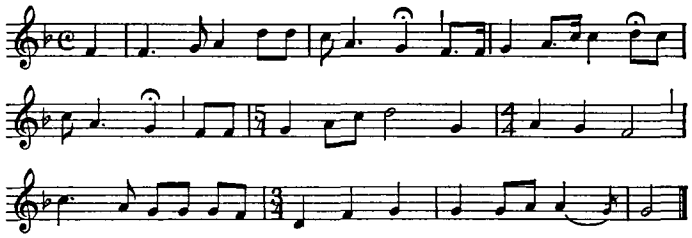
Edward D. Ives, ed., *Northeast Folklore*, VII (1965), p. 88. Also on Northeast Folklore Archives recording No. H.9.1.

21.1. "Scarborough Fair"

Ewan MacColl, Riverside recording No. RLP 12-637(B7), ed. Kenneth S. Goldstein.

23.1. "The Elfin Knight"

Henderson and Collinson, *Scottish Studies*, IX (1965), p. 7(B); text, p. 8. Sung by Mrs. Martha Reid ("Peasie") of Birnam, Perthshire, 1955.

m D/Æ

1. O fetch to my aye a Holland shirt,
Aye without either needle or needle-work;
For you'll wash it into yon draw-well,
Where there never was water, nor one drap o' dew fell.

2. For ye'll hing it ow'r yon thorn-haw bush,
Where there never was thorn since Adam was born,
An' it's ho, ho, the wind'll blow.

3. For you'll fetch to me two acres o' land,
Between thon salt sea and thon salt sea strand.
For you'll plou' it up with the Divil tap's horn,
You will sow it o'er wi' one grain o' corn,
An' it's ho, ho, the wind'll blow.

4. For you will ripen it up with one blink o' sun
You'll cut it down with a pea-hen's feather
You'll stook it up by the sting of an ether,
An' it's ho, ho, the wind'll blow.

5. For you'll yoke two sparrows in a match-box
An' cart it home to your own farmyard,
An' it's ho, ho, the wind'll blow.

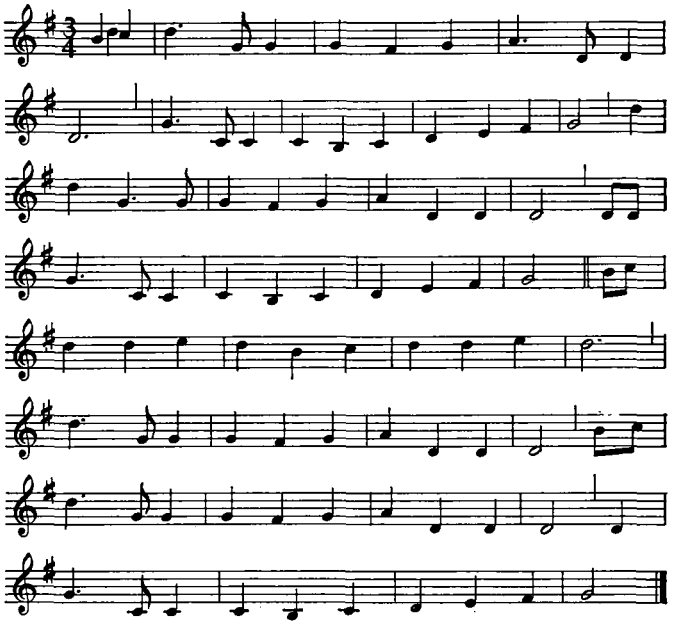
6. For surely when you pit sich tasks on me,
I'll surely pit aye as hard on you:
How many ships sails in my forest?
How many strawberries grows on the salt sea?
An' it's ho, ho, the wind'll blow.

30.1. "The Cambric Shirt"

The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore, IV (*The Music of the Ballads*, ed. Jan P. Schinhan), 1957, p. 3(A).

34.1. "Every Rose Grows Merry in Time"

Sung by Sara Cleveland, Brant Lake, N.Y., June 1965. Collected by Sandy Paton and sent by him to the Editor.

p I

1. As I was a-walking down by the seashore,
Every rose grows merry in time
I met there a maiden I'd ne'er seen before
And I said, Will you be a true lover of mine?
If you are to be a true lover of mine,
Every rose grows merry in time
You must make me a shirt without needle or twine
And then you will be a true lover of mine.

2. You must wash it in an old dry well
Every rose grows merry in time
Where never a drop of water ne'er fell
And then you will be a true lover of mine.
You must dry it under an old buck-thorn
Every rose grows merry in time
That never has blossomed since Adam was born
And then you will be a true lover of mine.

3. You must iron it with an old flat rock
Every rose grows merry in time
One ne'er cold nor one ne'er hot
And then you will be a true lover of mine.
Now you have asked me questions three
Every rose grows merry in time
Now you must do the same thing for me
And then I will be a true lover of thine.

4. You must buy me an acre of dry land
Every rose grows merry in time
Between the sea-shore and the sea-sand
And then you will be a true lover of mine.
You must plow it with an old cow's horn
Every rose grows merry in time
And sow it all over with one grain of corn
And then you will be a true lover of mine.

5. You must reap it with a strap of leather
Every rose grows merry in time
And bind it all up with a peacock feather
And then you will be a true lover of mine.
You must stack it up against the wall
Every rose grows merry in time
And pick it all up with a cobbler's awl
And then you will be a true lover of mine.

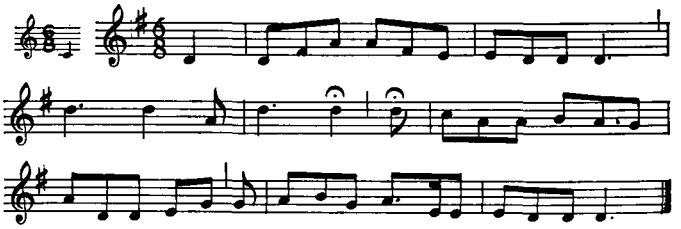
6. And when you are done and finished your work
Every rose grows merry in time
Then come to me and I'll make your darn' shirt
And then I will be a true lover of thine.

37.1. "The Cambric Shirt"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads Traditionally Sung in New England*, I, 1960, p. 66(G).

38.1. "I Want You to Make Me a Cambric Shirt"

Sung by Mrs. John Williams (née Violet Selena Hankins), Iowa City, Iowa, January 1 and February 5, 1922. Learned in 1865-70, in Penn Township, Johnson County, Iowa; recorded by Mrs. Flora Brennan. Communicated by Prof. Charles A. Williams.

a M

(He)—"I want you to make me a cambric shirt
Green grows the male thyme*
Without any thread or fine needle work,
And then you shall be a true lover of mine."

(She)—"I want you to buy me an acre of land,
Green grows the male thyme,
Between the salt ocean and the sea's sand,
And then you shall be a true lover of mine.

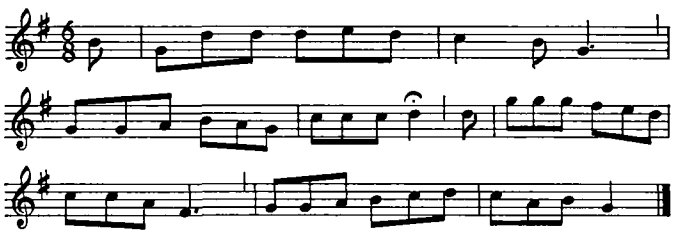
—I want you to plow it with a muley sheep's horn,
Green grows . . .
And plant it all over with one grain of corn,
And then you shall be a true lover of mine.

—I want you to mow it with a strap of leather,
Green grows . . .
And tie it all up in a pea-fowl's feather,
And then you shall be . . ."

* "I suspect the refrain 'Green grows the male thyme' is a corruption of something like 'Green rosemary 'n thyme.'" [*Charles Williams' note.*]

42.1. "The Cambric Shirt"

Vaughan Williams MSS., II, p. 110. Sung by Mrs. Humphreys, Ingrave, Essex, April 29, 1904; learned from her father.

a I

1. Come buy me come buy me a cambric shirt
Savoury says (sage?) rosemary and thyme
Without any seam and (or?) good needlework
then you shall be true lover of mine.

2. Come wash it out in yonders well
Savoury says:—
Where the spring never dropt nor drop ever fell
Then you shall be:—

3. Come hang it all out on yonder thorn
Savoury:—
That never has blew blossom since Adam was born
Then you shall:—

4. And now you have asked me questions three
Savoury:—
And now I will ask as many of thee
Then you shall be:—

5. Come buy me an acre of land
Savoury says:—
Beneath the sea-water and the sea-sand
Then:—

6. Come plough it up with one ram's horn
Savoury:—
And sew it all over with one pepper-corn
Then:—

7. Come harry it all over with one bramble bush
Savoury says:—
And cut it all down with one royal rush
Then you shall be:—

8. And make me a wagon with hair and lime
Savoury says:—
And cart it all home with six jenny wrens
Then:—

9. Stack it all up in a mouse's hole
Savoury says:—
And thresh it all out with an old shoe sole
Then shall:—

10. And fan it up in an oyster shell
Savoury says:—
And stack it all up in a goose's quill
Then shall:—

11. And then go to market my corn to sell
Savoury says:—
And bring home the money as I may at-tell
Then shall:—

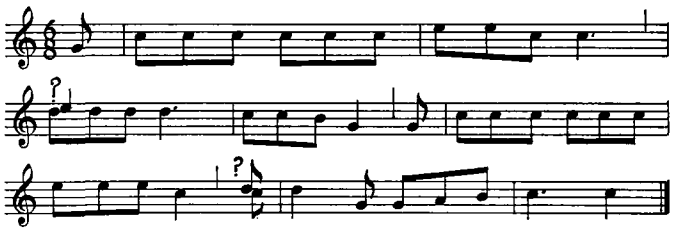
12. And when you've done and finished your work
Savoury says:—
And then come to me for your Cambric Shirt
Then you:—

45.1. "Scarborough Fair"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads Traditionally Sung in New England*, I, 1960, p. 57(B).

52.1. "A Yacre of Land"

Vaughan Williams MSS., III, pp. 10-11. Sung by Mr. Greenwood, Westerdale, Yorkshire, July 13, 1904.

p I/M (within a sixth)

1. My father he left me a yacre of land
. . . . . .
My etc.
on Christmas day in the morning

2. I ploughed it with an old stack plod, etc.

3. I harrowed it with a bunch of briars

4. I sowed it with a pepper corn

5. I reaped it with an old tups horn

6. I laid it on a bumble bees back

7. I thashed [*sic*] it with a wimblestraw [*sic*]

8. I flayed it with a butterflies wing

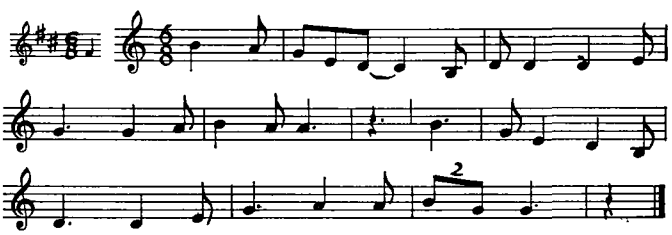
9. I sold it all for one pound ten

10. O what a rare deed my father and me had, etc.

3. THE FAUSE KNIGHT UPON THE ROAD

9.1. "False Knight Upon the Road"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1955/152/B6. Sung by Andra and Bell Stewart, Blairgowrie, Perthshire. Collected by Hamish Henderson. Transcribed by James Porter.

p π^1 (on lower mediant octave)

1. "Oh where are you going
Said the false knight upon the road.
"I'm going to the school," (squeel)
Said the wee boy, and still he stood.

2. "What's that upon your back?"
Said the false knight upon the road.
"My bannock ? and ? my books"
Said the wee boy, and still he stood.

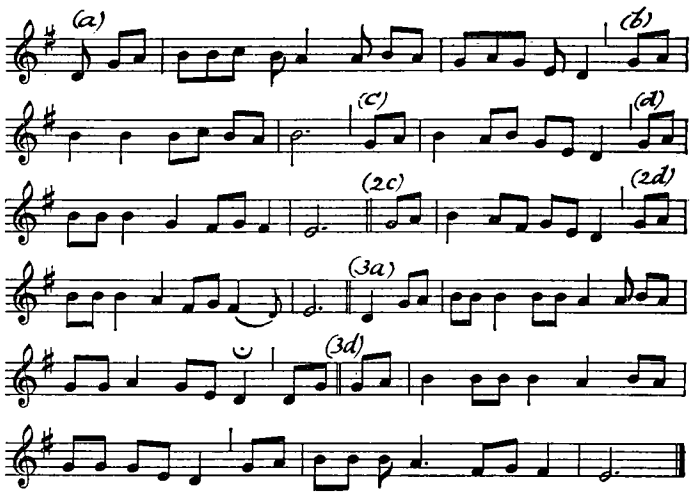
3. "Oh, will ye give me sharie (share)?"
Said the false knight upon the road.
"Oh, that's the deil ? a fuit ?"
Said the wee boy, and still he stood.

4. "If I had ye out to sea,"
Said the false knight upon the road,
"And a guid ship under me"
Said the wee boy, and still he stood.

5. "If I had ye at the well"
Said the false knight upon the road,
"And you gae down to hell"
Said the wee boy, and still he stood.

10.1. "The False Knight"

Sung by Alan Kelly, New Castle, New Brunwick, August 1962. Collected by Lee B. Haggerty and Henry Felt, and sent by them to the Editor.

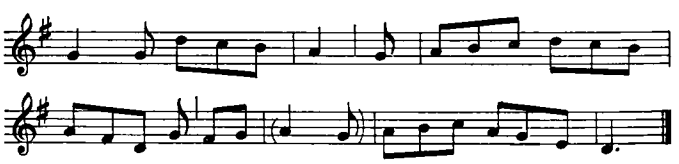
a Æ (or p I, ending on *VI*)

What have you got in your basket?
What have you got in your basket?
Says the fol-fol-follies at the road.
I have bread for me-self to eat,
Said the little boy óf seven year old.

What have you got in your bottle?
What have you got in your bottle?
Says the fol-fol-follies at(?) the road.
I have tea for me-self to drink
Says the little boy of seven year old.

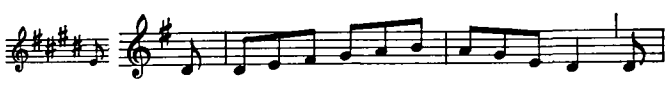
Why don't you give a drop to my dog?
Why don't you give a drop to my dog?
Says the fol-fol-follies at the road.
I'd soonér see your dog choke with the bottle
down his throat
Said the little boy of seven year old.

4. LADY ISABEL AND THE ELF KNIGHT

5.1. ["Lady Isabel and the Elf Knight"]

Ruth Ann Musick, *JAF*, LXX (1957), p. 258(2); text, p. 247.

11.1. "An outlandish knight"

Vaughan Williams MSS., I, p. 252. Sung by Mr. Burrage, at "Rushetts," Capel, Surrey, April 4, 1908.

a M

13.1. "The Outlandish Knight"

Helen Hartness Flanders, *Ancient Ballads Traditionally Sung in New England*, I, 1960, p. 119(o).

34.1. "He Mounted on his Milk-White Nag"

Musick, *JAF*, LXX (1957), p. 258(3); text, p. 248.

49.1. "My Pretty Golden"

J. D. McMillan, *JAF*, LXXVIII (1965), p. 156.

50.1. "The Errant Knight"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads Traditionally Sung in New England*, I, 1960, p. 108(J).

73.1. "The Daughter of Old England"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, I, 1960, p. 93(D).

79.1. "He Followed Me Up, He Followed Me Down"

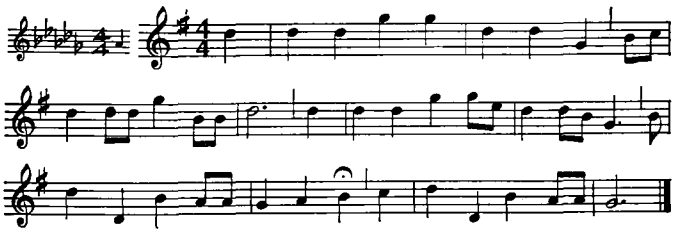
Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, I, 1960, p. 112(L).

79.2. "Go Steal to Me Your Father's Gold"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, I, 1960, p. 115(M).

101.1. "Lady Isabel and the Elf-Knight"

Sung by Mrs. John Williams (née Violet Selena Hankins), Iowa City, Iowa. Learned in 1865-70, in Penn Township, Johnson County, Iowa; recorded in Urbana, Ill., June 7, 1930, by Miss Margaretha Rasmussen. Communicated by Prof. Charles A. Williams.

m I/M

He turned himself three times around
With his eyes on the leaves of the tree;
She picked him up in her arms so strong,
And plunged him into the sea, sea, sea,
And plunged him into the sea.

101.2. "The Outlandish Knight"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, I, 1960, p. 88(B).

101.3. "The Outlandish Knight"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, I, 1960, p. 101(G).

104.1. "Salt Water Sea"

Arthur Kyle Davis, Jr., *More Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1960, p. 18(AA).

105.1. "My Pretty Cold Rain"

The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore, IV (*The Music of the Ballads*, ed. Jan P. Schinhan), 1957, p. 7(D1).

106.1. "Seventh Kings Daughter"

Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 7(G).

106.2. "Lady Isabel"

Ben Gray Lumpkin, *Colorado Folksong Bulletin*, I (1962), p. 2.

107.1 "Miss Mary's Parrot"

Davis, 1960, p. 21(BB).

107.2. "Six Kings' Daughters"

Musick, *JAF*, LXX (1957), p. 257; text, p. 247.

126.1. "The Seventh King's Daughters"

Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 5(C).

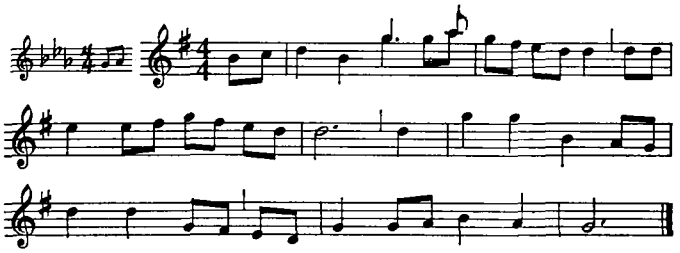
142. "The Seven Sisters"

Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 5(B).

7. EARL BRAND

7.1. "Lord William"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1953/252. Sung by Sarah Cruickshank, Balvenie House, Dufftown. Banffshire, 1942. Collected and transcribed by Francis M. Collinson.

m I

He mounted her on her milk-white steed,
And himself on his dappled grey
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

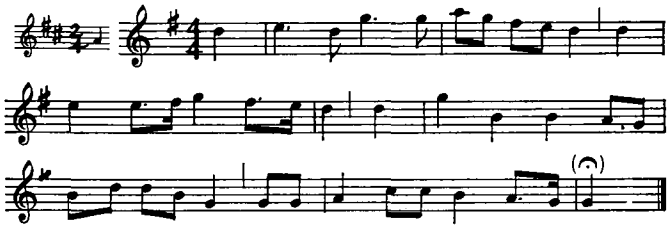
Lord William he died in the middle of the night,
Lady Margaret she died on the morrow;
Lord William he died for his own true love
Lady Margaret she died of sorrow.

Lord William was buried in St. Mary's Church,
Lady Margaret in St. Mary's choir
On Lord William they planted a bonny red rose
On Lady Margaret they planted a briar

They grew and grew and better they grew
Till at last they reached one another
So that any one that passéd by
Would have known they were lovers together

8.1. "Lord William"

Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 382. Sung by Miss Jemima Milne, September 1907.

a I

Hold off, hold off, Lord William, she cried,
Your strokes they are heavy and sore;
Sweethearts I may get many a one,
But a father I'll never get more.

17.1. "Seven Horsemen"

Arthur Kyle Davis, Jr., *More Traditional Ballads from Virginia*, 1960, p. 32(CC).

30.1. "As He Rode Up to the Old Man's Gate"

The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore, IV (*The Music of the Ballads*, ed. Jan P. Schinhan), 1957, p. 11(D1).

31.1. "Sweet William and Fair Ellen"

Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 9(B1).

31.2. "Seven Brothers"

Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 10(C).

32.1. "Sweet Willie"

Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 12(F).

40.1. "The Seven Brothers, or Lord William"

Davis, 1960, p. 33(DD).

66.1. "The Seven Sleepers"

Davis, 1960, p. 28(AA).

101.1. "The Seventh Brother"

Davis, 1960, p. 30(BB).

7. APPENDIX. THE LADY AND THE DRAGOON

6.1. "The Soldier"

Helen Hartness Flanders, *Ancient Ballads Traditionally Sung in New England*, I, 1960, p. 133(A).

14.1. "The Bold Soldier"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, I, 1960, p. 147(G).

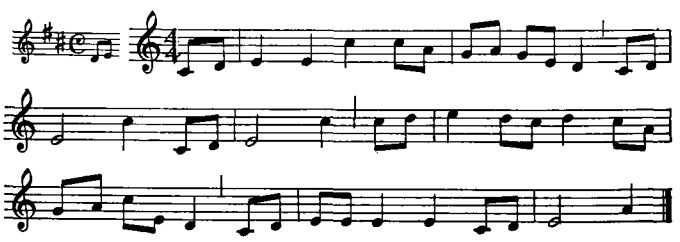
18.1. "Only a Soldier"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, I, 1960, p. 136(B).

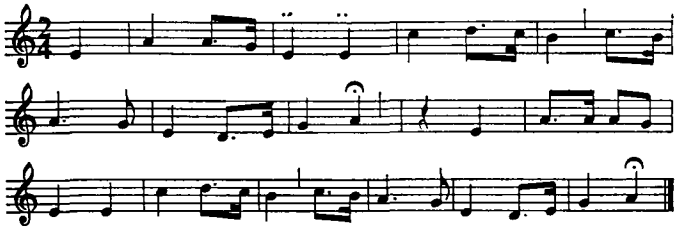
10. THE TWO SISTERS

1.1. "Binnorie o Binnorie"

Telfer MS., unnumbered, p. 28. Noted by Mr. James Davie, Aberdeen, and sung by Mr. John Sinclair.

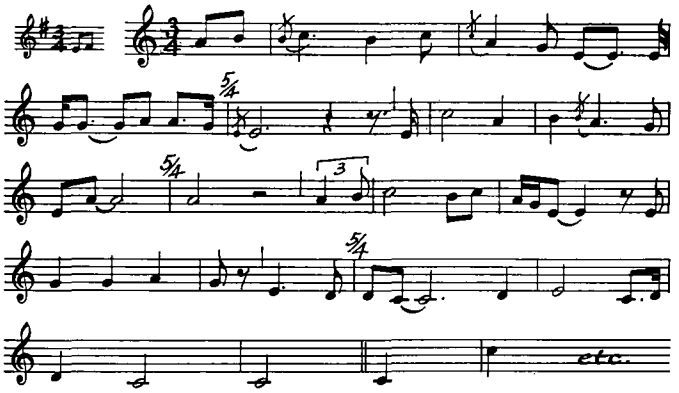
p π^4

12.1. "Binnorie"

Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 7. Sung by Mrs. Gillespie, 1905.

p. D/Æ

O sister, O sister will ye go to the dams?
Binnorie O, and Binnorie,
And see your father's fish boats safe to dry land,
And see the miller's lad o' Binnorie?

13.1. "The Twa Sisters"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1953/199/1. Sung by John White, of Deeside, at a tinkers' encampment at Laurencekirk, Kincardineshire. Collected by Hamish Henderson. Transcribed by Ailie Munro.

a I/Ly

1. "It's sister dear sister, wad ye come an have a walk?"
   Chorus: A hee oh hans a bonnie—oh,
   And I'll show you wonders before we come back.
   Chorus: An the swan it sweems so bonnie—oh.

   [*Interlinear chorus as above in each verse.*]

2. "It's you put your haun on that bit o the marble stone."
   It's as lightly she pushed her agen the stream.

3. "Oh sister, dear sister wad ye catch my haun?—
   An that I'll make ye lady of my lan'?

4. "Oh sister, dear sister, wad ye catch my haun?—
   An it's I will give ye my (?) jova John."

5. There were a mother had a daughter, an the lassie was a maid,
   For the lassie wanted water for to bake some bread.

6. "Oh father, dear father, stop the dam
   For it's I spy a-middle there white-milk swan."

7. Oh the man took her oot an he hung her up tae dry,
   When there be three fidlars passin by.

8. There was one of them taen her three fingers,
   Sayin, "It's this will make me three fiddle-pins."

9. There was another of them taen her breast-bone,
   Sayin, "It's this will make a fiddle that'll play a tune its lone."

10. For it's this three fidlars playin (?) carna ?thaw,
    Till they came to the caistle that stood so high.

11. Sayin, "It's thonder sits my father, the king,"
    Sayin, "It's thonder sits my mother, the Queen."

12. Sayin, "It's thonder sits my false sister, Jean,
    It's as lightly she pushed me agen the stream.

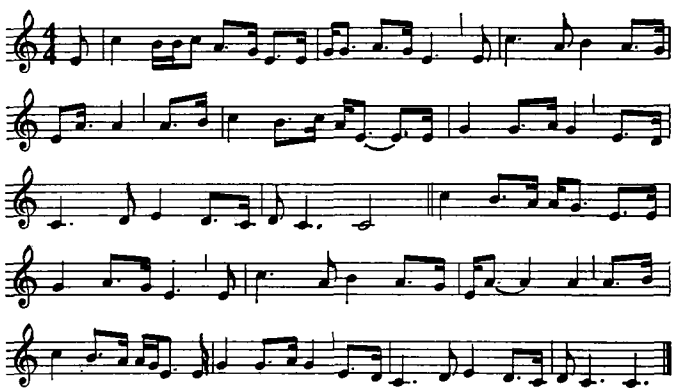
13. For its you (?) gaun (?) speak (?) false sister, Jean,
    "For it's pay the three fidlars an let them be goin."

14. For it's up an speaks the father, the King,
    "I'll pay the three fidlars whan they play the same tune owre again."

15. They kinnl't up a fire that wad burn live stones,
    An they thrust false Jean (?) sure in her own.

13.2. ["The Two Sisters"]

Sung by Mrs. Kelby, Aberdeen, ?1962. Collected and sent to the Editor by Ewan MacColl and Peggy Seeger.

a I/Ly

1. I says to my dear sister, are ye comin for to walk?
   A-ee, a-O, and sae bonny O
   And it's I'll show you wonders before we go back
   And the swan it swims so bonny O.

2. Put your foot on like a marble stone
   A-ee, a-O, and so bonny O
   And it's I'll show you wonders before we go home
   And the swan it swims so bonny O.

3. But miller, O miller, come dry up your dam
   A-ee, -O, and so bonny O,
   For I see a maid all white like swan
   And the swan it swims so bonny O.

4. But the miller, he quickly, he dried the dam
A-ee, -O, and so bonny O,
And he took out the maid all white m'like swan
And the swan its swims so bonny O.

5. He took out the maid and he hung her up to dry,
A-ee, O, and sa' bonny O.
And there was three fiddlers passing by
And the swan it swims sae bonny O.

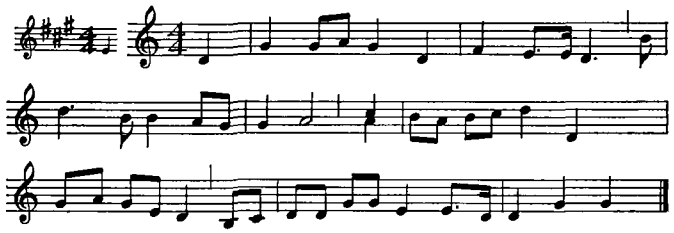
6. There was one of th'lm 'at took three lengths of her hair
A-ee, O, and sae bonny O
There was another of th'lm took her breast bone
And the swan it swims so bonny O.
There to make a fiddle-head to play a tune upon
And the swan its swims so bonny O.

7. But those three fiddlers was play'n goin' along
A-ee, O, and so bonny O,
Until they come to the castle so high
And the swan its swims so bonny O.

8. But fiddlers sweet fiddlers and let them be goin
Out then it speaks her father the king
A-ee, O, and sa bonny O.
An' out then it speaks her father says to Jean
And the swan it swims so bonny O.

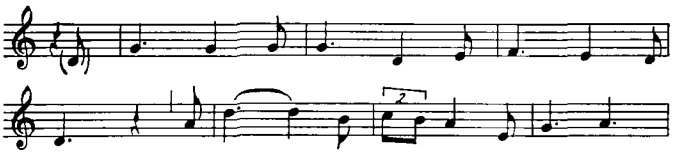
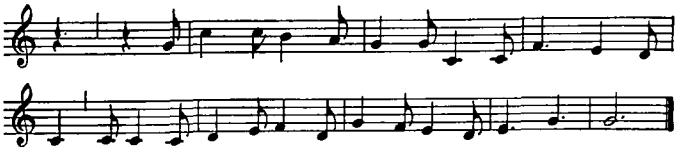
16.1. "Binorie"

Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 394. Sung by Mrs. Lyall, November 7, 1907; learned from her mother.

p M

There was twa sisters lived in a bower,
Binnorie, O, Binnorie;
There was twa sisters lived in a bower,
'Twas the bonny bonny bowers o' Binnorie, O.

16.2. "Binnorie"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1966/45/A3. Sung by Mrs. Findlater and Mrs. Johnston, Dounby, Orkney; learned 50 years earlier. Collected by A. Bruford. Transcribed by Ailie Munro.

p D

1. Twa bonny sisters that lived in a bower
(Binnorie, O an Binnorie!)
The bonny miller laddie came a-courting o' them
He was the bonny miller laddie o' Binnorie O.

2. He courted the oldest with many a gold ring
(Binnorie, O an Binnorie)
But he courted the youngest wi' far better things
She was the bonny miller's lassie o' Binnorie O.

3. Says the oldest to the youngest: "Will ye ?come out to bathe/? take a walk to-day?"
(Binnorie, O an Binnorie)
We'll hear all the blackbirds whistle owre their tune
An' we'll maybe see the miller o' Binnorie O.

4. They walked up, and so did they down
(Binnorie, O an Binnorie)
They heard a' the blackbirds whistle o'er their tune,
But they never saw the miller o' Binnorie O.

5. They walked up, and so did they doon
(Binnorie, O an Binnorie)
Till the oldest she pushed the youngest one in
A' into the dams o' Binnorie O.

6. "Sister, dear sister, take hold of my hand
(Binnorie, O an Binnorie)
All my gold, all my silver, all my houses, all my land,
If you'll take me out the dams o' Binnorie O."

7. "It wasn't for your gold love, that I put you in,
(Binnorie, O an Binnorie)
It's you're so very white love, and I'm so very dim
So you'll lie in the dams o' Binnorie O."

8. She swam up, and so did she down
(Binnorie, O an Binnorie)
Till she sank to the bottom never more to rise again
Into the dams o' Binnorie O.

9. The miller's servant girl bein' sent out to the dam
(Binnorie, O an Binnorie)
It's been for some water to wash the miller's hands
He was the bonny miller laddie o' Binnorie O.

10. "O miller, dear miller, there's fish in your dam
(Binnorie, O an Binnorie)
It's either a bonny [drownded?] lady or a bonny milk-white swan
Swimmin' up an' down the dams o' Binnorie O."

11. The miller didna know her by her waist being so jimp,
(Binnorie, O an Binnorie)
But so well as he knew her by her bonny gown o' silk
She's the bonny miller's laddie o' Binnorie O.

12. The miller was sorry, right sorry was he,
(Binnorie, O an' Binnorie)
No-one was half so sorry as he,
She was the bonny miller's lassie o' Binnorie O.

20.1. "Binnorie"

"Ballad Hunting in the Orkney Islands," Otto Andersson, *Budkavlen*, XXXIII (1954), p. 43.

22.1. "The Twa Sisters"

Arthur Kyle Davis, Jr., *More Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1960, p. 46(FF).

23.1. "The Two Sisters"

Jean Ritchie, LC Archive of American Folk Song, rec. No. LC 7929A; also in LC/AAFS, Album 57(A1).

23.2. "Twa Sisters"

The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore, IV (*The Music of the Ballads*, ed. Jan P. Schinhan), 1957, p. 16(F).

26.1. ["The Two Sisters"]

Davis, 1960, p. 47(GG).

26.2. "Twa Sisters"

Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 15(E).

28.1. "Bord Ye Down"

Davis, 1960, p. 49(JJ).

40.1. "The Twa Sisters"

Davis, 1960, p. 45(EE).

44.1. "The Two Sisters"

Margaret Sweeney, *Kentucky Folklore Record*, XI (1965), p. 18.

47.1. "Old Man from the North Countree"

Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 14(B).

48.1. "The Twa Sisters"

Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 17(G).

50.1. "The Two Sisters"

Ruth Ann Musick, *JAF*, LXX (1957), p. 258 (4); text, pp. 249-50.

59.1. "There Was an Old Woman"

Davis, 1960, p. 44(DD).

61.1. "The Three Sisters"

Helen Hartness Flanders, *Ancient Ballads Traditionally Sung in New England*, I, 1960, p. 158(C).

11. THE CRUEL BROTHER

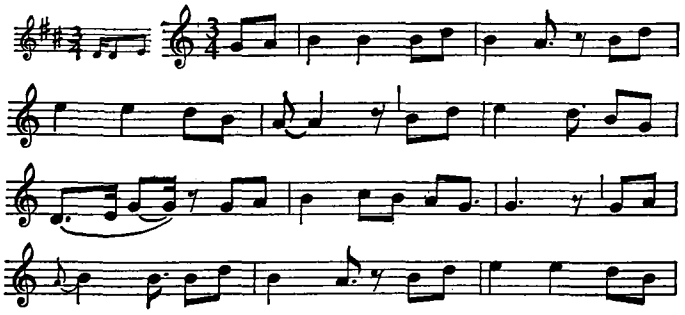
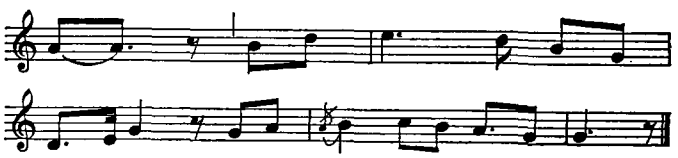
4.1. "Lily O"

Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 19(B).

12. LORD RANDAL

1.1. "Lord Randal"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1953/246/A1. Sung by Catriona Grant, Edinburgh. Collected by Hamish Henderson. Transcribed by Ailie Munro.

p I/M

"Oh, whaur hae ye been, Lord Randal, my son?
Oh, whaur hae ye been, my handsome young man?"
"I hae been in the wild wood—mither, mak my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi huntin, and fain wad lie doon."

"Whaur got ye your dinner, Lord Randal, my son?
Whaur got ye your dinner, my handsome young man?"
"I dined wi my sweetheart—mither, mak my bed soon,
For I'm weary, etc."

"What got ye tae your dinner, Lord Randal, my son?
What got ye tae your dinner, my handsome young man?"
"I got eels boiled in brew—mither, mak my bed soon,
For I'm weary, etc."

"Oh, I fear ye are poisoned, Lord Randal, my son,
Oh I fear ye are poisoned, my handsome young man."
"Oh yes, I am poisoned—mither, mak my bed soon,
For I'm weary, etc."

5.1. "Lord Randal"

Helen Hartness Flanders, *Ancient Ballads Traditionally Sung in New England*, I, 1960, p. 196(J).

5.2. "Tyranty"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, I, 1960, p. 206(R).

9.1. "Tyranty"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, I, 1960, p. 186(D).

12.1. "Tyranty, My Son"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, I, 1960, p. 204(Q).

20.1. "Willie Ransome"

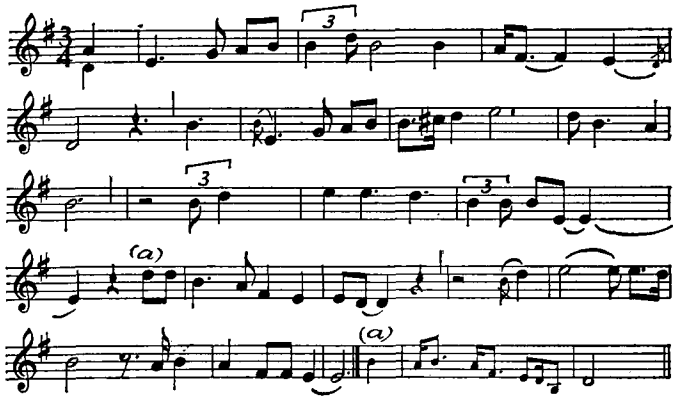
The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore, IV (*The Music of the Ballads*, ed. Jan P. Schinhan), 1957), p. 22(C1).

21.1. "Jimmie Ransom"

Ben Gray Lumpkin, *Colorado Folksong Bulletin*, II (1963), p. 3.

31.1. "Lord Ronald"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1960/164/B1. Sung by Jean Stewart, Banchory, Aberdeenshire, April 4, 1960. Collected by Kenneth S. Goldstein. Transcribed by Ailie Munro.

a D

"Where have ye been all the day, Lord Ronald my son?
Oh, where have ye been all the day, my jolly young man?"
"A-hunting thon flowery fields, mother, make my bed soon;
I'm seik at the hairt that I fain wad lie doon."

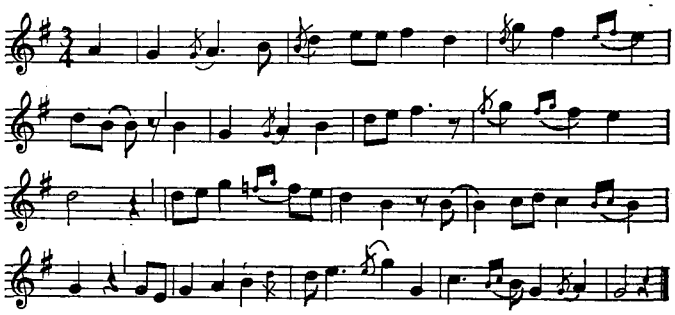
"What got you for supper, Lord Ronald, my son?
What got ye for supper, my jolly young man?"
"I got a dish of small fishes, mither, mak my bed soon;
I am seik at the hairt bit I fain wid lie doon."

"I doubt you are poisoned, Lord Ronald my son;
I doubt you are poisoned, my jolly young man."
"Oh, mither, mak my bed soon,
For I'm seik at the hairt, an I fain wid lie doon."

"What did ye wi your white steed an saddle, Lord Ronald, my son?
What did ye do wi your white horse an saddle, my jolly young man?"
"For I laid them in the stable, mother, mak my bed soon;
I am seik at the hairt, an I fain would lie doon."

35.1. "Lord Ranald"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1960/196/A4. Sung by Norman Kennedy, Aberdeen. Collected by John MacInnes. Transcribed by Ailie Munro.

a I

1. "Faur hae ye been all the day, Lord Ranald, my honey?
Faur hae ye been all the day, my gentleman son?"
"I've been tae dine wi my wife—mither, mak my bed,
For I'm seik until the hert, an fain wid I lie doon."

2. "An fit gat ye there, Lord Ranald, my honey?
An fit did she gie ye, my ain darlin son?"
"Eels, believe it, poisont me—mither, mak my bed,
For I'm seik until the hert, an fain wid I lie doon."

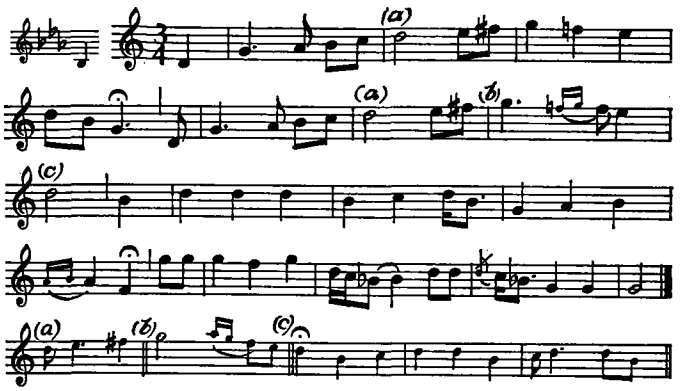
3. "An fit dae ye leave me, Lord Ranald, my honey?
An fit dae ye leave me, my ain dear son?"
"My blessin an my land—mither, mak my bed,
For I'm seik until the hert, an fain wid I lie doon."

4. "An fit dae ye leave yee-er bairns, Lord Ranald, my honey,
An fit dae ye leave them, my ainlie son?"
"Let them gae beg through life—mither, mak my bed,
For I'm seik unto the hert, an fain wid I lie doon."

5. "An fit dae ye lea' yee-er wife, Lord Ranald, my honey?
An fit will ye leave her, my ain darlin son?"
"A new rope tae hang her wi—mither, mak my bed,
For I'm seik untae the hert, an fain wid I lie doon."

35.2. "Lord Randal"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. 1951/1/A3. Sung by Ewan MacColl and his mother, Mrs. Miller. Collected by Hamish Henderson and Alan Lomax. Transcribed by Francis M. Collinson.

m I (inflected III and VII)

1. O whaur hae ye been, Lord Randal my son?
   O whaur hae ye been, my bonnie young man?
   I've been tae the wild wood, mither mak my bed sune
   For I'm weary wi' huntin' and I fain would lie doun.

2. Whaur gat ye your dinner, Lord Randal my son?
   Whaur gat ye your dinner, my bonnie young man?
   O I dined wi' my true love, mither mak my bed sune
   For I'm weary wi' huntin' and I fain would lie doun.

3. What gat ye for your dinner, Lord Randal my son?
   What gat ye for your dinner, my bonnie young man?
   I gat eels boiled in brew, mither mak my bed sune
   For I'm weary wi' huntin' and I fain would lie doun.

4. What happened tae your bloodhounds, Lord Randal my son?
   What happened tae your bloodhounds, my bonnie young man?
   O they swalled and they died, mither mak my bed sune
   For I'm weary wi' huntin' and I fain would lie doun.

5. I fear ye hae been poisoned, Lord Randal my son,
   I fear ye hae been poisoned, my bonnie young man.
   O I hae been poisoned, mither mak my bed sune
   For I'm sick at the heart and I fain would lie doun.

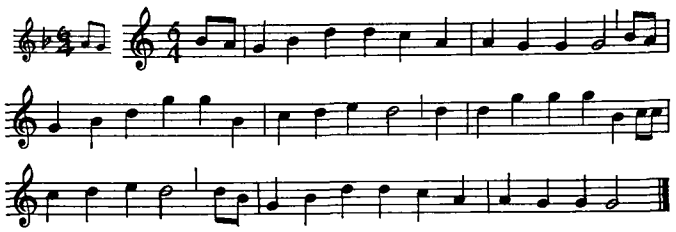
6. What will ye leave yer brither, Lord Randal my son?
   What will ye leave yer brither, my bonnie young man?
   My horse and my saddle, mither mak my bed sune
   For I'm weary wi' huntin' and I fain would lie doun.

7. What will ye leave yer sister, Lord Randal my son?
   What will ye leave yer sister, my bonnie young man?
   My gowd box and rings, mither mak my bed sune
   For I'm weary wi' huntin' and I fain would lie doun.

8. And what will ye leave yer true love, Lord Randal my son?
   And what will ye leave yer true love, my bonnie young man?
   That . . . that halter, that halter, that hangs on yon tree,
   And there let her hang for the poisonin o' me.

40.1. "Lord Ronald"

Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 216. Sung by Mrs. Gillespie; noted February 25, 1907.

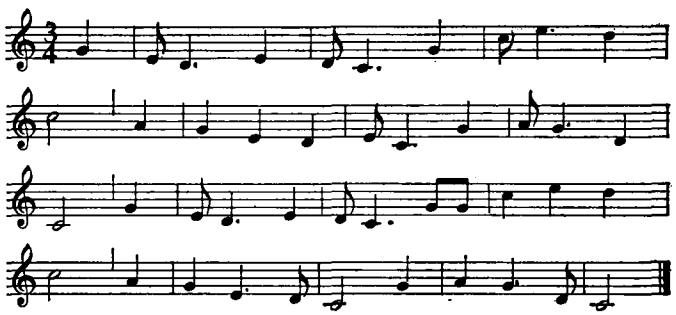
a I/M

What had ye for supper, Lord Ronald, my son?
What had ye for supper, my handsome young man?
A plate o' black fishes, mother, mak my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' huntin an' fain wad lie doon.

42.1. "Sweet Nelson, My Son"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads Traditionally Sung in New England*, I, 1960, p. 202(O).

43.1. "Lord Ronald"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1953/202/8. Sung by Jimmy Stewart, Forfar, Angus. Collected by Hamish Henderson. Transcribed by Francis M. Collinson.

a π^1

1. What had you for supper, Lord Randal my son?
   What had you for supper, my jolly young man?
   A pretty small fishes, mother make my bed soon,
   I'm sick at the heart, and fain would lie doon.

2. What d'ye leave to your father, Lord Ranald my son?
   What d'ye leave to your father, my jolly young man?
   My broadsword and scabbard, mother, make my bed soon,
   I'm sick at the heart and fain would lie doon.

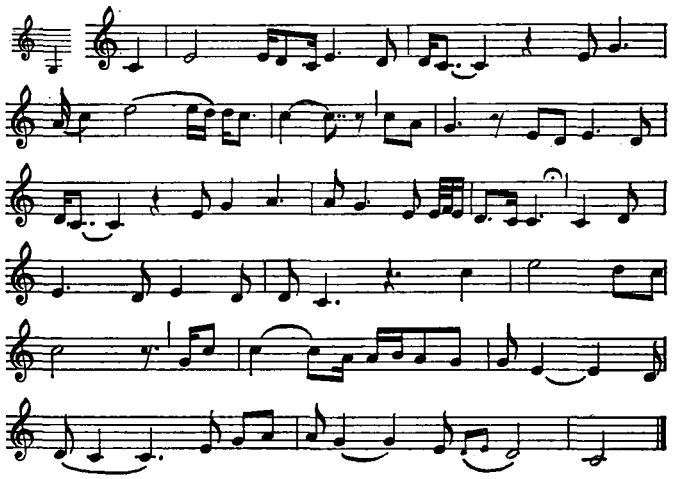
3. What d'ye leave to your brother, Lord Ranald my son,?
   What d'ye leave to your brother, my jolly young man?
   My banner and broadsword, mother, make my bed soon,
   I'm sick at the heart, and fain would lie doon.

4. What d'ye leave to your sister, Lord Ronald my son?
   What d'ye leave to your sister, my jolly young man?
   My gold broach and gold star, mother make my bed soon,
   I'm sick at the heart and fain would lie doon.

5. What d'ye leave to your sweetheart, Lord Ronald my son?
What d'ye leave to your sweetheart, my jolly young man?
A cup of cold water and poison, what's she giv'n to me
Or the block or the hatchet or yon gallows tree.

43.2. "Lord Donald"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1957/44/B2. Sung by Jeannie Robertson, Aberdeen. Collected by Hamish Henderson. Transcribed by James Porter.

a π^1

1. "Whaur hae ye been all the day,
Lord Donald, my son?
Whaur hae ye been all the day,
My jolly young man?"

2. "Awa coortin, mither—
Mak my bed soon,
For I am seik at the hairt,
An I fain wud lie doon."

3. "What will ye hae for your supper,
Lord Donald, my son?
What will ye hae for your supper,
My jolly young man?"

4. "I hae had my supper—
Mither, mak my bed soon,
For I am seik at the hairt,
An I fain wud lie doon."

5. "What had ye for supper,
Lord Donald, my son?
What had ye for supper,
My jolly young man?"

6. "I had little smaa fishes—
Mither, mak my bed soon,
For I am seik at the hairt,
An I fain wud lie doon."

7. "What like were the fishes,
Lord Donald, my son?
What like were the fishes,
My gallant young man?"

8. "Black back an spreckled belly—
Mither, mak my bed soon,
For I am seik at the hairt,
An I fain wud lie doon."

9. "Oh, I doubt you are poishoned,
Lord Donald, my son—
Oh, I doubt you are poishoned,
My jolly young man.

10. "What will ye leave tae your father,
Lord Donald, my son?
What will ye leave tae your father,
My jolly young man?"

11. "My houses an lands, mither—
Mak my bed soon,
For I am seik at the hairt,
An I fain wud lie doon."

. . .

12. "What will ye leave tae your true-love
Lord Donald, my son?"

13. "The tow an the helter
To hang on yon tree,
An there for to hang
For the poishonin o' me."

14. "What will ye leave tae your true-love,
Lord Donald, my son?
What will ye leave tae your true-love,
My jolly young man?"

15. "The tow an the helter
Tae hang on yon tree,
An there for to hang
For the poishonin o' me."

47.1. "Johnny Randall"

Schinhan, *The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore*, (The Music of the Ballads, ed. Jan P. Schinhan), 1957, p. 21(B2).

47.2. "Lord Randall"

Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 20(B1).

53.1. "Johnny Randolph, My Son"

Arthur Kyle Davis, Jr., *More Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1960, p. 55(CC).

54.1. "Where Have You Been"

Davis, 1960, p. 54(BB).

63.1. "Johnnie Randall"

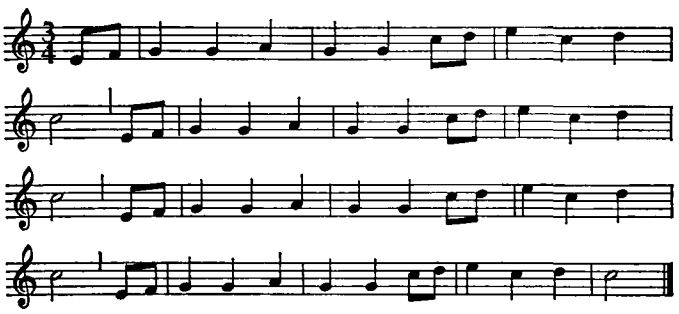
Ruth Ann Musick, *JAF*, LXX (1957), p. 259(5); text, p. 250.

64.1. "Lord Randall"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads Traditionally Sung in New England*, I, 1960, p. 190(G).

69.1. "Lord Ronald"

Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 447. Sung by Mrs. Lyall, August 11, 1908; learned from her mother.

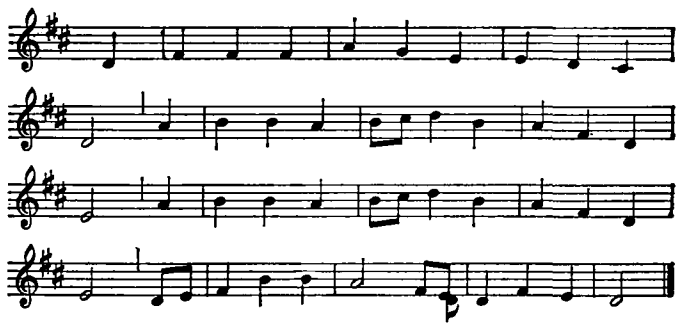
a I/M (ending on the octave)

"I doot ye are po[i]son'd, Lord Ronald, my son,
I doot ye are poison'd, my handsome young man."

"O, yes, I am poison'd, mother, mak my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart and I fain wad lie doon."

"This is curious, as containing but one line of music. Mrs. L. was however quite sure of it." [*Duncan's MS. note.*]

72.1. "O where are you going to?"

Vaughan Williams MSS., I, p. 248. Sung by "Miles" at Plough Inn, Rusper, Sussex, August 13, 1908.

a I

1. O where are you going to my darling boy
O where are you going to for comforts and joy
Down in those meadows where violets are gay
I've a pain in my heart I want to lie down

2. What will you have for breakfast [my darling boy
What will you have for breakfast for comforts and joy]
Three drops of strong poison [where violets are gay
I've a pain in my heart I want to lie down]

3. What will you leave your sweetheart [my darling boy
What will you leave your sweetheart for comforts and joy]
The chain and the halter to swing on a tree
[I've a pain in my heart I want to lie down]

4. What will you leave your sister [my darling boy
What will you leave your sister for comforts and joy]
The keys of my treasure both houses and land
[I've a pain in my heart I want to lie down]

5. Where will you be buried [my darling boy
Where will you be buried for comforts and joy]
Down in yonder churchyard where violets are gay
[I've a pain in my heart I want to lie down]

6. What will you have for a pillow [my darling boy
What will you have for a pillow for comforts and joy]
A stone at my head and a stone at my feet
[I've a pain in my heart I want to lie down]

87.1. "Mother, Make My Bed Soon"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads Traditionally Sung in New England*, I, 1960, p. 180(B).

97.1. "Lord Nelson"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, I, 1960, p. 200(N).

12. APPENDIX. BILLIE BOY

19.1. "Billy Boy"

Lester A. Hubbard, *Ballads and Songs from Utah*, 1961, p. 375.

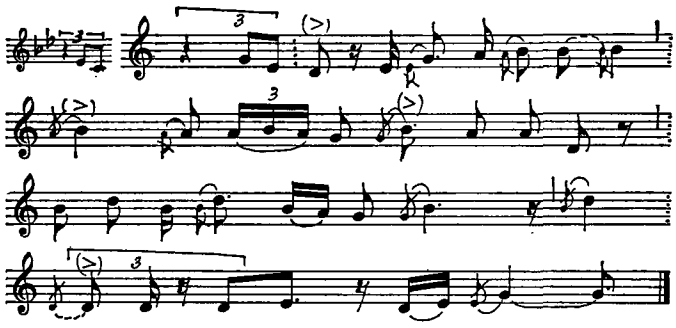
13. EDWARD

1.2. "Edward"

The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore, IV (*The Music of the Ballads*, ed. Jan P. Schinhan), 1957, p. 23(C).

3.1. "Son David"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1952/43/B9. Sung by Jeannie Robertson, Aberdeenshire, as learned in childhood from her mother. Collected by Hamish Henderson. Transcribed by James Porter.

$p\pi^1$

O, what's the blood that's on your sword?
My son David, O son David—
What's the blood 'at's on your sword
Come, promise tell me true—
O that's the blood of my grey meir
Hi, lady mother, ho, lady mother—
That's the blood of my grey meir
Because it wadna rule by me—

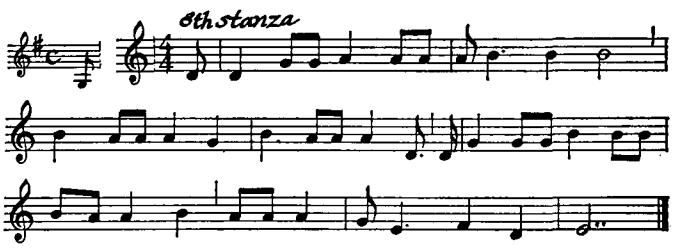
O, that blood it is ower clear,
My son David, O son David;
That blood it is ower clear,
Come, promise tell me true—
O that's the blood of my grey hound,
Hi, lady mother, ho, lady mother,
That's the blood of my grey hound
Because it wadna rule by me—

O, that blood it is ower clear,
My son David, O son David—
That blood it is ower clear
Come, promise tell me true—
O that's the blood of my brother John—
Hi, lady mother, ho, lady mother,
That's the blood of my brother John
Because he wadna rule by me—

O whan will you come back again?
My son David, O son David,
Whan will you come back again,
Come promise, tell me true?
When the sun and the moon meets in yon glen,
Hi, lady mother, ho, lady mother;
When the sun and the moon meets in yon glen
For I'll return again.

3.2. "Son David"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1954/102/A1. Sung by Margaret Stewart, Aberdeen. Collected by Hamish Henderson. Transcribed by Francis M. Collinson.

a D/Æ? or p I/M (—IV; ending on *VI*)

1. "What's the blood 'it's on your sword,
Hey, son Dauvit, ho son Dauvit,
What's the blood 'it's on your sword,
It's promise, tell me true."

2. "That's the blood of my grey mare,
Yes, lady mother, aye, lady mother,
That's the blood of my grey mare,
'Caise she would not rule by me."

3. "That blood is faur too clear,
Hey, son Dauvit, etc.
That blood is faur too clear,
An promise, etc."

4. "Yes, lady mother, aye, lady mother,
That's the blood of my haukin-hound,
'Caise it would not rule by me."

5. "That blood is faur too clear,
Hey, son Dauvit, etc.
That blood is faur too clear,
An promise, etc."

6. "That is the blood of my brother, John,
Yes, lady mother, aye lady mother,
That's the blood of my brother John,
'Caise he would not rule by me."

7. "It was cast o'er a silly one,
Yes, lady mother, etc.
It was cast o'er a silly one
When he drew his sword to me.

8. "I'll go away in a bottomless boat,
Yes, lady mother, etc.
It's I'll go away in a bottomless boat,
An a good scholar I'll come home."

9. "When will you be back again,
Hey son Dauvit, etc.
When will you be back again,
Come promise, etc."

10. "When the sun an the moon shall meet in yon glen,
Yes, lady mother, etc.
When the sun an the moon shall meet in yon glen,
An that will never be."

3.3. "Son David"

JEFDSS, Vol. VII, No. 4 (1955), p. 252.

11.1. "What's on Your Sword"

Arthur Kyle Davis, Jr., *More Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1960, p. 65(CC).

16.1. "Edward"

Mrs. Crockett Ward, LC Archive of American Folk Song, rec. No. 5227(A3); also in LC Album 57(A2).

20.1. "Edward"

Davis, 1960, p. 64(BB).

21.1. "Dear Son"

Schinhan, *The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore*, IV (*The Music of the Ballads*, ed. Jan P. Schinhan), 1957, p. 23(B).

14. BABYLON

6.1. "The Burley Burley Banks of Barbree-O"

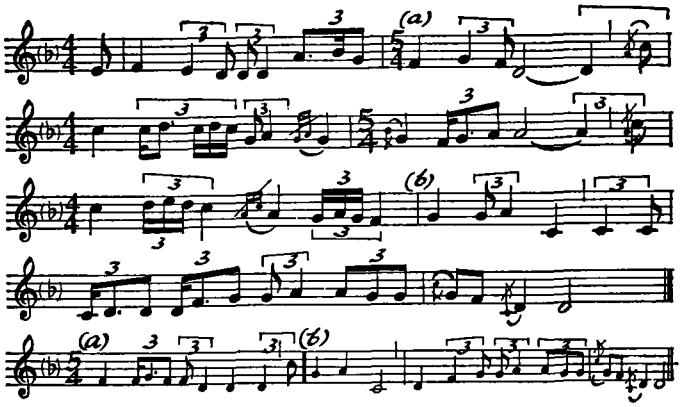
Helen Hartness Flanders, *Ancient Ballads Traditionally Sung in New England*, I, 1960, p. 217(B).

6.2. "The Bonnie Banks o' Airdrie"

Ewan MacColl, Riverside rec. No. RLP 12-632(4), ed. Kenneth S. Goldstein.

6.3. "The Banks o' Airdrie"

Sung by Mary Reid, the wife of a traveling basket maker, at Peat Inn, Fife, April 2, 1967. Learned from her mother. Collected and transcribed by Peter Shepheard and sent by him to the Editor.

a D/Æ

1. There was three young sisters went out for a walk
   They met a robber on the way
   They met a robber on the way
   Down by the banks o' Airdrie O

2. He catched the eldest sister all by the hand
   He gave her a quhirl for to make her stand
   He gave her a quhirl for to make her stand
   On the dewry dewry banks o' Airdrie O

3. Will you be a rank robber's wife
   Or will you die by my penknife
   Or will you die by my penknife
   On the dewry dewry banks o' Airdrie O

4. It's I'll not be a rank robber's wife
   Or I won't die by your penknife
   Or I won't die by your penknife
   On the dewry dewry banks o' Airdrie O

5. He catched the second sister all by the hand
   He gave her a quhirl for to make her stand
   [*Each verse completed, as above.*]

6. Will you be a rank robber's wife
   Or will you die by my penknife

7. It's I'll not be a rank robber's wife
   Or I won't die by your penknife

8. He catched the youngest sister all by the hand
   He gave her a quhirl for to make her stand

9. Will you be a rank robber's wife
   Or will you die by my penknife

10. It's I'll not be a rank robber's wife
    Or I won't die by your penknife

11. If my three brothers was here tonight
    I would not die by your penknife
    I would not die by your penknife
    On the dewry dewry banks o' Airdrie O

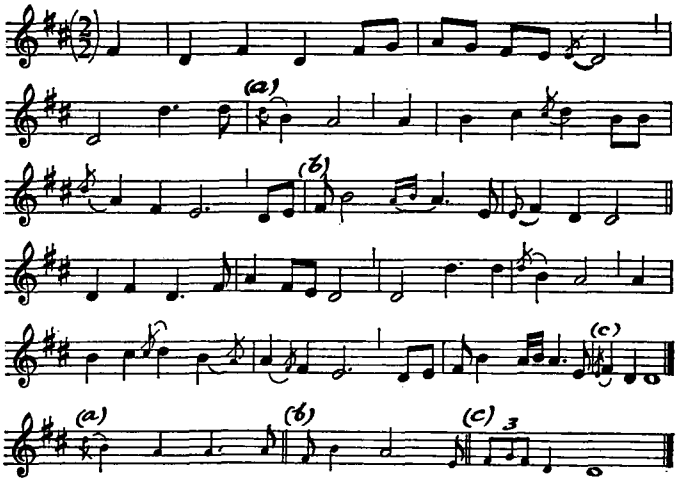
[The rest was not recalled.]

" 'It's I'll not be . . .' in verses 4, 7, and 10 sometimes sung as: 'Oh I'll not be . . .'

" 'Or I won't die . . .' in verses 4, 7, and 10 sometimes sung as: 'And I won't die. . . .'" [*Shepheard's MS. notes.*]

7.1. "The Banks o' Airdrie"

Sung by Mary Campbell, at Blairgowrie, Perthshire, August 1967 and April 1968. Learned a number of years earlier from Peggy Cameron, in whose family the song was well known. Collected and transcribed by Peter Shepheard, and sent by him to the Editor.

a I

[First verse forgotten. It tells of how three sisters meet the robber John.]

2. He took the first pretty sister by the hand
   Hey win sa bonnie
   He whirled her round an' he made her stand
   On the dewy banks o' Airdrie O

3. Will you be a rank robber's wife
   Hey win sa bonnie
   Or will you die by my penknife
   On the dewy banks o' Airdrie O

4. I won't be a rank robber's wife
   Hey win sa bonnie
   So I will die by your penknife
   On the dewy banks o' Airdrie O

5. He took the next pretty sister by the hand
   He whirled her round an' he made her stand
   [*Refrain lines sung with each verse.*]

6. Will you be a rank robber's wife
   Or will you die by my penknife

7. I won't be a rank robber's wife
   So I will die by your penknife

8. He took the third pretty sister by the hand
   He whirled her round an' he made her stand

9. Will you be a rank robber's wife
   Or will you die by my penknife

10. I have three brothers who pass this way
    If you kill me it's they'll kill you

11. Pray tell me your three brothers' names
    William, Peter, an' the other's named John

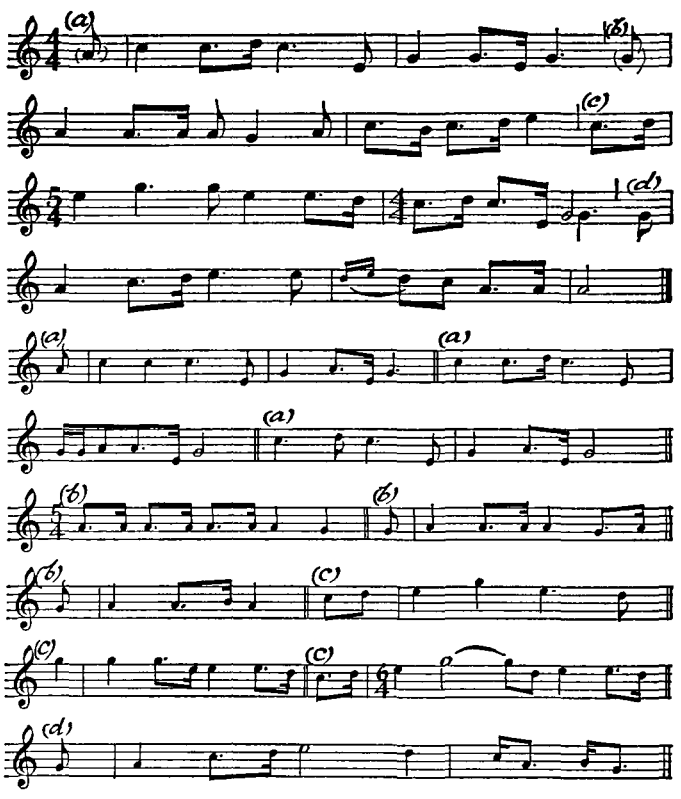
12. Pray tell me what's this I have done
    Hey win sa bonnie
    I've killed my three pretty sisters all but one
    On the dewy banks o' Airdrie O

"On singing the song again in April 1968, she sang the first refrain line: Hey win sa bonnie O (this was without any comment from myself)." [*Shepheard's MS. note.*]

17. HIND HORN

4.1. "The Old Beggarman"

Sung by Joseph R. Estey, Red Bank, New Brunswick, August 1963. Collected by Lee B. Haggerty and Henry Felt; sent by them to the Editor.

m D/Æ

1. Where were you bred and where were you born?
   In dear old Scotland, where I was bred and born.
   I am going for to leave you, so Love, do not mourn
   Until the day when I do return.

2. Here is a ring, I'll give it unto thee
   As a token of true friendship, given by me,
   And when this ring is faded and worn
   You'll know that your true-love's with another one.

3. For seven long years he sailed o'er the sea,
   He sailed and he sailed to a foreign countery.
   He looked at the ring, it was faded and worn,
   He knew that his true-love was with another one.

4. And he turned, he sailed o'er the sea,
   He sailed and he sailed to his own countery.
   The first one he met when he came to the land
   Was a poor old beggarman.

5. Old man, good man, old man, said he,
   What news, what news have you got for me?
   Bad news, bad news, the old man did say.
   Tomorrow is your true-love's wedding day.

6. Then give to me your rags and your shield
   And I'll give to you my coat and my steel.
   Your coat and your steel is far too good for me,
   While an old beggar's clothes is not fit for thee.

7. Let it be right, or let it be wrong,
   The old beggar's clothes I will put on,
   I will beg fróm the richest to the poorest in the land,
   Take nothing but the best from the young bride's hand.

8. So he begged from Peter, and he begged from Paul,
   He begged from the richest to the poorest of them all,
   He begged till he came to his own true-love's hall,
   He stood on the bridge, he leaned against the gate.

9. Down came the bride a-tripping down the stair,
Rings on her fingers and jewelry in her hair.
The glass of wine she held in her hand
She gave it to the old beggarman.

10. Out of the tumbler he drank the wine,
Back in the tumbler he dropped the ring.
She said, Where did you get it? on sea or on land?
Or did you steal it off some dead man's hand?

11. I did not get it on sea or on land,
Neither did I take it off a dead man's hand.
It's a token of true friendship when we used to court so gay
And I have returned it all on your wedding day.

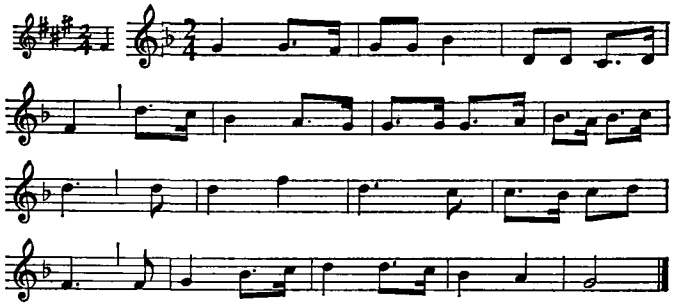
12. Rings from her fingers she did pull off,
Trinkets from her hair she did let fall,
Saying, Willie, I'll go with you for now and evermore
Supposing that we beg fróm door to door.

13. O between the kitchen and the hall
The old beggar's clothes he did let fall.
His costly garments they shone far above them all,
He was the finest-looking yóung man that stood in the hall.

14. It was early the next morning just at the break of day
This couple hastened off to church and made no delay,
It's now they're married, as you may understand,
No more will he be called the old beggarman. (Last word spoken.)

7.1. "Hynd Horn, or, The Beggar at the Wedding"

Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 10. Noted from J. Milne, Glasgow, 1905; learned from her mother, who had it from her mother, Mrs. Duncan.

m D/Æ

Down cam the bonny bride trippin' doon the stair,
Wi' the beads o' the yellow gowd hangin in her hair,
An' in her han a gless o' wine,
To gie to the peer auld beggar man

8.1. "Hind Horn"

Ewan MacColl, Riverside rec. No. RLP 12-621(9), *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, I, ed. Kenneth S. Goldstein.

18. SIR LIONEL

8.1. "Wild Hog"

Arthur Kyle Davis, Jr., *More Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1960, p. 76(CC).

9.1. "Wild Hog"

Davis, 1960, p. 77(DD).

9.2. "Bangum and the Boar"

G. D. Vowell, LC Archive of American Folk Song, rec. No. 1377(A); also in LC Album 57(A4).

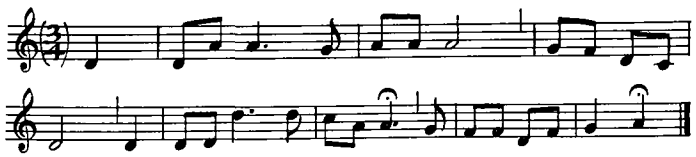
11.1. "Wild Hog"

Davis, 1960, p. 74(BB).

19. KING ORFEO

2. "King Orfeo"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1955/145/6. Sung by Kitty Anderson, Shetland. Collected by Francis M. Collinson.

a π^4 (ending on V)

1. Der lived a king into da aist
Sconner le groon
Der lived a lady in da wast
Whar yorten han groon varlee*

[*Interlinear chorus as above in each verse.*]

2. Dis king he has a huntin geen
An left his lady Isabel alane.

3. Oh, I wiss ye'd never geen away
For at your hame it's dule an wae.

4. For the King o Faerie wi his dairt
His pierced your lady ti da hert.

5. An eftir them the king is geen
But when he cam it wis a grey stane

6. Dan he took oot his pipes to play
But sair his hert wi dule an wae.

7. An first he played da notes o noy,
An dan he played da notes o joy.

8. Noo he's geen in inta dir haa,
An he's geen in among them aa.

9. Dan he took oot his pipes to play
But sair his hert wi dule an wae.

10. Noo tell tae us what you will hae,
What sall we gie you for you play?

11. What I will hae I will you tell
An dat's me Lady Isabel.

12. Yees tak yir lady an yees gane hame
An yees be king o'er aa yir ain.

* In rec. No. 1953/3 the singer gives two versions of the chorus, the second of which is also found in the *Shetland Folk Book*, II, ed. E. S. Reid Tait, 1947-51, p. 56:

Sconner le groon (?"The wood is green yearly") = Scan arlish groon (?"The wood is yearly green")
Whar yorten han groon varlee (?"Where the garden grows green yearly") = Whar yorten han gor arlish (?"Where the hart goes yearly"). Cf. also *JEFDSS*, V, 77.

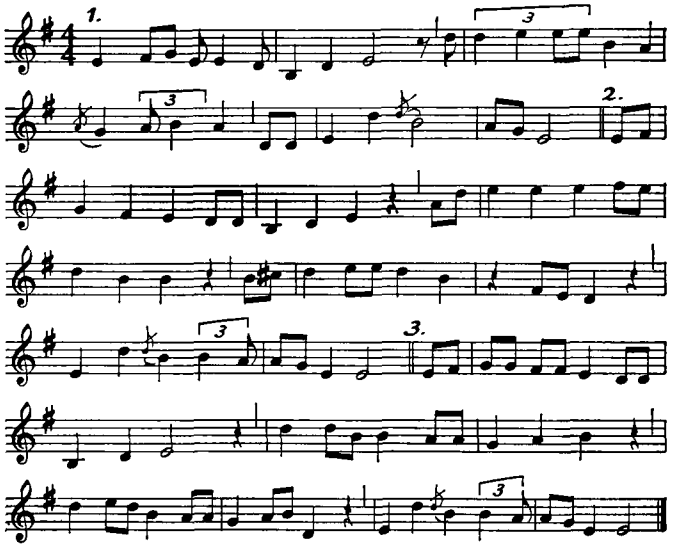
20. THE CRUEL MOTHER

8.1. "The Cruel Mother"

Arthur Kyle Davis, Jr., *More Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1960, p. 83(AA).

19.1. "Cruel Mother"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1955/64/A1. Sung by Duncan Burke, Perthshire. Collected by Hamish Henderson and Peter Kennedy. Transcribed by Ailie Munro.

m D

1. There were a lady—she proved unkind;
She drownded her three babes in the draw-well,
Sayin, Ba la looly nee.

2. Oh a year been gone and a year been past,
Sayin, Ba la loo an a linny-oh,
When she happent tae pass that draw-well
Ba la loo an a linny-oh.

[Spoken] Now, we'll have to explain it. A year's gone, from she done the murder, an she's passin the well, here's the three little spirits jumps up out of the well, ye see. She'd been married an done a lot of trouble since that. . . . these little spirits comes up an they were sittin jist on a baukin up above the well—night-time, ye see an she spotted them. So then when she seen them, she says:

[Sung]

3. "Oh, pretty little babes, oh if you were mine,
I would dress you in silks so fine,
I would dress you in silks so fine,
Ba la loo an a linny-oh."

[Spoken]. . . . . so a little spirit got up—the oldest one of the three—. . . . . got up and said:

[Sung]

4. "Oh dear mother, you didn't prove so kind
When ye drownded us in this draw-well,
Sayin, Ba la loo an the linny-oh.

5. "For seven year, you'll be a fish in the sea,
And other seven as aul' horse-bones.
An for ever an for ever you'll be a porter in hell.
Sayin Bala loo an the linny-oh.

[Spoken] So that's your Ba la loo.

Q. And who did you hear it from?

A. My grannie, och. She was from Islay. She always maintained that the woman would be a porter in hell.

20.1. "Down by the Greenwood Sidey"

Helen Hartness Flanders, *Ancient Ballads Traditionally Sung in New England*, I, 1960, p. 238(F).

32.1. "There Was a Young Lady"

Margaret Sweeney, *KFR* XI (1965), pp. 21-28 (text).

40.1. "The Cruel Mother"

Marie Slocombe and Patrick Shuldham-Shaw, *JEFDSS*, VII, No. 2 (1953), p. 101; also in Sound Archives of the British Broadcasting Corporation, London, rec. No. 17033.

The Maid and the Palmer

CHILD NO. 21

It was not to be expected that a traditional version of this ballad, which had barely survived in a fragmentary form in Scotland a century and a half ago, should have turned up in Ireland after the Second World War. But such is the case, and we have word of yet another variant in the same vicinity in the year 1970. The musical tradition is very unstable, and perhaps the tunes have been borrowed for the nonce, from material well worn in other connections. In the British Isles, the persons of the ballad are equally blurred and indistinct in identity. On the Continent, the Christ is more perceptible, but the Magdalen and the woman of Samaria are still confused. In the penances forecast, the ballad seems very probably to have crossed the sturdier tradition of "The Cruel Mother" (No. 20).

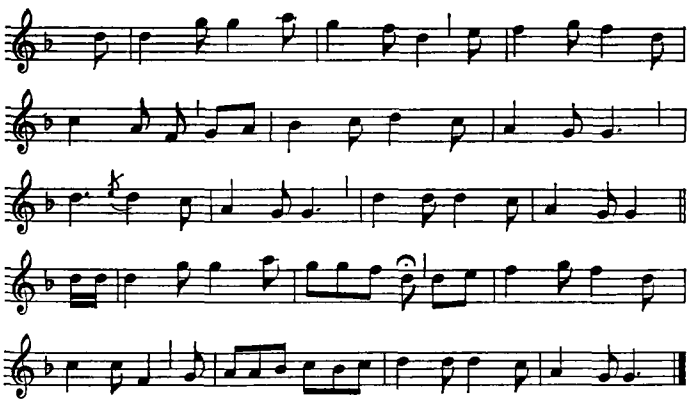
LIST OF VARIANTS

1. "The Well below the Valley." *Ceol, A Journal of Irish Music*, III, No. 12 (1969), p. 66.
2. "The Well below the Valley." Tom Munnelly, private collection.

TUNES WITH TEXTS

1. "The Well below the Valley"

Ceol. A Journal of Irish Music, III, No. 12 (1969), p. 66.
Sung by John Reilly, Boyle, County Roscommon, Ireland.
Collected by Tom Munnelly.

a D

1. A gentleman was passing by,
   He asked a drink as he got dry,

   Refrain:

   At the well below the valley-o
   Green grows the lilly-o
   Right among the bushes-o

2. She said "My cup it overflows
   If I stoop down I might fall in".

3. "If your true love was passing by,
   You'd fill him a drink if he got dry".

4. She swore by grass, she swore by corn,
   That her true love was never born.

5. "I say, young maid, you're swearing wrong".

6. "If you're a man of noble fame,
   You'll tell me who's the father of them".

7. "There was two of them by your Uncle Dan".

8. "Another two by your brother John".

9. "Another by your father dear".

10. "Well if you're a man of noble fame
    You'll tell me what did happen to them".

11. "There was two of them buried by the stable door".

12. "Another two 'neath the kitchen floor",

13. "Another's buried by the well".

14. "Well if you're a man of noble fame
    You'll tell me what will happen mysel'."

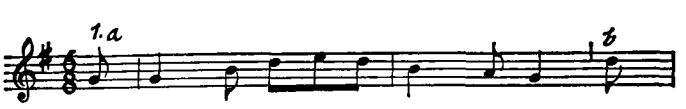
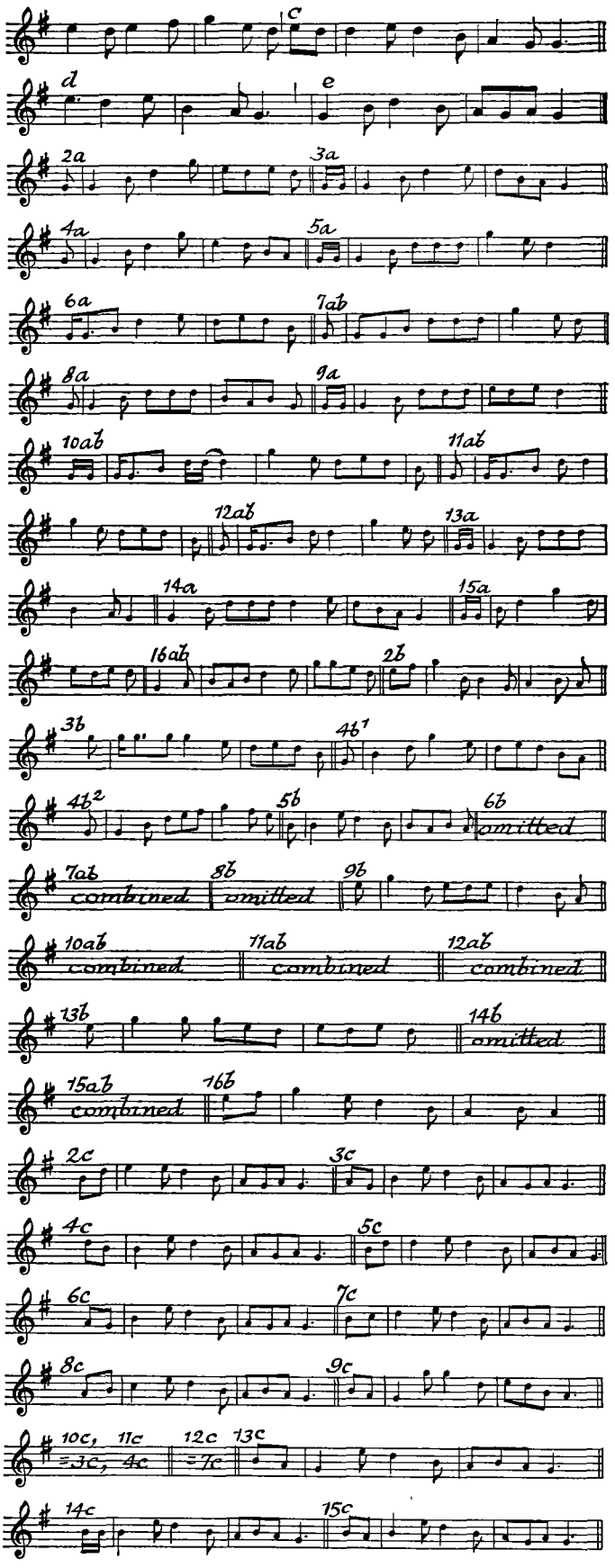
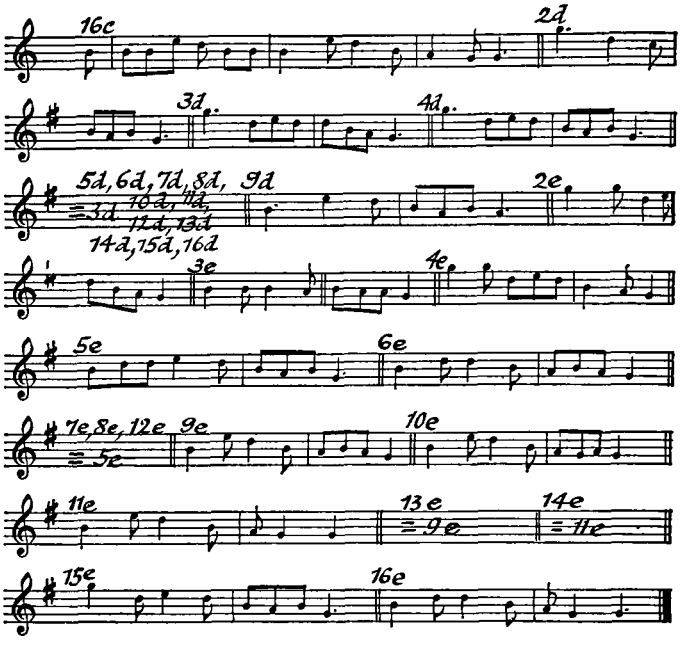
15. "You'll be seven years a-ringing a bell",

16. "And seven years a-portin' in Hell".

17. "I'll be seven years a-ringing a bell,
    But the Lord above may save my soul from portin'
    in Hell".

2. "The Well below the Valley"

Sung by John Reilly, Boyle, County Roscommon, Ireland, February 22, 1969. Recorded by Tom Munnelly, D. K. and E. Wilgus, and sent by Mr. Munnelly to the Editor.

a I

1. A gentleman he was passing by.
   He axed a drink as he got dry
   At the well below the valley O.
   Green grows the lily O
   Right among the bushes O.

2. My cup it is an (in? on?) overflow
   And if I do stoop I may fall in
   At the well below the valley O.
   Green grows the lily O
   Right among the bushes O.

3. Well if your true love was passing by
   You'd fill him a drink if he got dry
   At the well below the valley O.
   Green grows the lily O
   Right among the bushes O.

4. She swore by grass and swore by corn
   That her true love was never born.
   I say, fair maiden, you've swore in wrong
   At the well below the valley O.
   Green grows the lily O
   Right among the bushes O.

5. Well if you're a man of that noble fame
   You'll tell to me the father o' them
   At the well below the valley O.
   Green grows the lily O
   Right among the bushes O.

6. Two o' them by your father dear
   At the well below the valley O.
   Green grows the lily O
   Right among the bushes O.

7. Two more o' them came by your uncle Dan
   At the well below the valley O.
   Green grows the lily O
   Right among the bushes O.

8. Another one by your brother John
At the well below the valley O.
Green grows the lily O
Right among the bushes O.

9. Well if you're a man of the noble fame
You'll tell to me what happened then
At the well below the valley O.
Green grows the lily O
Right among the bushes O.

10. There was two o' them buried by the kitchen fire
At the well below the valley O.
Green grows the lily O
Right among the bushes O.

11. Two more o' them buried by the stable door
At the well below the valley O.
Green grows the lily O
Right among the bushes O.

12. The other was buried by the well
At the well below the valley O.
Green grows the lily O
Right among the bushes O.

13. Well if you're a man of the noble fame
You'll tell to me what will happen mysel'
At the well below the valley O.
Green grows the lily O
Right among the bushes O.

14. You'll be seven long years a-ringin' a bell
At the well below the valley O.
Green grows the lily O
Right among the bushes O.

15. You'll be seven more a-portin' in Hell
At the well below the valley O.
Green grows the lily O
Right among the bushes O.

16. I'll be seven long years a-ringin' the bell
But the Lord above might save my soul
From portin' in Hell
At the well below the valley O.
Green grows the lily O
Right among the bushes O.

26. THE THREE RAVENS

3.1. "The Two Crows"

Helen Hartness Flanders, *Ancient Ballads Traditionally Sung in New England*, I, 1960, p. 246(B).

4.1. "Three Black Crows"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, I, 1960, p. 250(E).

5.1. "The Three Crows"

Arthur Kyle Davis, Jr., *More Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1960, p. 86(AA).

10.1. "The Three Crows"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, I, 1960, p. 252(F).

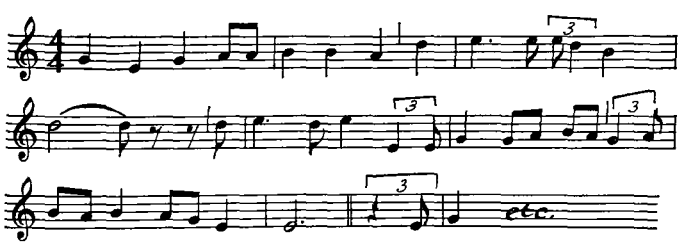
13.1. "The Three Crows"

Davis, 1960, p. 87(BB).

39. TAM LIN

2.1. "Tam Lin"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1967/140/B1. Sung by Duncan Williamson, originally from Argyll; learned as a boy from his grandmother. Collected by Geordie MacIntyre and Helen Fullarton. Transcribed by Ailie Munro.

a π^4

1. Margret stood in her chamber;
She'd sewn a silken seam.
She lookèd east an she lookèd west,
An she saw those woods grow green.

2. She lifted up her petticoat
Beside a holland gown,
An when she came to the pretty green woods,
It was there that she let them down.

3. She had not pulled one nut, one nut,
Nor scarcely bent one tree,
When the highest lord in aa the country-side
Came a-ridin throu the trees.

4. "Why do you pull those nuts, those nuts,
Why do you bend those trees?"
"Oh, oncet on time those nuts were mine,
Without the leave of youse."

[lapse of memory]

[Spoken: There's something in between, and then there's . . . he turns hissel intae a lion, an then "a fairy queen stole me away when I was very young. . . ." An then he says . . . first he'll turn to a lion, then he'll turn to a snake. . . . She says—]

5. [Sung] "Oh now you've got the will of me,
Come, tell me now your name,
An when my baby it is born,
I will call it the same."

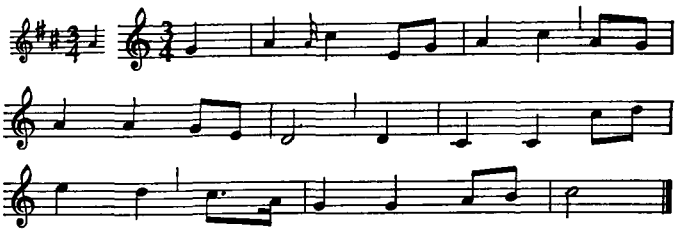
6. "A fairy queen stole me away
When I was very young."

[lapse of memory]

[Spoken: A grannie of mine used to sing it. She might have had the whole song, but I was young when I heard it. . . . He changes from a lion into a snake and from a snake into something else, an then to what he was before.]

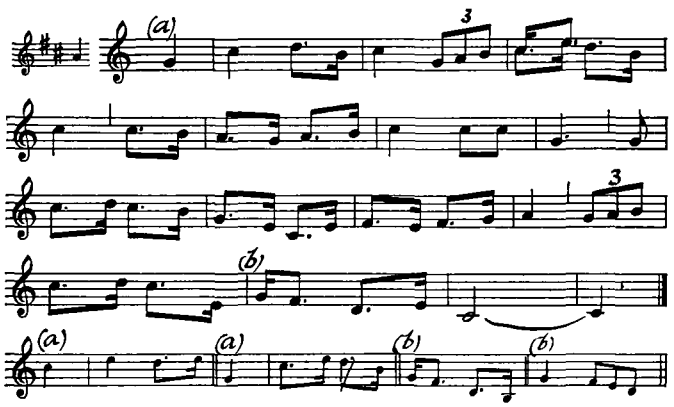
3.1. "Tam Lin"

Telfer MS., No. 29, p. 14. Tune noted by William Oliver of Langraw, 1855.

a I/Ly (ending on the octave)

43. THE BROOMFIELD HILL

10.1. "The Squire in the North Countree"

Vaughan Williams MSS., I, p. 265. Sung by Mr. Verrall, Horsham, Sussex, September 8, 1908.

a I

1. It's of a rich squire in the North country
in the North country ridèd he
and as he was a-riding all fitting for a joke
saying a wager I will lay with thee.

2. What wager, what wager will you lay with me
500 bright guineas to y[ou]r 10
that you do not go a maiden to the bonny blooming fields
and return back a fair maid again.

3. The wager was made and the money was paid down
500 bright guineas to y[ou]r 10
that you do not go a maiden to the bonny blooming fields
and return back a fair maid again.

4. Then off ridèd he to the bonny blooming fields
and he laid himself fast down asleep
with (his) horse a-by his side and silver saddle too
and his hounds laying down at his feet.

5. Then off ridèd she through the bonny blooming fields
where she found her own true love fast asleep
with his horse a-by his side and his silver saddle too
and his hounds laying down at his feet.

6. 3 times she did walk round the crown of his hat
3 times round the soles of his boots
3 times she kissed his red and ruby lips
as he laid on the ground fast asleep.

7. Then off from her finger she pulled a gold ring
and placed it all on his right hand
and twas to let him know his true love had been there
and the wager she fairly had won.

8. When that he woke all out of his sleep
unto his hound he did say
Why have you not woken me out of my sleep
when you saw my own true love standing by[?]

9. I howled and I hollowed and I shook your shirt collar
crying awake O master awake
I [howled and I hollowed and I shook your shirt collar]
but no notice at all w[oul]d you take.

10. If I'd been awake instead of being asleep
when my true love was standing by
I'm sure I w[oul]d have murdered her or else I'd have
my will of her
and the small birds s[houl]d all have their fill.

13.2. "The Broomfield Hill"

Ewan MacColl, Riverside rec. No. RLP 12-623 (A1), *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, II, ed. Kenneth S. Goldstein.

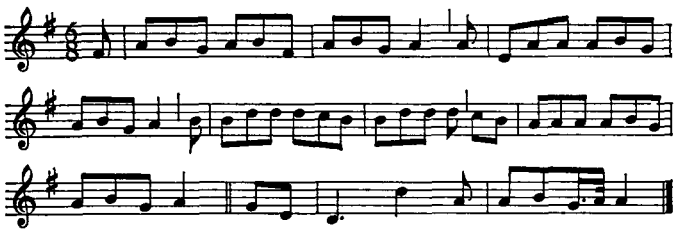
18.1. "The Merry Green Fields"

Helen Hartness Flanders, *Ancient Ballads Traditionally Sung in New England*, I, 1960, p. 277.

45. KING JOHN AND THE BISHOP

5.1. "King John and the Bishop"

Flanders, 1934, p. 64. Sung by Mrs. Myra Daniells, North Calais, Vt., 1933. Learned many years before from Mr. Newell Slayton, of English descent. From *A Garland of Green Mountain Song*, edited by Helen Hartness Flanders; copyright 1934 by Helen Hartness Flanders. Transcribed by Elizabeth Flanders.

p D

1. A story, a story, a story of one
About an old prince whose name was King John.
He was a man, a man of great mirth
Who set up all rights and downed great wrongs.
Derry down, down, derry I down.

2. One day the King to make himself merry
He sent for the Bishop of Canterbury.
"Good morning, Mr. Bishop, they tell to me
That you keep a far better house than me, etc.

3. "Now if you don't answer to my questions three,
Your head shall be taken from your bodee,
And if you don't answer to them all right
Your head shall be taken from your body quite," etc.

4. The Bishop on returning home
He met the old shepherd and he was alone.
"Good morning, Mr. Bishop," the shepherd did say,
"What news do you bring us from court to-day?" etc.

5. "If I don't answer to the king's questions three
My head shall be taken from my bodee,
And if I don't answer to them all right,
My head shall be taken from my body quite, etc.

6. "The first, he sits in his royal estate
With his golden crown all on his pate
And with his nobility, joy and great mirth
I must tell to one penny just what he is worth, etc.

7. "The second one is without all doubt
How long he'll be travelling this whole world about,
And the third one is that when he does wink,
I must tell to him presently what he does think," etc.

8. "Are you a man of learning and wit
To answer these questions so soonly put to it?
It's for one suit of your fine apparel
I'll go to King John and answer the quarrel," etc.

9. "One suit of my apparel I'll give
And five pounds a year as long as I live."
Now the shepherd is gone (and I am alone)
To answer the questions to the royal King John, etc.

10. "Good-morning, Mr. Bishop," the King replied,
"Have you come here to live or to die?"
"I hope your grace will pardon me:
I've come to answer your questions three, etc.

11. "The first; you sit on your royal estate
With your golden crown all on your pate
And with your nobility, joy and great mirth
I must tell to one penny just what you are worth, etc.

12. "For the thirty pieces our Saviour was sold
Among the Jews so barbarous and bold
So about twenty-nine would be your just due
For I think he was one piece better than you, etc.

13. "The second one is, without all doubt
How long you'll be travelling this whole world about.
Begin with the sun and keep his same pace.
In twenty-four hours you'll finish the race, etc.

14. "The third one is, that when you do wink
I must tell you presently what you do think
And that I can do, so make yourself merry—
You think I'm the Bishop of Canterbury,
But you're mistaken and that all alone
I'm the old shepherd and the bishop's at home."
"But that is all right," he said with a smile,
"You shall be Bishop another while," etc.

15. "There's no use in talking, there's no use to fight
For I can neither read nor write,
But tell the old Bishop, go tell him for me,
That he'll be a frisky one if he gets me."

5.2. "King John and the Bishop"

Helen Hartness Flanders, *Ancient Ballads Traditionally Sung in New England*, I, 1960, p. 290(B2).

46. CAPTAIN WEDDERBURN'S COURTSHIP

8.1. "I Gave My Love a Cherry"

The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore, IV (*The Music of the Ballads*, ed. Jan P. Schinhan), 1957, p. 26(B).

11.1. [Title Unknown]

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads Traditionally Sung in New England*, I, 1960, p. 311(F).

11.2. "Captain Washburn's Courtship"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, I, 1960, p. 305(B).

14.1. "The Riddle Song"

Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 27(C).

20.1. "Captain Washburn's Courtship"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, I, 1960, p. 307(C).

22.1. "Captain Washburn's Courtship"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, I, 1960, p. 309(D).

46. APPENDIX. RIDDLE SONG

15.1. "Perry, Merry, Dictum, Domini"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, I, 1960, p. 314(II).

49. THE TWO BROTHERS

1.1. "Two Little Brothers from School One Day"

Arthur Kyle Davis, Jr., *More Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1960, p. 97(CC).

3.1. "The Two Brothers"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, I, 1960, p. 329(DII).

3.2. "The Two Brothers"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, I, 1960, p. 327(DI).

4.1a. "The Two Brothers"

Davis, 1960, p. 100(EE).

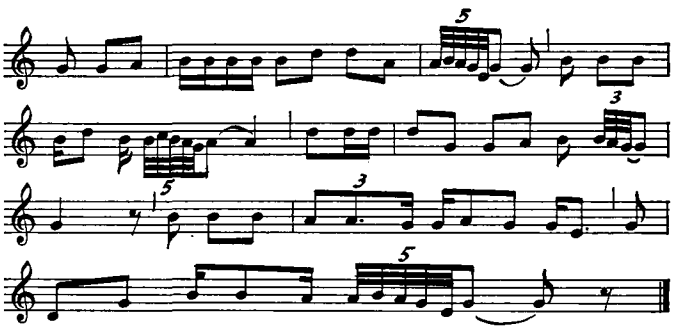
9.1. "The Two Brothers"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, I, 1960, p. 326(C).

10.1. "Twa Brothers"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1953/235/B24. Sung by Patty Ward, Edinburgh. Collected by Hamish Henderson. Transcribed by Ailie Munro.

p I/M



1. There were twa pretty pretty boys went tae the school,
   And when they gaed awa,
   It's 'will ye play at the puttin-stone,
   Or will ye play at the baa, the baa,
   Or will ye play at the baa?'

2. 'Oh, I can dae little little at the puttin-stone,
   And little little at the baa,
   But come ye down to yon merry green wood,
   And wrestle an fecht I'll try, I'll try
   And wrestle and fecht I'll try.'

3. So they wrestled wrestled up and they wrestled doon,
   Till John fell tae the ground,
   A dirk fell out of William's leathery pooch
   An gave John a deadly wound, a wound,
   An gave John a deadly wound.

4. 'Oh brother, lift me, lift me up upon your back,
   An take me to yon well fair,
   And wash my wounds and wash them o'er and o'er,
   An they'll nae bleed nae mair, nae mair,
   An they'll nae bleed nae mair.'

5. Oh, he's taen him up upon his back,
An he's taen him to yon well fair,
And he's washed the wounds and washed them o'er and o'er,
But och! they aye bleed mair, bleed mair,
But och! they aye bleed mair.

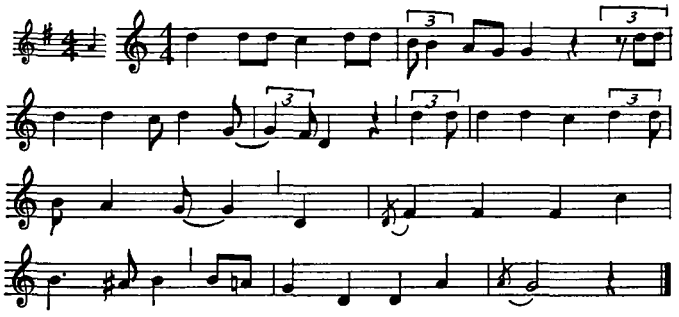
6. 'Oh, ye take off your holland sark,
And tear it gair by gair
And rowe it in aa my bloody wounds,
An they'll nae bleed nae mair, nae mair,
And they'll nae bleed nae mair.'

7. Oh, he's taen off his holland sark,
And rowed it gair by gair,
An put it in aa his bloody wounds
But och! they aye bleed mair, bleed mair,
But och! they aye bleed mair.

8. 'Oh brother, when will ye come back again?
Oh brother, tell to me.'
'When sun an moon dance upon yon green
And that will never never be,
And that will never be.'

11.1. "Twa Brothers"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1955/67/B25. Sung by Lucy Stewart, Fetterangus, Aberdeenshire. Collected by Hamish Henderson and Peter Kennedy. Transcribed by Ailie Munro.

p M (–VI)

Two pretty boys they were going to the school,
In the evening coming home;
Said the biggest boy to the littlest boy,
"Oh can you throw a stone?
"Oh can you throw a stone?"

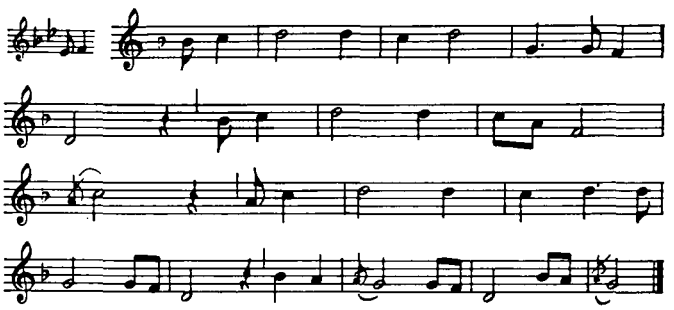
"I can neither throw a stone,
Or little can I play at the baa;
If you come down to this merry green woods,
I will try you a wrastling faa.
I will try you a wrastling faa."

12.1. "The Two Brothers"

Ruth Ann Musick, *JAF*, LXX (1957), p. 259(6); text, p. 251.

13.1. "The Twa Brothers"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1958/25/B19. Sung by Jeannie Robertson, Aberdeenshire. Collected by Hamish Henderson. Transcribed by the Editor, after James Porter.

p D/Æ

1. There were twa brotheris at the schuil,
An when they got awa,
'It's will ye play at the stane-chuckin,
Or will ye play the baa
Or will ye gae up tae yon bonnie, green hill,
An there we'll wrastle a faa?'

2. 'I willnae play at the stàne-chuckin,
Or will I play at the baa,
But I'll gae up tae yon bonnie, green hill,
And there we'll wrastle a faa.'

3. They wrastl't up, they wrastl't down,
Till John fell to the ground,
But a dirk fell out of William's pooch,
Gave John a deadly wound.

4. 'Oh, lift me, lift me on your back;
Tak me to yon well sae fair,
An wash the blood frae off my wound,
That it may bleed nae mair.

5. He's liftit him upon his back,
Taen him to yon well sae fair;
He's washed the blood frae off his wound,
But aye it bled the mair.

6. 'Oh, ye'll take off my holland sark,
Rive it frae gair tae gair,
Ye'll stuff it in the bloody wound,
That it may bleed nae mair.'

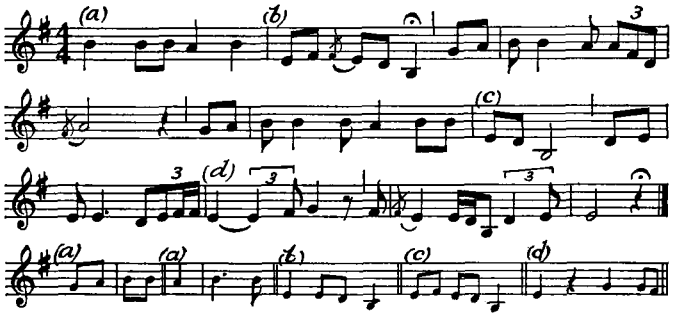
7. For he's taen off his holland sark,
Rived it frae gair tae gair;
He's stuffed it in the bloody wound,
But it bled mair an mair.

8. 'Oh lift me, lift me on your back;
Tak me tae Kirkland fair,
An dig a grave baith wide an deep
And lay my body there.

9. 'Ye'll lay my arrows at my head,
My bent bow at my feet,
My sword an buckler by my side,
As I wes wont tae sleep.'

13.2. "Twa Brothers"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1955/36/3. Sung by Mrs. Belle Stewart, Blairgowrie, Perthshire. Collected by Maurice Fleming. Transcribed by Ailie Munro.

p D/Æ

1. Two pretty boys were goin to the school,
And one evening comin home,
Says William to John, "Can ye throw a stone,
Or can you play at a ball, a ball,
Or can you play at a ball?"

2. Says William to John, "I cannot throw a stone,
Nor little can I play at a ball,
But if you come down to yon merry green wood,
I'll try you a wrestling fall, fall,
I'll try you a wrestling fall."

3. Now when they came to yon merry green wood,
Beneath the spreadin moon,
The little pen-knife slipped out of William's pocket,
Which give John his deadly wound, wound,
Which give John his deadly wound.

4. "Oh you'll take off your white holland shirt,
And you'll tear it from gore to gore,
And you shall bind my deadly wounds
And they shall blood no more, no more,
And they shall blood no more."

5. He took off his white holland shirt,
And he tore it from gore to gore,
And he did bind his deadly wounds
But they bloodit ten times more, more,
For they bloodit ten times more.

6. "What will I tell to your father dear,
This night when I go home?"
"You can tell him I'm away to London school,
And the good scholar I'll come home, home,
And the good scholar I'll come home."

7. "What will I tell to your sweetheart dear,
This night when I go home?"
"You can tell her I'm away to London school,
And the good books I'll bring home, home,
The good books I'll bring home."

8. "And what will I tell to your stepmother dear,
This night when I go home?"
"You can tell her I'm dead and in grave laid
For she prayed I might never come home, home,
She prayed I might never come home."

24.1. "The Two Brothers"

Davis, *More Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1960, p. 93 (AA).

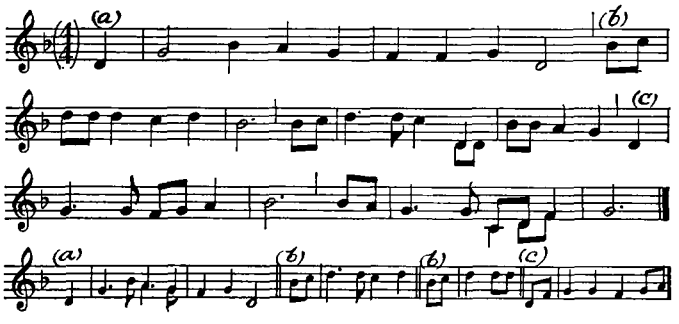
27.1. "As Two Little Schoolboys Were Going to School"

Davis, 1960, p. 99(DD).

52. THE KING'S DOCHTER LADY JEAN

1.1. "Queen Jane"

Sung by Sara Cleveland, Brant Lake, N.Y., June 1965. Folk-Legacy LP, rec. No. FSA-33(A2). Collected and recorded by Sandy Paton.

p D/Æ

1. Queen Jane sat at her window one day
A-sewing a silken seam;
She looked out at the merry green woods
And saw the green nut tree,
And saw the green nut tree.

2. She dropped her thimble at her heel
And her needle at her toe,
And away she ran to the merry green woods
To gather nuts and so,
To gather nuts and so.

3. She scarce had reached the merry green woods,
Scarce had pulled nuts two or three,
When a proud forester came striding by,
Saying, "Fair maid, let those be."
Saying, "Fair maid, let those be.

4. "Why do you pull the nuts," he said,
"And why do you break the tree?
And why do you come to this merry green woods
Without the leave of me,
Without the leave of me?"

5. "Oh, I will pull the nuts," she said,
"And I will break the tree,
And I will come to this merry green woods;
I'll ask no leave of thee,
I'll ask no leave of thee."

6. He took her by the middle so small
And he gently laid her down,
And when he took what he longed for,
He raised her from the ground,
He raised her from the ground.

7. "Oh, woe to you, proud forester,
And an ill death may yours be.
Since I'm the King's youngest daughter," she cried,
"You will pay for wronging me,
You will pay for wronging me."

8. "If you're the King's youngest daughter," he said,
"Then I'm his eldest son;
And woe unto this unhappy hour
And the wrong that I have done,
And the wrong that I have done.

9. "The very first time I came from sea,
O Jane, you were unborn;
And I wish my gallant ship had sunk
And I'd been left forlorn,
And I'd been left forlorn.

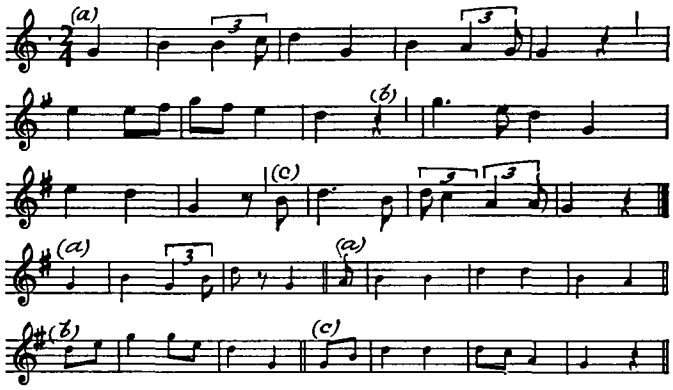
10. "The very next time I came from sea
You were on your nurse's knee;
And the very next time I came from sea
You were in this woods with me,
You were in this woods with me.

11. "I wish I ne'er had seen your face,
Or that you had ne'er seen mine;
That we ne'er had met in this merry green woods
And this wrong could be undone,
And this wrong could be undone."

12. "I wish to God my babe was born
And on its nurse's knee,
And, as for me, I was dead and gone
And the green grass growing over me,
And the green grass growing over me."

3.1. "Fair Rosie Ann"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1952/25/A11. Sung by John Strachan, Fyvie, Aberdeenshire; learned from Jimmie Smith. Collected by Hamish Henderson. Transcribed by Ailie Munro.

a I

Oh fair Rosie Ann, oh fair Rosie Ann,
Dressed in her silk so fine;
She went up to yon green wood
To gather nuts to bring home.

"Rise up, rise up, my fair Rosie Ann,
An come awa hame wi me,
For I'm Lord Barnley's only son,
Just now arrived frae the sea."

"Oh mother dear, mak me my bed
An make it all hard with straw;
Put a pearly rope, a pearly rope
In atween my shoulders twa."

She turned hersel richt roon aboot,
An she gave three heavy sighs;
Says, "Fare ye weel tae aa' at's in the hoose
For a death that seals my eyes."

53. YOUNG BEICHAN

1.1. "Lord Bateman"

Helen Hartness Flanders, *Ancient Ballads Traditionally Sung in New England*, II, 1961, p. 40(I).

2.1. "Lord Baton"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, II, 1961, p. 63(Q).

10.1. "Lord Bateman"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, II, 1961, p. 44(J).

14.1. "Lord Bateman"

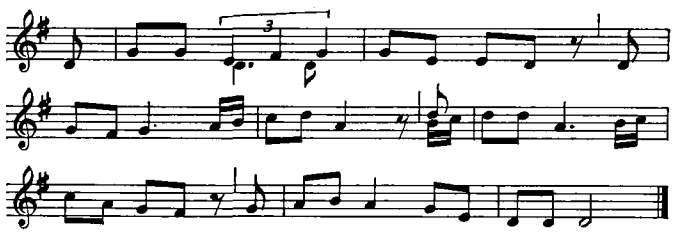
Aunt Molly Jackson, LC Archive of American Folk Song, rec. No. 882(A) and (B1); also in LC Album 57(B1).

15.1. "Lord Bateman"

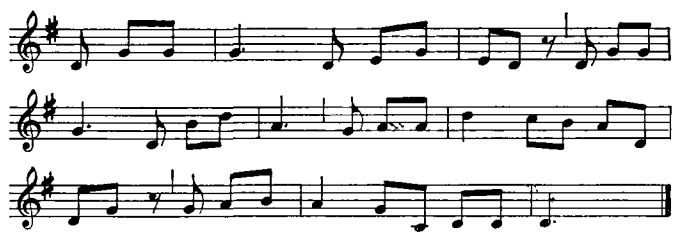
Flanders, *Ancient Ballads Traditionally Sung in New England*, II, 1961, p. 58(O).

20.1. "Lord Bateman"

Vaughan Williams MSS., II, p. 234. Sung by Mr. Mitchell (60), formerly of Coombe-Bisset, at Salisbury Union, September 1, 1904.

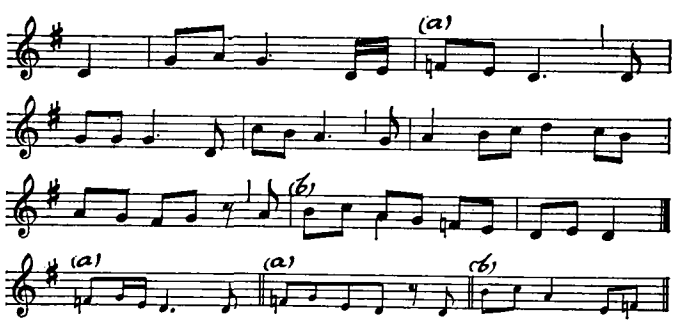
a M

25.1. "Lord Bateman"

Vaughan Williams MSS., III, p. 113. Sung by Mr. Whitby (50), a sexton, at Tilney All Saints, January 7, 1905.

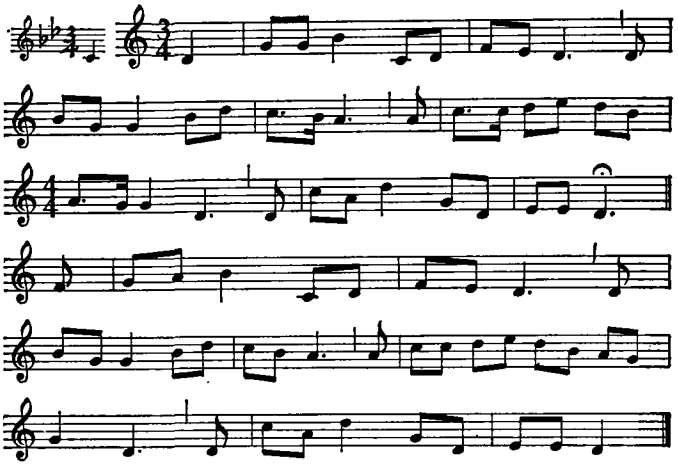
a M/D

Lord Bateman was a noble lord,
a noble lord of high degree
but he was taken and put in prison,
till of his life he was quite weary.

30.1. "Lord Bateman"

Vaughan Williams MSS., III, p. 465. Sung by Mr. Elmer, King's Lynn Union, September 2, 1906.

a D (inflected III)

30.2. "Lord Bateman"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1956/170/B4. Sung by the Rev. Campbell MacLean, Campbelltown, Argyllshire, as sung by his grandfather, Donald Mackenzie, of Scourie, in northwest Sutherland. Collected by Hamish Henderson. Transcribed by Francis M. Collinson.

a D

Lord Beichan was a noble lord,
A noble lord of high degree;
He sailed his ships upon the ocean,
Some foreign country he would go to see.

He sailèd east and he sailèd west,
Until he came to Turkey;
There he was taken and put to prison
Until his life was a misery.

34.1. "Lord Bateman"

A. L. Lloyd, Riverside rec. No. 12-624, Band 4, Side 1, *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, II, ed. Kenneth S. Goldstein.

36.1. "Lord Bateman"

Ruth Ann Musick, *JAF*, LXX (1957), p. 259(8); text, p. 253.

39.1. "Lord Bateman"

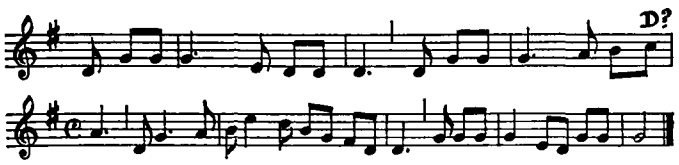
Musick, *JAF*, LXX (1957), p. 259(7); text, p. 251.

41.1. "Lord Bateman"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, II, 1961, p. 65(T).

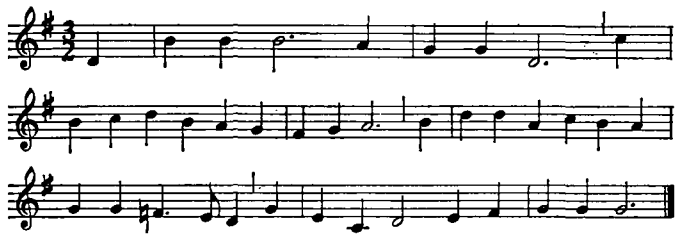
60.1. "Lord Bateman"

Vaughan Williams MSS., II, p. 180. Sung by Mr. Wetherill, Bourne End, Buckinghamshire, June 1904.

p I

Lord Bateman was Lord Bateman was
a noble lord of high degree
and he was taken and put in pris-î-on
till of his life he was wear-ȳ-ee.

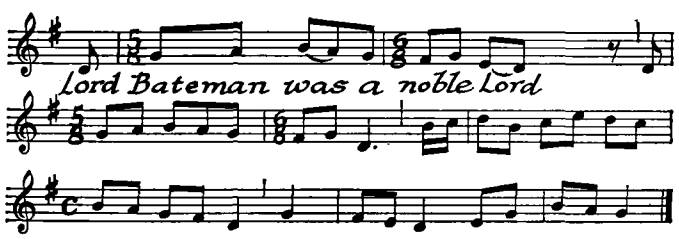
61.1. "Lord Batesman"

Hammond MSS., No. 199. Sung by Mrs. Crawford, West Milton, Dorset.

p I (inflected VII)

62.1. "Lord Bateman"

Vaughan Williams MSS., II, p. 127. Sung by Mr. John Denny of Nevendon, in Billericay Union, Essex, April 25, 1904.

p I

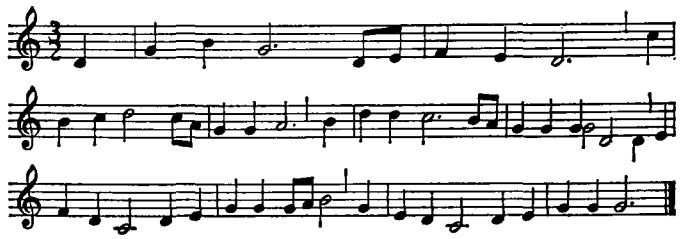


The MS. gives only one line of text:

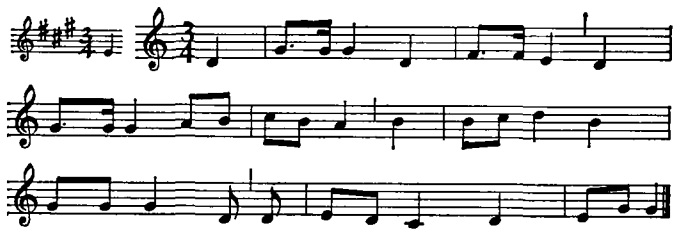
Lord Bateman was a noble lord

65.1. "Lord Bateman"

Hammond MSS., No. 193. Sung by Mrs. Forsey, Watton, Dorset.

p M

72.1. "Lord Bateman"

Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 18. Sung by Mrs. Gillespie; learned from Maggie (Mrs. Imlah) Watt, whose mother sang it. Noted 1905.

p M

Lord Bateman was a noble lord,
A noble lord of high degree,
He shipped himself on board a vessel,
Some foreign countries for to see.

90.1. "The Turkish Lady"

Arthur Kyle Davis, Jr., *More Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, 1960, p. 106(BB).

96.1. "Lord Batesman"

Davis, 1960, p. 104(AA).

96.2. "Lloyd Bateman"

Mrs. Mary Sullivan, LC Archive of American Folk Song, rec. No. 4109(A) and (B1); also in LC Album 57(B2).

103.1. "Susan Price"

The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore, IV (*The Music of the Ballads*, ed. Jan P. Schinhan), 1957, p. 28(E).

110.1. "Lord Batesman"

Schinhan, *Music, Brown Collection*, IV, 1957, p. 28(F).

54. THE CHERRY-TREE CAROL

16.1. "The Cherry-Tree Carol"

Mrs. Lee Skeens, LC Archive of American Folk Song, rec. No. 1465(A1); also in LC Album No. 57(B3).

56. DIVES AND LAZARUS

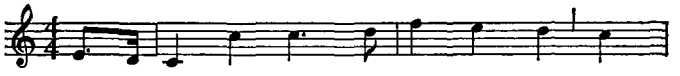
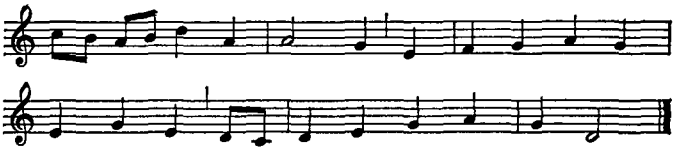
11.1. "Dives and Lazarus"

Aunt Molly Jackson, LC Archive of American Folk Song, rec. No. 2583(A-B1); also in LC Album No. 57(B4).

58. SIR PATRICK SPENS

4.1. "Sir Patrick Spens"

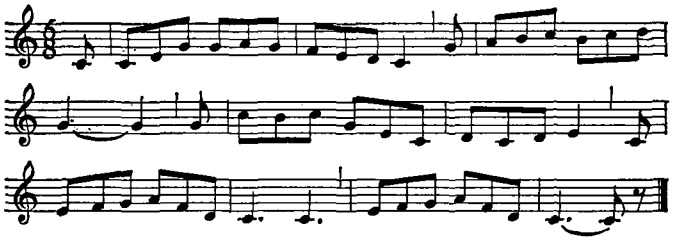
Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 519. Sung by Miss (Mary) Strachan, Tillyfoure, Leochel-Cushnie, November 13 1916. From her mother.

a D

To Nor-ro-wa, to Nor-ro-wa,
To Nor-ro-wa owre the faem,
The king's daughter o' Norrowa,
It's we maun bring her hame.

73. LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ELEANOR

15.1. "Lord Thomas"

Hammond MSS., No. 191; text, D.VI, p. 154. Sung by Miss Forsey, Walton; text from Mrs. Forsey.

a I

1. Lord Thomas he was a bold foreignman
A skipper of his King's deer
Fair Ellender she was a fair womán
Lord Thomas he lovèd her dear

2. Brown girl she's got houses and land
Fair Ellender she has got none
So therefore O! with my blessing
You leave fair Ellen alone

3. Lord Thomas he dressed himself in disguise
And rode to fair Ellender's gates
None rise so ready as fair Ellender's self
To let Lord Thomas in

4. "Bad news, bad news," Lord Thomas cried he
Bad news, bad news I brought to thee
I've come to bid you to my wedding
To my wedding . . . .

5. "Bad news, bad news, Lord Thomas cried she
Bad news, thou've brought unto me
I thought to have been the bride lady myself
And thou to been the bridegroom

6. So come riddle us, mother, come riddle us father
Come riddle us both as one
Was I better to go to Lord Thomas's wedding
Or better to tarry at home

7. Oh! some might be your friend, daughter
And some might be your foe
So therefore with my blessing (begging)
You'll tarry . . . at home

8. Be't cause of my life, be't cause of my death
To Lord Thomas' wedding I'll go

9. So she dressed herself all in white
Her merry men all in green
And every King's ship that she passed by
They took her to be some queen

10. And when she came to Lord Thomas's gates
So loud-ly knock at the ring
None rise so ready as Lord Thomas himself
To let this fair one in

11. "Is this thy bride, Lord Thomas," she cried
It looks so wonderful brown
And thou might had so fair a woman
As ever stepped English ground."

12. "Despise her not . . . said he
Despise her not unto me
I'd rather to had thy little finger
than all the whole body of she

13. Brown girl she has got a little pen knife
Both long both keen and sharp
So betwixt the long rib and the short ("sharp")
She pricked fair Ellender's heart.

14. What! art thou blind . . .
Or casn't thee very well see
I think I feel my own heart blood
Come trinkaling down my knee?

15. Lord Thomas he took brown girl's penknife
And took brown girl from them all
He cut her head twas from her shoulder
And dashed it against the wall

16. Lord Thomas he got a nut brown sword
Both long both keen both sharp
He put the handle to the ground
And pricked into his own heart

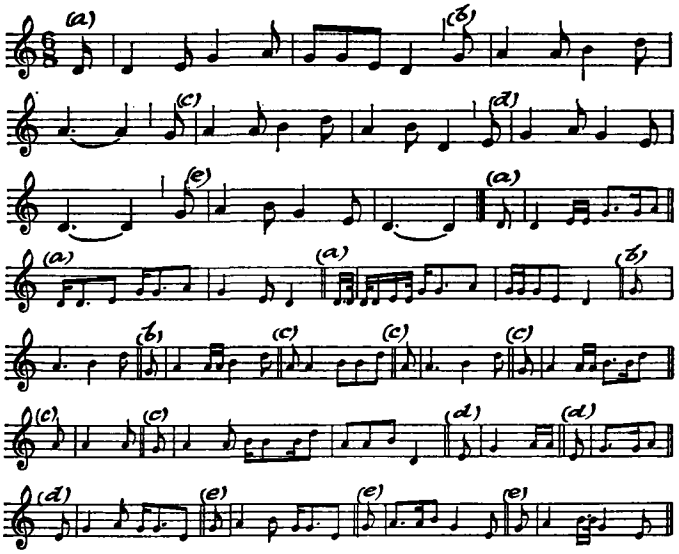
17. Did ever you see three lovers before
So soon as they meet they part.

16.1. "Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor"

Helen Hartness Flanders, *Ancient Ballads Traditionally Sung in New England*, II, 1961, p. 103(E).

32.1. "Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor"

Sung by Pearl Hicks, Salisbury, N.C., June 1963. Collected by Lee B. Haggerty and Henry Felt; sent by them to the Editor.

a π^2

1. Mother, O Mother, come tell to me,
Come tell us both as one,
Should I marry fair Eleanor
Or bring the Brown Girl home?
Or bring the Brown Girl home?

2. The Brown Girl she has houses and lands,
Fair El'nor she has none;
So I would advise you with all my heart,
Go bring the Brown Girl home,
Go bring the Brown Girl home.

3. He dressed his servants all in green,
Hisself he dressed in white,
And every town that he rode through
They took him to be some knight,
They took him to be some knight.

4. He rode till he came to Fair Eleanor's gate,
He rang at the bell.
No one more ready than Fair El'nor herself
To rise and let him come in,
To rise and let him come in.

5. What news, what news, Lord Thomas, she said,
What news have you brought to me?
I've come to ask you to my wedding,
It's bad news for thee,
It's bad news for thee.

6. Bad news, bad news, Lord Thomas, she said,
Bad news you've brought to me.
I expected to be the bride myself,
And you the bridegroom to be,
And you the bridegroom to be.

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

8. She rode till she came to Lord Thomas's gate,
She rang at the bell.
No one more ready than Lord Thomas himself
To rise and let her come in,
To rise and let her come in.

9. He took her by her lily-white hand,
He led her through the hall,
He led her to his own bedside
Which was the last room of all,
Which was the last room of all.

10. The Brown Girl had a little pen knife
Which was both keen and sharp.
She sat down at Fair Eleanor's side
And pierced her to the heart,
And pierced her to the heart.

11. What's the matter? what's the matter, Fair Eleanor, he said,
What's the matter you've turned so pale?
While ago your face was red as a rose,
And now your colors fail,
And now your colors fail.

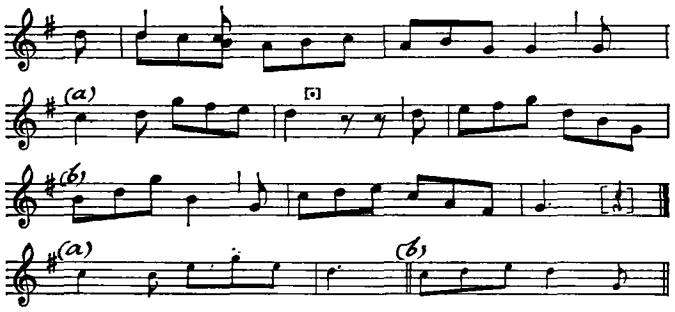
12. What's the matter? what's the matter, Lord Thomas, she said,
Are you blind or can you not see?
How my own heart's blood
Comes trickling down my knee,
Comes trickling down my knee.

13. Lord Thomas he had a two-edged sword
Which was both keen and sharp.
He cut off the Brown Girl's head
And threw it against the wall,
And threw it against the wall.

14. Father, O Father, go make my grave,
Dig it both wide and deep.
O lay Fair Eleanor in my arms,
And the Brown Girl at my feet,
And the Brown Girl at my feet.

39.1. "Lord Thomas"

Vaughan Williams MSS., III, p. 273. Singer unknown, ?1905.

a I

83.1. "Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads Traditionally Sung in New England*, II, 1961, p. 114(I).

97.1. "Lord Thomas"

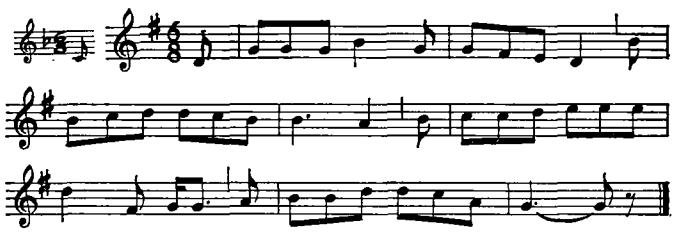
Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, II, 1961, p. 119(K).

97.2. "The Brown Girl"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, II, 1961, p. 116(J).

99.1. "Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor"

Hammond MSS., No. 198; text, D.VI, p. 154[v]. Sung by Mrs. Crawford (81), West Milton, Dorset.

p I

1. Come riddle, come riddle, my own mother,
   Come riddle us both as one
   Shall I marry with fair Eleanor
   And leave the brown girl alone

2. Brown girl she's got [houses and land]
   Fair Eleanor [she has got none]
   And therefore I beg you with my blessing
   To bring the brown girl home

3. There's one might be my friend, Mother
   And another might be my foe
   Betide my life, betide my death
   To Lord Thomas' wedding I'll go.

4. She dressed herself in richest attire
   Her mary was [all in green]
   And every city that she rode through
   They took [her to be some queen]

5. And when she came to Lord Thomas Tower
   [So loud-ly knock at the ring
   None rise so ready as Lord Thomas himself
   To let this fair one in.]*

6. He took her by her lily-white hand
   And led her up through the Hall
   He sat her up at the head of the table
   Amongst the fair ladies all

7. "Oh! What is the matter," Lord Thomas he said
   "Oh! what is the matter," said he
   You used to have you cherry cheeks red
   But now your fresh colour is gone

8. Lord Thomas then in passion flew
   He took his sword in his hand
   He cut the brown girls head from her shoulder
   And dashed it [against the] ground

9. You dig my grave both long and deep
   And spread the flowers both wide and sweet
   You bury fair Eleanor by my long side
   And my wedded wife under my feet.

* Bracketed lines in Stanza 5 are from Mrs. Forsey's text, variant 15.1 above.

139.1. "Lord Thomas"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, II, 1961, p. 94(B).

140.1. "Lord Thomas"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, II, 1961, p. 121(L).

74. FAIR MARGARET AND SWEET WILLIAM

42.1. "Lady Margaret and Sweet William"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, II, 1961, p. 145(H).

53.1. "Fair Margaret and Sweet William"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, II, 1961, p. 146(I).

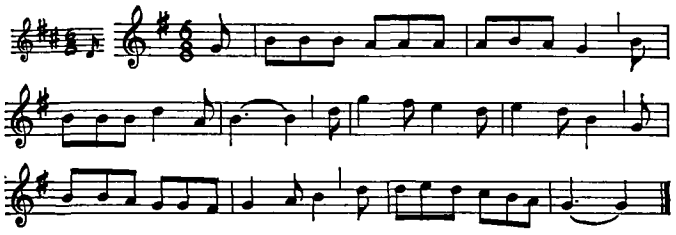
75. LORD LOVEL

12.1. "Lord Lovel"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads Traditionally Sung in New England*, II, 1961, p. 167(J).

18.1. "Lord Lovel"

Sung by Mrs. John Williams (née Violet Selena Hankins), August 13, 1906, Iowa City, Iowa. Learned from the Bukers, her step-sisters, in 1865-70, in Penn Township, Johnson County, Iowa; tune transcribed by Mrs. Flora Brennan, February 5, 1922, ?Iowa City, Iowa. Communicated by Prof. Charles A. Williams.

a I

1. Lord Lovel he stood at his castle-gate,
   A-combing his milk-white steed,
   When out came Lady Nancie Belle,
   A-wishing her lover good speed, speed, speed,
   A-wishing her lover good speed.

2. "How long will you be gone, Lord Lovel?" she said,
   "How long will you be gone?" said she.
   "One, two, three years at the most,
   Strange countries for to see, see, see,
   Strange countries for to see."

3. He hadn't been gone but a year and a day,
   Strange countries for to see,
   When a yearning came over his mind, and he
   Lady Nancy he must go see, see, see,
   Lady Nancy he must go see.

4. So he rode and he rode on his milk-white steed
   Till he came to London town,
   And there he heard the tolling bells
   And the people all mourning around, round, round,
   And the people all mourning around.

5. He asked in great haste what the matter could be,
   What the matter could be, asked he.
   "She's dead, she's dead, she's dead," said they,
   "We call her Lady Nancie, -cie, -cie,
   We call her Lady Nancie."

6. He caused the grave to be opened wide
   And laid aside the shroud
   And there he kissed her pale cold lips
   Till the tears came trickling down, down, down,
   Till the tears came trickling down.

7. Lady Nancie died, it might be today,
   Lord Lovel he died tomorrow;
   Lady Nancie died of pure, pure grief,
   Lord Lovel he died of sor, -ror, -rorrow,
   Lord Lovel he died of sorrow.

8. Lady Nancie was buried in the old church-yard,
   Lord Lovel was buried in the choir;
   And out of her breast grew a red, red rose,
   And out of his a briar, -riar, -riar,
   And out of his a briar.

9. They grew and they grew to the church steeple's top,
   They grew till they couldn't grow higher,
   And there they twined in a true-lover's knot,
   For all true lovers to admire, -rire, -rire,
   For all true lovers to admire.

20.1. "Lord Lovel"

Helen Hartness Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, II, 1961, p. 165(I).

20.2. "Lord Lovell"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, II, 1961, p. 150(A).

27.1. "Lord Lovel"

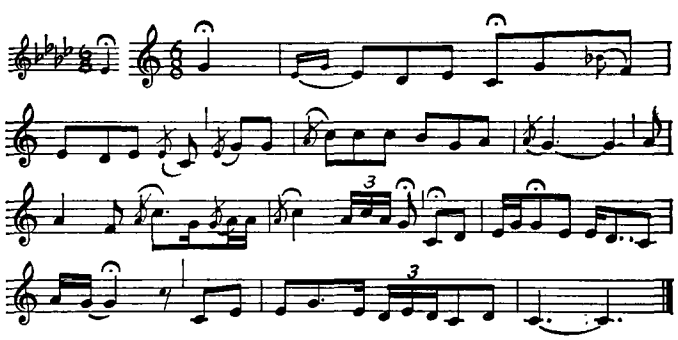
Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, II, 1961, p. 154(C).

28.1. "Lord Lovel"

George R. Boswell, *Kentucky Folklore Record*, XV (1969), p. 5.

32.1. "Lord Lovat"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1953/247/B8(B1). Sung by Jeannie Robertson, Aberdeen. Learned in Aberdeen "about 35 years ago" from a very old woman named Cameron, from Perthshire. Collected by Hamish Henderson. Transcribed by Francis M. Collinson.

a I

1. Lord Lovat he stands at his stable-door;
   He was brushing his milk steed down,
   When who passed by but Lady Nancy Bell;
   She was wishing her lover good speed. (bis)

2. "Where are you going, Lord Lovat?" she said;
   "Come promise, tell me true."
   "Over the sea, strange countries to see;
   Lady Nancy Bell, I'll come an see you." (bis)

3. He was away a year or two,
But he scarcely had been three,
When a mightiful dream cam into his head:
"Lady Nancy Bell, I'll come an see you." (bis)

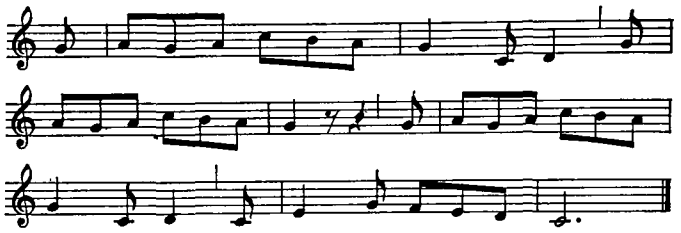
4. He passed down by the village church,
An down to Mary's hall,
An the ladies were all weeping forth. (bis)

5. "Who is dead?" Lord Lovat he said;
"Come promise, tell me true."
"Lady Nancy Bell died for her true-lover's sake,
And Lord Lovat, that was his name." (bis)

6. He ordered the coffin to be opened up,
And the white sheet rolled down;
He kissed her on the cold-clay lips,
An the tears came trinklin' down. (bis)

37.1. "Lord Lovel"

Vaughan Williams MSS., III., p. 126; text, p. 127. Sung by J. Whitby, Tilney All Saints, Norfolk, January 8, 1905.

a I

Lord Lovel he stood at the castle gate
a combing his milk white steed
When up came his {lovely / Lady} Nancy Bell
to wish her lover good speed

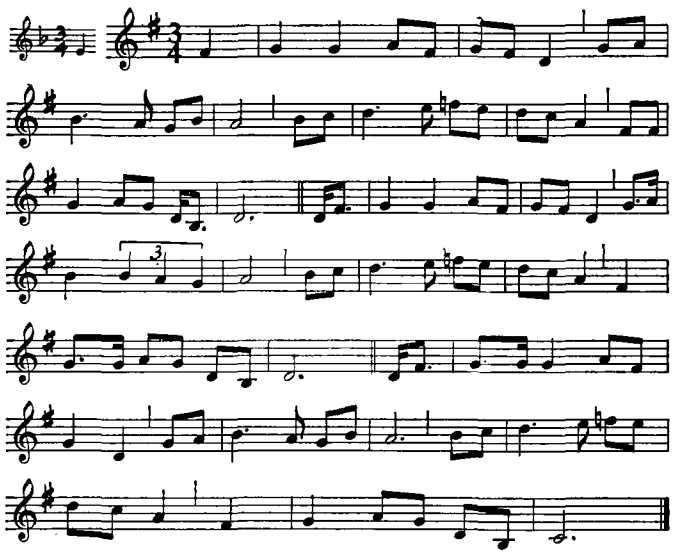
61.1. "Lord Lovel"

Lester A. Hubbard, *Ballads and Songs from Utah*, 1961, p. 18(B).

76. THE LASS OF ROCH ROYAL

4.1. "Lord Gregory"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1954/105/A4. Sung by Jock McEvoy, Glasgow. Collected by Hamish Henderson. Transcribed by Francis M. Collinson.

m M (inflected III)

1. "Go back from these windows, and likewise this hall,
Lest dapping in the sea, you should find your downfall."

2. "I am a king's daughter, and I come from ? Cappa Quin
In search of Lord Gregory, and I can't find him.

3. "The rain beats on my yellow locks, and the dew wets me still;
My babe is cold in my arms; Lord Gregory, let me in."

4. "Lord Gregory is not here, and henceforth can't be seen;
He has gone to bonnie Scotland to bring home his new queen."

5. "Oh remember, Lord Gregory, on that night in ? Cappa Quin
When we both changed pocket-handkerchiefs, and that against my will.

6. For yours was pure linen, love, and mine but coarse cloth;
Yours cost a guinea, love, and mine cost one groat."

7. "Go back from these windows, and likewise this hall,
Lest dapping in the sea, you should find your downfall."

8. "Do ye remember, Lord Gregory, on that night in my father's hall,
When you stole away my fond heart, and that was worst of all?"

9. "Go back from these windows, and likewise this hall,
Lest dapping in the sea, you should find your downfall."

10. "A curse on you, father, and my curse has been swore
For I dreamt the Maid of ? Arran came rapping at my door."

11. "Oh, lie down, you foolish one; oh lie down and sleep,
For 'tis long ago my weary locks were wetting in the deep."

12. "Oh, saddle me my black horse, the brown and the bay;
Go, saddle me the best horse in my stable this day.

13. "If I range over valleys, and over mountains wild,
Till I find the Maid of ? Arran, and I'll lie down by her side."

9.1. ["No Title"]

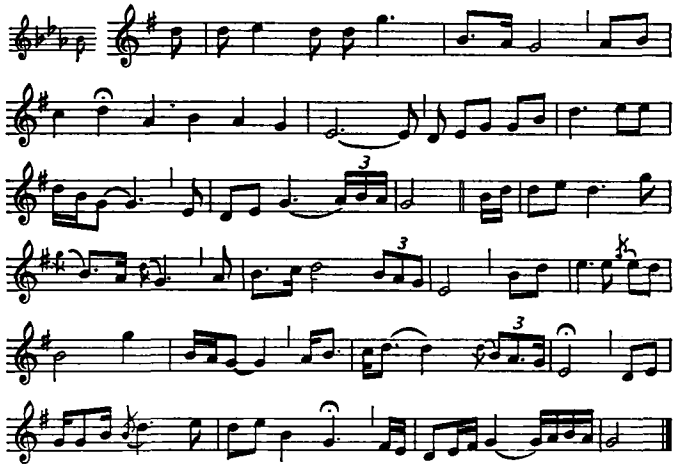
Helen Hartness Flanders, *Ancient Ballads Traditionally Sung in New England*, II, 1961, p. 177(B).

77. SWEET WILLIAM'S GHOST

GROUP E

12. "Sweet William's Ghost"

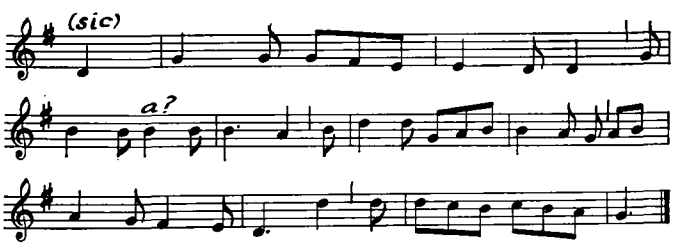
Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1952/42/B29. Sung by Mrs. Elizabeth ("Betsy") Whyte, Killin, Perthshire; learned from her mother. Collected by Hamish Henderson. Transcribed by Francis M. Collinson.

m I/M

For my mouth it is full of mould Maggie
My breath it is wonderful strong
And if I was to kiss your sweet ruby lips
Your time wouldnae be long
Gie me yer faith in mould Maggie
An' let me pass right on my way
My aiths that are true you'll never get
Nor nothing of the kind
To you tell me so many scores deid
Since his twa met the streen
There's three score deid and three score burned
And three score went awa
There was none of them dead they'd go to heaven
Oh none but barely three
There was one of them I tore his shepherd man
That payed his service free
There another of them my ship carpenter
That was daily on the sea
There another of them my pretty babe
Which died after nor see'd.
For the cocks may craw in thonder ha'
When poor Johnnie must awa.

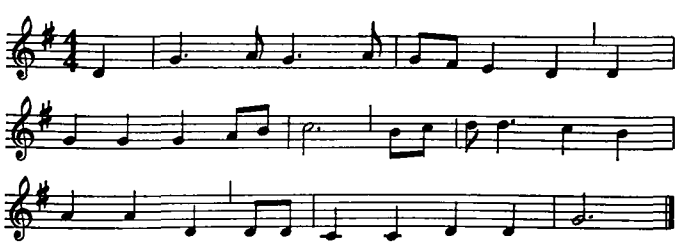
78. THE UNQUIET GRAVE

1.1. "Cold blows the wind"

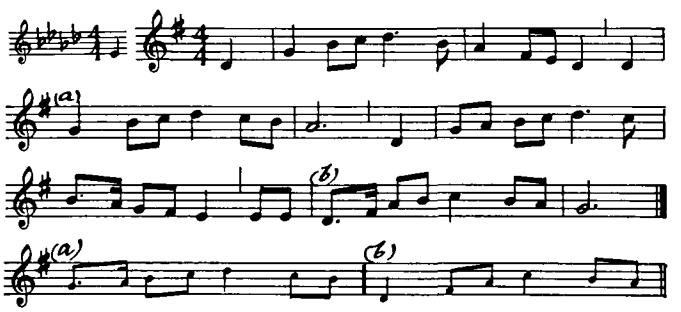
Vaughan Williams MSS., III, p. 318. Heard at Rodmell Inn, January 10, 1906.

p I

1.2. "Cold blows the wind"

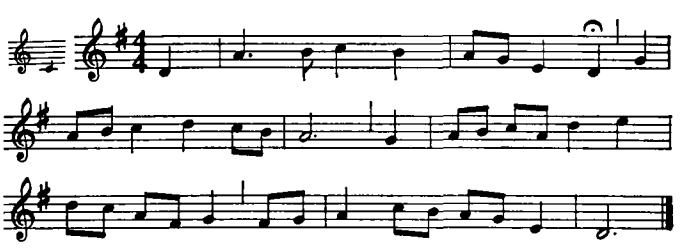
Hammond MSS., No. 554. Sung by Mrs. Russell, Upwey, Dorset.

p I

7.1. "Cold blows the wind"

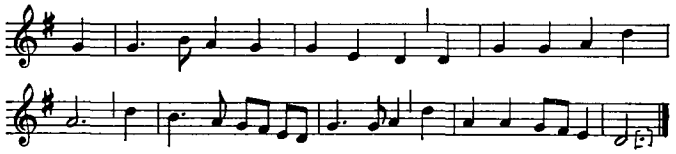
Hammond MSS., No. 430. Sung by B. Stockley, Wareham, Dorset.

p I

28.1. "Cold blows the wind"

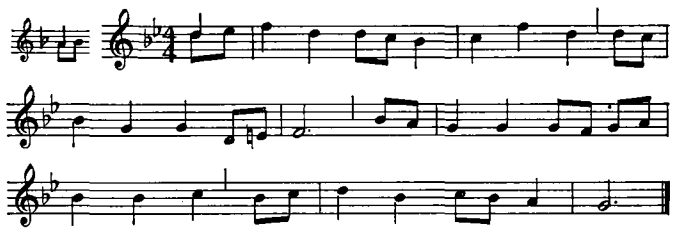
Vaughan Williams MSS., I, p. 290. Singer unknown.

a M

34.1. "Cold blows"

Vaughan Williams MSS., II, p. 316. Sung by Mr. Baker, Sr., Forest Green, Surrey, December 21, 1904.

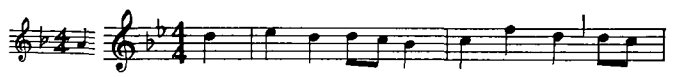
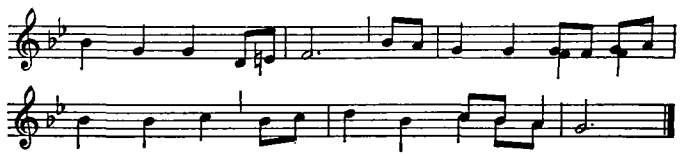
p I/Ly with fallen close; or a I/M

42.1. "Cold blows the wind"

Hammond MSS., No. 235a. Sung by Henry Way, Bridport, Dorset.

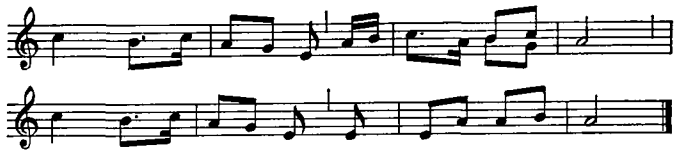
m D—Æ

Mr. Way's text is identical with that of his sister, Mrs. Jane Hann. See *ante*, Vol. II, 78:42.

42.2. "Cold blows the wind"

Hammond MSS., No. 235. Sung by Mrs. R. Gale, Powerstock, Dorset.

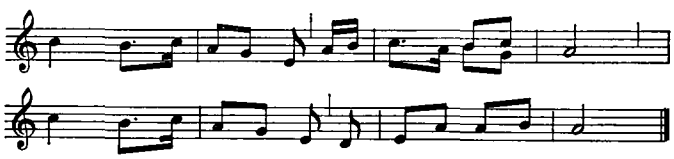
m D—Æ

44a. "Cold blows the wind"

Vaughan Williams MSS., I, p. 484. Singer unknown, ?1910.

p D/Æ (- IV)

Cold blow the winds true love
And heavy fall the drops of rain
. . . . . .
. . . the greenwood he got slain

44b. "Cold blow the winds"

Vaughan Williams MSS., III, p. 415. Sung by Mr. Bell, Herongate, Sussex, February 16, 1906.

p D/Æ

Cold blow the winds true love
heavy fall the drops of rain
Cold blow the winds true love
when Greenwood he got slain

79. THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL

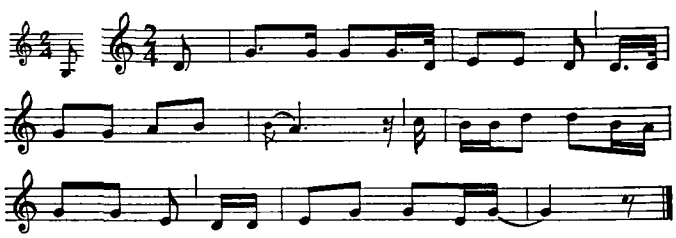
7.1. "The Three Babes"

Mrs. Texas Gladden, LC Archive of American Folk Song, rec. No. 5231(A1); also in LC Album No. 58(A1).

81. LITTLE MUSGRAVE AND LADY BARNARD

29.1. "Little Mattie Groves"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1962/26/B20. Sung by Jeannie Robertson, Aberdeen. Collected by Hamish Henderson. Transcribed by James Porter.

p I/M

1. A holiday, and a holiday,
An the first one of the year,
The people came down to the old church-yard
For the Gospel for to hear.

2. The first to come in was a lot of young ladies,
All a-dressed in blue,
The next to come was Lord Donald's (? Ronald, Arnold) wife,
The flower among the few.

3. And when the meeting, it was over,
She cast her eyes around,
An there she spied little Mattie Groves
An he rode through the town.

4. "Come home with me, Mattie Groves;
Come home with me to-night;
Come home with me, Mattie Groves
An sleep with me to-night."

5. "Oh, I can't come home, an I won't come home,
An I can't come home for my life,
An by thae rings that's on your fingers,
You are Lord Donald's wife."

6. "And if I am Lord Donald's wife,
Lord Donald aint at home,
For he is out in the old corn-field,
A-fetchin the yearlins home."

7. But a little foot-page was standing by,
An hearin what was said;
He swore Lord Donald, he would know,
Before the sun was set.

8. And in he's hurried to carry the news;
He bent his breast an run,
An when he came to the broad mill-stream
He took off his shoes an swum.

9. When he came to Lord Donald's farm,
He tinkled at the pin;
Lord Donald, he was ready there
For to rise an let him in.

10. Sayin, "Is my bowre a-falling down,
Or does my castle burn?
Or is my lady lighter yet
Of a daughter or a son?"

11. "Oh no, your bowre's not falling down,
Nor does your castle burn,
But little Mattie Grove, he sleeps to-night
In the arms of your lady gay."

12. "If that be the truth," he said,
"If it be the truth," said he,
"I'll give to you as much gay gold
Your horse can carry away.

13. "But if it be a lie," he said,
If it be the lie," said he,
"I'll not take time to make a gallows;
I'll hang you to a tree."

14. Then Lord Donald took his men,
An he lined them in a row;
The orders he gave to them there
That never a horn should blow.

15. But Mattie Groves, he had a friend
Determined he should hear;
He put his horn into his lips,
An he blew long, loud and clear.

16. Then up jumpit Mattie Groves;
Then up jumpit he:
"I must be off, oh I must be off,
For I hear Lord Donald blow."

17. "Lie down, lie down, you foolish boy;
Lie down an keep me warm;
It's only one of my father's shepherds
That tend the sheep in the barn."

18. Then Mattie Groves he lay down,
An took a little sleep.
When he woke up, Lord Donald, he
Was standing at his feet.

19. Saying, "How dae ye like my feather-bed,
And how dae ye like my sheet,
And how dae ye like my lady gay,
That lies in your arms asleep?"

20. "Very well I like your feather-bed;
Very well I like your sheet;
Far better I like your lady gay
That lies in my arms asleep."

21. "Get up, get up," Lord Donald cried,
"Get up as quick as you can,
An never let it be said of me
That I slew a naked man."

22. "Oh, I can't get up, an I won't get up,
An I can't get up for my life,
For you've got two long beaten swords,
An me not a pocket-knife."

23. "It's true, I've got two long beaten swords,
But they cost me deep in my purse,
For you shall have the very best sword,
And I shall take the worse.

24. "For you will strike the very first blow
An you'll strike it like a man,
And I will strike the very next blow
An I'll kill you if I can."

25. Mattie, he struck the very first blow,
Wounded Lord Donald deep an sore;
Lord Donald, he struck the very next blow:
Little Mattie struck no more.

26. Then Lord Donald took his wife,
And he sat her on his knee,
Sayin, "Who do you like best of all,
Little Mattie Groves or me?"

27. Then up spoke his own dear wife,
Never heard to speak so free:
"I would rather have a kiss of dead Mattie's lips,
Than you in your finery."

28. Then up jumpit Lord Donald,
An loudly he did bawl;
He struck his sword right through her chest,
An he pinned her against the waa.

29. "A grave, a grave," Lord Donald cried,
"Tae put those lovers in;
Youse can bury my lady on the upper side,
For she cam from better kin."

30. They buried Lady Donald in the old church-yard,
Little Mattie Groves in (?) aisle
For out of his grave there grew a rose,
And out of hers a briar.

31. They grew, and they grew to the steeple-top,
An there they grew no higher;
They entwined theirself in a true-lovers' knot
The rose around the briar.
The rose around the briar.

61.1. "Lord Banner"

Helen Hartness Flanders, *Ancient Ballads Traditionally Sung in New England*, II, 1961, p. 204(B).

62.1. "Lord Banner"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, II, 1961, p. 230(I).

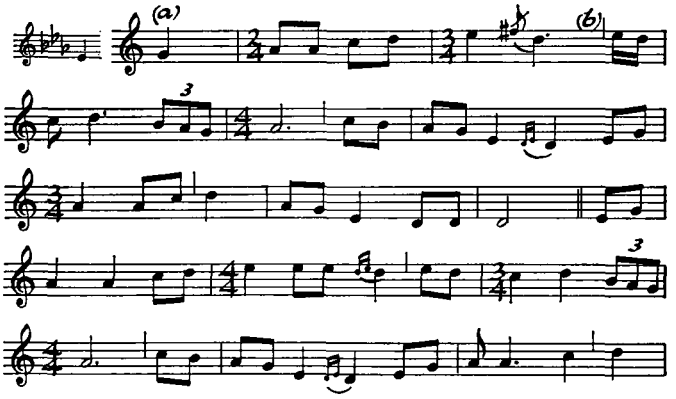
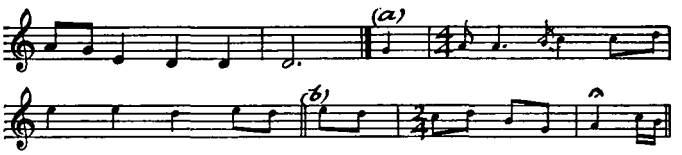
62.2. "Lord Banner"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, II, 1961, p. 212(D).

83. CHILD MAURICE

8. "Childe Maurice"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1958/64/B27. Sung by Martha Stewart. Collected by Hamish Henderson. Transcribed by Francis M. Collinson.

a M/D

Cf. "Sir James the Rose," Child 213.

Child Norryce was an earl's son,
and his name was worthy wide,
for it wasna for his great riches
nor yet his muckle pride.

His face was fair, lang was his hair
and the green was where he stood.
Oh it wasna for his muckle pride
nor yet his golden shrood
. . .
and a message he was sent
unto etc.

For when he came to yon high hill,
for he etc.

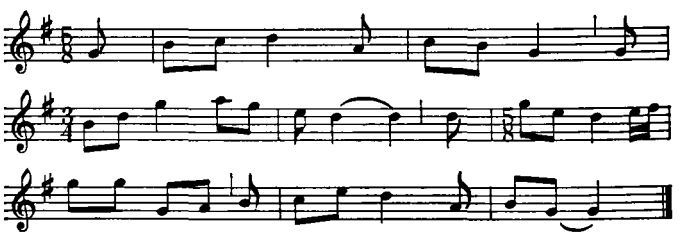
84. BONNY BARBARA ALLAN

8.1. "Barbara Allen"

Helen Hartness Flanders, *Ancient Ballads Traditionally Sung in New England*, II, 1961, p. 280(N).

9.1. "Barbry Ellen"

Vaughan Williams MSS., I, p. 3. Sung by Mr. Ansell, at the Bell Inn, Kersey, Suffolk, August 31, 1907.

a I

15.1. "Barbara Allen"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, II, 1961, p. 292(W).

26.1. "Barb'ry Allen"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads Traditionally Sung in New England*, II, 1961, p. 261(F).

27.1. "Barb'ry Allen"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, II, 1961, p. 263(G).

56.1. "Barb'ra Allen"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, II, 1961, p. 291(V).

61.1. "Barbara Allen"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, II, 1961, p. 286(Q).

68.1. "Barbara Allen"

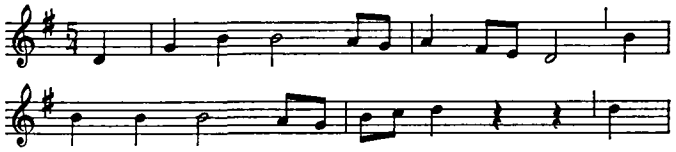
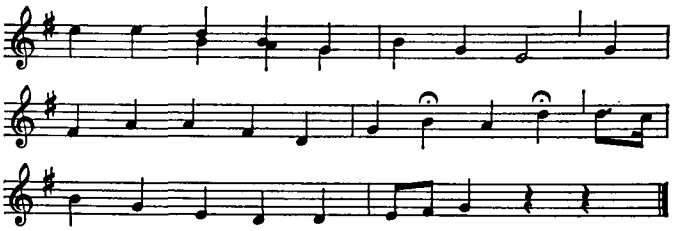
Ben Gray Lumpkin, *Colorado Folksong Bulletin*, I (1962), p. 4.

70.1. "Barbara Allen"

Lumpkin, *Colorado Folksong Bulletin*, II (1963), p. 4.

83.1. "Barbara Ellen"

Hammond MSS., No. 300. Sung by Mrs. Tom Poole, Beaminster, Dorset.

p I

85.1. "Barb'ry Allen"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, II, 1961, p. 287(R).

85.2. "Barbara Allen"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, II, 1961, p. 255(D).

91.1. "Barbara Allen"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, II, 1961, p. 268(H^2).

91.2. "Barb'ry Allen"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, II, 1961, p. 270(H^3).

146.1. "Barberry Allen"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, II, 1961, p. 289(T).

190.1. "Barbara Allen"

Lester A. Hubbard, *Ballads and Songs from Utah*, 1961, p. 20(A).

199. "Barbara Allen"

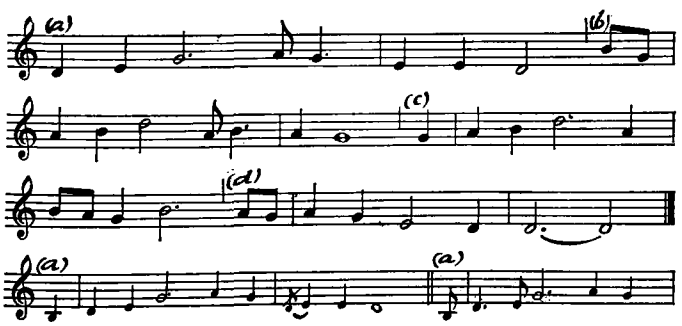
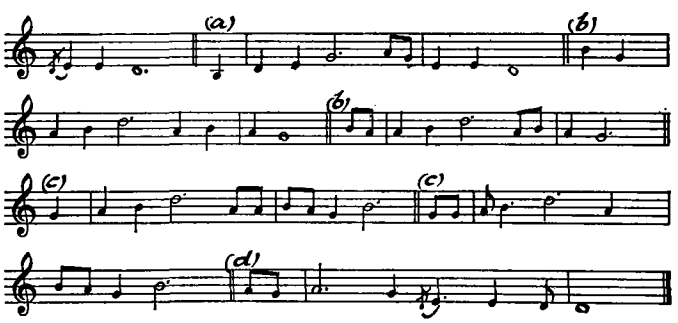
George Boswell, *Kentucky Folklore Record*, IV (1958), p. 118.

88. YOUNG JOHNSTONE

GROUP C

5. "Young Johnstone"

Sung by Duncan Johnson (83), Dunkeld, Perthshire, 1967. Learned from his father. Collected, transcribed, and sent to the Editor by Peter Shepheard.

a π^2

1. Bold Johnstone and the Young Cornel
Was drinkin' high at wine
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

2. . . . . .
. . . . . .
It'll never become an Earl or a Knight
To get wed tae a sister of mine

3. Johnstone had a gey broad sword
That hung down by his gare
He rert it through the young Cornell
Tae a word he never said more

Spoken: Johnstone was getting married to the Cornel's sister. They'd been away drinkin' somewhere and they started this argument—so he killed him.

4. Then he spurred his steed an' swift he run
Like lightnin' o'er the lea
Tae onct he cam tae his sweetheart's gates
An' he trinkled at the pin

5. I've dreamed a dream love dear Johnstone
An' I hope it's for your good
That they're seekin' you with hawks and hounds
And the young Cornel is dead

6. They're seekin' me with hawks an' hounds
As I well suppose they'll be
For an' I have killed the young Cornel
An' your own dear brother was he

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

7. Come in come in love dear Johnstone
An' hae some bread an' wine
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

8. . . . . .
. . . . . .
Till four and twenty belted knights
Come riding to the door

9. [They ask if she has seen]
. . . . . a bloody squire
Come furious o'er the lea

Spoken: "They called him a bloody squire because he killed a man."

10. Come in come in you gentlemen
And have some bread and wine
If the steed bees good he rides upon
He's across the bridge of Tyne

Spoken: "Then she went in and tellt him to hae a sleep."

11. Lie still lie still love dear Johnstone
Lie still and take a sleep
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

Spoken: "He was not asleep—he heard the men come in. He thought she was telling the men where he was when she took them in for bread and wine—that she was telling them where he was lying—that's what he thought and he stabbed her."

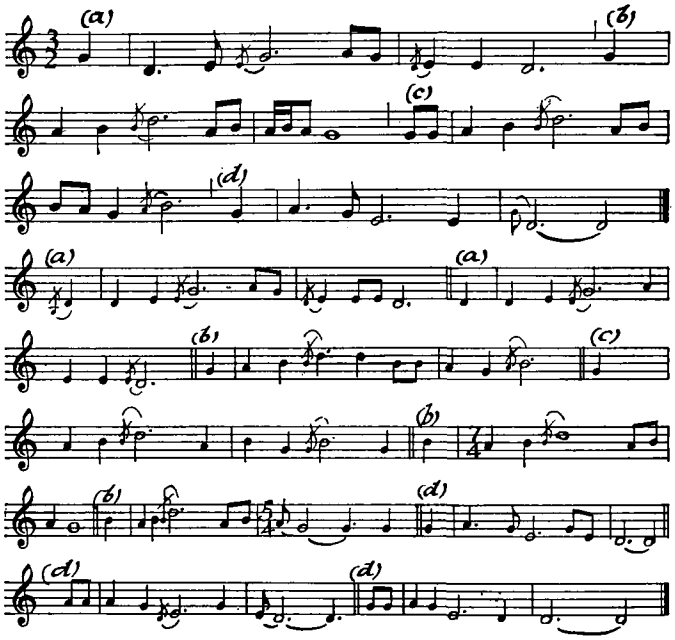
12. Johnstone had a small penknife
That hung down by his gare
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

13. [He says there is not a doctor in all the land]
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
But I'll have at your bower

14. But go your way love dear Johnstone
And ride along the plain
And think no more of your own sweetheart
As though she never had been

6. "Young Johnstone"

Sung by Maggie Stewart, Springfield, Fife, March 15, 1968. Learned from her father, Hendry Johnson. Collected, transcribed, and sent to the Editor by Peter Shepheard.

a π^2

1. Oh Johnstone an' the young Cornel
Sat down to drinkin' wine
If it's you will marry my sister
Then I will marry thine

2. Oh no oh no said the young Cornel
Oh that shall never be
For I will never marry your sister
Until the day I dee

3. For Johnstone had a sharp penknife
That hung down by his side
He rammed it in the Cornel's heart
And a word he never cried

4. For Johnson had a gey swift steed
An' a gey swift steed had he
He mounted on his gey swift steed
An' rode swiftly o'er the lea

5. Came five an' twenty belted knights
An' belted knights were they
They lighted at bold Johnson's door
An' rapped upon the lee

6. Come out come out oh Johnson he cried
Come out come out to me
For you have done a cowardly deed
An' a cowardly death you'll dee

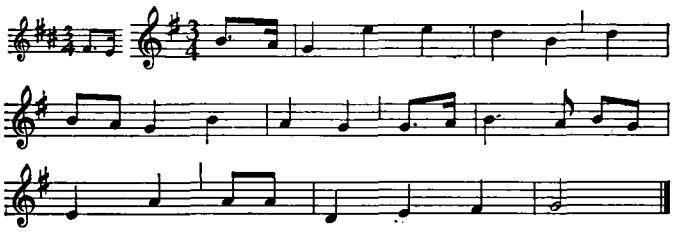
7. Come Johnson's sweetheart to the door
Alight you gentlemen
Alight alight an' have some bread
An' ye shall have some wine

8. Oh thank you for your bread lady
An' thank you for your wine
I'd rather have twenty o' Johnson's lives
Your fair bodie was mine

93. LAMKIN

3.1. ["Lamkin"]

Gardiner MSS., No. Gar/Hp. 778. Sung by Mrs. Goodyear (74), Axford, Hampshire, July-August 1907. Text from Daniel Goodyear. Noted by Charles Gamblin.

p I/Ly

1. Says the lord to lady "I'm going out from home,
"Beware of false Lankie till I do return."

2. "What cares I for false Lankie, or any of his kin,
"When the doors are all bolted and the shutters all pinned."

3. False Lankie stepped in the dead hour of the night,
When there was no fire burning, nor any candle light.

4. He pinched the poor baby, which made it to cry,
While the nurse she sat singing lullaby baby by.

5. "Oh! come dearest lady, and take it in thy lap,
For I cannot pacify it with breast, milk nor pap."

6. As she was a-getting from the bed that was warm,
False Lankie stood by for to catch her in his arms.

7. "Where is your daughter, Betsy? she might be some good,
To hold the silver basin to catch your heart's blood."

8. As Betsy was a-looking from the windows so high,
She saw her own father come a-riding close by.

9. "Oh! father; Oh! father; don't lay the blame on me,
False Lankie, false Lankie, have a-murdered your lady and baby."

10. "False Lankie shall be hung on the gallows so high,
The nurse shall be burned in the fire close by."

11. "The bells shall be muzzled and the dismal[1] shall sound,
For the lady and the baby lie asleep in the tomb."[2]

[1] "dismal [shall] = dismal knell?" [*Hammond's MS. note.*]
[2] "tomb = ground?" [*Hammond's MS. note.*]

3.2. "False Lamkins"

Helen Hartness Flanders, *Ancient Ballads Traditionally Sung in New England*, II, 1961, p. 305(D[1]).

3.3. "False Lamkin"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, II, 1961, p. 308(D[2]).

3.4. "False Lamkin"

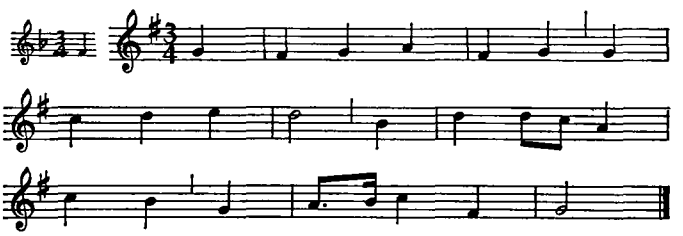
Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, II, 1961, p. 310(E).

29.1. "False Lamkin"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, II, 1961, p. 313(F).

31. ["Lamkin"]

Gardiner MSS., No. Gar/Hp. 1083. Sung by Mr. William Bone (66), Medstead, Hampshire, November 1907. Noted by Charles Gamblin.

a I

1. Oh! lady; Oh! lady; I'm now going out,
Beware of false Lankie till I do return,

2. Oh! what cares I for false Lankie, or any of his kin,
My doors are all bolted, my windows all pinned.

3. Cruel Lankie came down in the dead hour of night,
And pinched the poor baby, which made it to weep.

4. Oh! nurse; Oh! nurse; how sound thou do sleep,
Whilst my pretty baby most bitterly do weep.

5. I cannot keep it quiet with milk, not (?nor) with pap,
So come down fair lady, and take it in your lap.

6. Oh! Lankie: Oh! Lankie; spare my life so sweet,
You shall have as much gold as the stones in the street.

7. Oh! Lankie; Oh! Lankie; spare my life one hour,
   You shall have my daughter Betsy, she's as fair as a flower.

8. What cares I for your money, or stones in the street,
   I'd sooner see your heart's blood running down at your feet.

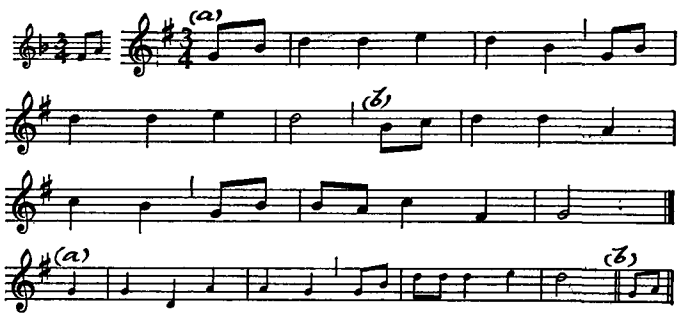
9. There's blood in the kitchen, there's blood in the hall,
   There's blood in this parlour, where this fair lady fell.

10. The nurse shall be hangéd on a gallows so high,
    Cruel Lankie shall be burnéd with the fire close by.

11. Where the bells shall be muffeléd with horrible sound,
    Where the lady and the baby lies in the cold ground.

32. ["Lamkin"]

Gardiner MSS., No. Gar/Hp. 1192. Sung by Mrs. Collis, Hampshire, August-September 1908.

a I (or p I)

" 'Said the Lord to the Lady, I am just going out,
So beware of false Lankie in the dead hour of night.' "

The above verse is all that appears in the note-book. [*Note by Frank Purslow.*]

33. "Lamferd"

Lester A. Hubbard, *Ballads and Songs from Utah*, 1961, p. 23.

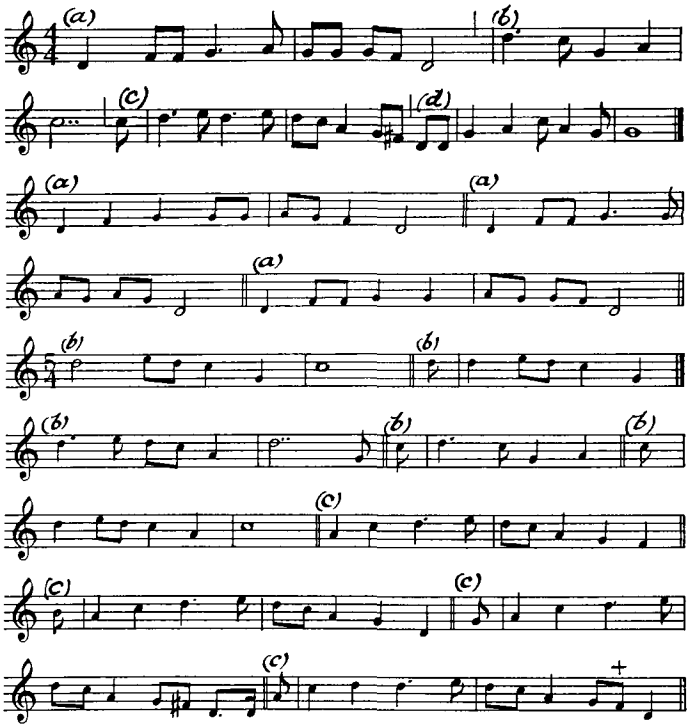
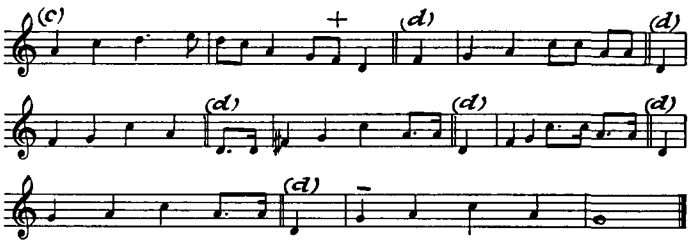
95. THE MAID FREED FROM THE GALLOWS

18.1. "The Prickety Bush"

Francis M. Collinson, "The Prickety Bush," W. Paxton & Co., No. 80327. London, n.d.

39.1. "Hold Up Your Hand"

Sung by Frank Proffitt, Reese, N.C., September 1961. Collected by Sandy Paton and sent by him to the Editor.

p M (inflected VII)

1. Hold up your hand, Old Joshuway, she said
   Wait a while and see
   I thought I see my dear old father
   Come a-crossing over the sea.

2. Do you have any money for me?
   Gold for to pay my fee?
   I've just stole a silvery cup
   And hangeth I'm a-goin to be.

3. I don't have no money for you,
   Or gold to pay your fee.
   I've just come to see you hanged
   On yonders gallows tree.

4. Hold up your hand, Old Joshuway, she said,
   Wait a while and see.
   I thought I see my dear old mother
   Come a-crossing over the sea.

5. Do you have any money for me?
   Gold to pay my fee?
   For I have stole a silvery cup
   And hangeth I'm a-goin to be.

6. I don't have any money for you
   Nor gold to pay your fee.
   I've just come to see you hanged
   On yonders gallows tree.

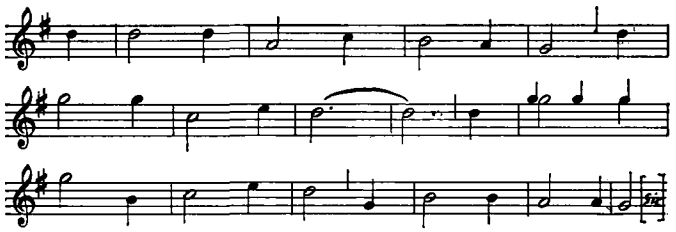
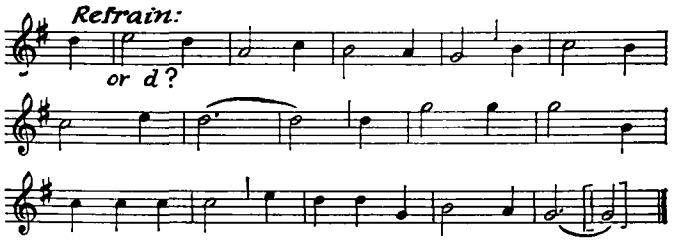
7. Hold up your hand, Old Joshuway, she said
   Wait a while and see
   I thought I see my own true love
   Come crossing over the sea.

8. Do you have any money for me
   Or gold for to pay my fee?
   For I have stole a silvery cup
   And hangeth I'm a-goin to be.

9. Yes, I have some money for you,
   And gold for to pay your fee
   I've just come to save your neck
   From yonders gallows tree.

40.1. "Prickly briar"

Vaughan Williams MSS., I, p. 303. Sung by Mr. Bedford at Pembridge, Herefordshire, August 1908.

a I/M

66.1. "The Gallus Tree"

Helen Hartness Flanders, *Ancient Ballads Traditionally Sung in New England*, III, 1963, p. 30(D).

68.1. "Lord James"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, III, 1963, p. 18(A).

69. "The Weep-O Mellow Tree"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, III, 1963, pp. 24-26(B^2).

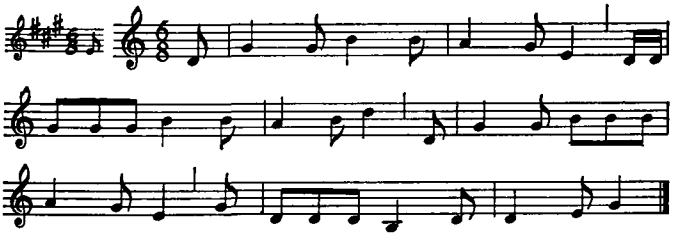
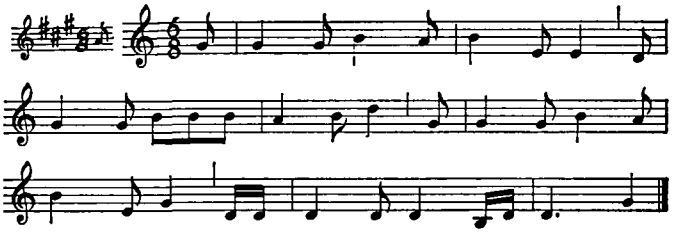
70. "Under the Creep-O Mellow Tree"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, III, 1963, p. 21(B^1).

100. WILLIE O WINSBURY

4.1. "Sir Thomas o' Winchbury"

Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 2. Sung by Mrs. Gillespie; first learned from Mrs. Watt (of Affath) 50 years before, and heard afterwards from others. Noted 1905 by G.F.D.

p π^1

(O) It fell ance upon a day,
When the prood king of France cam' hame, O,
His daughter Janet went oot one day,
To welcome her father hame, O.

An' that ye verra weel ken, O,
An' I lang for your comin' hame, O.

"Mrs. L. had no more words, and did not identify it." [*Duncan's MS. note.*]

7.1. "Sir Thomas o' Winchbury"

Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 478. Sung by Mrs. Lyall; learned from her mother. Noted November 26, 1908.

p π^1

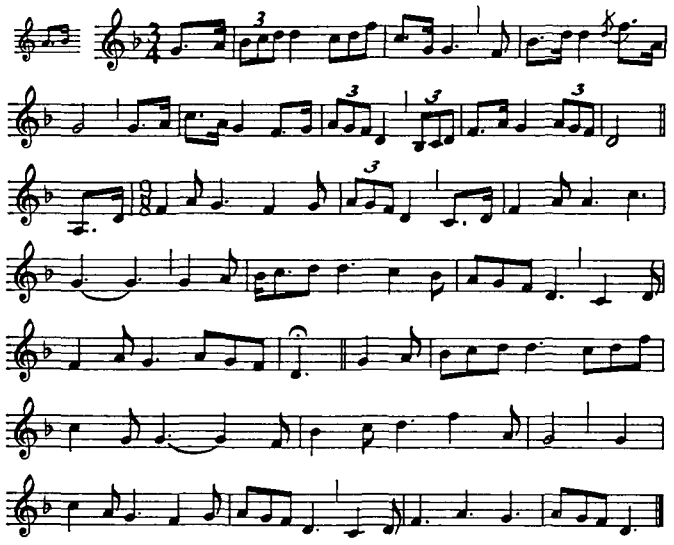
20.1. "Johnny Barbour"

Helen Hartness Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, III, 1963, p. 66(C^2).

102. THE BIRTH OF ROBIN HOOD (WILLIE AND EARL RICHARD'S DAUGHTER)

1.1. "The Birth of Robin Hood"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1952/85/1. Sung by Miss M. Douglas Gordon. Recorded by Francis M. Collinson.

a Æ/?

1. O there's many loves that chase the chase
   And many blows on the horn
   And many sings o' Robin Hood
   Kens little [whar] he was [born]

2. It wasna in the [?] ha'
   nor in the painted bower
   But it was in the good green wood
   Amang the lilies blaw (?)

3. . . . never was
   Since

4. But he said a word that the [?] steward*
   And he loved her tenderlie
   Gin my father kenned
   Archibold
   what love 'tween ye and me.

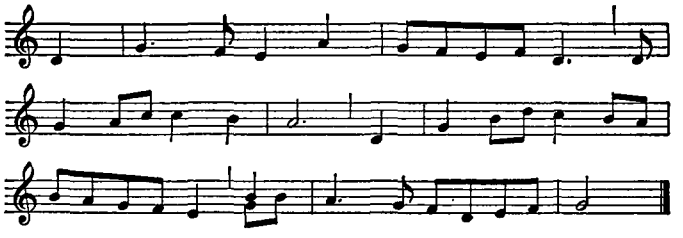
5. He [?] laid in

* As a variant reading for this line Collinson gives "But he (?) faither was but the elfin [?]."

105. THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON

1.1. "The Bailiff's Daughter"

Vaughan Williams MSS., III, p. 325. Sung by Mr. Baker, South Ease, Sussex, January 10, 1906.

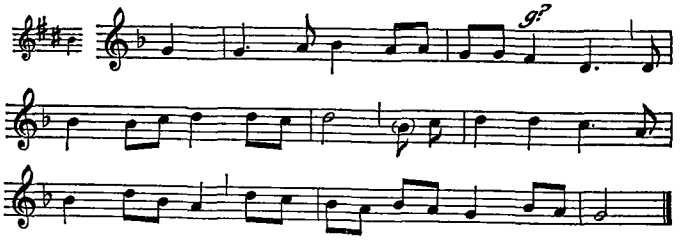
p I

There is no sharp in the MS.; Vaughan Williams probably neglected to write in the signatures. This tune is copied as he left it.

2.1. "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington"

Clive Carey, *Ten English Folk-Songs*, 1915, p. 4.

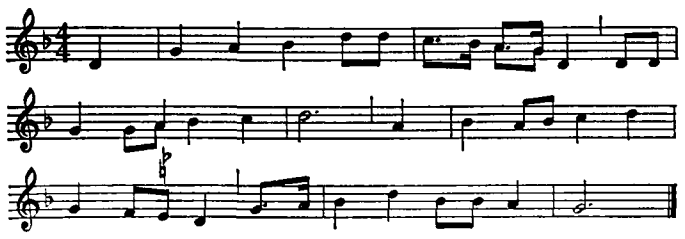
9.1. "The bailiff's daughter"

Vaughan Williams MSS., II, p. 250. Sung by Mr. Adams, a carrier of Farnham, Dorset, and his daughter.

p Æ/D

There was a youth and a well belov'd youth
  and he was a squire's son
and he loved the bailiff's daughter Jean
  that lived at Islington.

11.1. "Maid of Islington"

Hammond MSS., No. 498; text, VII, p. 60. Sung by Mrs. Russell, Upwey.

p D—Æ

If he is dead I'll sell my steed
My bridle and my bow
And into some foreign country I'll go
Where there's no one do me know

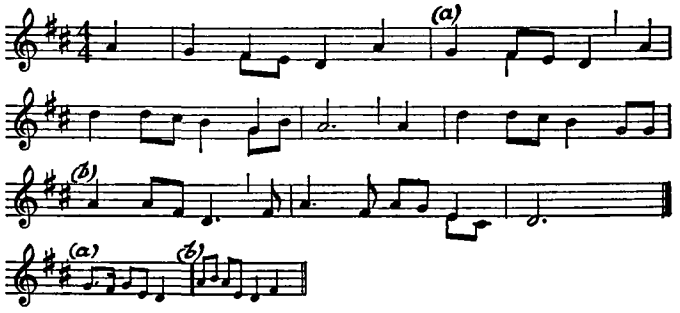
She is not dead, but she does remain alive
She's as well as ever you see
She's now standing by your own horses side
She is your bride all ready to be.

24.1. "The Bailiff's Daughter"

Helen Hartness Flanders, *Ancient Ballads Traditionally Sung in New England*, III, 1963, p. 75(C).

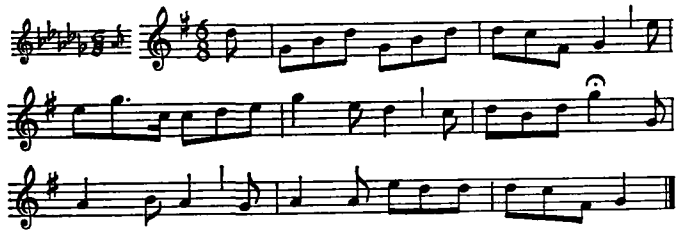
27.1. "Bailiff's Daughter"

Hammond MSS., No. 477. Sung by Mrs. Davis, Dorchester.

a I

106. THE FAMOUS FLOWER OF SERVING-MEN

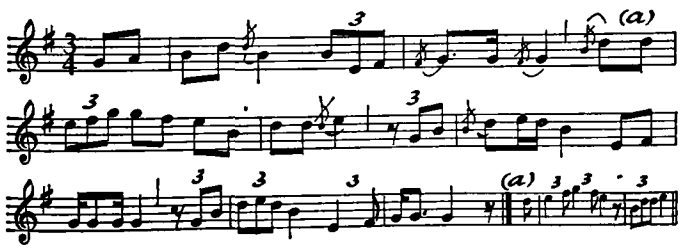
2.1. "The Famous Flower of Serving Men"

Sung by Mrs. John Williams (née Violet Selena Hankins), Iowa City, Iowa. Learned from Carrie Buker in 1865-70, in Penn Township, Johnson County, Iowa; recorded by Mrs. Flora Brennan, 1922-23. Communicated by Prof. Charles A. Williams.

a I

My father he was a noble lord,
My mother she was a lady fair,
And I poor child their only heir,
False love has brought me to despair.

3.1. "The Famous Flower of Serving Men"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1961/38/A5. Sung by Mrs. I. Allanson Huntly, Aberdeenshire. Collected by Hamish Henderson. Transcribed by Ailie Munro.

m I/Ly

For my father built me a dandy bow'r
Such a dandy bow'r I hae never seen,
It was burnished all in (?) suttrells of green,
Such a dandy bow'r I hae never seen.

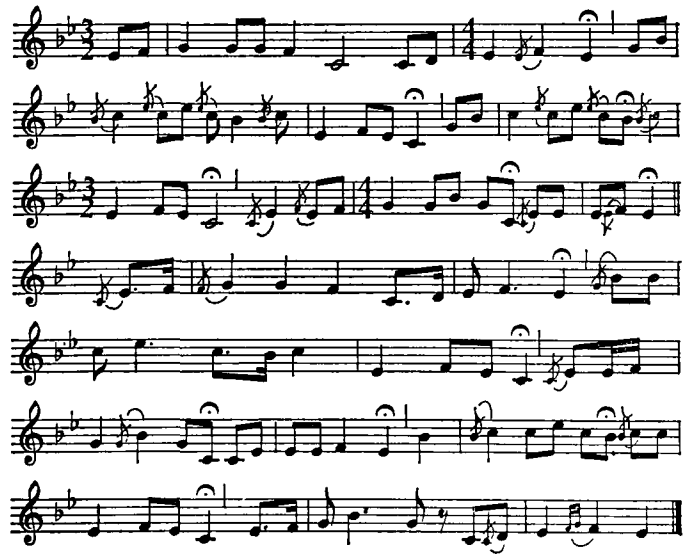
. . . . . .

I had nothing else for to etc.

I'll dress myself in men's repairs

3.2. "The Famous Flower of Serving Men"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1954/103/A1. Sung by Jeannie Robertson, Aberdeen; learned from her mother. Collected by Hamish Henderson. Transcribed by Francis M. Collinson.

m π^1

My father built me a dandy bow'r
Wi' some fine roses and some fine flow'rs.
But my stepmother showed me her spite
For she sent that robber for to slain that knight.

For to rob my bow'r and to slain that knight
And they could not do me a greater harm
Than to kill the baby
That lay in my arms.

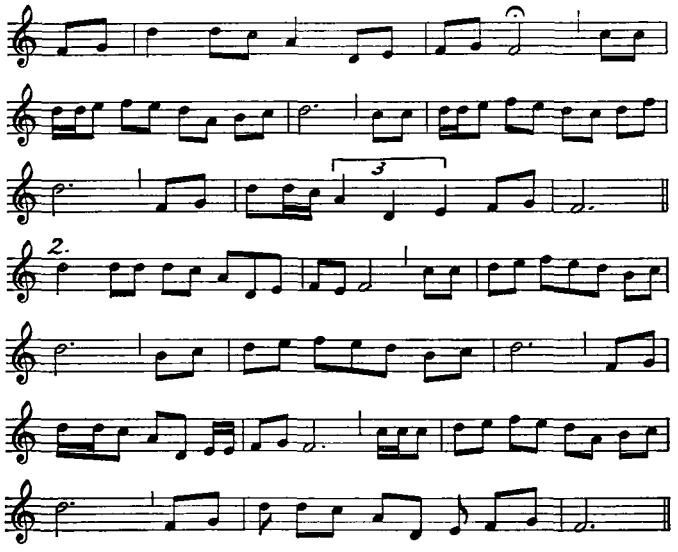
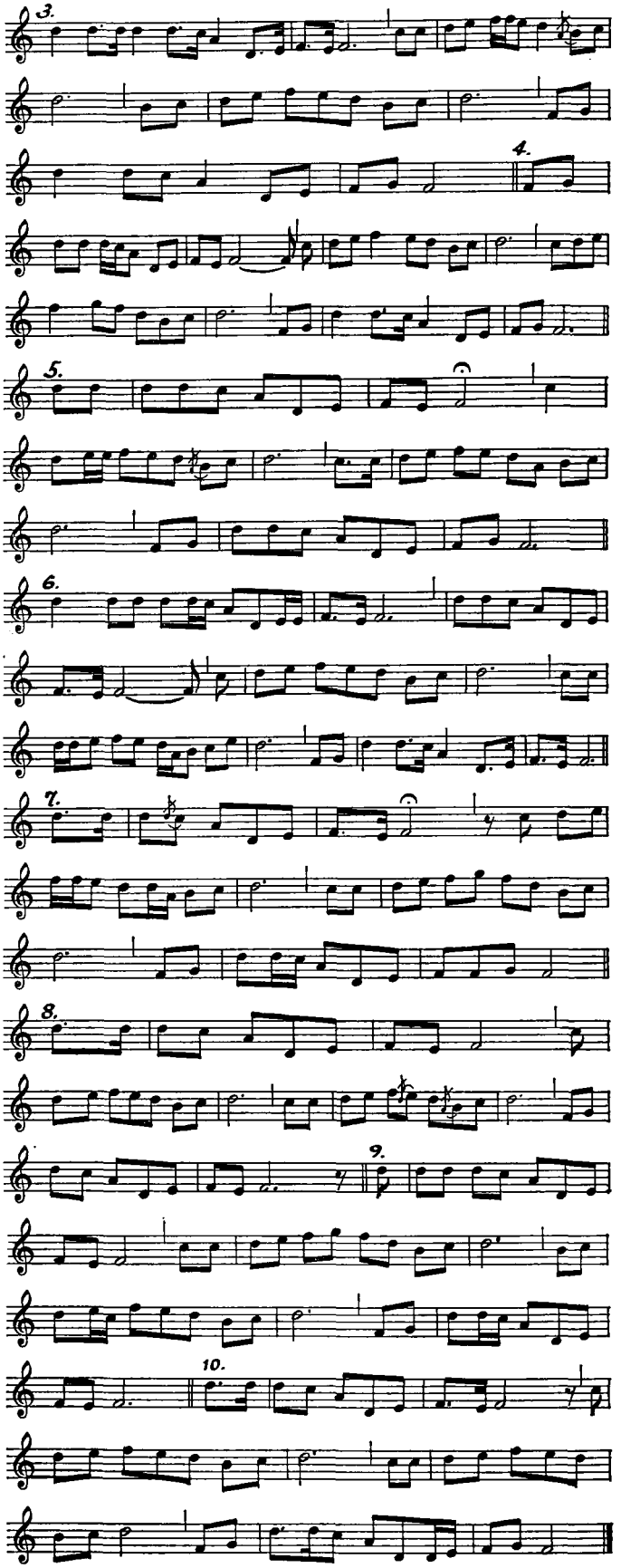
And they left me nothing
For to roll it in
But the bloody sheets
That my love lay in.

She laid her haid down upon a block
And she cut off her golden locks,
And she changed her name from young Elleanor fair,
She changed it to young Willie Dare.

Spoken: My mother said when she cut her hair off, she dressed herself up as a young man and went to look for work. So she came to a castle and in this castle was a young man, the master of it. So when the butler took in the news to him that there was a fine-looking young man at the door looking for work, and wanted to be a stable boy, he said if he was fine looking as that, he would be able to serve out the wine amongst his guests. So he said fetch him in to see him. So when he saw him he had a feeling it was not a young man . . . he had a feeling it was a woman dressed up as a young man—so he give him the job of serving out his wine to his guests. So as the weeks rolled on, he knew then . . . as the weeks rolled on . . . that it was not a young man but a young woman. So one day he told his housekeeper to take her and dress her in silks as white as milk. And, of course, she did that and she was found to be the finest looking woman around the place for hundred of miles around. So he married her . . . he fell in love with her and married her.

3.3. ["The Famous Flower of Serving-Men"]

Sung by Caroline Hughes, an English gypsy, Old Wareham Road, Poole, Dorset, in August 1963. Collected by Ewan MacColl and Peggy Seeger.

m Ly

1. Oh my father he built me a shady bowe(r)
And he covered it over with the shamrock leaves
Was the prettiest bow-er that ever you see
What my aged father he built for me.

2. How could me brother do me a bigger crime
Oh to send nine robbers all in one night
Oh to send nine robbers all in one night
Oh to murder my baby and to slave my life(?)
For I had nothing for now to a-wrap it in
But the linen sheet that my love died in.

3. I'm all alone all alone, yes, I'm all alone
So I took the fiddle and I played a tune
O for once I was a fair lady gay
And my husband he was now a noble lord.

4. Now I catch'd holt o' the pen and I wrote a line,
I wrote it long and I wrote it neat
But (a) heavy blow struck him all on the crown
Left him all on the highway all there to die.

5. Now I cut off my hair and I change my name
From fair Ellender to Sweet William boy
Yes and every town of old that I sails through
They would take me, my love, for to be the Queen.

6. O now I run all about and I come my lord(?)
O do you want now a house-a groom
Or do you want now a stable man?
No, I wants a man servant to attend to the hall
Now to tend to the hall when the lord is gone.

7. O it's are you married or are(n) you free?
Or am I bound before now to a-be your bride
O a marriage life it will as soon suit me
If contented a mind don't dare be jealousy(?)

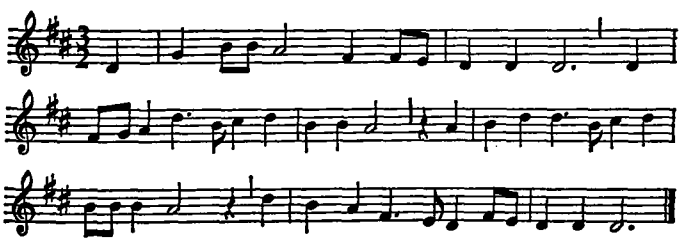
8. O it's are you married or am I bound ?
Or am I bound, dear, to be your bride?
O a maid again that I will never be
Whilst a apple grows on a orange tree.

9. Now to Sir Liolion all in the spring
Where the birds they whistles and they softlie sing
Well, they changes their notes so from tree to tree
And the song they sung, it were Home sweet home.

10. Now as I crossed over the foggy moor
I soon lost sight of my true love's face
Well I looked behind as I look befront
That's my aged old father I will see no more.

4.1. "The Flower of Serving Men"

Pursley, *Folk Music Journal*, I, No. 3 (1967), pp. 147-48. Sung by Albert Dee (58), Bartley, Hampshire, December 17, 1908. Noted by J. F. Guyer.

a I

1. My father he built me a shady bower,
and covered it over with shamrock flowers,
The finest bower that ever I see,
My aged father he built for me.

2. My father he married me to a noble knight.
My mother she owed me a dreadful spite;
She sent nine robbers all in one night,
To rob my bower and slay my knight.

3. How could she have done me a bigger harm,
To murder my babies all in my arms?
Left nothing at all for to wrap them in,
But the bloody sheets that my love died in.

4. All alone, all alone then I will wash them,
All alone, all alone I will bury them,
Cut off my hair and I'll change my name,
From Fair Eleanor to Sweet William.

5. I will saddle my horse and away I'll ride,
And until I come to some fair king's side,
And one of those servants I'll give a ring,
That I might dissolve a gracious thing.

6. "It's do you want either horse or groom,
Or do you want any stableman,
Do you want a manservant all in your hall,
To wait on the nobles when they do call?"

7. "It's we don't want neither horse nor groom,
Nor we don't want ne'er a stableman,
But we wants a manservant all in our hall,
To wait on the nobles when they do call."

8. Then by and bye this young lord went out,
. . . . . .
Left no one at all but this gay old man,
To keep company with Sweet William.

9. And when she found she was all alone,
Took down her fiddle and played a tune,
"Once my love was a rich, noble knight,
And me myself was a lady bright."

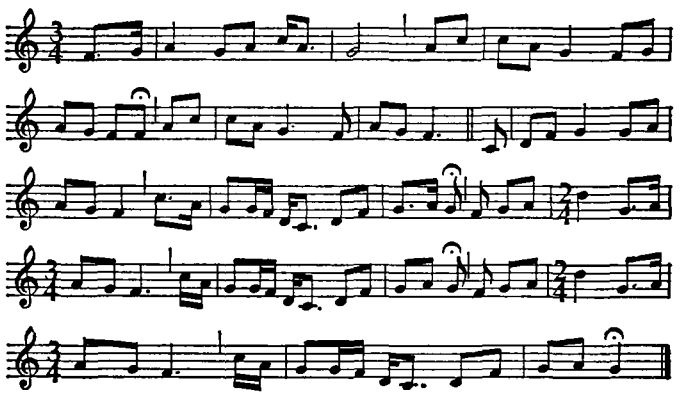
10. Oh, then by and bye this young lord came home,
"What news, what news, oh, my gay old man?"
"Good news, good news, oh, my lord," said he,
"Your servantman is a gay lady."

11. "Go and fetch me down, then, a pair of stays,
That I might lace up her slender waist;
Go and fetch me down that gay gownd of green,
That I might dress her up like my queen."

12. "Oh, no! Oh, no! Oh, my lord," said she,
"Pay me my wages and I'll go free,
For I never heard tell of a stranger thing,
As a servantman to become a queen."

6.1. "Famous Flower of Serving Men"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. SX 1958/6/B7. Sung by Martha Reid ("Peasie"), Birnam, Perthshire. Collected by Hamish Henderson. Transcribed by Francis M. Collinson(?).

p π^1 (ending on II)

1. I'll cut off my long yellow hair,
And I'll put myself into men's ropell,
To the King's own hall to do some work;
'What work what work, oh, it's can you do?'

2. 'Sure, it's anything that you put me to,
To be a [?] husher in your ha',
Among your ladies and nobles a'
To make your beds of soft and fine.

3. 'To suit your ladies an nobles a'
Followin ladies an gents to the huntin gane'
Thae were no-one left but sweet William,
that silly old man
Following ladies an gents from the huntin came.

4. 'Then what news, what news of William to tell?'
'Good news, good news, 'it I have to tell,
For a gentleman to become a queen.'
'Oh, that's a lie 'it ye tell to me.

5. 'Your head it lies all into my [?] gate,
If that's a truth 'at you tell to me,
I shall make you the laird of a high degree.'

6. For they took her to a [?] ceiling'd room
And a [?] found aye breath all it gave their to.
'So pay to me my fee an let me be gone,
No langer am I to stay here.'

7. 'O fetch to me aye the robes of green
To see who are gaein to become a queen
As fetch to me aye the robes of green
To see who are gaein to become a queen.'

GROUP D

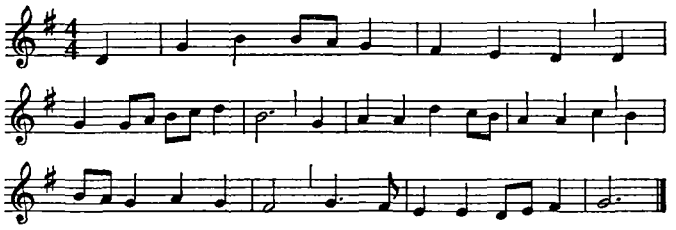
8. "The Flower of Serving Men"

G. B. Gardiner (MSS. No. H1322), *Folk Music Journal*, I, No. 3(1967), p. 147.

110. THE KNIGHT AND THE SHEPHERD'S DAUGHTER

2.1. "Knight & Shepherd's Daughter"

Hammond MSS., No. 212; text, D.VI, p. 160. Sung by Mrs. R. Gale, Powerstock, Dorset.

pI

Apparently Mrs. Gale's text was partly like that of Mrs. Forsey (variant 2.3 below), for her full text was not taken down separately.

. . . . . .

2. He took her round the middle so small
And laid her all on the plain
And when he'd had his will of her
He took her up again

[He put his foot all in the stirrup
And rode fast over the plain
She took her petticoats by the hem
And she kept up by his side(?)
And when she came to the broken bridge
She took to her feet and swum
And when she got out of the waters again
She took to her heels and run]

3. What hath he stole from you, fair maid
Your purple and your pall?
Or your gay gold ring from off your hand
Which is so long and small

4. If he be a married man
He shall a-hangèd be
And if he be a bachelor
His body I give to thee

5. He pullèd out five hundred pounds
Five hundred pounds in a glove
Saying this, fair lady, I'll give to thee
Seek thee another love

6. I don't want your five hundred pounds
Nor your five hundred pounds in a glove
Saying this fair lady I'll give to thee
Seek thou another love

7. I don't want &c.
Nor &c.
But I'll have your whole body
As the King gives unto me

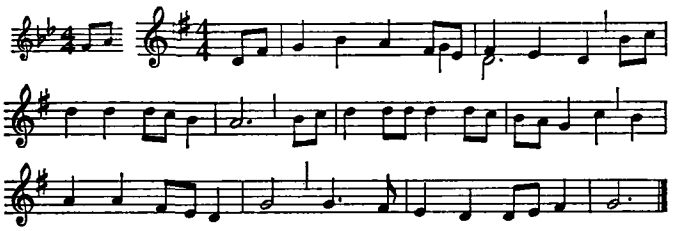
8. I wish I drink so much cold water
As ever I did wine
Before a shepherd's daughter dear
Should be a lady of mine

9. A shepherd's daughter as I am
Or as you take me to be
If you make me a lady of one fair town
I'll make you a lord of three

10. He took to her and married her
And gave her a wedding gown
He dressed her over in bugle chains
And carried her clean away

2.2. "Earl Richard"

Hammond MSS., No. 208; text, D.VI, p. 157. Sung by R. Hansford, Bridport, Dorset.

p I

1. A shepherd's daughter dear
Kept sheep all on the hill
Oh! it's who come along but a courage young knight
And he fain would have his will

2. Oh! now you've had your will of me
And leave my body to shame
You are a knight and a courage young knight
Pray tell to me your name

3. Some do call me Jack, fair maid
And some do call me John
But when I'm at home in the King's fair court
Sweet William is my name

4. Then he put his foot up in the stirrup
Up over the hills he did ride
She took her petticoats in her hand
And she run fast by his side

5. Oh! when he came to the clear water
So swiftly rode he in
And when she came to the clear water
She smote to her breast and swim

6. When he came to the broad water side
So swiftly rode he in
And when she came to the broad water side
She smote to her breast and swim

7. When he came to the King's fair court
So swiftly he rode in
And when she came to the King's fair court
So loudly the bells did ring

8. No one so ready as the King himself
To let this fair maid in
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

9. Oh what have he robbed of you fair maid
Your purple or your pall
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

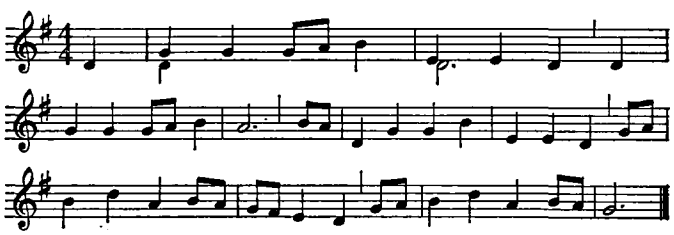
10. Oh no he's not a-robbèd me
Of my purple or my pall
But he've a-stole my maidenhead
That do grieve me the worst of all

11. Then he called up his merry merry men
By one by two by three
King William used to be the very first man
Now the hinder one comes he

12. Then they took seas and rowed away
And they got married the very next day
The bells did ring and the music play
And they were happy both night and day.

2.3. "Earl Richard"

Hammond MSS., No. 192; text, D.VI, p. 157. Sung by Miss Forsey, Walton, Dorset. Text from Mrs. Forsey.

p I/Ly

1. Some do call me Jim and some do call me John
But when I'm in the King's fair Court
My name is King William

2. He put his foot all in the stirrup
And away from her did ride
She took her petticoats in her arms
And she kept up by his side

3. And when she came to the broken bridge
She took to her feet and swam
And when she came all on dry land
She took to her heels and ran

4. When she came to the fair King's court
She loud-lỳ knock on the ring
None so ready as the King himself
To let this fair one in

5. "There's a fair young knight within your gates
That have robbèd me this day
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

6. What has he a-robbèd you of
Any of your gold in store
Or any of your fee
Or any of your dress so nice
That sits so tight on thee

7. He's not a-robbèd me of my golden store
And none of my fee
Nor none of the dress so nice
That sits so tight on me
But he hath stolen the finest a-branch
The flower of my body

8. King William called up his merry men
By two and two came they
King William used to be the foremost man
Now the hinder one comes he

9. He told out all his golden store (or gold in)
Into her apron throwed
Thou go and court some other young man
And get him to marry thee

10. I don't want any of thy golden store
Nor any of thy fee
Nor I'll not go and court some other young man
Nor get him to marry me

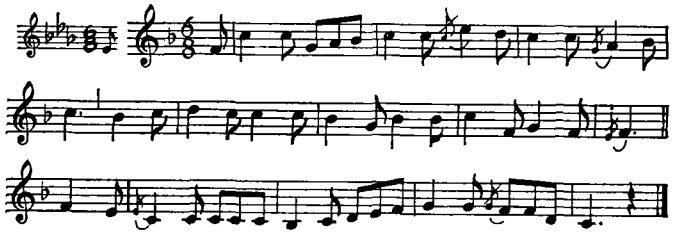
11. The very first town that he came to
He bought her a gay gold ring
The very next town that he came to
He made her his fair wedding

12. "Now the dogs shall eat the flour," he cried
And thou shalt eat the bran
And you shall curse the day and hour
That ever you knowed a man

13. The dogs shan't eat &c.

17.1. "I am the forester o' this land"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1952/26/A1. Sung by John Strachan, Fyvie, Aberdeenshire. Collected by Hamish Henderson. Transcribed by Donna Etherington.

m I (ending on *V*)

I am the forester o this land
As ye may plainly see,
An' it's the mantle o' your maidenheid
That I maun hae fae thee.

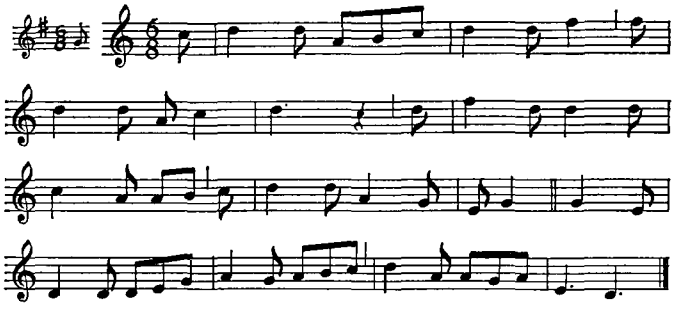
Chorus:

Wi ma roo rum rurrity rye rum rurrity
right ma wurrity an

He has taen her by the mulk-white haun,
An by the lea-lands-leave;
He's laid her doon. . . .

17.2. "I am the Forester"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1952/32/B17. Sung by Jimmie Taylor, Aberdeenshire. Collected by Hamish Henderson. Transcribed by Ailie Munro.

a D

1. 'I am the forester o this place
An that a lad ye see;
It's your mantle or your maidenheid
It's I maun hae fae thee.'

Chorus:

Wi my rowe rum derrity,
Rye dum derrity
Ryedme werrity aun-oh.

2. 'It's gin ye tak my mantle,
Anither [?] caad I'll spin,
But gin ye tak my maidenheid,
Anither I never shall win.'

3. He's taen her by the lily-white hand,
An by the wrist green sleeve,
An he's laid her doon upon the grass,
An he's askit no man's leave.

4. 'Now, since ye've laid me doon', she says,
'Ye'll tak me up again,
An since ye've had your wills o me,
Ye'll tell to me your name.'

5. 'Some caa me James; some caa me John;
I'm careless o the same,
But when I am on the King's highway,
Hernilion is my name.'

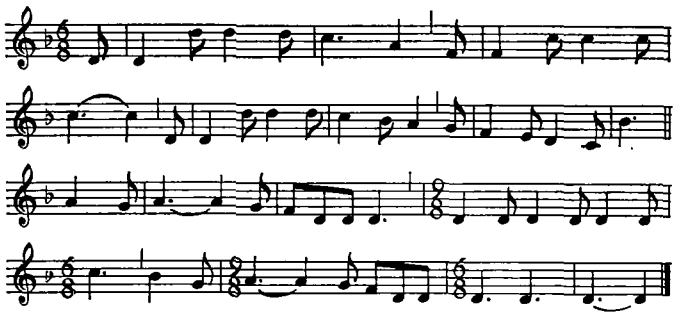
6. The lassie bein a scholar,
She spelled it owre again:
'Hernilion is a Latin word;
Sweet William is your name.'

Cf. Child 52, "The King's Dochter Lady Jean."

112. THE BAFFLED KNIGHT

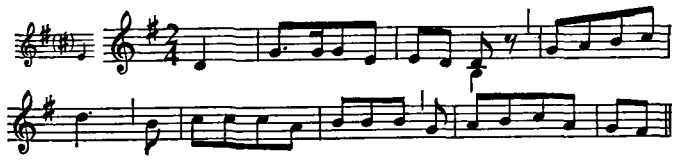
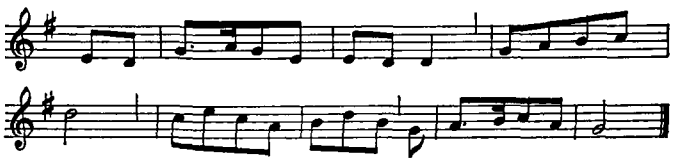
6.1. "The Baffled Knight"

Karpeles MSS., No. 5204. Sung by Mrs. Violet McCabe, North River, Conception Bay, Newfoundland, October 17, 1929.

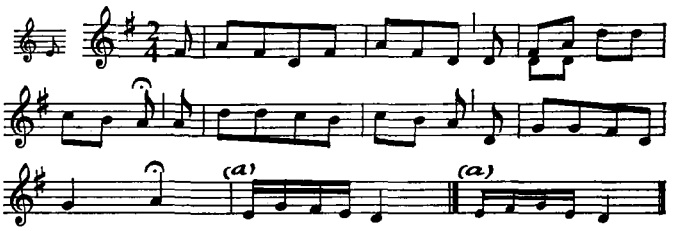
a Æ (or p I, ending on *VI*)

It's of a jolly farmer
Who lived on yonder hill,
As he roved out one May morning
To see what he could kill.
While he had his too-ter-rer-num,
Right be lit a tits I tired
With me die rer loo-dle a lit I die

18.1. "Clear away the morning dew"

Vaughan Williams MSS., III, p. 505. Sung by Mr. Attwater, Kingsfold, Sussex, September 27, 1906.

p I

31.1. "The Dew is on the grass"

Vaughan Williams MSS., I, p. 8. Sung by Mr. Jake Willis, Hadleigh, Suffolk, September 3 and 4, 1907.

a M

As I walked out one midsummer morn all in the month of May sir
O there I beheld a fair pretty maid a-making of the hay sir fal-de-lidely

I boldly steppèd up to her and asked to lay her down sir
and the answer that she gave to me "the dew is on the ground sir"

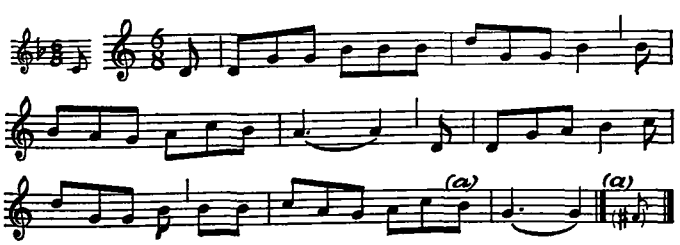
Wait till you get to my fathers house where you may lay me down sir
Where you can have my maidenhead all on a bed of down sir

Oh when she got to her fathers gate. . . .

125. ROBIN HOOD AND LITTLE JOHN

3. "Robin Hood and Little John"

Gardiner MSS., No. Gar/Hp. 722. Sung by Moses Mills (82), Preston Candover, Hampshire, July 1907. Noted by Charles Gamblin.

p I/M (–VI)

Then Robin he went to a tree cutter's tree,*
To choose him a staff of ground oak,
And when he had done away he did run,
And the stranger so merrily spoke.

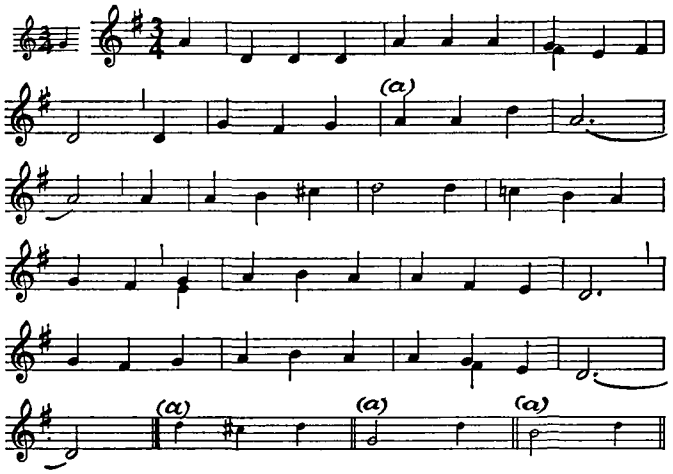
We measured our staffs and at it we went,
To pass a three hours or more,
And every bang it made the groves ring,
And we played the game over so sure.

* "In the typed copy of the text this has been amended to 'thicket of trees.'" [*Purslow's note.*]

126. ROBIN HOOD AND THE TANNER

4. "Robin Hood and the Tanner"

Gardiner MSS., No. Gar/Hp. 79. Sung by William Randall, Hursley, Hampshire, June 1905. Tune noted by H. Balfour Gardiner.

a M (inflected VII)

1. 'Twas of a bold tanner in old Devonshire,
   His name it was Arthur O'Brann,
   There wasn't a man in all Devonshire
   Could make this bold Arthur to stand,
   Ay, could make this bold Arthur to stand.

2. Bold Arthur walked out one fine summer's morn
   To view the merry greenwood,
   In search of a deer that run here and there;
   And he thought he spied bold Robin Hood,
   Ay, he thought he spied bold Robin Hood.

3. "Good morning, young fellow," says bold Robin Hood,
   "What business hast thou here?
   I will tell thee in brief, thou look'st like a thief,
   Thou art come for to steal the king's deer,
   Ay, thou art come for to steal the king's deer."

4. "I will have a fat doe before I do go,
   Although it may cause me a fall;
   For I have a staff made out of green graft,
   And I think he would do for them all,
   Ay, and I think he would do for them all."

5. "Oh, I have another," says bold Robin Hood,
   Made out of the bonnie oak tree;
   Three feet and a half, he will knock down a calf,
   And I think he would knock down thee,
   Ay, and I think he would knock down thee."

6. Let's measure our sticks," says bold Robin Hood,
   "Before we commence our fray.
   If mine be an half foot a longer than thine,
   And that shall be counted foul play,
   Ay, and that shall be counted foul play."

7. They measured their sticks and at it they went
   For the space of one hour or more,
   Till every blow made the groves for to ring
   They played their game so sure,
   Ay, they played their game so sure.

8. Bold Robin pulled out his long bugle horn,
   He blowed it so loud and so shrill;
   And then, thereupon, he spied Little John
   Come tripping down over the hill,
   Ay, come tripping down over the hill.

9. "Oh, what is the matter?" then said Little John,
   I pray thee, bold Robin, me tell;
   There's something amiss, I'm sure that there is,
   For I see that thee doesn't look well.
   Ay, I see that thee doesn't look well."

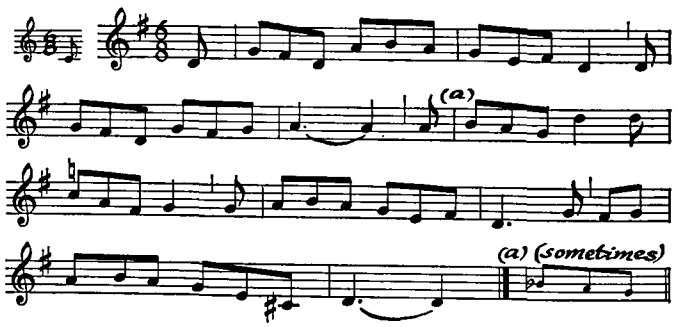
10. "Oh, here I stand with my staff in my hand,
    Bold tanner he stands by my side.
    He's a bonny, brisk man, just fit for our gang,
    And so well he has tanned my hide.
    Ay, and so well he has tanned my hide."

11. "Oh, if he's a tanner," then says Little John,
    "A tanner that tans so true,
    There's not the least doubt he will have another bout,
    And so well he shall tan my hide too,
    Ay, and so well he shall tan my hide too.

12. "Oh no, oh no," says bold Robin Hood,
    "I pray thee, best leave it alone.
    He's a bonnie, brisk blade and he's master of his trade,
    And by no man he won't be controlled,
    Ay, and by no man he won't be controlled."

5. "Robin Hood and the Tanner"

Gardiner MSS., No. Gar/Hp. 1221. Sung by James Buckland, Micheldever, Hampshire, September 1908.

a M (inflected VII)

1. 'Twas of a bold tanner in old Devonshire,
   His name was Arthur O'Brann,
   There was not a man in all Devonshire,
   Could make the bold Arthur to stand,
   Ay! Could make the bold Arthur to stand.

2. Bold Arthur walked out one fine Summer's morn,
A-viewing the merry green woods,
To search of a deer as runs here and there,
And he thought he spied bold Robin Hood.

3. Good Morning, young fellow! says bold Robin Hood,
What business hast thou here?
I'll tell thee in brief thee looks like a thief,
And thee has come to steal the King's deer.

4. I'll have a fat doe before I do go,
Or else it shall cause me a fall,
For I have a staff made out of green graft,
And I think he'll do for you all.

5. And I have another, says bold Robin Hood,
Made out of a bonny oak tree,
He's three feet and a half and he'll knock down a calf,
And why shouldn't he knock down thee?

6. Let's measure our sticks, says bold Robin Hood,
Before we begins our play,
And if mine is a half a foot longer than thine,
Oh! that shall be counted fair play.

7. They measured their sticks and at it they went,
For upwards an hour or more,
I'm sure every blow made the ground to ring,
They played their game so sure.

8. Hold on, hold on, says bold Robin Hood,
I pray let our courage to fall,
Before that we break our bones all to smash,
And gain no coin at all.

9. Bold Robin pulled out his long bugle horn,
And blew it both loud and shrill,
And thereupon he spied Little John,
Come tripping down over the hill.

10. Oh! what is the matter, said Little Johnnie,
I pray thee, bold Robin, me tell,
There's something the matter, said little Johnnie,
For I see that thee doesn't look well.

11. Oh! here I stands, my staff in my hand,
My bold tanner stands by my side,
He's a bonny brisk man and he's fit for his [*sic*] gang,
And so well he has tanned my hide.

12. If he is a tanner so true,
And have tanned they hide so well,
There's not the least doubt but he'll have another bout,
And so well he shall tan my hide.

13. Oh! no, oh! no, says bold Robin Hood,
For he's a hero so bold,
He's a bonny old blade and he's fit for his trade,
And by no man he shan't be controlled.

131. ROBIN HOOD AND THE RANGER

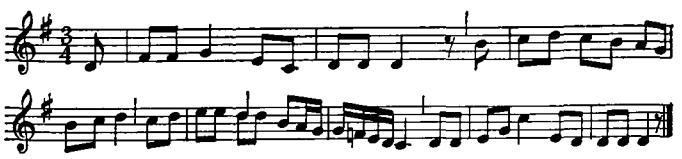
1.1. "Robin Hood"

Clive Carey, *Ten English Folk-Songs*, 1915, p. 12.

132. THE BOLD PEDLAR AND ROBIN HOOD

7.1. "Robin Hood and the Pedlar"

Gardiner MSS., No. Gar/Hp. 1284. Sung by Frank Cole, Oakley, Hampshire, September 1908.

a M (inflected III)

1. "Oh, pedlar, pedlar, what's in thy pack?
Come tell to me, oh, immediately,"
"I've all sort of silks of the very, very best,
And I've silken bowstrings one, two and three."

2. "If you've got silken bowstrings one, two and three,
Just one half of that pack do belong to me."

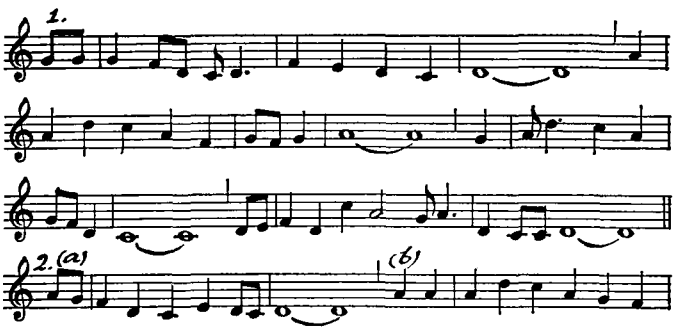
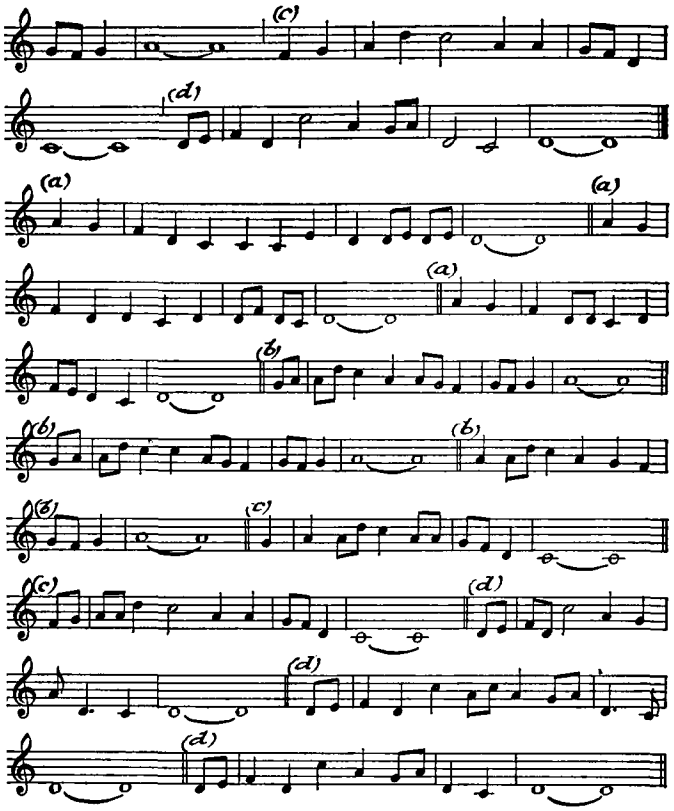
3. Then the pedlar lowered his pack so low,
As low as low as low can be,
Saying, "If you can drive me three feet from that,
My pack and all shall belong to thee."

4. Then both did fight till they both did sweat,
. . . . . .

5. Saying, "Pedlar, pedlar, give me thy hand?"
. . . . . .

12.1. "Robin Hood and the Pedlar"

Sung by Denny Smith, Gloucester, April 27, 1966. Learned from his father. Collected and transcribed by Peter Shepheard and sent by him to the Editor.

a D/Æ

1. Oh it's all for a pedlar and a pedlar boy
   Some pedlar he seemed for to be
   He put his pack all at his back
   And away went whistling right over the lea

2. Oh the first two men Oh that he met
   Was two quarrelsome men seemed for to be
   There was one of them called Bold Robin Hood
   And the other callèd Little John so free

3. Now what brings you there all in your pack cried little John
   Come tell to me right speedily
   I have three slices of the green green silk
   And I've bow-strings with them on two or three

4. Now the pedlar boy though he lowered his pack
   But he lowered it right a-past his knee
   But if you can make me fly three foot from this
   Oh my pack and I may go along with thee

5. Then Bold Robin Hood oh he drew his sword
   And the pedlar boy stood by his plan
   Till they fowt about till each other sweat
   Crying pedlar pedlar come hold your hand
   Till they fowt about till each other sweat
   Crying pedlar pedlar you're too good a man

6. Now what is your name oh cried Little John
   Come tell to me right speedily
   Oh no said the pedlar that never could be
   But if your name you will tell unto me

7. Now my name is Bill Scarlet from a foreign part
   An' a many a long mile beyon' the sea
   For killin' a man on my father's land
   My own native country I've fause to fly

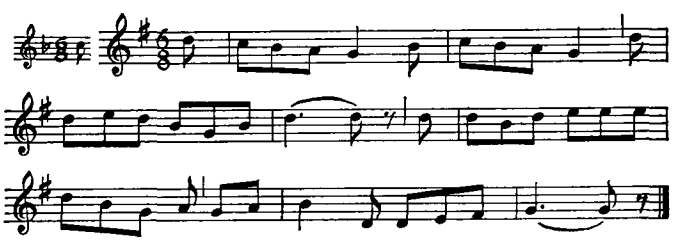
8. Oh if your name is Bill Scarlet from a foreign part
   An' a many a long mile beyon' the sea
   There is me an' you is two sisters' sons
   Oh what nigh first cousins oh can we be

9. Oh they goes in the alehouse though it being close by
   They cracked bottles by two by three

140. ROBIN HOOD RESCUING THREE SQUIRES

5.1. "Robin Hood and the Widow's Three Sons"

Gardiner MSS., No. Gar/Hp. 1283. Sung by Mrs. Cole, Oakley, Hampshire, September 1908.

p I

1. Bold Robin he marched the forest along,
   As hard as he could ride (hie?),
   Until he met with an old beggar man,
   And he kept drawing so nigh.

2. "What news, what news, my old beggar man,
   What news, come tell unto me?"
   "There's weeping and wailing in Nottingham town,
   For the loss of the squires all three."

3. "Change clothing, change clothing, my old beggar man,
   I'll give you fifteen shillings to boot,
   For there's none other man in Nottingham town,
   That can borrow three more of me."

4. "What are you weeping for, my gay lady?
   Either for gold or fee,
   Or are you a-weeping for your maidenhead,
   It is gone many years from thee."

5. "I'm not a-weeping for gold," she said,
   And I'm not a-weeping for fee,
   And I'm not a-weeping for my maidenhead,
   It's been gone many years from me;

6. I am a-weeping for my three sons,
They are all condemned to die."

7. "What parish church have they robbed,
What parish priest have they slain,
Or have they forced young maidens against their own will,
Or with other men's wives have they lain?"

8. "No parish church have they not robbed,
Nor no parish priest have they slain,
Nor no young maidens have they forced against their will,
Nor with other men's wives have they lain;

8. They have killed three of the King's fallow deers,
And they're all condemned to die,
In Nottingham town they are all chained and bound,
And in Nottingham prison they lie."

9. "What will you give me in gold," he cried,
"Or what will you give me in fee,
If I will go to Nottingham town,
Get your three sons freedom to-day?"

10. "I will give you all my gold,
And a part of my fee,
If you will go to Nottingham town,
And get my three sons freedom I pray."

11. Bold Robin he marched the forest along,
As hard as he could hie,
And then he was 'ware of an old beggar man,
As he kept drawing so nigh.

12. "What news, what news, my old beggar man,
What news come tell unto me?"
"There's weeping and wailing in Nottingham town,
For the loss of the squires all three."

13. "Change clothing, change clothing, my old beggar man,
I'll give you fifteen shillings to boot,
And now you can drink both brandy or ale,
Until I see you again."

14. He give three bugles with his bugle horn,
And as loud as he could blow,
And eight score and ten of bold Robin Hood's men,
Came trippling over the plain.

15. Bold Robin he went up the scaffold so high,
As hard as he could hie,
Saying "I'll be Jack Ketch to-day. . . .

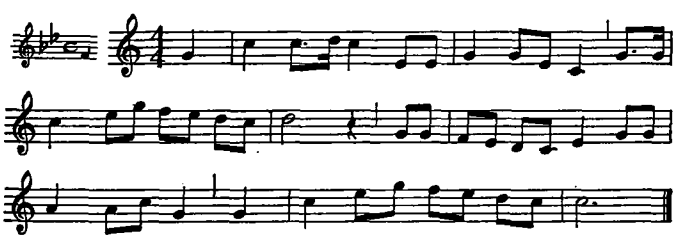
16. "Take thou (them?) along, take thou (them?) along, my brave beggar man,
Take thou along I'll grant them to thee,
There's not another in Nottingham town,
Can buy three more of me."

17. Bold Robin Hood marched the forest along,
As hard as he could go,
With his eight score and ten of bold Robin Hood's men,
And his three squires all in a row.

140. ROBIN HOOD RESCUING THREE SQUIRES

2.1. "Robin Hood and the Bishop of Hereford"

Gardiner MSS., No. 797. Sung by Mrs. Goodyear (74), Axford, Hampshire, August 1907. Noted by Charles Gamblin.

a I/M, ending on the upper octave

1. Robin dressed himself in a shepherd's long cloak,
And six of his men also;
They watched the bishop so narrowly,
For fear he another way should go.

2. Presently the bishop came riding by,
And about the fire they did throw.
"And why did you kill the king's white deer,
When your company is so few?"

3. Then Robin put his back up against an oak
And his foot against a thorn;
And out underneath the shepherd's long cloak
Pulled out a long bugle horn.

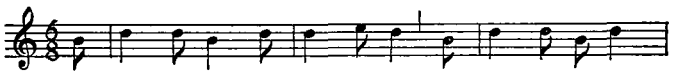
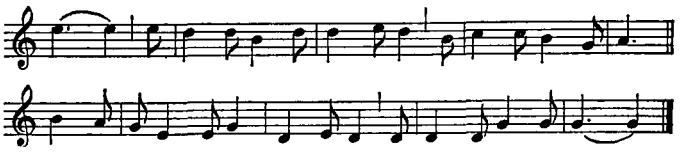
4. He put the little end to his mouth
And a very loud blast blew he;
A hundred and ten of bold Robin Hood's men
Came tripping down the green hill.

5. "Oh, cut off his head, master," says Little John
"And we'll haul him into his grave."
And we made the bishop dance in his boots, till he sweat
And glad for to get off free.

163. THE BATTLE OF HARLAW

7.1. "The Battle o Harlaw"

Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 331. Sung by George Garioch, who learned it 45 years earlier from Peter Riddell, Leochel-Cushnie. Noted August 21, 1907.

p I/M

As I cam in by Geerie's lan',
An in by Netherha',
'Twas there I met Sir James the Rose,
Wi' him Sir John the Graeme.
Wi' a dirry ey [de] imty day de ah de imty dee

173. MARY HAMILTON

6.1. "The Four Marys"

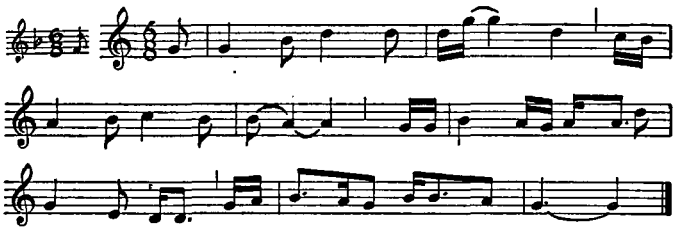
Helen Hartness Flanders, *Ancient Ballads Traditionally Sung in New England*, III, 1963, p. 165(A).

8.1. "The Four Marys"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, III, 1963, p. 168(C).

11.1. "The Four Maries"

Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 522. Sung by Miss Susan Strachan; from her mother. Noted November 24, 1916.

m I/M

Yestreen there were four Maries,
The nicht there'll be but three;
There was Mary Seaton, and Mary Beaton,
And Mary Carmichael and me.

181. THE BONNY EARL OF MURRAY

2.1. "The Earl of Murray"

Helen Hartness Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, III, 1963, p. 188(B)

200. THE GYPSY LADDIE

5.1. "Black Jack Davey"

Henry H. Glassie, *Tennessee Folklore Society Bulletin*, XXX (1964), p. 2(B).

9.1. "Gypsy Davy"

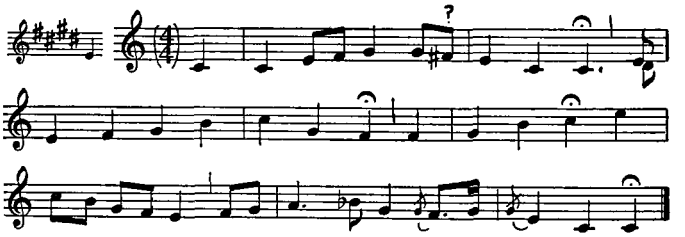
Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, III, 1963, p. 211(K).

9.2. "Black-eyed Davey"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, III, 1963, p. 197(B).

17.1. "The Gypsy Laddie"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. SF 1954/1/A9. Sung by Charles O'Boyle, Belfast. Collected by Sean O'Boyle. Transcribed by Francis M. Collinson.

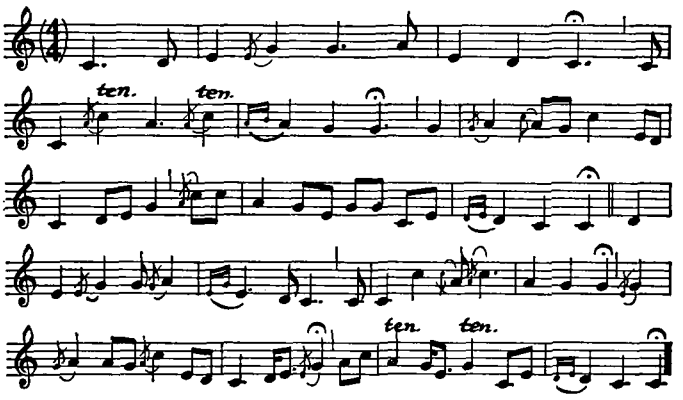
a M

There were seven gypsies in the [?] room,
And oh, but they were bonnie-oh;
They sang so sweet, so very very sweet,
That they charmed the heart of a lady-oh.

38.1. "Gyp's Come Tripping O'er the Plain"

Helen Hartness Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, III, 1963, p. 223(S).

45.1. "The Gypsy Laddie[s]"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1960/110/B15. Sung by Jeannie Robertson, Aberdeen. Collected by Hamish Henderson. Transcribed by Francis M. Collinson.

a π^1

1. Three gypsies came to oor hall door,
   And O but they sang bonnie-O
   They sang so sweet and too complete
   That they stole the heart of our Lady-O.

2. For she come tripping down the stairs,
   Her maidens stood before her-O
   And when they saw her weel-faured face
   They throwed their spell oot-ower her-O.

3. When her guid Lord came home that night
   He was askin' for his lady-O
   The answers the servants gave tae him
   She's awa' with the gypsy laddies-O.

4. Gae saddle tae me my bonnie, bonnie black;
   The broon it's ne'er sae speedy-O,
   That I may go ridin' this long summer day
   In search of my true lady-O.

5. For he rode east and he rode west,
   And he rode through Stra'bogie-O,
   And there he met a gey[1] auld man
   That was coming through Stra'bogie-O.

6. For it's did ye come East, or did ye come West,
   Or did ye come through Stra'bogie-O?
   And did ye see a gay lady
   She was followin' three gypsy laddies-O?

7. For it's I've come East and I've come West,
   And I've come through Stra'bogie-O,
   And the bonniest lady that e'er I saw
   She was followin' three gypsy laddies-O.

8. For the very last night I crossed this river
   I had Dukes and Lords to attend me-O,
   But this night I must put in my warm feet an' wide.[2]
   And the gypsies widin' before me-O.

9. Last night I lay in a good feather bed
   And my own wedded Lord beside me-O,
   But this night I must lie in a cauld corn-barn
   And the gypsies lyin' a' roon me-O.

10. For it's will you give up your houses and your lands,
    And will you give up your baby-O,
    And will you give up your own wedded Lord,
    And keep followin' the gypsy laddies-O?

11. For it's I'll give up my houses and my lands
    And I'll give up my baby-O,
    And I'll give up my own wedded Lord
    And keep followin' the gypsy laddies-O.

12. For they are seven brothers of us all
    We all are wondrous bonnie-O.
    And this very night we all shall be hanged
    For the stealin' of the Earl's lady-O.

[1] gey: very
[2] wide: wade [*Henderson's notes.*]

93.1. "The Gypsy Davey"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads Traditionally Sung in New England*, III, 1963, p. 208(J).

109.1. "Gypsy Davey"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, III, 1963, p. 224(T).

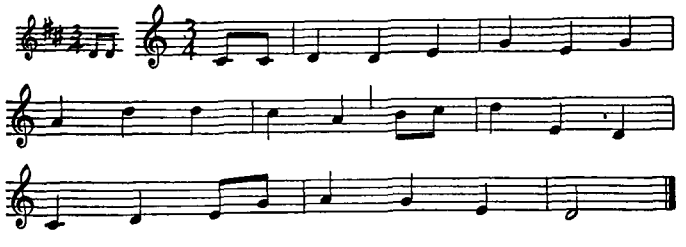
110.1. "The Gypsy Daisy"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, III, 1963, p. 227(V).

203. THE BARON OF BRACKLEY

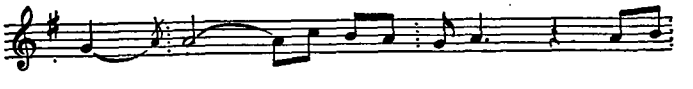
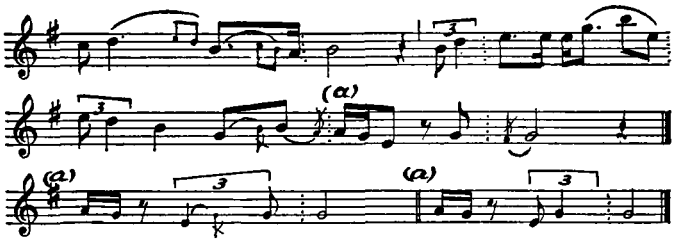
2.1. "The Baron o' Braichley"

Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 519. Sung by Miss Susan Strachan; from her mother. Noted November 24, 1916.

a M/D

Inve-ey he cam doon Deeside whislin' an' playin',
He wis at brave Braikley's yetts ere it wis dawn.

2.2. "Baron of Brackley"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1962/25/A3. Sung by Willie Whyte, Fraserburgh, Aberdeenshire. Collected by Hamish Henderson. Transcribed by Ailie Munro.

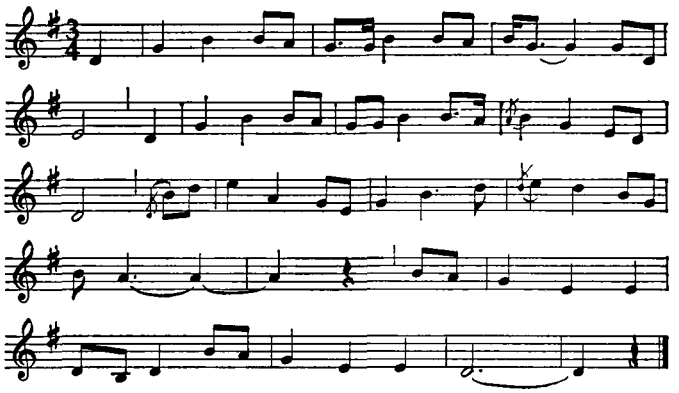
a I/M

'Oh, rise up, Betsy Gordon, and it's bring tae me my gun,
And when I go out, love, I may never return.

'Through hedges an ditches, ye cannae be sure,
But wuids o Glentanor will ride in an hour.'

'If I had my guidman, as this nicht I hae nane,
He wudnae lie in his bed, an see his kye taen.'

2.3. "Baron of Brackley"

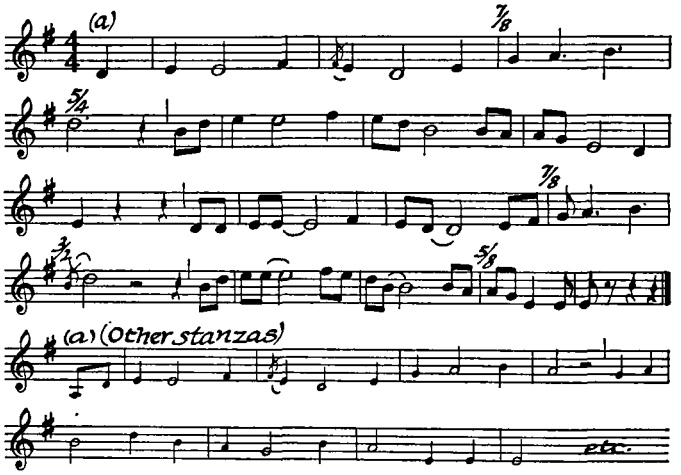
Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1964/67/A6. Sung by Anne Neilson, Glasgow. Collected by Norman Buchan. Transcribed by Ailie Munro.

a π^2

1. In Deeside cam Inverey, whistlin an playin,
   An he was at Brackley's yetts ere the day was dawning
2. 'Oh, are ye there, Brackley, an are ye within?
   There's sherp swords are at your yett, will gar your bluid spin.'
3. 'Then rise up, my baron, an turn back your kye,
   For the lads frae Drumwharran are drivin them by.'
4. 'Oh, how can I rise up, an how can I gyan,
   For whaur I hae ae man, oh I'm sure they hae ten.
5. 'Then rise up, Betsy Gordon, an gie me my gun,
   An though I gyan oot, love, sure I'll never come in.
6. 'Come, kiss me, my Betsy, nor think I'm tae blame
   But against three-an-thirty, wae is me, what a fame.'
7. When Brackley was mounted, an rade on his horse,
   A bonnier baron ne'er rade owre upon.
8. Twa gallanter Gordons did never sword draw,
   But against three-an-thirty wisnae evens ava.
9. Wi their dirks an their swords, they did him surroond,
   An they've slain bonnie Brackley wi monie's the wound.
10. Frae the heid o the Dee tae banks o the Spey,
    The Gordons shall mourn him an ban Inverey.
11. 'Oh, come ye by Brackley's yett, or come ye by here?
    Oh, saw ye his lady, a-rivin her hair?'
12. 'Oh, I come by Brackley's yett, an I come by here,
    An I saw his fair lady; she was makin guid cheer.
13. 'She was prancin an dancin and singin for joy
    An she vowed that that nicht she wad feast Inverey.
14. 'She laughed wi him, drank wi him, welcomed him ben;
    She was kind tae the villain had slain her guid man.'
15. Through hedges and ditches ye cannot be sure,
    But through the woods o Glentanor you'll skip in an hour.
16. Then up spak the babe on the nanny's knee:
    'Dost thou ca him a man avengèd of me?'

3.1. "Betsy Gordon"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1955/63/A7. Sung by Duncan Burke, Perth. Collected by Hamish Henderson and Peter Kennedy. Transcribed by Ailie Munro.

a D/Æ



Did you come by Brackley; did ye come by Dee?
And did you see a lady; she was speiring for me?
She was whistlin' and singin; she was combing her hair.
She was whistlin'; she was singin; she was combing her hair

(spoken) This is called "Betsy Gordon".

For he builded it out, an he builded it in,
And he built a false window to roll himsel in
'Wad ye rise, Betsy Gordon, and gie me my gun!
For it's when I go oot, love, I'll never come in.'

(she says)

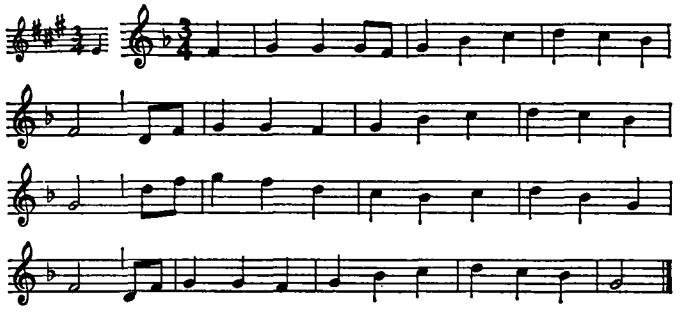
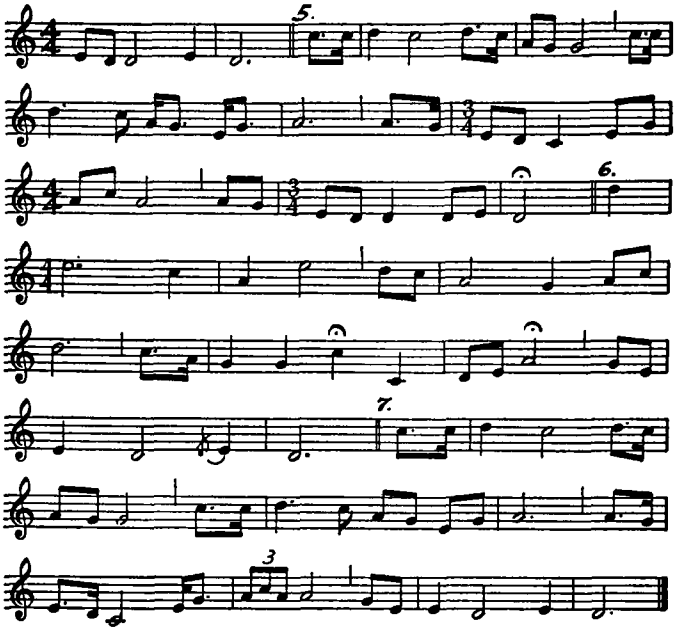
'If I had a man, as I hae got nane,
Wad he lie in his bed an see his kye gane?

(he says)

'Wad ye rise, Betsy Gordon, an gie me my gun?
For it's when I go oot, I shall never come in.'

3.2. "The Baron o' Braichley"

Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 519. Sung by Miss Mary Strachan, Leochel-Cushnie; from her mother. Noted November 13, 1916.

m π^4

There's four and twenty milk-white nowte, twae' o them kye,
In the wids o' Glentanar, it's there that they lie.
There's sheep on the Etnach and goats on the brae,
an a' will be herriet by young Inverey.

1. For it's did ye come by Braikley*
Or did you come a' that way,
Or did ye see a fair maiding
Combin' her hair?

2. For I come by Braikley
And I come a' that way,
And I saw that fair maiding
Lyin' with young Jamie Braikley
Into her arms.

3. For if I had a man
Which I could depend upon,
He would not like there
An' see a' he's kye teen.

4. Rise, my false Betsy Gording
An' hand me my gun:
Fir it's I will go out
S'pose I never return.

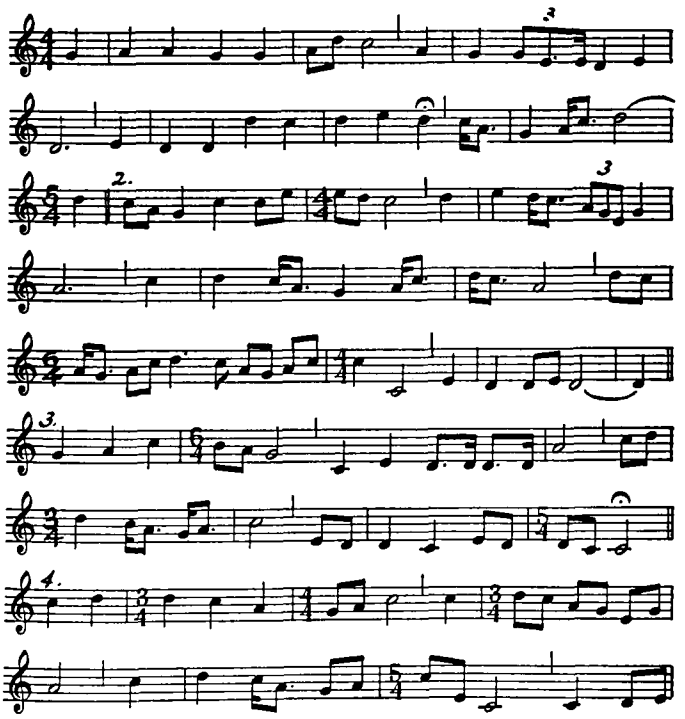
5. For the hedges, or the ditches
Or the gates, or the stiles—
But the foot o' Glentanar
I'll dae in one hour.

6. First I shot him ae man
An syne I shot twa,
And I shot young Jamie Braikley
The flower o' them a'.

7. For the hedges and the ditches
I was no very sure,
But the woods o' Glentanar
I did in one hour

4. "Baron O' Braikley"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1954/88/B17. Sung by Margaret Stewart, Aberdeen; learned as a child, perhaps from her father. Collected by Hamish Henderson. Transcribed by Francis M. Collinson.

a π^8

* She pronounces it "Bracklaw." [*Henderson's note.*]

209. GEORDIE

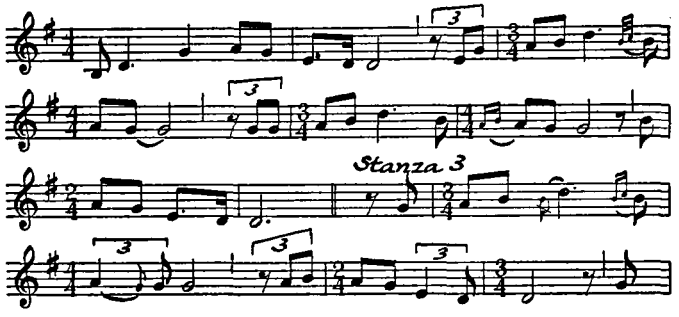
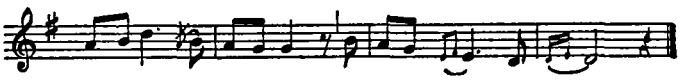
9.1. "The Life of Georgie"

Helen Hartness Flanders, *Ancient Ballads Traditionally Sung in New England*, III, 1963, p. 233(A).

213. SIR JAMES THE ROSE

22.1. "Sir James the Rose"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1954/101/A12. Sung by Jimmie Whyte ("The Toff"), Aberdeen. Collected by Hamish Henderson. Transcribed by Ailie Munro.

a π^2

Failin fa, Sir James the Rose,
A knight o war lat burn;
Even Marget on the Scottish throne,
Was never half so fair.

Tyced in battle he stood in,
Before our English king;
Even Marget on a Scottish throne
Was never half so fair.

Beneath a bank, below a burn,
Whaw the bloomin saki grew,
Were four-an-twenty noble lords;
Their bloomin swords they drew.

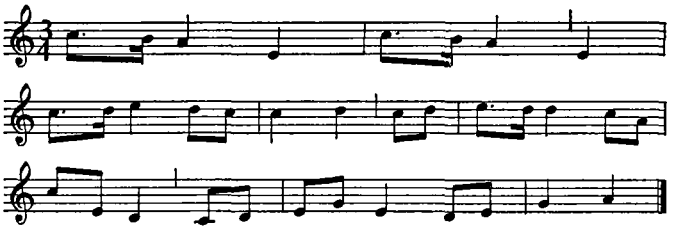
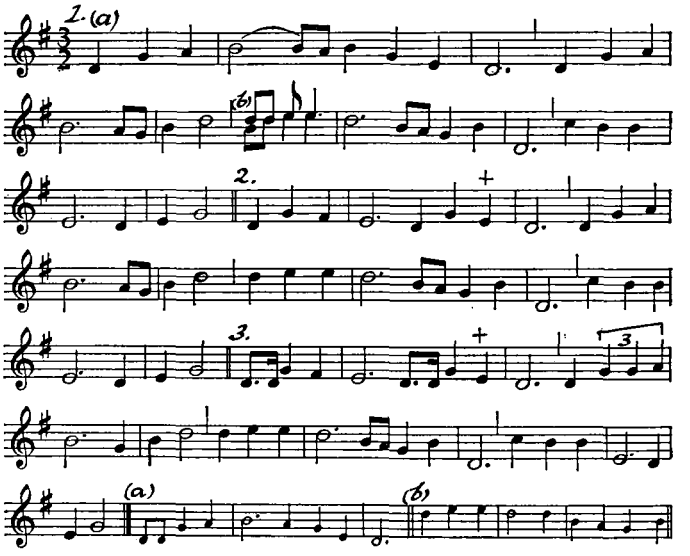
214. THE BRAES O YARROW

14.1. "The Dewy Dells of Yarrow"

Helen Hartness Flanders, *Ancient Ballads Traditionally Sung in New England*, III, 1963, p. 259(B).

16.1. "The Dowie Dens o' Yarrow"

Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 399. Sung by Mrs. Lyall; learned from her mother. Noted April 17, 1908.

p D/Æ

Late at e'en, drinkin' the wine,
Ere yet they'd paid the lawin',
They made a paction them between
To fecht it in the dawin'.

1. There was a lady in the North
   Ye'd scarcely find her marrow.
   She was courted by nine gentlemen
   To fight for her on Yarrow.

2. For nine days a' a-drinkin' wine,
   A' drinkin' wine in Yarrow
   They made a vow among themselves
   To fight for her in Yarrow.

40.1. ["The Dowie Dens of Yarrow"]

Sung by Jock Higgins, Blairgowrie, Perthshire, September 11, 1962. Collected by Ewan MacColl and Peggy Seeger.

p I

3. O she washed his face and she kamed his hair
O often she's done before O
To make him like a knight so bright
To fight for her in Yarrow.

4. For he walked up yon high high hill
And down in a down of Yarrow
There he spied nine arrum'd men
Come to fight with him in Yarrow.

5. For three he slew and three he drew
And three lay deadly wounded
When her brother John came in beyond
And wounded him sae cru'lly.

6. O it's Father dear, I dreamed a dream,
I hope it does not prove sorrow
I dream'd my true love lies dead and gone
In the dowie dens of Yarrow.

7. O daughter dear, I've read your dream
Your dream it does prove sorrow
For your true love John lies pale and wan
In the dowie dens of Yarrow.

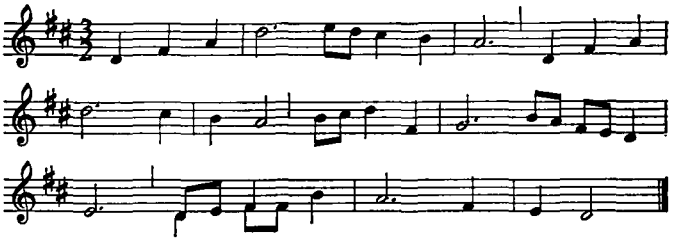
8. So she walked up yon high high hill
And down in the dens of Yarrow
There she saw her true love John
Lyin pale and wan in Yarrow.

9. Her hair it hung three-quarters long
And the color of it being yellow
She tied it roond her middle small
And carried him home to Yarrow.

10. O Father dear, you have seven bonny sons.
You could wed them all tomorrow
But the bonniest flour that ever ye had
I woo'd with him in Yarrow.

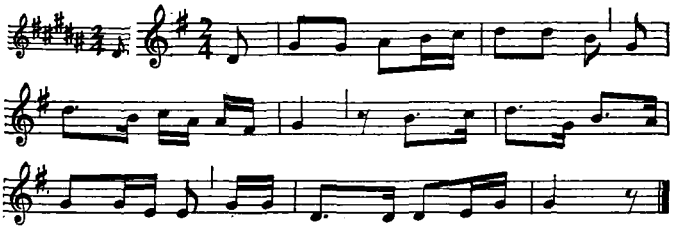
41.1. "Dowie Dens"

Sung by Maria Robertson, Bridge of Doon, Aberdeen, 1962. Collected by Ewan MacColl and Peggy Seeger.

a I/Ly

216. THE MOTHER'S MALISON, OR, CLYDE'S WATER

12.1. "Clyde's Water"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1952/28/A6. Sung by Willie Edward, Craigellachie, Banffshire. Collected by Hamish Henderson. Transcribed by James Porter.

p I/M

1. "So sleep ye, Maggie? Waukin Maggie?
Rise, come let me in,
For my boots are fu o Clyde water,
An I'm soakin tae the skin."

2. "So who is that at my window,
So fain he would be in?"
" 'Tis your true lover Willie dear;
Frae Scotland he has come."

3. "It's I hae nae lover there-oot," she cried;
"I hae nae lover but een.
It's the ae true love that I dae hae,
Was here late yestreen."

4. "So well fair ye well then, false Maggie,
Since better canna be.
Oh, I'll awa the road I cam,
Nae mair come thee to see."

(Lapse of memory)

5. His brother stands upon yonder banks,
Says, "Fie man, will ye droon?
So turn ye roon t'yir high horse heid,
An learn how to swim."

6. "Oh why could I turn to my high horse head,
An learn how to swim?
It's the deepest pot in aa the Clyde,
An here that I maun droon."

7. . . . "Oh mother dear,
Come rede my drowsy dream;
I dreamt sweet Willie was at my gates:
Nae yin wad let him in."

8. "Lie still, lie still, my Maggie dear
Lie still an tak your rest;
Since your true love was at your gates,
'Tis full three quarters past."

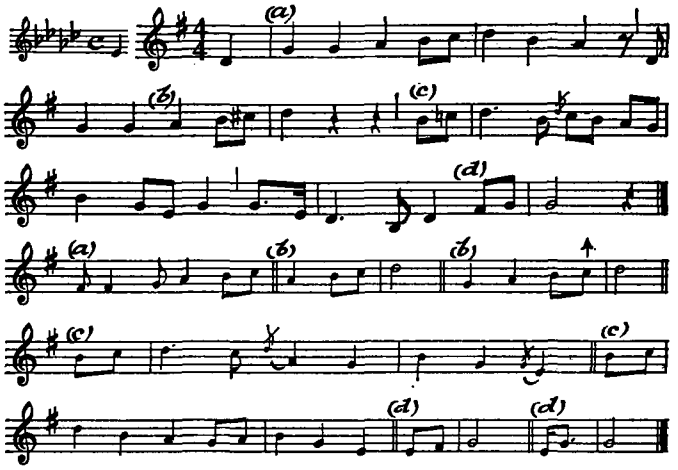
9. It's Maggie rose, put on her clothes,
An to the Clyde she went;
The first step noo that she took in,
It took her tae the knee.

10. The next step noo that she took in,
It took her tae the chin;
In the deepest pot in aa the Clyde,
She found her Willie in.

11. "So you have got a cruel mother,
And I have got another,
But here we lie in Clyde water,
Like sister and like brother."

12.2. "Clyde's Water"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1951/16/B4. Sung by John Strachan, Fyvie, Aberdeenshire. Collected by Hamish Henderson and Alan Lomax. Transcribed by Francis M. Collinson.

p I (inflected IV)

1. Willie stood at the stable door
A-leaning o'er his steed,
A-looking at his white fingers
Till his nose began to bleed.

2. O bring some corn to my horse
And gie my young man meat,
And I'll awa' to Maggie's bower
I'll be there before she sleep.

3. O Willie, Willie, dinna gang
For it's sair against my will,
Ye've the deepest pot in the Clyde to cross
And it's there that ye will droon.

4. The horse that I'm to ride upon
Cost me twice fifty pound,
And I'll put trust in my ain horse heels
And he'll carry me safe and sound.

5. So he rid o'er hills and rid doon dales
And doon yon dowie den,
But the rush that rows in Clyde's water
Wad have feared a hundred men

6. O Clyde, O Clyde, ye rollin' Clyde,
Yer waves are wond'rous strong,
Mak me a wreck as I come back
But spare me as I gang.

7. O Maggie, Maggie, Maggie, dear,
Arise and lat me in,
For my boots are full of Clyde's waters
And I'm shivering tae the skin.

8. My stables are fu' o' horses,
My sheds are fu' o' hay,
And my beds are fu' o' gentlemen
That winna leave till day.

9. So he rid o'er hills and he rid doon dales
And doon yon dowie den,
But the rush that rose in Clyde's water
Took Willie's cane fae him.

10. A-leaning o'er his saddle bow
To catch his cane through force,
The rush that rose in Clyde's water
Took Willie fae his horse.

11. Maggie wakened in the morn
And unto her mother she run,
Says, I dreamed that Willie was here last nicht
And I wadna lat him in.

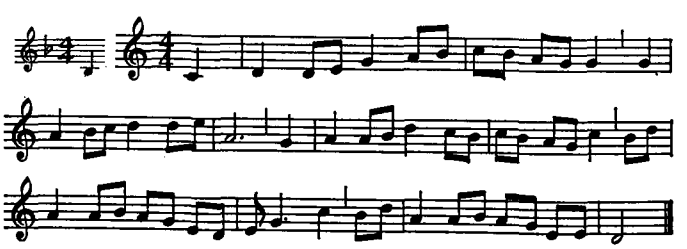
12. Willie's brother stands on the banks
Says, How can Willie droon?
O turn ye to yer high horse heid
And he'll learn ye how to swim.

Spoken: And then it goes on to say that Maggie went in after him . . . and the pair o' them was drooned.

217. THE BROOM OF COWDENKNOWS

16.1. "The Broom of Cowdenknowes"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1951/16/B4. A8. Sung by Jimmy MacBeath, Portsoy, Banffshire. Collected by Hamish Henderson. Transcribed by Francis M. Collinson.

a M/D

1. Mary to the yowe-buchts has gane
To milk her daddie's ewes,
And aye as she sang her bonnie verse it rang
Right over the tops of the knowes, knowes
Right over the tops of the knowes, knowes.

2. There came a gentleman and he came ridin' by,
Milk on, milk on, my bonnie, bonnie lass,
Milk on, milk on, my bonnie, bonnie lass
And show me over the lea, lea,
And show me over the lea.

3. Ride on, ride on, kind sir, she said
Ride on, ride on, cried she
Your steed it's so strong it'll carry you along
It'll carry you over the lea, lea,
It'll carry you over the lea.

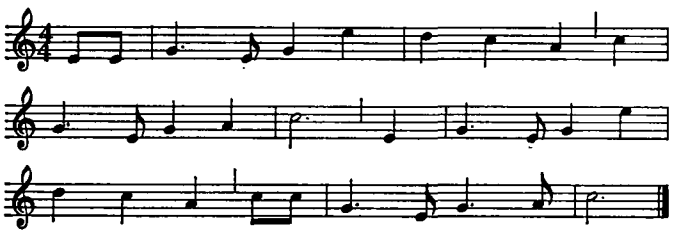
4. He took her by the lily white hand,
And by the green, green sleeve,
o' wrist her sleeve,
And he's laid her doon upon the dewy, dewy grass
And he's askit no man's leave, leave,
And he's askit no man's leave.

5. She took her milk pails in her hand,
And she come singin' hame,
And aye as she sang her bonnie verse it rung
Right over the tops of the knowes, knowes,
Right over the tops of the knowes.

219. THE GARDENER

4.1. "The Gardener"

Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 475. Noted September 29, 1908, from Mrs. Gillespie.

a π^1 (ending on the octave)

Lady Marg'ret stands in her bower door,
An' she stands pale and wan,
An' by there cam a gair'ner lad,
Wi' a red rose in his hand.

[He offers to make her a dress from the flowers.]

Your shift shall be the lily white,
Becomes your body best,
An' your stays shall be the mairigold,
Wi' a red rose in your breast.

[Full details]

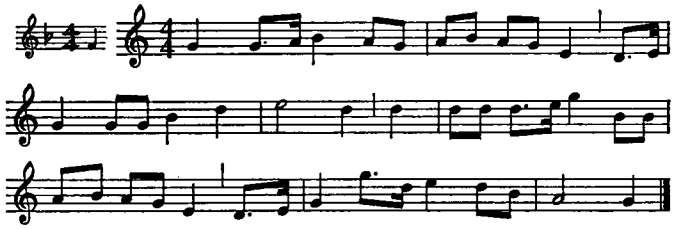
Since ye have shaped a weed for me
Among the summer flowers,
I will shape a suit for you
Among the winter showers.

The bed that ye shall lie upon
Shall be the frost sae snell,
Wi' snow to be your windin' sheet
An' some sharp showers o' hail.

Cf. *ante*, Vol. III [*216*], 5. "The air is identical with 'Clyde's Water.'" [*Duncan's MS. note.*]

8.1. "My Bonnie Plooman Lad"

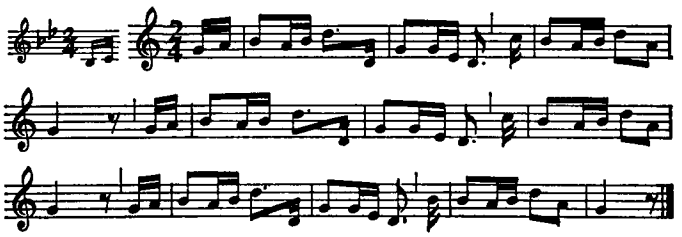
Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 126. Sung by Mrs. Petrie, 1906; learned from her mother.

m π^1

Oh, my lad, my bonny plooman lad,
And the lad that I lo'ed sae dearly,
Oh little did I think that my heart was betrayed
At the fit o' the green woods o' Fyvie.

"Mrs. G[illespie] sings the air exactly the same (Sept. 1907). She sings it with 'Airlie' in place of 'Fyvie,' as also given by Mr[s?] Greig." [*Duncan's MS. note.*]

9.1. "The Gardner"

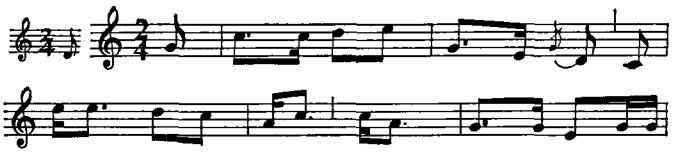
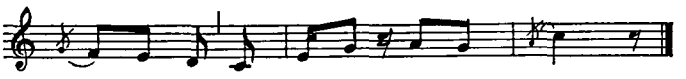
Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. SX 1958/3/B15. Sung by Mrs. Elsie Morrison, Morayshire. Collected by Hamish Henderson. Transcribed by James Porter.

p π^1

When I was in my sixteenth year
From trouble I was free
My hert my ain it did bide true,
but noo it'll hardly dee;
But noo it'll hardly dee, bonny lad,
But noo it'll hardly dee.

222. BONNY BABY LIVINGSTON

2.1. "There cam' a Laddie frae the North"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1952/27/B17. Sung by John Strachan, Fyvie, Aberdeenshire. Collected by Hamish Henderson. Transcribed by Ailie Munro.

a I/M (ending on the octave)

There cam' a laddie frae the north,
Wi courage frank an' free,
An he's fau'n in love wi a bonnie lassie,
Comin' throu Dundee.

The Heilan' hills, bit oh, they're heich,
An' oh, they're ill tae clim,
An' aince that I am ower them,
It's back I winna gyang.

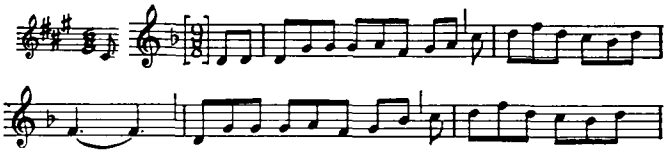
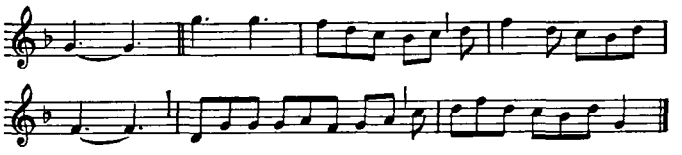
226. LIZIE LINDSAY

3.1. "Lizzie Lindsay"

Helen Hartness Flanders, *Ancient Ballads Traditionally Sung in New England*, III, 1963, p. 270.

9.1. "Lord Ronald Macdonald, or, Nobody's comin' to marry me"

Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 275. Sung by Arch. Knowles; learned in Rothiemay about *1856 or 1859*. Noted December 1906.

m D/Æ

Here's a health to Lord Ronald Macdonald
That wears the hodden grey coat
An' anither to aul' Lady Janet
That spins the yarn o' t.
Lilly from lay from lilly
From lilly from lay from lay,
An' anither to aul' Lady Janet
That spins the yarn o' t.

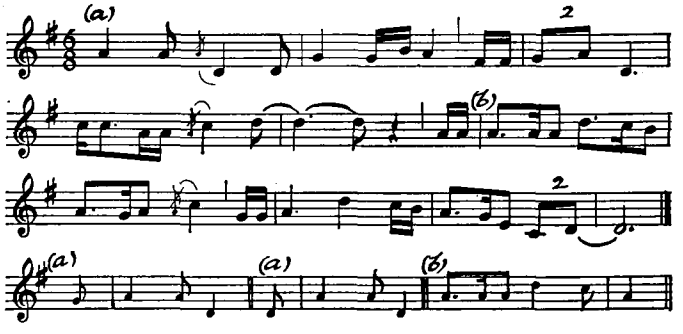
[1] "Sung in character of an old woman who tells a story." [*Duncan's MS. note.*]

[2] Duncan noted the tune from Mrs. Gillespie, as sung by Mrs. Duncan, in 1905; Mrs. Gillespie's title was "Naebody's comin' to marry me." Later, Duncan heard it from Knowles as "Lord Ronald Macdonald."

228. GLASGOW PEGGIE

5.1. "Kilbogie"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1952/55/3. Sung by Norman McCaig, Edinburgh. Collected by Hamish Henderson. Transcribed by Ailie Munro.

a D

1. First when I cam to Kilbogie toon,
Wi my wee short coat an my tartan pleydie,
First when I cam my bonnie love to see,
She lay in her bed till her breakfast was ready.

2. When she got up an put on her claes,
She said she had been on the hill wi her daddie,
But weel kent I by her milk-white hauns,
She lay in her bed till her breakfast was ready.

3. It's they went oot to tak a walk,
To tak a walk till the denner was ready;
He's mounted her on his heich horse-back,
An she's far, far awa wi her Heiland laddie.

4. They rode on an farther on;
There was naethin there fittin for a lady.
There was naebody there for to welcome her hame
But an aul carle an a cankert wifie.

5. They rade on an farther on;
There was naethin there fittin for a lady;
There was naething there for to lay her on,
But a wee puckle heather an his heilan pleydie.

6. "In my faither's haa there's sheets an blankets eneuch;
They're aa sewed an made ready,
An wadnae they be richt angry to see
Me lyin here wi a Heiland laddie?"

7. "In the Heilans there's flocks an sheep eneuch;
They are very thick an maddie.
It's ye'll get woo an ye can spin,
An mak ye a blanket insteid o a pleydie."

8. "Flocks an sheep are guid an guid eneuch.
Corn-stacks are muckle better;
They will staun in drift an snaw,
When the sheep will dee wi the wind an the weather."

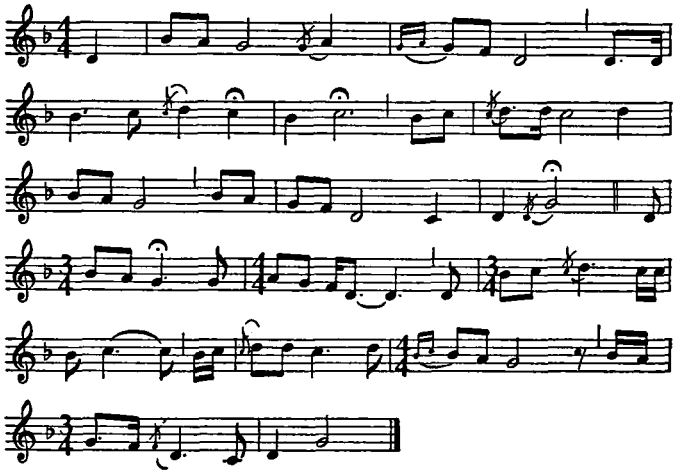
9. "In the Heilans I've got fifty acres o land;
It's aa pleuch'd an sown aaready.
I am Ardonald o the Isles,
An why shuidna Peggie be caa'd my lady?"

10. "A coach-an-six to me prepare;
A coach-an-six be soon made ready.
A coach-an-six tae me prepare,
An we'll gang yince mair an see your daddie."

233. ANDREW LAMMIE

5.1. "Andrew Lammie"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1953/197/5. Sung by Jeannie Robertson, Aberdeen. Collected by Hamish Henderson. Transcribed by Francis M. Collinson.

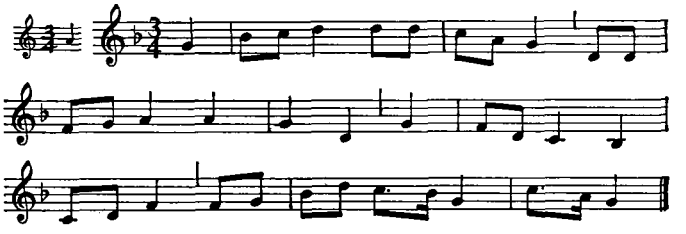
p D/Æ

O, Annie dear, O Annie dear,
I can hear your cowie lowin',
For I wadnae gie that cowie low
For a' your kye in Fyvie.

For Fyvie's lands they are broad-lyin',
As they are wondrous bonnie.
But I wadnae gie my ain true love
For all your lands in Fyvie.

Andrew hame frae Edinburgh came
Wi' muckle grief and sorrow,
He blew his trumpet loud and shrill
Till it was heard at Mill o' Tifty.

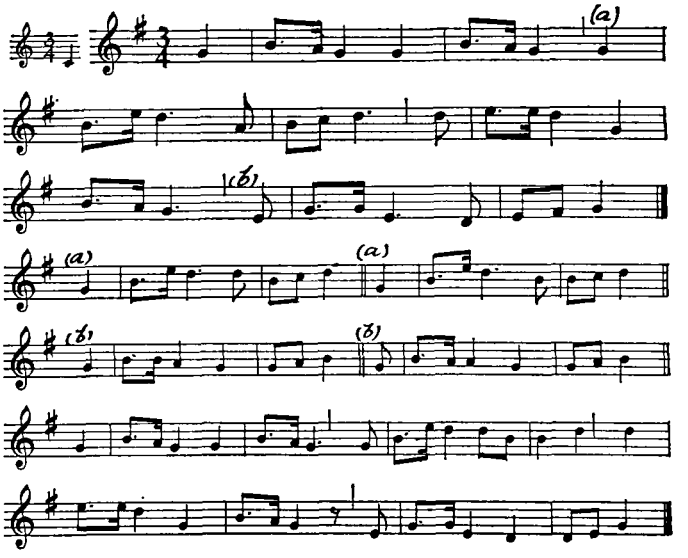
8.1. "Tifty's Annie"

Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 506. Sung by Mrs. Lyall, February 14, 1911.

p D/Æ

At Mill o' Tifty there lived a man
In the neighborhood o' Fyvie;
He had a lovely daughter fair
Was callèd bonny Annie.

14.1. "Andrew Lammie"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1952/6/B3. Sung by Willie Mathieson, Ellon, Aberdeenshire. Collected by Hamish Henderson. Transcribed by Francis M. Collinson.

p I

1. At Mill o' Tifty lived a man
In the neighbourhood o' Fyvie,
He had a lovely daughter fair,
Was callèd bonnie Annie.

2. Her bloom was like the springing flower
That hails the rosy morning,
With innocence and graceful mien
Her beauteous face adorning.

3. Lord Fyvie had a trumpeter
Whose name was Andrew Lammie.
He had the art to gain the heart
Of Mill o' Tifty's Annie.

4. Proper he was, both young and gay,
His like was not in Fyvie.
Nor was there one that could compare
With this same Andrew Lammie.

5. And Fyvie he rode by the door
Where livèd Tifty's Annie.
His trumpeter rode him before,
Even this same Andrew Lammie.

6. Her mother called her to the door,
come here to me my Annie—
Did e'er you see a prettier man
Than the trumpeter o' Fyvie?

7. Nothing she said but sighing sore,
Alas for bonnie Annie.
She durst not own her heart was won
By the trumpeter o' Fyvie.

8. 'Tis at night when all went to their beds,
All slept full sound but Annie.
Love sore oppressed her tender breast,
And love will waste her body.

9. 'Tis love comes in at my bedside
And love lies doon beyond me.
Love sore oppressed my tender breast
And love will waste my body.

10. The first time me and my true love
Were in the woods o' Fyvie,
His lovely form and speech so soft
Soon gained the heart of Annie.

11. He called me mistress, I said no,
I'm Tifty's bonnie Annie
With apples sweet he did her treat
And kisses soft and many.

12. It's up and doon in Tifty's glen
Where the burn rins clear and bonnie
I've often gane to meet my love,
My bonnie Andrew Lammie.

13. But now, alas, her father heard
That the trumpeter of Fyvie
Had had the art to gain the heart
Of Mill o' Tifty's Annie.

14. Her father soon a letter wrote,
And sent it on to Fyvie,
To tell his daughter was bewitched
By his servant Andrew Lammie.

15. Then up the stair his trumpeter
He callèd soon and shortly.
Pray tell me soon what's this you've done
To Tifty's bonnie Annie.

16. 'T's woe be to Mill o' Tifty's pride
For it has ruined many.
They'll not have't said that she should wed
The trumpeter of Fyvie.

17. In wicked art I had no part
Nor therein am I canny.
True love alone the heart has won
Of Tifty's bonnie Annie.

18. Where shall I find a boy so kind
That'll carry a letter canny—
Who will run on to Tifty's toon,
Give it to bonnie Annie?

19. 'Tis Tifty has but daughters three
Who all are wondrous bonnie,
But ye'll ken her oot ower the rest—
Give it to my love Annie.

20. It's up and doon in Tifty's glen
Where the burn rins clear and bonnie,
There wilt thou come and I'll attend.
My love I long to see thee.

21. Thou mayst come to the Brig of Shiegh
And there I'll come and meet thee.
It's there we will renew our love,
Before I go and leave thee.

22. My love, I go to Edinburgh toon
And for a while must leave thee.
She sighèd sore and said no more
But, I wish that I were wi' ye.

23. I will be true and constant too
To thee, my Andrew Lammie,
But my bridal bed will then be made
In the green churchyard of Fyvie.

24. The time is gone and now comes on,
My dear that I must leave thee.
If longer here I should appear
Mill o' Tifty he would see me.

25. I'll buy to thee a bridal goon
My love I'll buy it bonnie.
But I'll be dead ere ye come back
To see your bonnie Annie.

26. 'T's if ye'll be true and constant too
As I am Andrew Lammie
I shall ye wed when I come back
To see the lands of Fyvie.

27. I now forever bid adieu
To thee my Andrew Lammie.
Ere ye come back I will be laid
In the green churchyard of Fyvie.

28. He hied him to the head o' the hoose,
To the hoose top o' Fyvie.
He blew his trumpet loud and shrill—
It was heard at Mill o' Tifty.

29. Her father locked the door at night
Laid by the keys fu' canny,
And when he heard the trumpet sound
Said, your coo is lowin', Annie.

30. My father dear, I pray forbear
And reproach not your Annie.
I'd rather hear that ae coo low
Than a' your kye in Fyvie.

31. I would not for my braw new gown
And all your gifts so many
That it was told in Fyvie's land
How cruel you are to Annie.

32. But if you strike me, I will cry
And gentlemen will hear me.
Lord Fyvie will be riding by
And he'll come in and see me.

33. At that same time the Lord came in.
He said, what ails thee, Annie?
It's all for love now I must die,
For bonnie Andrew Lammie.

34. Pray Mill o' Tifty gie consent
And let your daughter marry.
It will be to some higher match
Than the trumpeter of Fyvie.

35. If she was come of as high a rank
As she's advanced in beauty,
I would take her unto mysel'
And make her my own lady.

36. Fyvie's lands are far and wide
And they are wondrous bonnie,
But I would not leave my own true love
For all the lands in Fyvie.

37. Her father struck her wondrous sore,
As also did her mother.
Her sisters also did her scorn,
But woe be to her brother.

38. Her brother struck her wondrous sore
With cruel strokes and many.
He broke her back on the ha' door
For loving Andrew Lammie.

39. Alas my father and my mother dear,
Why so cruel to your Annie?
My heart was broken first by love,
My brother has broke my body.

40. Oh my mother dear, mak me my bed
And lay my face to Fyvie.
Thus will I lie and thus will die
For my dear Andrew Lammie.

41. Ye neighbours hear baith far and near
And pity Tifty's Annie.
Who dies for love of one poor lad,
For bonnie Andrew Lammie.

42. No kind of vice e'er stained my life
Or hurt my virgin honour.
My youthful heart was won by love,
But death will me exoner.

43. Her mother then she made her bed
And laid her face to Fyvie.
Her tender heart it soon did break
And ne'er saw Andrew Lammie.

44. Lord Fyvie he did wring his hands,
Said, alas for Tifty's Annie!
The fairest flower cut down by him
That ever sprung in Fyvie.

45. Woe to Mill o' Tifty's pride,
He might have let her marry.
I should have given both to live
Within the lands of Fyvie.

46. Her father sorely now laments
The loss of his dear Annie,
And wishes he had gien consent
To wed with Andrew Lammie.

47. When Andrew hame frae Edinburgh came,
With muckle grief and sorrow,
My love has died for me today—
I'll die for her tomorrow.

48. Now I will run to Tifty's den,
Where the burn rins clear and bonnie.
With tears I'll view the Brig o' Shiegh
Where I parted wi' my Annie.

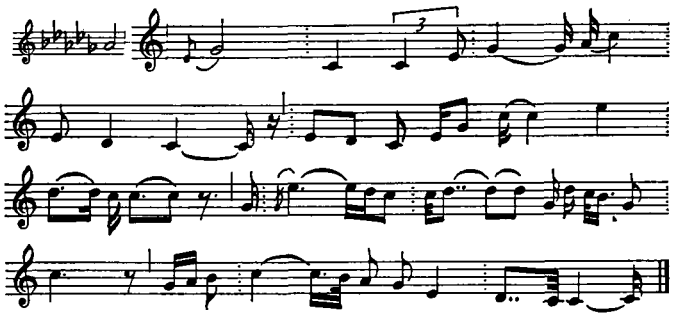
49. Then will I speed to the green churchyard,
The green churchyard of Fyvie.
Wi' tears I'll water my love's grave
Till I follow Tifty's Annie.

50. Ye parents grave who children have,
In crushing them be canny,
Lest when too late you do repent.
Remember Tifty's Annie.

236. THE LAIRD O DRUM

9.1. "The Laird o Drum"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1962/67/A1. Sung by William Lonie, Loanhead, Midlothian. Collected by Hamish Henderson. Transcribed by James Porter.

a I/Ly

1. The Laird of the Drum a-huntin gaed,
Ridin early in the morning-oh,
And wha did he spy but a weel-faur'd maid—
She was shearin her faither's barley-oh.

2. "Oh, could ye fancy a gentleman,
Or could ye fancy me-oh,
Or wud ye be the lady of the Drum,
And let aa the shearin a-be-oh?"

3. "I could fancy a gentleman,
And I could fancy you-oh,
And I wud be the lady of the Drum,
And let aa the shearin a-be-oh.

4. "Yonder stands my old faither,
Herdin sheep on yonder hill-oh,
Syn' oniething he asks or bids me dae,
I'm aye at his will-oh."

5. He's gane intae her auld faither
Herdin sheep on yonder hill-oh,
Sayin, "You have a bonnie dochter, Jean,
An I'll tak her tae masel-oh."

6. "The lass can neither read nor write—
She's ne'er been brocht up at the skuil-oh,
But for onie other thing, she can dae it gey weel,
For I learnt the lassie masel-oh.

7. "She cannae hannle your cheenie cups,
Or mak ye a cup of tea-oh,
But in the time of need she can saiddle your white steed,
For I learnt the lassie masel-oh."

8. Fowre-an-twenty gentlemen
Stood up at the gates of the Drum-oh,
And nae a yin of them put their hand to their heid
To welcome the bonnie lassie in-oh.

9. Up then spoke his brother John—
An angry man was he-oh—
Sayin, "You've mairried a wife this very nicht,
A disgrace tae aa of oor kin'-oh."

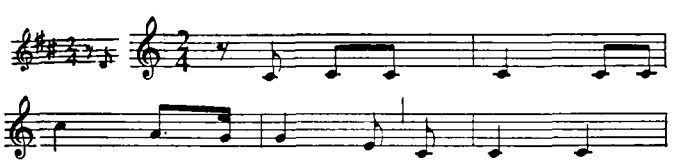
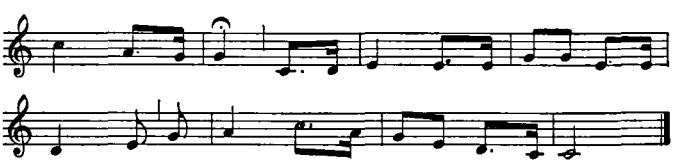
10. "I have mairried a wife that can work,
An you've mairried yin that can spend-oh,
An as long as my heid'll cairry my hat,
She'll aye be the lady of the Drum-oh."

11. "When you are dead, and I am dead,
An both laid in one grave-oh,
An through the coorse of time be lifted up again,
They'll no ken your dust frae mine-oh."

237. THE DUKE OF GORDON'S DAUGHTER

12.1. "The Duke o' Gordon's Three Daughters"

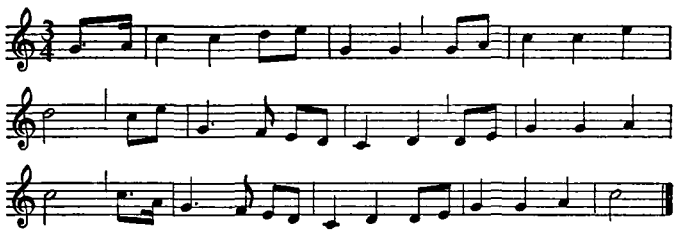
Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 14. Sung by Mrs. Gillespie, as learned from Miss Michall, New Deer, Aberdeenshire. Noted 1905.

a I

The Duke o' Gordon had three bonny daughters,
Elisa, Marget an Jean;
And they wadna stay in Castle Gordon,
But went to bonny Aiberdeen.

238. GLENLOGIE, OR, JEAN O BETHELNIE

14.1. "Jean o' Bethelnie, or Glenlogie"

Duncan MSS., "Airs," p. 2. From Mrs. Gillespie, who had it from her mother. Noted 1905 by G.F.D.

a I/M (ending on the octave)

1. There were six and six ladies
Sat in the queen's ha',
Bonny Jean o' Bethelnie
Was the floo'er o' them a'.

2. There were six and six nobles
Sat at the king's dine,
And bonny Glenlogie
Was the floor'er o' thrice nine.[1]

2a. There was six and six nobles
Rode through Banchory fair
An bonny Glenlogie
Was the floo'er o' them there.

3. She called to her handmaid
To ride by her side,
Said, "Who is this young man,
And where does he bide?"

4. "His name is Glenlogie,
When he is at home,
But among the grand Gordons,
His name is Lord John."

5. "Glenlogie, Glenlogie,
Glenlogie," said she,
Gin I getna Glenlogie,
For him I maun[2] dee.

6. "O bonny Glenlogie
Be constant and kind
For I've laid my love on you,
And I'll tell you my mind."

7. He turned him roun'[3] aboot
As the Gordons do a',
"Thanks to you, Jeannie,
But I'm promised awa'."

8. She called to her handmaid,
To make down her bed,
And sheets and fine blankets
Were quickly downspread.

9. "Glenlogie, Glenlogie,
Glenlogie," said she,
If I getna Glenlogie,
For him I maun dee."

10. He's a nice little fellow
With a dark rolling eye,
Gin I getna Glenlogie,
For him I will die.

11. Get up, bonny Jeannie,
Lat your folly be
I'll get you Drumwhinnle,
He's better than he.
or, I'll get you Dunfermline
The best o' the three.

12. Her father, being an old man,
A man of great skill,
He wrote a broad letter,
And worded it well.

13. When Glenlogie received it,
He was among men,
And, "Oh," said Glenlogie,
"What do young women mean?

14. "Come, saddle my black steed,
Come, saddle my brown,
Come, saddle me the swiftest
To ride fae the town
Or bonnie Jean o' Bethelnie[4]
Will be deid ere I win.

15. Then they saddled his black steed,
They saddled his brown,
They saddled him the swiftest
To ride fae the town,
And he rode to Bethelnie
In a very short time.[5]

16. When he came to Bethelnie
He saw nobody there,
But one pretty fair maid
Was tearing her hair.

17. "Will you, my fair maiden,
Take me by the hand,
And lead me to the room
That bonny Jeannie lies in?

18. Oh, white and pale was she
When Glenlogie came in,
And red and rosy grew she
When she kent it was him.

19. "Get up, my bonny Jeannie,
Get up to your side,
An' I'll be the bridegroom
An' ye'll be the bride."

20. When this couple was married
And her tocher doon taul'
Bonny Jean o' Bethelnie
Was scarce fifteen years aul'.

[1] "G.F.D. thinks st. 1 and 2 should be transposed."
[2] Or, "will"
[3] "light"—Mrs. G.
[4] "Jeannie Gordon"—variant—Mrs. G.
[5] "In place of st. 15, Mrs. G. now (Sept. 1908) gives the following:

A. Ere they got his horse saddled
An' brought to the gate,
Bonny Glenlogie
Was twa mile on fit.

B. Ere they got his horse saddled
An' brought to the green
Bonny Glenlogie
Was three mile him leen.

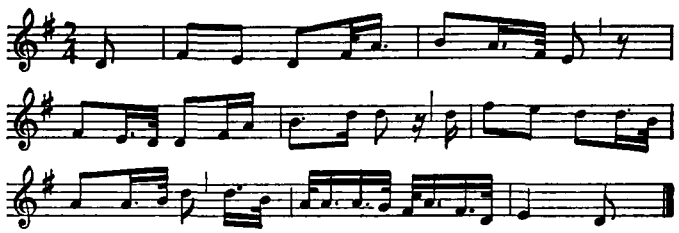
C. When he came to Bethelnie
And stood on the green,
He was the prettiest young man
That e'er they had seen."

[*Duncan's MS. notes.*]

240. THE RANTIN LADDIE

5.1. "Bonnie Rantin Laddie"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1951/19/A25. Sung by Willie Mathieson, Aberdeenshire. Collected by Hamish Henderson and Alan Lomax. Transcribed by James Porter.

a I/M

243. THE DÆMON LOVER (THE HOUSE CARPENTER)

11.1. "The House Carpenter"

Helen Hartness Flanders, *Ancient Ballads Traditionally Sung in New England*, III, 1963, p. 307(I).

55.1. "The House Carpenter"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, III, 1963, p. 292(B).

60.1. "The House Carpenter"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, III, 1963, p. 312(K).

131.1. "The Ship Carpenter"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, III, 1963, p. 299(E).

131.2. "The House Carpenter"

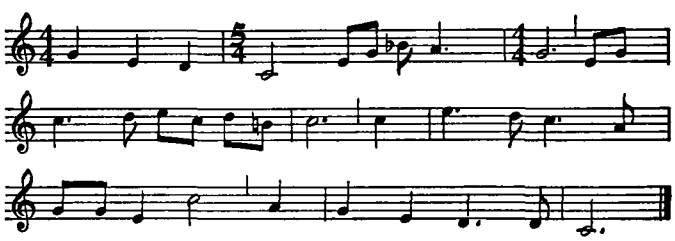
Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, III, 1963, p. 305(H).

131.3. "The House Carpenter"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, III, 1963, p. 310(J).

134.1. "Demon Lover"

Archive, School of Scottish Studies, rec. No. 1955/151/A7. Sung by Andrew Stewart, Blairgowrie, Perthshire; learned from his mother. Collected by Hamish Henderson. Transcribed by Francis M. Collinson.

a I/Ly (inflected VII)

(spoken) This was another of my mother's songs—
a woman was running away with a man . . . she was in the boat . . . saw a mountain . . . . says to the man in the boat (the Devil) . . . says—

(sung)
'What hill, what hill is thon I see,
As white as any snow?'
'Oh thon is the hill of Heaven,' he said,
'Where all good people go.'

(spoken)
. . . She looks over to the left of the boat . . .
sees a big black hill . . . says

(sung)
'What hill, what hill is thon I see,
As black as any crow?'
'Thon is the hill of Hell,' he said,
'Where you and I must go.'

250. HENRY MARTYN

6.1. "Andrew Bordeen"

Helen Hartness Flanders, *Ancient Ballads Traditionally Sung in New England*, IV, 1965, p. 18(A).

6.2. "Andrew Bateen"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, IV, 1965, p. 29(E).

7.1. "Andrew Bardeen"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, IV, 1965, p. 38(I).

8.1. "Three Loving Brothers"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, IV, 1965, p. 31(F).

25.1. "Andrew Batting"

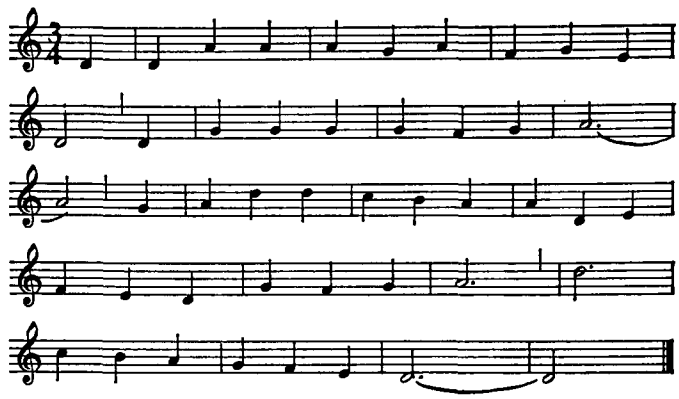
Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, IV, 1965, p. 34(G).

27.1. "Henry Martyn"

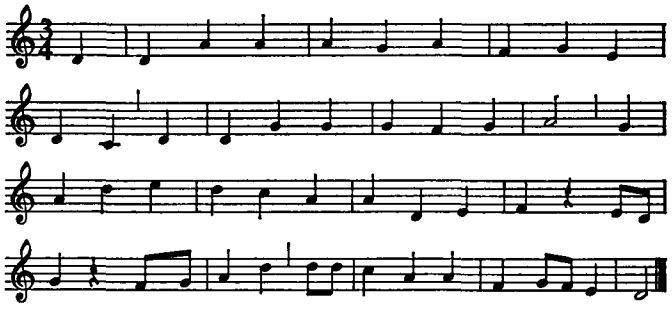
Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, IV, 1965, p. 43(L).

34.1. "Henry Martyn"

Hammond, *JFSS*, No. 34 (1930), p. 183. Sung by J. Pomeroy, Bridport.

a D

34.2. "Henry Martyn"

Hammond, *JFSS*, No. 34 (1930), p. 182. Sung by William Bartlett, Wimborne.

a D/Æ

44.1. "Andrew Battin"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, IV, 1965, p. 40(J).

275. GET UP AND BAR THE DOOR

5.1. "The Barrin' o' Oor Door"

Helen Hartness Flanders, *Ancient Ballads Traditionally Sung in New England*, IV, 1965, p. 73.

277. THE WIFE WRAPT IN WETHER'S SKIN

17.1. "The Wife Wrapped"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, IV, 1965, p. 85(E).

17.2. "Wife Wrapped"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, IV, 1965, p. 88(H).

19.1. ["Wife Wrapped"]

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, IV, 1965, p. 90(I).

19.2. "Wife Wrapped"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, IV, 1965, p. 87(G).

33.1. "As the Dew Flies Over the Green Vallee"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, IV, 1965, p. 81(C).

35.1. "Riddleson's Daughter, Dinah"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, IV, 1965, p. 94(L).

278. THE FARMER'S CURST WIFE

13.1. "Fi-Lay Fi-Little Fi-Lay"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads Traditionally Sung in New England*, IV, 1965, p. 134(S).

13.2. [No Title]

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, IV, 1965, p. 117(J).

13.3. "The Old Scolding Wife"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, IV, 1965, p. 101(A).

13.4. "Anthony Rowley"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, IV, 1965, p. 109(F).

13.5. "The Farmer's Curst Wife"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, IV, 1965, p. 135(T).

26.1. "The Scolding Wife"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, IV, 1965, p. 125(N).

26.2. "Bonnie Muriley"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, IV, 1965, p. 112(G).

27.1. "Battle-Axe and the Devil"

Judith McCulloh, *Folklore and Society*, 1966, p. 118.

30.1. "The Old Man a-Jogging the Plow"

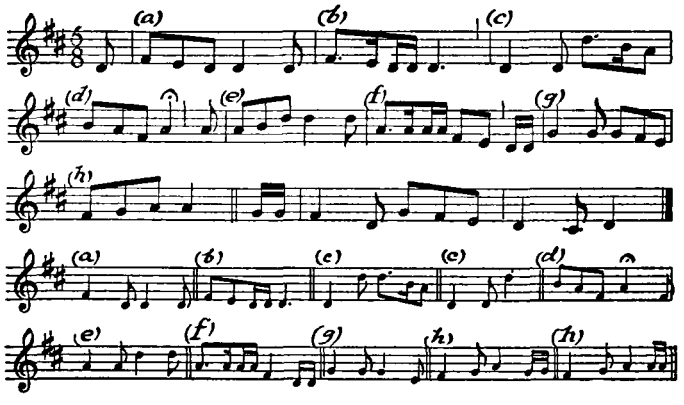
Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, IV, 1965, p. 127(O).

30.2. "The Farmer's Curst Wife"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, IV, 1965, p. 107(E).

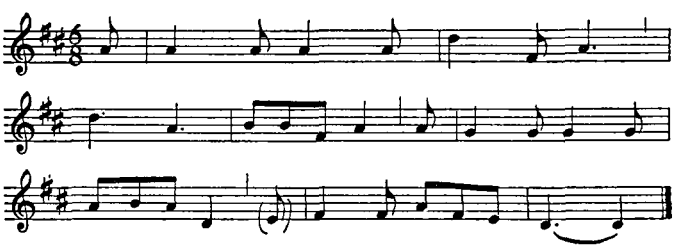
42.1. "The Farmer's Curst Wife"

Wilkinson MSS., 1935-36, p. 101-102(C). Sung by Mr. T. Henry Lam, Elkton, Va., November 6, 1935.

a I

1. There was an old man who had a little farm,
   Lye fa lay, lily fa lay,
   There was an old man who had a little farm,
   And he had no horses to plough up his ground.
   Tuma twice fa lily fa lay ry lo.
2. He hitched up his hogs and he sent 'em to plough,
   And the hogs run away and the devil knows how.
3. Cried out the old man; I am out done,
   The devil's come after my oldest son.
4. Your oldest son I do not crave,
   Your scolding wife I intend to have.
5. O take her, go devil, with all your heart,
   I hope and trust you never may part.
6. When he got her almost to the dell,
   She jumped out of the sack and she walloped him well.
7. The little devils, they were running all over the wall,
   Says: Take her back father, she'll conquer us all.
8. He picked her up and he crammed her in the sack,
   And like an old fool he went wagging her back.
9. When he got her almost to the door,
   He swore point blank, I'll take you no more.
10. As he was binding her down with chains,
    She picked out a stick and beat out his brains.

43.1. "The Farmer's Curst Wife"

Wilkinson MSS., 1935-36, p. 98(A). Sung by Mrs. J. H. Mauzy, Broadway, Va., October 5, 1935.

a I/M

1. He took her up on his old back.
   Tra-la, la-la-la-la,
   Just like a peddler should'ring his pack.
   Tra-la, la-la-la-la.
2. He took her up to his old gate.
   Tra-la, la-la-la-la,
   Said; Get in there, you old bald pate.
   Tra-la, la-la-la-la.
3. It shows that women are worse then men.
   Tra-la, la-la-la-la,
   They go to hell and are kicked out again.
   Tra-la, la-la-la-la.

60.1. [No Title]

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, IV, 1965, p. 116(I).

281. THE KEACH IN THE CREEL

5.1. "The Keach i' the Creel"

Helen Hartness Flanders, *Ancient Ballads Traditionally Sung in New England*, IV, 1965, p. 137.

283. THE CRAFTY FARMER

28.1. "The Yorkshire Bite"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, IV, 1965, p. 160(G).

28.2. "The Crafty Farmer"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, IV, 1965, p. 171(L).

31.1. "Hampshire Bite"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, IV, 1965, p. 167(J).

31.2. "The Yorkshire Boy"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, IV, 1965, p. 154(E).

32.1. "The Yorkshire Boy"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, IV, 1965, p. 142(A).

33.1. [No Title]

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, IV, 1965, p. 174(O).

285. THE GEORGE ALOE AND THE SWEEPSTAKE

7.1. "Cruising Down on the Coast of Barbary"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, IV, 1965, p. 179(B).

7.2. "The Coast of Barbaree"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, IV, 1965, p. 181(C).

8.1. "Coast of New Barbaree"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, IV, 1965, p. 184(E).

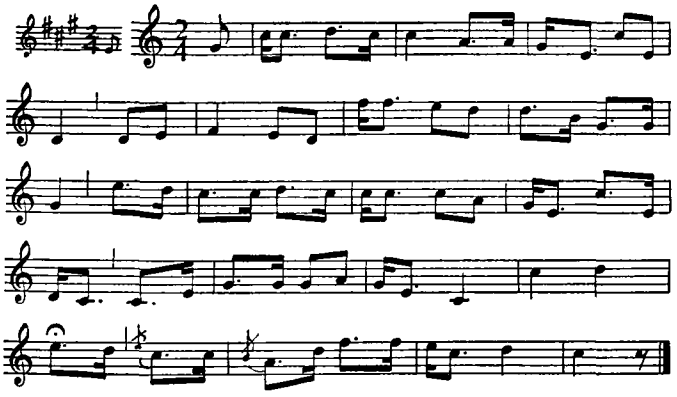
14.1. "Along the Coast of High Barbary"

Helen Hartness Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, IV, 1965, p. 183(D).

286. THE SWEET TRINITY (THE GOLDEN VANITY)

19.1. "The Golden Vanity"

Grover, *A Heritage of Songs*, n.d., p. 138.

a I (ending on the octave)

1. My father owned a ship in the North Country
   And the name she was known by was the Golden Vanity.
   And I fear that she'll be taken by some Turkish privateer
   As she sails along the lowlands, lowlands low.
   As she sails along the lowlands low.

2. Oh then up speaks the little cabin boy,
   "Oh what will you give me, if I will her destroy?"
   "I will give you gold and silver and my daughter for a bride,
   If you'll sink her in the lowlands, lowlands low,
   If you'll sink her in the lowlands low."

3. Oh he swam and he swam and away swam he.
   He swam till he came to the Turkish privateer,
   And with a patent auger he bored two holes at once,
   And he sank her in the lowlands, lowlands low,
   And he sank her in the lowlands low.

4. Some were playing cards and others throwing dice,
   The water it came in and it put out all their lights,
   And before they had discovered what this boy had done
   He had sunk her in the lowlands, lowlands low,
   He had sunk her in the lowlands low.

5. The boy took his auger and back swam he,
   He swam till he came to the Golden Vanity.
   "Oh captain, pick me up or I surely will be drowned,
   For I'm sinking in the lowlands, lowlands low,
   For I'm sinking in the lowlands, lowlands low,
   For I'm sinking in the lowlands low."

6. Oh then he swam around till he reached the other side,
His messmates took him in and on the deck he died.
They sewed him in his hammock which was so long and wide,
And they sank him in the lowlands, lowlands low,
And they sank him in the lowlands low.

20.1. "The Golden Vanity"

Helen Hartness Flanders, *Ancient Ballads Traditionally Sung in New England*, IV, 1965, p. 238(Z).

25.1. "Louisiana Lowlands Low"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, IV, 1965, p. 223(P).

28.1. [No Title]

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, IV, 1965, p. 226(R).

32.1. "American Ship"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, IV, 1965, p. 233(X).

32.2. "Lowlands Low"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, IV, 1965, p. 236(Y).

32.3. "The Golden Vanistee"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, IV, 1965, p. 248(EE).

33.1. [No Title]

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, IV, 1965, p. 214(I).

33.2. "The Golden Victory"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, IV, 1965, p. 241(AA).

33.3. "The French Gallee"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, IV, 1965, p. 246(CC).

33.4. "The Golden Victory"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, IV, 1965, p. 243(BB).

65.1. "The Weeping Willow Tree"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, IV, 1965, p. 229(V).

71.1. [No Title]

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, IV, 1965, p. 224(Q).

71.2. [No Title]

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, IV, 1965, p. 211(H).

100.1. "The Green Willow Tree"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, IV, 1965, p. 195(B^1).

100.2. "The Lowlands Low"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, IV, 1965, p. 220(M).

106.1. "The Golden Vanity"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, IV, 1965, p. 250(FF).

109.1. "Lowlands Low"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, IV, 1965, p. 199(C).

289. THE MERMAID

11.1. "The Mermaid"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, IV, 1965, p. 277(D).

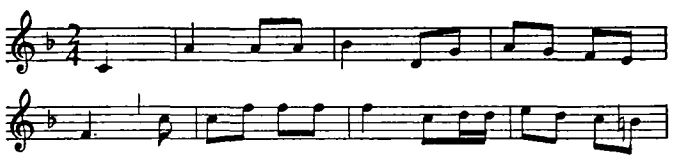
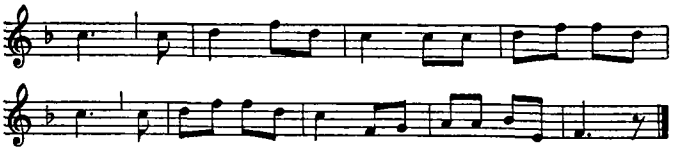
23.1. "The Mermaid"

Flanders, *Ancient Ballads*, IV, 1965, p. 272(A).

295. THE BROWN GIRL

8.1. "Sally Dover"

Chappell, 1939, p. 74. Sung by Charles Tillett, Wanchese, N.C., 1924; tune noted 1935.

m I

1. There was a young sailor, from Dover he came;
He courted pretty Sally, pretty Sally by name.
And she was so lofty her portion was so high
That on a poor young sailor she scarce would cast an eye.

2. O Sally love, O Sally love, O Sally love, said he,
I fear, my dearest Sally, that you are a-hating of me.
Unless that your hatred should turn to love,
And then your false heart, it would my ruin prove.

3. O William, dearest William, my hatred is not to you,
Nor to any other man,
But to say that I love you it is more than I can;
To say that I love you, it is a thing unjust,
For I never shall get married until I am forced.

4. So several long weeks was over and passed
When this pretty maid fell sick at last;
Now tangled in with love and she could not tell for why,
She sent off for this sailor whom once she did deny.

5. O Sally love, O Sally love, O Sally love, says he,
I guess I am the doctor can cure give to thee.
O yes, you are the doctor, you can kill or you can cure,
For the pain that I feel for you, love, is hard to endure.

6. O Sally, where does your pain lie? Does it lie in your heel?
O Sally, where does your pain lie? Does it lie in your head?
O no, my dearest William, I cannot take my rest
For the pain that I feel for you, love, lies into my breast.

7. O Sally love, O Sally love, O Sally love, said he,
Have you forgot the time when you first slighted me?
When first you slighted me, my love, you treated me with scorn,
And now, my dearest Sally, the same I will return.

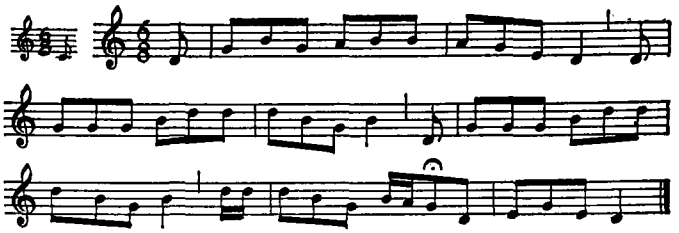
8. O William, my dearest William, forget and forgive
And grant me a little longer time for to live.
O no, my dearest Sally, while I have breath to draw
I will dance on your tomb, my love, while you lie down below.

9. She pulled off her rings by one, by two, by three:
Take these, dearest William, in remembrance of me,
In remembrance of me, my love, when I am dead and gone,
And perhaps you'll feel sorry for what you have done.

10. Farewell, my father, and farewell, my mother,
Farewell, my sister, and farewell, my brother;
Farewell, false hearted William, forever and adieu,
Five thousand times over my folly I rue.

41.1. "Fair Sally"

Grover, *A Heritage of Songs*, n.d., p. 35. Sung by Mrs. Carrie Grover; learned by her mother from the singing of a young man in Nova Scotia, and heard again from Bartlett Knapp, a blacksmith, in Newry, Me.

a π^2

1. There was a fair lady to England she came,
A beautiful damsel, fair Sally by name,
Her riches were more than a king e'er possessed,
And her wit and her beauty exceeded the rest.

2. A noble young squire that lived in that place
Would have courted this lady of beauty and grace,
But she was so haughty, so proud and so high,
That on this young squire she would scarce cast an eye.

3. "Oh Sally, oh Sally, oh Sally," said he,
"I am sorry that your love and mine can't agree.
Unless that your hatred is turned into love
I'm sure that your beauty my ruin will prove."

4. "I've no hatred for you or for no other man,
But as for to love you, it is more than I can,
Therefore I would have you leave off your discourse,
For I never will have you unless I am forced."

5. When seven long weeks they were over and passed
This beautiful lady grew lovesick at last.
Entangled in love and she knew not for why,
She sent for this young man whom she had denied.

6. "Oh I am the young man you sent for," said he,
"Oh am I a doctor that you send for me?"
"Oh you are the doctor who can kill or can cure,
For without your assistance I will die, I am sure."

7. "Oh Sally, oh Sally, oh Sally," said he,
"Now don't you remember when you slighted me?
When I asked you to have me, you refused me with scorn
And now I'll reward you for what you have done."

8. "Oh what's past and gone, love, forget and forgive,
But grant me a little while longer to live."
"Oh I may forgive, but I'll never forget
And I'll dance on your green grave when you lie in the earth."

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Carey, Clive (England), I, **12** Appx, 16
Carpenter, William (Herefordshire), I, **53**, 18
Carter, Mr. (Norfolk), IV, **287**, 3
Carter, Mrs. Ellen (Somersetshire), I, **53**, 30
Carter, Lucy (Somersetshire), I, **43**, 16
Case, Mrs. (Dorsetshire), I, **20**, 4
Chapman, Mrs. J(ane) (Somersetshire), I, **4**, 20a, 20b; **53**, 5; II, **74**, 36; **84**, 25
Chapman, Mrs. William (Somersetshire), I, **4**, 72
Chard, Alfred (Somersetshire), II, **84**, 20; IV, **289**, 5
Chedgey, Mrs. (Somersetshire), I, **43**, 1
Chedgey (Chedgy), Florence (Somersetshire), II, **110**, 19
Chedgey, James (Somersetshire), II, **78**, 2; **112**, 7; III, **155**, 26
Cheetham, William (Yorkshire), IV, **250**, 32
Chidell, Mrs. (Hampshire), II, **93**, 29
Clark, Mrs. Susan (Somersetshire), II, **78**, 9
Clarke, William (Lincolnshire), II, **75**, 70
Clayton, Mrs. (Warwickshire), II, **112**, 20
Clayton, Mrs. Mary Anne (Gloucestershire), II, **54**, 10; **110**, 3
Cleave, Richard (Devonshire), II, **92** Appx, 22
Clements, David (Hampshire), I, **24**, 15; II, **65**, 7
Cockram, Mrs. Emily (Devonshire), II, **73**, 13
Colcombe, Thomas (Herefordshire), II, **56**, 4; **93**, 19
Colcombe, Mr. W(illiam) (Herefordshire), I, **4**, 66; II, **93**, 19
Cole, Mrs. (Hampshire), IV Add., **140**, 5.1
Cole, Frank (Hampshire), IV Add., **132**, 7.1
Coles, Elizabeth (Somersetshire), I, **4**, 65
Coles, Mrs. Grace (Somersetshire), I, **12**, 39; III, **200**, 68
Collins, Agnes (London), II, **81**, 25
Collis, Mrs. (Hampshire), IV Add., **93**, 32
Conybeare, Henry (Somersetshire), I, **43**, 7
Cooknell, Mrs. George (Oxfordshire), II, **54**, 29
Coombes, Mrs. (Somersetshire), I, **53**, 26
Cooper, Mrs. Priscilla (Devonshire), I, **43**, 17
Corbett, Henry (Gloucestershire), I, **53**, 32
Costello, Mrs. Cecilia (Warwickshire), III, **155**, 55; IV, **248**, 16
Cox, Harry (Norfolk), III, **200**, 42; **209**, 24
Crawford, Mrs. (Dorsetshire), II, **74**, 75; IV Add., **53**, 61.1; **73**, 99.1
Cremer, Rev. F. D. (Lancashire), I, **10**, 62
Cremer, Mrs. F. D. (Lancashire), I, **12**, 100
Cridland (Cudland), Henry (Somersetshire), II, **112**, 15; III, **200**, 67
Crossman, Frederick (Somersetshire), I, **4**, 37
Currell, George (Somersetshire), IV, **286**, 22

Dann, Mrs. (Cambridgeshire), I, **51**, 3
Dark(e), Thomas (Devonshire), IV, **274**, 49
Darling (?Dorling), John (Cambridgeshire), I, **12**, 67
Davey, Mrs. (Hampshire), II, **54**, 13
Davies, Mr. (Worcestershire), II, **54**, 5
Davis, Mrs. (Dorsetshire), III, **209**, 21; IV Add., **105**, 27.1
Davis, William (Somersetshire), I, **44**, 11
Davy, Alice (Somersetshire), I, **12**, 83
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Deadman, Mr. (Sussex), III, **209**, 29
Debbidge, Walter (Norfolk), III, **209**, 25
Dee, Albert (Hampshire), IV Add., **106**, 4.1
Denny, Mr. John (Essex), III, **132**, 5; IV Add., **53**, 62.1
Dibble, Robert (Somersetshire), II, **92** Appx, 8
Dingle, John (Devonshire), II, **112**, 36
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Dowley, Harriet (Shropshire), II, **73**, 137
Drewe, George (Gloucestershire), II, **78**, 13
Durkin, William (Somersetshire), II, **84**, 31
Durston, Mrs. Lucy (Somersetshire), IV, **295**, 10
Dyer, Joseph (Cornwall), I, **2**, 14

Edbrook, John (Devonshire), IV, **279**, 29
Edghill, Alfred (Somersetshire), II, **112**, 28

Eldridge, Shepherd (Sussex), I, **7** APPX, 10
Elliot, Joseph (Dorsetshire), IV, **289**, 15
Elmer, Mr. (Norfolk), IV Add., **53**, 30.1
Emery, Alfred (Somersetshire), II, **84**, 194; **110**, 4; IV, **286**, 1
Evans, J. (Herefordshire), II, **56**, 3

Feast, Robert (Cambridgeshire), II, **110**, 11; IV, **283**, 11
Fido, Mrs. (Somersetshire), I, **53**, 60
Flack, "Happy" (Cambridgeshire), III, **208**, 2; IV, **283**, 39
Fletcher, Mrs. (Devonshire), I, **4**, 6
Fone, Samuel (Sam) (Devonshire), I, **24**, 4; III, **170**, 1; **200**, 72; IV, **274**, 47; **287**, 2
Fook, Mrs. (Devonshire), I, **12** APPX, 17
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Fortescue, G. K. (Berkshire), I, **10**, 61
Francis, Job (Sussex), III, **132**, 6
Fudge, James (Somersetshire), III, **209**, 16
Fuller Sisters (England), I, **10**, 80; II, **75**, 13

Gale, Mrs. R. (Dorsetshire), II, **92** APPX, 17; III, **209**, 22; IV Add., **78**, 42.2; **110**, 2.1
Gamblin, Charles (Hampshire), IV, **278**, 14
Gardiner, Charlie (Gloucestershire), I, **4**, 88
Gaylor, Henry (Hampshire), II, **85**, 34
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Geen, Mr. (Devonshire), IV, **250**, 44
Gibbs, N. W. (Worcestershire), I, **4**, 36
Gilbert, Mary (Cornwall), I, **11**, 8
Gill, Yarrow (Cambridgeshire), II, **93**, 2
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Glover, Mrs. (Somersetshire), I, **4**, 56; **53**, 86a, 86b; II, **84**, 124; **110**, 5; III, **188**, 2; **209**, 43; IV, **250**, 20
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Goodyear, Mrs. (Hampshire), III, **140**, 3; **208**, 3; IV Add., **93**, 3.1; **144**, 2.1
Gordge, Mr. (Somersetshire), II, **100**, 11; III, **200**, 41
Gorrard, J. (Devonshire), IV, **279**, 23
Gouldthorpe, George (Lincolnshire), II, **75**, 52; IV, **279**, 30
Grant, Thomas (Essex), II, **75**, 49
Gray, Francis (Somersetshire), II, **84**, 12
Gray, Mrs. Francis (Somersetshire), II, **105**, 33
Gray, Jim (Somersetshire), II, **84**, 12
Gregory, Richard (Devonshire), I, **4**, 41; **24**, 6
Green, Mr. (Devonshire), III, **200**, 66
Greening, Charles (Dorsetshire), IV, **286**, 80
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Greenwood, Mr. (Yorkshire), IV Add., **2**, 52.1
Gulliford (Gullyford), Mrs. Jane (Somersetshire), I, **12**, 22; **24**, 9; III, **200**, 70

Haddock, G. Marston (England), I, **13**, 24
Hann, Mrs. Jane (Dorsetshire), II, **78**, 42
Hansford, R. (Dorsetshire), IV Add., **110**, 2.2
Hard, Robert (Devonshire), II, **110**, 1; IV, **289**, 4
Harding, James (Gloucestershire), I, **44**, 10; II, **78**, 32
Hargreaves, Rev. (Somersetshire), IV, **286**, 63
Harper, Mr. (Norfolk), IV, **250**, 7
Harris, Mrs. (Herefordshire), II, **56**, 1
Hartwell, George (Warwickshire), I, **4**, 11
Haste, John (Somersetshire), IV, **289**, 21
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Ha(y)den, Shepherd (Oxfordshire), I, **53**, 59; III, **200**, 71; IV, **279**, 36
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Hezeltine, Mrs. (Cornwall), II, **84**, 7
Hiles, Anne (Lincolnshire), I, **43**, 21
Hill, Caroline (Somersetshire), I, **12**, 79
Hillman, Mr. (Sussex), IV, **250**, 41
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Hilton, Mr. (Norfolk), I, **4**, 39; IV, **283**, 17; **287**, 4
Hirons, Mr. (W.) (Herefordshire), II, **55**, 1; **78**, 12
Hitchman, William (Berkshire), II, **65**, 6
Holgate, Benjamin (Yorkshire), II, **110**, 8
Holland, Rebecca (Devonshire), II, **73**, 16
Hollingsworth, Mrs. (Essex), I, **20**, 25, 27; II, **75**, 51a, 51b
Holmes, John (Yorkshire), I, **26**, 3
Holt, Mrs. (Yorkshire), I, **53**, 100
Honeybone, Mrs. (Oxfordshire), II, **75**, 11
Hooper, Louie (Somersetshire), IV, **279**, 25; **283**, 13
Hooper, Mrs. Louie (Somersetshire), I, **12**, 35; **24**, 17; **44**, 2; II, **65**, 9; **84**, 1; **112**, 18
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Jeffery, John (Somersetshire), II, **112**, 14
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Knapman, Mrs. (Devonshire), I, **2**, 34

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Landry, S. (Cornwall), II, **54**, 27
Larcom (Larcombe), Henry (Somersetshire), I, **53**, 92; III, **126**, 2
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Lattimer, Mr. (Cumberland), I, **12**, 97
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Laver, Joseph (Somersetshire), I, **4**, 28a, 28b; IV, **285**, 1
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Linley, Elizabeth (Mrs. Richard Brinsley Sheridan) (?Somersetshire), III, **155**, 62
Lloyd, A. L. (London), IV, **276**, 3; **278**, 1
Lobb, S. (Cornwall), I, **2**, 15
Lock, Mrs. (Somersetshire), I, **12**, 45; **44**, 7; II, **92** APPX, **19**; IV, **295**, 7
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Lucas, Walter (Dorsetshire), II, **95**, 20
Lugg, Mr. (Cornwall), I, **4**, 90
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Marchant, Mrs. (Somersetshire), II, **73**, 86
Marlow, David (Hampshire), II, **65**, 10
Mason, William (Hampshire), I, **2**, 55
Masters, J. (Devonshire), I, **4**, 58; **24**, 7
Mellor, Mrs. (Herefordshire), I, **18**, 5
Miles, Mr. (Sussex), IV, **250**, 23; IV Add., **12**, 72.1
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Mogg, Elizabeth (Somersetshire), I, **24**, 1
Monnery, Mrs. Shirley (Derbyshire), I, **4**, 91
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Muggeridge, Mr. A. (Sussex), IV, **286**, 8
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Olver, James (Cornwall), II, **110**, 12; IV, **286**, 3
Overd, Mrs. (Somersetshire), I, **10**, 89; **24**, 2; **43**, 2; II, **78**, 20; **95**, 49; **105**, 26; III, **200**, 73; **209**, 18

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Parsons, James (Devonshire), I, **4**, 1; II, **110**, 7; III, **200**, 87; IV, **279**, 26; **289**, 4
Pauley, John (Dorsetshire), III, **200**, 57
Penny, Mr. J. (Dorsetshire), IV, **276**, 2
Perry, Mrs. (Somersetshire), I, **12**, 90; **43**, 22
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Phillips, Mrs. Gentie (Warwickshire), II, **54**, 7
Pike, Mrs. Betsy (Somersetshire), I, **4**, 26; **12**, 84; II, **95**, 51
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Pomeroy, J. (Dorsetshire), IV Add., **250**, 34.1
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Pool, Albert (Somersetshire), II, **75**, 50
Poole, Mrs. Tom (Dorsetshire), IV Add., **84**, 83.1
Pope, Robert (Somersetshire), I, **2**, 36; IV, **250**, 43; **274**, 21
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Preston, Matthew (Devonshire), IV, **274**, 40
Price, Mrs. (Somersetshire), II, **112**, 10, 16
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Rapsey, Mr. (Somersetshire), IV, **250**, 18
Rea, Mrs. William (Somersetshire), II, **78**, 35
Ree, Mrs. Joseph (Somersetshire), III, **155**, 4
Reed, Dr. (Devonshire), IV, **283**, 6
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Rew, Mr. (Devonshire), II, **84**, 6
Richards, Mrs. (Gloucestershire), II, **112**, 21
Richards, Florence (Cornwall), II, **84**, 16
Richards, Harry (Somersetshire), I, **4**, 40; II, **84**, 193a, 193b
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Roberts, Mary Anne (Gloucestershire), II, **54**, 12
Roberts, William (Lincolnshire), II, **110**, 10
Robinson, Dean (Lincolnshire), III, **140**, 5, 6
Rowselle, Mrs. Mary (Somersetshire), II, **73**, 111
Rugman, Mrs. (Surrey), II, **78**, 27
Russell, Mrs. (Dorsetshire), I, **12** Appx, 3; **20**, 9; **43**, 19; III, **170**, 2; **243**, 82; IV Add., **78**, 1.2; **105**, 11.1

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Shuttler, Oliver (Somersetshire), I, **53**, 16
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Slade, Mrs. (Somersetshire), I, **44**, 5; III, **200**, 76
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Snow, William (Somersetshire), IV, **286**, 9
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Stansbridge, Henry (Hampshire), II, **85**, 24
Starkey, Elizabeth (Somersetshire), II, **84**, 5
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Stook, John (Somersetshire), II, **84**, 39
Swain, John (Jack) (Somersetshire), II, **110**, 2; III, **155**, 43; IV, **279**, 34
Sweet, Mrs. (Somersetshire), III, **170**, 3
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Tarr, Sarah (Somersetshire), I, **24**, 3
Taunton, Joseph (Dorsetshire), IV, **250**, 34
Taylor, Joseph (Lincolnshire), I, **53**, 34; II, **84**, 122; III, **209**, 8
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Agee, Joseph (Virginia), II, **73**, 67
Agee, Mrs. Molly (Virginia), II, **73**, 38
Allen, J. W. (Virginia), III, **243**, 34
Allen, Mrs. Oscar (Virginia), III, **243**, 38
Ames, Mrs. L. D. (Missouri), II, **84**, 181
Ammerman, Mrs. Lillian (Michigan), I, **10**, 97
Anderson, J. Y. (Virginia), II, **79**, 29; III, **243**, 35
Armistead, Mr. (Virginia), II, **74**, 50
Arnold, Lattye Eunice (North Carolina), III, **200**, 114
Arthur, Mrs. L. L. (Mrs. Lit, née Taylor) (Virginia), I, **10**, 40; II, **85**, 32
Asbury, Samuel Lee (Texas), I, **26**, 6
Ashley, Clarence (North Carolina), III, **243**, 70
Ayres, Mrs. Rosie (North Carolina), II, **79**, 46; III, **200**, 16

Baber, Mrs. Carrie (Missouri), II, **74**, 43; III, **243**, 117
Bagley, Mrs. (Kentucky), I, **53**, 43; II, **74**, 18
Bailey, Mrs. Anna (North Carolina), II, **85**, 42
Bailey, Mrs. Myrtle (Maine), II, **81**, 59
Bailey, Thomas H. (Virginia), II, **75**, 45; IV, **293**, 26
Baird, Bessie (Texas), IV, **278**, 3
Baker, Mrs. Anna (Missouri), IV, **295**, 44
Baker, Dean (Utah), IV, **274**, 24
Ball, Anne Corbin (Virginia), I, **10**, 60
Ball, Miss Annie (Virginia), II, **75**, 10
Banks, "Granny" (North Carolina), I, **53**, 36
Banks, Mrs. Ida (North Carolina), II, **73**, 48; IV, **286**, 89
Bankston, Emmet (U.S.A.), IV, **274**, 32
Barbour, Frances (Illinois), II, **84**, 64; III, **243**, 138
Barhight, Ezra (New York), III, **167**, 1; IV, **278**, 26
Baring, Mrs. Catharine (Missouri), II, **81**, 58
Barker, Horton (Virginia), I, **10**, 67; II, **73**, 21; IV, **278**, 33; **286**, 74; **295**, 20
Barlow, Mrs. Susie S. (Utah), IV, **277**, 34; **278**, 44
Barnett, Myra (North Carolina), I, **4**, 133; **12**, 77; *see also* Miller, Mrs. J. J.
Barnitz, Mrs. Eric (West Virginia), II, **93**, 17
Barton, Elmer (Vermont), I, **14**, 5; IV, **278**, 60
Basham, Sarah (Mrs. Bob) (Ohio), IV, **286**, 96
Batten, Wesley (Virginia), I, **10**, 55
Bays, Robert (Virginia), II, **84**, 56
Beckett, Mrs. Laura (Virginia), II, **56**, 9; **73**, 30; IV, **272**, 5; **286**, 106
Beeman, Mrs. Joseph J. (Michigan), II, **73**, 54
Begley, Justus (Kentucky), IV, **286**, 101
Bell, Mrs. Mary E. (Virginia), II, **75**, 5
Bennett, Jack (North Carolina), II, **73**, 61
Bennett, Mrs. Virginia (North Carolina), I, **49**, 27; II, **68**, 37; **73**, 6; **74**, 47; **84**, 179; III, **243**, 9; IV, **295**, 41
Berry, Mrs. Elizabeth M. (Virginia), I, **4**, 108; II, **73**, 88
Bickerstaff, T. A. (Mississippi), II, **84**, 100
Biggs, Mary (Tennessee), II, **95**, 45
Birch, Mrs. Nanny (Virginia), III, **243**, 11
Bishop, Mrs. Dan (Kentucky), I, **4**, 106; **7**, 16; II, **65**, 12; III, **155**, 16; **243**, 54
Black, Mrs. Katherine (Virginia), II, **85**, 8
Black, Mrs. Sarah Robinson (Maine), I, **4**, 81; **12**, 42; II, **81**, 60, 64; IV, **286**, 66
Blackett, Joe (Virginia), I, **10**, 59; **53**, **102**; IV, **295**, 35
Blackston, Bob (Arkansas), IV, **277**, 27; **278**, 45
Blankenshipp, Mrs. Mary J. (North Carolina), I, **7** Appx, 17; II, **73**, 71; **79**, 44
Bodiford, Lowell (Texas), II, **73**, 52
Bolin, Mrs. E. L. (South Carolina), III, **155**, 52
Bond, Mrs. Eugene P., *see* Hamilton, Andra Joy
Boone, Mrs. Julie (North Carolina), I, **7** Appx, 22; **20**, 30; II, **73**, 142; **74**, 74; **79**, 22; **84**, 148; III, **155**, 18; **209**, 41; **243**, 136
Boone, Mrs. Sina (North Carolina), I, **4**, 119; **12**, 49; II, **73**, 50; **75**, 7; **79**, 19; **95**, 32; IV, **289**, 24
Borusky, Mrs. Pearl Jacobs (Wisconsin), I, **2**, 24; **4**, 75; **49**, 6; II, **68**, 24; **84**, 144; III, **155**, 9; **243**, 103; IV, **286**, 85; **295**, 33
Bosserman, Mrs. Guy (Missouri), III, **155**, 38
Bostwick, Ed (Virginia), I, **12** Appx, 27
Bowerman, Ora Keene (Virginia), I, **13**, 3; II, **68**, 10; **84**, 180
Bowyer, Mrs. Molly E. (Virginia), I, **4**, 115; II, **73**, 91; **95**, 15; III, **209**, 55; **243**, 3
Boyd, Ernest (North Carolina), IV, **277**, 46
Bradley, Bob (Virginia), II, **74**, 41; **95**, 14
Bradley, Mrs. Tom (Missouri), III, **243**, 114
Bradman, Mrs. F. M. (Maine), I, **20**, 34
Bragg, Mrs. Lloyd Bare (North Carolina), I, **7**, 30
Brannan, Mrs. (Kentucky), II, **84**, 87
Brewer, Laura (Kentucky), II, **81**, 19
Brewer, Myrtle (Illinois), I, **12**, 46
Brigham, Delmer (Vermont), III, **200**, 107
Briscoe, Mrs. Mary (Arkansas), IV, **286**, 76
Broghton, Mrs. Mollie (Kentucky), I, **18**, 11; II, **74**, 62; **79**, 11; **93**, 4; III, **155**, 23
Brown, Bob (Texas), II, **84**, 67
Brown, Mrs. Calvin S. (?Mississippi), II, **95**, 52
Brown, Mrs. Jane (Ohio), II, **95**, 28
Brown, Mary G. (California), II, **81**, 30
Browning, Mrs. Marion (Virginia), III, **155**, 47
Bruce, Miss Alice (Virginia), I, **10**, 35; **49**, 34; II, **74**, 22; IV, **274**, 42; **278**, 34
Buckley, James (Maine), IV, **286**, 65
Buckner, Mrs. Sarah (North Carolina), II, **95**, 33; III, **200**, 97; **209**, 51; **243**, 10; IV, **278**, 31; **286**, 93
Burditt, Mrs. Elwin M. (Vermont), II, **105**, 31a, 31b
Burditt, Mrs. Phyllis (Vermont), II, **79**, 58; **81**, 68
Burgess, Ben (Virginia), I, **26**, 16
Burgess, Jesse (Virginia), III, **155**, 34
Burke, Mrs. T. H. (Texas), I, **13**, 4
Burleigh, Miss Mary E. (Massachusetts), II, **74**, 54
Burling, Dr. Temple (Rhode Island), I, **4**, 138

Burnseed, Mrs. Myrtle (Florida), IV, **277**, 40
Busbee, Mr. (North Carolina), II, **75**, 14
Butcher, Nicholas W. (West Virginia), I, **10**, 72, 85
Buttery, Buck (Arkansas), III, **200**, 116
Buzzell, Emory (New England), II, **73**, 94; **81**, 61
Byers, Annie (Ohio), I, **2**, 39
Byers, Mrs. N. T. (North Carolina), III, **200**, 119

Callahan, Clara (North Carolina), I, **13**, 5; II, **75**, 8; **84**, 168; **95**, 37; III, **200**, 75
Callaway, Mrs. Margaret (North Carolina), III, **200**, 7
Campbell, Mrs. Ella (Virginia), I, **12**, 63
Campbell, Mrs. Kate (Virginia), II, **73**, 60
Campbell, Luther (Tennessee), II, **73**, 9; III, **155**, 20
Campbell, Olive Dame (Kentucky), I, **4**, 97; **20**, 55
Campbell, Mr. T. (or J.) (?Kentucky), IV, **277**, 43
Cannady, Mrs. Sarah Virginia (Virginia), I, **4**, 118; **13**, 15; II, **73**, 68; **74**, 57
Capps, Dr. Claudius M. (Tennessee), III, **243**, 8; IV, **286**, 77
Carlisle, Mrs. Irene (Arkansas), I, **10**, 94; **13**, 23; II, **63**, 3; **76**, 16; **93**, 25
Carpenter, C. F. (Virginia), III, **243**, 137; IV, **278**, 24
Carpenter, Miss Emma (Virginia), IV, **278**, 25
Carpenter, Mrs. J. D. (Virginia), II, **95**, 40
Carson, Mrs. Sarah (Massachusetts), I, **4**, 62; **44**, 4; III, **221**, 7; IV, **279**, 11; **279** Appx, 47
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Carter, Mrs. Francis (Kentucky), I, **53**, 41; II, **68**, 12; **74**, 19; **93**, 12; III, **243**, 6
Carter, Jonathan (New Jersey), I, **4**, 139; II, **84**, 190
Carter, R. E. (Virginia), III, **200**, 30
Case, Mrs. Eva Warner (Missouri), I, **10**, 30; **12**, 41; II, **73**, 109; **81**, 13; **84**, 158; **105**, 6; *see also* Lichtenberg, Mrs. J. B.
Casey, Josephine (Missouri), I, **18**, 7
Cassity, Edward (Massachusetts), II, **112**, 11
Chaffee, Mrs. N. A. (Pennsylvania), I, **53**, 38
Chambliss, Mrs. Emma Baird (Missouri), IV, **274**, 19
Chandler, Mrs. (Missouri), II, **84**, 159
Chandler, Mrs. Anelize (North Carolina), III, **243**, 14
Chandler, Floyd (North Carolina), II, **68**, 32
Chandler, T. B. (Missouri), III, **243**, 106
Chapman, Mrs. Margaret Lillie (Missouri), II, **84**, 114
Chappell, Mrs. John Squire (North Carolina), II, **85**, 18
Charlton, Mrs. Virgie (West Virginia), II, **75**, 67
Chase, Richard (North Carolina), I, **10**, 53
Chickering, Berthold A. (Michigan), IV, **278**, 23
Chisholm, Mrs. Emma (Virginia), I, **12**, 68
Chisholm, James H. (Virginia), I, **7** Appx, 20; **20**, 11; **26**, 20, 21
Chisholm, Louisa (Virginia), I, **10**, 27
Chisholm, N. B. (Virginia), I, **18**, 15; **20**, 44; II, **74**, 59; **84**, 184; **95**, 42; III, **200**, 33; IV, **277**, 38; **278**, 54; **295**, 42
Chrisom, Mrs. Ef (Chrisóm) (North Carolina), II, **73**, 32; **112**, 35; III, **243**, 65
Christian, Mrs. Frank P. (Virginia), II, **75**, 9; IV, **274**, 7
Claiborn, Garland K. (Arkansas), IV, **277**, 28
Clark, Cora (North Carolina), I, **10**, 52; II, **95**, 57
Clark, Mrs. L. (?Miss M. L.) (New Jersey), II, **84**, 165
Clark, T. C. (Virginia), II, **74**, 30
Clapp, Mrs. Margaret (Mrs. John) (New York), I, **53**, 46; III, **199**, 2; IV, **277**, 4
Cleveland, Sarah (New York), IV Add., **2**, 34.1; **52**, 1.1
Clevenger, Allen (Clavenger) (New Jersey), II, **78**, 15; **105**, 17
Clubb, Selma (North Carolina), III, **200**, 126; IV, **274**, 29
Coates, Mr. and Mrs. Gabriel (Tennessee), II, **56**, 10
Coates, Mrs. J. Gabriel (Tennessee), II, **81**, 20; III, **200**, 35
Coates, Mrs. T. G. (Tennessee), I, **3**, 5
Cobleigh, Mrs. R. A. (or R. B.) (Vermont), I, **12**, 87; II, **84**, 198
Coffey, Mrs. Fanny (Virginia), III, **200**, 92
Coffey, Hercy (Virginia), II, **73**, 66
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Cole, Peter (Pennsylvania), I, **20**, 22
Cole, Viola (Virginia), III, **155**, 41; **243**, 31
Coleman, Miss Julia (Virginia), III, **155**, 36
Collier, Mrs. Evelyn (Virginia), II, **73**, 74; III, **243**, 64
Collins, H. J. (New Hampshire), I, **12**, 23; IV, **283**, 22
Collins, Rebecca Jane (North Carolina), III, **155**, 42; **243**, 112
Combs, Elsie (Kentucky), I, **10**, 45
Combs, Mrs. Jenny L. (Kentucky), I, **10**, 41; **12** Appx, 25
Comins, E. F. (Washington, D. C.), III, **200**, 80
Connor, O.F.A. (Pennsylvania), I, **2**, 25; **12**, 78; **57** Appx, 7; III, **243**, 69
Connor, Mrs. Harriet (North Carolina), III, **243**, 133
Connor, Zachariah Henry (North Carolina), II, **74**, 29
Cook, Leroy W. (Colorado), IV, **286**, 98
Cooley, Mrs. Eva M. (Maine), I, **53**, 91; II, **73**, 135; **81**, 33; **110**, 13
Cooper, Henry (North Carolina), II, **95**, 34; III, **243**, 94; IV, **286**, 50
Copeland, Miss Louise (Missouri), III, **243**, 5
Corn, Mrs. A. W. (Indiana), II, **84**, 150
Crane, Mrs. Addy (Attie, Mrs. Kiah) (Tennessee), II, **73**, 43; III, **243**, 109a, 109b
Crane, Hezekiah (Tennessee), I, **12** Appx, 14
Cranmer, Hiram M. (Pennsylvania), III, **167**, 3
Craven, Miss Callie (Alabama), II, **76**, 22; **84**, 86
Craven, Mrs. Jennie (Pennsylvania), IV, **277**, 10
Crawford, Mrs. James B. (Virginia), I, **7**, 40; **12**, 64; **20**, 35
Creech, Mrs. Berry (Kentucky), I, **53**, 69; II, **73**, 84; **79**, 35; **81**, 43; III, **155**, 17
Creech, Tilford (Kentucky), I, **7**, 36
Critzer, Mrs. Leona Tomlin (Virginia), II, **84**, 62
Cummins, Mrs. Archibald (Virginia), I, **13**, 19
Cummins, T. C. (Virginia), IV, **278**, 11
Cunningham, G. W. (George W.) (West Virginia), I, **4**, 126; **20**, 7; II, **84**, 138

Daixel, S. (Ohio), III, **200**, 77
Dalhart, Vernon (Appalachians), II, **84**, 131
Daniels (Daniells), Mrs. Myra (Vermont), I, **12**, 80; **51**, 1a, 1b; IV Add., **45**, 5.1
Darling, Mrs. Willard (Ohio) II, **84**, 160
Dashiell, Mrs. Landon R. (Virginia), I, **18**, 8; III, **155**, 3
Davidson, Miss Esther (Missouri), II, **75**, 38
Davis, Asa (Vermont), I, **53**, 1; IV, **283**, 32
Davis, Ed (Virginia), II, **84**, 169; **95**, 46; III, **155**, 47
Davis, E. R. (Maine), I, **2**, 23
Davis, Jennie (Virginia), I, **20**, 39
Davis, Mr. Lowery (Florida), II, **73**, 113
Davis, Miss Martha M. (Virginia), III, **126**, 3; **162**, 5
Davis, Rose (Maine), I, **24**, 18
Davis, T. M. (Arkansas), IV, **286**, 70
Davis, Mrs. T. M. (Arkansas), III, **200**, 101
Dearing, Mrs. James (Virginia), IV, **274**, 6
Decrow, Gertrude (Massachusetts), I, **2**, 46
Deeton, Mrs. Clercy (North Carolina), I, **10**, 74; II, **68**, 30
Degreenia, Oscar (Connecticut), IV, **250**, 46
Delano, Wellman J. (Vermont), IV, **285**, 8
Delorme, Mrs. Lily M. (New York), I, **7**, 38; **49**, 38; II, **100**, 21; III, **178**, 6; **214**, 42; IV, **293**, 25
Dennis, Camilla (?West Virginia), I, **53**, 54
Dexter, Mrs. Catherine B. (Massachusetts), III, **200**, 93
Dickson, Mrs. C. A. (Virginia), II, **74**, 55; **76**, 10; **84**, 182
Dietrick, Lily Bell (West Virginia), III, **200**, 128
Ditch, Elsie (Missouri), II, **95**, 54
Dodd, Mrs. Margaret Jack (Virginia), I, **7**, 18; II, **73**, 47; **74**, 67
Donald, Mrs. Laura Virginia (Virginia), I, **4**, 116; II, **73**, 72; **74**, 42; **95**, 58; III, **209**, 30; **243**, 36
Dooley, Hiram (Virginia), II, **73**, 89; III, **243**, 37
Dooley, Mrs. Tina (Virginia), I, **4**, 117; **7** Appx, 24; II, **84**, 105
Downing, Myrtle (Arizona), III, **200**, 28; **243**, 41
Dowsett, Mrs. F. J. (Virginia), II, **95**, 44
Drain, Mary (Arkansas), II, **95**, 12
Drake, Rod (Texas), IV, **277**, 61
Droghon, Fitzhugh (Kentucky), II, **84**, 185
Dryden, Mrs. Ben (Texas), I, **4**, 76; **13**, 21; II, **79**, 16
Dunagan, Mrs. Margaret (Kentucky), I, **12**, 56; **46** Appx, 5; **49**, 19; II, **54**, 19; **68**, 11; **73**, 58; **81**, 34; **84**, 147; **99**, 4; III, **170**, 5; IV, **277**, 25
Dunaway, Mrs. Georgia (Arkansas), III, **209**, 40
Dunaway, Mrs. Rebecky (Kentucky), I, **7**, 39; II, **79**, 36
Dunn, Mrs. Lucas (Kentucky), II, **74**, 38
Dusenbury, Mrs. Emma L. (Arkansas), I, **13**, 9; **20**, 54; **49**, 13; III, **200**, 100; IV, **272**, 12; **289**, 40

Eagle, Mrs. Harrison (Virginia), II, **85**, 40; III, **200**, 24
Easton, Amos (Vermont), I, **10**, 96
Edmondson, Don (Arkansas), IV, **278**, 49
Edwards, George J. (Vermont), I, **49**, 41; II, **81**, 46; IV, **283**, 29
Edwards, George L. (Vermont), I, **22**
Etherton, Mrs. Irma R. (Kansas), IV, **277**, 47
Evans, Mrs. Lenore (Missouri), I, **53**, 3
Evilsizer, Otis (Michigan), I, **2**, 38; II, **74**, 58; III, **243**, 66; IV, **250**, 10; **278**, 27; **286**, 110

Fairbanks, Mrs. John (Vermont), III, **155**, 66
Farnham, George (Vermont), I, **45**, 11; IV, **278**, 13
Ferguson, Dr. Alfred (Vermont), I, **18**, 17
Finchum, Mrs. Sarah (Virginia), I, **3**, 4; IV, **299**, 16
Finlay, Benjamin J. (Kentucky), I, **51**, 2; III, **155**, 15
Finley, R. H. (Illinois), II, **84**, 108; IV, **286**, 83
Finnimore, Charles (Maine), III, **140**, 2
Fish, Mrs. Lena Bourne (New Hampshire), I, **4**, 57; IV, **277**, 29
Fitzgerald, Clinton (Virginia), I, **7**, 20; **7** Appx, 23; II, **68**, 25; **79**, 37
Fitzgerald, Mrs. Florence (Virginia), I, **10**, 63; **49**, 32; III, **200**, 23; IV, **295**, 28
Fitzgerald, Lloyd (Virginia), II, **68**, 26; IV, **293**, 5a, 5b
Fitzgerald, Napoleon (Virginia), II, **79**, 39
Fitzgerald, Philander H. (Virginia), I, **7**, 19; II, **75**, 34; **79**, 38; **92** Appx, 12
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Flannery, Mrs. L. H. (Kentucky), II, **84**, 177
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Flannery, Sam (North Carolina), II, **73**, 24
Fletcher, Fanny (Virginia), II, **93**, 10
Flint, Mrs. S. A. (Rhode Island), I, **2**, 26; II, **75**, 21; III, **200**, 95
Fogg, Mrs. Rachel Echols (West Virginia), II, **85**, 33
Forbuss, Lamont (Maine), III, **167**, 5a, 5b
Ford, A. J. (Wisconsin), IV, **289**, 30
Ford, Mrs. Carrie (North Carolina), I, **49**, 18; II, **81**, 11
Ford, Mrs. Elizabeth Walker (Wisconsin), III, **243**, 19; IV, **277**, 18; **289**, 29
Ford (Forde), Warde H. (Wisconsin), I, **45**, 4; **46**, 26; III, **167**, 8; **243**, 18; IV, **277**, 19a, 19b; **283**, 18; **286**, 20
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Foster, Miss Harriet (South Carolina), III, **200**, 106
Franklin, Mrs. (Kentucky), I, **10**, 47; III, **200**, 104
Franklin, Cleophas L. (North Carolina), III, **243**, 73
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Fredin, Mrs. John N. (Maine), II, **84**, 50
Freeman, Mrs. Dorothy (Arkansas), II, **73**, 26
Freeman, Mrs. Lucindie (Mrs. G. K.) (North Carolina), I, **49**, 15
Frye, Pat (North Carolina), IV, **272**, 9
Fulmiller, Miss Lulu (Virginia), IV, **289**, 14
Fultz, Mrs. Helen (Arkansas), IV, **277**, 22
Furcron, Mr. A. S. (Virginia), I, **10**, 25

Gaines, Newton (Texas), II, **84**, 71
Galt, Miss Nellie (Kentucky), III, **170**, 9
Gallant, Mrs. (Northeastern U. S. A.), I, **20**, 29
Gamsby, Mrs. Frank (Michigan), III, **199**, 8; IV, **275**, 5
Gann, Trotter (Tennessee), I, **13**, 1
Gardiner, Charlie (?Tennessee), I, **4**, 88
Garrison, Mrs. Martha (Arkansas), I, **10**, 77
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Gaunt, Mrs. Tiny (Rhode Island), III, **209**, 15
Gay, Roxie (Georgia), II, **84**, 136
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Gibson, Mrs. Addie (Virginia), II, **73**, 14; IV, **293**, 8
Gibson, George W. (Kentucky), II, **79**, 43
Gibson, Mrs. Lizzie (Virginia), I, **7**, 11; II, **74**, 12; III, **200**, 36
Gibson, Mrs. Mary (North Carolina), I, **13**, 8; **20**, 40
Gilbert, Mrs. Ollie (?Arkansas), III, **155**, 35
Gladden, Mrs. Texas (Virginia), I, **1**, 6; **49**, 20; II, **84**, 102; III, **200**, 29; **243**, 47
Glasscock, Mrs. Emma (West Virginia), II, **74**, 8; II, **84**, 164
Glidden, Miss Mary (Maine), II, **81**, 70
Godfrey, Louise (North Carolina), II, **84**, 93
Godfrey, Mrs. W(illiam) L. (North Carolina), II, **73**, 69; **79**, 45; **84**, 93; III, **243**, 68
Goodhue, F. M. (Arkansas), I, **10**, 66
Goon, Miss Jane (Ohio), II, **74**, 25; **93**, 8
Gordon, J. D. (Pennsylvania), IV, **277**, 10
Gordon, Mrs. Rebecca ("Aunt Becky") (North Carolina), II, **73**, 121; III, **181**, 2
Graham, Ada Taylor (South Carolina), I, **53**, 111
Graham, George Vinton (California), I, **2**, 49; **12**, 81; **53**, 40; II, **68**, 8; **81**, 53; III, **243**, 87; IV, **278**, 57; **285**, 7
Grant, Mrs. Mary (Missouri), I, **4**, 121
Graves, Miss Caroline T. (Connecticut), II, **75**, 23
Grauman, Miss (Michigan), II, **95**, 22
Gray, Mrs. Lamson (Virginia), II, **73**, 90; **74**, 45; *see also* Grey, Mrs. Lawson
Gray, Ola Leonard (Mrs. Ivan W.) (Vermont), I, **2**, 6
Gray, Mrs. Rhoda (Virginia), II, **73**, 92
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Greer, Dr. I. G. (North Carolina), I, **7**, 34a, 34b; II, **79**, 53; **81**, 26; **84**, 82; III, **200**, 120; IV, **286**, 91
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Grey, Mrs. Lawrence (Virginia), III, **243**, 30
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Griffin, Mrs. Becky (North Carolina), II, **81**, 16; **84**, 112
Griffin, Mrs. G. A. (Florida), I, **2**, 42; **10**, 87; **20**, 47; **49**, 12; **51**, 6; II, **54**, 23; **68**, 29; **75**, 55; **79**, 17; **105**, 21; III, **155**, 11; **200**, 13; **208**, 4a, 4b; **243**, 104; IV, **272**, 11
Griffin, Mrs. Hallie (Arkansas), III, **243**, 100
Grimes, Anne (Ohio), IV, **278**, 59
Grindle, Dr. R(obert) L. (Maine), I, **53**, 87; IV, **295**, 3
Grogan, Miss Fannie (North Carolina), II, **73**, 22
Gross, William (Virginia), III, **243**, 39
Grover, Mrs. Carrie B. (Maine), II, **92** Appx, 3; III, **132**, 8; **200**, 8; IV, **277**, 23; **278**, 67; **285**, 10; IV Add., **295**, 41.1
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Guillams, Mrs. Geno (Virginia), II, **73**, 62
Gump, Perry (Pennsylvania), III, **155**, 61
Gwynne, Mrs. Kitty (Tennessee), II, **84**, 115; III, **200**, 20

Haigood, Mrs. Penelope (Texas), IV, **295**, 45
Haislip, Clifford (Arkansas), IV, **278**, 39
Hall, Mr. (Virginia), II, **84**, 189
Hall, Mrs. (Georgia), II, **68**, 2
Hall, Drucilla (Alabama), III, **243**, 20
Hall, Mary E. (Pennsylvania), II, **84**, 145
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Hall, Mrs. Tom (Virginia), II, **84**, 61; IV, **295**, 29
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Long, Mary Ila (Mississippi), I, **7**, 17; II, **73**, 93; **75**, 35; **76**, 13; **84**, 109; **85**, 9; **105**, 4

Long, Mrs. Maud Gentry (North Carolina), I, **3**, 7; II, **54**, 18; IV, **248**, 7; **286**, 95
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