

Ballads and Songs of Southern Michigan

COLLECTED AND EDITED BY
EMELYN ELIZABETH GARDNER AND
GERALDINE JENCKS CHICKERING



BALLADS AND SONGS OF
SOUTHERN MICHIGAN



A ROAD INTO THE FOREST

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*TO THE FRIENDS AND RELATIVES
WHO MADE
THIS COLLECTION POSSIBLE*

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EMELYN ELIZABETH GARDNER
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Wayne University
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Contents

	PAGE
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS	xi
ABBREVIATIONS	xx
INTRODUCTION	I
BALLADS AND SONGS	27

I. UNHAPPY LOVE

1 Lady Isabel and the Elf Knight (Child, No. 4)	29
2 The Two Sisters (Child, No. 10)	32
3 The Cup of Cold Poison (Child, No. 12)	35
4 Lord Thomas (Child, No. 73)	37
5 Sweet William and Lady Margaret (Child, No. 74)	40
6 Lord Lovel (Child, No. 75)	43
7 Lord Valley (Child, No. 81)	46
8 Barbara Allen (Child, No. 84)	50
9 A Lover's Farewell (Child, No. 85)	53
10 The House Carpenter (Child, No. 243)	54
11 The Apprentice Boy	59
12 He Plowed the Lowlands Low	62
13 Caroline of Edinburg Town	64
14 Molly Baun	66
15 The Lost Johnny Doyle	69
16 The Sherfield Apprentice	71
17 The Silver Tide	73
18 Oxford City	75
19 The Knoxville Girl	77
20 The Banks of the River Dee	80
21 The Jealous Lover	83
22 Who Is Tapping at My Bedroom Window?	86
23 The Silver Dagger	89
24 The Green Beds	91
25 The Sailor Boy	94
26 Green Mountain	95
27 Rinordine	96
28 The Girl I Left Behind	98
29 Green Grows the Laurel	101
30 Lovely Willie's Sweetheart	103
31 Jessie of Ballington Brae	104
32 Kitty Gray	106

	PAGE
33 The Old Oak Tree	107
34 False Nancy	110
35 The Rich Merchant's Daughter	112
36 Johnny and Betsy	114
37 The Butcher Boy	117
38 Springfield Mountain	120
39 The Foot of the Mountain Bow	122
40 A Spanish Maid	123
41 Frozen Charlotte	126
42 Farewell He	130
43 My Love Is on the Ocean	131
44 Seven Long Years	132
45 The Lake of Pontchartrain	133
46 The New Dress	134

II. HAPPY LOVE

47 A True Lover of Mine (Child, No. 2)	137
48 Mr. Woodburn's Courtship (Child, No. 46)	139
49 Lord Bateman's Castle (Child, No. 53)	143
50 The Golden Ball (Child, No. 95)	146
51 The Laird o' Drum (Child, No. 236)	149
52 Fair Lady of London (Child, No. 295)	150
53 A Seaman and His Love	152
54 The Rich Young Farmer	153
55 Johnny German	155
56 Fain Waterloo	157
57 The Dark-eyed Sailor	160
58 Two Rigs of Rye	163
59 The Wealthy Merchant	165
60 Pretty Polly Oliver	167
61 William and Nancy	169
62 The Weaver Is Handsome	172
63 Lady Leroy	174
64 The Silk Merchant's Daughter	176
65 A Maid in Bedlam	178
66 The Bonny Laboring Boy	180
67 Robin Tamson's Smiddy	182
68 The Charming Moll Boy	185
69 The Banks of the Sweet Dundee	187
70 The Green Mossy Banks of the Lea	190
71 The Banks of Claudy	191
72 The Banks of Brandywine	193

Contents

XV

	PAGE
73 The Dog and the Gun	195
74 The Merchant's Only Son	198
75 The Roaming Gambler	200
76 Farewell to Bonny Galaway	201
77 The Lass of Glenshee	202
78 The Choice of a Wife	203
79 Betsy of Dramoor	204

III. WAR

80 Prince Charlie (Child, No. 199)	209
81 The Three Scotch Robbers (Child, No. 250)	211
82 The Lowlands Low (Child, No. 286)	214
83 Captain Ward (Child, No. 287)	216
84 Archie o' Cawfield (Child, No. 188)	217
85 Pretty Polly	220
86 The Village Pride	222
87 The Pride of Glencoe	225
88 Bloody Waterloo	227
89 Bony's Lament	228
90 The Heights at Alma	229
91 The Crimean War	231
92 James Ervin	233
93 The American Volunteer	234
94 Bold Dighton	235
95 The Texas Rangers	239
96 One and Twenty	241
97 The Sweet Sunny South	242

IV. OCCUPATIONS

98 The Dying Miller	247
99 Creeping Jane	250
100 The Dying Cowboy	252
101 Blood	253
102 The Lumberman's Alphabet	255
103 The Shantyman's Life	258
104 The Shanty Boys	260
105 Michigan-I-O	261
106 The Mossback	264
107 The Little Brown Bulls	266
108 Jack Haggerty	267
109 The Jam on Gerry's Rock	270

	PAGE
110 James Wayland	274
111 The Wild Mustard River	276
112 Jimmie Judd	277
113 Harry Bail	278
114 Harry Dunn	282
115 David Ward	284
116 Martin, Tim, and Dan	286
117 Roll the Old Chariot Along	287
118 Ben Fisher	288
119 I Once Did Know a Farmer	290

V. DISASTERS

120 The <i>Titanic</i>	295
121 The Seno Wreck	296
122 The Avondale Disaster	298
123 Three Girls Drowned	301
124 The Bainbridge Tragedy	303
125 Floyd Collins	307
126 A Melancholy Accident—the Death of M. Hodge	309

VI. CRIMES

127 Lamkin (Child, No. 93)	313
128 Georgie (Child, No. 209)	317
129 Captain Kidd	318
130 My Bonny Black Bess	320
131 Botany Bay	323
132 The Cabin Boy	324
133 The Wild Colloina Boy	326
134 Johnny Troy	329
135 Wakken	332
136 Jack Williams	333
137 The Boston Burglar	335
138 McAfee's Confession	337
139 Jesse James	339
140 Sidney Allen	341
141 The Babes in the Woods	343
142 Young Henry Green	346
143 Nat Goodwin	349
144 Little Mary Phagan	352
145 Anson Best	353
146 The Widow's Plea	355

Contents

xvii

	PAGE
147 The County Jail	357
148 A Laundry Song	358

VII. RELIGION

149 An Account of a Little Girl Who Was Burnt for Her Religion	363
150 The Twelve Apostles	365
151 The Little Family	366
152 As I Sat on the Sunny Bank	368

VIII. HUMOR

153 Arise and Bar the Door-O (Child, No. 275)	371
154 The Farmer's Curst Wife (Child, No. 278)	373
155 King John and the Bishop (Child, No. 45)	379
156 The Valiant Soldier (Child, No. 8)	380
157 John Sold the Cow Well (Child, No. 283)	382
158 Things Impossible	385
159 Kate and the Cowhide	387
160 My Father's Gray Mare	392
161 Kitty O'Noory	393
162 Young Diana	395
163 The Handsome Cabin Boy	399
164 The Maid in Sorrow	401
165 Jack, the Sailor Boy	403
166 Pat's Wedding	404
167 The First Night's Courtship	405
168 The Backwoodsman	407
169 Finnigan's Wake	409
170 Clarence McFaden	411
171 The Old Man	413
172 Old Grumble	415
173 The Wooing	417
174 An Old Man and a Young Man	420
175 A Rich Old Miser	422
176 The Quaker Song	424
177 A Paper of Pins	428
178 Common Bill	430
179 A Scolding Wife	432
180 Rusty Old Rover	434
181 Me Father Is a Lawyer in England	435
182 My Good-lookin' Man	439

	PAGE
183 Bachelor's Hall	441
184 Hard Times	443
185 The Three Jews	446
186 Johnson's Mule	447
187 The Historian	448

IX. NURSERY

188 Gifts from over the Sea	453
189 The Frog's Courtship	455
190 The Darby Ram	460
191 Old Sheep Went to Sleep	464
192 The Fox and the Goose	465
193 Aunt Tabbie	466
194 Old Grimes	467
195 Uncle Sam Simmie	468
196 The Wonderful Crocodile	469
197 The Monkey's Wedding	471
198 Animal Song	472
199 The Hen and the Duck	473
200 The Tree in the Wood	474
201 One Fine Day	475
 OTHER SONGS SUNG IN MICHIGAN	477
 LIST OF INFORMANTS	485
 BIBLIOGRAPHY	491
 INDEX OF TUNES	495
 INDEX OF BALLADS AND SONGS	497

Illustrations

	PAGE
A road into the forest	<i>Frontispiece</i>
Point aux Barques	28
“I met a fair damsel”	136
At the end of a day’s work	208
A pinery boy	246
Lumber on the waterways	294
A lonely homestead	312
A staggered rail fence	362
An aria in a farmyard	370
An old and a new singer	452

ABBREVIATIONS

Bulletin	Bulletin of the Folk-Song Society of the Northeast
JAFL	Journal of American Folk-Lore
JFSS	Journal of the Folk-Song Society
JIFSS	Journal of the Irish Folk Song Society
PMLA	Publications of the Modern Language Association of America
PTFLS	Publications of the Texas Folk-Lore Society

References to various authors and to particular works also appear in abbreviated form. For full information see the Bibliography.

NOTE

Copies of most of the versions mentioned in the text and of most of the songs listed on pages 477-483 may be found in the Gardner and Chickering manuscript, "Ballads and Songs of Southern Michigan," which has been deposited in the rare-book room of the University of Michigan Library.

Introduction

Introduction

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COLLECTION

IN THE years immediately after 1912 American and European folklorists were engaged in revealing the wealth of traditional English, Scotch, and Irish songs current in the Southern Appalachians. Since there had been among the early white settlers of the Lower Peninsula of Michigan many people with the same historical background as that of the Southern informants, I thought that similar songs might linger in the minds of those who lived in the rural sections and who were direct descendants of the early pioneers in the state. The validity of my inference was established when Dr. Bertrand L. Jones, of the Western State Normal School, published a few old ballads and songs which he had collected and which suggested that there might be others in kindred sources.¹ Since at the time his collection was published I was teaching in the Michigan State Normal College at Ypsilanti, which was attended by students who came from the farms and small villages of southern Michigan, it was easy for me to secure their coöperation in recording the words of songs which the singers had learned from oral rather than from printed sources. The first songs to engage the interest of the young fieldworkers were those of singing games which they had enjoyed playing in early childhood and, when they were older, at social gatherings. This collection of games has proved to be more exhaustive than it was thought to be at the time it was made, for, with the exception of some Negro games, further search in the state has brought to light variants of the items published, but no new ones.²

For a number of years, although we made no systematic effort to collect any particular types of traditional songs, we were careful to preserve all those which came to us. In 1934 we found that students of the Michigan State Normal College, together with others of Wayne University, Detroit, had assembled from the oral recitation and the singing of their friends in southern Michigan several hundred old songs in English. About four hundred were acquired by Mrs. Geraldine Chickering, who by reason of her enthusiasm, her demo-

¹ For the collection see "Folk-lore in Michigan," *The Kalamazoo Normal Record*, IV (Kalamazoo, 1914), 297-302.

² For the collection see E. E. Gardner, "Some Play-Party Games in Michigan," *JAF*, XXXIII, 91-133.

cratic spirit, her sympathetic understanding, and her sense of humor is an unusually successful fieldworker. She began her collection in 1931 as material for a term paper required in a college course which she was taking at the time. She added to her collection until in 1933 she used it as the basic material for her master's thesis at Wayne University.

Since 1934 Mrs. Chickering and I have continued gathering, cursorily rather than exhaustively it must be admitted, until at the present time we have obtained from approximately one hundred and twenty-three singers distributed over thirty counties in the Lower Peninsula around nine hundred ballads and songs, and about one hundred and twenty tunes which are probably representative of others yet to be collected. Although people of Kent, Ionia, Kalkaska, Macomb, Arenac, Huron, and Ogemaw counties have made most of the contributions, we are assured that other regions are equally rich in song if a collector chances upon helpful informants. In spite of the fact that all our songs were gathered in Michigan, probably only three of them, so far as we are able to determine, originated in the state. And this is natural, because the older people who constituted our sources are lineal descendants or friends of those who came from Europe or from other parts of America and who naturally brought their songs with them. Thus it is that there is no form of history which reveals more of the social background and the culture of a people than do its traditional songs transmitted from generation to generation by the lip-to-ear method. As an illustration, the present collection contains many comparatively unchanged English, Scotch, and Irish songs; many pronouncedly localized American variants of such songs; and some others of a flavor which shows them to have sprung from American life and conditions.

Through their striking similarity to songs and ballads collected in New England, the Middle Atlantic States, Ohio, Canada, Nova Scotia, and Newfoundland, those of the present collection show scarcely less convincingly than does factual history that the pioneers of Michigan came to the state by way of those regions.³ Not only did the rich pine forests, about which many songs have been sung, and

³ The facts revealed by historical research are stated as follows by George Newman Fuller, *Economic and Social Beginnings of Michigan* (Lansing, Michigan, 1916), p. 469: "It was exceptional for a settler to emigrate directly from his place of birth to Michigan. He was much more likely to have a number of intermediate stopping places; for example, he might be born in England, migrate with his parents to Connecticut, be educated in Vermont, engage in business in New York, and then spend some years on the frontier in Ohio and perhaps return to New York before finally settling in Michigan."

the cheap land of the Michigan frontier lure settlers, but there were other enticements that are suggested in the following crude song, which we found in the Gernsey Manuscript:

Come all ye Yankee farmer boys who would like to change your lot
And spunk enough to travel beyond your native spot
And leave behind the village where pa and ma doth stay,
Come, go with me and settle in Michigania.
For there's your Penobscot way down in parts of Maine
Where timber grows in plenty but not a bit of grain,
And there is your Quaddy and your Piscataqua,
But these can't hold a candle to Michigania.

And there's the state of Vermont, but what a place is that?
To be sure the girls are pretty and the cattle very fat,
But who among her mountains and clouds of snow would stay
While he can buy a section in Michigania?
And there is Massachusetts, once good enough, be sure,
But now she is always lying in taxation and manure.
She'll cause a peck of trouble but deal a peck will pay,
While all is scripture measure in Michigania.

And there's the land of Blue Laws where deacons cut their hair
For fear their locks and tenants [tenets?] will not exactly square,
Where beer that works on Sunday a penalty must pay,
While all is free and easy in Michigania.
And there's the state of New York, the people's very rich;
Among themselves and others have dug a mighty ditch
Which renders it more easy for us to find the way
And sail upon the waters of Michigania.

What country ever grew up so great in little time,
Just popping from a nursery right into life its prime?
When Uncle Sam did wean her, 'twas but the other day,
And now she's quite a lady, this Michigania.
And if you want to go to a place called Washtenaw,
You'll first upon the Huron; such land you never saw,
Where ship come to Ann Arbor right through a pleasant bay
And touch at Ypsilanti in Michigania.

And if you want to go a little farther back,
You'll find the shire of Oakland, the town of Pontiac,
Which springing up so sudden scared the wolves and bears away
That used to roam about there in Michigania.
And if you want to go where Rochester is there,
And farther still Mt. Clemens looks out upon St. Clair,
Besides some other places within McCombia
That promise population to Michigania.

And if you want to travel a little farther on,
I guess you'll touch St. Joseph where everybody's gone,

Where everything like Jack's bean grows monstrous fast, they say,
 And beats the rest all hollow in Michigania.
 Come all ye Yankee farmer boys with metal hearts like me
 And elbow grease in plenty to bow the forest tree,
 Come, buy a quarter section, and I'll be bound you'll say
 This country takes the rag off, this Michigania.⁴

Another historical element in the traditional songs of Michigan as well as in those of other parts of America is the democratic trend. Kings, queens, lords, ladies, and the court life of which they formed a part in the Old World songs have yielded their places in the New World to rich men and women, to adventurous sailors, soldiers, and farm lads; to forlorn and beautiful country girls whose lovers court them in humble settings. The old border ballads have been forgotten in songs about Jesse James, the Boston or the Detroit burglar, the county jail, and the prison laundry. The spirited ballads of the Robin Hood band in Merrie England have been supplanted by those of the lumber camps, where the great American forests used to be and where the minstrel, instead of being the picturesque Allan-a-Dale, was the camp cook, who sometimes received an extra wage for being the possessor of an agreeable tenor voice with which he could lead the singing of his fellows while he played an accompaniment on a dulcimer, a guitar, or a harmonica.

Indeed, it would be hard to overestimate the service of the lumber camps in Michigan in preserving and distributing all manner of folk music throughout the state. A brief description of these camps by one who has made a study of them runs as follows:

Into the woods flocked adventurers like bees into a hive. Many had seen service in the Civil War, and were drawn into the camps by their love of hardy out-of-door, roving life with men. Many others were recent emigrants, and came eagerly to try the first chance that fortune offered in the new land of opportunity. Some were natural "floaters" dominated entirely by an insatiable wander-lust. Occasionally one proved a fugitive from justice, and took to the friendly shelter of the forest. Almost every nationality was represented, with the Irish, the Scotch, the English, the German, and the Canadian French leading the lists. . . . After the evening meal, the men returned to their bunk shanty, tugged off their heavy wet German socks, hung them on the drying line over the stove, pulled on dry footwear, and sat down along the "deacon's seat" outside their bunks to "chaw tobacco" and to swap yarns and sing songs.⁵

⁴ Silas Farmer, *The History of Detroit and Michigan* (Detroit, 1884), pp. 335-336, prints a text of a similar song, "Michigania." He adds that many New England people were possessed of a fever to migrate to Michigan; and that this song, which was very popular, was largely influential in promoting emigration.

⁵ James Cloyd Bowman, "Life in the Michigan Woods," *Michigan History Magazine*, XXI (Lansing, Summer-Autumn, 1937), 275, 278. See also *idem*,

Naturally the songs which were popular in the camps reflected the background, the character, and the interests of the singers. Many were importations from the Old World, gay, sentimental, romantic, or tragic, as the case might be. Again, they were American adaptations of European ballads, or songs picked up by singers in their wanderings on sea or land. And not infrequently the themes concerned some phase of life in the lumber camps of other states where the loggers had tarried for a time. Men with a musical ear often lamented that many of their comrades who sang lustily could not carry a tune. But such inability never lessened the uproarious fun.

Although lumber camps of the old type, which had their golden age in the last thirty years of the nineteenth century, are no more, very many of our informants who at present are active or retired farmers were formerly associated in some way with those camps. When the members assembled for an evening's entertainment, they approached the singing, dancing throngs thought by the older scholars to be responsible for the communal composition of ballads.

Two of our informants, Mrs. Russell Wood and Mrs. Peter Miller, had so much enjoyed the singing in such camps that they had copied in notebooks more than twenty and forty songs respectively, many of which they sang for us. With her songs Mrs. Miller had recorded recipes for cooking and cures for spavin in horses and rheumatism in man. A number of male informants who either had been loggers or had neighbored with them sang songs of various types current in the camps with which they had been acquainted. One of these singers, Mr. Otis Evilsizer, now engaged in growing cucumbers for pickling factories, sang from memory six Child ballads, the aristocrats of folk song, and many other traditional songs, some of which he had learned from his father. Up to the time of his death in 1936, when he was eighty-six years of age, the father could still recall songs which as a boy living with his parents on a farm near Zanesville, Ohio, he had learned from English neighbors. The son is a natural musician who not only has a phenomenal memory for the words of songs, but can play with great skill the tunes both of songs and of old dances on fiddle, banjo, guitar, mouth organ, jew's-harp, cabinet organ, or what not. In former days he played a dulcimer which he had made. Not many years ago he and other men in his neighborhood would assemble at the house of a member of the group and try

"Lumberjack Ballads," *Michigan History Magazine*, XX (Lansing, Spring-Summer, 1936), 231-245; Frank P. Bohn, "This Was the Forest Primeval," *Michigan History Magazine*, XXI (Lansing, Spring, 1937), 185-188; Phillips Barry, "American Folk Music," *Southern Folklore Quarterly*, I, No. 2 (Gainesville, Florida, 1937), 29-47.

to outsing one another. When the meeting broke up, sometimes at daybreak, the man who still had a song or more in reserve was declared the winner.

Like Mr. Evilsizer, many of our informants possess remarkable memories. A few who have always lived in isolated communities have a repertoire which rivals that of Mrs. Brown of Falkland, who is said to have sung from memory for Sir Walter Scott and Robert Jamieson, thirty-six songs, which they used respectively in *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* (1802) and *Popular Ballads and Songs* (1806).⁶ Mrs. Chickering found one informant, Mrs. Muchler, who sang thirty-three songs. Mr. Harns, with a taste for history and travel, said that he had learned "Kate and Her Horns" from hearing it sung but once, in 1875. These are only a few of our singers who demonstrate that literacy is no barrier to the transmission of ballads and who in common with those of Maine lend support to the theory held by Phillips Barry that "illiteracy is a negative factor in ballad tradition; it distinctly inhibits the chances of survival."⁷

Some informants when we asked them to sing old songs responded with alacrity and sang all they could recall. Among these were descendants of the Scotch who migrated in the last half of the nineteenth century from Canada to Sheridan Township, Huron County.⁸ Our Scotch songs, in general, range from those with a slight thread of narrative like "Bony's Lament" and "The Lass of Glenshee" to the more ballad-like compositions such as "The Three Scotch Robbers" and "Archie o' Cawfield," and to later ones like "Prince Charlie" and "Charlie's Awa" (see MSS collection). The fine versions and the spirited singing of the last two clearly indicate that the affection of the Highlanders for the Young Pretender still persists in the hearts of their descendants. Equally true reflections of a time when the lives of many Scotch, Irish, and English lads were cruelly sacrificed are the songs "Bloody Waterloo," "The Heights at Alma," and "The Crimean War." The remembrance of these old songs concerning tragic events long past is not more amazing than is that for the humorous details of "Pat's Wedding," "The First Night's Courtship," and "Robin Tamson's Smiddy."

A most delightful singer was Mrs. Allan McClellan, of Sheridan Township, who, like others already mentioned, had an excellent

⁶ Cited from G. Greig, *Last Leaves of Traditional Ballads and Ballad Airs*, p. xvii.

⁷ *Bulletin of the Folk-Song Society of the Northeast*, No. 7, pp. 18-19.

⁸ See Florence McKinnon Gwinn, "Pioneer History of Huron County, Michigan," *Huron County Pioneer and Historical Society* (Tribune Print, Bad Axe, 1922), pp. 76-77.

memory. Although seventy years of age and blind, Mrs. McClellan, while busying her fingers with such tasks as shelling peas, paring potatoes, hulling strawberries, and knitting, which do not require eyesight, had the habit of amusing herself by singing old songs which she had learned in her childhood in Ontario, Canada. One afternoon in the fall of 1935, having heard that she was one of the good Scotch singers in Huron County, I drove to the farm, the land of which Mrs. McClellan's father had cleared more than sixty years earlier and on which she was living with two unmarried sons and a housekeeper. In response to my knock on the kitchen door she called to me to come in and from her chair by the kitchen stove greeted me with great cordiality. When I told her that I had been directed to her because she sang lovely old songs, she replied without the slightest hesitation: "Yes, I do. Would you care to hear some of them? I wonder what you like." To help her get started, I asked her whether she knew any songs about kings, queens, lords, ladies, love, or murder. She laughed and said: "I know songs about all of those things, but I don't like the bloody ones; they make me shudder. How will it be if I sing samples of what I know? Then when I come to anything you like you can tell me, and I will sing the whole song slowly so that you can copy it if you want to. It is easy to remember the tunes from once hearing them, but not the words." In two afternoons she enabled us to transcribe from her singing both the words and the melodies of sixteen songs. Upon being asked to repeat a phrase, she inquired whether we were writing the music. When we answered that we were, she said: "I have never seen any written music, but if you will stay with me I can sing for you two weeks running without repeating a song." We did not have time to put her to the test, but from the many fragments which she offered for our approval we had no doubt that she possessed an extensive repertoire. When we told her that "The Old Oak Tree," which she sang for us, had been recorded in Newfoundland, she replied, to our astonishment: "I am not surprised, for I learned the song when I was a little girl of twelve in Ontario. I heard it sung at a party by a young fellow traveling through the country who said that he was from Nova Scotia."

Another willing singer was Mr. John Laidlaw, a native of Aberdeenshire, the county of Scotland which furnished Professor Child with the A or prime text of ninety-one of his three hundred and five ballads and which was the place where the famous Mrs. Brown of Falkland learned most of her ballads before she was twelve years of age. Mr. Laidlaw, who loved a Scotch song as passionately as he loved nature and his native land, I did not know as a singer until

shortly before his death. He was a trained gardener, and when working for a friend of mine he often went to the woods for some plants or shrubs. Upon rare occasions he permitted us to accompany him and to learn much from him concerning the character and habits of our native flora. But never did he even suggest that he could sing a note, so that we had no way of knowing that we were in the company of a natural ballad singer. It was not until a few days before his death, when we were calling upon him, that we discovered his gift of song. Although he was very feeble, he sang for us one old ballad after another which he recalled from his youth in Scotland. Some of them had been adapted for refined ears by his beloved Bobby Burns, but others had not been subjected to the thorough "brushing" which Burns sometimes gave to the songs of his country. To John Laidlaw it did not matter; all voiced the spirit of the Scotland he knew and loved. To our regret he sang too rapidly to allow of transcription, and he was too weak to endure the tedium of repetition. When he was exhausted, his good wife said that if he improved sufficiently she would help him to copy some of his favorite ballads for us. And this she did.

A number of men who would gladly have sung for us old songs which they remembered were prevented from doing so by well-meaning wives who preferred that their spouses sing church hymns rather than what they called foolish old songs that had never been known to do anybody any good. One Presbyterian woman, who played the organ in the church where her husband's fine tenor voice led the congregational singing, was greatly annoyed at his presenting some ballads for us one Sunday morning. To punish him she told her minister to announce for singing certain hymns which she knew her husband could not sing. When we next called upon this man for additional items which he had promised us, his devout wife sat near and expressed her disapproval so eloquently that we did not have the heart to embarrass the poor man further.

Once again the religious prejudices of a wife prevented our securing some fine songs. We had been told of a good singer who spent long summer days herding his cows while they grazed on the unfenced pine barrens in Oceana County. Riding in a sulky behind a staid old nag, he would while away the hours from milking time to milking time, keeping the animals within bounds as he sang old ballads and songs which he had loved in his youth. Through the kindness of a mutual friend we were invited to call upon him at his home one afternoon. We found him in fine fettle, and he sang with great gusto one song after another so rapidly that we could barely catch even a few fragmentary lines. At the end of the

call, however, in spite of his wife, who was reputed to be a religious fanatic, he invited us to come again for an evening of song, promising that he would sing slowly and repeat as much as we liked. When at the appointed time we arrived at his home, we were met by a forbidding-looking woman who opened the door a crack and delivered the ultimatum: "You can't see him either tonight nor any other time." With that she slammed the door shut and noisily shot the bolt. Feeling that discretion was the better part of valor, we beat a retreat with the best grace we could muster. But we were convinced that the church had played no minor part in shortening the life of some fine old secular songs and in badly corrupting others.

A good example of the latter process is furnished by the last stanza of our text of "The Dying Miller." To fulfill the requirements of the rhyme scheme and to close the ballad with appropriate finality the word "hell" is needed, but when our informant sang the ballad to her young children she always substituted for the satisfactory last two lines which she knew, the flat ending:

And where he's gone no man can say,
But it's our opinion he's gone far away.

Out of fairness to those children it should be said that, when they grew old enough to think for themselves, they changed the lines which their mother had sung to them to:

And where's he gone there's no excuse,
But it's our opinion he's gone to the deuce!

On the whole, as many men as women sang for us, although some of them required considerable coaxing, and a few substituted chanting or intoning for singing. One of these was Duncan MacAlpine of Bad Axe; several years before the fall of 1935, when we called upon him, his daughter had given me copies of songs which she had heard her father sing when she was a child. But alas, we had waited too long. He had grown old and shy, and exercising true Scotch determination insisted that his voice had become too harsh and broken for singing. Although his wife added her entreaties to ours that he sing with such voice as he had, he refused to be moved. But finally he proved his good will by graciously volunteering to recite the words of some of the songs which he had learned as a boy in Ontario and which he had formerly sung. Thereupon he presented for us in an unforgettable, monotonous chanting style the song "Betsy of Dramoor," with its classical names correctly pronounced. He laughingly explained that he did not know what some of the words

meant, but that he had learned the song partly in school, where the teacher had taught him to pronounce them as he did.

Sometimes the efforts of people to produce what we were seeking were amusing. Mr. John Lambertson seemed to get inspiration from retiring to the kitchen, where he would clasp his hands behind his back and hum to himself as he walked back and forth until he felt that he had recalled all of a song. Another farmer, who had consumed too much beer at a local celebration the day before we saw him, sang several songs for us and then hinted that he would like more beer, telling us that his wife had taken the family purse with her when she went berrying. When the hint failed to produce the desired result, much embarrassed but determined, he asked us for a "quarter to get some beer." Since we yielded to his request, we have never dared to return for more songs lest we have to reckon with a wife thwarted in her efforts to force her better half to lead a temperate life.

Timid persons whom we sought because they had been recommended as good singers would often declare that they had lost their singing voice, that they had never known any songs of the kind we were looking for, or, most often, that they had known many and forgotten all of them because of religious or business interests. A tactful response to our queries was not infrequently an expression of regret that we had not come a few years earlier when we would have been rewarded by the singing of a relative or neighbor since deceased.

In Michigan, as elsewhere, it is unusual to find people under the age of fifty who remember the words of many of the songs which they have heard members of preceding generations sing. And very few of the young people are in the least interested. One remarkable exception was Lauretta Myers, of Pentwater. Having been told that her father and grandfather were singers, I went to call on the family one evening. The father said that the dairy business had driven from his memory old songs which he had once known and that his father, who had been a great singer in the lumber camps, had now at the age of ninety-four lost both memory and voice. Evidently wishing to be of service he added: "I have a girl of fifteen who is a tomboy and no help to her mother, but she likes old songs and has a notebook full of her favorites." At that the girl, who seemed to have been listening to the conversation, came into the room and offered me the notebook. She generously said: "You can take it home with you and copy anything you like." When I questioned her about the sources of the contents, I was surprised to hear her reply: "The radio." Asked whether she could get the words from

once hearing them, she said: "Most of them if I like a song. Anyway, I write down all I can get the first time, and then wait until I hear the same song again, sometimes many weeks later. After hearing a song twice I usually have the tune in my head and the words in my book." Upon examining her copied texts I found many songs like "William Hall," "Sam Bass," and "Barbara Allen" accurately and beautifully recorded. For the first time I realized that, instead of being responsible for the loss of traditional songs, the radio is a substitute for the old folk singers who are fast passing and is doing much to preserve time-honored favorites.

The part played by traditional songs in the lives of people of earlier generations is hard for us to realize. We have found a declaration of Oliver Goldsmith that "The music of the finest singer is dissonance to what I felt when our old dairy-maid sung me into tears with 'Johnny Armstrong's Last Good-night' or 'The Cruelty of Barbara Allen.'"⁹ But nevertheless we were astonished when an elderly informant of Grindstone City remarked: "I never could bear to hear 'Barbara Allen' because it was so dreadfully sad it made me cry and cry." Another informant whom we met in the same place said: "When I was young the Scotch farmers of the neighborhood about Grindstone would gather in some home to listen to their best singers. One of them was always requested to sing 'The Mistletoe Bough' because she made it so sad and frightening." Then the speaker added: "Although I now have a beautiful home in California and travel a great deal, nothing ever gives me the pleasure which I derived from the old-time 'sings' in Grindstone when I was young." Our entire collection is evidence that Michigan pioneers were singing folk, but the most eloquent testimony of all is five manuscript collections, by means of which the words of many of the most popular old ballads and songs have been preserved.

SOME FACTORS IN THE STUDY OF FOLK SONG

During the years 1882-98 a great compilation of traditional songs, *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, edited by Professor Francis James Child of Harvard University, was published. This work, in five large volumes, includes twelve hundred versions of three hundred and five distinct ballads, assembled chiefly from three sources: original manuscripts in European and American libraries; original manuscripts owned by private individuals; and printed collections derived from manuscripts. In its final form the work comprises practically every obtainable version of every extant English

⁹ *Essays of Oliver Goldsmith* (The Bibliophile Society, Boston, 1928), II, 16.

or Scottish ballad in manuscript form. Professor Child gives thirty versions of eighteen surviving English and Scottish ballads which he obtained from the Atlantic States and which he thought suggested a wealth of similar material stored away in the minds of American people and preserved by oral transmission.

Upon the death of Professor Child his successor at Harvard, Professor George Lyman Kittredge, and other scholars in various parts of the country endeavored, by stimulating interest in the oral collection of folk songs throughout America, to carry on the work for which their illustrious predecessor had paved the way. Many of these songs were printed in *The Journal of American Folk-Lore* and in the publications of folklore and folk-song societies which were organized in several states. Interest in the subject was heightened when the late Professor C. Alphonso Smith, of the University of Virginia, prevailed upon the United States Commissioner of Education to provide for the collection of English and Scotch ballads in America and implied that the study of ballads was an important phase of American literature.¹⁰ With the passage of time *American Ballads and Songs*, by Professor Louise Pound, of the University of Nebraska, and the regional collections listed in our Bibliography have been published.¹¹ As the potentialities of the study of traditional song have become increasingly apparent, research in that field has gained a recognized place in American scholarship.

Scholars, however, are not the only ones who appreciate folk song, for there are many evidences of popular interest in the subject. Among these are the appointment in 1933, under the Carnegie Foundation, of Professor John Lomax and his son, Alan Lomax, of the University of Texas, to collect American folk song for the Library of Congress; and the yearly folk festivals celebrated in many states. Of outstanding importance among these is the annual National Folk Festival, which was instituted in April, 1934, as part of the dedication of the great Municipal Auditorium in St. Louis, Missouri. During a three-day period, with three sessions each day, thousands of urban people attended programs presented by singers, dancers, actors, and story tellers from colorful folk groups throughout the United States. These included the loggers of Michigan, who had the honor of being awarded the first prize for their performance. The festival was attended by musicians, composers, dramatists, poets,

¹⁰ See "Ballads Surviving in the United States," *The Musical Quarterly*, II (January, 1916), 109-129.

¹¹ For a discussion of the work of collectors in America since the completion of Professor Child's compilation see H. M. Belden, "Balladry in America," *JAFL*, XXV, 1-23.

novelists, and theatrical producers from various parts of the country, for they realize that much of the great urban art of the Old World has developed from folk origins. And reasoning by analogy they feel that American urban art also must derive much of its inspiration from native American folk art and from Old World folk art which has migrated to this country and taken on an American flavor.

As a corollary to the widespread interest in folk song among scholars, who ably present their views in the sources listed in our Bibliography, certain controversial matters relating to the subject were brought up and discussed with fresh zeal. One of these concerned definitions, because before one can hope to collect folk songs intelligently, one must be able to differentiate between them and other types of song. And this is not so easy as at first blush it appears. But Professor Louise Pound, a distinguished scholar, simplified the matter by stating that the chief essentials of folk song are "that the people sing it; that it has lived in the folk mouth and has persisted for a fair number of years."¹² Mr. Phillips Barry, also an authority to be respected, ignores the element of persistence and defines folk songs as those which are sung by the folk.¹³ "It matters not," he says, "how they originated nor by what means they have reached the singers."¹⁴ His view is the one we have adopted, because we feel that such songs as "Floyd Collins," "Harry Bail," "Jack Haggerty," "Little Mary Phagan," "Nat Goodwin," and "Anson Best" were folk songs as soon as they were composed by someone close to the principals of the tragedies and accepted by those who sang them. A number of the older British and American folk songs which are represented in our collection, although they may have been created by a more or less skilled minstrel and, during a long period of oral transmission, sometimes subjected to the careless printing of broadside presses, have undergone unceasing changes. Old stanzas have been dropped, new ones added, rhymes altered, names of places and characters changed, and catastrophes transformed until there is barely enough of the original song left to identify it. Occasional variations in a song may have been conscious, others were unconscious; but all in all they amount to a re-creation of a song on the part of the people who sing it. Thus some folk songs are not so much individual creations as communal re-creations.

¹² *Folk-Song of Nebraska and the Central West, A Syllabus*, p. 5.

¹³ Both Pound and Barry appear to interpret "folk" as meaning "the common people," those characterized by Carl Sandburg as "We, the people." For further discussion of "folk" see Helen Sargent and G. L. Kittredge, *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, p. xii.

¹⁴ *Bulletin of the Folk-Song Society of the Northeast*, No. 10, p. 24.

A striking exception to marked variations in matter and form of a folk song or a ballad over a fairly long period of oral transmission is "Young Charlotte," known to have been composed over a hundred years ago by William Carter, of Vermont. This song, according to Phillips Barry, "appears to have passed into oral circulation as early as the year 1835.... Today it is current under the same conditions of transmission that govern all folk-song.... It is quite as communal as the best of the ancient British ballads. That it has become so widespread in its distribution is due largely to the wanderings of the nomadic Carter, himself, a modern representative of the old-time wandering minstrel."¹⁵ In the same article the author reminds us that communal re-creation is not a rapid process, nor a uniform one. But perhaps the fact that the events related in the song of "Springfield Mountain" are said to have taken place at Wilbraham, Massachusetts, in 1761,¹⁶ a date which gives the song a comparatively long period in which to acquire variations, is responsible for its widely different forms.

Since the Michigan collection contains many items generally classified as ballads by those who draw a distinction between them and other types of folk songs, a few definitions of ballads commonly accepted by present-day ballad scholars may be cited. One of those which are most frequently seen is Professor Kittredge's simple statement that "A ballad is a song that tells a story, or—to take the other point of view—a story told in song." Then he adds, more formally, that a ballad "may be defined as a short narrative poem, adapted for singing, simple in plot and metrical structure, divided into stanzas, and characterized by complete impersonality, so far as the author or singer is concerned."¹⁷ Barry defines a ballad as: "The record of action cast in poetical form: a folk-ballad consisting of text and melody is a ballad traditionally current among singing folk."¹⁸

Such differentiation as it seems possible to draw between the two types of folk songs chiefly represented by the present collection we feel was well stated by a great English folklorist, the late Cecil J. Sharp:

The distinction between the ballad and the song is more or less arbitrary, and is not easy to define with precision. Broadly speaking, however, the ballad is a narrative song, romantic in character, and above all, impersonal, that is to

¹⁵ P. Barry, "William Carter, the Bensontown Homer," *JAF*, XXV, 159.

¹⁶ See L. W. Payne, Jr., "Songs and Ballads—Grave and Gay," *PTFLS*, VI, 209-212.

¹⁷ Sargent and Kittredge, *op. cit.*, p. xi.

¹⁸ Barry, *op. cit.*, p. 164.

say, the singer is merely the narrator of events with which he personally has no connection, and for which he has no responsibility. The song on the other hand is a far more emotional and passionate utterance, and is usually the record of a personal experience—very frequently of an amatory nature.¹⁹

The late Professor Dorothy Scarborough of Columbia University, who contributed richly to the study of folk song in America, rationalizes the subject under discussion as follows:

It is not always easy to distinguish between ballads and folk songs. The ballad tells a story, yes, but so does a folk song often. The much mentioned test of impersonality does not always suffice, for frequently the ballad uses the first person to narrate an experience apparently associated with the speaker. The folk song dwells more on emotions than does the ballad, but the latter by no means omits them. Ballads are more likely to be tragic than humorous or merely sentimental as are the folk songs, but we have examples of ballad comedy as of tragic folk songs. So in this volume I rely on other authority than my own, and when Child or Sharp or some other recognized expert lists a specimen as a ballad, that it is for me; and what tradition has set up as a folk song, as distinguished from the ballad, that I accept.²⁰

Since Professor Child himself was not altogether consistent in determining what constituted a ballad²¹ and since other ballad scholars, collectors, and editors admit differences which lack distinction, we feel that we are justified in adopting the liberal attitude of Sharp and Scarborough. In keeping with this point of view we give in our notes to each song such evidence as we have found that it is or is not an importation; we have also learned that although, like the Child ballads and those of other collections, it may have been recorded in writing or printing at an earlier date, which our notes may indicate, it has survived by the lip-to-ear method for a time long enough to justify its being classed as a folk song.

For either individual or communal authorship we hold no brief. But from all the evidence which we have assembled from oral, printed, and written sources we are sure that "Jack Haggerty," "Harry Bail," "Sidney Allen," "Anson Best," "Little Mary Phagan," "Nat Goodwin," "Springfield Mountain," "Frozen Charlotte," the texts of "Floyd Collins," and several other songs were composed by individual authors. That these were acquired orally by our informants we have no cause to doubt. Thus our collection contains some evidence in support of the theory of the individual authorship

¹⁹ O. D. Campbell and C. J. Sharp, *English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians*, p. xi.

²⁰ *A Song Catcher in Southern Mountains*, p. 259.

²¹ For interesting discussions of this subject see Thelma G. James, "The English and Scottish Popular Ballads of Francis J. Child," *JAFL*, XLVI, 51-59; Louise Pound, *Poetic Origins and the Ballad*, pp. 146-147.

of folk songs, toward the general acceptance of which most present-day scholars incline.²²

While there is proof of individual composition, as we have indicated above, there is also evidence which points to improvisation in songs like "Roll the Old Chariot Along," where there is no coherent or logical thought. Informants have reported that this method is responsible for the nonsensical and widely varied character of "Billy Boy." One informant said that in her home town the majority of the older people were church members who would not permit their children to participate in dancing. Conceding, however, that young people must have recreation, they did not frown upon singing games, which could be played while the elders chatted in an adjoining room. The young people found it an easy transition from some of these games to a dance accompanied by singing. Since no thematic sequence was required, to make the dance last as long as possible one ingenious person after another would invent a line while the others joined in shouting the incremental repetition in each stanza. Similar improvisation in other songs used to accompany games and dances popular with loggers was reported by a Kalamazoo informant, whose business in the nineties had taken him to many lumber camps. He wrote that "It was sure sidesplitting to watch those bewhiskered six-footers skip about like happy children, acting out and singing at the top of their lungs words for such simple games as 'Happy Is the Miller,' which they remembered in part and improvised in part."

Although, as we have suggested above, many variations in folk songs and ballads are made consciously, it is doubtful whether these changes can be regularized or reduced to set formulae. Any student of ballads discovers that many American folk songs are slight or marked variants of British cousins. For example, "The Boston Burglar" is clearly a localized form of the British "Botany Bay." "The Waxford Girl" is derived from an English broadside, "The Wittam Miller"; "The Banks of the River Dee" or "On the Banks of the Old Pedee" is clearly an American form of an old English broadside song, "The Cruel Miller"; and "The Butcher Boy," of which the Michigan collection has seven forms, is an Americanized version of the English song, "A Brisk Young Sailor Courted Me." A ballad which Miss A. G. Gilchrist, a highly respected authority in English folk song, thinks to be a degraded relic of some old-time story or song of a swan maiden or an enchanted white doe is "Molly Baun."²³

²² For discussion see Pound, *op. cit.*, pp. 13-27; Sargent and Kittredge, *op. cit.*, p. xvii.

²³ For discussion and references see "The Fowler" ("The Shooting of His Dear"), *JFSS*, VII, 17-21.

Her charmed form has degenerated into a white apron, which leads to the girl's being shot by her lover when he mistakes the garment for a swan.

All ballad students agree that many variations arise from what Kaarle Krohn calls the "influence of forgetfulness."²⁴ Sometimes, he says, forgetting lines and stanzas may be only momentary, caused, perhaps, by the unexpected visit of a recorder. A few minutes later the informant recalls the omissions and inserts them wherever he happens to be in the song. The result may be as meaningless as are the misplaced lines for O and Q in "The Lumberman's Alphabet" or a garbled variant like "Lovely Willie's Sweetheart," both in the present collection. A verse or a stanza may be omitted completely during one recital and upon immediate repetition may be recalled and sung in the proper place. More differences appear in the various recitals of the same singer if these are separated by a considerable period. In Michigan this was especially true among the older singers when the texts were recorded one or more years before the tune was transcribed.

Kaarle Krohn found that forgetfulness is more marked when the records of an older singer are compared with those of a younger person who sings the same song, because the latter is singing in a period of the dying off of traditional songs. That was very clearly demonstrated in Michigan by Mrs. Maud Simpson, who could sing only mutilated fragments of pieces which as a child she had learned from her father. For details and a more coherent version than he could recall not infrequently he, in turn, had to consult his father, from whom he had acquired the songs and who in his advanced years still well remembered what he had learned in his youth.

The number of memory errors rises considerably if the song is not inherited in a direct line but passes over to a neighbor or reaches a stranger who happens to hear it only once. Miss Ruth Barnes could recall only "The black cat spit in the white cat's eye," a single line of "One Fine Day," which she had heard a neighbor sing a number of times. We secured the whole song from that neighbor, who remembered having heard it sung by a member of her family when she was a child. Those who recall only a fragment of a song may transmit that bit to other persons, whereby an increasingly greater scope is afforded to forgetfulness. And it is in this way that some songs degenerate into one or two striking or easily remembered stanzas, such as the Michigan fragments "Georgie" and "A Lover's Farewell," which are considered by the informants complete songs

²⁴ *Die folkloristische Arbeitsmethode* (Oslo, 1926), p. 59.

because such survivals are all of the original ballad which they have ever heard. Many ballads and songs, like version B of "Lady Isabel and the Elf Knight," survive only as one stanza or as unrelated fragments, although an informant may recall that there was more to the song and not infrequently is able to relate the whole story, as was Mrs. Sheldon that of "Lady Isabel and the Elf Knight."

According to Krohn, the most easily forgotten elements are introductions and descriptions, which have no great connection with a basic theme. Examples of the tendency to leave out such passages may be seen in the Michigan forms of "The Wexford Girl," "The Maid in Sorrow," "Who Is Tapping at My Bedroom Window?", and "Oxford City," the last of which omits stanzas 3, 4, and 6 of the less corrupt Vermont and New Brunswick versions.

Now and again the underlying idea is preserved while the expression varies greatly, as in the A and B versions of "The Green Beds." One excellent example of the kind of forgetfulness which results in the fusion of two ballads or songs is furnished in the present collection by "The Silver Dagger" and "The Drowsy Sleeper" (see p. 88); another, by "Farewell He" and "My Love Is on the Ocean." Very many fine songs such as "The Two Sisters" and "Lamkin" have deteriorated into dry skeletons of what they once were.

In case a singer experiences a lapse of memory at the end of a tragic romantic love ballad he may consciously or unconsciously close it with the familiar briar-rose motive found at the end of "Barbara Allen," "Lord Lovel," and "Sweet William and Lady Margaret," which are given in the present collection. In refrains all manner of improvisations and shifts may take place. The most interesting illustration of this in our collection is what was formerly an herbal refrain, which named herbs once considered of magical virtue in protecting their wearer or invoker against evil. According to Miss Lucy Broadwood, the refrain of "The Elfin Knight," which in some English versions is

Jennifer gentle and rosemary
As the dew flies over the mulberry tree,

becomes in a text of the same ballad in Sharp's *Southern Appalachian Songs*:

Jury flower gent the rose berry.²⁶

In Michigan what appears to be a decayed form of the same refrain has altogether deserted "The Elfin Knight" and taken up its home

²⁶ Cited by Miss A. G. Gilchrist, "A Note on the 'Herb' and Other Refrains of Certain British Ballads," *JFSS*, VIII, 237-247.

in another ballad, "The Farmer's Curst Wife," in which there is also a supernatural character, the devil, to be guarded against. Here the refrain has assumed the corrupt form:

Jack a fie gent to rosim Marie
As the dew blows over the green vallee.

Striking variations in titles, which may have been conscious or unconscious, are "The Cup of Cold Poison" for "Lord Randal"; "The Wealthy Merchant" for variants under the titles "Jackie Fraisure," "Jack Went A-Sailing," "Jack Munro," "The Wars of Germany," and "Jackaro." The Michigan song entitled "The Jealous Lover" appears elsewhere as "Poor Florella," "The Weeping Willow," "Pearl Bryan," "Florilla," "Emma," "Nellie," "Lena," "Aurilla," "Ella," "Abbie Summers," "Flora Ella," and "Dear Edward." The titles under which one of the Michigan songs passes are "The Banks of the River Dee," "The Banks of the Obadee," "On the Banks of the Old Pedee," "On the Banks of the Old T. B.," and "On the Banks of the Old Knee." If the memory of an informant fails him when he is asked for the name of a song, he may give the first line of the song, an old method of identifying all songs, or he may give the name of another song which comes to his mind, or possibly a name connected with some local situation or tragedy with which he is familiar and which is somewhat similar to that of the piece in question. An example of this is "Michigan-I-O," which is a local title of a Canadian song, "Canaday-I-O," and two cowboy songs, "The Buffalo Skinners" and "Hills of Mexico."

EDITORIAL USAGE IN THE PRESENT STUDY

We have arranged our collection in groups according to subject matter, but within each group we have given first place to what we consider ballads, the oldest ones first, and second place to songs of similar character in which the narrative and impersonal elements are not so prominent as they are in ballads. Although we realize that many songs and ballads might appropriately be included under any one of several groups, we have made the following headings: "Unhappy Love," "Happy Love," "War," "Occupations," "Disasters," "Crimes," "Religion," "Humor," and "Nursery."

As a general principle, unless the discussions and references in sources which are listed in the Bibliography and referred to in the notes have some special significance for our songs, we aim not to repeat them. But we do try to indicate recently published variants of our items and to present any new information which we have found concerning them.

On pages 477-483 we give a list of the titles of songs which we have collected but not reprinted, with the names of informants and some references to parallel versions. Many songs such as "The Baggage Coach Ahead," "The Gypsy's Warning," and temperance songs, which are survivals of the widespread temperance crusade of the seventies and eighties, are so markedly similar to those in numerous other regional collections as to suggest that all may have been derived from a recently printed and widely distributed source unknown to our singers, who learned the songs from hearing them sung. But it seems that their close similarity to forms in the easily available sources which we indicate makes it unnecessary for us to reprint the texts. Other songs in the list, such as "Colin and Lucy," are of so high a literary standard as to indicate that they are close to sources known to educated persons.

Certain types of songs which were orally transmitted to our informants are altogether excluded from our collection because they are generally taught in schools throughout the United States and are included in numerous current song books. Some examples of these are "Yankee Doodle," "America," "My Old Kentucky Home," "The Suwanee River," "John Brown," and many church hymns. Indian songs and Negro songs, except for a very few of the latter, are excluded because they are types which require special treatment. The folk songs of the Finnish, Swedish, Cornish, Dutch, German, and Polish people who have migrated to Michigan, the songs of the Great Lakes sailors and those of the French *voyageurs* have not been given a place because they were not known by our singers, and even if they had been known these songs would have had little or no influence on the native traditional Michigan folk song in the English tongue.

An editorial principle has been to respect diction, grammar, and expression and to record them just as they were transmitted by informants, with the exception of Mr. Laidlaw, or as they appear in manuscript texts, no matter how absurd the corruptions may be. For example, the Michigan text of "The Little Brown Bulls" contains the following expressions: "big spot of steers," "gourding," and "pips in his paw," instead of the more logical forms "big spotted steers," "girting," and "pipe in his jaw," found in Rickaby's text of the same song. In Michigan text No. 39 "mountain brow" was sung as "mountain bow." The title "The Seno Wreck," to judge from a comparative study and the fact that the disaster described in the text occurred on the C. and O. Railroad, should have been "The C. and O. Wreck." "Grecian's fair home" in "The Dying Cowboy," where it makes no sense, was evidently misheard for "Tom Sherman's bar-

room" of some western forms.²⁶ In the Michigan text of "The Girl I Left Behind" "Alasko" is evidently a misheard form for "Glasgow" of other texts, and the words "cruel treat" were heard for the "cruelty" of other versions. The senseless "streamlets dark acoople" of the Michigan "Jack Haggerty," text A, has replaced "the strong darts of Cupid." In the Michigan variant of "The Sherfield Apprentice" "I rolled around in pleasure" is substituted for "I rode in such pleasures" of the Cox version. In "Bold Dighton," Michigan A has "It being made night," where the Mackenzie version more sensibly has "midnight."

Even the shocking mutilations suffered by fine old ballads such as "Lord Randal" (see p. 35) and "The Two Sisters" are preserved in our versions of these songs. Maudlin corruptions like "The Rich Young Farmer," "A Seaman and His Love," and "Lovely Willie's Sweetheart" are recorded just as they were given to us. The very little that was unprintable is indicated by dashes; the obviously forgotten or the undecipherable, by dots. Except in the case of manuscript versions, which appear to have been recorded from oral singing or recitation, we have assumed the liberty of regularizing the text with respect to capitalization, punctuation, and arrangement of stanzas. Usually the misspelling is unchanged because it, too, is evidence of oral transmission. For example, the text of "The Silver Dagger" could scarcely have been copied from a song book with such results as "crule" for "cruel," "afare" for "affair," "Zian" for "Zion," "plesent" for "pleasant," "pearced" for "pierced." Such local titles as have been given to us (see Section II) we have used instead of the familiar ones in other collections because these variations, too, indicate that informants were not familiar with printed sources.

Although knowing well that the life of a song is no more in its words than in its melody, however much that may fluctuate, for a long time we recorded only the words of songs because we were unable to secure the services of a competent transcriber of tunes. A few who had done their best to record these as they were sung had been baffled by the usual vagaries of folk singers, whose habit it is to change pitch, time, and melody during the course of a song, as suits their fancy. They indulge in unfamiliar intervals, in unexpected, protracted rests, and in long holds. When words or phrases do not fit a tune they are singing, they often without pause recite a line or two, then perhaps switch to another tune. In the summer of 1936 Miss Gloryn Eichkern of Wayne University, a church organist in Detroit, was persuaded to transcribe as accurately as she could from

²⁶ See Louise Pound, *American Ballads and Songs*, p. 170.

the singing of informants a goodly number of tunes which at an earlier date had been sung for us. We much regret that by the time we were able to collect these melodies many of our informants either had lost their voices as the result of advanced age or had died.

Cecil Sharp, who collected the music for many traditional songs which he found in the Southern Appalachians pointed out that no one singer nor any two singers ever repeat the same piece in identically the same way. Consequently we realize that if we had begun recording tunes earlier, we should have had many more of them. As illustrations of the varied tunes to which a single ballad may be sung, we give several variants of the melodies of some old favorites like "The Farmer's Curst Wife" and of some later broadsides like "Who Is Tapping at My Bedroom Window?".

SUMMARY

In closing the study of our collection of songs and ballads we find that our conclusions are very similar to those drawn by Professor H. M. Belden concerning the Missouri collection.²⁷

(1) Our twenty-nine Child ballads are in the main simple ones of romantic tragedy or of a sentimental tone, although there are in addition to these one riddle ballad, one border ballad, and two humorous ballads.

(2) The ballads of our collection which in their British form contain supernatural elements tend to lose these in Michigan; a few simple superstitions such as a talking bird, three ghosts, and several prophetic dreams remain.

(3) Such ballad conventions as the testamentary instructions in "The Cup of Cold Poison"; the sequence of relatives and the incremental repetition in "The Golden Ball"; alliterative formulas illustrated by "royal robes," "wan water," "merry maidens," "merry men," "clay cold"; and stock epithets seen in "scarlet red," "ivory comb," "milk-white steed," "milk-white skin," persist here and there.

(4) The full ballad style, for example that of "Hind Horn," is fairly well preserved in twenty-two of the Child ballads represented; and a later ballad style is equally well kept in "Kate and the Cowhide," "The Dog and the Gun," "Johnny Sands," "William Reily's Courtship," "Johnny Troy," and several other texts.

(5) The subjects of the ballads not included under (4) above are largely those popular in broadsides or stall ballads of the last two centuries in England. A favorite theme in these pieces is that of a returned sailor or soldier lover, represented in Michigan by "The

²⁷ *JAFL*, XXV, 1-23.

Dark-Eyed Sailor," "The Soldier's Boy," "The Banks of Claudy," "The Green Beds," and "The Rich Young Farmer." Another popular theme of which there are many variations is that of a girl who, disguised as a man, follows her soldier or sailor lover. Examples are "The Handsome Cabin Boy," "The Maid in Sorrow," "Pretty Polly," "The Banks of Brandywine," "Lady Leroy," "The Weaver Is Handsome," and "William and Nancy."

(6) Some Michigan songs, originally ballads, have lost the distinct narrative element which characterizes a ballad and have tended to become lyrics of disappointed love. This process occasionally results in such fusions as "The Drowsy Sleeper" with "The Silver Dagger,"²⁸ "Fair Lady of London" with "The Death of Queen Jane,"²⁹ and "The Sweet Sunny South" with "The Rebel Soldier."³⁰

(7) A number of songs and ballads already indicated in Section II and sometimes designated as American have been adapted or derived from similar British ballads.

(8) By reason of their historical background and internal evidence, a goodly number of songs and ballads referred to in Section II show that they are of American origin. Moreover, pieces like "Floyd Collins," sung in Michigan along with many other older ballads and folk songs by a present-day citizen of Virginia, clearly demonstrate that both folk-song creation and folk-song transmission are not closed accounts. But such evidence as we have assembled shows that these processes are commoner in the South than in the North.

(9) As may be expected, there are more tragic than humorous folk songs of various sorts.

(10) More song ballads concerning wars in Europe are remembered than concerning those in America. Of the latter, except many sentimental songs associated with the Civil War, most of which are too frequently printed to be included in our collection, we have found only "James Bird," which seems to have had its origin in the War of 1812, and "The Texas Rangers," interpreted as an echo of the fight at the Alamo in 1838.

(11) We have found only a few old and interesting traditional religious pieces. The church hymns which are well known by most churchgoers are generally printed in hymnals, and, although some of them are of great age, have no value for our purpose.

²⁸ For a discussion of the fusion of these two ballads see No. 22 ("Who Is Tapping at My Bedroom Window?") and No. 23 of the present collection.

²⁹ See Michigan text No. 52 and A. K. Davis, *Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, pp. 419-420; 537-543.

³⁰ See Michigan text No. 97 and J. H. Cox, *Folk-Songs of the South*, pp. 279-280.

(12) The manuscript collections of songs very clearly bespeak their importance in preserving and distributing popular songs. In common with similar collections elsewhere, those which have been loaned to us are not the work of scholars, but rather, like the *Percy Folio*, the simple ballad and folk-song lover's method of preserving songs which made an appeal to him.

(13) Finally, it may be said that a study of the songs and ballads of the present collection not only indicates that they furnish some support for theories of origin and transmission discussed in Section II, but shows that they unmistakably reflect the historical background and the traditions of the people who have created and re-created them, and in this way throw an interesting sidelight on the history of the Southern Peninsula of Michigan.

E. E. G.

Ballads and Songs

UNHAPPY LOVE



POINT AUX BARQUES

I. Unhappy Love

I

LADY ISABEL AND THE ELF KNIGHT (Child, No. 4)

MICHIGAN A, except that it has an introductory stanza and that the elf knight has degenerated into a false knight, is very similar, as are many other versions, to Child F, which is reprinted from *The Roxburghe Ballads*, III, 449, dated by Ebsworth, the editor, about 1765. Michigan B is most like stanza 6 of Child E; Michigan C, like Child C and D. Davis, pp. 62-85, gives many references and twenty-eight variants under sixteen titles collected in Virginia. For further discussion, versions, and references see Marius Barbeau and Edward Sapir, *Folk Songs of French Canada* (New Haven, 1925), pp. 22-29; Barbour, *JAFL*, XLIX, 213-214; Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, pp. 14-34; Cox, pp. 3-17; Eddy, No. 1; Fauset, p. 109; Flanders and Brown, pp. 190-192; Greenleaf and Mansfield, pp. 3-6; Mackenzie, pp. 3-8; Sandburg, pp. 60-61; Scarborough, pp. 126-128; and Sharp, I, 5-13.

Version A was obtained in 1912 from Miss Frances Payette, a student in Michigan State Normal College, Ypsilanti. She learned the song from her mother; Mrs. Payette had heard it sung before 1862 by an English uncle, Mr. John Knowles, who lived near Bay City, Michigan. Reprinted from Gardner, *JAFL*, XXVII, 90-91.

A

- 1 There lived a false knight in London did dwell,
Who courted a lady fair;
And all that he wanted of this pretty maid
Was to take her life away.
- 2 "Go get part of your father's gold
And part of your mother's fee,
And we will go to some strange country,
Where married we shall be."
- 3 She went and got part of her father's gold
And part of her mother's fee;
O she went, O she went to her father's stable-door,
Where the horses stood fifty by three.
- 4 She mounted a milk-white steed,
And he on an iron gray;

O they rode, O they rode to some deep water's side,
Four hours before it was day.

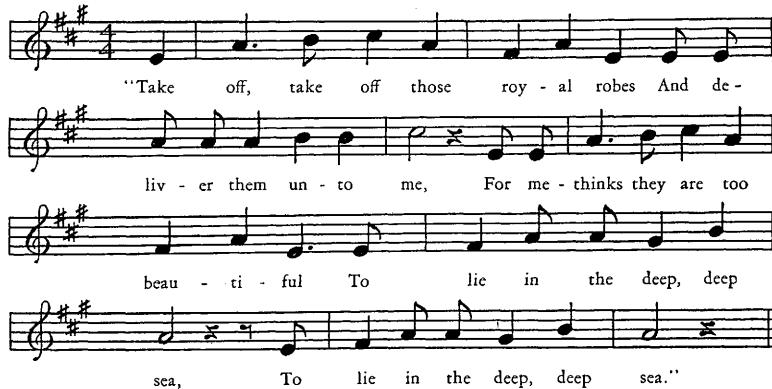
- 5 "Light off, light off, my pretty fair maid,
Light off, light off!" said he.
"For here I've drowned six ladies gay,
And the seventh one you shall be."
- 6 "O stoop and bend these briars down
That grow so near the brim,
So they won't entangle my curly locks,
Or tear my milk-white skin."
- 7 He stooped to bend those briars down
That grew so near the brim;
This maiden she ran with all her might
And plunged the false knight in.
- 8 "Swim on, swim on, ye cruel false knight,
Swim on, swim on!" said she,
"For here you drowned six ladies gay,
But the seventh has drowned thee."
- 9 She mounted on the milk-white steed,
And she led the iron gray;
O she rode, O she rode to her father's stable-door
Two hours before it was day.
- 10 The old man he being sick in bed
And hearing what the parrot did say,
"O what are you prattling, my pretty parrot,
So long before it is day?"
- 11 "O hold your tongue, my pretty parrot,
And tell no tales on me;
Your cage shall be made of the best iron and gold
And hung in the old oak tree."

Unhappy Love

31

B

Sung in 1935 by Mrs. Clara Sheldon, Alger, who was born near Paw Paw, Michigan. She learned the song from her mother, who came to Michigan in 1860 from near Port Dover, Canada. Mrs. Sheldon related the story, but could sing only one stanza.



Take off, take off those royal robes And de-
liv - er them un - to me, For me - thinks they are too
beau - ti - ful To lie in the deep, deep
sea, To lie in the deep, deep sea."

C

Sung by Mr. Charles Atwood, Greenville, in 1937. Mr. Atwood was born near Munith, Michigan, 1869, of English, Scotch, and German ancestry. He remembered hearing this song in his childhood, but could sing only a fragment.

THE TWO SISTERS

(The Twa Sisters, Child, No. 10)

CHILD (I, 118-141) has twenty-one versions of this old ballad, none of which has lines very much like those in stanzas 4 and 8 and the refrain of Michigan A. The refrain most similar is in a version in Child's additions and corrections (IV, 448); no similar one has been noted in American texts. Version B appears to be a very defective and corrupt form of this old ballad. It is an excellent illustration of what may happen to a fine ballad during a long course of transmission. For additional versions, references, and discussion see Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, pp. 40-46; *Bulletin*, VI, 5-6; IX, 4-6; X, 10-11; and XI, 16-18; Cox, pp. 20-22; Davis, pp. 93-104; Greenleaf and Mansfield, p. 9; Henry, *JAFL*, XLV, 1-8; Kittredge, *JAFL*, XXX, 286-289; Scarborough, pp. 164-165; Sharp, I, 26-35; Stout, pp. 1-2; Archer Taylor, "English, Scottish, and American Versions of the 'Twa Sisters,'" *JAFL*, XLII, 238-246; and Thomas, pp. 70-73.

Version A was sung by Mrs. Charles Muchler, Kalkaska, 1934.

Once there lived two sisters fair,
Viola and Vinola;
A young man came a-court- ing both,
Down by the waters roll- ing.

A

- 1 Once there lived two sisters fair,
Viola and Vinola;
A young man came a-court- ing both,
Down by the waters roll- ing.
- 2 The eldest he loved most dearly,
But the youngest he intended for his bride.
- 3 The eldest he bought a fine gold chain;
The youngest he bought a guinea gold ring.

- 4 These two sisters went out for a walk;
Of the young man they did talk.
- 5 They wandered down to the river bank;
The elder pushed the younger in.
- 6 "Sister, sister, take my hand,
And you can have the young man and all of his command."
- 7 She floated down to the miller's brook;
The miller caught her with a hook.
- 8 They hanged the miller on a tree,
But the cruel sister she went free.

B

Recorded in 1931 by Mrs. Lillian Ammerman, Detroit, from the singing of her mother, who had learned the song about thirty years earlier, when she was teaching in Nebraska.

Pe - ter and I went down the lane, Down the lane, down the lane;
Pe - ter and I went down the lane, And sis - ter came be - hind.

- 1 Peter and I went down the lane,
Down the lane, down the lane;
Peter and I went down the lane,
And sister came behind.
- 2 Both of us sisters loved him well,
As only I can tell.
- 3 Peter could love but one of us then,
So sister must go away.
- 4 Sister was bending over the well,
When splash, splash, in she fell.

Ballads and Songs of Michigan

- 5 Sister did scream with all her might,
But I did not help her plight.
- 6 Out of the well they dragged her then,
And laid her on the lawn.
- 7 In the black hearse we carried her then,
And buried her on the hill.
- 8 Peter and I were wed one day,
And oh, what people did say!
- 9 Sorrow and pain were in my heart,
Sharp as an arrow could be.
- 10 Peter then left for foreign parts,
And I'll die of a broken heart.

THE CUP OF COLD POISON

(Lord Randal, Child, No. 12)

THIS ballad, perhaps because it has been perpetuated more by oral transmission than by writing, has an amazing range of titles, but no other version has been reported under the local name of the Michigan text. Child gives nineteen versions and calls attention to the very wide distribution of the ballad in German, Dutch, Swedish, Danish, Magyar, and Wendish. Barry, p. 46, refers to "this ballad, one of the most widely known in American tradition, as one which offers a field for study to show the relative rates of traditional change, as affecting text and melody." Therefore he urges that every text, including fragments, and every tune be recorded. Most of the versions recorded in America represent the hero as poisoned by food, often by "eels fried in butter." Child H came indirectly from the oral recitation of a girl in Ireland about 1868 and has many points in common with the Michigan form. For an extended study of "Lord Randal" in Europe and the United States see Child, I, 151-166. See also Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, pp. 46-72; Harold Gibson Brown, "Lord Randall," *JAFL*, XLIV, 302; Cox, pp. 23-28; Davis, pp. 105-119; Eddy, No. 2; Flanders and Brown, pp. 197-198; Scarborough, pp. 178-180; Sharp, I, 38-45; and Archer Taylor, "A Contamination in Lord Randal," *Modern Philology*, XXIX, 105-107.

The present version was obtained in 1931 by Miss Ruth Barnes, Ypsilanti, from the singing of Mr. Roland O. Bell, Sherwood, Michigan, who as a child learned the song from his mother, Mrs. Emma Spellman, of English and Holland-Dutch stock.

- 1 "Where have you been rambling, my own darling son?
Where have you been rambling, my own darling John?"
"O'er the hills and the valleys, mother; make my bed down,
For I'm sick to my heart, and I long to lie down."
- 2 "What have you been drinking, my own darling son?
What have you been drinking, my own darling one?"
"A cup of cold poison, mother; make my bed down,
For I'm sick to my heart, and I long to lie down."
- 3 "What'll you will to your mother, my own darling son?
What'll you will to your mother, my own darling one?"
"My house and my farm, mother; make my bed down,
For I'm sick to my heart, and I long to lie down."
- 4 "What'll you will to your father, my own darling son?
What'll you will to your father, my own darling one?"
"My horse and my saddle, mother; make my bed down,
For I'm sick to my heart, and I long to lie down."

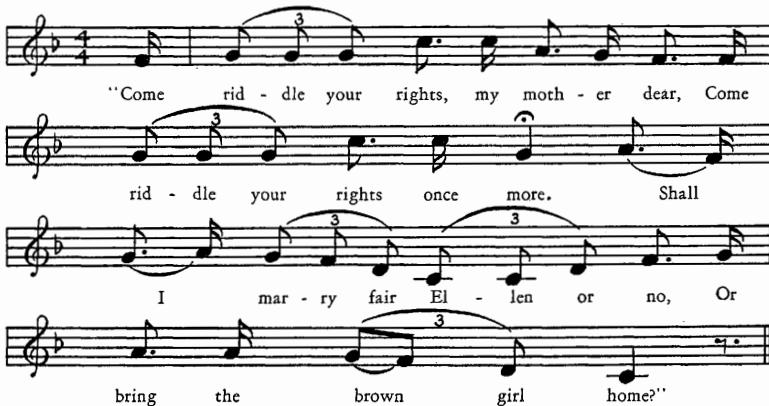
- 5 "What'll you will to your children, my own darling son?
What'll you will to your children, my own darling one?"
"This wide world to ramble, mother; make my bed down,
For I'm sick to my heart, and I long to lie down."
- 6 "What'll you will to your wife, my own darling son?
What'll you will to your wife, my own darling one?"
"The great keys of hell, mother; make my bed down,
For I'm sick to my heart, and I long to lie down."

LORD THOMAS

(Lord Thomas and Fair Annet, Child, No. 73)

THE Michigan texts are most closely related to group D of Child's texts. Child D was taken from Percy, who obtained it from the Pepys collection, in which it was described as a broadside. In the Michigan texts, however, the brown girl does not put the knife "Betwixt the short ribs and the long," as in Child D. No lines similar to the fragmentary stanza seven of Michigan B, where the groom not only shows his preference for the blonde but adds insult to injury by seating her at his right, have been noted. For texts and references see Cox, pp. 45-64. See also Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, pp. 128-134; Davis, pp. 191-220; Eddy, No. 7; Fuson, pp. 49-51; Henry, *JAFL*, XLII, 262-265; Mackenzie, pp. 20-24; Scarborough, pp. 105-114; Sharp, I, 115-131; Smith, pp. 109-120; Stout, pp. 5-7; and Thomas, pp. 88-90.

Version A was sung, in 1936, by Mrs. Joseph J. Beeman, Detroit, who learned the song from her mother, Mrs. Wm. Waldron, Amherstburg, Ontario. Mrs. Waldron's maiden name was Cornwall; she was born in Colchester, Ontario, of English and French parentage.



“Come rid - dle your rights, my moth - er dear, Come
 rid - dle your rights once more. Shall
 I mar - ry fair El - len or no, Or
 bring the brown girl home?”

A

- 1 “Come riddle your rights, my mother dear,
 Come riddle your rights once more.
 Shall I marry fair Ellen or no,
 Or bring the brown girl home?”
- 2 “The brown girl she has houses and lands;
 Fair Ellen she has none;
 Therefore I charge you with my blessing
 Go bring the brown girl home.”

- 3 He rode till he came to fair Ellen's gate
And jingled loud at the ring,
And who was there but fair Ellen herself
To let Lord Thomas in?
- 4 "What news? What news?" fair Ellen said,
"What news have you brought to me?"
"I've come to invite you to my wedding,
Most miserable news for thee."
- 5 "O God forbid," fair Ellen said,
"That such a thing should be;
I thought to be the bride myself,
And thou shouldst be the groom."
- 6 "Come riddle my riddle, dear mother," she said;
"Come riddle it all for me.
Shall I go to Lord Thomas's wedding,
Or shall I stay at home?"
- 7 "O to Lord Thomas's wedding don't go;
To Lord Thomas's wedding don't go.
As many as are your friends, dear daughter,
There's more will be your foes."
- 8 "To Lord Thomas's wedding I'll go,
To Lord Thomas's wedding I'll go;
If it costs my heart's blood, body and all,
To Lord Thomas's wedding I'll go."
- 9 She rode till she came to Lord Thomas's gate;
She jingled loud at the ring,
And none so eager as Lord Thomas himself
To rise and let her in.
- 10 He took her by her lily-white hand;
He led her across the hall,
Placed her at the head of the table
Among the gentry and all.
- 11 "Is this your bride?" fair Ellen said,
"She's looking very brown,
When you might have had as fair a young bride
As e'er the sun shone on."

12 The brown girl having in her hand
 A knife both long and sharp
 Plunged it into fair Ellen's breast
 And entered it deep in her heart.

13 "O are you blind?" fair Ellen cried.
 "Or can you not well see?
 O don't you see my own heart's blood
 Go trickling down to my knee?"

14 He took the brown girl by the hand
 And led her across the hall,
 Took down his sword and cut off her head
 And kicked it against the wall.

15 "O dig my grave," Lord Thomas he said,
 "Dig it both wide and deep,
 And lay fair Ellen in my arms
 And the brown girl at my feet."

16 He points the handle towards the wall
 The sharp end towards his breast,
 Saying, "Here's the end of three true lovers;
 God send their souls to rest."

B

Sung by Mrs. Belle Nugent Loughlin, near Grattan, in 1935. Mrs. Loughlin, who was seventy-six years old in 1935, learned the song from men who worked for her father at Grattan about 1878.

A text of twelve stanzas somewhat similar to A except for the markedly different stanza one and the two lines of the fragmentary stanza seven.

He dressed him - self in scar - let red And
 trimmed his waist in green, And ev - er - y town that
 he rode through They took him to be king.

7 He placed fair Eleanor by his right,
 And the brown girl at his left.

SWEET WILLIAM AND LADY MARGARET

(Fair Margaret and Sweet William, Child, No. 74)

THIS widely disseminated ballad is quoted in Act II, Scene 8, and in Act III, Scene 5, of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle* (1610). The Michigan version is a marked composite, containing many details which occur only in variants from localities widely removed from one another. In general it is most similar to Child B, although it has something in common with A and C. For additional forms and discussion see Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, pp. 134-139; Cox, pp. 65-77; Davis, pp. 221-239; Eddy, No. 8; Flanders and Brown, pp. 213-214; Mackenzie, pp. 25-26; Scarborough, pp. 103-105; and Sharp, I, 132-145.

The present version was sung in 1934 by Mr. Otis Evilsizer, Alger.

O 'twas on one merry May morn - ing Sweet
 Wil - liam a - rose all dressed in blue. "O it's
 tell me that long, long love That's be -
 tween La - dy Mar - g'ret and you."

- 1 O 'twas on one merry May morning
 Sweet William arose all dressed in blue.
 "O it's tell me that long, long love
 That's between Lady Marg'ret and you."
- 2 "O I know no harm of her," says he,
 "And I hope that she knows none of me,
 For tomorrow morning by eight o'clock
 Lady Marg'ret my bride shall be."
- 3 As she was standing in her hall,
 A-combing back her hair,
 It was there that she spied Sweet William and his bride,
 As to the churchyard they drew nigh.

4 O it's down she threw her ivory comb,
And with silk she tied up her hair;
And out of the hall this fair damsel went
And nevermore was seen there.

5 As the day was gone and the night came on,
.
Lady Marg'ret's ghost appeared alone
A-standing at Willie's bed feet.

6 "O it's how do you like your bed?" said she,
"And it's how do you like your sheet?
And it's how do you like that gay lady
That lies in your arms asleep?"

7 "O it's well do I like my bed," said he,
"And it's well do I like my sheet;
But the best of all is that gay lady
That stands at my bed feet."

8 When the night was gone and day came on,
.
Sweet William he said he was troubled in his head
From a dream that he had last night.

9 "Such dreams, such dreams, I fear they are not good,
For I dreamed that my hall was all full of wild swine,
And my bride's bed was swimming in blood."
.

10 "Go call up your merry maidens all,
By one, by two, by three;
And last of all bring my own dear bride,
That Lady Marg'ret we may go and see.

11 "O is she in her own bowery?
Or is she in her hall?
Or is she in her own bay coach
With her merry maidens all?"

12 "O she's not in her own bowery,
Nor is she in her hall;

But she is in her own coffin
Lying out against the wall."

13 "Take down those sheets, those sheets," cried he,
"Made out of your silk so fine,
That I may kiss those clay-cold lips,
For oftentimes they've kissed mine."

14 "Take down those sheets, those sheets," he cried,
"Made of your Holland so fine,
For today they are over Lady Marg'ret's corpse,
And tomorrow they'll be over mine."

15 Lady Marg'ret she died as it might be today;
Sweet William he died as tomorrow.
Lady Marg'ret she died of a pure, pure love;
Sweet William he died of sorrow.

16 Lady Marg'ret was buried under a rose
Sweet William in under a willow;
And they both grew tall, and they both grew together,
And they tied in a true lover's knot.

LORD LOVEL

(Child, No. 75)

THE Michigan texts most closely resemble Child H, a London broadside of 1846 in Dixon, pp. 78-80. They are very similar to "Lord Lovel and Nancy Bell," *Everybody's Songster*, pp. 52-54, reprinted by Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, pp. 144-145. This ballad has been so often printed in American songbooks and broadsides that the versions vary only slightly. For additional texts, notes, and references see Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, pp. 139-149; *Bulletin*, I, 4-5; Cox, pp. 78-82; Davis, pp. 240-259; Eddy, No. 10; Flanders and Brown, pp. 215-216; Gardner, pp. 203-204; Scarborough, *On the Trail of Negro Folk-Songs*, pp. 55-56; Scarborough, pp. 98-103; Sharp, I, 146-149; and Smith, pp. 121-124.

Version A was sung in 1934 by Mrs. Charles Muchler, Kalkaska, who learned the song when she was a child.

Lord Lov - el stood at his cas - tle gate Combing his milk-white
steed, When up came La - dy Nan - cy Belle Wish - ing her lov - er good
speed, good speed, Wish - ing her lov - er good speed.

A

- 1 Lord Lovel stood at his castle gate
Combing his milk-white steed,
When up came Lady Nancy Belle
Wishing her lover good speed, good speed,
Wishing her lover good speed.
- 2 "Where are you going, Lord Lovel?" she said,
"Where are you going?" said she.
"I am going, my Lady Nancy Belle,
Strange countries for to see, see, see,
Strange countries for to see."
- 3 "When will you be back, Lord Lovel?" she said,
"When will you be back?" said she.
"In a year or two or three at most

I'll return to my Lady Nancy, Nancy,
I'll return to you, Lady Nancy."

- 4 He had not been gone but a year and a day,
Strange countries for to see,
When a languishing thought came into his head
Lady Nancy Belle he'd go see, go see,
Lady Nancy Belle he'd go see.
- 5 He rode and he rode on his milk-white steed
Till he came to London town,
And there he heard St. Patrick's bell ring
And the people all mourning around, around,
And the people all mourning around.
- 6 "O what is the matter?" Lord Lovel he said,
"O what is the matter?" said he.
"A lord's lady is dead," an old woman said,
"And some call her Lady Nancy, Nancy,
And some call her Lady Nancy."
- 7 He ordered the grave to be opened wide,
The shroud to be turned down,
And there he kissed her clay-cold lips
Till the tears came twinkling down, down, down,
Till the tears came twinkling down.
- 8 Lady Nancy she died as it might be today;
Lord Lovel he died as tomorrow.
Lady Nancy she died out of pure, pure grief;
Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow, sorrow, sorrow,
Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow.
- 9 Lady Nancy was laid in the cold churchyard,
Lord Lovel was laid in the choir;
And out of her bosom there grew a red rose,
And out of Lord Lovel's a briar, briar, briar,
And out of Lord Lovel's a briar.
- 10 They grew and they grew to the church steeple top,
And there they could grow no higher;
So there they entwined in a true lover's knot,
For all true lovers to admire, admire, admire,
For all true lovers to admire.

B

Obtained in 1930 by Miss Ruth Barnes, Ypsilanti, from Miss Muriel Barr, who had learned the song from her grandmother, Mrs. Gutina Ryan, Munith, Michigan. Mrs. Ryan's brother-in-law, Mr. John Ryan, an Irish tailor, often sang this ballad as he worked.

A good text of nine stanzas.

C

Sung in 1934 by Mr. Chauncey Leach, Kalkaska, who learned the song from his sister-in-law, Mrs. Sarah Leach, about 1895, in Isabella County, Michigan.

A good text of nine stanzas.

LORD VALLEY

(Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard, Child, No. 81)

THIS ballad was printed in broadside form early in the seventeenth century. The Michigan text differs considerably from any single Child version, but seems to be a fairly complete whole in itself. For other texts and a discussion of the ballad see Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, pp. 150-194; *Bulletin*, III, 6-8; IV, 12-13; and VI, 8-10; Cox, pp. 94-95; Davis, pp. 289-301; Eddy, No. 10a; Fuson, pp. 52-55; Mackenzie, pp. 27-34; Scarborough, pp. 143-149; Sharp, I, 161-182; and Smith, pp. 125-128. Only in the Eddy text of the American versions are there stanzas similar to the last two of the Michigan form.

The present version was sung in 1934 by Mr. Charles Muchler, Kalkaska, who learned the song when he was a young man working in a lumber camp in Pennsylvania.

The first came in was the scar - let red; The
 next came in was the blue; And the
 ver - y next one was Lord Val - ley's wife, The
 flow - er a - mongst the crew.

- 1 The first came in was the scarlet red;
 The next came in was the blue;
 And the very next one was Lord Valley's wife,
 The flower amongst the crew.
- 2 She cast her eyes on little Ned Grove,
 To him these words did say,
 "If it causes my life and it causes my death,
 This night with me you must stay."
- 3 "To stay with you, my pretty fair one,
 How darest I upon my life?
 For by the rings upon your fingers
 You are Lord Valley's wife."

- 4 "What if I am Lord Valley's wife?
The Lord is not at home,
He's gone to the north part of Scotland tonight,
And I must lie alone."
- 5 Little McGrew stood by their side,
These words he heard them say.
"If it cause my life and cause my death,
My master shall know what they say."
- 6 And little McGrew took to his heels,
Took to his heels, and he ran
Until he came to the wide waters;
He jumped in and he swam.
- 7 And when he reached the other side,
He wrang his clothes and he ran
Until he came to King Henry's door.
He rapped so loud that it rang.
- 8 And when he reached King Henry's door,
He tingled so loud at the ring
There were none so willing as Lord Valley himself
To arise and let young McGrew in.
- 9 "O young McGrew, what brings you here?
O what are the tidings you've brought?
Are some of my castle walls torn down,
Or some of my victories won?"
- 10 "There are none of your castle walls torn down,
There is none of your victories won;
But little Ned Grove is at home with your wife,
The like before never was known."
- 11 "Now if this be a lie you are telling to me,
Which I suppose it to be,
A scaffold I'll build in fair Scotland
And hanged you shall be."
- 12 "Now if this be a lie I am telling to thee,
Which you all suppose it to be,
Don't go to the trouble of building a scaffold,
But hang me upon a tree."

13 Lord Valley called his merry men round,
By one, by two, and three;
And then they set sail
This pretty young couple to see.

14 One of Lord Valley's bugle men
Who wished Ned Grove no ill
• • • • •
He blew the bugle horn loud and shrill.

15 "Hark, hark, my pretty fair one,
Are the cocks not crowing for day?
And while I'm in bed with another man's wife
I'd better be jogging away."

16 "Lie still, lie still, my little Ned Grove,
And keep me from the cold.
'Tis only my father's shepherd lad
Herding his flocks at the fold."

17 Long and sweet they conversed that night,
And at last they both fell asleep.
And when they awoke it was broad daylight;
Lord Valley he stood at their feet.

18 "O how do you like my blankets, sir?
O how do you like my sheets?
And how do you like my fair false wife
Who lays in your arms asleep?"

19 "Right well do I like your blankets, sir,
Right well do I like your sheets;
But better I love this fair young one
That lies in my arms asleep."

20 "Now rise, young man, arise," says he,
"Arise and put your clothes on
That it ne'er can be said in fair Scotland
I slain a naked man."

21 "To arise, Lord Valley, I dar'st not do,
I dar'st not upon my life,

For there in your belt are two glittering swords,
And I have nary a knife."

22 " 'Tis true in my belt I've two glittering swords,
They cost deep in my purse;
But you can have the very best one,
And I will keep the worst.

23 "And you may strike the very first blow,
And strike it like a man;
And I will strike the second one,
And I'll kill you if I can."

24 Little Ned Grove struck the first blow;
He wounded Lord Valley sore.
Lord Valley struck the second one
And brought little Ned dead to the floor.

25 "Now arise, young woman, arise," saith he,
"And get on your bended knees
And swear to God which you love best,
This little Ned Grove or me."

26 "Now my Lord Valley he stands at my feet,
All wounded and in his gore;
I ne'er could shed one tear for him,
For I love little Ned all the more."

27 He grasped her round her middle so sweet,
He kissed her two and three;
And in his right hand he grasped his sword
And pierced her fair body.

28 "Now I've just killed as fine a young gentleman
As e'er old Scotland could afford,
And just as fair a false young woman
As e'er the sun shone on.

29 "Now curse be on you merry men
Whom here all round me stand
To see me in such agony;
I die by my own hand."

BARBARA ALLEN

(Bonny Barbara Allan, Child, No. 84)

CHILD cites Chappell as saying that this ballad first appeared in print in Ramsay's *Miscellany* in 1740. It is mentioned in an entry in Pepys' *Diary*, January 2, 1666. It was referred to by Goldsmith, with the title "Cruelty of Barbara Allen," in his third essay, 1765, p. 14, and was included in Bishop Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, III (1765), 125; II (1846), 122-124. (The former reference may be readily found by consulting *Essays of Oliver Goldsmith*, II, 16, in the edition published by the Bibliophile Society of Boston in 1928.) Child (II, 276-279) gives only three versions, but Michigan A has the shift in narration from first to third person that is in Child B, and the general outlines of the tragedy are somewhat similar. For texts, references, and comments see Allsopp, II, 212-213; Barbour, *JAFL*, XLIX, 207-209; Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, pp. 195-200; *Bulletin*, X, 23-24; Davis (thirty-six versions), pp. 302-345; Eddy, No. 11; Faustet, pp. 113-115; Greenleaf and Mansfield, pp. 26-27; *JIFSS*, II, 45; Kittredge, *JAFL*, XX, 256-257; XXX, 317; Mackenzie, pp. 35-40; Scarborough, pp. 83-97; Sharp, I, 183-195; Shoemaker, pp. 127-130; Stout, pp. 8-10; and Thomas, pp. 94-95.

Version A was sung in 1935 by Mrs. David Collom, Grindstone City, who learned the song about sixty years earlier from her mother, at Howick, Ontario, Canada; the latter had heard it sung by her mother.

A

- 1 In Scotland I was bred and born,
In London was my dwelling;
I courted there a pretty girl,
And her name was Barbara Allen.
- 2 I courted her some months and years,
And the time had come to win her.
She often vowed and did declare
No man on earth should have her.
- 3 'Twas in the springtime of the year
When all fair flowers were blooming,
That Squire Grey a-dying lay
For the love of Barbara Allen.
- 4 He sent his servant unto her house,
The house of Barbara Allen:
"My master wants to have you come
If your name is Barbara Allen."

- 5 Slowly she arose, put on her clothes,
How long she was a-going;
She was one long, long summer day
And just one mile a-going.
- 6 As she was walking up the steps,
She said, "Young man, you're dying."
"Dying, dying, O yes," he said,
"For the love of Barbara Allen."
- 7 "O don't you mind, young man," she said,
"When the red wine you were filling,
You drank the healths all round the room,
But you slighted Barbara Allen?
And the better for me you never shall be,
Though your heart's blood were a-spilling."
- 8 "Look down, look down, by my bedside,
And there you will find a basin,
A basin filled with my heart's blood
That I shed for Barbara Allen."
- 9 He turned his face unto the wall,
For death was with him dealing,
"Adieu, kind friends and kindred all,
Be kind to Barbara Allen."
- 10 As she was walking down the steps,
She heard the bells a-tolling;
And every bell, it seemed to say
"Hard-hearted Barbara Allen."
- 11 As she was walking out one day,
She met a funeral coming:
"Lay down, lay down this corpse of clay,
That I may gaze upon him."
- 12 She gazed upon this corpse of clay
Till her heart would break of sorrow,
Saying, "My true love died for me today,
I'll die for him tomorrow."

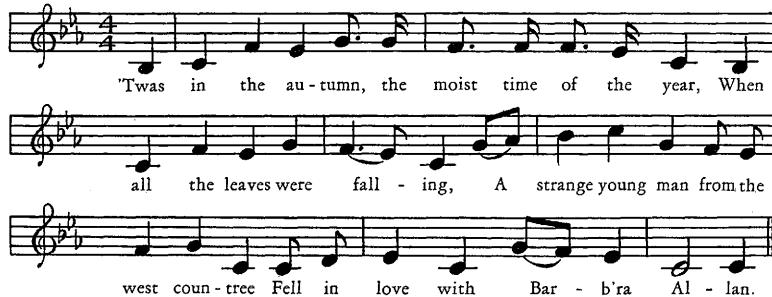
13 So one was laid in the churchyard,
 The other in the choir;
 And out of one grave grew a red rose,
 The other grew sweet briar.

14 They grew and they grew to the church spire top
 Till they could grow no higher;
 And there entwined in a lovers' knot,
 The red rose and sweet briar.

B

Sung in 1935 by Mrs. Allan McClellan, near Bad Axe; she had learned the song when she was about fifteen years old.

A good text of eleven stanzas.



C

Sung in 1930 by Mrs. Charles Cleary, Ypsilanti, who said that she had always known the song and had contributed her version to *Heart Songs*, edited by J. M. Chapple, Boston, 1909.

A fairly complete version of six stanzas.

A LOVER'S FAREWELL

(Lady Alice, Child, No. 85)

THIS text is a fragment very similar to other American fragments of a fine old ballad represented in Child (II, 279-280) by two versions which bear some slight resemblance to the Michigan form. Although there is only a hint of similarity between the Michigan text and the forms printed by Child, many versions of "Lady Alice" ("Giles Collins") contain one stanza almost identical with stanza 1 of the Michigan version. See Cox, No. 17, C and D; Davis, No. 25, C, D, E, F, and G; Hudson, *JAFL*, XXXIX, 104 and 148-149; Sharp, No. 25, A, B, and C, and No. 114; and Smith, pp. 142-143. Stanza 2 of the Michigan text is similar to Campbell and Sharp, pp. 286-287; Henry, *JAFL*, XLV, 77-78; and Kittredge, *JAFL*, XXX, 340, text I. For additional references see sources just mentioned and Henry, pp. 175-176; Kittredge, *JAFL*, XXX, 317-318; and Scarborough, pp. 117-122.

The present version was sung in 1931 by Miss Mabel Tuggle, Detroit, who had learned the song ten years earlier, during her childhood in Concord Depot, Virginia.

- 1 O see that pure and snow-white dove
That sits in yonder pine;
He's mourning for his own true love.
Why can't I mourn for mine?
- 2 Go dig my grave; go dig it deep;
Place a marble stone at my head and feet;
And on my breast a lily-white dove
To show to the world I died for love.

10

THE HOUSE CARPENTER

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

THE Michigan texts are most similar to Child B, although there are stanzas in the Child text which are replaced by others in the Michigan forms. (See Child, IV, 360-369.) For texts and references, with a discussion of the song, see Cox, pp. 139-149, and Davis, pp. 439-478. See also Barbour, *JAF*, XLIX, 209-211; Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, pp. 304-310; *Bulletin*, VII, 11; Eddy, No. 16; Greig, pp. 196-197; Hudson, pp. 19-21; Sandburg, pp. 66-67; Scarborough, pp. 150-159; Sharp, I, 244-258; Smith, pp. 151-155; Stout, pp. 11-13; and Thomas, pp. 172-173. None of these texts has lines similar to stanza 7 of Michigan C, with its premonition of disaster, which is perhaps a slight remnant of superstition.

Version A was sung in 1935 by Mrs. Allan McClellan, near Bad Axe.

"We have met, we have met once more, my love, We have
met once more," said he. "I have just re-turned from the
salt, salt sea, And it's all for the sake of thee."

A

- 1 "We have met, we have met once more, my love,
We have met once more," said he.
"I have just returned from the salt, salt sea,
And it's all for the sake of thee."
- 2 "All for your sake I've refused golden store,
And houses of high degree.
O the king's only daughter dear
With me she did comply."
- 3 "If you could have married the king's daughter,
Young man, I think you are to blame,
For I'm married to the house carpenter,
And I think him a fine young man."

- 4 "O can't you leave your house carpenter
And come along with me?
I'll take you where the grass grows green
On the banks of the sweet Lacolee."
- 5 "Have you got gold, or have you got store,
Or have you ships at sea?
Or what have you got to maintain me upon
And keep me from slavery?"
- 6 "Yes, I have gold and I have store,
And I have ships at sea
With a hundred and twenty gallant sailor boys,
And they will wait on me."
- 7 She went unto her darling little babes
And kissed them one, two, and three,
Saying, "Stay you on with your papa dear
And keep him company."
- 8 She dressed herself in silks and satins,
And velvet of the best;
And as she walked down the street,
She shone like glittering gold.
- 9 She had not been on the sea two weeks,
I am sure it was not three,
Before she began to weep and to sigh,
Weeping most bitterly.
- 10 "O is it for my gold you weep,
Or is it for my store?
Or is it for your two pretty babes
You never shall see any more?"
- 11 "It is not for your gold I weep,
Nor is it for your store.
It's all for my two pretty babes
I never shall see any more."
- 12 She had not been on the sea three weeks,
I am sure it was not four;
Before the *Albion* began for to sink,
And she sank to rise no more.

13 Her sisters cursed the seafaring men,
 And cursed be the seaman's life,
 For the robbing of the house carpenter,
 And the taking away of his wife.

B

Sung in 1935 by Mr. Otis Evilsizer, Alger.

"Well met, well met, my pret - ty fair maid, Well met, well met," cried
 he, "For I have crossed the sal - ty, sal - ty sea, And 'twas
 all for the love of thee. For I have crossed the
 sal - ty, sal - ty sea, And 'twas all for the love of thee."

1 "Well met, well met, my pretty fair maid,
 Well met, well met," cried he,
 "For I have crossed the salty, salty sea,
 And 'twas all for the love of thee.
 For I have crossed the salty, salty sea,
 And 'twas all for the love of thee."

2 "O I could have married a king's daughter,
 And she would have married me;
 But I have returned to old Amerikie,
 And 'twas all for the love of thee."

3 "If you could have married the king's daughter,
 I'm sure you're much to blame,
 For I have married the house carpenter,
 And I think he's a fine young man."

- 4 "If you will forsake your house carpenter
And go along with me,
I will take you to where the grass grows green
On the banks of Italy."
- 5 "If I should forsake my house carpenter
And go along with thee,
O what have you got to maintain me on
Or to keep me from slavery?"
- 6 "O I have ten ships that's now in port
And ten more out at sea,
A hundred and ten brave sailor men,
And they're all for to wait upon thee."
- 7 She dressed herself in scarlet red
Most beautiful to behold,
And then she went up and down the street,
And she shone like glittering gold.
- 8 Then she picked up her lily-white babe
And kisses she gave it three,
Saying, "Stay at home for your papa's company
While I am going on sea."
- 9 O they had not been on board two weeks,
I'm sure it was not three,
When this fair maid was known for to weep,
And she wept most bitterly.
- 10 "O do you weep for more riches,
Or could you ask for more,
Or do you weep for that house carpenter
That you left on the other shore?"
- 11 "O I do not weep for more riches,
Nor could I ask for more,
But I do weep for that pretty little babe
That I left on the other shore."
- 12 O they had not been on board three weeks,
I know it was not four,
When under deck there sprung a leak,
And their voices were heard no more.

C

Sung in 1935 by Mrs. Charles Muchler, Kalkaska, who learned the song when she was a child.

A good text of eleven stanzas, of which stanza 7 is different from any in A and B.



'Well met, well met, my pret - ty lit - tle maid, Well
met, well met for me. I have just come a - cross the
salt, salt sea, All for the sake of
thee. I have just come a - cross the
salt, salt sea, All for the sake of thee'"

7 She dressed herself in rich array
And with the sailor went;
But as she stepped upon the deck,
Her heart with grief was rent.

THE APPRENTICE BOY

THE story in this ballad is current in England and America in two different songs, "In Bruton Town" or "The Bramble Briar" and "The Constant Farmer's Son." For a discussion of the history of the variants of the story see H. M. Belden's article, "Boccaccio, Hans Sachs, and 'The Bramble Briar,'" *PMLA*, XXXIII, 327-395. For other references and two texts see Cox, pp. 305-307. See also Eddy, No. 21; Henry, *JAF*, XLV, 51-53; and Sharp, I, 310-316, text E being somewhat similar.

The present version is from the Lambertson manuscript. Both Mr. Charles and Mr. John Lambertson remembered hearing their mother sing this song.

- 1 'Twas near Bridgewater a rich man lived;
He had two sons, one daughter dear;
But soon by death they were bereaved,
Which filled these children's hearts with care.
- 2 These young men had to cross the ocean,
All for to bring home their gain;
And a prentice bound by firm indenture,
Which made them factors of the same.
- 3 This young man was neat in every feature,
Completely built in every limb;
And this fair maid placed her whole affection
Upon her father's servant man.
- 4 By chance one day her younger brother
Happened to see them sport and play.
The secret told he to the other;
These very words to him did say:
- 5 "This young man is born of some meaner parents;
He intends our sister for to have.
But this courtship shall soon be ended;
We'll send him headlong to the grave."
- 6 These villains did this young man flatter
With them a-hunting then to go,
And there was a ditch where there was no water
Where this young man was killed and thrown.

7 When they returned home to their sister,
She said, "Where is your servant man?
I ask because you seem to whisper.
Tell me, dear brothers, if you can."

8 "We lost him in our game of hunting,
No more of him could we see;
But to tell the truth I am offended
That you do thus examine me."

9 Then she went to her chamber weeping,
And lo! a spirit came and stood
At her bedside as she lay moaning,
All covered with a gore of blood.

10 He said, "It is in vain, my jewel,
It is in vain for you to pine.
Your brothers killed me, being cruel,
In such a place you may me find."

11 The very next morn to the woods she retired,
And presently she did him find.
She kissed him whom she so admired,
Crying, "O bosom friend of mine,

12 "Although my brothers have been cruel
To take your precious life away,
One grave shall serve me and my jewel,
For while I've breath I'll with you stay."

13 Three days and nights she stayed there weeping
All down upon her bended knees,
Until fierce hunger came o'er her creeping,
She uttered forth such words as these:

14 "Although my love for you is tender,
Yet I shall be obliged to yield,
Or unto death I must surrender;
Oh, like one that's conquered, I'll quit the field."

15 Then she returned home to her brothers.
As soon as they did her see

They earnestly made this inquiry,
"What makes you look so mournfully?"

- 16 "You are the cause of this my mourning,
And do not think I'll conceal the thing;
But that although you are my brothers,
For being cruel you both shall swing."
- 17 Then to avoid this bloody slaughter
These villains did on shipboard go.
But oh, believe me, on the morrow
The bitter storms and winds did blow.
- 18 As though such crimes must still be punished
By angry winds and dashing waves,
It blew off both these bloody murderers,
And the sea became their final graves.

HE PLOWED THE LOWLANDS LOW

FOR references and a similar version see Mackenzie, pp. 92-93. See also Flanders and Brown, pp. 106-108; Henry, *JAFL*, XLV, 40-41; Owens, *JAFL*, XLIX, 230-231; and Sharp, I, 350-357.

The present version was sung in 1934 by Mrs. Eliza Youngs, Greenville.

- 1 Young Emery was a servant maid,
And her love was a sailor bold.
It was all for gain he crossed the main;
He plowed the lowlands low.
- 2 One night he came to Emery's house,
His gold all for to show
That he had gained all on the main;
He plowed the lowlands low.
- 3 "My father keeps a public house;
He lives down by the sea,
Where you may go and enter there
Unto the morning be.
- 4 "I will meet you in the morning;
Don't let my parents know
That your name it is young Edmund
That plowed the lowlands low."
- 5 That very same night young Emery
She dreamt a curious dream;
She dreamt her honored lover
His blood flowed with the stream.
- 6 She rose by day in the morning;
To see her love did go
Because she loved him dearly;
He plowed the lowlands low.
- 7 "O mother, where's that stranger
Came here last night to dwell?"
"He's dead and gone, your father says,
And you no tales must tell."

- 8 "O father, cruel father,
You will die a public show
For the murdering of young Edmund
That plowed the lowlands low."
- 9 She's gone unto the justice
Her story to make known;
So taken was her father,
His trial it soon came on.
- 10 The jurymen found him guilty
And hanged him also
For the murdering of young Edmund
That plowed the lowlands low.
- 11 "I'll go down by the seaside,
Where the shades they grow so green,
Where once my honored lover,
His blood flowed with the stream.
- 12 "I will set by the ebb of the ocean
As it tosses to and fro;
It reminds me of my Edmund
Who plowed the lowlands low."

CAROLINE OF EDINBURG TOWN

THIS song is common in both English and American broadsides and songbooks. For references and a very similar version which lacks stanzas 6 and 7 and the first two lines of stanza 10 in the Michigan text see Mackenzie, pp. 94-95. See also Ord, pp. 186-187, and Sharp, I, 404.

The present version is from the Gernsey manuscript.

- 1 Come, all young men and maidens, attend unto my rhyme;
It's of a young damsel who was scarcely in her prime.
She beat the blushing roses, and admired by all around
Was lovely young Caroline of Edinburg town.
- 2 Young Henry was a Highland man, a-courting to her came,
And when her parents came to know, they did not like the same.
Young Henry was offended and unto her did say,
"Arise, my dearest Caroline, and with me run away."
- 3 "We will both go to London, love, and there we'll wed with
speed;
And then lovely Caroline shall have happiness, indeed."
Now enticed by young Henry she put on her other gown,
And away went young Caroline of Edinburg town.
- 4 Over hills and lofty mountains together did they roam
In time arrived in London, far from her happy home.
She said, "My dearest Henry, pray never on me frown,
Or you'll break the heart of Caroline of Edinburg town."
- 5 They had not been in London more than half a year
When hardhearted Henry proved too severe.
Said Henry, "I will go to sea, your friends did on me frown;
So beg your way without delay to Edinburg town."
- 6 "The fleet is fitting out to Spithead, dropping down,
And I will join the fleet to fight for king and crown.
The gallant tars may feel the scars or in the water drown;
Yet I never will again return to Edinburg town."
- 7 Then many a day she passed away in sorrow or despair;
Her cheeks, though once roses, were grown like lilies fair.

She cried, "Where is my Henry?" and often did she swoon,
Crying, "Sad's the day I ran away from Edinburg town."

- 8 Oppressed with grief, without relief, the damsel did go
Into the woods to eat such fruit as on the bushes grow.
Some strangers they did pity her, and some did on her frown,
And some did say, "What made you stray from Edinburg town?"
- 9 Beneath a lofty spreading oak this maid sat down to cry,
A-watching of the gallant ships as they were passing by.
She gave three shrieks for Henry and plunged her body down,
And away floated Caroline of Edinburg town.
- 10 A note, likewise her bonnet, she left upon the shore,
And in the note a lock of hair with the words, "I am no more;
And fast asleep I'm in the deep, the fish are watching round
And comely young Caroline of Edinburg town."
- 11 Come, all you tender parents, ne'er try to part true love;
You're sure to see in some degree the ruin it will prove.
Likewise, young men and maidens, ne'er on your lovers frown;
Think on the fate of Caroline of Edinburg town.

14

MOLLY BAUN

For discussion and references see Cox, pp. 339-341. See also Eddy, No. 192; Hudson, pp. 36-37; Kittredge, *JAFL*, XXX, 358-360; Randolph, pp. 174-175; Scarborough, pp. 116-117; and Sharp, I, 328-332.

Version A was sung in 1935 by Mrs. Allan McClellan, near Bad Axe, who learned the song in childhood, from her sister.

In the coun - ty of Der - ry where I was bred and
born, And ev' - ry - one called me a rov - ing young
man, I court - ed young Mol - ly till I gained her
mind; The whole world would blame me should I leave her be - hind.

A

- 1 In the county of Derry where I was bred and born,
And ev'ryone called me a roving young man,
- 2 I courted young Molly till I gained her mind;
The whole world would blame me should I leave her
behind.
- 3 Lovely Molly went walking, there came a shower of hail;
She went under a green bower, herself to conceal.
- 4 Her true love being a-fowling, he shot in the dark,
But oh and alas, he did not miss his mark.
- 5 Johnny Randal goes to her and found she was dead;
A well full of tears on her bosom he shed,
- 6 Saying, "Molly, dearest Molly, my joy and my pride,
It was my whole intention to make you my bride."

- 7 Johnny Randal goes home with his gun in his hand,
Saying, "Uncle, dearest uncle, I have shot Molly Baun."
- 8 "Her white apron being around her, I took her for a swan;
But I never intended to shoot Molly Baun."
- 9 His father steps to him, his head it was gray,
Saying, "Johnny Randal, do not run away."
- 10 "But oh, stay at home till your trial comes on,
You'll ne'er be condemned though I lose all my land."
- 11 Then Johnny was taken and led to the jail,
Bound with strong irons, his grief to bewail.
- 12 The night before his trial her ghost did appear,
Saying, "Uncle, dearest uncle, Johnny Randal goes clear."
- 13 "My white apron being around me, he took me for a swan;
But he never intended to shoot Molly Baun."
- 14 "My white apron being around me, he took me for a swan;
But oh and alas, it was I, Molly Baun."
- 15 The girls of this country are all very glad
Since the flower of them all, Molly Baun, she is dead.
- 16 Take them all in a number, place them all in a row;
Molly Baun would appear among them like a mountain
of snow.
- 17 Come all you true lovers that carries a gun,
Beware of late hunting out after set sun;
- 18 For fear it will happen as it happened to me,
To kill your own true love in under a tree.

B
POLLY BAND

From the Lambertson manuscript. Mr. Charles Lambertson remembers hearing his mother sing this song.

- 1 Polly walked out at the setting of the sun;
She stepped under a green bush the shower for to shun.
- 2 Johnny being a-hunting, it was somewhat dark;
He shot at a swan, not missing his mark.
- 3 Johnny ran to her; when he found it was she,
His joints they grew feeble, and his eyes could not see.
- 4 He embraced her in his arms till he found she was dead;
Then a fountain of tears all around her Johnny shed.
- 5 Johnny ran home with his gun in his hand,
Crying, "Daddy, dear Daddy, I've shot Polly Band."
- 6 "Her apron was about her, I took her for a swan,
But O alas, it was my Polly Band."
- 7 His father being an old man, his head somewhat gray,
Said, "Stay at home, dear Johnny, and don't run away."
- 8 "Stay in your own country, let your trial come on,
For you shall not be hanged by the laws of the land."
- 9 A night or two after, to her uncle she appeared,
Crying, "Uncle, dear uncle, Johnny Randall is clear."
- 10 "My apron was about me, he took me for a swan,
But O alas, it was I, Polly Band."

THE LOST JOHNNY DOYLE

For references to British and American texts of this broadside song once popular in England and Ireland, and for a text from Nova Scotia, see Mackenzie, pp. 106-107. See also Eddy, No. 186; Henry, *JAFL*, XLIV, 93-94; Hudson, *JAFL*, XXXIX, 121-122; Scarborough, pp. 248-250; Sharp, II, 27-28; and *Six Hundred and Seventeen Irish Songs and Ballads*, p. 27. Most of the American texts include a stanza concerning the broken-up wedding; except for the omission of this episode, the Michigan text is unusually complete.

The present version was sung in 1935 by Mrs. Maggie Loughlin, Cannonsburg, who as a girl about eighteen years old learned the song from Miss Julia Keena, Cannonsburg.

It's of a love-ly fair maid be - wail-ing in love, A-
 mak-ing her la - ments to the great God a - bove, A-
 mak-ing her la - ments while I think it is high time. I
 roam the wide world o - ver with my young John - ny Doyle.

- 1 It's of a lovely fair maid bewailing in love,
 A-making her laments to the great God above,
 A-making her laments while I think it is high time.
 I roam the wide world over with my young Johnny Doyle.
- 2 It was Saturday evening we made up our plan;
 It was early Monday morning to take a trip along.
 My waiting maid was standing by, as you can plainly see;
 She slipped in to my mama and told upon me.
- 3 My mama she conducted me into a bedroom high
 Where no one could hear me or pity my sad cry.
 She bundled up my clothing, and she bid me begone,
 For she knew in her very heart that I loved this neat
 young man.

- 4 A horse and a sidesaddle my father did provide
In hopes to get me married and be young Spencer's bride.
A horse and sidesaddle my father did prepare
With six noble footmen to wait on me there.
- 5 So we rode all along till we came to Belfast town;
Our horses being stabled and our footmen seated down.
While they were at their merriment, I had my own toil,
For my heart lies at home with my young Johnny Doyle.
- 6 By my eldest brother I was conducted home;
My mama she conducted me into my own bedroom.
My own bed being the softest my head I did lay down,
For to seek consoling sorrow, my body it was found.
- 7 "Now close the door, dear mama, don't you let Spencer in.
Now close the door, dear mama, don't you let Spencer in,
For tonight is the night that he means to ensthrive,
But he'll never gain the girl that's intended for his bride."
- 8
"I will send for Johnny Doyle for you, my own darling
child."
"Yes, you'll send for Johnny Doyle, mama, but I fear it
is too late,
For death is coming and sad is my fate.
- 9 "Now death you are coming; you are welcome to me.
From the pains of love I'm sure you'll set me free.
There's more trouble in my mind than any poor tongue
can tell,
These are my dying words, 'Johnny Doyle, farewell.'"
- 10 The day of Molly's funeral it was a lovely sight.
There was four and twenty fair maids all dressed up in
white.
They took her to St. Mary's church and laid her in the soil.
Here's a long and a last farewell to you, Johnny Doyle.

THE SHERFIELD APPRENTICE

For English and American references and a text of this song, which is common in English and American broadsides and songbooks, see Cox, pp. 294-295. See also Eddy, No. 52; Henry, *JAFL*, XLV, 51-53; Ord, pp. 421-422; and Sharp, II, 66-69. The story remains practically the same in various texts, but the lines themselves differ considerably.

Version A was sung in 1934 by Mr. E. W. Harns, Greenville.

A

- 1 I was brought up in Sherfield, not of a low degree.
My parents doted on me, they had no child but me.
I rolled around in pleasure where'er my fancy led
Till I was bound apprentice and all my joy was fled.
- 2 I did not like my master, he did not use me well;
So unbeknown to my parents, so then I ran away.
I steered my course for London and cursed be that day.
When I arrived at London, a lady met me there;
She offered me great wages to drive her coach one year.
- 3 Deluded by her promises, O then I did agree
To go with her to Holland which proved my destiny.
I had not been to Holland months more than two or three
Before my wealthy mistress grew very fond of me.
- 4 "I have gold and I have silver, I have house and I have land,
Which you may have at your command, if you'll but marry
me."
"Excuse me, my dear mistress, your pardon I beg.
I have promised charming Sally, the handsome chambermaid.
- 5 "Excuse me, my dear mistress, I cannot wed you both."
She flew into a passion and away from me did go.
She swore she'd seek some project to prove my overthrow.
- 6 So all early the next morning just at the break of day,
I saw my wealthy mistress amongst the flowers so gay.
A gold ring all off her finger just as I passed by,
She slipped into my pocket, and for the same I die.

7 My mistress swore against me and straightway I was brought.

A long time I pleaded guiltless, but nothing would prevail,
My mistress swore against me and I was sent to jail.

8 All you that stand around me,
Don't glory in my downfall, but come and pity me.
Farewell to charming Sally, the handsome chambermaid.
Farewell to charming Sally, I must die for loving you.

B

THE SHERFIELD PRINTICE

The Gernsey manuscript. A text of eight stanzas similar to A.

THE SILVER TIDE

FOR a version of five stanzas from Nova Scotia and for references see Mackenzie, p. 147. See also Eddy, No. 187. For a text from Scotland of the same length, but with many variations from the Michigan text, see Ord, pp. 472-473.

The present version was written from memory in 1935 by Mr. Lee Jakeway, about fifty years old, near Grattan Center; he learned the song from his father.

- 1 It is of a handsome lady who lived by the seaside,
For form and grace and beauty she was called the village pride,
Till at length a young sea captain young Mary's heart did gain;
And it's true she proved to Henry while on the raging main.
- 2 It was in Henry's absence an nobleman there came
And courted handsome Mary while she refused the same.
"Your vows are vain, for on the main there is one I love,"
she cried,
"Therefore begone, I love but one; he is on the silver tide."
- 3 Moved to desperation this nobleman did say,
"I'll cause your separation, and I'll take your life away.
I'll watch you late and early until you alone I'll find,
And you will sink or swim far, far from him who is on the
silver tide."
- 4 In two or three days after, he went out to take the air;
Down by the foaming ocean he espied this lady fair.
Up spoke this heartless villain, "Consent and be my bride,
Or I'll send your body a-floating down on the silver tide."
- 5 With trembling words young Mary spoke, "My vows I'll
ne'er forsake,
I love young Henry dearly and I'll die there for his sake."
He bound her with his handkerchief, and he threw her o'er
the side,
And he sent her body a-floating down on the silver tide.
- 6 In two or three days after, young Henry returned from sea
Expecting to get married, fixed on his wedding day.

"I'm afraid your love has been murdered," her feeble parents
cried,
"Or she has proved her own destruction down on the silver
tide."

- 7 That night upon his pillow young Henry found no rest;
The thought of handsome Mary pierced through his aching
breast.
He dreamt he saw his Mary down by the ocean side,
Going to and fro, went floating down on the silver tide.
- 8 Young Henry arose, put on his clothes, and straight he went
away
And searched the seashore round and round until the break
of day.
At daybreak in the morning her body he espied,
Going to and fro, went floating down on the silver tide.
- 9 By the way he knew it was Mary was by the gold ring on
her hand,
And when he unfolded the handkerchief it brought him to
a stand,
For the name of her false murderer in full he there espied,
As he lay brokenhearted down on the silver tide.
- 10 The murderer was taken and soon received his doom
For ending handsome Mary who was scarcely in her bloom.
Young Henry went distracted and he mourned until he died,
And his last words were of his Mary and of the silver tide.

OXFORD CITY

THE Michigan version of this song, common in English broadsides, is very similar to texts recorded in Vermont and New Brunswick except that it lacks stanzas 3, 4, and 6 of those versions, for which see Flanders and Brown, pp. 92-93, and Kittredge, *JAFL*, XXX, 356-358. For references to broadsides and other versions see *ibid.*, p. 356.

The present version was sung in 1934 by Mrs. Peter Miller, West Branch.

It was just late of Oxford City, The truth to you I
 now will tell; 'Twas a - bout a serv - ant who a
 la - dy court - ed, A nice young la - dy of that place.

- 1 It was just late of Oxford City,
 The truth to you I now will tell;
 'Twas about a servant who a lady courted,
 A nice young lady of that place.
- 2 She loved him well but for a distance
 Her love didn't seem to be very true.
 He said, "My dear, I know you slight me,
 I know you love some other one."
- 3 About six weeks or shortly after
 This young lady was asked to a dance.
 This jealous young man he followed after,
 For to lay her in her grave so low.
- 4 He mixed a dose of poison bitters
 And put it into a glass of wine,
 And gave it to her, his own true loved one,
 Who drank it down most cheerfully.
- 5 About five minutes or shortly after
 She said, "My dear, will you take me home?"

That glass of wine you gave me lately
Makes me feel mostly ill indeed."

6 As they were walking home together,
This man, and he did say:

"I put some poison in your liquor
For to take your tender life away.

7 "I took the same as you, my true love,
And I must die as well as you,

So let us join hands and die together."

Young men, beware of jealousy.

THE KNOXVILLE GIRL

For references and a discussion of this song, which is found in several English broadsides of the early nineteenth century and which Belden notes is derived from the eighteenth-century broadside, "The Wittam Miller," see Belden, *JAFL*, XXV, 11; and Henry, *JAFL*, XLII, 247-253. See also Eddy, No. 125; Greenleaf and Mansfield, p. 119; Henry, *JAFL*, XLV, 125-130; Hudson, pp. 25-26; Scarborough, pp. 159-164; and Sharp, I, 407-409.

Version A is from the manuscript of Mrs. Russell Wood, Kalkaska; she learned the song from her sister, Miss Lily Brown, who had memorized it about 1910 in Tawas City, Michigan.

A

- 1 I was born and raised in Knoxville, a place you all know well;
I was born and raised in Knoxville, among the flowery dell.
I fell in love with a Knoxville girl, she had dark and roving eyes;
I told her that I'd marry her if me she would never deny.
- 2 I told her that we would take a walk and view the meadows gay,
And perhaps we would have a pleasant talk and appoint our
wedding day.
We walked quite easily till we came to level ground;
I drew a club from out the brush and knocked this fair maid
down.
- 3 She fell upon her bending knees, "O Lord, have mercy," she
cried,
"O Willie dear, don't murder me here, for I'm not prepared
to die."
I paid no attention to what she said but beat her all the more,
Until the ground which she lay on was in a bloody gore.
- 4 I took her by her curly locks; I dragged her round and round.
I threw her into the water that ran through Knoxville town.
"Lie there, lie there, lie there, you Knoxville girl, my bride
you never shall be;
Lie there, lie there, you Knoxville girl, you never will be tied
to me."
- 5 I went into my mother's house about twelve o'clock at night;
Mother being worried, woke up in a dreadful fright.

"O Willie dear, how came there are blood stains on your clothes?"

And then in a lie I replied, "Been a-bleeding at the nose."

6 I called for a handkerchief to bind my aching head;
 I called for a candle to light my way to bed.
 About three weeks or later this Knoxville girl was found
 A-floating on that water that flows through Knoxville town.

7 Her sister swore my life away; she swore without a doubt
 That I was the very lad that led her sister out.
 They locked me up on suspicion; they locked me up in jail
 For one or two or three hours, and no one to go my bail.

B

THE WAXFORD GIRL

Sung in 1935 by Mrs. Allan McClellan, near Bad Axe.

I

I drew a stake from out of the hedge and knocked this fair maid down.

• • • • • • • •

2 She fell upon her bended knee, for mercy she did cry,
 Saying, "Johnny dear, don't murder me, I'm not prepared to die."

• • • • • • • •

3 I took her by the yellow locks and drew her over the ground
 And threw her into the water that flows through Waxford town.
 "Lie there, lie there, you Waxford girl, you thought to be my bride.

You never shall enjoy me, nor you to me be tied."

• • • • • • • •

4 I went to my father's dwelling about twelve o'clock at night,
 Which caused my aged mother to rise up in a fright.

"O son, O son, what have you done? What's blooded all your clothes?"

The answer that I gave to her was, "The bleeding of my nose."

- 5 I was taken on suspicion for taking her sister out;
Then I was taken prisoner and put in Waxford jail.
There was none to go security and none to go my bail.
I owned that I was guilty and ought to go to jail.

- 6 The judge to me did say, “For the murdering of the Waxford
girl
On the gallows you must die.”

• • • • • • • • •

7 Come on, you lads and lasses, a warning take by me,
And do not slight your own true love, whoever she may be.
For if you do, you're sure to rue until the day you die;
You'll die a public scandal upon the gallows high.

THE BANKS OF THE RIVER DEE

For similar versions of this ballad see Henry, *JAFL*, XLV, 134-135, and Pound, No. 45. There is a like situation, with a few almost identical words, "O Johnny dear, don't murder me here, for I'm not prepared to die," in versions of "The Lexington Girl," which is a version of "The Lexington Miller," a form of "The Cruel Miller," a modern English broadside. For a study of these related versions see Henry, *JAFL*, XLII, 247-253. It is interesting to note that all five of the Michigan texts have a similar opening stanza which is not found in other forms of the song, and that No. 19 has marked resemblances to this ballad.

Version A was recorded in 1930 by Mrs. Dorothy Woodin, Harrison, from the singing of Mrs. Lucille Van Houton, Harrison, who had learned the song from Mr. Arthur Westwood, an Englishman.

A

- 1 I took a task on New Year's Eve,
And a task that was to me;
I took my love out for a walk
On the banks of the river Dee.
- 2 As we walked we gently talked
Of when our wedding day would be;
But she said she would never be mine
On the banks of the river Dee.
- 3 I drew a sword from out my side,
And she gave such dreadful screams,
"O Willie dear, don't murder me here,
For I am not prepared to die."
- 4 "We say, we say that you will be mine,
And your home will ever be
Where the silent waters roll
On the banks of the river Dee."
- 5 I took her by her lily-white hand,
And I swung her round and round,
Swung her into the water deep,
Where I stood and watched her drown.
- 6 That very night at twelve o'clock
As I reached my father's door,

"O father dear, I've done a deed
That was never done before."

B

THE BANKS OF THE OBADEE

Recorded in 1930 by Mrs. Dorothy Woodin, Harrison, from the singing of Mrs. Carrie Darling, Harrison, who had learned the song from her childhood schoolmates.

A text of five stanzas.

Last New Year's Eve, I had a task, And a task
it was to me. It was to mur - der my own true love
On the banks of the O - ba - dee. And she said
she'd nev - er be mine, And her home would nev - er be
Where the si - lent wa - ters roll On the banks of the O - ba - dee.

Second stanza

C

ON THE BANKS OF THE OLD PEDEE

Sung in 1931 by Mrs. Edna Nummer Mercer, Belding. A text of four stanzas.

I had a task last New Year's Eve, And a task it was to me; It was to murder my own true love, On the banks of the old Pe - dee.

D

ON THE BANKS OF THE OLD T. B.

Sung in 1934 by Mr. Chauncey Leach, Kalkaska, who learned the song from his sister about 1886.

A text of four stanzas.

E

ON THE BANKS OF THE OLD KNEE

The Tuthill manuscript. A good text of five stanzas.

THE JEALOUS LOVER

THIS song of unknown authorship, thought to be based on fact, is current from Greenland southward through New England to Mississippi and westward to Missouri. For references and for an account of the murder of Pearl Bryan near Fort Thomas, Kentucky, 1896, see Cox, pp. 197-202. See also Eddy, Nos. 125 and 126; Flanders and Brown, pp. 59-60; Fuson, pp. 65-66; Greenleaf and Mansfield, pp. 365-366; Henry, *J AFL*, XLII, 280; Hudson, *J AFL*, XXXIX, 116-118; Spaeth, *Weep Some More, My Lady*, pp. 121-122; and Stout, p. 50.

Version A was obtained in 1916 by Miss Ruth Durfee, East Jordan, from her mother, who had learned the song near Hillsdale twenty-five years earlier.

A

- 1 Down by yon weeping willow,
Where the violets fade and bloom,
There lies my darling Flora,
Now mouldering in the tomb.
- 2 She died not brokenhearted,
Nor by disease she fell,
But in one moment parted
From all she loved so well.
- 3 One night the moon shone brightly;
The stars were shining too.
Down by her cottage lightly
Her jealous lover drew,
- 4 Saying, "Come, love, let us wander
Down by the woods so gay;
While wandering we will ponder
Upon our wedding day."
- 5 Deep, deep into the forest
He led his love so dear;
She said, "Love, 'tis for you only
That I am wandering here."
- 6 "The way grows dark and gloomy,
And I'm afraid to stay;
Of wandering I am weary
And would retrace my way."

7 "Retrace your way? No, never!
 These wilds we'll roam no more;
 So bid farewell to parents,
 Kind parents you'll see no more."

8 Down on her knees before him
 She pleaded for her life.
 Deep, deep into her bosom
 He plunged the fatal knife.

9 "Oh, I'll forgive you, Willie,
 With my last and dying breath;
 I never have deceived you,"
 And she closed her eyes in death.

10 The banners they waved o'er her,
 The bugles loud did sound,
 For strangers came and found her,
 Cold, lying on the ground.

11 They took her to her father's,
 As you may plainly see;
 And now my Flora's sleeping
 Down by yon willow tree.

B

LORILLA

Obtained in 1935 from Mrs. Frank Donovan, Grattan Center, from a small manuscript paper written by her mother, Mrs. Eliza Bingham Tuthill, born near Grattan, of Holland-Dutch and Irish descent. This paper contained many copied sentences, as if it had been used for a school copybook.

A text of nine stanzas fairly similar to A.

C

MY ELLA

Sung in 1934 by Mr. Charles Muchler, Kalkaska. A fragment of two long stanzas similar in part to A.

When first from sea I land-ed I had a rov-ing
mind, I roved from here to yon- der A
true love for to find. When first I met my El - la Her
checks were like the rose, Her form was tall and
slen - der Just as the lil - y that grows.

22

WHO IS TAPPING AT MY BEDROOM WINDOW?

THIS is a widely distributed song which belongs to a large group of English and Scottish songs concerning the "Night Visit" (Charles Read Baskerville, "English Songs on the Night Visit," *PMLA*, XXXVI, 565-614). All the Michigan versions contain lines that tell of Willie's killing himself with the dagger and of Mary's following his example, a borrowing from "The Silver Dagger," which, Kittredge notes, occurs also in the Wehman broadside of this song (*JAF*, XXX, 338). Only A of the Michigan texts begins with the lover trying to arouse his sweetheart from sleep. A and E have a final stanza describing the feelings of the parents the morning after the tragedy. For other texts and references see Cox, pp. 348-349, and Mackenzie, pp. 99-100. See also Eddy, No. 26; Greenleaf and Mansfield, pp. 55-56; Scarborough, pp. 139-142; Sharp, I, 358-364; and, for a somewhat similar song, Ord, p. 318.

Version A was sung in 1935 by Mrs. Peter Miller, West Branch, who learned the song in 1895, when she heard it sung in a lumber camp.

0 # 3

Who is tap - ping at my bed - room win - dow,
 Whis - p'ring soft and mourn - ful - ly? 'Tis I, 'tis I, you
 dear - est Ma - ry, Come once more to trou - ble you."

A

1 "Who is tapping at my bedroom window,
 Whisp'ring soft and mournfully?"
 " 'Tis I, 'tis I, you dearest Mary,
 Come once more to trouble you."

2 "O Mary dear, go and ask your father
 If you my wedded bride might be;
 And if he says no, return and tell me,
 And I'll no longer trouble thee."

3 "O Willie dear, I dare not ask him,
 For he is on his bed to rest,
 With a silver dagger lying beside him;
 He swore he would pierce my lover's heart."

4 "O Mary dear, go and ask your mother
 If you my wedded bride might be;
 And if she says no, return and tell me,
 And I'll no longer trouble thee."

5 "O Willie dear, I dare not ask her,
 For I know she needs me here.
 You better go and court another
 And no longer linger here."

6 Willie drew a silver dagger,
 Thrust it into his aching heart,
 "Adieu, adieu, my dearest Mary,
 You and I forever part."

7 Mary picked up that blood-stained dagger,
 Thrust it into her lily-white breast,
 "Adieu, adieu, my dearest parents,
 Willie and I have gone to rest."

8 When her parents arose in the morning,
 They found how cruel that they had been,
 For they caused the lives of those dearest children
 Now lie mould'ring in the tomb.

B

WILLIE AND MARY

Sung in 1935 by Mrs. Charles Muchler, Kalkaska. A text very similar to A, with minor differences and the omission of stanza 8.

"O who is at my bed - room win - dow, A -
 mourn - ing there so bit - ter - ly?" "Tis I, 'tis I, your
 own true lov - er, A - mourn - ing here so bit - ter - ly."

C

WILLIE AND MARY

Sung in 1935 by Mrs. Edna Nummer Mercer, Belding, who learned the song from her grandmother.

A text of five stanzas very similar to parts of A.

Who is it at my bed - room win - dow,
 Call - ing me at this late hour? ' 'Tis I, 'tis I, 'tis I,
 I, dear Ma - ry, Come to trou - ble thee once more.'

D

THE DROWSY SLEEPER

Obtained in 1931 by Miss Ruth Barnes, Ypsilanti, from Mr. Roland V. Bell, Sherwood, a student at Michigan State Normal College, Ypsilanti, who had learned the song in his childhood from his mother, Mrs. Emma Spellman, a woman of English and Holland-Dutch stock, but American-born.

A text similar to A except for the omission of the first two lines, in which the lover tries to awaken his sweetheart, and of stanza 8.

E

THE SILVER DAGER

The Tuthill manuscript. A text the same length as A and similar to it.

F

WILLIE AND MARY

Sung in 1934 by Mrs. Chauncey Leach, Kalkaska, who learned the song from Mr. Frank Jewel about 1914 in Stearns's lumber camp near Kalkaska.

A text similar to A except for the omission of stanza 8.

THE SILVER DAGGER

For the fusion of this song and "The Drowsy Sleeper" and for a similar version see Kittredge, *JAFL*, XXX, 338, 361-363. For texts and references see Cox, pp. 350-352. See also Barbour, *JAFL*, XLIX, 211-213; Eddy, Nos. 86a and 127; Hudson, *JAFL*, XXXIX, 129-132; and Sharp, II, 229-230.

The present version is from the Tuthill manuscript.

- 1 Come people, young and old, come listen to my
tragedy;
'Twill make your blood run cold.
'Tis as crule an afare as ever mentioned
Concerning a fare and a beauty bride.
A young man he coarted her to be his darling,
Loved her as he loved his life,
And many the time he loved her, he vowed,
Promising to make her his lawful wife.
- 2 As soon as this old man came to here this,
He stroved to part them night and day,
Parting from his own dear jewel.
"She's poor, she's poor," he would ofttimes say.
Down on his bended knees he bowed,
Saying, "Father, pity me,
To her, to her my love I vowed,
What would this world be without her to me?"
- 3 As soon as this young girl came to hear this,
She quickly thought what she might do.
She wandered forth and left the city,
No more its plesent walks to view.
She wandered down by a flowing river,
There for death she did prepare,
Saying, "Here I am in my youthful mourning,
I am sank in deep despere."
- 4 Out she drew a silver dager,
Pearced it through her snowey white breast.
First she reeled and then she staggered,
Saying, "Oh my dear, I am going to rest."
He being nigh her in the thicket
Thought he heard his trew love's voice.

He ran and ran like one distracted,
Saying, "Oh my dear, I fear your lost."

5 Her coal-black eyes she gently opened,
Saying, "Oh my dear, you've come to late,
Prepare to meet me on Mt. Zian
Where our joyes will be compleat."
Up he picked the bloody weapon,
Pearced it through his own dear heart,
Saying, "Now let this be one woeful warning
To all who try true lovers to part."

THE GREEN BEDS

THIS song is common in English broadsides. For a discussion of several songs with similar stories and of three texts of this song see Mackenzie, pp. 245-250. For references see Cox, pp. 390-391. See also Eddy, No. 27; Henry, *JAFL*, XLII, 290-292; Randolph, pp. 189-191; and Sharp, I, 365-368. For a song called "Jackson," which is a "survivor of the years of the War with Mexico" and which has the same story as this song but with changed setting and names, see Sandburg, pp. 430-431.

Version A was sung in 1934 by Mrs. Eliza Youngs, Greenville.

A story, a story, a story well known
 About a young sailor whose name it was John.
 He made a wealthy voyage, and when he came on shore
 He acted the part of a man that was poor.

A

- 1 A story, a story, a story well known
 About a young sailor whose name it was John.
 He made a wealthy voyage, and when he came on shore
 He acted the part of a man that was poor.
- 2 "It is a good voyage, John, I hope you have made."
 "O no, it's quite indifferent,
 My fortune has proved false,
 For in the briny ocean my ship and cargo's lost.
- 3 "Call down your daughter Polly and set her down by me;
 We'll drink melancholy and married we will be."
 "My daughter she is busy, John, she will not come to you;
 She says she won't credit you past one bowl or two."

4 This young man being tired he called for a bed.

“My beds they are all full, John, they have been for this week
 By men that’s got money; so your lodging you must seek.”

5 “How much do I owe you? And down it shall be laid.”

“It’s four and twenty shillings, you know it of old.”
 With that the young man pulled out two handfuls of gold.

6 The sight of John’s money made the old lady rue:
 “You’re welcome home, dear Johnny,
 You’re welcome home from sea,
 Last night my daughter Polly was dreaming of thee.”

7 Down came her daughter Polly with such a smiling face.
 She threw her arms around him; she did him kind embrace.
 “You’re welcome home, dear Johnny, yes, you’re welcome
 home from sea,
 Last night I was much troubled by dreaming of thee.

8 “The green beds are empty, young Johnny, you’ll lie there.”

“Before I’d lie in your green beds I’d lie all in the street,
 For when I had no money my lodging I could seek.”

9 Come all you young seamen that plows the raging main,
 Yourselves to support and your country to maintain;
 Be careful of your money, boys, and lay it up in store,
 For without that companion they’ll turn you out of door.

B

Sung in 1934 by Mr. Charles Muchler, Kalkaska.

1 As Johnny came home from seashore
 He called to the house where he’d been courting before,
 Saying, “Where is my Polly dear?”
 “O she isn’t here and hasn’t been seen for a week or more.

- 2 "Now Polly is growing rich, and, Johnny, you are poor;
If Polly she was here, she would turn you out of door."
"It's all for your reckoning," how loudly he did call!
"It's all for your reckoning," as he stamped through the hall!
- 3 "Here are thirty shillings of a new and forty of an old."
And at this Johnny pulled out both hands full of gold.
Then Polly, seeing this, came tripping down the stairs,
Saying, "You're welcome home from sea, Johnny, you're welcome
home from sea,
Our beds they are all full, Johnny, but you may lie with me."
- 4 "Now before I'd lie with thee, Polly, I would lie in the open street,
For when I had no money my lodging could I seek.
But now I have money, and I'll make the taverns roar
With a bottle of strong brandy and cherry in the core."
- 5 O come all you brave young seamen
Who earn your money through cold, frost, and rain,
Be sure you make good use of it and lay it up in store,
And never let a pretty maiden turn you out of door.

THE SAILOR BOY

For texts and references see Campbell and Sharp, pp. 293-295; Eddy, No. 28; and *JIFSS*, XVII, 18-19.

The present version was obtained in 1916 from Miss Mabel Tuggle, Detroit, who had heard the song sung by an older sister at Concord Depot, Virginia.

- 1 "O father, father, build me a boat
That I may out upon the ocean float,
And every ship that I pass by
It's I'd inquire for my sweet sailor boy."
- 2 "O lady dear, he is not here;
He drownded in the gulf, my dear."
- 3 "O give me a chair to sit upon
A pen and ink for to write it down."
At every word she dropped a tear,
And every line cried, "O my dear!"
- 4 "So dig my grave both wide and deep
A marble stone at head and feet,
And upon my breast a turtle dove
For to show the world I died of love."
- 5 "I wish, I wish, and I wish in vain,
I wish I was a child again;
My wish, my wish shall never be
Till green grass grows over me."

GREEN MOUNTAIN

THE Michigan text has only minor variations from that in *The Forget Me Not Songster*, pp. 80-81. For references to other broadsides and texts see Kittredge, *JAF*, XXX, 347-348.

The present version is from the Lambertson manuscript. Mr. John and Mr. Charles Lambertson both remembered hearing their mother sing this song.

- 1 On the top of yonder mountain a castle doth stand,
All decked with green ivy from the top to the strand.
Fine arches, fine porches of the limestone so white,
'Tis a guide to poor sailors on a dark stormy night.
- 2 On the top of this mountain in verdure of green
Are the finest of places that ever were seen
For fishing, for fowling, and for walking also;
And the finest of roses on this mountain doth grow.
- 3 At the foot of this mountain where the tides ebb and flow,
Ships from the East Indies to Madeira doth go,
Where the red flags are flying and the beating of drums,
Sweet instruments of music and the firing of guns.
- 4 It was on Monday morning that we sailed away.
The drums they did beat and sweet music did play,
For the sailors' hearts were merry, but mine grew full sore
At the thought of fair Polly the girl I adore.
- 5 Come all you little purling streams that run murmuring by,
Pray direct me to my love, wheresoever she be,
For her eyes they invite me, but her tongue tells me no.
Some angel direct me to where I shall go.
- 6 She's like some ship on the ocean that's tossed to and fro
From the height of promotion to the depth of sad woe.
Her mind being changed runs just like the tide;
If Polly proved true, I'd have made her my bride.

RINORDINE

THE present text is confused and omits much of the story. For a version of seven stanzas, references, and a discussion of the origin of the song see Mackenzie, pp. 102-103. The song has been included in many songsters and also printed as a broadside. For the first stanza, with the air, see P. W. Joyce, *Ancient Irish Music* (Dublin, London, 1906), p. 21. See also Eddy, No. 193, and Thomas, pp. 108-109.

The version given here was sung in 1934 by Mr. Charles Muchler, Kalkaska, who said this was the first song he memorized as a child and that he had learned it from other school children.

One evening as I ram-bled two miles be-low Plim-roy, I met a farm-er's daugh-ter all on the moun-tains high. She said, "Kind sir, be civ-il, my com-pa-ny for-sake, For in my great-est o-pin-ion, I fear you are a rake."

- 1 One evening as I rambled two miles below Plimroy,
I met a farmer's daughter all on the mountains high.
She said, "Kind sir, be civil, my company forsake,
For in my greatest opinion, I fear you are a rake."
- 2 "And if my parents it would know, my life they would destroy
For the keeping of your company all on the mountains high."
I says, "My pearl, I am no rake, brought up in deepest . . .
I'm looking for concealment all in the judge's name.
Your beauty has ensnared me, I cannot pass you by,
And with my gun I'll guard you all on the mountains high."
- 3 This pretty little creature she fell into amaze.
Her eyes were bright as amber, upon me she did gaze.

Her cherry cheeks and ruby lips lost their former dye;
She fell into my arms all on the mountains high.

4 I had but kissed her once or twice when she came to again.
She then rebuked me, saying, "Kind sir, pray tell your name."
"It's wrote in ancient history

And when you come to look for me, perhaps you'll not me find,
But I'll be in my castle, and call for Rinordine."

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND

For references and a text similar to the Michigan forms see Cox, pp. 300-301.
 For a text of a modified version see Sharp, II, 62-65.

Version A was sung in 1935 by Mr. Frank Madison, Grattan Center.

My par - ents raised me ten - der - ly; They
 had no child but me; But I be - ing bent on
 gam - bling With them could not a - gree. So I be - came a
 courts - man soon Which grieved my heart full sore. I
 left my ag - ed par - ents, And I'll see their face no more.

A

- 1 My parents raised me tenderly;
 They had no child but me;
 But I being bent on gambling
 With them could not agree.
 So I became a courtsman soon
 Which grieved my heart full sore.
 I left my aged parents,
 And I'll see their face no more.
- 2 I asked my love if she'd consent
 That I might cross the main,
 And if she would prove constant
 Till I returned again.
 Big drops of tears were in her eyes;
 Her bosom heaved a sigh.
 "Dear you," says she, "fear not for me,
 My love can never die.

- 3 "But," says the maid, "I've had a dream
That I cannot believe,
That distance breaks the link of life
And leaves the maid to grieve."
I fondly pressed on her cheeks a kiss,
Saying, "Have no fear for me."
And swore by Him above the skies
That I would prove sincere.
- 4 According to agreement then
I went on board the ship,
Unto the town of Alasko first
I made a pleasant trip.
I found that gold was plenty there;
The girls were free and kind.
My love began to cool a bit
For the girl I left behind.
- 5 For Dumphries Town I next set out,
That hospitable land
Where pretty Jenny Ferguson
Soon took me by the hand.
Says she, "I've gold and plenty,
And in love with you I'll find."
The thoughts of gold destroyed my love
For the girl I left behind.
- 6 "But," says the maid, "if you'll marry me,
And say no more you'll roam,
The gold that I possess is yours,
And I will faithful prove.
But parents dear or other friends
That you have left behind,
O never if you marry me,
Again must bear in mind."
- 7 To this I soon consented,
And I own it to my shame,
For what man can be happy
When he knows himself to blame?
'Tis sure I've gold and plenty,
And my wife is somewhat kind,

But still my pillow is haunted
By the girl I left behind.

8 My father's in his winding sheet;
My mother too appears.
The girl I loved seemed by their side
A-wiping off their tears.
Of broken hearts they all have died,
And now too late I find,
For God has seen the cruel treat
To the girl I left behind.

B

THE MAID I LEFT BEHIND

Sung in 1934 by Mr. Chauncey Leach, Kalkaska, who learned the song about 1900 from a man named McClellan, in Sand's lumber camp No. 22, eighteen miles east of Kalkaska.

A good text of seven stanzas similar to A.

GREEN GROWS THE LAUREL

FOR references see Cox, pp. 417-418. See also Eddy, No. 153; Flanders and Brown, pp. 113-114; Hudson, *JAFL*, XXXIX, 147; Ord, p. 182; Scarborough, pp. 331-332; and Sharp, II, 211.

Version A was sung in 1934 by Mrs. Eliza Youngs, Greenville.

A

- 1 Here's adieu to my father, here's adieu to my mother.
Here's adieu to my sister, likewise to my brother.
I'm going on the wide ocean my fortune to try.
When I think of my true love how sorry am I.

Chorus

So green grows the laurel, and so does the rue.
How sorry am I, love, for parting with you.
But in our next meeting our joys we'll renew,
And we'll change the green laurel for the orange and blue.

- 2 How oft have I wondered how maids could love men.
How oft have I wondered how men could love them,
But by my sad experience I very well know,
For I think of my true love wherever I go.
- 3 I wrote my love a letter; it was red rosy fine.
She sent me back an answer all dated in time,
Saying, "Keep your red roses and I'll keep my thyme;
It's you drink to your love, and I will to mine."
- 4 I have gold in each pocket, I have silver enough,
And since it's no better, God grant it's no worse.
I can walk as shy by her as she can by me;
I can live as long single, contented as she.

B
GREEN LAURELS

Obtained in 1930 by Miss Ruth Barnes, Ypsilanti, from Mr. Andrew Cherpes, Detroit, a boy twenty years of age; he had learned the song from his Hungarian father, who had been in this country about forty years but did not know where he had heard it.

- 1 I once had a sweetheart, but now I have none.
Since she has left me, I'm contented alone;
Since she has left me, contented I'll be,
For I know there's another far better than she.

Chorus

Green grows the green laurels, all sparkling with dew;
How lonely I've been since I parted from you.
The next meeting there is, I hope you prove true
And turn the green laurels to red, white, and blue.

- 2 I passed by her window both early and late;
The look she gave me my poor heart did break.
The look she gave me ten thousand would kill;
Although she has another, I love her still.

LOVELY WILLIE'S SWEETHEART

SUNG in 1934 by Mr. Chauncey Leach, Kalkaska, who learned the song from his mother about 1890.

- 1 It was on last Tuesday's evening at the theater hall,
There I spied my own true love, he was proper and tall.
I asked him to walk with me a piece down the road,
And I'd show him father's garden, a place as abode.
- 2 "There's a tree in father's garden, lovely Willie," said she,
"Where men and maid servants are waiting for me;
And it's while they are sleeping at their own silence rest;
Meet me there, lovely Willie, you're the boy I love best."
- 3 Her mother standing near her these words she did hear,
And cursed be the moments they fell on her ear.
Her father lie ambush the deed for to do,
And with a bright dagger he pierced my love through.
- 4 "O father, cruel father, since this been your will
The innocent blood of poor Willie to spill,
I will set me down beside him, since you've him destroyed.
O Willie, lovely Willie, you're my own darling boy.
- 5 "Now I'll go to some foreign country, a strange people to see
Where it's I know no one and no one knows me.
May the grave be got ready since in death we must part,
O Willie, lovely Willie, you're the joy of my heart."
- 6 O it's green grow the rushes, and the tops of them small,
For it's death is a rout that can conquer us all.
And love lies our waiting like a stone on my breast,
And the grave is the first place I expect to find rest.

JESSIE OF BALLINGTON BRAE

For a text of eight and one-half stanzas very similar to the Michigan text see Dean, pp. 44-45. For a fragment of six lines and comment on an English broadside on file in the Harvard College library see Mackenzie, p. 101.

The present version was sung in 1935 by Mrs. Allan McClellan, near Bad Axe, who learned the song there in her childhood.

Come all you young la - dies, I pray you draw near, And
 lis - ten to the fate of two lov - ers so dear; And the
 hand-some young Jes - sic of Bal - ling - ton Brae And the
 lord of the moor - lands who led her a - stray.

- 1 Come all you young ladies, I pray you draw near,
 And listen to the fate of two lovers so dear;
 And the handsome young Jessie of Ballington Brae
 And the lord of the moorlands who led her astray.
- 2 One night as he on his pillow did sleep,
 Young Jessie came to him and o'er him did weep,
 Saying, "The once blushing cheek, love, lies mouldering away
 Beneath the cold tomb in bright Ballington Brae."
- 3 'Twas up from his pillow the young lord did rise,
 "It's the voice of my Jessie," he frantically cries,
 "And if she is dead, as the vision did say,
 I'll lay down beside her on Ballington Brae."
- 4 He ordered a servant to saddle his steed,
 And over hill and mountain he rode with great speed
 Till he came to the cot at the noontime of day,
 To the cot of young Jessie of Ballington Brae.

- 5 Jessie's old father stood out at the gate
Like a man all forlorn bewailing his fate;
The young man drew up to offer him relief
And inquired of the old man the cause of his grief.
- 6 "I once had a daughter," the old man did say,
"Who now lies mouldering on Ballington Brae;
She was as fair as a lily, as proud as a queen,
As handsome a creature as ever was seen.
- 7 "She died brokenhearted, she was in despair;
Sometimes she was frantic and tearing her hair;
"Twas all for a young man who led her astray
And enticed her from home on Ballington Brae."
- 8 "Oh, I am that traitor," the young lord did say,
"And if Jessie had loved, I'd have made her my bride;
But since she is dead, as the vision did say,
I will lay down beside her on bright Ballington Brae."
- 9 It was out from its scabbard his short sword he drew,
And with heart unrelenting he pierced himself through;
And when he was dying, these words he did say,
"Lay me down with your Jessie on bright Ballington Brae."

KITTY GRAY

FROM the Rowell manuscript.

- 1 One morning as through the village churchyard I did stray
I spied a fair creature came passing that way.
Her eyes were like diamonds, her teeth were like pearl,
Her cheeks were like roses, and her hair hung in curls.
I stepped up to her and stood by her side,
Said I, "My fair creature, would you be my bride?"
"Go home and ask mother if you mean what you say."
I gained and emigrated with my own Kitty Gray.

Chorus

For she looked like an angel although she was poor,
That sweet charming creature I ne'er shall see more.
From her lonely poor mother I led her astray;
She's gone, she's dead now, my poor Kitty Gray.

- 2 To her mother's poor cottage we then did prepare;
A sweet morning meal with me then did share.
They told me sad stories which caused me much pain,
That her father was dead, in the war he was slain.
And take the sweet daughter and make her my wife.
The mother consented to all I did say,
And by flattery and deception I won Kitty Gray.
- 3 I took her to London with carriage and fair;
I dressed her in jewels and satin so rare.
When she found I deceived her and led her astray,
With the babe in her arms o'er this wide world to roam,
I caused her a tear and I caused her a frown.
The mother and babe both laid down and died;
By flattery and deceptions as I won Kitty Gray.

THE OLD OAK TREE

For a slightly longer text see Greenleaf and Mansfield, pp. 116-118. See also *JFSS*, I, 186-187, for a part of the same ballad, but with interesting differences.

Version A was sung in 1935 by Mrs. Allan McClellan, near Bad Axe.

The night was dark, high blew the wind, And
 heavy fell the rain; Young Betsy left her
 own dear home, And came not back a-
 gain. She left her widowed moth-er's side, Not
 fearing rain nor cold; She had been young and
 fair to view, But love had made her bold.

A

- 1 The night was dark, high blew the wind,
 And heavy fell the rain;
 Young Betsy left her own dear home,
 And came not back again.
 She left her widowed mother's side,
 Not fearing rain nor cold;
 She had been young and fair to view,
 But love had made her bold.
- 2 That very night at ten o'clock
 Beneath the old oak tree,
 She promised Jimmy, her own true love,
 That with him she would be.

She heeded not the drenching rain,
Nor storms, nor tempest roar;
She threw her cloak about her
And quickly left the door.

- 3 The night passed on and morning came;
Still Betsy was not home;
She left her parent for to weep
And wonder where she'd roamed.
Her mother went in search of her;
She cried in accents wild,
"I'll search the kingdom over
Until I find my child."
- 4 The mother went in search of her;
She searched the kingdom over.
She searched the kingdom over,
But Betsy was no more.
Her mother then returned home,
And on her bed did lie;
And in a few days after
Of a broken heart she died.
- 5 Six weeks was spent to no avail
In searching the country round;
Till Squire McCullough rode out one day
To hunt with all his hounds.
And in the shade the fox he strayed
Beneath the old oak tree;
'Twas there the dogs did bark and bite
And there did sniff the clay.
- 6 And all that horn or whip could do
Would not drive the hounds away;
The gentlemen they gathered around
And called for pick and spade.
And then they found beneath the ground
The murdered, missing maid.
The body that was once so white
Was black with many blows.

And from her side the blood did gush
And trickled through her clothes;
And in her side a knife was found
With which the deed was done.
"Twas there they called the guilty man,
In Squire McCullough's name.

8 "I done the deed," McCullough cried,
"And I am now condemned;
So hide this cold corpse from my eyes,
And I the truth will tell.
O I did love sweet Betsy,
But with my villainous heart
I murdered her that very night
As her and Jimmy did part."

9 This was his last words on earth, no more,
For here the villain he
Did raise a pistol to his mouth;
He fired it through his brain.
It was no coffin nor a shroud
Nor Christian grave found he,
But they did bury him where he lay
Just at the old oak tree.

B

Sung in 1934 by Mrs. Russell Wood, Kalkaska. A text very similar to A.

FALSE NANCY

For somewhat similar texts see Sharp, II, 226-227. See also *Bulletin*, I, 7; Christie, II, 6-7; Ord, p. 176; and Owens, *JAFL*, XLIX, 225-227.

The present version is from the Lambertson manuscript. Mr. John and Mr. Charles Lambertson both remembered hearing their mother sing this song.

- 1 Come all young men of a rambling nature,
Come listen to my mournful song.
I loved a fair maid beyond my duty;
I loved her more than the common run.
- 2 The widow's daughter, her name was Nancy,
She dressed in silks and satins fine;
On her I had the greatest fancy
I ever had on womankind.
- 3 One day when I went in to see her
I offered her the marriage ring.
O scornfully she did me answer;
"I never thought on such a thing."
- 4 "Begone, begone, thou deluded fellow,
Come here no more to trouble me;
Put on your suit of the gold-green willow,
For your true love I'll never be."
- 5 "Nancy, Nancy, don't you remember
The protestations you've made to me?
If some other young man should chance to win you,
I hope you'll suffer as well as me."
- 6 Nancy's now married to the Prince Oswego,
A rambling fellow rides through the town.
Her husband don't in the least regard her;
Her haughty pride it soon came down.
- 7 One day as she sat in her window
One of her neighbors heard her say,
"My husband don't in the least regard me,
He follows gambling both night and day."

8 Come all fair maidens, I'd advise you,
Don't turn your first true love away,
For many a bright sunshiny morning
Brings forth a dark and a dismal day.

THE RICH MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER

For an English text with many minor variations see Ashton, pp. 388-389. See also *JFSS*, I, 222-223.

The present version is from the Gernsey manuscript.

- 1 'Tis of a rich merchant in London we hear,
He had a comely young daughter both beautiful and fair.
Twenty thousand bright guineas was her portion in gold
When she fell in love with a young sailor bold.
- 2 And when of those tidings her father did hear,
Upon the young sailor his vengeance did swear.
Says he, "Your own true love shall no more plow the sea,
But before tomorrow morning his butcher I shall be."
- 3 And then when she heard her old father say so,
Her heart was o'erwhelmed with sorrow and woe.
Says she to herself, "Could I but see my dear,
How soon would I warn him of the danger that is near."
- 4 In a suit of bold sailor's apparel complete
She dressed herself up from her head to her feet.
With pumps on her feet and a cane in her hand
She met her dear William as she walked up the strand.
- 5 "Dear William, dear William, dear William," said she,
"My father doth swear your butcher he will be.
Now straightway to London I would have you prepare,
And in forty-eight hours I will meet you there."
- 6 He kissed her fair cheek; tears stood in each eye.
Says she, "I will save you or else I will die."
Then straightway she gave him a handful of gold;
Then walked up the streets like a young sailor bold.
- 7 She met her old father as she walked up the strand;
He mistook her to be William, saying, "You are the man."
And sword from his side he instantly drew
And pierced her beautiful body right through.

- 8 When he saw what he had done, he sunk down in despair,
Wringing his hands and tearing his hair,
Crying, "O wretched monster, pray what have I done?
I've murdered the flower of fair London town."
- 9 Then up from the ground he instantly starts
And leaned on his sword till he pierced his own heart.
"Forgive me," he cried till he drew his last breath;
Then closed his eyes in the cold arms of death.
- 10 And when of those tidings young William did hear,
He died brokenhearted for the sake of his dear.
So father and daughter and the young sailor bold
Met an untimely end for the sake of cursed gold.

JOHNNY AND BETSY

For a similar text see Rollins, VII, 136-138: "Love Overthrown. The Young Man's Misery; And the Maids Ruine; Being a true Relation, How a beautiful Hereford-shire Damsel . . . was, by her Mistress, sold to Virginia; And of the great Lamentation her Disconsolate Lover makes for her." The ballad concerns "Betty" and her lover. For a ballad which seems to be a sequel to the story in the song "Love Overthrown," mainly concerned with the lover's lament, see Rollins, IV, 37-40. Rollins notes that many cases of "spiriting" young men or women to the American colonies against their wills are known: "On May 23, 1682, in the course of a trial at London it was proved . . . that 'there was in generall such a trade as kidnapping or spiriting away children,' and witnesses testified that 'there had been above five hundred sent away in two years at Christmas last.'" For other texts of this song see Eddy, No. 202; William Wells Newell, "Early American Ballads," *JAFL*, XII, 245-246; Pound, No. 26; and Sharp, II, 4.

The present version was sung in 1935 by Mrs. Michael Byrne, Parnell, near Cannonsburg.



1 "Twas of a maiden you shall hear,
She lived down in a village near.
A servant maid although she be,
She was fitting for some higher degree.

2 Her mistress had but one only son.
It was not in love that they first begun;
But Betsy's beauty it shined so clear,
It drew his heart fast in a sneer.

3
He says to Betsy, "I love you well,
I love you as dear as I love my life,
And I do intend to make you my wife."

- 4 "O no, kind sir, that I do disdain;
It's for my honor you'll never stain.
There's ladies near you whose companion be;
Therefore, young man, you'll be gone from me."
- 5 His mother she'd been listening
In the next room;
She bore it constantly in her mind
To rob him of his heart's design.
- 6 'Twas in the morning when she arose,
She says to Betsy, "Put on your best clothes;
Unto the country you must go
For to wait upon me one day or so."
- 7 She dressed herself up in rich array,
And with her mistress she went away.
The ship's lying wavering all on the down;
To a strange country poor Betsy is bound.
- 8
In a short while after his mother came home.
"You're welcome, dear mother," he said,
"But where is Betsy, your servant maid?"
- 9 "O son, dear son, now I plainly see
It was your love you had for Betsy.
But love no more, it is all in vain,
For Betsy is crossing the raging main."
- 10 A short while after, the boy took ill;
No one on earth could make him well,
For Betsy's beauty it shined so clear
It drew his heart fast in a sneer.
- 11 Doctors were sent for immediately
To use their medicine and industerry.
"But doctor, doctor, your skill is in vain,
For Betsy's crossing the raging main."
- 12 The doctors' skill could grant no relief;
He filled with sorrow and died in grief.

And when she found her child was dead,
She cried, "And alas," and shook her head.

13 Crying, "And alas, what have I done?
I've been the death of my only son.
If I had my son's life again,
I'd send for Betsy over the raging main."

THE BUTCHER BOY

For a version of this Americanized British ballad almost identical with Michigan A and a note pointing out its composite character see Cox, pp. 430-432. See also Allsopp, II, 207; Eddy, No. 36; Flanders and Brown, pp. 115-116; Henry, *JAFL*, XLV, 72-74; Scarborough, pp. 282-288; Sharp, II, 76-78; and Stout, pp. 37-41.

Version A was obtained in 1930 from Miss Bessie Martin, Sebewaing, who had learned the song from having heard it sung at country gatherings in the "Thumb District" from the time that she began attending such gatherings fifteen years earlier.

A

- 1 In Jersey City where I did dwell
A soldier boy I loved so well;
He courted me my heart away,
And now with me he will not stay.
- 2 He has a girl in that same town;
That's where he goes and sits him down.
He takes that strange girl on his knee
And tells her things he once told me.
- 3 'Twas when I wore my aprons low,
He'd follow me wherever I'd go.
And now I wear them to my shins,
He passes the door and never looks in.
- 4 I went upstairs to make my bed,
And not a word to my mother said.
My mother came upstairs to me
And said, "What can the matter be?"
- 5 "Go get me a chair to sit upon,
And pen and paper to write it on."
In the letter she wrote to Willie dear
On every line she dropped a tear.
- 6 But Willie dear he would not come;
He gave his love to another one.
And when at night her father came home,
He asked his wife where his daughter had gone.

7 Upstairs he went, the door he broke,
And there he found her hanging on a rope.
He took his knife and cut her down,
And upon her breast these words were found:

8 "What a foolish, foolish girl was I
To hang myself for a soldier boy.
I've wished, I've wished, I've wished in vain
That I could once be born again.

9 "But that can never, never be,
For an orange can't grow on an apple tree.
Go dig my grave both wide and deep;
Put a marble stone at my head and feet.

10 "Upon my finger a diamond ring
To show the world I died for him.
Upon my breast a turtle dove
To show the world I died for love."

B

Obtained in 1931 by Miss Kathryn Bowman, Detroit, from the singing of her aunt, Mrs. Peter Miller, West Branch, who had learned the song from hearing it in a lumber camp at West Branch.

A good text of eight stanzas.

In Jersey City where I did dwell, A
butch-er boy I loved so well; He court-ed me my
heart a - way, And now with me he will not stay.

C

Sung in 1935 by Mr. William Rabidue, West Branch. An incomplete text of five stanzas.



D

Obtained in 1912 from Miss Jean Smith, Detroit, who was then a student in Michigan State Normal College, Ypsilanti. She said that she had known the song ever since she could remember, from hearing it sung by her family and friends.

A good text of eight stanzas.

E

The manuscript of Mrs. Russell Wood, Kalkaska; Mrs. Wood had learned the song from her mother.

A good text of seven stanzas.

F

Sung in 1934 by Mrs. Jim Fisher, near Kalkaska, who learned the song in Fulton County, Ohio, when she was very young.

A good text of seven stanzas.

G

Communicated by Miss Marjorie Howcroft, a student at Wayne University, Detroit; she had heard the song sung by her German mother, who was living in New Orleans when she memorized it.

A good text of eight stanzas.

SPRINGFIELD MOUNTAIN

Cox, p. 292, prints a text of this song and finds it interesting because by means of the many versions of it throughout the United States there may be traced the genesis and development of an American folk song. According to him, the tragedy related in the song took place at Wilbraham, Massachusetts, in 1761. For a history of the song see L. W. Payne, "Songs and Ballads," *PTFLS*, VI, 209-212. For additional versions and references see Pound, No. 42. See also Eddy, No. 99; Flanders and Brown, pp. 15-18; Henry, *JAFL*, XLIV, 116-117; XLV, 175-176; Hudson, *JAFL*, XXXIX, 163-164; Lomax, pp. 315-317; Sharp, II, 166-167; and Grace P. Smith, *JAFL*, XLIX, 263-265. For a comparison and discussion of texts see *Bulletin*, No. 11, pp. 13-15.

Version A was communicated in 1916 by Miss Cora Hopkins, a student in Michigan State Normal College, Ypsilanti. She had memorized this song twenty years earlier from hearing it sung in Bay City by an old man who had learned it during his youth in New York State.

A

- 1 On Springfield mountain there did dwell
A lovely youth; I knew him well.
- 2 One day the lovely youth did go
Down in the medder for to mow.
- 3 He had not mowed more than half the field
When a pesky serpent bit his heel.
- 4 He laid right down all on the ground;
He shut up both eyes and looked all around.
- 5 They carried him to his Sally dear;
"O Johnny dear, why did you go
Down in the medder for to mow?"
- 6 "Why, Sally dear, I thought you knowed;
It was daddy's grass and it must be mowed."
- 7 At length he died, gave up the ghost,
And straight to Abraham's bosom he did post.
- 8 Singing, singing as he went,
"O cruel, cruel sar-pi-ent!"

B

Communicated in 1930 by Mrs. Rebecca Kraus, Ypsilanti.

One day young Johnny he did go
Down in the meadow for to mow. Ri-
too - di - od - dy - i, ri - too - di - od - dy - i, ri -
too - di - od - dy, Oo - di - od - dy, oo - di - od - dy - i.

Chorus

Ri-too-di-od-dy-i, ri-too-di-od-dy-i, ri-too-di-od-dy,
Oo-di-od-dy, oo-di-od-dy-i.

1 One day young Johnny he did go
Down in the meadow for to mow.

Chorus

Ri-too-di-od-dy-i, ri-too-di-od-dy-i, ri-too-di-od-dy,
Oo-di-od-dy, oo-di-od-dy-i.

2 He scarce had mowed twice round the field
When a deadly serpent bit him on the heel.

3 He threw his scythe upon the ground,
And shut his eyes and looked all around.

4 He took that serpent in his hand
And went straight home to Sally Bland.

5 "O Sally dear, and do you see
This pesky serpent that bit me?"

6 "O Johnny dear, why did you go
Down in the meadow for to mow?"

7 "O Sally dear, I thought you knowed
'Twas daddy's hay and it had to be mowed."

8 Now all young men, a warning take
And don't get bit by a rattlesnake.

THE FOOT OF THE MOUNTAIN BOW

For slightly longer texts of this song see Mackenzie, pp. 124-125, and Greenleaf and Mansfield, pp. 153-154.

The present version was sung in 1934 by Mr. Chauncey Leach, Kalkaska, who learned the song about 1895 in Dempsey's lumber camp, fifteen miles east of Kalkaska.

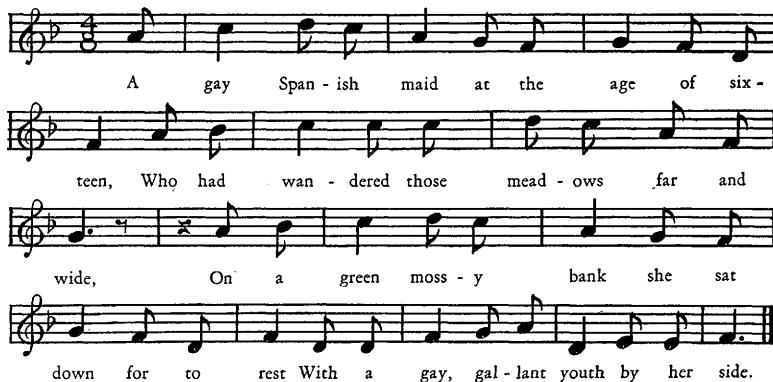
- 1 Come all ye men and maidens and listen to my song,
I'll now repeat a verse or two, and it will not take me long.
It's all about a young man I'm going to tell you now
Who has lately became a member of the maid of mountain bow.
- 2 "O Sally, dearest Sally, it's go along with me;
We'll go down yonder and married we will be.
We will join our hand in wedlock band; there's nothing in our
way.
We will join our hand in wedlock band, for sweetly they do
play.
- 3 "O look down in yonder valley my crops does gently grow,
Look down in yonder valley, my horses and my plow;
They are laboring late and early for the maid of the mountain
bow."
- 4 "If they're laboring late and early, that is not for me.
I hear of your bad income, it is so the people say;
And you rap, and you call, and you pay for hol,¹
And get drunk at the break of day."
- 5 "If I rap and I call and I pay for hol, my money it is my own;
I spend my own fortune, and I hear that you have none.
You thought you had my poor heart broke for happening on
you now,
But I leave you as I found you at the foot of the mountain bow."
- 6 "O Johnny, dear Johnny, how can you be unkind?
The girl you loved so dearly, how soon you changed your mind.
The girl you loved so dearly for happening on you now,
And you leave me brokenhearted at the foot of the mountain
bow."

¹ An abbreviation of "alcohol."—Mr. Leach.

A SPANISH MAID

For a rather close parallel to Michigan A see Combs, pp. 153-155. See also Cox, p. 371, and Mackenzie, pp. 104-105.

Version A was obtained in 1931 by Miss Kathryn Bowman, Detroit, from a manuscript book of her aunt, Mrs. Peter Miller, West Branch.



A

- 1 A gay Spanish maid at the age of sixteen,
Who had wandered those meadows far and wide,
On a green mossy bank she sat down for to rest
With a gay, gallant youth by her side.
- 2 "Our ship sails tonight, my darling," he said,
"And with you I shall never roam no more,
But when all in your cottage have retired for to rest,
Will you meet me tonight by the shore?"
- 3 When all in her cottage had retired for to rest,
She thought of her true love once more;
With her hat in her hand she ran down the dry sand
And sat down on a rock by the shore.
- 4 Her soft white hands pressed her wild throbbing heart,
And her misery no tongue could tell,
For the cape in the West was denoting a storm,
While the waves at her feet they did swell.

- 5 She watched the white sails till they were far from her view,
And the tears down her cheeks they did flow,
Saying, "There's no one abroad to cheer the lone hearts of her
crew,
If the ship should go down in a storm."
- 6 Then her footsteps retraced to her own cottage door,
It seemed to her more like a dream,
While the moon in the sky proudly riding on high
With a pale luster over the scene.
- 7 About twelve o'clock that night the wind it did blow,
And the rain down in torrents did fall.
She arose from her cot from a wild troubled dream,
And she offered a prayer to her God.
- 8 "Now attention we pay to a ship in a storm,
While the wind through its rigging did moan,
While I on a plank did escape from the wreck,
While the rest met a watery grave.
- 9 "In the morning found me wandering on the wild troubled deep;
In the evening found me praying in despair.
I thought of the maid I had left on the beach
And a thousand times wished I was there.
- 10 "Next morning found me wandering on the wild troubled deep,
'Till at length a large ship I did spy;
My signals they did see, and they ran up to me,
And they cheerfully took me aboard.
- 11 "Now since providence has spared me my life safe on shore,
Straightway to fair Susan I'll go.
For I promised her I'd marry her, make her my loving wife,
But my promises have soon turned to woe.
- 12 "When the news reached the shore that our gallant ship was
lost,
And our loyal seamen were no more,
She died like a rose that was bitten by the frost,
And she's left me in sorrow to mourn."

Unhappy Love

125

B

THE SPANISH MAID

Sung in 1935 by Mrs. Helen Vandenberg, Alger, who learned the song from Mrs. Tom Gallagher, near West Branch.

A text of six stanzas very similar to A.

A Span - ish maid at the
 age of six - teen, Who had wan - dered the
 mead - ows far and wide, She sat
 down for to rest on a gay, moss - y
 bank With her gay, gal - lant youth by her side.

41

FROZEN CHARLOTTE

FOR an account of this song, which Barry ascribes to William Lorenzo Carter, of Benson or Bensontown, Vermont, before 1833, see Phillips Barry, "Native Balladry in America," *JAFL*, XXII, 367-370, 442, and "William Carter, the Bensontown Homer," XXV, 156-168. For other texts and references see Barry, *Bulletin*, VIII, 17-19. See also Cox, pp. 286-291; Finger, pp. 118-123; Flanders and Brown, pp. 35-38; Gray, pp. 94-97; Greenleaf and Mansfield, pp. 347-348; Lomax, pp. 239-242; Sandburg, pp. 58-59; Spath, *Weep Some More, My Lady*, pp. 142-143; and Stout, pp. 51-53.

Version A was obtained in 1931 by Miss Kathryn Bowman, Detroit, from her aunt, Mrs. Peter Miller, West Branch.

Young Charlotte lived by the mountain side In a wild and lovely spot; No dwellings there for three miles 'round, Except her father's cot.

A

- 1 Young Charlotte lived by the mountain side
In a wild and lovely spot;
No dwellings there for three miles 'round,
Except her father's cot.
- 2 'Twas oft on many a winter's eve
Young swains would gather there,
For her father kept a social cot,
And she was very fair.
- 3 'Twas New Year's Eve, the sun had set,
She watched with a restless eye;
To the frosty windows she would go
To see the sleighs go by.
- 4 In a village fifteen miles away
There was a merry ball that night;

The air was piercing cold as death,
But her heart was warm and light.

- 5 And brighter beamed her laughing eye
When the well-known sound she heard,
And dashing up to the cottage door
Young Charlie's sleigh appeared.
- 6 Her parents then "Dear daughter," said,
"This blanket around you fold,
For 'tis a dreadful night abroad,
And you'll catch your death of cold."
- 7 "O no, O no," young Charlotte said,
"This cape is quite enough,
And then I have this silken scarf
To tie my neck about."
- 8 Her bonnet and her gloves were on,
They stepped into the sleigh,
And away they went over the mountain side
And over the hills away.
- 9 "Such a night as this I never saw;
These reins I scarce can hold."
Young Charlotte said, with a quivering voice,
"I am exceeding cold."
- 10 He cracked his whip and urged his steed
More swifter than before,
Until at length another five miles
Were silently passed by.
- 11 Then Charlotte said, with a feeble voice,
"I'm growing warmer now."
And on they went through the frosty air
And through the grim starlight
- 12 Until at length the village inn
And the ballroom was in sight;
And when they reached the ballroom door,
Young Charlie he jumped out.

13 "Why sit you there like a monument
That hath no power to move?"
He asked her once, he asked her twice;
She answered not a word.

14 He asked her for her hand again,
But still she never stirred.
He took her veil from off her face,
The bright stars on her shone.

15 Young Charlotte was a frozen corpse,
And words spoke never more,
And quickly to the lighted hall
Her lifeless form he bore.

16 He put his arms around her neck
And kissed her marble brow,
And his thoughts went back to when she said,
"I'm growing warmer now."

17 He put the corpse back in the sleigh
And swiftly hurried home;
And when he reached the cottage door,
O how her friends did mourn!

18 They mourned for the loss of their daughter dear,
And Charles wept over the gloom
Until at length he died of grief,
And they buried them in one tomb.

B

YOUNG CHARLOTTE

Sung in 1933 by Mrs. Maggie Loughlin, near Cannonsburg. Aside from the first stanza she recalled only fragments of the whole, which she said had been current in the neighborhood where she lived when she was a girl.

Young Char - lotte lived by the moun - tain side, In a
 wild and lone - ly spot; No dwell - ings there for
 three miles 'round, Ex - cept her fa - ther's cot.

C

THE FAIR SHARLOT

Communicated in 1916 by Mr. and Mrs. Culver, Clyde, sixty-two and sixty-three years of age. A text of nine stanzas.

FAREWELL HE

FOR texts similar in part to this Michigan hybrid see Combs, pp. 168-169; Eddy, Nos. 152, 161; and the Michigan text "My Love Is on the Ocean," p. 131.

The present version is from the Lambertson manuscript. Mr. Charles Lambertson remembers hearing his mother sing this song.

- 1 Farewell to cold winter, adieu to white frost;
I'll sit me down and sing, for my old beau is lost.
I'll sing and be as merry as a nightingale in May,
For I can do without him now he's gone, farewell he.
- 2 It's many a winter evening we've sat together and chat;
But very little better do I like him for all that,
For his tongue it ran so nimble, too nimble for me,
O I can do without him now he's gone, farewell he.
- 3 With love in his pocket and a little in his heart,
He can keep some himself and give every girl a part.
For his love it is as light as the dew upon the lawn;
Put it on Sunday night, take it off Monday morn.
- 4 He is the son of a rich old man,
And I am the daughter of a poor woman;
But for all his wealth and splendor he can keep it for all me,
For I can do without him now he's gone, farewell he.
- 5 He was the lad that I dearly did love;
I hope he'll be forgiven by the powers above.
And if any like his character and they can agree,
I'll never spoil a marriage; they can have him for all me.
Yes, if any like his character and they can agree,
I'll never spoil a marriage; they can have him, farewell he.

MY LOVE IS ON THE OCEAN

For somewhat similar texts see Carter, *JAF*, XLVI, 35-36, and Eddy, No. 152. See also the Michigan text "Farewell He," p. 130.

The present version was obtained in 1931 by Miss Kathryn Bowman, Detroit, from her aunt, Mrs. Peter Miller, West Branch; Mrs. Miller had written the song in a manuscript book after having heard it sung about 1895 in Connor's lumber camp, West Branch.

- 1 My love is on the ocean, O let him sink or swim,
For in his own mind he thinks he's better than I am.
He thinks that he can slide me as he滑ed two or three,
But I've given him the mitten since he's gone back on me.

Chorus

He comes like too cold weather, and off he goes like frost.
I sing and be merry, since now my beau I've lost.
I sing and be as merry as a bird up in the tree;
I'll rest when I'm weary since he's gone back on me.

- 2 The next time that I saw him, 'twas down in yonder grove;
As quickly as he saw me he offered me his glove.
He thought I would accept it, but I quickly let him know
That I'd given him the mitten since he's gone back on me.
- 3 Many the pleasant evenings together we have went,
Many the pleasant evenings together we have spent.
His talk was rather tender, and his watch was rather slow;
Many's the time I told him to take his hat and go.
- 4 Go tell it to his mother; I set her heart at ease.
I hear she is a lady that's very hard to please.
I hear that she speaks of me that's hardly ever done.
Go tell it to her, I do not want her son!

SEVEN LONG YEARS

FOR a variation of this song see Campbell and Sharp, p. 256; Eddy, No. 68, text D; and Fuson, p. 118.

The present version was communicated in 1916 by Miss Louise Griffiths, a student in Michigan State Normal College, Ypsilanti; she obtained it from Miss Florence Ott, Halltown, West Virginia, who had learned it from school children.

- 1 O seven long years I've been married;
I wish I had died an old maid,
For now I see nothing but trouble.
My husband won't work at his trade.

Chorus

Beautiful light o'er the ocean,
Beautiful light o'er the sea,
Beautiful light o'er the ocean,
My love, I am waiting for thee.

- 2 I have to go down to the barroom
And get him home if I can.
Young girls, you see nothing but trouble
When once you are tied to a man.
- 3 I have to get up in the morning,
Work hard and toil all the day;
At night I have to get supper
And put the dear children to bed.
- 4 If I had listened to mother,
I wouldn't have been here today;
But I was so young and so foolish,
I had to have my own way.
- 5 If I had the wings of an angel,
Or like the wings of a dove,
I'd fly across the wide ocean
And light in the arms of my love.

THE LAKE OF PONTCHARTRAIN

For texts see Pound, No. 55, and Tolman and Eddy, *JAF*, XXXV, 387-388.
 For a cowboy version see Larkin, pp. 31-33.

Version A was sung in 1931 by Mr. Herbert Ross, Belding, who learned the song about 1890 from a schoolgirl friend.

A

- 1 'Twas on a bright May morning I bid Orleans adieu
 And steered my course for Jackson, where I was forced to go.
 Of course it was for money, and of no credit gained;
 But it's left me here to wander on the lake of Pontchartrain.
- 2 O'er swamps and alligators I went my weary way,
 O'er railroad ties and crossings my quickly feet did play
 Until the shades of evening some higher ground to gain;
 'Twas here I met this Creole girl on the lake of Pontchartrain.
- 3 "Good evening, lovely maiden, my money does me no good;
 If 'twas not for these alligators, I'd lie here in the wood."
 "O welcome, welcome, stranger, although our house is plain,
 We never turn a stranger out from the lake of Pontchartrain."
- 4 She took me to her father's house where I was treated well.
 Her hair in golden ringlets about her shoulders fell.
 I tried to paint her beauty, but I found it all in vain,
 So lovely was this Creole girl on the lake of Pontchartrain.
- 5 I asked her if she'd marry me; she said it ne'er could be.
 She said she had a lover, but he was far at sea.
 She said she had a lover "and true to him I'll remain,
 Till he returns to this Creole girl and the lake of Pontchartrain."
- 6 "Adieu, my pretty fair maiden, I ne'er shall see you more,
 But I thank you for your kindness in the cottage by the shore.
 Around each social circle I will freely, boldly drain,
 I will drink to the health of this Creole girl on the lake of Pontchartrain."

B

Sung in 1934 by Mrs. Maude Simpson, Detroit, who had learned the song about 1910 from hearing it sung by her father, Mr. Otis Evilsizer, Alger.

A text of five stanzas.

THE NEW DRESS

For the complete song "Nae Bonnie Laddie Wad Tak' Her Awa'," of which this is a fragment, see Ford (Second Series, 1901), 206-207. See also *JFSS*, V, 221-223; and for a related version see Greenleaf and Mansfield, pp. 127-128.

The present version was obtained from Miss June Slyfield, Ypsilanti, a student in Michigan State Normal College, in 1916; she had heard the song sung by a Scotch relative.

She had a new dress; it was just at the mak'n'.
It wanted the fare breadth, and it wanted the back'n'.
It wanted the sleeves and the linin' and a',
And nae bonnie laddie would tak' her awa'.
Tak' her awa', tak' her awa',
And nae bonnie laddie would tak' her awa'.
She had three dresses all but twa,
And nae bonnie laddie would tak' her awa'.



HAPPY LOVE



“I MET A FAIR DAMSEL AND TO HER DID SAY,
“‘I WANT YOU TO BE A TRUE LOVER OF MINE.’”

II. Happy Love

47

A TRUE LOVER OF MINE

(The Elfin Knight, Child, No. 2)

Two other forms of this ballad were collected in Michigan by Dr. B. L. Jones; see Jones, p. 301. For additional versions and references see Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, pp. 3-11; Eddy, No. 1a; Gray, pp. 78-79; *JIFSS*, VIII, 17-18; and Kittredge, *JAFL*, XXX, 283-285.

The present version was sung by Mr. Otis Evilsizer, Alger, 1935.

As I went out walk-ing one morn-ing in May, May
ev'-ry rose bloom mer-ry in time, Oh, I
met a fair dam-sel and to her did say, "I
want you to be a true lov-er of mine. May
ev'-ry rose bloom mer-ry in time, Oh, I
want you to be a true lov-er of mine."

I As I went out walking one morning in May,
May ev'ry rose bloom merry in time,
Oh, I met a fair damsel and to her did say,
"I want you to be a true lover of mine.
May ev'ry rose bloom merry in time,
Oh, I want you to be a true lover of mine.

- 2 "I want you to bring me a new cambric shirt,
May ev'ry rose bloom merry in time,
That's made without seam or needle work,
And then you shall be a true lover of mine.
May ev'ry rose bloom merry in time,
And then you shall be a true lover of mine.¹
- 3 "I want you to wash it in yonder well,
Where water ne'er flew nor dew never fell.
- 4 "I want you to hang it on yonder thorn,
Where leaves never grew since Adam was born."
- 5 "'Tis three requests you've asked of me,
May now I ask the same of thee?
- 6 "I want you to buy me ten acres of land,
Between the salt waters and the sea sand.
- 7 "I want you to plow it with an old sheep's horn,
Then plant it all over with one grain of corn.
- 8 "I want you to reap it with a sickle of leather,
Then tie it all up with a peacock feather.
- 9 "Now when you think you've finished your work,
Just come unto me and you shall have your shirt."

¹ The second, fourth, fifth, and sixth lines of stanza 2 are repeated in each of the following stanzas.

MR. WOODBURN'S COURTSHIP

(Captain Wedderburn's Courtship, Child, No. 46)

THE Michigan texts are similar to Child A and B, although somewhat shorter. None of the Child texts has the story told in the first person throughout, as does Michigan B. For other English texts see Greig, pp. 33-36, and Ord, pp. 416-420. For American texts see Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, pp. 93-99; Mackenzie, pp. 14-15; and Scarborough, pp. 230-231.

Version A was sung in 1934 by Mrs. Eliza Youngs, Greenville, who learned the song from her mother.

A no - ble - man's fair daugh - ter walked
 down a nar - row lane; She met with Mis - ter
 Wood - burn, a keep - er of the game. He
 said un - to his serv - ants, "If it
 was - n't for the law, This maid I'd have with -
 in my bed, and she would lie at the wall."

A

- 1 A nobleman's fair daughter walked down a narrow lane;
 She met with Mr. Woodburn, a keeper of the game.
 He said unto his servants, "If it wasn't for the law,
 This maid I'd have within my bed, and she would lie at the
 wall."
- 2 "Get you gone, young man," she said, "and do not trouble me;
 Before you lie one night with me, you must get me dishes three.

Three dishes you must get for me; suppose I eat them all,
Before you lie one night with me at either stock or wall.

- 3 "For my breakfast you must have a bird without a bone,
And for my dinner you must have cherries without a stone,
And for my supper you must have a bird without a gall,
Before you lie one night with me at either stock or wall."
- 4 "When the bird is in the egg, it really has no bone;
When cherries are in blossom, they really have no stone;
The dove she is a gentle bird, she flies without a gall;
So you and I in bed must lie, and you must lie at the wall."
- 5 "Get you gone, young man," she said, "and do not me perplex;
Before you lie one night with me, you must answer questions
six.
Six questions you must answer me when I set forth them all
Before you lie one night with me at either stock or wall."
- 6 "What is rounder than a ring, what's higher than a tree?
What is worse than women, else what's deeper than the sea?
What bird sings best of three birds first, and where the dew
does fall?
Before you lie one night with me at either stock or wall."
- 7 "The globe is rounder than the ring, heaven's higher than a tree.
The devil's worse than women, else hell's deeper than the sea.
The thrush sings best of three birds first, and there the dew does
fall,
So you and I in bed must lie, and you must lie at the wall."
- 8 "Well, you must get me some winter fruit that in December grew.
You must get me a mantle that weft it ne'er went through.
You must get me a sparrow's horn, a priest unborn to join us one
and all,
Before you lie one night with me at either stock or wall."
- 9 "My father has some winter fruit that in December grew,
And my mother has a mantle that weft it ne'er went through.
A sparrow's horn is easy got, there's one on every claw;
Melchesik he was a priest unborn, so you must lie at the wall.

Seeing she was so clever my heart she did enthrall,
I took her in my arms and rolled her from the wall."

B

Sung in 1934 by Mr. Charles Muchler, Kalkaska, who learned the song in a lumber camp in Pennsylvania.

As I took a walk one May morning down
by John Sander's lane, Who should I spy but a
pretty little maid, the keeper of the
game? I says to her, "My pretty fair maid, if it
wasn't for the law, I'd take you in my
arms and roll you over next to the wall."

- 1 As I took a walk one May morning down by John Sander's lane,
Who should I spy but a pretty little maid, the keeper of the game?
I says to her, "My pretty fair maid, if it wasn't for the law,
I'd take you in my arms and roll you over next to the wall."
- 2 Says she, "Get away, you silly lad, and do not be perplexed,
Before you could lie in bed with me you must answer questions
six.
Six questions you must answer me and I will ask them all,
Then you and I in bed can lie and you lie next to the wall."

3 "Now what is rounder than a ring, what's higher than the trees?
What's worse than woman's tongue, what's deeper than the seas?
What bird sings first, and what one best, and where does the dew
first fall?
And you and I in bed can lie and you lie next to the wall."

4 "This earth is rounder than a ring, heaven's higher than the trees.
The devil's worse than woman's tongue, hell's deeper than the seas.
The lark sings first, the hackey bird best, and the earth's where the
dew first falls,"
And then I took this fair maid in my arms and rolled her over next
to the wall.

49

LORD BATEMAN'S CASTLE

(Young Bechan, Child, No. 53)

For a discussion of this ballad and references see Kittredge, *JAFL*, XXX, 294-297. See also Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, pp. 106-122; Cox, pp. 36-41; Eddy, No. 5; Greenleaf and Mansfield, p. 17; Hudson, pp. 7-9; Mackenzie, pp. 16-19; Scarborough, pp. 210-213; and Thomas, pp. 86-87.

The present version was sung in 1935 by Mrs. Ethel White Roth, Detroit, who learned the song from her mother, Mrs. Mary Cheyne White. Mrs. White learned it from her mother, Mrs. Agnes Morrison, a Scotch girl born in Ottawa, whose father settled in Quebec in 1801.

Lord Bate - man was a no - ble lord, And
 of his lord - ship a high de - gree. He
 set his foot on the ship of fame Some
 for - eign coun - tries to go and sec. He
 sail - ed east, he sail - ed west, He
 sail - ed un - to fair Tur - key; And
 there he was tak - en and put in pris - on, Till
 of his life he was quite wea - ry.

I Lord Bateman was a noble lord,
 And of his lordship a high degree.

He set his foot on the ship of fame
Some foreign countries to go and see.

- 2 He sailèd east, he sailèd west,
He sailèd unto fair Turkey;
And there he was taken and put in prison,
Till of his life he was quite weary.
- 3 The jailer had an only daughter,
And she was fair as she could be.
She took the keys of her father's prison
And said, "Lord Bateman I'll go and see."
- 4 She said, "Have you got gold and silver,
Have you got riches of high degree?
What would you give to some fair young lady
If she from prison would set you free?"
- 5 He said, "I have both gold and silver,
And I have riches of high degree,
And I would give all of my father's riches
If she from prison would set me free."
- 6 "For seven long years I will make a promise,
For seven long years I will make it stand,
If you will wed with no other lady,
I will wed with no other man."
- 7 When seven long years were past and ended,
And fourteen days were no more to be,
She packed up all her costly jewels
And said, "Lord Bateman I'll go and see."
- 8 And when she came to Lord Bateman's castle,
She loud, loud rapped at the bell.
"Who's there, who's there?" cries the bold young
porter,
"Who's there, who's there? I pray you tell."
- 9 She said, "Is this Lord Bateman's castle,
Or is his lordship himself within?"
He said, "This is Lord Bateman's castle,
He's just now taken his young bride in."

- 10 "Go bid him send me a slice of bread,
Likewise a bottle of his best wine,
And to remember the Turkish lady
Who did release him when close confined."
- 11 Away, away ran the bold young porter,
As fast as ever he could flee;
And when he came to Lord Bateman's chamber,
He fell down on his bended knee.
- 12 "What news, what news, my bold young porter?
What news, what news have you brought to me?"
He said, "There is the fairest lady
That ever my two eyes did see."
- 13 "She has a ring on every finger,
On some of them she has got three;
And she has more gold around her middle
Than would buy all of this country."
- 14 "She bade you to send her a slice of bread,
Likewise a bottle of your best wine,
And to remember the Turkish lady
Who did release you when close confined."
- 15 Lord Bateman flew in an angry passion
And brake his sword in pieces three.
He said, "I'll give all my father's riches
Since fair Susanna's come to me."
- 16 Then up spoke the bride's old mother,
She was never known to speak so free,
"And would you slight my only daughter
Since fair Susanna has come to thee?"
- 17 "I've only made a bride of your daughter,
She's none the better nor worse for me.
She came to me on her horse and saddle;
She may go home in her coach and three."
- 18 This couple's preparing for another wedding
With both their hearts so full of glee.
"No more I'll roam to foreign countries
Since fair Susanna has come to me."

THE GOLDEN BALL

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

THE Michigan form, except for the lack of dialect and for the use of "golden ball" for "goold," is very similar to a version in Child, V, 296. Reed Smith, pp. 93-94, concludes his scholarly study of the ballad with its use as a game and the following résumé: "In the game of the 'Golden Ball,' the wheel of the ballad has come full circle. Composed before Chaucer's pilgrimage, sung in England and Scotland during the spacious times of Queen Elizabeth, recorded by the antiquarian scholar Bishop Thomas Percy in the days of George III, just before the American Revolution, scattered over most of the countries of Europe, crossing the Atlantic with the early settlers and still lingering in out-of-the-way places in both America and Great Britain, the ballad of 'The Maid Freed from the Gallows' has in the end become a rude rustic English tale, a Negro cante-fable in the Bahamas and the West Indies, a playlet at a Negro school commencement, and a children's game in the slums of New York City. A long life and a varied one!" For additional discussion and references see Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, pp. 206-213; Davis, pp. 360-382; Hudson, p. 16; Scarborough, pp. 196-200; and Smith, pp. 80-94. For some Negro forms of the ballad see Martha M. Beckwith, "The English Ballad in Jamaica," *PMLA*, XXXIX, 475-476; Henry, *JAFL*, XLII, 272-273; Walter Jekyll, *Jamaican Song and Story* (London, 1907), pp. 58-59; Elsie Clews Parsons, *Folk-Tales of Andros Island, Bahamas* (New York, 1918), pp. 152-154; and Scarborough, *On the Trail of Negro Folk-Songs*, pp. 34-43.

The present version was obtained in 1915 from Miss Grauman, a student in Michigan State Normal College, Ypsilanti, Michigan; she had learned the song in childhood from hearing it sung by an Irish nursegirl in Louisville, Kentucky, about 1883.

"O hang - man, hang - man, hold your ropes, O
 hold them for a while; I think I see my
 fa-ther's face, A man - y, a man - y a mile."

I "O hangman, hangman, hold your ropes,
 O hold them for a while;
 I think I see my father's face,
 A many, a many a mile.

- 2 "O father, have you brought the ball,
And come to set me free?
Or have you come to see me die
Beneath the gallows tree?"
- 3 "I have not brought the golden ball,
Nor come to set you free;
But I have come to see you die
Beneath the gallows tree."
- 4 "O hangman, hangman, hold your ropes,
O hold them for a while;
I think I see my mother's face,
A many, a many a mile.
- 5 "O mother, have you brought the ball,
And come to set me free?
Or have you come to see me die
Beneath the gallows tree?"
- 6 "I have not brought the golden ball,
Nor come to set you free;
But I have come to see you die
Beneath the gallows tree."
- 7 "O hangman, hangman, hold your ropes,
O hold them for a while;
I think I see my brother's face,
A many, a many a mile.
- 8 "O brother, have you brought the ball,
And come to set me free?
Or have you come to see me die
Beneath the gallows tree?"
- 9 "I have not brought the golden ball,
Nor come to set you free;
But I have come to see you die
Beneath the gallows tree."
- 10 "O hangman, hangman, hold your ropes,
O hold them for a while;
I think I see my sister's face,
A many, a many a mile.

- 11 "O sister, have you brought the ball,
And come to set me free?
Or have you come to see me die
Beneath the gallows tree?"
- 12 "I have not brought the golden ball,
Nor come to set you free;
But I have come to see you die
Beneath the gallows tree."
- 13 "O hangman, hangman, hold you ropes,
O hold them for a while;
I think I see my sweetheart's face,
A many, a many a mile.
- 14 "O sweetheart, have you brought the ball,
And come to set me free?
Or have you come to see me die
Beneath the gallows tree?"
- 15 "I have not come to see you die
Beneath the gallows tree;
For I have brought the golden ball,
And come to set you free."

THE LAIRD O' DRUM

(Child, No. 236)

IN *The Songs of Scotland Prior to Burns*, edited by Robert Chambers (Edinburgh and London, 1862), pp. 440-441, there is a song with identical words, a tune, and a footnote (p. 441) which reads: "This song is said to have been the composition of a woman named Jean Glover, who, strange to say, had deserted respectable, humble Scotch life, to accompany a very poor band of strolling players. Burns tells us, 'I took the song down from her singing, as she was wandering through the country with a sleight-of-hand blackguard.'" The Child version of "The Laird o' Drum," to which the Michigan text is similar, contains three stanzas of four lines each, taken from Johnson's *Musical Museum*, No. 397, p. 410 (Child, IV, 332). For one stanza almost identical with stanza 3 of the Michigan text see Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, p. 300.

The present version was sung in 1916 by Mr. John Laidlaw, Ypsilanti.

- 1 A-coming o'er the crags o' Kyle
And through amang the blooming heather,
There I met a bonnie lass
Was keeping a' her ewes together.
- 2 Her head it was so finely drest
Adorned wi' hat and feather;
Her plaid hung loose about her waist,
Came sweeping through amang the heather.
- 3 Says I, "My lass, where is your hame,
In maur or dale, come tell me whither?"
She says, "I tend the fleecy flocks
That feed amang the blooming heather."

FAIR LADY OF LONDON

(Secondary form, Child, No. 295)

THIS song is somewhat similar to Child, No. 295, B (V, 166-168). For a discussion of the relationship between the two forms see Davis, pp. 537-543. For the only other versions noted which end happily, as does the Michigan text, see Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, pp. 418-425, A and E. For other texts and references see Cox, pp. 366-370. See also Hudson, pp. 26-27, and Sharp, I, 295-304. For a combination of this song with "The Death of Queen Jane" see Davis, pp. 419-420, 537-543.

The present version is from the Gernsey manuscript.

- 1 In London's fair city a lady did dwell;
For wealth and for beauty there's none could excel.
Fair Sally, fair Sally, fair Sally, by name,
And many rich suitors unto Sally came.
- 2 A fair Irish laddie from fair Ireland came
A-courting fair Sally for to be his dame.
Her riches so great, and her portion so high
That on this young man she could not cast an eye.
- 3 "O Sally, O Sally, O Sally," said he,
"I'm sorry that your love and mine can't agree;
I make no great doubt but my ruin you'll prove,
And all your great hatred will turn into love."
- 4 "No hatred for you, sir, or no other man;
But as for to love you, it's more than I can.
So drop your intention and end your discourse,
For I never will have you unless I am forced."
- 5 "O Sally, O Sally, O Sally," said he,
"Before six months roll round it's you will love me."
"I never will love you as long as I've breath,
And I'll dance on your grave whilst you moulder in earth."
- 6 Then after six months was over and past,
We hear of this lady's misfortune at last.
She sent for this young man she had treated with scorn;
She was pierced in her heart with a very sad moan.

7 "O am I your doctor? You sent for me, so
The reason of this I long for to know."
"Yes, you are my doctor, can kill or can cure;
Without your assistance, I'm ruined I'm sure."

8 "O Sally, O Sally, O Sally," said he,
"O don't you remember how you slighted me?
You would speak so disdainful and treat me with scorn,
And now I'll reward you for time past and gone."

9 "For time past and gone, love, forget and forgive,
And grant me awhile longer in this world to live."
"I'll never forgive you as long as I've breath,
And I'll dance on your grave whilst you moulder in earth."

10 "O Jemmie, O Jemmie, O Jemmie," said she,
"I'll freely forgive you, although you won't me."
Then off from her fingers pulled diamond rings three,
Saying, "Take them and wear them while dancing on my
grave."

11 "O Sally, O Sally, O Sally," said he,
"I'll freely forgive you if you'll forgive me.
Come, cheer up, my jewel, and we will agree,
And we will be married and merry we'll be."

A SEAMAN AND HIS LOVE

THIS seems to be a very corrupt version of the English song "A Pleasant new Song between a Seaman and his Love: Shewing though, at first, in misery his time he spent, He met his love at last, with joy and sweet content," in *The Roxburghe Ballads*, III, 127-131. The Roxburghe text, "by Cuthbert Birket," contains seventeen stanzas of eight short lines each.

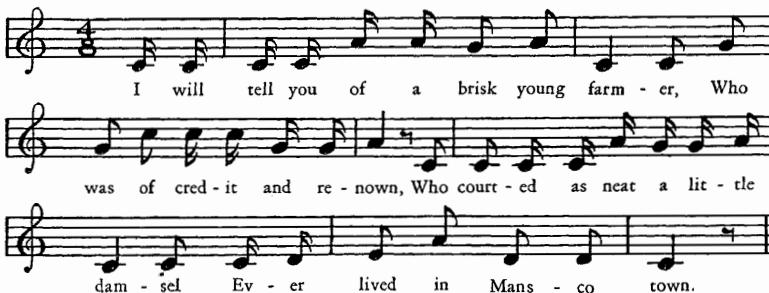
The present version was sung in 1934 by Mr. E. W. Harns, Greenville, who learned the song from his mother, about 1860.

- 1 One dark and gloomy night all clouded over,
Where rivers running by and ships a-sailing,
A pretty maid I spied, weeping and wailing.
I stepped up to her and asked her, "What doth grieve thee?"
The answer that she made, "None can relieve me."
- 2 "'Tis seven long years since my love and I were parted;
He left me here on shore quite brokenhearted.
He promised to return if life was lent him
Which caused me to mourn lest death prevent him."
- 3 "Your love and I both fought under one banner;
It was for old England's right both justice and honor.
'Twas just before he died he turned to me and said,
'Bear me this token to she that was my bride.
There's no one fairer,
And ask her to be kind and wed the bearer.'"
- 4 She wrang her hands and cried like one distracted;
She knew not what she said nor how she acted.
"Through mourning weeds I'll go, no one shall cheer me,
Since death has served me so, none shall come near me."
- 5 He see that she proved true, his love grew stronger.
"Kiss me, my dear," said he, "Love is no slander,
You were my hero wife and I philander."
- 6 They both sat down and sung like maids of pleasure,
They both sat down and sung, but she sung clearest,
Like a nightingale in spring, "Welcome, my dearest."

THE RICH YOUNG FARMER

THIS song is also known as "William Hall," from the returned lover's name. For a fragment, a confused text, and references see Cox, pp. 326-327. See also Sharp, II, 239-242, and Thomas, pp. 84-85. Cf. Scarborough, pp. 264-266.

The present version was sung in 1934 by Mr. E. W. Harns, Greenville, who learned the song in Missouri about 1866.



- 1 I will tell you of a brisk young farmer,
 Who was of credit and renown,
 Who courted as neat a little damsels
 Ever lived in Mansco town.
- 2 Her parents they got angry
 And unto her did say,
 "We'll send him across the ocean wide
 Where his face you no more shall see."
- 3 He sailed the ocean o'er and o'er,
 Till he landed on his own native land,
 And saying, "If Mary is alive and I can find her,
 I'll make her my lawful bride."
- 4 As I was traveling the streets,
 A cold drop of rain fell;
 Just as it happened my true love
 I chanced for to meet.
- 5 "Good morning, good morning, my pretty little
 fair miss,
 Do you think you could fancy me?"

"O no, sir, my fancy's on a brisk young farmer
Who just lately crossed the sea."

- 6 "Describe him, describe him, my pretty little
 fair miss,
 Describe him unto me.
 Perhaps I can tell you of some source to pursue
 him,
 For I've just lately crossed the sea."
- 7 "O he is handsome, proper, and tall,
 And his hair is black and he wears it curlèd.
 O them pretty blue eyes withal."
- 8 "O yes, I saw him and I knew him;
 His name was William Hall.
 A French cannon ball I saw shot through him;
 Unto death I saw him fall."
- 9 O the screams of this pretty little fair miss.
 "Alas, and what shall we do?
 Now we're parted, brokenhearted,
 O my heart 'twill break in two."
- 10 "Cheer up, cheer up, my pretty little fair miss,
 For I am he,
 And to convince you of this matter,
 Here's a ring you gave to me."
- 11 And then this couple joined their lovely hands
 together,
 And straight they did go;
 And then this couple they were lawfully married,
 In spite of friend or foe.

JOHNNY GERMAN

For references and a text said to be almost identical with that of a Boston broadside of about 1820 see Cox, pp. 328-329. See also Mackenzie, pp. 173-174, and Sharp, II, 256-257.

Version A was sung in 1935 by Mrs. Martha Pennock, Alger, who learned the song when a child in Genesee County, Michigan. Mrs. Pennock was born in Brownsville, New York, and came to Michigan in 1865.

Second stanza

"Per -haps I knew this young man when I at last did see,
I will de - scribe him un - to you if you will an - swer me.
And if I should de - scribe him right and I should tell you true,
You must con - sent to mar - ry me if he comes not to you."

A

- 1 When I was last in London I heard the happy news,
I will describe them unto you if you will not refuse.
"Twas of a jovial sailor and merry a life he led,
• • • • •
- 2 "Perhaps I knew this young man when I at last did see,
I will describe him unto you if you will answer me.
And if I should describe him right and I should tell you true,
You must consent to marry me if he comes not to you.
- 3 "He's a very tall and straight man; no courage does he lack.
He's handsome in his person; to no one turns his back.
He belongs unto the *Rainbow*, a mate to Captain Lowe.
His name is Johnny German; is this the man you know?"

4 And then she jumped for joy and cries, "This is the man.
Pray tell me, is he well, sir? And do no longer stand."
" 'Twas your love, Johnny German, that died six months ago."

5 Then she wrung her lily-white hands; the tears rolled down
her cheeks.
Her heart was filled with sorrow; not one word could she speak,
But straight unto her chamber and all alone did lie,
With many a silent mantle to sink her soul and die.

6 Then away went this young man; his heart was filled with woe
To think how he had grieved her and how she loved him so.
He dressed himself in scarlet red, and back to her he came
With a joyful resolution to comfort her again.

7 "Arise, my pretty Polly, and open the door for me.
I've come to bring you tidings of Johnny o'er the sea."
She arose just for to oblige him and stood amazed to see,
When who but Johnny German could this young sailor be?

8 "O base and cruel Johnny, how could you serve me so?"
"O don't abraid me, Polly, I'll ne'er no more do so.
I did so for to try your love, to see if you were true;
There never was a turtle dove that ever exceeded you.

9 "Farewell to the famous *Rainbow* since Polly stole my heart.
If this is the way she conquers, she'll more than do her part.
She's brighter than the morning sun, far sweeter than the rose,
And like some lovely blossom her beauty blooms and blows."

B

A separate sheet in the Gernsey manuscript, with the heading "Ionia Co.
Mich., March 6th, 1892."
A text of nine stanzas similar to A.

FAIN WATERLOO

For discussion of this song and for references see Mackenzie, pp. 182-184. See also Eddy, No. 32; Greenleaf and Mansfield, pp. 175-177; O'Conor, p. 38; Ord, pp. 155-156; and *Six Hundred and Seventeen Irish Songs and Ballads*, p. 120.

Version A was sung in 1934 by Mrs. Eliza Youngs, Greenville.

As I walk - ed out one morn - ing in June, To

view the fine fields and the mead - ows in bloom, I

spied a wee dam - sel; she looked like a queen. She had

cost - ly fine robes and her man - tle so green. She

looked like some gaud - ies that fell from the skies. I

stood in a - maze, quite struck by sur - prise. Her

eyes shone like di' - monds, her cheeks like the rose; She's the

fair - est of crea - tures that na - ture com - posed.

Chorus

To the wild-woods I'll wan - der to shun all men's

views, For the lad I love dear - ly is in fain Wat - er - loo.

A

1 As I walkèd out one morning in June,
 To view the fine fields and the meadows in bloom,
 I spied a wee damsel; she looked like a queen.
 She had costly fine robes and her mantle so green.
 She looked like some gaudies that fell from the skies.
 I stood in amaze, quite struck by surprise.
 Her eyes shone like di'monds, her cheeks like the rose;
 She's the fairest of creatures that nature composed.

Chorus

To the wildwoods I'll wander to shun all men's views,
 For the lad I love dearly is in fain Waterloo.

2 I stepped up to her and then I did say,
 Says I, "My wee lassie, can you fancy me?
 I'll dress you in scarlet, you will look like a queen;
 You'll have costly fine robes and your mantle so green."
 To this she made answer, "You must me excuse,
 You are not my own true love, and you must be refused."
 "Well, since you won't marry, come tell your love's name;
 I have been in battle, I may know the same."

3 "His name I won't mention, it's plain to be seen;
 His name is embroidered on my mantle so green."
 On the raise of her mantle it's there I espied
 My own name and surname in letters of gold.
 It was "William O'Reilly" appeared to my view.
 "He was my commander in fain Waterloo.
 When your love was a-dying, I heard his last sigh,
 'If you was here, lovely Nancy, contented I die.'

4 "Here's your love's token, this gold ring I wear."
 The longer she viewed it the paler she grew;
 She flew from my arms with a heart that was true.
 "Come back, lovely Nancy, it was I won your heart.
 In your own father's garden before we did part,
 In your own father's garden, for we dared not be seen;
 I held you in my arms with your mantle so green."
 These couples got married, I heard people say
 Rich nobles did attend them on their wedding day.

THE MANTLE SO GREEN

Sung in 1935 by Mrs. Allan McClellan, near Bad Axe. A fragment very similar to stanzas 1 and 2 of A.

THE DARK-EYED SAILOR

THIS is the English song "Fair Phoebe and Her Dark-Eyed Sailor," also often called "The Broken Ring," which has been common in American songbooks and broadsides. For a text and references see Cox, pp. 319-320. See also *Bulletin*, VI, 8-9; Greenleaf and Mansfield, p. 81; Mackenzie, p. 172; Ord, pp. 323-324; and Scarborough, pp. 267-270. Michigan A is very similar to the text in Ord.

The words of version A are from the manuscript of Mrs. Peter Miller, West Branch.

A

- 1 'Tis of a comely young lady fair
Was walking out to take the air;
She met a sailor on the way,
So I paid attention, I paid attention,
To hear what they did say.
- 2 He said, "My maid, why roam alone?
The night is coming and the day far gone."
She said, while tears from her eyes did fall,
" 'Tis my dark-eyed sailor, 'tis my dark-eyed sailor,
That appeased my downfall.
- 3 " 'Tis two long years since he left this land;
A gold ring he took from off my hand.
He broke the token, here is half with me,
And the other is rolling, and the other is rolling,
At the bottom of the sea."
- 4 Cries William, "Drive him from off your mind,
As true a sailor as him you'll find.
True aside and cold don't grow,
Like a winter's morning, like a winter's morning,
When the hills are cold with snow."
- 5 "A terror, sailor, I'll ne'er disdain,
But always I will treat the same.
To drink his health here is a piece of coin,
But my dark-eyed sailor, but my dark-eyed sailor
Still claims this heart of mine.

6 "His coal-black eyes and his curly hair,
And his flattering tongue did my heart ensnare.
Genteel he was, no rogue like you,
To drive a maiden, to drive a maiden,
To slight the jacket blue."

7 When William did this ring unfold,
She seemed distracted with grief and joy,
"You're welcome, William, I have land and gold
For my dark-eyed sailor, for my dark-eyed sailor,
So manly, true, and bold."

8 In a cottage down by the riverside,
In unity and love they now reside.
So girls, be true while your beau is away,
For a cloudy morning, for a cloudy morning,
Oft brings a pleasant day.

B

Sung in 1935 by Mr. Charles Bunting, Alger, who learned the song from his parents.

A text of seven stanzas similar to A.

It is of a come - ly young la - dy
fair Who was walk - ing out for to take the air, She
met a sail - or up - on the way, So I paid at - ten - tion,
so I paid at - ten - tion, For to hear what they did say.

C

Sung in 1933 by Mrs. Maggie Loughlin, near Cannonsburg. A text of eight stanzas similar to A.

*D***SAILOR BOY**

The Rowell manuscript. A text of eight stanzas similar to A.

TWO RIGS OF RYE

FOR a version of nine stanzas which tells the complete story see Ord, pp. 31-32. He says that "this fine old country song" was obtained from "an ex-Aberdeenshire ploughman," but he gives no other information. A text of seven stanzas which has lines similar to the Michigan text, but in which the lover rejects his sweetheart, who decides to follow him to "foreign climes," is in *Bulletin*, I, 8, with the note that "We have no data bearing on the history or distribution of this song." For a longer text, interestingly similar, see Christie, II, 224-225.

The present version was sung in 1935 by Mrs. Jennie Hunter, Lowell, who learned the song from her mother, Mrs. Agnes Morrison Cheyne, when she was a small child. Mrs. Hunter was born in Sheboygan, Wisconsin, in 1852, of Scotch parents.

Second stanza

“Your fa - ther of you he takes good care; Your
 moth-er combs down your yel - low hair. Your sis - ters says they'll
 ne'er do more If you mar - ry me so slen - der.”

1 It was between two rigs of rye

• • • •
 Before the sun had pierced the sky
 I heard two lovers talking.

2 “Your father of you he takes good care;
 Your mother combs down your yellow hair.
 Your sisters says they'll ne'er do more
 If you marry me so slender.”

3 He took his kerchief of Holland fine
 And wiped the tears that came trinkling down
 Saying, “Dry up those tears, love, for you'll be
 mine;
 I was only for to try you.”

4 "Let father fret and let mother scold,
Of my sisters' words you need not take hold,
For if they were all lying dead and cold,
Along with you I'd wander."

THE WEALTHY MERCHANT

FOR discussion and British and American references see Belden, *J AFL*, XXV, 8-10, and Kittredge, *J AFL*, XX, 269-273, and XXXV, 377, note. See also Cox, pp. 330-333; Eddy, No. 20; Henry, *J AFL*, XLV, 76; Hudson, pp. 39-40; Scarborough, pp. 203-210; and Sharp, I, 385-395.

The present version was sung in 1934 by Mr. E. W. Harns, Greenville, who learned the song in Kalamazoo County, Michigan, about 1858.

There was a wealthy merchant, in
 Lon - don he did dwell, He
 had a beau - ti - ful daugh - ter; the truth to you I'll
 tell. And sing O and sing O, fal ral de ray.

- 1 There was a wealthy merchant, in London he did dwell;
 He had a beautiful daughter; the truth to you I'll tell.
 And sing O and sing O, fal ral de ray.
 She was courted by three squires and men of high degree,
 But none but Jack the sailor who plowed the raging sea.
 And sing O and sing O, fal ral de ray.¹
- 2 Now Jack is gone a-sailing with troubles on his mind;
 He's left his home and country and this darling girl behind.
 And now Miss Molly's at liberty with money at her command;
 She formed a resolution to view some foreign land.
- 3 She bargained with a tailor to fit her in men's array;
 She enlisted with the captain to carry her away.
 "Before you get on board, sir, your name I'd like to know."
 She answered with a smile, "They call me Jack Munroe."

¹ The music for the last three lines is the same as for the first three.

- 4 "Your waist is slim and slender; your fingers they are small.
Your cheeks too much of a rosy red to face a cannon ball."
"My waist is slim and slender; my fingers they are small,
But never did I tremble to face a cannon ball."
- 5 The drums began to beat and the fifes began to play;
Unto the field of battle Miss Molly marched away.
The battle being over, Miss Molly looked around;
Amongst the dead and wounded her darling boy she found.
- 6 She took him in her arms and went with him to some town
And called for a physician to heal his deadly wound.
And now this couple are married, and well they do agree.
And now this couple are married, and why ain't you and me?

PRETTY POLLY OLIVER

THIS is a popular English broadside song. For a text and references see Cox, pp. 387-388. See also Gardner, pp. 205-206; Greenleaf and Mansfield, pp. 51-54; Mackenzie, p. 151; and Stout, p. 22. It is interesting to note that in Michigan B, Polly is a "new listed soldier under George Washington" rather than under the king, as in other texts.

Version A was sung in 1934 by Mrs. Jim Fisher, near Kalkaska.

A

- 1 It was down in yonder lowlands a fair damsel did dwell
Who was courted by a captain who loved her full well;
But her cruel parents so cruel did prove
That they parted pretty Polly and her royal true love.
- 2 As Polly lie a-musing on her soft down bed,
A comical fancy came into her head;
"O my cruel parents shan't make me false prove;
I will dress in men's apparel and follow my love."
- 3 It was early next morning pretty Polly arose;
She dressed herself up in a suit of men's clothes.
She went to the stable and viewed the stage round,
And there she found one that would travel the ground.
- 4 With a brace of bright pistols and a sword by her side
On her father's gray horse like a trooper did ride;
With her long yellow hair down her back it did hang
In her everyday's grace she looked like a man.
- 5 Pretty Polly rode up to the town of Renown,
And there she put up at the sight of a crown.
The first that she met was an Irish lord proved;
The next that she met was her royal true love.
- 6 Pretty Polly from her pocket a letter she drew,
Saying, "Here is a letter from Polly to you."
Pretty Polly being weary, she hung down her head,
And she called for a candle to light her to bed.
- 7 "O no," says the captain, "I've a bed at my ease,
And you can lie with me, kind sir, if you please."

"For to lie with the captain is a delicate thing;
I'm a new listed soldier and I'll fight for my king."

- 8 It was early next morning pretty Polly arose;
She dressed herself up in her own wearing clothes.
The captain he viewed her from her head to her toes;
Then flying to her arms, "Love, how do you do?"
- 9 This couple got married, I've heard people say.
They had no one to attend them on their wedding day.
The trouble is o'er and the war is no more,
"You're welcome to my arms, pretty Polly, once more."

B

PRETTY POLLY

The Gernsey manuscript. A good text of ten stanzas similar to A.

WILLIAM AND NANCY

THERE is an early version of this ballad entitled "The Undaunted Seaman, who resolved to fight for his King and Country; Together with His Love's Sorrowful Lamentation at their Departure," date about 1690, printed in *The Roxburghe Ballads*, VII, 550. This version ends with the departure of the lover and the lament of the maiden. Some later forms, like B of the Michigan texts, "The Banks of the Nile," which closely resembles Mackenzie B, have the same ending. In many other later forms, however, like Michigan A, the maid dons male attire and accompanies her lover. For a list of many Old World chapbook and broadside texts, as well as several American versions, see Mackenzie, pp. 108-112. See also Scarborough, pp. 317-318; Sharp, II, 139-141; and Stout, p. 47.

Version A was communicated in 1916 by Miss Ranetta Frays, Ypsilanti, who obtained the song from Mrs. Culver, Clyde.

A

- 1 'Twas on one Monday morning
Just at the break of day,
Our ship she slipped her cable
And boldly sailed away.
- 2 The wind it being northeast
For Lisbon she was bound.
The hills and dales were covered
With pretty girls around.
- 3 There was one girl amongst them
With straight and yellow hair;
There was one girl amongst them
Whose heart was full of care.
- 4 Her mind was on her lover,
As you shall understand,
For he was going to leave her
And sail for foreign lands.
- 5 "O stay at home, dear Willie,
O stay at home with me;
O stay at home, dear Willie,
And married we will be."
- 6 "If I should stay at home, love,
Another would take my place,

And that would bring upon me
A shame and a disgrace."

- 7 "Then I'll cut off these yellow locks,
Men's clothing I'll put on,
And like some gallant sailor
I'll go with you along.
- 8 "And like some gallant hero
I'll go along with you.
I never should fear danger
Though wicked winds may blow."
- 9 "The winds they blow tremendously;
The wicked bullets fly;
The silver-mounted trumpets
Around the dead doth lie.
- 10 "Then if I should fall in love
With a girl so gentle, kind, and true,
If I should fall in love with her,
What would my Lily do?"
- 11 "The wind may blow tremendously,
The wicked bullets fly,
The silver-mounted trumpets
Around the dead may lie.
- 12 "Then if you should fall in love
With a girl so gentle, kind, and true,
If you should fall in love with her,
Then I would love her, too.
- 13 "And if you should fall in love
With a girl so gentle, kind, and true,
I'd gently step one side, love,
While she conversed with you."
- 14 These words they came so tenderly
They pierced him to the heart.
"Then we shall have a wedding, love,
And that before we part."

15 Now this young couple is married
And sailing o'er the main;
May the God of Heaven protect them
Till they return again.

B**THE BANKS OF THE NILE**

Sung in 1934 by Mrs. Allan McClellan, near Bad Axe. A text very similar to Mackenzie B, pp. 111-112.

THE WEAVER IS HANDSOME

FOR slightly similar texts see John Ashton, *Real Sailor Songs* (London, 1891), pp. 55-56; *JFSS*, II, 181-182, and VIII, 9-10.

Version A was sung in 1934 by Mr. Chauncey Leach, Kalkaska, who learned the song from Mr. Merton Waterhouse, Mount Pleasant, about 1890.

A

1 "Some say I'll go crazy, some say I'll run mad,
For it's oftentimes I'm courted by a roving young lad.
He courted me highly, both by night and by day,
And now he's a-leaving me and going away."

Chorus

"For the weaver is handsome, the weaver is tall,
And if I can't have the weaver, my life I'll destroy."

2 Her father came to her this morning in May,
And to his dear daughter he kindly did say,
"Dear daughter, dear daughter, if this be your lot,
'Tis go and get married; I'll hinder you not."

3 Then as Willie was riding up to the church door,
The press gang came to him, full forty or more.
They dragged him away, away from her,
And instead of the wedding it was a sorrowful day.

4 "I'll cut off my hair and I'll dress in men's clothes,
And I'll follow the weaver wherever he goes."
As Nellie was a-walking on the seashore one day,
She spied her own Willie not very far away.

5
These words they came to her oftentimes o'er and o'er,
"For all that you do and for all I've gone through,
Dear parents, I'll have the weaver in spite of all you
can do."

B

Sung in 1935 by Mr. Charles Bunting, Alger, who learned the song from his mother, of English descent, in Livingston County, Michigan, when he was a small boy.

I am a young girl, and my for - tune is sad; I've a long time been court - ed by a rov - ing young lad. He court - ed me high - ly both by night and by day, And now for to leave me he's go - ing a - way.

- 1 I am a young girl, and my fortune is sad;
I've a long time been courted by a roving young lad.
He courted me highly both by night and by day,
And now for to leave me he's going away.
- 2 Some say I'll go crazy, more say I'll go mad
For the sake of the weaver, that beautiful lad.
For he's all of my life and he's all of my joy;
If I don't get the weaver, my life I'll destroy.
- 3 I'll cut off my hair and I'll dress in men's clothes;
And I'll follow the weaver wherever he goes,
For the weaver is handsome, the weaver is tall,
And I love the weaver the best of them all.
- 4 Her father went to her one day in great haste
Saying, "Follow the weaver your friends to disgrace.
It's go and get married, say nothing to me,
And when you are married, see how kind I will be."

LADY LEROY

FOR A TEXT OF TEN STANZAS AND FOR REFERENCES SEE COX, PP. 377-378. SEE ALSO DEAN, PP. 33-34; FLANDERS AND BROWN, PP. 137-138; GREENLEAF AND MANSFIELD, PP. 220-221; SHARP, II, 210; AND STOUT, PP. 32-33.

Version A is from the Gernsey manuscript.

A

- 1 Bright Phoebus had risen and shone o'er the sea;
The birds were then singing; all nature was gay.
There sat a fair couple on Ireland's shore
A-viewing the ocean where billows do roar.
- 2 He said, "My dear Sally, 'tis you I adore,
And to leave you behind, it would grieve my heart sore.
Your father is great and angry with me;
If I tarry near him, my ruin he'll be."
- 3 She dressed herself up in a suit of men's clothes;
Straightway to her father disguised she goes.
She purchased a vessel, paid down his demand,
But little thought he 'twas from his daughter's hand.
- 4 She went to her true love and this did relate,
Wished him to get ready and no time to wait.
She hoisted her topsail and hurrahed for joy,
And over the sea sailed fair *Lady Leroy*.
- 5 When her cruel father did this understand,
He vowed revenge on this worthy young man.
He swore his fair daughter ne'er should be his wife,
And for her disobedience he would take her life.
- 6 He went to his captain in rage and despair;
The whole of the story to him did declare.
"Go pursue them, and their lives I'll destroy;
He shall not escape with fair *Lady Leroy*."
- 7 The captain made ready and fierce for the fight;
To bring them to justice it was his delight.
He hoisted his topsails, bright colors did fly;
He swore by his Maker he'd conquer or die.

- 8 They had not scarce sailed a week or ten days;
The wind from the southwest did blow a fine gale.
They spied a ship sailing which filled them with joy;
They hailed it and found it was *Lady Leroy*.
- 9 He bid them return to old Ireland's shore,
Or a broadside of grapeshot among them he'd pour.
But Sally's true lover made him this reply,
"For the sake of my Sally, I'll conquer or die."
- 10 Broadside after broadside, most furious did pour;
And louder than thunder bright cannons did roar.
But the fair Irish beauty gained the victory;
Hurrah for the lovers, their sweet liberty!
- 11 Fair Sally in triumph now sails o'er the main;
She's defeated the hopes of her father again.
His ship she has conquered, all prisoners his crew,
All fear and all danger she now bids adieu.
- 12 Fair Sally's true lover with her did consent
That her father's famed ship straightway should be sent
To him with the relics of his noble crew,
Who all were released and bid them adieu.
- 13 "Go to my dear father and this let him know,
That we'll not be parted by friend or by foe;
Yet we wish him all kindness and he may enjoy
The best wish of the hero of *Lady Leroy*."
- 14 They sailed into Boston, that city of fame,
The fine ship they came in I'll mention again.
The bravest of heroes, the source of my joy,
A health to fair Sally and *Lady Leroy*.

B

Sung in 1934 by Mr. Charlie Myers, Ludington. Mr. Myers was ninety-two years old; he had learned the song about sixty years earlier, when he was a driver in a lumber camp on the Manistee River in Michigan.

A text of nine stanzas.

THE SILK MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER

FOR references see Cox, p. 334. See also Greenleaf and Mansfield, pp. 57-58; Hudson, pp. 27-28; Sharp, I, 381-384; and Stout, p. 21. Cf. Scarborough, pp. 203-210.

The present version is from the Gernsey manuscript. At the end of this song in the manuscript is the notation "Dec. 1841."

- 1 "Tis of a silk merchant in London I write;
He had a fair daughter, his heart's chief delight.
She loved a young porter, and to prevent the day
Of marriage, they forced this young man away.
- 2 As he was a-walking in Dublin's fair street,
This beautiful damsel he chanced for to meet.
"O where are you going, dear sailor?" said she.
"I'm going to old England, old England," said he.
- 3 "It's over to old England I long for to go
And how to get over it's more than I know.
I am a jovial sailor and don't you want a hand,
And for my passage over I'll do all I can?"
- 4 The ship she being loaded and ready for to sail,
The wind from the east blew a sweet pleasant gale.
Along they did sail with each heart's full content,
Until the ship she sprung a leak; to the bottom she
went.
- 5 Four and twenty of them jumped into a long boat;
Poor souls on the ocean was forced for to float.
Hunger was approaching and death was drawing nigh;
They then cast their lots for to see who must die.
- 6 Their lots were all taken and in a bag shook,
And each of the sailors his lot freely took.
Now mark, this fair damsel a-trembling doth stand;
She is to be slain for to feed all the men.
- 7 Their lots again was taken and in a bag shook,
And each of the sailors his lot freely took.

Now mark, this young damsel a-trembling doth stand;
She is to be slain by her own true love's hand.

- 8 "I'm a merchant's fair daughter from Dublin," said
she,
"Now see what I've come to by following thee.
So be quick in your office and let your work be done."
While she was thus speaking they all heard a gun.
- 9 "O stop, you young butcher, I pray stay awhile;
Perhaps we are near some township or isle."
Along they did sail with a sweet evening's tide,
And soon they arrived at a harbor's fair side.
- 10 Now these two are married and well do agree;
A handsomer couple you seldom ever see.
The king then was chosen to give five hundred a year
For venturing her sweet life for the sake of her dear.

A MAID IN BEDLAM

For a slightly longer text, "taken from an old garland in the British Museum," similar to the Michigan version see *JFSS*, II, 93-94. For a text said to have been written by George Syron, a Negro, see Johnson's *Museum* (1787), pp. 46-47. For a short and somewhat similar text see Baring-Gould and Sheppard, pp. 196-197.

The present version is from the Gernsey manuscript.

- 1 One morning very early, one morning in the spring,
I heard a maid in Bedlam most wonderful did sing;
Her chains she rattled on her hands while sweetly thus she
sung,
"I love my love because I know my love he loves me.
- 2 "O cruel were his parents that sent my love to sea,
And cruel, cruel was the ship that bore my love from me.
Yet I love his parents since they're his although they've
ruined me.
I love my love because I know my love he loves me.
- 3 "O should it please the pitying powers to call me to the
skies,
I'd claim a guardian angel's charge around my love to fly.
To guard him from all danger, how happy would I be;
I love my love because I know my love he loves me.
- 4 "I'll make a strawy garland; I'll make it wondrous fine
With roses, lilies, daisies I'll move the eglantine.
I'll present it to my true love when he returns from sea.
I love my love because I know my love he loves me.
- 5 "O if I were a sparrow, I'd sit upon his breast;
Or if I were a nightingale, I'd sing my love to rest
And gaze upon his lovely eyes all my reward should be.
I love my love because I know my love he loves me.
- 6 "O if I were an eagle to soar into the sky,
I'd gaze around with piercing eyes where I my love
might spy,

But ah! unhappy maiden, your love you ne'er can see.
I love my love because I know my love he loves me."

7 He stood awhile to ponder, to hear his love complain;
He could not stand longer, blood sprang in every vein.
He flew unto her lovely arms, and thus replied he,
"I love my love because I know my love she loves me."

THE BONNY LABORING BOY

For a nine-stanza text of this broadside song, with many additions and omissions, see O'Conor, pp. 84-85. See also *JFSS*, I, 206-207, and III, 110-111; Frank Kidson and Mary Neal, *English Folk-Song and Dance* (Cambridge, 1915), p. 23; and Mackenzie, p. 119.

The present version was sung in 1934 by Mr. A. T. Heikes, Kalkaska, who learned the song in Windsor, Indiana.

- 1 As I walked out one evening fair, it was in the month of
early spring,
I met a beautiful damsel fair, most grievously did sing,
Saying, "Cruel was my parents, they did me so annoy.
They would not let me marry with my bonny laboring boy.
- 2 "My parents they would have me wed to some great lord of peer,
I being the only heiress of ten thousand pounds a year.
Young Johnny was my true love's name, as you may plainly see,
My father had him hired, his laboring boy to be.
- 3 "To plow, to hoe, to reap, to sow, and plow my father's land
Until I fell in love with him, as you may understand.
For twelve long months I courted him, and little did I know
That my cruel parents would prove our overthrow.
- 4 "They watched me close one evening while in the shady grove
A-pledging our vows together in that constant bond of love.
My father he stepped up to me and seized me by the hand,
He says, 'I mean to banish young William unto some foreign
land.'
- 5 "They locked me in my own bedroom, my comforts to annoy,
They left me there to weep and mourn for my bonny laboring
boy.
.
- 6 "Says the mother to the daughter, 'Why do you act so strange
To marry the poor laboring boy this wild world for to range?
Some noble lord might fancy you, great riches to enjoy;
Then do not throw yourself away with a silly laboring boy.'

7 "Five thousand pounds and all my clothes I took away that night.

And with the lad that I adored to Belfast we took flight.
His love has so entangled me, and him I'll ne'er deny,
And to America I'll go with my bonny laboring boy."

8 Come fill your glasses to the brim; let the toast go merrily round.

Here's luck to every laboring boy who plows and sows the land,
For when his work is over, to home he'll steer with joy,
For happy is the girl who gets the bonny laboring boy.

ROBIN TAMSON'S SMIDDY

THIS song is so very similar to a text in *Songs of Scotland*, II, 147, that it suggests familiarity with a literary source. For additional versions see Ford (First Series, 1899), pp. 194-196; Frank Kidson, *Traditional Tunes* (Oxford, 1891), pp. 82-84; and Logan, p. 365.

The present version was sung in 1935 by Mr. Thomas Nichol, Filion; he learned the song from his father, Mr. Francis Nichol, who was born in Scotland and came to Canada with his parents when he was eight years old. They settled just south of London, Ontario, in 1833. Mr. Thomas Nichol came to Michigan in 1895, when twenty-one years old.

Ah, me mith - er ment me auld breek's, An' ae, but they were
 did - dy - o. She sent me to git shod the mare, At Rob - in Tam - son's
 smid - dy - o. The smid - dy stands a - yont the burn, As it gangs through the
 clach - an - o; I nev - er yet gae by the door, But aye I fa' a -
Chorus
 laugh - in' - o. Sing fal da rol da ri do, Fal da rol da rid - dy - o,
 Fal da rol da ri do, At Rob - in Tam - son's smid - dy - o.

I Ah, me mither ment me auld breek's,
 An' ae, but they were diddy-o.
 She sent me to git shod the mare,
 At Robin Tamson's smiddy-o.
 The smiddy stands ayont the burn,
 As it gangs through the clachan-o;
 I never yet gae by the door,
 But aye I fa' a-laughin'-o.

Chorus

Sing fal da rol da ri do,
Fal da rol da riddy-o,
Fal da rol da ri do,
At Robin Tamson's smiddy-o.

- 2 Noo Robin was a cankered carle
An' had a bonnie dochter-o;
He ne'er would let her tak a man,
Though mony's the one had socht her-o.
So what do you think o' me exploit
The time our mare was shoeing-o?
I slippit ben beside the lass
And merrily fell to wooing-o.
- 3 But aye she eyed me auld breeks
As her an' me sat crackin'-o;
Says I, "Ne'er mind me auld breeks,
I've new ones for the makin'-o.
If ye'll agree to gang wi' me
An' leave the carle your faither-o,
Ye'll hae me breeks to haud in trim,
Mysel' an' a' thegither-o."
- 4 Says she, "Young man, your offer's fair,
I really think I'll tak it-o;
So just bring out the auld yad,
An' we'll baith git on the back o't-o.
If I mun wait me faither's time,
I mun wait till I be fifty-o;
So I think I'll marry in me prime
An' mak a wife fu' thrifty-o."
- 5 Noo Robin was an angry man
For the losing o' his dochter-o.
He sought her o'er the countryside;
Baith far an' near he socht her-o.
One night he came to oor fireside
Where her an' me sat crackin'-o.
Says I, "Auld man, I've ta'en your bairn,
But ye can tak' me mither-o."

6 At this, auld Robin clawed his pow,
"Ye think ye're unca merry-o,
But I'll just hae ye at your word,
An' end the hurry-burry-o."
So Robin an' the auld guidwife
Agreed to gang thegither-o,
An' I hae ta'en Robin Tamson's pet,
But he has ta'en me mither-o.

THE CHARMING MOLL BOY

FOR texts of this song see Eddy, No. 194; *JFSS*, VIII, 177-178; and Logan, pp. 348-349.

The present version is from the Gernsey manuscript.

- 1 A noble Sir Arthur a-hunting did ride
With his hounds at his feet and his sword by his side.
As he was a-walking by chance he did spy
A pretty fair maid, and her name 'twas Moll Boy.
- 2 "A charming Moll Boy my butler shall be
To draw the white wine between thee and me.
I'll make you a lady of the highest degree
If you will but love me, my charming Polly.
- 3 "It's I'll buy you ribbons, and I'll buy you rings,
And I'll buy you jewels and twenty fine things.
I'll buy you silk petticoats gilt to thy knee
If you will but love me, my charming Polly."
- 4 "I wants none of your ribbons, nor none of your rings,
Nor none of your jewels, nor twenty fine things,
For I have got petticoats suits my degree,
And I'll ne'er love a married man until he is free."
- 5 "O charming Moll Boy, it's I've a penknife,
And I'll away home and I'll slay my old wife.
I'll slay my old wife and return back to thee
If you will but love me, my charming Polly."
- 6 "O noble sir Arthur, haw can you say so?
Go home, love your own wife, let nobody know.
These seven long years I will wait upon thee,
And I'll ne'er love another man in your wife's day."
- 7 When these seven years were all past and gone,
O then this old woman went to her long home.
To her long home did go, and a free man was he;
He soon went a-courting this charming Polly.

8 Now charming Molly Boy in her coach she doth ride,
With horsemen and footmen to go by her side.
Come all ye fair maidens, take warning by me,
And ne'er love a married man until he is free.

THE BANKS OF THE SWEET DUNDEE

THIS is an English broadside song which has been published in various American songbooks and broadsides and has been orally collected in many fields. For references see Kittredge, *JAFL*, XXXV, 354-356, note. For additional references and texts see Cox, pp. 379-381; Eddy, No. 46; Mackenzie, pp. 84-85; O'Conor, p. 68; Ord, pp. 406-407; Sharp, I, 399-401; *Six Hundred and Seventeen Irish Songs and Ballads*, p. 39; and Stout, pp. 44-45.

Version A was sung in 1934 by Mr. Seth Evilsizer, Alger, who had learned the song about seventy years earlier from a cousin living in Zanesville, Ohio.

There was a farmer's daughter, so beautiful I'm told;
 told; Her parents died and left her ten thousand pounds in gold.
 thou - sand pounds in gold. She lived with her dear
 un - cle, the cause of all her woe. This maiden's tale you
 soon shall hear, and the cause of her o'er - throw.

A

- 1 There was a farmer's daughter, so beautiful I'm told;
 Her parents died and left her ten thousand pounds in gold.
 She lived with her dear uncle, the cause of all her woe.
 This maiden's tale you soon shall hear, and the cause of her o'erthrow.
- 2 Her uncle had a plowboy young Mary loved quite well,
 And oftentimes in the garden their tales of love they'd tell.
 There was a wealthy squire came oftentimes Mary to see,
 But Mary dearly loved her William on the banks of the Sweet Dundee.

- 3 Her uncle came to her one day as she lay on her bed.
"Rise up, my pretty fair maiden," he unto Mary said;
"Rise up, my pretty fair Mary, for a lady you shall be.
The squire's waiting for you on the banks of the Sweet Dundee."
- 4 "Away with all your squires, your lords, and dukes likewise.
My Willie he appears to me like diamonds in the sky."
"Hush up, you silly maiden; undaunted I shall not be;
I intend to banish William from the banks of the Sweet Dundee."
- 5 A press gang came to Willie when he was all alone.
He bravely fought for liberty, but there were six to one.
The blood came flowing from his wounds. "They'll kill me
now," cried he,
"But bravely I shall die for Mary on the banks of the Sweet
Dundee."
- 6 As Mary was walking out next day, lamenting for her love,
She met this wealthy squire, all in a lonesome grove.
He threw his arms around her. "Begone, base man," cried she;
"You've killed the only man I love on the banks of the Sweet
Dundee."
- 7 He threw his arms around her, so lovingly around;
Two pistols and a sword he spied beneath her mourning gown.
Two pistols and a sword he spied, which oft had been her theme;
She fired and killed the squire on the banks of the Sweet Dundee.
- 8 Her uncle overheard the noise and hastened to the ground.
"Since you have killed the squire, I'll give you your death
wound."
"Stand back, my dearest uncle, for undaunted I shall be."
The trigger she drew, and her uncle she slew on the banks of
the Sweet Dundee.
- 9 A doctor then was sent for, a man of noble skill;
Also a lawyer sent for to write her uncle's will.
He willed his gold to Mary who fought so gallantly
And closed his eyes no more to rise on the banks of the Sweet
Dundee.
- 10 The press gang they left William and hastened from the place,
Thinking they had done the deed of murder and disgrace.

But life returned to him again, which proved the treachery;
And he arose and put on his clothes on the banks of the Sweet
Dundee.

II "Once, my dearest Mary, I press thee to my heart;
There's nothing in this wide world but cruel death can part.
Your uncle he has left this world and left his all to thee;
We'll live to charm the depth of it on the banks of the Sweet
Dundee."

B

ON THE BANKS OF THE SWEET DUNDEE

Sung in 1933 by Miss Della Bissell at Belding; she had learned the song from Mr. Will Carty, Cleveland, Ohio, about 1883.

A text of eight stanzas similar to those of A except for stanza 3, which follows:

3 Her uncle and the squire rode out one summer's day,
"Young William is her favorite," her uncle he did say,
"But it is my intentions to tie him to a tree
Or send him with the press gang from the banks of Sweet
Dundee."

C

Sung in 1934 by Mr. A. T. Heikes, Kalkaska, who learned the song in Windsor, Indiana.

A text of four stanzas very similar to parts of A.

THE GREEN MOSSY BANKS OF THE LEA

For a much longer text of this song popular in English broadsides and for references see Mackenzie, pp. 135-136.

The present version was sung in 1934 by Mr. Chauncey Leach, Kalkaska, who in 1889 learned the song from Mr. Ben Yansier in Teen Swan's lumber camp about thirteen miles west of Mt. Pleasant, Michigan.

- 1 When first to this country a stranger,
Curiosity caused me to roam,
I resolved in my mind to be a ranger
When I left Philadelphia, my home.
- 2 I first beat my way to Chicago
When bright and splendor did shine,
And there I beheld a fair female
Who I wished in my heart she was mine.
- 3 I boldly stepped up to this loved one
(Although sometimes you may lose),
Saying, "The fields and the meadows, they are charming,
And your guardien I'll be if you choose."
- 4 Says she, "As of a guardien I need none,
And, too, you're a stranger to me,
And yonder my father is a-coming
O'er the green mossy banks of the Dee."
- 5 I boldly stepped up to her father,
And this I did say o'er and o'er,
"Old man, if this be your daughter,
She's the beautified girl that I adore."
- 6 They asked me over the very next day,
When bright and splendor did shine,
And it's there I wed with Matilda
Whom so long I had wished she was mine.

THE BANKS OF CLAUDY

For references and a very similar text see Cox, pp. 321–322. See also Hudson, p. 37; Mackenzie, p. 185; O'Conor, p. 39; Ord, p. 130; Scarborough, pp. 266–267; and *Six Hundred and Seventeen Irish Songs and Ballads*, p. 118.

The present version was sung in 1935 by Mr. Frank Madison, Grattan Center.

As I rode out one evening, all in the month of May, Down by a flowery garden I carelessly did stray. I overheard a female most solemnly to complain All for an absent lover, who plowed the raging main.

- 1 As I rode out one evening; all in the month of May,
Down by a flowery garden I carelessly did stray.
I overheard a female most solemnly to complain
All for an absent lover, who plowed the raging main.
- 2 I boldly stepped up to her and put her in surprise;
She owned she did not know me, I being in disguise.
I says, "My honored lady, my joy and heart's delight,
How far do you travel this dark and stormy night?"
- 3 She says, "Kind sir, to Claudy if you'd be pleased to show
A maid that is distracted between grief and woe.
I'm in search of a fateless young man, young Johnny is his name.
It's on the banks of Claudy I'm told he does remain."
- 4 "This is the banks of Claudy where on it you now stand.
Do not believe young Johnny, for he's a false young man;
Do not believe young Johnny, for he'll not meet you here,
So come with me to the greenwood; no danger need you fear."

- 5 "If my Johnny he was here tonight, he would keep me from all harm.
He's in the field of battle dressed in his uniform.
He's in the field of battle his foe to defy,
Like a rolling prince of honor he fought in the wars of Troy."
- 6 Then Johnny hearing her loyalty, he put her in surprise,
Saying, "I am that fateless young man, the cause of all your pain;
And since we've met on Claudy banks, we ne'er should part
again."

THE BANKS OF BRANDYWINE

For a text and references see Mackenzie, pp. 186–187. For a text including a stanza similar to stanza 2 of the Michigan texts see *Six Hundred and Seventeen Irish Songs and Ballads*, p. 66.

Version A is from the Gernsey manuscript.

A

- 1 One morning very early in the pleasant month of May,
As I walked out to take the air, all nature being gay,
The moon had not quite sailed her fear, but through the woods
did shine
As I wandered for amusement on the banks of Brandywine.
- 2 By many a rough and craggy rock and bushes of small groves,
By many an ancient lofty tree the leaves were putting forth,
As I wandered up along the banks where murmuring streams
do join,
Where pleasant music caught my ear on the banks of Brandywine.
- 3 At such an early hour I was surprised to see
A lovely maid with downcast eyes all on the banks so gay.
I modestly saluted her, she knew not my design,
Requesting her sweet company on the banks of Brandywine.
- 4 “O leave me, sir, do leave, my company forsake,
For in my real opinion, I think you are a rake.
My love’s a gallant sailor, he is now gone to the main
While comfortless I wander on the banks of Brandywine.”
- 5 “My dear, why do you thus give up to melancholy cries?
I pray leave off this weeping and dry those lovely eyes.
There is sailors in each port, my dear, a mistress they do find.
He will leave you still to wander on the banks of Brandywine.”
- 6 “O leave me, sir, do leave me, why will you me torment?
My Henry won’t deceive me, therefore I am content.
Why will you thus torment me and cruelly combine
To fill my heart with horror on the banks of Brandywine.”
- 7 “I wish not to afflict your mind but rather for to ease
Such dreadful apprehension as soon your mind shall seize.

Your love, my dear, in wedlock's chains to another one has joined."

Swooned into my arms on the banks of Brandywine.

8 The craggy rocks and lofty hills reëchoed back their strain;
The pleasant groves and ancient trees were witness to her pain.
"How often has he promised me in hymen's chains to join?
Now I'm a maid forsaken on the banks of Brandywine."

9 "O no, my dear, that ne'er shall be; behold your Henry now.
I'll clasp you to my bosom, I've not forgot my vow.
It's now I know you're true, my dear, in hymen's chains we'll join;
And hail the happy morn we met on the banks of Brandywine."

B

The Rowell manuscript. A text of four stanzas very similar to A.

THE DOG AND THE GUN

FOR references to English and American sources see Tolman and Eddy, *JAF*, XXIX, 171-173, notes by George Lyman Kittredge. See also Cox, pp. 384-386; Eddy, No. 59; Flanders and Brown, pp. 117-118; Hudson, *JAF*, XXXIX, 113-114; Mackenzie, pp. 80-81; Scarborough, pp. 227-230; Sharp, I, 377-378; and Thomas, pp. 170-171.

Version A was sung in 1933 by Mr. Karl Jensen, Pentwater; he had learned the song fifty years earlier from Mrs. Stennett, who had migrated thirty years before from England to Canada and later to Kent, Michigan.

A

- 1 A wealthy young squire, the truth you shall hear,
He courted a nobleman's daughter so fair;
For to be married it was their intent;
Their friends and relations had given their consent.
- 2 The time it was set all for the wedding day,
And a farmer was chosen to give her away.
No sooner the lady the farmer espied,
"I'm ruined, I'm ruined!" the lady she cried.
- 3 Instead of being married she went to her bed,
The thoughts of her farmer still ran through her head.
And a way for to gain him she quickly did find,
For the thoughts of the farmer still ran through her mind.
- 4
- It's jacket, coat, breeches the fair maid put on;
She went a-hunting with her dog and her gun.
- 5 She hunted all round where the farmer did dwell,
Because in her heart she loved him so well.
Many times did she fire, but nothing did she kill,
Till at length the young farmer came out in the field.
- 6 "I thought you had gone," the fair lady she cried,
"To wait on the squire and to give him his bride."
"O no," cried the farmer, "if the truth I must tell,
I'll not give her away, for I love her too well."

- 7 It pleased the fair lady to see him so bold;
She gave him her glove that was all bound in gold,
Saying, "Sir, I found it as I came along,
As I was a-hunting with my dog and my gun."
- 8 This lady went home with her heart full of love,
And gave out the speech that she'd lost her glove.
"The man who will find it and bring it to me,
The man I declare whose bride I will be."
- 9 No sooner had the farmer heard of the news,
Than straight to the lady he instantly went.
"See here, honored lady, I've brought you your glove;
Will you be so kind as to grant me your love?"
- 10 "My love's ready granted," the lady replied,
"I love the sweet breath of the farmer," she cried;
"I'll be mistress of my dairy and the milker of my cow,
And I'll kiss my jolly farmer goes whistling to his plow."
- 11 "And now that I've got him so fast in my snare,
I'll love him a while I do vow and declare."
And now that she's married, she tells of the fun,
How she hunted her farmer with her dog and her gun.

B

Sung by Mrs. Rachel Post, Belding, 1935; she remembered the story of the song as sung by her father, but could recall only a few stanzas.

This farm - er . on hear - ing what this la - dy had
told, He brought her her glove that was flow - ered with
gold, Say - ing, "Kind la - dy, I've brought you your
glove, And will you be so kind as to grant me your love?"

C

The Gernsey manuscript. A text very similar to A, except for the omission of eight lines.

THE MERCHANT'S ONLY SON

SUNG in 1935 by Mrs. Robert Dunn, Alger, about sixty-five years old.

I am a merchant's only son; my
 age it is twenty-two. I fell in love with a
 handsome girl, the truth I will tell to you. Be-
 cause I had money plenty and she
 of a low'r degree, Which caused my par-ents
 for to frown and proved my des - ti - ny.

- 1 I am a merchant's only son; my age it is twenty-two.
 I fell in love with a handsome girl, the truth I will tell to you.
 Because I had money plenty and she of a low'r degree,
 Which caused my parents for to frown and proved my destiny,
- 2 They sent me to America my fortune for to find;
 They put me aboard the *Austin* that now lies in the deep.
 But Providence proved kind to me, for a plank brought me to
 shore;
 I'm in hopes to see that blooming girl in sweet Recall once more.
- 3 O when I landed on the shore, no comfort could I find
 For thinking of that blooming girl that I had left behind.
 Three days in torment there I spent, my misery was great;
 I was thinking of the cruel friends that sent me from Recall.

- 4 'Twas on the fourth morning just at the break of day
When a handsome girl stepped up to me and unto me did say,
"Where are you from, my blooming youth,
Or are you from the heavens above, or where is your destiny?"
- 5 "I am a merchant's only son, the truth to you I'll tell;
My parents they are wealthy in the town of sweet Recail.
For the courting of a handsome girl they sent me far away;
I was shipwrecked on the *Austin* that now lies in the deep."
- 6 This lady fell in deep despair and unto me did say,
"O are you married to this girl that you have left behind?
For I have gold at my command, my riches they are great;
If you'll join with me in wedlock bands, you'll be lord of my
estate."
- 7 "To join with you in wedlock bands is more than I can do,
For I have already promised to one that is true.
To a fair and handsome girl in the town of sweet Recail,
And there's no other breathing that shall ever my favor gain."
- 8 This lady fell in deep despair and unto me did say,
"Here is five hundred guineas in gold to bear you across the sea,
For love is far better than gold in this earthy store.
May the heavens above protect you back to sweet Recail once
more."

THE ROAMING GAMBLER

FOR texts of this song see Fuson, p. 131; Henry, pp. 98-99; Hudson, *JAFL*, XXXIX, 134-135; Lomax and Lomax, pp. 150-151; and Sandburg, pp. 312-313.

The present version was obtained from Miss Mabel Tuggle, Detroit, in 1931, who had learned the song in childhood from hearing her sister sing it to a guitar accompaniment.

- 1 I am a roaming gambler,
I gamble down in town.
Wherever I meet with a deck of cards,
I lay my money down.
- 2 I had not been in Washington
Many more weeks than three,
I fell in love with a pretty little girl,
And she fell in love with me.
- 3 She took me in her parlour,
She fanned me with a fan,
She whispered low in her mother's ear,
"I love that gambling man."
- 4 "O daughter, O daughter,
What makes you treat me so?
To leave your dear old mother
And with a gambler go!"
- 5 "O mother, O mother,
It's true I love you well,
But the love I have for the gambling man
No human tongue can tell.
- 6 "I hear the train a-coming,
A-coming around the curve,
A-whistling and blowing,
And straining every nerve.
- 7 "And so I must be leaving;
Come and kiss my hand,
I'm going away for a year and a day
With my gambling man."

FAREWELL TO BONNY GALAWAY

OBTAINED in 1916 from Mr. John Laidlaw, Ypsilanti.

- 1 Yae night as I lay on my bed
The thought of love came into my head,
So then I rose and went away
To see the bonnie lassie lived in Galaway.
- 2 I had na lang in my love's chamber set,
Til her father he spacke up,
And with an angry voice did say,
"What's brought you here to bonny Galaway?"
- 3 I had not lang in my love's chamber set
Til her mother she spacke up,
"It's my intent and I'll have it done
To have her married to a lord's son!"
- 4 My love standing all the while,
She turned about and she gave a smile,
And smiling in my arms, did say,
"You're welcome, my dear, to bonny Galaway."
- 5 I turned my steed then like the wind,
I set my bonnie lassie on behind,
And o'er the hills as we rode away,
We bade farewell to bonny Galaway.

THE LASS OF GLENSHEE

FOR A TEXT AND DISCUSSION SEE ORD, PP. 75-76. SEE ALSO FLANDERS AND BROWN, PP. 131-132, AND FORD (FIRST SERIES, 1899), PP. 12-14.

THE PRESENT VERSION WAS SUNG IN 1916 BY MR. JOHN LAIDLAW, YPSILANTI.

- 1 It was on a day when the heather was bloomin',
The hieland hills hummed wi' the sair laden bee.
I met a fair maid as hame I was ridin',
Was herdin' her sheep on the hills of Glenshee.
- 2 The rose o' her cheek was joined wi' a dimple,
And sweet was the blink o' her bonny blue ee;
Her face sae enchantin', sae nate, and sae handsome,
My heart soon belonged to the lass of Glenshee.
- 3 I kissed her and caressed her and called her my darlin',
"Now wilt thou not gae to St. Johnston wi' me?
There not one o' the fair shall set feet on the Casea
With clothin' more fine than the lass of Glenshee.
- 4 "A carriage o' pleasure ye'll have to ride in,
And folks will say 'Ma'am' when they speak to thee,
And servants you shall have to do your biddin';
I'll make you my lady, the lass of Glenshee."
- 5 "I make na me wi' your carriage to ride in,
For all these grandem I valley one flea.
I'll think mysel' happy wi' a crook an' a plaidie
With an innocent herd on the hills of Glenshee."
- 6 "Don't dream of such stories but come up behind me;
Ere Phoebus goes round, me sweet bride you shall be.
This night in my arms I'll dattie sae kindly."
She smiled and consented; I take her with me.
- 7 Now years has passed since we buckled together;
The seasons have changed, but na changes wi' me.
She's aye as gay as the fine summer weather
And as pure as the snow on the hills of Glenshee.

THE CHOICE OF A WIFE

FROM Mrs. Jessie Ainsworth Sullivan, Ypsilanti, in whose New England family the song has been sung for several generations at family gatherings.



- 1 I will tell you the way I have heard some say
To choose you a lovely young creature,
To choose you a wife you would love as your life,
With a fair and comely feature.
- 2 First, let her heart be her best part,
Not given to flattery and cunning;
With a nimble wit that will all times hit,
And her tongue be not always running.
- 3 Let her forehead be high with a deep blue eye,
And her mouth of equal measure;
Her teeth milk-white, full of delight,
And her sweet breath full of pleasure.
- 4 Let the hair of her head be by no means red,
But lovely brown as a berry;
A milk-white skin, and a dimple in her chin,
And her lips as red as a cherry.
- 5 Let her stature be tall, but middling small,
Her waist both trim and slender;
Her instep thin, her ankle slim,
O then, young man, you may venture.

BETSY OF DRAMOOR

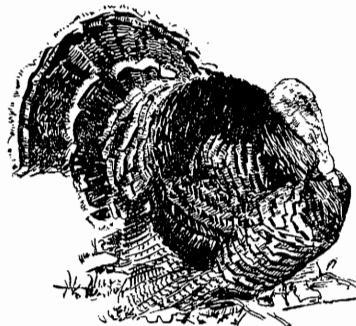
For a song which is slightly similar to this Michigan text see "The Lass of Dunmore," Dean, pp. 47-48, which tells the story of a girl who appears to forget her absent lover.

The present version was chanted in 1935 by Mr. Duncan MacAlpine, Bad Axe, who as a boy learned the song in Ontario, partly from a man he heard sing it in Lampton County, but mainly from a schoolteacher.

- 1 As I walked out one evening, I roamed for recreation,
Quite happy in my station, no care nor trouble knew,
To view the sweets of nature and every happy creature,
Diffusing, gay, amusing unto the eye that viewed.
Bright shining came Aurora accompanied by Flora,
A shining light from Phoebus began to paint the deep.
The larks and linnets singing, each vale with music ringing
As Boreas ceased to grumble when Aeolus went to sleep.
- 2 The streams from towering mountains united into fountains
And run to join the ocean where foaming billows roar.
Those pleasures did invade me and pleasantly conveyed me
Unto a pleasant harbor called Newcastle Shore.
Whilst thus my thoughts employed, a maid by chance I spied,
And unto me did hied, attended by a boy.
She far outshone Diana, Queen Dido, or Susannah,
Or Helen fair of Paris, the destruction of fair Troy.
- 3 I stood awhile, I pondered, I at her beauty wondered
Till silence broke asunder, I unto her did say:
"Thou fairest of all creatures that's beautified by nature,
Doth love disturb her bosom that here alone doth stray?"
She modestly replied, "Kind sir, I never loved.
It was to view the flowers along the briny shore,
But for your great vexation I'll make this declaration,
My rural habitation is nigh to sweet Dramoor."
- 4 Ye nymphs, ye gods, ye muses that thus my mind confuses.
To wed does she refuse; it's vain for me to try.
But to my great vexation I'm fast for destination;
My rural habitation is nigh to sweet Dramoor.
I said, "My true love," smiling, "your looks are so beguiling!"

Come with me to Refriley, for it's you that I adore.
With me you'll fear no danger; although to you a stranger,
Don't take me for a ranger all on Newcastle shore."

5 "Kind sir, believe me, I mean not to deceive thee;
Neither can I relieve you nor grant that you decrave.
My parents they are pining, in years they are declining;
Their fate is so designing they're bending to the grave.
But wait till they expire, I'll grant all you desire
Or all you can require of Betsy of Dramoor."
I waited her desire until they did expire.
Adorned in rich attire is the girl that I adore.
It's now I live in pleasure, in peace beyond all measure,
With my sweet lovely treasure, my Betsy of Dramoor.



WAR



AT THE END OF A DAY'S WORK

III. War

80

PRINCE CHARLIE

(The Bonnie House o' Airlie, Child, No. 199)

STANZAS 1 and 2 of the Michigan text are not found in any of the Child versions (IV, 54-60) of this ballad. Stanzas 3 and 5 are most similar to 4 and 8 of Child B, and stanza 4 of the Michigan text most closely resembles stanza 4 in Child C. For other texts of this ballad which do not contain any stanzas similar to 1 and 2 of the Michigan form see Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, pp. 266-269; Cox, pp. 128-129; Fuson, pp. 123-125; and Ord, p. 470. For a text of twelve stanzas with stanzas 10 and 12 somewhat similar to 1 and 2 of the Michigan text see Ford (Second Series, 1901), pp. 167-169. Ford notes that "No Scottish song or ballad has had a more lively vagabond career" than this ballad, which describes a historical incident.

The present version was sung in 1935 by Mrs. Frank Gamsby, Saranac; as a girl she learned the song from her sister, who had memorized it from hearing it sung by a boy from Scotland.



What loo is that," quoth the brave Lor' Heel,
That rises this morning sae airlie?
By the God of me kin, 'tis the brave O - gil - vie
And me ain bon - nie hame o' Air - lie."

- 1 "What loo is that," quoth the brave Lor' Heel,
"That rises this morning sae airlie?
By the God of me kin, 'tis the brave O - gil - vie
And me ain bonnie hame o' Airlie.
- 2 "Draw your swords, draw your swords," quoth the
brave Lor' Heel.
"And sheath your swords," cried Charlie,

"And we'll kendle sic a loo aroond the fause Argyle,
And we'll licht it wi' a spark oot o' Airlie."

(He comes to Lady Ogilvie's door.)

- 3 "Coom doon stairs, Lady Ogilvie," he cried,
"Coom doon and kiss me fairly,
Or I'll swear by the hilt of my broad sword
That I'll leave nae a standing stane on Airlie."
- 4 "I will nae coom doon for thee, fause Argyle,
And ne'er will I kiss thee fairly.
I will nae coom doon for thee, fause Argyle,
Though you leave nae a standing stane on Airlie."
- 5 "There's seven bonnie sons are there born unto me;
And the eighth will ne'er see his daddy.
And kent that I had as many, many more,
I'd gie them all to fight for Prince Charlie."

THE THREE SCOTCH ROBBERS

(Henry Martyn, Child, No. 250)

EXCEPT for the omission of the following significant stanza, Michigan A is almost identical with Child No. 250, E (V, 302-303):

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.

In a version from Missouri printed by Belden, *JAFL*, XXV, 171-173 and reprinted by Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, pp. 252-253, Andy Bardan was condemned to death on the gallows. For additional versions and references see Cox, pp. 150-151; Eddy, No. 17; Mackenzie, p. 61; and Williams, pp. 78-79.

Version A was sung in 1934 by Mr. Otis Evilsizer, Alger.

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.

A

- 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 esp'y,
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 esp'y,
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."

B

ANDREW BATTAN

A fragment sung in 1931 by Mrs. Rachel Post, Belding, who remembered hearing her father sing the whole song.

"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."

THE LOWLANDS LOW

(The Sweet Trinity; The Golden Vanity, Child, No. 286)

THIS version is most similar to Child C. According to notes concerning the two texts of this ballad in *The Roxburghe Ballads*, VI, 418-421, extant broadsides of the song are not earlier than about 1682, although it may have appeared as early as 1663. For a Scottish text see Ord, p. 450. For other texts and references see *Bulletin*, V, 10-11; Greenleaf and Mansfield, p. 43; Henry, *JAFL*, XLV, 25-29; and Randolph, pp. 177-180.

The present version was sung in 1935 by Mr. Otis Evilsizer, Alger.

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.

- 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,
 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

(Captain Ward and the *Rainbow*, Child, No. 287)

THIS text is a hybrid harking back, according to Child (V, 143-145), to an early seventeenth-century English broadside concerning a bold pirate of the period. Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, pp. 347-363, print five versions, with a scholarly discussion and references. For additional references and texts see Flanders and Brown, pp. 242-244; Kittredge, *JAF*, XXX, 332; and Shoemaker, pp. 300-301.

The present version was sung in 1916 by Mrs. Emeline Jenks Crampton, St. Clair; she had acquired the song from hearing it sung by her English husband, who had learned it from his father.

- 1 Come all ye jolly sailors bold
Who live by fife or drum,
I'll tell you of a rank robber
Who now on the sea is come.
- 2 His name, they say, is Captain Ward,
As you the truth shall hear.
There never was such a robber
This hundred and fifty year.
- 3 The king sent out a gallant ship,
The *Rainbow* was her name,
To scour the seas for Captain Ward
And bring to him the same.
- 4 He sailèd east, he sailèd west,
But nothing could he spy,
Until he came to the very spot
Where Captain Ward did die.
- 5 They fought from eight o'clock in the morning
Till eight o'clock at night;
At length the gallant *Rainbow*
Began to take her flight.
- 6 "Go home, go home," said Captain Ward,
"And tell your king from me,
If he reigns king upon the land,
I'll reign king upon the sea."

ARCHIE O' CAWFIELD

(Secondary form, Child, No. 188)

THIS is a garbled text which has something in common with Child texts of "Archie o' Cawfield" (III, 484-495), but is most similar to B, printed from the Glenriddell manuscripts, XI, 14, 1791 (Child, III, 494). Compare Walter Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* (1802), I, 177-182, and (1833) II, 116. For recent comment see Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, pp. 393-400.

Mr. John Laidlaw of Ypsilanti sang the present version in 1916, the night before he died. It is transcribed from a copy made at that time partly by Mr. Laidlaw and partly by his wife. Purely accidental errors in spelling have been corrected.

1

I heard three brithers resonen,
And I did hearken to what they did say.

- 2 The tane to the other did say,
"Alack an a merry we need na be,
For the night it's ma brither's lyke-wake night,
And the morn it is his day to dee."
- 3 Then up spak mettled Jack Hall,
The luve of Tavidale ha' was he a',
"It's fow paw thee and they trade baith
That canna beat a good fellow in his misteen."
- 4 "It's ye'll get eleven men to yesel'
And aye the twalt man I wad be."
Sae a' the night the twal men rode,
An a' til they were a-wearie.
- 5 An then they came to the wan water,
An it was gan like any sea.
There was a smith lived there,
Had lived for thirty years and three,
- 6 Had never seen riders sae armed,
No never in a' his life sae hastten.
"I hae a crown in my packet," says noble Dickie,
"An I will gie it every groat
Will shoe this little black mare o' mine."

7 "This night is dark and very dark,
By candle light I canna see.
This night is dark and very dark
And that no a nail gan right for mee."

8 Then up spak mettled Jack Hall,
The luve a Tavidale ha' was he,
"Shame fa' you and your trade baith
That canna beat a good fellow in his misteen."

9 Now a' the night the twal men rode
An a' till they were a-wearie,
An' till they came ta tha strong prison
Where their billie Archie did lie.

10 "Are sleepin, O brother," dee said,
"A-wakin or sleepin might I be,
For the night, it is ma lyke-wake night,
And the morn, it is my day to dee."

11 Then up spak mettled Jack Hall,
The luve a Tavidale ha' was he,
"Work ye within as we work without
An a loose an a free man soon ye'll be."

12 "O haud thy tongue, now, Jack," he says,
"An of your lalkund (?) let me be.

.

13 "For there's fifteen stone o' good Spanish iron,
Locked round ma fair bodie;
Take ma servie (?) haim ta ma wife and bairn
An a' good fellows that speers for me."

14 Wi' cutlass an' a' for hammer,
They garr'd the bands gan mickle,
Till they cam to the inner prison,
Where their billie Archie he did lie.

15 "Now I've got my brither on my back.
I dinna count him the weight o' a flea."
Then up spak mettled Jack Hall,
"Ye may let some o' him lay on me."

16 Now a' the night the twal men rode,
And aye t' all they were a-wearie.
And now they came to the wan water,
And it still rolled like any sea.

17 They a' lay down an' tak a sleep,
But aye awake stood Noble Dickie,
"Rise up, rise up, ye drowsy sleepers,
Ye dinna see what I do see."

18 "Thander comes the Laird luve,
Wi' a hundred men in his company."
They a' plunged into the wan water,
Though still it run like any sea.

19 A Dickie stayed wi' his brother on his back
He didna count him the weight of a flea.
"Come back, come back, now noble Dickie,
Come back and win this fee."

20 "There's not a Saturday in a' the year
But changed your garments they shall be."
Jack clapped his hand on Dickie's shoulder,
"O will ye gan thraw and win that fee?"

21 "Wae light o' me and thy trade baith,
The other side o' the water get me."
"If ye winna come thraw now, noble Dickie,
If ye winna come thraw and win this fee,"

22 "Leave me that fifteen stane a' gae Spanish iron
That ye have away wi' your brother Archie."
"I ha' a mair, they caw her Meg,
I think she's the best in our company;

23 "And as lang as there's a bit o' your Spanish iron
Barefoot shall she never be."
He clapped his hand on Cawfield's shoulder,
And merrily o'er the lee went he.

24 There's aye a life for a lively man,
And a good fellow kent wherever he be.

PRETTY POLLY

For texts slightly similar see Jackson, pp. 187-188; *JFSS*, III, 180-183, and VIII, 222-224; Mackenzie, pp. 223-224; and Williams, p. 261.

The present version is from the Lambertson manuscript. Both Mr. John and Mr. Charles Lambertson remembered hearing their mother sing this song.

- 1 A story, a story, to you I will tell,
'Tis of a fair damsel in London did dwell.
The truth of the story I mean you shall hear,
How she ventured her life for the sake of her dear.
- 2 This fair maid was taught for to write and to read,
Likewise for to cipher as far as she had need.
She served her twelve months with an unyielding heart
Until she had learned the mariner's art.
- 3 Early one morning pretty Polly arose,
She dressed herself up in a suit of men's clothes,
She dressed herself up in her royal estate,
And on board the *Union* she shipped herself mate.
- 4 We served our twelve months all on the seashore.
We served our twelve months and I think a little more
Until these bold admirals came plowing o'er the main
Which caused us to hoist up our topsails again.
- 5 We soon overtook them, the ocean being wide,
The first salutation gave them a broadside.
They gave us another as good as we sent,
For to sink one another was all our intent.
- 6 'Twas broadside for broadside these Frenchmen did pour
Until we had exchanged twenty broadsides or more,
But the first or second broadside our captain was slain,
And this fair maid was forced in his place to remain.
- 7 'Twas three dreadful hours in battle severe,
They scarce had a man on their deck that could steer,
They scarce had a man that could fire off a gun,
And out of the scupper holes the blood it did run.

- 8 "For quarter, for quarter," these Frenchmen did cry.
"There is no quarter," was this fair maid's reply,
"The very best of quarter we can you afford
Is to sink, swim, or burn, boys, or jump overboard."
- 9 Now we've drowned those Frenchmen in the height of their
pride
While their French ship mounted sixty bright guns on a side.
And our old English ship carried but thirty and three,
Yet so bravely we overcame our French enemy.
- 10 It's now we'll return to old England with speed.
Sweet William did not know his true lover indeed,
Nor did she discover herself unto him
Till she'd hauled up her ship and had paid off her men.
- 11 Pretty Polly's now married, she's married we hear.
The Queen settled on her five hundred pounds a year.
'Tis all for to maintain her as we have been told;
Besides she's maintained in bright raiments of gold.
- 12 Come all pretty fair maids, wherever you may be,
If ever you should chance to sail on the sea,
Don't never lack for courage, be courageous and bold,
'Twill always maintain you in bright raiments of gold.
- 13 Come all ye departers, here's a glass of good wine,
I'll drink a health to your true love, pray drink one to mine.
Here's a health to that lady, that lady of fame,
That was captain of the ship called the *Union* by name.

THE VILLAGE PRIDE

For texts and references see Mackenzie, pp. 143-146.

Version A was obtained in 1916 by Miss Helen MacAlpine, a student in Michigan State Normal College, Ypsilanti, from the singing of her father, Mr. Duncan MacAlpine, Bad Axe; he was born in Canada, where in his youth he had learned the song from an old man, Mr. Alex MacLaughlin.

A

- 1 In bonnie, blithe, and fair Scotland
Where bluebells they do grow,
There lived a fair and comely maid
Down in the valleys low.
- 2 And she had ofttimes heard it said,
Whilst on the banks of Clyde,
Although her cottage was mean and low,
She was called the village pride.
- 3 An officer from Paisley town
Went out to fowl one day,
And many times he wandered by
Where Mary's cottage lay.
- 4 But little he thought so fair a flower
Could grow and flourish there.
• • • • • • •
• • • • • • •
- 5 That officer came in one day,
His face was decked with woe,
Saying, "Mary, dearest Mary,
It's from you I must go.
- 6 "Our regiment was ordered out,
And I've received command
To forsake these pleasant lowland shades
For India's burning sands.
- 7 "O Mary, dearest Mary,
Will you not be my wedded wife

This night before we part?"

8 "O yes, to go along with you
'Tis my whole heart's desire;
To be your humble servant,
Disguised in man's attire."

9 They started out to Paisley town,
And much they wondered there
All for to see this new servant
So gentle and so fair.

10 The people all admired them
As they marched on parade,
But little they thought that a soldier's coat
Could conceal so fair a maid.

11 They quickly sailed over
To India's burning sands.
No tongue can tell what Mary stood
On India's trackless lands.

12 But when she saw her strength was gone,
She strove her woes to hide;
And turning around with a pleasant smile
Saw Henry by her side.

13 The battle it was raging on,
A spear had pierced his side;
He never faltered at his post,
But where he fell, he died.

14 She raised him from the bloody field,
And in her arms she pressed;
And as she strove his wounds to heal,
A ball passed through her breast.

15 "I fear you're deeply wounded, love,"
Young Henry he did say;
"I fear you're deeply wounded,
Your face is like the clay.

16 "The first time that I saw your face
'Twas you that I adored."
They closed their eyes no more to rise
On India's burning shore.

B**INDIA'S BURNING SHORE**

The Rowell manuscript. Dated "1884." A text of sixteen stanzas similar to A.

THE PRIDE OF GLENCOE

FOR references and a text see Mackenzie, pp. 180-181. See also Greenleaf and Mansfield, p. 174; Ord, pp. 65-66; and *Six Hundred and Seventeen Irish Songs and Ballads*, p. 103.

Version A is from the Rowell manuscript.

A

- 1 As I went out walking one evening of late
When flowers gay mantle did the fields decorate,
I carelessly wandered where I did not know,
To the foot of a mounting that lies near Glencoe.
- 2 By the light of the Lord's Mount Zion had one
There approached me a lady as bright as the sun,
Silk ribbons and turban all around her did flow,
And she sighed for McDonnel, the pride of Glencoe.
- 3 Said I, "Pretty fair maid, your enchanting smiles,
And your comely fair features has my heart beguiled.
If your kind affections on me you'll bestow,
You will bless the happy hour we met in Glencoe."
- 4 "O no, honest young man, your suit I disdain,
For I once had a true love, McDonnel by name.
He went to the wars about ten years ago,
And a maid I'll remain till he returns to Glencoe."
- 5 "Perhaps your McDonnel has forgotten your name
And has placed his affections on some other fair dame.
Perhaps that he has and for all you know
Has forgotten the lady that he left in Glencoe."
- 6 "O no, my McDonnel was tried on the field;
The allies proved loyal and refused to yield.
The French and the Spaniard they will quick over-
throw,
And then he'll return to my arms in Glencoe."
- 7 "The French or Spaniard, Miss, is hard to pull down,
Wicked cause many a hero to die in his wounds.

And with your McDonnel it may have been so
That the lad you loved dearly perhaps is laid low."

8 "O no, my McDonnel was too valiant and brave
To ever bow down to be a Frenchman's slave.
The French and Spaniard he will quick overthrow,
And it's then he'll return to my arms in Glencoe."

9 In finding her loyal he pulled out a glove;
"Twas a token she gave him when parting in love.
She fell on his breast while tears did flow
Saying, "Are you McDonnel and returned to Glencoe?"

10 "Cheer up, lawley flurree, your sorrow;
May the heavens protect us, we never shall part more.
And the storms of those wars at their distance may blow
While in peace and contentment we will remain in
Glencoe."

B

ON THE HILLS OF GLEN COE

Communicated by Mrs. Ethel White Roth, Detroit, who obtained the song
from the singing of Mrs. Margaret Stowell, Lowell, Michigan.
A fairly good text of eight stanzas similar to A.

C

DONALD'S RETURN TO GLENCOE

Sung in 1935 by Mrs. Allan McClellan, near Bad Axe. A text very similar to
Mackenzie, pp. 180-181.

BLOODY WATERLOO

FOR two texts, of five and three stanzas, which omit the last two stanzas of the Michigan text see Greenleaf and Mansfield, pp. 178-179.

The present version was sung in 1935 by Mrs. Allan McClellan, Bad Axe, who had heard the song as a child in Canada and as a young girl near Bad Axe.

- 1 As a fair maid was walking down by the banks of Clyde,
The tears runned down her rosy cheeks as she passed by my side.
I saw her heaving bosom, her words were good and true,
Saying, "I fear, I fear my Willie's slain on the field of Waterloo."
- 2 "O what were like your Willie's clothes?" the soldier did reply.
"He wore a highland bonnet with the feathers standing high,
With a broadsword at his side, and a brown suit so true;
Those were the clothes my Willie wore at bloody Waterloo."
- 3 "I was your Willie's comrade, I saw your Willie die;
Five bayonet wounds were in his breast before he downward lie.
He took me by the hand, saying, 'Some Frenchman's killed
me now.'
"Twas I that closed your Willie's eyes at bloody Waterloo."
- 4 "O Willie, dearest Willie," and she could say no more.
She fell into the soldier's arms those awful tidings bore,
Saying, "Death, come open those wide jaws and swallow me
up too;
Since Willie lies a mangled corpse at bloody Waterloo."
- 5 "Stand up, stand up, my pretty fair maid," the soldier did reply;
And throwing off his great coat, he passed the curtains by,
And opening up his bosom, showed her the wounds so true.
"I am, I am your Willie dear that fell at Waterloo."
- 6 "Stand up, stand up, my pretty fair maid, why do you frown
on me?"
He kissed the tears from off her cheeks like dewdrops falling
down,
"Since we have met, we'll part no more, I will make you my
bride."
Now they are joined in wedlock bands upon the banks of Clyde.

BONY'S LAMENT

THERE is a slight resemblance between this text and "Napoleon's Farewell to Paris," Greenleaf and Mansfield, p. 167. For a text more similar to the Michigan version see *JFSS*, I, 14, and II, 183.

The present version was recited by Mr. Duncan MacAlpine, Bad Axe, in 1935. He had learned the song from hearing people sing it in Lampton County, Ontario, when he was a boy.

- 1 Come all ye splendid city dells, metropolis called Paris,
Where bright Phoebus every morn shines forth in brilliant
beams,
As early as the day doth dawn arising from the horizon,
Those clear lights a-dawning, those clear, purling streams.
- 2 When at evening it retires, the ocean wave gilds like fire
Our universe'll admire its merchandise in stores.
With flowers and with fragments the fatal field to decorate
Reminds me of that hero great at the close of the French war.
- 3 My name it is Napoleon Bonaparte, the conqueror of nations.
I've conquered German legions, drove kings from off their
throne;
I've whipped Austria and Proosians, both Portuguese and Roo-
sians,
But now I am transported to St. Helenee's isle.
- 4 I've climbed o'er gorgeous mountains and still the laurel more,
And now I'm on this desert isle; the devil itself it would
affright,
But I hope to shine in armor bright in Europe once more.
- 5 Eden's golden images in thousands down I've tore,
I've stolen all those golden gates.
The works of God I did disgrace, but if he'll give me time and
place,
I will them back restore.
- 6 It's now I sorely feel the rod for meddling with the house of
God;
But now my sword is sheathed, and battle comes no more.

THE HEIGHTS AT ALMA

For texts of eight stanzas somewhat similar to the Michigan text see Dean, pp. 40-41, and Mackenzie, pp. 195-197.

The present version was sung in 1935 by Mrs. Allan McClellan, near Bad Axe, who learned the song from a soldier in Canada when she was a child.

Ye loyal Britons, I pray draw near
Unto the news I have brought you here;
I'm sure it will make your hearts to cheer,
For the vict'ry is gained at Alma.

Chorus

Ye loyal Britons, may ye long remember
The glorious twentieth of September,
When ye fought the Russians to surrender,
Upon the heights of Alma.

I Ye loyal Britons, I pray draw near
Unto the news I have brought you here;
I'm sure it will make your hearts to cheer,
For the vict'ry is gained at Alma.

Chorus

Ye loyal Britons, may ye long remember
The glorious twentieth of September,
When ye fought the Russians to surrender,
Upon the heights of Alma.

- 2 It was on September, the eighteenth day;
In spite of the salt sea's saucy spray,
We landed safe on the Crimea
All on our route for Alma.
- 3 The eighteenth regiment, the forty-third,
They clum the hills and gave three cheers
When the sound of rally rang in their ears
From the Irish boys at Alma.
- 4 The highland lads with kilts and hose
Were not the last, you may suppose;
With burning faces and daring pose
They took the heights of Alma.
- 5 Back to Sevastopool the Russians fled;
They left their wounded and their dead.
It made the river flow with red,
The blood that was spilt at Alma.
- 6 Many a poor girl that shall mourn
That lost her love that won't return;
She can weep, and she can mourn;
His body lies at Alma.
- 7 The Russians I have heard them say
They lost ten thousand men that day,
And fourteen hundred Scottish byes lay
Upon the heights of Alma.

THE CRIMEAN WAR

For a text of eight stanzas similar to the Michigan text see Dean, pp. 49-50.

The present version was sung in 1935 by Mrs. Allan McClellan, near Bad Axe, who as a child learned the song from her brother-in-law in Canada.

As I roved down through Irish town one
 eve - ning last Ju - ly, The moth - er of a
 sol - dier in tears I did es - py, Say - ing:
 "God be with you, John - ny dear, though you are far from
 me; For you my heart is
 break - ing, since you went to the Cri - mee."

- 1 As I roved down through Irish town one evening last July,
 The mother of a soldier in tears I did espy,
 Saying: "God be with you, Johnny dear, though you are far from
 me;
 For you my heart is breaking, since you went to the Crimea."
- 2 "O Johnny, I gave you schooling; I gave you a trade likewise
 That you need not have joined the army had you took my advice.
 You need not have gone to face your foes where cannons loudly
 roar,
 And thousands fall their victims upon the Russian shore.
- 3 "He joined the fourteenth regiment, it being a gallant corps;
 They landed safe while mentioned upon the Russian shore.

He fought in four engagements with the loss of men each day,
O many's the mother shedding tears for them that's far away."

- 4 "We fought at Balaklava where we did not succeed;
Down in the Valley of Inkerman where thousands there did
bleed.
'Twas on the heights of Alma that we did gain the day,
Young Johnny mentioned all to me, though he is far away."
- 5 The fighting at Sebastopol would give the world surprise;
It being so hard to take it, the enemy were so wise.
But Paddy's sons with British guns their valor did display,
And together with the sons of France, thank God, we gained
the day.
- 6 Now to conclude and finish, I mean to end my song;
I'm thankful to the great God that I've survived so long.
Likewise unto you, mother dear, for me you did adore,
I'm happy to return again to childhood's home once more.

JAMES ERVIN

SUNG in August, 1935, by Mr. E. W. Harns, Greenville, who learned the song in Kalamazoo County, Michigan, some time before the Civil War.

- 1 I am a bold Republican, James Ervin is my name;
I enlisted in the train,
And for to exercise on Sunday did not with me agree,
And that's the time, my brave boys, I took my liberty.
- 2 I had an only sweetheart, Jane Wilson was her name.
She said if I'd desert all for to let her know;
She'd dress me in her own clothes that I might go to and fro.
The weather being dark and rainy, which well favored me,
And that's the time, my brave boys, I took my liberty.
- 3 I traveled all that night and part of the next day;
I came to Telaport and lay down on some hay.
I had not laid there long before I rose again;
I spied five of the train.
- 4 We had a bloody combat; at length I beat them all;
Those bloody rascals for quarters they did call.
"Spare my life, bold Ervin, we will pray by thee
And swear by all that you fought for your liberty."
- 5 I went on down to sweet Galley
And worked at my shoemaking trade a half a year,
But carelicks, farelicks, drawing near,
It's ten to one, my brave boys, if I keep my liberty.
- 6 They lodged me in the guardhouse, my case for to deplore;
I leaped out at the window and knocked two of them down;
The light horse and the guardsmen, they quickly followed me,
But I was received by a friend, and so I kept my liberty.
- 7 I can whip any kingsman or Orangeman that does before me go;
I can make them fly before me like an arrow from a bow.

THE AMERICAN VOLUNTEER

FROM the Gernsey manuscript.

- 1 The vale where the stream steals softly along
Through the green that did echo with music, but now
Looks mournful; and mute is the meadowlark's song,
For the sun had retired from the hill's shady brow.
- 2 Hark, hark, hear that yell; 'tis the war hoop's dread sound;
'Tis the murdering voice that bids pity retire.
Behold from yon woods where the savages bound,
See they enter yon cottage. Ah, shriek, 'tis on fire.
- 3 The gleam spread abroad on the wings of the night,
And the vale from the cot to our cabin is seen,
Distracted with terrible cries while the light
Shews these demons of death and their terrible mien.
- 4 Ah, fly, they approach; fly farther away.
'Tis my mother I hear, sir, she calls me to save
Thy infant, thy grandfather, helpless and gray.
Take this sword, thou canst pity, heaven knows thou art brave.
- 5 But one savage bled, he had struck but one blow
When the blade once so frightful was broken in twain.
He fled thus disarmed from the pitiless foe,
But he fled to his cabin for safety in vain.
- 6 The barr'd doors were broken, the streams of despair.
Lo! trumpet is heard and a banner in sight.
The trampling of steed clatters round in the air;
Mounted warriors appear, and they rush on to fight.
- 7 The murdering hatchet now frightful no more
At the feet of the volunteer riflemen lay.
The savages wreath in their blood on the floor,
And their death-glaring eye is the quick flashing blaze.
- 8 The morning rose cheerful, the village looked gay,
And the soldier secured from the helpless a tear.
He mounted his steed while his grandfather gray
Uttered, "Heaven protect thee, thou brave volunteer."

94

BOLD DIGHTON

THIS is a broadside song of the early nineteenth century which is also found in a number of American songsters. For references and for a discussion of texts of the song and its author, P. Russel, see Mackenzie, pp. 216-222.

Version A was sung in 1935 by Mr. E. W. Harns, Greenville, who learned the song in Kalamazoo County, Michigan, about 1860.

Come all ye bold heroes that plow the rough main,
 Give ear to my story, and the truth I'll explain.
 It's of our misfortune that happened in the great war,
 And how we escaped from the French at Bastar.

A

- 1 Come all ye bold heroes that plow the rough main,
 Give ear to my story, and the truth I'll explain.
 It's of our misfortune that happened in the great war,
 And how we escaped from the French at Bastar.
- 2 We were there confined on the Gawdlop shore,
 True valiant seamen four hundred or more,
 All shut up in small compass and greatly distressed,
 With painful diseases and famine oppressed.
- 3 A galyant young seaman, from St. Louis he came,
 Both generous and wealthy, called Dighton by name.
 He had the heart of a lion, the soul of a prince,
 And friendship's kind impulse to us did advince.

- 4 He came to our prison; he mourned our sad fate;
He lanced out his gold to relieve our sad state.
Five hundred bright guineas he gave, I am sure,
Which greatly relieved us in that distressed hour.
- 5 But for this generous act the French did complain,
They soon did confine him with fetters and chain.
With us in the prison, 'twas there we might see,
But from his chains and fetters we soon set him free.
- 6 Says Dighton, "My boys, it's down by the Altygo the
Tiger doth lie,
A fine and nice coast, she's fit for the sea;
And if you'll prove constant and stand by my side,
We'll board her, my boys, and we'll sail the next tide."
- 7 At this adventure we all did agree,
Each breast loaded with ardor to fight and be free.
"Come, give us your signal," each soldier replied,
"We're ready to conquer and die by your side."
- 8
"Keep yourself cool, boys, my orders obey."
Three galyant young seamen as seconds he chose;
Our signal for freedom was death to our foes.
- 9
The three guns were fired, the French guards were slain,
Out of our prison we all rushed away.
We cut both of our cables and set out for sea.
- 10 It caused a sad rumor, it being made night,
The French they bawled out in a terrible fright,
"Mon Dieu, to fractors in England."¹ Bells beaten, drums toll,
And our heroes shout "Freedom!" to each valyant soul.
- 11 Their ports were opened, their cannons did play,
Their shot flew like hail as we got under way.
They shattered our spars as we sailed from the shore,
And to bid them goodbye we a broadside let pour.
- 12 Out of all danger we thought ourselves clear,
But for this mistake we did pay very dear.

¹ The broadsides read "footer Engla."

Next day at morning light the *Lion* was spied,
And the corvet sash hung down by our side.

- 13 Yardsmen broadside for three glasses we lay,
At length our broadside cut their mainmasts away.
She played us with grapeshot, with broadsides so sore,
Which soon caused the *Tiger* to make her guns roar.
- 14 With thirty-six eighteens the *Lion* did howl;
With eighteen brass nines the *Tiger* did growl.
Then Dighton said, "My boys, if you're tired of this fun,
You may have your choice to fight or to run."
- 15 To spare blood and slaughter the crew was inclined,
To run from the corvet was our design;
But at this same moment they grappled us so fierce
Then sword in hand was our only resource.
- 16 To board us twice over they tried with this view,
But they were repulsed by the *Tiger's* bold crew.
But Dighton cried out as each hero should feel;
His eyes transpired fury like bright burning steel.
- 17 "There was death to each man on the point of my sword!
Come on, ye bold heroes, and let's jump aboard."
Over the bulwarks he jumped like a roe;
One stroke from his saber laid two Frenchmen low.
- 18 Steel sparkled, spikes rattled, and swords loudly clashed,
And their decks with huge streams of crimson did pour.
The blue sea all round us was purple with gore;
At length the French they gave out and cried out, "Mon
Dieu."
- 19 They fell on their knees and their weapons let fall,
And then them bold heroes for quarters did call.
We soon gave them quarters; then we did hear
For to engage us they did volunteer.
- 20 They trebled our metal with two for one,
And fortune's kind favor saved freedom's bold son.
Our seamen were valyant and generous as brave,
And to conduct the French back we the *Tiger* them gave.

21 And down to Altygo with the *Lion* we bore,
And on the next morning we all jumped ashore,
Drank a health to each seaman that plow the rough main.

• • • • •

22 And for brave Dighton, our true valyant friend,
May glory pursue him while honor attends.
And when he doth die, let each seaman draw near
And kneel at his tombstone and let fall a tear.

B

ESCAPE FROM BASTERRY

The Gernsey manuscript. A complete text of twenty-six stanzas, nearly identical with Mackenzie A, pp. 217-220.

THE TEXAS RANGERS

FOR a discussion of this broadside song, which is surely an echo of the great fight at the Alamo on March 6, 1835, and which is modeled on the British ballad, "Nancy of Yarmouth," see Belden, *JAFL*, XXV, 14-15. For references and texts see Cox, p. 262; Tolman and Eddy, *JAFL*, XXXV, 417-418; and G. F. Will, "Four Cowboy Songs," *JAFL*, XXVI, 186. See also Carter, *JAFL*, XLVI, 48; Eddy, No. 116; Fuson, pp. 191-192; Henry, *JAFL*, XLIV, 85-87; Pound, No. 73; Sharp, II, 253; and Stout, p. 106.

Version A was sung in 1931 by Mr. Walter Reeves, Belding, who learned the song in a lumber camp near Belding during the seventies or eighties.

A

- 1 Come all you Texas Rangers, wherever you may be,
Come listen to a story which happened unto me.
My name 'tis nothing extra, so it I will not tell;
It's about the roving rangers; I'm sure I wish them well.
- 2 I was scarcely sixteen years of age when I joined that jolly band;
We marched from San Antonio unto the Rio Grande.
Our captain there informed us, perhaps he thought it right,
"Before you reach the station," says he, "boys, you'll have to
fight."
- 3 We saw the Indians coming; I heard them raise a yell;
My feelings at that moment no mortal tongue can tell.
We saw their glittering lances, our captain gave command,
"To arms! to arms!" he shouted, "and by your horses stand!"
- 4 We fought there full nine hours before the work was done;
We fought there full nine hours, 'twas near the set of sun.
And five hundred as bold rangers as ever saw the West
Lie buried beside their comrades; sweet peace be to their rest.
- 5 Perhaps you have a mother, likewise a sister, too;
Perhaps you have some sweetheart to weep and mourn for you.
If this be your condition and you are bound to roam,
I tell you by experience, you'd better stay at home.

*B***THE TEXY RANGERS**

Sung in 1934 by Mr. Henry Larabee, Kalkaska, who learned the song in a lumber camp near Hastings, Michigan.

A good text of five stanzas.

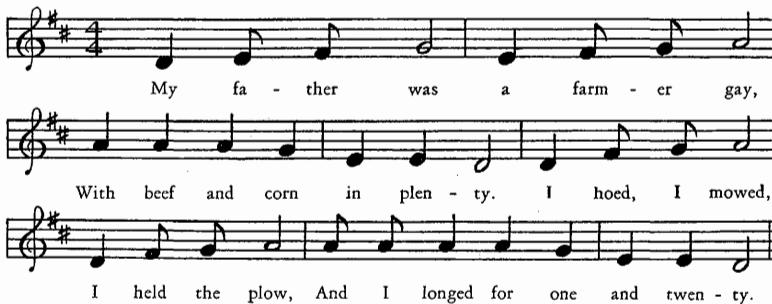
*C***THE ROVING RANGERS**

Communicated in 1916 by Mrs. Emeline Jenks Crampton, St. Clair, who had learned the song twenty-five years earlier from hearing it sung in her home town.

An incomplete text of three stanzas.

ONE AND TWENTY

COMMUNICATED in 1916 by Miss Florence Myers, Ypsilanti; she obtained the song from a lumberman who had learned it in a lumber camp on the Manistee River.



- 1 My father was a farmer gay,
With beef and corn in plenty.
I hoed, I mowed, I held the plow,
And I longed for one and twenty.
- 2 My birthday came, my father urged,
But strongly I resisted.
My sister wept, my mother prayed,
But off I went and enlisted.
- 3 They marched me on through wet and dry,
Through tombs so loudly moaning.
The dreadful sounds did fill my ears,
And I wished that I was mowing.
- 4 I lost my leg, the foe came on;
They had me in their clutches.
I starved in prison until peace came,
And hobbled home on crutches.

THE SWEET SUNNY SOUTH

For a slightly longer text of this Civil War song from Nova Scotia with many variations from the Michigan text see Mackenzie, p. 139. For a part of this song combined with "The Rebel Soldier" see Cox B, pp. 279-280.

The present version was sung in 1934 by Mrs. Charles Muchler, Kalkaska.

When the sweet sunny South was in
 peace and content, The days of my
 boy-hood I care- less - ly spent, From the
 broad roll - ing plain to the pure purl - ing
 streams, Ev - er dear to my
 mem' - ry, ev - er fresh in my dreams.

- 1 When the sweet sunny South was in peace and content,
 The days of my boyhood I carelessly spent,
 From the broad rolling plain to the pure purling streams,
 Ever dear to my mem'ry, ever fresh in my dreams.
- 2 I have lost the enjoyment and comfort of life
 Through bloodshed and horror, privation and strife.
 I have taken the covenant, I have plighted my word.
 I have shouldered my rifle, I have buckled my sword.
- 3 My father looked sad when he bade me depart;
 My mother embraced me with anguish of heart.
 My beautiful sister looked pale in her woe
 As she took me by the hand and I started to go.

- 4 From friends and relation I then had to part;
My sweetheart was nearest and dearest to my heart.
O I never shall forget when she took me by the hand,
And I started in defense of my own native land.
- 5 Time points a day when this conflict shall cease,
And victory be followed by permanent peace,
When from Union and Yankee our land shall be free.
We will hasten to our loved ones, now weeping far away.
- 6 When shall the time come, how long shall it be
Till from Union and Yankee our land shall be free?
When this cruel war is over and victory be won,
We will hasten to our loved ones now weeping at home.



OCCUPATIONS



A PINERY BOY

IV. Occupations

98

THE DYING MILLER

This is an English broadside of the early eighteenth century. For an English text see Dixon, pp. 204-206. For references and texts somewhat similar to the Michigan form see Cox, pp. 450-454. See also Carter, *JAFL*, XLVI, 30-31; Eddy, No. 53; Scarborough, pp. 240-242; and Sharp, II, 221-223.

The present version was sung in 1935 by Mrs. Charles Muchler, Kalkaska.

A mil - ler once dy - ing a - mong three sons,
Called to him his eld - est son: "Son, son, my
life's most done. If I to you my
mill will give, Pray tell me how you in -
tend to live." Tim - my ri fad - dle dum day.

- 1 A miller once dying among three sons,
Called to him his eldest son:
"Son, son, my life's most done.
If I to you my mill will give,
Pray tell me how you intend to live."
Timmy ri faddle dum day.
- 2 "Father, you know my name is Dick;
From every bushel I'll steal the peck,
From every bushel that I do grind,
And that is the best that I can find."
Timmy ri faddle dum day.

3 "Son, son, this won't do.
You won't do as I have done,
And I to you my mill won't give,
For by such means no man can live."
Timmy ri faddle dum day.

4 Then he called to him his second son:
"Son, son, my life's most done;
If I to you my mill will give,
Pray tell me how you intend to live."
Timmy ri faddle dum day.

5 "Father, you know my name is Ralph;
From every bushel I'll steal the half,
From every bushel that I do grind,
And that is the best that I can find."
Timmy ri faddle dum day.

6 "Son, son, this won't do;
You won't do as I have done,
And I to you my mill won't give,
For by such means no man can live."
Timmy ri faddle dum day.

7 Then he called to him his youngest son:
"Son, son, my life's most done;
If I to you my mill will give,
Pray tell me how you intend to live."
Timmy ri faddle dum day.

8 "Father, you know I'm your darling boy;
Stealing corn is all my joy.
I'll steal the corn, send home the sack,
And whip the mill boy when he comes back."
Timmy ri faddle dum day.

9 "Son, son, this will do.
You will do as I have done,
And I to you my mill will give,
For by such means a man can live."
Timmy ri faddle dum day.

10 And now the old miller is dead and gone;
He willed his mill to his youngest son.
And where he's gone no one can tell,
But it's our opinion he's gone to —
Timmy ri faddle dum day.

CREEPING JANE

FOR a text from the H. Such broadside of seven stanzas see *JFSS*, I, 233. For a text similar to the broadside see Sharp and Marson, p. 51.

The present version was sung in 1931 by Mr. Berthold Chickering, Belding, who learned the song from his father.

O when she came the race-course a - long, The
 gen - tle - men they viewed her all a - round, Say - ing,
 "She's not a - ble for to gal - lop the
 race-course a - long, She's not a - ble for to gallop o'er the
 ground, fal de ray. Fal de ral de ray, She's not
 a - ble for to gallop o'er the ground, fal de ray."

- 1 O when she came the racecourse along,
 The gentlemen they viewed her all around,
 Saying, "She's not able for to gallop the racecourse along,
 She's not able for to gallop o'er the ground, fal de ray.
 Fal de ral de ray,
 She's not able for to gallop o'er the ground, fal de ray."
- 2 O when they came to the first milepost,
 Creeping Jane she lagged behind.
 He said, "My little lady, never mind, fal de ray."
- 3 O when they came to the third milepost,
 Creeping Jane she looked behind.

But the rider drew whip and let the knobby zip,
And she went by the others like a hound.

4 O when creeping Jane the race she had won,
She scarcely sweat one drop.
She was able for to gallop the ground over again;
While the others were scarce able for to trot.

THE DYING COWBOY

For a discussion of the history of this song, a form of the Irish song "The Unfortunate Rake," see Barry, *JAFL*, XXIV, 341. For references and texts see Cox, pp. 242-246. See also *Bulletin*, VII, 16-18, and VIII, 16-17; Eddy, No. 109; Larkin, pp. 14-15; Mackenzie, p. 302; Sharp, II, 164-165; Ina Sires, *Songs of the Open Range* (New York, 1928), p. 4; and Stout, pp. 103-105.

Version A was sung in 1934 by Mr. Charles E. Meeker, Detroit, who learned the song from his sister in Wolverine, Michigan, about 1893.

A

1 As I rode to Grecian, to Grecian's fair home,
 'Twas early one morning, 'twas there for to roam,
 I spied a wild cowboy all dressed in white linen,
 All dressed in white linen, all clothed for the grave.

Chorus

"Then beat the drum lowly as you play the fife o'er me;
 Play the death march as you carry me on.
 Take me to the prairie and roll the sod o'er me,
 For I'm a wild cowboy and know I've done wrong.

2 "As I rode in my saddle I used to be happy,
 As I rode in my saddle I used to be gay,
 First I went to drinking, from that to card playing;
 Got shot through the breast, and now I must die.

3 "Will some one go fetch me a cup of cold water,
 A cup of cold water?" the poor fellow said.
 But e'er I returned, his spirit departed,
 Gone back to the Giver; the cowboy was dead.

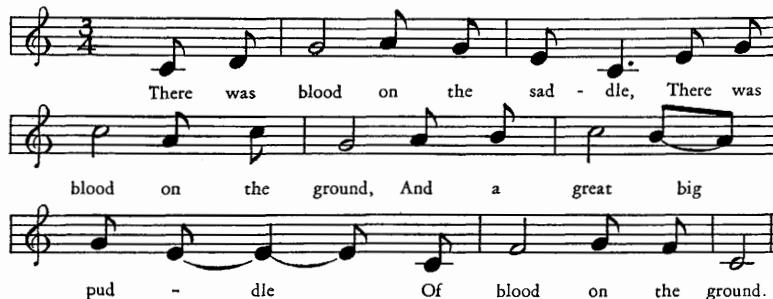
B

Sung in 1931 by Mrs. Edna Nummer Mercer, Belding, who learned the song from her aunt, Mrs. Julia McFall, of Belding.

A fragment of two stanzas and chorus very similar to Cox A.

BLOOD

OBTAINED by Mrs. Lillian Ammerman, Detroit, from the singing of a fifteen-year-old colored boy in the Detention Home, Detroit.



- 1 There was blood on the saddle,
There was blood on the ground,
And a great big puddle
Of blood on the ground.
- 2 Now our friend, the brave cowboy,
Will ride never more,
For his head it is nothing
But a big blob of gore.
- 3 He was born here in Texas,
The best in the land.
Now he's gone to the angels
In the Promised Land.
- 4 O he had a young sweetheart
He loved once so well,
Whose grief o'er his dying
No tongue e'er can tell.
- 5 He asked her to marry
One fine night in June,
Now he's left her all lonely
And covered with gloom.

- 6 Our friend, the brave cowboy,
Is cold now and dead,
For his sure-footed pinto
Has fell on his head.
- 7 There was blood on the saddle,
There was blood all around,
And a great big puddle
Of blood on the ground.

THE LUMBERMAN'S ALPHABET

THIS was a popular song in the lumber camps. For almost identical versions see Eckstorm and Smyth, pp. 30-32; Gray, pp. 10-14; Rickaby, pp. 35-38; and Tolman and Eddy, *JAFL*, XXXV, 413-414.

Version A was recorded in 1916 by Miss Florence Myers, Ypsilanti, from the singing of a lumberman who had worked in the nineties in a lumber camp on the Manistee River.

A

- 1 A for the ax you very well know,
B for the bullies who use it just so,
C for the chopping that makes the woods ring,
D for the danger we always are in.

Chorus

So merry, so merry, so merry are we,
No mortals on earth are such fighters as we,
Sing a hi-dare, a ho-dare, a hi-dare, ho-down,
The shanty boy's well, and there's nothing goes
wrong.

- 2 E for the echo that through the woods rang,
F for the foreman, the head of our gang,
G is the grindstone so often we turn,
H is the handle so smoothly now worn.
- 3 I is the iron that marketh the pine,
J is the jolly boy, never behind,
K is the kinker the broad axes keep,
L for the bugs that keep us from sleep.
- 4 M is the moss we stuffed in our camps,
N for the needle we use on our pants,
O is the quarreling on which we thrive,
P for the pine that falleth just right.
- 5 Q is the owl that hoots all the night,
R is the river we love so to drive,
S for the sleigh, so stout and so strong,
T for the teams that haul them along.

6 U for the underwear, flannel and red,
 V for the valley in which we lie our dead,
 W the woods we leave every year,
 X stands for nothing a logger would hear.

7 Y stands for the yells when the timber comes down,
 Z for the zither and dances in town.

B

Sung in 1934 by Mr. Karl Jensen, Pentwater, who had learned the song from hearing it in lumber camps about Manistee, where he had worked in the nineties.

A complete text very similar to A.

C

Sung in 1932 by Mr. Bert Eddy, Romeo, who had learned the song twenty years earlier from the singing of Mr. John Hunt of the West Branch lumber camp.

A complete text very similar to A.

D

Sung in 1935 by Mrs. Blanche Gibbs, West Branch; she learned the song from her father, Mr. Joe Sova, who worked in lumber camps with the Saginaw gang; he said the song was composed in one of these camps.

A complete text very similar to A except that "X Y Z is the Saginaw gang."

E

Sung in 1935 by Mr. Fred Buckingham, West Branch. A fragment very similar to part of A.

F

Sung in 1935 by Mrs. Julia Malone, Parnell, eighty-one years old. A fragment similar to part of A.

G

Sung in 1931 by Mr. Elmer Jencks, Kalkaska, who had learned the song from Canadian lumbermen near Kalkaska, about 1880.

This is the chorus of the song:

So merry, so merry, so merry are we,
There's no one in the wide world any merrier than we.
Hi derry, ho derry, hi derry down,
Give the shanty boy whiskey and nothing goes wrong.

The choruses of texts C and E are more similar to that of G than to that of A.

THE SHANTYMAN'S LIFE

THIS is only a part of the broadside song of the complaints of the lumberman. For a fragment and references see Mackenzie, p. 362. See also Eckstorm and Smyth, pp. 33-38; Lomax, pp. 233-236; Sandburg, pp. 390-391; and Shoemaker, pp. 261-263, who carries the song back to 1857.

Version A was sung in 1934 by Mr. Charles Muchler, Kalkaska.

O the shan - ty - man's life is a
 drear - i - some life, Though thou - sands think it's free from all
 care, Though we're swing - ing our ax - es from
 morn - ing un - til night, In the
 midst of the cold for - ests drear.

A

- 1 O the shantyman's life is a drearisome life,
 Though thousands think it's free from all care,
 Though we're swinging our axes from morning until night,
 In the midst of the cold forests drear.
- 2 Transported I am from some foreign land
 To the banks of the Susquehanna stream,
 Where the wolves and the owls with their terrifying howls
 Disturb us of our midnight dreams.
- 3 Now springtime has come, double hardships have begun,
 And the water is so piercingly cold,
 Dripping wet is our clothes, and our limbs are nearly froze,
 And our levers we can scarcely hold.

- 4 O those rocky shores and jams give employment to all hands,
And the well-finished raft for to steer;
O those rapids that we run are to us but only fun,
And we'll avoid all slavish fear.
- 5 O about three o'clock the noisy little cook
Cries, "Boys, it is the break of dawn."
In half-broken slumber we pass those cold dreary nights
away.

• • • • •

B

Sung in 1930 by Mr. Bert Eddy, Romeo, who had heard the song thirty or forty years earlier in Michigan lumber camps.

A fragment of two stanzas; stanza 1 is similar to that of A. Stanza 2 follows:

- 2 Transported from the glass and the smiling little lass,
Whilst here in the woods so wild;
Not a glass of any kind while we're in the woods alone
To wear away our long exile.

THE SHANTY BOYS

FOR more complete versions of this lumber song see Eckstorm and Smyth, pp. 25-27; Greenleaf and Mansfield, pp. 321-322; Rickaby, pp. 69-75; and Shoemaker, pp. 93-95. All these texts have parts similar to the Michigan version, but with many additions, omissions, and variations.

The present version was sung in 1935 by Mr. Oliver Simpson, Saranac, who learned the song about 1895 in a lumber camp in Kalkaska County.

- 1 If you will listen to me, boys, I will sing to you a song;
 'Tis all about the pine woods boys, and how they get along.
 They were as jolly a set of fellows as ever you will find;
 They spend the winter pleasantly in cutting down the pine.
- 2 The chopper and the sawyer they lay the timber low;
 The skidder and the swamper they pull it to and fro.
 And then comes the loader before the break of day,
 And, "Load up the teams, boys, to the river haste away."
- 3 When noontime rolls round and the foreman loudly screams,
 "Lay down your tools, boys, and haste to pork and beans."
 Then arriving at the shanty the mashing does begin,
 The rattling of the dinner pail, the banging of the tin.
- 4 "Come hurry up, Ben; come Dick, come Jim, come Joe,
 Or you will have to take a pail and for the water go."
 When dinner it is ready, you will hear the cook cry,
 And then you'll see them jump and run for fear they'll miss
 the pie.
- 5 When dinner it is over, they to the shanties go,
 And load up their pipes and smoke till everything is blue.

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MICHIGAN-I-O

THIS well-known song of the lumber camps, dated in the fifties, goes, with few variations, under the names "Canaday-I-O," "The Jolly Lumbermen," which has the refrain "On Colley's Run, i-oh," "Hills of Mexico," and "The Buffalo Skimmers." For texts of these variants see Eckstorm and Smyth, pp. 21-25; Gray, pp. 37-43; Lomax, pp. 158-163; and Shoemaker, pp. 88-90. For a discussion of the song with notes concerning its author, its dissemination, and a text see *Bulletin*, VI, 10-13. For a "Michigan-I-O" text see Rickaby, pp. 41-42.

Version A was sung in 1935 by Mr. Frank Madison, Grattan Center.



It was early in the season, in the fall of sixty-three, A preacher of the gospel, why, he stepped up to me. He says, "My jolly good fellow, how would you like to go And spend a winter lumbering in Michigan-I-O?"

A

- 1 It was early in the season, in the fall of sixty-three,
A preacher of the gospel, why, he stepped up to me.
He says, "My jolly good fellow, how would you like to go
And spend a winter lumbering in Michigan-I-O?"
- 2 I boldly stepped up to him, and thus to him did say,
"As for my going to Michigan, it depends upon the pay.
If you will pay good wages, my passage to and fro,
Why, I will go along with you to Michigan-I-O."

- 3 Yes, he would pay good wages and pay our passage out,
Providing we'd sign papers that we would stay the route.
"But if you do get homesick and swear that home you'll
go,
Why, I'll not pay your passage out to Michigan-I-O."
- 4 Now with this kind of flattering he enlisted quite a
train,
Full twenty-five or thirty, both young and able men.
We had a pleasant voyage the route we had to go;
He landed us in Saginaw in Michigan-I-O.
- 5 It was there our joys were ended, and our sorrows did
begin
By paying dear attention as they came rolling in.
He led us through the country; the road we did not
know;
'Twas on the Rifle River in Michigan-I-O.
- 6 The way that he used us there it was beyond the art
of man.
To give you fair description now I'll do the best I can:
Our board the dogs would laugh at; our bed was on
the snow.
Thank God there is no worse hell than Michigan-I-O.
- 7 Our hearts was cased in iron, and our souls were bound
in steel;
The hardships of that winter could not force us to yield;
By paying dear attention, he finds his match I know
Amongst us boys from Kennedy in Michigan-I-O.
- 8 O now the winter is over it's homeward we are bound,
And in this cursed country no more we shall be found.
We'll go home to our wives and sweethearts, tell others
they must not go
To that God-forsaken country called Michigan-I-O.

B

Communicated in 1931 by Mrs. Irene Pomeroy Shields, Kalamazoo, who obtained the song from the singing of Mr. L. N. Edgerton, Wisconsin.

A text of six and one-half stanzas very similar to A.

C

Obtained in 1915 by Miss Vida Collins, Bear Lake, from the singing of an uncle; in his youth he had heard the song sung by Michigan lumbermen.

A text of four stanzas very similar to parts of A.

THE MOSSBACK

THE most common name of this debate song is "The Shanty-Boy and the Farmer's Son." Michigan A lacks several stanzas. For a discussion of the song and a text see Tolman and Eddy, *JAFL*, XXXV, 399-401. See also Eckstorm and Smyth, pp. 27-30; Rickaby, pp. 48-53; and Shoemaker, pp. 221-223.

Version A was sung in 1934 by Mr. Charles Muchler, Kalkaska; he learned the song in a lumber camp in the Black Forest in Lycoming County, Pennsylvania, where all the loggers believed it had been composed by one of the men in that camp.

Second stanza

The one that loved the farmer boy these words I heard her say, The reason why she loved him was that he at home would stay, At home with her in the winter time, to the shanty would not go; And when the spring it did come on, his land he'd plow and sow.

A

1 As I walked out one evening just as the sun went down,

 I heard two maids conversing as I passed slowly by;
 One she loved a farmer's son, and the other a shanty boy.

2 The one that loved the farmer boy these words I heard her say,
 The reason why she loved him was that he at home would stay,
 At home with her in the winter time, to the shanty would not go;
 And when the spring it did come on, his land he'd plow and sow.

3 "Now as to plow your land," the other girl did say,
"If the crops should prove a failure, his debts he could not pay;
If the crops should prove a failure or the grain market be low,
The sheriff oftentimes sells his land to pay the debts he owes.

4 "O I love my shanty boy, who goes to the woods in the fall.
He is both stout and hearty, able to stand each squall;
With pleasure I'll receive him in the spring when he comes home;
His money with me he'll share quite free while the mossback has
got none."

5 "At what I have said of your shanty boy, pray not offended be,
For from such foolish arguments I hope I'll soon be free.
And if ever I get that chance again, with some shanty boy I'll go,
And leave the mossback brokenhearted, his buckwheat for to
sow."

B

Sung in 1934 by Mr. Karl Jensen, Pentwater. A text very similar to Rick-aby A, pp. 48-50.

THE LITTLE BROWN BULLS

For a discussion of this song and for complete texts see Rickaby, pp. 65-68. According to one of Rickaby's informants, the song was composed in northwestern Wisconsin in 1872 or 1873, in the camp in which the contest took place. See also Eckstorm and Smyth, pp. 54-60.

The present version was sung in 1934 by Mr. John Walton, Wood Brothers' lumber camp near Kalkaska.

- 1 O McGlosky on the river had nothing to fear,
Swang his long gourd stick over his big spot of steers.
They were tall, trim, and handsome, gourding nine foot and
three,
"Just right," says the Scotchman, "they're the laddies for me."
- 2 Next came Bull Gordon with his little brown bulls;
They were short, shaggy, and handsome, gourding six foot and
nine.
"Too light," says McGlosky, "to handle our pine."
"O hold on one moment," Bull Gordon he cried,
- 3 "Here's twenty-five dollars and the day I will fulfill,
When you skid one more log than the little brown bulls."
O the day was appointed, and soon it drew nigh
When twenty-five dollars their fortunes to try.
- 4 He was eager and anxious the day to come round,
When the judges and scalers were there on the ground.
O down the road came McGlosky in view,
As he hollered, "Whoa! Haw!" to the pets of the crew.
- 5 "It's chew your cuds well, boys, and keep your jaws full,
And you'll never be beat by those little brown bulls."
Next came Bull Gordon with his pips in his paw;
Down came the brown bulls with a cud in each jaw.
- 6 Little did we think when we saw them come down
That a hundred and forty they would jerk around.

JACK HAGGERTY

For a discussion of the origin of this song see Geraldine Chickering, "The Origin of a Ballad," *Modern Language Notes*, L, 465-468. For other versions of it see Eckstorm and Smyth, pp. 124-125; Rickaby, pp. 3-10; Sandburg, pp. 392-393; and Shoemaker, pp. 218-219. For a cowboy version of the song see J. Frank Dobie, "More Ballads and Songs of the Frontier Folk," *PTFLS*, VII, 176-178.

Version A was sung in 1934 by Mr. Chauncey Leach, Kalkaska; he learned the song in Mount Pleasant about 1895 from Mr. Charlie March, who worked on the Muskegon River.

A

- 1 I'm a heartbroken raftsman, from Greenville I came;
My virtue's departure, alas, I defame.
How the streamlets dark acoouple have caused me much grief,
Till my heart burst asunder, I can ne'er find relief.
- 2 I can tell you my troubles without much delay,
How my sweet little Lucy my heart stole away.
She was a blacksmith's daughter all by the Flat River side,
And I always intended for to make her my bride.
- 3 My occupation, I am raftsman where the white waters roll;
My name 'tis engraved on the rocks and sand shoals.
On shop, bar, and house top, well, I am very well known;
They call me Jack Haggerty, I'm the pride of the town.
- 4 I dressed her in jewels and finest of lace
And the costliest muslin myself I was braced.
I gave her my wages, all for her a keepsake;
I begrudged her of nothing that I had on the earth.
- 5 I worked on the river and gained quite a stake;
I was steadfast and stiddy, and I ne'er played the rake.
I'm a boy that stands happy on the boiling white stream;
My thoughts were of Lucy and she haunted my dreams.
- 6 One day on the river a letter I received;
She said from all promises herself she'd relieve.
A marriage with her lover she had a long time delayed,
And the next time he saw her she'd no more be a maid.

7 On her mother, Jane Tucker, I lay all the blame.
 She caused her to leave me and to blacken my name
 And cast out the ringing that God would soon tie
 And left me a wanderer till the day that I die.

8 So good-bye to Flat River, for me there's no rest;
 I will shoulder my peavey and I will go west.
 I will go to Muskegon some comfort to find
 And leave my own Lucy and Flat River behind.

9 Now come all ye young men with hearts stout and true,
 Don't depend on the women, you're beat if you do;
 And whenever you see one with long chestnut curls,
 Just think of Jack Haggerty and the Flat River girl.

B

Sung in 1935 by Mr. Otis Evilsizer, Alger. A text of eight stanzas very similar to A.

I'm a heart-broken raftsman, from Green-ville I came; My
 virtue's de-par-ture from all I de-cline, But the
 strong darts of Cu-pid have caused me much grief; My
 heart breaks with-in me, I can ne'er find re-lief.

C

JACK HAGADE

A manuscript sheet in the possession of Miss Clara Youngs, Greenville. It is signed "Stena Hansen" and has "Sidse Kersten, Olsin, 1881" in a different ink and handwriting at the top of the sheet. Mrs. Eliza Youngs knew the song in a very similar form.

A text of nine stanzas with only minor variations from A.

*D***JACK HARGATY**

The Rowell manuscript. "April 26, 1883, Blanchard, Michigan" appears at the end of the song.

A text of nine stanzas similar to A, with minor variations.

*E***JACK HAGGERTY'S LAMENT**

Obtained in 1915 from Miss Florence Myers, Ypsilanti, who had heard the song in a Manistee River lumber camp about ten years earlier.

A text of six and one-half stanzas similar to A.

F

Sung in 1935 by Mr. Fred Buckingham, West Branch. A fragment of five stanzas, similar to A.

THE JAM ON GERRY'S ROCK

ACCORDING to Eckstorm and Smyth, pp. 176-198, this ballad originated in Maine and was founded on fact. Gerry's Rock was on the West Branch of the Penobscot River. For versions, references, and discussion see *Bulletin*, X, 8-20; Cox, pp. 236-238; Gray, pp. 3-9; Greenleaf and Mansfield, pp. 331-333; Lomax, pp. 174-176; Mackenzie, pp. 367-370; Rickaby, pp. 11-19; Sandburg, pp. 394-395; and Shoemaker, pp. 86-88.

Version A was sung in 1934 by Mr. Charles Muchler, Kalkaska.

Come all you jolly river boys, I'll have you all draw near, And listen to dangers which you will quickly hear; 'Tis of six Canadian boys so manful and brave, Who broke the jam on Gerry's rock, met with a watery grave.

A

- 1 Come all you jolly river boys, I'll have you all draw near,
And listen to dangers which you will quickly hear;
'Tis of six Canadian boys so manful and brave,
Who broke the jam on Gerry's rock, met with a watery grave.
- 2 It being on Sunday morning, all on the fourth of May,
Our logs being piled up mountain-high, we could not keep
them away.
But our foreman says, "Turn out, my boys, prevailing all fear;
We will break the jam on Gerry's Rock, and for Saginaw
we will steer."

- 3 Some of them were willing, whilst some of them stood back,
For it's a-going to work on Sunday morn; they did not think
it right;
Till six of these Canadian boys they volunteered to go
And break the jam on Gerry's Rocks with their foreman,
young Monroe.
- 4 They had not rolled off many a log till the foreman to them
did say,
"I'd have you be on guard, my boys; the jam will soon give
way."
These words he had scarcely spoken when the jam did break
and go,
And carried away these six brave lads and their foreman,
young Monroe.
- 5 When the rest of the river boys the sad news came to hear,
In search of their lost comrades to the riverside did steer.
In search of their lost comrades with sorrow, grief, and woe,
All cut and mangled on the beach lay the form of young
Monroe.
- 6 They picked him from his watery grave, smoothed back his
raven hair;
There was one fair girl among them whose cries would rend
the air;
There was one fair girl among them who was down from
Saginaw town,
Whose mournful cries would rend the skies for her true love
who was drowned.
- 7 They buried him most decently, it being on the sixth of May;
Come all the rest of you river boys, for your comrade you
must pray.
On a little knoll by the riverside a hemlock tree doth grow;
It bears the date and drowning of the hero, young Monroe.
- 8 Miss Clara was a noble girl, likewise a raftsman's friend;
Her mother was a widow, lived down by the river bend;
The wages of her own true love the boss to her did pay,
And liberal subscriptions received from the boys next day.
- 9 Miss Clara did not long survive beneath her trials and grief,
For in less than three weeks after, death came to her relief;

For in less than three weeks after, this maid was called to go,
And her last request was granted to be buried by her lover,
young Monroe.

10 Come all the rest of you river boys that wish to go and see
Where the soft winds sigh and the willow weeps in perfect harmony;
On a little knoll by the riverside, two lovers there lie low.
They are Miss Clara of Saginaw town and her true love,
young Monroe.

B

Sung in 1935 by Mr. Otis Evilsizer, Alger, who learned the song while working in a Michigan lumber camp.

A text of eight stanzas similar to A.

Come all ye brave, bold shan - ty boys, wher -
ev - er you may be; I'd have you pay at -
ten - tion to these few words for me. 'Tis
all a - bout the shan - ty boys, so
man - ful and so brave, Who broke the jam on
Ger - ry's rocks and found a wa - ter - y grave.

C

YOUNG MUNROE

The Rowell manuscript. A text of ten stanzas similar to A.

D

YOUNG MONROE

Sung in 1934 by Mr. Henry Larabee, Kalkaska, who was born in Barry County, Michigan, in 1859.

A rather confused eight-stanza text similar to A.

E

Contributed by Miss Florence Myers, Ypsilanti, who obtained the song from a lumberman in a camp on the Manistee River.

The story in this eight-stanza text is very similar to A, but there are variations in phraseology, such as:

“Look out, you tough young river hogs, this jam’ll soon
give way.”

F

Communicated by Miss Florence Myers, Ypsilanti, who had learned the song from hearing it sung about 1905 in a lumber camp on the Manistee River.

A text of nine and one-half stanzas very similar to A.

JAMES WAYLAND

For a discussion of this song see Rickaby, pp. 20-24. See also *Bulletin*, pp. 4-7; Eckstorm and Smyth, pp. 122-124; and Tolman and Eddy, *JAFL*, XXXV, 383-384.

The present version was obtained in 1930 by Miss Ruth Barnes, Ypsilanti, from Mr. Ben Wright, aged twenty-two, Traverse City. He had collected the song from Miss Dorothy Dill, Traverse City, who had learned it from the singing of a lumberman of the same place.

- 1 Come all you tender Christians,
I pray that you draw near;
It's of a terrible accident
I'm going to let you hear.
- 2 It's of a bold and daunted youth,
James Wayland he was called;
He was drowned at McFerris' raft,
All on the upper falls.
- 3 The river was in its raging course,
The water being high;
The foreman unto Wayland said,
"This jam you'll have to try."
- 4 "For you're young and noble-hearted,
And though death be lurking near,
You are the man to lend a hand
The waters for to clear."
- 5 Then up spoke young Wayland
Unto his comrades bold,
"Come, although it's dangerous,
We'll do as we are told."
- 6 "We obey our orders bravely,
As noble men should do,"
But as he spake the dam it broke
And let young Wayland through.
- 7 There were three of them in danger,
But two of them were saved,

Whilst noble-hearted Wayland
He met his watery grave.

- 8 The raging waters tore and tossed,
Logs sprang from shore to shore,
Now here, now there, his body lies,
A-tumbling o'er and o'er.
- 9 One fearful cry for mercy,
"O God, look down on me!"
His soul is free from earthly bonds,
Gone to eternity.
- 10 Come all you jolly river boys,
Be warned of Jimmy's fate,
Be cautious and take warning
Before it is too late.
- 11 For death is lurking 'round you,
Still seeking to destroy
The pride of many a father's heart,
And many a mother's joy.

THE WILD MUSTARD RIVER

REPRINTED from Mr. Russell Gore, *The Detroit News*, April 29, 1934, p. 7.

- 1 Down on the Wild Mustard River,
Down by the old Emric Dam,
We arose from our blankets one morning
To flood from the reservoir dam.
- 2 When the water came rustling and rolling,
Our pikes and peavies we'd apply,
Not thinking that one of our number
That day had so horribly to die.
- 3 On the river there was none any better
On a log than our friend Johnny Stile;
He had worked oftener than any other,
And he always was reckless and wild.
- 4 But today his luck went against him,
And his foot it got caught in the jam;
For you know how that creek runs a-howling
When we flood from the reservoir dam.
- 5 But we were all there in a moment,
Just as soon as he gave his first shout,
For you know how that creek runs a-howling—
It rolls in, but it never rolls out.
- 6 We worked for an hour and a quarter
Till our time it had come to a spare;
We had got a hole well worked through her
When like lightning she hauled out of there.
- 7 We rode her down and pulled up in dead water;
We worked till the sweat down us poured.
We pulled his dead body from in under,
But it looked like poor Johnny no more.
- 8 His flesh was all cut up in ringlets
And rolled out as flat as your hand.
We'll hold peace on this earth for his body
While the Lord holds his soul in command.

JIMMIE JUDD

SUNG in 1935 by Mr. Robert Fulsher, Standish, who could remember only a few lines, but recalled the outline of the story of the song, which he had learned in a Michigan lumber camp.

Sung Now Jimmie Judd was this young man's
name,
And I mean to let you know,
And I mean to sound his praises
Wherever that I go.
His hair hung down in ringlets fair,
And his skin was as white as snow.
He was admired by old and young
Where'er that he did go.

Recited Jimmie Judd was drowned while working on a log jam.
A little maid a-hunting her cow found Jimmie's body in the river,
almost a week after his drowning.

Sung It would have broke your heart with pity
When he was taken home;
The girl that he loved dearly,
She cried, "I am undone!"
Whilst his poor old aged mother cried,
"He was my darling son."
And now he reigns in paradise
Where happy he may be,
And I hope in heaven his soul's at rest
Through all eternity.

HARRY BAIL

Most of the men who ever worked in lumber camps or mills in Michigan know of this accident and song even if they cannot sing it. For other texts see Finger, pp. 33-35; Lomax, pp. 172-173; Rickaby, pp. 110-112; and Shoemaker, pp. 92-93.

According to Mr. John B. Redhead, Grayling, who at the time of this tragedy was working for a Mr. Newton in another mill, about three miles away, Harry Bail was injured about ten o'clock in the morning and died about three in the afternoon of the same day. His account of the accident tallies very nearly with other details of the Michigan texts. Mr. Redhead said there were three Bail brothers, Charles, Martin, and Harry, who were all very intelligent and witty, and the song was written by Charles, who was "an extreme wit and was always the life of a party."

Version A was sung in 1935 by Mr. William Rabidue, West Branch, who said that Charlie Bail, a brother of Harry, and Johnny Coffey wrote this song. At the time of the accident Mr. Rabidue, who said it occurred in Gerry Goodrich's mill in Lapeer County, was working in another mill a few miles distant.

According to Mr. Rabidue, when he sang the song at West Branch it was his custom to change line 8 of stanza 1 to indicate the distance from West Branch to Lapeer.

Come kind folks, friends, and par - ents, Come broth - ers, one and all.
 If you'll but lis - ten un - to me, 'Twill make your blood run cold.
 It's of a young un -
 for - tu - nate boy That's known both far and near;
 His
 par - ents reared him ten - der - ly, Not man - y miles from here.

A

1 Come kind folks, friends, and parents,
 Come brothers, one and all.
 If you'll but listen unto me,
 'Twill make your blood run cold.

It's of a young unfortunate boy
That's known both far and near;
His parents reared him tenderly,
Not many miles from here.

- 2 It seems his occupation
Was a sawyer in the mill.
He followed it successfully
One year, three months, until
It was the time for him to go
To leave this world of care.
Who knows how soon it will be our doom
To follow him up there?
- 3 In the township of Ar-Arcade,
In the year of seventy-nine,
He went to his work as usual,
No danger did he incline.
In lowering of the feed box,
Threw the carriage into gear.
Which drew him up onto the saw
And cut him so severe
- 4 It sawed him through the shoulder blade
And halfway down the back;
He was then thrown out upon the floor
As the carriage did come back.
He started for the shanty,
But his strength was failing fast.
He says, "My boys, I'm wounded,
I'm feared this is my last."
- 5 His brothers then were sent for,
Likewise his sisters too;
The doctors came and dressed his wounds,
But alas, it was too true!
And when these cruel wounds were dressed,
He unto them did say,
"I know there is no help for me;
I soon must pass away."
- 6 No father had poor Harry
To weep beside his bed,

No kind and tender mother
 To ease his aching head.
 He lingered on one day and night
 Till death did ease his pain.
 His voice was hushed forever;
 He never will speak again.

7 They put him in his coffin,
 And fitted him for the grave
 While brothers and sisters mourned the loss
 Of a brother so young and brave.
 Cut down in his manhood beauty,
 His life had scarce begun,
 And everyone that knew him knows
 He's gone to his lasting home.

8 Now the springtime will return again,
 Will wake this big domain,
 While the little birds on the leafy boughs
 Sing sweetly once again.
 While brothers, sisters may rejoice
 The love he fondly gave,
 By planting wreaths of flowers
 Around their brother's grave.

B

Sung in 1935 by Mr. Fred Buckingham, West Branch; he learned the song from his father, who, he said, knew Harry Bail.

A text of eight stanzas very similar to A, except for stanzas 1 and 5, which follow:

1 'Twas in the township of Arcade,
 In the county of Lapeer
 There stood a little shingle mill,
 It ran about one year.
 'Twas where this cruel deed was done
 Caused many to weep and wail;
 'Twas where this young man lost his life,
 His name was Harry Bail.

5 He was as jolly a fellow
 As you could wish to know,

Cut down in manhood's beauty;
His life it had scarce begun.
But he withered like a flower,
For it was his time to go.

In stanza 3 the date is given as the "twenty-ninth of April, in the year of seventy-nine."

C

From the manuscript of Mrs. Russell Wood, Kalkaska, who obtained the song about 1915 from Mr. Charles Bail at Onaway, Michigan.

A text of fourteen stanzas of four lines each, similar to parts of A and B, except for stanza 14, which follows:

14 We laid him in his coffin;
We laid him there to rest.
His body is within the tomb;
His soul is with the blest.

D

Obtained in 1933 from Mr. Charles Myers, Pentwater, who had acquired the song from hearing his father, Mr. Charlie Myers, an old lumberman ninety years of age, sing it as he had learned it in a lumber camp near Manistee.

A text of five stanzas very similar to A, except that the date is the ninth of April.

HARRY DUNN

THIS tragic song of the lumber camps seems not to have been so well known in Michigan as were some other lumber songs. For further texts see Eckstorm and Smyth, pp. 120-122, and Rickaby, pp. 103-109.

The present version is from the manuscript of Mrs. Russell Wood, Kalkaska; she obtained the song from Mr. Dunc Walker, an old lumberman, who sang it at Tower in Cheboygan County.

- 1 I once did know a charming lad whose name was Harry Dunn;
His father was a farmer in the township of Odun;
He had everything he wanted, a farm of good land;
He only wanted to have a time in the woods of Michigan.
- 2 On the morning that he left his home I heard his mother say,
"Now Harry dear, take my advice and do not go away.
Don't leave your aged parents, likewise your sisters three,
For something seems to tell me no more your face I'll see."
- 3 But Harry only laughed at her, saying, "Mother, do not fear,
For when the winter is over, I am coming straight back home
With lots of money for you to spend; now don't you understand
I only want to have a time in the woods of Michigan?"
- 4 He started for Bay City, hired out to a lumberjack king.
The very next place he found himself was in the woods at
Pinconning.
He worked along for three long months; oftentimes he would
write home
Saying, "Winter will soon be over, and I am coming straight
back home."
- 5 One morning when young Harry arose, on his face he wore no
smile.
Calling his chum outside the door, his name was Charlie Lile,
Saying, "Charlie, I had an awful dream; it fills my heart with
woe;
I fear there is something wrong at home, and to home I ought
to go."
- 6 But Charlie only laughed at him. That pleased him for a time.
At length he said to Harry, "It is time to fall the pine."

They worked along until ten o'clock upon that fatal day
When a hanging limb came down on him and crushed him to
the clay.

- 7 His comrades gathered around him and drug the limb away.
I was standing close beside him; these words I heard him say,
"Now comrades, I am dying; my hour will come right soon;
May God in his great mercy look down on my friends at home."
- 8 In two or three days after, a coffin was sent home
Containing all was left on earth of poor young Harry Dunn.
And when his mother saw him, she fell down like a stone;
They picked her up and her heart was broke when Harry was
sent home.
- 9 Likewise his poor old father who was never known to smile,
In two or three days after, he followed his loving child.
In two or three days they buried that poor old man;
So you can see what a dreadful curse hangs over Michigan.
- 10 Come all you brave lumbering boys, wherever you all may be,
Likewise and pay attention to these few lines from me.
Don't leave your aged parents but stay home while you can;
And when you go out to have a time, stay away from the woods
of Michigan.

DAVID WARD

SUNG in 1932 by Mr. Bert E. Eddy, Romeo; he had learned the song about 1887 from Mr. Sherm Eddy, who had worked in Ward's camp in Manistee, Michigan, and in other lumber camps.

- 1 Come all my good friends, I'll sing you a song;
It's my own invention, and it won't take me long.
What I'm going to tell you is what happened to me
When I was a-lumbering up on the Manistee.
- 2 'Twas on one bright morning I started away;
I went to the woods there expecting to stay;
I was not alone, for I had a good pard,
And we were both lumbering for old David Ward.
- 3 Now I will tell you the style of our camp:
If we didn't nail down, we were set out to tramp;
And many's the good man who has got his discharge,
And they kept the small boys who were not very large.
- 4 Now the grub that we got there was not very nice;
'Twas mush and molasses, with codfish and rice,
Pork and corn beef with a very coarse grain;
We were turned out long days in the snow and the rain.
- 5 Now there was the foreman, a very nice man;
He was always at work contriving some plan.
Our pockets he'd pick, and our clothes he would sell,
And get drunk on the money at the Greeland Hotel.
- 6 Now there was young Charlie, a very poor sort;
He would go through the bush for to get a sly peek.
If he saw a man straight just to rest his lame back,
He would go to the office and give him the sack.
- 7 Now there was old David, along with the rest,
Like an old settin' hen just got off from her nest;
He'd cluck, and he'd sputter and look rather blue,
And swear at us boys for soldiering, too.

- 8 Now there was the scaler, I nearly forgot;
He was the worst reprobate in the whole lot.
If he was sent up to have his just dues,
He would go to jail barefoot without any shoes.
- 9 And now to conclude and to finish this rhyme;
To sing any more I don't feel inclined.
But now that I'm out, I won't go back again
To be turned out long days in the snow and the rain.

MARTIN, TIM, AND DAN

SUNG in 1934 by Mr. Charles E. Meeker, Detroit, who had learned the song from an old lumberman, Mr. Harry Lefler, near Wolverine, Michigan, about 1893.

- 1 Come all ye hustling shanty boys, a lesson take from me;
Work steady in the lumber woods and don't go on a spree,
But save a stake and buy a farm and bring a biddie in,
Then boys, like me you soon will see the comfort you will win.
With—

Chorus

Martin, Tim, and Dan, Barney, Pat, and Sam,
Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, and Paul,
Susannar and Rosannar who pounds the big pianar,
And Biddie says I'm daddy to them all.

- 2 When first I struck the lumber camp, Lord, boys, but I was green!
They put me in as chore boy the shanty to keep clean,
The wood to cut, the lamps to trim, the stable to attend,
Full eighteen hours of solid work I had each day to spend.
But there's—

ROLL THE OLD CHARIOT ALONG

For a song which is given as a Salvation Army song and which is somewhat similar to this Michigan text see Sandburg, pp. 196-197. The last line in each stanza of Sandburg's text is, "And we won't drag on behind."

The present version was sung in 1935 by Mr. Fred Buckingham, West Branch, who said the song was very popular in the lumber camps and that countless stanzas were improvised.

- 1 If we had a keg of whiskey, we'd roll it along,
If we had a keg of whiskey, we'd roll it along,
If we had a keg of whiskey, we'd roll it along,
And we'll all tag on behind.

Chorus

Roll the old chariot along,
Roll the old chariot along,
Roll the old chariot along,
And we'll tag on behind.

- 2 If we had a barrel of beer, we would roll it along,
If we had a barrel of beer, we would roll it along,
If we had a barrel of beer, we would roll it along,
And we'll all tag on behind.
- 3 If you want to be a Methodist, we'll roll you along,
If you want to be a Methodist, we'll roll you along,
If you want to be a Methodist, we'll roll you along,
And we'll all tag on behind.

BEN FISHER.

For an almost identical form see *Beadle's Dime Song Book* (New York and London, 1859), No. 4, pp. 9-10.

The present version was obtained in 1916 by Mr. H. Parkes Pinson, Ecorse, from Mrs. Mary Ellen Kenyon Baker, who had learned the song fifty years earlier from hearing it sung by Miss Helen Carelton, East China Township, St. Clair River.

- 1 Ben Fisher had finished his hard day's work,
And he sat at his cottage door;
And his good wife Kate sat by his side,
And the moonlight danced on the floor.
And the moonlight danced on the cottage floor,
For its moonbeams were as pure and as bright,
As when he and Kate twelve years before
Talked love in a mellow light.
- 2 Ben Fisher had never a pipe of clay,
Nor never a dram drank he;
So he loved at home with his wife to stay,
And right merrily chatted they.
Right merrily chatted on the while
Her babe slept on her breast;
A cherub rogue with a rosy smile
On his father's knee found rest.
- 3 Ben told how fast his potatoes grew,
And the corn in the lower field;
That the wheat on the hill had grown to seed
And had promised a glorious yield,
A glorious yield in harvest time;
That his orchard was doing fair,
That his sheep and his cattle were in their prime,
And his farm all in good repair.
- 4 Kate said that her garden looked beautiful,
That her fowls and her calves were fat;
That the butter that morning that Tommy churned
Would buy him a Sunday hat;
That Jenny for Pa a new shirt had made,
And it was done, too, by the rule;

That Neddy the garden could nicely spade,
And Ann was ahead at school.

5 Ben slowly passed his toilworn hand
Through his locks of grayish brown.
"I will tell you, Kate, what I think," said he,
"We are the happiest folks in town."
"I know," said Kate, "that we all work hard;
Work and health go together, I have found,
For there is Mrs. Bell does not work at all,
And she is sick the whole year round.

6 "They are worth their thousands, so people say,
But I never saw them happy yet;
It would not be me that would take their gold
And live in a constant fret.
My humble home has light within
Mrs. Bell's gold could not buy,
Six healthy children and a merry heart,
And a husband's love-lit eye."

7 I fancied a tear was in her eye,
For the moon shone brighter and clearer;
I could not tell why the man should cry
As he hitched up to Kate still nearer.
He leaned his head on her shoulder there;
He took her hand in his;
And I guess that though I looked at the moon just then
That he left on her lips a kiss.

I ONCE DID KNOW A FARMER

VERSION A was communicated in 1928 by Mrs. Dorothy Woodin, Harrison, who had learned the song from her father.

A

1 I once did know a farmer,
A good and truthful soul,
Who labored round his stock and barn
And round his cottage door.
He had an only daughter;
To win her I did try,
And when I asked him for her hand,
Then this was his reply:

Chorus

O treat my daughter kindly,
And keep her from all harm,
And when I die, I'll will to you
My little stock and farm.
My house, my home, my sheep, my plow,
My horses, stock, and barn,
And all the little chickens in the garden.

2 The old man has consented,
And married we will be,
And own the little stock and farm,
And live in harmony.
I'll strive to keep the promise
That the old man asked of me.
"Twas, "Take my daughter for your own,
And treat her kindly."

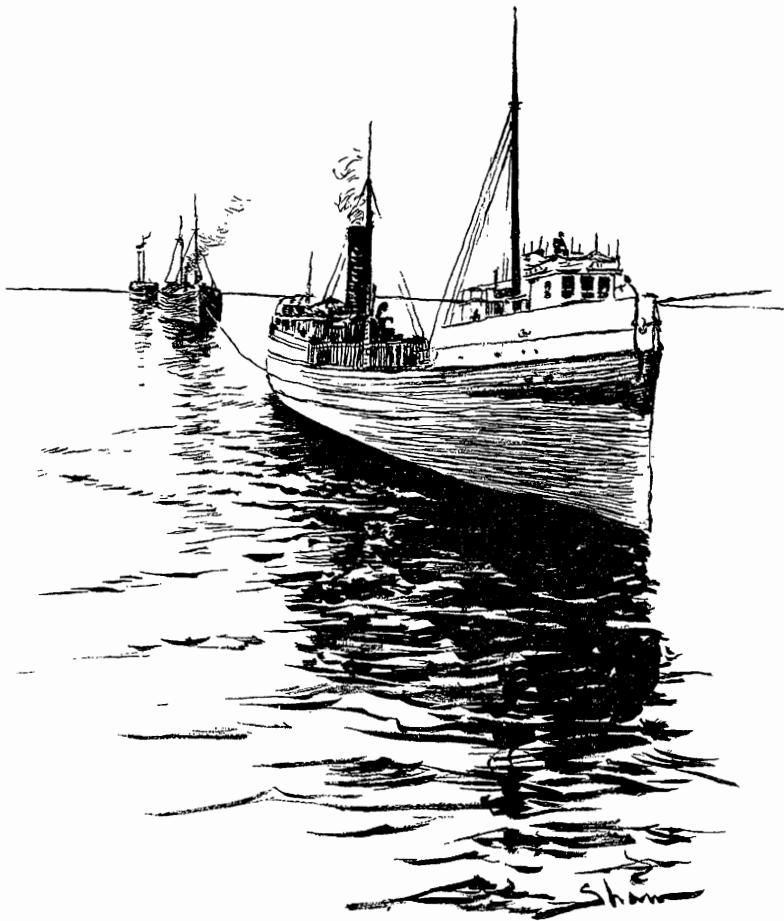
B

Sung in 1934 by Mr. Charles Muchler, Kalkaska. Stanza 1 and the chorus of this text are similar to A. Stanza 2 follows:

2 O I love this darling girl,
And dearly she loves me,
And oft I go around her home
Her smiling face to see,
To watch her mind her father's ducks
And admire her every charm,
And many a drink of milk I got
Before I left the barn.



DISASTERS



LUMBER ON THE WATERWAYS

V. Disasters

120

THE "TITANIC"

FOR songs concerning this marine disaster see Henry, pp. 88-89, and *JAF*, XLIV, 111-112. These are so different from the Michigan text and from one another as to indicate that each has come from a different source.

The present text was communicated in 1931 by Miss Ruth Hershman, Wayne University, Detroit, who obtained the song from Miss Madeline Baker, also of Wayne University.

- 1 The *Titanic* left Southampton
With all its sports and gang;
When they struck the iceberg,
I know their mind was changed.

Chorus

Many hearts surrendered to the shipwreck;
On the sea many hearts surrendered,
Crying, "Nearer, my God, to Thee."

- 2 The fourteenth day of April,
Nineteen hundred and twelve,
The ship wrecked by the iceberg
Went down forever to dwell.
- 3 The story of the shipwreck
Is most too sad to tell;
One thousand and six hundred
Went down forever to dwell.
- 4 Mothers told their daughters
On a pleasure trip they might go;
But since they struck the iceberg,
They haven't been seen any more.

- 5 A man, John Jacob Astor,
A man with pluck and brains,
When that great ship was going down,
All the women he tried to save.

THE SENO WRECK

For a discussion of the wreck on the Chesapeake and Ohio in 1890 and for texts see Cox, pp. 221-230. The Michigan text however, is entirely different from the versions in Cox except for the similarity of rhythm and a few scattered expressions. For a version which is very similar to the Michigan form see Combs, pp. 200-203.

The present version is from the manuscript of Mrs. Russell Wood, Kalkaska, who had obtained the song from the singing of Mr. Jim Richardson, a lumberman, near Kalkaska.

- 1 It was on a New Year's morning in nineteen hundred thirteen,
Engine eight hundred and twenty went down in fire and steam.
It was on this sad morning about eleven o'clock
When the Seno bridge at Wyandotte began to tremble and rock.
- 2 When the engine reached Wyandotte, the engineer was there;
Ed Webbers was his name in full; he had dark and wavy hair.
He pulled his engine to the bridge; the flag man he was there
Holding out the red flag crying, "Cross here, if you dare!"
- 3 Lewis Meadows was the bridge man, a true and abiding man,
Stood there giving orders and signals with his hand.
Conductor Lane went across the bridge to stop on the other side;
He did not know that Webbers was taking his last ride.
- 4 Brakeman Williams gave the signal; the engine started on,
And when they reached the trestle they knew that Webbers was
gone.
The bridge rocked for a moment and then went thundering down.
You could hear the engine crash below with a sad and mournful
sound.
- 5 There were thirteen men upon that bridge when it went thundering down;
Six of them were rescued, and seven of them were drowned.
Were these men religious? This I do not know,
But when the Saviour calls us, we'll surely have to go.
- 6 Ed Webbers was the engineer, a true and abiding man,
Went down with his engine, the throttle in his hand.

His body was rescued and placed beneath the sod;
We hope that he's a-resting with our Saviour and our God.

7 Ed Webbers left a darling wife and eight little children dear;
We hope God will protect them while we remain down here.
God bless his dear family, his good old mother, too,
His sisters and his brothers as they go onward through.
And all who hear this story, be good and kind and true,
For God has said in his own Word that death will visit you.

THE AVONDALE DISASTER

For a song of the same name and telling a somewhat similar story see George G. Korson, *Songs and Ballads of the Anthracite Miner* (New York, 1927), pp. 131-139. For a discussion of Korson's text see Henry, *JAFL*, XLIV, 112-115. For other texts similar to Korson's version see Greenleaf and Mansfield, pp. 123-124, and Shoemaker, pp. 212-213.

The present version was sung in 1934 by Mrs. Charles Muchler, Kalkaska, accompanied part of the time by Mr. Muchler. Mr. and Mrs. Muchler lived for some time in Ross Township, Luzerne County, Pennsylvania, about seven miles from Avondale, and they said everyone there knew and sang this song.

Come all my fel - low Chris-tians, And lis - ten to my
 tale, And as I sing, pray drop a tear For the
 deaths of Av - on - dale. 'Twas the six-teenth of Sep -
 tem - ber In eigh - teen six - ty - nine; I nev - er shall for -
 get the date Un - til the end of time.

1 Come all my fellow Christians,
 And listen to my tale,
 And as I sing, pray drop a tear
 For the deaths of Avondale.
 'Twas the sixteenth of September
 In eighteen sixty-nine;
 I never shall forget the date
 Until the end of time.

2 One hundred and eight men
 Went in the mines, as I am told,
 Not thinking that before the eve
 In death they would all lie cold.

They left their homes and friends so dear
That morning cheerfully
And worked along till half-past ten,
When the fire they first did see.

- 3 It quickly passed up through the shaft
As if propelled by fate;
'Twas then they tried to save their lives,
But, alas, it was too late!
What they then said or what they done,
No one on earth may know;
No one may know their harm,
Agony, or woe.
- 4 The breakers burned above them,
And, though their friends were brave,
'Twas madness then to try to help,
No hand but God's could save.
The news of the sad accident
The valley soon went round,
And quick their fellow miners
Came flocking to the ground.
- 5 The miners' little children,
Their darling wives likewise,
The hills around them did resound
To their sad and mournful cries.
To hear those women weeping,
And to note their sighs and moans,
It would cause your eyes to fill with tears,
If your heart was made of stone,
- 6 Saying, "Husband, dearest husband,
Indeed I am bereft,
Since you have gone from this bright world
In sorrow I am left."
And children in their innocence
As through the crowd they ran,
Saying, "Tell me, where's my father,
Why does he not come home?"
- 7 "What makes the people gather round
And mama droop her head?"

Alas, they didn't know their papa
Was numbered with the dead.
They worked along that night
And all of the next day;
The furnace like a central fire
Had all burned away.

- 8 Their friends and fellow miners
To save them they did strive;
Among them Jones and Williams
Who nobly lost their lives.
Their bodies were all found at last,
As on the ground they lie,
All clustered there together
In company to die.
- 9 Among them aged fathers
With children in their arms,
As if through death's cold valley
They would shield them from harm.
I never shall forget the sight
As through the shaft they came,
While weeping friends stood waiting by
Their cold remains to claim.
- 10 And as their souls ascended
To God who gave them breath,
They plead against the company
Whose greed had caused their death.
The widow and the orphan
For sympathy we crave,
While weeping o'er their loved ones
Lying silent in their graves.
- 11 O may the Lord in pity
Never let his mercy fail;
Be a father to the orphan,
A friend to Avondale.

123

THREE GIRLS DROWNED

MRS. JANE PHELPS COON of Waterford, Pennsylvania, a grandniece of the Lucinda Phelps of this song, sent "an original copy of the song," "Three Voices from the Grave," which is more than twice the length of the Michigan text, although the story remains the same. Mrs. Coons located the tragedy in "the little branch of French Creek near Drake's Mills," in 1849, and said that Lucinda Phelps was born on Phelps Hill between Waterford and McLane and is buried near there.

The present version was sung in 1934 by Mr. E. W. Harns, Greenville, who learned the song from his mother. Mr. Harns said that these girls were drowned in Elk Creek, which ran through his parents' farm in Erie County, Pennsylvania. His parents knew the girls, who lived only a few miles from their farm when this tragedy took place in 1849.

In western Penn-syl-va-ni-a fair, At Wash-ing-ton three la-dies were, All teach-ers in a Sab-bath school Where chil-dren learn the gold-en rule.

1 In western Pennsylvania fair,
At Washington three ladies were,
All teachers in a Sabbath school
Where children learn the Golden Rule.
To Gravel Run¹ the three did ride,
To God's own house they did repair
With young John Ash to worship there.²

2 They heard the gospel's joyful sound,
And they took the sacramental wine
And broke the bread for the last time.
Bright forked lightning flashed around
While awful thunder shook the ground.
"This is the voice of God on high,
Ye living men, prepare to die.

¹The name of a country church.

²The melody for the last three lines of the stanza is the same as for the first three.

3 "And on this eventful day,
Many will find it their last time to pray."
A prayer of hymn and praises sung,
As they rode back to Washington.
A following stream they thought to ford,
Which sent their spirits home to God.
A young man on the tide did float
Till it came in contact with a boat.

4 This he mounted o'er the wave
Which saved him from a watery grave.
Lucinda Phelps, Harriet Strong,
Elizabeth Ash, all three are gone.
The last one mentioned of the three
Seventeen short years had lived to see.
The other two whose race had run
Had lived till nearly twenty-one.
The rolling current stopped their breath
And left their bodies cold in death.

THE BAINBRIDGE TRAGEDY

FROM the Gernsey manuscript.

- 1 In Bainbridge town there dwelt of late
A worthy youth who met his fate,
Which filled many a heart with woe
And caused many a tear to flow.
- 2 Uriel Church it was the name
Of this unfortunate young man,
Who fell while in the bloom of life
By her who was to be his wife.
- 3 He went one day his love to see,
In friendship sweet they did agree;
But little thought it was decreed,
He by this hand so soon must bleed.
- 4 After some conversation past,
And he was going home at last,
Louisa walked to the door,
Which caused her heart to weep full sore.
- 5 And then they join'd in pleasant talk,
Few paces from her he did walk;
And being very fond of mirth
Some snow he threw into her face.
- 6 She smil'd and thus rebuk'd her swain
And said, "Don't do the like again";
That if he fill'd her face with snow,
The scissors at him she would throw.
- 7 The young man grasp'd some snow with speed;
And unto her he did give no heed;
For fate would have it thus below,
He fill'd Louisa's face with snow.
- 8 Louisa gave the shears a throw,
Not thinking it would cost such woe.

It pierced deep into his side,
And the great artery did divide.

- 9 The blood in torrents down did run.
Louisa cried, "What have I done?"
For help she call'd; then straight did send
For a physician to attend.
- 10 The doctor he did soon appear
And quieted Louisa's fear.
He closed the wound, blood ceas'd to flow;
Again Louisa's heart did glow.
- 11 The doctor says, "Young man, attend
And hear the counsel of a friend.
To what I say pray give good heed,
And from this wound you'll soon be free'd."
- 12 "To keep within I do advise,
And you but little exercise
Until the wound is fully clos'd,
Or else your life will be expos'd."
- 13 Uriel then returned home;
His friends rejoiced to see him come;
But more it was their joy to tell,
"Uriel now is getting well."
- 14 But O how little mortals know!
How to our hopes fate gives the blow,
And we are then compelled to yield
When death does summons to the field.
- 15 Uriel walked the fields one day.
He chanced to fall, and then straightway
A pain did seize his wounded side
Which never left him till he died.
- 16 His father kind and mother dear,
His quick relief was all their care;
In vain they sought the surgeon's aid.
Vain were the efforts that were made.

17 Louisa heard the mournful news
And instantly to him she goes;
But all her tender care can't save
Uriel from the threat'ning grave.

18 She never left him night nor day,
But always with him she did stay.
She was urged not to indulge in grief,
But none could give her heart relief.

19 "Uriel dear," Louisa said,
"Thy time is come; I am afraid
That you must quit all things below,
Which fills my tender heart with woe.

20 "In you, dear 'Riel, I did place
All joy of life in future days.
No comfort else I thought to find
Unless to me you did prove kind.

21 "My heart is pressed with grief indeed,
How does my wounded bosom bleed;
No balsam can be found to cure
Or heal the wound that I endure.

22 "But one thing I desire to know,
Tell me, dear 'Riel, tell me now,
Can you forgive the hand that gave
The blow that sends you to the grave?"

23 "Louisa, cease to grieve thy heart,
'Twas heaven's decree that we must part;
And from blame you are surely free
In this which has befallen me.

24 "And all that has passed I now forgive.
O may you long and happy live!
Let virtue all thy days attend,
And heaven will be thy guardian friend.

25 "My parents kind, and brothers dear,
And sisters, I must leave you here.

I'm summoned to eternity;
Prepare yourselves to follow me."

- 26 Uriel yielded up his breath
And bade adieu to all on earth.
He trusts he's gone to realms of bliss,
To realms of joy and happiness.
- 27 Louisa saw him breathe his last
Then laid her hand on his cold face.
"How is it possible," she cried,
"That by this hand Uriel died?"
- 28 Uriel now lies in the grave
From which no mortal arm could save,
No man on earth of form or power.
O be prepared to meet that hour.
- 29 Precarious are the scenes of life;
Our days are filled with care and strife.
Our present hopes are blasted soon;
Our morning sun oft sets at noon.
- 30 Of virtue if we are possessed
Gives peace and comfort to our breast,
Nor can the scene of death destroy
But sends us to the world of joy.

FLOYD COLLINS

THIS song was written in 1925, after the death of Floyd Collins, Kentucky, who was trapped when the walls of the cave which he was exploring fell in upon him. He remained a prisoner thirty feet below the surface of the earth, in view of the workers who gathered from all parts of the countryside and worked in shifts night and day for six days, only to have him die just before they reached him. His family, which before the tragedy had belonged to the poorer farming class, became comfortably well-to-do from the proceeds of version B of this song and from the toll system which they inaugurated, charging sightseers fifty cents each to view the scene of the catastrophe. These two versions are interesting because of their recent origins and the character of the variations played upon a theme identical in subject and locale. For a close parallel to Michigan B see Henry, pp. 82-83.

Version A was obtained in 1931 from Miss Mabel Tuggle, Detroit; she had heard the song in Virginia.

A

- 1 O come all you people,
And listen while I tell
The fate of Floyd Collins,
The lad you all knew well.
- 2 His face was fair and handsome,
His heart was good and brave,
And now he lies sleeping
In a lonely sandstone cave.
- 3 The day was dark and lonely,
But Floyd he was so brave;
He never thought he'd get trapped
While exploring that dark cave.
- 4 The people they all gathered,
They worked both night and day
To save poor Floyd Collins
Was all that they could pray.
- 5 But after five full hard days,
They say it was in vain,
For Floyd's poor eyes would ne'er look
Upon this world again.

- 6 They raised him up so gently,
This lad they'd tried to save,
And then they buried him again
In that lonely sandstone cave.

B

Communicated in 1931 to Miss Mabel Tuggle, Detroit, by Mrs. W. A. Drinkard, Concord Depot, Virginia, as she had heard the song sung by her townsfolk.

- 1 O come all ye good people, and listen while I tell,
The fate of Floyd Collins, a lad we all know well.
His face was fair and handsome, his heart was true and brave;
His body now lies sleeping in a lonely sandstone cave.
- 2 "O mother, don't you worry; dear father, don't be sad;
I'll tell you all my troubles in an awful dream I had.
I dreamed I was a prisoner; my life I could not save.
I cried, 'O must I perish within this sandstone cave?'"
- 3 The rescue party labored; they worked both night and day
To move the mighty barriers that stood within the way.
"To rescue Floyd Collins," this was their battle cry,
"We'll never, no, we'll never let Floyd Collins die!"
- 4 But on that fatal morning, the sun rose in the skies;
The workers still were busy, "We'll save him by and by."
But O how sad the ending; his life could not be saved;
His body then was sleeping in a lonely sandstone cave.
- 5 Young people, O take warning from Floyd Collins' fate,
And get right with your Maker before it is too late.
It may not be a sandstone cave in which we find our tomb,
But at the bar of judgment we too will meet our doom.

A MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT—THE DEATH OF
M. HODGE

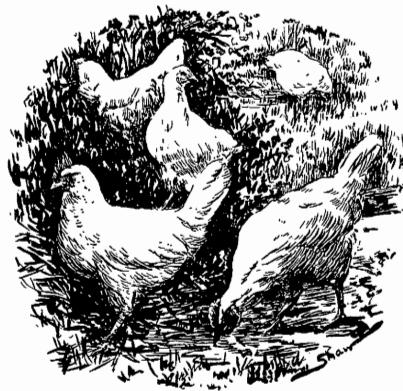
FROM the Gernsey manuscript.

- 1 Far distant friends will drop a tear
When of this accident they hear.
The mournful story will impart
Affliction to the very heart.
Remember, O this was the day,
The twenty-second of July;
I with ambitious girls sixteen
Visited the school of Betsy Green.
- 2 There we were welcomed and received,
Nor thought how soon we should be grieved.
Mira in solitude addressed,
Eliza actively expressed,
Minerva spoke as on the stage,
And Lucy her attention gave.
They sweetly read and all spelled right;
Their manners gave us much delight.
- 3 For could we know what was to come,
Expecting shortly to walk home?
But storms of sorrow hang around;
They burst and all our joys confound;
The tender parent came along;
We won't presume that he was wrong.
Six little girls here as we find,
To ride with him they were inclined.
- 4 The horses ran descending ground;
The children fell a-groaning round.
With wounded limbs and broken bones,
And two escaped unhurt alone.
O stop, my pen, how can I paint
The cries and tears of Mira faint!
Alas, how soon her fatal breath
Sunk in the icy arms of death!

5 Soon friends and parents came around;
In blood and wounds their daughters found.
They left their daughters to my care;
Now sighs and tears for them I bear.
Their arms about her neck entwined;
Their shrieks was, "O Miss Catherine."
"O hush my breaking, bleeding heart,
I know 'twas God that ruled the dart."

6 "Her lips are sealed," her mother cried,
"How can I be of her denied?"
A lovely, blooming, morning flower
Cut down and withered in an hour;
Mira's pale corpse I attended home.
Her mother said, "Her work is done.
She bade good morning in good cheer,
And I no more her voice do hear."

7 To dear Eliza I return;
Her wounds excited great concern.
Still for her life we hope and pray,
But heaven decreed distressed she lay.
The healing art is sought in vain,
For weeping friends her life retain.
Days twenty-one in pain she bore;
Then death did call, and she is no more.



CRIMES



A LONELY HOMESTEAD

VI. Crimes

127

LAMKIN

(Child, No. 93)

MICHIGAN A is so fragmentary that it is difficult to tell which of the Child versions (II, 320-342) it most resembles. In only two Child versions, E and W, and in no other American version noted, does Lamkin construct an entrance for himself. It is notable that in Michigan B the lady is not actually murdered, nor is Lamkin punished, as he is in most other texts, by hanging, burning, or boiling in a pot full of lead. For additional texts see Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, pp. 200-206; Davis, pp. 354-359; Fuson, pp. 71-72; Henry, *JAF*, XLIV, 61-63; Mary Ella Leather, *The Folk-Lore of Herefordshire* (London, 1912), pp. 199-200; Sharp, I, 201-207; Tolman, *JAF*, XXIX, 162-164; and Tolman and Eddy, *JAF*, XXXV, 344.

Version A was sung and recited in 1935 by Mrs. Sol Riley, near Kalkaska.

False Lamkin was as good a mason
As ever laid a stone;
He built Lord Arnold's castle,
And the lord paid him none.

A

Sung 1 False Lamkin was as good a mason
As ever laid a stone;
He built Lord Arnold's castle,
And the lord paid him none.

2 He built it without,
And he built it within;
He built a false window
For himself to creep in.

Recited Lord Arnold goes away from home.

Sung And he told his daughter Betsy
 To stay up in the chamber so high
 Till she saw her loving father
 In his ship sailing by.

Recited Lord Arnold comes home and sees his infant lying dead
 at the gate.

Sung And he ran to the castle,
 And he opened the door,
 And he saw his loving lady
 Lying dead on the floor.

Recited The daughter had to hold a silver basin for to catch the
 child's blood or the mother's blood.

Sung "It's father, O father,
 Don't you blame me,
 It was false Lamkin and false nurse
 That murdered mama."

False Lamkin was hung
 On the gallows so high;
 While false nurse she was burned
 In a fire nigh by.

B

Obtained in 1931 by Miss Helen Jackson, a colored student in Wayne University, Detroit, from the singing of Mr. Wendell Murphy, who had learned the ballad from his mother; he did not know her nationality.

- 1 Said the Lord to his Lady
 When he went from home,
 "Take care of Billie Lamkin,
 For he'll be around."
- 2 "What care I for Lamkin
 Or any of his kin
 When my doors are fast bolted,
 And windows pinned in?"

- 3 At the hour of midnight
When Lamkin he came,
He knocked at the door,
And he rang at the ring.
- 4 So ready was the servant
To rise and let him in;
He pierced her son Johnny
And caused him to scream.
- 5 And down came the madam
From a bower so high;
“Who pierced my son Johnny,
And what made him cry?
- 6 “He’s either been hurt
By you or your beau.”
“No, he’s neither been hurt
By me or my beau;
But breast milk or repadding
Will never quiet him more.”
- 7 “O Lamkin, O Lamkin,
If you’ll spare me my life,
I’ll give you my daughter Betsy
For your wedded wife.”
- 8 “You keep your daughter Betsy,
She’ll do you some good;
Come hold the silver basin
To catch your dying heart’s blood.”
- 9 “O Lamkin, O Lamkin,
If you’ll stay your hand,
I’ll give you more gold and more silver
Than’s between sea and land.”
- 10 “All the gold and the silver
That’s between sea and land
Won’t keep my bright sword
From around your white band.”

C

LORD ARNOLD'S CASTLE

Sung by Mr. Charles Atwood, Greenville, 1937. Mr. Atwood remembered hearing the song when he was a boy, but could sing only a fragment, which is practically identical with stanza 1 of version A.

GEORGIE

(Geordie, Child, No. 209)

TEXTS A through E in Child's collection (IV, 123-139), the purer forms of the ballad, are thought to have been concerned with George Gordon, the fourth earl of Huntly. These contain neither of the stanzas of the Michigan text. The "George Stoole" and "George of Oxford" broadsides (reprinted by Child, IV, 140-142), however, have parallels to both stanzas; and Child feels that the first stanza of the Michigan fragment, which is found in Child F, H, I, and J, has been inserted into the real "Geordie" ballads from the later broadsides. Stanzas similar to those of the Michigan form seem to have been favorites with later generations, for they are present in more recent texts, and often only these two are remembered, as in the Michigan version. For references and a text see Cox, pp. 135-136. See also Davis, pp. 435-438; Flanders and Brown, pp. 241-242; Greenleaf and Mansfield, p. 40; Greig, pp. 130-131; Scarborough, pp. 213-215; Sharp, I, 240-243; and Shoemaker, pp. 162-163.

The present version was sung in 1931 by Mrs. Elmer Jencks, Kalkaska, who learned the song from schoolchildren near South Boardman, Michigan, about 1876.

- 1 Georgie never robbed a public highway;
He never stole any money.
But he stole sixteen of the king's white slaves,
And sold them in old Virginia,
And sold them in old Virginia.
- 2 Georgie was hung on a silken rope,
Such ropes there are not many,
For he was of a noble race
And loved by a virtuous lady,
And loved by a virtuous lady.

CAPTAIN KIDD

THE original broadside of this song was printed in 1701, the year of Captain Kidd's trial and execution. The song appeared in early nineteenth-century broadsides in America and in many song books. For a discussion of its history and of Captain Kidd, for references, and for a text of twenty-five stanzas see Mackenzie, pp. 278-282. For other American texts see Finger, pp. 29-32, and Hudson, pp. 78-79.

The present version was sung in 1934 by Mrs. Charles Muchler, Kalkaska.

My name is Rob - ert Kidd, as I sail, as I sail,
 My name is Rob - ert Kidd, as I sail;
 My name is Rob - ert Kidd, man - y wick - ed deeds I did,
 God's law I did forbid, as I sail.

- 1 My name is Robert Kidd, as I sail, as I sail,
 My name is Robert Kidd, as I sail;
 My name is Robert Kidd, many wicked deeds I did,
 God's law I did forbid, as I sail.
- 2 My mother taught me well, as I sail, as I sail,
 My mother taught me well, as I sail;
 My mother taught me well to shun the gates of hell,
 And read my Bible well, as I sail.
- 3 She placed a Bible in my hand, as I sail, as I sail,
 She placed a Bible in my hand, as I sail;
 She placed a Bible in my hand; I sunk it in the sand
 Before I left the strand, as I sail.
- 4 I murdered William Moore, as I sail, as I sail,
 I murdered William Moore, as I sail;
 I murdered William Moore and left him in his gore
 Not many leagues from shore, as I sail.

5 To the execution dock I must go, I must go,
To the execution dock I must go;
To the execution dock while thousands round me flock
To see me on the block, I must go.

MY BONNY BLACK BESS

THIS song tells of the ride from London to York of the notorious English highwayman, Dick Turpin. For a text, a discussion of this event, and references to broadsides and other texts see Mackenzie, pp. 313-314. For a text from Montana, with the same hero and title but otherwise dissimilar, see Pound, No. 69.

Version A was sung in 1935 by Mrs. Maggie Loughlin, Cannonsburg, who learned the song when she was about ten years old.

When for - tune's blind god - dess had fled my a-
 bode, And friends proved un - grate - ful I took to the
 road, The wealth - y to plun - der to re - lieve my dis-
 tress; I bought you to aid me, my bon - ny Black Bess.

A

- 1 When fortune's blind goddess had fled my abode,
 And friends proved ungrateful I took to the road,
 The wealthy to plunder to relieve my distress;
 I bought you to aid me, my bonny Black Bess.
- 2 When sable's dark midnight her mantle hath thrown
 O'er the bright face of nature, how oft have we gone
 To fame hounds low heath,¹ though an unwelcome guest,
 To the minions of fortune, my bonny Black Bess.
- 3 How silent you stood when a carriage I stopped,
 The gold and the jewels its inmates I dropped;
 I ne'er robbed a poor man, or did I oppress
 The widow or orphan, my bonny Black Bess.
- 4 But fate darkened o'er me, despair is my lot;
 The law hath pursued me for the man that I shot;

¹ Mackenzie, p. 313, has "fair Hounslow Heath," probably the correct reading here.

The Argid-eyed justice did me hotly pursue,
From London to Yorktown like lightning we flew.
No tollgate could stop thee, did the river abreast,
In twelve hours we reached it, my bonny Black Bess.

- 5 Hark, the bloodhounds approach, but they never shall have
A beast like poor Betsy, so faithful and brave;
You must die, my dumb friend, though it does me distress;
There, there, I have shot you, my bonny Black Bess.
- 6 Now in afterages when I'm dead and gone,
Those few lines will be handed from father to son;
There's no one can say that ingratitude dwell
In the bosom of Turpin, a vice he ne'er fell.
I will die like a man and will soon be at rest,
So farewell, forever, my bonny Black Bess.

B

Sung in 1934 by Mr. Chauncey Leach, Kalkaska, who learned the song in Babcock's lumber camp, east of Sharon.

- 1 When the justice of Yorky did my heart he pursue,
From London to Yorky like lightning he flew.
No tall bar did stop thee and the river you'd breast,
And in twelve hours reached there on my bonny Black Bess.
- 2 How quietly you stood when the high sheriff I shot;
It was not my intentions, but death was his lot.
But across fields and marshes you have done your best,
For to save me you tried, O my bonny Black Bess.
- 3 Hark! The bloodhounds are approaching, but they never shall
have
A beast like thee, so galyant and brave.
You must die, my dumb friend, though it does me distress.
There, there (*clap hands twice*), I have shot thee, my bonny
Black Bess.

C

Sung in 1934 by Mrs. Jim Fisher and Mrs. Sol Riley, sisters who lived near Kalkaska.

A text of three stanzas similar to A. Air recorded from the singing of Mrs. Riley.



How fright - ened you stood when the car - riage I
stopped, The in - mates their gold and jew - els did drop; I
nev - er robbed a poor man, nor were op - pressed The
or - phans and wid - ows, my bon - ny Black Bess.

BOTANY BAY

For references to broadsides and other texts see Cox, p. 296. For a good text of this English song see Sturgis and Hughes, pp. 32-35.

The present version was sung in 1935 by Mrs. Allan McClellan, near Bad Axe.

- 1 In the county of Antrim, near the town of Gallow,
At the foot of yonder mountain that is covered with snow,
So cold was my lodgings, and loth was I to go
From the foot of yonder mountain that is covered with snow.
- 2 My age they now tell me is just twenty-three,
And for my misconduct transported I must be
To some distant island to be sold as a slave,
For in my own country I did misbehave.
- 3 Now there's my dear mother, don't plague her, I pray,
Nor cast it upon her for my going away;
To her great grief already, pray to it don't add,
For many a good parent bad children has had.
- 4 And there's my dear Molly, since thus we must part,
Let not those sad tidings break your tender heart.
The ship is now waiting, and I must away
To be transported to Botany Bay.

THE CABIN BOY

AMONG the broadsides listed by W. C. Ford as printed in Massachusetts before 1800, No. 2919 concerns "Captain James who was hung and gibbeted in England, for starving to death his Cabin-Boy" Numbers 2920, 2921, 2922, and 2922a are all called "Captain James." For a text with a similar story, but not at all identical lines, see Williams, pp. 26-29. See also *JFSS*, VII, 4-5.

The present version is from the Gernsey manuscript.

- 1 Come all you noble bold commanders who the raging ocean use,
By my fate I pray take warning your poor sailors don't abuse;
Richard Peva was my servant, and a spritely lad was he;
His parents did a prentice bind him for to cross the raging sea.
'Twas on a voyage to Carolina and as we was returning home,
Cruelly this boy I murdered; such a thing was never known.
'Twas some offense he gave unto me made my bloody heart to
rage;
Then straightway to the mast I tied him; there I kept him many
day.
- 2 With his arms and legs extended and him no succor did I give,
Saying, "If any of my men relieve him, not one moment shall
they live."
When three days I thus had kept him, he with hunger loud did
cry,
"O for Christ sake now relieve me, or with hunger I shall die."
Eighteen bitter stripes I gave him, which made the purple gore
to run;
There was none that dare to save him, such a thing was never
known;
When seven days I thus had kept him, he now with languish did
begin;
Begging for a little water, I some urine gave to him.
- 3 He, poor soul, refused to drink it which I prepared when I
had done;
I made him drink the purple gore which from his wounded
limbs did run;
O the cries he sent unto me would have pierced a Christian's
heart;
Oftentimes he cried, "Dear master, did you know the cruel smart

That your tender son doth suffer, sure your tender heart would break!
My bitter grief no tongue can utter, O Lord, relieve me from this fate!
O that I had but one small morsel that the dogs would this despise!
Pray God send me down some water from the blessed lofty skies."

- 4 When nine days I thus had kept him, unto him I then did go;
He cried, "O dear and loving master, one good favor to me show;
Do not keep me here to perish; kill me, send me to my grave,
Or one bit of bread afford me." His excrements I then him gave.
His excrements which he avoided, fording him the same to eat,
And because he did refuse it, eighteen stripes I gave him straight.
With that the distressed creature for a Savior loud did cry;
In this wretched situation this poor creature now did die.
- 5 Oftentimes my men upbraid me, I like fury cursed and swore,
Saying, "I'll have you hung for pirates if I live to get on shore."
Sailors, learning my intention, a little unto me did say,
But they had me apprehended when we did return from sea.
I thought my money would have cleared me, hearing the boy's
friends were poor,
But O the cries of his dear mother would have grieved your
heart full sore!
He resolved to persecute me; she no gold nor bribe would take.
Captain James for cruel murder now the gibbets is his fate.
- 6 How now can a glance of pity be cast on this my crime?
It doth appear to every creature such a blot on you mankind;
Often do I cry for mercy when no mercy do afford
To a poor innocent creature, yet some mercy show me, Lord.
I do lay upon thy mercy, for my death approaches nigh.
Captain James for cruel murder now upon the gibbet dies.

THE WILD COLLOINA BOY

FOR a text of six stanzas with many variations from the Michigan texts but telling the same story, except that the hero was born "in South Australia, a place called Castlemain," see Mackenzie, p. 317. See also Flanders and Brown, pp. 130-131.

Version A was sung in 1934 by Mrs. Lyons, Belding, who learned the song from her son; he had heard it some years earlier in a lumber camp near Cadillac, Michigan.

I'll tell you of a wild Col - loi - na boy, Jack
 Doll - ard was his name; He was born in Er - in's
 sun - ny isle, in a place called Cas - tle -
 maine. He was his fa - ther's on - ly pride, his
 mas - ter's on - ly joy, And dear - ly did his
 par - ents love their wild Col - loi - na boy.

A

- 1 I'll tell you of a wild Colloina boy, Jack Dollard was his name;
 He was born in Erin's sunny isle, in a place called Castlemaine.
 He was his father's only pride, his master's only joy,
 And dearly did his parents love their wild Colloina boy.
- 2 When Jack was scarcely sixteen years, he left his native home,
 And to Australia's sunny shore was much inclined to roam;
 He robbed the wealthy squire; he stabbed Jack MacCrory,
 And trembling did they hand out their gold to the wild Colloina boy.

- 3 He bid the wealthy squires adieu and told them to beware,
For never to harm an honest lad while dealing on the square,
Or never deprive a mother of her pride and only joy,
For fear her mind would go wandering like the wild Colloina boy.
- 4 When Jack was scarcely eighteen years he began his wild career,
With a heart that knew no danger and a spirit that feared no fear.
He robbed the rich and helped the poor; the prairie he did de-
stroy;
A terror to Australia was the wild Colloina boy.
- 5 One morning on the prairie as Jack he rode along,
A-listening to the mockingbirds as they sang a lofty song,
When up rode three mounted troopers, Kelly, David, and Fitz-
roy.
They hollered, "Halt! Let's capture him, the wild Colloina boy!"
- 6 "Surrender now, young Dolan, you are a plundering son,
Surrender now in the Queen's high name, for you see there's
three to one."
He drew a pistol from each side and waved them up on high,
"I'll fight but never surrender," cried the wild Colloina boy.
- 7 He fired a shot at Kelly that brought him to the ground
And in return from David received a fatal wound;
Then a bullet pierced his proud young heart from the pistol of
Fitzroy,
And that's the way they captured him, the wild Colloina boy.

B**THE WILD COLONIAL BOY**

From the Tuthill manuscript.

- I There was a wild Colonial boy, Jack Dolan was his name,
And he was born in Ireland in a place called Castle Main.
He was his father's only son, his mother's pride and joy,
And dearly did those parents love their wild Colonial boy.

- 2 At the early age of sixteen year, he started his wild carear;
His courage was undaunted, and no danger did he fear.
He robbed the rich to help the poor, he stabbed George Mack-
elfoy,
Who trembling gave their gold up to the wild Colonial boy.
- 3 At the early age of eighteen years, he left his happy home,
And to a sunny Australian land he was much inclined to roam.
He robbed those wealthy squires, and their farms he did destroy
Who trembling gave their gold up to the wild Colonial boy.
- 4 He bade the squire good evening and told them to beware,
To never disterbe a young man while dealing on the square,
To never deprive a mother of her only pride and joy,
For fear he might go gunning like the wild Colonial boy.
- 5 It was on one Sunday evening as Jack he rode along
A-listening to the mocking bird, a-singing their evening song;
He met three mounted policemen, Skelly, Davis, and Fitstroy;
They all cried out to capture him, the wild Colonial boy.
- 6 "Surrender now, Jack Dolan, for you are a plundering son;
Surrender now, Jack Dolan, for you see there's three to one."
Jack drew a pistle from his belt and made them this reply,
"I'll fight but not surrender," cried the wild Colonial boy.
- 7 He fired a shot at Skelly, which fetched him to the ground,
And returned another at Davis who received a fatal wound;
Till a bullet pierced his brave young heart from a pistle of Fitst-
roy;
But Jack was dead when they captured him, the wild Colonial
boy.

JOHNNY TROY

THE first part of this song is somewhat similar to "Jack Donahoo," for texts of which see Hudson, *JAFL*, XXXIX, 135-136; Lomax, pp. 64-65; and Mackenzie, pp. 306-308. For a text, "Johnny Troy," rather similar to this Michigan version see Henry, *JAFL*, XLV, 37-39.

The present text was obtained from Miss Mildred Pahl, a student in Michigan State Normal College, Ypsilanti. She had heard the song sung by her mother, who, in turn, had learned it from her father after his return from California some time in the sixties; he had heard it sung by the miners. Reprinted from Gardner, *JAFL*, XXVII, 91-92.

- 1 Come all ye daring bushrangers
And outlaws of the land,
Who scorn to live in slavery
Or wear a convict's band.
- 2 Come, listen to my story,
To that most solemn lay,
Of those most mournful days,
The days of Johnny Troy.
- 3 Troy was born in Dublin,
That city of great fame,
Brought up by honest parents;
The world knows the same.
- 4 For the robbing of a widow
He was sent o'er the main,
For seven long years to New South Wales
To wear a convict's chain.
- 5 There were Troy, Bill Harrington,
Tim Jackson, and Jack Dun,
Four of the bravest heroes
Who ever handled gun.
- 6 Said Troy to Bill Harrington,
"Load every man his piece;
For this very night I intend to fight
Against the horse police."

7 There were six well-armed policemen
All seated in the bow;
And they were none surprised
When Troy commenced his row.

8 And they were none surprised
When Troy he made a rush;
And six more as brave heroes
Rushed bravely in the bush.

9 "And it's now we've gained our liberty,
Our escape we will make sure;
We'll smash and break those handcuffs
When once we reach the shore.

10 "When once we reach the shore, brave boys,
We'll shout and sing for joy;
We'll hiss and stone those horse police
And sing 'Bold Johnny Troy.' "

11 They chanced to meet an old man
All on the king's highway,
And Troy rode up to him
While these words he did say,

12 "Your gold watch and your money
I quickly do demand,
Or I'll blow out your brains instantly
If you refuse to stand."

13 "It's neither watch or clock I ever had,"
The old man then replied;
"But for a wife and family
I daily do provide."

14

"Oh, if that be so, you shan't be robbed,"
Said gallant Johnny Troy.

15 Troy then mounted on his steed,
And before he rode away,

He said, "Here's fifty pounds, old man,
"Twill help you on your way.

16 "The poor I'll serve both night and day,
The rich I will annoy;
The people round know me right well;
They call me 'Johnny Troy.'"

WAKKEN

COMMUNICATED in 1916 by Miss Mildred Pahl, a student in Michigan State Normal College, Ypsilanti. She obtained the song from her grandfather, who had learned it in the sixties, while he was gold mining in California. Reprinted from Gardner, *JAFL*, XXVII, 93.

- 1 I suppose you have heard of all the talking
Of that noted horse thief, Wakken;
He was caught in Calaveras,
And he couldn't stand the joke;
So the rangers cut his head off;
They've got it now in soak.

Chorus

Now I warn everybody not to ramble,
Nor to fight nor steal nor gamble,
For you'll never have a cent,
All your money will be spent
And you to Sacramento in the chain gang be sent.

- 2 Just before Wakken was taken
He killed a Chinaman and stole his bacon;
Then he went to Sonora
Where he killed eleven more,
And a big digger Injun
Which made the twenty-four.

JACK WILLIAMS

THIS song is fairly common in English broadsides and in many American songsters. With the exception of stanzas 6 and 7, the Michigan version is almost identical with that in Pound, No. 67. For other texts and references see Eddy, No. 57; Mackenzie, pp. 291-292; and Tolman and Eddy, *JAFL*, XXXV, 378-379.

The present version was sung in 1935 by Mr. Otis Evilsizer, Alger.



- 1 O I am a boatman by my trade,
Jack Williams is my name;
And by a false, deluded girl
I was brought to grief and shame.
- 2 I went to robbing by night and day
To maintain her finery;
And all I got, I valued not,
But gave it to her straightway.
- 3 Till at last for Newport I was bound,
Bound down in iron strong;
O the rattling chains, they held me fast,
And she longed for to see them on.
- 4 O I wrote a letter to my love
Some comfort for to find,
But instead of proving a friend to me,
She proved to me unkind.
- 5

Says she, "Young man, as you made
your bed,
So in it you must lie."

- 6 O in those lonesome cells I sobbed;
'Twas no more than I deserved,
But it makes my very blood run cold
To think how I've been served.
- 7 Come all young men, a warning take;
Never touch a flowing bowl;
'Twill drag you down to hell's dark hole
And ruin your poor soul.

THE BOSTON BURGLAR

Cox notes that this song is an Americanized version of the English "Botany Bay" and was published in the United States as a Wehman broadside. For further discussion, texts, and references see Cox, pp. 296-299. For a text very similar to Michigan B see Spaeth, *Read 'Em and Weep*, pp. 177-179; Spaeth notes that "M. J. Fitzpatrick is credited with its authorship." See also Eddy, No. 73; Flanders and Brown, pp. 53-54; and Scarborough, pp. 289-296.

Version A was sung in 1935 by Mrs. Maggie Loughlin, Cannonsburg.

I was born and bred in Bos - ton, that
 cit - y you all know well, Brought
 up by hon - est par - ents, the
 truth to you I'll tell, Brought
 up by hon - est par - ents and
 raised most ten - der - ly Till
 I be - came a rov - in' blade at the
 age of twen - ty - three.

A

I Was born and bred in Boston, that city you all know well;
 Brought up by honest parents, the truth to you I'll tell,
 Brought up by honest parents and raised most tenderly
 Till I became a rovin' blade at the age of twenty-three.

2 My character was taken,
 the judge he wrote it down,
 The jury proved me guilty; I was bound for Charlestown,

3 To see my aged father a-pleading at the bar,
 To see my aged mother a-tearing out her hair,
 A-tearing out her old gray locks as the tears came rolling
 down,
 Saying, "Son, dear son, what have you done? You're bound
 for Charlestown."

4 I was shipped aboard an east-bound train one cold December
 day,
 And every station I went by you hear the people say,
 "There goes the Boston burglar bound down in iron strong.
 For the robbery of the Waterloo bank he's bound for Charles-
 town."

5 Now you who have your liberty, pray keep it while you can,
 And don't you go a-walking the streets, a-breaking the laws
 of man;
 For if you do, you'll surely rue, you'll find yourself like me
 Serving out your twenty-one years in the penitentiary.

B

Sung in 1935 by Mr. Fred Buckingham, West Branch, who learned the song in a lumber camp at St. Helens, Michigan.

A six-stanza text similar to A, but including a stanza concerning the "girl in Boston"; the crime is indefinite—"some great crime or other."

C

Communicated in 1931 by Miss Kathryn Bowman, Detroit, who obtained the song from her aunt, Mrs. Peter Miller, West Branch.

A six-stanza text similar to A, except that there is no mention made of Charlestown and that stanza 4, following, is localized:

4 I was put aboard a western train that cold December day,
 And every station that we passed I'd hear the people say,
 "There goes that Chicago burglar to State's prison, you bet;
 For some crime or another he is off to Joliet."

McAFEE'S CONFESSION

THE texts of this song do not differ materially except in length. For references and texts see Cox, pp. 192-196. See also Eddy, No. 115; Finger, pp. 40-43; Randolph, pp. 199-201; Sharp, II, 15-16; and Stout, pp. 107-109.

The present version was sung in 1934 by Mr. A. T. Heikes, Kalkaska; he learned the song from Mrs. Fannie Wallace, for whom he worked near Windsor, Indiana. Mr. Heikes said that Mrs. Wallace's father had helped arrest McAfee.

- 1 Draw near, young men, and learn of me
My sad and mournful history,
That you may never forget this day
Of all this day I telled to thee.
- 2 When I was in the bloom of life,
My father and my mother dear
Were both laid in their silent graves
By Him who their beings gave.
- 3 No more was I a father's joy;
I was a poor little orphan boy.
My uncle would oftentimes chide;
I'd go away dissatisfied.
- 4 In wickedness I took delight
And oftentimes did that which was not right.
When I was in the bloom of life,
I took unto myself a wife.
- 5 She was as good and kind to me
As any woman need to be;
And yet alive, I have no doubt,
Had I not saw Miss Hettie Shout.
- 6 My wife was lying on her bed
When I approached and to her said,
"Dear wife, here's medicine for you;
'Twill cure you, O pray take it, do."
- 7 She gave to me one tender look
And in her mouth the poison took;

And fearing that she was not dead,
My hands upon her throat I laid.

8 And there such deep impressions made
The soul soon from its body fled.
As I cried out, "What shall I do?"

• • • • •

9 "How can I leave this mournful place,
This world again how can I face?
Yes, I would freely give up my store,
Had I ten thousand pounds or more,

10 "If I could only bring to life
My dear, my darling murdered wife.
Adieu, adieu, kind friends, adieu,
No more on earth shall I see you;
But how I hope to meet again
On heaven's bright and flowery plain."

139

JESSE JAMES

For references and a fragmentary text see Cox, p. 216. See also Finger, pp. 55-59; Henry, *JAF*, XLIV, 87-88, and XLV, 150; Randolph, pp. 194-195; Sandburg, pp. 374-375; and Stout, pp. 109-110.

Version A was sung in 1935 by Mr. William Rabidue, West Branch, who thought the song was not a good one for young people to hear and had never tried to remember it.

How the peo - ple held their breath when they
 heard of Jes - sc's death, And they
 won - dered how he came for to die; It was
 of a great re - ward that lit - tle Rob - ert Ford That
 shot Jes - sc James on the sly.

A

- 1 How the people held their breath when they heard of Jesse's death,
 And they wondered how he came for to die;
 It was of a great reward that little Robert Ford
 That shot Jesse James on the sly.
- 2 And he traveled through the car, for he knew it wasn't far
 Where the money in the safe it did lay.
 With the agent on his knees, he delivered up the keys
 To Frank and Jesse James.
- 3 Now Jesse he was a man, he was a friend to the poor;
 But for money he would never take no pains.

It was him and his brother Frank that robbed Chicago's bank
And stopped the London train.

B

Obtained by Miss Mabel Tuggle, Detroit, from Mrs. Eunice Drinkard, Concord Depot, Virginia, who said that she had always heard the song sung in that town.

A confused text of three stanzas and chorus.

SIDNEY ALLEN

THE informant attached to the text the following explanation: "This is the sad story of a mountaineer who got mixed up with the law. He had the pleasure of shooting his feud enemy and so far forgot himself as to use the same tactics in the court where he was being tried for his life. This is a ballad of the last twenty-five years. The 'hero' is still living and pining away behind the cold gray bars of an iron cage." For a similar text see Hudson, pp. 73-74. For another text, "The Pardon of Sydna Allen," which appears to be a sequel, see Richardson, p. 735.

The present version was communicated by Miss Mabel Tuggle, Detroit; she obtained the song from the singing of Mrs. Ida Morris, twenty-eight years of age, who learned it from her mother, Mrs. Truman Hubble, Concord Depot, Virginia.

- 1 Come on, all you rounders, if you want to hear
A story of a cruel mountaineer.
Sidney Allen was a rounder and as hard as his name;
At Hillsboro Court he called on fame.
- 2 The judge called the jury in at half-past nine;
Sidney Allen was a prisoner and he was on time.
He mounted the stand with a pistol in his hand,
And he sent Judge Massey to the Promised Land.
- 3 Just a moment later, and the court was in a roar,
The dead and the dying they were lying on the floor.
With a thirty-eight special and a thirty-eight ball
Then he backed the sheriff against the wall.
- 4 The sheriff saw that he was in a mighty bad place;
The mountaineer was staring him right in the face;
He turned to the window and then he said,
"Just a moment later and we'll all be dead."
- 5 Then Sidney mounted his pony and away he did ride;
His nephew and his friends they were riding by his side.
They all shook hands and swore they would hang
Before they would surrender to the Hillsboro gang.
- 6 Then poor Sidney wandered, and he wandered all around,
At last he was captured in that western town.

He was taken to the station with a ball and chain,
And they put poor Sidney on the evening train.

- 7 They arrived at his house about eleven forty-one,
To see his little daughter and his two little sons.
They all shook hands and knelt down to pray,
"O Lord, don't take our dear papa away."
- 8 Then the people all gathered from far and near
To see poor Sidney sent to the electric chair,
But at last with surprise the judge he said,
"He is going to the penitentiary instead."

THE BABES IN THE WOODS

THIS ballad is an example of what Rollins in *The Pepys Ballads*, III, 57, note, refers to as "the godly ditties and pious warnings that make up the stock-in-trade of the ballad stalls," satirized in a ballad of about 1680. In the same note reference is made to "The Babes in the Wood," which was probably written at least as early as 1595 (Hyder Rollins, *An Analytical Index to the Ballad-Entries, (1557-1709)* [Chapel Hill, N. C., 1924], No. 1962) and was a favorite of so great a modern poet as Wordsworth. In a footnote to an article by Tolman and Eddy, *JAFL*, XXXV, 348-350, Kittredge states that this ballad was often printed as a broadside in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries in the United States and England. For texts with minor variations from the Michigan version see Percy, III (1846), Book II, 155-160, "printed from two ancient copies, one of them in black-letter in the Pepys collection," and *The Roxburghe Ballads*, II, 216-221. For further references and a fragment see Sharp, I, 309.

The present version is from the Gernsey manuscript.

- 1 Now ponder well, you parents dear, the words which I shall write.
A doleful story you shall hear which time brought forth to light.
A gentleman of good account in Norfolk lived of late
Whose wealth and riches did surmount most men of his estate.
- 2 Sore sick was he and like to die; no help his life could save.
His wife by him as sick did lie, and both possessed one grave.
No love between these two was lost, each to the other kind;
In love they lived, in love they died and left two babes behind.
- 3 The one a fine and pretty boy not passing five years old;
T'other a girl more young than he and made in beauty's mold.
The father left his little son, as plainly doth appear,
When he to perfect age should come, three hundred pounds a year.
- 4 And to his little daughter Jane five hundred pounds in gold
To be paid down on marriage day, which might not be controlled.
But if the children chanced to die e'er they to age should come,
Their uncle should possess their wealth, for so the will did run.
- 5 "Now brother," said the dying man, "Look to my children dear.
Be good unto my boy and girl, no friends else have I here.
To God and you I do commend my children night and day,
But little while be sure we have within this world to stay.

6 "You must be father and mother both and uncle all in one;
God knows what will become of them when I am dead and
gone."
With that bespoke their mother dear, "O brother kind," quoth
she,
"You are the man must bring our babes to wealth or misery.

7 "And if you keep them carefully, then God will you reward;
If otherwise you seem to deal, God will your deeds reward."
With lips as cold as any stone she kissed her children small,
"God bless you both, my children dear," with that the tears did
fall.

8 These speeches then the brother spoke to these sick couple there,
"The keeping of your children dear, sweet sister, do not fear.
God never prosper me nor mine nor ought else that I have
If I do wrong your children kind when you're laid in the grave."

9 Their parents being dead and gone, the children home he takes
And seemed to soften all their moans so much of them he makes.
He had not kept these pretty babes a twelve month and a day
When for their wealth he did devise to take their lives away.

10 He bargained with two ruffians rude, which were of furious
mood,
That they should take these children young and slay them in
the wood.
He told his wife, and all he had he did the children send
To be brought up in fair London with one who was their friend.

11 Away they went, these pretty babes, rejoicing at that tide,
Rejoicing with a merry mind while they on horseback ride.
They prate and prattle pleasantly as they rode on the way
To those who should their butcher be and would their lives de-
cay.

12 The pretty speeches they oft said made the murderers' heart re-
lent,
For though they undertook the deed, full sore they did repent.
Yet one of them more hard of heart did vow to do his charge
Because the wretch that hired him had paid him very large.

13 The other said it was not right, so here they fell to strife;
With one another they did fight about the children's life.
And he that was of mildest mood did slay the other there
Within an unfrequented wood while babes did quake with fear.

14 He took the children by the hand while tears stood in their eyes
And bade them go along with him and told them not to cry.
And two long miles he them did lead while they for food
complained,
"Stay here," quoth he, "I'll bring some bread when I do come
again."

15 These pretty babes with hand in hand went wandering up and
down,
But never more they saw the man approaching from the town.
Their pretty lips with blackberries were all besmeared and dyed,
And when they saw the darksome night they sat them down
and cried.

16 And now with heavy wrath of God upon their uncle fell;
Yea, fearful friends did haunt his house, his conscience felt a hell;
His barns were fired, his goods consumed, his lands were barren
made;
His cattle died within the field, and nothing with him stayed.

17 And in a voyage to Portugal two of his sons did die,
And, to conclude, himself was brought to extreme misery;
He pawned and mortgaged all his land ere seven years came
about,
And now at length this wicked act did by this means come out:

18 The fellow that did take in hand these children for to kill
Was for a robbery judged to die, as was God's holy will;
He did confess the very act the which is here expressed;
The uncle died, while he for debt in prison long did rest.

19 All you who be executors and overseers seek
For children that are fatherless and infants mild and meek,
Take you example by this thing and yield to each his right,
Lest God with his like misery bring your wicked deed requite.

142

YOUNG HENRY GREEN

For a text from Vermont somewhat similar to the Michigan texts of this domestic tragedy see Flanders and Brown, pp. 65-68.

Version A was sung in 1934 by Mrs. Charles Muchler, Kalkaska, who learned the song from her parents when she was a child.

Come lis - ten to my trag - e - dy, good
peo - ple, young and old; I will tell you of a
sto - ry will make your blood run cold, A-
bout a fair young la - dy, Miss Wy - att was her
name; She was mur - dered by her
hus - band, and he hung for the same.

A

- 1 Come listen to my tragedy, good people, young and old;
I will tell you of a story will make your blood run cold,
About a fair young lady, Miss Wyatt was her name;
She was murdered by her husband, and he hung for the same.
- 2 Miss Mary she was beautiful, not of a high degree;
Young Henery, he was wealthy, as you shall plainly see;
He said, "My dearest Mary, if you will be my wife,
I will guard you as the fairest through your remaining life."
- 3 She said, "My dearest Henery, I fear it would never do,
For you have high relation; I am not so rich as you,

And when your mother comes to know, she will spurn us from
her door,
Saying she would rather you would marry some rich girl whose
wealth lies up in store."

- 4 He said, "My dearest Mary, why do you torment me so?
For I vow by all that is sacred I ever will prove true,
And if you longer hesitate, I will surely end my life,
For I no longer wish to live unless you'll be my wife."
- 5 Believing all he said was true she then became his wife,
But little did she think, poor girl, he'd take away the life of her,
But little did she ever think or ever did expect
He'd take away the life of her who he had sworn to protect.
- 6 They had been married but scarce a year till she was taken ill,
But no one ever expected his wife he meant to kill.
Great doctors they were sent for, but none of them could save,
And at last it was proclaimed that she must go to her grave.
- 7 Her brother hearing of the same, his sister went to see,
Saying, "Sister dear, you are dying, the doctors tell me so";
Saying, "Sister, dearest sister, your life is at an end,
So haven't you been poisoned by him you thought your friend?"
- 8 "Since I am on my bed of death and know that I must die,
I know I am going to my God, the truth I will not deny;
I know that Henery poisoned me; dear brother, for him send,
For I do love him now as well as when he was my friend."
- 9 Young Green in hearing of the same, his wife he came to see;
Three times she cried, "O Henery, was you ever deceived by me?"
Three times she cried, "O Henery," and fell into death swoon;
He gazed on her in indifference and in silence left the room.
- 10 An inquest on her body held according to the laws,
And soon by them it was ascertained that arsenic was the cause.
Young Green was apprehended and sentenced to jail,
And there to wait his trial, for the court would not take bail.
- 11 The court was attended; young Green received his doom.
It was for him to be hanged; they sent him to his room;

In a few weeks to be ended of his most wretched life,
For the murdering of his Mary, his dear and loving wife.

B

THE TRAGETY OF HENRY GREEN

The Tuthill manuscript. A text of ten stanzas, similar to A except for the third stanza:

3 "O Henry, dearest Henry, I would give my consent,
But I fear before we marry long, I fear you might repent.
But I fear before we marry long, you might think it a disgrace,
For I am not as rich as you; oftentimes it is the case."

NAT GOODWIN

THIS song is rather generally supposed by the people in and near Wellsboro, Pennsylvania, to have been written by Walter Goodwin while waiting in his cell to be hanged. However, his wife's sister, Mrs. Rena Copley Carpenter, said it was written "by a woman in Brownlee just outside of Wellsboro." According to Mrs. Carpenter, Goodwin's wife was shot September 3, 1897; Goodwin was tried in October and hanged the next May. Mrs. Carpenter adds that "Since then we have found out that Gertrude Taylor, the girl in the case, did the shooting." A version of the song was printed in *The Wellsboro Gazette*, April 7, 1933; it is very similar to the Michigan text, but has some additions and omissions.

The present version was sung in 1934 by Mrs. Charles Muchler, Kalkaska. Mr. and Mrs. Muchler said that this tragedy took place while they lived in Wellsboro, Pennsylvania; Goodwin was hanged there, and they learned the song at that time.

In the lit - tle town of Wells - bor - o, Take
 heed to what I say, Close at death door a
 fair young wife On a bed of sick - ness
 lay. They took a - way her lit - tle babe, And
 when for it she cried, They told her at the
 break of day The lit - tle one had died.

I In the little town of Wellsboro,
 Take heed to what I say,
 Close at death door a fair young wife
 On a bed of sickness lay.
 They took away her little babe,
 And when for it she cried,

They told her at the break of day
The little one had died.

- 2 "Ah, bring to me its little form
Before it is laid to rest,
And let me kiss its little face
And press it to my breast."
They paid no heed to what she said,
Her pleadings were in vain.
They laid it in its coffin,
And she never seen it again.
- 3 When she arose from that sick bed
Wifely duties to perform,
These cruel words her husband said,
His voice it rang with scorn,
"I can no longer live with you,
Your home is in the street."
And she was forced out in the street
Employment for to seek.
- 4 Kind fortune smiled upon her
As she wandered forth alone;
She found with loving friends
A quiet and peaceful home;
She stayed with them for six long months
Until her sorrow healed,
And her husband came to see her
In the hamlet of Mansfield.
- 5 He asked her to withdraw the charge
Of failing to provide
A happy home for his own lawful wife
And with him to reside.
He kissed her when they parted,
Calling her his darling wife,
But little did she think when next they
met
He would take away her life.
- 6 But another came with eyes so blue
And stole the love away

Of him who promised to be true
Until the judgment day.
She fondled him with loving hands
The night he killed his wife;
Then stood upon the witness stand
And swore away his life.

7 "Are you guilty?" the judge did say
Before the case was tried.
"I am innocent, your honor,"
Young Goodwin did reply.
They found twelve true and honest men
And tried him for his life;
And Goodwin was found guilty
Of the murder of his wife.

LITTLE MARY PHAGAN

For details of the murder of Mary Phagan, on which this ballad is based, see *The New York Times Index*, 1913, 1914, and 1915. The murder occurred on August 5, 1913, in the National Pencil Company's factory, Atlanta, Georgia. It was an interesting case which became an issue in the senatorial campaign. About two months after Governor Slaton had commuted the suspected murderer's sentence to a life term a mob kidnaped and lynched him. See Carter, *JAFL*, XLVI, 39-40, and Henry, *JAFL*, XLIV, 105-107. The collected versions of this ballad are of particular interest because they represent a piece of folklore in the making. For a version of fourteen stanzas and discussion see Franklin Bliss Snyder, *JAFL*, XXXI, 264-266. The Michigan version is the most direct and dramatic of those so far recorded. If the last stanza refers to the lynching, it shows almost a sophisticated use of suggestion, although the song appears to have originated and lived only by word of mouth.

The present version was sung by Miss Mabel Tuggle, Detroit, who had learned the song in her home town, Concord Depot, Virginia.

- 1 Little Mary Phagan
She went to town one day,
She went to the pencil factory
To get her little pay.
- 2 Mary Phagan was so pretty
When she kissed her mother goodbye,
Little did the poor child think
That she was going to die.
- 3 When she got to the factory,
The janitor let her in,
Instead of giving her her pay,
He did a dreadful sin.
- 4 Many long hours her mother wept
Over that evil day,
For Mary was her sole support
With her little pay.
- 5 The sheriff he was a wise good man,
He never flicked a hair,
He let them string that janitor up
And left him hanging there.

ANSON BEST

OBTAINED in 1935 from Mrs. Clyde Best, West Branch. This song was written by the Reverend Ben Best concerning the arrest and conviction of his brother Anson for the murder of Vera Schneider at Pontiac, Michigan, in 1920. Anson Best and his family maintain his innocence and say that his confession was obtained through use of the third degree. The song is sung to the tune of "The Red River Valley."

- 1 As I sit by the fireside a-thinking
Of my brother who's far, far away
In a lonesome cell at Marquette prison
All these long, long years has had to stay.
- 2 O how well I remember that parting
When I bid my dear brother goodbye,
For I know in that safeguarded prison
That poor Anson must suffer and die.
- 3 There's a poor mother's heart that is breaking
For her boy that was taken away;
O may God answer prayers of his children
And bring Anson back with mother to stay.
- 4 Mother's steps they are fast growing feeble,
And her locks they have turned silver-gray,
But she knows that her boy is not guilty
Of the crime that has taken him away.
- 5 But those cruel heartless police of Oakland County
Used a method they call the third degree;
Then they said, "If you don't sign this paper,
We will hang you to that old maple tree."
- 6 With a hand that was trembling and shaking
As his spirit was broken but true,
Anson signed those papers that evening
Thinking then that his troubles were few.
- 7 He never had a chance to read those papers,
Never knew if they were false or true

Till they told him it was his confession;
"Vera Snyder's death is now laid to you."

- 8 Then the judge slowly gave him this sentence,
"Your life is the forfeit you'll pay."
Then Anson spoke with a voice firm and steady,
"Sir, Your Honor, I'm not guilty as they say."
- 9 I can see my poor mother at bedtime
As she prays in our dear Savior's name,
Asking Him through His dear tender mercy
To bring her boy Anson back to her again.
- 10 As I sit by the fireside a-thinking
I can see brother Anson again
As he smiled through his tears that were flowing;
Then he said, "We may never meet again."
- 11 O how well I remember that parting,
It was back in the long, long ago;
And fourteen long years they have vanished
Since our tears together they did flow.
- 12 Now to you this might sound like a story,
But to me it is very sad and true,
For to him I was once like a father;
Now there's nothing for him I can do.
- 13 His mother is waiting and she's watching
For her boy to return home some day
That again she may clasp him to her bosom
Ere her Savior has called her away.

THE WIDOW'S PLEA

REPRINTED from Mr. Russell Gore, *The Detroit News*, April 29, 1934, p. 7.

- 1 I strolled into a courtroom not many miles from here;
A lad stood in the prisoner's box, his mother she stood near.
The lad was quite a youngster, but he had gone astray,
And from the master's cash box had stole some coins away.
- 2 The lad addressed His Honor as the tears ran down his cheek,
He said, "Kind sir, will you allow my mother here to speak?"
His Honor then consented, the lad hung down his head.
And turning to the jurymen these words his mother said:
- 3 "Remember I'm a widow and the prisoner here's my son;
And, gentlemen, remember 'tis the first wrong he has done.
Don't send my boy to prison, for that would drive me wild;
Remember I'm a widow and pleading for my child."
- 4 The prosecuting attorney on this woman did frown.
He politely asked His Honor if he'd ask her to sit down;
It was a disgracing insult, and a great one indeed,
For him to sit there on that bench and allow the widow to plead.
- 5 The woman's eyes flashed fire, her cheeks grew deadly pale;
Says she, "I'm here to try to save my offspring from the jail.
I know my boy is guilty; I own his crime is bad;
But who is here more fit to plead than a mother for her lad?"
- 6 The judge addressed the prisoner and unto him did say,
"I'm sorry to sit here on the bench and see you here today;
I will not blight your future, but on your crime I frown;
I cannot but remember I have children of my own."
- 7 "Therefore I will discharge you"—the court then gave a cheer—
"Remember it is chiefly through your widowed mother here.
I hope you prove a comfort and no more make her sad,
For she's proved there's no one can plead like a mother for her
lad."

8 "Remember she's a widow and the prisoner here's her son;
And, gentlemen, remember 'tis the first crime he has done.
We won't send her boy to prison, for that would drive her wild;
Remember she's a widow and has pleaded for her child."

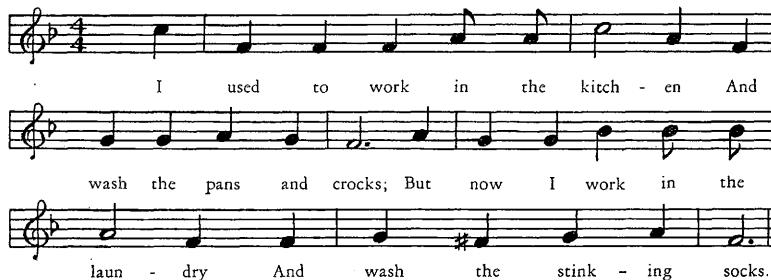
THE COUNTY JAIL

OBTAINED in the Detention Home, Detroit, by Mrs. Lillian Ammerman, Detroit, from a sixteen-year-old boy of Mohammedan faith, from Memphis, Tennessee.

- 1 As I was standing on a corner
Not doing any harm,
Along came a policeman
And took me by the arm.
- 2 He took me to the corner,
There he rang a little bell;
Along came a police patrol
And took me to the jail.
- 3 I woke up in the morning
And looked up on the wall.
The bedbugs and the cockroaches
Were playing a game of ball.
- 4 The score was four and twenty;
The bedbugs were ahead.
I got so darn excited
That I fell right out of bed.
- 5 I went downstairs to breakfast;
The bread was hard and stale;
The coffee tastes like tobacco juice
In the damned old county jail.

A LAUNDRY SONG

OBTAINED by Mrs. Lillian Ammerman, Detroit, from a boy of fifteen in the Detention Home, Detroit. He did not know where he had learned the song.



- 1 I used to work in the kitchen
And wash the pans and crocks;
But now I work in the laundry
And wash the stinking socks.
- 2 They brought me here when I was young
And loved my life so well.
They brought me to this jail house
And stuck me in a cell.
- 3 My father was an honest man,
My ma was honest, too;
To bring such sorrow to them both
Was the worst that I could do.
- 4 I went to school well every day,
Sunday—to Sunday school;
And yet, in spite of all of this,
I acted like a fool.
- 5 The way I started to go wrong,
I ran away from home;
Most fellows that you meet are dumb
When you are all alone.
- 6 I met a gang of seven men
Who said, "Now come with me,

And do as you are told to do,
And fun you sure will see."

- 7 I went with them. O what a fool!
I held a gun outside
While all the rest went in,
And the old night watchman tied.
- 8 A whistle blew, the cops came up
And took me unaware;
I couldn't speak, I couldn't move,
I was so cold and scared.
- 9 The judge said I was guilty;
The others were not caught;
So they brought me to this prison
And left me here to rot.
- 10 Now I've told my sad, sad story,
Back to work I now must go;
Back to the steaming laundry,
To cuss and sweat and blow.
- 11 I used to work in the kitchen
And wash the pans and crocks,
But now I work in the laundry
And wash the stinking socks.



RELIGION



A STAGGERED RAIL FENCE

VII. Religion

149

AN ACCOUNT OF A LITTLE GIRL WHO WAS BURNT FOR HER RELIGION

THIS song is mentioned in Beaumont and Fletcher's *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* (1610), V, iii. For American texts see Eddy, No. 191; Hudson, pp. 40-41; Pound, No. 25; and Scarborough, pp. 175-178. The Michigan version differs from these texts and from that described by Shearin and Combs, p. 12, in that it makes no specific mention of the Roman clergy, priests, or the pope. For a text very similar to the Michigan variant see *The Roxburghe Ballads*, I, 35-37.

The present version is from the Gernsey manuscript. At the end of this song is the notation "Oct. 1841."

- 1 'Tis of a lady's daughter who lived perfectly,
Her mother she commanded to mercy she should die.
"O pardon me, dear mother," this damsels she did say,
"Tis for your filthy idols I never can obey."
- 2 With weeping and with wailing her mother she did go
To assemble with her kinsfolks that they the truth might know;
And as they did assemble this lady they did call,
And cast her into prison to fright her therewithal.
- 3 And when she was in prison these torments to endure,
Her hopes in Christ her Saviour, in Him is firm and sure;
She feared not their allurings, nor yet the fiery flames;
She hoped in Christ her Saviour to have immortal fame.
- 4 In came her mother weeping her daughter to behold,
And in her hand she brought a book all covered o'er with gold.
"Take hence from me that idol, convey it from my sight,
And bring to me my Bible in which I take delight."
- 5 It was on the morning after, it was her dying day,
They stripped the noble lady out of her richest ray;
Instead of gold and bracelets, with cords they bound her fast;
"My God, give me with patience," said she, "to die at last."

- 6 "My good old aged father, wherever he does lie,
He little knows his daughter lies here condemned to die.
My good old aged father, I bid you now farewell;
I'm going among the angels where I do hope to dwell.
- 7 "Farewell, my aged mother, adieu my friends also,
And grant that you by others may never feel such woe;
Forsake your superstition, beware of mortal strife,
Embrace God's true religion, for which I lose my life.
- 8 "You ladies of the city, mark well my words, I pray,
Although I must be burned, you do not pity me.
Yourselves I rather pity, I weep for your decay;
Repent, I say, fair ladies, and do no time delay."
- 9 And when these words were ended, in come the man of death.
The fire then was kindled which stopped this lady's breath;
"Tormenters, do your office on me when you think best;
I hope in Christ, my Saviour, my soul will soon find rest."

THE TWELVE APOSTLES

For a history of this carol see William Wells Newell, "The Carol of the Twelve Numbers," *JAF*, IV, 215-220. For a text and references see Kittredge, *JAF*, XXX, 335-337. See also *Bulletin*, IX, 3-4; Carter, *JAF*, XLVI, 42; Flanders and Brown, pp. 83-84; Fuson, p. 187; Greenleaf and Mansfield, pp. 91-93; Henry, *JAF*, XLV, 36-37; and Sharp, II, 283-286. There are many variations in the numerous texts.

The present version was sung in 1931 by Mrs. Rachel Post, Belding, who learned the song from her father and sang it with him when she was a child.

1 *First Singer* O come and we will sing.
Second Singer O what shall we sing?
First Singer O we will sing the one.
Second Singer O what shall be the one?
First Singer One's the one 'twas left alone,
Together And there's no more to be,
 O derry dum.

(*The stanzas continue cumulatively until the last, which is as follows:)*

12 *First Singer* O come and we will sing.
Second Singer O what shall we sing?
First Singer O we will sing the twelve.
Second Singer O what shall be the twelve?
First Singer Twelve's the twelve apostles,
Together Eleven's the eleven that went to heaven,
 Ten's the ten commandments,
 Nine's the nine the stars to shine,
 Eight's the Gabriel angel,
 Seven's the seven
 Six's the six kewakers,
 Five's the five the men to drive,
 Four score's an acre,
 Three of them were little white babes
 All clothed in green O
 Two of them were drivers,
 One's the one 'twas left alone,
 And there's no more to be.
 O derry dum.

THE LITTLE FAMILY

For references and two texts of this song see Cox, pp. 407-408. See also Carter, *JAFL*, XLVI, 43-44; Eddy, No. 121; Hudson, *JAFL*, XXXIX, 174-175; and Scarborough, pp. 195-196. All these texts are very similar.

The present version was sung in 1934 by Mrs. Sol Riley, Kalkaska.

There was a lit - tle fam' - ly that lived in Beth - a -
 ny; Two sis - ters and a broth - er com -
 posed this fam - i - ly; With sing - ing and with
 pray - ing, like an - gels in the sky, Both morn - ing and at
 ev' - ning they raised their voic - es high.

- 1 There was a little fam'ly that lived in Bethany;
 Two sisters and a brother composed this family;
 With singing and with praying, like angels in the sky,
 Both morning and at ev'ning they raised their voices high.
- 2 They were poor and without money; their kindness were
 the same;
 Their doors were always open to Jesus and his friends.
 But while they lived so happy, so poor, so good, and kind,
 Their brother was afflicted; he sickened down and died.
- 3 The Jews went to the sisters, put Lazarus in the tomb,
 They prayed unto their Father this loving friend to save;
 When Jesus heard those sayings all in the distant land,
 So swiftly did he travel to join this lonely band.
- 4 When Mary saw him coming, she met him on the way;
 She told him how her brother had died and passed away;

When Martha saw him coming, she ran and met him, too;
At his feet a-weeping reversed her frail of woe.

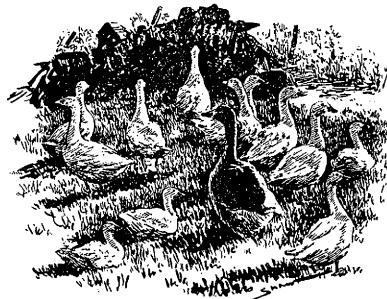
- 5 When Jesus saw her a-weeping, he fell weeping, too;
He wept until they shew him where Lazarus lay in tomb;
They rolled away the cover, away from o'er his grave;
He prayed unto his Father this loving friend to save.
- 6 Then Lazarus rose with power up from the gloomy mound,
And with full strength and vigor once more did walk on
ground.
Now if you but love Jesus and do his holy will,
He will guide you and protect you and keep you to the end.

AS I SAT ON THE SUNNY BANK

A CAROL with the title "I Saw Three Ships" is followed by a note which states that "The present carol is a version common amongst the people," and calls attention to the singular verse (Joshua Sylvester, *A Garland of Christmas Carols, Ancient and Modern* [John Camden Hotten, Piccadilly, 1861], pp. 18-21).

The version given here was communicated in 1916 by Mr. H. Parkes Pinson, Ecorse, who memorized the song from the singing of his mother; she had learned it in the coal fields of Shropshire, England.

- 1 As I sat on the sunny bank,
As I sat on the sunny bank,
As I sat on the sunny bank,
On Christmas day in the morning.
- 2 I spied three ships go sailing by,
I spied three ships go sailing by,
I spied three ships go sailing by,
On Christmas day in the morning.
- 3 And who should be in these three ships,
And who should be in these three ships,
And who should be in these three ships,
But Joseph and fair Annie, his lady.
- 4 And he did whistle, and she did sing,
And he did whistle, and she did sing,
For Christ our Savior he was born
On Christmas day in the morning.



HUMOR



AN ARIA IN A FARMYARD

VIII. Humor

153

ARISE AND BAR THE DOOR-O

(Get up and Bar the Door, Child, No. 275)

THIS text is similar to Child A, although Child's version has eleven stanzas and no refrain. Child (V, 96-99), however, says that Christie (II, 262) gives as a refrain "common in the north of Scotland from time immemorial,"

And the barring o' our door, weel, weel, weel!
And the barring o' our door, weel!

Child B and C relate a similar story to that in A concerning John Blunt and his wife, and Child notes that many tales have a similar plot. For a text of the same length as this Michigan one and with a similar refrain see Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, pp. 318-321, text B. See also Davis, pp. 495-496, and Greig, pp. 216-218. For texts more like Child B see Combs, pp. 147-148; Cox, pp. 516-517; and Greenleaf and Mansfield, pp. 41-42.

The present version was sung in 1935 by Mrs. Frank Gamsby, Saranac; as a young girl she learned the song from her sister, who had heard a Scottish boy sing it.

The musical notation consists of four staves of music in common time (indicated by '3') and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are as follows:

It hap - pened a - boot the Mid - dle - mas time, And a
gay time it was then O, When our guid wife had
pud - dens to mak And she boiled them in the pan
Chorus
O. The bar - rin' o' our door, will,
will, will, 'Tis the bar - rin' o' door, will.

I 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."

154

THE FARMER'S CURST WIFE

(Child, No. 278)

THIS is a very old ballad, steeped in demonology, of which many versions have been recorded in America. Child (V, 107-108) notes that "A curst wife who was a terror to demons is a feature in a widely spread and highly humorous tale, Oriental and European." Neither of the two Child texts mentions any earlier dealings between the devil and the farmer, as in Michigan E. The Michigan texts A, C, D, and E are all more similar to Child A than to B, which is in Scotch dialect. There is a refrain in Child B, and A has a chorus of whistlers. The refrains of Michigan A, B, and D are quite different from those of other published texts. For British texts see *JFSS*, II, 184-185, and III, 131-132; and Williams, p. 211. For American texts see Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, pp. 325-333; Cox, pp. 164-165; Davis, pp. 505-515; Flanders and Brown, pp. 226-228; Lomax, pp. 110-111; Mackenzie, p. 64; and Sharp, I, 275-281. Burns remodeled an old ballad which, his wife said, he gave "a terrible brushing" and which he called "Kellyburnbraes" (*JFSS*, XVIII, 27-28). It is somewhat similar to the Michigan text of the same name, but there are many variations in the words, and the refrains are different. For comment on the refrain see Introduction, pp. 20-21.

Version A was sung in 1934 by Mr. Otis Evilsizer, Alger.

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.

A

- 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.

B

KELLYBURNBRAES

Sung in 1916 by Mr. John Laidlaw, Ypsilanti.

- 1 There was an old man in Kellyburnbraes,
Tadal tadal t-alddal dal day;
He married a wife, the plague of his life,
To me rantam allegan t-alddal dal day.
- 2 One day as this old man was going to his plough
The devil came to him, says, "How do you do?"
- 3 "It's neither your cow nor your calf I do crave,
But it's your auld wife, and her I maun have."
- 4 "You're welcome, you're welcome," the old man replied,
"But if ye can match her, you're worse than you're called."
- 5 The devil has got her on his back,
And like a proud peddler he's carried his pack.
- 6 He hauled her unto his ane hall door;
He bade her step in for a bitch and a whore.
- 7 When she gaed in, just like a wild bear,
Them she got haud of they never saw mair.
- 8 A little wee devil was lying in chains;
She up with her foot and kicked out its brains.
- 9 The little wee devils looked over the wa',
"O help, master, help, or she will ruin us a'."
- 10 Now the devil has got her again on his back,
And hame to her husband, he has taen her back.
- 11 "O here's your auld wife, she has managed well;
She'll no get to heaven, and she'll no bide in hell!"

C

Sung in 1934 by Mrs. Jim Fisher, near Kalkaska; she learned the song in her childhood from Mr. John Senn, a German farmer, who lived near her home.

- 1 The farmer he hitched his hog to the plow,
Hi randy dandy O!
Around the field the devil knows how,
Whack fallee falladee O!
- 2 "O wife, O wife, we are undone;
The devil is after our oldest son."
- 3 "'Tain't your oldest son I crave,
But your damned old scolding wife for a slave."
- 4 "Take her, O take her with all my heart;
I hope you and her will never part."
- 5 When he entered the hell door,
He took her and slung her across the floor.
- 6 Another little devil stood over the wall,
Saying, "Take her back, father, she will kill us all."
- 7 He took her and slung her across his back,
And like a damned fool he went lugging her back.
- 8 "Farmer, O farmer, I'm sorry to tell
That your old woman reigns bully of hell."

D

BRAVE OLD ANTHONY MARALA

Sung in 1931 by Mr. B. A. Chickering, Belding, who had learned the song from his father, Mr. Sylvester Chickering.

The dev - il he came to his house one day,
 Brave old An - tho - ny Ma - ra - la, Say - ing,
 "One of your fam - i - ly I'll take a - way." By the
 right leg, left leg, up - per leg, un - der leg,
 Brave old An - tho - ny Ma - ra - la.

- 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."

And like a darn fool he came luggin' her back.

E

Sung and recited in 1935 by Mr. Lyle Demorest, Smyrna, who remembered the story of the song and a fragment of the words from hearing Mr. Charles Cooper, his grandfather, sing it. His grandfather settled in Smyrna in 1858; he came from Canada and was of French and Scotch descent.

Recited The devil keeps coming around and taking things away from the farmer according to some pact between them. His cows and horses are taken, until he has only hogs left to plow with. Then finally the devil comes and takes the farmer's wife with him to hell.

Sung One little devil brought out the chains;
She up with her fist and knocked out his brains.

Six more little devils peeped over the wall,
Saying, "Take her back, daddy, or she'll brain us all."

Recited The devil takes the farmer's wife back to her husband and tells him that he won't bother him any more, that if he can live with his wife he is welcome to her, that she has been through hell and is ten times worse.

KING JOHN AND THE BISHOP

(Child, No. 45)

SAVE for a difference in refrains the Michigan fragment is identical with Child B. Child B was taken from a broadside printed for P. Brooksby, who published from 1672 to 1695, and was "allowed" by Roger l'Estrange, who was licenser from 1663 to 1685. This ballad is one of the riddle stories in which a forfeit is to be paid by the vanquished party (cf. Child, Nos. 1 and 2, I, 1-20).

The fragment given here was sung in 1937 by Mr. Henry R. Vaughan, Detroit, who remembered the story of the song as sung by his mother in Vermont, but could recall only a few lines.

I'll tell you a story, a story anon,
 Of a noble prince, and his name was King John;
 For he was a prince and a prince of great might,
 He held up great wrongs, and he put down great right,
 To me down, down, diddy-i-down.

I'll tell you a story, a story anon,
 Of a noble prince, and his name was King John;
 For he was a prince and a prince of great might,
 He held up great wrongs, and he put down great right,
 To me down, down, diddy-i-down.

THE VALIANT SOLDIER

(Secondary form, Child, No. 8)

ALTHOUGH this ballad bears considerable resemblance to "Earl Brand" (Child, No. 7, I, 88-105), it has more in common with "Erlinton" (Child, No. 8, I, 106-111), a tragic old ballad of which it may be a humorous successor. For texts and references see Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, pp. 377-382; Eddy, No. 23; Flanders and Brown, pp. 232-233; Henry, *JABL*, XLV, 114-116; Pound, p. 14; *The Roxburghe Ballads*, VI, 229-231; Scarborough, pp. 201-203; and Sharp, I, 333-337.

Version A was obtained in 1916 by Mr. H. Parkes Pinson, a student at Michigan State Normal College, Ypsilanti, from the singing of Mrs. Mary Ellen Kenyon Baker.

A

- 1 "Tis of a valiant soldier that lately came from war,
He courted a lady for her riches and her store,
She being so wealthy, it scarcely could be told,
But yet she loved a soldier because he was so bold.
- 2 She said, "My valiant soldier, I am feared of being your wife;
My father is so cruel I fear he will take your life."
He drew his sword and pistol and hung it by his side,
He swore that he would marry her; at once he would be tied.
- 3 They had just been to church and returning home again;
She met her own father with seven armed men.
"O dear," says the lady, "I fear we shall be slain."
"Fear nothing so alarming," says the soldier again.
- 4 Up steps her father, and unto her did say,
"Is this your good behavior or is this your wedding day?
If you will be so silly as to be a soldier's wife,
Here in this lonesome valley will end your present life."
- 5 Up steps the soldier, "I do not like your prattle,
Although I am a bridegroom, I am prepared for battle!"
He drew forth his broad sword, his pistol for to rattle,
And the lady held the horse while the soldier fought the battle.
- 6 The first one that came, he quickly had him slain;
The second one that came, he ran him through the main.

"Let us flee," says the rest, "I fear we shall be slain,
For to fight a valiant soldier, I find it all in vain."

- 7 "O stay, you're a bold soldier, you make my blood run cold;
You shall have my daughter and five hundred pounds in gold!"
"Fight on," says the lady, "the portion is too small!"
"Stay, you are a bold soldier, and you shall have it all!"
- 8 Come all you rich misers, there's gold enough in store,
Despise not a soldier because he is poor;
There are the brisk young jolly fellows, both sociable and free,
Who are as willing to fight for love as for liberty.

B

Sung in 1935 by Mr. W. F. Gibbs, Alger, who learned the fragment from
hearing his father sing the song. His father was of English descent.
One and one-half stanzas similar to parts of stanzas 6 and 7 of A.

JOHN SOLD THE COW WELL

(Secondary form, Child, No. 283)

THE Child texts concern a crafty farmer who, going to pay his rent, outwits a highwayman. For British texts see *JFSS*, II, 174-176; Logan, p. 131; C. J. Sharp, *Folk Songs from the Eastern Counties* (London, 1908), pp. 42-43; and Williams, pp. 253-255. Michigan A is so similar to Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, pp. 406-408, text A, as to indicate that they had a common source. For additional versions and references see Greenleaf and Mansfield, pp. 44-46; Henry, *JAFL*, XLV, 30-34; and Sandburg, pp. 118-119.

Version A was communicated in 1931 by Miss Mabel Tuggle, Detroit, who obtained the song from Mr. Jason Taylor, of English descent; he had learned it in Canada.

A

- 1 In London there lived a blacksmith 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.
- 2 Early one morning he called up his man John;
John heard his master and quickly did come down;
"John, take the cow and drive her to the fair,
For she is in good order; it is all we have to spare."
- 3 John took the cow out of the barn
And drove her to the fair as we do learn;
While on the highway he met three men
To whom he sold the cow for a six pound ten.
- 4 He went into the tavern for to get a drink,
And there the old landlord soon paid him down the chink;
And then to the landlady he did say,
"What shall I do with my money, I pray?"
- 5 "In the lining of your coat sew it up," said she,
"For fear on the highway that robbed you might be."
A highwayman sitting behind him drinking of his wine,
Says he to himself, "That money is mine."
- 6 John took his leave home for to go,
The highwayman following after also;

He overtook the boy upon the highway,
"You are well overtaken, young man," he did say.

- 7 "Jump up behind me and take a ride."
"How far are you going?" the boy he replied.
"About four miles, as you do know."
He jumped up behind him and away they did go.
- 8 They rode till they came to a long dark lane,
"And here," said the robber, "I'll tell you very plain,
Deliver up your money without fear or strife,
Or on this very night I will take your tender life."
- 9 John seeing there was no room for dispute,
Jumped off of the horse without fear or doubt;
From the lining of his coat the money he pulled out,
And in the tall grass he strewed it all about.
- 10 The highwayman jumped off from his horse,
So little did he think it would be to his loss;
While gathering up the money where John had it strewed,
John jumped on horseback and away he rode.
- 11 The highwayman called to John for to stay,
But John never heeded but still rode away;
And unto his master he did bring
Horse, saddle, and bridle, and many a fine thing.
- 12 The maid seeing John coming home,
Went to acquaint her master in the next room;
He came to the door and says to him thus:
"Why, John, has my cow turned into a horse?"
- 13 "O no, good master, your cow I sold,
Was robbed of the money by a highwayman bold;
While gathering up the money to put in his purse,
I jumped on horseback and rode off with his horse."
- 14 The saddlebags were taken, and soon it was told
Five hundred pounds in silver and gold,
Besides a brace of pistols. Says John, "I vow,
I think, good master, I have well sold your cow."

15 "O as for a boy you have done very rare,
Three parts of this money shall be to your share;
And as for the villain, you served him just right,
I am sure you put upon him the true Yorkshire bite!"

B

THE LITTLE YORKSHIRE BOY

The Lambertson manuscript. A good text of thirteen stanzas somewhat similar to A.

C

THE LONDON MASON

The Gernsey manuscript. A text of thirteen stanzas somewhat similar to A.

THINGS IMPOSSIBLE

FOR English texts somewhat similar to the Michigan version see John Ashton, *A Century of Ballads* (London, 1887), pp. 315-318; Logan, pp. 360-362; and *The Roxburgh Ballads*, VII, 295-296. For American texts only slightly similar to the Michigan form see Kittredge, *JAFL*, XXX, 352-353, and Loraine Wyman and Howard Brockway, *Twenty Kentucky Mountain Songs* (New York, 1920), pp. 106-109.

The present version is from the Gernsey manuscript.

- 1 Down by one green and shady grove,
'Twas all alone as I supposed,
Down by one green and shady grove,
'Twas all alone as I supposed,
There did I spy most comely maid
Which caused me long time to tarry;
And there with me she did entreat
For to tell her when I meant to marry.
- 2 All in my mind was I resolved,
All in my mind for to reveal it;
All in my mind was I resolved,
All in my mind for to reveal it,
To speak the truth and make no jest,
But of these things you will be weary;
And then in brief I did begin
For to tell her when I meant to marry.
- 3 "When carrots grow in meadows green
And rivers flow with milk and honey,
When sugar grows on cherry trees,
And men refuse to take hard money,
When turtle shells turn diamond rings
With pearl and brass they are compared,
When gold does grow on eagle's wings,
Fair maid, with you will I be married.
- 4 "When the baker he does need no fire,
And the brewer he does need no water,
When the baker he does need no fire,
And the brewer he does need no water,

When country girls for judges set,
And leaves don't fall till February,
When the miller does his toll forget,
Fair maid, with you will I be married.

5 "When fishes in green fields are feeding,
And swans around dry rocks are swimming,
When fishes in green fields are feeding,
And swans around dry rocks are swimming,
When Scotland is by men removed,
And England into France is carried,
When every girl proves true to her word,
Fair maid, with you will I be married.

6 "Maddam," said I, "Don't seem to frown,
Or think that I am at your pleasure,
For as for a wife I do not want,
Sweetharts I can get at my leisure;
When whales in little dishes swim
And castles on their backs do carry,
When dogs turn men, and not till then,
Fair maid, with you will I be married."

KATE AND THE COWHIDE

THE informant of A declared that the ballad was based upon an incident which happened near Zanesville, Ohio. In Conesville, Schoharie County, New York, a prose version of the ballad is told, and the old home of Kate is pointed out. There her grandchildren are said now to live. See Gardner, pp. 194-196. For a text and references see Mackenzie, pp. 325-327. See also Sharp, I, 405-406.

Version A was obtained by Mrs. Maude Simpson, Detroit, from the singing of her grandfather, Mr. Seth Evilsizer, Alger, eighty-two years old. He learned the song when he was seven or eight years old from an aunt, Mrs. Chatman, who lived near Zanesville, Ohio; she had learned it from an English neighbor, who affirmed that she knew personally the principals in the story, although scholars have traced the genealogy of this ballad to a broadside dated 1689-90.

A la - dy lived in Lan - cas - ter, Tra - la - lid - dle - te -
 i - de - O; A game - ster came a - court - ing her;
 Tra - la - lid - dle - te - i - de - O; He court - ed her for *Chorus*
 man - y a day, But still this la - dy an - swered "Nay." Sing
 tid - dy, sing tad - dy, Sing trum lit - tle lad - die, Sing
 tra - la - lid - dle - te - i - de - O.

A

I A lady lived in Lancaster,
 Tra-la-liddle-te-i-de-O;
 A gamester came a-courturing her;
 Tra-la-liddle-te-i-de-O;
 He courted her for many a day,
 But still this lady answered "Nay."

Chorus

Sing tiddy, sing taddy,
Sing trum little laddie,
Sing tra-la-liddle-te-i-de-O.

- 2 At length he gained her full consent,
And straightway courting another he went;
He left poor Kate quite in despair,
Went courting a lawyer's daughter fair.
- 3 Kate never told to friend nor foe,
Nor did she let her parents know;
But she went unto a tannery,
And with the tanner she did agree.
- 4 She received of him an old cowhide;
And she wrapped herself on the inside;
Then she went unto a lonely dell,
For she knew he'd come that way quite well.
- 5 At length along that way he came,
And now says Kate, "We'll have some fun."
Then after him she did pursue;
He cried, "O dear, what shall I do?"
- 6 With hairy hide, horns on her head,
Which full three feet around her spread;
But when he saw that long black tail,
He tried to run, but his feet they failed.
- 7 She seized him fast all by the coat,
And she said to him in a doleful note,
"You've left poor Kate quite in despair;
Went courting the lawyer's daughter fair."
- 8 "O master devil, save me now,
And I'll prove true to my former vows."
"Then see that you do," Kate did reply,
While smiling under the old cowhide.
- 9 He went straight home and went to bed,
The thoughts of Kate were in his head,
And early next morning he did arise
To go and make poor Kate his bride.

10 Kate never told to friend or foe,
Nor did she let her parents know,
Till three long years they'd married been,
And then she told the joke to him.

B

KATE AND HER HORNS

Sung in 1934 by Mr. E. W. Harns, Greenville, who learned the song in Kalamazoo County, Michigan, about 1875, from hearing it sung only once, at a debating school, by a man named Cosselman.

- 1 A damsel sweet in Colchester,
And there a clothier courted her
For three months' space, both night and day,
But yet this damsel would say nay.
- 2 She said, "Were I to love inclined
Perhaps you soon might change your mind,
And court some other damsel fair,
For men are false I do declare."
- 3 He many protestations made
And like a loyal lover said,
"For none but you can be my wife,
The joy and comfort of my life."
- 4 But see the cursed fruits of gold;
He left his loyal love behind,
With grief and love all complish drowned,
When he a greater fortune found,
- 5 A lawyer's daughter fair and bright,
Her parents' joy and whole delight;
And when Kate came to hear
That she must lose her only dear,
- 6 Some sport of him she thought she'd make.
Kate to a tanner went therefore,
And borrowed there an old cowhide,
With crooked horns both long and wide.

7 Kate knew when every night he came
From his new love, Nancy by name,
Sometimes at ten o'clock or more.

8 Kate to a lonesome field did stray,
And when she'd wrapped herself therein,
Her new trick she did begin.
At length the clothier came that way.

9 He was sorely frightened at her;
She looked so like old Lucifer—
A hairy hide, horns on her head,
Which near three feet in sunder spread.

10 At that he saw a long black tail;
He strove to run but his feet did fail;
And with a drum, both doleful note,
Kate seized him by the throat

11 And says, "You leave poor Kate, I hear,
And court the lawyer's daughter dear;
And you will, whether or no,
Into my gloomy regions go."

12 This voice did sore affright him,
And kneeling on his trembling limbs
And crying, "Master Devil, spare me now,
And I'll preform my former vow."

13 "See that you do," the devil cried,
"And make young Kate your lawful bride.
If Kate against you doth complain,
Soon from me you shall hear again."

14 And Kate never let her parents know
Nor any other friend or foe,
Till she a year had married; then
She told it at her lying-in.

15 It pleased the women to the heart;
They said she freely played her part;

Her husband laughed as well as they;
It was a joyful, merry day.

C

KATE AND HER HORNS

The Gernsey manuscript. A text of twenty stanzas very similar to B and to the Mackenzie version, pp. 325-327.

MY FATHER'S GRAY MARE

FOR references and texts see Kittredge, *JAFL*, XXXV, 372, note, and Pound, No. 34. See also Eddy, No. 58; Flanders and Brown, pp. 62-64; and Greenleaf and Mansfield, pp. 59-60.

The present version was sung in 1934 by Mr. A. T. Heikes, Kalkaska, who learned the song in Windsor, Indiana.

- 1 Young Roger the miller, who courted of late
The farmer's fair daughter, called beautiful Kate;
She had for her riches full fifty fine things;
She wore on her fingers fine jewels and rings.
- 2 Her eyes were as bright as the diamonds above,
And her cheeks like vermillion all painted with love;
Then Roger being greedy, as I do declare;
He spied an old tacky they called the gray mare.
- 3 "And as for your daughter, I solemnly swear,
I won't have your daughter without the gray mare."
The money was soon hurried out of his sight,
And so was Miss Katy, all his heart's delight.
- 4 Young Roger himself was kicked out of the door
And ordered straightway to return never more.
With sorrow he tore down his long yellow hair
And wished that he'd never asked for the mare.
- 5 Six months now were ended, full gone and past,
Young Roger he met with Miss Katy at last.
Saying, "Katy, O Katy, why don't you know me?"
"If I mistake not I've seen you," said she,
- 6 "Someone of your likeness with long yellow hair,
Who once came a-courtin' my daddy's gray mare."
"But since I have lost such a beautiful sum,
I'm really sorry for what I have done."
- 7 Saying, "As for your sorrow, I value it not;
There's plenty young men in this world to be got.
Besides, as I think, a man must be great in despair
Just to marry a girl for the price of a mare."

KITTY O'NOORY

KITTREDGE (*JAFL*, XXXV, 387, note) observes that "Katy Mory" in fifteen stanzas, the last two quite free in their nature, occurs in an American broadside of about 1830. For text and references see *JAFL*, XXXV, 385-387. See also Eddy, No. 6; Owens, *JAFL*, XLIX, 232-233; Sharp, II, 119-121; and Shoemaker, pp. 130-132. The ballad is probably a modern version of "The Baffled Knight" (Child, No. 112).

The present version was sung in 1935 by Mr. Frank Madison, Grattan Center.

- 1 Come gentlemen and ladies all,
Come listen to my story.
I'll tell you how I formed a plan
O to ruin young Kitty O'Noory.
Ri-too-roddle-ling-i-a-a-a,
Ri-too-roddle-ling-i-o.
- 2 I went down to her father's house,
Just like some honest fellow;
I told her that the plums were ripe,
And a-getting very mellow.

- 3 I told her that my sister Sal
Was down in yonders bower,
And that she wanted her to come
For to spend one half an hour.
- 4 As we was a-walking along the road,
Along the road together,
I told her that my sister Sal
Knew nothing of this matter.
- 5 She squeezed my hand and seemed quite pleased,
"But this one thing more I fear, sir,
My father he is a-cutting grass,
And I fear he'll come this way, sir.
- 6 "But if you will just climb that tree
Until he passes by, sir,
'Tis then we'll go and pick the plums,
And there we'll sport and play, sir."
- 7 I clim the tree Katie pointed me,
Not being the least offended;
O Kate she stood and winked at me,
O to see how high I ascended.
- 8 "Your ugly looks I do despise;
You look just like some owl, sir.
You can eat the plums and suck the stones;
O you're welcome to your fun, sir."
- 9 Then Kate she heeled her across the plains
As if she was distracted.
I cursed, I swore, my shirt I tore
To see how Kitty had acted.
- 10 But when I drew my thoughts within,
Kate's virtue I recommended;
I went and made a wife of her,
And now my troubles are ended.

(Two stanzas are omitted.)

YOUNG DIANA

VERSIONS A and, to a lesser degree, C are similar to the English broadside ballad "William and Dinah." Form B, except for a wide difference in stanza 7, markedly resembles a comic version of the same broadside in Cox, p. 344. For additional versions and discussion concerning the debatable history of the ballad see Kittredge, *JAFL*, XXIX, 190, note, and Tolman and Eddy, *JAFL*, XXXV, 418-420. See also Flanders and Brown, p. 49; Fuson, p. 90; Gardner, pp. 209-210; Hudson, *JAFL*, XXXIX, 112-113; and Stout, pp. 54-55.

Version A was communicated by Mrs. Maude Simpson, Detroit; she obtained it from the singing of her father, Mr. Otis Evilsizer, Alger.

Way down in yon city there
 lived a rich knight, Who had but one
 daughter, a fair beauty bright. Her
 name 'twas Diana, scarce sixteen years old, And she
 had for her portion a large sum of gold.

A

- 1 Way down in yon city there lived a rich knight,
 Who had but one daughter, a fair beauty bright.
 Her name 'twas Diana, scarce sixteen years old,
 And she had for her portion a large sum of gold.
- 2 "Go dress yourself, daughter, in costly array;
 Here's a noble, rich knight for to take you away.
 He says he will make you his joy and his pride;
 He's too noble a young man for to be denied."
- 3 "O father, honored father, excuse me this time;
 For to get married is not my desire.

Consider I'm young, and hitherto;e;
Pray let me live single one year or two more."

4 "O daughter, stubborn daughter, what is this you mean?
You must either get married or be nevermore seen."

•

5 In about one hour after this maiden walked out;
With grief and vexation she brought all things about.
She seated herself 'neath a green shady tree,
And a strong dose of poison took her life away.

6 In about two hours after, Sir William walked out.
He searched the grove over where they oftentimes had met;
He searched the grove over till his lover he spied

•

7

•

"O my cruel parent is the cause of all this,
And now I'm deprived of my joy and my bliss."

8 He kissed her cold lips ten thousand times o'er,
He called his Diana, though she was no more.
Then he fell on his sword like a lover so brave;
Sir William and Diana both sleep in one grave.

9 Come all you kind parents and a warning now take;
Don't cause your own children their vows for to break.

•

B

VILIKINS AND HIS DINAH

Obtained by Miss Ruth Barnes, Ypsilanti, from the singing of one of her students, Miss Caroline C. McDowell; she had learned the song from her father, who had learned it from his father, of Scotch-Irish descent.

- 1 It was in London city a rich merchant did dwell;
He had but one daughter, an uncommon nice young gal;
Her name it was Dinah, scarce sixteen years old,
With a very large fortune in silver and gold.

Chorus

Tura-li-ura-li-ura-li-ay
Tura-li-ura-li-ura-li-ay
Tura-li-ura-li-ura-li-ay
Sing a tura-li-ura-li-ura-li-ay.

- 2 As Dinah was walking in the garden one day,
Her father came to her and to her did say:
“Go dress yourself, Dinah, in your finest array
And take yourself a hus-i-band both gallant and gay.”
- 3 “O papa, O papa, I’ve not made up my mind;
And to marry just yet I don’t feel inclined.
To you my large fortune I’ll gladly give o’er
If you’ll let me stay single a year or two more.”
- 4 “Go, go, boldest daughter,” her par-i-ent replied,
“If you won’t consent to be this here young man’s bride,
I’ll give your large fortune to the nearest of kin,
And you’ll not reap the benefit of one single pin!”
- 5 As Vilikins was walking in his garden around,
He found his dear Dinah lying dead on the ground.
A cup of cold pizen was there by her side,
And a billy-dux saying ’twas of pizen she died.
- 6 He kissed her cold corpus a thousand times o’er,
And called her his Dinah though she was no more;
Then he drank the cold pizen like a lover so brave,
And Vilikins and his Dinah lie both in one grave.

7 Now all you young maidens take warning from her;
Never not by no means disobey your governer;
And all you young fellows, mind who you clap eyes on;
Think of Vilikins and his Dinah and the cup of cold pizen!

C**WILKENS AND DINAH**

Obtained by Miss Ruth Barnes, Ypsilanti, from a manuscript collection belonging to Mrs. Emeline Jenks Crampton, St. Clair, Michigan.

A four-stanza text similar to A.

163

THE HANDSOME CABIN BOY

FOR a text somewhat similar to the Michigan form, which closely resembles a Such broadside, see Ord, p. 160.

The present version was sung in 1935 by Mr. Frank Madison, Grattan Center.

It is of a pretty fe - male As you
 shall un - der - stand; She had a mind for rov - ing Un -
 to some for - eign land; All dressed in sail - or's cloth - ing, This
 fair ^{maid} did ap - pear; She en -
 gaged with a cap - tain, O his cab - in boy to be.

1 It is of a pretty female
 As you shall understand;
 She had a mind for roving
 Unto some foreign land;
 All dressed in sailor's clothing,
 This fair maid did appear;
 She engaged with a captain,
 O his cabin boy to be.

2 The wind it being favorable
 They soon put out to sea;

 The captain's lady being on board,
 She seemed to enjoy
 The favorable appearance
 Of the handsome cabin boy.

- 3 As through the Bay of Biscay
O this galyant ship did plow,
One night among the sailors
There was a pretty row;
They arose from their hammocks,
Their sleep it did destroy;
And they swore about the groaning
Of the handsome cabin boy.
- 4 "O doctor, O doctor,"
O this cabin boy did cry;
The sailors swore by all was good
The cabin boy would die;
The doctor ran with all his might,
And laughing at the fun
To think the cabin boy must have
A daughter or a son.
- 5 So they all took a bumper,
And they drank success to trade,
Likewise to the cabin boy
Who was neither man nor maid.
And if the waves don't rise again
Our sails to destroy,
We'll soon ship some more
Like the handsome cabin boy.

164

THE MAID IN SORROW

For a variant, with the first stanza of the Michigan text omitted and with a different last stanza added, see Greenleaf and Mansfield, pp. 100-101.

The present version was sung in 1935 by Mr. William Rabidue, West Branch, who learned the song from Mr. Albert Farrington in a Michigan shingle mill.

I am a maid in sorrow, in sorrow to complain,
 And it's all for the sake of my Jimmy I crossed the raging main;
 And if I do not find him, I'll more contented lie;
 It's all for the sake of my Jimmy a maid I'll live and die.

all for the sake of my Jim - my a maid I'll live and die.

- 1 I am a maid in sorrow, in sorrow to complain,
 And it's all for the sake of my Jimmy I crossed the raging main;
 And if I do not find him, I'll more contented lie;
 It's all for the sake of my Jimmy a maid I'll live and die.
- 2 O small boots, vest, and trousers this fair maid she put on;
 She looked just like a sailor brave, and slowly she marched along.
 She bargained with the captain her passage to go free
 And to be his chief companion all on the raging sea.
- 3 One night as they sat talking, just as they were going to bed,
 The captain sighs and then replied, saying, "I wish you were a
 maid;
 For the blushes of your rosy cheeks it so entices me
 That I could wish with all my heart you are the maid for me."

4 "O hold your tongue, dear captain, O hold your foolish tongue;
If the sailor boys should hear of this, of us they'd make great fun;
But when we do get safe on shore two handsome maids we'll find,
We'll roam and sport and pleasure with those that are due inclined."

5 In two or three days after when they did get on shore,
"Adieu, adieu, sea captain, and farewell forever more.
Adieu, adieu, sea captain, and farewell forever more,
For once I was a sailor on board, but now I'm a maid on shore."

JACK, THE SAILOR BOY

For texts somewhat similar, but with many variations, see Henry, *JAF*, XLV, 41-44, and *JFSS*, VI, 1-3.

The present version was sung in 1935 by Mrs. Frank Gamsby, Saranac, who learned the song about 1868 in Cookshire, Quebec, from hearing her brothers sing it when they did not know that she was near.

- 1 Jack being weary he hung down his head;
He asked for a candle to light him to bed.
She lit him to bed as a maiden ought to do,
And he said, "My pretty fair maid, won't you come to bed, too?"
- 2 She being young and foolish she thought it of no harm;
She jumped in behind him to keep herself warm;
He hugged her and kissed her and called her his dear
And wished that the night had been seven long years.
- 3 Early next day morning her mama arose;
Straightway to her daughter's chamber she immediately goes,
Saying, "Daughter, O daughter, you have thrown yourself away;
You may go with your sea captain, for here you cannot stay."
- 4 He jumped out of bed just like a sailor bold
And into her lap threw handfuls of gold,
Saying, "Here, take this to buy your milk and bread,
And that's what you get by lighting sailor boys to bed."
- 5 "If you have a baby, pray what are you the worse?
You have gold in your pocket and silver in your purse;
You have gold in your pocket to pay your nursery fee
And pass for a maiden in some foreign countryry."
- 6 "If it is a girl, she shall wear a gold ring;
If it is a boy, he shall fight for his king;
With his low buckle shoe, and his jacket trimmed with blue
He will walk the quarter-deck as his daddy used to do;
With his low buckle shoe and his jacket trimmed with blue
He will plow the raging main as his daddy used to do."

PAT'S WEDDING

For a song with many similarities see "Arthur O'Bradley's Wedding," in Dixon, pp. 160-167, with notes. There are remote affiliations with "Patie's Wedding," in an undated chapbook, Glasgow.

The present version was sung in 1916 by Mr. John Laidlaw, Ypsilanti.

1 "O come in, man, and let's hear your cracks;
I heard ye was o'er at the wedding."

"O aye, man, indeed I was that,
And I lent them a hand at the bedding."
Right-talepha-rally-a, right-talepha-addy,
Right-talepha-rally-a, right-talepha-addy.

2 "Alack, man, and how come ye on,
For Pat is a comical body,
And many was the terrible nights we had
When he courted the Haudy."

3 "Alack, man, lo, we did well;
But Rob, the greedy hash, he sat next me,
And we both eated out of one place,
And that was the way that thaw fixed me.

4 "After the haggish was served all around,
As mickle as might have served a dozen,
I scarce got the spoon to my head
Than he had it all crammed down his wesson.

5 "Na fear but we'd all get our fill,
For Pat he's a braw-hearted fellow;
But lack, man, the haggish was good,
For I'm sure that the hag a' was falla."

(Stanza 6 is omitted.)

THE FIRST NIGHT'S COURTSHIP

SUNG in 1935 by Mr. Thomas Nichol, Filion, who learned the song from his father. See No. 67, p. 182, introductory note.

When I was a big boy, wi' the thoughts o' the joy O'
 court-ing, my heart it was ten-ner; But I
 din-na ken how for to o - pen my mow, For
 fear that I'd fall in a blun - ner. One
 day at the fair, bon - nie Mag - gie was there, A
 las - sie I'd long had my eye on; "Noo
 hang it," says I, "for once I will try, An' I'll
 see how I come on at woo - ing."

I When I was a big boy, wi' the thoughts o' the joy
 O' courting, my heart it was tenner;
 But I dinna ken how for to open my mow,
 For fear that I'd fall in a blunner.
 One day at the fair, bonnie Maggie was there,
 A lassie I'd long had my eye on;
 "Noo hang it," says I, "for once I will try,
 An' I'll see how I come on at wooing."

2 There was nae doot but I lookit richt blunt,
 But the whiskey was strong an' inspirin';
 An' aye at the dance, wi' her I did prance,
 An' then I began inquirin'
 When she was gang hame; I swore by the name
 O' the devil or something as awesome,
 If she would me let, I hame would her set,
 An' I pressed aye her cheek to my bosom.

3 She halted a wee but at length did agree
 Gin we did nae fa' in wi' her faither;
 But haith, ye may ken hoo we gaed out nae mair
 Till dark when we gaed oot thegither.
 When we come to the hoose for to look the mair cruse,
 I askit the way to the byre;
 An' there on the hay fu' cozy we lay
 Till the devil sent forth her auld sire.

4 Wi' a bang an' a roar he came to the door
 Which we wi' a grape had secured;
 How the hinges did crack when he set till his back!
 Sic hardships they ne'er had endured;
 Wi' dread an' despair we ran to the door;
 Our legs like Belshazzar's were shaking;
 While her an' me baith hung to lak grim daith,
 An' our hearts lak twa hammers were beating.

5 When the auld bullie found that he could nae won in,
 Aroon to the hay hole he did venture;
 But haith, ye may ken hoo we got oot an' ran,
 An' were oot o' his sicht in a canter;
 She ran to the hoose, I ran to the moss,
 Our prayers to heaven ascended;
 An' so the first nicht did end in a fricht,
 Though the last and ill end is no kenn'd yet.

THE BACKWOODSMAN

FOR texts which are somewhat similar, but which have many variations from this Michigan text, see Flanders and Brown, pp. 43-45, "The Green Mountain Boys," which is supposed to have originated in a Vermont lumber camp; Rickaby, pp. 132-133; and Shoemaker, pp. 54-55. Shearin and Combs, p. 20, mention a song, "Old Grey," which tells a similar story. Also compare with the Michigan version stanza 3 and parts of stanzas 4, 5, and 6 of "When I Was One-and-Twenty," Cox, p. 404.

The present version was sung in 1934 by Mrs. Eliza Youngs, Greenville.

- 1 It was on a Monday's morning in eighteen hundred and five;
I woke up quite happy to find myself alive;
I geared up my team and my business to pursue;
I went to hauling wood as I used for to do.
- 2 The still house being open and liquor it being free,
When one glass was empty another was filled for me;
Instead of hauling five loads, I didn't haul but four,
For I got so deuced drunk I couldn't haul no more.
- 3 I met an old acquaintance, his name I dare not tell;
He told me that night where there was to be a ball;
Being hard to persuade but at last I did agree
To meet him that night where the fiddle was to play.
- 4 I put the saddle on my back and went to the barn,
And saddled up old Grey, not a-thinking any harm;
I saddled up old Grey and I rode away so still
That I scarcely drew a long breath till I got to Sugar Hill.
- 5 I peeked in every keyhole where I could spy a light
Till my locks were all wet with the dews of the night.
Now, my boys, I'll tell you how the ball it did ovance;
There were four of us good fellows got on the floor to dance.
- 6 Our fiddler he being willin' and his arm it being strong,
He played the "Bows of Ireland," it was full four hours long.
Now, you old ladies that carries the news about,
Don't make it any worse, for it's bad enough without.

7 Now we will go home to our plowboys again; we'll whistle and
we'll sing,

And we never will be caught in such a scrape as that again.
Come, all you young ladies that make such a fuss,
You'll be guilty of the same and perhaps a little bit worse.

FINNIGAN'S WAKE

FOR a nearly identical text of this song see O'Conor, p. 136. See also Eddy, No. 90; *Six Hundred and Seventeen Irish Songs and Ballads*, p. 29; and *The Universal Irish Song Book*, p. 132.

The present version was sung in 1931 by Mr. B. A. Chickering, Belding, who learned the song from his father.

- 1 Tim Finnigan lived in bankers' street;
He's an Irish gentleman, mighty odd;
He's a beautiful brogue, so rich and sweet,
And by profession he carried a hod.
But you see, he'd a sort of tipsy way;
With a love for liquor poor Tim was born,
And to help him through with his work each day
He'd a drop o' the crature every morn.

Chorus

Whack the flure, and dance to your partners!
Welt the flure, your trotters shake!
O isn't it the truth I tell you
There's lots o' fun at Finnigan's wake!

- 2 One morning Tim was rather full,
His head felt heavy, which made him shake;
He fell from the ladder and broke his skull,
And they carried him home his corpse to wake.
They rolled him up in a nice clean sheet
And laid him out upon the bed,
With fourteen candles at his feet
And a barrel of praties at his head.
- 3 His friends assembled at the wake;
Missus Finnigan called up for the lunch;
First they laid in tay and cake,
Then pipe and tobacky and whiskey-punch.
Miss Biddy O'Brien begin to cry,
"Such a beautiful corpse did you ever see?
Arrah, Tim Aberdeen! an' why did you die?"
"Hold your gob," said Judy McGee.

4 Then Peggy O'Connor took up the job,
"Judy," says she, "you're wrong I'm shure."
But Judy she gave her a belt in the gob
And laid her sprawling on the flure.
Each side in war did then engage;
"Twas woman to woman and man to man.
Shilelah-law was all the rage,
An' a bloody ruction soon began.

5 Mickey Mullvaney raised his head
When a bottle of whiskey flew at him.
It missed, and hopping on the bed
The whiskey scattered over Tim.
Bedad, he revives! See how he raises!
And Timothy hopping from the bed
Cried, while he bathered around like blazes,
"Bad luck to your souls, do you think I'm dead?"

CLARENCE McFADEN

SUNG in 1931 by Mrs. John Lambertson, Belding, who learned the song from her uncle when she was a child.

1 Clarence McFaden he wanted to waltz,
But his feet was not gaited that way;
So he saw a professor and stated his case
And said he was willing to pay;
Professor looked down in alarm at his feet,
And he viewed their enormous expanse;
So he tucked on a five to his regular price
For learning McFaden to dance.

Chorus

One, two, three, just balance like me.
Though you're a fairy, you still have your faults.
Your right foot is lazy, your left foot is crazy;
Now don't be unaizy, and I'll teach you to waltz.

2 He took out McFaden before the whole class
And showed him the step once or twice.
McFaden's two feet they got tied in a knot;
Sure he thought he was standing on ice.
At last he got loose and struck out with a will,
Never looking behind or before;
His head it got dizzy, he fell on his face,
And chewed all the wax off the floor.

3 When Clarence had practiced the step for awhile,
Sure, he thought he had got it down fine;
He went to a girl and asked her to dance
And then wheeled her out into line;
He walked on her feet and he fractured her toes
And vowed that her movements were false;
Poor girl went around for two weeks on a crutch
For learning McFaden to waltz.

4 McFaden soon got the step into his head,
But it would not go into his feet;

So he hummed "Dan McGinty"
And counted the steps on the street;
One night he went home to his room to retire
After painting the town a bright red;
He dreamed he was dancing and let out his feet
And kicked the footboards off the bed.

THE OLD MAN

FOR texts and references see Cox, p. 489; Eddy, No. 37; Ford (First Series, 1899), pp. 141-143; Henry, pp. 9-10; David Herd, *Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs* (Edinburgh, 1776), II, 33-34; Johnson, p. 429; Sharp, II, 93-95; and Stout, p. 30.

Version A was communicated by Mrs. Lillian Ammerman, Detroit; she obtained the song from her mother, who was of Scotch descent.

There was an old man came over the lea, Heigh-I, but I won't have him; Came over the lea, a-courting of me, With his old shoes and leggings.

A

- 1 There was an old man came over the lea,
Heigh-I, but I won't have him;
Came over the lea, a-courting of me,
With his old shoes and leggings.
- 2 My mother she told me to go to the door;
I went to the door, and he bowed to the floor.
- 3 My mother she told me to get him some meat;
I gave him some meat, and he ate like a sheep.
- 4 My mother she told me to get him some bread;
I got him some bread, and I wished he was dead.
- 5 My mother she told me to get him some beer;
I got him some beer, and he called me his dear.
- 6 My mother she told me to get him a stool;
I got him a stool, and he looked like a fool.

7 My mother she told me to light him to bed;
I lit him to bed, and he asked me to wed.

8 My mother she told me to lead him to church;
I led him to church, and left him in the lurch.

B

THE OLD MAN THAT CAME OVER THE LEA

Sung in 1931 by Mr. and Mrs. John Lambertson, Belding.

There was an old man came over the lea,
Humph, ha, ha, but I won't have him.
Came over the lea, a-court - ing me, But his
old gray beard want - ed shav - ing.

1 There was an old man came over the lea,
Humph, ha, ha, but I won't have him.
Came over the lea, a-courting me,
But his old gray beard wanted shaving.

2 My mother she told me to sit him a chair;
I sit him a chair, but he looked like a bear.

3 And my mother she told me to take off his hat;
I took off his hat, but he looked like a cat.

4 My mother she told me to take off his coat;
I took off his coat, and he looked like a goat.

5 My mother she told me to light him to bed;
I lit him to bed, and he asked me to wed.

OLD GRUMBLE

For references and an almost identical version see Cox, pp. 455-456, text A. For a Scottish "John Grumlie," the subject of which, according to Ritson as cited in the headnote, dates before 1567, and of which the American song is a variant, see Child, *English and Scottish Ballads*, VIII (1856), 116-121, and a note by G. L. Kittredge, pp. 364-365 of the article by Louise Pound, "Traditional Ballads in Nebraska," *JAFL*, XXVI. See also Flanders and Brown, pp. 104-105; Hudson, *JAFL*, XXXIX, 156-157; Owens, *JAFL*, XLIX, 237-238; and Sharp, II, 265-267.

The present version was communicated by Mrs. William Durfee, Ypsilanti, who as a child had learned the song from her mother in Hillsdale.

- 1 There was an old man who lived in the woods,
As you can plainly see;
He said he could do more work in a day
Than his wife could do in three.
- 2 "By my life!" said the good old wife,
"Since this you do allow,
You may do the work in the house,
And I'll go follow the plow.
- 3 "But you must milk the tiny cow
For fear she will go dry;
And you must feed the little pigs
That are within the sty.
- 4 "And you must watch the speckled hen
Lest she should go astray;
And don't forget the ball of yarn
That I spin every day."
- 5 So the old woman took the stick in her hand
And went to follow the plow;
The old man took the pail on his head
And went to milk the cow.
- 6 But Tiny she winked, and Tiny she blinked,
And Tiny curled up her nose;
She gave the old man such a kick on his shin
That the blood streamed down to his toes.

- 7 "Whoa, Tiny! So, Tiny!
Pretty little cow, stand still!
If ever I milk you again," he said,
"Twill be against my will."
- 8 Then he went to feed the pigs
That were within the sty;
He bumped his nose against a beam
And caused the blood to fly.
- 9 Then he watched the speckled hen,
Lest she should go astray;
But he quite forgot the ball of yarn
His wife spun every day.
- 10 He looked to the east, he looked at the west,
He looked at the setting sun;
He said it had been the longest day
That he had ever known.
- 11 And when his wife came home at night,
He said, "I can plainly see
That you can do more work in a day
Than I can do in three."
- 12 And when he saw how well she plowed
And made the furrows even,
He said she could do more work in a day
Than he could do in seven.

THE WOOING

For references to English and American texts see Cox, pp. 465–466. See also Brewster, *J AFL*, XLIX, 247; Randolph, pp. 216–219; Scarborough, pp. 304–308; and Sharp, II, 249–251.

Version A was sung in 1934 by Mr. E. W. Harns, Greenville, who learned the song in Kalamazoo County, Michigan, about 1860.

A

- 1 "Madam, I have come to marry you
And settle in this town;
My whole estate is worth
Ten thousand pounds,
Which I will will to you,
If you will be my bride."

- 2 "O that's enough for me,
I don't desire you."
.....
.....

- 3 "O madam, I have a very fine house,
All neat and rectified,
Which you may have at your command
If you'll but be my bride."

- 4 "I know you have a very fine house
Besides a clever barn,
But you're too old to think to hold
A bird with a single yarn."

- 5 "O madam, I have a very fine horse,
Whose face is like the tide,
Which you may have at your command
If you'll but be my bride."

- 6 "I know you have a very fine horse,
Which you keep in yonders barn,
But his master likes a glass of wine
For fear his horse might learn."

7 "O madam, I have a very fine field,
 Full fifty acres wide,
 Which you may have at your command
 If you'll but be my bride."

8 "I know you have a very fine field
 And a pasture at the foot,
 And if I had you, I'd turn you in,
 For I'm sure a hog would root."

9 "O madam, you are a scornful dame
 And very hard to please,
 And when you get old and pinched with cold,
 I swear I hope you'll freeze."

10 "And when I get old and pinched with cold,
 'Twon't be you'll keep me warm;
 I'll be single and be free
 And stay as I was born."

B

THE SPANISH MAIDEN

Recited in 1931 by Mr. Clarence C. Chickering, Belding.

1 Yonder stands a handsome maiden;
 Who she is, I do not know;
 But I'll go court her for a beauty
 And let her answer yes or no.
 Whack for the law I-do I-doddy,
 Whack for the law I-do I-day.

2 "My fair maiden, I've come a-courtin'
 Some kind favor for to win;
 If you'll only entertain me,
 I'm quite sure I'll come again.

3 "Madam, I have ships on the ocean,
 Madam, I have houses and land;
 Madam, I have gold and silver,
 And all shall be at your command."

4 "What care I for your ships on the ocean?
What care I for your houses and land?
What care I for your gold and silver?
All care I is a handsome young man."

5 "Madam, you are very saucy;
Madam, you are hard to please.
When you grow old, and the weather grows cold,
I hope to God that you will freeze."

174

AN OLD MAN AND A YOUNG MAN

FOR a somewhat similar text see Eddy, No. 140; Henry, *JAFL*, XLV, 124-125; and Tolman, *JAFL*, XXIX, 188.

The present version was sung in 1934 by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Muchler, Kalkaska.

I would - n't mar - ry an old man, I'll tell you the rea - son why: His face is all to - bac - co juice, His chin is nev - er dry. An old man, an old man, an old man is gray, But a young man's heart is full of love; Go 'way, old man, go 'way.

1 I wouldn't marry an old man,
I'll tell you the reason why:
His face is all tobacco juice;
His chin is never dry.

Chorus

An old man, an old man, an old man is gray,
But a young man's heart is full of love;
Go 'way, old man, go 'way.

2 I'd rather marry a young man
With forty cows to milk;
I would not marry an old man
And dress in satin and silk.

3 I'd rather marry a young man
With an apple in his hand

Than to marry an old man
With all his houses and land.

4 An old man comes moping in,
"I'm tired of my life."
But a young man comes skipping in,
"Kiss me, my dear wife."

A RICH OLD MISER

For a similar text see Eddy, No. 196. Version A was sung in 1935 by Mrs. Allan McClellan, near Bad Axe.



A

- 1 A rich old miser courted me;
His age it was three score and three;
And mine it was scarce seventeen.
I wish his face I ne'er had seen.
Leddy and the day, day good day, ma'am;
Leddy and the day, day good day.
- 2 If e'er with him I do go out
All for to see a friend or foe,
If anyone saluted me,
It would increase his jealousy.
- 3 'Twas one night as he came home;
Like Harry he did rage and foam;
He beat me and he banged me too
Till my two sides were black and blue.
- 4 Early next morning I do declare
Such bitter knocks I could not bear.
As he lay sleeping on his bed,
I broke my ladle right over his head.

- 5 So all young women who has got men
And know not how to conquer them,
I will tell you how I do;
It is with my ladle, and so may you.

B**A RICH MISER**

From the Gernsey manuscript. A text similar to A, with two additional stanzas.

- 6 The girls they will for the young men plead
And say for the ladle there is no need;
But they'll find out unto their sorrow
And have a ladle or two to borrow.
- 7 Come all ye women who have cross men
And don't know how to manage them,
Up with a ladle and hit them a clew;
That's the way to fetch them too.

THE QUAKER SONG

For discussion of an Irish folk song somewhat similar to this dialogue song see Barry, *JAFL*, XXIV, 341-342. For a text and references see Mackenzie, p. 380. See also Brewster, *JAFL*, XLIX, 247, and Eddy, Nos. 119 and 120.

Version A was sung in 1931 by Mrs. Rachel Post, Belding, who learned the song at school, about 1868.

A

1 "Madam, I have come a-courting,
O dear, O dear me.

It's not for pleasure nor for sporting,
O dear, O dear me."¹

2 "You have come at your own desire,
Tee-addle ink-tum, tee-addle lay.
You can sit and court the fire,
Tee-addle ink-tum, tee-addle lay."¹

3 "Here's a ring cost forty shillings,
Thou shalt wear it if thou art willing."

¹ This refrain is repeated in alternate stanzas.

- 4 "What care I for ring or money?
I want a man that'll call me honey."
- 5 "Madam, thou art tall and slender,
And I know thy heart is tender."
- 6 "O you're nothing but a flatterer,
And I never loved a Quaker."
- 7 "O softly I throw my arms around thee,
And with kisses I will crown thee."
- 8 "Son of a gun, don't you come any nigher;
If you do, I'll kick you in the fire."

B

THE QUAKER'S COURTSHIP

Sung in 1934 by Mrs. Charles Muchler, Kalkaska, who learned the song when she was a child.

"Fa-ther sent me here a-court-ing, O, O, O!"

And in truth I am not sport-ing, O, O, O!"

Second stanza—More lively

"You get a job that's good and stead-y,

Tid-dle um-a-dum, tid-dle um-a-dee.

And tell your fa-ther I'm not read-y,

Tid-dle um-a-dum, tid-dle um-a-dee."

- 1 "Father sent me here a-courting,
O, O, O!
And in truth I am not sporting,
O, O, O!" ¹
- 2 "You get a job that's good and steady,
Tiddle um-a-dum, tiddle um-a-dee.
And tell your father I'm not ready,
Tiddle um-a-dum, tiddle um-a-dee." ¹
- 3 "I've a ring worth forty shilling;
You can have it if you're willing."
- 4 "I want neither ring nor money;
I want a man that'll call me honey."
- 5 "Must I leave with my heart broken?
Must I leave without one token?"
- 6 "I guess your heart is made of paper,
And I'll never marry a Quaker."
- 7 "Hast thou no feeling, to keep me kneeling,
My love revealing, day after day?"
- 8 "O hain't you tired of kneeling, your love
revealing?
O stop your squealing, day after day.
- 9 "I'm in love with another, perhaps it is
your brother.
Go home and tell your mother and think
no more of me." ²

¹ This refrain is repeated in alternate stanzas.

² Stanza 9 is sung to the same tune as stanza 8.

C

THE OLD QUAKER

From the Rowell manuscript.

- 1 "O where are you going, you sober old Quaker?
Hi-hum for toddy O.
O where are you going, you sober old Quaker?
Hi-hum for toddy O."¹
- 2 "I am a-courting some fair creature.
Ha, ha, ha, ha!
And can you tell me how to win her?
Ha, ha, ha, ha!"¹
- 3 "Tell her that you truly love her,
That you'll die before you leave her."
- 4 "I had a ring worth forty shilling,
And thou can wear it if thou are willing."
- 5 "I want none of your rings or money;
I want a man that will call me honey."
- 6 "I call you honey and dearie
If thou wilt be my charming Mary."
- 7 "I knew that that would be the fraction,
For that is just a Quaker's actions."
- 8 "If thou didst know how I did love thee,
Thou wouldst not so answer me."
- 9 "Go away, you sober old Quaker,
For I'm a jolly Prespertain."
- 10 "I'll be a Prespertain;
I'll be of thy religion."
- 11 "I would not have you in my church, sir,
For you wear a dirty shirt, sir."

¹ This refrain is repeated in alternate stanzas.

A PAPER OF PINS

For somewhat related English texts see Baring-Gould and Sheppard, pp. 44-45; Halliwell, pp. 234-236; *JFSS*, II, 87-88, and VII, 92; Sharp and Marson, p. 35; and Williams, pp. 80-82. For more similar American texts see Brewster, *J AFL*, XLIX, 260-262; Eddy, No. 34; Flanders and Brown, p. 160; Fuson, pp. 82-85 and 152-153; Henry, *J AFL*, XLV, 118-119; Hudson, *J AFL*, XXXIX, 180-182; Pound, No. 111; Scarborough, pp. 299-304; and Stout, p. 42.

Version A was sung in 1934 by Mrs. Charles Muchler, Kalkaska.

A

- 1 "I'll give to you a paper of pins
If that's the way our love begins,
If you will marry, marry, marry,
If you will marry me."¹
- 2 "I won't accept the paper of pins
If that's the way our love begins,
For I won't marry, marry, marry,
For I won't marry you."¹
- 3 "I'll give to you a gown of red,
All stitched around with golden thread."
- 4 "I won't accept the gown of red,
All stitched around with golden thread."
- 5 "I'll give to you a team of witch,
As many black horses as I can hitch."
- 6 "I won't accept the team of witch,
As many black horses as I can hitch."
- 7 "I'll give to you the key of my heart
That we may love and never part."
- 8 "I won't accept the key of your heart
That we may love and never part."
- 9 "I'll give to you the key of my chest
That you can have money at your own request."

¹ This refrain is repeated in alternate stanzas up to stanza 10.

10 "O I'll accept the key of your chest
That I can have money at my own request,
And I will marry, marry, marry,
And I will marry you."

11 "Ha, ha, ha, money is all,
Woman's love is not at all.
I won't give you the key of my chest
That you can have money at your own request,
For I won't marry, marry, marry,
For I won't marry you."

B

Sung in 1931 by Mrs. Rachel Post, Belding, who learned the song from hearing it at a school picnic about 1865.

A text of nine stanzas similar to parts of A, except for the offer of "a coach and six with every horse as black as pitch."

COMMON BILL

For text and references see Tolman and Eddy, *JAFL*, XXXV, 363-364. See also Eddy, No. 49; Hudson, p. 107; Sandburg, pp. 62-63; Scarborough, pp. 308-310; and Stout, p. 90.

The present version was sung in 1934 by Mrs. Charles Muchler, Kalkaska, who learned the song from her older sisters when she was about nine years old.

I will tell you of a fellow, of a fellow I have seen.
 He is neither white or yellow, but is altogether green;
 His name it is not charming, it is only common Bill.
 He wishes me to marry him, but I hardly think I will;
 hard - ly think I will;
 He wishes me to marry him, but I hardly think I will.

- 1 I will tell you of a fellow, of a fellow I have seen.
 He is neither white or yellow, but is altogether green;
 His name it is not charming, it is only common Bill.
 He wishes me to marry him, but I hardly think I will;
 He wishes me to marry him, but I hardly think I will.
- 2 He came last night to see me, and he made so long a stay
 That I began to think the blockhead never meant to go away;
 At first I learned to hate him, and I think I hate him still;
 He wishes me to marry him, but I hardly think I will.

- 3 He told me of a cottage, of a cottage by the sea,
And don't you think the silly goat fell down upon his knees?
And the tears that the creature shed was enough to turn a mill;
He wishes me to marry him, but I hardly think I will.
- 4 He wrote to me a letter, and in it he did say
That if I did not marry him, he would throw himself away.
Now you know the blessed Bible surely says, "Thou must
not kill."
So I thought the matter over, and I rather think I will.

A SCOLDING WIFE

For a stanza similar to the chorus of this little ditty see stanza 1, version A of the Child ballad "Our Goodman," Sharp, I, 267. This song is slightly similar in rhythm and thought to "McCarty's Widow," Dean, p. 93.

Version A was sung in 1931 by Mr. Henry Smith, Belding.

I mar - ried me a scold - ing wife some
 twen - ty years a - go, And ev - er since I've lived a life of
 mis - er - y and woe; My
 wife is such a ty - - rant that
 out the house or in She would
 kick me to the div - il for a
 drop or two of gin. O she
 wor - ries me, she hur - ries me; It
 is her heart's de - light To bang me with the fire shov - el
 'Round the room at night.

Chorus

A

- 1 I married me a scolding wife some twenty years ago,
And ever since I've lived a life of misery and woe;
My wife is such a tyrant that out the house or in
She would kick me to the devil for a drop or two of gin.

Chorus

O she worries me, she hurries me;
It is her heart's delight
To bang (!) me with the fire shovel
'Round the room at night.

- 2 When I come home at night, thinks I, "I'll go to bed";
When scarcely on my pillow one minute laid my head,
Then like a roaring lion she opened the door;
She pulled me out of bed and slammed me on the floor.

B

Sung in 1931 by Mr. Hugh Campbell, Belding. A fragment similar to parts of A.

RUSTY OLD ROVER

SUNG in 1931 by Mrs. Edna Nummer Mercer, Belding.

- 1 They call me Rusty Old Rover,
Right from the city of Kent,
And so I deplored to come over
And set myself down to repent.
With my twink, twink, twinkle I-twaddle,
With my twink, twink, twinkle I-twee.
With a hove 'er and a pove 'er and a laddle,
Whack fi-diddle-o-day.
- 2 I met my old woman one morning,
She thought she would stand me a fight.
I gave her a douse in the millpond
And cautiously bade her good night.

ME FATHER IS A LAWYER IN ENGLAND

FOR texts with a stanza similar to stanza 2 of A see Ford (First Series, 1899), p. 229; Sandburg, p. 381; and Williams, p. 226.

Version A was sung in 1931 by Mr. B. A. Chickering, Belding.

Me fa - ther's a law - yer in Eng - land, Me

moth - er's a jus - tice of peace, Me

sis - ter's a shak - er and an ap - ple pie bak - er; She

Chorus

makes them of tal - ler and grease. To - me -

fang, to - me - fang, fang - o - lear - y; To - me -

fang, to - me - fang, fang - o - lay, To - me -

hoot - tee - toot, hoot - tee - toot, lar - ry; To - me -

whack, fal - dee - did - dle al - a - day, To - me -

whack, fal - dee - did - dle al - dc - day.

A

I Me father's a lawyer in England,
Me mother's a justice of peace,

Me sister's a shaker and an apple pie baker;
She makes them of taller and grease.

Chorus

To-me-fang, to-me-fang, fang-o-leary;
To-me-fang, to-me-fang, fang-o-lay,
To-me-hoot-tee-toot, hoot-tee-toot, larry;
To-me-whack, fal-dee-diddle al-a-day,
To-me-whack, fal-dee-diddle al-de-day.

- 2 Me father is a hedger and ditcher,
Me mother does nothing but spin;
Me sister is a shaker and an apple pie maker.
O how the money comes in.

- 3 Me wife she is dirty, she is nasty;
She is lousy and itchy and black.
She is a divil for fighting and scolding;
Her tongue goes clickety-clack.

B

THE POOR TAILOR'S HIGH RELATIONS

Sung in 1935 by Mrs. Charles Muchler, Kalkaska, who as a child learned the song from her older brother; he would sit cross-legged on the floor and go through the motions of sewing to amuse her and the other children as he sang.

My fa - ther's a bish - op in Lon - don, My
 broth - er's a jus - tice of peace, My sis - ter's an ap - ple pic
 ba - ker, She will ask us all home to the
 feast. *Chorus* Ti - ink - ti - a - jol - ly - wol - ly -
 di - do, Ti - ink - ti - a - jol - ly - wol - ly -
 dee, Ti - ink - ti - a - jol - ly - wol - ly -
 di - do, In - din, in - din, my knee.

i My father's a bishop in London,
 My brother's a justice of peace,
 My sister's an apple pie baker,
 She will ask us all home to the feast.

Chorus

Ti-ink-ti-a-jolly-wolly-dido,
 Ti-ink-ti-a-jolly-wolly-dee,
 Ti-ink-ti-a-jolly-wolly-dido,
 Indin, indin, my knee.

- 2 My mother's a lady in waiting,
She's stately and wears a gold ring;
While I am a poor tailor in London,
I stitch all the day for a living.
- 3 Hub-bub bub-boo, I'm in trouble,
Hub-bub bub-boo, I'm in grief;
My Docie has got the black measles,
And I'm afraid they will settle in her teeth.

MY GOOD-LOOKIN' MAN

For a similar text, one stanza shorter, see Henry, *JAFL*, XLV, 122-124. The present version is reprinted from Mr. Russell Gore, *The Detroit News*, April 29, 1934, pp. 7, 10.

- 1 When I was scarce sixteen years of age,
A damsel in my prime,
I really thought of a wedded life
And just so at that time.
I really thought of a wedded life,
And just so at that time.
- 2 I gazed upon a blooming youth;
To marry was my plan,
And very soon I married was
To my good-lookin' man.
- 3 But scarce three weeks we'd married been,
One Sunday afternoon,
As the sun went down and the ground shone
dark,
Out went our honeymoon.
- 4 My husband by himself walked out;
To follow was my plan,
And very soon a lady I spied,
With my good-lookin' man.
- 5 Their kiss was sweet embrace of love,
Long stories they did tell;
Says I, "Young man, when you come home,
I'll tan your hide right well."
- 6 They didn't discover me at once,
As you should understand;
So home I went just for to wait
For my good-lookin' man.
- 7 Just as the clock was striking ten
My gentleman walked in,

And I kindly says, "Why, William, dear,
Wherever have you been?"

- 8 "To church," says he. "You lie," says I,
"No rogue is in this plan."
And away I smashed the rolling pin
On my good-lookin' man.
- 9 I blacked his eye and broke his nose;
In ringlets tore his clothes.
The next I took a poker stick
And laid it across his nose.
- 10 As black as any chimney sweep
And out of doors he ran,
But there wasn't another fell in love
With my good-lookin' man.
- 11 O come all ye wives and maidens, too,
From low and high degree;
If any of you such a husband get,
Pitch into him like me.

BACHELOR'S HALL

FOR somewhat similar texts see Fuson, p. 133, and Sharp, II, 205-206. The present version was sung in 1935 by Mrs. Allan McClellan, near Bad Axe, who learned the song from her older sister.

When young girls get mar - ried, their pleas - ure is all gone; They
doubt on their pros - pects, their trou - bles come on; They've a
hus - band to brawl and chil - dren to squall, Which
makes the girls' fac - es grow with - ered and old.

- 1 When young girls get married, their pleasure is all gone;
They doubt on their prospects, their troubles come on;
They've a husband to brawl and children to squall,
Which makes the girls' faces grow withered and old.
- 2 The young girls get sleepy; they rise up and say,
"O boys, I am sleepy, I wish you would go away!"
Those false-hearted lovers, O how I do scorn!
Before they get home they will sleep in some barn.
- 3 It's early next morning when they will arise,
They'll brush off the snow, and they'll wipe out their
eyes.
They'll saddle their horses, and away they will ride
Like a box of new diamonds, all picked up with pride.
- 4 It's when they get home, they will stagger and reel,
Saying, "Curse on those girls, how sleepy I feel!"
It is better for those men to court none at all,
For those that are single to keep bachelor's hall.

442 Ballads and Songs of Michigan

5 Bachelor's hall, I vow it is best.
Be drunk or be sober, you're always at rest.
You've no wife to be bawling, no children to squall,
O happy is the man that keeps bachelor's hall.

HARD TIMES

WITH a theme which permits of wide variation in application, this song is a curious composite. Stanzas 1 and 7 are analogous to stanzas 1 and 6 in Lomax, pp. 103-105; stanzas 2, 5, and 7, to stanzas 9, 10, and 13 in Cox, pp. 511-513. Cox gives references to English and American broadsides and collections, no text of which corresponds closely with the Michigan form.

The present version was obtained in 1934 by Mrs. Maude Simpson, Detroit, from the singing of her grandfather, Mr. Seth Evilsizer, Alger; he had learned the song from Mr. John Gibson, Alma, Michigan, during Grover Cleveland's administration.

Come lis - ten a while and give
 ear to my song Con - cern - ing these hard times, it
 won't take you long; How the peo - ple each oth - er they
 try for to bite, And in cheat - ing each oth - er they
 think they do right, they think they do right; And
 so it is hard times wher - ev - er you go.

- 1 Come listen a while and give ear to my song
 Concerning these hard times, it won't take you long;
 How the people each other they try for to bite,
 And in cheating each other they think they do right, they
 think they do right;
 And so it is hard times wherever you go.
- 2 The baker he'll cheat you in the bread that you eat,
 And so will the butcher in the weight of his meat;

He'll tip up his scales and make them go down,
And he'll swear it is weight when it lacks half a pound, it
lacks half a pound;
And so it is hard times wherever you go.

- 3 The miller he'll tell you he'll grind for your toll
And do the work as well as he can for his soul;
But when your back's turned, and the dish in his fist,
He'll give you the toll and himself keep the grist, himself
keep the grist;
And so it is hard times wherever you go.
- 4 The landlord he'll feed your horse oats, corn, and hay,
And when your back's turned, he will take them away.
For oats he'll give chaff, and for corn he'll give bran,
And yet he will holler, "I'm too honest a man, too honest
a man";
And so it is hard times wherever you go.
- 5 The tinker he'll tell you he'll mend all your ware
For a little or nothing, some ale, or some beer;
Before he begins, he'll get half drunk or more
And in mending one hole he will punch twenty more, will
punch twenty more;
And so it is hard times wherever you go.
- 6 Next is the ladies, the sweet little dears,
So fine at the balls and the parties appear,
With whalebones and corsets themselves they will squeeze
Till you'll have to unlace them before they can sneeze, before
they can sneeze;
And so it is hard times wherever you go.
- 7 The doctor he'll tell you he'll cure all your ills
With his puffs and his powders, his syrups and squills;
He'll give you a dose that will make you grow fat,
Or he'll give you a dose that will leave you but your boots
and your hat, your boots and your hat;
And so it is hard times wherever you go.
- 8 You've listened a while and give ear to my song,
Therefore you can't say I've sung anything wrong.

If there's anyone here from my song takes offense,
They can go to the devil and seek recompense, and seek
 recompense;
And so it is hard times wherever you go.

185

THE THREE JEWS

For a text from Newfoundland, somewhat similar but with many minor variations, see Greenleaf and Mansfield, pp. 357-358.

The present version was sung by Mrs. Geraldine Chickering, Detroit, who learned the song from hearing it sung by young people in Kalkaska, about 1920.

- 1 Once upon a time there were three Jews,
Once upon a time there were three Jews,
Three-ee-ee-ee Jew, Jew, Jews,
Three-ee-ee-ee Jew, Jew, Jews,
Once upon a time there were three Jews.
- 2 First one's name was Abraham,
First one's name was Abraham,
A-a-bra-ah-ham, ham, ham,
A-a-bra-ah-ham, ham, ham,
First one's name was Abraham.
- 3 Second one's name was Iziack,
I-ee-zi-ee-ack, ack, ack.
- 4 Third one's name was Isadore,
I-is-a-a-dore, dore, dore.
- 5 First they went to Jeruslam,
Je-ee-ru-u-slam, slam, slam.
- 6 Then they went to Jericho,
Je-er-i-i-cho, cho, cho.
- 7 Then they went to Amsterdam,
A-am-ster-er-dam, dam, dam.

JOHNSON'S MULE

For a very similar, but longer, text see Pound, No. 103. The present version was sung in 1935 by Mr. Otis Evilsizer, Alger; obtained by his daughter, Mrs. Maude Simpson, Detroit.

- 1 Old Johnson had a big gray mule;
He drove him around in a cart.
He loved that mule and the mule loved him
With all his mulish heart.
The rooster crowed and Johnson knew
That day was going to break;
So he curried that mule with a three-legged stool,
And he smoothed him down with a rake;
And then that mule would say, "Heehaw!"
And he smoothed him down with a rake.
- 2 He fed that mule on old boot legs
And hunks of yellow clay,
Some shavings and some wooden pegs,
That was his oats and hay.
• • • • •
• • • • •
• • • • •
• • • • •
- 3 One day the mule was going across the field,
And he found an old hoop skirt;
He commenced at once to make a meal
On old rusty wire and dirt.
That night he took a fever,
And it settled in his feet;
Before next morn the mule had gone
To walk in the golden street;
And then that mule would say, "Heehaw!"
And he smoothed him down with a hoe.

THE HISTORIAN

THIS is a version of what Sandburg, pp. 330-331, calls "a vest pocket encyclopedia." It is slightly suggestive of "Darky Sunday School," Lomax and Lomax, pp. 351-354.

The present version was obtained by Mrs. Lillian Ammerman, Detroit, from a Negro boy of fifteen in the Detention Home, Detroit. He had learned the song from hearing it sung in "jungles" where he had stayed.

I was born a hun - dred thou - sand years a-
 go, And there's not a thing in his - t'ry I don't
 know. I saw Pe - ter, Paul, and Mo - ses play - ing
 "Ring A - round the Ro - ses," And I'll
 shoot the guy who says it is - n't so.

- 1 I was born a hundred thousand years ago,
 And there's not a thing in hist'ry I don't know.
 I saw Peter, Paul, and Moses playing "Ring Around the
 Roses,"
 And I'll shoot the guy who says it isn't so.
- 2 I saw Absalom hanging by his hair;
 When they built the wall of China, I was there.
 I saved King Solomon's life; so he offered me a wife.
 I said, "Now you're talking business, have a chair."
- 3 I saw Adam and Eve a-driven from their door;
 I'm the guy that picked the fig leaves that they wore.
 While the apple they were eating, I was 'round the
 corner peeking;
 I can prove that I'm the guy that ate the core.

4 If you don't believe that what I say is true,
What difference does it really make to you?
I'm just shooting you this line for to pass away the time,
And now I'm going to quit because I'm through.



NURSERY



AN OLD AND A NEW SINGER

IX. Nursery

188

GIFTS FROM OVER THE SEA

For texts similar to the Michigan forms and a discussion of this riddle song from the fifteenth century see Child, I, 415, and Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, p. 99, note. See also Eddy, No. 4; Henry, p. 25; Sharp, II, 190-191; and Tolman, *JAFL*, XXIX, 157-158.

Version A was sung in 1934 by Mr. Charles Muchler, Kalkaska, who learned the song about 1879.

I had four brothers over the sea,
Perry merry dinctum dominee;
And each sent a present unto me;
Partum, quartum, perry dee centum,
Perry merry dinctum dominee.

A

- 1 I had four brothers over the sea,
Perry merry dinctum dominee;
And each sent a present unto me;
Partum, quartum, perry dee centum,
Perry merry dinctum dominee.
- 2 One sent a cherry that had no stone,
One sent a chicken without any bone.
- 3 The next sent a blanket without any thread,
And the next sent a book that couldn't be read.

- 4 When the cherry's in the blossom, it has no stone,
When the chicken's in the egg, it has no bone.
- 5 When the wool's on the sheep, it has no thread,
When the book's on the press, it can't be read.

B

Sung in 1937 by Miss Helen Crane, Detroit. She learned the song from her father when she was a child in Hillsdale.

A text of five stanzas, practically identical with A.

THE FROG'S COURTSHIP

KITTREDGE notes, *JAFL*, XXXV, 394-399, that the earliest record of this song, if it really is the same, is the mention in Wedderburn's *Complaint of Scotland*, 1549, according to which one of the songs sung by the shepherds was "The frog cam to the myl dur." The first certain record is the licensing to Edward White at Stationers' Hall in 1580 of "A Moste Strange Weddinge of the ffrogge and the mowse." For further history of the song and for a reprint of the first traditional version including the wedding guest feature see L. W. Payne, Jr., "Some Texas Versions of 'The Frog's Courting,'" *PTFLS*, V, 5-48. This song, which has been very popular and which has been used as a nursery and game song, has many variations. For British texts see William Chappell, *Old English Popular Music* (London, 1893), I, 142; Halliwell, pp. 110-112; *JFSS*, II, 226-227; *JFSS*, IV, 22; Thomas Lyle, *Ancient Ballads and Songs* (London, 1827), p. 65; and Williams, p. 133. For other references and American texts see Allsopp, II, 194; Eddy, No. 39; Greenleaf and Mansfield, p. 90; Henry, *JAFL*, XLII, 297-300; Hudson, *JAFL*, XXXIX, 166-167; Mackenzie, pp. 373-374; Scarborough, pp. 244-248; Sharp, II, 312-323; Stout, pp. 30-32; Thomas W. Talley, *Negro Folk Rhymes* (New York, 1922), pp. 190-195; and Newman White, *American Negro Folk Songs* (Cambridge, 1928), p. 218. See also Lomax and Lomax, pp. 310-313.

Version A was sung in 1935 by Mrs. Charles Muchler, Kalkaska; as a child she learned the song from an older sister.

There was a frog lived in a well, O lit - tle a - way O! There was a frog lived in a well, O lit - tle a! There was a frog lived in a well, He fell in love with black - eyed Sal, O lit - tle a - way O, O lit - tle a!

A

I There was a frog lived in a well,
O little away O!

There was a frog lived in a well,
O little a!

There was a frog lived in a well,
He fell in love with black-eyed Sal,
O little away O,
O little a!

- 2 The frog went out to take a ride,
His sword and pistol by his side.
- 3 He rode up to the mouse's hall,
And there so loudly he did call.
- 4 The mouse came out and said, "Come in,
And I will teach you how to spin."
- 5 The frog sat down close by her side
And asked her to be his bride.
- 6 "That question I can't answer yet
Until I see my Uncle Rat."
- 7 So Uncle Rat when he came home
Says, "Who's been here since I been gone?"
- 8 "A very nice young gentleman,
Who says he will have me if he can."
- 9 Uncle Rat he grinned and smiled
To think his niece had been such a child.
- 10 The very next day he went to town
To buy his niece a wedding gown.
- 11 The mouse was dressed in ivy green;
She looked as well as any queen.
- 12 O where will the wedding supper be?
Across the lake in a hollow tree.
- 13 The frog he swam across the lake,
And there got swallowed by a snake.

14 And that was the last of the frog and mouse;
They never got to keeping house.

15 The ancient book lies on the shelf;
If you want any more, just sing it yourself.

B

FROG WENT A-COURTIN'

Sung in 1935 by Mr. Otis Evilsizer, Alger.

Frog went a - court - in', he did ride, Um-
hm. Frog went a - court - in', he did ride, With a
sword and pis - tol by his side, Um - hm.

1 Frog went a-courtin', he did ride,
Um-hm.

Frog went a-courtin', he did ride,
With a sword and pistol by his side,
Um-hm.

2 Rode up to Miss Mousie's door,
Sat right down on Miss Mousie's floor.

3 Took Miss Mousie on his knee,
And said, "Miss Mousie, will you marry me?"

4 Father Rat he went to town
To buy Miss Mousie's wedding gown.

5 Grandpa Rat came down that day;
He came to give the bride away.

6 "O where shall the wedding supper be?"
"Way down yonder in a hollow tree."

7 "What shall the wedding supper be?"
"A black-eyed pea and a cup o' tea."

8 The first came in was Mr. Snake,
And he brought the wedding cake.

9 Next came in was Mr. Flea,
Bow and fiddle upon his knee.

10 Next came in was Mr. Tick,
Ate so much it made him sick.

11 Next came in was Dr. Fly,
Said, "Mr. Tick, you're going to die."

C

A FROGGIE DID A-COURTING GO

Sung in 1935 by Mr. Charles Bunting, Alger. A text of six stanzas.

A frog - gie did a - court - ing go,
 Jer - ry - jum, jum - ble - jee, A frog - gie did a -
 court - ing go, jer - ry - jum. A frog - gie did a -
 court - ing go Wheth - er his moth - er would
 let him or no, Hi -
 tit - er - y, ith - er - y, um, bum, bum, bum, bum.

*D***A FROG WENT A-COURTIN'**

Sung in 1931 by Mr. Ben Bower, Belding, who learned the song when a child in Tompkins County, New York.

A text of eleven stanzas.

*E***MASTER FROG WENT A-COURTING**

Communicated by Mrs. Ned Lambertson, Detroit, who obtained the song from her mother, Mrs. William Darling, Blanchard, Michigan. Mrs. Darling learned it from her mother.

A text of eight stanzas.

*F***A FROG WENT A-COURTING**

Sung in 1934 by Mrs. Jennie Myer, visiting in Belding, from Cleveland, Ohio. A text of eight stanzas.

*G***FROG WENT A-COURTING**

Communicated by Miss Mabel Tuggle, Detroit, who had learned the song from hearing it when she was a child in Concord Depot, Virginia.

A text of eleven stanzas.

*H***A FROG HE WOULD A-WOOING GO**

Obtained by Miss Ruth Barnes, Ypsilanti, from the singing of Mrs. Charles Cleary, Ypsilanti.

A text of six stanzas.

THE DARBY RAM

THIS "lying-song" is widely distributed in the British Isles and America. For English and American references see a note by G. L. Kittredge, p. 173 of the article by Hudson, "Notes on a Lying-Song," *JAFL*, XXXIX. Phillips Barry, "Some Traditional Songs," *JAFL*, XVIII, 51-54, mentions the tradition that George Washington sang this song to the children of Chief Justice Ellsworth (see Michigan B). Ford (First Series, 1899), p. 125, suggests that the song was composed in the time of the feudal laws by a prisoner who had been condemned to death and who was promised a pardon should he compose a song without a grain of truth in it. For other texts see Joanna Colcord, *Roll and Go* (Indianapolis, 1924), pp. 68-69; Eddy, No. 69; Flanders and Brown, pp. 100-101; Fuson, p. 58; Henry, *JAFL*, XLV, 44-46; Sharp, II, 184-187; and Truitt, *JAFL*, XXXVI, 377.

Version A was sung in 1934 by Mrs. Charles Muchler, Kalkaska.

There was a ram in Darby town, Most
 won-drous to be - hold; If he is worth a
 cent, they say, He is worth a ton of gold. *Tom - my*
Chorus
 fol, lol, link - tum, Di - de fol, lol, link - tum day.

A

1 There was a ram in Darby town,
 Most wondrous to behold;
 If he is worth a cent, they say,
 He is worth a ton of gold.

Chorus

Tommy fol, lol, linktum,
 Di-de fol, lol, linktum day.

2 This ram he had wool on his back
 That reached up to the sky;

The eagles built their nests in it;
We heard the young ones cry.

- 3 This ram he had a pair of horns
That reached up to the moon;
A man went up in February
And never came down till June.
- 4 This ram he had a pair of tusks
That reached unto the ground,
And they were sent to London
For thirty thousand pounds.
- 5 And when they fed this ram,
They fed him twice a day,
And every time they fed him, sir,
He eat a ton of hay.
- 6 And when they watered this ram,
They watered him twice a day,
And every time they watered him, sir,
He drank the creek away.
- 7 Now if you don't believe me,
And think I tell a lie,
Just go down to Darby town
And see the same as I.

B

Sung in 1935 by Mr. W. F. Gibbs, Alger, who learned the song in New York State while fishing with other boys. Mr. Gibbs said that this was the only song that George Washington ever sang.

- 1 As I went down to Darby
All on a market's day,
I saw one of the finest rams, sir,
That was ever fed on hay.

Chorus

Perhaps you think I'm joking,
Perhaps you think I lie,

But if you had been to Darby,
You'd have seen him as well as I.
Hi me dilly me darby O,
Hi me dilly me dee,
Hi me dilly me darby O,
Ho the dondell ee.

- 2 The wool upon that ram, sir,
Reached to the sky,
And the eagles built their nests there,
For I heard the young ones cry.
- 3 The horns upon that ram, sir,
They reached to the moon;
A man went up in January,
And he didn't get back till June.
- 4 The fleece of that ram, sir,
Was much larger than a load of hay;
It took four and twenty men
To roll it away.
- 5 The butcher of that ram, sir,
He got drownded in the blood;
And lots more of good Christian people
Got carried off in the flood.
- 6 The man that owned that ram, sir,
He got most awful rich;
But the man that made up that song, sir,

C

Sung in 1935 by Mr. Charles Bunting, Alger. A text of six stanzas, similar to B.

As I went down to Darby All on a market's day, I saw one of the finest rams, sir, That was ever fed on hay. O may-be you don't believe it And may-be you think I lie, But if you go down to Darby's town They'll tell you the same as I.

Chorus

O may-be you think I lie, But if you go down to Darby's town They'll tell you the same as I.

D

THE DERBY SHEEP

Sung in 1916 by Mrs. William Durfee, Ypsilanti; she had learned the song in childhood from her father, who was English-born. A text of six stanzas, very similar to B.

191

OLD SHEEP WENT TO SLEEP

COMMUNICATED by Mrs. William Durfee, Ypsilanti, who had learned the song in her childhood from her mother in Hillsdale.

- 1 Old sheep went to sleep
And left the lambs a-feeding;
Little mouse jumped over the house
And set his nose a-bleeding.
- 2 Old mare kicked the bear,
Set the colts a-prancing;
Little pig fiddled a jig
And set the hogs a-dancing.
- 3 Old goat jumped into a boat,
Set the kids a-rowing;
Old cock flew on the rock,
Split his throat a-crowing.
- 4 Old goose broke loose,
Had a tearing frolic;
Little chick was taken sick
And died of bilious colic.

THE FOX AND THE GOOSE

For texts similar to the Michigan version see Eddy, No. 81; Flanders and Brown, pp. 119-120; Fuson, pp. 181-182; Stout, pp. 42-44; and Truitt, *JAF*, XXXVI, 377-378. For a somewhat similar song and for English and American references see Cox, pp. 474-475.

The present version of this song was copied from a notebook in which Mrs. Edythe Woodbeck, Cleveland, Ohio, had written songs which she knew when she lived in Greenville, Michigan.

- 1 A fox one night when the moon shone bright
Prayed for the moon to afford more light;
He had many miles to travel that night
Before he reached the town O, town O, town O.
He had many miles to travel that night
Before he reached the town O, town O, town O.
- 2 When he reached the farmer's yard,
The ducks and geese were much afeared.
"The best of you shall grease my beard
Before I leave the town O, town O, town O."
- 3 Old Mother Widdle Waddle jumped out of bed,
And out of the window she popped her head,
"John, John, John, the gray goose is dead,
And the fox has come to the town O, town O,
town O."
- 4 John ran up to the top of the hill,
And blew his bugle loud and shrill;
"Ha, ha," said the fox, "there's music still,
But we are safe in the town O, town O, town O."
- 5 He threw her over across his back;
He made her go "Quack, quack, quack."
And her feet hung dangling down O, down O,
down O.
- 6 He carried her off into his den
Where he had children nine or ten.
He ripped her up without knife or fork
While the young ones picked her bones O,
bones O, bones O.

193

AUNT TABBIE

For texts of this nursery song, which vary mainly in length, see Mellinger E. Henry, "Nursery Rhymes and Game Songs from Georgia," *JAFL*, XI.VII, 336; Lomax and Lomax, pp. 305-306; Perrow, *JAFL*, XXVI, 130; and Scarborough, *On the Trail of Negro Folk-Songs*, pp. 8, 195-196. For texts including the opening stanza of Michigan A see the Michigan text of "The Fox and the Goose" (stanza 3) and references, p. 405.

Version A was sung in 1931 by Mrs. Elmer Jencks, Kalkaska.

A

- 1 Old Mother Slipper-Slopper jumped out of bed,
Ran to the window, said, "O John, the old gray
goose is dead!"
- 2 "Go tell Aunt Tabbie, go tell Aunt Tabbie,
Go tell Aunt Tabbie the old gray goose is dead!"
- 3 "One she'd been saving, one she'd been saving,
One she'd been saving to make a feather bed.
- 4 "Died in the garden, died in the garden,
Died in the garden for the want of bread."

B

Sung in 1931 by Mrs. C. C. Chickering, Belding.

A three-stanza text, with stanzas 1 and 2 almost identical with stanzas 2 and 3 of A. Stanza 3 follows:

- 3 Died in the woodshed, died in the woodshed,
Died in the woodshed eating a crust of bread.

194

OLD GRIMES

THIS is a fragment of a song in Cox, p. 490. As in the Cox version, the first stanza belongs to the well-known poem by Albert Gordon Greene.

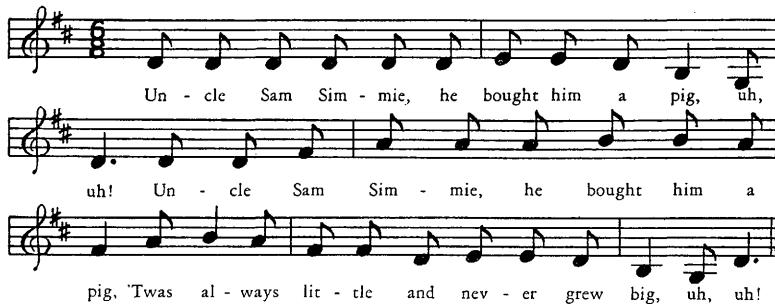
The fragment given here was obtained by Miss Ruth Barnes, Ypsilanti, from the singing of Mrs. Charles Cleary, Ypsilanti.

- 1 Old Grimes is dead, that good old soul,
We ne'er shall see him more.
He used to wear an old gray coat,
All buttoned down before.
- 2 Old Grimes he had an old gray hen,
You'd better let her be;
She used to lay two eggs a day,
And Sunday she laid three.

UNCLE SAM SIMMIE

For texts and English and American references to other versions of this old English rhyme see Cox, pp. 496-497, and Sharp, II, 343-344. See also Lomax and Lomax, pp. 308-310.

The present version was communicated by Mrs. William Durfee, Ypsilanti; as a child she had learned the song from her mother, who lived near Hillsdale, Michigan.



- 1 Uncle Sam Simmie, he bought him a pig, uh, uh!
Uncle Sam Simmie, he bought him a pig,
'Twas always little and never grew big, uh, uh!
- 2 He put his pig into the sty, uh, uh!
He put his pig into the sty,
When the old woman was standing by, uh, uh!
- 3 Once he went out to feed his pig, uh, uh!
Once he went out to feed his pig,
And there he found his pig was dead, uh, uh!
- 4 The old man grieved himself to death, uh, uh!
The old man grieved himself to death,
Because he couldn't catch his breath, uh, uh!
- 5 The old woman, she died soon after, uh, uh!
The old woman, she died soon after,
She hung herself on the rafter, uh, uh!
- 6 The singing book lies on the shelf, uh, uh!
The singing book lies on the shelf,
If you want any more, you can sing it yourself,
uh, uh!

THE WONDERFUL CROCODILE

For a British text somewhat similar to the Michigan variant see Ashton, pp. 147-149. For a Vermont text see Flanders and Brown, pp. 168-170.

The present version was sung in 1934 by Mrs. Charles Lambertson, Belding, who learned the song from her father, Mr. Montgomery Spaulding. He learned it, when a small boy, from a very old man in New York State.

Come all ye landsmen, far and near,
And go unto the Nile,
For there you'll see or else you'll hear
Of the shell of a crocodile.

Chorus

O whack valorum, borum jig,
Whack valorum bow.
Tum a diddle, diddle, diddle, diddle,
Dorum jig,
Ri tum a nerum jo.

I Come all ye landsmen, far and near,
And go unto the Nile,
For there you'll see or else you'll hear
Of the shell of a crocodile.

Chorus

O whack valorum, borum jig,
Whack valorum bow.
Tum a diddle, diddle, diddle, diddle,
Dorum jig,
Ri tum a nerum jo.

- 2 I had not sailed far on the sea
Nor very far on the ocean,
Before I saw some great big thing
Put this whole thing in motion.
- 3 When I sailed up to this big thing,
I found 'twas a crocodile;
From the tip of his head to the tip of his tail
'Twas just a thousand mile.
- 4 Then there came up a gale of wind,
'Twas blowing from the south.
It took me out of that tall tree
Right into that crocodile's mouth.
- 5 The crocodile closed his jaws on me,
And he thought he had his victim,
But I walked straight down his throat, you see,
And that's the way I tricked him.
- 6 I traveled on for a mile or two,
Of victuals I found a plenty;
And there I lived three years or more,
Very well contented.
- 7 And now this crocodile grew very old,
Of this and that he died.
He was six months a-getting cold,
He was so long and wide.
- 8 His hide was six miles thick, I'm sure,
Or somewherees thereabout,
For I was fourteen months or more
Makin' a little hole to get out.

THE MONKEY'S WEDDING

THIS song, which lends itself readily to improvisation, has many variations in the different texts. For texts longer than the Michigan one see Richardson, pp. 86-87, and Sandburg, p. 113. See also *The Franklin Square Song Collection*, VII, 120; Scarborough, *On the Trail of Negro Folk-Songs*, p. 180; and Spaeth, *Read 'Em and Weep*, p. 79.

The present version was recited in 1931 by Mrs. Sylvester Chickering, Belding, who probably learned the song from her husband, since her sons remember hearing him sing it.

- 1 The monkey married the baboon's sister;
He smacked his lips, and then he kissed her;
He kissed so hard he raised a blister,
And she set up a yell.
- 2 And what do you think the bride was dressed in?
Pink silk dress and a green glass breast pin,
Pink toed shoes, and she was quite interestin',
And she was quite a belle.
- 3 And the groom he wore a high shirt collar,
And black silk sox that cost a dollar,
And large false whiskers the fashion to follow;
And he was quite a swell.
- 4 And what do you think they had for supper?
Black-eyed peas and bread and butter,
Ducks in the duck house all in a flutter,
And pickled oysters, too.
- 5 And what do you think they had for a fiddle?
An old banjo with a hole in the middle;
A tambourine made out of a riddle,
And that's the end of my song.

198

ANIMAL SONG

RECORDED and sung in 1935 by Mr. Marshall Wheatley, Detroit; he had learned the song from hearing his father sing it about fifty years earlier.

Al - li - ga - tor, hedge - hog, ant - eat - er, bear,
Rat - tle - snake, buf - fa - lo, an - a - con - da, hare.

- 1 Alligator, hedgehog, anteater, bear,
Rattlesnake, buffalo, anaconda, hare.
- 2 Bullfrog, woodchuck, wolverine, goose,
Whippoorwill, chipmunk, jackal, moose.
- 3 Mud turtle, whale, glowworm, bat,
Salamander, snail, Maltese cat.
- 4 Black squirrel, coon, opossum, wren,
Red squirrel, loon, South Guinea hen.
- 5 Polecat, dog, wild otter, rat,
Pelican, hog, dodo, bat.
- 6 Eagle, kingeron, sheep, duck, and widgeon,
Conger, armadillo, beaver, seal, pigeon.
- 7 Reindeer, blacksnake, ibex, nightingale,
Martin, wild drake, crocodile, and quail.
- 8 House rat, tosrat, white bear, doe,
Chickadee, peacock, bobolink, and crow.

THE HEN AND THE DUCK

SUNG in 1934 by Mrs. John Lambertson, Belding, who learned the song about 1885 in school in Greenville, Michigan.

- 1 The hen to herself said one beautiful day, "Cluck, cluck,
The day is so fine we'll step over the way
And call on my neighbor and friend Madam Duck,
Who lives by the side of the beautiful brook,
Cluck, cluck—cluck, cluck—cluck, cluck!"
- 2 So, shaking her feathers, she called to her chicks
And bade them be sure and keep close in her tracks,
For having no one to attend them at home,
She had to take them ever abroad she would roam,
"Cluck, cluck—cluck, cluck—cluck, cluck!"
- 3 "Good day, Madam Hen," said the duck to the fowl,
"Quack, quack—quack, quack!
I hope you are well and your sweet chickens too, quack,
quack,
And now let them go with my ducklings to play
While we have a chat on the news of the day."
- 4 The hen said they might, but she cautioned them all,
"Cluck, cluck—cluck, cluck!
For you cannot swim, my dear chickens," said she,
"Cluck, cluck—cluck, cluck—cluck!"
- 5 Right straight to the brook the young ducks slid away,
"Quack, quack—quack, quack,"
And called to the chickens to follow them there, "Quack,
quack."
The chickens said, "Surely it's easy to float, peep, peep."
- 6 And so they jumped in, but alas they soon found
That chicks were not ducks, for the brood were all drowned.
"Peep, peep—peep, peep—peep, peep."

(These "peep's" are repeated more slowly and softly toward the end as the chicks drown.)

THE TREE IN THE WOOD

For versions of a similar song with many variations see Fuson, pp. 87-88; Sharp, II, 281-282; and Williams, pp. 182-183.

The present version was sung in 1934 by Mr. Ben Bower, Belding, who learned the song as a child in Tompkins County, New York, about 1870. This song is sung at the Bower family reunions, and Mrs. Bower states that "it is sung so fast that anyone who isn't a Bower can't keep up."

- 1 Out in the woods there was a little tree,
The prettiest little tree that you ever did see,
The tree in the woods, the woods in the ground,
And the green grass grew all around, all around,
And the green grass grew all around.
- 2 On that little tree there was a little limb, etc.
- 3 On that little limb there was a little branch, etc.
- 4 On that little branch there was a little twig, etc.
- 5 On that little twig there was a little leaf, etc.
- 6 On that little leaf there was a little nest, etc.
- 7 In that little nest there was a little egg, etc.
- 8 In that little egg there was a little bird, etc.
- 9 On that little bird there was a little spot, etc.
- 10 On that little spot there was a little skeeter,
The prettiest little skeeter that you ever did see,
The skeeter on the spot, the spot on the bird,
The bird in the egg, the egg in the nest,
The nest on the leaf, the leaf on the twig,
The twig on the branch, the branch on the limb,
The limb on the tree, the tree in the woods,
The woods in the ground,
And the green grass grew all around, all around,
And the green grass grew all around.

ONE FINE DAY

COMMUNICATED in 1929 by Mrs. Dorothy Woodin, Harrison. She had learned the song when she was a child in Waldron, Michigan.

One fine day I went to mill;
 I got stuck on Badger's hill; I
 hawed my hosses, and I gee'd my cart, But to
 save my soul I could - n't get a start. O
Chorus
 where you come from, knock a nigg - er down, A
 wag - on full of bum shells, knock a nigg - er 'round.

1 One fine day I went to mill;
 I got stuck on Badger's hill;
 I hawed my hosses, and I gee'd my cart,
 But to save my soul I couldn't get a start.

Chorus

O where you come from, knock a nigger down,
 A wagon full of bum shells, knock a nigger 'round.

2 There was a frog lived in a spring;
 The water was so wet that he couldn't swim.
 He hitched his tail to an ellum stump,
 And he hollered and he bellered, but he couldn't
 get a jump.

3 Apple sauce and pumpkin pie;
The black cat spit in the white cat's eye.
Apple cider, gin, and beer,
Christmas comes but once a year.

Now maybe you think there's another verse
To this here song, but there ain't.



Other Songs Sung in Michigan

The following list is composed of the titles of songs which were collected in Michigan but which are not reprinted in the present volume. The name of the song is given first, followed by the source or sources, either the informant's name or the name of the manuscript, and then by references to similar texts if known. Informants' addresses missing here may be found in the List of Informants, pp. 485-490.

With a few exceptions copies of these songs are included in the Gardner and Chickering manuscript, "Ballads and Songs of Southern Michigan," which has been deposited in the rare-book room of the University of Michigan Library.

"Alnomack," Gernsey manuscript. See Ford's list of Massachusetts broadsides, Nos. 3002 and 3047; Shoemaker, p. 113; and Royall Tyler's *The Contrast* (1787), I, ii.

"American Taxation," Gernsey manuscript. See Ford's list of Massachusetts broadsides, Nos. 2121, 2122, 2123, and 2124; Moore, pp. 1-17; and Spaeth, *Weep Some More, My Lady*, pp. 3-5.

"The Auction Sale," Mrs. John Lambertson. See Pound, p. 39.

"The Baggage Coach Ahead," Miss Mabel Tuggle and Mrs. Elmer Jencks. See Pound, p. 56; Shearin and Combs, p. 33; Spaeth, *Read 'Em and Weep*, pp. 174-175; and Stout, pp. 59-61.

"The Banks of Champlain," Lambertson manuscript. See Eddy, No. 103, and McCarty, I, 196-197.

"The Banks of the Dee," Gernsey manuscript. See Ford's list of Massachusetts broadsides, No. 2975a; Moore, pp. 78-80; *Songs of England and Scotland*, II, 168-169; and Sturgis and Hughes, pp. 14-17.

"Barney McCoi," Rowell manuscript. See O'Conor, p. 134, and *Six Hundred and Seventeen Irish Songs and Ballads*, p. 105.

"Bessie, the Drunkard's Poor Child," Mrs. Charles Muchler. See Henry, *J AFL*, XLV, 58-59.

"Billy Boy," Mrs. Charles Muchler, Mr. Ben Bower and Mrs. Elmer Jencks. Cf. Gardner, *J AFL*, XXXIII, 92-93. See also Fuson, p. 105; Gardner, pp. 208-209; Hudson, *J AFL*, XXXIX, 151-153; Pound, No. 113; Sharp, II, 38-39; and Stout, pp. 24-27.

"Billy Grimes," Mr. H. Parkes Pinson from Mrs. Mary Ellen Kenyon Baker. See Perrow, *J AFL*, XXVIII, 173; Pound, No. 96; and Shoemaker, pp. 63-65.

"The Black Water Side," Mr. W. J. McCarthy, Parnell.

"The Blind Girl," Miss Mabel Tuggle and Mrs. Peter Miller. See Allsopp, II, 203-204; Henry, *J AFL*, XLIV, 75-76; Perrow, *J AFL*, XXVIII, 170-171; and Shearin and Combs, p. 32.

"The Blue-tailed Fly," Mr. Henry Smith. See Finger, pp. 166-167; Scarborough, *On the Trail of Negro Folk-Songs*, pp. 201-203; and Williams, p. 178.

"Brave Wolfe," Gernsey manuscript. See Greenleaf and Mansfield, pp. 96-98, and Mackenzie, pp. 198-200.

"Charles Guiteau," Mr. Fred Buckingham and Mr. Herbert Ross. See Eddy, No. 114; Hudson, pp. 79-80; Pound, No. 65; and Stout, pp. 110-112.

"Colin and Lucy," Lambertson manuscript and Gernsey manuscript. See Percy, III, Book III, 273-275; Ritson, I, 77-80; and George D. Smith, *British Ballads, Old and New* (London, 1881), II, 42.

"Come Home, Father," Mrs. Charles Muchler. See Fuson, p. 144, and Spaeth, *Read 'Em and Weep*, pp. 64-66.

"The Darling Black Mustache," Mr. John Lambertson and Mrs. Edna Nummer Mercer. See Henry, *JAFL*, XLV, 116-118; Hudson, *JAFL*, XXXIX, 159-160; Payne, *PTFLS*, VI, 231-232; and Stout, pp. 85-86.

"The Death of Six Young Persons," Gernsey manuscript; a local song of the drowning of three young men and three young women.

"The Diary [sic] Farmer," Tuthill manuscript.

"The Doctor and Clara," Gernsey manuscript; a local song of a young doctor in Buffalo and a girl who went to Presque Isle, both of whom "altered their minds."

"The Dreary Black Hills," Rowell manuscript. See Sandburg, pp. 264-265, and Shoemaker, pp. 179-180.

"The Drowned Lover," Lambertson manuscript. See Ritson, I, 73-74.

"A Drunkard's Child," Miss Ruth Hershman, Detroit, and Mrs. Charles Muchler.

"The Drunkard's Doom," Miss Ruth Barnes and Mrs. Charles Muchler. See Cox, p. 403; Lomax and Lomax, pp. 174-175; Sandburg, pp. 104-105; and Tolman and Eddy, *JAFL*, XXXV, 424-425.

"The Drunkard's Dream," Miss Mabel Tuggle and Rowell manuscript. See Allsopp, II, 210-211; Eddy, No. 84; Greenleaf and Mansfield, pp. 151-152; O'Conor, p. 67; and Shearin and Combs, p. 33.

"The Drunkard's Lone Child," Mrs. Peter Miller and Gernsey manuscript. See Pound, p. 36, and Stout, pp. 122-124.

"Dublin Bay," Miss Ranetta Frays, Ypsilanti, and Mrs. Martha Pennock, Alger. See *The Franklin Square Song Collection*, IV, 118; O'Conor, p. 156; and Pound, p. 42.

"The Dying Californian," Miss Muriel Barr. See Cox, pp. 232-233, and Kittridge, *JAFL*, XXXV, 365, note.

"The Dying Hobo," three texts obtained by Mrs. Lillian Ammerman from colored boys. See Cox, p. 252; Finger, pp. 104-107; Gray, pp. 102-103; and W. P. Webb, "Miscellany of Texas Folk-Lore," *PTFLS*, II, 40-41.

"The Dying Nun," Mrs. Peter Miller and Tuthill manuscript. See Shearin and Combs, p. 32.

"The Dying Soldier," Rowell manuscript. Cf. Cox, p. 263; Finger, pp. 170-173; and Lomax, pp. 214-218.

Other Songs Sung in Michigan 479

"Erin's Green Shore," Mrs. Maggie Loughlin. See Greenleaf and Mansfield, pp. 142-143; O'Conor, p. 38; and Thomas, pp. 176-178.

"The Exile of Erin," Mr. A. T. Heikes and Gernsey manuscript. See O'Conor, p. 41, and *Songs of England and Scotland*, II, 299-300.

"The Factor's Garland," Gernsey manuscript. See Bertha McKee Dobie, "Tales and Rhymes of a Texas Household," *PTFLS*, VI, 56-65, and Flanders and Brown, pp. 81-82.

"Fair Fanny Moore," Miss Ruth Durfee, Ypsilanti. See Cox, p. 441; Flanders and Brown, pp. 58-59; Lomax, pp. 219-221; and Pound, No. 97.

"The False Girl," Mrs. Michael Byrne. See Shearin and Combs, p. 12.

"The Farmer's Boy," Mrs. Michael Byrne and Mrs. Camellus Heffron, Parnell. See *The Franklin Square Song Collection*, VIII, 139; Pound, No. 28; and Stout, pp. 27-28.

"The Fatal Wedding," Mr. Clyde Cooper, Belding. See Greenleaf and Mansfield, p. 368; Hudson, pp. 57-58; and Pound, No. 63.

"The Fellow That Looks Like Me," Mr. Otis Evilsizer. See Mackenzie, pp. 351-352, and Owens, *JAFL*, XLIX, 239-240.

"The Fisherman's Girl," Gernsey manuscript. See Jackson, pp. 149-150, and Tolman and Eddy, *JAFL*, XXXV, 367-368.

"For Four Score Years We've Flourished," Mr. Henry Smith.

"The Fox and the Grapes," Lambertson manuscript. See Flanders and Brown, p. 247, and *The Universal Songster*, III, 88.

"The Girl Who Chawed Gum," Mr. Clarence Chickering, Belding. See Pound, p. 59.

"The Gypsy's Warning," Mrs. John Lambertson, Mrs. Peter Miller, and Tuthill manuscript. See Cox, pp. 439-440; Finger, pp. 116-118; Pound, p. 43; Shoemaker, pp. 111-112; and Stout, pp. 76-77.

"I Wish I Was Single Again," Mr. George Beishlag, Detroit. See Fuson, pp. 85-86; Mackenzie, pp. 347-348; Perrow, *JAFL*, XXVIII, 187; Payne, *PTFLS*, VI, 232-234; and Sandburg, p. 47.

"I'll Be All Smiles Tonight, Love," Mrs. Peter Miller. See Pound, p. 39, and Shearin and Combs, p. 29.

"The Indian Hunter," Gernsey manuscript. See *The Shilling Song Book* (Niagara Falls, 1860), p. 57, and Tolman and Eddy, *JAFL*, XXXV, 375-376.

"James Bird," Mr. E. W. Harns, Mr. H. Parkes Pinson from Mrs. Mary Ellen Kenyon Baker, Lambertson manuscript, and Gernsey manuscript. See Cox, p. 261; Pound, No. 41; Rickaby, p. 139; and Shoemaker, pp. 164-166.

"The Jealous Sweetheart," Mrs. Charles Muchler. See Shearin and Combs, p. 25.

"Jessie at the Railway Bar," Mrs. Charles Muchler. See Greenleaf and Mansfield, pp. 340-344; Shoemaker, pp. 80-81; and Spaeth, *Weep Some More, My Lady*, pp. 70-72.

"Jim Blake," Wood manuscript. See Spaeth, *Weep Some More, My Lady*, pp. 139-140.

"Joe Bowers," Mr. E. W. Harns and Gernsey manuscript. See Cox, pp. 234-235; Dean, p. 98; Eddy, No. 110; and Hudson, pp. 67-68.

"Joe Kimball," Miss Florence Myers.

"John Riley," Mrs. Allan McClellan. See Greenleaf and Mansfield, pp. 182-183, and Mackenzie, pp. 126-127.

"Johnny Sands," Mrs. Charles Cleary, Mrs. Eliza Youngs, Lambertson manuscript, and Gernsey manuscript. See Eddy, No. 24; Kittredge, *JAFL*, XXIX, 179, note; Ord, p. 93; Perrow, *JAFL*, XXVIII, 174; and Stout, pp. 65-68.

"Jolly Old Roger," Mrs. Ida Nummer Updike, Belding. See Flanders and Brown, pp. 171-173, and Della Young, "The Singin' Schule," *Folk Say* (Oklahoma Folk-Lore Society, 1929), p. 88.

"Jonah and the Whale," Mr. William P. Chester, Detroit.

"Katie's Secret," Mrs. Peter Miller. See Pound, No. 92.

"King Solomon's Temple," Gernsey manuscript. See Mackenzie, pp. 381-383.

"Kitty of Coleraine," Mrs. Dorothy Woodin. See Shoemaker, p. 79, and *The Universal Irish Song Book*, p. 185.

"Kitty Wells," Miss Muriel Barr and Mrs. John Lambertson. See Carter, *JAFL*, XLVI, 47; Cox, p. 395; Henry, *JAFL*, XLIV, 79; Pound, No. 94; Shoemaker, p. 141; and Stout, pp. 80-83.

"Lady Bonaparte's Lamentation," Gernsey manuscript. See Eddy, No. 206.

"Lady Elgin," Mrs. Charles Cleary and Mr. Henry Smith. See Dean, p. 61; Pound, No. 60; and Stout, p. 62.

"Lady Washington's Lamentation," Gernsey manuscript. See Ford's list of Massachusetts broadsides, No. 2919; Jackson, pp. 96-97, and McCarty, I, 219-221.

"The Lakes of Cold Finn," Mr. William Rabidue. See *Bulletin*, VIII, 9-12; *JFSS*, IX, No. 1, 15-16; and O'Conor, pp. 15-16.

"Lanigan's Ball," Mr. B. A. Chickering. See O'Conor, p. 100; *Six Hundred and Seventeen Irish Songs and Ballads*, p. 89; and Spaeth, *Weep Some More, My Lady*, p. 222.

"Larry O'Bryne," Gernsey manuscript. See H. L. Roth and J. T. Jolley, *War Ballads and Broadsides of Previous Wars (1779-1795)*, (1915), No. 13, and *Six Hundred and Seventeen Irish Songs and Ballads*, p. 52.

"Lavender Girl," Mrs. Charles Cleary. See *The Forget Me Not Songster*, p. 201, and Pound, p. 70.

"A Little Husband," Mr. Charles Muchler.

"The Little Indian Maid," Mrs. Rosabelle Hager, South Boardman.

"Little Johnny Green," Rowell manuscript. See Cox, p. 469; Eddy, No. 150; Gardner, pp. 206-207; Mackenzie, p. 379; and Stout, pp. 21-22.

"Little Nell of Narragansett Bay," Mrs. Elmer Jencks and Mr. Henry Smith. See Dean, p. 110; Pound, p. 35; Shoemaker, pp. 138-139; and Spaeth, *Weep Some More, My Lady*, p. 30.

"Little Susin, the Pride of Kildore," Rowell manuscript. See Gardner, pp. 216-217, and *The Sailor's Glory or Naval Songster; Songs for Ashore and Afloat* (Devonport, n.d.), p. 3.

"The Lone Indian," Mr. and Mrs. Charles Muchler.

"Lorena," Mrs. Maude Simpson from Mrs. Otis Evilsizer, and Mr. Clyde Cooper, Belding. See Hudson, *J AFL*, XXXIX, 186; Pound, p. 46; and Shoemaker, pp. 193-194.

"Mary of the Wild Moor," Miss Muriel Barr, Mrs. Charles Cleary, Mr. John Lambertson, Rowell manuscript, and Gernsey manuscript. See Cox, pp. 437-438; Henry, *J AFL*, XLV, 69-70; Shoemaker, p. 114; Stout, pp. 28-30; Sturgis and Hughes, pp. 36-39; Tolman and Eddy, *J AFL*, XXXV, 389-390; and Williams, p. 213.

"Mary's Dream," Lambertson manuscript. See Cox, pp. 435-436; Eddy, No. 71; Perrow, *J AFL*, XXVIII, 157; Shoemaker, pp. 214-215; and *The Universal Songster*, III, 213.

"The Mason's Dream," Gernsey manuscript.

"Massa Had a Yaller Gal," Mr. Elmer Jencks. See Robert Duncan Bass, "Negro Songs from the Pedee Country," *J AFL*, XLIV, 433-434; Henry, *J AFL*, XLV, 170-171; and Scarborough, *On the Trail of Negro Folk-Songs*, pp. 66-68.

"The Mistletoe Bough," Mrs. Henry Culver, Clyde. See Shoemaker, pp. 143-144, and Stout, pp. 45-47.

"Mrs. Johnson," Mr. B. A. Chickering.

"My Gum Tree Canoe," Mrs. John Lambertson. See *Heart Songs*, p. 250, and Pound, p. 64.

"My Love Is a Youyou," Mrs. Frank Donovan, Grattan Center.

"My Old Wife," Mr. Henry Smith. See Williams, p. 140.

"The Old Broad Horn," Mr. Henry Smith.

"The Old Grey Goose," Mrs. Emeline Jenks Crampton.

"The Old New England Girl," Mr. Chauncey Leach.

"The Orphan Boy," Gernsey manuscript. See Ford's list of Massachusetts broadsides, Nos. 2919 and 3277.

"The Orphan Girl," Mrs. Charles Cleary. See Fuson, p. 147; Henry, *J AFL*, XLV, 66-68; Perrow, *J AFL*, XXVIII, 170; and Sandburg, pp. 316-319.

"The Orphans," Mrs. Lyons, Belding. See Eddy, No. 176.

"Ossian's Serenade," Mrs. Charles Cleary and Lambertson manuscript. See Pound, p. 67, and Shoemaker, pp. 97-100.

"Our Grandfather's Days," Mr. Henry Smith and Rowell manuscript. See Beadle's *Dime Centennial Songster* (New York, 1859), No. 4.

"Patrick Sheehan," Mr. W. J. McCarthy, Parnell. See Dean, p. 3; O'Conor, p. 72; and Shoemaker, pp. 224-225.

"Patrick's Baby," Mr. Elmer Jencks.

"Polly and Willie," Rowell manuscript. See Greenleaf and Mansfield, pp. 69-70, and Sharp, II, 168.

"Poor Little Joe," Mrs. John Lambertson. See Cox, p. 445; Eddy, No. 123; Pound, p. 36; and Stout, pp. 64-65.

"The Pretty Mohea," Miss Muriel Barr, Mrs. Eliza Youngs, Mr. Chauncey Leach, Rowell manuscript, and Tuthill manuscript. See *Bulletin*, VI, 15-18; Cox, pp. 372-374; Fuson, p. 84; Henry, *JAFL*, XLV, 96-99; Hudson, *JAFL*, XXXIX, 132-134; Mackenzie, pp. 155-156; Pound, No. 91; Stout, pp. 33-37; and Thomas, pp. 98-99.

"A Quarrelling Couple," Mrs. Eliza Youngs.

"The Raffle for a Stove," Mr. John Lambertson.

"Red River Valley," Mr. and Mrs. Muchler and Rowell manuscript. See Sandburg, pp. 130-131, and Stout, pp. 74-75.

"Reily's Answer, Releasement, and Marriage with Coolen Bawn." See "William Reily's Courtship."

"Reily's Trial." See "William Reily's Courtship."

"The Rosewood Casket," Mrs. Charles Cleary and Mr. Fred Buckingham. See Allsopp, II, 206; Henry, *JAFL*, XLV, 90-96; Perrow, *JAFL*, XXVIII, 172-173; Pound, p. 52; Stout, pp. 83-85; and Thomas, pp. 100-101.

"Rosie Nell," Mrs. Elmer Jencks, Mrs. Rachel Post, and Mrs. Charles Cleary. See Fuson, p. 99; Pound, p. 49; Sandburg, pp. 114-115; Shoemaker, pp. 137-138; and Stout, pp. 75-76.

"Sadie Ray," Mrs. Maude Simpson from Mrs. Otis Evilsizer, and Mr. Henry Smith. See Eddy, No. 181.

"The Sailor and the Tailor," Mr. Karl Jensen. See Campbell and Sharp, pp. 163-164; Greenleaf and Mansfield, pp. 112-113; and Sharp, I, 338-340.

"The Sailor Boy's Dream," Lambertson manuscript. See *The Universal Songster*, I, 444.

"The Sailor Boy's Farewell," Mr. John Wubbena, Standish.

"The Ship That Never Returned," Mrs. John Lambertson, Mr. Herbert Ross, and Miss Mabel Tuggle. See Perrow, *JAFL*, XXVIII, 171-172; Pound, p. 41; and Sandburg, pp. 146-147.

"Sir Robert Peel," Gernsey manuscript.

"The Soldier's Boy," Miss Muriel Barr. See Cox, pp. 275-276; Greenleaf and Mansfield, pp. 201-202; and Shoemaker, p. 74.

"The Soldier's Letter," Mr. and Mrs. Charles Muchler.

"The Stepfather," Gernsey manuscript. See Eddy, No. 205.

"The Stepmother," Mrs. Charles Cleary, Mrs. John Lambertson, and Tuthill manuscript. See Allsopp, II, 202; Fuson, p. 146; and Louise Pound, "Traditional Ballads in Nebraska," *JAFL*, XXVI, 358.

"The Tattoo on the Arm," Mrs. John Lambertson.

"That Southern Wagon," Gernsey manuscript. See Cox, p. 271.

"There Was an Old Soldier," Mr. A. J. Barrow, Samaria.

"There's Nae Luck about the House," Mrs. Frank Gamsby. See *Songs of Scotland*, I, 12-13.

"Three Angel Visitants," Mrs. Elmer Jencks and Mrs. Lura Smith, West Branch. See Pound, p. 71.

"The Trust Shave," Mr. B. A. Chickering. See Henry, *JAF*, XLV, 159-161; Edwin Ford Piper, "A Love of God Shave," *PTFLS*, IX, 185; *Six Hundred and Seventeen Irish Songs and Ballads*, p. 111; Shoemaker, p. 134; and Stout, pp. 134-135.

"The Two Orphans," Miss Kathryn Bowman from Mrs. Peter Miller, Mrs. Robert Dunn, Alger, Mr. Charles Bunting, Mr. Charles Muchler, and Mr. Herbert Ross. See Shoemaker, pp. 107-108.

"The Victory of Commodore Perry," Gernsey manuscript. See Ford's list of Massachusetts broadsides, Nos. 3285 and 3286, and McCarty, II, 82-84.

"We Are Coming, Sister Mary," Rowell manuscript. See Stout, pp. 68-69.

"When Ye Gang Awa, Jemmy," Mrs. Frank Gamsby. See Owens, *JAF*, XLIX, 216-217, and *Songs of Scotland*, I, 5.

"The White Maiden Captive," Mrs. Maggie Loughlin. See *Bulletin*, VIII, 19-24, and Charles Peabody, "A Texas Version of The White Captive," *JAF*, XXV, 169-170.

"William Reily's Courtship," "Reily's Trial," and "Reily's Answer, Release-
ment, and Marriage with Coolen Bawn," Gernsey manuscript. See Cox,
pp. 336-338; Greenleaf and Mansfield, pp. 184-186; Pound, No. 38; and
Sharp, II, 81-82.

"A Wonderful Account of a Little Girl Ten Years Old," Gernsey manuscript;
a local song of a girl who, after many trials, converts her atheist father to
Christianity.

List of Informants

(This list cites informants who have contributed three or more items.)

Mrs. Lillian Ammerman, a student in Wayne University, Detroit, in 1930, obtained some songs from her mother, Mrs. Charles Adams, who was of Scotch descent. She also collected several songs from delinquent adolescent boys whom she taught in the Detention Home in Detroit, 1930-33.

Mrs. Mary Ellen Kenyon Baker, a woman of eighty, was born at Camillus, New York. Her father was a farmer and a carpenter; her mother was a doctor of medicine. Her maternal grandmother Tappan was General Grant's sister. The songs which she communicated to her young friend, Mr. H. Parkes Pinson, Ecorse, a student in Michigan State Normal College, Ypsilanti, she had learned when she was young and lived in East China Township, St. Clair River, Michigan.

Miss Ruth Barnes is an assistant professor of English in Michigan State Normal College, Ypsilanti. She is of Manx stock and has a strong liking for folk song. Although she makes few personal contributions, she has richly added to the collection through her students and friends from many parts of Michigan.

Miss Muriel Barr, of Munith, who was a student of Miss Ruth Barnes at Ypsilanti, contributed to the collection many songs which she had acquired from hearing them sung by her Irish grandmother, Mrs. Gutina Ryan, and her uncle, Mr. John Ryan, who was a tailor in Ireland.

Mr. Ben Bower was born in 1865, in Oakland County, Michigan, where his parents had moved from New York about 1863. His mother, however, became so homesick that they moved back to New York for about twenty years before returning to Michigan. Most of Mr. Bower's songs were learned in Tompkins County, New York. He is now a slender, dark-eyed, and gray-haired farmer near Belding.

Miss Kathryn Bowman, a student in Wayne University, Detroit, communicated a number of songs from a manuscript book of her aunt, Mrs. Peter Miller, and also from her singing. Mrs. Miller's name is listed later.

Mr. Fred Buckingham is a middle-aged farmer living near West Branch. He said his father was a "Connecticut Yankee." He worked in lumber mills and camps in Michigan and learned his songs there.

Mr. Charles Bunting is a middle-aged farmer living near Alger; he was born of parents of English descent in Livingston County, Michigan. Most of his songs were learned from his mother.

Mrs. Michael Byrne is a middle-aged farmer's wife, living in Parnell, near Cannonsburg. She learned her songs from her Irish parents.

Mr. Berthold A. Chickering is a farmer who lives a few miles from Belding, near the farm on which he was born in 1876. His mother was English, and his father of English descent. He learned his songs from his father, Sylvester, who

was brought to Michigan from Ohio when he was a baby and who, in turn, had learned many songs from his father.

Mrs. Charles Cleary, Ypsilahti, is a cultured woman, past middle age, who grew up in St. Clair, where she learned many songs in singing school and at social gatherings. Most of her songs are too late and too sentimental to be included.

Mrs. Emeline Jenks Crampton, St. Clair, like her sister, Mrs. Charles Cleary, Ypsilanti, was a cultured woman. During her early life she wrote down the songs she heard and wanted to remember. Mrs. Cleary loaned us the manuscript, but as most of the songs were of a late, sentimental type, they are not included in the collection.

Mrs. William Durfee was a middle-aged Irish woman in 1916; she was born on a farm near Hillsdale, where she had spent most of her life until she went to Ypsilanti for the education of her children. Mrs. Durfee had learned her songs from her parents and from acquaintances about Hillsdale.

Mr. Bert Eddy, of middle age, was running an up-to-date gas station in Romeo in 1930. During his early life he had some acquaintance with lumber camps and while in them had picked up a few songs. He much preferred, however, to sing late songs, some of them his own compositions, in memory of happy deer-hunting parties.

Mr. Otis Evilsizer is a farmer near Alger. He learned most of his songs from hearing them sung by his father. See Introduction, pp. 7-8.

Mr. Seth Evilsizer, who died in 1934 at the age of eighty-two at the home of his son near Alger, had known, before his memory failed, many old ballads learned in his youth, which was spent among country folk near Zanesville, Ohio.

Mrs. Jim Fisher was a middle-aged farmer's wife living near Kalkaska before her death in 1935. She was born near Wauseon, Ohio, in 1868, and had learned most of her songs there before moving to Michigan in 1878.

Mrs. Frank Gamsby, Saranac, was born of English parents about seventy years ago in Cookshire, Quebec, Canada, and moved to Saranac in 1902. Her songs were learned in her childhood from older brothers and an older sister.

Gernsey manuscript (The). See note on Mrs. William Warner.

Mr. Russell Gore, of *The Detroit News*, published in the feature section of that paper, April 29, 1934, a story containing several lumber-camp songs which Mr. W. S. Gilmore, the editor, gave us permission to reprint.

Mr. Emery W. Harns was born in Erie County, Pennsylvania, in 1847. He moved to Kalamazoo County, Michigan, in 1852 and lived there for twenty years, except for two years spent in Missouri just after the Civil War. In 1872 he went to Greenville, Michigan, where he now lives with his middle-aged son. Only a few winters ago Mr. Harns drove to Missouri with his horse and covered wagon. Most of his songs were learned in Michigan, a few in Missouri. Mr. Harns used to be a great "fiddler" and often played at dances. He has a very good memory, reads a great deal, and discusses many topics interestingly.

Mr. Aristus Tissle Heikes was born in York Springs, Pennsylvania, in 1855; he moved to Windsor, Indiana, in 1868, where he learned most of his songs. In 1901 he moved to Michigan and died in Kalkaska in 1935. Mr. Heikes did

farm work during much of his life; in his later years he lived alone and did all his own housework.

Miss Helen Jackson, a young colored student in Wayne University, obtained from her friends in Detroit songs which they had learned from their relatives and friends.

Mr. Elmer D. Jencks was born in Allegheny County, New York, in 1858, and moved to Kalkaska County, Michigan, in 1878, where he lived until his death in 1937. His parents, who were of English blood, were very religious, so that his folk songs were naturally learned outside his home.

Mrs. Elmer D. Jencks, born near London, Ontario, 1865, moved with her parents, who were of Scotch, English, and Welsh stock, to Grand Traverse County, Michigan, in 1869 and died in Kalkaska in 1931. Her songs were remembered from the singing of her mother or were learned from childhood playmates.

Mr. Karl Jensen is a jolly middle-aged dairy farmer in Pentwater, who, as he rides about his herd to keep it within bounds, still sings many of the old songs which he learned in his contacts with English neighbors and lumbermen near Manistee.

Mr. John Laidlaw was a middle-aged Scotch gardener at Ypsilanti, where he died in 1916. In his youth he had migrated from Aberdeenshire to New York State, where for some years he was head gardener on a large Hudson River estate. Later he came to Michigan, always treasuring and loving to sing the old songs of his native land, of which he had a large store. See Introduction, pp. 9-10.

Lambertson manuscript (The). See following note.

Mr. Charles Lambertson, Belding, has a composition book in which his mother, Mrs. Elsie Clark Lambertson, wrote the songs she knew and liked. She was born in Seneca County, Ohio, in 1838 of Holland-Dutch parents and moved to Michigan in 1860. Her husband, Edward Lambertson, was born in Ohio of parents of English and Scotch descent, who had moved from New Jersey to Ohio. Many of Mrs. Lambertson's songs were learned in Ohio in her youth. Mr. John and Mr. Charles Lambertson remembered hearing their mother sing most of the songs which she had written in the notebook.

Mr. John Lambertson was born on a farm about six miles from Belding in 1874 and died there in 1935. He liked to sing and remembered some songs that his mother and others had sung in his childhood. See preceding note.

Mrs. John Lambertson was born in Montcalm County, Michigan, in 1873. Her father, of Dutch and Irish descent, was born in Pennsylvania, and her mother, of Scotch descent, was born in New York. She learned her songs, in her childhood, from her parents and uncles or from her schoolmates.

Mr. Chauncey Leach, Kalkaska, was born in Isabella County, Michigan, in 1882. For many years he worked in lumber camps in Michigan, especially in those near Kalkaska, and learned most of his songs from the lumbermen.

Mrs. Maggie Loughlin is a jolly, active woman of over seventy who manages her farm near Cannonsburg. She was born in that vicinity in 1865 of Irish parents and learned her songs from them and from her teachers.

Mr. Duncan MacAlpine, of Bad Axe, is an aged Scotchman who moved in

his youth from Ontario, Canada, into the vicinity of his present home. See Introduction, pp. 11-12.

Mrs. Allan McClellan, after her childhood in Ontario, Canada, spent her life on a farm in Sheridan Township near Bad Axe. See Introduction, pp. 8-9.

Mr. Frank Madison, Grattan Center, learned most of his songs while working in Michigan lumber camps. His grandfather settled in Utica, Michigan, in the early 1840's; several years later his father and uncle took up government land near Grattan, where Mr. Madison was born in 1846.

Mrs. Edna Nummer Mercer was born on a farm near Belding, where she still lives. She learned her songs from her mother, and from her maternal grandmother, who was of Welsh and Scotch descent.

Mrs. Peter Miller, a middle-aged woman of Irish extraction, lives on a farm near West Branch. One winter she and her husband worked in a lumber camp near West Branch; he worked in the woods while she was employed in the kitchen as cook. See Introduction, p. 7.

Mr. Charles Muchler, Kalkaska, was born in 1862 of Holland-Dutch parents in Ross Township, Luzerne County, Pennsylvania. In his early youth he worked in Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, until 1882. After that he worked in Pine Creek, Slate Run, Black Forest, Young Woman's Creek, Kettle Creek, and other lumber camps in Pennsylvania until 1900. Mr. and Mrs. Muchler lived for a year at Niagara Falls, New York, then moved to Kalkaska in 1914. Until recently Mr. Muchler has been very active; he especially loves to fish.

Mrs. Charles Muchler was born in 1864 in Salladasburg, Pennsylvania, which, she said, was named after her paternal great-grandfather. Her father was a woods contractor and always had working for him a number of men, from whom Mrs. Muchler learned most of her songs.

Miss Florence Myers, who was a student in Michigan State Normal College, Ypsilanti, in 1916, communicated some songs which she had obtained from lumbermen who had worked in a camp on the Manistee River near her home.

Mr. H. Parkes Pinson of Ecorse was a young student in Michigan State Normal College, Ypsilanti, in 1916. He was of English descent and interested in traditional songs, several of which he obtained from an elderly friend, Mrs. Mary Ellen Kenyon Baker, elsewhere described in this list.

Mrs. Rachel Chickering Post was born in 1855 of English parents on a farm near Belding, not far from the one where she now lives. Although often living alone since her husband's death, she always seems to have pie, cake, or both on hand to feed visitors. Most of her songs she learned in her youth from her father or young friends.

Mr. William Rabidue, West Branch, was born in 1862. His father was born in New York State of French parents, and his mother in Germany. He worked in the lumber mills and camps for many years and learned his songs there; he later turned to farming.

Mrs. Sol Riley, a sister of Mrs. Jim Fisher, lives near Kalkaska on a farm which she has managed since her husband's death. She regularly milks six to ten cows and cares for two small children. Her songs were learned in her youth in Ohio and Michigan from her parents and friends.

Mr. Herbert Ross is a farmer near Belding. He was born in Ionia County

in 1878 of parents of English and Scotch descent who were born in New York. Mr. Ross has a large stock of humorous and sentimental songs, most of which were learned in his childhood.

Rowell manuscript (The). See following note.

Mr. E. W. Rowell, of Ithaca, has a manuscript book of songs which was examined through the aid of Mr. Rowell's brother, a shoe repair man in Kalkaska. The songs in this book were written there before and during 1883 and 1884 by Mrs. Mary Fisher Rowell, Blanchard, Michigan, a stepmother of E. W. Rowell.

Mrs. Maude Simpson was a student in Wayne University, Detroit, in 1934. She was born in Alger, and as a child had enjoyed the singing of old traditional songs by her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Otis Evilsizer. Some of these she wrote from memory and obtained others from oral singing and recitation.

Mr. Henry Smith was born in Franklin County, New York, in 1856 and moved to Michigan in 1878; he now lives in Belding. His Scotch father was born in Vermont; his Welsh mother, in New York. His songs are mainly humorous.

Miss Mabel Tuggle was a student in Wayne University, Detroit, in 1928-31. Although she had heard in her native town, Concord Depot, Virginia, the songs which she communicated, some of them sung by members of her own family, she is included among the Michigan informants because she shows that old-time songs are today migrating by word of mouth, as they did in former times.

Tuthill manuscript (The). See following note.

Mrs. Allan Tuthill, a farmer's wife near Grattan Center, has two small composition books in which she wrote the words of songs as her mother sang them.

Mrs. William Warner, Orleans, has a leather-covered notebook in which her maternal grandfather, Mr. George W. Gernsey, wrote the words of many songs. Mr. Gernsey was born in Ballston, Saratoga County, New York, in 1809 and died in Ionia County, Michigan, in 1877. He must have come to Michigan at some time between 1841, when he still lived in Scipio, New York, since he signed the manuscript to that effect, and 1858, when the birth of a daughter in Easton Township, Ionia County, was recorded in his family Bible. Mr. Gernsey was a shoemaker by trade and also cleaned and repaired clocks. There are over three hundred pages of songs in this book written from 1841, or perhaps before, until the time of the Civil War at least. Mrs. Warner remembers hearing her grandfather sing some of these songs.

Wood manuscript (The). See following note.

Mrs. Russell Wood, who lives near Kalkaska, has a composition book containing the words of some songs which she knew and of others which she had taken down from the singing of lumbermen.

Mrs. Dorothy Woodin, a middle-aged farmer's wife now living in Harrison, communicated in 1928 a few traditional songs which she had learned from hearing them sung throughout her childhood and youth in her native town, Waldron, and later in Harrison.

Mrs. Eliza Wasson Youngs, Greenville, was born in Ireland in 1841. She came to the United States in 1850 and lived near Watkins, New York, until

1865, when she married and moved to Greenville. She learned most of her songs from her mother, Mrs. Jane White Wasson, and a few from lumbermen in camps near Greenville, where she worked with her husband for several years. Mrs. Youngs is an erect slim little figure with a memory remarkable for her advanced age.

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Index of Tunes

(The numbers immediately following the titles are those used in the text to designate ballads and songs.)

PAGE	PAGE
Andrew Battan, 81 B.....	213
Animal Song, 198.....	472
Arise and Bar the Door-O, 153.....	371
Avondale Disaster, The, 122.....	298
Bachelor's Hall, 183.....	441
Banks of Claudy, The, 71.....	191
Banks of the Obadee, The, 20 B.....	81
Banks of the Sweet Dundee, The, 69 A	187
Barbara Allen, 8 B.....	52
Blood, 101.....	253
Bold Dighton, 94 A.....	235
Boston Burglar, The, 137 A.....	335
Brave Old Anthony Marala, 154 D	377
Butcher Boy, The, 37 B.....	118
Version C.....	119
Captain Kidd, 129.....	318
Choice of a Wife, The, 78.....	203
Common Bill, 178.....	430
Creeping Jane, 99.....	250
Crimean War, The, 91.....	231
Darby Ram, The, 190 A.....	460
Version C.....	463
Dark-eyed Sailor, The, 57 B.....	161
Dog and the Gun, The, 73 B.....	197
Dying Miller, The, 98.....	247
Fain Waterloo, 56 A.....	157
Farmer's Curst Wife, The, 154 A	373
First Night's Courtship, The, 167.....	405
Frog Went a-Courtin', 189 B.....	457
Froggie Did a-Courting Go, A, 189 C	458
Frog's Courtship, The, 189 A.....	455
Frozen Charlotte, 41 A.....	126
Gifts from over the Sea, 188 A.....	453
Girl I Left Behind, The, 28 A.....	98
Golden Ball, The, 50.....	146
Green Beds, The, 24 A.....	91
Handsome Cabin Boy, The, 163.....	399
Hard Times, 184.....	443
Harry Bail, 113 A.....	278
Heights at Alma, The, 90.....	229
Historian, The, 187.....	448
House Carpenter, The, 10 A.....	54
Version B.....	56
Version C.....	58
Jack Haggerty, 108 B.....	268
Jack Williams, 136.....	333
Jam on Gerry's Rock, The, 109 A.....	270
Version B.....	272
Jesse James, 139 A.....	339
Jessie of Ballington Brae, 31.....	104
Johnny and Betsy, 36.....	114
Johnny German, 55 A.....	155
Kate and the Cowhide, 159 A.....	387
King John and the Bishop, 155.....	379
Kitty O'Noory, 161.....	393
Lady Isabel and the Elf Knight, 1 B	31
Lamkin, 127 A.....	313
Laundry Song, A, 148.....	358
Little Family, The, 151.....	366
Lord Bateman's Castle, 49.....	143
Lord Lovel, 6 A.....	43
Lord Thomas, 4 A.....	37
Version B.....	39
Lord Valley, 7.....	46
Lost Johnny Doyle, The, 15.....	69
Lowlands Low, The, 82.....	214
Maid in Sorrow, The, 164.....	401
Me Father Is a Lawyer in Eng- land, 181 A	435
Merchant's Only Son, The, 74.....	198
Michigan-I-O, 105 A.....	261
Molly Baun, 14 A.....	66
Mossback, The, 106 A.....	264
Mr. Woodburn's Courtship, 48 A	139
Version B.....	141
My Bonny Black Bess, 130 A.....	320
Version C.....	322
My Ella, 21 C.....	85
Nat Goodwin, 143.....	349
Old Man, The, 171 A.....	413

Index of Tunes

PAGE	PAGE
Old Man and a Young Man, An, 174	420
Old Man That Came over the Lea, The, 171 B.....	414
Old Oak Tree, The, 33 A.....	107
On the Banks of the Old Pedee, 20 C	82
One and Twenty, 96.....	241
One Fine Day, 201.....	475
Oxford City, 18.....	75
Poor Tailor's High Relations, The, 181 B.....	437
Prince Charlie, 80.....	209
Quaker Song, The, 176 A.....	424
Quaker's Courtship, The, 176 B. 425	
Rich Old Miser, A, 175 A.....	422
Rich Young Farmer, The, 54... 153	
Rinordine, 27.....	96
Robin Tamson's Smiddy, 67.... 182	
Scolding Wife, A, 179 A.....	432
Shantyman's Life, The, 103 A... 258	
Spanish Maid, A, 40 A.....	123
Spanish Maid, The, 40 B.....	125
Springfield Mountain, 38 B.....	121
Sweet Sunny South, The, 97.... 242	
Sweet William and Lady Margaret, 5	40
Three Girls Drowned, 123.....	301
Three Scotch Robbers, The, 81 A. 211	
True Lover of Mine, A, 47.....	137
Two Rigs of Rye, 58.....	163
Two Sisters, The, 2 A.....	32
Version B.....	33
Uncle Sam Simmie, 195.....	468
Wealthy Merchant, The, 59.....	165
Weaver Is Handsome, The, 62 B. 173	
Who Is Tapping at My Bedroom Window? 22 A.....	86
Wild Colloina Boy, The, 133 A.. 326	
Willie and Mary, 22 B.....	87
Version C.....	88
Wonderful Crocodile, The, 196. 469	
Young Charlotte, 41 B.....	129
Young Diana, 162 A.....	395
Young Henry Green, 142 A.....	346

Index of Ballads and Songs

PAGE	PAGE
Account of a Little Girl Who Was Burnt for Her Religion, An. 363	Brave Old Anthony Marala..... 377
Alnomack 477	Brave Wolfe..... 478
American Taxation..... 477	Butcher Boy, The..... 117
American Volunteer, The..... 234	Cabin Boy, The..... 324
Andrew Battan..... 213	Captain Kidd 318
Animal Song..... 472	Captain Ward..... 216
Anson Best..... 353	Caroline of Edinburg Town.... 64
Apprentice Boy, The..... 59	Charles Guiteau..... 478
Archie o' Cawfield..... 217	Charming Moll Boy, The..... 185
Arise and Bar the Door-O..... 371	Choice of a Wife, The..... 203
As I Sat on the Sunny Bank..... 368	Clarence McFaden..... 411
Auction Sale, The..... 477	Colin and Lucy..... 478
Aunt Tabbie..... 466	Come Home, Father..... 478
Avondale Disaster, The..... 298	Common Bill..... 430
Babes in the Woods, The..... 343	County Jail, The..... 357
Bachelor's Hall..... 441	Creeping Jane..... 250
Backwoodsman, The..... 407	Crimean War, The..... 231
Baggage Coach Ahead, The.... 477	Cup of Cold Poison, The..... 35
Bainbridge Tragedy, The..... 303	Darby Ram, The..... 460
Banks of Brandywine, The..... 193	Dark-eyed Sailor, The..... 160
Banks of Champlain, The..... 477	Darling Black Mustache, The.... 478
Banks of Claudy, The..... 191	David Ward..... 284
Banks of the Dee, The..... 477	Death of Six Young Persons, The 478
Banks of the Nile, The..... 171	Derby Sheep, The..... 463
Banks of the Obadee, The..... 81	Diary Farmer, The..... 478
Banks of the River Dee, The.... 80	Doctor and Clara, The..... 478
Banks of the Sweet Dundee, The. 187	Dog and the Gun, The..... 195
Barbara Allen..... 50	Donald's Return to Glencoe.... 226
Barney McCoi..... 477	Dreary Black Hills, The..... 478
Ben Fisher..... 288	Drowned Lover, The..... 478
Bessie, the Drunkard's Poor Child 477	Drowsy Sleeper, The..... 88
Betsy of Dramoor..... 204	Drunkard's Child, A..... 478
Billy Boy 477	Drunkard's Doom, The..... 478
Billy Grimes..... 477	Drunkard's Dream, The..... 478
Black Water Side, The..... 477	Drunkard's Lone Child, The.... 478
Blind Girl, The..... 477	Dublin Bay..... 478
Blood 253	Dying Californian, The..... 478
Bloody Waterloo..... 227	Dying Cowboy, The..... 252
Blue-tailed Fly, The..... 477	Dying Hobo, The..... 478
Bold Dighton..... 235	Dying Miller, The..... 247
Bonny Laboring Boy, The..... 180	Dying Nun, The..... 478
Bony's Lament..... 228	Dying Soldier, The..... 478
Boston Burglar, The..... 335	Erin's Green Shore..... 479
Botany Bay..... 323	Escape from Basterry..... 238
	Exile of Erin, The..... 479

PAGE	PAGE		
Factor's Garland, The.....	479	House Carpenter, The.....	54
Fain Waterloo.....	157	I Once Did Know a Farmer.....	290
Fair Fanny Moore.....	479	I Wish I Was Single Again.....	479
Fair Lady of London.....	150	I'll Be All Smiles Tonight, Love.	479
Fair Sharlot, The.....	129	Indian Hunter, The.....	479
False Girl, The.....	479	India's Burning Shore.....	224
False Nancy.....	110	Jack Hagade.....	268
Farewell He.....	130	Jack Haggerty.....	267
Farewell to Bonny Galaway.....	201	Jack Haggerty's Lament.....	269
Farmer's Boy, The.....	479	Jack Hargaty.....	269
Farmer's Curst Wife, The.....	373	Jack, the Sailor Boy.....	403
Fatal Wedding, The.....	479	Jack Williams.....	333
Fellow That Looks Like Me, The.....	479	Jam on Gerry's Rock, The.....	270
Finnigan's Wake.....	409	James Bird.....	479
First Night's Courtship, The.....	405	James Ervin.....	233
Fisherman's Girl, The.....	479	James Wayland.....	274
Floyd Collins.....	307	Jealous Lover, The.....	83
Foot of the Mountain Bow, The.	122	Jealous Sweetheart, The.....	479
For Four Score Years We've Flourished.....	479	Jesse James.....	339
Fox and the Goose, The.....	465	Jessie at the Railway Bar.....	479
Fox and the Grapes, The.....	479	Jessie of Ballington Brae.....	104
Frog He Would a-Wooing Go, A.	459	Jim Blake.....	479
Frog's Courtship, The.....	455	Jimmie Judd.....	277
Frog Went a-Courtin'.....	457	Joe Bowers.....	480
Frog Went a-Courtin', A.....	459	Joe Kimball.....	480
Frog Went a-Courting.....	459	John Riley.....	480
Frog Went a-Courting, A.....	459	John Sold the Cow Well.....	382
Froggie Did a-Courting Go, A..	458	Johnny and Betsy.....	114
Frozen Charlotte.....	126	Johnny German.....	155
Georgie.....	317	Johnny Sands.....	480
Gifts from over the Sea.....	453	Johnny Troy.....	329
Girl I Left Behind, The.....	98	Johnson's Mule.....	447
Girl Who Chawed Gum, The.....	479	Jolly Old Roger.....	480
Golden Ball, The.....	146	Jonah and the Whale.....	480
Green Beds, The.....	91	Kate and the Cowhide.....	387
Green Grows the Laurel.....	101	Kate and Her Horns.....	389, 391
Green Laurels.....	102	Katie's Secret.....	480
Green Mossy Banks of the Lea, The.....	190	Kellyburnbraes.....	375
Green Mountain.....	95	King John and the Bishop.....	379
Gypsy's Warning, The.....	479	King Solomon's Temple.....	480
Handsome Cabin Boy, The.....	399	Kitty Gray.....	106
Hard Times.....	443	Kitty of Coleraine.....	480
Harry Bail.....	278	Kitty O'Noory.....	393
Harry Dunn.....	282	Kitty Wells.....	480
He Plowed the Lowlands Low..	62	Knoxville Girl, The.....	77
Heights at Alma, The.....	229	Lady Bonaparte's Lamentation.	480
Hen and the Duck, The.....	473	Lady Elgin.....	480
Historian, The.....	448	Lady Isabel and the Elf Knight..	29
		Lady Leroy.....	174
		Lady Washington's Lamentation.	480
		Laird o' Drum, The.....	149

PAGE	PAGE		
Lake of Pontchartrain, The.....	133	Mossback, The.....	264
Lakes of Cold Finn, The.....	480	Mr. Woodburn's Courtship.....	139
Lamkin	313	Mrs. Johnson.....	481
Lanigan's Ball.....	480	My Bonny Black Bess.....	320
Larry O'Bryne.....	480	My Ella.....	85
Lass of Glenshee, The.....	202	My Father's Gray Mare.....	392
Laundry Song, A.....	358	My Good-lookin' Man.....	439
Lavender Girl.....	480	My Gum Tree Canoe.....	481
Little Brown Bulls, The.....	266	My Love Is a Youyou.....	481
Little Family, The.....	366	My Love Is on the Ocean.....	131
Little Husband, A.....	480	My Old Wife.....	481
Little Indian Maid, The.....	480	Nat Goodwin.....	349
Little Johnny Green.....	480	New Dress, The.....	134
Little Mary Phagan.....	352	Old Broad Horn, The.....	481
Little Nell of Narragansett Bay.....	480	Old Grey Goose, The.....	481
Little Susin, the Pride of Kildore.....	481	Old Grimes.....	467
Little Yorkshire Boy, The.....	384	Old Grumble.....	415
London Mason, The.....	384	Old Man, The.....	413
Lone Indian, The.....	481	Old Man and a Young Man, An.....	420
Lord Arnold's Castle.....	316	Old Man That Came over the	
Lord Bateman's Castle.....	143	Lea, The.....	414
Lord Lovel.....	43	Old New England Girl, The.....	481
Lord Thomas.....	37	Old Oak Tree, The.....	107
Lord Valley	46	Old Quaker, The.....	427
Lorena	481	Old Sheep Went to Sleep.....	464
Lorilla	84	On the Banks of the Old Knee.....	82
Lost Johnny Doyle, The.....	69	On the Banks of the Old Pedee.....	82
Lovely Willie's Sweetheart.....	103	On the Banks of the Old T. B.....	82
Lover's Farewell, A.....	53	On the Banks of the Sweet	
Lowlands Low, The.....	214	Dundee	189
Lumberman's Alphabet, The.....	255	On the Hills of Glen Coe.....	226
McAfee's Confession.....	337	One and Twenty.....	241
Maid I Left Behind, The.....	100	One Fine Day.....	475
Maid in Bedlam, A.....	178	Orphan Boy, The.....	481
Maid in Sorrow, The.....	401	Orphan Girl, The.....	481
Mantle So Green, The.....	159	Orphans, The.....	481
Martin, Tim, and Dan.....	286	Ossian's Serenade.....	481
Mary of the Wild Moor.....	481	Our Grandfather's Days.....	481
Mary's Dream.....	481	Oxford City.....	75
Mason's Dream, The.....	481	Paper of Pins, A.....	428
Massa Had a Yaller Gal.....	481	Patrick Sheehan	481
Master Frog Went a-Courting	459	Patrick's Baby	481
Me Father Is a Lawyer in Eng- land	435	Pat's Wedding	404
Melancholy Accident, A,—The Death of M. Hodge.....	309	Polly and Willie.....	482
Merchant's Only Son, The.....	198	Polly Band.....	68
Michigan-I-O	261	Poor Little Joe.....	482
Mistletoe Bough, The.....	481	Poor Tailor's High Relations, The	437
Molly Baun.....	66	Pretty Mohea, The.....	482
Monkey's Wedding, The.....	471	Pretty Polly.....	168, 220
		Pretty Polly Oliver.....	167

PAGE	PAGE		
Pride of Glencoe, The.....	225	Stepmother, The	482
Prince Charlie.....	209	Sweet Sunny South, The.....	242
Quaker Song, The.....	424	Sweet William and Lady	
Quaker's Courtship, The.....	425	Margaret	40
Quarrelling Couple, A.....	482	Tattoo on the Arm, The..	482
Raffle for a Stove, The.....	482	Texas Rangers, The.....	239
Red River Valley.....	482	Texy Rangers, The.....	240
Reily's Answer, Releasement, and Marriage with Coolen		That Southern Wagon.....	482
Bawn	482	There Was an Old Soldier.....	483
Reily's Trial.....	482	There's Nae Luck about the	
Rich Merchant's Daughter, The.	112	House	483
Rich Miser, A.....	423	Things Impossible.....	385
Rich Old Miser, A.....	422	Three Angel Visitants.....	483
Rich Young Farmer, The.....	153	Three Girls Drowned.....	301
Rinordine	96	Three Jews, The.....	446
Roaming Gambler, The.....	200	Three Scotch Robbers, The.....	211
Robin Tamson's Smiddy.....	182	Titanic, The.....	295
Roll the Old Chariot Along.....	287	Tragedy of Henry Green, The...	348
Rosewood Casket, The.....	482	Tree in the Wood, The.....	474
Rosie Nell.....	482	True Lover of Mine, A.....	137
Roving Rangers, The.....	240	Trust Shave, The.....	483
Rusty Old Rover.....	434	Twelve Apostles, The.....	365
Sadie Ray.....	482	Two Orphans, The.....	483
Sailor and the Tailor, The.....	482	Two Rigs of Rye.....	163
Sailor Boy.....	162	Two Sisters, The.....	32
Sailor Boy, The.....	94	Uncle Sam Simmie.....	468
Sailor Boy's Dream, The.....	482	Valiant Soldier, The.....	380
Sailor Boy's Farewell, The.....	482	Victory of Commodore Perry, The	483
Scolding Wife, A.....	432	Vilikins and His Dinah.....	397
Seaman and His Love, A.....	152	Village Pride, The.....	222
Seno Wreck, The.....	296	Wakken	332
Seven Long Years.....	132	Waxford Girl, The.....	78
Shanty Boys, The.....	260	Wealthy Merchant, The.....	165
Shantyman's Life, The.....	258	We Are Coming, Sister Mary...	483
Sherfield Apprentice, The.....	71	Weaver Is Handsome, The.....	172
Sherfield Printice, The.....	72	When Ye Gang Awa, Jemmy...	483
Ship That Never Returned, The.	482	White Maiden Captive, The....	483
Sidney Allen.....	341	Who Is Tapping at My Bedroom	
Silk Merchant's Daughter, The.	176	Window?	86
Silver Dager, The.....	88	Widow's Plea, The.....	355
Silver Dagger, The.....	89	Wild Colloina Boy, The.....	326
Silver Tide, The.....	73	Wild Colonial Boy, The.....	327
Sir Robert Peel.....	482	Wild Mustard River, The.....	276
Soldier's Boy, The.....	482	Wilkens and Dinah.....	398
Soldier's Letter, The.....	482	William and Nancy.....	169
Spanish Maid, A.....	123	William Reily's Courtship.....	483
Spanish Maid, The.....	125	Willie and Mary.....	87, 88
Spanish Maiden, The.....	418	Wonderful Account of a Little	
Springfield Mountain.....	120	Girl Ten Years Old, A.....	483
Stepfather, The	482	Wonderful Crocodile, The.....	469

Index of Ballads and Songs

501

	PAGE		PAGE
Wooing, The.....	417	Young Henry Green.....	346
Young Charlotte.....	129	Young Monroe.....	273
Young Diana.....	395	Young Munroe.....	272

