

A HERITAGE OF SONGS:
THE FOLK SONG COLLECTIONS OF CARRIE GROVER

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Abstract

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Carrie Grover, a homemaker and folk singer from Gorham, Maine via Nova Scotia, Canada, preserved, in her head, over 200 folk songs that she learned from her parents and other family members, passed down through the generations. She recorded many of her songs for ethnomusicologists in 1941, published 140 songs in 1955 in a volume titled *A Heritage of Songs*, and compiled a work with more of her collection called “The Maine Manuscript,” left unpublished at the time of her death in 1959. Only eight copies of *A Heritage of Songs* have known locations and “The Maine Manuscript” has been, until now, completely unknown and unavailable.

The purpose of this document is to newly publish transcriptions of these two works and make them available for further scholarly research. The supplementary writing will point composers and choral conductors to use these collections in their future work. Whether working directly with the songs in the Grover collection or comparing the melodies to those found in other works, these collections offer valuable insight into the history and performance practices of the songs through

Grover's anecdotal documentation. Composers can use this information to inform their decisions while arranging the songs for choirs; conductors can, in turn, use the same information to inform performance choices. A comparison made between the Grover collection and other volumes aids in identifying the history and variants of a melody. Since Grover recorded some songs in multiple sources (e.g., both editions of her written works and the recordings), a comparison can be further made between songs contained within in her own collection to give further insight into the variances a singer might exhibit between different presentations of the same melody as well as the notation practices of multiple transcriptionists. Using these comparisons, composers can create new arrangements of the songs that aim to capture a more complete version of the song.

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Dedication

To the memory of Carrie Blanche Spinney Grover

and her heart full of songs.

(1879-1959)

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Chapter 1

Introduction

1.1 The Carrie Grover Project

The focus of this study is the collection of folk songs remembered and recorded by Carrie Blanche Spinney Grover. She was born in 1879 in Black Lake, Nova Scotia, Canada and almost before she could talk began to learn folk songs from her parents. She was extremely sharp and could pick up a song after only hearing it once or twice¹ and eventually learned hundreds of songs from her family. For years she kept these songs with no idea how to preserve or pass them down but with the knowledge that if she did not act, the songs would be lost. In the Introduction to *A Heritage of Songs*, Grover records, “As I began to grow old myself, I came to a better realization of what these old songs meant to my parents and began working on my collection in real earnest, cheered on by the thought of how much happiness it would give them if they could know.”²

Inspiration struck when she heard Alan Lomax’s radio program *The American School of the Air* on CBS. The show, on the air from 1939-1941, featured modern folk singers such as Lead Belly, Woodie Guthrie, Burl Ives, and Pete Seeger acting as “model singers” of folk music.³ In December 1940, after listening to his broadcast distributed through WGAN in Portland, Maine, she reached out to Lomax about the possibility of recording her songs and began a series of correspondence in which

¹ Julie Savas (Head of the Carrie Grover Project), interview by author, Seattle, WA, January 31, 2019, transcript, Appendix IV.

² Carrie B. Grover, *A Heritage of Songs*. (Norwood, PA: Norwood Editions, 1973), 3.

³ Matthew Barton, “The Lomaxes,” In *The Ballad Collectors of North America: How Gathering Folksongs Transformed Academic Thought and American Identity*, Plymouth, UK: Scarecrow Press, Inc., 2012, 161.

they became quite friendly.⁴ Their communication culminated in April 1941 when Grover took a trip to Virginia and Washington D.C. and was able to meet Lomax. There, she recorded 50 songs to be stored in the Library of Congress.⁵ On that trip she also met with Sidney Robertson (later Sidney Robertson Cowell) and recorded 20 additional songs. Later that same year, Eloise Hibbard Lincott recorded Grover and photographed at her home in Gorham, Maine; 42 more songs were added to the collection at the Library of Congress,⁶ creating one of the largest collections from a single individual.

She continued to correspond with Lomax until he left the Library of Congress near the end of 1941⁷. By this point she was already working on the idea of compiling a book of her songs to preserve them for posterity. Her parents' desire to see the songs conserved drove her forward. She recalled her father, George Spinney (1837-1916), remarking to her mother, Eliza Long Spinney (1840-1929), "Liza, when we die our old songs will die with us, for there will be no one left to sing them."⁸ She further states, "The sadness of his voice brought to me the first realization of what the passing of these old songs meant to my parents. To them, it was a real tragedy to think that the time was fast coming when the old songs and ballads that had been sung in our family for so many years, would pass away with the passing of the people who sang them."⁹

The dream of a published collection would not come to fruition until over a decade later. Grover published the original volume along with her personal notes, with melodies transcribed by Ann L. Griggs, as *A Heritage of Songs* around 1955 by Gould Academy.¹⁰ The work would later be

⁴ Stephen Winick, *Paul Brady, Carrie Grover, Bob Dylan, and "Arthur McBride"*. *Folklife Today*. December 2, 2015. <https://blogs.loc.gov/folklife/2015/12/paul-brady-carrie-grover-bob-dylan-and-arthur-mcbride/>, (accessed March 25, 2019).

⁵ *Ibid.*

⁶ *Ibid.*

⁷ Barton, "The Lomaxes," 166.

⁸ The Maine Manuscript, transcript, 1954-56, The Carrie Grover Project, Appendix II, 317.

⁹ *Ibid.*

¹⁰ The original publication did not include publisher information or a date.

republished after her death by Norwood Publications in 1973 and given a wider circulation.

However, the work did not receive republication after 1973 and very few copies are still available to study.

In 1999, Julie Savas, an elementary school teacher and folk singer from Seattle, Washington, came across *A Heritage of Songs* in a local library. She was interested in the varied contents of the collection and was later able to purchase it during a book sale at the library.¹¹ As she began looking closer at the collection, Savas realized that this set of folk songs was unlike others that she had seen before. She found songs from Ireland, England, Canada, and New England. Savas realized she had obtained a unique collection and she began researching more about Carrie Grover.

Savas says she was immediately drawn to the stories that Grover included with the songs.¹² Not only did Grover preserve the songs, but she also recorded memories of how and when she learned them and of their historical background. To read *A Heritage of Songs* is to get a picture of life in rural Nova Scotia. Grover stated, “I hoped that this collection of songs and ballads, with their accompanying notes, might give those who come after me, an insight into the lives of their ancestors who lived at a time when the singing of songs and ballads was almost their only recreation, and helped, I believe, more than any other one thing, to lighten the burden of their lonely, hard-working lives.”¹³

Over the next 12 years, Savas worked sporadically on her research into Grover’s life and works. She began to think about wanting to republish *A Heritage of Songs* along with a full biography of Carrie Grover.¹⁴ When publishers turned down her idea, her enthusiasm for the project

¹¹ Julie Savas, interview, January 31, 2019 (Appendix IV).

¹² Ibid.

¹³ Grover, *The Maine Manuscript*, Appendix II, 317.

¹⁴ Julie Savas, interview, January 31, 2019 (Appendix IV).

dissipated only to be rekindled as a new artifact would surface. She made contacts in the Library of Congress and applied for a grant to listen to the recordings from Lomax, Cowell, and Linscott.¹⁵ The Library of Congress was excited to have someone interested in working with these recordings from Carrie Grover that had been sitting unused for 50 years. They denied the grant but agreed to send her digital copies of all the recordings with the understanding that she would send them any added information that she found.¹⁶

One additional source that Savas found was “The Maine Manuscript.” In 2006, she contacted the Maine Federation of Folk Clubs, with whom Grover was singing in 1941, and asked if they had any information about Grover or her time with them. In a couple of months, after having time to go through boxes of old information, they called Savas back, said they had found some songs and stories, and asked if she would like them.¹⁷ They sent her “The Maine Manuscript,” an unpublished manuscript of a second volume of 70 songs that she had planned to later publish. Grover had learned to notate music by this point and many of her notes for the volume are in an additional handwritten ledger – currently in Savas’ possession. However, she decided to still use professional help for the transcription, this time Fred Lincoln Hill, her fiddle teacher. Near the end of Grover’s life, when she got ill and left Gorham to live with her son, she left the manuscript with Hill and said he could do with it as he pleased. He did not do anything with it and so the manuscript stayed in a box at the Main Federation of Folk Clubs until delivered to Savas.¹⁸

Finally, in about 2013, Savas renewed her efforts to publish the now much larger collection of songs and now began to think of it as two separate projects: the collection and the biography. Still

¹⁵ Ibid.

¹⁶ Ibid.

¹⁷ Ibid.

¹⁸ Ibid.

unable to get a publisher to agree to the publication, Savas began to follow the advice of friends and think about creating a website where everything could be housed and be made accessible to the public.¹⁹ While following up on a listing for a professional transcriptionist I met Savas in the fall of 2017. I took an immediate interest in the project and began working on the transcription of *A Heritage of Songs*.

1.2 Scope and Limitations of This Study

To say *A Heritage of Songs* and “The Maine Manuscript” are unique is one thing, but to prove their uniqueness is another. Over the course of this study, we will examine the existing canon of folk song collections and determine if and how this collection from Carrie Grover adds to the present catalog. In addition to being just a comparison thesis, this study aims at being a practical guide for composers and choral conductors who can learn how to utilize this collection in their future works.

This introductory chapter will include a review of the literature written about folk music by academic researchers as well as the ethnomusicologists who did the field work to collect the songs. To survey the contents of the works from Grover, an analysis of the works in question will follow the literature review.

Chapter 2 will examine the work of three composers, Alice Parker, Mack Wilberg, and Moira Smiley. Each are all prominent composers widely respected for their settings of folk songs for choirs. Through personal email interviews, they will discuss their process of selecting the songs they want to set, as well as their methods of composition. Future composers may benefit greatly in determining methods and practices as they consider prospective arrangements.

¹⁹ Ibid.

After examining the process of the composers, Chapter 3 will review the results of a survey of choral directors. The survey allows observation of choral directors' use of folk song in their programming and can assist in answering how often folk songs are programmed, why conductors choose to program folk songs, and which types of choirs are most likely to program these songs. This information can further guide conductors and composers in their use of the Grover collection.

Chapter 4 includes a detailed comparison of "The Croppy Boy" as found in *A Heritage of Songs* with four other settings of this song found in other collections. A study of multiple variants, or similar versions, of the same song can identify the core of the piece and possibly reveal the origin and mutation patterns of the song. The song will be compared melodically, textually, and rhythmically to not only point out differences but also to identify the similarities that connect the five versions. This comparison will show how the additional information found in *A Heritage of Songs* creates a broader spectrum of understanding into the origin of this song. We will also look at variation within the Grover collection itself by comparing "Robin Hood and the Peddler" which is found in both *A Heritage of Songs* and "The Maine Manuscript" as well as on the recording made by Sidney Robertson Cowell. I have transcribed the melody as found on the recording and will compare it with the other two variants. The chapter concludes by sharing the process of producing a new arrangement of "The Croppy Boy" based on the comparison research. The goal is to show an innovative approach to arranging folk songs for choir using multiple available sources. Additionally, conductors can use the source material to make informed performance decisions.

Complete transcriptions of both *A Heritage of Songs* and "The Maine Manuscript" are appendices to this document (Appendix I and II, respectively).

No study of this kind can include a full comparison of the wide variety of folk song collections. Collections exist all around the world that are out of print or inaccessible. Even *A*

Heritage of Songs is close to that stage; only eight libraries still hold this work. This study will focus on collections that are closely²⁰ related to the works from Grover. This will include collections from Ireland, England, Eastern Canada, and the United States, particularly New England. Also included in the comparison will be works cited as inspiration to the composers discussed in Chapter 3.

The ethnomusicological methods used to collect the folk songs in other collections will help identify the scholarship of the collection. The collectors that dealt directly with Carrie Grover will receive more attention during the review of her materials. This study does not attempt to analyze or editorialize the various methods.

This study will compare only folk music outside of the church setting, in other words, not folk hymns. A more thorough definition of folk songs will be presented in the next section, but for now it suffices to say that for this study, folk song will include mostly secular music that was passed down through an oral tradition with unknown authorship.

Lastly, the scope of this study cannot include a full comparison of all the songs found in the Grover collection with all the variants found in other sources, neither will it be a detailed analysis of the songs based on categories, modality, or other criteria. Such analyses and comparisons are appropriate for further studies and explorations of this material.

1.3 Literature Review

What do scholars mean by *folk song* as opposed to *art song* or *popular music*? The first to coin the term *folk song* in print was Johann Gottfried Herder who used the term “Volkslied” long before scholars ever used the term in English.²¹ According to Gold and Revill, Herder proposed two

²⁰ Meaning close geographically to the songs contained in the Grover collection.

²¹ Ibid., 5. Also John Gold and R. Revill, "Gathering the Voices of the People? Cecil Sharp, Cultural Hybridity, and the Folk Music of Appalachia," *GeoJournal* 65, no. 1 (2006): 56.

ideas that would influence collectors for generations after him. First, “that folksong was as natural a form of communication as speech and the origins of speech and song were one;” and second “if folk music was natural and unconscious expression, then...the folk spirit was explicable only as an expression of nature.”²² In the nineteenth century, Herder’s successors changed “Volk” (people) to “Völker” (nation) and began referring to “German” songs that they could use to highlight German cultural superiority.²³

In the English-speaking world, the discussion of folklore and folk song began in Scotland. Matthew Gelbart avers that during the Enlightenment, the idea of the “noble savage” was sought in Europe as a vestige of a rural past unspoiled by modern culture.²⁴ In 1760, James Macpherson published several volumes of what he called “authentic translations” of the works by a third-century bard Ossian.²⁵ Though the works were later proved to be forgeries, during its popularity, they provided the Scots with an historical Epic, an ancient pedigree.²⁶

“The point is...that the idea of the “folk” posited a primitive Other that was in fact a stratum within European society, and the Scottish Highlanders were the first to be cast in this role – so the sort of attention given to Scottish music was qualitatively different from earlier cases of primitivism or exoticism...For these reasons, Scotland lay at the heart of the first discussions in English of “national music”; and for the same reasons it was in an essay on Ossian that Herder coined the term “Volkslied” in Germany.”²⁷

²² Gold and Revill, “Gathering the Voices of the People?”, 56.

²³ Ibid., 57.

²⁴ Matthew Gelbart, *The Invention of “Folk Music” and “Art Music:” Emerging Categories from Ossian to Wagner*, New Perspectives in Music History and Criticism, Cambridge; New York: Cambridge University Press, 2007. 11.

²⁵ Ibid., 60.

²⁶ Ibid., 60-61.

²⁷ Ibid., 11.

Just like in Scotland, other nations struggled with the distinction between “the past” and “history.” The past is what actually happened, when the folk songs were created. History, in this case music history, a relatively new discipline in the nineteenth century, had its own methodologies, priorities, and ideologies that viewed the past through its own lens.²⁸ As harmonies were added to folk melodies, there was no agreement among scholars about the true sound of the past.²⁹

The idea that folk song somehow represented a “natural” side of a population is an opinion easily adopted by folk song collectors. Alan Lomax said, “Singing is a specialized act of communication, akin to speech, but far more formally organized and redundant.”³⁰ If the modern civility could be cast aside and the more rudimentary aboriginal roots could be discovered, then a “true” picture of nationality could be developed. The theory was that folk songs were only found among the uncivilized, the peasants. This theory is postulated by Cecil J. Sharp, a prominent English folk song collector, in his book *English Folk Song: Some Conclusions*.³¹ He considered folk song to be living among the “common people,” or the non-educated peasantry who reside in the country and subsist on the land.³² Gold and Revill counter Sharp saying that many of his “uneducated peasants” may not be uneducated nor peasants as Sharp made them appear. Many of his singers were working-class residents of market towns employed in such occupations as tailor, miner, retired soldier, clergymen, shopkeepers, and railway workers, to name a few.³³

²⁸ Sindhumathi Revuluri, “French Folk Songs and the Invention of History,” *Nineteenth Century Music* 39, no. 3 (2016): 250.

²⁹ *Ibid.*, 251.

³⁰ Alan Lomax, “The Stylistic Method,” in *Folk Song Style and Culture*. 1st Pbk. ed. American Association for the Advancement of Science. Publication; No. 88. New Brunswick, N.J.: Transaction Books, 1978, 3.

³¹ Published in London: Methuen & Co. Ltd., 1907, xxi.

³² *Ibid.*, 3-4.

³³ Gold and Revill, “Gathering the Voices of the People?” 58. Also, Arthur Knevett, and Vic Gammon, “English Folk Song Collectors and the Idea of the Peasant,” *Folk Music Journal* 11, no. 1 (2016): 44-66.

One major flaw in the thinking and methodology of these early collectors was that they believed only a single type of national music existed. “Cultural hybridity,” the merging of cultures in a geographic area, was an issue for collectors such as Sharp who encountered songs with origins outside of their national field of study. Sharp would often ignore the true origins of the songs in order to preserve his nationalistic ideology.³⁴ Sindhumathi Revuluri stated,

Similarly, folk songs were seen as unaffected by neighboring peoples and cultures due in large part to the belief that the folk songs had existed before the time of foreign contact and had remained in the same state; any discussion of authenticity thus relied upon a narrative that valorized purity and assumed that foreign contact and urbanization equaled corruption.³⁵

The end of the nineteenth century through the turn of the twentieth century saw an influx of ethnomusicologists rushing to preserve the musical culture of their countries: in Central Europe, Johann von Heder, Béla Bartók, and Zoltán Kodály; in the United Kingdom, P.W. Joyce, Cecil Sharp, and Ralph Vaughn Williams; and in the United States, Phillips Barry, Francis James Child, and Olive Dame Campbell. They knew that the rising generation would forget these songs of the past because those who knew the songs of the past were ageing and the songs were not passed on.

In the United States, it was not long before ethnomusicologists realized that the songs found in the hills of Appalachia had their roots elsewhere. Earlier works by Francis Child, a professor at Harvard – best known for his work with English and Scottish Ballads – inspired efforts to make connections to the roots of these songs. In Child’s works, he codified many of these songs for the first time, including the ubiquitous “Barbara Allen.”³⁶ Cecil Sharp and Olive Dame Campbell made

³⁴ Ibid., 61-62.

³⁵ Revuluri, “French Folk Song,” 225.

³⁶ Arthur Krim, “Appalachian Songcatcher: Olive Dame Campbell and the Scotch-Irish Ballad,” *Journal of Cultural Geography* 24, no. 1 (2006): 97.

further trips into the Appalachian hills to trace the sources of these songs. Campbell was able to trace the origins of “Barbara Allen” from its Scottish origin, though immigration to Pennsylvania and Delaware during Colonial America, down the Shenandoah Valley to southwest Virginia/northwest North Carolina, and finally through the Cumberland Gap in the late eighteenth century and the Appalachian Highlands of Kentucky and West Virginia by the early nineteenth century.³⁷ The rapidity of migration prevented outside influence from mutating the songs and the melodies were preserved remarkably well.³⁸

Following the work of Campbell and Sharp, John Lomax and his son, Alan became important figures in folk song collecting. John, an able field recorder and Honorary Curator of the Archive of American Folksong at the Library of Congress, began taking Alan with him on recording trips starting in 1933 when Alan was 18.³⁹ They understood the importance of the work they were pursuing. As Alan Lomax said,

I had received my instructions and so had my father about what our purpose really was, which was not to bring the material to this room to you scholars, not to develop new theories about the development of American culture but to get room on the air for the people who were voiceless in this country.⁴⁰

Together, they produced a volume of *American Ballads and Folksongs* containing tunes such as “John Henry”, which they compiled from 25 variants, and included details about the lives of their singers. They were conscious of making an archive of not only songs but of recordings of songs that

³⁷ Ibid. 100-103.

³⁸ Ibid. 108.

³⁹ Matthew Barton, “The Lomaxes,” 151-152.

⁴⁰ Ibid., 153.

would never make it to print.⁴¹ Eventually father and son grew apart socio-politically: John never questioned the government system for which he worked; Alan saw social problems that needed to be addressed through their work.⁴² Alan Lomax eventually began making his own field recordings and in 1937 was hired as a full-time employee of the Library of Congress where he made several landmark recordings of folk and jazz singers.⁴³

To help codify the work done by ethnomusicologists the International Folk Music Council (IFMC) passed the following resolution in 1954 as an official definition of folk music:

Folk music is the product of a musical tradition that has been evolved through the process of oral transmission. The factors that shape the tradition are: continuity which links the present with the past; (ii) variation which springs from the creative impulse of the individual or the group; and (iii) selection by the community, which determines the form or forms in which the music survives. The term can be applied to music that has been evolved from rudimentary beginnings by a community uninfluenced by popular and art music and it likewise be applied to music which has originated with an individual composer has subsequently been absorbed into the unwritten living tradition of a community. The term does not cover composed popular music that has been taken ready-made by a community and remains unchanged, for it is the re-fashioning and re-creation of the music by the community that gives it its folk character.⁴⁴

As Gelbart points out, the definition of the IFMC was a consolidation of many ideas and classifications posited by collectors of the time; even today any fixed definition of folk music is

⁴¹ *Ibid.*, 154-55.

⁴² *Ibid.*, 154.

⁴³ *Ibid.*, 157-158.

⁴⁴ "Resolutions," *Journal of the International Folk Music Council* 7 (1955): 23, <http://www.jstor.org/stable/834530>.

highly debated.⁴⁵ Dan Knox says that in our modern day, much of what is considered “folk” or “traditional” music, which would have seemed common and part of the daily lives of those that sang them, are now presented as spectacular performances for tourists, the “banality of the ordinary” contrasting with the spectacle or extraordinary.⁴⁶

The IFMC definition is a basis to describe the folk music examined in this study. These songs passed orally from one generation to another or from one group to another through exposure and repetition without the aid of written notation. Therefore, the songs exist in malleable form, not fixed in time like a painting or compositions. Folk songs exist in several variants due to migration, mutation, or creativity of the singer. The composer of the songs is typically unknown, and the songs have been assimilated as natural part of the culture irrespective of origin.

The “creative impulse of the individual or group,” from the IFMC definition, leads to the creation of variants of folk song as it passes from singer to singer. Much research has been done about the transmission of folk song and the melodic variances found between singers. Alice Parker has stated, “In folk songs, the specific pitches and rhythms are always open to change. As a consequence, they suffer from being written down, from being constrained by the definiteness of the page.”⁴⁷ In 1942, in an early study about folk song variation, Sirvart Poladian asks, “Do two tunes with different musical features, yet to some extent similar, constitute variants, or might they be independent creations?”⁴⁸ He postulates that general structural relationships, intervallic comparison,

⁴⁵ Matthew Gelbart, *The Invention of “Folk Music” and “Art Music”: Emerging Categories from Ossian to Wagner*, Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2007, 2-3.

⁴⁶ Dan Knox, "Spectacular Tradition Scottish Folksong and Authenticity," *Annals of Tourism Research* 35, no. 1 (2008): 257.

⁴⁷ Parker, Alice. *The Anatomy of Melody: Exploring the Single Line of Song*. Chicago, Ill.: GIA Publications, 2006, 7.

⁴⁸ Sirvart Poladian, "The Problem of Melodic Variation in Folk Song." *The Journal of American Folklore* 55, no. 218 (1942): 205.

phrase shape, and cadence points can lead one to find genetic relationships between two seemingly different tunes to the same text.⁴⁹

A few decades later, in 1971, Deborah Scherrer and Phillip Scherrer sought to objectively identify the reasoning behind variants in folk song. They viewed the problem as one of memory capacity.

The folk [singers] are not automatic transmitters of a received tune. What they carry in their memories are general outlines, a fluid notion of song recreated according to each individual's mental concept of a particular melody. Tunes are adapted to the occasion, to the mental constitution of the singer at that particular moment and to the response of the listener. The singer is free to change melodic movement and rhythm, range and mode within a series of traditional controls not consciously present in the musician's mind. Thus, any attempt to determine variants must be elastic enough to account for the fluid concept of music the folk possess, while at the same time maintaining some relative constant upon which to base a system of determination.⁵⁰

Though the computer analysis did not ultimately determine which versions were true variants or not, they were successful at creating a program that could identify and group variants into sets based on averages of existing melodic materials.⁵¹ In 2009, another group of scientists as part of the WITCHCRAFT project (What Is Topical in Cultural Heritage: Content-based Retrieval Among Folksong Tunes) created a more advanced algorithm to more clearly group the folk songs into

⁴⁹ Ibid. See also Chapter 4 of this study for a comparison of five variations of "The Croppy Boy."

⁵⁰ Scherrer, Deborah K., and Scherrer, Philip H. "An Experiment in the Computer Measurement of Melodic Variation in Folksong." *The Journal of American Folklore* 84, no. 332 (1971): 230.

⁵¹ Ibid., 240-41.

families of melodies that could perhaps be traced back to having a common root.⁵² With a computer model that could incorporate aligning pitch, rhythm, and phrasing, they could yield better results than previous studies.⁵³ Another group from WITCHCRAFT is interested in creating a searchable database of variants based on existing research of orally transmitted folk songs and aid in bridging the gap between methodologies of musicologists and ethnomusicologists.⁵⁴

Each of these groups were working with a large body of works and were trying to find a way to classify the music in a sensible manner. Peter Kranenburg states that

while cognitive studies have shown that listeners have an astonishing ability to build meaningful categories, they often do not provide sufficient conclusions about how musical features are used in the human categorization process.⁵⁵

As with the other studies, phrase shape (contour), rhythm, and melodic motif were found to be the most reliable indicators for categorization.

The question that remains is this: why are some melodies passed down and retained more often than others? Why was “Barbara Allen” found so prevalently through Appalachia that scholars could trace its migratory path? Why were the Lomaxes able to find 25 variants of “John Henry” but only one version of other songs? What makes a melody memorable? Alice Parker says the answer is within the melody itself. “We are not aware of notes and rhythms or breathing and tone production, but of arching phrases, motion and climax, bodily involvement, and the invitation to join in. None of

⁵² Peter Van Kranenburg, Anja Volk, Frans Wiering, and Remco C. Veltkamp. “Musical Models for Folk-Song Melody Alignment,” *Proceedings of the 10th International Society for Music Information Retrieval Conference*, 2009, 508.

⁵³ Ibid. 511-512.

⁵⁴ Peter Van Kranenburg, Jörg Garbers, Anja Volk, Frans Wiering, Louis Grijp, and Remco C. Veltkamp, “Toward Integration of Music Information Retrieval and Folk Song Research,” *Department of Information and Computing Sciences, Utrecht University, Technical Report*, 2007, 1-20.

⁵⁵ Peter Van Kranenburg and Anja Volk, “Melodic similarity among folk songs: An annotation study on similarity-based categorization in music,” *Musicae Scientiae* 16, no 3, (2012): 318..

this can be notated.”⁵⁶ Lomax adds that melodies attract and hold attention because of their heightened redundancy.⁵⁷ Many people’s first exposure to song is through lullabies sung to them as children. Because of the simple and redundant nature of these songs, most adults can even aurally identify lullabies from other cultures.⁵⁸ Ruth Crawford Seeger used folk songs with preschool children to introduce them to American cultural heritage and went on to create fun and meaningful arrangements of the songs for school-aged children as well.⁵⁹ People of all generations tend to be able to associate songs they heard in their youth with autobiographic memories.⁶⁰

1.4 Relevance of Folk Songs

The vast number of folk song collections makes a complete examination or cataloging of all of them an impossible task for a project of this scope. It is, however, possible to look at a sampling of collections and look at their merits and shortcomings based on their contents. The survey of the collections examines the collection process, the transcription method (i.e. how much evidence of change from the original singer), and the amount of source material included. Knowing this information will aid in judging the collection preserved by Carrie Grover.

Nearly all the folk song collections inspected in this study include an important similarity. Typically, a collector or editor publishes a collection to represent a geographic region or a type of folk song (i.e., ballads, sea shanties, etc.). This is often because the wealth of material is so great that it is difficult to present everything in one collection. Therefore, there are collections of Irish folk

⁵⁶ Parker, *The Anatomy of Melody*, 4.

⁵⁷ Lomax, “The Stylistic Method,” 3.

⁵⁸ Trehub, Unyk, and Trainor, “Adults Identify Infant-directed Music across Cultures,” *Infant Behavior and Development* 16, no. 2 (1993): 193-211.

⁵⁹ Sarah H. Watts and Sarah J. Bartolome, “Children’s Folk Songs of America: The Folk Music Legacies of John Langstaff and Ruth Crawford Seeger,” *General Music Today* 26, no. 3 (2013): 13-17.

⁶⁰ Schulkind, Matthew, D. Hennis, and Laura Rubin, “Music, Emotion, and Autobiographical Memory: They’re Playing Your Song,” *Memory & Cognition* 27, no. 6 (1999): 948-55.

songs, or American children's songs, or ballads found in England⁶¹, or African American spirituals. There are exceptions to this rule, of course. For example, Wanda Willson Whitman's *Songs That Changed the World*⁶² is a collection that includes songs from many different regions and cultures. The types of songs vary, but their themes still connect them: songs with social impact on their community or country.

There is a significant connection among the collections in this review – they are all old. The most recent collection reviewed was nearly 30 years old at the time of this writing. In a time when the younger generation is more interested in popular music,⁶³ are folk songs still relevant? The twentieth-century saw a revival of folk song singing, creating a new genre of folk music that was attached to specific artists.⁶⁴ The folk singers often used folk music as a means of protest or for understanding others.⁶⁵ As the global stage became smaller though technological advancement, revivals were seen throughout the world in a second attempt at nationalism. The United States experienced a revival by youth in the 1960s in Civil Rights-inspired protests for rising racial musical integration.⁶⁶ Record companies were controlling the production and distribution of music in a way that left the industry racially segregated. The youth claimed folk music as “theirs” and used it as a statement of ideals that were being ignored by those in the music industry and the previous generation as a whole.⁶⁷ Britain's leftist communists splinter groups used folk music as a political tool until folk and rock merged to create a dichotomy of the artist, or the natural, and the industry.⁶⁸

⁶¹ Or, ever more particularly, a large part of Cecil Sharp's English folk songs center around just the area of Somerset, England.

⁶² New York: Crown Publishers, Inc., 1969.

⁶³ Marija Klobčar, "'The Young Sing Only Modern Songs,' or the Large-scale Program for Collecting Folk Songs between Expectations and Recognition." *Traditiones* 34, no. 1 (2005): 35-48.

⁶⁴ Carole Pegg, 2001 "Folk music," *Grove Music Online*, accessed 31 March 2019.

⁶⁵ Roy, William. "Aesthetic Identity, Race, and American Folk Music." *Qualitative Sociology* 25, no. 3 (2002): 459-69.

⁶⁶ *Ibid.*, 466.

⁶⁷ *Ibid.*, 467.

⁶⁸ Michael Brocken, *The British Folk Revival: 1944-2002*, London: Taylor and Francis, 2017.

In Russia, the folk revival in the post-Soviet period in the early 1990s helped to strengthen the national consciousness.⁶⁹ In Belfast, Ireland, in the 1960s, a revival with a lack of politically charged nationalists songs helped to include both Catholics and Protestants to come together and celebrate their shared culture.⁷⁰ Though the folk music of today is not the prominent driver for social change as it was in the 1960s, it is still an important “sonic platform” for storytelling.⁷¹ Singer-songwriter Tift Merritt understands the need for folk musicians to reach outside of the folk-song audience and expand the influence of folk music. She said, “When people come together under one genre, it's not as effective as coming together without genre.”⁷²

1.5 Classification of Folk Song Collections

The following categorization of collections will focus only on printed collections and not those housed online for two reasons. First, the online collections have less restrictions on space and can therefore include many more songs. Second, the online collections currently available draw their sources from printed collections and compiled into a specific location. The source material is still in the original collections and fit into the categories named below.

Most of the collections in this comparison fall into one of five categories:

Scholarly: An ethnomusicologist or musicologist that has done extensive field research publishes a scholarly collection as a record of their research. A scholarly presentation will include melodic transcriptions that make effort to preserve, in the notation, the vocal ornamentations and imperfections supplied by the singer. Grace notes, glissando or slide marks, and fermatas indicate

⁶⁹ Laura Olson, *Performing Russia: Folk Revival and Russian Identity*, London: Routledge Curzon, 2004.

⁷⁰ May McCann, “Music and politics in Ireland: The specificity of the folk revival in Belfast,” *British Journal of Ethnomusicology* 4, no. 1, 1995, 51-75.

⁷¹ Jim Fusilli, “Does Folk Music Still Matter? While Today's Most Influential Protest Songs are Recorded by Hip-Hop and Pop Artists, Folk Musicians Still Continue to make Meaningful Music for their Activist Audiences,” *Wall Street Journal (Online)*, Feb 24, 2017. <https://search.proquest.com/docview/1871598126>

⁷² *Ibid.*

vocal ornamentations. Though perhaps not a perfect representation of the song, the resulting notation is at least a close approximation. The collector notates the melody of the song along with the text, though sometimes printing the text below the melody. If the collector was able to find more than one singer that knew the same song, he or she will record all variants, either as text or, if there are changes to the melody as well, as a newly notated variation. The scholarly version will also specify the source of the song including who sang the recorded variant, where they lived, and any historical information known about the song.

Study Edition: Sometimes put together by an editor, a study edition will still involve the direct work of a collector. This type of collection will often attempt to preserve some of the vocal ornamentations of the singer, but not always as faithfully or consistently as a scholarly edition. A study edition will include only one version of each tune, thus making it difficult to examine variants. For ease of reading, the editor will print the melody and text and text together, at least the first stanza. The songs will have information about the collected singer. Each song in the collection will exhibit an annotation with historical information about the song, sometimes with more stories and personal connections than found in the strictly scholarly edition.

Performance: Collections of this category will often include a piano accompaniment or some other suggested harmony. The performance edition presents songs in a performance-ready way, meaning that there are fewer notated vocal variations and simplified and clear notation. The print size is typically larger than a scholarly edition since the intent of the publication is performance rather than study. Sometimes, the editor will include annotations about the singer and/or history. Though not as scholarly, an edition like this is still helpful in study when examining variations of the same song found across a selection of collections.

Presentation: A collection of this nature is not necessarily striving for the scholarly scrutiny of other editions. These are performance pieces, usually with piano accompaniment, that have been highly edited and compiled from a variety of sources. Since the songs themselves are in public domain, there will usually not be source information, though sometime the editor may include historical information about a song for interest and context. The visual appearance of the songs is more important than the scholarly substance and illustrations often accompany the melodies. Sometimes, the melodic notation includes multiple stanzas to help the performer avoid constantly skipping backwards between lyrics and notes while learning the text.

Text-Only Collections: The collections that only include text are in their own category because, though some may preserve the source material in a highly scholarly method, the collections do not preserve any sense of how to perform the song. The text is important in a historical reference used to contextualize the time period of its source. It can also lead to comparison of the text between variants of the same song. However, without a notated melody or a recording it is impossible to know what the songs sounded like when originally performed.

There is an additional category not explored as part of this study and is perhaps more valuable to the interpretation of folk song than any of the collections in this review: recordings. To have a surviving recording of one of the singers as recorded by one of the ethno-musicologists can be valuable to singers, composers, or conductors. A recording preserves in time an authentic performance of a song as sung without interpretation by a transcriptionist or musicologist. Performances of the past can inform decisions toward modern interpretation. The caution with recordings is that they are only snapshots of the songs. It is not the definitive way to perform a song and a modern performer will still need to make decisions regarding their interpretation; the recordings can aid in making these decisions more informed.

1.6 Annotated Bibliography of Folk Song Collections

Below is a list of folk song collections from various parts of North America and the United Kingdom since these collections most closely relate to the collection from Carrie Grover. Each will receive an annotation describing its contents as well as any strengths or weaknesses in the collection followed by a categorization based on the above criteria.

Bronson, Bertrand Harris, *The Traditional Tunes of the Child Ballads: With Their Texts, according to the Extant Records of Great Britain and America*. Princeton, New Jersey: Princeton University Press, 1959. This two-volume set attempts, for the first time, to combine the texts and variant tunes of the ballads collected by Francis James Child. Each tune includes variants and existing source material. The songs come through a combination of Child's personal fieldwork and from the work of other collectors. **Scholarly.**

Cole, William, ed. *Folk Songs of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales*. Garden City, NY: Doubleday & Company, Inc., 1961. A collection of folk songs headed up by an amateur musician, William Cole, intent on recording some of the songs that he encountered during his travels through the countries represented. He and his collaborator/arranger, Norman Monath, researched each of the pieces selected and presented simple, appropriate arrangements of the songs, relying heavily on the works on James Francis Child and Cecil Sharp who were responsible for the orderly preservation of these folk songs. **Presentation.**

Creighton, Helen, ed. *Folksongs from Southern New Brunswick*. Ottawa: Canadian Centre for Folk Culture Studies, 1971. A collection of 118 songs collected from Southern New Brunswick in the 1950s. Many of the songs were sung by Mr. Angelo Dornan, a man of Irish descent who had clear recollection of 135 Irish and British songs. Though there are some original

Canadian songs, a large majority of the songs in this collection are of foreign origin. For example, *The Sheffield Prentice* (p.45), as noted in the book, can be traced to England and can be found in *Cecil Sharp's Collection of English Folk Songs*. (Vol. 2, No. 388, p571). The notation is done by hand, though quite cleanly. Text underlay is clear. **Study Edition.**

Eckstorm, Fannie Hardy, and Mary Winslow Smyth. *Minstrelsy of Maine: Folk-Songs and Ballads of the Woods and the Coast*. Boston and New York: The Riverside Press Cambridge, 1927. 119 songs. These two collectors created a scholarly collection of ballads and folk songs from Maine, recording several variants for many of the tunes along with information about the singer from whom they collected the song. They limited their collection to the woods and coasts because the wealth of material they collected was too much for a single volume. The collection consists of text only with no melodic notation. **Text Only.**

Grissom, Mary Allen. *The Negro Sings a New Heaven*. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press, 1930. 45 songs presented in six categories: I. Songs of Death; II. Songs of Heaven and Resurrection; III. Bible Stories in Song; IV. Songs of Exhortation; V. Songs of Service and Personal Experience; VI. Shouting Songs and Songs of Triumph. Melodies mostly recorded from African Americans in the area around Louisville, Kentucky, USA. Careful preservation of the melody with attempt at showing phrasing and articulations, especially paying attention to sliding and pitch bending. No added accompaniment. This collection was one of the favorites mentioned by Alice Parker in her work arranging for Robert Shaw.⁷³ **Performance.**

Henry, Sam, Gale Huntington, and Lani Herrmann, eds. *Sam Henry's Songs of the People*. Athens, GA: University of Georgia Press, 1990. Around 800 songs from the region of Ulster, Ireland.

⁷³ Email from Alice Parker, January 25, 2019.

Originally posted in the *Northern Constitution* as a weekly newspaper column from 1923-1939. Sam Henry (b. 1878) collected the songs and transcribed them into “tonic sol-fa”⁷⁴ to easily typeset them for the paper. These articles were re-transcribed and compiled into one collection. The collection includes the singer’s names and locations. Text and melody recorded separately. **Scholarly.**

Joyce, P.W. ed. *Old Irish Folk Music and Songs: A Collection of 842 Irish Airs and Songs Hitherto Unpublished*. Dublin: Hodges, Figgis, & Co., Ltd., 1909. Many of the song in Part I and II come from Joyce’s own memory. The other tunes credit the singer and location of performance. Many of the songs are only a melody without text attached. Parts III and IV contain materials from two other collectors, William Forde and John Edward Pigot. Only one version of each song is recorded, often without ornamentation marks or explanation, the exception being Part II which is rife with explanatory material. **Study Edition.**

Lehr, Genevieve, ed. *Come and I Will Sing You: A Newfoundland Songbook*. Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1985. This collection of 120 songs from Canada tries to faithfully transcribe swoops, dips, and irregular time changes presented by the singers. Usually presents only one variant of a song, but each includes the name of the collected singer as well as historical context. Emphasis given to finding songs not published in other collections and that were local to the area; however, the editor acknowledges that many of the songs are of European influence. **Study Edition.**

Linscott, Eloise Hubbard. *Folk Songs of Old New England*. London: Archon Books, 1962. This volume contains 162 tunes collected by Linscott herself as well as tunes found in other collections that she compiled for this book. Many of the tunes include harmonization for

⁷⁴ A notation originating in Britain with symbols, unlike standard staff notation, can be set in ordinary type or typewritten.

keyboard accompaniment, though Linscott states that she made a point to keep the singer and the style in mind while setting the tunes. Although a scholarly presentation of the songs with annotations of the singers and locations, this collection does not make a point of exploring variants. **Performance.**

Lomax, Alan. *The Folk Songs of North America: In the English Language*. Garden City, N.Y.:

Doubleday, 1960. Of the 317 recorded songs, 100 have been set with a piano accompaniment and the rest with a proposed chord structure and suggested instrumentation. Some of the songs are text-only versions and some are stories of the song without a transcription of melody or lyrics. This collection represents a compilation from his personal collections and other collectors' published works. **Performance.**

Lomax, John A., and Alan Lomax. *American Ballads and Folk Songs*. New York: Macmillan, 1934.

The Lomaxes collected these 270 songs in the 1920s and 30s as a follow up to their volume of cowboy songs. Some effort made to identify the singer and the context of the song, but not consistently through the volume. Very few variants recorded, usually of text. Significant effort made, especially with the Negro songs, to record the lyrics as performed. Easy to read font and clear notation. **Study Edition.**

Mulcahy, Michael, and Marie Fitzgibbon, eds. *The Voice of the People: Songs and History of*

Ireland. Dublin: O'Brien Press, 1982. 123 songs that have a strong nationalist flavor. The notation is hand-written, and the text underlay is sometimes unclear. Chord symbols suggest an underlying harmonic structure. Some of the songs have only text without melodic notation.

The concluding section of the collection is completely in the Irish language. **Performance.**

Palmer, Roy, ed. *Folk Songs Collected by Ralph Vaughan Williams*. London: J M Dent & Sons, Ltd.,

1983. Vaughan William collected around 800 songs over about 10 years (only 121 included in

this collection). However, he was more interested in the songs than the singers and so did not record information about all the singers. The downside of this approach is that he would often not record the lyrics while making a transcription because he knew they were available elsewhere, thus missing individual turns of phrase or local colloquialisms. One strength of this volume, which I have not seen elsewhere, is the addition of a short section defining words or phrases that might be unfamiliar to a modern audience. **Study Edition.**

Randolph, Vance, and Cohen, Norm. *Ozark Folksongs*. Music in American Life. Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1982. Originally collected and compiled by Vance Randolph, this collection edited and abridged to include further citations and notes for each song. Though not listing each additional variant, an extensive list provides information of where additional variants are located, including references to Grover. There is marginal attempts in the transcription to capture the style of the singer, possibly because many of the tunes are from other existing collections and not from firsthand sources. **Scholarly.**

Seeger, Ruth Crawford. *American Folk Songs for Christmas*. Garden City, NY: Doubleday & Company, Inc., 1953. This is a collection of 54 songs compiled from many diverse sources as acknowledged by the author at the beginning of the volume. This is a favorite collection of Moira Smiley, as discussed in Chapter 2 of this document. Each song designated by the state and arranged in a manner to tell the Christmas story from beginning to end. Seeger has set each tune with a simple piano accompaniment. Illustrations included throughout the volume. **Presentation.**

Sharp, Cecil J. *Cecil Sharp's Collection of English Folk Songs*. Edited by Maud Karpelles. London: Oxford University Press, 1974. 413 songs (with variants totaling 1,165) contained in two volumes. Much of this collection came from the area of Somerset and represent only a part of

the 3,300 songs that Sharp collected between 1914-1918. Sharp notated each variation separately. An ample collection with detail to credit each singer including their location and age. **Scholarly.**

Whitman, Wanda Willson. *Songs That Changed the World*. New York: Crown Publishers, Inc., 1969.

A truly world folk song collections, includes 300 songs considered to be socially important through world-wide political revolutions, war and peace, and social justice, with representative songs from all populated continents. Those songs not in English include a translation. If the native tongue does not use the Latin alphabet (e.g. Chinese, Russian) then the edition provides only the English translation. These are transcriptions put together from using many other previously published collections and does not reflect a transcription directly from a singer. No accompaniment provided, but suggestions of harmony made through chord symbols. Each song has an accompanying blurb describing either the history of the song or who wrote/owns it. **Performance.**

1.7 Review of *A Heritage of Songs* and “The Maine Manuscript”

As stated earlier, *A Heritage of Songs* and “The Maine Manuscript” is both a musical collection as well as a study of the family history of Carrie Grover. On the first page of “The Maine Manuscript” she hand-wrote the names and birthdates of her mother’s family as well as other family information.⁷⁵ Grover divides each volume into two parts: songs she learned from her mother (the Long family line) and those she learned from her father (the Spinney line). *A Heritage of Songs* contains 51 Mother Songs and 86 Father Songs.⁷⁶ The “Maine Manuscript” contains 41 Mother

⁷⁵ Grover, *The Maine Manuscript*, Appendix II, page 308.

⁷⁶ Could also be counted as 89 songs, but in the present transcription 4 of the songs have been combined into one set called *Songs of Slavery Days*.

Songs (24 of them not included in *A Heritage of Songs*) and 29 Father Songs (25 of which were not in *A Heritage of Songs*).

Other observable differences in the collection from Grover included the scope of the geography and the variety of song types. The geographic boundaries for her songs are quite wide. She records songs traced to Scotland, Ireland, England, Wales, Canada (mostly Nova Scotia), and the United States (mostly New England). The variety of songs that she records is as assorted as the geography. Grover includes religious songs, love songs, marriage songs, children's songs, lullabies, songs of lamentation, historical songs, patriotic songs, songs of praise, songs about animals, humorous songs, slavery songs, warrior women songs, and others.⁷⁷

The transcription of the melodies in *A Heritage of Songs*, as stated previously, were by Ann L. Griggs. She hand-wrote the notation but used a typewriter for the lyrics, thus creating confusing text underlay issues where the words and notes do not line up. There are also many instances of incorrect rhythmic notation based on the meter or melodic information. For example, in "Musing" located in the Father Songs section on page 81, (Figure 1), one can see that when she wants two notes per syllable, she beams the eighth notes, but if there is only one note per syllable, the notes will remain un-beamed, as in measure 1.

⁷⁷ Archer Taylor, "Lists and Classifications of Folksongs," in *Jarbuch für Volksliedforschung*, 1968 (13), 3.

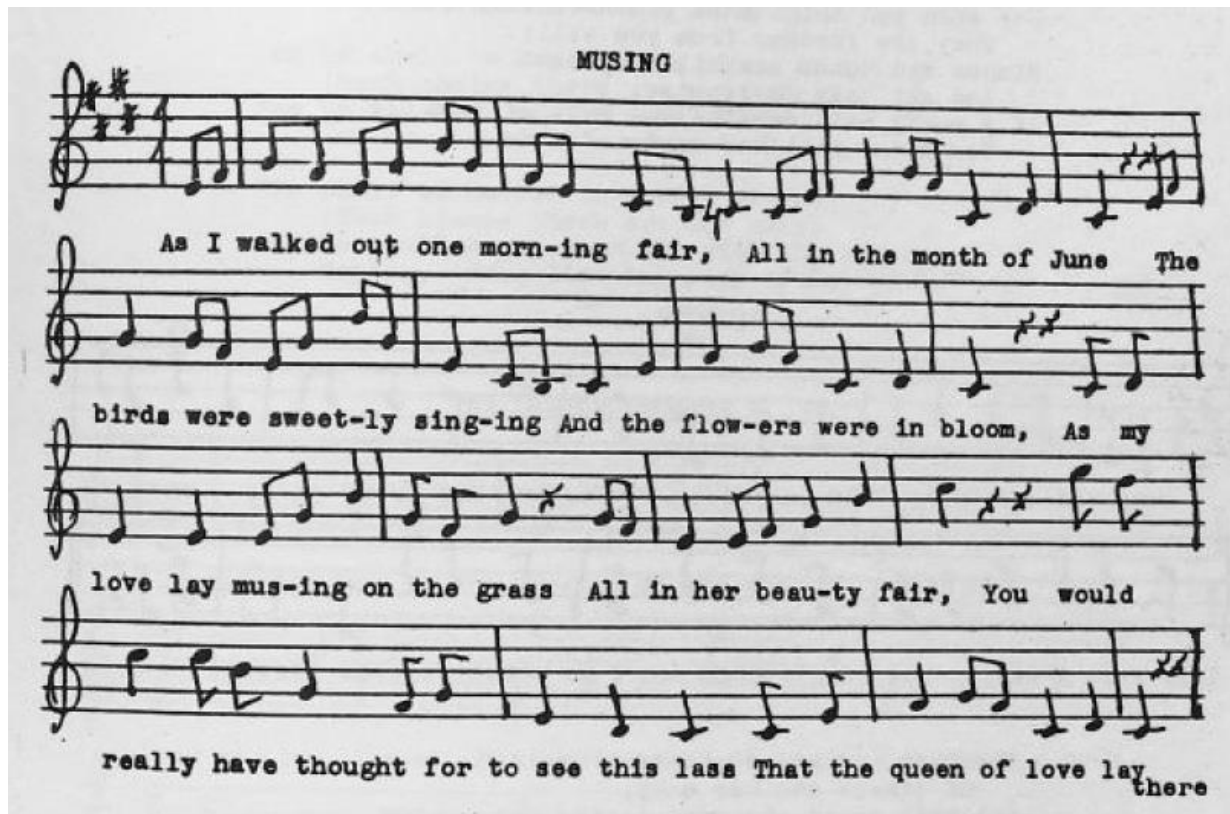


Figure 1 "Musing" as transcribed by Ann L. Griggs

However, if the anacrusis represents the word "as" for both pitches, then there is no note for the word "I" in the first full measure. That measure also only contains three beats instead of the requisite four necessary for 4/4 meter. In the second measure, it appears that the word "fair" should come on beat two, though if reading each syllable with two pitches as notated, it should actually fall on the C natural on beat three. In measure 12, the word "You" occurs on a rest instead of a pitch. The text underlay in the final measures is also unclear.

Figure 2 is a new transcription based on the Griggs edition. The new version addresses the issues addressed above, including the addition of a quarter note for the word "I" in the first full measure. The transcription of all the songs in *A Heritage of Songs*, including this song can be found in full in Appendix I.

Musing

As I walked out one morn - ing fair, All in the month of June The
birds were sweet - ly ___ sing - ing ___ And the flow - ers ___ were in bloom, As my
love lay mus - ing on the grass All in her beau - ty fair, You would
real - ly have thought for to see this lass That the queen of ___ love lay there.

Figure 2 "Musing" transcribed by the author for the Carrie Grover Project

Another feature of the Griggs transcription which can be helpful is the inclusion of grace notes, fermatas, and changing meters used to capture the singing style of Carrie Grover. As evidence, Figure 3 shows the transcription for "The False Lover" from the Mother Songs.



Figure 3 "The False Lover" as transcribed by Ann L. Griggs

"The Maine Manuscript," with text typed by Carrie Grover and melodies transcribed by Fred Lincoln Hill, has similar issues to *A Heritage of Songs*. In this edition, the tunes and lyrics were both handwritten by Hill, leading to common occurrences of unclear notation or text. For example, Figure 4 shows the handwritten transcription of "On the Banks of a River" from the Mother Songs portion of the manuscript. Visual evidence suggests that Hill transcribed the melody elsewhere and then taped it into the manuscript. In the fifth measure, there are too many beats for a 3/4 meter, necessitating the change of the quarter note on the word "maid" to an eighth note. Measure seven also has incorrect notation according to the meter. Figure 5 is my transcription based on Hill's work including corrections to measures five and seven. Since I was making a complete transcription of the

manuscript instead of just the songs, included footnotes explain any changes made to the original document.

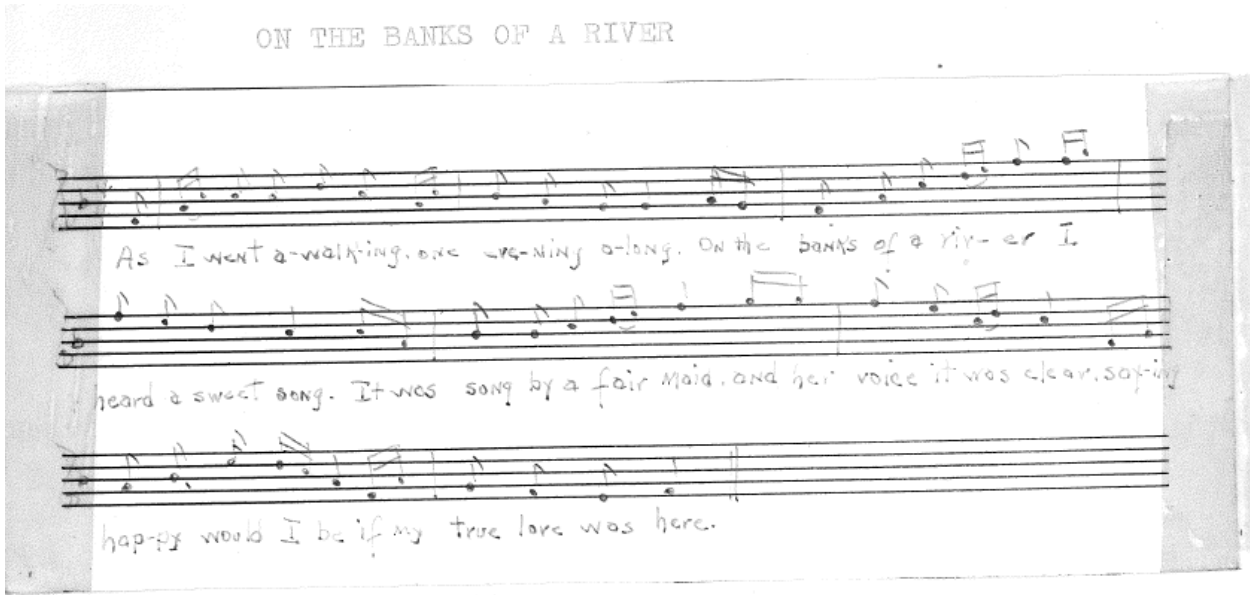


Figure 4 "On the Banks of a River" transcribed by Fred L. Hill

On the Banks of a River

A printed musical score for the song "On the Banks of a River". The score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 3/4. It consists of three staves of music. The lyrics are: "As I went a walk - ing, one eve - ning a - long, On the banks of a riv - er I heard a sweet song. It was sung by a fair maid and her voice it was clear, say - ing, 'Hap - py would I be if my true love was here.'" The score includes bar lines, rests, and dynamic markings.

Figure 5 "On the Banks of a River" transcribed by the author

The manuscript ends abruptly after the last song which leads to speculation that there may be one or more missing pages.⁷⁸ However, the manuscript includes all the songs listed in the table of contents; therefore, this may be what Grover intended. Appendix II includes the complete transcription of “The Maine Manuscript.”

It is the inclusion of Grover’s personal stories about the songs that makes this collection unique among other anthologies. She uses stories to help set the songs in historical context as well as give a glimpse into the singing style and daily lives of those that sang these songs. Some of the folk song collections in Section 1.6 contain notes about the history of the songs assembled, but it is usually presented from a scholarly point of view, whereas the Grover collection is extremely personal. Below, I will include a few of the stories included in *A Heritage of Songs* and “The Maine Manuscript.”

Carrie Grover tells a story in both collections in connection with the song “What News, What News from Ireland, Brave Mouse” (“Maine Manuscript”, p.27⁷⁹, *A Heritage of Songs* as “A Faction Song,” p.31).

My grandfather knew and sang a great many songs, and one time when he was a young man at home, some young people came in and asked him to sing. His father was suffering from a severe attack of rheumatism at the time, and was in the front part of the house, while the young people were in the kitchen. The song they asked him to sing was one of the party songs, or faction songs, as Mother used to call them, that were much sung at that time.

Grandfather did not want to sing this song as he knew his father, who was a strong Catholic, would greatly resent it, but his friends were sure that with the doors and windows closed, his

⁷⁸ Julie Savas, Interview, January 31, 2019, Appendix IV.

⁷⁹ Appedix II, 335.

father would not hear him, so he allowed himself to be persuaded. My grandfather tilted his chair back near an open window, which they had forgotten to close, and began to sing. His father heard him and recognized the song, and making as little noise as possible, he crept through the front door and around the house to the open kitchen window. Here, he braced himself against the wall and, before anyone realized that he was there, he reached through the window with his cane and hit my grandfather over the head with it, and, as mother always ended the story, “he laid his head open, and he carried the scar to his grave.”

Grover included the following note in connection with the song “The Tempest,” a sailor song about a fearful storm at sea, in the Father Songs section of *A Heritage of Songs*, p. 124:

I can remember hearing my father sing this song ever since I can remember, and something in the way he sang it always gripped me and made feel the tragedy of it even before I was old enough to understand the meaning of it all. My sister says it always made her feel the same way. He would sit gazing into space, or out of the window, with a far away expression in his eyes. I have often wondered if while singing this song he was not reliving a terrific storm at sea, the worst he ever experienced.

He was sailing as Able Seaman on board a sailing vessel, and as he was an extra good helmsman the captain asked him if he could take a second trick at the wheel, for the man who was to take his place at the helm had been taken sick and had to go below. If I remember, a trick at the wheel meant standing at the helm and steering the vessel for four hours, when another man would take it for four hours. So, for eight consecutive hours my father steered the vessel with the lightning dancing up and down the spokes of the wheel as he held it, on the railings around the deck and on the waves in front of him. He said the lightning was blue. When he was relieved, he went below and threw himself

face down, and to use his own words he was stone blind for a fortnight.

Mother said that for years after they were married he would throw himself down on a bed or couch during an electrical storm because of the severe pain in his eyes, and ever since I can remember his eyes would pain and the flesh seem to puff up around them every time there was a thunder storm.

The “Maine Manuscript,” p. 10⁸⁰ includes this memory about friends and neighbors singing these songs and gives us further insight into the development of variants:

Grownups, with little or no education, also made funny mistakes. If they came to a word of which they did not know the meaning, they would put in a word they did understand, no matter how ridiculous it might sound in that particular place. I have heard a young man sing “The Frozen Bride” and substitute the words “young swans” for “young swains.” I have also heard “Jack Has Gone A-Roving” sung with the words “She went into a tailor’s shop and dressed in men’s array” changed to “She went into a barber shop and dressed in men’s hurray.”

These stories, and the dozens of others contained in these volumes, contribute to the uniqueness of the Carrie Grover collection. Her personal notes teach not only *how* the songs sounded but also *why* the singers performed them, *who* sang them, and *where* the songs came from.

⁸⁰ Appendix II, 318.

Chapter 2

Choral Arrangers of Folk Songs

2.1 Introduction of Three American Icons

In this chapter, I will examine the arranging process of three composers who have made a name for themselves through their folk song arrangements. After the comparison, I will postulate how composers today will be able to use the collection from Carrie Grover in their writing. There are many composers that I could have chosen from, but have elected to focus on Alice Parker, Mack Wilberg, and Moira Smiley as they represent three generations of choral arrangers: Parker from the 1950s and 60s¹, Wilberg from the 1990s to early 2000s, and Smiley from the early 2000s to the present. An observation of the patterns and similarities of their methods will assist today's composers interested in writing new choral arrangements of folk songs.

All three composers agree that the process of arranging is no less valuable nor diminished in any way when compared to composing original works. does not believe his arrangements are any less important or second class, but that his original compositions are simply more difficult to write and a greater sense of accomplishment comes from their completion. He points out that though his arrangements receive more performances, he derives more personal satisfaction from his original compositions.²

¹ Alice Parker, e-mail message to the author, January 25, 2019, Appendix V. These dates are in reference to the years that she was working with Robert Shaw, 1948-1968.

² Elliot S. Jones, "A Survey of the Choral Arrangements of Mack Wilberg and Musical Analyses of Representative Arrangements" DMA diss., University of Miami, 2000, ProQuest Dissertations & Theses Global (304608480) 162-76.

Alice Parker makes the following observation regarding the difference between arranging and composing:

Our contemporary division between 'composition' and 'arrangement' is false. I learned to compose by trying to live up to the melodies I was working with -- just as composers have always used pre-existing melodies in their works: theme and variation, cantus firmus, the chorale tune in hymnal and cantata. I strive to write melodies which will last -- and in their settings, to use all the compositional tools that have come down to us from each musical tradition. My work is in constant dialogue with the past.³

Moira Smiley says that she sees both arranging and composing as equal and will vacillate between the two in order of preference. Currently, she has been interested in focusing on creating new folk art and music.⁴

Another idea that all three of them agree on is that they must spend time with the tune that they are about to set. Smiley says that she feels the arranging process is “freer, more interesting, [and] less stiff” if she has had the time to sing the song until she knows it by ear. The arrangements where she has not been able to obsessively listen to the source have been less satisfying for her.⁵

Alice Parker describes her process as follows:

I copied them out by hand (this was pre-Xerox days) and when I was ready to work with a set of tunes I memorized them to get completely away from the page. Gradually I would choose a key and meter for our use, and which verses in which order. Repeated singing and dancing

³ Alice Parker, email, January 25, 2019.

⁴ Moira Smiley, email to the author, January 28, 2019, Appendix VI.

⁵ Ibid. She references a set of pieces she arranged from Ruth Crawford Seeger’s collection Christmas songs which had to be done quickly and, according to Smiley, did not turn out well.

would result in a familiarity with the song that made it completely 'mine'. I would base the arrangement on the version I ended up with in my head.⁶

Interestingly, the process described by Parker is remarkably like the oral progression of folk songs. The singers sang the songs over and over with embellishments added to keep the singing fresh. Slowly, the songs mutated into a new variant particular to a singer. Singers of old folk songs often accompany their singing with physical gestures either to go along with the song or to help them feel comfortable singing.⁷ Moira Smiley agrees with this notion: “My own physicality getting mixed into my arranging process...and obsessively listening to the source that I fell in love with...is my favorite way.”⁸

Wilberg also believes that he needs to select a tune to set that speaks to him either melodically or, more often, textually. Especially when setting hymn texts, which he has done frequently in his work at Brigham Young University and with the Tabernacle Choir at Temple Square, the text must be one that he agrees with doctrinally; to do otherwise would be disingenuous.⁹

Most often an arranger usually starts is with the source material. For Alice Parker, the New York public library offered an extensive song index. There she found songs from numerous countries and many centuries in several variations. When she found a piece that she preferred, she would copy down the text and melody by hand to avoid influences from other arrangements. She preferred simplicity in text and melody. Most of the songs she ended up working with were unfamiliar to her when she found them; she learned to recognize those that would work well with the treatment given

⁶ Alice Parker, email, January 25, 2019.

⁷ The Maine Manuscript, transcript, 1954-56, The Carrie Grover Project, Appendix II, 315.

⁸ Moira Smiley, email, January 28, 2019.

⁹ Jones, “A Survey of Choral Arrangements of Mack Wilberg”, 20.

them to be used by the Robert Shaw Chorale.¹⁰ She initially worked with folk songs as a money saving method. If she could find songs to arrange in the public domain, she could avoid paying royalties. Parker and Shaw further decided to write mostly for unaccompanied choir to save the money they would have to pay instrumentalists.¹¹ Even though they were written for professional voices, the lack of divisi kept the arrangements accessible to a wide cohort of choirs, from high school to community and college groups.¹²

Mack Wilberg enjoys spending time in libraries doing detective work looking through collections.¹³ When traveling in Europe he would rather be in an old music shop than looking at the famous landmarks and other notable attractions. “People laugh at me,” Wilberg said in an interview with the Deseret News. “For me, it’s like being a kid in a candy shop. I just want to devour it all.”¹⁴ Once the source is selected, Wilberg focuses on creating a plan, or scheme, of how the piece will unfold. He tends to formulate his best ideas in a less-formalized setting such as when relaxing without distraction. He works out the main form of the piece before he ever puts pen to paper: accompanied or unaccompanied? If accompanied, then by what? Does it have an introduction? Does it change keys? The general melodic and thematic elements are typically in place in his head before he begins to write.¹⁵ He is also acutely aware of the golden mean, the point in a given work represented by the equation $g = t \cdot .618$ where g is the golden mean and t is the total number of measures in a work, which works out to roughly 2/3 of the way through a piece of music. His scheme

¹⁰ Alice Parker, email, January 25, 2019.

¹¹ Jim Taylor, “The Choral Arrangements of Alice Parker and Robert Shaw,” *Choral Journal*, June and July 2012 (11), 33.

¹² *Ibid.*, 36.

¹³ Jones, “A Survey of Choral Arrangements of Mack Wilberg”, 20.

¹⁴ Trent Toone, “How the Director of the Mormon Tabernacle Choir Unearths Musical Treasures,” *Deseret News*, December 8, 2016.

¹⁵ Jones, “A Survey of Choral Arrangements of Mack Wilberg”, 22-23.

for a piece will form around this idea, building to a climax around, though not always exactly, at this point.¹⁶

Though these composers have spent numerous hours with various folk song collections, each of them also has their favorite resources for source material. As mentioned before, Moira Smiley was enamored with the Ruth Crawford Seeger collection of Christmas songs. Though her first arrangements of these songs were not to her liking, she has since reworked and rearranged these pieces.¹⁷ One of Alice Parker's favorite collections was *The Negro Sings a New Heaven* compiled by Mary Allen Grissom.¹⁸ She felt with a "good collection" like this one, she could use the material as listed without having to editorialize as she might have to with those collections with added accompaniments.¹⁹ Wilberg does not have a particular collection as a favorite but has amassed an extensive collection of songs from his visits to bookstores and libraries.²⁰

The tunes selected by these composers are not accidental choices. It takes them many hours looking through collections until they find just the right one, a song that speaks to them. Often these are songs with which they were initially unfamiliar but would later come to know on a very intimate level. Parker states:

At least 60-70 percent of the songs I set were not familiar to me. I chose the ones that leapt off the page into my ears -- I could hear a real voice singing (Grissom again). Then when I began to work with that melody, I would imagine the singer in the place and time that seemed

¹⁶ Ibid., 24.

¹⁷ Moira Smiley, email, January 28, 2019.

¹⁸ University of North Carolina Press: Chapel Hill 1930.

¹⁹ Alice Parker, email, January 25, 2019.

²⁰ Mack Wilberg, email to the author, March 13, 2019, Appendix VII.

right, surrounded by others who were responding to the song. If I couldn't hear a 'voice' in the song, I couldn't use it.²¹

Smiley turns to Georgia Sea Island songs in the Ruth Crawford Seeger collection and the Lomax collections for inspiration because the transcriptions were more faithful to the singer's intent. She finds herself "struck by a powerful, timeless lyric or a surprising melodic or rhythmic shape."²² For the past few years, she has been taking her experience working with folk songs to create new folk music and art. Her original pieces maintain the idea of the powerful, timeless lyric and the surprising melodic or rhythmic shape.

Another factor that influenced the writers of choral arrangements of folk songs is the choir for which the composer is writing. Most famously, Alice Parker spent 20 years working as the main arranger for the Robert Shaw Chorale. Under Shaw's tutelage, Parker experienced what she later referred to as "Medieval-style apprenticeship in Renaissance compositional techniques."²³ Shaw had a very demanding ear and reworked Parker's pieces in a way that she had never experienced. "Each note, word, and phrase had to be exactly right. Each voice part had to invite the singer into the phrase. He allowed no splitting of voice parts, no new and 'interesting' harmonizations, no effects for effects' sake."²⁴ The process was repeated for each new album that they recorded until Shaw was comfortable that Parker knew how to handle the material to be suitable for the Chorale.

Just as the Robert Shaw Chorale shaped Alice Parker's writing, the "Mack Wilberg sound" is a product of his association with Brigham Young University. As director of the Concert Choir at BYU he was able to write many of his arrangements suited to that choir. This translated easily when

²¹ Ibid.

²² Moira Smiley, email, January 28, 2019.

²³ Taylor, "Choral Arrangement of Alice Parker and Robert Shaw," 34.

²⁴ Ibid, 33.

appointed as Associate Conductor and later conductor of the Mormon Tabernacle Choir (now the Tabernacle Choir at Temple Square). This appointment has given him greater opportunities for performing his previous arrangements as well as writing new arrangements for the choir and orchestra. His folk song and hymn arrangements call for large choral forces whether accompanied or unaccompanied. The chorus will typically begin in a unison or thinner texture, growing in volume and texture through each verse, until reaching the point of an emotional and dynamic crescendo around the golden mean of the piece, as discussed previously.

Though Moira Smiley's ensembles are not as visible, or at least as well-known, she feels more comfortable when writing for a specific ensemble. She spent several years writing for her own vocal ensembles, VIDA and VOCO.²⁵

As mentioned at the outset, these three composers represent leadership in folk song arrangement over a span of nearly 70 years. Alice Parker, the eldest, is 93 years old at the time of writing and is a living treasure to the choral community. As such, she has not only extensive knowledge of the field, but also vast wisdom to impart to upcoming generations of arrangers and composers. "What is a good tune? One that lasts. How do you learn to distinguish them? By singing lots of songs that have lasted."²⁶

To summarize, from Parker, Wilberg, and Smiley we learn that though some folk songs are known from childhood memories, they all spent much time in libraries, bookstores, and with existing folk song collections looking for melodies that inspire. Then, before the composers set anything on

²⁵ Moira Smiley, email, January 28, 2019, Appendix VI.

²⁶ Alice Parker, email, January 25, 2019, Appendix V.

paper, they make the tune “theirs,” make it a part of their physical being so they can allow the song to come from them instead of from the collection.

2.2 Application with the Grover Collection

Since any collection offers only one possibility of variation, how can a composer create an *authentic* performance of a folk song? How can he or she determine if the melody they are looking at is authentic at all? When talking about choral settings of folk songs, there must be agreement to be rather loose in the definition of *authentic*. The folk songs that are part of this collection are from cultures that do not typically include homophonic singing but rather just a monophonic line; therefore, any choral setting of one of these songs is *unauthentic*. Composers should look for ways to maintain the integrity of the melody as well as the style of the original singer within the choral settings.

As discussed, most arrangers will begin their process with a thorough study of the source material. When approaching the collection from Carrie Grover, composers will likely encounter many melodies that they have not come across before, even though they may recognize variants of some of them. Most of the melodies recorded in Grover’s collection are unique to this collection and offer an opportunity for comparison and analysis. For songs that are variants of melodies contained in other collections, it is important to remember that the versions of the songs found in *A Heritage of Songs* or “The Maine Manuscript” are not the definitive variant. What they do is offer a composer with new material not available elsewhere.

I would propose two different methods for composers to follow as they are determining how to arrange a folk song. First, following the example of the process that the three composers in this chapter have set, a composer should take time with these melodies and get to know them by heart.

When the song is internalized, the song becomes authentic to the individual and transfers organically to the paper. Of course, changes will occur during the arranging process. For example, just the simple addition of harmony, either accompaniment or vocal harmonies, is a choice that composers must make. Most folk song collections made for scholarly purposes do not include a piano accompaniment (see the bibliographic comparison of collections included in Chapter 1.6) and leave it up to the composer or performer to supply the harmonies.

I followed this method while arranging one of the songs found in the Father Songs section of *A Heritage of Songs* called "The Fellow That Looked Like Me."²⁷ (Figure 6)

In sad de-spair I wan-dered, My heart was filled with woe. While
on my grief I pon-dered, what to do I did not know, Since
cru-el fate has on me frowned the troub-le seemed to be, There
is a fel-low in this town the ve-ry im-age of me. Oh, Chorus
would-n't I like to catch him where-ev-er he may be. Oh,
would-n't I give him par-tic-u-lar fits, the fel-low that looks like me.

Figure 6 "The Fellow That Looked Like Me" found in Grover, *A Heritage of Songs*

²⁷ p.72, see also Appendix I.

In my setting, I followed the conventions mentioned above. I found a song that struck me with potential for a choral arrangement – in this instance the humor first drew me to the song – and then studied the song until I internalized the melody. Like many composers, I considered the notation in *A Heritage of Songs* as the authority of how the song should “go” and created my arrangement based on that version. The first verse is a very straight-forward presentation of the melody and chorus (Figure 7) since the audience may not be familiar with the tune. After that, I felt the freedom to manipulate the melody and meter, though trying to stay true to the Grover version of the song.

The musical score is for the song "The Fellow That Looked Like Me" and is arranged for Unison, Piano, and Tenor/Bass. It is in 2/4 time and marked "Jauntily" with a tempo of 100. The score is divided into three systems. The first system (measures 1-6) features a Unison vocal line and a Piano accompaniment. The Unison line begins with a rest for 8 measures, then enters with a melody. The Piano accompaniment starts with a chordal texture and includes triplets. The lyrics for the first system are: "In sad de-spair I". The second system (measures 7-13) features a Unison vocal line and a Piano accompaniment. The Unison line continues the melody. The lyrics for the second system are: "wan-dered, My heart was filled with woe. While on my grief I pon-dered, what to do I did not know, Since". The third system (measures 14-20) features a Tenor (T) and Bass (B) vocal line and a Piano accompaniment. The Tenor and Bass lines have the same melody as the Unison line. The lyrics for the third system are: "cru-el fate had on me frowned the troub-le seemed to be, There is a fel-low in this town the ve-ry im-age of me. Oh,". The score includes various musical notations such as rests, dynamics (mf, f), articulation marks (accents), and performance directions (Jauntily).

Figure 7 Choral arrangement of "The Fellow That Looked Like Me" by the author

The second method is more time consuming and difficult but has the potential of creating an even more authentic choral setting of a folk song. This process involves researching not one but many versions of the same song, compare them melodically, rhythmically, textually, and stylistically and then combining the elements found within the different variants, perhaps even layering some of the variants on top of each other.

Chapter 4 will explore variations of folk songs, focusing on the song, “The Croppy Boy,” and compare them in this manner, namely, melodically, rhythmically, textually, and stylistically. By doing so, we will be able to use the second method mentioned above to create a new setting of this song that demonstrates an understanding of the available sources.

Chapter 3

Choral Conductors' Current Practice of Programming Folk Songs

3.1 Need for the Survey

The Carrie Grover collection offers a vast new resource for composers and arrangers as discussed in Chapter 2. This collection can help composers gain additional perspective into the history and context of these songs through variant comparison. The history and performance practice suggestions can also benefit choral conductors as they strive to create authentic performances. Many of the songs found in this collection may be unfamiliar to conductors or are in different variants than those they already know. The purpose of this survey is to examine current practices common to choral conductors when programming folk songs to encourage the best practices in using the Grover collection.

3.2 Methodology

In February 2019, I conducted a survey of choral conductors regarding their current programming practices. The survey consisted of ten questions followed by eleven demographic and disclosure statements. The questionnaire asked about conductors' programming preferences, whether they preferred to program more folk songs or art songs, if they preferred to program folk songs from outside of their own culture, and how often they program folk songs. Question types included rank order, forced preference rank order, multiple choice (single answer and multiple answer), and rating scales. The survey was available online from February 20 until March 1 and distributed using links shared through email and Facebook groups. Appendix III of this document includes a copy of the survey. The only delineating factor to this survey was that those participating needed to be current

choral conductors. The desired outcome was to receive at least 100 responses from conductors of all levels of choir from elementary school to professional that would represent a diverse population and a varying perspective on programming.

3.3 Results

162 choral conductors responded to the survey: 104 female, 49 male, 5 preferred not to answer. Most of the respondents¹ stated that they are high school (43.04%) and middle school conductors (42.41%), while a fewer percentage are conductors of community choirs (25.95%), church/religious choirs (22.78%), and elementary school choirs (20.25%). Only 19 conductors identified as college/university conductors (12.03%) and four as conductors of professional choirs (2.53%). 143 (90.51%) of respondents identified as white or Caucasian. 86.71% of the respondents live within the United States and an additional 3.16% from Canada. Most of the choirs of these conductors lack racial diversity. 64 conductors (40.51%) stated that their choirs are made up of a majority of one race. Another 34.81% reported a majority of one race with a significant representative minority of another race. Only 39 conductors (24.68%) said that they direct choirs with an even mix of two or more races.

When asked what the main motivation for programming folk songs in a concert is, most directors chose “using the song as a cultural lesson” (59.26%) or “to fit the theme of the concert” (57.41%). Though it is not surprising that fitting the theme, or storytelling, would be so high, it was unexpected to find that making a statement about social climate ranked so low (14.2%). Anecdotally, I have observed a trend towards programing music on a theme of social justice and expected to see higher numbers in selecting folk music to fit the social climate. However, though the folk songs fit

¹ The respondents were able to select more than one type of choir that they conduct.

the overall theme of the concert, the social justice programming is often being done with original compositions written for that specific purpose.

56 conductors (35.8%) stated that they program more folk songs than art songs² in performances. 47% of that number identified as either a high school or middle school director, or both. Though this number represents less than half of conductors that direct choirs at these levels (35.56%), it is interesting to note how many directors choose to program more folk songs over art songs. From personal observation, administrators at the high, middle, and elementary school levels have been pushing for more cross-cultural curricula. Therefore, it was not unexpected that conductors at these levels select a greater amount of folk songs that teach cultural lessons. Perhaps college/university conductors and professional level choirs do not have the same academic pressures and the need to program folk songs is not as present. Only 30% of those surveyed said that they programed more folk songs than art songs.

Looking closer at the cultural lessons introduced through the teaching of folk songs, 41.98% of the respondents said they *sometimes* program folk music outside of their native tongues and 11.73% responded that they *always* program in foreign languages. Only three directors stated that they *never* program outside of their native language. Interestingly, when asked to rank the most important factors when programming folk songs, language was not one of the primary considerations. Only 12.35% selected language as their primary consideration, whereas 40.12% said that the difficulty of the piece was the most influential. The vocal range of the piece (20.37%) and topic/social context (19.14%) were the next two considerations.

² "Folk song" and "art song" are defined in the survey question, Appendix III.

Most conductors surveyed program two to three folk songs on their concerts. 54.94% said that they performed that many on their last concert; 50.62% said they would be scheduling the same amount on their next concert. 111 (68.52%) of the directors surveyed expressed that they either already have programed or would consider programming a concert of exclusively folk songs.

The last question on the survey asked the directors about their preference of choral arrangements of folk songs. The majority (50.62%) stated that they prefer simple, straight-forward arrangements that preserve the original melody in each verse. Slightly less than that (42.59%) answered that they preferred arrangements that alter the melody using new textures and shifting meters. The remain 6.79% prefer complicated arrangements that use modern compositional techniques, preserving the folk song more as a *cantus firmus* for the overlaying composition.

3.4 Conclusions and Next Steps

From the results of this survey, we can see that a collection like the one preserved by Carrie Grover is valuable for choral conductors. This set of songs contains not only the notated melodies and lyrics but also notes from Grover about where she learned the songs, from whom, and in which context singers sang them. This provides conductors an important historic document that provides cultural context for the songs as well as stylistic information.

The Carrie Grover collection contains music from many nationalities and with a variety of themes that teachers and conductors can use to fit cross-cultural curricular objectives. Though all may be in English, the songs do offer conductors in the United States lessons in Irish, Scottish, Welsh, English, Canadian, and American folk lore and history. There are songs of apprenticeships (i.e., “The Sheffield Apprentice,” “The ‘Prentice Boy”), songs of leaving a homeland (“Adieu to Nova Scotia,” “Adieu to Old Ireland,” “Adieu to Erin”), political songs (“What News From Ireland,

Brave Mouse?”, “The Grave of Bonaparte,” “The Hat My Daddy Wore”), humorous songs (“The Fellow That Looked Like Me,” “The Great Crocodile,” “Patrick, Mind the Child”), songs of a sailor’s life and the tragedy of ocean voyages (“The Golden Vanity,” “The Loss of the Due Dispatch,” “The Tempest”), songs that her father heard when he visited the southern United States (listed under the heading “Slavery Songs”), songs her brothers learned while working in timber camps in Maine (“The Lumberman’s Alphabet,” “The Lumberman’s Life,” “Garey’s Rocks”), and myriad songs about lost love, unrequited love, or love found again.

Composers can look at the data and find that there is a need for choral arrangements of folk songs for middle school and elementary school choirs. Historically, composers do not write for these ensembles as frequently as they do for upper level choirs, but these findings show middle and elementary school choirs will often use folk songs in their programming as the conductors aim to teach cultural lessons through the songs.

Since the survey collected information from conductors that were mostly located in the United States, it would be helpful to conduct a similar survey in another country or region and compare the programming habits of conductors in various areas. A further study could look at which cultures program most and which they neglect. Also, an additional survey of conductors of different races within the United States may show unique trends of programming.

Chapter 4

Accounting for Variation in Folk Songs

In our modern world of standardized music notation, there is often one way a song is “supposed” to go. Performers spend time learning how to read and interpret the notation to reflect the composer’s intention. They place high value on being able to readily reproduce the written notation in an authentic way. Whole educational curricula center on the goal of teaching students to consistently and repeatedly represent, without error, the symbols of music notation. This was not always the case. Before the rise of Romanticism, the expectation was for professional musicians to be part classical reader and part improvising jazzman. Changes in ideas and materials of the French and Industrial Revolutions led to a departure of improvisation and the rise of works composed for precise performance.¹

This process was the same outside of the classical world as well. Folk songs passed from generation to generation through an oral tradition. People would sing for each other as a form of entertainment and a way to communicate stories. As the song traveled from person to person, new variants would form with a twist to the tune or small changes to the wording.² Some singers with a limited repertoire of songs would intentionally change words to ones with similar meanings or change a note or two just to keep the song interesting and fresh.³ But in the nineteenth-century, the

¹ Attariwala, Pamala, “Revaluing Improvisation in Twenty-First-Century Canada,” in *Improvisation and Music Education: Beyond the Classroom*,” Ajay Hable and Mark Laver, editors; New York: Routledge, 2016, 112-113.

² The Maine Manuscript, The Carrie Grover Project, 1954-56, Appendix II, 308.

³ *Ibid.*, 315.

rise of nationalism and the development of musicology as an academic pursuit encouraged the collection and notation of these songs.

The major problem with collecting songs this way is that there is no way to know how the song originally went, but only how it went at the time of recording. The recording acts like a snapshot of the song and, just like a photograph, many factors can determine the outcome of that moment in time. How many verses can the singer remember compared to when they first learned it? Are there ornaments in one place during this performance and in another place the next time? Is the collector able to correctly and accurately record the performance? Is the performer singing differently because a stranger is listening? With so many variables, it can be difficult to determine the origins of the song. However, when multiple collectors have found the same song, we can compare the variants to determine the core of the song.

This chapter will examine five variants of the folk songs “The Croppy Boy,” including the one found in *A Heritage of Song* by Carrie Grover. The study will compare the lyrics and then the melody of all the variants and explain the differences found between them. Lastly, two variants of “Robin Hood and the Peddler” will receive analysis. These variants were printed by Carrie Grover, one in *A Heritage of Song* and the other in “The Maine Manuscript.” Since these notations are by two different musicians, a comparison is possible between two snapshots of the same song sung by the same person. Further, Grover sang and recorded this same tune for the ethnomusicologist Sidney Cowell in 1941. A new transcription of this recording by the author will compare with the versions found in the prepared works.

4.1 Melodic Comparison of Five Editions of “The Croppy Boy”

Five versions of “The Croppy Boy” will be studied: first, in *A Heritage of Songs* (AHOS) (Figure 8) as well as *Folk Songs of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales* (SEISW)⁴ (Figure 9), *Cecil Sharp’s Collection of English Folk Songs* (CS)⁵ (Figure 10), *Old Irish Folk Music and Songs* (OIFM)⁶ (Figure 11), and *The Voice of the People* (VOTP)⁷ (Figure 12). When looking at all five variants side-by-side, the most obvious difference is that they are all transcribed in different keys: *AHOS*, D♭ Major; *SEISW*, G Major; *CS*, E Dorian; *OIFM*, D Major; and *VOTP*, B♭ Major. To aid in this comparison, all versions are transposed into G Major (or, in the case of *CS*, into G Dorian).

The Croppy Boy

AHOS

It was ear - ly, ear - ly in the spring. The
small birds they did sweet - ly sing, Sound - ing their notes from
tree to tree, And the song they sang was old Ire - land free.

Figure 8 Carrie Grover, *A Heritage of Song*; Originally in D♭ Major

⁴ Cole, William, ed., New York: Doubleday & Company, Inc., 1961, 166.

⁵ Karpelles, Maud, ed., London: Oxford University Press, 1974, 338-339.

⁶ Joyce, P.W., *Old Irish Folk Music and Songs: A Collection of 842 Irish Airs and Songs Hitherto Unpublished*, Dublin: Hodges, Figgis, & Co., Ltd, 1909, 193-94.

⁷ Mulcahy, Michael, and Marie Fitzgibbon, eds., Dublin: O’Brien Press, 1982, 25.

OIFM

Slow and expressive

'Twas ear - ly, ear - ly, all in the spring, The
 pret - ty small birds be gan to sing; They sang so sweet and so
 glor - ous - ly, And the tune they played was sweet lib - er - ty.

Figure 11 P.W. Joyce, *Old Irish Folk Music*; originally in D Major

VOTP

It was ear - ly ear - ly in the spring when
 small birds tune and thrush - es sing chang - ing their notes from
 tree to tree and the song they sang was old Ire - land free.

Figure 12 Michael Mulcahy and Marie Fitzgibbon, eds. *Voice of the People*; originally in B \flat Major.

The melodies of the five variants show a range of editorial choices made by the transcribers. The notation is *AHOS* shows more of an attempt than the others to record the song as performed by the singer, in this case Carrie Grover. Added fermatas indicate a slight stretching of tempo in measures three and six and the grace note in the penultimate measure designates a vocal flip or ornamentation.

The variant most different in terms of modality is the one published in *CS* (Figure 10). While the other four melodies are all in a major key, this version is in the Dorian mode. Though not unusual to find texts set to different melodies in different modes, it does seem atypical to find a melody with many shared characteristics of the other melodies yet to be in a dissimilar mode. One reasoning for this disparity is that the singer may have learned it incorrectly or could have forgotten how it went. During the comparison of the text of “The Croppy Boy,” further evidence will point to this possibility. However, to have the melody in Dorian is not out of character for Irish ballads, though it is also common to find a melancholy song such as this one in a major key.⁸

One of connecting elements of these melodies is the closing thrice-repeated cadence, or triple repetition of the tonic at the end of the tune – a feature found in many traditional Irish tunes.⁹ All the variants maintained this trait. Even Carrie Grover, three generations removed from Ireland, and Shepherd Haden (*CS*) in Oxfordshire, England were able to correctly reproduce this feature.

These melodies also use the three repeating notes in the middle of the first phrase, on the downbeat of the second measure. In *AHOS*, *CS*, and *OIFM*, the repeated notes are, like the final cadence, on the tonic, whereas the repetition in *VOTP* is on the submediant and in *SEISW* there are two repeated notes on the submediant which further drops to the sub-dominant.

William H. Grattan Flood states that a trait of nearly all the ancient Irish tunes is that of an “emphatic major sixth,”¹⁰ a trait that we see in the variants in *SEISW* (the last eighth note of measure four to the downbeat of measure five) and *OIFM* (both in measure three and measure five). The idea that the emphatic major sixth is the chief identifier of Irish music is disputed since Scottish music

⁸ William Henry Grattan Flood, *A History of Irish Music*, Browne and Nolan, Limited, 1905, accessed at <https://www.libraryireland.com/IrishMusic/IV.php>, accessed on February 28, 2019.

⁹ *Ibid.*

¹⁰ *Ibid.*

contains the same characteristic.¹¹ The other three variants do not contain the emphatic major sixth. *CS* has two minor sevenths in the same location as the sixths found in *OIFM*, perhaps necessitated by the Dorian mode.

4.2 Lyric Comparisons

The most striking contrast of the variants is an inconsistency of the number of verses recorded. Not one of the variations contain all the verses of the others but all at least some verses in common (see Table 1). With 11 verses, the version in *AHOS* is the longest and all the variants have verses corresponding to these. The fourth verse is the only one that seems to be original to Grover's rendition of the song since the other variants do not include it. Two variants, *OIFM* and *VOTP*, have an extra verse that is like each other's but not found in the other variants (listed in Table 1 as verse 12). As a general rule, the other variants verses follow the same order as the *AHOS* version, skipping those verses that the singer either did not know or could not remember. The one exception to this rule is the version in *VOTP* that changes the order of the verses from the others. Based on the numbering from *AHOS*, the verses would be 1, 2, 3, 5, 7, 6, 12, 11.

¹¹ "New Lights Upon Old Tunes," in *Musical times and Singing Class Circular, 1844-1903* 38, no. 654 (1897): 522.

Table 1 Comparison of the lyrics of five variants of "The Croppy Boy"

Vrs	AHOS	SEISW	CS	OIFM	VOTP
1	It was early, early in the spring. / The small birds they did sweetly sing, / Sounding their notes from tree to tree, / And the song they sang was old Ireland free.	'Twas early, early in the Spring, / The birds did whistle and sweetly sing, / Changing their note from tree to tree, / And the song they sang was old Ireland free.	It was early, early all in the Spring, / The birds did whistle and sweetly sing, / Changing their notes from tree to tree / And the song they sang was old Ireland free.	'Twas early, early, all in the spring, / The pretty small birds began to sing; / They sang so sweet and so gloriously, / And the tune they played was sweet liberty.	It was early, early in the spring / When small birds tune and thrushes sing / Changing their notes from tree to tree, / And the song they sang was old Ireland free.
2	It was early, early last Thursday night / The yeoman cavalry gave me a fright. / The yeoman cavalry was my downfall / When I was taken to Lord Cornwall.	'Twas early, early in the night, / The yeoman cavalry gave me a fright; / The yeoman cavalry was my downfall, / And I was taken by the Lord Cornwall.	It was early, early in the night / This human cavalry gave me a fright, / This human cavalry was my downfall / And taken was I by Lord Cornwall.	'Twas early, early last Thursday night, / The yeoman cavalry gave me a fright; / The fright they gave was to my downfall: / I was prisoner taken by Lord Cornwall.	It was early, early last Tuesday night, / The Yeoman cavalry gave me a fright, / To my misfortune and sad downfall / I was taken prisoner by Lord Cornwall.
3	It was in his guardhouse where I was laid, / And in his parlor where I was tried, / My sentence passed and my spirits low / When to New Guinea I was forced to go.	'Twas in the guardhouse where I was laid, / And in the parlor where I was tried; / My sentence passed and my courage low, / When to Duncannon I was forced to go.	'Twas in the guardhouse where I was laid / And in the parlour where I was tried / My sentence passed and my courage low / When to Duncannon I was forced to go.	'Twas in his guardhouse I was confined, / And in his parlour I was closely tried; / My sentence passed and my spirits low, / And to Duncannon I was forced to go.	It was to the guardhouse I then was led, / And in his parlour I was tried, / My sentence passed and my courage low / To New Geneva I was forced to go.
4	As I was marching through the street / The drums and fifes did play so sweet, / The drums and fifes did so sweetly play / As we were marching so far away.				
5	As I was marching by my father's door / My brother William stood on the floor, / My aged father did grieve full sore / And my tender mother her hair she tore.	As I was passing my father's door, / My brother William stood at the door; / My aged father stood there also, / My tender mother her hair she tore.	As I was mounted an old platform eye / My brother William was standing by, / My aged father he stood at the door, / My tender mother her hair she tore.		As I was going by my father's door, / My brother William stood on the floor, / My aged father stood at the door, / And my tender mother her hair she tore.

6	When my sister Mary heard the express, / She ran downstairs in her morning dress, / Saying, "Five hundred guineas I would lay down / To see you marching through Wexford town."		My sister she heard they express, / She ran downstairs in her morning dress: / Five hundred guineas they would pay down / To see my brother marched through Wexford Town	My sister Mary in deep distress, / She ran downstairs in her morning dress, / Five hundred pounds she would lay down, / To see me walking through Wexford town.	My sister Mary heard the express, / She ran downstairs in her morning dress, / One hundred guineas she would lay down / To see me liberated in Wexford town. (listed as 7 th verse)
7	As we were marching though Wexford Street / My sister Mary we chanced to meet. / That false young woman did me betray / And for one bare guinea swore my life away.	As I was going up Wexford Street, / My own first cousin I chanced to meet; / My own first cousin did me betray, / And for one bare guinea swore my life away.	As I was marched down Wexford street, / My own first cousin I chanced to meet, / My own first cousin did me away / And for one Lurgan threw my life away.		As I was going through Wexford street / My own first cousin I there did meet, / My own first cousin did me betray / And for one guinea swore my life away. (6 th verse)
8	As we were marching o'er Wexford Hill / Oh, who could blame me to cry my fill? / I looked behind and I looked before, / But my aged mother I could see no more.	As I was going up Wexford Hill / Who could blame me to cry my fill? / I looked behind and I looked before, / My aged mother I shall see no more.		As I was walking the hills so high, / Who could blame me if I did cry, / With a guard behind me and another before, / And my tender mother crying more and more?	As I was going up Croppy Hill / Who could blame me if I cried my fill? / I looked behind and I looked before, / My tender mother I could see no more.
9	I wore the red and I wore the blue, / I wore the gray and the orange, too, / I forsook all colors and did them deny. / I wore the green and for it I die.				I chose the black and I chose the blue, / I forsook the pink and the orange too, / But I did forsake them and did them deny / And I'll wear the green, like a Croppy Boy.
10	When I was mounted on the gallows high, / My aged father was standing by. / My aged father did me deny, / And the name he gave was the Croppy Boy.	As I was mounted on the scaffold high, / My aged father was standing by; / My aged father did me deny, / And the name he gave me was the Croppy Boy.			

11	When I am taken to my grave, / A decent funeral pray let me have. / Come, all good people, as you pass me by, / Say, "The Lord have pity on the Croppy Boy."	It was in Dungannon this young man died, / And in Dungannon his body lies; / And you good people that do pass by, / Oh, shed a tear for the Croppy Boy.	O you good Christians as you pass by / Pray drop one tear for my croppy boy.		It was in Geneva this young man died, / And in Geneva his body lies. / All good Christians that are standing by / Pray the Lord have mercy on the Croppy Boy.
12				So farewell, father and mother too, / And sister Mary, I have but you; / And if e'er I chance to return home, / I'll whet my pike on those yeomen's bones.	Farewell, father, and mother too, / And, sister Mary, I have but you; / As for my brother, he's all alone, / He's pointing pikes on the grinding stone. (listed as 9 th verse)

Looking beyond the order of the lyrics, the text itself shows great variance between sources.

The first verse is similar between all five variants, the main exception being *OIFM* which says, "and the tune they played was sweet liberty," while each of the other versions say, "and the song they sang was old Ireland free." Since four of the five contain the same lyric, the conjecture is that this was probably the original lyric. In the notation for the *SEISW* variation, the editors wrote this line, "and the song they sang was 'Old Ireland Free,'" though in the printed lyrics below the notation, they did not repeat the quotation marks around "Old Ireland Free." This seems to suggest that the original singer was referring to an actual song called "Old Ireland Free" instead of singing general songs of old Ireland, though that point remains inconclusive.

The other verses give us some insight into the historic context of the song. The mention of Lord Cornwall (Cornwallis)¹², Wexford town, Duncannon, and even the term Croppy Boy puts the events of the song during the 1798 Irish uprising against the British. When the revolt in Dublin failed

¹² There does not seem to be any literary evidence of referring to Lord Charles Cornwallis as 'Cornwall' except in this song, seemingly done for the rhyme scheme.

to take footing, Wexford became the center of the uprising. The peasant rebels in Wexford wore their hair closely cropped according to French Revolution fashion, so the locals dubbed them “croppy.”¹³

The third verse contains an interesting confusion about where Lord Cornwallis sent the narrator after passing judgement on him. The variant that makes the most sense is Joyce’s version in *OIFM*. Duncannon is the government fortress and prison on the Wexford side of Waterford harbor¹⁴, so taking captured prisoners to Duncannon¹⁵ from Wexford would be a logical choice. Dungannon, as listed in the *SEISW* version, is a town 238 km north of Wexford and would not be as likely of a choice for prisoners. In the notes to this version, the editors write that “Dungannon was a government prison” which seems to point to Duncannon as the site. Most likely, a singer along the way accidentally changed the pronunciation and, thus, the location. Likewise, in the *CS* version, Dungone, which is not a location in Ireland at all, is perhaps a variant of Duncannon as well. *VOTP* records the location as New Geneva which, though plausible, is not as likely. The Geneva Barracks are located across Waterford Harbor from Duncannon and would make transporting prisoners there more difficult. However, according to records, the fort held rebels during the 1798 uprising and became infamous for its atrocious treatment of prisoners,¹⁶ which is why this remains a plausible location. In *AHOS*, Carrie Grover seems to use a mutation of New Geneva, New Guinea, which does not make sense in connection with an Irish uprising. Her great-grandfather, William Long,¹⁷ likely brought this song to Canada close to the beginning of the 19th-century,¹⁸ soon after the events of 1798 and soon

¹³ Cole, William, ed., *Folk Songs of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales*, New York: Doubleday & Company, Inc., 1961, 166; and Mulcahy, Michael, and Marie Fitzgibbon, eds., *The Voice of the People*, Dublin: O’Brien Press, 1982, 25.

¹⁴ Joyce, P.W., *Old Irish Folk Music and Songs*, Dublin: Hodges, Figgs, & Co., Ltd, 1909, 194.

¹⁵ In Irish: Dún Canann

¹⁶ John Anthony Brennan, “Geneva Barracks: Death Camp in Waterford,” <https://thewildgeese.irish/profiles/blogs/geneva-barracks-death-camp-in-wexford>, January 9, 2019; accessed February 26, 2019.

¹⁷ William Long (b. about 1785) who is the only one of her mother’s ancestors that we know came from Ireland.

¹⁸ Joseph Long, William Long’s son and Grover’s grandfather, was born in Nova Scotia, Canada in 1809; and Carrie Grover, *The Main Manuscript*, Appendix II, 308.

after the creation of the song “The Croppy Boy.” If he learned the song with New Geneva as the location, it is easy to see how three generations later, there might be a deviation in the text. As Grover herself said,

One thing I have found about the murder songs, as well as some others, and that is that the names of the localities change to suit the wishes of the singers. Songs learned in the States, when sung in Nova Scotia, have the names of the localities changed to suit the circumstances, and vice-versa.¹⁹

As mentioned before, verse four is the only one mentioned solely in *AHOS*. There is nothing in the text that would give rise to dispute. It is simply a remembrance of sights and sounds while marching through the streets of Wexford. Since this is the only variant that has this verse, we cannot reason towards its origin or change.

Four of the variants contain the fifth verse about the narrator’s family, brother William, aged father, and tender mother tearing her hair. *AHOS* varies William standing “on the floor” instead of “at the door” and is also the only variant that mentions his father’s grief. *CS* has a different first couplet than the others: “As I was mounted an old platform eye / My brother William was standing by.” Not only is the grammar questionable but it is unclear what an “old platform eye” is. It can be supposed that the singer, Shepherd Haden, who recorded this for Cecil Sharp either did not remember the words as originally learned and filled in the lyrics with words that sounded similar or learned it incorrectly in the first place. Sharp notes that Haden was 83 when he recorded this song in 1909.²⁰

¹⁹ The Maine Manuscript, Appendix II, 346.

²⁰ Karpelles, Maud, ed., *Cecil Sharp’s Collection of English Folk Songs*, London: Oxford University Press, 1974, 339.

The sixth verse shows continuing problems in the *CS* version. The first line, “My sister she heard they express,” makes little sense, though perhaps it was a printing error by either Sharp or Karpelles and should read “the express” as two of the other variants do. Later in the verse, a switching of pronouns causes confusion. “They” would pay five hundred guineas down, though it is unclear who “they” is referring to. And suddenly, the desire is to see the brother marched through the streets instead of the narrator. The other three variants that contain this verse, *AHOS*, *OIFM*, and *VOTP*, are more consistent in their pronouns and action. *VOTP* makes clear that marching or walking through Wexford town would mean a liberation from imprisonment.

An interesting contradiction in the *AHOS* version comes in verse seven. In verse six, the narrator’s sister, Mary, offers to pay 500 guineas for his freedom. Suddenly, in verse seven, she turns and betrays him for “one bare guinea.” The other three versions help to clarify as they all agree that it was the narrator’s first cousin who betrayed him, not his sister. The *CS* version uses the phrase “one bare Lurgan,” which is confusing. There are townships called Lurgan in Ireland, but it is not a form of currency. This again can most likely be attributed to the singer’s age and memory as he seems to just fill words in to something that suits him. As further evidence, the only other verse he remembered past this verse was half of verse eleven.

Verse eight is remarkably similar between the four variants that contain this text. It is interesting that both *AHOS* and *SEISW* identify Wexford again while *VOTP* names the location as Croppy Hill, choosing to instead emphasize the rebellion, and *OIFM* does not specify a location and focuses on the guards, stressing the state of being a prisoner. All four variants refer to the narrator’s mother as he leaves her for the last time.

Only two variants, *AHOS* and *VOTP*, include lyrics for verse nine. This verse mentions either wearing or forsaking assorted colors, but in the end forsaking them all for green for which the

narrator is willing to die. The listing of some of the colors is significant, though various singers may have altered them over time. Red and dark blue were colors associated with the British monarchy that the uprising sought to overthrow.²¹ A lighter blue was associated with the order of St. Patrick and is still associated with national politics, emblems, and athletic clubs in Ireland. Historically, orange has been associated with the Protestants in Ireland (Unionists) while the green represented the Catholic (Nationalist) population.²² For many years the “wearing of the green” was forbidden in Ireland by the British monarchy because of the strong nationalist movement connected with the color.²³ In Anne Byrne’s recording of “The Croppy Boy” in 1972, she uses this verse as printed in *VOTP* but changes *pink* to *red*,²⁴ a more significant association with the British. To choose to wear the green in 1798 was not only a clear indication of one’s religious and political position, but also a sign of open rebellion.

The two variants of verse ten are almost identical in which the narrator’s father, obviously not a nationalist, denies, or disowns, his son and gives him the titular name “Croppy Boy.”

In the eleventh verse, *AHOS* continues with the narrator’s point of view by looking toward the forthcoming carrying out of his sentence. *SEISW* and *VOTP* both switch to a past tense as if another narrator has picked up the tale to relate the sad fate of the croppy boy. The confusion over location from verse three is consistent in this verse. As mentioned previously, the singer for the *CS* version could only remember half of this verse, though it seems in harmony with the other variants.

²¹ Helena Wulff, “Color and Cultural Identity in Ireland,” in *Color and Design*, Marilyn Revell DeLong and Barbara Martinson, eds., London; New York: Berg, 2012, 103.

²² Gavan Reilly, “So you know Ireland’s national colour might not be green, right?”, *TheJournal.ie*, <https://www.thejournal.ie/ireland-national-colour-blue-828597-Mar2013/>, accessed February 27, 2019.

²³ Wulff, “Color and Cultural Identity in Ireland,” 102.

²⁴ Anne Byrne, Paddy Roche, and Mick Crotty, *I Chose the Green*, Record, Capitol International Series, Capitol Records, 1972. See also https://youtu.be/Jhe6rlo_jpl.

In Table 1, *OIFM* and *VOTP* add a twelfth verse not included in *AHOS*. In the *VOTP* variant, this verse appears before what is listed as verse eleven and so is still in the first-person perspective of the original narrator. In this farewell speech to his mother and sister, Mary, he ends by talking about pikes – in *OIFM* of himself wielding one; and in *VOTP* of his brother sharpening one. The pike, or croppy-pike, was a long spear-like weapon that was a favorite among the rebels.²⁵

A logical question to ask when perusing variants such as this is, are these variants of the same song or simply new creations. Looking at the five melodies, it is easy to see them as separate songs with similar texts. The question is, which of the tunes is the original and which were tunes added to the same text? Likely, the words were penned first as a broadside ballad²⁶ and then adopted to various tunes as was the case with many ballads of the time. Often, collectors find a single lyric set to different tunes, all of them considered the “original.” Often a single version will emerge as the official form of the song. With “The Croppy Boy”, the version found in *SEISW* appears to be the one most commonly cited by singers and arrangers.

When Alice Parker set this tune for choir in 1967, she found the song in a collection in the New York Public Library and was interested in the young rebels copping their hair as opposed to the hippies around her growing out their hair.²⁷ She appears to have used the *SEISW* collection because the melody and text that she uses are exactly as they appear in this collection (Figure 13), including the use of “Dungannon” which, as discussed previously, was a mutation of “Duncannon.”²⁸ She omits the three middle verses from the *SEISW* version (verses 5, 7, and 8 in Table 1).

²⁵ Joyce, P.W., *Old Irish Folk Music and Songs*, Dublin: Hodges, Figgs, & Co., Ltd, 1909, 193.

²⁶ A single sheet of paper printed on one side with a ballad, song, or poem; inexpensive form of printing in England, Ireland, and North American from the sixteenth to nineteenth centuries.

²⁷ Alice Parker, email to the author, January 25, 2019, Appendix V.

²⁸ Alice Parker, arr., *The Croppy Boy*, Lawson-Gould Music Publishers, Inc., 1968.

Figure 13 "The Croppy Boy" arranged by Alice Parker, first two systems.

The recording by the Dubliners from 1992 could truly be called a variant of the *SEISW* version.²⁹ The tune is built around this rendering, but with many ornamental differences: vocal scoops, and pitch and rhythmic changes used by the singer to make it “his.” The lyrics seem also to come from *SEISW*, though not in the same order. Using Table 1, the verses are in this order: 1, 7, 2, 8, 10, 11. They fixed the prison name in the last verse by saying “It was in Duncannon Town this young man died.”

Other popular recordings of “The Croppy Boy” that use the *SEISW* tune include the following: The Clancy Brothers, *The Rising of the Moon: Songs of Irish Rebellion*, Traditions Records, 1956; The Wolfe Tones, *Sing Out For Ireland*, Celtic Collections, 1987; The Ludlow Trio, *The Rafters Ring at the Abbey Tavern*, PRT Records, 1965; The Irish Tenors, *Live from Ellis Island*, TV Matters, 2001; and Anne Byrne, *I Chose the Green*, Waverley, 1967. It is interesting to note that

²⁹ The recording is available at <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QMx1IXgUKc>. The Dubliners, *More of the Hard Stuff*, Starline, 1973.

since most versions seem to pull their inspiration from the *SEISW* setting, they do not include verse nine (see Table 1) about choosing to wear the green. Of the above recordings, only The Ludlow Trio and Anne Byrne had a version of that verse which shows that they either had a different copy of the song or researched several variations.

Though the *SEISW* version emerged as the most popular melody, this is not proof that it is the oldest. In the preface to the version in *OIFM*, Joyce writes, “The words, or course, date from 1798: but the air is much older.”³⁰ The only other edition that gives us any indication of the age of the melody is in *VOTP*. The note at the bottom of this rendering says it is from an Air called, “The Robber” and is housed in the “White Collection, TCD” which is the Trinity College Dublin. They have two broadsheet copies of “The Croppy Boy”, but do not have the Air.

Grover’s version of the tune becomes valuable in that we can trace the melody back very close to when the ballad was written. She recorded this song in *AHOS* in the Mother’s songs section along with a story of hearing her mother, Eliza Long Spinney, sing this while at the spinning wheel. Grover’s great-grandfather, William Long, was born in about 1785 in County Kilkenny, Ireland and was a young man at the time of the uprising of 1798. County Kilkenny is next to County Wexford where most of the fighting took place. Since Kilkenny is on the Waterford side of the Waterford Harbor, it makes sense that the prison name would have been changed from Duncannon to New Geneva (later mutated to New Guinea by the time it reached Grover; see the discussion of verse three above for more explanation). His son, Joseph Long, was born in Nova Scotia, Canada, in 1809 so we know that William and Lucy, his wife, immigrated at some point before that. This means that the tune he brought with him was only about ten years old by the time he reached Canada. Allowing for

³⁰ Joyce, P.W., *Old Irish Folk Music and Songs*, Dublin: Hodges, Figgs, & Co., Ltd, 1909, 193.

slight variation to creep in over three generations, one can suspect that the tune Grover sang and recorded in *AHOS* is likely like the one sung by William Long who was in Ireland during the 1798 uprising. Currently, this is the oldest record of any of the five tunes.

4.3 Similarities of Rhythm of “The Croppy Boy” Variations.

One way to see the connecting link between the five variations is to simplify the tunes, remove the lyrics and pitches and look at just the rhythmic structure. (Figure 14)

Figure 14 Rhythmic comparison of five variations of "The Croppy Boy."

When only looking at the rhythmic structure, one can see that the common metric impulse leans toward beat two of each measure. This is easiest to see in the first two measures of the *VOTP* example (Figure 15). The same rhythmic figure is in evidence in measures 2-5 of *OIFM*, and through most of *CS*. *AHOS* has the same underlying rhythmic idea but beat three has been truncated from two eighth notes to two sixteenth notes (Figure 16).



Figure 15 Two measures from VOTP rhythmic reduction



Figure 16 First two measures from AHOS rhythmic reduction

The version in *SEISW* seems to be the outlier in this comparison. The original meter from the editors was in 3/2, truncated to 3/4 in the rhythmic example above. However, the metric pulse seems to indicate a possible 6/8 feel (Figure 17).

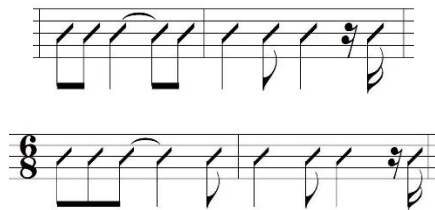


Figure 17 First two measures of *SEISW* and a re-transcription in 6/8

4.4 Variation Within the Grover Collection

After examining different versions of the same song from multiple sources, it is again important to state that none of these renditions are definitive. The one characteristic that makes folk song different from the Western classical music tradition is the lack of written notation. Since the singers performed without the aid or intention of written notation, each delivery could be different and yet accepted as correct and authentic. Only beginning in the nineteenth century did musicologists begin notating these melodies to preserve culture and promote nationalistic ideas. The records that we have received from these efforts provide us a snapshot of the songs but not a complete picture. Just

because a singer records a song one way does not mean that the next time will be identical. In addition to the singer’s variableness, the transcriber also must make choices about how to notate what is recorded.

As a case study, we will compare the Welsh tune *Robin Hood* found in *AHOS*, transcribed in 1953 by Ann L. Griggs (Figure 18); *Bold Robin Hood and the Peddler* found in “The Maine Manuscript” (MM), transcribed by Grover’s fiddle teacher, Fred Lincoln Hill (Figure 19); and a new transcription of the recording Grover made for the ethnomusicologist Sidney Cowell in 1941, transcribed by the author (SD) (Figure 20). I made the transcription strictly from the recording without referencing the other two variants.

'Twas of a ped-lar a ped-lar trim, A ped-lar trim he seemed to be. He strapped his pack all on his back, And he went link-in' o'er the lea.

Figure 18 *Robin Hood, A Heritage of Songs*, transcribed by Ann L. Griggs

'Tis of a ped-dler, a ped-dler trim, A ped-dler trim he seemed to be; He strapped his pack all on his back And he went link-in' o'er the lea.

Figure 19 *Bold Robin Hood and the Peddler, The Maine Manuscript*, transcribed by Fred Lincoln Hill.

5 'Tis of a ped-dler, a ped-dler trim, A ped - dler trim he seemed to be; He
 strapped his pack all on his back and he went link-in' o'er the lea.

Figure 20 *Robin Hood and the Peddler*, transcribed from Cowell recording by the author

A full comparison of melody and lyrics as we did for “The Croppy Boy” is not necessary for this song. The assessment will be of the transcriptions themselves. First, the mode of the MM and SD transcriptions are both in Mixolydian mode. The *AHOS* variant seems to be revolving around D mixolydian as well with the lowered seventh (compared to major) but the final note on F natural moves the key to D aeolian. If the final note was on D, then one could make a persuasive case for mixolydian. Was this perhaps a misinterpretation or transcriptionist error? Without hearing what Grover sang for Griggs, it is impossible to know, but the F natural seems like an unusual choice based on the other two variants.

Next, the transcribers also made judgements regarding the anacrusis of the verse. Both *AHOS* and SD chose the eighth note anacrusis with the weight of beat one falling on the word “of.” Though not a strong word, the metric weight then makes sense through the rest of the song. The word “of” is also on the mode center, thus establishing they key. Hill chose to use the first three eighth notes as anacrusis to the word “peddler.” Though it makes a stronger first measure, the metric stress is not as strong through the rest of the song.

Lastly, each transcriber chose a unique way to handle the end of the tune. As one of the transcribers, I can say that my choice was based on where I felt Grover was putting the stress on the phrase. I felt she put more emphasis on “o’er” rather than on “lea” as Hill did in the *AHOS*

transcription. This choice also felt consistent through the other verses. The MM transcription ends the verse on a weak beat three, necessitated by the choice of anacrusis.

4.5 Caution to Composers

It is important for composers to take advantage of the variety of folk song collections, including the Grover collection, that are available through public libraries and a growing online database. Using only a sole source gives a composer limited information. When preparing to create a choral setting of a folk song, a composer should study other available variants of the same song. Folk songs are, by nature, non-definitive, but a writing a harmonized rendition of the song separates it from the original intent and creates a piece of art: a definitive way to perform the piece. Composers have many choices about the type of arrangement they will create: a concert version, either a cappella or accompanied; an arrangement that is heavily focused on performance practice; a setting of solo lines that explore the variants of the tune; or possibly an extravagant arrangement where the melody serves as only a modest guide to the larger work.

The Grover collection is a valuable resource in this preparation. Not only does this collection offer new melodic material to study but also contains multiple variants of a single tune. This aids in observing the variance of performance and the liberties that singers take with the material. As stated in Section 4.1, variants could happen accidentally when a singer incorrectly remembers a word, a phrase, or melodic line; however, variants can happen purposefully as well when singers alter a melody to keep the song fresh for themselves and their listeners. Composers should be aware of these kinds of practices when arranging folk songs for a choir. The next section includes a description of considerations I made while creating such a choral arrangement of one of Grover's songs.

4.6 New Arranging Practices Based on Variants Using “The Croppy Boy”

As a culmination of this comparison, I created a new arrangement of “The Croppy Boy” for SATB div., a cappella choir. Based on the results of the survey presented in Chapter 3, I kept my setting accessible for a high school mixed ensemble but tried to keep enough variance within the arrangement to maintain interest in higher-level ensembles. I held *divisi* to a minimum and vocal ranges within the capabilities of a high school choir.

The first step was to decide on what text to use since there are 12 possible verses in five different settings (refer to Table 1). I chose elements from all five variations to create a new, seven-verse adaptation of the lyrics that I felt adequately told the story. Table 2 lists the chosen lyrics along with the corresponding verse numbers from Table 1.

Table 2 Lyrics used in the author's setting of "The Croppy Boy"

1	It was early, early all in the Spring The birds did whistle and sweetly sing; Changing their notes from tree to tree, And the song they sang was old Ireland free.
2	It was early, early in the night The yeoman cavalry gave me a fright; The yeoman cavalry was my downfall And I was taken to Lord Cornwall.
3	It was in the guardhouse where I was laid, And in the parlor where I was tried; My sentence passed and my courage low, When to Duncannon I was forced to go.
6	When my sister Mary heard the express, She ran downstairs in her morning dress, “Five hundred guineas would I lay down To see you walking free through Wexford town.”
8	As we were marching up Wexford Hill, Oh, who could blame me if I cried my fill? I looked behind and I looked before, But my tender mother I could see no more.
9	I chose the black and I chose the blue, I wore the grey and orange, too. I forsook all colors and did them deny, I wore the green and for it I’ll die.

11	It was in Duncannon this young man died, And in Duncannon his body lies; All you good people that do pass by, Oh, shed a tear for the Croppy Boy.
----	--

The goal was to create an arrangement that incorporated all five versions of the song that were part of this comparison. Each verse was examined to determine which tune would best suit which verse. I was hoping to use more than one verse simultaneously, but they were not related enough melodically. However, the rhythmic similarities lend to a smooth transition between verses. I decided to use the *AHOS* version for verses one and three, *VOTP* for verse two, *OIFM* for verse four, *CS* for verse five, and *SEISW* for verses six and seven. On the seventh verse, I changed the melody into 6/8 to reflect the discussion in Section 4.4.

Singing style is another element I tried to capture in the arrangement. Folk singing should reflect a freedom from notation. To this end, I have indicated suggested slides and grace notes along with notes to the performer and director indicating that they may take the suggestions at face value or ignored completely. The arrangement appears in its entirety in Appendix VIII.

Through the process of this arrangement, the goal was to show how access to multiple sources of the same song can create a more informed arrangement. Had I wanted to create an arrangement based solely on the version found in *A Heritage of Songs*, having the other four versions available for reference would still have been helpful to make educated choices regarding text and rhythmic stress. The same would be true while creating arrangements of any of these versions. Having the Carrie Grover collection available allows composers to be more knowledgeable in their writing.

Chapter 5

Conclusion

Very few people outside of professional musicians can claim to have over 200 songs in their memories. The mind of Carrie Grover was like a sponge, soaking up the songs of her youth from the small to the great. From her memory she produced an invaluable collection of largely forgotten folk songs from the British Isles, Canada, and New England. The collection of Carrie Grover gains in value when considering the historical significance. She documents almost every song, especially in “The Maine Manuscript,” through anecdotes about where she learned them, sometimes with information stretching back generations which helps us trace the songs origin.

Folk songs have played a key role in every civilization, village, and community since humans developed verbal communication. Composers have created choral arrangements of folk songs from the time that choral music branched away from the church. Folk songs connect people, tell stories, and preserve history.

Only in the twentieth century is there a move away from singing folk music in a communal space. Listening to and consuming popular music produced by others has become the replacement for singing together. The old songs that would have been prevalent and well-known by older generations have become obsolete. The collections of folk songs are relegated to libraries and less to the personal shelves of singers. The need to create digital copies of this music that is easily accessible is crucial for the preservation of these songs, and this is the prime time for such a project. The Carrie Grover Project aims to fulfill this need; the project will create an online repository for the transcriptions of *A Heritage of Songs* and “The Maine Manuscript” that will be available for the public to view, study, and use.

When referring to the recordings of Grover housed at the Library of Congress, some might argue that the need to transcribe them is not as crucial or important because the digitized recordings themselves represent a more authentic version of the folk songs. Although I agree with an argument regarding authenticity, I do not support the argument against transcription. In a solely audio format, the songs and stories from Grover are not searchable nor as easily reproducible. A future part of the Carrie Grover Project will be to create an additional transcription of the recordings and add them to the compilation. On a website, the possibility exists to display the notation concurrently with the piece of audio of Grover singing one of her songs. Thus, a comparison will be possible between the way she sang the tune for the recording, the notation of the recording, as well as look at variants within her own works and from other collections.

The knowledge that different variations of many of these songs exist gives conductors room for improvisation, embellishment, and freedom from the exactness of formal notation. Since any type of notation from a recording is an approximation based on what the transcriber hears, the notation of folk songs is not definitive but should reflect the question, “What is the root of this song?” By understanding how the variants came about, what the differences are, and why the transcriber made the choices he or she did, a conductor can make informed choices as to what to embellish, what to eliminate, and what to leave as is.

The value of this document is two-fold: first, the re-transcription of *A Heritage of Songs* and the publication of the hitherto unpublished “Maine Manuscript” which includes unknown variants of familiar songs; and second, the addition of historical, anecdotal context documenting each tune and reflecting Grover’s life and family history. The published transcriptions, along with the historical context, point the way for a method composers should follow as they set folk songs for chorus: obtain and study multiple variants of a song before setting it to explore variation and possibility; learn the

song thoroughly until the piece becomes organic to the composer; incorporate the knowledge from the variant study into the arrangement while staying true to melody and style of the song. The songs and the stories also work together to aid conductors when making choices about programming and performing this and other folk music – especially those songs without additional historical context.

In addition to publication in this dissertation, Carrie Grover's works will be available on the Carrie Grover Project's future website and made available for review and analysis. Composers can use this new material as either a primary source or for variant comparison. Conductors should read the stories and study the performance practice notes as they program these or similar songs.

The Carrie Grover Project gives her songs a voice again. This paper has shown how this collection adds a valuable resource to the existing canon and how its use, in connection with other collections, aids in understanding and analyzing the transference and performance of folk songs.

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Appendix I

Transcription of the songs from *A Heritage of Songs*

Disclaimer

The following is a transcription of all the songs found in *A Heritage of Songs*. During the transcription, I tried to remain faithful to Ann L. Griggs' transcription unless there was an error in meter or text underlay, as discussed in Chapter 1. As in the original volume, I have divided document into two sections, Mother Songs and Father Songs, though this presentation is alphabetical order, not the order found in Grover's publication. A table of contents is provided for the reader's convenience.

The reader should be aware that this is a record of an historical document. As such, some of the music contains ideas or language considered inappropriate compared to modern sensibilities. The reader should view these songs within their historical context as often provided in the personal notes from Carrie Grover. When performing these pieces, a performer may adapt or alter the lyrics as needed.

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A Faction Song

(Sung to the tune "Wearing of the Green")

What news, what news from Ire - land, brave mouse, come tell to me. The same I will re -

late un-to your great ma - jes - ty. Oh, there is a tree of Or - ange that's set

up in ev - 'ry town, and the an - cient popes of Gran - ue they dare not pull them

down. Oh, they dare not pull them down, Oh, they dare not pull them down, and the

an - cient popes of Gran - ue they dare not pull them down.

Note: My father said that the brave mouse referred to a spy whom the king had sent out to spy on the Catholics.

(See next page for more notes.)

My grandfather knew a great many songs and I have heard my mother tell a story about his young days, while his father was still alive. My great-grandfather Long came from Ireland to Nova Scotia when he was a boy. He was a Catholic, though he married a Protestant. The children were all brought up Protestants.

One time when my great-grandfather was lame and could only hobble around with a cane some young people came in the evening, and as they were in the kitchen with the door shut they did not think they could possibly disturb him. The young people were very anxious for grandfather to sing a faction song. Grandfather knew it would displease his father and did not want to sing it, but they all thought his father could not hear it, so grandfather allowed himself to be persuaded.

The old-fashioned chairs were handmade, good and strong, and a man who was singing a song almost invariably tilted his chair back against the wall on its hind legs, leaned his head against the wall and closed his eyes. My grandfather had tilted his chair against the wall near an open window which they all had forgotten. His father heard him, crept as softly as possible through the front door and around the house to the open kitchen window. Here he braced himself and, before anyone realized that he was there, he reached through the window with his cane and hit my grandfather over the head. As mother always told it, "He laid his head open and he carried the scar to his grave."

Adieu to Erin

Fare - well, dear Er-in, I — now must leave you, Where here I've spent
man - y a hap - py day, With lads and lass - ies and spark - ling glass - es, And
now I'm bound for A - mer - i - ca. Fare - well, dear Er-in, I now — must leave
you, And cross the seas to a for - eign clime, A - way from friends and
kind re - la - tions, And — the a - ged par - ents I leave be - hind.

Farewell, green fields and sweet, lovely valleys,
Where me and my true love so oft did roam,
Where I fondly told her I ne'er would leave her
As we walked through a shady grove.
The crops are failing, the times are changing
Which causes thousands to go away.
Wait patiently until next season
And we'll both sail over to America.

Note: The night before we left Nova Scotia there was a little gathering of neighbors and friends at our house and songs were sung as usual, everyone trying to appear cheerful. Mother was asked to sing this song, but before she finished it, her voice broke and she had to leave the room. I never heard her sing it again. It is evidently an old family song, as the words which I did not know were supplied by my cousin.

Adieu, Proud-Hearted Girl

A - dieu, proud-heart - ed girl, a - dieu, all pleas - ant times are o - ver. I have
seen the time I'd have wed with you and have proved your con - stant lov - er, But since
you've been so free__ in tell - ing me__ that you've no mind to mar - ry, I will
be just as free__ in tell - ing thee that I've no time to tar - ry.

Your parents they have used great means, but fortune may betray them
To get a better match for you, but fortune may waylay them.
You thought to prove my overthrow, but I'll not mourn forever,
But since fortune has failed I will set my sail, and I'll bid you adieu forever.

I prize my health as my greatest wealth. As long as my pocket will jingle
I am never afraid of coming to want, let me live married or single.
I own I'm of a low estate, but that will never grieve me,
For I'm naturally blest with a jovial heart and a little will relieve me.

Adieu, proud-hearted girl, adieu; joys of this world go with you.
I will come no more within your door to tell you that I love you.
Here's adieu to all such girls as you; of marrying I've no notion
Since Cupid with his wedded notes lies buried in the ocean.

Note: This is a song sung in my grandfather's family.

The Banks of Inverness

As I walked out one morn-ing down by the riv-er side, To
 hear the small birds sing-ing and to watch the wa-ter's gilde, There
 I es-pied a fair one all in her morn-ing dress. "Oh, a
 sail-or gay," I heard her say on the banks of In-ver-ness.

I stepped up to this fair one, I steered my course that way,
 And finding her my own true love, I unto her did say,
 "Are you in love, my fair one?" Modestly she answered, "Yes,
 To a sailor gay who is far away on the banks of Inverness."

I says, "My pretty fair one, what was your true love's name?"
 "'Twas William, and the mark he wore right well I know the same.
 'Twas on his little finger. May God my sailor bless,
 For a plow boy once was William on the banks of Inverness."

I says, "My pretty fair one, your love you'll see no more,
 For he is bound in irons strong all on some Turkish shore."
 "Oh, then," said she, "I'll wander, I'll double my distress."
 And in despair she tore her hair on the banks of Inverness.

Long time I gazed upon her, no longer could I stand,
 Showed her my little finger and the mark on my right hand.
 She says, "I've gold and silver, take off that tarry dress
 And put on those true blue trousers on the banks of Inverness."

To church they then did hasten and married were with speed.
 In sweet content their days are spent and happiness indeed.
 Young sailors seek their company and in their lot rejoice.
 God bless the lot that rules their cot on the banks of Inverness.

The Bonnet So Blue



It was down in Green Al - ley in the town of Lock - shire, I
lived at my ease and was free from all care. I — lived in great splen - dor and of
sweet - hearts had two, But was wound - ed by one in his bon - net so blue.

One morning very early I arose from my bed.
I called upon Sally, my own waiting maid,
“Now dress me as good as your two hands can do,
Till I go meet my love in his bonnet so blue.”

My love he passed by with a gun in his hand.
I strove to speak to him, but he would not stand.
I strove to speak to him, but from me he flew,
My bonnie Scotch lad in his bonnet so blue.

“Dear laddie, I love you. I will buy your discharge,
Free you from the army and set you at large,
If you will but love me and to me prove true,
I will ne'er put a stain in your bonnet so blue.”

“I have a fair lassie in my own country,
I will not forsake her nor leave her for thee,
For to me she says she will ever prove true
And will ne'er put a stain in my bonnet so blue.”

I will go unto London, I will go unto Hull,
I will get my love's picture all painted in full,
And in my bed chamber I often will view
My bonnie Scotch lad in his bonnet so blue.

The Braes of Balquither

The musical score is written in 2/4 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It consists of four staves of music. The lyrics are written below the notes. There are three triplet markings (indicated by a '3' above a group of notes) in the first, third, and fourth staves. The lyrics are: Will you go, las-sie, go to the braes of Bal - qui-ther, Where the high moun - tains row 'mid the bon - nie bloom - ing hea-ther, Where the roe and the deer they go bound - ing on to - geth-er, Spend the long sum-mer day near the braes of Bal - qui-ther?

Oh no, oh no, kind sir, I'm too young to be a lover,
 For my age is scarce sixteen and I dare not for my mother
 And besides being too young, I'm afraid you're some deceiver
 Who has come to charm me here to the braes of Balquither.

Then fare you well, proud maid, for your beauty soon will alter,
 I'll deprive you of this chance and live happy with some other.
 I will roam this wide world till I find a maid of honor
 Who will go along with me to the braes of Balquither.

Oh, come back, oh come back, for I think you no deceiver.
 Oh, come back, oh come back, and I'll never love another.
 I will leave all my friends, father, mother, sister, brother,
 And I'll go along with you to the braes of Balquither.

Oh, now they have gone to the bonnie highland mountains
 For to view the green fields and likewise the silvery fountains,
 Oh, now they are united and live in peace together;
 Spend their long summer days near the braes of Balquither.

Captain Kidd

Oh, my name was Rob-ert Kidd as I sailed, as I sailed, Oh, my
name was Rob-ert Kidd as I sailed, My name was Rob-ert Kidd and God's
laws I did for-bid, And most wick-ed - ly I did — as I sailed, as I
sailed, And most wick-ed - ly I did as I sailed.

My parents taught me well as I sailed, as I sailed,
Oh, my parents taught me well as I sailed.
My parents taught me well to shun the gates of Hell,
But against them I rebelled as I sailed, as I sailed,
But against them I rebelled as I sailed.

I'd a Bible in my hand as I sailed, as I sailed,
I'd a Bible in my hand as I sailed,
I'd a Bible in my hand at my father's great command,
And I sank it in the sand as I sailed, as I sailed,
And I sank it in the sand as I sailed.

I murdered William Moore as I sailed, as I sailed,
Oh, I murdered William Moore as I sailed,
I murdered William Moore and I left him in his gore
Not many miles from shore as I sailed, as I sailed,
Not many miles from shore as I sailed.

My cabin boy I killed as I sailed, as I sailed,
Oh, my cabin boy I killed as I sailed,
My cabin boy I killed and being cruel still
His precious blood I spilled as I sailed, as I sailed,
His precious blood I spilled as I sailed.

My mate took sick and died as I sailed, as I sailed,
My mate took sick and died as I sailed.
My mate took sick and died, he called me to his bedside,
“Don’t for the love of gold lose your soul, lose your soul,
Don’t for the love of gold lose your soul.”

Come gather, young and old, see me die, see me die,
Come gather, young and old, see me die.
Come gather, young and old, you are welcome to my gold,
For by it I’ve lost my soul. See me die, see me die.
For by it I’ve lost my soul. See me die.

Note: This is all mother could remember of “Captain Kidd” as it was sung in her family.

My grandmother was born and brought up in the town of Chester, Nova Scotia, situated on the shore of Mahone Bay. Oak Island, in Mahone Bay four miles from Chester, is said to be the place where Captain Kidd buried his treasure, and many thousands of dollars have been spent in trying to find it.

The Constant Farmer's Son

There was a pret-ty fair maid, in Lond - don she did dwell. She was
 come - ly fair and hand - some, Her par - ents loved her well. She was
 wooed by lord and nob - le - man, But all their love was vain. There
 was but one, the far - mer's son, Who Ma - ry's heart did gain.

Long time young William courted her, they fixed the wedding day.
 Her parents they did give consent, but her brothers they did say,
 "There is a lord who has pledged his word and him she shall not shun.
 First we'll betray and then we'll slay the constant farmer's son."

There was a fair not far from town, her brothers they did say.
 They asked young William's company to spend with them the day.
 But back returning home again they swore his race he had run,
 And with a stake the life did take of the constant farmer's son.

And then returning home again to Mary they did say,
 "Oh, think no more of your false love, but let him go his way,
 Oh, think no more of your false love; he has courted some other one
 And we the same have come to tell of the constant farmer's son.

As Mary on her pillow lay she dreamed a horrid dream,
 She dreamed she saw her own true love down by a purling stream.
 So Mary rose, put on her clothes, to meet her love did run.
 In yonder vale he is cold and pale, her constant farmer's son.

She kissed him once, she kissed him twice, she kissed him ten times o'er,
 While bitter tears down from her eyes they constantly did pour.
 She gathered green leaves from the trees to keep him from the sun
 And night and day she passed away with her constant farmer's son.

Up speaks her eldest brother and swore it was not he,
And then up speaks the younger one and swore most bitterly.
But Mary said, "You needn't look so red, nor try the law to shun,
For you've done the deed and you shall bleed for my constant farmer's son."

These villains confessed the murder and for the same did die.
Young Mary she did fade away, and never ceased to cry.
Her parents they did pass away, the glass of life had run.
Poor Mary sighed and then she died for her constant farmer's son.

The Croppy Boy

It was ear - ly, ear - ly in the spring. The—
 small birds they did sweet - ly sing, Sound - ing their notes from
 tree to tree, And the song they sang was old Ire - land free.

It was early, early last Thursday night
 The yeoman cavalry gave me a fright.
 The yeoman cavalry was my downfall
 When I was taken to Lord Cornwall.

It was in his guardhouse where I was laid,
 And in his parlor where I was tried,
 My sentence passed and my spirits low
 When to New Guinea I was forced to go.

As I was marching through the street
 The drums and fifes did play so sweet,
 The drums and fifes did so sweetly play
 As we were marching so far away.

As I was marching by my father's door
 My brother William stood on the floor,
 My aged father did grieve full sore
 And my tender mother her hair she tore.

When my sister Mary heard the express,
 She ran downstairs in her morning dress,
 Saying, "Five hundred guineas I would lay down
 To see you marching through Wexford town."

As we were marching though Wexford Street
 My sister Mary we chanced to meet.
 That false young woman did me betray
 And for one bare guinea swore my life away.

As we were marching o'er Wexford Hill
Oh, who could blame me to cry my fill?
I looked behind and I looked before,
But my aged mother I could see no more.

I wore the red and I wore the blue,
I wore the gray and the orange, too,
I forsook all colors and did them deny.
I wore the green and for it I die.

When I was mounted on the gallows high,
My aged father was standing by.
My aged father did me deny,
And the name he gave was the Croppy Boy.

When I am taken to my grave,
A decent funeral pray let me have.
Come, all good people, as you pass me by,
Say, "The Lord have pity on the Croppy Boy."

Note: Lord Cornwallis was lord lieutenant with supreme military command.

"Croppy Boy" means one of the insurgents of the uprising in Wexford in 1798. Wearing the green means that he would not renounce his faith and become a Protestant.

The picture this song brings to mind is of myself as a small child sitting in my little splint-bottomed rocker with my doll, while mother stood by her spinning wheel, spinning. It was a cold, windy day in October and the dreary whistle of the wind combined with the whirl of mother's wheel as she drew the thread and sang this sad song to an inexpressibly sad tune was a combination I can never forget. Mother had a very sweet, sympathetic voice and I never have heard that tune since without feeling the cold shivers run up and down my spine just as they did on that dismal day.

The Cuckoo

The cuck - oo is a bon - ny bird, She sings as she flies, She brings us glad
ti - dings She tells us no lies, She sips the sweet flow - ers, to — make her voice
clear, And she al - ways sings "Cuck-oo," when sum - mer is near.

Our meetings are pleasure,
Our partings are grief,
But a false-hearted young man
Is worse than a thief,
For a thief can but rob you
And take all you have,
But a false-hearted young man
Will bring you to the grave.

The grave it will rot you
And bring you to dust.
A false-hearted young man
No maiden can trust.
They will kiss you and court you,
Fair maids, to deceive,
And there's not one in twenty
That you can believe.

Oh, I can love little
Or I can love long,
I can love a new sweetheart
When the old one is gone.
I can tell them I love them
To give their hearts ease,
And when their back's to me,
I will love whom I please.

The Dark Eyed Sailor

The musical score is written on three staves in a single system. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 3/4 time signature. The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are: 'Tis of a la - dy both young and fair, As she walked out for to

The second staff continues the melody with a 4/4 time signature change. The lyrics are: take the air. She met a sail - or on her way. So, I paid at -

The third staff concludes the melody with a 3/4 time signature change. The lyrics are: ten - tion, So, I paid at - ten - tion, To hear what they would say.

He says, "Fair maiden, why roam alone;
 The day is passed and the night coming on."
 She said, while tears from her eyes did flow,
 "'Tis my dark eyed sailor, 'tis my dark eyed sailor
 Who has proved my overthrow.

"'Tis two long years since he left this land,
 A gold ring he took from off my hand.
 He broke the token; here's half with me
 While the other's rolling, while the other's rolling
 In the bottom of the sea."

Said William, "Drive him out of your mind;
 As good a sailor as him you'll find.
 Love turns aside, and cold does grow
 Like a winter's morning, like a winter's morning
 Inclined to frost and snow."

These words did Phoebe's heart inflame,
 She says, "With me you will play no game."
 She drew a dagger and thus did cry,
 "For my dark eyed sailor, for my dark eyed sailor
 A maid I'll live and die."

"Oh, his coal-black eyes and his curling hair,
 His prattling tongue did my heart ensnare.
 Unlike he was no rake like you
 To advise a maiden, to advise a maiden
 To slight his jacket blue."

When William did the ring unfold
She seemed distracted twixt joy and woe,
Saying, "Welcome, William, I've land and gold
For my dark eyed sailor, for my dark eyed sailor
So manly, true and bold."

In a cottage down by the river side
In unity they now reside.
So, girls, be true while your love's away,
For a cloudy morning, for a cloudy morning
Oft brings a pleasant day.

Dark Gal Dressed in Blue

From a vil-lage in New Hamp-shire to the coun - try here I came To
 view the fash - ions near and far, And the plac - es of great fame. It is
 what I have suf-fered since that time I am now going to tell to you, For I
 lost my soul and sen - ses too through a dark gal dressed in blue.

Chorus
 She was a great gal, fal - dee did-dle di - do, A fine gal, fal - dee did-dle
 day, A nice gal, fal - dee did-dle di - do, A gay gal, fal - dee did-dle day.

I stepped into a horse road car
 Not knowing what for to do
 And looking around at my right hand
 Sat a dark gal dressed in blue.
 "I have nothing here but a five dollar note,
 Kind sir, what am I going for to do?"
 "Allow me to pay." "Oh, thank you, sir,"
 Says the dark gal dressed in blue.

(Chorus)

Then we chatted and talked as we onward rode
 About one thing and another,
 When she asked of me, oh, wasn't she kind,
 If I had a father and mother.
 "Oh, yes," says I, "and a grandmother, too,
 But I pray now who are you?"
 "I am chief engineer in a millinery shop,"
 Said the dark gal dressed in blue.

(Chorus)

Then we wondered about for an hour or two
To the village near and far,
Till we came to a grand refreshment shop,
And we walked right up to the bar.
Then she slipped in my hand a five dollar note.
Says I, "What do you mean for to do?"
"Oh, don't think strange for I must have change,"
Said the dark gal dressed in blue.

(Chorus)

Then I handed the bill to the waiter
Says I, "Will you please change that?"
The waiter bowed and touched his hair.
On his head he wore no hat.
In silver and gold he gave me the change,
Coppers I handed him a few;
The change for the note I then did give
To the dark gal dressed in blue.

(Chorus)

"Farewell," says she; "Farewell," says I.
"Fare you well till we meet again,
For I must be off to the depot
To catch the Brighton train."
Then she slipped from my side and from me flew
And soon she was lost to view.
And standing there at my right hand
Stood a tall man dressed in blue.

(Chorus)

"How are you?" says he. "Who are you?" says I.
"I am one of the X division;
That note was bad, and my duty is
To arrest you on suspicion."
"It was for a lady I obtained that change."
Says he, "Are you telling me true?
Where is she, what's her name?" "Don't know," says I.
"She was a dark gal dressed in blue."

(Chorus)

My story he believed for he thought I'd been deceived
"But," he says, "you must hand out the cash."
I thought it was a sin as I pulled out the tin,
And away went five dollars smash.
Now come, all young men, a warning take.
Now mind what I say to you,
And don't make friends with ladies strange,
With a dark gal dressed in blue.

(Chorus)

Note: Years ago, seventy or more, my mother's youngest brother worked for a time in Massachusetts and while there learned this song. I learned the tune by hearing him sing it when I was a child. The words of the song were supplied by his son, Leverett Long.

The Diamonds of Derry

The Dia - monds of — Der - ry look drear - y to day Since
 my true love Jim - mie has — gone far a - way. He has
 gone to — old Eng - land some rich la - dy to see. May the
 heav - ens shine up - on him, bring him safe back to me.

The first time you courted me was in yonder green wood
 Where the pinks and the daisies grew around where we stood.
 You told me you loved me above all womankind,
 Pray tell me the reason why you've changed your mind.

The next time you courted me, it is very well known,
 It was in my father's garden in the county Tyrone.
 With your arms twined about me to keep me from the wind,
 It was there you deluded that fond heart of mine.

Oh, Jimmie, dear Jimmie, do you remember the day
 You tapped on my window and we went far away?
 Over lowlands and highlands together we did roam.
 Oh, why did you leave me in sorrow to mourn?

Oh, Jimmie, dear Jimmie, I have no more to say.
 Perhaps we will both be judged upon the same day,
 Perhaps we will both be judged and condemned you will be
 For the lies and false promises you have made unto me.

Note: I have never heard this song outside of my own family. Mother used to sing it and the words were sent to me by my Cousin Bessie.

The Emigrant's Song

"Since things are so hard I must tell you sweet - heart That
 I must leave off with my plough and my cart. A - way to Wis -
 con - sin a ___ jour - ney I'll go, To ___ dou - ble my for - tune as ___
 oth - er folks do, While here I must la - bor each day in the
 field, And the win - ter con - sumes what the ___ sum - mer doth yield.

“Dear husband, I’ve noticed with a sorrowful heart
 That you have neglected your plough and your cart,
 Your hogs, sheep and cattle at random do run
 And your best Sunday jacket goes every day on.
 Now stick to your farm and you’ll suffer no loss,
 For a stone that keeps rolling will gather no moss. “

“Dear wife, let’s be going and don’t let us wait;
 I long to be going, I long to be great.
 You will be some rich lady, and who knows but I
 Will be some great governor before that I die?
 While here I must labor all day in the field
 And the winter consumes what the summer doth yield.”

“Oh, husband, remember the land will be dear,
 And you’ll have to labor for many a year.
 Your hogs, sheep and cattle will all be to buy
 And you’ll scarcely get settled before you will die.
 So stick to your farm and you’ll suffer no loss,
 For a stone that keeps rolling will gather no moss.”

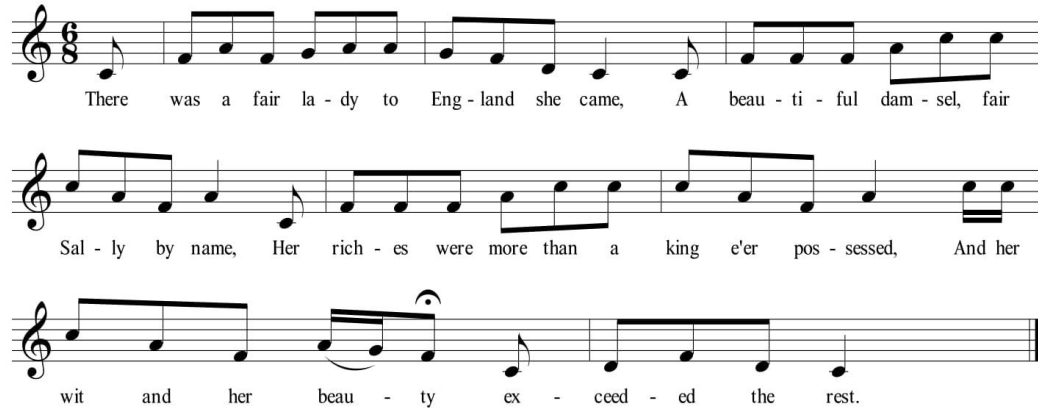
“Oh, wife, let’s be going and don’t let us stand.
I will purchase a farm that is all cleared by hand,
Where the hogs, sheep and cattle are not very dear,
And we’ll feast on fat buffalo half of the year.
While here I must labor all day in the field
And the winter consumes what the summer doth yield.”

“Dear husband, remember that land of delight,
Is surrounded by Indians by day and by night.
They will plunder your house and burn it to the ground
While your wife and your children lie murdered around.
So stick to your farm and you’ll suffer no loss,
For a stone that keeps rolling will gather no moss.”

“Dear wife, you’ve convinced me; I’ll argue no more,
For I never once thought of the Indians before.
My children I love them, although they are small,
And you, my dear wife, I love better than all.
So I’ll stick to my farm and I’ll suffer no loss,
For a stone that keeps rolling will gather no moss.”

Note: Over seventy years ago one of my mother’s brothers, Uncle George, left Nova Scotia for a time and went to work in Massachusetts. While there he learned several new songs of which this was one.

Fair Sally



There was a fair la - dy to Eng - land she came, A beau - ti - ful dam - sel, fair
Sal - ly by name, Her rich - es were more than a king e'er pos - sessed, And her
wit and her beau - ty ex - ceed - ed the rest.

A noble young squire that lived in that place
Would have courted this lady of beauty and grace,
But she was so haughty, so proud and so high,
That on this young squire she would scarce cast an eye.

“Oh Sally, oh Sally, oh Sally,” said he,
“I am sorry that your love and mine can’t agree.
Unless that your hatred is turned into love
I’m sure that your beauty my ruin will prove.”

“I’ve no hatred for you or for no other man,
But as for to love you, it is more that I can,
Therefore, I would have you leave off your discourse,
For I never will have you unless I am forced.”

When seven long weeks they were over and passed
This beautiful lady grew lovesick at last.
Entangled in love and she knew not for why,
She sent for this young man whom she had denied.

“Oh, I am the young man you sent for,” said he,
“Oh, am I a doctor that you send for me?”
“Oh, you are the doctor who can kill or can cure,
For without your assistance I will die, I am sure.”

“Oh Sally, oh Sally, oh Sally,” said he,
“Now don’t you remember when you slighted me?
When I asked you to have me, you refused me with scorn
And now I’ll reward you for what you have done.”

“Oh, what’s past and gone, love, forget and forgive,
But grant me a little while longer to live.”
“Oh, I may forgive, but I’ll never forget
And I’ll dance on your green grave when you lie in the earth.”

Note: At least ninety years ago, when my mother was a very young girl, she heard this song sung by a young man singing it to her oldest sister, whose name was Sallie, on the occasion of her leaving Nova Scotia to make her home in Massachusetts. Mother did not remember all the words, but over fifty years ago, when I first came to Maine, I heard the same song sung to the same tune by a neighbor in Newry, Maine, a blacksmith by the name of Bartlett Knapp. The verses mother sang were worded exactly the same as those sung by Mr. Knapp.

The False Lover

The musical score is written on four staves in a single system. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is written in a soprano voice. The lyrics are: "Our cap - tain says, 'A - way all hands to - mor-row,' Leav - ing you girls be-hind in sad grief and sor - row. Dry up those bri - ny tears and don't be a - weep-ing, For so - hap - py we will be, my love, at our next meet-ing."

She threw her arms abroad like one a-dying
With the wringing of her hands, and a-crying and sighing.
“What makes you roam abroad among hard-hearted strangers?
Oh, stay at home with me, my love, and be free from dangers.

“When I had gold in store, you seemed to like me,
But now I am growing poor, you seem for to slight me.
You courted me awhile just for to deceive me
And now my tender heart you have won you are going for to leave me.

“There is no believing men, no, not your own brother.
There is no believing men, no, not your true lover.
You favor they will gain, then turn to some other.
So, young girls, when you love be sure to love one another.

“Oh, fare you well, father, and fare you well, mother,
For I am your daughter dear and you have no other.
For to weep it is all in vain, for I am a-going
To the lad that I so dearly love, the one who has proved my ruin.”

Note: I have never heard this song sung except by my mother and older sisters.

Farewell to Nancy

The image shows a musical score for the song 'Farewell to Nancy'. It consists of four staves of music in a 3/4 time signature, with a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). The lyrics are written below the notes. The first staff begins with 'I've__ trav - elled this coun - try both ear - ly and late. I've'. The second staff continues with 'trav - elled this__ coun - try when hard was my fate. Fell in'. The third staff continues with 'love__ with a pret - ty fair maid, but she does me dis - dain. Oft'. The fourth staff concludes with 'times she has slight - ed me, but I'll try her__ a - gain.'

“Oh, your parents are rich, love, and you hard to please,
I would have you take pity on your heart-broken slave.
I would have you leave your father and your mother also,
And through this wide world with your darling boy go.”

“Oh, Johnnie, dear Johnnie, such advice will not do,
For to leave my own country and to go along with you.
My friends and old sweethearts they would mourn my sad fate,
If I'd leave my own country to go follow a rake.”

Now my love she won't have me, and away I must go
To the wide spreading ocean where the salt breeze does blow,
To seek a companion it is all my design,
“Fare you well, dearest Nancy, must I leave you behind?”

“Fare you well, dearest Nancy, and merry may you be.
I will always think of you wherever you be,
But since you've proved unloyal to the one that's so true,
May the wide spreading ocean separate I and you.”

Note: I never have heard this song sung by anyone but my mother.

The Farmer's Boy

The sun had set be - hind the hill, A - cross the drear - y moor, When
 wet and cold there came a boy, Up to the far - mer's door. "Can you
 tell me," said he "If an - y there be, Who would like to give em -
 ploy, For to plow, for to sow, for to har - row and to mow. For to
 be a far - mer's boy, For to be a far - mer's boy.

My father's dead; my mother's left
 With five young children small,
 And what is worse for mother still,
 I'm the biggest of them all.
 Though small, I'll work as hard as I can
 If you will me employ
 For to plow, for to sow, for to harrow, and to mow,
 For to be a farmer's boy, for to be a farmer's boy.

But if no boy you chance to want
 One favor will I ask,
 To shelter to the dawn of day
 From the cold and wintry blast;
 At the dawn of day I will trudge away
 Elsewhere to seek employ
 For to plow, for to sow, for to harrow, and to mow,
 For to be a farmer's boy, for to be a farmer's boy.

The farmer's wife cried, "Try the lad.
 Let him no farther seek."
 "Oh do, papa," the daughter cried
 While the tears rolled down her cheek
 For those who will work it is hard for to want,
 Or to wander for employ
 For to plow, for to sow, for to harrow, and to mow,
 For to be a farmer's boy, for to be a farmer's boy.

The farmer's boy grew to a man,
And when the good old farmer died
He gave the lad full half he had
And his daughter for a bride.
The boy that was, a farmer is
And remembers now with joy
The break of day when he passed that way
For to be a farmer's boy, for to be a farmer's boy.

This song was sung by my mother when I was a child
and it was also sung by my husband's mother, as he
recalls hearing her sing it when he was a little boy.

Gently, Jinnie, Fair Rosemary

The image shows a musical score for the song 'Gently, Jinnie, Fair Rosemary'. It consists of two staves of music in 4/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is written on a treble clef. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words hyphenated to fit the syllables. The first line of music covers the lyrics 'I mar-ried a wife, I took her home. Gent - ly Jin - nie, fair Rose - ma - ry. But I'. The second line of music covers the lyrics 'think I mar - ried a lit - tle too soon, as the dew flies ov - er the mul - ber - ry tree.'

My wife would neither card nor spin,
Gently Jinnie, fair Rosemary;
She was afraid of soiling her delicate skin
As the dew flies over the mulberry tree.

My wife would neither bake nor brew,
Gently Jinnie, fair Rosemary;
She was afraid of soiling her high heeled shoe
As the dew flies over the mulberry tree.

When I came in from holding the plow,
Gently Jinnie, fair Rosemary;
I said, "Dear wife, is my dinner ready now?"
As the dew flies over the mulberry tree.

"There is some cold johnny bread on the shelf."
Gently Jinnie, fair Rosemary;
"If you want any more you can get it yourself."
As the dew flies over the mulberry tree.

I went straightway unto my field,
Gently Jinnie, fair Rosemary;
I cut two little willows so green
As the dew flies over the mulberry tree.

I went straightway unto my barn,
Gently Jinnie, fair Rosemary;
And there I took my old sheepskin down,
As the dew flies over the mulberry tree.

I placed the sheepskin on her back,
Gently Jinnie, fair Rosemary;
And the two little twigs went whickety-whack
As the dew flies over the mulberry tree.

“Go tell your friends, go tell your kin,”
Gently Jinnie, fair Rosemary;
“I was only tanning my old sheepskin.”
As the dew flies over the mulberry tree.

Now when I come in from holding the plow,
Gently Jinnie, fair Rosemary;
It is, “Yes sir, and no sir, and how do you do?”
As the dew flies over the mulberry tree.

Note: One day nearly sixty years ago my cousin Bessie Long, then a very young girl, went into the house of a neighbor to take shelter from the rain. A young man by the name of Davidson was also there and he sang this song, which my cousin learned.

George Riley

When I ar - rived in the coun - ty An - trim To
view the banks of sweet har - mo - ny, I es -
ped a dam - sel so fair and hand - some You would
real - ly have thought she was the queen of May.

The musical score is written in a single system with four staves. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is written on a treble clef. The lyrics are placed below the notes. There are some rests and a triplet of eighth notes in the final line of music.

I stepped up to her, I did salute her,
I gently asked her to be my wife.
Most modestly she made me answer,
"Kind sir, I choose a sweet single life."

"You, fair young creature, you pride of nature,
What makes you differ from all female kind?
Your cherry cheeks, your eyes like amber,
It seems to marry you must incline."

"'Tis youth and folly makes young folks marry,
And when you're married, then you must obey,
Since what can't be cured must be endured.
So farewell, Riley, I am going away."

The Girl I Left Behind

My par - ents reared me ten - der - ly. They had no child but me. But
 I being fond of rov - ing with them did not a - gree. Then
 I be - came a rov - er soon which grieved their hearts full sore. I
 left my a - ged par - ents nev - er to see them more.

There was a wealthy gentleman resided in that part,
 He had an only daughter and I had won her heart,
 And she was noble-minded, too, tall, beautiful and fair,
 Columbia's fairest daughter, few with her could compare.

I asked my love if she'd consent for me to cross the main,
 And if she would prove constant till I returned again.
 Great drops of tears stood in her eyes, her bosom heaved a sigh,
 "Dear lad," said she, "fear not for me; my love can never die."

This maid she said, "I have heard or dreamed of what I can't believe
 That absence breaks the link of love and leaves a maid to grieve."
 I gently pressed on her cheek a kiss, saying, "Love, have no fear,"
 And swore by Him above the skies that I would prove sincere.

According to agreement I went on board a ship
 And to the town of Glasco first I made a pleasant trip.
 I found that gold was plenty there and the maids were somewhat kind
 And my love began for to cool a bit for the girl I left behind.

To Dolfus town I then set out to that hospitable land
 Where little Jennie Ferguson first took me by the hand.
 She says, "I've money plenty and in love with you I find."
 And the thought of gold destroyed my love for the girl I left behind.

She said, "If you will marry me and say no more you'll rove
 The gold I have shall all be yours, and I will constant prove,
 But parents dear and other friends that you have left behind
 It's never more, if you marry me, must ever bear in mind."

To this I then consented, and I own it to my shame,
For what man can be happy when he knows himself to blame?
'Tis true I've money plenty and my wife is somewhat kind,
But my pillow it is haunted by the friends I left behind.

My father in his winding sheet, my mother, too, doth appear,
And by their side the girl I love a-kissing off the tears.
Of broken hearts they all have died, and now too late I find
Since God has seen my cruelty to the friends I left behind.

The Gosport Tragedy

In — Gos - port of late a young dam - sel did dwell. For
 wit and for beau - ty few could her — ex - cel. A —
 young man did — court her for to be — his dear, And
 he by — his trade was a ship's car - pen - ter.

He said, "Dearest Mary, if you will agree
 And give your consent, dear, for to marry me,
 Your love, dear, can cure me of sorrow and care.
 Consent then to wed with a ship carpenter."

With blushes as charming as roses in bloom
 She said, "Dearest Willie, to wed I'm too young,
 For young men are fickle I see very plain;
 If a young maid is kind, her they quickly disdain."

"My own charming Mary, how can you say so?
 Your beauty is the haven to which I would go,
 And if I find channel and chance for to steer,
 I there will cast anchor and stay with my dear."

It was all in vain that she strove to deny
 For he, by his cunning, soon made her comply
 And by his base deception he did her betray
 And in sin's hellish path he did lead her astray.

Now when this young damsel with child she did prove
 She soon sent the tidings to her faithless love.
 He swore by the heavens that he would prove true
 And said, "I will marry no damsel but you."

At length these sad tidings she came for to hear
 His ship was a-sailing, for sea he must steer,
 Which pained this poor damsel and wounded her heart
 To think with her true love so soon she must part.

She said, "Dearest Willie, ere you go to sea
Remember the vows you have made unto me;
If you go and leave me, I ne'er can find rest.
Oh, how can you leave me with sorrow oppressed?"

With tender embraces he to her did say,
"I'll marry my true love ere I go to sea
And if on the morrow, my love, I can ride down,
The ring I can buy our fond union to crown."

With tender embraces they parted that night
And promised to meet the next morning at light.
William said, "Dearest Mary, you must now go with me
Before we are married, our friends for to see."

He led her o'er hills and through hollows so deep
Till at length this fair damsel began for to weep.
"Oh, Willie, I fear you have led me astray
On purpose my innocent life to betray."

He said, "You've guessed right, for no power can you save,
For 'twas only last night I was digging your grave."
When poor, wretched Mary did hear him say so,
The tears from her eyes like a fountain did flow.

Then down on her knees Mary to him did say,
"Oh, take not my life lest my soul you betray.
Oh, pity my infant, and spare my poor life;
Let me live full of shame if I can't be your wife."

"Oh, there is no time thus disputing to stand,"
And taking his sharp, cruel knife in his hand,
He pierced her fair breast whence the blood it did flow
And into the grave her fair body did throw.

He covered her body and quick hastened home,
And left nothing but the small birds her fate for to mourn.
He returned to his ship without any delay
And set sail for Plymouth to plow the salt sea.

One night to the captain this fair maid did appear
And she in her arms held an infant most dear.
"Oh help me, oh help me," she to him did say.
Then to his amazement she vanished away.


The captain then summoned his jovial ship's crew
And said, "My brave fellows, I fear some of you
Have murdered some damsel ere you came away
Whose injured ghost haunts you all on the salt sea."

Then poor, frightened Willie he fell on his knees
The blood in his veins seemed with horror to freeze.
It's, "Oh, cruel monster, and what have I done?
God help me, I fear my poor soul is undone.

"Oh, poor, injured Mary, your forgiveness I crave,
For soon must I follow you down to the grave."
No one but this poor wretch beheld the sad sight
And raving, distracted, he died the next night.

Note: My mother used to tell a story about my grandfather's sister, to whom she referred as Aunt Jinnie Hinds, who was singing this song one morning while out in the pasture milking her cow at her home in Windsor. A party of soldiers came along while she was singing and stood listening to her song. When the song was finished, they came forward and the captain gave her a piece of gold to sing them the song again.

Green Grows the Laurel



Once I had a sweet-heart but now I've got none, He's gone and he's left me, I'm left all a-lone. But
since he has left me, con - tent-ed I'll be... Since he's found an - oth-er he loves bet-ter than me.

Chorus
Oh, green grows the lau-rel and so does the rue, How sad I have been since I part-ed with you, But
at our next meet-ing all joys we'll re-new. We'll change the green lau-rel for the red, white and blue.

I wrote my love a letter in the red rose so fine;
He wrote me an answer on ruins of mine,
Saying, "You keep your red rose and I'll keep my thyme,
And you write to your love and I'll write to mine."

(Chorus)

Oft time I wonder why women love men,
More times I've wondered how men can love them.
I have found by experience enough for to know
I'll follow my true love wherever he goes.

(Chorus)

Her Father's Gray Mare

Young Rog - er, the mil - ler, went court - ing of late A far - mer's fine daugh - ter, they
called her Miss Kate. She had for her por - tion five a - cres of ground. She
had for her por - tion full five hun - dred pounds. She had for her por - tion fine
jew - els and rings, She had for her por - tion, She had for her por - tion ma - ny fine things.

When supper was over, the money laid down,
It was a fine portion, full five hundred pounds.
It was then that young Roger arose as he said,
"I own that your daughter is charming, indeed,
I own that your daughter is charming and fair,
But yet I won't have her, but yet I won't have her
Without the gray mare."

At this the old man arose with great speed.
"I thought you were courting my daughter, indeed,
But since it's no better, I'm glad it's no worse;
I can put my money again in my purse.
And as for my daughter, I solemnly swear
That you shall not have her, that you shall not have her,
Nor yet the gray mare."

The Roger, the miller, was turned out of doors,
And plainly was told for to come there no more,

* * * * *
* * * * *

Which caused him to rend his long locks of hair
And wish he had never, and wish had never
Mentioned the gray mare.

'Twas six months or over, and summer about,
That he met this fair lady as she walked out.
He says, "Miss Kitty, now do you know me?"
"I think I have seen you somewhere," said she,
"Or a man to your likeness with long locks of hair
Who once came a-courting, who once came a-courting
My father's gray mare."

"It was not the gray mare a-courting I came,
But his beautiful daughter, Miss Kitty by name.
I thought that the old man would have no dispute,
But would give me his daughter and the gray mare to boot,
All to secure such a dutiful son,
But now I am sorry, but now I am sorry
For what I have done."

"Oh, as for your sorrow I value it not,
There are young men enough in the town to be got.
I think that a girl would be at her last prayer
To marry a man who went courting a mare.
The price of the gray mare it was not so great,
So far you well, Roger, so fare you well, Roger,
Go mourn your sad fate."

Note: This song was a great favorite with my grandfather, my mother's father, and I have heard my father sing it often. I also heard it sung by an old lady with whom I boarded when I was going to school at Gould Academy, when I was fifteen years old. She said that she and her sister sang it together at an entertainment when they were young girls. She did not sing the same tune that my father used.

Jack Williams

I am a boat - man by my trade. Jack Wil - liams is my name. And
by a false de - lu - ding girl I was brought to grief and shame. In
Kath' - rine Street I did re - sort where the peo - ple did me know. I
fell in love with a gay, young girl, which proved my ov - er - throw.

Oh, then I took to robbing; I robbed both night and day.
The gold I got I valued not but took to her straightway.
At length to Newgate I was brought, bound down in irons strong,
With rattling chains about my limbs, and she longed to see them on.

I wrote my love a letter some comfort for to find,
But she answered me most scornfully, saying, "I hate such company,
Now since you've made your bed, young man, down on it you must lie."

Oh, now I lie in prison; 'tis more than I deserve.
It fairly makes my blood run cold to think how I am served,
But if ever I gain my liberty a solemn vow I'll make
To forsake all evil company for that false woman's sake.

Oh, then my trial it came on and hanged I was to be,
It grieved my parents' hearts full sore to think of my destiny.
But Providence proved kind to me as you can plainly see,
I broke my chains and scaled the walls and gained my liberty.

Note: My mother's brother used to sing this song and we always called it
Uncle Jim's song.

James Magee



Oh James Ma - gee they do call me, the name I won't de - ny, Though
 from my na - tive coun - try I am ob - liged to fly, To
 leave my house - es and rich lands and my three chil - dren dear, And
 sail a - way to New South Wales far from Co - lum - bia's shore.

My father died, my mother died. I being the only heir,
 I was brought up by my grandmother, of me she took great care.
 Six years at Dublin I was taught at the best Academy,
 My learning would have served a knight or lord of high degree.

My aunt she married an Orangeman; with him I could not agree.
 They thought to swear my life away and hanged I would surely be.
 Then she would be the only heir to my rich property,
 And leave my family in distress, my wife and children three.

I have a house both long and wide, no rain can it afford,
 But to entertain an Orangeman we were not in accord.
 If by chance I should meet a Ribbonman, it's him I'd use right well,
 But they all pass by and none call in where James Magee doth dwell.

The day of trial it came on, at the green table she stood.
 "This is the man who done the deed, on him you may take hold.
 Last Tuesday night at twelve o'clock my husband's gun he stole,
 He thought to take my life away; no one would ever know."

The judge he turned around about and unto me did say,
 "Kind sir, I can not pardon you, she swears so bitterly.
 You must leave your wife and family in sorrow to bewail,
 You must leave your houses and rich lands and go to New South Wales."

It is not my distant sailing nor yet my lonesome voyage,
 But the leaving of my children who are not yet of age.
 May the curse of me and my poor wife and my three children small
 Lay down on thee, Kitty Magee, or aunt I should you call.

Janie on the Moor

One morn for rec - re - a - tion as I roamed by the sea - side. The
hills and dales were bloom - ing with flow'rs that decked the side, I es -
pied a pret - ty fair maid as she roamed by the sea - shore, And so
red and ro - sy were the cheeks of Ja - nie on the moor.

I says, "My pretty fair maid, why do you so early rise,
All for to take the morning air as the lark sings in the skies?"
"I love to go a-rambling where so loud the breakers roar,
It would wake the bosom of the deep," cried Janie on the moor.

We both sat down together on yonder mossy side,
I says, "My pretty fair maid, I will make you my bride.
I have both gold and silver brought from a foreign shore
And with me you can tarry, dear Janie, on the moor."

"I have a sweetheart of my own. Long time he's been from me,
But with patience I'll wait on him till he returns from sea,
With patience I'll wait on him till he returns on shore.
We will join our hands in wedlock bands," cried Janie on the moor.

"If you have a sweetheart of your own, pray tell to me his name."
"His name is Dennis Royan." (Right well I knew the same.)
"If his name be Dennis Royan, I knew that young man well,
It was in a bloody battle with an angry ball he fell.
And this was the love token he on his finger wore."
She fell a-fainting in my arms, dear Janie on the moor.

Seeing her loyal-hearted, "Behold your love," I cried.
"Behold your Dennis Royan who now stands by your side.
Come, let us go get married and happy live on shore,
We'll join our hands in wedlock bands, dear Janie on the moor."

Note: This is one of mother's songs. I never heard it sung outside of my own family.

The Jolly Ploughboy

As — Jack, the jol - ly plough boy, was plow - ing of his land, With his
 hors - es be - neath a green shade, He whist - led and he sang as his
 plough it went a - long, Till at length he chanced to meet a pret - ty
 maid, pret - ty maid. Till at length he chanced to meet a pret - ty maid.

Oh, he whistled and he sang as his plow it went along.
 She's a lady of higher degree,
 And if her parents come to know she's courted on the plain
 They will send her bonnie laddie to the sea, to the sea,
 They will send her bonnie laddie to the sea.

Now it happened to be so, when her parents came to know
 That she was being courted on the plain,
 A press gang of soldiers did hurry him away
 They have sent him to the war to be slain, to be slain,
 They have sent him to the war to be slain.

Now she's dressed herself up in a young man's array
 With her pockets well lined with gold
 And she marched up the street so nimbly and so neat
 That she looked just like a jolly sailor bold, sailor bold,
 That she looked just like a jolly sailor bold.

Oh, the first place she went was to the admiral of the fleet.
 Oh, have you seen my jolly ploughboy?
 He is sailing o'er the deep, he has gone to join the fleet.
 They have sent him to the war to be slain, to be slain,
 They have sent him to the war to be slain.

She has pulled out her purse of five hundred pounds,
 Of five hundred pounds, aye, and more.
 All this she freely paid for her jolly ploughboy
 And she rolled him in her arms to the shore, to the shore,
 And she rolled him in her arms to the shore.

Oh, happy were true lovers when they did meet,
All their sorrows and troubles are o'er.
They whistle and they sing, 'cause the valleys for to ring
Since she found the bonnie laddie she adores, she adores,
Since she found the bonnie laddie she adores.

The July Fair at Garbo

The day be-fore the Ju - ly Fair, all Rib-bon men they did pre-pare For
miles a - round ___ to rake and tear The roy-al town at Gar - bo.

The image shows two staves of musical notation in 3/4 time. The first staff contains the melody for the first line of lyrics, and the second staff contains the melody for the second line. The lyrics are written below the notes.

McCaskey mounted on yon hill
He blew his whistle loud and shrill.
“Come on, brave boys, we will slay and kill
All the Protestants at Garbo.”

He scarce had turned his head around
When he received a mortal wound.
His heels went up and his head went down
At the July Fair at Garbo.

The Ribbon men came in a race,
With handkerchief tied round their waist.
Their jackets we did soundly baste
At the July Fair at Garbo.

Note: In 1795 the institution of Orange Lodges sprang up, named for the Prince of Orange. These were Protestants. The Ribbon men, so called, were one of the many Catholic factions that were active at the same time.

Kitty of Coleraine

The musical score is written on three staves in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is simple and folk-like, with lyrics written below the notes. The lyrics are: "As beau-ti-ful Kit-ty was walk-ing one morn-ing, With a pitch-er of milk for the fair at Cole-raine, When she saw me she stum-bled, the pitch-er down tum-bled, And all the sweet but-ter - milk wat-ered the plain."

“Och! What shall I do now for a-looking at you now?
Sure, sure such a pitcher I’ll ne’er see again,
The pride of me dairy – Och! Barney McCleary,
You are sent for a curse to the girls of Coleraine.”

I sat down beside her, I gently did chide her
That such a misfortune should cause her such pain.
‘Twas the haymaking season – I cannot well leave her.
She swore for such pleasure she’d break it again.

‘Twas the haymaking season, I can’t tell the reason,
Misfortunes will never come singly, that’s plain,
For very soon after poor Kitty’s disaster
The devil a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.

The Lass Amang the Heather

As I was com - ing home from the fair at Bilt - i - mor - e - o, I
 met a pret - ty lass, she was fair - er than Di - an - a, O. I
 asked her where she lived as we jogged a - long to - geth - er, O. "On
 bon - nie moun - tain side," she re - plies, "A - mang the heath - er, O."

Oh lassie, I'm in love with you; you have so many charms oh,
 Oh lassie, I'm in love with you, to you my bosom yearns oh.
 A blink of your blue e'e, your person is so charming oh,
 Right gladly would I wed with you, you lass among the heather oh.

Oh young man, do you think that I am so easy taken oh?
 Oh young man, do you think I believe what you are saying oh?
 I'm happy and I'm weel with my father and mi mither oh.
 'Twould take a cunning lad for to ween me from the heather oh.

Oh lassie, condescend and don't be so cruel oh,
 Oh lassie, condescend and grant a kiss to your own jewel oh.
 If I should grant you one kiss, you'd surely want anither oh,
 So take it as you will, I'm the lass among the heather oh.

Oh then we jogged along till we came to her mither oh.
 Now she has given her consent and we are joined together oh.
 In happiness and peace we go jogging on together oh
 And Jeanie blessed the day she kissed the lad among the heather oh.

The Lord From the West

The musical notation consists of two staves in 8/8 time, with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is written on a treble clef. The lyrics are: "There was a lord lived in the West, A lord of high degree. He said if I would come to the sea-side that he would marry with me."

Go get me some of your father's gold
And some of your mother's fee
And two of the best nags out of the stable
Where there stand thirty and three.

She got him some of her father's gold
And some of her mother's fee
And two of the best nags out of the stable
Where there stood thirty and three.

She mounted on the noble brown
And he on the dapple grey
And they rode till they came to the salt seaside
Three hours before it was day.

"Light off, light off the nut-brown steed
And deliver it unto me,
For six pretty maidens I have drowned here;
The seventh one you shall be.

"Take off, take off that silken gown
And deliver it unto me,
For I'm sure it is too rich and gay
To rot all in the salt sea."

"If I must take off my silken gown
Pray turn your back to me,
For it is a pity for a ruffian like you
An undressed lady to see."

Then as he turned his back around
So bitterly she did weep,
She seized him around the middle so small
And she tumbled him into the deep.

"Lie there, lie there, you ruffian," she cried,
Lie there instead of me.
For if six pretty maidens you have drowned here
The seventh will now drown thee."

He drooped high, he drooped low
Till he came to the side.
"Oh, give me your hand, my pretty Polly,
And I will make you my bride."

"Lie there, lie there, you ruffian," she cried,
"Lie there instead of me.
For if six pretty maidens you have drowned here
The seventh has now drowned thee."

She mounted on the nut-brown steed
And led the dapple grey
She rode till she came to her father's hall
Two long hours before it was day.

The parrot being up in the window so high
It unto her did say,
"Oh, where have you been, my pretty Polly,
So long before it is day?"

Her father being up in his chamber so high
These words to her did say,
"Oh, why do you chatter, my pretty Poll-Parrot,
So long before it is day?"

"The cat was around and about my cage
I could not chase her away,
So, I called unto Miss Pretty Polly
To drive the old cat away."

"Well turned, well turned, my pretty parrot,
You tell no tales on me,
And your cage it shall be of the glittering gold
And the door of the best ivory.

The Lover Proved False

The musical score is written on four staves in a treble clef, with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is simple and folk-like, with lyrics written below the notes. The lyrics are: "As I walked out one May morn - ing, When the small birds sang so sweet, I ___ leaned my - self a - gainst an old oak tree To___ see two lov - ers meet. To___ see two lov - ers meet my___ dear, And to hear what they would say. That I might learn a lit - tle of their mind, Be - fore I went a - way."

"Come in, come in, my own true love,
And sit awhile by me,
For it's been three quarters of a year or more
Since together we have been."
"Oh, I can't come in and I won't sit down
For I've not one moment of time,
And your hand it is engaged to another fair maid
And your heart is none of mine.

"Now when your heart was mine, my love,
And your head upon my breast
You could make me believe by the stories you told
That the sun it rose in the west.
Oh, I never will believe a young man again,
Let his eyes be black or brown,
Excepting he was up on yonder gallows tree
And my faith could bring him down."

The Lowlands of Holland

Last East - er I was mar - ried, That night I ___ went to bed. There
 came a bold sea cap - tain and stood at my bed - head. Say - ing, "A -
 rise, a-rise, you mar-ried man, and come a - long with me, To the
 low, low-lands of Hol - land to ___ face your en - e - my."

She clasped her arms about me imploring me to stay,
 But still this bold sea captain said, "Arise and come away.
 Arise, arise, you married man, and come along with me
 To the low lowlands of Holland to face your enemy.

"Oh, daughter dear, oh daughter dear, why do you thus lament?
 There are men enough in our town to make your heart content."
 "There are men enough in our town, but there's not one for me,
 For I have never had but one true love and he has gone from me.

"No sash shall go about my waist, nor comb come in my hair,
 And neither wood nor candlelight shine in my chamber more,
 And never will I married be until the day I die.
 Since cruel waves and angry winds parted my love and me."

A Memory of Childhood

When I was about ten years old, we were all eagerly looking forward to a "frolic" at my cousin Frank Spinney's house. He had been clearing a piece of land, and in those days they burned the trees not fit for firewood as well as the underbrush, as there was not sale for anything but cord wood at that time and wood was plentiful. After the wood was burned, the ashes fertilized the land. So, Frank invited the neighbors to a "piling" where the wood was piled up for burning. "Many hands make light work," and after the piling the men were invited to supper and after that there was dancing and song singing in the evening.

Much to my disgust, I had to stay at home with mother that afternoon, though my Father and young brother went to the piling and my older sister went to help my cousin and her daughters to prepare the supper. As mother and I were busy out of doors, tidying up the yard, she sang parts of two songs I had never heard before. I liked the tunes, and I can remember the event as though it had happened yesterday. I can see just how she looked as she stood fixing up a rose bush, and just how she sounded as she sang a verse of "Farewell and Adieu" and a few verses of "The Lowland of Holland."

At the party, at a lull in the dancing, she sang "The Silk Weaver's Daughter." Young and old joined in the dancing, which consisted of plain reels, and in between times two people would face each other on the floor for a "step dance." My father was not a graceful dancer but he knew many intricate steps, and I remember how my mother's brother, my Uncle Jim, so tall and straight, called out to father, "Come on, George," and how they did hoe it down, while my cousin Frank whistled the tune. They were both over fifty years old then, I think, but how they could handle their feet!

Part of the time I had to sit on a box and sing for the dancers, cousin Frank telling me which tunes to sing.

Lullaby

I wish to God my child was born, And sit - ting on its
da - da's knee, while I poor girl was in my grave, And the
tall green grass grow-ing o - ver me. La la la and la la lee
La la la la la lee low. While I poor girl was
in my grave and the tall green grass grow-ing o - ver me.

La-la-la-la-la-lee
I wish I was in the bottom of the sea
My soul to God, my body in the sea
And the dark blue waves rolling over me.
La-la-la and la-la-lee
La-la-la-la-lee-low
My soul to God and my body in the sea
And the dark blue waves rolling over me.

Mary's Dream

The moon had climbed the high - est hill which ri - ses o'er the
 riv - er Dee and o'er the east - ern sum - mit shed her sil - ver light on
 tow - er and tree, When Ma - ry laid her down to sleep, Her
 thoughts on San - dy a - way at sea. When soft and low a
 voice she heard Say - ing, "Ma - ry weep no more for me."

She from her pillow gently raised
 Her head to ask who there might be,
 And saw young Sandy shivering stand
 With visage pale and hollow eye.
 "Oh, Mary dear, cold is my clay;
 It lies beneath a stormy sea,
 Far, far from thee I sleep in death,
 So, Mary, weep no more for me.

"Three stormy nights and stormy days
 We tossed upon the raging main
 And long we strove our barque to save,
 But all our striving was in vain.
 Even then, when horror chilled my blood,
 My heart was filled with love for thee.
 The storm is past and I at rest,
 So, Mary, weep no more for me.

“Oh, maiden dear, thyself prepare;
We soon shall meet upon that shore
Where love is free from doubt and care,
And thou and I shall part no more.”
Loud crowed the cock, the shadow fled,
No more of Sandy could she see,
But soft the passing spirit said,
“Sweet Marry, weep no more for me.”

Note: Both my parents used to sing bits of this song, and I heard my sister say that she heard an old man sing it at an entertainment over fifty years ago. He was a friend of the family, some years older than my parents.

The Merry Man

I am a young fel-low who loves to be mel-low, To drink and be mer-ry is all my de-light. I
of - ten get fris-ky on ex - cel - lent whis - key, With jov - ial com - pan - ions from morn - ing till night. I
nev - er take pleas - ure in hoard - ing up treas - ure, The sight of a mis - er, I can - not en - dure, Who
al - ways is grip - ing and sharp - ing and bit - ing, and lay - ing out plans for to plun - der the poor.

Oh, the foolish old miser
He hoards up his treasure,
The fruit of his labor he seldom enjoys.
His heirs they are waiting
To spend it in pleasure
And scarce can afford him a shirt when he dies.
His frame is complaining
For want of sustaining,
His limbs are decrepit from hunger and cold.
Instead of good liquor
He still drinks cold water,
And takes no delight in the full flowing bowl.

Come, landlord, be quicker
And bring us some liquor,
Now, piper, come squeeze up your leather and play,
And hand him the pitcher;
It makes music richer.
We'll drink and carouse till the breaking of day.
I hold them but asses
Who wait to fill glasses,
Such wasting of time is unworthy of man.
It only is wasting
The time that is hasting.
Commend me to him who can fogle the can.

When stopped in my toddy
By death seizing my body,
No crocodile tears shall be shed at my wake.
While there I am lying
No counterfeit crying
No moans I desire shall be made for my sake,
But of whiskey a cruiskein
To fill up each loose skin
Let all have to toast to my journey up hill.
Nor let them be downhearted
For him that's departed,
But end all disputes in a full flowing bowl.

Oh, the next morning early
When daylight is dawning
My trunk shall be nailed quite close to my back,
With four honest fellows
To bear it up level
While I ride on their shoulders instead of a sack.
The birds they will sing
And the valleys will ring,
They will carol their choruses gallant and brave
While they lay me down flat
On the broad of my back
And away goes the merry man down to his grave.

Note: My grandfather enjoyed singing while working at his trade as a cooper. Mother said he would get up at four o'clock every morning and as soon as he had lighted the fire he would begin to pound and sing as he pounded, till he had aroused everyone in the house from the oldest to the youngest. Rollicking songs with a rousing chorus seemed to be his favorite songs to work by. I have heard mother say that he had a pile of songs almost a foot high, but in a mood of religious fervor brought about by a series of revival meetings which he attended, he threw his entire collection of songs into the fireplace and burned them.

My New Garden Field

Come all you pret - ty fair maids, I ___ pray you at - tend Un -

to these few lines that I ___ brief - ly have penned Con - cern - ing love-ly

Nan - cy. She's my ___ pride and ___ hearts de - light, For she

is my whole day's stu - dy And my dream in the night.

On the second day of August, the date of that year,
 Down in Cupid's garden where I first met my dear,
 You would have thought she was some goddess,
 or yet some fair young queen
 That had come as a torture to torment my mind.

"Oh, I am no goddess," this fair one did say,
 "But a-plucking these flowers to bright and so gay,
 But a-plucking these flowers that nature doth yield,
 For I take great delight in my new garden field."

I says, "My pretty, fair maid, may I make so bold
 As your lily white hand, love, one moment to hold?
 It would give me more pleasure than this whole world in store.
 Come, grant me this favor and I'll ask for no more."

She turns and says, "Young man, I fear you're in jest,
 If I thought you were in earnest, I would think myself blest,
 But my father is a-coming," this fair maid did say,
 "So fare you well, young man, for I must away."

Now she's gone and she's left me in deep bonds of love.
 Kind Cupid, assist me, or some angel above.
 Kind Cupid, assist me and lend me more art,
 For she's guilty of murder, and she has won my heart.

Oh she turns and says, "Young man, I pity your case.
I will leave you no longer to sigh in distress.
My love, I will go along with you to some foreign part,
For you are the first young man that e'er won my heart.

"On Sunday we will go to church and married we'll be
And we'll live together in sweet unity.
So here is my hand, love, I vow to be true,
And to all other young men I now bid adieu."

The Old Elm Tree

There's a path by the old de - ser - ted mill. The bridge o'er the
 stream lies un - bro - ken still, Where the weep - ing wil - low bough's bend - ing
 low O'er the moss grown banks where the vio - lets grow.

'Twas there with the bright spring sky above
 I told her the tale of my heart's true love,
 And ere the bright blossoms had faded and died,
 She promised that she would be my bride.

Next came the grief of the parting hour.
 How little I dreamed we would meet no more,
 But ere I returned from the deep blue sea
 They had made her a grave 'neath the old elm tree.

Cruel and false were the tales they told
 Of my own love false and my true love cold,
 That my false heart held another more dear,
 Forgetting the vows that we whispered here.

She sank beneath the awful pain;
 He lips were ne'er seen to smile again,
 And she bitterly wept where none might see.
 She wept for the past 'neath the old elm tree.

She died, and they parted her sunny hair
 On the pale cold brow death had left so fair,
 And they laid her to rest where the bright spring flowers
 Would shine on her grave through the long summer hours.

Oh, Laura, sweet Laura, my heart's true love,
We'll meet in the angels' home above,
Where they hold no tie half as dear to me
As the one who sleeps 'neath the old elm tree.

Note: This was a favorite song of my Uncle Jim's wife, whom we lovingly called Aunt Maggie. It is a song she learned in her girlhood at home. The words were supplied by her daughter Bessie.

One Side of Galway Town

As I walked out one mor - ning some friends for to go see, I
 met an hon - ored la - dy who fell in love with me. Her
 for - tune was five thou - sand pounds in rea - dy mon - cy down, And like -
 wise an es - tate was willed to her One side of Gal - way Town.

She wrote to me a letter, as you can plainly see,
 Saying, "Johnnie, dearest Johnnie, I am in love with thee.
 If you don't prove kind and marry me, my life I will destroy.
 And then I will torment you
 Until the day you die."

I wrote my love a letter, as you can plainly see,
 I said, "Dear honored lady, I'm no wedded match for thee.
 You should choose some lord or nobleman your husband for to be,
 And likewise if your parents should find us out
 Transported I would be."

But being afraid of what she said, with her I did agree,
 I, being afraid of what she said, with her did run away.
 Her father followed after us and soon he found our trail.
 He brought me back a prisoner,
 Lodged me in Galway jail.

Oh, there I stayed with troubled mind until the day of trial.
 Up stepped her aged father saying, "You need not on him smile."
 He says, "Good lords and jury-men, no man can set him free,
 For, my good lords, he's robbed my house
 And stole my child away."

The sentence it was passed and I was condemned to die.
 Up steps this honored lady and most bitterly did cry.
 She say, "Good lords and jury-men, for this now set him free,
 For I love him beyond distraction,
 Which has proved his destiny."

Oh, the jail it was thrown open and now, thank God, I'm free,
And in spite of her old father we live in unity.
In spite of her old father in wedlock bands we're bound,
And we now are living on her estate
One side of Galway Town.

Note: I heard a cousin sing this when I was a small child. I have never heard it sung outside of my own family.

The Prentice Boy

As down through Cu-pid's gar - den for pleas - ure I — did walk, I — heard two loy - al
 lov - ers most sweet - ly for to talk. It — being an hon - ored la - dy and her ap - pren - tice
 boy, And in sec - ret they were talk - ing, for he was all her joy.

He says, "Dear honored lady, I am your 'prentice boy.
 How can I e'er expect a fair lady to enjoy?"
 With cheeks as red as roses, her manner kind and free,
 She says, "Dear lad, if e'er I wed, I will surely marry thee."

But when her father came to know, the same to understand,
 He had this young man banished unto a foreign land.
 And, as she lay broken-hearted, these words was heard to say,
 "For my honest charming 'prentice a maid I'll live and die."

This young man to a merchant a waiting-man was bound
 And by his good behavior great fortune there he found.
 Soon he became a butler, which prompted him to fame
 And by his careful conduct his steward he became.

For a ticket in a lottery the money he paid down
 And there he gained a fortune of full five thousand pounds.
 With store of gold and silver he packed his clothes indeed
 And to England he returned to his own true love with speed.

He offered kind embraces, but she flew from his arms,
 Saying, "No lord or nobleman shall e'er enjoy my charms;
 The love of gold is cursed, great riches I decry,
 For my honest charming 'prentice a maid I'll live and die.

He says, "Dear honored lady, you have been in these arms,
 This is the ring I gave you in token of your charms;
 You vowed if e'er you married your charms I should enjoy,
 Your father did me banish, I am your 'prentice boy."

When she beheld his features, she flew into his arms;
 With kisses and embraces she did enjoy his charms,
 And then through Cupid's garden a road to church they found,
 And there in virtuous pleasure in Hymen's chains were bound.

The Quaker's Wooing

Ma - dam, I have come a - court - ing. Oh, dear - y me. All for
 love and not for — sport - ing. Oh, dear - y me. You be - gone, you
 sil - ly Qua - ker, High fol - la - link - tum - tid - dy aye, If you want a wife why
 go and take her High fil - la - link - tum - tid - dy aye.

I have a ring worth forty shillings.
 Oh, dearie me!
 You can have it if you are willing.
 Oh, dearie me!
 I want neither your ring nor money.
 High filla-link-tum-tiddy aye.
 I want a man who will call me "honey."
 High filla-link-tum-tiddy aye.

Remember the Poor

Cold win - ter has come with its cold chill - ing breath. And the ver - dure has fell from the
 trees. All na - ture seems touched by the fin - ger of death, And the
 streams are be - gin - ning to freeze, When the poor rob - in red - breast ap - proach - es the cot with the
 ic - i - cles hang - ing at the door. When con - ten - ted you sit by a
 good fire - side, That's the time to re - mem - ber the poor.

When the cold feathery snow from the North does descend
 And lighten the prospect around,
 It covers the earth with a mantle of white
 Hard chilling and freezing the ground.
 When the poor, harmless hare escapes from the wood,
 His footsteps indented in snow,
 When the lips and fingers are tinted with blood,
 The sportsman a-hunting may go.

When the lads and the lasses on the rivers do slide
 Where the water no longer does flow,
 The fishes in prison can find no release,
 No danger for travelers to go.
 When the trees in the forest are covered with snow
 And the flowers attend us no more,
 When the black, billowing smoke, reviving and hot,
 That's the time to remember the poor.

Soon the time will be here when our Savior was born,
 All the ends of the earth will rejoice.
 Saints, angels, and men hallelujah will sing,
 And the rich will lie down with the poor.

Rinerdine

One eve - ning as I wan - dered three ___ miles a - bove Pom - roy, I
met a far - mer's daugh - ter all on the moun - tains high. I
says, "My pret - ty fair ___ maid, your beau - ty shines most clear, And up -
on the lof - ty moun - tains I am glad to meet you here.

She says, "Young man, be civil, my company forsake,
For in my great opinion I fear you are a rake.
And if my parents came to know, my life they would destroy
For keeping of your company all on the mountains high."

I said, "I am no rake, love, but brought up in Venus' train
And 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."

This pretty little maiden she fell into a maze,
With eyes as bright as diamonds upon me she did gaze.
Her cherry cheeks and ruby lips they lost their former dye,
And then she fell into my arms all on the mountains high.

I had but kissed her once or twice when she awoke again,
She modestly then asked me, "Pray, sir, what is your name?"
"If you go to yonder forest, my castle you will find
Engraved in ancient history, my name is Rinerdine."

I said, "My pretty fair maid, don't let your parents know
Or they will prove my ruin and fatal overthrow,
And when you come to look for me, perhaps me you'll not find,
Then go unto my castle and inquire for Rinerdine."

Come, all you pretty fair maids, a warning take by me
And leave off all night walking, shun all bad company,
For if you don't you surely rue until the day you die,
And beware of meeting Rinerdine all on the mountains high.

This is an old song that was sung in my grandfather's family.
I have heard my mother sing it and also one of my cousins,
who learned it from his father.

Sally's Garden

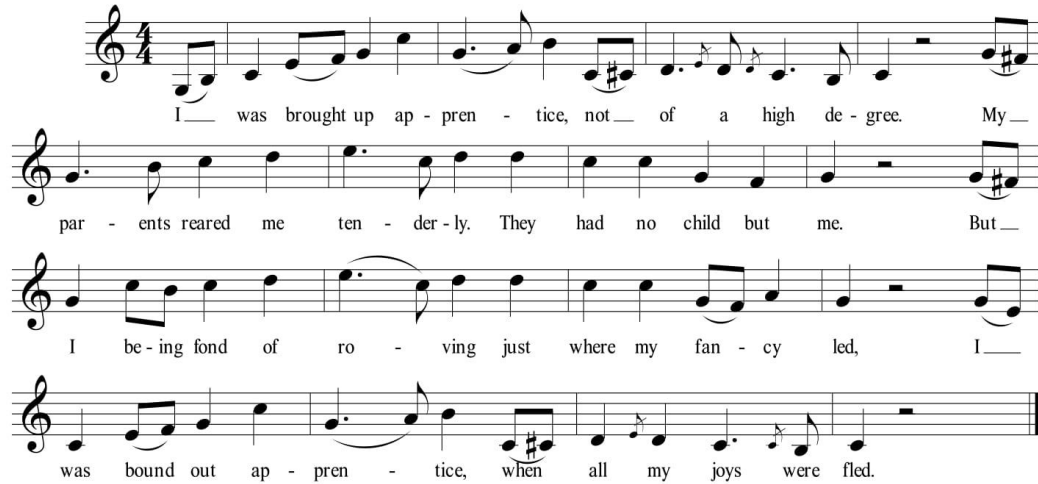
As down thru Sal - ly's gar - den one eve - ning as I chanced to stray, I
met my true love, San - dy, just at the clo - sing of the day. They
bade me take love ea - sy just as the leaves fall from the tree, But
I being young and fool - ish to wed with him I did a - gree.

Now my parents they are angry and they swear my love they will undo
For keeping of his company although his heart to me was true.
But unless they do confine me or banish my true love forever more,
I'll wed my true love, Sandy, at home or on some foreign shore.

Now wasn't I a foolish girl to ever wed with any man?
But it was my love and my good nature that has brought me here in the way I am.
But if you were a rake, love, or even were a rover, too,
I'd sooner wed with Sandy than with any man I ever knew.

Oh, I wish I was in Dublin City with my true love along with me,
With money to support us and to keep us in good company,
With money to support us and a flowing bowl on every side.
Come drink, my boys, you're welcome, for I am young, and the world is wide.

The Sheffield Apprentice



I was brought up ap - pren - tice, not of a high de - gree. My
 par - ents reared me ten - der - ly. They had no child but me. But
 I be - ing fond of ro - ving just where my fan - cy led, I
 was bound out ap - pren - tice, when all my joys were fled.

I did not like my master; he did not use me well.
 I formed a resolution not long with him to dwell.
 Unknown to my poor parents from him I ran away;
 I steered my course to London, oh cursed be that day.

I had not been in London for days past only three
 Before a wealthy lady proposed to hire me.
 She offered me great wages, with her I did agree
 To go and live in Holland, which proved my destiny.

I had not been in Holland for weeks past only three
 Before that my young mistress grew very fond of me.
 She says, "My gold and silver, my houses and rich land,
 If you'll consent for to marry me, shall be at your command.

I says, "Dear honored lady, I cannot wed you both,
 For I have lately promised and took a solemn oath
 To wed no one but Polly, your pretty waiting maid.
 So excuse me now, dear mistress, she has my heart betrayed."
 Then in an angry humor away from me she ran,
 Vowing to be revenged on me before the time was long.

One evening as I was walking just for to take the air
 My mistress followed after me, plucking the flowers fair.
 A gold ring from her finger at the passing of me by
 She slipped it in my pocket; now for it I must die.

The Sheffield Apprentice

She swore that I had robbed her, and quickly I was brought
To stand before the judges to answer for my fault.
Long time I pleaded innocence but all of no avail;
She swore so hard against me that I was brought to jail.

The sentence it was passed and the end was drawing near.
All for to execute me, it was their only care.
From the place of my confinement they took me to the tree.
Now God forgive my mistress, for she has ruined me.

Come, all of you good people of high and low degree,
Don't glory in my downfall, but kindly pity me.
Believe me, I die innocent, I bid you all adieu,
So fare you well, pretty Polly, I die for loving you.

I believe my oldest brother told me that this was a song our grandmother sang. Mother seems always to have known and sung it. It is a song that seems to have been sung in this country, as I lately met an old lady from Augusta, Maine, who said her mother used to sing it. I found it in a book belonging to an old sailor over twenty years ago, a book apparently bought in New Zealand, and it is also included in a collection of songs learned in the Kentucky Mountains by Bradley Kincaid.

The Silk Weaver's Daughter

As down thru Moore's field one eve - ning I went, I heard a fair
dam - sel a - mak - ing sad la - ment. By the wring - ing of her hands and the
tear - ing of her hair Cry - ing "O cru - el pa - rents, you've been too se - vere."

“You banished my true love quite away from me
Which causes me in Bedlam to weep bitterly.
May all tortures and torments attend in your breast
And partake of my sorrow and never find rest.

“Was it because he a prentice boy were
You banished my true love and left me in despair?
But while my jolly sailor goes plowing o’er the main
I’ll go picking my straws and a-rattling my chains.”

As down to Bedlam this sailor drew nigh
He saw through the window a dark rolling eye.
He went unto the porter and to him he did say,
“Can you show me the place where my true love doth lay?”

“A silk weaver’s daughter in Bedlam doth lie,
And all for the love that she bore unto me.”
He gave unto the porter a broad piece of gold
For to show him the way to the joy of his soul.

It’s when in Bedlam his true love he did see,
He kissed her and embraced her and took her on his knee.
“Here’s adieu to my sorrows; away from me they’ve fled.
Here’s adieu to my chains and my cold strawy bed.”

This is a song that I never heard anyone but my mother sing
and I believe she learned it from her mother. My sister thinks it is
one of those that our grandmother learned from her mother.

The Silvery Tide

There was a fair young crea - ture who lived by the sea - side. For
 beau - ty form and fea - ture she was called the vil - lage pride. There
 was a young sea cap - tain who Mar - y's heart did gain, — And so
 true was she — to Hen - ry whilst on the rag - ing main.

All in this young man's absence a nobleman there came
 A-courting pretty Mary, but she refused the same,
 Saying, "Your vows are vain while on the main, I love but one," she cried,
 "So, far begone, I love but one; he's on the silvery tide."

Then made to desperation this nobleman did say,
 "To prove a separation her life I'll take away.
 I'll watch her late and early until alone," he cried,
 "And I'll send her body floating all on the silvery tide."

Said Mary, in a trembling voice, "My vows I ne'er can break.
 My Henry I love dearly and I'll die for his sweet sake."
 With a handkerchief he bound her hands, he flung her o'er the side
 And a-shrieking she went floating all on the silvery tide.

In the course of three days after, young Henry returned from sea
 Expecting to be happy and to fix his wedding day.
 "I'm afraid your true love's murdered," her aged father cried,
 "Or has proved her own destruction all on the silvery tide."

Young Henry threw his body down and, weary, could not rest;
 The thoughts of drowned Mary disturbed his aching breast.
 He dreamed that he was walking down by the ocean wide
 And his own true love saw floating all on the silvery tide.

Young Henry arose, put on his clothes, and at midnight gloom went he
 To wander the sand banks over down by the roaring sea.
 At daybreak in the morning poor Mary's corpse he espied
 As she to and fro was floating all on the silvery tide.

He knew it was his Mary by his own ring on her hand.
He unbound the silken handkerchief, which put him to a stand;
The name of this base murderer in full thereon he espied
Who had drowned pretty Mary all on the silvery tide.

This nobleman was taken and the gallows was his doom
For drowning pretty Mary who scarce was in her bloom.
Young Henry looked dejected, and he wandered till he died
And his last words were, "Poor Mary died on the silvery tide."

So I Let Her Go

I — once knew a lass and I've oft heard her tell She ne'er knew a lad that she
 loved half so well. I thought I would take her and make her my wife and
 I would live hap - py for the rest of my life, But I found it not so, So I
 let her go. I don't care a fig for her so I let her go.

I went for to meet her for one fair summer's night,
 And all the way long I was filled with delight,
 And all the way long I was filled with her charms
 Till I found she was locked in another man's arms.
 And I found it was so
 So I let her go.
 I don't care a fig for her, so now let her go.

They will promise to twenty, they will promise to one,
 They will promise to thirty and be constant to none.
 They will court you awhile and still have in their mind
 To go with some other and leave you behind.
 And I found it was so
 So I let her go.
 I don't care a fig for her, so now let her go.

There are as good fish as e'er caught in the sea
 And I will have one or, by Jove, I'll go free.
 I will drink the King's health, all my sorrows to drown,
 For I am determined to sail the world around,
 I intend to do so
 So I let her go.
 I don't care a fig for her, so now let her go.

Note: This song is another song that my mother's brother George learned in Massachusetts.

There She Stands a Lovely Creature

The image shows a musical score for the song 'There She Stands a Lovely Creature'. It consists of two staves of music in 3/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is written on a treble clef. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first staff contains the lyrics: 'There she stands a love - ly crea - ture. Who she is I do not'. The second staff contains the lyrics: 'know. I will court her for her beau - ty. She can on - ly an - swer, "No."'. The music features a mix of quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, with some rests.

There she stands a love - ly crea - ture. Who she is I do not
know. I will court her for her beau - ty. She can on - ly an - swer, "No."

Madam, I have gold and silver.
Madam, I have houses and land.
Madam, I have ships on the ocean.
All will be at your command.

What care I for gold and silver?
What care I for houses and land?
What care I for ships on the ocean?
All I want is a handsome man.

Handsome man is out of the question.
Handsome man you cannot find.
Handsome man is out of the question.
Cannot be at your command.

Madam, do not stand on beauty;
Youth and beauty fade away
Like a rose that blooms in the morning
And in evening dies away.

When my mother was a little girl, she knew an old lady who was so helplessly crippled by rheumatism that she had completely lost the use of her limbs. Each morning some member of her family would place her in her big rocker and there she would sit all day, rocking and singing old songs and hymns. She sat with her right elbow in the padded arm of her chair, ceaselessly rubbing her thumb back and forth across the first joint of her first finger, as these were the only fingers she could move. Mother said that from hearing this old lady singing them she learned: *The Quaker's Wooing*, *There She Stands A Lovely Creature*, and *Remember the Poor*.

Till It Is Clear Day

It was down in Cu - pids gar - den, Where my love and I we —
 chanced to meet. I — put my arms a - round — her — and —
 gave to her some kis - ses sweet. For it's not the time — to
 go, boys, for to go, boys, for to go a - way For it's not the time for to
 go, — boys, — We will drink a - way till it is clear day.

I bought a bottle of good brandy
 To drink in my love's company,
 But she was so proud and haughty
 That the de'il a drop would she drink with me.

(Chorus)

Now my love is proud and haughty
 And the de'il a drop will she drink with me,
 But I can do without her;
 If I could not, it would be bad for me.

(Chorus)

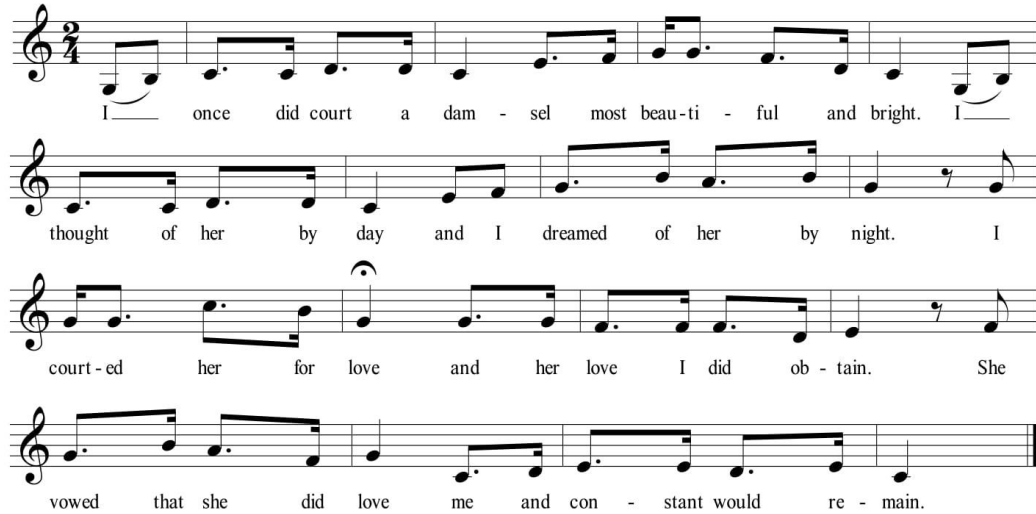
Come, landlady, my darling,
 Come, fill us up a glass with speed.
 We will drink it as a cordial
 A cordial in the time of need.

(Chorus)

For now is the time to go, boys,
For to go boys, for to go away
For now is the time to go, boys,
We will drink no more, for it is clear day.

Note: Many years ago – in 1811, I believe – my grandmother Long’s father, William Hutchinson, was given a grant of land between the villages of Windsor and Chester in Nova Scotia with the provision that he build a public house half way between the two villages for the accommodation of all travelers. As there was a fine harbor at Chester, what is more likely than that this song was sung at the public house by sailors waiting for sailing orders? I am indebted to my cousin, John Long, for part of the words.

A Lover's Lament



I once did court a dam - sel most beau - ti - ful and bright. I
thought of her by day and I dreamed of her by night. I
court - ed her for love and her love I did ob - tain. She
vowed that she did love me and con - stant would re - main.

Oh, then we did plan that together we would go,
But when her old father these tidings came to know
He shut her up so tight and he kept her so severe
That I never once after caught sight of my dear.

Oh, then to the wars, to the wars I did go
To see if I could forget my true love or no.
Three years I served my king, then homeward did steer.
My heart was filled with longing for a sight of my dear.

Oh, when I returned, to her father I did go
To see if my true love had forgot me or no.
He met me at the door and he made me this reply,
“My daughter loved you dearly and for your sake she died.”

Oh, then I sank down like one that was slain,
Saying, “I’ll never, no I’ll never see my true love again.”
Crying, “Oh dear! oh dear! this grief I can not bear;
My true love’s in her grave and I wish I was there.”

Note: I learned this song from my father when I was a little girl because the tune appealed to me.

A Scolding Wife



I mar-ried 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. And ev - er since I've lived a life of
mis - er - y and sin, For she'd bang me to the dev - il for a glass or two of
gin. Oh, she hur - ries me, she wor - ries me, it is her whole de - light For to
bang me with the fire shov - el a - round the room at night.

When I come in to supper just ready for to drop,
My wife she drains the kettle dry while I may drink the slop.
And if I say a word, oh, the poker is my doom,
For she'd bang me with the fire shovel all around the room

(Chorus)

I says, "My darling woman, I guess I'll go to bed,"
And scarcely five minutes on the pillow laid my head
When like an angry lion she bursted in the door
And seized me by the hair of the head and pulled me to the floor.

(Chorus)

I yelled out meelee murder; the policemen broke the door,
And there they found her fleecing me so neatly on the floor.
The neighbors they came flocking in, they being in a fright,
And if it hadn't been for them she'd have ended my sweet life.

(Chorus)

If fate would prove a little kind and I could have my will,
I'd send her for a year or two unto some treading mill,
And if they wouldn't take her I'd thank them just the same,
For I'm sure I'd rather hang myself than ever wed again.

(Chorus)

Note: All my brothers sang this song. I do not know where they learned it.

Adieu to Nova Scotia

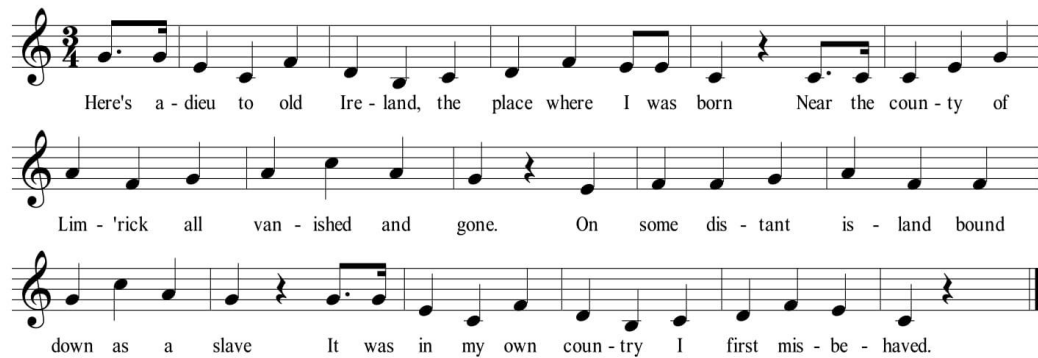
The sun had sunk all in the west, The birds sang sweet in ev-'ry tree All
na - ture seemed in - clined to rest, But oh, there is no rest for me.
So a - dieu to No - va Sco - tia's sea bound coast, Let her moun - tains dark and drear - y be. But when
I am far a - way on the bri - ny o - cean tossed Will you ev - er give a sigh or wish for me?

The image shows a musical score for the song 'Adieu to Nova Scotia'. It consists of four staves of music in a 4/4 time signature, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are written below the notes. The first staff begins with 'The sun had sunk all in the west, The birds sang sweet in ev-'ry tree All'. The second staff continues with 'na - ture seemed in - clined to rest, But oh, there is no rest for me.'. The third staff has 'So a - dieu to No - va Sco - tia's sea bound coast, Let her moun - tains dark and drear - y be. But when'. The fourth staff concludes with 'I am far a - way on the bri - ny o - cean tossed Will you ev - er give a sigh or wish for me?'. The music features various note values including quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, as well as rests and a fermata over the final note of the fourth staff.

I grieve to leave my native land,
I grieve to leave my comrades dear,
My tender parents that I love so well
And the bonny, bonny lassie I do adore.

(Chorus)

Adieu to Old Ireland



Here's a - dieu to old Ire - land, the place where I was born Near the coun - ty of
Lim - 'rick all van - ished and gone. On some dis - tant is - land bound
down as a slave It was in my own coun - try I first mis - be - haved.

It is of my dear mother, how she cautioned me
To leave off night walking, shun bad company.
“For you are so young, love; they will lead you astray;
You will think of my advice when I’m cold in the clay.”

But all her advices I did lay nowhere,
But still I kept on in my wicked career,
A-robbing by night and a-planning by day
To maintain those fine ladies and to dress them up gay.

But all her advices I did lay nowhere
Till a band of policemen did to me draw near.
I was tried and convicted for my bold robbery;
Seven years I was transported to the penitentiary.

Seven years I was transported, seven years to the day;
Seven years I was transported to cross the wide sea;
Had I been on shipboard and Mollie by me,
Bound down in strong irons, I’d have fought myself free.

Oh, sometimes I wonder why women love men
And many more times I’ve wondered how men can love them.
They’ve been my ruination, my curse and downfall;
They have caused me to lie behind many a stone wall.

Note: This is another song that was sung by Lewis Watson [see *My Own Darling Boy*]. I never heard it sung elsewhere.

Arthur McBride

Oh, me and me cou - sin, one Ar - thur Mc - Bride, As
we went a - walk - ing down by the sea - side, now mark what fol - lowed and
what did be - tide, It be - ing on Christ - mas mor - ning.

The image shows a musical score for the song 'Arthur McBride'. It consists of three staves of music in a 6/8 time signature, with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The lyrics are written below the notes. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats, and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is simple and folk-like. The lyrics are: 'Oh, me and me cou - sin, one Ar - thur Mc - Bride, As we went a - walk - ing down by the sea - side, now mark what fol - lowed and what did be - tide, It be - ing on Christ - mas mor - ning.'

Out for recreation, being on a tramp,
We met Sergeant Napper and Corporal Vamp
And a little drummer intending to camp,
The day being pleasant and charming.

“Good morning, Good morning,” the sergeant did cry.
“The same to you gentlemen,” we did reply,
Intending no harm but meant to pass by,
It being on Christmas morning.

Says he, “My fine fellows, if you will enlist,
Five guineas in gold I will slip in your fist,
And a crown in the bargain to kick up a dust
And to drink the king’s health in the morning.

“The soldier he leads a very fine life,
He always is blest with a charming, young wife,
He pays all his debts without sorrow or strife
And always lives pleasant and charming.

“The soldier he always is decent and clean
While other poor fellows go dirty and mean,
While other poor fellows go dirty and mean
And sup on burgoo in the morning.”

Says Arthur, “You needn’t be proud of your clothes;
You have but the lend of them as I suppose,
You dare not change them one night for your nose.
If you do, you’ll be flogged in the morning.

“Although that we are single and free
We take great delight in our own country.
We have no desire strange faces to see,
Although that your offers are charming.

We have no desire to take your advance,
All hazards and dangers we barter on chance.
You would have no scruples to send us to France
Where we would be shot without warning.”

Oh, then says the sergeant, “I’ll have no such chat,
I neither will take it from spalpeen or brat,
For if you insult me in one other word,
It is that very moment I will draw my sword
And drive it through your body if strength does afford
And cut off your head in the morning.”

Then Arthur and I we soon drew our hods
And scarce gave them time for to draw their own blades
When a trusty shillalah came over their heads
And bade them take this as fair warning.

Their old rusty rapiers that hung by their side
We flung them as far as we could in the tide.
“Oh, take them out, devils,” cried Arthur McBride,
“And temper their edge before morning.”

Oh, the little drummer we flattened his pow,
We made a football of his tow-row-ee-dow,
Threw it in the tide for to rock or to row
And bade it a tedious returning.

We, having no money, paid them off in cracks
And paid no respect to their two bloody backs,
For we lathered them there like a pair of wet sacks
And left them for dead in the morning.

Oh, then to conclude and to finish disputes
We obligingly asked if they wanted recruits,
For we were the lads who would give them hard clouts
And bid them look sharp in the morning.

Note: I never heard anyone but father sing this song. Mother said his oldest sister sang it also.

At the Foot of the Mountain Brow

Come all — young men and maid - ens, And list - en to my song, A
 song or two I'll sing to you, I won't de - tain you long. 'Tis
 all a - bout a young man I'm going to tell you now, Who has
 late - ly gone a - court - ting at the foot of the moun - tain brow.

Oh, he says, "My pretty fair maid, if you will come with me,
 We'll go and we'll get married and happy we will be.
 Look down in yonder valley; my horses and my plows
 Are laboring late and early for the maid of the mountain brow."

"If they are laboring late and early, kind sir, it is not for me,
 I am hearing that your conduct is not the best, you see.
 There is an inn where you call in, I hear the people say,
 Where you drink and call and pay for all, and go home at the break of day."

"If I drink and call and pay for all, my money is all my own;
 I'll spend none of your fortune, for I hear that you have none.
 You thought you had my heart gained once, but I'm going to tell you now,
 I can leave you as I found you at the foot of the mountain brow."

"Oh, Jimmie, dearest Jimmie, how can you prove unkind?
 The girl you once loved dearly you are going to leave behind.
 You can leave your love behind you, but I'm going to tell you now
 You will leave her brokenhearted at the foot of the mountain brow."

Awake, Arise

As I walked out one fair sum - mer's morn - ing, Down by the o - cean I chanced to see a
youth ap - proach - ing in mel - an - cho - ly, Who seemed to weep most bit - ter - ly.

I asked this young man why he lamented,
Why he lamented and wept full sore.
At which he told me the very reason
Was for the love of a lady fair.

I told this young man to leave off weeping
And to be contented in all his mind,
And to make a solemn resolution
Against the wiles of female kind.

Awake, arise, you charming creature,
Awake, arise; it is almost day.
How can you sleep, you charming creature,
Since you have stolen my heart away?

Awake, arise, go ask your father
If you this night my bride may be,
And if he says, "No," love, pray come and tell me,
And I'll no longer trouble thee.

I'll not arise and ask my father,
For he's in bed taking his ease.
And, besides, a letter in his pocket
Speaks very much in your dispraise.

In my dispraise, love? In my dispraise, love?
In my dispraise, love? How can that be?
For the very last time I saw your father
He promised you my bride should be.

May the seas dry, love, may the fish fly, love,
May all the rocks melt down with the sun,
May the laboring man forget his labor,
If ever I unto you return.

Note: I heard my father say that this is a very old song. He did not say where he heard it, but I heard him say it before we left Nova Scotia, over fifty years ago.

The Banks of the Daisy

The musical score is written on three staves in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody is simple and folk-like. The lyrics are: "If ev - er I get mar-ried, it will be in the month of June, When the fields they are a - spring - ing and the flow-ers are in bloom And I'll take my love a - walk - ing by the light of the moon, All a - lone by the banks of the Dai-sy." There is a triplet of eighth notes in the first staff and a fermata over the note 'ing' in the second staff.

Oh, her lily white shoulders were very near bare,
 And her cheeks were like roses that no other could compare,
 And the heavy drops of dew on her long golden hair
 Like the roses that bloom in the morning.

“Oh, love, dearest love, do not keep me standing here,
 For my parents they are wealthy and they’re very severe,
 And if they should banish their own daughter dear
 Where then could I look for some haven?”

“If your parents they are wealthy, love, and angry as you say,
 They will take me for some vagrant and I’d sooner run away;
 And they’d sooner see their daughter dear a-mouldering in the clay
 Than for a wretch like me to enjoy her.

“I’ll go to some foreign country where there I’m not known
 And I’ll take a glass of liquor or I’ll leave it alone,
 And if any man don’t like me, he can keep his daughters home
 And I’ll go seek another true lover.”

“You can leave me, you can leave me, that is all very true,
 But I’ll never find another that I love as well as you.
 And I never can exchange the old love for the new,
 So now, dearest dear, do not leave me.”

Note: I used to hear this song sung by the young people when I was a child of nine or ten.

Billie O'Rourke

Faith, I greased my brogues and took my stick the twen - ti - eth day of
 May, sirs, And off to Dub - lin town I tripped to walk up-on the seas, sirs, To
 see if I could get em-ploy to cut their hay and corn, sirs, To
 pick up pence up - on the seas, the cock - neys I might learn, sirs,
 With my phil - la - la - loo and my heart so true, Ar-rah, Bil - lie O'-Rourke's the boy, sirs.

I gave the captain six thirteens to carry me o'er to Porgate,
 But before we got half o'er the road the wind it blew at a hard rate.
 The sticks that grew up through the ship they sang out like a whistle,
 And the sailors all, both great and small, says, "Boys, we are going to the devil."

(Chorus)

The men fell on their bended knees, the ladies fell a-fainting,
 But I fell on the bread and cheese; I always mind the main thing.
 The captain cries, "To the bottom you go." Says I, "I don't care a farthing,
 You promised to take me to Porgate and I'll hold you to your bargain."

(Chorus)

The ship she sang us all to sleep till we came to the place of landing,
 And those that were the most fatigued the sails were out a-handing.
 They looked so smart they won my heart. Says I, "You fools of riches,
 Although you've no tails to your coats, there's money in your britches."

(Chorus)

I met an honest gentleman a-traveling the road, sirs,
"Good morning," says I. "How do you do?" But he proved a mighty rogue, sirs.
For at the corner of a lane his pistol he pulled out, sirs,
And he rammed the muzzle, arrah, what a shame! onto my very mouth, sirs.

(Chorus)

"Your money, blast your eyes," he says. "Arrah, be merciful," cries I, sirs.
He swore my brains he would blow out if I should bawl or cry, sirs.
He leveled fair. Just for my sconce, three steps I did retire.
His pan it flashed, his brains I smashed; my shillalah don't miss fire.

(Chorus)

A widow next did me employ all for to cut and thrash, sirs.
No man like me could handle a flail, in troth I was a dasher.
She had a maid who used me well, but I being afraid of the beadle,
I says, "Good morning, mum," says I, "I think you'll have use for your cradle."

(Chorus)

The Blind Beggar

'Tis of a blind beggar who a long time was blind. He
 had a fair daughter most comely and kind. She was
 comely and handsome in every degree, And the
 name she was known by was Bonny Betsy.

It was early one morning young Betsy arose,
 She went to her father and asked for some clothes.
 She went to her father with tears in her eyes,
 Saying, "I am a-going my fortune to try."

The first to court Betsy was a sailor so bold,
 He came to court Betsy her favor to gain.
 Saying, "My ships that sail over I will give unto thee,
 If you'll grant me your favor, my bonny Betsy."

The next to court Betsy was a squire so bold,
 He came to court Betsy her favor to gain,
 Saying, "My lands and rich livings I will give unto thee,
 If you'll grant me your favor, my bonny Betsy."

The next to court Betsy was a nobleman so grand,
 He came to court Betsy her favor to gain,
 Saying, "My lands and my castles I will give unto thee,
 If you'll tell me your father, my bonny Betsy."

"My father's a blind beggar, the truth for to tell,
 He is led by a dog with a cup and a bell,
 And daily he sits and he asks charity,
 Yet he is the father of bonny Betsy."

"Oh, then," says the sailor, "it's you I don't crave."
 "Oh, then," says the squire, "it's you I won't have."
 "Oh, then," says the nobleman, "let beggars agree;
 You are welcome to my arms, my bonny Betsy."

Her father, being standing right there in the door,
“Oh, don’t slight my daughter because she is poor.
She’s not dressed in her silk or her gay apparel,
But I will drop guineas with you for my girl.”

He dropped a bright guinea right down on the floor,
He dropped till he had dropped full five thousand score.
Oh, then says the nobleman, “That’s the last of my store.”
And then the blind beggar dropped five thousand more.

Note: In “English and Scottish Ballads,” edited by Francis James Childs, I found what must have been the original of this song. It is called “The Blind Beggar of Bednal Green” and is known to be a very old song. Pepys speaks of it in his diary under date of June 25, 1663. He writes that he went with Sir William and Lady Batten and Sir J. Minns to Sir W. Rider’s at Bednal Green to dinner, and adds, “A fine place. This house was built by the blind beggar of Bednal Green, so much talked of and sung in ballads.”

Father sang a verse or two which neither my sister nor I can remember. Father is the only person that we ever heard sing it.

The Bonny Light Horseman

Come maids, wives and wid-ows, I pray you pay at - ten - tion Un - to these few
 lines I am now going to men - tion Of a maid in dis - trac - tion who is now going to
 wan - der. She re - lies up - on George for the loss of her lov - er.
 Chorus
 Bro - ken heart - ed I'll wan - der for the loss of my lov - er My
 bon - ny light horse - man, in the war he was slain.

When Boney commanded his troops where to stand,
 He proud waved his banner all glorious and grand.
 He fixed his cannon the victory to gain
 And my bonny light-horseman in the war he was slain.

(Chorus)

I will dress in men's apparel; to his regiment I'll go.
 I will be a true soldier to fight all his foes,
 And think it an honor if I can obtain
 To die on the field where my true love was slain.

(Chorus)

Had I the wings of an eagle through the air I would fly,
 I would cross the salt seas where my true love doth lie,
 And with my fond wings I would bear on his grave
 And kiss his cold lips that lie cold in the clay.

Brennan on the Moor

It is of a fear - less I - rish-man a sto - ry I will tell. His
name was Wil - liam Bren - nan, in Ire - land he did dwell. It was
on the Cal - vert moun - tains he be - gan his wild ca - reer. And
ma - ny a weal - thy gen - tle-man he caused to quake with fear.
Chorus
Oh, young Bren - nan on the moor, Young Bren - nan on the moor.
Brave and un - daunt - ed stood young Bren - nan on the moor.

A brace of loaded pistols he carried with him each day.
He never robbed a poor man upon the king's highway,
But what he'd taken from the rich, like Turpin and Black Bess,
He always did divide it with the widow in distress.

(Chorus)

One night he robbed an Irishman by the name of Jubr Bawn,
They travelled on together till the day began to dawn,
The Jubr found his money gone, likewise his watch and chain,
Then he at once encountered him and robbed him back again.

(Chorus)

When Willie found the packman was as good a man as he,
He took him on the highway, his companion for to be.
The packman threw away his pack without any more delay,
And he proved a faithful comrade all on the King's highway.

(Chorus)

One day upon the highway as Willie passed along
He met the Earl of Wexford just one mile from the town.
The earl he knew his features; "I think, young man," said he,
"That your name is William Brennan, you must come along with me."

(Chorus)

Now Willie's wife, she being in town provisions for to buy,
When she saw her Willie taken she began to sob and cry.
"Oh, hand to me the tenpenny," these words to her he spoke,
She handed him a blunderbuss from underneath her cloak.

(Chorus)

It's with the loaded blunderbuss, the truth I will unfold,
He made the mayor tremble, and robbed him of his gold.
One hundred pounds he offered for his apprehension there,
And he with horse and saddle to the mountains did repair.

(Chorus)

He at length was taken prisoner and in irons he was bound,
He was taken then to Clonmore jail where strong walls did him surround,
The jury found him guilty, the judge made this reply,
"For robbing on the King's highway, young Brennan, you must die."

(Chorus)

Caroline's Farewell

To — Mis - ter G. O. Ma-com - ber these lines I now do take In
 an - swer to your let - ter of last De - cem - ber's date. It was
 not my ex - pec - ta - tion to hear from you a - gain. You have
 proved your - self un - faith - ful, Your suit I do dis - dain.

Go, false one, I despise you! How can I you believe?
 You have betrayed my confidence, I own I was deceived.
 The sailor once I dearly loved I turn from coldly now,
 Your heart is dark and treacherous as the ocean that you plow.

Oh, once I loved you dearly, it needs no tongue to tell,
 If e'er a fault was cherished it was loving you too well,
 But, slighted for another, I will tell you now quite plain
 The love that you have once possessed you ne'er can have again.

That other girl, my rival, permit me now to add,
 No jealous thought or feeling for her I ever had,
 From me you are quite welcome to get her if you can,
 Perhaps she'll like you better since she's lost her married man.

Do you remember when first we met? My age was scarce sixteen.
 Perhaps you thought to gain my confidence for a purpose base and mean,
 If this was your intention, I am thankful I can say
 I am free from all dishonor, independent every way.

I remember when next we met, 'twas in a silent grove
 Where there was no one near us but the small birds above,
 You vowed to make my happiness the business of your life
 And by all earthly powers you'd make me your lawful wife.

Now when you pay your compliments to others' fairest shrine,
 Does nothing ever cross your mind of those promises of thine?
 Does your conscience never check you, when other lips you press?
 Does nothing ever cross your mind to mar your happiness?

Now with my kindest wishes I pen my last farewell,
May your days be spent in happiness and peace no tongue can tell
Till like a peaceful river your days shall pass away
Till you reach that fountain called blessed eternity.

Oh, now you know this is the truth, though I've penned it carelessly,
May it bring you to repentance long years before you die.
May God grant your forgiveness as free as I give mine,
May you never have occasion to remember Caroline.

Note: This song was written by Miss Caroline Henniger, the sister of a friend and associate of my brother, between fifty and sixty years ago.

The Champion of Court Hill

Come lov - ers all both great and small, I pray you lend an ear. My
 grief I have dis - cov - ered and to you I will de - clare. How
 a young man did me tre - pan with all his aw - ful skill. I'm
 wound - ed quite by Wil - lie White, The champ - ion of Court Hill.

In smiling June when flowers do bloom and warblers fill the grove,
 Down by a brook my way I took. I carelessly did rove
 To view each field where nature yields down by a purling rill,
 There I spied White, my heart's delight, the champion of Court Hill.

He says, "My love, most beautiful dove, what makes you roam alone?
 Dare I make free along with thee one hour for to roam?
 The day is fine, if you incline to walk to yonder rill,
 We'll spend a while, free from all toil, obscured upon Court Hill."

I says, "Excuse, I must refuse your invitation now,
 For my mama's in haste for me and pastime won't allow.
 I tell you plain I can't remain for I must do her will
 So now goodbye for I must hie right speedily to Court Hill."

He says, "My love, most beautiful dove, on you I must intrude.
 If you depart, you'll break my heart. You'll find I won't be rude.
 Your mama won't know which way we go although she'll try her skill,
 And there we'll walk or sit and talk obscured upon Court Hill."

I gave consent and away we went. Our whole discourse was love.
 He was so kind and spoke his mind that him I did believe,
 And there he'd swear I was his dear, for me his blood would spill,
 He'd fight all foes dare him oppose, the champion of Court Hill.

Then for one year I was his dear, his pride and heart's delight,
 I was his joy, he can't deny, at morning, noon and night.
 But now he's gone and wed with one, a girl called Belle Magill,
 He's left poor Kate in a sad state, heartbroken at Court Hill.

Come lovers all, both great and small, I warn you to be wise,
Trust no young man; that is their plan before the knot is tied.
Lest you deplore, like me full sore, for here I cry my fill,
I'm wounded quite by Willie White, the champion of Court Hill.

Cripple Creek



Girls down to Cripple Crick are about half grown;
They light on a man like a dog on a bone.
The girls down to Cripple Crick are about half grown;
They light on a man like a dog on a bone.

(Chorus)

Darling Old Stick



Me name is bold Mor-gan Mc - Car - thy from Trim. Me re - la - tions all died ex-cept
 one broth - er Jim. Now he has gone sol - dier - ing out to Cow Bull. I dare
 say he's laid low with a kick in the skull. But let him be dead or a
 liv - ing, Sure a prayer for his soul I'll be giv - ing. For to
 see him safe home or in heav - en, For he left me his dar - ling old stick.

If the stick had a tongue, sure it could tell some tales,
 How it battered the countenances of the O'Neils,
 And made bits of skulls fly about in the air
 And been the promoter of fun at each fair.
 Och, I swear by the toenail of Moses
 It has often broke bridges of noses,
 Of the faction that dared to oppose us.
 Och, my darlin' kippeen of a stick.

The last time I used it was on Patrick's Day,
 Larry Fagan and I got into a shilley;
 We went on a spree to the fair of Athboy,
 Where I danced and when done I kissed Kate McEvoy.
 Then her sweetheart went out for his cousin
 And, be jabers, he brought in a dozen,
 A doldrum they would have knocked us in
 If I hadn't my bit of a stick.

War was the word when the factions came in,
 And to pummel us well they peeled off to the skin.
 Like a Hercules there I stood for the attack
 And the first that came up, sure I sent on his back.
 Then I shoved out the eye of Pat Clancy
 (For he once humbugged my sister Nancy)
 In the meantime poor Kate took a fancy
 To meself and me bit of a stick.

I smathered her sweetheart until he was black,
She then tipped me the wink, we were off in a crack.
We went to a house t'other end of the town,
And when we cheered up our spirits by letting some down.
When I got her snug into a corner
And the whiskey beginning to warm her,
She told me her sweetheart was an informer,
Och, 'twas then I said prayers for me stick.

We got whiskificated to such a degree
For supportin' poor Kate had to lean against me.
I promised to see her safe to her abode;
By the powers, we fell in the mud in the road.
We were roused by the magistrate's order,
Before we could get a toe further,
Surrounded by peelers for murder,
Was meself and me innocent stick.

When the trial came on, Kate swore to the fact
That before I set to, I was decently whacked.
The judge having a little more feeling than sense
Said what I had done was in my own defense.
One fellow swore against me, named Carey,
Though that night he was in Tipperary,
But he'd swear a coal porter was a canary
To transport meself and me stick.

When I was acquitted I leaped from the dock
And the gay fellows there all around me did flock.
I'd a pain in me shoulder, I shook hands so often,
For the boys all imagined 'd see me own coffin.
And then I did buy a gold ring, sirs,
And Kate to the priest I did bring, sirs,
So the next night you come I will sing, sirs,
The adventures of me and me stick.

Note: My father always made his own axe handles, and in the evening after he had put the finishing touches on an axe handle, he would swing it back and forth between the first two fingers of his right hand and sing this song.

The Desolate Widow

As down by the sea-side I care-less-ly wan-dered last Sat-ur-day
 eve-ning with calm in³ the air I spied a fair mai-den ma-king
 sad lam-en-ta-tion In-clined to a rock in sad grief and de-spair.

In sorrowful anguish I heard her complaining,
 Crying, "Dearest Willie, return back to me."
 Then at last she explained, "Never more will I see him;
 My own dearest Willie lies under the sea.

"From the quays of Belfast in a steamship was sailing,
 Bound to Liverpool, we last Wednesday set sail;
 The weather being clear and the land disappearing,
 Our hearts were all merry, delightful and gay.

"The night it came on, a most dark one and dreary,
 The winds they arose to a terrible storm,
 When our captain cries out, 'Boys, look out for a lighthouse;
 This night I'm afraid we will all suffer harm.'

"Some on bended knees heaven's mercy imploring,
 While some were insensible and quite in despair
 With the wild billows rolling and the sailors all swearing;
 Whenever they heard us they mocked at our prayer.

"The seas rolled like mountains; no shelter to flee to
 Our ship by the billows was tossed to and fro,
 With the billows a-roaring, the sailors all swearing,
 And women and children all crying below.

"Two boats were launched out in the wild foaming ocean,
 And safe in one boat was my infant and I
 When the seamen were swept overboard in the ocean.
 Alas, in the deep forty bodies must lie.

“My Willie, being brave, to the ship he returned;
Having seen me safe landed on the Isle of Man shore,
To save his own father my Willie he ventured.
Alas, I am doomed for to see him no more.

“Oh, now I am left a poor desolate widow,
Scarce twelve months in wedlock, as you can plainly see,
A-begging my bread among hard-hearted strangers,
Kind heaven, look down; have mercy on my infant and me.”

Down By the Seaside

Oh, down by the sea-side where the ships were a-sail-ing, I es-
 pied a pret-ty maid, she was weep-ing and wail-ing. I
 steps to her and says, "My dear what grieves thee?" And the
 an-swer that she made me was, "There's none can re-lieve me."

"It is seven long years since my love and I parted,
 He left me here to mourn, all alone broken-hearted.
 He vowed he would return if life was but lent him,
 Which causes me to fear that death doth prevent him."

"Your love and I fought under one commander,
 We fought for our lives and old England's great honor.
 'Twas on that unhappy shore where your love and I parted,
 And the best of it all was he died loyal hearted.

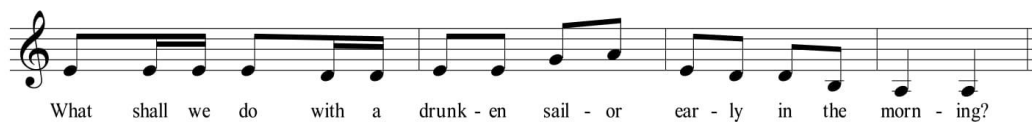
"And as he was a-dying, his bones being broken,
 He turns to me and says, 'Here, take this love token;
 Go carry it to my love, there are none who are fairer,
 And tell her for me to wed with the bearer.'"

"Oh, young man," said she, "you may stand your chances,
 I'll think of his overthrow and of his adventures,
 But since death has served him so, I will wed with no stranger.
 To the wild woods I will go; I'll become a wood ranger."

Then hearing her say so, it made my love stronger,
 And to her I did go; I could stay no longer.
 They both sat them down to sing, but she sang the clearest
 Like a nightingale in spring, "You are welcome home, dearest."

Note: I have heard my older sister say that grandmother Spinney sang this song.
 I have never heard this song sung outside my own family.

The Drunken Sailor



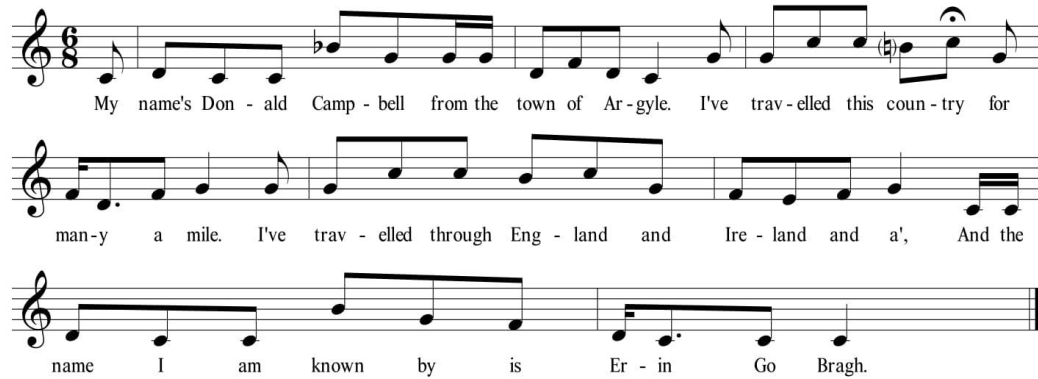
Put him in the guardhouse till he's sober,
Put him in the guardhouse till he's sober,
Put him in the guardhouse till he's sober
Early in the morning.

Put him in the longboat; let him row her,
Put him in the longboat; let him row her,
Put him in the longboat; let him row her
Early in the morning.

Oh, she rose and up she rises,
Oh, she rose and up she rises,
Oh, she rose and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Note: This, I believe, is the very first tune I ever tried to put words to. I used to sing it to my father every morning before breakfast. It is one of my very first memories.

Erin Go Bragh



My name's Don - ald Camp - bell from the town of Ar - gyle. I've trav - elled this coun - try for
 man - y a mile. I've trav - elled through Eng - land and Ire - land and a', And the
 name I am known by is Er - in Go Bragh.

When first as a stranger I came to this place
 A saucy policeman stared me in the face,
 Stared me in the face and he gave me some jaw,
 Saying, "Whence came you over, Erin Go Bragh?"

"Oh, I am no Paddy, though Ireland I've seen,
 Oh, I am no Paddy, though in Ireland I've been,
 For I am a Scotchman from the highlands awa'
 Though I ne'er felt it shame to be called Erin Go Bragh."

"Oh, I know you're a Paddy by the cut of your hair,
 I know you're a Paddy by the coat that you wear,
 You left your own country for breaking the law
 And deny you're a son of old Erin Go Bragh."

"Now if I was a Paddy and you knew it was true,
 Or if I was the divil, now what's that to you?
 Was it not for the wee thorn stick you hold in your paw,
 I would teach you a game played in Erin Go Bragh."

I took the wee thorn stick that he held in his fist
 And around his big body I made it to twist,
 The blood from his napper I quickly did draw
 Just like a bold son of old Erin Go Bragh.

His friends came around him like a flock of wild geese,
 Saying, "You wild Irish villain, you've killed our police."
 And where I had nae friend, on my soul, he had twa,
 Tight times, you may believe, for old Erin Go Bragh.

I came to a wee boat that lay on the shore,
 I picked up the oars and away I did steer.
 "Adieu to policemen, to Scotland and a',
 The divil go with you," says Erin Go Bragh.

Erin's Green Shore

One eve - ning of late as I wan - dered, It was down by a fair pur - ling
 stream, I sat down on a bank of prim - ros - es, And it's there I fell
 in - to a dream. I dreamed that a fair one ap - proached me, Her
 e - qual I ne'er saw be - fore, And she sighed for the wrongs of the
 coun - try as she roamed a - long Er - in's green shore.

Her eyes were like glittering diamonds
 Or stars on a clear frosty night,
 Her cheeks were like two blooming roses,
 Her teeth like the ivory white.
 She resembled the Goddess of Freedom
 And green was the mantle she wore,
 Embroidered with shamrocks and roses
 That grew along Erin's green shore.

I quickly addressed this fair damsel,
 "My jewel, pray tell me your name.
 To this country I know you're a stranger
 Or I would not have asked you the same."
 "I'm a sister to Daniel O'Connell
 And from England I've lately sailed o'er.
 To awaken my brother's long slumber
 I have come unto Erin's green shore."

Oh, when from my sleep I awakened
 I found it was naught but a dream;
 The beautiful vision had fled me
 And I longed for to slumber again.
 May the sunshine of Freedom shine o'er her
 Although I may ne'er see her more,
 But I ne'er can forget that fair damsel
 As she roamed along Erin's green shore.

Note: I heard this song sung by a man named Charles Stewart when I was a little girl in Nova Scotia. Mother's brother also sang it.

Erin's Lovely Home

You gen - tle - men of li - ber - ty I pray you, lend an ear To a
 mel - an - cho - ly sto - ry which you shall quick - ly hear. While
 in some for - eign coun - try I lan - guish, sigh and mourn, When I
 think of those I left be - hind on Er - in's love - ly home.

When I was young and in my prime, my age was twenty-one,
 When I became a servant unto a gentleman.
 I served him long and faithfully and very well it's known,
 But in cruelty he banished me from Erin's lovely home.

The reason why he banished me I mean for to let you know.
 I loved his daughter dearly and she loved me also.
 She was of a heavy fortune and of riches I had none.
 And that is why they banished me from Erin's lovely home.

It was in her father's garden all in the month of June,
 We were viewing the sweet flowers all in their youthful bloom
 She says, "My dearest Willie, if you will with me roam,
 We will bid adieu to those we love in Erin's lovely home."

I gave consent that very night along with her to roam
 All from her father's dwelling; it proved my overthrow.
 The moon was bright; by the moonlight we both set off alone,
 Thinking we would get safe away from Erin's lovely home.

When we arrived in Belfast, it was near the break of day,
 My love she then made ready our passage for to pay.
 Five hundred pound she counted down. "Here, love, 'tis all your own,
 You need not grieve for those you leave in Erin's lovely home."

It is of our sad misfortune I mean to let you hear,
 For in a short time after her father did appear.
 They marched me back to Homer jail in the county of Tyrone
 And from that place they banished me from Erin's lovely home.

The leaving of my country it grieves my heart full sore,
But parting from my own true love it grieves me ten times more.
There are seven long links all in my chain and every link a year
Until I do return again to the arms of my dear.

While I lay under sentence before I sailed away
My love she came unto me and to me she did say,
“Cheer up, my heart, and don’t dismay, for you I’ll ne’er disown
Until you do return again to Erin’s lovely home.”

Note: I asked my oldest brother if he knew where this song came from and he said he never heard anyone sing it except my father and his older brother.

The Fair Maid By the Shore

There was a fair maid-en who lived on the shore And she___ was sore___ op -

7 pressed, Oh, And none could she find for to com-fort her mind, As she roamed all a -

13 lone by the shore, shore, As she roamed all a - lone by the shore.

There was a sea captain who followed the sea,
Let the wind blow high or blow low, Oh,
"I will die, I will die, Oh," the captain did cry,
"If I don't get that maid from the shore, shore,
If I don't get that maid from the shore."

The captain had silver, the captain had gold,
The captain had costly wearing,
All this would he give to his jolly ship's crew
For to bring him that maid from the shore, shore,
For to bring him that maid from the shore.

Slowly, slowly she came on board,
The captain he gave her a cheer, oh
He seated her down in the cabin below,
Saying, "Adieu to all sorrow and care, care."
Saying, "Adieu to all sorrow and care."

She seated herself in the stern of the ship
Where the waves rolled high and rolled low, oh
And she sang so sweet, so genteel and complete
That the seamen she sang all to sleep, sleep,
That the seamen she sang all to sleep.

She partook of his silver, she partook of his gold,
She partook of his costly wearing,
She took of his broadsword for to make her an oar
To paddle her back to the shore, shore,
To paddle her back to the shore.

"Your men must be crazy, your men must be mad,
Your men must be deep in despair, oh.
I've deluded them all as well as yourself,
I'm again a fair maid on the shore, shore,
I'm again a fair maid on the shore."

Note: This song was sung by the wife of my oldest brother, who learned it from an old man who lived in her grandmother's family when she was a child. He came from Ireland and was, I believe, an old soldier. He was a veteran of the battle of Waterloo and gave my brother the remains of what had been the knife, fork and spoon, hinged together so they would need the least possible space, that he used at the battle of Waterloo. The knife was gone, but the fork and spoon are still intact and are now in the possession of my youngest daughter, Ethel Mills.

The Fellow That Looked Like Me

In sad de-spair I wan-dered, My heart was filled with woe. While
on my grief I pon-dered, what to do I did not know, Since
cru-el fate has on me frowned the troub-le seemed to be, There
is a fel-low in this town the ve-ry im-age of me. Oh, Chorus
would-n't I like to catch him where-ev-er he may be. Oh,
would-n't I give him par-tic-u-lar fits, the fel-low that looks like me.

One evening as I started up Central Park to go
I was met by a man upon the road, saying, "Pay me the bills you owe."
In vain I said, "I owe you naught," he would not let me free
Till a crowd came around and I paid the bills for the fellow that looked like me.

(Chorus)

One night as I went walking through a narrow street up town
I was caught by a man upon the road, saying, "How are you, Mr. Brown?"
He said his daughter I had wronged, though the girl I ne'er did see.
He kicked me till I was black and blue for the fellow that looked like me.

(Chorus)

Then to a ball I went one night just to enjoy the sport,
A policeman caught me by the arm saying, "You're wanted down to court.
You've escaped me thrice, but this here time I am sure you can't get free."
So I was arrested and dragged to jail for the fellow that looked like me.

(Chorus)

I was tried next day, found guilty too, just to be taken down
When another policeman just stepped in with the right Mr. Brown.
They locked him up and set me free; oh, wasn't he a sight to see?
The homeliest man that ever I saw was the fellow that looked like me.

(Chorus)

The Garden Where the Praties Grow

Have you ev - er been in love, boys? Did you ev - er feel the pain? I would soon - er be in
jail, I would, than be in love a - gain. The girl I love is beau - ti - ful I would
have you all to know, And I met her in the gar - den where the pra - ties grow.
For she's just the style of crea - ture that na - ture did in - tend To tra - vel through this
wide word with - out a Gre - cian bend. Nor did she wear a chi - gnon I would
have you all to know, And I met her in the gar - den where the pra - ties grow.

I says, "My pretty fair maid, I hope you'll pardon me."
She wasn't like those city girls who think you're making free,
She answered me quite modestly, while she curtsied very low,
Saying, "You're welcome to the garden where the praties grow."

(Chorus)

I says, "My pretty fair maid, I am tired of single life
And if you will consent, sure I will make you my sweet wife."
She said she'd ax her parents and tomorrow let me know,
If I'd meet her in the garden where the praties grow.

(Chorus)

Now her parents have consented and we're blessed with children three,
Two little girls like mama and a little boy like me;
And we mean to bring them up in the way what they should go
And we'll ne'er forget the garden where the praties grow.

(Chorus)

Garey's Rocks

Come all you brave young shan-ty boys, I— pray you lend an ear To a
 mel - an - cho - ly sto - ry— Which you shall quick - ly hear. 'Tis
 of six brave Can - a - dian boys with hearts both stout and brave, Who
 broke a jam on Gar - ey's Rocks and— met a wa - t'ry grave.

It was on a Sunday morning as you shall quickly hear,
 The logs were running mountains high; we could not keep them clear.
 The boss cries out, "Turn out, my boys, with neither dread nor fear
 And break the jam on Garey's Rocks for Ayerstown to steer."

Some of the boys were willing while others they hung back;
 They thought it wrong on a Sunday morn to clear away the track.
 At length six brave Canadian boys did volunteer to go
 And break the jam on Garey's Rocks with their foreman, young Monroe.

They had not rolled off many logs till the boss to them did say,
 "I would have you on your guard, my boys, for the jam will soon give way."
 He scarce had spok those warning words when crash! the jam did go
 And it carried off those six brave youths with their foreman, young Monroe.

When the rest of these brave shanty boys these tidings came to hear,
 To search for their brave comrades to the river they did steer.
 At length one lifeless body, much to their grief and woe,
 All dead and mangled on the beach lay their foreman, young Monroe.

They picked him up quite decently, smoothed down his raven hair;
 A fair one came with flowing tears whose cries would rend the air.
 There was one fair form among them, a girl from Saginaw town,
 Whose moans and cries would rend the skies when she saw her true love drowned.

Clara's mother was a widow who lived by the river bend
And Clara was a noble girl, a brave true-hearted friend.
The wages of her own true love the boss to her did pay,
A liberal subscription she received from the shanty boys next day.

She sank beneath the horrid shock, a prey to bitter grief,
In less than six months after death came to her relief,
In less than six months after this fair maid was called to go
And her last request was granted, to be laid by young Monroe.

Come all you brave young shanty boys who wish to go and see
That little mound by the riverside where grows the hemlock tree.
Engraved upon that hemlock tree where these lovers they lay low
You will find the date and drowned fate of our foreman, young Monroe.

Note: My brother, James Spinney, used to sing this song and he sometimes sang another version where he said, "All dead and mangled on the beach lay the head of young Monroe." With my knowledge of the ways of song singers, I should judge that someone had changed this line while singing the song in an effort to be different and a little more sensational. It is against all the rules of common sense to think that these men would have allowed his sweetheart to see him if his head had been severed from his body. As a child, I used to dwell on this and wonder how they picked him up, and I had gruesome visions of one of the men picking the head up by a handful of hair, while he smoothed the rest of it with the other hand.

Georgie

The musical score is written on two staves in 2/4 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). The melody is on the top staff, and the accompaniment is on the bottom staff. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Come sad - dle me my fast - est steed. Come bri - dle up my po - ny. And
I'll ride a - way to the king's high court to plead for the life of — Geor - gie.

The lady has great stores of gold,
Of jewels she has many,
All this would she give to the royal king
To save the life of Georgie.

As the king rode over London Bridge
So early in the morning,
He met this lady on her way,
Inquiring for her Georgie.

“Oh, where are you going, my pretty fair maid,
So early in the morning?”
She says, “I am going to the king’s high court
For to plead for the life of Georgie.”

The king looked over his left shoulder
So early in the morning,
“I’m afraid you’re too late, my pretty fair maid,
For he is condemned already.”

“Oh, who has he murdered, or what has he done?
Oh, has he robbed anybody?”
“He has stole three pearls from the royal king
And has sold them in a hurry.”

“Oh, he shall be hung with a chain of gold
(Such chains there are not many)
For he was born of the royal blood
And was loved by a noble lady.

“He shall be buried in marble stones
(Such stones there are not many)
And he shall be covered all with the same,
Saying, ‘Here lies the body of Georgie.’”

The Golden Vanity

My fath-er owned a ship in the North Coun - try And the name she was
 known by was the Gold - en Van - i - ty. And I fear that she'll be
 ta - ken by some Tur - kish pri - va - teer As she sails a - long the
 low - lands, low - lands low. As she sails a - long the low - lands low.

Oh, then up speaks the little cabin boy,
 “Oh, what will you give me, if I will her destroy?”
 “I will give you gold and silver and my daughter for a bride,
 If you’ll sink her in the lowlands, lowlands low,
 If you’ll sink her in the lowlands low.”

Oh, he swam and he swam and away swam he.
 He swam till he came to the Turkish privateer,
 And with a patent augar he bored two holes at once,
 And he sank her in the lowlands, lowlands low,
 And he sank her in the lowlands low.

Some were playing cards and others throwing dice,
 The water it came in and it put out all their lights,
 And before they had discovered what this bad boy had done
 He had sunk her in the lowlands, lowlands low,
 He had sunk her in the lowlands low.

The boy took his augar and back swam he,
 He swam till he came to the Golden Vanity.
 “Oh, captain, pick me up or I surely will be drowned,
 For I’m sinking in the lowlands, lowlands low,
 For I’m sinking in the lowlands low.”

Oh, then he swam around till he reached the other side,
 His messmates took him in and on the deck he died.
 They sewed him in his hammock which was so long and wide,
 And they sank him in the lowlands, lowlands low,
 And they sank him in the lowlands low.

The Grave of Bonaparte

On a lone bar-ren isle where the wild roar-ing bil-low As-sails the stern rock and the
 wild tem-pests rave, The he-ro lies still while the low droop-ing wil-low, like
 fond weep-ing mourn-ers lean o-ver the grave. The light-nings may flash and the
 loud thun-ders rat-tle, He heeds not, he hears not, He's free from all pain. He
 sleeps his last sleep, he has fought his last bat-tle, No sound can a-wake him to
 glo-ry a-gain, No sound can a-wake him to glo-ry a-gain.

O shades of the mighty, where now are the legions
 That rushed but to conquer when thou leadst them on?
 Alas, they have perished in far hilly regions
 And all save the fame of their triumph is gone.
 The trumpet may sound and the loud cannon rattle;
 They heed not, they hear not, they're free from all pain.
 They sleep their last sleep, they have fought their last battle.
 No sound can awake them to glory again.
 No sound can awake them to glory again.

Yet, spirit immortal, the tomb can not bind thee,
 For like thine own eagle that soared to the sun,
 Thou springest from bondage and leavest behind thee
 A name which before thee no mortal had won.
 Though nations may combat and war's thunders rattle,
 No more on thy steed wilt thou sweep o'er the plain.
 Thou sleepest thy last sleep; thou has fought thy last battle;
 No sound can awake thee to glory again.
 No sound can awake thee to glory again.

The Great Crocodile

As I walked out one eve - ning down by the rol - ling o - cean, It was
there that I saw some - thing move like the whole world in mo - tion. When
I drew up long side of him it was a croc - o - dile And from the
tip of his nose to the end of his tail was four - teen thou - sand miles.

Chorus
Right - fall - all - fill - i - lur - i - dall, right whack fill - i - lur - i - day
Right - fall - all - all - till eet - le - all - ta dall, Right whack fill - i - lur - i - day.

This crocodile, you plainly see, was not of the common race,
I had to climb the highest tree to look into his face.
Perhaps some will my story doubt and think I tell a lie,
But his under jaw was on the ground and the other reached the sky.

(Chorus)

There came a storm, a wretched storm, a storm right from the south,
I lost my grip upon the tree and fell into his mouth,
He thought to shut his jaws on me, thinking I was victim,
But I slipped down his throat, don't you see, and that's the way I tricked him.

(Chorus)

I travelled on six months or more till I came to his maw,
It's there I found provision plenty, and plenty of grog in store,
It's there I found provision plenty, of grog I was unstinted,
And there I stayed six months or more most very well contented.

(Chorus)

This crocodile being very old, at length one day he died.
He was ten months a-getting cold, he was so long and wide,
He must have been full ten miles thick or somewhere thereabout,
For I was sixteen years and a half a-cutting my way out.

(Chorus)

Oh, now I'm on dry land again I think no more I'll roam,
My ship was lost that way before and now I'll stay at home.
If those who so my story doubt should chance to cross the Nile,
It's there they'll find the skeleton of this great crocodile.

(Chorus)

Note: This song was sung by my father and he must have heard it somewhere while on shore leave while on a voyage at sea. He used to describe to us children how the man sang it and tried to put in some of the gestures he used.

He used to put his wrists together and hold his hands so as to imitate the opening of the crocodile's jaws, and as he sang, "He thought to shut his jaws on me," he would bring his palms together. Then when he sang the words "But I slipped down his throat, don't you see," he would sing it in a sly, confidential manner, as though sharing a joke with his audience.

At these little entertainments given for sailors the chief entertainment was the singing of songs. The singers would try to act their songs as well as to sing them, to make them as interesting as possible.

The Gypsy Davey

The musical score is written in a single system with four staves. The first staff is in 2/4 time and contains the lyrics: "The squire— came home late at night in - quir - ing for his la - dy. The". The second staff continues the melody and lyrics: "ser - vant made him this re - ply, "She has gone with the Gyp - sy Da - vey."". The third staff is labeled "Chorus" and contains the lyrics: "Toor - id - dle - ink - tum, toor - id - dle - aye, Toor id - dle - ink - tum ti - de - o". The fourth staff concludes the chorus with the lyrics: "Toor - id - dle - ink - tum, toor - id - dle - aye. And a - way with the Gyp - sy Da - vey.".

“Go harness up my milk white steed;
 The gray is not so speedy.
 I will ride all night and I'll ride all day,
 Till I overtake my lady.”

(Chorus)

He rode till he came to the river side,
 It looked so dark and dreary,
 There he espied his lady fair
 Along with the Gypsy Davey.

(Chorus)

“Would you forsake your house and home?
 Would you forsake your baby?
 Would you forsake your own wed lord
 And go long with the Gypsy Davey?”

(Chorus)

“Yes, I'd forsake my house and home,
 Yes, I'd forsake my baby,
 Yes, I'd forsake my own wed lord
 And go long with the Gypsy Davey.”

(Chorus)

“Last night I lay on a bed of down,
My baby lay beside me;
Tonight, I lay on the cold, cold ground
Along with the Gypsy Davey.”

(Chorus)

Note: This song was sung by my father’s sister Mary.

The Hat My Daddy Wore

I am Pad-dy Myles, an I - rish lad just from a-cross the sea. For sing-ing or for
danc-ing I'm sure I can please ye. I will sing or dance with a - ny man As I've
done in days of yore, And on St. Pat - rick's Day I like to wear the hat me
Chorus
dad-dy wore. For it's ould but it's beau-ti-ful and the best that's ev-er seen, It was worn for ov - er
nine-ty years in that lit-tle isle so green. From me fath - er's great an - ces-tors it des-
cend - ed in ga - lore, It's the re-lic of ould da - cen-cy, the hat me dad - dy wore.

Oh, I bid you all good evening and good luck to you I say
And when I'm on the ocean I hope you'll for me pray;
I am going back to Paddy's land, to a place called Ballimore,
And I'll cut a quite a cyper with the hat me daddy wore.

(Chorus)

And when I do return again the boys and girls to see
I hope that in good Irish style ye'll kindly welcome me
With songs of dear old Ireland to cheer me more and more,
And to make my Irish heart rejoice with the hat me daddy wore.

(Chorus)

The Heights of Alma

Come all good peo - ple far and near Who nev - er did a ty - rant fear At -
ten - tion pay _____ and you _____ shall hear a song on blood - y Al - ma.

'Twas on September, the fourteenth day,
We landed safe on the Crimea
In spite of the salt seas dashing spray
All on the route to Alma.

That night we lay on the cold ground,
No tent nor shelter to be found,
And with the rain we nearly drowned
To cheer us for the Alma.

Next day a burning sun did rise
Beneath the cloudless eastern skies.
Our gallant chief, Lord Raglin, cries,
"Prepare to march for Alma."

And when the Alma came in view,
It would the stoutest heart subdue
To see the mighty Russian crew
Upon the heights of Alma.

So strongly were they fortified
With batteries on every side,
Lord Raglin to his company cired,
"There'll be hot work on Alma."

The balls did fly as thick as rain
When we the batteries tried to gain,
And many a hero there was slain
All on the heights of Alma.

Lord Raglin, bravest of the brave,
Soft lie the turf upon his grave,
He dashed his horse into the wave
And scaled the heights of Alma.

Our Highland lads in kilt and hose
Were not the last you may suppose,
While "Faugh a Gallagher" loud arouse
From our Irish lads at Alma.

And when the heights we did command
We fought the Russians hand to hand
But the Russian force could not withstand
The British might at Alma.

But though the victory we have got
And gallantly our heroes fought,
Yet dearly was that victory bought,
For thousands fell at Alma.

To Sebastapol the Russians fled,
Leaving their dying and their dead.
That day the river it ran red
With the blood was spilled at Alma.

Between the wounded and the slain
The Russians lost eight thousand men
And had three thousand prisoners ta'en
Upon the heights of Alma.

Two thousand British, I heard say,
Did fall upon that fatal day,
While fifteen hundred Frenchmen lay
In bloody graves on Alma.

Now France and England hand in hand
What enemy could them withstand?
So, sound the news throughout the land,
The victory won at Alma.

Note: My father knew another song about the battle of the Alma,
of which I remember only two verses.

Battle of the Alma

So sure they were of victory
They brought their ladies there to see
The Russian might and chivalry
All on the heights of Alma.

Chorus

Then it's tanter-an-nairen all the day
It's tanter-an-nairen all the day
It's tanter-an-nairen all the day
All on the heights of Alma.

But those Russian dames so fair and bright
Beheld a far and different sight
They saw the ignominious flight
Of those they loved on Alma.

(Chorus)

In Eighteen Sixty-Five

The musical score is written on four staves in a 2/4 time signature with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is simple and rhythmic, with lyrics placed below the notes. The lyrics are: "It was ear - ly Mon - day morn - ing eight - een hun - dred and six - ty five. I felt my - self so hap - py to find my - self a - live, I har - nessed up my old gray my bus' - ness to pur - sue, For to go a - court - ing Sal - lie as I of - ten used to do."

I went into my stable, though likewise I mean my barn,
 I saddled up my old gray, not meaning any harm,
 I jumped into my saddle and I rode away so still
 And I never drew a whip or rein till I came to Marysville.

There I met an old acquaintance though his name I dare not tell,
 He invited me to go with him and have a little swell,
 And after much persuasion with him I did agree
 To go down to Larry Ballau's and to have a little spree.

Now four of us young country boys got on the floor to dance,
 The fiddler being willing to give us all a chance,
 The fiddler being willing and his arm it being strong,
 Oh, he played the Rounds of Marysville for full four hours long.

My father followed after me and I've often heard them say
 He must have had a pilot or he'd never have found the way,
 In every hole and corner, wherever he saw a light,
 Oh, he came beneath my window about twelve o'clock at night.

Come all you gay young bachelors, wherever you may be
 Don't glory in my downfall, but kindly pity me,
 I pray don't tell upon me or about it make a fuss,
 For perhaps you'd have done the same yourself, or maybe a darn sight worse.

Note: My father and brothers sang this song, but my cousin John Long supplied the words I could not remember.

James and Florence

Come all you true lov - ers, at - tend for a - while To a sto - ry I'm a -
bout for to un - fold. Young Flor - rence was a dam - sel so
vir - tu - ous and kind And young Jim - mie was a jol - ly sail - or bold.

“Adieu, lovely Florence,” one morning he did say.

“I am called, I am forced for to go
Unto that foreign shore where the cannon loud do roar
And aloft when the stormy winds do blow.”

She wept in despair when these tidings she did hear,
When Jimmie told her he must depart.
She broke a ring in two saying, “Here’s one half with you.”
And the other she pressed to her heart.

She wept in despair and she tore her lovely hair,
Saying, “I am resolved for to go
Unto that foreign shore where the cannon loud do roar
And aloft when the stormy winds do blow.”

“Oh, Flora, dearest Flora, you surely must be mad
To venture your sweet life upon the sea,
When at home you might rest upon your pillow soft
And contented at home you might stay.”

She says, “I’m not afraid and there’s none can me persuade,
But determined I am for to go
Unto that foreign shore where the cannon loud do roar
And protect you when the stormy winds do blow.”

As a sailor she shipped with her true lover so bold
And no one suspected this fair maid.
But her gun she did stand, done her duty like a man;
Like a Briton, she never was afraid.

Six years upon the sea young Florence she did go,
Admired by all of the crew,
And never was it said that young Florence was a maid
In her trousers and jacket so blue.

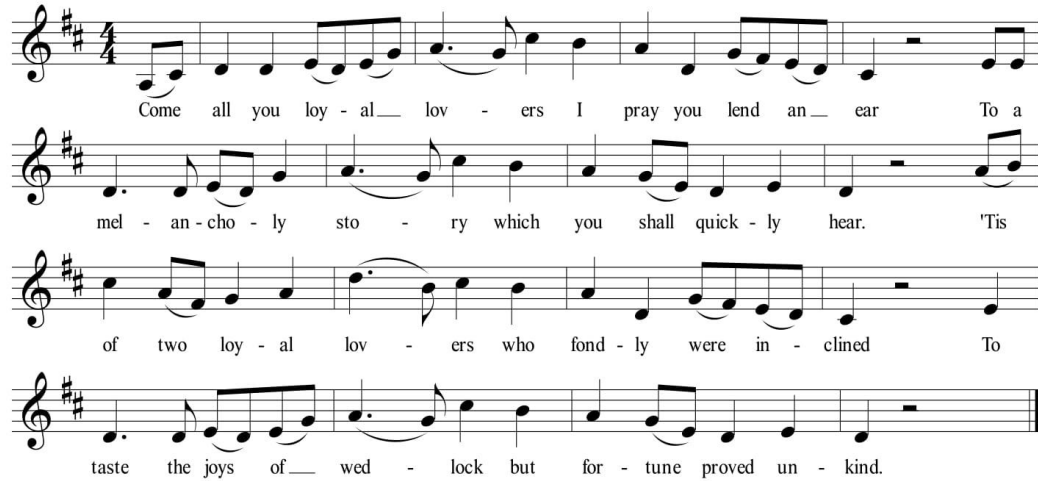
Oh, when they were at large and young James got his discharge,
It's straightway to the captain he did go.
He says, "Behold a maid who never was afraid,
Went aloft when the stormy winds did blow."

The captain he did stare when these tidings he did hear,
He was suddenly overcome with surprise,
He gazed on her so bright and he spoke with delight,
While the tears run in torrents from his eyes.

He says, "Your love was bold. Here is fifty pounds in gold,
And with you to get married I will go,
For I ne'er beheld a maid who never was afraid
Went aloft when the stormy winds did blow."

Admired by all around both in country and town,
Respected wherever they did go,
They talked affection soft when oft times they went aloft,
And they listened when the stormy winds did blow.

The Jealous Brother



Come all you loy - al lov - ers I pray you lend an ear To a
 mel - an - cho - ly sto - ry which you shall quick - ly hear. 'Tis
 of two loy - al lov - ers who fond - ly were in - clined To
 taste the joys of wed - lock but for - tune proved un - kind.

Now Betsy wrote a letter and sent it to her love,
 Desiring him to meet her that night all in the grove,
 She was dressed in men's apparel, so costly she was dressed,
 But little did she know the thoughts that night ran through his breast.

Oh, when he saw her coming, he cried out, "Who is there?"
 Alas, it is my brother; he thinks to meet my dear.
 I quickly will deceive him; his butcher I will be,
 He never shall enjoy her or live to trouble me.

A pistol he had loaded and held in his right hand
 All for to shoot his brother as you can understand.
 He fired, as he thought, at him, which caused his Betsy to fall,
 And in her tender bosom he pierced that fatal ball.

"Oh, cruel hearted Jimmie," as she fell on the ground,
 "Oh, cruel hearted Jimmie, you have give me my death wound.
 Come, watch the crimson current from the deadly wound does flow,
 Oh, cruel hearted Jimmie, you have proved my overthrow."

Oh, when he saw her dying he wept and tore his hair,
 But soon another pistol for himself he did prepare.
 "He has shot himself," cried Betsy, "here I die for loving thee.
 Come all young lovers, take warning and beware of jealousy."

Note: I have never heard this sung by anyone but my brother Lewis and have never seen it in print.

The Jolly Soldier

'Tis of a jol - ly sol - dier who late - ly came from war. He
 loved a fair dam - sel, a dam - sel so fair. Her
 for - tune was so great — that it could scarce - ly be told, And she
 loved a jol - ly sol - dier, be - cause he was so bold.

Oh, then said the lady, "I fain would be your wife,
 But my father he is cruel and he'd surely end my life."
 He drew out his sword and pistol and he hung them by his side,
 And he swore that he would marry her, let what would betide.

So, they went and they got married and as they were coming home
 They met her old father with seven armed men.
 "Let us flee," cried the lady, "or we both will be slain."
 "Fear nothing, dear charmer," the soldier said again.

Then up came the old man and unto them did say,
 "It is for your disobedience to me this very day
 Since you've been so mean as to be a soldier's wife,
 Down in this lonely valley I will surely end your life."

Oh, then says the soldier, "I do not like your prattle,
 For although I am a bridegroom, I am well prepared for battle."
 He drew out his sword and pistol and he caused them for to rattle.
 The lady held the horse while the soldier fought the battle.

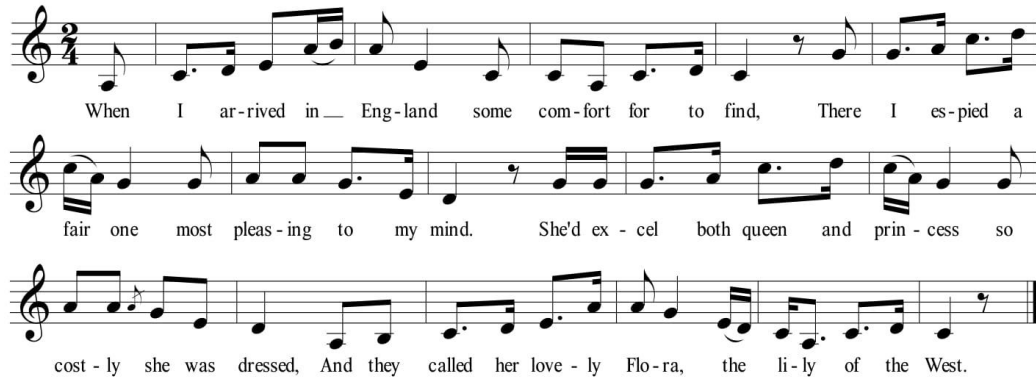
The first one he came to he ran him through amain,
 The second one he came to he served him the same.
 "Let us flee," cried the rest, "or we all will be slain."
 "Fight on, my dear charmer," the lady said again.

“Stay your hand,” cried the old man, “you make my blood run cold,
And you shall have my daughter and five thousand pounds in gold.”
“Fight on,” cried the lady, “for my fortune is too small.”
“Stay your hand,” cried the old man, “and you shall have it all.”

So, he took them both home and he made them his heirs,
It was not from love, but it was from dread and fear.
For there never was a soldier ever carried a gun
Who would ever flinch or budge an inch till the battle he had won.

So, don't despise a soldier because he is poor,
He's happy on the battle field as at the barrack door.
For they are the lads to be jovial, brisk and free,
And they'll fight for the pretty girls, for rights and liberty.

The Lily of the West



When I ar-rived in Eng-land some com-fort for to find, There I es-pied a
fair one most pleas-ing to my mind. She'd ex-cel both queen and prin-cess so
cost-ly she was dressed, And they called her love-ly Flo-ra, the li-ly of the West.

Her hair hung down in ringlets, her dress was spangled o'er,
She had rings on her fingers brought from a foreign shore,
Her cherry cheeks and ruby lips like arrows pierced my breast,
And I was beguiled by Flora, the lily of the West.

Long time I courted Flora in hopes her love to gain,
But soon she turned her back on me, which caused me all my pain.
She deprived me of my liberty and robbed me of my rest,
And they called her lovely Flora, the lily of the West.

One evening as I was walking down by a shady grove,
I heard some lord or nobleman conversing with my love.
She sang a song delightfully while I was sore oppressed,
Saying, "Bid adieu to Flora, the lily of the West."

I stepped up to my rival with a dagger in my hand,
I tore him from my own false love and bade him boldly stand.
Being mad to desperation, I swore I'd pierce his breast,
And I was betrayed by Flora, the lily of the West.

Oh, when my trial it came on, I boldly made my plea,
A flaw being in the indictment, which quickly set me free.
Your beauty bright I still adore, the judge did her molest,
But begone, you faithless Flora, the lily of the West.

Oh, now I've gained my liberty a-roving I will go,
I'll travel bonnie Scotland, I'll travel old England through.
Although she swore my life away, she still disturbs my rest
And I'll mourn for sake of Flora, the lily of the West.

The Little Drummer



He — came to his love's win - dow at the dead of the night. He
called her his jew - el, his own heart's de - light. "Now since you've shot the
ar - row you're the one who can cure, And if you won't have me I'll
die at your door. And it's oh, my — hard for - tune."

"Begone, little drummer," this fair one did say,
"Would I be so mean as to marry with thee?
My father's a squire of a high degree
And I am his daughter and heiress to be,
And it's oh, my hard fortune!"

He turned to the door and he bade her farewell,
Saying, "You'll send my soul wandering to heaven or hell;
On the point of my bayonet I will end all this strife
And cut the sweet innocent thread of my life.
And it's oh, my hard fortune!"

"Come back, little drummer," this fair one did say,
"Come back, little drummer, and marry with me.
Turn back, little drummer, marry me if you will,
For I think it a pity your blood for to spill,
And it's oh, my hard fortune!"

"Come saddle a steed and to Plymouth we'll go,
Where we will be married in spite of our foes,
And when we are married and all things are done
What more can they say than we followed the drum?
And it's oh, my hard fortune."

Now when her old father this news came to hear
It's straightway to Plymouth he quickly did steer,
He took them both home and to them he did give
Five thousand a year as long as they lived,
And it's oh, my good fortune.

Note: This song and "Georgie" also were sung by the son of my father's sister Mary. He lived in my home for a time before I was old enough to remember. He learned the songs from his mother.

The Little Man Over the Lea

There was a li-tle man who came o - ver the lea, But heigh - ho I would-n't have him. He came
o - ver the lea and me for to see with his old gray beard just new - ly sha-ven.

The image shows two staves of musical notation in 6/8 time, key of B-flat major. The first staff contains the first line of lyrics, and the second staff contains the second line. The melody is simple and folk-like, with a mix of quarter and eighth notes.

My father he told me to go to the door,
But heigh-ho, I wouldn't have him.
I went to the door and he bowed to the floor
With his old gray beard just newly shaven.

My father he told me to give him a stool,
But heigh-ho, I wouldn't have him.
I gave him a stool and he sat like a fool
With his old gray beard just newly shaven.

My mother she told me to give him some bread
But heigh-ho, I wouldn't have him.
I gave him some bread and I wished he was dead
With his old gray beard just newly shaven.

My mother she told me to give him some beer
But heigh-ho, I wouldn't have him.
I gave him some beer and he called me his dear
With his old gray beard just newly shaven.

My mother she told me to take him to church
But heigh-ho, I wouldn't have him.
I took him to church, left him in the lurch
With his old gray beard just newly shaven.

Note: This song also was sung by my Aunt Mary's son.

Loss of the Due Dispatch

You lands-men and you sea-men bold, With hearts both stout and strong. I
 pray you pay at - ten - tion To a mel - an - cho - ly song. When you
 hear my dread - ful sto - ry I am sure you will make known I was
 born in the town of Pat - rick York, In the coun - ty of Ty - rone.

My name it is John Williams,
 A man just in my prime,
 For to deceive young women
 I always was inclined.
 It was four unlawful children
 Were laid unto my charge,
 I was forced to leave my country
 And then set out at large.

It was on the ship called Due Dispatch,
 We made our way straight down,
 It was with peace and quietness
 Our good ship did resound.
 It was in the dead time of the night
 Our ship she struck a rock,
 Our passengers on deck did fly
 And there received the shock.

Our captain's name was Lanchester,
 A small boat he did fling
 And two of our cabin passengers
 Into the boat did spring.
 The first and second roll she gave
 The boat it hove up keel,
 And these two young men they both were lost,
 These young men's name was Steele.

And then, to our amazement,
Our ship she split in twain
And many of our passengers
Went floating on the main.
The rest of us climbed on the rock,
Where we clung with fear and dread,
And there we clung for five long days
Without support or bread.

Our sufferings can ne'er be told
As on that rock we stood,
With water to our middle
As the tide did flow and ebb.
The weeds that grew upon the rock
We ate instead of bread,
We killed and ate the captain's dog,
Likewise we drank his blood.

We talked of eating human flesh
That lay upon the rock
And many of our passengers
With hunger down did drop.
But God is always merciful
And relief He sent straightway,
Our empty boat did chance to drift
To the island of Cap Ray.

It was there a fisherman did dwell,
Our boat he espied and caught,
Which made him think there was a wreck,
Right well he knew the spot.
So as the sea quit raging
A boat he then put out,
He came unto the very spot,
To him we did call out.

He took us to the island
Where his lonely hut did stand;
This island was inhabited
By one lone fisherman.
A little bread and water
Was all he could afford,
Five more days in starvation
I am going to record.

And then by chance a ship there came,
Commanded by Captain Grant,
He took us all to Halifax,
God's blessing on him rest.
'Twas in the poorhouse of that place
We received the best of care,
To God alone our praise we give
Who safely brought us there.

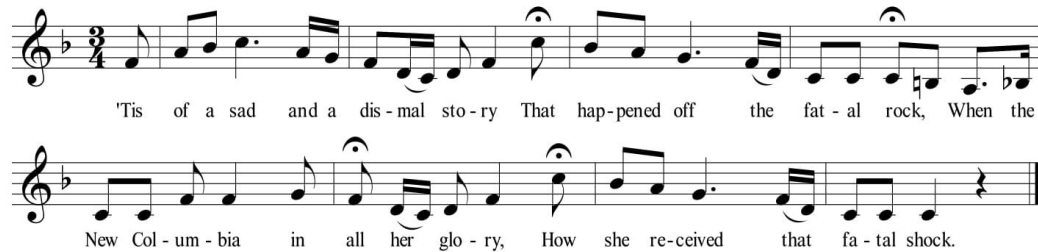
Note on The Loss of the Due Dispatch

This story is supposed to have been written by a member of the crew. My father and oldest brother told the story as they heard it from one of the survivors, a man by the name of Shaw. His wife, who was also one of the survivors, could not bear to hear it mentioned but would burst into tears and leave the room if the subject was mentioned.

Mr. Shaw said that as the survivors huddled together on the rock they held each other's hands so that if one fell asleep he could be held back from sliding off the rock. Every time the tide rose it would break over the rock, often taking at least one of their number. Some of them became crazed and jumped into the water and were drowned.

This song was so sad that I never learned much of it except the tune, though I have heard my father sing it many times. When I tried to find the words, I could find no one of my family who knew the song, but a son of my father's oldest sister still remembered it and sent the words to me from Nova Scotia. So, thanks to my cousin Frank Spinney, who is over ninety years old, I got the words of the song that seems to have been forgotten by so many.

The Loss of the New Columbia



The image shows two staves of musical notation in 3/4 time, set in a key with one flat (B-flat). The melody is written on a treble clef. The lyrics are printed below the notes. The first staff contains the lyrics: "'Tis of a sad and a dis-mal sto-ry That hap-pened off the fat-al rock, When the". The second staff contains the lyrics: "New Col-um-bia in all her glo-ry, How she re-ceived that fa-tal shock."

We sailed from England in December
From Liverpool the eighteenth day
And many hardships we endured
While coming to America.

Two passengers from thence came with us,
Two brothers were from Birmingham,
They took their leave of all their people
To go settle in New England.

We anchored in four fathoms water,
Thinking all of our lives to save,
But 'twas all in vain for shortly after,
Poor souls, they met a watery grave.

Our ship she dragged away her anchor
And on a rock she split in two,
And out of eighty brave young seamen
They all were lost excepting two.

Our captain, he being long afflicted,
Sick in his cabin, said to his mate,
"Bring me on deck, that's my desire,
Where I may meet my unhappy fate."

He looked all round with eyes surrender,
He took his leave of all his crew,
He gave his papers unto a servant
Who chanced to be one of the two.

What was most shocking early next morning
To see the shores all lined along
With the bodies of these shipwrecked sailors
To the New Columbia did belong.

Their flesh was mangled all to pieces
Grinding upon the rocks on shore.
It would melt the hardest heart to pity
To see them lying in their gore.

They were all taken and decently buried,
Most melancholy to relate,
To see so many brave young seamen
All meet with such an unhappy fate.

May God protect all absent seamen
While plowing o'er the distant main
And keep them clear from rocks and danger,
And safe return them home again.

May God protect all absent seamen,
The mother and the fatherless,
And send their blessing on these poor people
Who have lost their sons in such distress.

Note: Father is the only person I ever heard sing this song. I think it was written about a real shipwreck as so many songs of Nova Scotia are.

The Lumberman's Alphabet



A is for axe as we ve-ry well know, B is for boys who can use them al- so.

C is for chop-ping we soon will be- gin, D is for dan- ger we of- ten stand in.

Chorus
For it's mer-ry, Oh, so mer-ry are we, No mor- tal on earth is so mer-ry as we. I -
der-ry, O-der-ry, I der-ry down, Give the shan-ty boys rum and there's no-thing goes wrong.

E is for echoes that through the woods ring.
F is for foreman, the head of the gang.
G is for grindstone that often turns round.
H is for handle so smooth and so round.

(Chorus)

I is for iron for to mark the pine.
J is for jovial all of the time.
K is for keen edge our axes do keep.
L is for lice that over us creep.

(Chorus)

M is for moss that we chink in our camps.
N is for needle for to mend our pants.
O is for owl that hoots in the night.
P is for pine that we always fall right.

(Chorus)

Q is for quarreling we never allow.
R is for river down which our logs go.
S is for sled, so big and so strong.
T is for team to haul it along.

(Chorus)

U is for use that we put the logs to.
V is for valley we haul our logs through.
W is for woods that we leave in the spring.
And now this is all I am going to sing.

The other three letters I can't bring in rhyme
So I leave them off now and will bring them next time.

Scraps of songs picked up in the West Virginia mountains by my youngest brother:
Shady Grove, *The Lumberman's Alphabet*, and *The Lumberman's Life*.

The Lumberman's Life

Oh, a lum - ber - man's life— is a wear - i - some life, Though
some call it free— from all care, With the ring-ing of the axe from
mor - ning un - til night In the mid - dle of the for - est so drear.

Transported we are from the haunts of all men
On the banks of some deep frozen stream,
Where the wolves and the owl with their terrifying howls
Disturb us of our nightly dreams.

It is sleeping in our cabin so bleak and so cold
When the north piercing winds they do blow
And as soon as the morning star does appear
To the wild woods then we must go.

At four in the morning the cook he will call,
“Out boys, it’s the break of the day.”
And in broken slumbers the hours we do pass
The cold wintry nights away.

When spring it comes in, double trouble does begin,
For the water it is piercing cold.
Dripping wet are our clothes and hands are nearly froze
And our pickpoles we scarcely can hold.

Over rocks, shoals and sands there’s employment for all hands
As our well bounding craft we do steer.
Every rapid that we run we think it only fun
And we never know when danger is near.

Now rafting I’ll give o’er and I’ll anchor safe on shore
Where I can live a quiet, sober life.
No more will I roam, but contented stay at home
With a kind and ever loving wife.

Scraps of songs picked up in the West Virginia mountains by my youngest brother:
Shady Grove, The Lumberman’s Alphabet, and The Lumberman’s Life.

The Mantle So Green



As I went a-walk-ing one eve-ning in spring, To
 view the green fields, hear the night-in-gale sing, I es-
 pied a fair dam-sel, She was dressed like a queen, in her
 fine-costly robes and her man-tle so green.

I says, "My pretty fair maid, if you'll come with me
 We will join hands in wedlock and sweet unity.
 You shall dress in rich attire as fine as a queen
 In your fine costly robes and your mantle so green."

She answered me, "Young man, I must you refuse,
 For I will wed with no man; you must me excuse.
 Through the green fields I'll wander forsaking men's view,
 For the lad that I love lies in famed Waterloo."

I says, "My pretty fair maid, what was your love's name?
 For I have been in battle, I might have known the same."
 "Draw nigh unto my mantle; 'tis plain to be seen
 Embroidered in gold on my mantle so green."

I gently stepped up to her and there did behold
 The name of her true love in letters of fine gold,
 The name of William Riley appeared to my view.
 "He was my chief comrade in famed Waterloo."

"He fought so victorious where bullets did fly,
 And on the field of battle your true love he doth lie.
 He fought for three days till the fourth afternoon
 And received his death wound on the eighteenth of June."

"As he was a-dying, I heard his last cry,
 'Were you here, lovely Nancy, content I would die.'
 Now peace it is proclaimed and the truth I declare
 This is your love token, the ring that I wear."

She stood in amaze and the paler she grew.
She fell to her knees with her heart full of woe.
“Through the green fields I’ll wander for the lad that I love.”
“Rise up, lovely Nancy, your fears I’ll remove.

“Oh, Nancy, lovely Nancy, ‘twas I won your heart,
All in your father’s garden that day when we did part,
Now since peace has been proclaimed and the war it is o’er,
You are welcome to my arms, lovely Nancy, once more.”

Note: My father, who was born in Cornwallis, Nova Scotia, in the year 1837, knew several veterans of the battle of Waterloo. He knew one old veteran whose devotion to his country and his queen was so marked that the young people used to like to tease him. One young man, just to tease him, called the queen a bad name. The old veteran immediately had him arrested.

Mollie Bawn

Come all you brave hunts - men who fol - low — the gun, Be -
ware of your shoot - ing at the set - ting of the sun, For young
Jim - mie went hunt - ing and he shot in the dark, And,
ah, cru - el for - tune, Mol - lie Bawn was his mark.

Chorus

For her apron being about her, he mistook her for a swan;
To his heavy misfortune 'twas his love, Mollie Bawn.

He quickly ran to her. When he found it was she,
His joints they grew weak and his eyes scarce could see.
He took her in his arms when he found she was dead
And a fountain of tears for his true love he shed.

(Chorus)

He took her in his arms and he home quickly ran,
Saying, "Dearest father, I have shot Mollie Bawn,
I have shot that fair damsel in the bloom of her life
And I fully intended to make her my wife."

(Chorus)

Then up speaks the old man, his locks they were gray,
"I advise you, dear Jimmie, not to go away,
But stay in your country till your trial comes on,
And you'll not be convicted by the laws of our land."

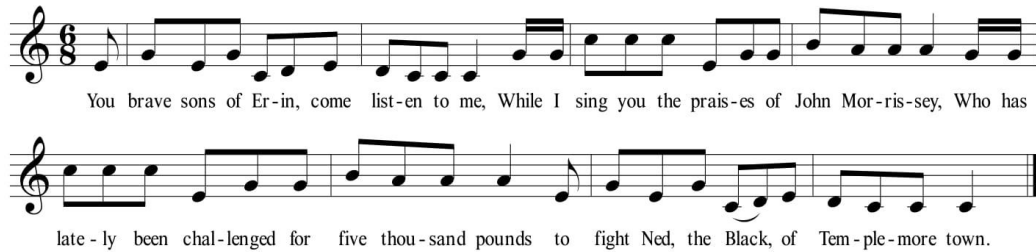
(Chorus)

That night to her uncle Mollie Bawn did appear,
Saying, "Dearest Uncle, Jimmie Randal is'n clear
For my apron being about me he mistook me for a swan,
To his heavy misfortune 'twas his love, Mollie Bawn."

Note: Both father and mother sang this song, but worded a little differently.
This [is] father's version. For the first verse mother sang:

As Mollie Bawn was a-walking in a shower of hail
She stepped into a bower to shelter from the gale.
Young Jimmie, being hunting, mistook her for a swan;
To his heavy misfortune 'twas his love, Mollie Bawn.

Morrissey and the Black



The image shows two staves of musical notation in 6/8 time. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are written below the notes. The second staff continues the melody and lyrics.

You brave sons of Er-in, come list-en to me, While I sing you the prais-es of John Mor-ris-sey, Who has
late - ly been chal-lenged for five thou-sand pounds to fight Ned, the Black, of Tem-ple-more town.

The age, weight and height of this Black I will tell;
His age twenty-seven, weight two hundred and twelve,
His voice like distant thunder did sound,
Six feet and four inches he stood on the ground.

The twelfth day of March this big fight did begin.
Stripped off to the buff and jumped into the ring,
“Oh, lay down your belt,” the Black he did say,
“Or your life I will take in the ring on this day.”

Then Morrissey jumped into the ring like a bear,
Saying, “Here stands the bones of an Irishman here.
I’ve never been conquered by black, white, nor brown;
My country can prove it for miles around.”

The first, second and third they were fought in great style,
When Morrissey turned to his country and smiled;
The sixth, seventh, eighth, and from that to the twelfth,
When Morrissey received seven blows on the belt.

Then up speaks the Irish, these words they did say,
“We’ve bet all we have on your head on this day,
Now never for bribery your country disown;
We have bet all we have this day on your bones.”

The fourteenth and fifteenth were fought in great style,
When Morrissey turned once more and he smiled,
And up to the eighteenth severely knocked down
He bled from his ears as he lay on the ground.

Refreshed by John Henan, that second of fame,
Who once had been champion all o’er the salt main,
Then down on the Black with a terrible stroke
He left him for dead with three ribs of his broke.

The Mother-in-law



Kind friends, if you'll lis-ten I'll sing you a dit-ty A - bout the worst wo-man that ev-er I saw, And



when you do hear it you'll think it a pi - ty That ev - er I had such a moth - er - in - law.

Chorus



My life is all trou-bles, I can-not live hap-py, If I op-en my mouth she will shoot off her jaw. I would



soon-er by sent off to jail or to con-gress, Than to live all my life with my moth-er-in-law.

Whatever I do, she is always fault finding,
Wherever I go, she is sure to be there,
And if I don't do everything that she tells me,
She'll quick help herself to a lock of my hair.

(Chorus)

Now she's got the notion that she is good lookin';
She's the worst lookin' woman that ever I seen.
The other day she sat down to have her picture taken
And the very first glance, sure she broke the machine.

(Chorus)

Now she is so homely she frightens the children,
You ought to once see her walk out on the street,
Her mouth is as big as a crack in a punkin,
A hump on her back and such awful great feet.

(Chorus)

I told her once, when I married her daughter
I did not intend the whole family to wed;
She quickly picked up a pail of cold water
And taking good aim, she let fly at my head.

(Chorus)

They say they have got some good marksmen in England,
Their shots are so fine there is sometimes a draw,
But I bet you ten dollars there's none that can equal
That ironclad gun bullet, my mother-in-law.

(Chorus)

Musing

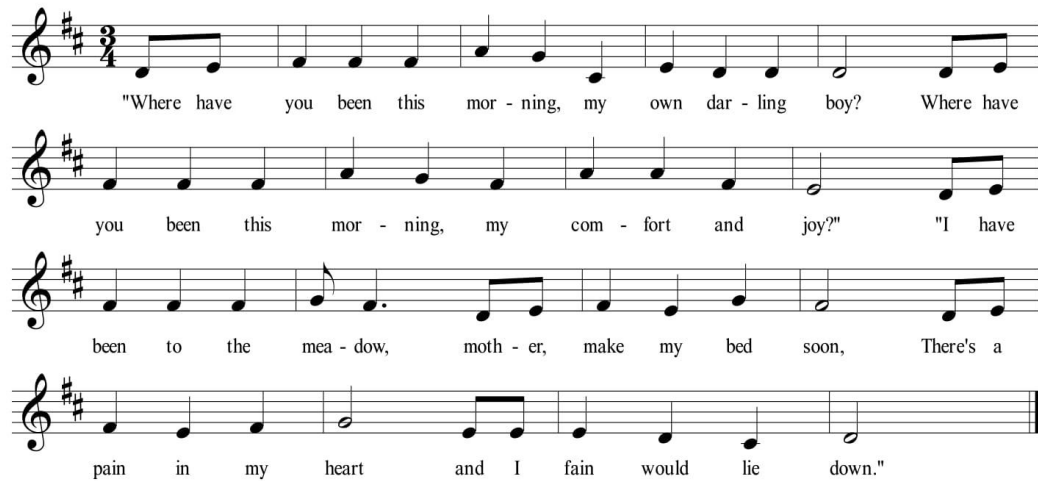
As I walked out one morn - ing fair, All in the month of June The
birds were sweet - ly — sing - ing — And the flow - ers — were in bloom, As my
love lay mus - ing on the grass All in her beau - ty fair, You would
real - ly have thought for to see this lass That the queen of — love lay there.

“There are twelve long months all in a year,”
I have heard my old mother say,
“And the two of them I would choose to wed
Are the months of June and May.
The one of them I would choose to wed
When the small birds sweetly sing;
The other of them I would choose to wed
When the flowers begin to spring.

“I love my love and I have no doubt
That he loves me as well.
If ever he frowns at my request
I will laugh at him as well,
But if he proves constant, I will prove kind,
Just so we will agree,
And if ever he halts for to change his mind,
I will change as well as he.

“A young man’s love is hard to win,
They may all say what they will,
For when you think that you have them won
They are further from you still.
Riches and honor are all they want
And all they do require.
If a young maid carries the keys of love,
Young men will her admire.”

My Own Darling Boy



"Where have you been this mor - ning, my own dar - ling boy? Where have
you been this mor - ning, my com - fort and joy?" "I have
been to the mea - dow, moth - er, make my bed soon, There's a
pain in my heart and I fain would lie down."

"What did you have for your breakfast, my own darling boy?
What did you have for your breakfast, my comfort and joy?"
"Three cups of cold poison. Mother, make my bed soon;
There's a pain in my heart, and I fain would lie down."

"What will you will to your mother, my own darling boy?
What will you will to your mother, my comfort and joy?"
"I will will her my gold. Mother, make my bed soon;
There's a pain in my heart, and I fain would lie down."

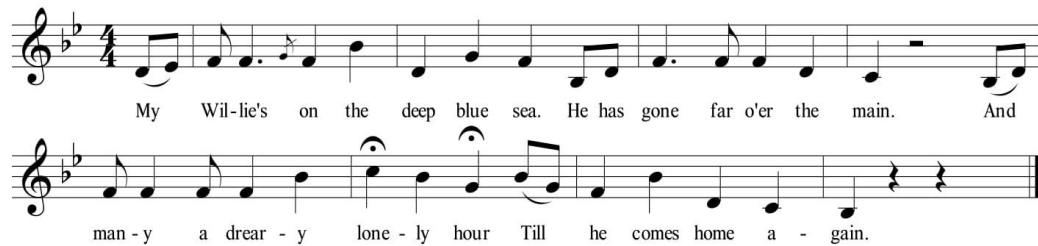
"What will you will to your brother, my own darling boy?
What will you will to your brother, my comfort and joy?"
"I will will him my ships. Mother, make my bed soon;
There's a pain in my heart, and I fain would lie down."

"What will you will to your sister, my own darling boy?
What will you will to your sister, my comfort and joy?"
"I will will her my harp. Mother, make my bed soon;
There's a pain in my heart, and I fain would lie down."

"What will you will to your sweetheart, my own darling boy?
What will you will to your sweetheart, my comfort and joy?"
"I will will her my tree that she may hang upon,
That she may lament for the deed she has done."

Note: I heard this song sung by a young fellow who came to work for my uncle when I was a small child. His name was Lewis Watson, and after he left there he went to sea and I never knew what became of him.

My Willie's on the Deep Blue Sea



My Wil-lie's on the deep blue sea. He has gone far o'er the main. And
man - y a drear - y lone - ly hour Till he comes home a - gain.

Chorus

So, blow, gentle winds, o'er the deep blue sea,
Let the storm king stay his hand,
And bring my Willie home again
To his own dear native land.

Oh, don't you see the lightning flash
And hear the thunder roar?
Oh, Father, save my Willie from
The storm king's mighty power.

(Chorus)

And as she spoke the lightning ceased,
And ceased the thunder's roar,
And Willie clasped her in his arms
To plow the seas no more.

(Chorus)

Note: This is a song that father used to sing to us when mother was gone and he was trying to entertain us by singing something that he did not sing very often.

Nell Flaherty's Drake

Oh, my name it is Nell, the truth for to tell, And I live near Cool Hill as I
 ne'er can de - ny. I had a fine drake, och the truth for to spake, That my
 grand-moth - er left me whenshe went for to die. He was mer - ry and sound and would
 weigh twen - ty pound, The un - i - verse round I would roam for his sake. Bad
 luck to the rob - ber, let him be drunk or so - ber, That mur - dered Nell Fla - her - ty's beau - ti - ful drake.

Chorus
 Oh, right toor and od-dy my charm-ing ould swad-dy, Oh, right toor and od-dy, och, hook and nee nee.

His neck it was green and rare to be seen,
 He was fit for a queen of the highest degree,
 His body so white it would give you delight,
 He was fat, plump and heavy, and brisk as a bee.
 He was a fine little fellow, his legs they were yellow,
 He would fly like a swallow and swim like a hake,
 But some cruel savage, to grease his white cabbage,
 Has murdered Nell Flaherty's beautiful drake.

May his rooster not crow, may his bellows not blow,
 Nor potatoes not grow, may he never have none,
 May his cradle not rock, may his chest have no lock,
 May his wife have no frock for to shield her backbone,
 May the bedbugs and fleas this wicked one tease,
 May the north, piercing wind make him shiver and shake,
 May a four year old bug build a nest in the lug
 Of the villain that murdered Nell Flaherty's drake.

May his pipe never smoke, may his teapot be broke,
And to add to the joke may his kettle not boil,
May he be poorly fed till the hour he is dead,
May he always be fed on lobsouse and fish oil,
May he sweat with the gout till his grinders fall out,
May he roar, howl and shout with a horrid toothache,
May his temple wear horns and his toes all have corns,
Oh, the villain that murdered Nell Flaherty's drake.

May his dog bark and howl with both hunger and cold,
May his wife always scold till his brains go astray,
May the curse of each hag that e'er carried a bag
Light down on the wag till his head it turns gray,
May monkeys still bite him and mad dogs affright him
And everyone slight him asleep or awake,
May wasps ever gnaw him and jackdaws e'er claw him,
The monster that murdered Nell Flaherty's drake.

But the only good news I have to diffuse
It is of Peter Hughes and Paddy McCade
And crooked Ned Manson and big nosed Bob Hanson;
Each one had a son of my beautiful drake.
Oh, my bird he had dozens of nephews and cousins
And I must have one or my heart it will break,
To keep my mind easy or else I'll run crazy.
And thus ends the song of my beautiful drake.

Note: My brother used to sing this song when I was a little girl and just once I heard the man sing it from whom he learned it.

Nellie Greer

It was in the month of Aug - ust in eight - een for - ty - four, My
par - ents they trans - port - ed me far from my na - tive shore. To
leave that fer - tile is - land where my first breath I drew, They
sent me to Am - er - i - ca my for - tune to pur - sue.

The reason why they banished me I mean to let you know,
Because I would not marry the girl they did adore,
Because I would not break the vow I swore unto my dear,
They forced me from the arms of my darling Nellie Greer.

It was from the mouth of Greenock to Belfast we sailed down,
Our passengers were eighteen, to Quebec we were bound.
When we were on the ocean no danger did I fear,
For I still thought of that charming lass they called young Nellie Greer.

The raging seas rolled mountains high, which tossed us to and fro,
Our ship she struck upon a rock and to pieces she did go.
Sometimes we were a-floating upon the briny deep,
Expecting every moment to meet a watery grave.

Here's a health to Captain Godfrey, the best of comrades, too,
Who quickly launched his lifeboat to save his whole ship's crew,
But out of eighteen passengers but thirteen reached the shore;
The other five to the bottom went, we never saw them more.

We landed on St. Paul's Island, for four long days, or five,
Our bed it was the cold, cold ground, our covering was the skies.
Our money and our clothing gone from off that doleful wreck,
Now wasn't we a dreadful sight when we landed in Quebec?

So now I am in a strange country my sorrow to bewail,
I've neither friends nor relatives to hear my doleful tale,
But I hope to be in Ireland before another year
And there to roam in splendor with my charming Nellie Greer.

Note: My brother Anson used to sing this song when he was a young man.
I never heard it anywhere else.

On Yonder Green Mountain

The musical score is written in 3/4 time on a single treble clef staff. The melody is simple and folk-like, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words underlined to indicate phrasing. The lyrics are: "On yon - der green moun - tain there a cas - tle doth stand All decked in green i - vy from the top to the strand. Fine arch - es, fine porch - es, and the lime - stone so bright Is a pi - lot for poor sai - lors On a dark, storm - y night."

At the foot of yonder mountain where the tide ebbs and flows,
And ships from the East Indies to Madeira that goes,
Where the red flag is a-flying, and the beating of drums,
And sweet instruments of music and the firing of guns.

It was early Monday morning when we sailed away,
The drums they were beating and sweet music did play.
But most of being married men, it grieved my heart sore
To think of pretty Polly; she's the girl I adore.

But her mind being changeful, it ebbs like the tide
Or some ship on the ocean that is tossed to and fro
From the height of her promotion to the depths of sad woe.
If pretty Polly had been willing, with her I would go.

Now come all you little purling streams that go murmuring by,
Pray direct me to where that my true love doth lie,
For her eyes they invite me, though her tongue still says, "No."
If pretty Polly had been willing, with her I would go.

Note: This song was a great favorite of mine when I was ten or twelve years old. I thought the tune especially beautiful and I used to try to visualize the beautiful castle on the green mountain, which powerfully appealed to my imagination. I used to ask father to sing it to me when we were alone, and I learned it from him. Years later, I found the song in an old song book belonging to an old sailor, apparently bought in New Zealand.

Patrick, Mind the Child

I'm the fath-er of a bounc-ing girl with cheeks like cher-ries red, The pride of all the
neigh-bor-hood when scarce-ly twelve months wed. And when I came in-to sup-per af-ter
toil-ing all the day, Me wife puts Nel-lie in me arms and un-to me would say,
Chorus
"Ar-rah Pat-rick mind the ba-by, can't you mind the child a-while? Roll her up in your
ov-er-coat I'm feared she will go wild. Ar-rah Pat-rick mind the ba-by, can't you
mind the child a-while? She bites, and fights, and cries all night, Ar-rah, Pat-rick mind the child."

We had castor oil and soothing syrup and paregoric, too,
To give the chile when she had fits, but ne'er could bring her to,
And put mustard poultice to her feet, and give her a bowl of tay.
My wife put Nellie in my arms and unto me would say,

(Chorus)

When she grew up to be a lady gay, we had no control at all;
She says, "I am no baby now, I'll march up to a ball."
When, bad luck to my joy, there came a boy all on St. Patrick's Day
My wife put Patsy in my arms and unto me would say,

"Arrah, Patrick, mind the baby. Can't you mind the chile awhile?
Roll him up in your overcoat; I'm feared he will go wild.
Arrah, Patrick, mind the baby. Can't you mind the chile awhile?
He bites and fights and cries all night.
Arrah, Patrick, mind the chile."

Note: My brother Lewis learned this song in the lumber woods about sixty years ago.
I never heard anyone else sing it.

The Poor Drunkard's Child

The musical score is written in a single system with four staves. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is written on a treble clef. The lyrics are: "As I walked out one fair summer's day, Through the green fields and meadows I carelessly did stray, I drew nigh unto a cottage that looked destitute and wild. And I heard a voice saying I'm a poor drunkard's child." There is a triplet of eighth notes over the words "I'm a poor" in the fourth staff.

As I walked out one fair summer's day, Through the
green fields and meadows I carelessly did stray, I drew
nigh unto a cottage that looked destitute and wild. And I
heard a voice saying I'm a poor drunkard's child."

"My father he drank till he spent all his store,
Which causes me in poverty to weep ever more.
He spent all his store, but was not reconciled,
He died frantic and left me a poor drunkard's child."

"My mother she died in a workhouse hard by
And the last words she said to me were, 'You poor drunkard's child.'
She died broken hearted looking up with a sigh,
'Is there no one to take pity on my poor drunkard's child?'

"Oh, now to conclude and to finish my song,
I hope you'll forgive me if I have mentioned wrong;
Although I am friendless, I will never run wild
But I'll set a good example for a poor drunkard's child."

Note: This song was taught to my two older sisters by my oldest brother's wife over sixty years ago. I learned it from my sister. This song I never heard anyone sing except my sister, nor have I seen it in print.

The Poor Little Fisherman's Boy

It was down in the low - land a poor boy did wan - der It was
 down in the low - land a poor — boy did roam. By his
 friends he was ne - glect - ed, poor boy looked so de - ject - ed This
 poor lit - tle fish - er - man's boy so far a - way from home.

“Oh, where are my friends and where are my neighbors?
 Have they all gone and left me to wander alone?
 My father died on the billow, my mother on the pillow,”
 Cried the poor little fisherman’s boy so far away from home.

A lady she heard him and opened her window,
 A lady she did hear him and told him to come in.
 The tears fell from her eyes as she listened to the cries
 Of the poor little fisherman’s boy so far away from home.

She begged of her father to give him employment,
 She begged of her father no more to let him roam.
 “Dear daughter, do not grieve thee, the lad shall never leave me,
 This poor little fisherman’s boy so far away from home.”

For seven long years he served his noble master,
 It was seven long years and he to a man has grown,
 And now he tells to strangers the hardships and the dangers
 Of the poor little fisherman’s boy so far away from home.

The Poor Wounded Boy

Come all you true lov - ers of ___ ev - 'ry ___ de - gree, Give
 ear to this ___ tale which I ___ tell un - to thee. I ___
 once loved a ___ fair one, I ___ ne'er can de - ny, ___ Which
 leads me to ___ say I'm a ___ poor woun - ded boy.

When first that I saw her from love I was free,
 But now I've proved captive in the fairest degree,
 Come grant me your favor and do not deny,
 I pray you take pity on a poor wounded boy.

Her cheeks like red roses began to increase
 When she heard I was a stranger just come to that place.
 She blushed and made answer, "Young man, don't decoy,
 Can you tell me from whence came this poor wounded boy?"

"My name it is Johnnie, quite plain as you can see,
 Far away from my friends and my own country.
 I came to this country my fortune to try
 And through you I am titled a poor wounded boy."

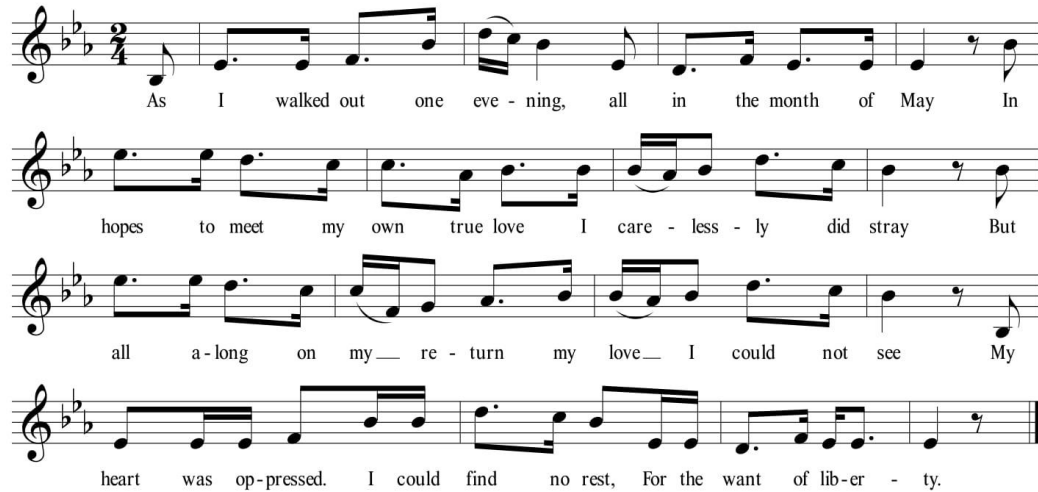
"Oh, Johnnie, dear Johnnie, your love it is good,
 But for to go along with you it is more than I could.
 Get leave of my parents and if they don't deny
 No longer you'll be titled a poor wounded boy."

Then Johnnie got leave and away he did steer
 A-plowing of the ocean without dread or fear.
 From sweet Philadelphia to fair Donegal
 He took his own Nancy in spite of them all.

Oh, now to conclude and to finish my fame
This couple got married without dread or shame,
Five thousand a year he has gained by his love,
May they still have a blessing from the great God above.

Note: Brother Lewis learned this in the lumber woods. I have never heard anyone else sing it.

The Rifle Boys



As I walked out one eve - ning, all in the month of May In
 hopes to meet my own true love I care - less - ly did stray But
 all a - long on my re - turn my love I could not see My
 heart was op - pressed. I could find no rest, For the want of lib - er - ty.

Up stepped a young drum beater with his well corded drum
 And slowly he began to beat at the setting of the sun.
 The drums did beat and rattle, the fife did play also
 Which would entice each girl so nice for her rifle boy to go.

There is a lad among the rest, he's proper neat and tall,
 The one who rules the money; there is he who rules them all.
 He has two red and rosy cheeks, two dark and rolling eyes,
 And upon my life I'll be his wife and follow the rifle boys.

Says the mother to the daughter, "What makes you talk so strange?
 You ne'er shall be a soldier's wife this wide world for to range,
 For soldiers are uncertain boys; right well you know their pay.
 How can a man support a wife on fourteen pence a day?"

Says the daughter to the mother, "What makes you run them down?
 There's many a noble young man supported by the crown,
 They sail upon the deep blue sea without a dread or fear,
 And if I can, I'll kill the man who dares oppose my dear."

Says the father to daughter, "I'll confine you to your room
 Until such times as the rifle boys they do march out of town."
 "You can bind me down for seven long weeks; one day will set me free,
 Like a true young deer, my course I'll steer my rifle boy to see.

“Three roses of black ribbon, my love, I will put on,
Three roses of black ribbon for to mourn for him who’s gone.
For Black it is for grief,” she says, “and red it is for joy.
And forevermore I will adore my charming rifle boy.”

Note: This is a song my oldest brother’s wife learned in her girlhood. I have never heard it elsewhere.

Robin Hood

The image shows two staves of musical notation in 3/4 time. The first staff contains the melody for the first line of lyrics, and the second staff contains the melody for the second line. The lyrics are: 'Twas of a ped-lar a ped-lar trim, A ped-lar trim he seemed to be. He strapped his pack all on his back, And he went link-in' o'er the lea.

He met two men, two troublesome men,
Two troublesome men they seemed to be,
And one of them was bold Robin Hood
And the other Little John so free.

“What have you there?” cried bold Robin Hood,
“What have you there, pray tell to me.”
“I have six robes of the gay green silk
And silken bowstrings two or three.”

“If you have six robes of the gay green silk
And silken bowstrings two or three,
Then, by my faith,” cried bold Robin Hood,
“One half of them belong to me.”

The pedlar he took off his pack,
He hung it low down by his knee.
“Oh, he who beats me three feet from that,
The pack and all it shall go free.”

Bold Robin Hood drew his nut-brown sword,
The pedlar he drew out his brand,
They fought until they both did sweat.
“Oh, pedlar, pedlar, stay your hand.”

“Oh, fight him master,” cried Little John,
“Oh, fight him, master, and do not flee.”
“Now, by my faith,” cried the pedlar trim,
“’Tis not either he or thee.”

“What is your name?” cried bold Robin Hood,
“What is your name, pray tell to me.”
“No, not one word,” cried the pedlar trim,
“’Till both your names you tell to me.”

“The one of us is bold Robin Hood,
The other Little John so free.”

“Oh, now I have it at my good will
Whether I’ll tell my name to thee.

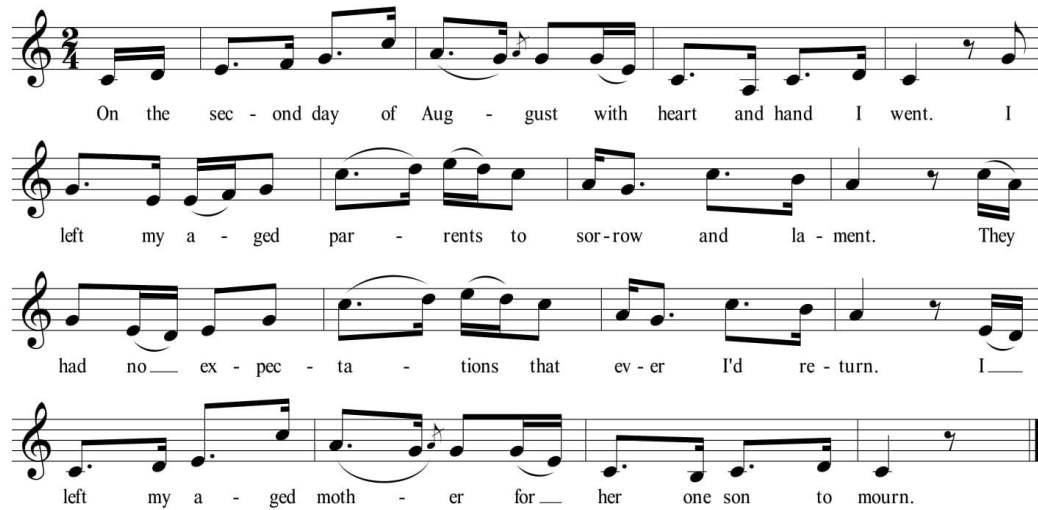
“I am Gamble Gold of the gay greenwood
Far, far beyond the raging sea.
I killed a man on my father’s land
And was forced to leave my own country.”

“If you’re Gamble Gold of the gay greenwood,
Far, far beyond the raging sea,
Then you and I are sisters’ sons,
What nearer cousins can we be?”

They sheathed their swords with friendly words
And they like brothers did agree.
Then to an ale house in the town
Where they cracked bottles merrily.

Note: This is one of twenty-three of the Robin Hood ballads brought
From Glenmorganshire, Wales, by my great-grandfather, John Davis.

The Second Day of August



On the sec - ond day of Aug - gust with heart and hand I went. I
left my a - ged par - rents to sor - row and la - ment. They
had no ex - pec - ta - tions that ev - er I'd re - turn. I
left my a - ged moth - er for her one son to mourn.

Kind friends, if you'll believe one, I am going to swear the truth,
I was well educated all in my tender youth,
Unto the cotton weaving an apprentice I was bound,
My apprenticeship I served near to Manchester town.

My apprenticeship I served and homeward I did steer,
And coming up to Belfast without a dread or fear,
In drinking wine and spending, in quarters there I stayed,
And woe be to the hour when I came to Kelaide.

Here's adieu to the County Antrim and the parish of Kelaide,
Where I first fell a-courting a lovely young maid.
She's the model of all beauty, brought up in chastity,
And few there are can equal with you, Mollie Magee.

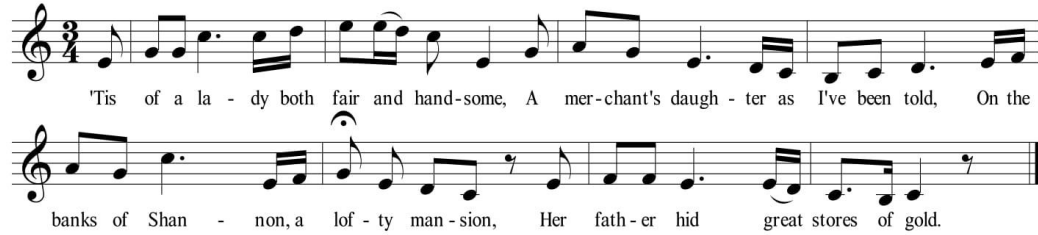
Now, Mollie, you're hard-hearted, hard-hearted and unkind.
It was your cruel parents who first changed your mind.
Had I been some Lord of France or had had great stores of coin,
Your parents had been willing with me in love to join.

Now where shall I go, wander for to find some place of rest
All for to ease the burning pain that lies within my breast?
When first I saw you, Mollie, if death had been my fate,
But ah! I see my folly, alas! when it's too late.

My ship lies in yon harbor and here I can not stay,
And I, a wounded lover, must shortly sail away.
It is for your sake, dear Mollie, that I lament full sore,
So, fare you well, sweet Ireland, may I never see you more.

Note: I never heard anyone but my father sing this song.

The Servant Man



The image shows the first two lines of musical notation for the song 'The Servant Man'. The music is written on two staves in a 3/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first line of music corresponds to the first line of lyrics, and the second line of music corresponds to the second line of lyrics.

'Tis of a la - dy both fair and hand - some, A mer - chant's daugh - ter as I've been told, On the
banks of Shan - non, a lof - ty man - sion, Her fath - er hid great stores of gold.

Her hair was black as a raven's feather,
Her form and feature describe who can,
But youth and folly belong to nature;
She fell in love with her servant man.

As Mary Ann and her love were walking,
Her father saw them and near them drew,
And when he heard the true lovers talking
Home in a passion her father flew.

Oh, when he found out their intention,
He like a lion loud did roar,
Saying, "From Ireland I will have you banished
Or with my broadsword I'll spill your gore."

To build a dungeon was his intention,
To part true lovers it was his plan.
The oaths he swore were too vile to mention,
That he'd part his daughter and servant man.

He built a dungeon of brick and mortar,
Three flights of stairs it was underground.
The food he gave her was bread and water,
The only cheer for her to be found.

Three times a day he most cruelly beat her,
Till to her father she thus began,
"I own, dear father, I have transgressed thee,
But I'll live and die for my servant man."

When Edmund found out her habitation,
It was well secured by an iron door,
He swore in spite of all the nation
He'd release his true love or be no more.

So, at his leisure he toiled with pleasure
To find releasement for his Mary Ann,
And when she saw him in the dungeon
She cried, "My faithful servant man."

She brought a suit of men's apparel
All for his true love to disguise.
"When your father sees me in the dungeon
It really will him surprise."

When the old man came with his bread and water,
He to her father thus began,
"I have freed your daughter, I own I love her.
The one at fault is your servant man."

When the old man saw him in the dungeon,
He fell a-fainting all on the floor,
Saying, "True lovers shall ne'er be parted
Since love's broke through an iron door."

Shady Grove

As I was walk - ing down the street I met a gal in red, When
I looked down at her lit - tle feet I wished my wife was dead.
Sha - dy Grove and my lit - tle love, Sha - dy Grove I know, Oh,
take me down to Sha - dy Grove, To Sha - dy Grove heigh - ho.

Sixteen hosses in that team
Draw my leaders blind
Take me down to Shady Grove
To see that gal of mine.

(Chorus)

Scraps of songs picked up in the West Virginia mountains by my youngest brother:
Shady Grove, *The Lumberman's Alphabet*, and *The Lumberman's Life*.

The Soldier Boy

Come all you fair young sol-dier boys, I pray you lend an ear It
 it a mourn-ful sto-ry I mean to let you hear. It is
 of a ten-der moth-er Who had an on-ly son Who was
 shot as a de-ser-ter, When the cru-el war was done.

The morning that I went away, she these words to me did say,
 "Tis the breaking of my very heart to see you go away,
 May God protect and guide you, don't leave me here alone,
 But send the absent soldier back to his native home."

It happened the next morning while standing in the field
 A letter was brought to me and blackened was the seal.
 I quickly broke it open, these words they met my eye,
 "Oh, come and see me, Jimmie, once more before I die."

I scarce had time to embrace her when a heavy step was heard
 And turning round to see the cause, an officer there stood.
 He says, "You cowardly rascal, now from the field you've run
 You'll be shot as a deserter when the cruel war is done."

I turned around to face him. "Take care, sir, what you say
 While my poor dying mother on her deathbed she doth lay.
 I care not if you shoot me; I can not leave her so
 Until she does recover or to her grave does go."

He called his men about him; they marched me right away
 Before I had time to defend myself or have a word to say.
 They took me to the guardhouse where thousands had been before,
 And my poor dying mother I never did see more.

The officer who took me he swore away my life
Because he wanted Mary who was going to be my wife,
Because she was so true to me, as faithful as the sun,
And was going to be a soldier's wife when the cruel war was done.

More the soldier would have said, but the officer he came.
He says, "You cowardly rascal, now from the field you've run."
He fired and shot the soldier boy; the bullet pierced his heart,
And from his own dear Mary on earth he had to part.

The officer next morning to Mary he did go,
Which proved his deep misfortune and fatal overthrow.
She says, "You've shot my soldier boy, now this shall be your bride."
And with a loaded pistol she shot him by her side.

Note: I heard my oldest brother sing this song to my mother when I was a little girl.
I have never heard it elsewhere.

The Soldier's Letter

Dear ma - dam, I'm a sol - dier boy. My speech is rough and plain. I
 write you of ___ your sol - dier boy and per - haps it will cause you pain. I
 write you now ___ this let - ter for he told me so ___ to do. It
 comes from one who loves ___ him and per - haps it will ease the blow.

From the first, you may believe, his woe he tried to hide,
 And, if you'll pardon a soldier boy, I will tell you how he died.
 I being twelve years the oldest, he always clung to me
 And often from the younger ones he sought my company.

The night before the battle, 'twas in a crowded tent,
 The boys they all were praying and many a knee was bent.
 They knew that on the morrow and ere the fight was done
 That some of those assembled there ne'er would see the set of sun.

As we walked out through the crowded tent, dear soldier boy and I,
 As we stood calmly gazing all on the clear, blue sky,
 He spoke of home so far away and friends he loved so dear.
 Now I have none to talk about, but still I like to hear.

He told me of his mother; the night he went away
 She threw her arms about his neck but could not bid him stay.
 He named his sisters one by one, and then the red flush came,
 He told me of another, but I won't recall the name.

He said, "My dearest Jimmie, should it be my lot to fall,
 Will you write and tell my mother how I loved and thought of all?"
 I promised him that I would write, didn't think 'twould be so soon,
 The battle was three days ago; he died today at noon.

The morning of the battle fast fell the shot and shell;
I was fighting close behind him and I saw him when he fell.
I picked him up quite tenderly and laid him on the grass;
I know it was 'gainst the orders, but I guess they'll let it pass.

You see, it was minnie ball that struck him in the side,
We did not think it fatal till the night before he died,
And when he found that he must go he called me to stand by,
"Tell mother that I thought of her and was not afraid to die.

"Oh, underneath my pillow you will find a lock of hair;
The name is on the paper, send it in my mother's care."
He bade farewell to comrades all, then turned away his head,
He breathed a prayer to heaven and the soldier boy was dead.

I send you back his Bible; it was his joy and pride;
We turned the leaves together just the night before he died.
I send you back his hymn book, likewise the lock of hair,
The name is on the paper; I send it in your care.

Oh, I will keep the belt he wore, for he told me so to do,
The hole is in the side just where the ball it did pass through.
And now I've done his bidding I have nothing more to tell,
But I will always mourn with you for the boy we loved so well.

Songs of Slavery Days

*Down Below, Johnnie; A Fragment; Another Fragment;
Raccoon Song*

My father, who was born in 1837, went to sea when he was eighteen years of age and followed the sea for some years. He made several voyages to the south before the war and used to tell us many stories of his experiences there. He told us how the darkies used to sing in front of their cabins in the evenings when their work was done, and how they sang while loading the vessel and kept time to the music. The following are the scraps I remember of some of the negro songs father sang.

Down Below, Johnnie

Oh I took my gun and I went a - gun-ning Down be-low and a hi yi yi. I —
took my gun and I went a gun-ning Down be - low John-nie, Down be-low John.

Chorus
Row, men, row. Down be - low and a ti yi yi.
Row, men, row. Down be - low John-nie, Down be-low John.

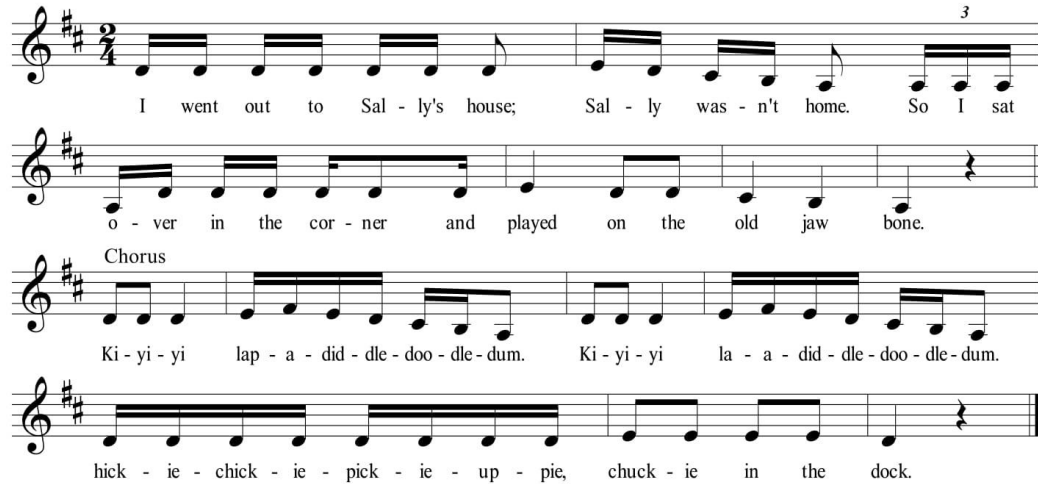
Oh, I shot a coon as he was a-running
Down below in a hi yi yi.
I shot a coon as he was a-running
Down below Johnnie, down below, John.

(Chorus)

Oh, I saw his very heart's blood a-running
Down below in a hi yi yi,
I saw his very heart's blood a-running
Down below Johnnie, down below, John.

(Chorus)

A Fragment



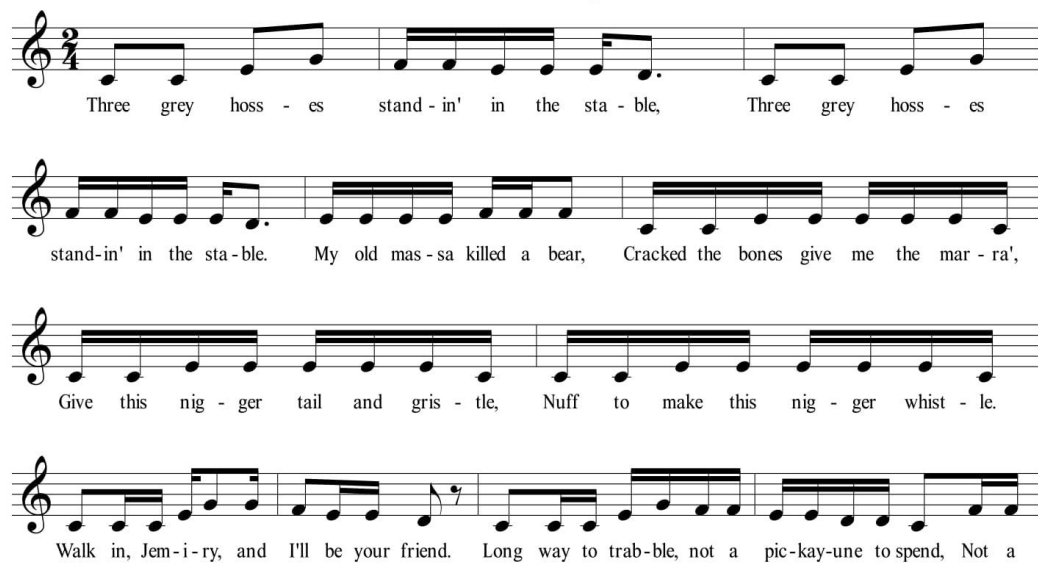
I went out to Sal - ly's house; Sal - ly was - n't home. So I sat
o - ver in the cor - ner and played on the old jaw bone.

Chorus
Ki - yi - yi lap - a - did - dle - doo - dle - dum. Ki - yi - yi la - a - did - dle - doo - dle - dum.
hick - ie - chick - ie - pick - ie - up - pie, chuck - ie in the dock.

Coon in the gum tree, possum in de holler
Show me the colored man couldn't make a dollar.

(Chorus)

Another Fragment



Three grey hoss - es stand - in' in the sta - ble, Three grey hoss - es
stand - in' in the sta - ble. My old mas - sa killed a bear, Cracked the bones give me the mar - ra',
Give this nig - ger tail and gris - tle, Nuff to make this nig - ger whist - le.
Walk in, Jem - i - ry, and I'll be your friend. Long way to trab - ble, not a pic - kay - une to spend, Not a

pic - kay - une to spend, Oh, a long way to trab - ble, not a pic - kay - une to spend.

Sheep meat am good for the colored population,
 Hog meat, daddy, eat a plenty.
 Oh, the ram, de lamb, de sheep, de mutton,
 All look out for Davey Dutton.
 Eat a whole leg of mutton, never stop to pay the footin',
 Walk in, Jemiry, and I'll be your fren',
 Long way to trabble, not a picayune to spen',
 Not a picayune to spen',
 Oh, a long way to trabble, not a picayune to spen'.

Raccoon Song

As I was a - walk - ing by the light of the moon, It's there I saw a

big rac - coon A set - tin; on a rail, oh, a - set - tin' on a

rail And a - sleep - in' ber - ry soun', I ketch dat rac - coon by de tail, I

flung him on de groun' And I beat him ber - ry soun'. Den he be -

gan to scratch and bite. I bung his eye, I spile his sight. I tell you I's de

chile to fight and play de ban - jo, too, And

play de ban - jo, too And play de ban - jo, too.

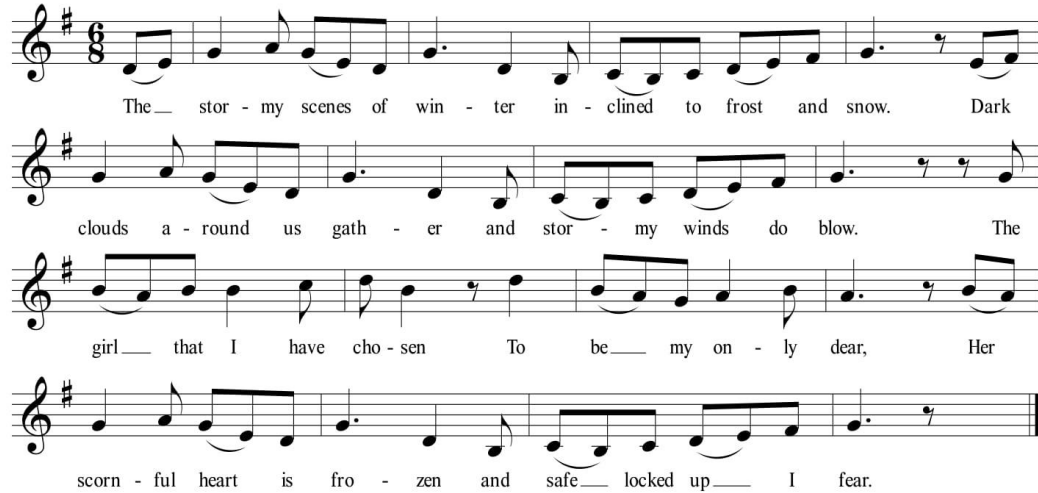
My old massa lub his gin
 De way he drink it am a sin
 Which caused him to tumble in
 A hole 'bout six foot deep,
 A hole 'bout six foot deep,
 Oh, a hole 'bout six foot deep.

My ole massa dead and gone
 A dose of pizen help him on
 De debbel sing his funeral song
 Lor' bress him, let him go.
 Lor, bress him, let him go,
 Lor, bress him, let him go.

Note: My father said that after a hard day's work the darkies would gather in front of their cabins and play the banjo and sing and dance. A favorite dance was called "Patting the Juba."

When I was a child I went with my parents to a little concert, or show, given by an old ex-slave and his family. The old man danced "Pat the Juba" to the music of the banjos and my father said it was just as he had seen the slaves dance it in "Ole Virginny" long ago. He kept perfect time to the music by slapping himself "fore and aft," as father would say. He would jump into the air and whirl around, keeping perfect time with his slapping.

The Stormy Scenes of Winter



The stor - my scenes of win - ter in - clined to frost and snow. Dark
 clouds a - round us gath - er and stor - my winds do blow. The
 girl that I have cho - sen To be my on - ly dear, Her
 scorn - ful heart is fro - zen and safe locked up I fear.

I went one night to see my love; she proved most scornfully.
 I asked her if she'd marry, she would not answer me.
 "The night it is far spent and it is near to the break of day.
 Come, love, I want an answer, come tell to me I pray."

"I tell you, sir, quite plainly, I choose a single life,
 I never thought it suiting that I should be your wife.
 I have another more suiting and it's you I'll lay one side,
 Come take this for an answer and for yourself provide."

The little birds sing sweetly all in the summer time,
 And I, too, would sing sweetly if Flora was but mine.
 Some people talk of pleasure, but there's no joy for me.
 Farewell to this world of pleasure since fortune frowned on me."

I'll steer my course to Flanders, I'll lead a single life.
 Among the bold commanders my gun shall be my wife,
 And when I do get money to some tavern I will go
 And I'll drink a health to Flora, although she answers no.

Note: "The Stormy Scenes of Winter" and "The Lily of the West" I learned from hearing my cousin Frank Spinney sing them when I was a little girl. I have heard my father say that there was a song answering "The Stormy Scenes of Winter" where the young lady relents and calls back her lover. I have never heard the song outside my own family and have never heard the answer to it.

The Sunny South

The musical score is written on three staves in a 2/4 time signature with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is simple and lyrical, with lyrics written below the notes. The lyrics are: "In the sweet sun-ny South there was peace and con - tent, Where the days of my boy - hood I qui - et - ly spent, By the wide spread-ing oak near a broad flow - ing stream, Ev - er fresh in my mem-'ry and sweet in my dreams."

I pondered awhile and I counted the cost,
I buckled on my sword and I mounted my horse,
Oh, I must away for I can no longer stand,
I am going in defense of my own native land.

Oh, father, dear father, now for me do not weep,
For all your kind advices I will forever keep.
You taught me to be loyal from a boy up to a man
Now I'm going in defense of my own native land.

Oh, mother, dear mother, now for me do not weep,
For on some lonely mountain I am longing for to sleep
With my knapsack for a pillow and my rifle in my hand,
I am going in defense of my own native land.

My sister looked sad when she saw me depart,
My mother embraced me with anguish in her heart.
They wept when we parted, but asked me not to stay;
I gave them my hand and I hastened away.

My dear and loving sweetheart, the girl I love the best,
In sorrow and anguish she pressed me to her breast,
"Oh, you must away for you can no longer stand,
You must go in defense of your own native land."

Sweet Caroline

As I walked out one mor - ning fair, To
view the scene and to take the air, I heard a young man
sigh and say, "I've lost my own dear jew - el."

"Sweet Caroline was my true love's name,
The pride and beauty of the plain,
You ne'er could find so fair a dame
To search this wide world over.

"My love and I we did agree
That married we would surely be
As soon as I returned from sea
To close that solemn bargain.

"But before I had returned again
Grim death it had my true love slain,
The pride and beauty of the plain
In her cold grave lay slumbering.

"Come, all young men who drink brown ale,
Come pay the reckoning on the nail;
A man in debt must go to jail,
So, I must die a-mourning."

Note: I never heard anyone sing this except my father. As he only sang it when he had been thinking and talking of his boyhood, I have an idea that he learned it from his mother.

The Tarry Sailor



Once I court - ed a pret - ty fair maid - en Think - ing that she would be my own. Ma - ny rich
pres - ents I gave un - to her The truth to you I will make known.

A chain of gold I gave unto her,
Around her neck it hangs in view.
But, "Begone, begone, you tarry sailor,
I can find better men than you."

Oh, then I went to her scornful mother,
Thinking that she would be my friend,
But she proved more cruel than her daughter
And for an officer did send.

She swore that I had wronged her daughter
And punishment I should endure,
Put me in prison on bread and water
For fourteen long months and more.

When I got free, I sought the foaming ocean,
Where bounding billows loud do roar,
Bidding adieu to all friends and comrades,
Likewise to the fair one I did adore.

This fair one got married in a short time after
To one of the richest in all that town,
But he did not in the least regard her;
It soon brought her proud spirit down.

When I got back from the foaming ocean
I met her in the street one day,
Poor thing, she being in a sad condition
And I being in a prosperous way.

Oh, when she saw me she fell a-weeping,
She fell a-weeping and thus did say,
"Oh, once I had your heart's fond keeping
But now it's turned another way."

Oh, now come, all you pretty fair maidens,
Be careful how you treat young sailors gay,
For many a dark and dismal morning
Brings forth a bright and sunny day.

Note: I never have heard this song sung outside of my own family.

The Tempest

Cease rude Bor - eas blus - t'ring rail - ers List ye lands - men all to
me. Mess-mates, hear a broth-er sai - lor Sing the dan - gers of the sea.
Second Verse
From bound - ing bil-lows, Un-to the tem - pes - tuous troub - led o - cean.

From bounding billows first in motion,
Where the distant whirlwinds rise,
Unto the tempestuous troubled ocean,
Where the seas contend with skies.

Now don't you hear the bos'n calling,
"By topsail sheets and halyards stand.
Down top gallants quick be hauling,
Down your stay sails hand, boys, hand."

Now she freshes, set the braces,
The lee topsail sheets let go,
Luff, boys, luff. Don't make wry faces,
Up your topsails nimbly clew."

Now you all on down beds sporting,
Safely locked in beauty's arms,
Fresh enjoyments, wonton courting,
Free from all but love's alarms,

Whilst round us roars the tempest louder.
Think what fear our mind enthalls.
Harder yet it still blows harder;
Hark! once more the bos'n calls.

"Your topsails' yards point to the wind, boys,
See all's clear to reef each course.
Let the foresheet go. Don't mind, boys,
Though the weather should be worse."

Oh, don't you hear the thunder's roaring
Peal on peal contending clash?
Whilst on our heads fierce rain falls pouring
And in our eyes blue lightnings flash.

Whilst all around us one dark water;
All above us one dark sky.
Different deaths at once surround us.
Hark! What means that dreadful cry?

"The foremast's gone!" cried every tongue out,
Whilst on the lee twelve feet 'bove deck
A leak beneath the chest tree's sprung out,
Call hands to clear the wreck.

"Quick, the lanyard's cut to pieces.
Come, my hearties stout and bold,
Plumb the well; the leak increases;
Four feet of water in the hold!

Whilst o'er the ship the waves are beating,
We, our wives and children mourn.
Alas! From hence there's no retreating,
Alas! To them there's no return.

Still the leak is gaining on us,
Both chain pumps are choked below,
Heaven have mercy here upon us,
Only this can help us now.

O'er the lee beam is the land, boys,
Let the guns o'er board be thrown,
To the pumps call every hand, boys,
See, our mizzen mast is gone.

The leak we've found, it can not pour fast,
We've lightened her a foot or more.
Up and rig a jury foremast,
She rights! She rights! Boys, we're off shore!

Note: I can remember hearing my father sing this song ever since I can remember, and something in the way he sang it always gripped me and made feel the tragedy of it even before I was old enough to understand the meaning of it all. My sister says it always made her feel the same way. He would sit gazing into space, or out of the window, with a far away expression in his eyes. I have often wondered if while singing this song he was not reliving a terrific storm at sea, the worst he ever experienced.


He was sailing as Able Seaman on board a sailing vessel, and as he was an extra good helmsman the captain asked him if he could take a second trick at the wheel, for the man who was to take his place at the helm had been taken sick and had to go below. If I remember, a trick at the wheel meant standing at the helm and steering the vessel for four hours, when another man would take it for four hours. So, for eight consecutive hours my father steered the vessel with the lightning dancing up and down the spokes of the wheel as he held it, on the railings around the deck and on the waves in front of him. He said the lightning was blue. When he was relieved, he went below and threw himself face down, and to use his own words he was stone blind for a fortnight.

Mother said that for years after they were married he would throw himself down on a bed or couch during an electrical storm because of the severe pain in his eyes, and ever since I can remember his eyes would pain and the flesh seem to puff up around them every time there was a thunder storm.

Thyme



When I was young and in my prime, I flour-ished like a vine. There came a-long a—



young man and stole a-way my thyme, thyme, and stole a-way my thyme.

Come, all you pretty fair maids
Who flourish in your prime,
Be sure to keep your garden clear,
Let no man steal your thyme, thyme,
Let no man steal your thyme.

Note: This is all I ever heard my father sing of this song. I heard him sing it when he was an old man over seventy, and he sang it to my sister and me.

The Tree

The tree grew in the gar-den. And on that tree there was — a limb,
Fine limb, a ve-ry pret-ty limb, the limb was on the tree, and the tree grew in the gar-den.

And on that limb there was a nest,
Fine nest, a very pretty nest.
The nest was on the limb
And the limb was on the tree
And the tree grew in the garden.

And in that nest there was an egg,
Fine egg, a very pretty egg.
The egg was in the nest
And the nest was on the limb
And the limb was on the tree
And the tree grew in the garden.

And in that egg there was a yolk,
Fine yolk, a very pretty yolk.
The yolk was in the egg
And the egg was in the nest
And the nest was on the limb
And the limb was on the tree
And the tree grew in the garden.

And in that yolk there was a bird,
Fine bird, a very pretty bird.
The bird was in the yolk
And the yolk was in the egg
And the egg was in the nest
And the nest was on the limb
And the limb was on the tree
And the tree grew in the garden.

And on that bird there was a wing,
Fine wing, a very pretty wing.
The wing was on the bird
And the bird was in the yolk
And the yolk was in the egg
And the egg was in the nest
And the nest was on the limb
And the limb was on the tree
And the tree grew in the garden.

And on that wing there was a feather,
Fine feather, a very pretty feather.
The feather was on the wing
And the wing was on the bird
And the bird was in the yolk
And the yolk was in the egg
And the egg was in the nest
And the nest was on the limb
And the limb was on the tree
And the tree grew in the garden.

Note: My oldest sister heard this song sung by a young Swede in Massachusetts over fifty years ago.

Van Dieman's Land

Come all you brave young hunts - men, I warn you to be - ware. When -
 e're you go a - hunt - ing take your dog, your gun, your snare, For
 lof - ty hills and moun - tains may be at your com - mand, You
 may be ta - ken pris - 'ner, sent to Van Die - man's Land.

There was poor John Brown of Galway town, Pat Murphy and poor Joe,
 Three of as noble seamen as ever you did know.
 Till they were taken prisoner by the keeper of their land
 And for seven long years transported unto Van Dieman's Land.

We have a maid on board our ship, Jane Seymour was her name,
 From Dublin she was transported for the playing of a game.
 The captain fell in love with her; he married her out of hand.
 She gave us the best of treatment going to Van Dieman's Land.

The place we had to land upon was a far-off country shore,
 The natives gathered round us, a full five hundred score,
 They yoked us up like oxen and sold us out of hand,
 And they tackled us to the plow, my boys, to plow Van Dieman's Land.

The place we had to sleep upon was built of mud and clay
 With only a bundle of straw, my boys; a word we dare not say.
 With flaming fires around us, now slumber if you can,
 To keep snakes and tigers from us, down in Van Dieman's Land.

Last night as I lay on my bed I dreamed a pleasant dream.
 I dreamed I was in old Ireland, down by a purling stream.
 A pretty fair maid sat beside me and she on my right hand,
 I woke up broken-hearted; I was in Van Dieman's Land.

Note: This song was sung by Aunt Mary's son George.

Van Dieman's Land, now Tasmania, was an auxiliary penal station under New South Wales. It is an island in the southern ocean one hundred miles south of Australia. The first settlement was made in eighteen hundred three by a guard with a body of convicts. In eighteen hundred twenty-five it became a separate province.

The Warfare is Raging

The musical score is written on three staves in a single system. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 3/4 time signature. The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are: "The war - fare is rag - ing and my love you must fight. I want to be—". The second staff continues the melody with a triplet of eighth notes. The lyrics are: "with you by— day and by night, To part from my true love it— grieves my heart". The third staff shows a change in time signature to 4/4, then back to 3/4. The lyrics are: "so. Now can't I go a-long with you?" "Oh no, my love, no." The piece ends with a double bar line.

"The war - fare is rag - ing and my love you must fight. I want to be—

with you by— day and by night, To part from my true love it— grieves my heart

so. Now can't I go a-long with you?" "Oh no, my love, no."

"Now can't I go along with you, my fortune to try?
You'll want for no lodging that money can buy.
I'll stand at your quarter and my duty, love, I'll do.
Now can't I go along with you?" "Oh no, my love, no."

"Blue trousers and jacket, my love, I'll put on.
I'll act as your servant as we march along;
I'll roach back my hair and I'll boldly face the foe.
Now can't I go along with you?" "Oh no, my love, no."

Note: This is a fragment of a song my oldest brother learned in his boyhood from a singer long since dead. He was always hoping to find some one who knew it but he never did.

When Jones's Ale Was New

There were three jol - ly trades - men went out to spend an eve - ning. Went
 out to spend an eve - ning, a jo - vial hap - py crew. They called for a drink in a
 hur - ry That o'er it they might be mer - ry, That o'er it they might be
 mer - ry. When Jones' ale was new, my boys, when Jones' ale was new.

There soon came in a hatter
 Who asked what was the matter.
 He scorned to drink cold water
 Among that jovial crew.
 He dashed his hat upon the ground,
 Said every man must drink a crown.
 The company drank his health around,
 When Jones's ale was new, my boys,
 When Jones's ale was new.

In came a jolly mason,
 His hammer to put a face on,
 What man could be more decent
 Amongst that jovial crew?
 He dashed his trowel against the wall
 And wished the church and tower would fall,
 Whereby all masons would get call,
 When Jones's ale was new, my boys,
 When Jones's ale was new.

The next to come in was a farmer,
 His hoe upon his shoulder,
 And what man could be bolder
 Amongst that jovial crew?
 He told the landlord to his face
 He ne'er would quit the fireplace,
 That he would live and die in peace,
 When Jones's ale was new, my boys,
 When Jones's ale was new.

There next came in a soldier,
No captain e'er looked bolder,
His gun on his right shoulder
His good broad sword he drew.
"The French," quoth he, "are feared to fight,
They know we keep our bayonets bright,
So we will spend a jovial night,
When Jones's ale was new, brave boys,
When Jones's ale was new.

Next came a tailor nimble
With lapboard, shears and thimble,
And oh, how he did tremble
Amongst that jovial crew.
They made him pay for drink and smoke
Until poor snip was fairly broke,
And he was forced to pawn his cloak,
When Jones's ale was new, brave boys,
When Jones's ale was new.

There next came in a tinker
Who was no small beer drinker.
He scorned to be a trinker
Amongst that jovial crew.
He had rivets made of metal
For to mend each broken kettle,
For what he drank he swore he'd settle,
When Jones's ale was new, brave boys,
When Jones's ale was new.

Last came in a ragman wary,
His rag bags he did carry,
And he sought to be merry
Amongst that jovial crew.
He threw his wallets on the ground,
Said he would pay for drinks a crown.
They drank his health right merrily round
When Jones's ale was new, brave boys,
When Jones's ale was new.

The ale was aye improving,
None ever thought of moving;
The longer they sat boozing
The greater friends they grew.
They drank each man full glasses
Till they were drunk as asses,
And the rag bags burned to ashes,
When Jones's ale was new, brave boys,
When Jones's ale was new.

Note: My father used to hear this song sung when he was a boy. He could not remember how all the verses rhymed, but he remembered the story of each one and a few of the verses. I found the song in a book several years ago, and the verses father could not remember I copied from the book as the story was the same. It is so long ago that I forget the name of the book.

The Wild Barbaree

Two — lof - ty ships of Eng - land set — sail. Blow
 high, Blow — low. and — so sail - ed we. And —
 one was Prince of Lu - ther and the oth - er Prince of Wales, Cruis - ing
 down a - round the coast of the Wild Bar - ba - rec.

Look ahead, look astern, look to wind'ard and to lee,
 Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we.
 There's a lofty ship astern and for us she does make way,
 Cruising down round the coast of the Wild Barbaree.

"Oh, hail her! Oh, hail her!" our gallant captain cries,
 Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we.
 "Are you a man-o-war or a privateer?" said he,
 "Cruising down round the coast of the Wild Barbaree."

"I am neither man-o-war nor a privateer," said he,
 Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we,
 "But I am a saucy pirate a-seeking for my fee
 Cruising down round the coast of the Wild Barbaree."

Then broadside for broadside these two ships did go,
 Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we,
 Till at length the Prince of Luther shot the pirate's mast away,
 Cruising down round the coast of the Wild Barbaree.

For quarter, for quarter the pirate captain cried,
 Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we.
 But the quarter that we gave them was to sink them in the sea,
 Cruising down round the coast of the Wild Barbaree.

We fought them for better than three hours as you see,
 Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we,
 But their ship it was their coffin and their grave it was the sea,
 Cruising down round the coast of the Wild Barbaree.

The Wild Colonial Boy

'Tis of a wild Co-lon-ial boy. Jack Dow-lin was his name. Of
 poor but hon-est par-ents, brought up in Cas-tle, Maine. He
 was his fath-er's on-ly hope and his moth-er's on-ly joy. The
 pride of all the neigh-bor hood was the wild Co-lon-ial boy.

It was at the age of sixteen Jack began his wild career,
 He had an arm that knew no pain and a heart that knew no fear.
 He robbed the mail coach at Fort Beach, likewise Judge McAvoy
 With a trembling hand passed out the cash to the wild Colonial boy.

As Jack walked out one morning all in the month of spring
 To view the pleasant landscape and hear the sweet birds sing,
 He met three mounted troopers, Kelly, Davis and Malloy,
 They all set out to capture the wild Colonial boy.

“Surrender now, Jack Dowlin, for there are three to one.
 Surrender in the Queen’s name, you outlawed, plundering one.”
 Jack pulled a pistol from his belt, a tiny little toy,
 “I’ll fight, but I’ll not surrender,” cries the wild Colonial boy.

He fired at the first one, brought Kelly to the ground,
 He fired at the second one and gave him his death wound,
 He fired at the third one and left him there to die,
 And it was by murder they captured the wild Colonial boy.

The Wild River Tragedy

The musical score is written on three staves in a treble clef, 6/8 time signature, and a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). The melody is simple and expressive, with lyrics written below the notes. The lyrics are: "Hear the mourn - ful ti - dings sound, See the or - phans weep - ing round, Fa - ther, mo - ther, where are they? In one mo - ment snatched a - way, From our fond em - brace have gone, Ne - ver, ne - ver to re - turn."

Father, we were children three
With our hearts bound up in thee.
How you'd smile to see us play
Around your knees from day to day;
Little did our youthful hearts
Think that we so soon must part.

Happy days and years have been.
Fondly you loved mother then;
How she sweetly on you smiled,
How for her and us you toiled.
Blissful season, happy time,
But a killing frost has come.

Tell us, father, why did you
Such a deed of murder do?
Tell us, till your latest breath,
Till your eyes are closed death,
Every dark heart's rending woe
You were called to undergo.

Yes, I'll tell you children dear
All my grief and sorrow here,
Why I take away my life
And with me must die my wife.
Worthley, did he longer wait,
Would have shared our awful fate.

In the autumn of last year
Samuel Worthley did appear,
Clothed in smiles and rich array,
Kind and social every way.
His approach I hailed with joy
And I worked in his employ.

Like the lark, at early dawn
I resumed my work each morn
Happy with a lovely wife,
Enjoying all the sweets of life,
But by fate I'm doomed to meet
Bitterness for every sweet.

Must I tell my tale of woe?
Worthley intimate did grow
With the only one I love,
Whose vows are registered above.
Willingly my wife complies
Severing all my earthly ties.

She began with him to ride,
Smiled and chatted by his side;
Innocent they seemed to be,
All the time 'twas killing me.
Oh, what pangs I did endure
Till suspicions all were sure.

Down to Bethel Hill they went,
At a ball the evening spent.
They returned late in the night,
In the kitchen struck a light;
From my bed I then arose
To the kitchen window goes.

Through the casement I could view
Everything that they could do,
How he hugged her to his breast,
On her lips sweet kisses pressed.
Smilingly she did remain
Hugged, and kissing back again.

To the kitchen then I went
Further conduct to prevent.
"Wife," said I, "what can this mean?
Such vile conduct is obscene."
"Clear, you sneaking scamp," said she,
"You are always watching me."

Jealous frenzy surged on me,
Worthley's murderer I must be;
Well I learned during the day
On the bed which side he lay;
Through the glass a drill I run
Through the pane to point my gun.

But that gloomy afternoon
Down to Bethel he had gone.
He did not return that day,
To New York he took his way,
Thus, by chance, his life did save
From a dark, untimely grave.

Soon a trunk to Bethel came,
On the lid was marked my name.
Latham brought the trunk to me,
In my hand he placed the key;
Where no other one could see
I unlocked the mystery.

Children's clothing there I found
Suited to my children round,
Underneath a letter lay
Snugly sealed in every way.
Soon I broke the seal and read,
"Mrs. Freeman, I will wed.

"Come, my love, oh, come away
To New York without delay,
You and children quickly come;
I'll provide a splendid home.
You my loving bride will be,
I will live and worship thee."

Here despair had seized my soul,
Grief and horror filled my bowl,
All my hopes did here impart,
Blood was curdling round my heart,
Frozen up was every vein.
Oh, my agony and pain!

Oh, my God! I'm left alone
And shall stand before God's throne.
Ere tomorrow's sun shall rise
We will meet you in the skies;
I cannot my wife resign,
But must take her life and mine.

I prepared the deed to do
With my gun and razor, too.
When night's mantle o'er was spread,
She lay slumbering on her bed;
I approached her couch of rest,
Aimed to shoot her in the breast.

When I fired I quickly run,
Loaded up again my gun,
Fired it off myself to kill,
Found myself yet living still.
This is all I here can tell,
Lovely children, fare you well.

Freeman's body soon was found
On the widow Lary's ground.
What a scene did there appear!
Throat being cut from ear to ear.
Long we looked with sad affright
Viewing such a horrid sight.

Mrs. Freeman yet did live
Her fond husband to forgive.
"What a guilty wretch am I,
Well I now deserve to die;
Worthley innocent has been,
James and I had laid the plan.

"Oh, my brother, could you know
All the pangs I undergo,
Laid upon this bed of death
Soon to yield my vital breath,
Mind and body. Oh, what pain!
All my future hopes in vain.

"You and I have been combined,
You have led my willing mind
From the path of rectitude;
Now I seal it with my blood.
I must die, but you will live.
James, repent; I will forgive."

For twelve long hours she did remain
In great agony and pain.
Then resigned her vital breath
To the hand of potent death,
Crying, "Shun that dark abyss
Which has led me on to this."

Note: This song was written about a real tragedy that happened many years ago. Charles Freeman of Gilead, Maine, shot his wife and then killed himself on the Morning of July 11, 1851. The song, I am told, was written by Orrison Drake. The circumstances were just as they are described in the song: one of Mrs. Freeman's brothers was in sympathy with the husband, while the other, James, urged her to encourage Worthley.

My brother, Jim Spinney, sang the song.

William and Mary

As Wil-liam and Ma - ry stood by the sea-side Their last fare-well for to take. A -
 sigh - ing and say - ing, "If you nev - er re - turn A - las my poor heart it will break." "Fear
 noth - ing, dear maid," young Wil - liam he said As he pressed the fair maid to his side, "For
 me do not mourn for when I re - turn I will make lit - tle Ma - ry my bride.

When six years had passed and no news, at last
 As she stood by her own cottage door,
 A beggar came by with a patch on his eye,
 He was lame and did pity implore.
 "If your charity you'll bestow upon me,
 I will tell you your fortune," he cried,
 "If the lad whom you mourn will ever return
 To make little Mary his bride."

Oh, then said she, "If you will tell me,
 It is all that I have I will give,
 If what you tell me you tell me true.
 Oh, say does my William live?"
 "He lives and," says he, "in great poverty,
 All shipwrecked and worn beside.
 He'll return no more, because he is poor,
 To make little Mary his bride."

"Heaven knows," she cries, "all the joy that I feel,
 While yet his misfortune I mourn.
 He is welcome to me in his great poverty
 With his blue jacket tattered and torn,
 For I love him so dear, so true and sincere,
 And no other, I swear it, beside.
 For if in riches he rolled or was covered in gold
 He would make little Mary his bride."

Then the beggar threw by the patch from his eye,
His old clothes and crutches beside,
In a suit of new clothes and his cheek like the rose,
It was William stood by Mary's side.
"Forgive me, dear maid," young William he said,
"It was but your true love that I tried."
So to church away without further delay
And he made little Mary his bride.

Willie

The musical score for 'Willie' is written in treble clef. It begins in 3/4 time and changes to 4/4 time for the second line, then returns to 3/4 time for the final line. The lyrics are: Oh last Thurs-day morn-ing while play-ing at ball, I met my dear Wil-lie, the fair-est of them all. I asked him to take a walk with me a piece down the road. I'd show him my fath-er's gar-den and the place of my a-bode.

“There’s a tree in my father’s garden, dear Willie,” said she,
Where my young men and maidens they wait upon me.
When my young men and maidens are at their own silent rest,
Meet me there, my dearest Willie; you’re the lad I love best.”

Now when her old father the truth came to know
He swore to prove his downfall and fatal overthrow.
Her father lay in ambush this deed for to do
And with a rusty broad sword he pierced her love through.

“Oh, father, dearest father, is this your good will
The blood of my own precious Willie to spill?”
She threw herself down on the ground where he lay,
“May the heavens shine upon him; he’s my own darling boy.”

Oh, the grave it was made ready and Willie laid in.
“Oh, Willie, dear Willie, you’re the joy of my soul.
Oh, I’ll go away to some far country
Where there I know no one and no one knows me.

“Oh, green grows the rushes and the tops of them small,
But love is a root that will conquer them all.
Oh, love is a burden like a load on my breast
And the grave it is the first place I expect to find rest.”

The Wind Sou'west

You gen - tle - men of Eng - land far and near Who live at ease far
 from all care. It's lit - tle do you think and lit - tle do you
 know What we poor sea - men un - der - go, With the wind sou' -
 west and the dis - mal sky, The ruf - fling seas rolled moun - tains high.

On the second day of April, 'twas on that day
 Our captain called us all away.
 He took us from our native shore
 While the wind sou'west and loud did roar
 With the wind sou'west and a dismal sky
 And the ruffling seas rolled mountains high.

On the fifth day of April, 'twas on that day,
 When we spied land on the loward lay.
 We saw three ships to the bottom go
 While we, poor souls, tossed to and fro,
 With the wind sou'west and a dismal sky,
 While the ruffling seas rolled mountains high.

On the sixth day of April, 'twas on that day,
 When our captain and foremast washed away.
 Our mast being gone, the ship sprang aleak,
 And we thought we should sink in the watery deep,
 With the wind sou'west and a dismal sky,
 And the ruffling seas rolled mountains high.

The second mate and eighteen more
Got into the longboat and rowed for shore,
But what must it have been for their poor wives
A-losing their husbands' precious lives
With the wind sou'west and a dismal sky,
While the ruffling seas rolled mountains high?

On the seventh day of April, 'twas on that day
When we arrived in Plymouth Bay,
What a dismal tale had we for to tell
Of how we acted in that gale,
With the wind sou'west and a dismal sky,
And the ruffling seas rolled mountains high.

Young Edmund

Come all young men and maidens, and listen to my song. While
 I relate concerning gold which has led to many a wrong. Young
 Emily was a servant girl who loved a sailor bold. 'Twas
 all for gain he plowed the main so I have oft been told.

Oh, many a year has passed and gone since Edmund was at home.
 Young Edmund came to see his love when she was all alone,
 Young Edmund came to Emily's house, his gold all for to show,
 That he had gained while on the main all on the lowlands low.

"My father keeps a public house down by the rolling main.
 Now you go there and enter in and there all night remain,
 I will meet you in the morning; don't let my parents know
 That your name it is young Edmund all on the lowlands low."

As Edmund sat a-smoking before he went to bed,
 'Twas little he knew the sorrow so soon to crown his head.
 'Twas Emily's own father who struck the fatal blow
 And sent young Edmund floating all on the lowlands low.

Young Emily in her bedchamber she dreamed a horrid dream,
 She dreamed she saw her true love a-floating in a stream.
 She rose up in the morning; to her father's house did go
 Inquiring for young Edmund who plowed the lowlands low.

“Oh, father, where is the stranger came here last night to dwell?”
“He’s murdered,” said her father, “and you no tales must tell.”
“Oh, cruel-hearted father, you’ll die a public show
For murdering of young Edmund who plowed the lowlands low.”

She went unto the squire and her story she made known.
They took him to the justice, his trial it came on.
The verdict was against and he was hanged also
For the murdering of young Edmund who plowed the lowlands low.

Young Matt Ilan

There was a lord lived in the north Who had one fair and come - ly daugh-ter. She
 fell in love with a young man, He was a ser - vant to her fath-er. But
 when the old man came to know, He swore that he would quit that is-land. The
 la - dy cries, "My heart will break ___ if I must part from young Matt I - lan."

One night he discussed his lady fair
 All in her silent, lonely chamber.
 Saying, "Matt Ilan I'll transport:
 I fear my child she stands in danger."
 His daughter she in ambush lay;
 Oppressed with grief, she went off smiling,
 Saying, "My father I'll deceive,
 I will protect my young Matt Ilan."

Then to his room straightway she went
 Desiring him for to awaken,
 Saying, "Rise, my love, and go your way
 Or else I fear you will be taken.
 This night I heard my father say
 In spite of fate he would transport you.
 So, go your way before it is day,
 You know, my love, that I do adore you."

She sat her down on his bedside
 For about the space of half an hour,
 And every word her true love spoke
 The tears down from her eyes did pour.
 Her arms about his neck she threw,
 His arms about her waist he twined them.
 "No lord nor earl will e'er I wed,
 My heart will go with you, Matt Ilan."

“And must I go away?” he said,
 “Just like some poor, forlorn ranger,
And leave my service in distress,
 And must I go without my wages?”
“Oh, here are fifty pounds,” she says,
 “’Tis more than all my father owed you,
So now away before it is day,
 And I wish, my love, I had gone before you.”

Then after that came many a lord,
 And many an earl to court this lady.
‘Twas all in vain, it was all no use;
 No lord nor earl could gain her favor.
Her father asked the reason why,
 At which his daughter plainly told him
“No lord nor earl will e’er I wed.
 My heart has gone with young Matt Ilan.”

Oh, then up speaks her father dear,
 Saying, “I did not know how dear you loved him.
Now, I will bring young Ilan home,
 Since none there are you adore above him.”
A letter then she wrote straightway,
 Her heart to him it was inclining.
So, to church away without delay,
 And she made a lord of young Matt Ilan.

Note: I have never heard anyone but my father sing this song, and he said he never heard anyone sing it but the man from whom he learned it. It is so long ago that I can't be sure, but I think the singer was a man from New Brunswick whose name was Davidson.

The Young Sailor Bold

'Tis of a fair la - dy in Lon - don did dwell. For
wealth and for beau - ty few could her ex - cel; She had
ma - ny fine jew - els and great stores of gold, When
she fell in love with a young sai - lor bold.

Now when her old father the truth came to know
He swore to prove his ruin and fatal overthrow,
"Though he was the bravest sailor that ever crossed the sea,
Before tomorrow morning his butcher I'll be."

Now when this fair damsel heard her father say so
Her heart was overwhelmed with sorrow and woe.
She said, "If my sweetheart I once more could see,
I would warn him of the danger that threatens so near."

In a sailor's apparel she dressed herself complete,
She dressed just like a sailor from her head to her feet.
With pumps all on her feet and a cane in her hand,
She walked down the street like a sailor so grand.

She met her old father as she walked down the strand.
He mistook her for Willie, saying, "You are the man."
A sword from his side he instantly drew
And he pierced the body of his daughter quite through.

Oh, when he saw his daughter lying dead at his feet
He wrung his hands in anguish, his grief it was complete.
"Oh heavens!" he cried, "and what have I done?
Oh alas, I've killed the flower of fair London town!"

When he found that from his daughter in this life he must part,
He leaned all on his sword till it pierced him to the heart.
"Forgive me," he cried with his last dying breath,
And he closed his eyes in the cold arms of death.

Now when this young sailor the truth came to know,
His heart it was broken with sorrow and woe.
So, father and daughter and sailor so bold
Met an untimely death through the cursed love of gold.

Young Thing So Free With Her Smile

Come all you good friends, now I pray you at-tend At - ten-tion please give to a bit of ad-vice. If_

you will at-tend to an old stea-dy friend, I will tell you what hap-pened all in my short life. Now

some folks for gain, they will wed an old dame, And no mat-ter wheth-er she's gen-tle or wild. But

now as for me, there is no one I see To com-pare with that young thing so free with her smile.

I courted a lass with a handful of brass,
 A sweet tongue she had and could wag it in style,
 Her hair was like silk and her skin was like milk,
 Her cheeks were like roses, her lips wore a smile,
 The sheen on her hair, sure there's none could compare,
 Her blue eyes so merry my heart did beguile,
 And though scarcely nineteen she would dress like a queen,
 I'd wed none but the young thing so free with her smile.

But at length I did spy an old hag with one eye,
 She'd a beard on her chin and was wanting a nose.
 By her friends I was told she had handfuls of gold,
 She'd a house and a pig and chest full of clothes.
 Then says I to myself, "You're a poor silly elf
 To let a chance pass to be wedded in style."
 And to my grief and shame, sure I wed the old dame,
 Bid adieu to that young thing so free with her smile.

But her gold it did go like the May morning snow
 And her house being shabby, it fell with the rain;
 And her pig it did die one night in his sty,
 And her clothes by accident went with the flame.
 Before three days had passed, sure I wished 'twas the last
 And the sight of her nose, sure it crowned all my woes,
 And with grief and vexation I'd sit down and cry.

I am left, don't you see, like a bird in a tree
 When the leaves are blown off by the October wind.
Let all mortals born sit and laugh me to scorn,
 For I'm seeking for comfort and none can I find.
I am left in the lurch like a rat in a church,
 With grief and vexation my blood it does boil,
And if I had a knife, sure I'd end my sweet life
 When I think of that young thing so free with her smile.

I've paid dear for my folly in wedding old Mollie,
 I would sooner be kilt on the banks of the Nile
Or slain on the plain like a soldier in Spain
 When I think of that young thing so free with her smile.
For if I was in grief, sure she'd lend me relief,
 And if I was weary she would ease my sad toil.
All my days I will spend till my life it does end
 In grief for that young thing so free with her smile.

Note: My older brothers sang this song and I think they learned it in the lumber camp. The four middle lines in the second verse were added by me to make sense. My brother Anson said he had never heard the whole of that verse sung. I never heard anyone sing it except my brothers.

Appendix II

Complete Transcription of “The Maine Manuscript”

Disclaimer

The following transcription of *The Maine Manuscript* is meant to serve a complete transcription of the manuscript as delivered to Julie Savas from the Maine Federation of Folk Song. Grover typed her notes and the lyrics, but Fred Hill handwrote the melodies, with first verse lyrics, and taped them on to the manuscript. I tried to remain as faithful as possible to Hill's transcription except where there was question about meter, text underlay, or lyric usage. Because it is a complete transcription, I have tried to stay faithful to the page formatting of the manuscript: the songs are in the same order; most items are on the same page as they were in the manuscript; some mistakes from the manuscript are included in the transcription.

The Mother Songs and Father Songs are subdivided into two sections, each with its own table of contents as provided in the manuscript. At the end of the Mother Songs, the reader will find a record of a couple of correspondences between Grover, Hill, and the Maine Federation of Folk Song.

The reader should be aware that this is a record of a historical document. As such, some of the music contains ideas or language considered inappropriate compared to modern sensibilities. The reader should view these songs within their historical context as often provided in the personal notes from Carrie Grover. When using these pieces, a performer may adapt or alter the lyrics as needed.

The Maine Manuscript

Carrie B. Grover

Tunes originally transcribed by Fred Lincoln Hill

Edited by Steve Danielson

2019

Birthdates of my [*Carrie Grover's*] Grandfather's Family

Sarah J. Long – Aug [29] – 1827 – Born on my Grandfather's 19th Birthday ¹

William J. Long – Dec 27 – 1829

Catherine Long – April 12 – 1832

John Long – June 24 – 1834

Lucy Long – Mar. 3 – 1838

Eliza Mary Long – Nov. 18 – 1840

James Long – Sept. 21 – 1840

George Long – Feb. 20 – 1846

Robert Long – Feb. 23 – 1847

David Long – July 18 – 1849

Thomas Long – Jan 27 – 1852

My brother Anson Long – Born April 1859

Marriage date of my father and mother

Jan 15th, 1863 at Wolfville, Nova Scotia

My Grandfather Long had eight² sisters –

One who was grandfather's favorite was named Catherine and married a man by the name of Taylor

One whose name I do not know married and Eldridge

One I always heard spoken of as Aunt Jinnie Hinds

The other one married a man by the name of King.

¹ Her grandfather John Long was born on August 29, 1809 which would make Sarah J. Long actually born on his 18th Birthday.

² In the manuscript, she originally wrote 'four', but crossed it out and wrote 'eight.' She possibly learned of four other sisters after writing this description.

Early Memories and Mother's Songs

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³ Items in *italics* were added to the MM table of contents, as well as the page numbers.

Early Memories

I was born in a little farming community in Nova Scotia in the year 1879, and there I lived till I was twelve years old, when I came, with my family, to make my home in the State of Maine.

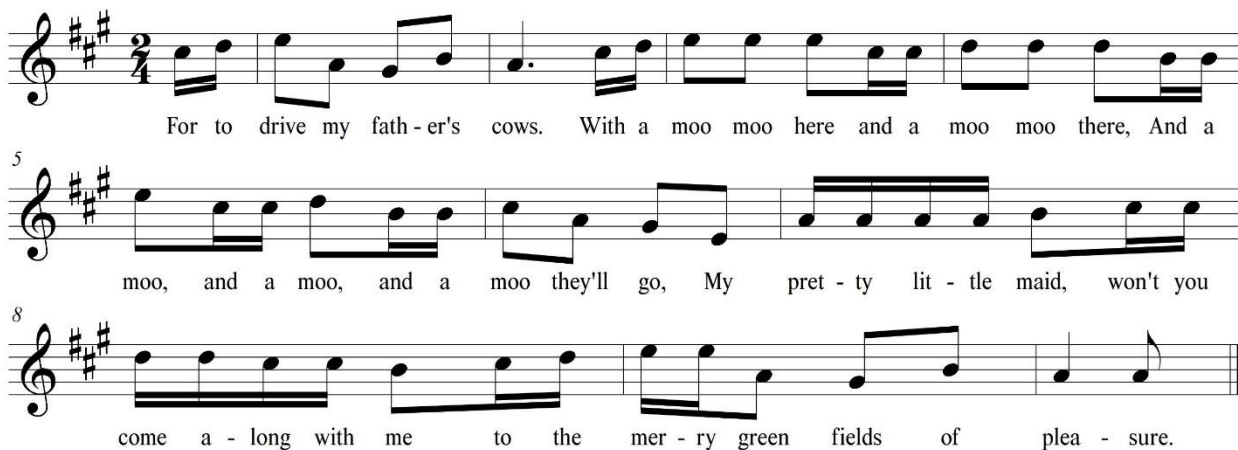
People living in the rural districts of Nova Scotia, at that time, depended almost entirely on the singing of songs for entertainment, and it was considered a rare treat if someone came in to spend an evening, who knew and could sing one or more songs that we had never heard. We even enjoyed hearing the well-known and time-worn songs that we had heard sung so often, for in different communities the songs were often sung with a little different twist to the tune, or a few changes in the wording here and there.

Being the youngest member of a large family who could all sing more or less, and where some member of the family was singing most of the time, I just naturally began absorbing the old songs and tunes even before I could talk plainly. In fact, I cannot remember the time when I did not know all the tunes and some of the songs that I heard sung so often. My older brother and sisters considered it a huge joke to teach songs to me, for while I could learn and sing a tune just by hearing it sung once, I had no idea of the meaning of the words of many of the songs, and my combination of words and phrases was rather laughable.

No one interfered with our singing unless Mother had a headache, only we were not allowed to sing anything but hymn tunes on Sunday, and we were never allowed to sing before breakfast. "Sing before you eat, cry before you sleep" was an old saying we were never allowed to forget, and if I did forget and start to sing before breakfast, I was so sure that I would just naturally have to cry before night that I used to try to think of something I could cry about.

As a little child, I remember how my oldest sister used to rock me and sing a farmyard song, though whether or not a part of it was made up to fit the circumstances I do not know. I do remember though, that the song ceased abruptly as soon as all the animals and fowls on our own farm were mentioned.

Farmyard Song



For to drive my fath - er's cows. With a moo moo here and a moo moo there, And a

5 moo, and a moo, and a moo they'll go, My pret - ty lit - tle maid, won't you

8 come a - long with me to the mer - ry green fields of plea - sure.

For to drive my father's cows
With a "moo moo" here and a "moo moo" there
And a "moo" and a "moo" and a "moo" they'd go,
Oh, my pretty little maid won't you come along with me
To the merry green fields of pleasure?

For to drive my father's sheep
With a "bah bah" here and a "bah bah" there
And a "bah" and a "bah" and a "bah" they'd go,
Oh, my pretty little maid won't you come along with me
To the merry green fields of pleasure?

For to drive my father's pigs
With a "noosh noosh" here and a "noosh noosh" there
And a "noosh" and a "noosh" and a "noosh" they'd go,
Oh, my pretty little maid won't you come along with me
To the merry green fields of pleasure?

For to drive my father's ducks
With a "quack quack" here and a "quack quack" there
And a "quack" and a "quack" and a "quack" they'd go,
Oh, my pretty little maid won't you come along with me
To the merry green fields of pleasure?

We had a big, clumsy, hand-made rocker in our living room that was always known as Grandmother's rocking chair, and I can remember seeing my brother, two years older than myself, stand up in this old chair, his hands firmly grasping the back while he rocked to and fro, singing at the top of his voice. I have heard the older ones say that the first time Joe was ever heard to sing was early one morning when he was standing and rocking himself in the old rocker. The song he sang was concerning a man by the name of William Isaac, who, early one morning, was marched up to jail. My little brother had no idea what it was all about, but he knew by the tune, that it must be very sad, so with closed eyes, he was solemnly shaking his head from side to side, as he sang - -

"One morning William Hisic
One morning up to jay."

When I got old enough to be trusted to stand up and rock in the old rocker, I, too, sang some fearful and wonderful songs, so I have been told. Being a shy child, I could not be induced to sing if I thought anyone was looking at me, but I would shake my hair over my face and sing to my heart's content. Anything with a pretty tune I could learn very quickly, and many an undeserved cuff on the ear I received from an older brother for singing bits of song he thought too rough for little girls to sing. Father used to say, in deep disgust, "All is fish that comes to her net." One song that I particularly like must have been a part of a drinking song, though where I learned it I have no idea - -

The Rum, The Brandy

Oh, I long for Sat - ur - day night to come. Oh, I long for Sun - day
mor - ning. Oh, I long for the time to go down the road and to meet my love a -
com - ing. — Oh, the rum, the rum, oh, the rum, the bran - dy, — Oh, the
rum, the rum, Oh, my true love, — she's a dan - dy. —

Oh, I long for Saturday night to come
I long for Sunday morning
Oh, I long for the time to go down the road
And to meet my love a-coming.

Chorus:

Oh, the rum, the rum,
Oh, the rum, the brandy,
Oh, the rum, the rum,
Oh, my true love she's a dandy.

Young people of today, with their radios and Victrola and many opportunities for studying music if they wish, may think with pity of the young people of long ago, with their lack of amusements and opportunities. But, knowing nothing different we felt no lack, and made the best and the most of what we had, and had heaps of fun. Mother used to say, "What the eye don't see, the heart don't crave" and I look back on a very happy childhood. In looking back, it seems to me that in our family, most of our fun was built up around the old songs and tunes in one way or another. One of my most vivid memories is something that happened when I was about six years old. I had been left one day, with two of my sisters, and all at once they asked me to sing a certain tune for them, and they got out on the kitchen floor and commenced to dance what we used to call a step dance. The older sister danced in imitation of a man who, while he kept perfect time to the music, danced in such a loose-jointed manner that it almost seemed as though he would fall apart. My sister exaggerated the motion till she flopped around like a rag doll, while the other sister, on the contrary, stood so straight that she nearly bent over backward, while her feet fairly flew, two steps at least, to the other's one, with no regard whatever, to time or tune.

Another incident of my early childhood that comes to my memory is connected with an old black and white plaid shawl of mother's, that always hung on a nail near the outer door. When Mother or one of the older girls had to go out of doors, they would wrap themselves in this old shawl. One day my sister Margaret⁴ came in singing a verse of a song that she had made up about the old plaid shawl. I can recall only the last two lines, which were oftenest sung –

Old Plaid Shawl

(A Fragment)

The image shows two staves of musical notation in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The first staff contains the melody for the first line of lyrics: "When I'm in some foreign country, I'll think ___ of you all, And I'll". The second staff begins with a measure rest marked with a '3' above it, followed by the melody for the second line: "of - ten sing the tune of the old plaid shawl." The lyrics are written below the notes.

When I'm in some foreign country I'll
 think of you all,
 And I'll often sing the tune of the
 old plaid shawl.

By the time I was seven years old the older brothers and sisters had all left home, and we three younger ones were all that were left at home with our parents.

Sometimes father and mother would walk out to spend the evening with a neighbor, and we would be left alone to entertain ourselves. We used to sing songs in imitation of our elders, and I remember we each had a song that we had learned and kept for these occasions.

As we grew older we became more ambitious in our diversions and I regret to say that we sometimes mimicked the odd little mannerisms of some of the people we heard sing, a thing we would never have dared to do if our parents had heard us. There was one young man who often came to our house, being a near neighbor, who knew a good stock of songs, and was very willing to sing them, but, unfortunately, he could not keep to the tune even if he happened to start with it. Having no education, his pronunciation of some of the words he did not understand, was very peculiar.

Another young man who used to sing to us occasionally when I was small, had just one song that he sang all through, and he sang it every time he came. It was about an old-fashioned homestead and a fond, loving mother, and as he had a good voice for singing, he really sang the song well, and with a good deal of feeling. But the preparations he made before he started were certainly laughable. First, he would put his elbows on his knees, then he would lace his fingers across his forehead, planting a huge thumb against each temple. Then, with a preliminary clearing of his throat he would begin to sing, and at the end of each verse, and sometimes in between, he would slowly and solemnly remove a

⁴ Margaret Spinney (1870-1896)

thumb from his temple to the side of his nose and, with great deliberation, blow a blast of air, first from one nostril and then from the other, returning his thumbs to their former position. As he had a very soft tenor voice, I could sing just like him, and used to amuse the others by singing his song, putting in all the gestures.

There's a Light in the Window



There's an old fash-ioned home-stead, stand-ing down by the sea, And a fond lov-ing—

6 moth-er, — she's three-score and three, Whose sad, tear-ful eyes wan-der far o'er the lea, As her

13 lips part to mur-mur, "Come back, lad, to me." There's a light in the win-dow burn-ing

19 bight-ly for thee, My own sail-or lad-die— so long gone from me. Your ab-sence and

26 si-lence makes moth-er's heart yearn, But bright-ly— the light in the win-dow— shall burn.

There's an old-fashioned homestead standing down by the sea
 And a fond, loving mother, she's⁵ threescore and three;
 Whose sad, tearful eyes wander far o'er the lea,
 As her lips part to murmur, "Come back, lad to me."

Chorus:

There's a light in the window burning brightly for thee
 My own sailor laddie, so long gone from me;
 Your absence and silence makes mother's heart yearn,
 But brightly the light in the window shall burn.

The story is simple, oft told in a day;
 'Twas only a sailor that went far away,
 And parted from mother, whose heart beats with care,
 And loving voice praying, for winds to be fair.

Chorus

⁵ Manuscript says "she is" but changed to match the rhythm and the transcription.

Alas! the long years came and went like a dream.
A story of wreckage came from the Gulf Stream.
But, nightly, the light in the window shall gleam
Intended for one that lives only in dreams.

Chorus

Each night to the window in silence she strays,
Where she places a lamp and it's flickering rays
Are intended for one who will never return;
But brightly the light in the window shall burn.

Chorus

A neighbor who chanced by the window to stray
Discovered the light burning brightly, one day;
She tapped on the door, but no answer there came,
She went to the window and peeped through the pane;
The matron lay dead but the light brightly shone
Intended for one who would never return.

Chorus

The same young man used to sing a verse of another song that went like this - -

Sew, Lady, Sew

The musical notation consists of two staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is written on a five-line staff. The lyrics are: "The girls a-round here they live on the shore, You ask them one word and they'll". The second staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody continues on a five-line staff. The lyrics are: "tell you twice o'er. And it's, 'Sew, sew, sew, la - dy, sew, la - dy, sew.'" followed by a long horizontal line. The lyrics are aligned under the notes of the melody.

The girls around here they live on the shore,
You ask them one word and they'll tell you twice o'er,
And it's "Sew, sew, sew, lady, sew, lady, sew."

Many of the old-time singers had curious little mannerisms, very noticeable to the sharp eyes of a child. Some would lean forward with elbows on knees gazing intently at the floor; others would lean back with closed eyes, while others would sit bolt upright, gazing into space or anywhere except at his listeners. Some singers, who knew but two or three songs, used to try to vary the monotony a little, by occasionally changing a few words of the song to other words that had the same meaning, or by changing a few of the notes of the tune here and there. Once in a while, a singer would create a diversion by repeating the last word of his song loudly and emphatically, after having sung it through to the tune. I had a cousin who had a beautiful voice, though he sang only a few songs. Once, and once only, I heard him create a diversion in this manner, and I have never forgotten it. In those days the kitchen chairs were often homemade, and built for

durability rather than for beauty. A favorite position of some singers was to tilt his chair back against the wall, with his feet on the front rung of the chair, his head leaned back against the wall and his eyes closed. One evening when this cousin and a few other neighbors had dropped in at our house, my cousin, when asked to sing, assumed this position and proceeded to sing his favorite ballad, which was "The Lily of the West."⁶ He sang the song through without changing his position, then, after singing the last word, he suddenly opened his eyes, brought the front legs of his chair down on the floor with a thud, at the same time repeating the last word of the song, which was "West" in a loud, explosive tone, which was startling, to say the least.

Children, brought up as we were to listen to songs that meant nothing to us but a meaningless jumble of words strung together to carry the tune along, used to get some queer ideas. I have heard an older sister say that for years she thought the words "The grass on the grave grew green" from "Young, but Growing" was "The grass on his cray crow creen." Another sister said that hearing father sing "Brave and undaunted stood young Brennan on the moor,"⁷ she thought he said "Brave all and dauntel stood." Hearing father sing "The Wild Barbaree"⁸ when I was a child, I thought that, instead of saying, "Down round the coast of the wild Barbaree," he said, "Down round the Co Stalk" and spent much time wondering what a Co Stalk was.

Grownups, with little or no education, also made funny mistakes. If they came to a word of which they did not know the meaning, they would put in a word they did understand, no matter how ridiculous it might sound in that particular place. I have heard a young man sing "The Frozen Bride" and substitute the words "young swans" for "young swains." I have also heard "Jack Has Gone A-Roving" sung with the words "She went into a tailor's shop and dressed in men's array" changed to "She went into a barber shop and dressed in men's hurray."

But there were exceptions. The singing of the old Ballads and the old Hymns, being the only kind of singing we ever heard, we really enjoyed and listened with much pleasure, to many sweet old Ballads, simply and sweetly sung.

⁶ This song can be found in *A Heritage of Songs*, by Carrie Grover, Father Songs, p.153.

⁷ "Brennan on the Moor," in *A Heritage of Songs*, Father Songs, p.129.

⁸ "The Wild Barbaree," in *A Heritage of Songs*, Father Songs, p.133.

Songs My Mother Sung

It would be impossible for the present generation to realize what the singing of the old songs meant to our ancestors. The people who came from the old Countries brought their songs with them, and many lonely hours must have been cheered by these reminders of the homes they had left. These people, in turn, taught the songs to their children, and to those blessed with a musical memory, many of the songs have been passed along through several generations.

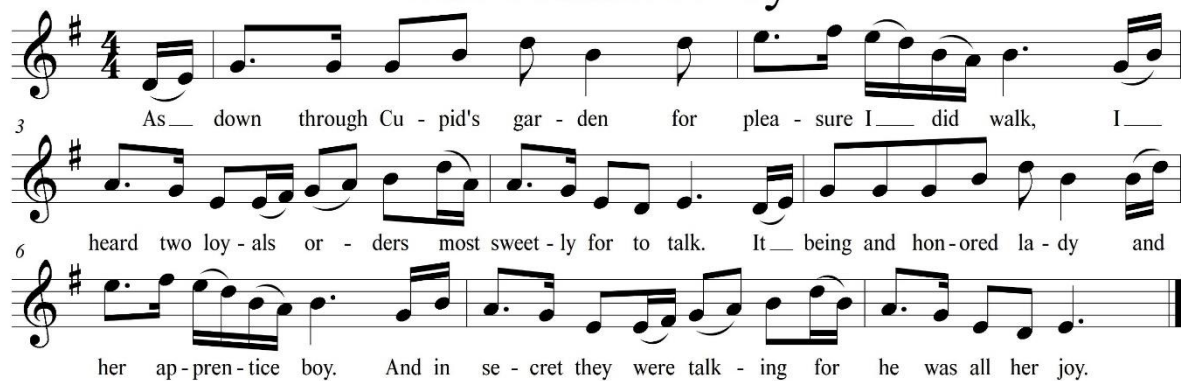
My mother's family were all musical as far back as we have any record of them. People of long ago who had to depend entirely on a keen ear and retentive memory, could remember both words and tunes to an unbelievable number of songs. My mother's grandmother⁹, whose family came to Nova Scotia from England, died when my grandmother was only twelve years old, yet my grandmother knew and sang several songs that she had learned from her mother.

One day, about fifty years ago,¹⁰ as my mother sat knitting and singing one of these old songs, she told me when the song ended, that she wished I would learn and remember that song as it was one her grandmother sang and she hated to have all the old family songs die out. Shortly after this I heard Father say to Mother, "Liza,¹¹ when we die our old songs will die with us, for there will be no one left to sing them." The sadness of his voice brought to me the first realization of what the passing of these old songs meant to my parents. To them, it was a real tragedy to think that the time was fast coming when the old songs and ballads that had been sung in our family for so many years, would pass away with the passing of the people who sang them. Then too, I hoped that this collection of songs and ballads, with their accompanying notes, might give those who come after me, an insight into the lives of their ancestors who lived at a time when the singing of songs and ballads was almost their only recreation, and helped, I believe, more than any other one thing, to lighten the burden of their lonely, hard-working lives.

The song that heads the list of "Songs My Mother Sung" was a favorite of hers and one of several that were sung by my great-grandmother, and has been passed down, tunes and all, through at least four successive generations. This carries them back to England where they came from.

The following song is one my mother taught me and was said by her, to have been sung by her own grandmother, Sallie Pitts Hutchinson. Probably it was brought directly from England.

The Prentice Boy



As down through Cu - pid's gar - den for plea - sure I did walk, I
heard two loy - als or - ders most sweet - ly for to talk. It being and hon - ored la - dy and
her ap - prentice boy. And in se - cret they were talk - ing for he was all her joy.

⁹ Mary Hutchinson (1788-1820), Source: FamilySearch.org

¹⁰ Around the turn of the 20th century.

¹¹ Eliza Mary Long (1840-1929)

As down through Cupid's garden for pleasure I did walk
I heard two loyal lovers most sweetly for to talk;
It being an honored lady and her apprentice boy
And in secret they were talking, for he was all her joy.

He says, "Dear honored lady, I am your 'prentice boy
How can I e'er expect a fair lady to enjoy?"
With cheeks as red as roses, her manner kind and free,
She says, "Dear lad, if e'er I wed, I will surely marry thee."

But when her father came to know, the same to understand
He had this young man banished unto a foreign land.
And, as she lay broken-hearted these words was heard to say
"For my honest, charming 'prentice a maid I'll live and die."

This young man to a merchant a waiting-man was bound
And by his good behavior great fortune there he found.
Soon he became a butler, which prompted him to fame
And by his careful conduct his steward he became.

For a ticket in a lottery the money he paid down
And there he gained a fortune of full five thousand pounds;
With store of gold and silver he packed his clothes indeed
And to England he returned to his own true love with speed.

He offered kind embraces, but she flew from his arms
Saying, "No Lord or Nobleman shall e'er enjoy my charms,
The love of gold is cursed, great riches I decry
For my honest, charming 'prentice a maid I'll live and die."

He says, "Dear honored lady, you have been in these arms,
This is the ring I gave you in token of your charms;
You vowed if e'er you married your charms I should enjoy,
Your father did me banish, I am your 'prentice boy."

When she beheld his features she flew into his arms
With kisses and embraces she did enjoy his charms;
And then through Cupid's garden a road to church they found
And there in virtuous pleasure in Hymen's chains were bound.

My grandmother, Margaret Hutchinson Long, must have learned it from her mother when she was a little girl, as her mother died when she was twelve years old. My mother's parents were about the same age and were born either in 1808 or 1809.

Sallie Pitts was English and her husband, William Hutchinson, was Scotch and English.

Mother's grandfather, on her father's side, ran away from Ireland when a mere boy, and came to Nova Scotia, and settled in Windsor. His name was William Long, and he used to say that "he came from Kilkenny,

Waterford County near Ross.” He married the sister¹² of my great-grandfather Hutchinson, so that my grandparents, Joseph Long and Margaret Hutchinson, were first cousins.

The songs that mother told us were sung by her grandmother, were “The ‘Prentice Boy,” “On the Banks of a River,” “The Banks of Sweet Dundee,” “The Jolly Plow-boy” and “The Silk Weaver’s Daughter.”

On the Banks of a River

The image shows a musical score for the song "On the Banks of a River". It consists of three staves of music in 3/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are written below the notes. The first staff starts with a treble clef and a 3/4 time signature. The lyrics are: "As I went a walk - ing, one eve - ning a - long. On the". The second staff starts with a measure rest of 3 measures, indicated by a '3' above the staff. The lyrics are: "banks of a riv - er I heard a sweet song. It was sung by a fair maid and her". The third staff starts with a measure rest of 6 measures, indicated by a '6' above the staff. The lyrics are: "voice it was clear, say - ing, 'Hap - py would I be if my true love was here.'".

As I went a-walking one evening along

On the bank of a river I heard a sweet song;
It was sung by a fair maid¹³, and her voice it was clear,
Saying, “Happy would I be¹⁴ if my true love was here.”

In a short time after her true love came by
With his red rosy cheeks and his dark rolling eye;
I knew by here blushes that her true love was near,
And soon he saluted her and sat down by his dear.

“My darling, my jewel, my own heart’s delight
Before I would leave you I would die at the stake;
I’ll marry you my jewel and make you my wife,
And we’ll live together quite happy for life.

There are rocks on this mountain no man can reprove,
So sure will I prove true to the girl that I love;
As the stars in the heavens they do shine so bright
So sure will I prove true to you, my own heart’s delight.

¹² Lucy Hutchinson (1785-deceased)

¹³ In the MM, the note on ‘maid’ is listed as a quarter note, but I changed it to an eighth note because there were too many beats per measure.

¹⁴ Changed from quarter note (MM) to eighth note to fit in the measure and match quality of song.

Some say I am rakish, some say I am wild;
 Some say I am guilty fair maids to beguile.
 But to prove them all liars if you'll come with me,
 When we get to Jamaica, my bride you shall be.

Farewell lovely Polly, I must bid you adieu
 To fight for my country once more I must go;
 But if e'er I return I will make you my wife
 And we'll live together, quite happy for life."

The Banks of Sweet Dundee

'Tis of a far - mer's daugh - ter, most beau - ti - ful, I'm told. Her par - ents died and
 6 left her ten thou - sand pounds in gold; She lived with her un - cle, the
 11 cause of all her woe. Now list - en here and you shall hear how she proved his ov - er - throw.

'Tis of a farmer's daughter most beautiful I'm told
 Her parents¹⁵ died and left her five hundred pounds in gold;
 She lived with her uncle, the cause of all her woe
 You soon shall hear how this maiden fair did prove his overthrow.¹⁶

Her uncle had a plowboy that Mary loved right well,
 Down in her uncle's garden their tales of love would tell;
 There was a wealthy squire who oft came her to see
 But Mary loved the plowboy best on the banks of Sweet Dundee.

'Twas on a summer's morning her uncle went straightway,
 He rapped on Mary's window and unto her did say
 "Arise my pretty fair maid, a Lady you may be
 For the Squire is waiting for you on the banks of Sweet Dundee."

"I care not for your Squires, your Dukes and Lords like-wise,
 My Willie's eyes appear to me like diamonds in the skies."
 "Begone unruly female, you ne'er shall happy be!
 I intend to banish William from the banks of Sweet Dundee."

¹⁵ In the MM, the notation said "father" and the lyrics said "parents;" I decided to unify the two versions.

¹⁶ The last line in the lyrics is different than the last line in the notation. I've listed both versions here. In the notated version, the word 'she' is omitted, but I added it in to make grammatical sense and to have the same meaning as the version in the lyrics.

A press gang went to William, when he was all alone,
 He boldly fought for liberty, but they were six to one;
 The blood, it flowed in torrents, "Pray kill me now," said he,
 "I would rather die for Mary on the banks of Sweet Dundee."

As this maiden fair was walking, lamenting for her love
 She met this wealthy Squire, down in her uncle's grove;
 He put his arms about her, "Stand off, base man!" said she,
 "For you sent the only man I love from the banks of Sweet Dundee."

He put his arms about her and tried to throw her down.
 Two pistols and a sword she spied beneath his morning gown;
 She took the weapons from him, the sword she used so free.
 Then Mary fired and shot the Squire on the banks of Sweet Dundee.

Her uncle overheard the noise and hastened to the ground.
 "Now since you've shot the Squire I'll give you your death wound."
 "Stand off, then," cries young Mary, "undaunted will I be,"
 She trigger drew, her uncle slew, on the banks of Sweet Dundee.

A doctor soon was sent for, a man of noted skill.
 Likewise, there came a lawyer for him to sign his will;
 He left his gold to Mary who fought to manfully
 The closed his eyes, no more to rise, on the banks of Sweet Dundee.

The Jolly Plowboy

As Jack, the jol - ly plow - boy was plow-ing of his land, With his hors - es be -
 neath yon green shade, He whist-led and he sang as his plow it went a -
 long, Till at length he chanced to meet a pret-ty maid, pret-ty
 maid. Till at length he chanced to meet a pret-ty maid.

As Jack the jolly plow-boy, was plowing of his land
 With his horses beneath yon green shade
 He whistled and he sang as his plow it went along,
 Till at length he chanced to meet a pretty maid, pretty maid,
 Till at length he chanced to meet a pretty maid.

Oh, he whistled and he sang, as his plow it went along.
 She's a lady of higher degree,
 And if her parents come to know she's courted on the plain
 They will send her bonnie laddie to the sea, to the sea,
 They will send her bonnie laddie to the sea.


Now it happened to be so, when her parents came to know
 That she was being courted on the plain,
 A press gang of soldiers did hurry him away
 They have sent him to the war to be slain, to be slain,
 They have sent him to the war to be slain.

Now she's dressed herself up in a young man's array
 With her pockets well lined with gold
 And she marched up the street so nimbly and so neat
 That she looked just like a jolly sailor bold, sailor bold,
 That she looked just like a jolly sailor bold.

Oh, the first place she went was to the Admiral of the fleet.
 "Oh, have you seen my jolly plow-boy?
 He is sailing o'er the deep, he has gone to join the fleet.
 They have sent him to the war to be slain, to be slain,
 They have sent him to the war to be slain."

She has pulled out her purse of five hundred pounds,
 Of five hundred pounds, aye, and more.
 All this she freely paid for her jolly plow-boy
 And she rolled him in her arms to the shore, to the shore,
 And she rolled him in her arms to the shore.

Oh, happy were true lovers when they did meet
 Their sorrows and troubles are o'er;
 They whistle and they sing, cause the valleys for to ring;
 Since she's found the bonnie laddie she adores, she adores,
 Since she's found the bonnie laddie she adores.

17 

The dev - il he came to the far - mer one day, Rite - fal - fal - lad - die-ay - day,

9 

Say-ing, You owe me a debt and I will have my pay. To my Rite - fal - al - fal - lad-die-ay - day.

¹⁷ In the MM, this tune is found under the lyrics to *The Jolly Plow-boy*. It is identified in the Father Songs section as *The Devil and the Farmer's Wife* (p. 69). Grover identifies it as a song that both her mother and father sang. It is possible that it was just a mistake to add it in here.

The Silk Weaver's Daughter

As down through Moore's field one eve - ning I went, I heard a fair
 6 dam - sel a - mak - ing sad lam - ent. By the wring - ing of her hands and the
 11 tear - ing of her hair, Cry - ing, "Oh, cru - el par - ents, you've been too sev - ere.

As down through Moore's field one evening I went,
 I heard a fair damsel a-making sad lament
 By the wringing of her hands and the tearing of her hair,
 Crying, "Oh, cruel parents, you've been too severe.

"You banished my true love quite away from me
 Which causes me in Bedlam to weep bitterly.
 May all tortures and torments attend in your breast
 And partake of my sorrow and never find rest.

"Was it because he a 'prentice boy were
 You banished my true love and left me in despair?
 But while my jolly sailor goes plowing o'er the main
 I'll go picking my straws and a-rattling my chains."

As up to Bedlam this sailor drew nigh
 He saw through the window a dark rolling eye.
 He went unto the porter and to him he did say,
 "Can you show me the place where my true love doth lay?"

"A silk weaver's daughter in Bedlam doth lie,
 And all for the love that she bore unto me."
 He gave unto the porter a broad piece of gold
 For to show him the way to the joy of his soul.

It's when in Bedlam his true love he did see,
 He kissed her and embraced her and took her on his knee.
 "Here's adieu to my sorrows; away from me they've fled.
 Here's adieu to my chains and my cold strawy bed."

The Sheffield Apprentice

I was brought up in Sheffield, not of a high degree. My
 par - ents reared me ten - der - ly. They had no child but me. But
 I be - ing fond of ro - ving just where my fan - cy led, I
 was bound out ap - pren - tice, when all my joys were fled.

I was brought up in Sheffield, not of a high degree;
 My parents reared me tenderly, they had not child but me.
 But I, being fond of roving just where my fancy led,
 I was bound out apprentice, when all my joys were fled.

I did not like my master; he did not use me well.
 I formed a resolution not long with him to dwell.
 Unknown to my poor parents from him I ran away;
 I steered my course to London, oh cursed be that day.

I had not been in London for days past only three
 Before a wealthy lady proposed to hire me.
 She offered me great wages, with her I did agree
 To go and live in Holland, which proved my destiny.

I had not been in Holland for weeks past only three
 Before that my young mistress grew very fond of me.
 She says, "My gold and silver, my houses and rich land,
 If you'll consent for to marry me, shall be at your command.

I says, "Dear honored lady, I cannot wed you both,
 For I have lately promised and took a solemn oath
 To wed no one but Polly, your pretty waiting maid.
 So, excuse me now, dear mistress, she has my heart betrayed."

Then in an angry humor away from me she ran,
 Vowing to be revenged on me before the time was long.
 For she found out by my answer she could not be my wife
 And planned a cruel project to take away my life.

One evening as I was walking just for to take the air
 My mistress followed after me, plucking the flowers fair.
 A gold ring from her finger at the passing of me by
 She slipped it in my pocket; now for it I must die.

She swore that I had robbed her, and quickly I was brought
 To stand before the judges to answer for my fault.
 Long time I pleaded innocence but all of no avail;
 She swore so hard against me that I was brought to jail.

The sentence it was passed and the end was drawing near.
 All for to execute me, it was their only care.
 From the place of my confinement they took me to the tree.
 Now God forgive my mistress, for she has ruined me.

Come, all of you good people of high and low degree,
 Don't glory in my downfall, but kindly pity me.
 Believe me, I die innocent, I bid you all adieu,
 So fare you well, pretty Polly, I die for loving you.

NOTE: I believe my oldest brother told me that this was a song our grandmother sang. Mother seems always to have known and sung it. It is a song that seems to have been sung in this country, as I lately met an old lady from Augusta, Maine, who said her mother used to sing it. I found it in a book belonging to an old sailor over twenty years ago, a book apparently bought in New Zealand, and it is also included in a collection of songs learned in the Kentucky Mountains by Bradley Kincaid.

The three songs that follow were sung by my grandmother, and descend from my great grandfather Hutchinson's mother, who was a Scotch lady.

The Silv'ry Tide

There was a fair young crea - ture who lived by the sea - side. For
 beau - ty form and fea - ture she was called the vil - lage pride. There
 was a young sea cap - tain who Mar - y's heart did gain, And
 true was she to Hen - ry while on the rag - ing main.

All in this young man's absence a nobleman there came
A-courting pretty Mary, but she refused the same,
Saying, "Your vows are vain while on the main, I love but one," she cried,
"So, far begone, I love but one; he's on the silv'ry tide."

Then, mad to desperation, this nobleman did say,
"To prove a separation her life I'll take away.
I'll watch her late and early until alone," he cried,
"And I'll send her body a-floating all on the silv'ry tide."

As this nobleman was walking one evening to take the air,
Down by the rolling ocean he met this lady fair.
Then says this slothful villain, "Consent for to be my bride,
Or I'll send your body a-floating all on the silv'ry tide."¹⁸

Said Mary, in a trembling voice, "My vows I ne'er can break.
My Henry I love dearly and I'll die for his sweet sake."
With a handkerchief he bound her hands, he flung her o'er the side
And a-shrieking she went floating all on the silv'ry tide.

In the course of three days after, young Henry returned from sea
Expecting to be happy and to fix his wedding day.
"I'm afraid your true love's murdered," her aged father cried,
"Or has proved her own destruction all on the silv'ry tide."

Young Henry threw his body down and, weary, could not rest;
The thoughts of drowned Mary disturbed his aching breast.
He dreamed that he was walking down by the ocean wide
And his own true love saw floating all on the silv'ry tide.

Young Henry arose, put on his clothes, and at midnight gloom went he
To wander the sand banks over down by the roaring sea.
At daybreak in the morning poor Mary's corpse he espied
As she to and fro was floating all on the silv'ry tide.

He knew it was his Mary by his own ring on her hand.
He unbound the silken handkerchief, which put him to a stand;
The name of this base murderer in full thereon he espied
Who had drowned pretty Mary all on the silv'ry tide.

This nobleman was taken and the gallows was his doom
For drowning pretty Mary who scarce was in her bloom.
Young Henry looked dejected, and he wandered till he died
And his last words were, "Poor Mary died on the silv'ry tide."

¹⁸ This stanza is not found in Grover's *A Heritage of Songs* version.

Sally's Garden

As down thro' Sal - ly's gar - den One eve - ning as I chanced to stray. To
 5 meet my true love San - dy Just at the clo - sing of the day. They
 9 bade me take love ea - sy Just as the leaves all from the trees, But
 13 I be - ing young and fool - ish To wed with him I did a - gree.

Now my parents they are angry and they swear my love they will undo
 For keeping of his company although his heart to me was true.
 But unless they do confine me or banish my true love forever more,
 I'll wed my true love, Sandy, at home or on some foreign shore.

Now wasn't I a foolish girl to ever wed with any man?
 But it was my love and my good nature that has brought me here in the way I am.
 But if you were a rake, love, or even were a rover, too,
 I'd sooner wed with Sandy than with any man I ever knew.

Oh, I wish I was in Dublin City with my true love along with me,
 With money to support us and to keep us in good company,
 With money to support us and a flowing bowl on every side.
 Come drink, my boys, you're welcome, for I am young, and the world is wide.

The Braes of Balquither

Will you go, lassie, go to the Braes of Bal - qui-ther, Where the
high moun - tains row and the bon - nie bloom - ing hea - ther, Where the
roe and the deer they go bound - ing on to - geth - er, Spend their
long sum - mer days near the Braes of Bal - qui-ther?

"Oh no, oh no, kind sir, I'm too young to be a lover,
For my age is scarce sixteen and I dare not for my mother;
And besides being too young, I'm afraid you're some deceiver,
Who has come to charm me here to the braes of Balquither."

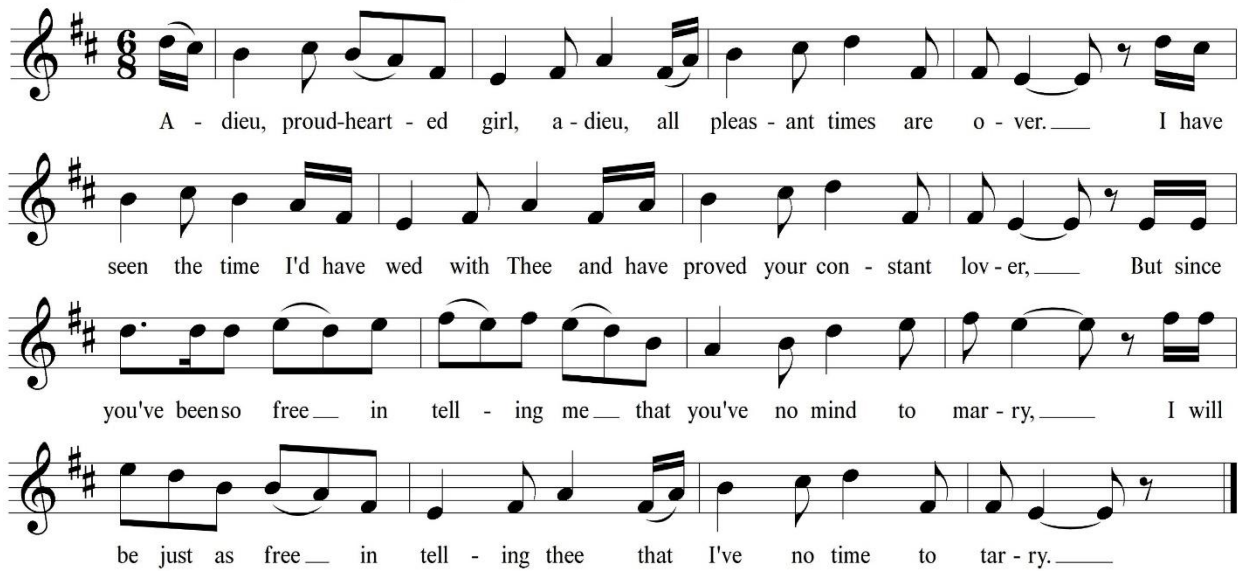
"Then fare you well, proud maid, for your beauty soon will alter,
I'll deprive you of this chance and live happy with some other;
I will roam this wide world till I find a maid of honor
Who will go along with me to the braes of Balquither."

"Oh, come back, oh come back, for I think you no deceiver.
Oh, come back, oh come back, and I'll never love another;
I will leave all my friends, father, mother, sister, brother,
And I'll go along with you to the braes of Balquither."

Oh, now they have gone to the bonnie highland mountains
For to view the green fields and likewise the silvery fountains.
Oh, now they are united and live in peace together,
Spend their long summer days near the braes of Balquither.

Two songs that were sung in our grandfather's family, we have reason to believe, were sung by our great grandfather's mother¹⁹, who was a Scotswoman and to whom we owe our only claim to our Scottish blood. I have often heard mother speak of one of her brothers, who she said sang "Adieu Proud Hearted Girl" constantly one Spring, when he was about twenty years old, after having been jilted by a girl with a bigger share of this world's goods than he had. Finding the first verse of this song in one of Robert Burns' poems, I hesitated about using it, but shortly after reading the poem, I read that Robert Burns had been heard to say that he was indebted to folk songs for many of his best poems. Another song from this same Scotch grandmother was "The Lass Among the Heather."

Adieu, Proud-Hearted Girl



A - dieu, proud-heart - ed girl, a - dieu, all pleas - ant times are o - ver. I have
 seen the time I'd have wed with Thee and have proved your con - stant lov - er, But since
 you've been so free in tell - ing me that you've no mind to mar - ry, I will
 be just as free in tell - ing thee that I've no time to tar - ry.

²⁰Your parents they have used great means, but fortune may betray them
 To get a better match for you, but fortune may way-lay them.
 You thought to prove my over-throw, but I'll not mourn forever,
 But since fortune has failed, I will set my sail and I'll bid you adieu forever.

I prize my health as my greatest wealth, as long as my pockets will jingle.
 I am never afraid of coming to want - let me live married or single.
 I own I'm of a low estate, but that will never grieve me,
 For I'm naturally blest with a jovial heart and a little will relieve me.

Adieu, proud-hearted girl, adieu, joys of this world go with you.
 I will come no more within your door to tell you that I love you.
 Here's adieu to all such girls as you, of marrying I have no notion,
 Since Cupid with his wedded notes, lies buried in the ocean.

¹⁹ Mother of William Long (1785-deceased), name unknown. Source:FamilySearch.org

²⁰ The MM records this tune with only two sharps in the key signature (E Dorian), but compared with the tune as written in *A Heritage of Songs (Bb mixolydian)*, the key should have three sharps (E mixolydian) to sound the same.

The Lass Amang the Heather

As I was com-ing home from the fair - a - bit - a - mor - i - oh! I
 met a pret - ty lass, she was fair - er than Di - an - a, oh! I
 asked her where she lived as we jogged a - long to - geth - er, oh! "On
 Bon - ny Moun - tain side," she re - plies, "A - mang the heath - er, oh!" I
 asked her where she lived as we jogged a - long to - geth - er, oh! "On
 Bon - ny Moun - tain side," she re - plies, "A - mang the heath - er, oh!"

Oh lassie, I'm in love with you; you have so many charms, oh,
 Oh lassie, I'm in love with you, to you my bosom yearns, oh.
 A blink of your blue e'e, your person is so charming, oh,
 Right gladly would I wed with you, you lass among the heather, oh.

Oh, young man, do you think that I am so easy taken, oh?
 Oh, young man, do you think I believe what you are saying, oh?
 I'm happy and I'm weel with my father and me mither, oh.
 'Twould take a cunning lad for to ween me from the heather, oh.

Oh, lassie, condescend and don't be so cruel, oh,
 Oh, lassie, condescend and grant a kiss to your own jewel, oh.
 If I should grant you one kiss, you'd surely want anither, oh,
 So, take it as you will, I'm the lass among the heather, oh.

Oh, then we jogged along till we came to her mither, oh.
 Now she has given her consent and we are joined together, oh.
 In happiness and peace we go jogging on together, oh
 And Jeanie blessed the day she kissed the lad among the heather, oh.

NOTE: I have never heard this song sung outside of my own family, I have sung it ever since I can remember.

Two songs that were especial favorites of my mother's father²¹ was "Her Father's Gray Mare" and an old Irish song called "The Merry Man." I have often heard my mother say that when she was a child, her father always got up at four o'clock in the morning, and went to bed at what he called "Early Candle-lightin'." He had learned the Cooper's trade in his early youth, and in addition to his farming operations, he worked all his spare time at coopering. Once a year, he loaded up the fruit of his labor and took it to Windsor, the place of his birth, where he would dispose of it. Mother said that as soon as he had lighted the fire in the fireplace and put water on to heat, he would begin his work, and while using his saw and hammer, he would sing at the top of his voice till he had aroused every one in the house, from the oldest to the youngest. Jolly, rollicking songs were the ones he like to sing to accompany the sound of his hammer, and though he never drank or allowed liquor to be brought into the house, he enjoyed singing "The Merry Man."

The Merry Man



I am a young fel-low who loves to be mel-low, Drink-ing and ca-rous-ing is all my de-light. I
of-ten get tip-sy on ex-cel-lent whis-key, With jov-ial com-pan-ions from morn-ing till night. I
nev-er take pleas-ure in hoard-ing up treas-ure, The sight of a mis-er, I can-not en-dure, Who
al-ways is grip-ing and sharp-ing and bit-ing, and plan-ning up ways for to plun-der the poor.

Oh, the foolish old miser

He hoards up his treasure,

The fruit of his labor he seldom enjoys.

His heirs they are waiting

To spend it in pleasure

And scarce can afford him a shirt when he dies.

His frame is complaining

For want of sustaining,

His limbs are decrepit from hunger and cold.

Instead of good liquor

He still drinks cold water,

And takes no delight in the full flowing bowl.

Come, landlord! be quicker

And bring us some liquor.

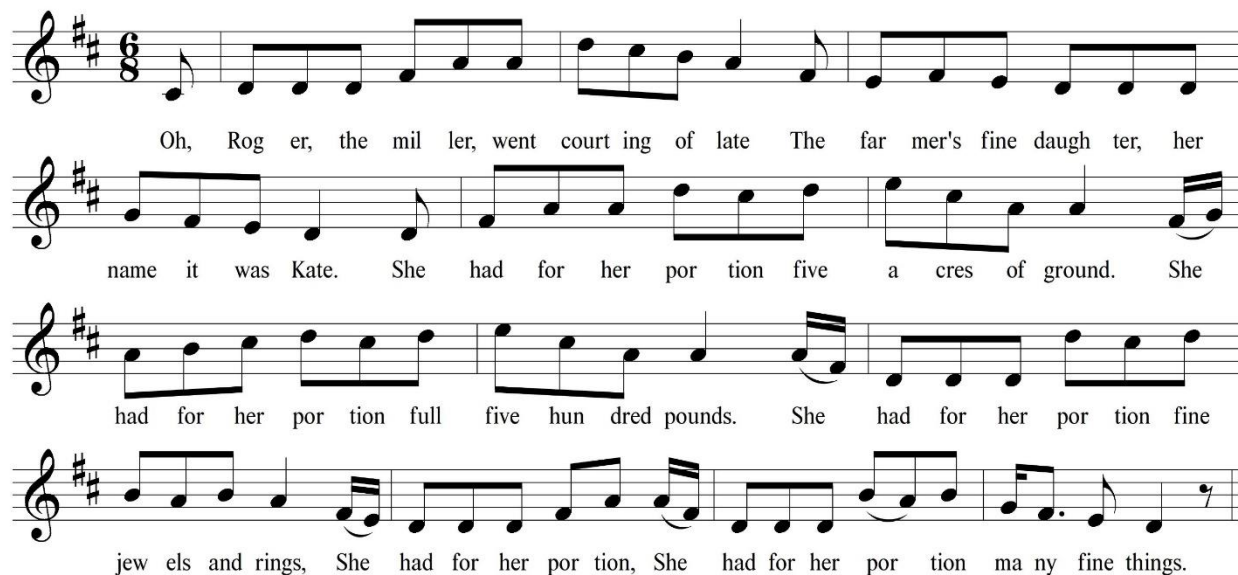
²¹ Joseph Long (1809-1876)

Now, piper, come squeeze up your leather and play,
And hand him the pitcher;
It makes music richer.
We'll drink and carouse till the breaking of day.
I hold them but asses
Who wait to fill glasses,
Such a wasting of time is unworthy of man.
It only is wasting
The time that is hasting.
Commend me to him who can fuggle the can.

When stopped in my toddy
By death seizing my body,
No crocodile tears shall be shed at my wake.
While there I am lying
No counterfeit crying
No moans I desire shall be made for my sake.
But of whiskey a cruiskeen
To fill up each loose skin
Let all have to toast to my journey up hill.
Nor let them be downhearted
For him that's departed,
But end all disputes in a full flowing bowl.

Oh, the next morning early
When daylight is dawning
My trunk shall be nailed quite close to my back,
With four honest fellows
To bear it up level
While I ride on their shoulders instead of a sack.
The birds they will sing
And the valleys will ring,
They will carol their choruses gallant and brave
While they lay me down flat
On the broad of my back
And away goes the merry man down to his grave.

Her Father's Gray Mare



Oh, Rog er, the mil ler, went court ing of late The far mer's fine daugh ter, her
name it was Kate. She had for her por tion five a cres of ground. She
had for her por tion full five hun dred pounds. She had for her por tion fine
jew els and rings, She had for her por tion, She had for her por tion ma ny fine things.

When supper was over, the money paid down,
It was a fine portion, full five hundred pounds;
It was then that young Roger arose as he said,
"I own that your daughter is charming, indeed,
I own that your daughter is charming and fair,
But yet I won't have her, but yet I won't have her
Without the gray mare."

At this the old man arose with great speed.
"I thought you were courting my daughter, indeed,
But since it's no better, I'm glad it's no worse;
I can put my money again in my purse.
And as for my daughter, I solemnly swear
That you shall not have her, that you shall not have her,
Nor yet the gray mare."

The Roger, the miller, was turned out of doors,
And plainly was told for to come there no more,
Which caused him to rend his long locks of hair
And wish he had never, and wish had never
Mentioned the gray mare.

'Twas six months or over, and Summer about,
That he met this young damsel as she walked out.
He says, "Miss Kitty, now do you know me?"
"I think I have seen you somewhere," said she,
"Or a man to your likeness with long locks of hair
Who once came a-courting, who once came a-courting
My father's gray mare."

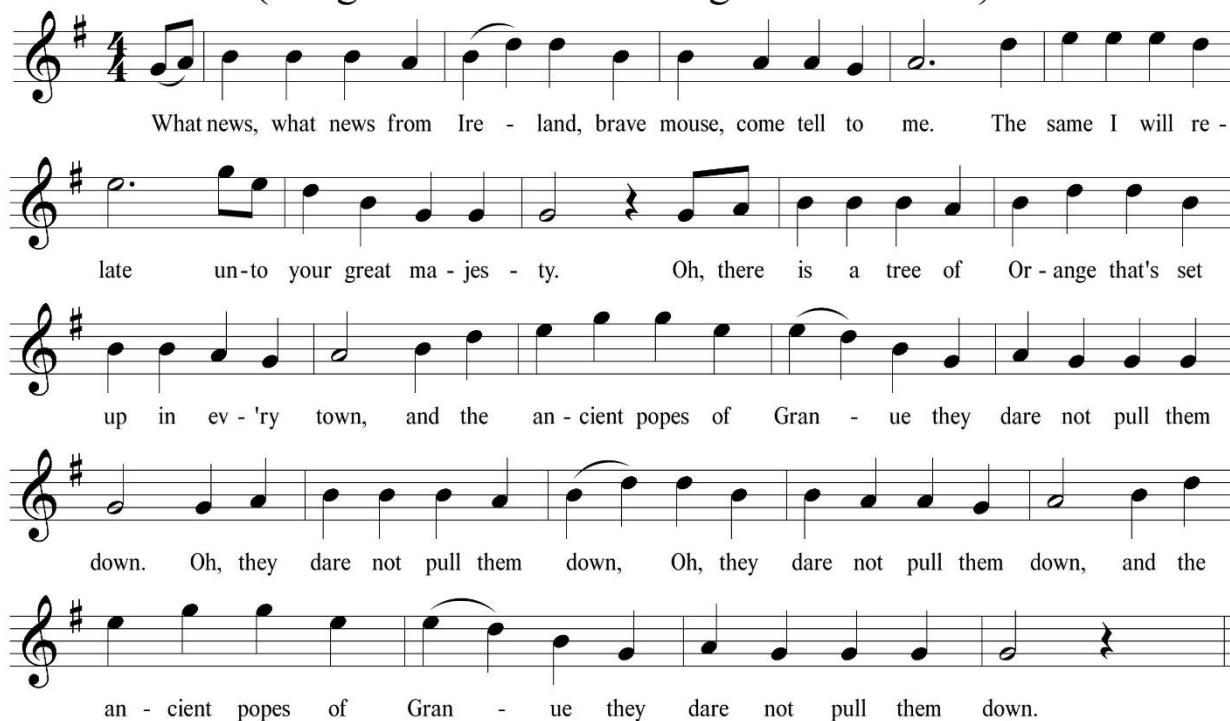
“It was not the gray mare a-courting I came,
 But his beautiful daughter, Miss Kitty by name;
I thought that your father would have no dispute,
 But would give me his daughter and the gray mare to boot,
All for to secure such a dutiful son,
 But now I am sorry, but now I am sorry
 For what I have done.”

“Oh, as for your sorrow I value it not,
 There are young men enough in the town to be got,
I think that a girl would be at her last prayer
 To marry a man who went courting a mare;
The price of the gray mare it was not so great -
 So far you well, Roger, so fare you well, Roger,
 Go mourn your sad fate.”

My grandfather knew and sang a great many songs, and one time when he was a young man at home, some young people came in and asked him to sing. His father was suffering from a severe attack of rheumatism at the time, and was in the front part of the house, while the young people were in the kitchen. The song they asked him to sing was one of the party songs, or faction songs, as Mother used to call them, that were much sung at that time. Grandfather did not want to sing this song as he knew his father, who was a strong Catholic, would greatly resent it, but his friends were sure that with the doors and windows closed, his father would not hear him, so he allowed himself to be persuaded. My grandfather tilted his chair back near an open window, which they had forgotten to close, and began to sing. His father heard him and recognized the song, and making as little noise as possible, he crept through the front door and around the house to the open kitchen window. Here, he braced himself against the wall and, before anyone realized that he was there, he reached through the window with his cane and hit my grandfather over the head with it, and, as mother always ended the story, “he laid his head open, and he carried the scar to his grave.” I know only one verse of the song and have forgotten the name of it, but it was sung to a tune that must have been taken from “The Wearing of the Green.”

A Faction Song

(Sung to the tune "Wearing of the Green")



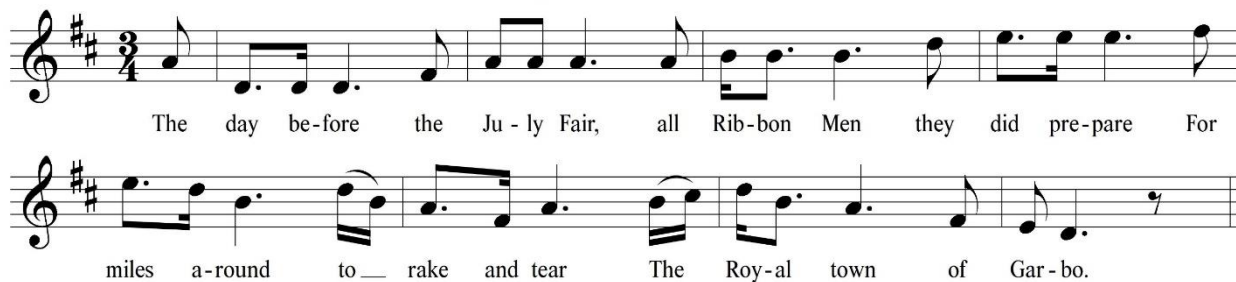
What news, what news from Ire - land, brave mouse, come tell to me. The same I will re -
late un-to your great ma - jes - ty. Oh, there is a tree of Or - ange that's set
up in ev - 'ry town, and the an - cient popes of Gran - ue they dare not pull them
down. Oh, they dare not pull them down, Oh, they dare not pull them down, and the
an - cient popes of Gran - ue they dare not pull them down.

My father said the “brave mouse” referred to a spy sent to spy on the Irish Catholics.

In 1795 the institution of Orange Lodges sprang up, named for the Protestant Prince of Orange. The Ribbon Men, so-called, were one of the Catholic factions that were active at the same time.

Another song sung in the grandfather’s family was a story of a fight between the two factions.²²

The July Fair at Garbo



The day be-fore the Ju - ly Fair, all Rib-bon Men they did pre-prepare For
miles a-round to rake and tear The Roy-al town of Gar - bo.

²² Carrie Grover recorded further verses of *The July Fair at Garbo* in *A Heritage of Songs*. Only this first verse was included in the MM.

The songs and scrape of songs sung by my mother, when alone with us, seemed to depend, to a great extent, on the mood she was in. Sometimes, when she was piecing patchwork and humming to herself, she would begin telling us tales of her childhood, and singing songs and pieces of songs that she had heard sung when a child. If she did not remember all the words, she would tell us the story, and sing as much of the song as she could remember.

One of these songs that she had heard sung by her mother, was about a young woman who had married a rich old man and decided, later, that she would prefer to be married to a young man “without a penny at all.” The one verse that mother knew, was the answer the old man made to her complaints:

Hold Your Tongue, Dear Sallie

Oh, hold your tongue, dear Sal-lie And when I do go to town. I will buy you a sil-ver

6
tea-pot — Like - wise a mus - lin gown; There's not a la-dy in this land who

11
with you can com-pare, And I'll buy you a lit-tle lap-dog — To fol-low your jaunt - ing car.

Oh, hold your tongue, dear Sallie
 And when I do go to town,
 I will buy you a silver teapot
 Likewise a muslin gown;
 There is not a lady in this land
 Who with you can compare,
 And I'll buy you a little lap-dog
 To follow your jaunting car.

After the old man died, she married a young man; but after he had sold her jaunting car, killed her little lap-dog and melted her silver teapot, she decided that she would prefer to be an old man's darling.

Another song grand-mother sang was an old English song about an officer who met a young girl travelling along the road, carrying her trunk on her head. As she looked rather distraught, the officer stopped her, inquiring if she had stolen the trunk, or if she had done some wrong to her master or mistress. The only verse mother knew was the one in she answered him...

The Trunk Upon My Head

Oh, my trunk up-on my head, to my-self it does be-long. To my-
 5 mas-ter or my mis-tress I have done noth-ing wrong. To my mas-ter or my
 10 mis-tress I have done noth-ing ill. But a man in the town, Oh I
 15 fear that I did kill. La-lee-lee-toor-al-dee-day.

Oh, the trunk upon my head
 To myself it does belong;
 To my master or my mistress
 I have done nothing wrong;
 To my master or my mistress
 I have done nothing ill,
 But a man in the town
 Oh, I fear that I did kill,
 La-lee-lee-toor-al-dee-day.²³

On another day, and in another mood, mother would recall scraps of old hymns sung by an old crippled lady, a neighbor of grandmother's, who used to sit in her chair from morning till night, rocking and singing. The following is one of the hymns she sang, and was a great favorite of my mother's:

²³ The MM has this line as "Lall-la-lee toorall-de-day." It has been changed to agree with the notation.

Remember the Poor

Cold win - ter has come with its cold, chill - ing breath, And the leaves have all fell from the trees. When all nat - ure seems touched with the fing - er of death, and the streams are be - gin - ning to freeze. When the poor rob - in red breast ap - proach - es the cot, With the i - ci - cle hang - ing from the door; When, con - tent - ed you sit by a good fire - side That's the time to re - mem - ber the poor.

²⁴Cold winter has come with its cold chilling breath
 And the leaves have all fell from the trees;
 And the streams are beginning to freeze.
 When the poor robin redbreast approaches the cot
 With the icicles hanging at the door;
 When, contented, you sit by a good fireside
 That's the time to remember the poor

When the cold feathery snow from the North does descend
 And lightens the prospect around,
 It covers the earth with a mantle of white
 Hard chilling and freezing the ground.
 When the poor, harmless hare escapes from the wood,
 His footsteps indented in snow,
 When the lips and fingers are tinted with blood,
 The sportsman a-hunting may go.

When the lasses and lads on the rivers do glide
 Where the water no longer does flow,
 The fishes from prison can find no release,
 No danger for travelers to go.
 When the trees in the forest are covered with snow

²⁴ In *A Heritage of Song*, this tune is in F Major. With the key as written in the MM, the tune is in A Dorian. It is my opinion that it should be written in A Major.

And the flowers attend us no more,
When the black, billowing smoke rolls reviving and hot,
That's the time to remember the poor.

Soon the time will be here when our Savior was born,
All the ends of the earth will rejoice.
Saints, angels, and men "Hallelujah" will sing,
And the rich will lie down with the poor.

One of the pleasantest memories I have of Mother's singing is of the summer days when we were alone, and went down to the shore of the lake to do the weekly washing. Sunken Lake, as it was called, was only a short distance from our house, and here in the shade of some large Maples was mother's wash place. Father had made her a fireplace of some large granite rocks, and here she would build a fire and heat the water gypsy fashion, in a large iron kettle. Her wash-bench was placed under a large maple, and here she would wash the clothes in the lovely, soft water from the lake, using the soap that she, herself, had made early in the Spring, and using the wash-tubs that father had made for her, by sawing a barrel in halves. I stayed close at hand, to bring extra water in a little wooden pail, called a half-bucket. I also used to go out on a rock and rinse the aprons in the lake, and help spread the white clothes on the bushes along the shore to dry, where the bright sun, shining on the water, would bleach them to a beautiful whiteness. Mother thoroughly enjoyed these wash days and always sang at her work. One great favorite of hers was an old hymn that my grandmother²⁵ used to sing. She sang several verses of it, singing it to two different tunes, sometimes using one and sometimes the other. These are the verses I remember –

Consolation

1st Tune

Oh, Thou in whose re - fuge my soul takes de - light. On _

6
whom in af - flic - tion I call; My com - fort by day, and my

11
song in the night. My hope, my sal - va - tion and all.

²⁵ Margaret Hutchinson (1808-1868)

2nd Tune

6 Oh, — Thou in whose re - fuge my soul takes de - light. On whom in af -

11 flic - tion I call; My — com - fort by day, — and my song in the

night. My hope, my sal - va - tion and all.

Oh, Thou in whose refuge²⁶ my soul taken delight
 On whom in affliction I call;
 My comfort by day and my song in the night
 My hope, my salvation and all.

Where dost Thou at noon-tide resort with thy sheep,
 To feed in the pastures of love!
 For why in the valley of death should I weep
 Or, alone in the wilderness rove.

Oh, why should I wander an alien from Thee —
 Or cry in the desert, for bread?
 My foes will rejoice when my sorrow they see
 And smile at the tears I have shed.

Ye daughters of Zion declare have you seen
 The star that on Israel shone;
 Say if in your tents my beloved has been,
 Or where with His flocks he has gone.

His voice as the sound of the dulcimer sweet
 Is heard through the shadow of death;
 The cedars of Lebanon bow at His feet,
 The air is perfumed with His breath.

He looks, and ten thousand of angels rejoice,
 And myriads wait for his word!
 He speaks, and Eternity filled with His voice,
 Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

I found the words years later, in a little old book that belonged to my husband's mother²⁷, and there are several more verses, but these are the ones Mother sang.

²⁶ In the 2nd Tune, the notation writes this word as *presence*, but I unified the two versions to match the lyrics listed. The word *presence* would, however, be more in line with the original text of the first tune as written by Joseph Swain (1761-1796). Source: Davidson, Karen Lynn, *Our Latter-day Hymns: The Stories and the Messages*, Bookcraft, Salt Lake City (1988), 35-36.

²⁷ Her husband: Almon Roy Grover (1875-1948); His mother: Sarah Haskell Wheeler (1837-1920)

Another hymn that Mother used to sing was sung by my grandmother’s uncle while doing some carpenter work at our house, at least eighty years ago.²⁸ He was an old man then, over seventy years old, but my oldest brother²⁹, who was a little lad, probably about seven years old, said that his voice was very clear and sweet. He sang at his work constantly, and my brother said he never sang anything but this hymn, all the time he worked there. Mother called it –

Uncle Jimmie Pitt's Hymn

The musical notation is written on two staves in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The melody is simple and hymn-like. The lyrics are placed below the notes.

In e - vil long I took de-light, Un - awed by shame or fear; Till
 5 a new ob - ject struck my sight, And stopped my wild ca - reer.

In evil long I took delight,
 Unawed by shame or fear;
 Till a new object struck my sight,³⁰
 And stopped my wild career.

I saw one hanging on a tree,
 In agony and blood;
 Who fixed his languid eyes on me,
 As near the cross I stood.

Sure never to my latest breath,
 Can I forget that look!
 It seemed to charge me with His death,
 Though not a word He spoke.

One of the old hymns that my mother used to sing might be called “Calvary” though I have never known what the title of it was, nor heard anyone but Mother sing it.

Calvary

The musical notation is written on three staves in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The melody is simple and hymn-like. The lyrics are placed below the notes.

We'll fol-low our Lord to Cal-va-ry. We'll fol-low our Lord to Cal-va-ry. We'll fol-low our Lord to
 6 Cal - va-ry And see Him cru - ci - fied. And see Him cru - ci - fied, And see Him cru - ci -
 12 fied, We'll fol - low our Lord to Cal - va-ry, And see Him cru - ci - fied.

²⁸ Around 1865-66.

²⁹ Anson Alexander Long Spinney (1859-1939); Jimmy Pitts was probably born around 1795.

³⁰ The notation for this line says, “When a new object took my sight.” Changed for continuity with lyrics.

We'll follow our Lord to Calvary³¹
We'll follow our Lord to Calvary
We'll follow our Lord to Calvary
And see Him crucified.
And see Him crucified
And see Him crucified
We'll follow our Lord to Calvary
And see Him crucified.

Mary stood weeping
Mary stood weeping
Mary stood weeping
She knew not where He lay.
She knew not where He lay
She knew not where He lay
Mary stood weeping
She knew not where He lay.

Jesus said, "Mary"
Jesus said, "Mary"
Jesus said, "Mary"
She answered "Raboni."
She answered "Raboni"
She answered "Raboni"
Jesus said, "Mary"
She answered "Raboni."

Go tell my disciples
Go tell my disciples
Go tell my disciples
The Lord arose again.
The Lord arose again
The Lord arose again
Go tell my disciples
The Lord arose again.

Mother used to sing a very melancholy old hymn that I loved because of its tune, and in the days before I had learned what death and sorrow meant, I used to like to sing it and revel in its misery. The name of it was

³¹ In this instance, the lyrics have been changed from the MM to match the notation as it fits the tune better ("we will" to "we'll").

Autumn

9 Hail, ye sigh - ing sons of sor - row, View ___ with me the au - tum - nal gloom.
Learn from thence your fate to - mor - row, Dead ___ per - haps laid ___ in the tomb.

17 See all ___ na - ture fad - ing, dy - ing si - lent, all ___ things seem to mourn.

Life from ve - ge - ta - tion fly - ing ___ Brings to ___ mind the moul - d'ring urn.

Hail, ye sighing sons of sorrow,
View with me the autumnal gloom;
Learn from thence your fate tomorrow,
Dead, perhaps laid in the tomb.
See all nature fading, dying,
Silent, all things seem to mourn,
Life from vegetation flying
Brings to mind the mouldering urn.

Childhood friends, how oft I've sought them
Just to cheer my drooping mind,
But they've gone like leaves in autumn,
Driven before the dreary wind.
When a few more years I've wasted,
When a few more Springs are o'er
When a few more griefs I've tasted,
I shall live to die no more.

What to me are autumn's treasures,
Since I know no earthly joy,
Long I've lost all earthly pleasures,
Time must youth and health destroy.
Pleasures once I fondly courted,
Shared each bliss that youth bestows,
But to see where then I sported,
Now embitters all my woes.

Fast my sun of life's declining,
I must sleep in death's dark night;
But my hope, pure and refining
Rests in future life and light.
Cease this trembling, fearing, sighing,
Christ will burst the silent tomb,
Then the saints shall, upward flying,
Rise into immortal bloom.

Age and sorrow since have blasted
Every youthful pleasing dream;
Quivering age, with youth contrasted,
Oh, how short her glories seem!
As the annual frosts are cropping
Leaves and tendrils from the trees,
So my friends are yearly dropping
Through old age and dire disease.

The songs Mother sang, while spinning, were apt to be of a melancholy nature. The tunes of the old hymns were beautiful, but the words usually were very depressing. The songs were quite likely to be murder songs, guaranteed to send shivers up and down one's spine, whether one understood them or not. The dismal wails of those melancholy old tunes, combined with the lonesome whirr of the spinning wheel, is something I can never forget, though it is many years since I heard them. Beginning in low, as she spliced a new roll onto the end of the last one and started the thread, rising to crescendo, as she turned the wheel

with her right hand, stepping slowly backward and pulling her roll into a thread with her left hand as she did so, then gradually falling to low again, as she stepped forward, winding the finished thread onto the spindle, singing all the while. One of her songs she called "The Gosport Tragedy," another she called "The Oxford Tragedy," both on the same old theme, a young man who courted a young girl until she became a burden to him, then enticing her out for a walk with him, where, by one means or another, he put an end to her existence.

The Bloody Miller or The Oxford Tragedy

5 Come all young men and mai - dens, To_ you I will re - late. Come

9 lend an ear and you_ shall hear Con - cern - ing my sad fate. My_

13 ten - der par - ents brought me up_ And pro - vi - ded for_ me well, And

near the town of_ Ox - ford, They placed me in_ a mill.

Come all young men and maidens,
To you I will relate.
Come lend an ear and you shall hear
 Concerning my sad fate.
My tender parents brought me up
And provided for me well,
And near the town of Oxford,
They placed me in a mill.

‘Twas there I espied a fair young maid,
 She cast a winning eye;
I told her I would marry her
 If she’d with me comply.
I courted her about six months
 I mean to let you know,
‘Twas folly brought me to this snare
 Which has proved my over-throw.

Her mother came to me one day
As you may understand;
Begging of me to appoint a day
And marry her out of hand.
Being perplexed on every side
No comfort could I find,
And for to take her life away
My wicked heart inclined.

It being one month before Christmas,
Oh, cursed be that day;
The devil put it in my head
To take her life away.
I went unto her sister's house
About eight o'clock at night,
And she, poor thing, but little knew
I owed her any spite.

I says, "Come take a walk with me.
Out door a little way;
Where you and I can both agree
And fix our wedding day."
Then, hand in hand, I led her down
Unto a silent place,
There I drew a stake from out the fence
And struck her in the face.

Then down upon her bended knees
And for mercy loud did cry;
"For Heaven's sake don't kill me here
For I'm not fit to die!"
I paid no heed to what she said
But struck her all the more,
Till I had taken her life away
Which I could ne'er resotre.

Then I took her by the curly locks
Dragged her through wood and glen,
Until I came to the river side
And there I threw her in;
As I watched her body floating
Down by the river side
Instead of being a lifeless corpse
I wished she was my bride.

Then straightway to my mill I went
Like someone in a maze;
The first I saw was my 'prentice boy
Who deeply on my gazed.
The question that he asked of me
Was "What's that upon your clothes?"
The answer that I made to him
Was "A bleeding at the nose."

Then I asked for a candle
The same was brought to me;
And when the candle I had lit
An awful sight did see;
Then straightway to my bed I went
Some comfort for to find,
But it seemed as though the plagues of Hell
Had lodged within my mind.

Next day the body was searched for
But it could not be found;
And I was in my chamber seized
And in strong chains was bound.
Her sister swore against me
And said she had no doubt,
That I had taken her life away
For I last led her out.

Then, two or three days after,
Her body it was found;
A-floating down by her sister's house
Which was near to Watertown.
So now the time is hastening on
And death is drawing nigh;
And, by my own confession,
I am condemned to die.

One thing I have found about the murder songs, as well as some others, and that is that the names of the localities change to suit the wishes of the singers. Songs learned in the States, when sung in Nova Scotia, have the names of the localities changed to suit the circumstances, and vice-versa.

Some time after this, I heard a young man sing the same song, or at least, I supposed he called it singing. To a sort of tuneless chant he repeated the words:

“He took her by the raven locks
 He dragged her to the ground;
 And with a stake he smashed her brains
 And gave her her death wound”

There were many people of Dutch and German descent living near us, many of them, my father said, [were] descendants of the Hessian soldiers who fought in the Revolutionary War, who had been given grands of land in Nova Scotia to pay them for their service. One of these Germans worked for my Grandfather one winter and sang several songs that the children learned. A part of the chorus of one of these songs was sung so fast that we children were much amused by it and used to coax Mother to sing it to us. Then my brother and I used to practice it together to see if we could learn to sing it as fast as Mother did. The name of the song was

Jimmie Murphy

Oh! down in the town where the big crowd was mak-in' And poor lit-tle Jim-mie Mur-phy was the
 7 first one was ta - ken. Then a - way, you bon - ny lass, now From the East to Don
 12 Pat - rick; That would en-tice poor lit - tle Jim - mie Mur - phy back from the green,
 15 sweet, mos - sy banks Of the sweet Smith - er rock. Oh, a feast, a foule, a
 17 roule - a-roo. Sing-ing fal da did-dle li do, Sing-ing fal da did-dle day.

Oh! Down in the town where the big crowd was makin'
And poor little Jimmie Murphy was the first one was taken.

Chorus

Then away, you bonny lass, now
From the East to Don Patrick;
That would entice poor little Jimmie Murphy³²
Back from the green, sweet, mossy banks
Of the sweet Smither rock.
Oh, a feast, a fouse, a roule-a-roo.
Singing fall da diddle li do,
Singing fal da diddle day.

Tomorrow's the day he will walk through the city
With his hands tied behind him, but he asks for no pity.

Chorus.

He has to be hung, but it's not for sheep stealing,
But a-courting of the pretty girls was the worst of his failings.

Chorus.

Oh, now he is gone, all his troubles are over,
And all the pretty fair maids, they will roam in the clover.

Chorus.

Another song she learned from a German in her girlhood, was called

Willie O.

5 Come all you fair maid - ens, both come - ly and hand - some, Come
list to me ___ while a song I sing; It is all con - cern - ing my ___
11 true love Wil-lie Who has gone a - way for to serve his king. ___

³² Fred Lincoln Hill, in his transcription of this piece, left out the word Murphy and did not include notes for it, but wrote it in as though it should be there, as further supported by the lyrics. The notation, as written, does not stay within the meter. I have done my best to create a possibility based on the text, style, and description from Carrie Grover of singing fast.

Come all you young maidens, both comely and handsome,
 Come list to me while a song I sing;
 It is all concerning my true love Willie
 Who has gone away for to server his king.

Oh, he has sailed away on the good ship Falcon,
 And where he is I do not know;
 May the angels guard and thus protect him,
 And bring to me my Willie O.

As Mary was a-sleeping, Willie came a-creeping
 And knocked so softly at the bedroom door;
 Saying, "Mary dear, don't be so frightened,
 It is the voice of your Willie O."

They sat down together, and long they were conversing,
 While down her cheeks the tears did flow;
 "Oh, Willie, dear, what has changed your color,
 From what it was long years ago?"

"Oh, Mary, dear, the clay has changed it,
 I am the ghost of your Willie O;
 Now Mary, dear, I must be going
 For soon the cocks will begin to crow.

The cocks they are a-crowing, and I must be going,
 Back to my grave I now must go;
 One last embrace, then farewell forever,
 You will see no more of your Willie O."

Mother seemed to have a bit of a song for every occasion. If some kitchen utensil came apart and she had to mend it, she would sing –

Hard Up

In the days when I was hard up For fur-ni - ture and fire I used to tie my
 shoes up With lit - tle bits of wire. Hard up! It is hard up. I
 nev - er can for - get. The days when I was hard up. I may be well-off yet.

In the days when I was hard up
 For furniture and fire,
 I used to tie my shoes up
 With little bits of wire.

Chorus

Hard up! It is hard up!
 I never can forget
 The days when I was hard up.
 I may be well-off yet.

Sometimes when her appetite was poor and she was trying to force down a bit of toast and drink a cup of tea, she would lean her head on her hand, and sing –

He Who Has Little to Eat

Oh! he who has lit-tle to eat — Will make but a pit-i - ful din-ner; — And he who has no-thing at
 6
 all — Oh! his jaws will grow thin-ner and thin-ner. — Right fal-did-dy, al-did-dy - all. —

Oh! He who has little to eat
 Will make but a pitiful dinner;
 And he who has nothing at all
 Oh! His jaws will grow thinner and thinner.
 Right fal-diddy, al-diddy-all.

Another song that Mother learned in her girlhood, and used to sing when I was a child, was “The Jolly Roving Tar.” I remember only the first and the last verses.

The Jolly Roving Tar

Ma - ny a plea - sant eve - ning me and my love have had. With ma-ny a pret-ty
 6
 fair maid a - long with her sail - or lad; With the drums so sweet - ly play - ing like -
 11
 wise the wild gui - tar As hand in hand we jogged a - long, Me and my rov - ing tar.

Many a pleasant evening me and my love have had,
 With many a pretty fair maid along with her sailor lad;
 With the drums so sweetly playing, like-wise the wild guitar,
 As hand in hand we jogged along,
 Me and my roving tar.

They put her in the long boat, they rowed her from the land,
 And as they rowed her from the shore she waved her lily hand;
 Saying, "Adieu ye maids of Liverpool, I am going away afar,
 I am going to cross the ocean with
 My jolly roving tar."

A song that was sung by both my mother and father was called:

The Pride of Kildare

When I ar - rived in Ire - land I had a rov - ing mind. I es -

5
 pied a fair dam - sel both come - ly and kind. Her fair neck was sha - ded by her

11
 long gold - en hair, And the called her "Love - ly Su - san, The Pride of Kil - dare."

When I arrived in Ireland I had a roving mind.
 I espied a fair damsel, both comely and kind;
 Her fair neck was shaded by her long golden hair,
 And they called her "Lovely Susan,
 The Pride of Kildare."

When first I met Susan, from love I was free,
 But soon proved to her beauty a captive to be;
 Her eyes were like diamonds, her cheeks were like the rose
 And her bosom was fairer than the lily that grows.

Long time I courted Susan, till I spent all my store,
 Now she's gone and she's left me because I am poor;
 She's gone with some other young man, his fortune to share,
 May my curses rest on Susan
 The Pride of Kildare.

Mother used to sing bits of a song that she said was very old. It was about a vessel called "The Arethusa," and a sea fight between the English and French. I remembered the tune and the few bits of the song as she sang it, and quite recently I found a song called "On Board the Arethusa" in an old book called "The Minstrels Cabinet."³³ The bits that mother sang fitted into the song, and the song fitted into Mother's tune, so I have no doubt but what it is the same song. It is said in the book that it was taken from "The Farce of the Lock and Key."³⁴

On Board of the Arethusa

From the Farce of "The Lock and Key"

Come all you jol - ly - sail - ors bold Whose hearts are cast in hon - or's mold, While Eng - lish
5 glo - ry - I un - fold. Huz - za to the A - re - thu - sa. She is a frig - ate tight and
10 brave As ev - er stemmed the dash - ing wave, Her men are staunch To their fav - 'rite launch, And when the
15 foe shall meet our fire, Soon - er than strike we will all ex - pire, On board of the A - re - thu - sa.

Come all you jolly sailors bold
Whose hearts are cast in honor's mold,
While English glory I unfold.
Huzza to the Arethusa.
She is a frigate tight and brave
As ever stemmed the dashing wave,
Her men are staunch
To their favorite launch,
And when the foe shall meet our fire,
Sooner than strike we will all expire,
On board of the Arethusa.

'Twas with the Spring fleet she went out
The English channel to cruise about,
When four French sail in show so stout,
Bore down on the Arethusa.

³³ Likely *The Minstrel's Musical Cabinet: Containing a Collection of the Most Esteemed Modern and Original Songs, from the Cabinets of the Curious; with Various Toasts and Sentiments, Conducive to Virtue and Morality*, Marshall and Robinson, 1835.

³⁴ Hoare, Prince, Esq., *The Lock and Key: A Musical Farce in Two Acts*, New York: Charles Wiley, 1824. The song is found in Act II, Scene III, p25.

The famed Belle Pool straight ahead did lie,
The Arethusa seemed to fly,
Not a sheet or a tack
Or a brace did she lack,
Though the Frenchmen laughed and thought it stuff,
They knew not the handful of men how tough,
On board of the Arethusa.

On deck five hundred men did dance,
The stoutest they could find in France;
We, with two hundred, did advance
On board of the Arethusa.

Our Captain hailed the Frenchmen "Ho!"
The Frenchmen then cried out "Hallo!"
"Bear down, d'ye see
To our Admiral's lee,"
"No, no," says the Frenchmen, "that can't be,"
"Then must I drag you out with me"
Says the saucy Arethusa.

The fight was off the Frenchman's land,
We forced them back upon their stand;
For we fought till not a stick would stand
Of the gallant Arethusa.
And now we've driven the foe ashore,
Never to fight with Britons more;
Let each fill a glass
To his favorite lass;
A health to our Captain and officers true,
And all that belong to the jovial crew
On board of the Arethusa.

My mother used to sing a couple of verses of a song that my oldest brother said was sung by a girl who used to work for my grandmother when he was a little boy, which would be eighty-five or eighty-six years ago, at least. A cousin in Nova Scotia sent me the rest of the words.

The Bold Sea Captain

As the Duke of Mar - chant's daugh - ter _____ walked out one sum - mer's day, _____ She met a

10 bold Sea Cap - tain _____ by chance up - on her way; _____ He says, "My pret - ty fair maid, _____ if it was not

22 for the law _____ Then you and I in one bed would lie, _____ And you lie next to the wall _____

As the Duke of Marchant's daughter walked out one summer's day,
 She met a bold Sea Captain, by chance, upon the way;
 He says, "My pretty fair maid, if it was not for the law,
 Then you and I in one bed would lie, and you lie next to the wall."

"Oh, hold your peace young man," she says, "and do not me perplex,
 Before that you can lie with me, you must answer questions six;
 Six questions you must answer me, and care not for the law,
 Then you and I in one bed will lie, and you lie next to the wall.

Oh, what is rounder than a ring?³⁵ What is higher than a tree?
 Oh, what is worse than a woman's tongue? What is deeper than the sea?
 What bird sings first, what bird sings last? And where does the dew first fall?
 Before that I in your bed will lie, and you lie next to the wall."

"The globe is rounder than ring, Heaven is higher than a tree,
 The devil is worse than a woman's tongue, Hell is deeper than the sea;
 The lark sings first, the thrush sings last, on the earth the first dew falls,
 So, you and I in the one bed lie and you lie next to the wall."

"You must get for me some winter fruit that in December grew,
 You must get for me a winter coat that never wet went through;
 You must get for me a sparrow's thorn, and you must name them all;
 Then you and I in one bed lie and you lie next to the wall."

"My father has some winter wheat that in December grew,
 My mother has a silken cloak that never wet went through;
 A sparrow's thorn is easy found, there is one on every claw,
 So, you and I in one be lie and you lie next to the wall."

³⁵ Question marks added

Now for my breakfast you must get a cherry without a stone,
And for my dinner you must get a chicken without a bone;
And for my supper you must get a bird without a gall,
Then you and I in the one bed lie, and you lie next to the wall.”

“Oh, when the cherry is in full bloom I am sure it has no stone,
And when the chicken is in its yolk I am sure it has no bone;
The dove, she is a gentle bird – she sings without a gall,
So, you and I in the one bed lie, and you lie next to the wall.”

He took her by the lily white hand and led her through the hall,
He held her by the slender waist for fear that she might fall;
He laid her on his bed of down without a fear at all,
And now they two in one bed do lie, and she lies next to the wall.

One song that mother sang cause us much merriment, in spite of the fact that it was a sad song, and as mother sang it, was very sad indeed. But, for some reason, we all hated to hear her sing it, and never sang it ourselves, unless we sang a few words of it for a joke. When our children were small, my sister Bertha³⁶ and I lived near each other and spent much time together. Often, just as we got the youngest children to sleep, a neighbor and his wife would come it, who talked and laughed so loud, that the poor babies would wake up in a fright, and we would have no end of the trouble getting them to sleep again. When we saw them coming in the early evening and knew what we were in for, one or the other of us would sing in a doleful voice, with many a solemn shake of the head, “Oh, why was I born to be tormented so!” There were many occasions when these few words fitted in perfectly, and gave us much innocent fun.

³⁶ Bertha Marie Spinney (1874-deceased)

Oh, Why Was I Born

Oh, why was I born to be tor-ment-ed so By one who won't have me nor
7 yet let me go, For the more I strive a - gainst him the more he does pur -
12 sue. As the tide ebbs and flows, all my sor - row does re - new, All my
17 sor - row does re - new - ew - ew - ew - ew - ew - ew - ew - ew - ew - ew - ew - ew - ew -
22 ew. As the tide ebbs and flows all my sor - row does re - new.

2nd Verse

He pass - es my win - dow both ear - ly and late, And when I look up -
6 on him my poor heart does break. And when I look up - on him my
11 poor heart does brea - a - a - a -
16 ak. And when I look up - on him my poor heart does break.

Oh, why was I born to be tormented so,
 By one who won't have me, nor yet let me go;
For the more I strive against him, the more he does pursue,
 As the tide ebbs and flows, all my sorrow does renew.
All my sorrow does renew-ew-ew-ew-ew
 Ew-ew-ew-ew-ew-ew-ew-ew-ew-ew-ew-ew-ew.
As the tide ebbs and flows,
 All my sorrow does renew.

He passes my window both early and late
 And when I look upon him
My poor heart does break.
 And when I look upon him
My poor heart does brea-a-a-a-a
 A-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-ake.
And when I look upon him
 My poor heart does break.

I fain would compare with the lamb that was slain,
 If I thought, in my own heart,
It would ease all my pain.
 If I thought, in my own heart,
It would ease all my pa-a-a-a-a
 A-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-ain,
If I thought, in my own heart,
 It would ease all my pain.

One very vivid memory of my childhood is of hearing my mischief-loving brother Jim sing a song to Mother, that she particularly disliked. I was less than four years old and the baby of the family, so was much petted by my big brothers, whom I idolized. One day I was delighted by having my big brother Jim³⁷ sit down in the family rocker and take me on his knee while he began singing and trotting his foot in time to the music. He got through the first verse and part of the chorus before Mother paid any attention to him. Then, she came out of the next room and, reaching up over head, took down a switch which she occasionally used, and for which we younger ones had a wholesome respect. As soon as she did this, my brother hastily put me down and started for the door. He ran out into the field, mother after him with the switch in her hand. In memory, I can still hear his merry laughter and then, his coaxing voice as he begged mother to let him come back into the house. I can remember just how Mother looked, trying to look stern, though she could not keep the corners of her mouth from twitching, in her effort to keep from laughing at his nonsense. He begged so hard, and made so many promises to be good, that Mother came back into the house and put the switch away. No sooner had she gone back to her work than Jim came back into the house and again sat down in the rocker, and took me up on his knee. What was my horror when he, again, began singing the same song. I will never forget how fright-ened I was, for the idea that he would dare to disobey Mother never entered my head. After he had sung another verse of the song, out came Mother and reached for her switch, and he put me down as before, and ran out into the field with Mother after him. My fright must have printed the whole scene on my mind, for though my brother was a man in size, full six feet tall, I was sure that this time, Mother would switch him hard. This was the song he sang, as I learned it later:

³⁷ James J Spinney (1865-1935); he would have been around 20 years old at the time of this story.

The Hickory Twig

When I was a bach - e - lor bold and young I court - ed a girl with a flat - t'ring tongue; I
 5 gave her kis - ses a hun - dred and ten, I prom - ised to mar - ry, but did - n't say when. Oh!
 9 Right tol - lol tol - lol tol - low, Fal - dee - dol did - dle dol clee - di - oh;
 13 Right tol - lol tol - lol tol - low, To fal - dee dol did - dle - dol clee - di - oh.

When I was a bachelor bold and young
 I courted a girl with a flattering tongue;
 I gave her kisses a hundred and ten,
 I promised to marry, but didn't say when.

Chorus³⁸

Oh! Right tol-lol tol-lol tol-low,
 Fal-dee-dol did-dle dol clee-di-oh;
 Right tol-lol tol-lol tol-low,
 To fal-dee dol did-dle - dol clee-di-oh.

Last Monday morning I married a wife,
 Hoping to lead a better life;
 But to my surprise I found it was not so,
 And all my pleasure was turned to woe.
 Cho.

Last Tuesday morning to my surprise,
 A little before the sun did rise;
 She took the broom-stick give me more
 Than I ever had in my life before.
 Cho.

Last Wednesday morning I went to the woods
 To get some hickories to make her good;
 As I passed by the thicket so green
 I cut the toughest that ever was seen.
 Cho.

Last Thursday I laid the hickories by

³⁸ The chorus in the notation was different that in the lyrics in the MM. I have utilized both versions to create this one.

Resolved that on Friday I would them try;
 Then if she's no better as better may be
 The devil may take her and keep her for me.
 Cho.

This song is one of many that was sung by a nephew of mother's, who worked in my father's mill and boarded in our family two or three years before I was born.

The Dying Soldier Erin So Far Away

The sun went down on As - ia's shore when the dead - ly fight was o'er, And
 9 thou - sands lay on the bat - tle - field till it could hold no more. The pale moon
 18 shone on the bat - tle - field where the dy - ing sol - dier lay, And the
 25 sha - dows of death a - round him crept while his life blood ebbed a - way.

The sun went down on Asia's shore
 when the deadly fight was o'er,
 And thousands lay on the battlefield,
 till it could hold no more.
 The pale moon shone on the battlefield
 where the dying soldier lay,
 And the shadows of death around him crept
 while his life blood ebbed away.

A passing comrade heard a moan
 and quickly the sufferer found,
 Saying, "Gently lift my aching head
 from of the damp cold ground";
 Saying, "Softly, gently comrade dear,
 not long with you I'll stay.
 I will no more roam in my childhood's home
 in old Erin so far away.

A lock of my hair I would have you bear
 to my mother far over the sea,
 And every time she would look at it
 she would fondly think of me.

Tell her that although on India's shore
my mouldering bones shall lay,
That my heart still clings to old Ireland,
to old Erin so far away.

Go tell my sister though years have passed
since last I saw her face,
Her form is present in my mind,
her features I can trace;
Oh, tell her that no more we'll roam
where in childhood used to play,
In those merry glades and the grassy shades
in old Erin so far away.

Oh, tell my brother how well we fought,
and just like our father, died,
With bayonets charging on the foe
and our scabbards by our side.
It nerves my heart to conquer,
these Sepoys for to slay—"
When a vision so bright rolled o'er his sight,
of Erin so far away.

The dying soldier heaved a sigh
as he tried to raise his head.
His spirit went forth from the wide, wide world,
and the soldier boy lay dead.
His grave was made and in it was laid
that doom of a warrior's day,
Far, far from his home and the friends he loved,
in old Erin so far away.

His comrades gathered around his grave
for to take their last farewell
'Tis of as brave and as true a heart
as ever in battle fell.
And as they lowered him in his grave,
his spirit seemed to say,
"I will no more roam in my childhood's home,
in old Erin so far away."

I learned the tune and a part of this song from hearing my mother sing it as long ago as I can remember. A couple of years ago I found the song in a book at the home of a neighbor. I think it was "Ballads and Songs of the Shanty Boy," collected and edited by Franz Rickaby.³⁹

³⁹ Published in 1926 by Harvard University Press. *The Dying Soldier* is found on page 183 with identical text set to a different tune.

About eighty-five years ago, two of my mother's brothers⁴⁰ left Nova Scotia for a time and went to Massachusetts to work on a milk farm. When they returned, they sang several songs that were new to our neighborhood. "The Dying Californian"⁴¹ was one, "The Emigrant's Song" and "Jersey Sam" were two others. "Jersey Sam" was very popular in the lumber woods about that time also, and my husband said his father⁴² used to sing it when he was a small boy.

Jersey Sam

Oh! I was born in Jer - sey, and of that I'm going to sing— And yet it seems but yes-ter-day for
 7 time is on the wing;— Oh, I went down to New Or-leans and there I fought the foe,— A-
 13 long with Hick-o-ry Jack - son some fif - ty years a - go.— For I'm a chap of the ol-den time And I
 19 may be thought too gay;— I'm Jer-sey Sam, the far-mer's man, Hoo - ray! Hoo-ray! Hoo - ray!—

Oh! I was born in Jersey, and of that I'm going to sing
 And yet it seems but yesterday⁴³ for the time is on the wing;
 Oh, I went down to New Orleans and there I fought the foe,
 Along with Hickory Jackson some fifty years ago

Chorus

For I'm a chap of the olden time
 And I may be thought too gay;
 I'm Jersey Sam, the farmer's man,
 Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!⁴⁴

Oh, my name it is Samuel, though some folks call me Sam,
 As through this world I jog along as happy as a clam;
 The world, they say, has been improved, but I should like to know
 If folks are any better now, than fifty years ago.

Cho.

⁴⁰ According to a note in *A Heritage of Songs*, one of the brothers was George Long (1846-1875).

⁴¹ Possibly referring to *The Dying Soldier* since there is not a song in this collection with the name *The Dying Californian* and since the other two pieces are listed immediately after *The Dying Soldier*.

⁴² Samuel Octavius Grover (1849-1925)

⁴³ The notation has this line "Altho 'twas many years ago" but has been altered to match the lyrics.

⁴⁴ The lyrics spell this as "Hurray" but I have altered it to match the notation.

When I was young, then boys were boys and went to bed at ten,
 But now when they are twelve years old, they think that they are men,
 You'll hear them call for rum and beer, and some cigars, heigh-ho;
 What would our parents have thought of that some fifty years ago!
 Cho.

At midnight too, you hear young men, with husky voices, sing
 That Champagne Charlie is their name, when they know it's no such thing;
 They go to bed with a headache, or at least, they tell us so,
 I never heard of such a thing some fifty years ago.
 Cho.

The women of the present day, they cannot draw the line,
 They wear our hats and jackets, and appear quite masculine;
 They wear false hair, for that's the style, and call it their own you know,
 But our girls would scorn to wear a wig some fifty years ago.
 Cho.

The Emigrant's Song

"Since things are so hard I must tell you dear heart, That I must leave off with my
 plough and my cart. A - way to Wis - con-sin a jour - ney we'll go, And I'll
 dou - ble my for - tune as oth - er folks do, While here I must la - bor each
 day in the field, And the win - ter con - sumes what the sum - mer doth yield.

⁴⁵Since times are so hard, I must tell you dear heart,
 That I must leave off with my plough and my cart;
 Away to Wisconsin a journey we'll go
 And I'll double my fortune as other folks do.
 While here I must labor, each day in the field,
 And the winter consumes what the summer doth yield.

⁴⁵ There were several slight variations of text between the notation and the lyrics. I have used the lyrics as a guide for continuity.

Oh husband, I've noticed with a sorrowful heart
 You've neglected your oxen, your plow and your cart;
Your hogs, sheep and cattle at random they run
 And your best Sunday suit, it goes every day on.
Oh, stick to your farm and you'll suffer no loss,
 For a stone that keeps rolling will gather no moss.

Oh wife, let us go now, and don't let us wait;
 I long to be there, oh I long to be great;
You will be some great lady, and who knows but I
 Will be some great governor before that I die?
While here I must labor, each day in the field
 And the winter consumes what the summer doth yield.

Oh, husband, remember your land you must clear
 It will cause you hard labor for many a year;
Your hogs, sheep and cattle will all be to buy
 And you'll scarcely get settled before you will die.
So, stick to your farm and you'll suffer no loss,
 For a stone that keeps rolling will gather no moss.

Oh, wife, let's be going, and don't let us stand.
 I will purchase a farm that is all cleared by hand;
Where the hogs, sheep and cattle are not very dear,
 And we'll feast on fat buffalo half of the year.
While here I must labor, each day in the field,
 And the winter consumes what the summer doth yield.

Oh, husband, remember that land of delight,
 Is surrounded by Indians by day and by night.
They'll plunder your house and burn it to the ground
 While your wife and your children lie murdered around.
So, stick to your farm and you'll suffer no loss,
 For a stone that keeps rolling will gather no moss.

Dear wife, you've convinced me; I'll argue no more.
 For I never once thought of the Indians before;
My children, I love them, although they are small,
 And you, my dear wife, I love better than all.
So, I'll stick to my farm and I'll suffer no loss,
 For a stone that keeps rolling will gather no moss.

This is a song that my mother heard in her girlhood. She sang the tune and the first verse, but never heard it all. Recently I met an old lady, who said she learned the words from hearing them sung by an old couple with whom she lived, at least forty years ago.

A Stranger and Far From My Home

As I went a-walk-ing one eve-ning in Spring To hear the birds
 whist-le, sweet night-in-gale sing. I heard a fair dam-sel a-
 mak-ing sad moan Say-ing, "I am a stran-ger, and a long way from home."

As I went a-walking one evening in Spring
 To hear the birds whistle, sweet nightingale sing;
 I heard a fair damsel a-making sad moan
 Saying, "I am a stranger, and a long way from home."

I stepped up beside her, I made a longee,
 I begged her forgiveness for being so free;
 "I pitied your sorrow, hearing your sad moan,
 For I, too, am a stranger, and far from my home."

"I would ask you one question, young man," she did say,
 "Now, what is the cause of your coming this way;
 Who are your kindred, and why do you roam,
 Why are you a stranger, and far from your home?"

"To you, my pretty fair maid, the truth I will tell,
 When I am at home, in New Jersey I dwell;
 It was my misfortune in love to fall prone,
 Which caused me to wander a long way from home.

The lads of New Jersey are roving young blades,
 They take great delight in deceiving young maids;
 They will kiss them and court them and call them their own,
 When perhaps they have a sweetheart a-mourning at home.

I would ask you one question, fair maiden," said he,
 "If ever you marry, will you marry me?
 I will be your protector in the desert alone,
 For I am a stranger and far from my home.

I will build my love a castle in some pleasant town,
 Where lords, dukes or nobles can ne'er pull it down;
And if anyone asks you why you live alone,
 Tell them you are a stranger, and far from your home."

From Miss Nellie Louise McCann, Gorham [Maine] 7/7/57
(Miss McCann was president of M.F.M.C.⁴⁶ 1946-50)

"Dear F-----

I received a long letter from Annabel Morris Buchanan. She said that Mrs. Starr had sent out letters asking for folk songs. She wrote directly to me because of our old association with the folk music research.

Several times during the past 20 years she has had her manuscript ready for publication then called it back to revise it. This time, since the NFMC wishes to use it, she is trying to gather songs from every state. She hoped I would have something from Delaware, N.J., and other states. Of course, I haven't anything.

In her Maine section she has two numbers I gave her years ago. I have sent her two fragments that Miriam Andrews gave me that her mother and grandmother used to sing, and I called Fred Hill about the songs Carrie Grover gave him. He and Mrs. Grover's daughter worked with Mrs. Grover in recording them, looking toward a dream of getting out another book.

Gould Academy, Bethel, finally did get out a small edition as you know. I tried again to get a copy but received no reply. Mrs. Grover did plan one for me, but when the call came for her to send one of her ten copies elsewhere, mine was the one that had to go.

Fred Hill said that when Mrs. Grover left Gorham to live with her son, she told him he could do what he wished with the manuscript they had made.

I gave Mrs. Buchanan his address and I think he will let her have something from his collection. There would never be any way of financing a book even if he had enough for that.

Mrs. Buchanan has enough material for four volumes. Wonder if she has enough benefactors to get out a work of that size."

Excerpt from a letter from Fred Lincoln Hill.... 1954

".... I did write an article on Folk Music and Dancing in Maine for the N.E. book on music edited by Sigmund Spaeth...Working so much with Mrs. Carrie Grover of Gorham gave me an inside track on the subject. Gould Academy in Bethel has just published a large collection⁴⁷ of her songs with notes by herself besides the one she and I are working upon. Never heard of a person who knew so many! She is presenting one of a very limited number (ed. – of the edition published by Gould Academy) to Nellie McCann."

⁴⁶ Maine Federation of Music Clubs

⁴⁷Grover, Carrie, *A Heritage of Songs*.

Carrie B. Grover, Songs My Father Sang (30)

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⁴⁸ Originally listed at the end of the Table of Contents, but corrected to its place within the MM.

⁴⁹ Not listed in the original Table of Contents.

Songs My Father Sang

My father⁵⁰ was the eighth child in a family of nine, and was born in Cornwallis, Nova Scotia, in the year eighteen hundred and thirty-seven. Like mother, he came from a singing family, and often sang to us songs and bits of songs that he had learned in his childhood and early boyhood. He seldom sang these songs when mother was home, but when she was called away, as she often was in case of sickness in the neighborhood, father would exert himself to entertain us by telling stories of his boyhood and singing songs that he seemed to save for these occasions. He would describe his old home to us, till in fancy we could see the huge fireplace with its leaping flames, and our grandmother as she sat with her knitting, her children grouped about her as she entertained them by singing songs and telling stories and riddles that she had learned in her own childhood.

My grandmother's father, John Davis⁵¹, came to Nova Scotia in his early manhood, from Glenmorganshire, Wales. My grandmother said that he brought from Wales, twenty-three of the Robin Hood ballads which he knew and sang. She sang three of them, but father could only remember one:

Bold Robin Hood and the Peddler

The image shows two staves of musical notation in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The first staff contains the melody for the first line of lyrics, and the second staff contains the melody for the second line. The lyrics are: 'Tis of a ped-dler, a ped-dler trim, A ped-dler trim he seemed to be; He strapped his pack all on his back And he went link-in' o'er the lea. _____

'Tis of a peddler, a peddler trim,
A peddler trim he seemed to be;
He strapped his pack all on his back
And he went linkin' o'er the lea.

He met two men, two troublesome men,
Two troublesome men they seemed to be;
And one of them was bold Robin Hood
And the other Little John so free.

"What have you there?" cried bold Robin Hood,
"What have you there, pray tell to me."
"I have six robes of the gay green silk
And silken bowstrings two or three."

"If you have six robes of the gay green silk
And silken bowstrings two or three,
Then, by my faith," cried bold Robin Hood,

⁵⁰ George Craft Spinney (1837-1916)

⁵¹ (1766 – deceased)

“One half of them belong to me.”

The peddler, he took off his pack,
He hung it low down by his knee.
“Oh, he who beats me three feet from that,
The pack and all, it shall go free.”

Bold Robin Hood drew his nut-brown sword,
The peddler he drew out his brand;
They fought until they both did sweat.
“Oh, peddler, peddler, stay your hand.”

“Oh, fight him, Master,” cried Little John,
“Oh, fight him, Master, and do not flee.”
“Now, by my faith,” cried the peddler trim,
“’Tis not to either he or thee.”

“What is your name?” cried bold Robin Hood,
“What is your name, pray tell to me.”
“No, not one word,” cried the peddler trim,
“Till both your names you tell to me.”

“The one of us is bold Robin Hood,
The other Little John so free.”
“Oh, now I have it at my good will
Whether I’ll tell my name to thee.

“I am Gamble Gold of the gay green wood
Far, far beyond the raging sea.
I killed a man on my father’s land
And was forced to leave my own country.”

“If you’re Gamble Gold of the gay green wood,
Far, far beyond the raging sea,
Then you and I are sisters’ sons,
What nearer cousins can we be?”

They sheathed their swords with friendly words
And they, like brothers, did agree.
Then to an alehouse in the town
Where they cracked bottles merrily.

One of the songs he learned in his boyhood, and often sang to us I will call:

A Gentleman Born

The musical score is written on a single treble clef staff in the key of D major (two sharps) and 3/4 time. It consists of four lines of music with lyrics underneath. The first line starts with a C-clef and a 3/4 time signature. The lyrics are: "To 'The Sign of the Crown' you are bid to come down Where the". The second line starts with a 3 and the lyrics are: "lads and their las - ses will dance their fill; In your suit of new clothes and your". The third line starts with a 6 and the lyrics are: "fine yel - low hose They will think you a gen - tle-man born, they will.". The fourth line starts with a 9 and the word "Chorus:" followed by the lyrics: "Yes, they will, So they will, And they'll think you a gen - tle-man born, they will.".

To "The Sign of the Crown" you are bid to come down
Where the lads and the lasses will dance their fill;
In your suit of new clothes and your fine yellow hose
They will think you a gentleman born, they will.
Yes, they will,
So they will,
And they'll think you a gentleman born, they will.

So away I did ride with my sword by my side
Till I came to "The Sign of the Crown" I did
With my suit of new clothes and my fine yellow hose.
And they thought me a gentleman born, they did.
Yes, they did,
So they did,
And they thought me a gentleman born, they did.

Now come all you young blades who would court the young maids
And would win their fair favor in win they could;
With your suit of new clothes and your fine yellow hose
They would think you a gentleman born, they would.
Yes, they would,
So they would,
They would think you a gentleman born, they would.

He used to sing a verse of a love song that I liked, because of its tune. I do not know the name of the song, so will use the first line:

In Portland Lived a Damsel

The image shows a musical score for the song 'In Portland Lived a Damsel'. It consists of four staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first staff starts with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are: 'In Port - land lived a dam - sel of wit and beau - ty bright, And'. The second staff starts with a measure rest and the lyrics: 'ma - ny were the suit - ors came to her day and night; They'. The third staff starts with a measure rest and the lyrics: 'told her they did love her, and swore for her they'd die. But'. The fourth staff starts with a measure rest and the lyrics: 'love that makes no dif - fer - ence, young men will swear and lie.' The score ends with a double bar line.

In Port - land lived a dam - sel of wit and beau - ty bright, And
5 ma - ny were the suit - ors came to her day and night; They
9 told her they did love her, and swore for her they'd die. But
13 love that makes no dif - fer - ence, young men will swear and lie.

In Portland lived a damsel of wit and beauty bright,
And many were the suitors came to her day and night;
They told her they did love her, and swore for her they'd die.
But love that makes no difference, young men will swear and lie.

A verse of another song that he often sang and said was very old, I will also use the first line for a name:

Johnnie I Gave You Schooling

Oh, John-nie I gave you school-ing, — I gave you trade like - wise; — You
 5 need not have gone and left me — Had you ta - ken my ad - vice. — You
 9 need not have gone and left me — Where thun - d'ring can - non roar, — And you
 13 see the blood run an - kle deep, All on the Rus - sian shore. —

Oh, Johnnie I gave you schooling,
 I gave you trade like-wise;
 You need not have gone and left me
 Had you taken my advice.

You need not have gone and left me
 Where thundering cannon roar,
 And you see the blood run ankle deep,
 All on the Russian shore.

A verse of another song that father used to sing, has always stuck in my memory because of its catchy tune.

Rum Diddle Dah

Oh! my coat it is tore and my vest it is wore, and the tail of my shirt hang-ing down to my knee, I
 5 have not a pen - ny to pay my ex - pen - ses and full four score miles from my own coun - try. To my
 9 rum did - dle dah, To my rum did - dle dee Oh, rum did - dle, dum did - dle Dum did - dle dee.

Oh! my coat it is tore and my vest it is wore,
 And the tail of my shirt hanging down to my knee,
 I have not a penny to pay my expenses
 And full four score miles from my own country.

Chorus

To my rum diddle dah,
 To my rum diddle dee;
 Oh, rum diddle, dum diddle
 Dum diddle dee.

Another song that seemed to be a memory of his boyhood, I particularly remember because he sang it at his Golden Wedding.

I Bridled My Nag



I bri-dled my nag and a-way I did ride, 'Til I came to an ale-house hard by the town-side; There,
 I saw three gen-tle-men throw-ing dice, And they took me to be some no-ble Knight.
 Right fal-da did-dle dah, Right fal-da did-dle dee, While I, in my pock-et not one pen-ny.

I bridled my nag and away I did ride,
 'Til I came to an ale-house hard by the town-side;
 There, I saw three gentlemen throwing dice,
 And they took me to be some noble Knight.
 Right fal-da diddle dah,
 Right fal-da diddle dee,
 While I, in my pocket not one penny.

I ordered a quart of the ale that was brown
 And, in that quart, I ordered a dram;
 Then I sat a-drinking, and they looking on;
 And they took me to be some Nobleman.
 Right fal-da diddle dah,
 Right fal-da diddle dee,
 While I, in my pocket, not one penny.

Then I took the dice and I threw one
 And as it happened I chanced to win;
 If the should win and I should lose
 What had they to take, but my empty purse?
 Right fal-da diddle dah,
 Right fal-da diddle dee,
 While I, in my pocket, not one penny.

Another song that seemed to be reminiscent of his childhood, and that I believe I heard him say his mother⁵² sang, was:

The Shepherdess

'Tis of a shep-herd's daugh - ter a - guard - ing of her sheep A -
 ly - ing on the green all ___ a - lone, ___ The weath - er be - ing warm she ___
 fell ___ fast a - sleep And by chance, a young sai - lor passed a - long. ___

'Tis of a shepherd's daughter a-guarding of her sheep
 A-lying on the green all alone,
 The weather being warm she fell fast asleep
 And by chance, a young sailor passed along.

Then seeing this fair maid as she lay on the green,
 The fairest maid that he had ever seen,
 A-kissing of her lips as she lay fast asleep,
 Saying, "You've won my fond heart away from me."

She being so surprised, she opened her eyes
 And saw this young sailor standing by.
 "Oh, young man," said she, "How came you here by me?"
 And then she began for to cry.

"I have just come ashore from the ship laying yonder,
 I have come to the shore all alone.
 And, oh, my dearest dear, may I find some comfort here,
 Or I am forever undone."

⁵² Charlotte Davis (1798-1870)

“Oh, young man,” said she, “If I could fancy thee,
 However *[sic]* could I give my consent?
 When you were on the seas I could never take my ease;
 I’d be left here alone to lament.”

“Oh, shepherdess,” said he, “If you will marry me,
 I have gold and I have silver in store.
 The sea I would forsake and a promise I would make;
 I would never go to sea any more *[sic]*.”

Oh, then they did agree, and married were next day.
 The shepherdess the sailor does adore;
 In love, joy and peace may their happiness increase,
 And he never went to sea any more *[sic]*.

Father used to sing a verse of a song of which he knew only the story, this one verse and the chorus. The story was of a young wife writing some interesting news to her husband, apparently, a young naval officer.

Home, Dearest Home

Oh, if it is a girl we will name it af - ter me, And if it is ³a boy he shall
 4 plow the ra - ging sea, With his u - ni-form of blue with ³its trim - mings of gold, — And
 7 he shall walk the decks like a young sail - or bold. And it's home, dear - est home, and it's
 10 home I would be Home, dear³- est home, in my own coun - ter-ee Where the
 13 oak and the ash and the ³bon-ny birch-en tree Are all — grow-ing green in my own coun-ter-ee.

Oh, if it is a girl we will name it after me,
And if it is a boy he shall plow the raging sea,
With his uniform of blue with its trimmings of gold,
And he shall walk the decks like a young sailor bold.

Chorus

And it's home, dearest home, and it's home I would be
Home, dearest home, in my own count-er-ee⁵³
Where the oak and the ash and the bonny birchen tree
Are all growing green in my own count-er-ee.

One little song was sung by both my parents, and I have heard my father say that his mother used to sing it. The first part of one verse mother had forgotten, and all her efforts to recall it were in vain. Then, when I was helping to care for her in her last sickness, she suddenly recalled it, and when she got up on the little stool provided for her so she could help herself get into bed, she would say –

“She climbed on a stool for to make herself higher
She threw ‘round her left leg, and knocked nine in the fire.”

The Devil and the Farmer's Wife

The musical notation is written on two staves in 3/8 time. The first staff contains the melody for the first line of lyrics, ending with a whistled note. The second staff begins with a measure rest marked '9' and continues the melody for the second line of lyrics. The lyrics are: "The dev - il he came to the far - mer one day, (whistled) Say-ing, You owe me a debt and I will have my pay. To me right fal al fal ad-die I day."

⁵⁴The devil he came to the farmer one day
(next line whistled.)

Saying, “You owe me a debt, and I will have my pay
To me right fal al fa laddie I day.”

“It is not your children or you that I crave
But your old scolding wife, and it’s her I will have.”

“Oh, take her, oh, take her will all my heart
And I hope you and she will never part.”

So, the devil, he mounted her onto his back
And like a bold peddler went carrying his pack.

⁵³ I kept the difference in the hyphenation between the notation and the lyrics. When reading the lyrics, ‘count-er-ee’ is easier to read and make sense of the word, but ‘coun-ter-ee’ is a better singable version of the word.

⁵⁴ Compare with the version found on page 16 of this manuscript.

Some little devils were hanging in chains
She took off her shoe and she knocked out their brains.

She climbed on a stool for to make herself higher
She threw 'round her left leg and knocked nine in the fire.

The little blue devils peeped over the wall
"Oh, take her back dadda [*sic*], or she'll kill us all."

So, the devil, he mounted her onto his back
And like an old fool, he went carrying her back.

One of my earliest recollections of my father's singing was one evening when he was returning from work and we three younger children when to the gate to meet him. I being the youngest, he picked me up in his arms and carried me into the house, and holding me on his knee, sang a verse of an old song that I believe he learned from his mother. The name of the song is "The Poor Man's Song," and the verse father sang to us children so many years ago was this –

"When I return from work, then it's weary I be,
I take my youngest up and I dance it on my knee;
The others flock around me with their laughter and their noise
And that is all the comfort a poor man enjoys."

Then, though I cannot remember his exact words, he told us that a man need never feel poor, who had a home to come to and children to greet him. He told us that he had been talking with a man that day, who had no children, and that he had told father that if he had his family, he would feel that he was a rich man.

The Poor Man's Song

Oh, poor man, oh, poor man, come tell un-to me true How you main - tain your
6 fam - 'ly and how you car - ry them through; How you main - tain your fam - 'ly when
11 most of them are small With noth - ing but your la - bor to main - tain them all.

Oh, poor man, oh, poor man, come tell unto me true
How you maintain your family and how you carry them through;
How you maintain your family when most of them are small
With nothing but your labor to maintain them all.

Oh, early in the morning I rise with good cheer
I take a flail all in my hand and a bottle of good beer;
With a flail all in my hand and a bottle of good beer
I'm as happy as a man with ten thousand a year.

Sometimes I do reap and sometimes I do sow,
Sometimes hedging, sometimes ditching, such work I often do;
There's nothing comes amiss to me, I harrow and I plow
And I earn all my living by the sweat of my brow.

When I come home at night, then it's weary I may be
I take my youngest up and I dance it on my knee;
The others flock around me with their laughter and their noise
And that is all the comfort a poor man enjoys.

My wife is ever ready to help me with my yoke
We live like two turtle doves who never do provoke;
And though it may be true that we do live poor
Yet we can feed the beggar that comes to our door.

A nobleman, who hearing what this poor man did say
Invited him to dine with him the very next day;
And with him his wife and his children all to bring,
And in token of this favor, he gave him a ring.

So, early the next morning, this poor man arose
He dressed all his children in the best of their clothes;
So, he and his wife and his seven children small
They all went to dine in the nobleman's hall.

Then when they came there, so the story reports
There were victuals provided of several sorts;
And at this fine table, they happily did dine
With the kindest of favor and plenty of wine.

Then after dinner this nobleman did show
What unto this poor man he had to bestow;
"Since you by honest labor your home do maintain
May you in humble comfort your family sustain.

Now since you have spoken so well of your wife,
Here's plenty to maintain her the rest of her life;
'Tis fifty acres of good land I give unto thee
To maintain you, wife and your large family."

My grandfather when father was a young child, so he was left largely to the care of older brothers and sisters, as grandmother had to work very hard to keep her family together. Being impatient of restraint, he ran away to sea at the age of eighteen, and followed the sea for several years. Not long before the Civil War he had made several trips to the South and learned some of the songs he heard the darkies sing. He said that during the loading and unloading of vessels, the darkies sang as they worked, working in time to the music. One bit of a song he remembered and sang, especially caught my fancy. I will call it:

Walk Along, Talk Along

The Cap - tain sailed a - cross the bay — Walk a - long, talk a - long; When
³ I got there I heard him say, — "Walk a - long, talk a - long, Look-out in the cross - trees."

The Captain sailed across the bay
 Walk along, talk along;
 When I got there I heard him say,
 "Walk along, talk along –
 Look-out in the cross-trees.

I gave my love a gay gold ring
 Walk along, talk along;
 The she began to dance and sing
 Walk along, talk along –
 Look-out in the cross-trees."

The cross trees is a piece of timber fastened to the masts on which the look-out stands to report to the officer below, anything he sees of sufficient importance to be reported.

I have heard my sister say that when she and my brother used to pick up potatoes for father, following along behind him as he dug them, when they got tired and began to lag he would begin to sing one of these old work songs and they would hurry to catch up so they could hear what he was singing. The one they like best I will call:

Sallie's House

I went out to Sal-lie's house, Sal-lie was -n't home. I sat o-ver in the cor-ner And I
 4 Chorus
 played on the old jaw-bone. Ki-yi-yi, lap-a-did-dle, doo-dle dum, Ki-yi-yi, la-a-did-dle doo-dle dum,
 9 2nd Verse
 Hick-ey, chick-ey, pick-ey, up-pey, Chick-ie in the dock. Coon in the gum-tree,
 12
 Pos-sum in the hol-ler, Show me the col-ored man could-n't make a doll-ar. And a (back to chorus)

⁵⁵ I went out to Sallie's house, Coon in the gum-tree,
 Sallie wasn't home. Possum in the holler,
 I sat over in the corner Show me the colored man
 And I played on the old jaw-bone. Couldn't make a dollar.

Chorus:
 Ki-yi-yi, lapadiddle doodle dum,
 Hickey chickey pickey uppy
 Chickie in the dock.

He spent much time on shore, too, and used to enjoy listening to the darkies as they gathered outside their cabins after the day's work was done, singing songs, dancing and playing the banjo. One dance that called for a good deal of agility they called "Patting the Juba,"⁵⁶ and father used to try to describe it to us as it seemed to have had a special attraction for him. One evening when we first came to Maine⁵⁷, a little show was given at Newry Corner by an old white-headed ex-slave assisted by his wife and two daughters. One of his dances was the one father had tried so many times to describe to us and was just as interesting as he had claimed it to be.

The old man's trousers were faced with leather, both fore and aft, as father said, and he kept time to the music by slapping the front part of his right leg with his left hand, and the back part of the same leg with his right hand. He kept his feet moving, too, excepting the times when he would leap into the air, whirl around two or three times, then begin dancing again as soon as his feet struck the floor, keeping perfect time to the music of the banjos, and never missing a beat.

⁵⁵ In the MM, the lyrics were covered up by the notation which had been taped in later. I added the lyrics here to be consistent with the rest of the volume. I did not include the second verse since there did not seem to be a listing of that in the MM.

⁵⁶ Watch Danny "Slapjazz" Barber demonstrate and explain Patting Juba: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6BCzIjY-taY>

⁵⁷ Probably around 1892.

It seemed as though father knew an endless number and variety of songs, and he sang a song or two almost every evening when we were alone. After he had had his smoke, he would sit thinking a while, and the songs he sang depended a good deal on the mood he was in. On dark rainy evening, he was apt to sing ship-wreck songs, or songs of storms at sea. One of his favorites was:

The Bay of Biscay

You gen - tle - men of Eng - land, who live at home at ease — It is
 5 lit - tle — do — you think, or know, the dan - gers of — the seas; — When
 9 we re - ceive our or - ders we — are o - bliged to go, — Cross the
 13 Main to proud Spain, — let the wind blow high or low. —

You gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease
 It is little do you think, or know, the dangers of the seas;
 When we receive our orders, we are obliged to go,
 Cross the Main to proud Spain, let the wind blow high or low.

On the second day of August fro, Spithead we set sail,
 With Ramsay in our company, blessed with a pleasant gale;
 We sailed along together to the Bay of Biscay O
 Where dreadful storms came on and the wind began to blow.

Then, Ramsay in our company, she could no longer stay.
 It was by stress of weather, from us she bore away;
 She put in to Gibraltar and she told the people so —
 That she feared we were all lost in the Bay of Biscay O.

But, as Heaven provided, it was not quite so bad.
 Though first we lost our main mast, and with it went our flag;
 And then we lost our mizzin [*sic*] mast⁵⁸, six of our guns also,
 And of men we lost ten, in the Bay of Biscay O.

⁵⁸ Mizzenmast: third mast from the bow in a vessel having three or more masts.
<https://www.vocabulary.com/dictionary/mizzenmast>

The Captain on the quarterdeck, it killed him outright,
 Gold rings upon his fingers were burst asunder quite;
 Gold rings upon his fingers, it bursted them in two.
 There he lay till next day, when we over-board him threw.

But as yet we had not perceived this melancholy stroke,
 For in the side of our good ship, there was a great hole broke;
 Which caused our gun room with water for to flow
 There we rolled and we tolled in the Bay of Biscay O.

The storm, it being over, we rigged a jury mast
 We put in to Gibraltar, where we came to at last;
 We put in to Gibraltar, where we lay at the New Mole
 And the people, they came flocking in, our state for to behold.

They said we were the saddest sight that ever they did know
 We ne'er repine, but drank wine, till we drowned all our woe;
 We ne'er repine, but drank wine, till we drowned all our woe.
 Here's a long fare-you-well to the Bay of Biscay O.

Another sea song that he sang was one that described the activities on board a vessel from the beginning of a storm till the danger was over. When I was a little girl, I wrote the words of the song from father's dictation, but, as I insisted on having him explain each order the bos'n gave and just what he meant by them, our progress was very slow. At last, however, the song was learned, and though I never ventured to sing it where father could hear me, I used to go down to the lake, leap from one rock to the next till I reached a large, flat rock where I dreamed away many hours of my childhood, and here I would sing, to my heart's content. Looking out over the water and stretching my imagination to the utmost (an easy thing to do when one is only ten years old), I could imagine the rock to be a vessel in distress and the gentle ripples breaking against the rock, to be the mighty breakers of the ocean, and how I did enjoy giving the bos'n's orders just as he gave them to the sailors in the song, using the nautical terms just as father had taught me, though I will have to own that, in spite of all father's careful explanations, I never could understand the difference between the topsail sheets and the stay sails.

The Tempest

Cease rude Bo - re - as blus - ter - ing rail - ers List ye lands - men all to
 5 me. Mess-mates, hear a broth - er sai - lor Sing the dan - gers of the sea. From bound - ing
 10 bil - lows first in mo - tion Where the dis - tant whirl - winds rise Un - to the
 14 tem - pest - u - ous, troub - led o - cean where the seas con - tend with skies.

Cease, rude Boreas blustering railers
List ye landsmen all to me.
Messmates, hear a brother sailor
Sing the dangers of the sea;
From bounding billows first in motion
Where the distant whirl-winds rise
Unto the tempestuous, troubled ocean
Where the seas content with the skies.

Hark! the bos'n's hoarsely bawling,
"By topsail sheets and halyards stand.
Down to 'gallants quick be hauling,
Down your stay-sails hand, boys, hand!"
Now she freshes, set the braces,
The lee topsail sheets let go,
Luff, boys, luff. Don't make wry faces,
Up your topsails nimbly clew."

Now, you all on down beds sporting,
Safely locked in beauty's arms,
Fresh enjoyments, wonton courting,
Free from all but love's alarms,
Whilst 'round us roars the tempest louder
Think what fear our mind enthalls;
Harder yet, it still blows harder,
Hark! once more the boatswain calls.

"Your topsail yards point to the wind, boys,
See all's clear to reef each course.
Let the fore-sheet go, don't mind, boys,
Though the weather should be worse."
⁵⁹Fore and aft the spirit-sail yard get,
Reef the mizzen, see all's clear;
Hands up! Each preventer-brace set,
Man the fore-yard, cheer lads, cheer."

Now don't you hear the thunder roaring
Peal on peal, contending crash!
Whilst on our heads fierce rainfall's pouring
And in our eyes blue lightnings flash!
Whilst all around us one dark water
All above us one dark sky
Different deaths at once surround us.
Hark! What means that dreadful cry!

⁵⁹ The second half of this stanza is not included in *A Heritage of Songs*.

“The fore-mast’s gone,” cried every tongue out,
 Whilst o’er the lee, twelve feet ‘bove deck
A leak beneath the chest-tree’s sprung out,
 Call hands to clear the wreck.
Quick, the lanyard’s cut to pieces,
 Come, my heartys, [*sic*] stout and bold!
Plumb the well, the leak increases,
 Four feet [of] water in the hold!

Whilst o’er the ship the waves are beating,
 We for wives and children mourn.
Alas! From hence there’s no retreating,
 Alas! To them there’s no return.
Still the leak is gaining on us,
 Both chain pumps are choked below,
Heaven have mercy here upon us!
 For only this can save us now!

O’er the lee beam is the land, boys,
 Let the guns o’erboard be thrown,
To the pumps call every hand, boys,
 See, our mizzen mast is gone.
The leak we’ve found, it cannot pour fast;
 We’ve lightened her a foot or more;
Up and rig a jury foremast!
 She rights, she rights boys, we’re off shore!

⁶⁰Now once more on joys we’re thinking,
 Since kind Heaven has spared our lives;
Come, the can boys, let’s be drinking
 To our sweet-hearts and our wives.
Fill it up, about ship wheel it –
 Close to lips a brimmer join;
Where’s the tempest now? Who feels it?
 None – our dangers drown in wine.

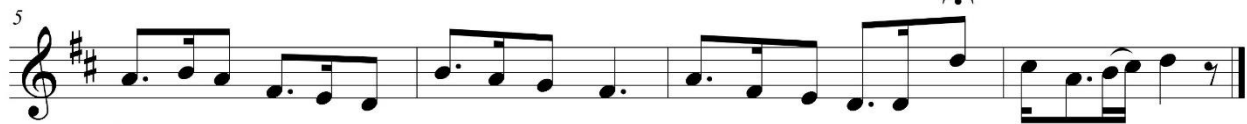
⁶⁰ This verse is also not included in *A Heritage of Songs*.

My sister tells me that in the days before I can remember, father sang many sea songs of which I remember only the tune and a few words. One of these I think must have been taken from a version of the sea song called

The Fishes



A - long came a shark with his long rows of teeth Some were a-bove, and the oth-ers be-neath.



Blow, oh ye storm-y winds, blow, ye winds blow. Trim your sails to the breeze Stead-y she goes.

Along came a shark with his long rows of teeth

Some were above, and the others beneath.

Blow, oh ye stormy winds,

Blow, ye winds blow.

Trim your sails to the breeze

Steady she goes.

Another scrap that I feel sure must have originally been a song of the sea I have never heard sung, except to some nonsensical words that do not seem to fit with the chorus, which seems to have a purely nautical flavor –

Blow Ye Winds in the Morning



Oh, it's blow ye winds in the morn-ing, ____ Oh, blow ye winds, heigh - o! ____



Clear a - way ____ the fog - gy dew and blow, high, blow. ____ Then



he took out his pen - knife ____ and run it in ____ his sleeve. ____ I



wish this was in the young maid's heart who would a man de - ceive. ____

Oh, it's blow ye winds in the morning,
 Oh, blow ye winds, heigh-o!
 Clear away the foggy dew and blow, high, blow.
 Then he took out his penknife and run it in his sleeve.
 Oh, I wish this was in the young maid's heart
 Who would a man deceive.

Father sang a few verses of what I believe was:

The Greenland Whale Fishery

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. It consists of three staves of music. The lyrics are: 'Twas in eight - een hun - dred and fif - ty — three And of June the thir - teenth day, That³ our gal - lant ship her — an - chor — weighed, And for Green-land bore a - way, brave boys, And for Green-land bore a - way. There are triplet markings (3) over the notes for 'three', 'teenth', and 'weighed'.

'Twas in eighteen hundred and fifty-three
 And of June the thirteenth day,
 That our gallant ship her anchor weighed,
 And for⁶¹ Greenland bore away, brave boys,
 And for Greenland bore away.

Mother also sang a verse of this song, but she sang it to a different tune.

This musical score is also in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. It consists of three staves of music. The lyrics are: 'Twas in eight - een hun - dred and fif - ty three And of June the thir - teenth day, That our gal - lant ship her an - chor weighed, And for Green-land bore a - way, brave boys, — And for Green - land bore a - way. The melody is different from the first score.

⁶¹ The notation says "from Greenland" on both versions, but the lyrics say "for Greenland." I have opted to agree with the typed lyrics.

Greenland it is a cold country
 No Christian can live there.
 Where the rain and the snow and
 The stormy winds do blow
 And the daylight seldom comes.

My father knew many doleful old murder songs, and when in the mood for it, would sing two or three of them. I have heard an older brother say, after he was an old gray-headed man, that he could never forget how the cold shivers ran up and down his spine as father sang an especially gruesome murder song, which once heard, could never be entirely forgotten. I, too, have a vivid recollection of the horrible pictures this especial song brought to my childish mind.

A Merchant's Daughter

A mer - chant's daugh - ter of beau - ty bright, Her par - ent's pride and heart's de - light; Long
 5 did they strive with lov - ing care, To guard their on - ly daugh - ter dear.

A merchant's daughter of beauty bright,
 Her parent's pride and heart's delight;
 Long did they strive with loving care,
 To guard their only daughter dear.

The time had come, she fully vowed
 A helpmate for herself to choose,
 And for herself, a home prepare
 With one who would all trouble share.

As this lady and servant rode out one day
 She to her servant-man did say:
 "Oh, Johnnie, Johnnie, don't treat me so,
 The truth in earnest I want to know."

"Oh, if your father, he did know
 That I did love his daughter so,
 The curse of man he would put on me,
 And treat me with severity."

"Oh, Johnnie, Johnnie have no fear,
 For your protection I will prepare;
 To love a lady can be no crime;
 We will talk of this, another time."

But her old father in ambush lay
 To hear what these lovers had to say;
"You ungrateful daughter, what have you done!
 I will change your notes, now I know your plan.

"You might have married some lord or peer
 With wealth and station beyond compare,
But this proud young upstart of low degree
 He will disgrace my family."

Next day her Johnnie was sent away,
 His wages unto him did pay;
But his cheeks were wet with many a tear,
 Shed for the one he loved so dear.

But before he had gone half a mile
 The cavalry around did file;
And for a diamond ring, in his custody,
 Her father swore his life away.

They marched him back to Wexford jail
 His wretched fortune to bewail;
Bound in strong irons, there to lay
 Until his execution day.

On the morning of that dreadful day
 Her father unto her did say:
"Come, rise up daughter, and come with me
 And see your Johnnie hung on a tree."

Now wasn't it a wretched sight
 To see her Johnnie all robed in white!
"Oh, father! Father!" the lady cries,
 "Won't you let me kiss him before he dies?"

Now, from her bosom she drew a knife,
 Fully intending to end her life;
And, as she lay dying in her gore,
 Said, "Farewell Johnnie," and spoke no more.

As my father sang this song, it ended here, but a copy my cousin sent me from Nova Scotia, ended like this, and added another verse:

And, as she kissed fore'er to part,
 The cruel knife plunged in her heart.

When her father saw what he had done
 Taken two lives instead of one;

Cried "Farewell daughter, this leaves a smart!"
And his own sword plunged into his heart.

Another dismal murder song he often sang was called:

Johnnie Doyle

In Wex-ford lived a dam - sel of wit and beau-ty rare She was a mer - chant's
6 daugh - ter, he had no oth - er heir; Of suit - ors she had plen - ty, men
11 of a high de - gree, But a youth-ful clerk her fath - er had, he stole her heart a - way.

In Wexford lived a damsel of wit and beauty rare
She was a merchant's daughter, he had no other heir;
Of suitors she had plenty, men of a high degree,
But a youthful clerk her father had, he stole he heart away.

They had not long been courting, when she had proved beguile.
She went unto this young man, and her story she did tell;
"Oh, Johnnie Doyle, I am beguile, prove kind and marry me
My father's houses and rich lands, in time will fall to thee."

He says, "My dearest dear, that is what I mean to do.
'Tis for the sake of no-one else, but all for love of you;
But first, my dearest dear, I have a journey for to go,
Then shortly we'll be married, if you let no one know.

One evening they were walking down by the river side,
Down to the ocean gliding, just at the even-tide;
Her precious body he threw in, he used her most severe,
And in one fortnight after, she was seen a-floating there.

One night as her old father was lying on his bed,
He saw his dearest daughter a-standing at his head;
She looked just like an angel, so brightly she did shine,
Saying, "Jonnie Doyle is the first man who did my heart trepan.

“Now, father, don’t prove cruel though he has proved unkind,
But if you go to Wexford, it’s there you will him find;
I own I was beguiled by him, he threw me in the deep,
Me and my precious baby in a watery grave do sleep.”

Her father called his coach and six, and Wexford he did seek.
And coming up to Wexford, he walked upon the street;
He looked around about him this young man for to seek,
And Johnnie Doyle was the first man he father chanced to meet.

He says, “You, barbarous villain, what murder’s this you’ve done,
I brought you up as tenderly as a father could a son;
And all your faults I did forgive when you were young and wild.
You have robbed me of my daughter, my dear and only child.”

The tears ran down her father’s cheeks, for he could do no less.
The tears ran down young Johnnie’s cheeks as the truth he did confess;
“I own I killed your daughter, the truth I won’t deny.”
He is put in close confinement, all people say he’ll die.

Although we did not realize it at the time, we unconsciously absorbed many lessons in English History from some of the songs father sang. Many things we would have passed over as something just put in to make a song if, after the song was ended, he had not explained to us that, under the old English law, such things were entirely possible. It was hard for us to believe that a man who was rich and powerful could send the press gang, as it was called, to seize a man he wanted to get rid of, and take him on board of a man-of-war, where he either had to do what he was told or be flogged to death, if he resisted. Many a young man was taken like this whose friends and relatives never knew what became of him. Another plan was to arrest and hang a man for theft, whether or not he had had a proper trial and been found guilty.

He also sang songs describing battles well known in History. One of these describes a struggle between William of Orange and his father-in-law, the deposed King of England, James Second. This battle was fought in the summer of 1690. The Catholic Irish having remained loyal to James, the two kings met in Ireland, where a battle was fought on the banks of the river Boyne. This battle is known as "The Battle of the Boyne," and was commemorated in several ballads, one of which my father knew, though he said he did not know it all. What he knew, he learned from hearing the song sung by a man from New Brunswick.

The Boyne Water

On Ju - ly first in Old - bridge town in six - teen hun - dred and nine - ty When
 5 Wil - liam did his troops ar - ray And camped by the Boyne wa - ter.

On July first in Oldbridge town
 In sixteen hundred and ninety
 When William did his troops array
 And camped by the Boyne water.

"Brave boys" he said, "he don't deserve
 The name of Faith's defender,
 Who would not venture life and limb
 To make a foe surrender."

A bullet from the Irish came.
 It grazed King William's arm;
 We thought His Majesty was slain,
 But it did him little harm.

When the valiant Schomberg, he was slain,
 King William thus accosted
 His valiant men for to march on,
 And he would be the fore-most.
 "Fight on brave boys, be not dismayed,
 Though you've lost one commander,

For God will be your King this day
And I'll be General under."

Come, let us all with heart and hand,
Applaud our life's defender,
Who at the Boyne his valor showed,
And made his foes surrender.

Another song describes the Battle of Waterloo, from beginning to end. It is supposed to have been written by a Scottish soldier by the name of Jack (or Jock) Robertson, a bugler in the 92nd Highlanders. The battle was fought in 1815 under the Duke of Wellington as the leader of the English and allied forces, and Napoleon Bonaparte as the leader of the French. The English won, and the fate of Bonaparte was decided.

The Plains of Waterloo

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. It consists of four staves of music. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a sharp sign, and a 6/8 time signature. The lyrics are: "On the six - teenth day of June my boys in Flan - ders where we lay. Our". The second staff starts at measure 5 and continues: "bu - gles the a - larm did sound be - fore the break of day; The". The third staff starts at measure 9 and continues: "Brit - ish, Bel - gians, Bruns - wick - ers, and Han - o - va - rians, too All". The fourth staff starts at measure 13 and continues: "Brus - sels left that mor - ning for the plains of Wat - er - loo." The music ends with a double bar line.

⁶²On the sixteenth day of June, my boys,
In Flanders where we lay,
Our bugles, the alarms did sound
Before the break of day;
The British, Belgians, Brunswickers,
And Hanoverians, too,
All, Brussels left that morning
For the plains of Waterloo.

By a forced march we did advance,
Till three in the afternoon;
Each British heart with ardor burned
To pull the tyrant down.

⁶² Several corrections were made to the notated music in order to preserve the correct number of beats per measure. In m4, the initial note was changed from a half note to a dotted quarter; In m14, the eighth notes on the syllable "mor" were changed to sixteenth notes; in m.15, an additional eighth note was added at the end of the measure.

At Quatre Bras we met the French –
 Their form to us was new;
For, in steel armor they were clad
 On the plains of Waterloo.

Napoleon to his men did say
 Before the fight began; -
“My heroes, if this day we lose,
 Our nation is undone.
The Prussians we’ve already beat,
 We’ll beat the British, too,
And display victorious eagles
 On the field of Waterloo.”

Our immortal hero, Wellington,
 No speech to us did make.
We were Peninsula heroes
 And oft had made them quake;
And Vittoria, Salamanca,
 Toulouse, and Burgos, too –
They beheld their former conquerors
 On the plains of Waterloo.

In bright array Britannia stood
 And viewed her sons that day,
Then to her much-loved hero went
 And thus to him did say; -
“If you the wreath of laurel grasp
 From you usurper’s brow,
Through ages all, you shall be called
 ‘The Prince of Waterloo.’”

The bloody fight it then began.
 The cannon loud did roar;
We, being short of cavalry,
 They pressed us full sore.
Three British cheers we gave them,
 With volleys not a few,
Which made them wish themselves in France,
 And far from Waterloo.

For full four hours, or longer, we
 Sustained the bloody fray;
And during a long, darksome night
 Upon our arms we lay.
The orders of our General
 Next day, we did pursue.
We retired in files for near six miles,

To the plains of Waterloo.

This day both armies kept their ground,
When scarce a shot was fired;
The French did boast a victory gained
Because we had retired.
This noble act of generalship
Them from their stronghold drew;
Then we'd some share by fighting fair
On the plains of Waterloo.

On the eighteenth, in the morning,
Both armies did advance;
On this side stood brave Albion's sons,
On that, the pride of France.
The fate of Europe in his hands,
Each man his saber drew,
And "Death or Victory" was the word,
On the plains of Waterloo.

Upon our right they did begin,
Prince Jerome led the van,
With Imperial Guards and Cuirassiers,
Though none could them withstand;
But British steel soon made them yield,
Though our numbers were but few;
Prisoners we made, but more lay dead,
On the plains of Waterloo.

Then to our left they bent their course,
In disappointed rage;
The Belgian line fought for a time,
But could not stand the charge;
Then Caledon took up her drone,
And loud her chantie [*sic*] blew;
Played "Marshall Ney," a new strathspey⁶³,
To the tune of "Waterloo."

Before the tune was half played o'er
The French had danced their fill;
Ten thousand of their warriors
Lay dead upon the field.
Then thousand prisoners we took,
Imperial eagles, too;
Oh! British valor was displayed
On the plains of Waterloo.

⁶³ A dance in 4/4 time with sharp "Scotch snap" rhythms. Named after the Strathspey region of Scotland.

A health to George, our Royal King
 And long may he govern;
 Likewise, the Duke of Wellington
 That noble son of Erin!
 Two years they added to our time,
 With pay and pension, too;
 And now, we are recorded all,
 As "Men of Waterloo."

Father used to sing a scrap of a song to this same tune –

It would melt your heart to pity
 To hear those Frenchmen's wives
 Likewise, their tender daughters,
 And to hear their mournful cries;
 Saying, "Mother, dearest Mother,
 Forever may we rue-u-u
 The losing of our dear papas
 On the plains of Waterloo."

My father and oldest brother knew several of the Waterloo veterans, and it was from one of these that father learned the song. The grandmother of my oldest brother's wife kept a home for several of these old men, and to anyone who would listen, they would sing their songs and describe their particular part in the battle. One of these men, an Irishman by the name of Quigley, gave my brother a combination knife, fork and spoon, that could be folded up and carried in the pocket, that he had used at Waterloo. My brother kept it as long as he lived, and it is still preserved in the family.⁶⁴

Another of father's war songs describes a battle of the Crimean war, which was fought in 1854, by French and English forces, allied against Russia. A powerful Russian army had taken possession of the Heights overlooking a small stream called the Alma. The song called "The Heights of Alma" describes the battle that took place when the French and English stormed and took the Heights in the face of desperate resistance.

The Heights of Alma

The image shows the musical notation for the song "The Heights of Alma". It consists of two staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is written on a treble clef. The lyrics are written below the notes, with hyphens indicating where a note spans across a syllable. The first staff ends with a double bar line. The second staff begins with a measure rest marked with the number '5' above it, indicating the start of the fifth measure of the piece.

Come all good peo - ple, — far and near, Who nev - ver did a — ty - rant fear; — At -
 5 ten - tion pay, — and you shall hear — a song — on blood - y Al - ma.

⁶⁴ This story is told in *A Heritage of Songs* in connection with the song *A Fair Maid by the Shore*.

Come all good people, far and near,
Who never did a tyrant fear;
Attention pay, and you shall hear
A song on bloody Alma.

'Twas on September, the fourteenth day,
We landed safe on the Crimea
In spite of the salt sea's dashing spray,
All on the route to Alma.

That night we lay on the cold ground,
No tent nor shelter to be found;
And with the rain, we nearly drowned
To cheer us for the Alma.

Next day a burning sun did rise,
Beneath the cloudless eastern skies;
Our gallant chief, Lord Raglan, cries,
"Prepare to march for Alma."

And when the Alma came in view,
It would the stoutest heart subdue
To see the mighty Russian crew
Upon the heights of Alma.

So strongly were they fortified
With batteries on every side,
Lord Raglan to his company cried,
"We'll have hot work on Alma."

The balls did fly as thick as rain,
When we, the batteries tried to gain;
And many a hero there was slain
All on the heights of Alma.

Lord Raglan, bravest of the brave,
Soft lie the turf upon his grave,
He dashed his horse into the wave,
And scaled the heights of Alma.

Our Highland lads in kilt and hose,
Were not the last, you may suppose;
While "Faugh-a-Ballagh" loud arouse
From our Irish lads at Alma.

And, when the heights we did command
 We fought the Russians hand to hand,
 But the Russian force could not withstand
 The British might at Alma.

But though the victory we have got,
 And gallantly, our heroes fought,
 Yet dearly was that victory bought,
 For thousands fell at Alma.

To Sebastopol the Russians fled,
 Leaving their dying and their dead;
 That day the river, it ran red,
 With the blood was spilled at Alma.

Between the wounded and the slain,
 The Russians lost eight thousand men;
 And had three thousand prisoners ta'en,
 Upon the heights of Alma.

Two thousand British, I heard say,
 Did fall upon that fatal day,
 While fifteen hundred Frenchmen lay
 In bloody graves on Alma.

Now, France and England hand in hand,
 What enemy could them withstand!
 So, sound the news throughout the land,
 The victory won at Alma.

He also sang a few verses of another song about the same battle, but I can remember only two verses.

The Battle of the Alma

So sure were they of vic - to - ry, They brought their la - dies there to see The Rus - sian might and
 6 chiv - al - ry, All on the heights of Al - ma. Then tan - tra - nar - an in all the day, Oh tan - tra - nar - an in
 12 all the day, Oh tan - tra - nar - an in all the day All on the heights of Al - ma.

So sure were they of victory,
 They brought their ladies there to see
 The Russian might and chivalry,
 All on the heights of Alma.

Chorus:
 Then tantra nar-an in all the day,
 Oh, tantra nar-an in all the day,
 Oh, tantra nar-an in all the day,
 All on the heights of Alma.

But those Russian dames so fair and bright,
 Beheld a far a different sight;
 They saw the ignominious flight
 Of those they loved, on Alma.

This song was written by Henry S. Washburn, a New England business man and manufacturer, who wrote numerous fugitive poems. He was a native of Plymouth, Massachusetts, was educated at Brown, and in later life, became a resident of Boston. I learned the tune, by hearing my father sing it when I was a child.

The Grave of Bonaparte

On a lone, bar - ren isle, where the wild, roar - ing bil - low As - sails the stern
 rock, and the wild tem - pests rave, The he - ro lies still while the dew - drop - ping
 wil - low, Like fond, weep - ing mourn - ers leans o - ver the grave. The light - nings may
 flash, and the loud thun - ders rat - tle, — He heeds not, he hears not, he's free from all
 pain; He sleeps his last sleep, he has fought his last bat - tle, — No sound can a -
 wake him to glo - ry a - gain, No sound can a - wake him to glo - ry — a - gain.

On a lone, barren isle, where the wild, roaring billow
 Assails the stern rock, and the wild tempests rave,
The hero lies still, while the dew-dropping willow,
 Like fond, weeping mourners, leans over the grave.
The lightnings may flash, and the loud thunder rattle,
 He heeds not, he hears not, he's free from all pain;
He sleeps he last sleep, he has fought his last battle,
 No sound can awake him to glory again,
 No sound can awake him to glory again.

Oh, shades of the mighty, where now are the legions
 That rushed but to conquer when thou led'st them on?
Alas, they have perished in far hilly regions,
 And all save the fame of their triumph is gone.
The trumpet may sound and the loud cannon rattle,
 They heed not, they hear not, they're free from all pain.
They sleep their last sleep, they have fought their last battle.
 No sound can awake them to glory again,
 No sound can awake them to glory again.

Yet, spirit immortal, the tomb can not bind thee,
 For like thine own eagle that soared to the sun,
Thou springest from bondage and leavest behind thee
 A name which, before thee, no mortal had won.
Though nations may combat and war's thunders rattle,
 No more on thy steed wilt thou sweep o'er the plain;
Thou sleepest thy last sleep; thou has fought thy last battle;
 No sound can awake thee to glory again,
 No sound can awake thee to glory again.

Another song that father often sang when I was a little child, he called:

Mulberry Mountain

As I was go-ing o - ver Mul - ber-ry Moun-tain I met Cap - tain Ev - ans, and his
4 mon-ey he was coun-ting; Oh, first I drew my pis-tol and then I drew my ra - pier, Say - ing, "De -
7 liv - er up your mon-ey, for I am the old re - ceiv - er." Mush - a ring - a - ding - a - dah,
10 Right toor - en - ad - die - oh, Right toor - en - ad - die - oh. There's whis - key in the bar.

As I was going over Mulberry Mountain

I met Captain Evans, and his money he was counting;

Oh⁶⁵, first, I drew my pistol and then I drew my rapier,

Saying⁶⁶, "Deliver up your money, for I am the old receiver."

Chorus:

Musha ring-a-ding-a-dah,

Right toor-en-addie-oh,

Right toor-en-addie-oh,

There's whiskey in the bar.

Oh, when I got my money, it was a pretty penny,

I put it in my pocket, and I carried it home to Mollie;

She swore by her Maker, that she never would deceive me,

But the devil's in the women, for they never can be easy.

Chorus:

Next morning when I woke, 'twas between six and seven,

Surrounded by peelers and among them Captain Evans;

She'd unloaded both my pistols and had filled them up with water,

So, in prison chains they bound me like a lamb, unto the slaughter.

Chorus:

⁶⁵ "Oh" was added to the lyrics from the notation to make rhythmic sense.

⁶⁶ An extra sixteenth notes was added to account for both syllables in the word 'Saying' which were not split in the notation.

Now, I have two brothers and they are in the army.
 One, he is in Cork, and the other in Killarney,
 And if I had them here, I'd be jovial, brisk and jolly,
 For I'd sooner have them here this night than you, deceiving Mollie.
 Chorus:

Adieu to Nova Scotia

The sun had sunk all in the west, The birds sang sweet in ev - 'ry tree All
 na - ture seemed in - clined to rest, But oh, there is no rest for me.
 So a - dieu to No - va Sco - tia's sea bound coast, Let her moun - tains dark and drear - y be. But when
 I am far a - way on the bri - ny o - cean tossed Will you ev - er give a sigh or wish for me?

The sun had sunk all in the west,
 The birds sang sweet in every tree
 All nature seemed inclined to rest,
 But oh! there is no rest for me.
 Chorus:
 So, adieu to Nova Scotia's sea-bound coast,
 Let her mountains dark and dreary be,
 But when I am far a-way on the briny ocean tossed
 Will you ever give a sigh or wish for me?

I grieve to leave my native land,
 I grieve to leave my comrades dear;
 My tender parents that I love so well,
 And the bonny, bonny lassie I do adore.
 Chorus:

Father used to sing several Irish songs. One that I used to like to hear him sing, was of a belligerent young fellow, who evidently knew how to handle a shillaley, and enjoyed doing it. The song is about one fight he got into, that he feared was going against him, so he began looking around for help. I remember only a couple of verses. I will call it:

The Shillaley

Oh, I looked all a-round me to see could I see— A - ny brave fel - low from my

4
own coun-try When a strap-ping big Pad-dy tapped me on the back, "Fight on, me fine fel-low, I'll

8
stand at your back." Mush-a - toor - in - i - aw Mush-a - toor-in - i - an - dy Ri - toor-in - i - aw.

Oh, I looked all around me to see could I see
 Any brave fellow from my own country
 When a strapping big Paddy tapped me on the back,
 "Fight⁶⁷ on, me fine fellow, I'll stand at your back.
 Chorus:
 Musha-toorin-i-aw
 Musha-toorin-i-andy
 Ri-toorin-i-aw.

Oh, me heart gave a bound at the word of command,
 I took my shillaley all in me right hand.
 And I brought it down right over his head,
 And you'd thought to your soul, he'd lay seven years dead.

Chorus:

⁶⁷ In the notation, there is an addition of the word 'Saying' on two sixteenth notes. I have opted to follow the lyrics and adjust the syllables from where they were notated. The word stress now lines up with the metric stress.

Some of the songs he sang contained Gaelic words, but, though he knew no Gaelic, he sang the songs just the same, either substituting English words that he thought might have the same meaning or pronouncing the Gaelic words as best he could.

One of the songs he sang was “Dhrimen Dhu Deelish,” and he told us that he had heard it said that the tune, or at least a part of it, was the old Irish cry or keen, used long ago by mourners at Irish funerals.

An Irish friend of mine told me a little story of her childhood, about going to the funeral of an aged relative with her mother. Just before they began filling in the grave, the aged sister stepped to the side of the grave and began swaying from side to side, her arms clasped, one over the other, and began singing her lamentations to a tune that my friend recognized as the tune of “Dhrimen Dhu Deelish,” which she had often heard her father sing. On the way home, she said to her mother, “Mama, why did Cousin Kate sing “Dhrimen Dhu Deelish” at Cousin Amos’ funeral?” Her mother said, “Hush child! That was the Irish cry.”

Dhrimen Dhu Deelish

Come, all you good peo - ple, a tale I'll tell you A - bout an old wo - man who
 4 had but one cow; And so white was her face and so bright was her eye I
 7 thought me ould Dhri - men Dhu ney - er would die. And it's Och hone! me Dhri-men Dhu,
 11 Och mi ag - ra, ar - rah mush - a, Me Dhri - men Dhu Dee - lish, Och hone mi ag - ra.

Come, all you good people, a tale I'll tell you
 About an old woman who had but one cow;
 And so white was her face and so bright was her eye
 I thought me ould Dhrimen Dhu never would die.
 And It's Och hone! me Dhrimen Dhu,
 Och mi agra, arrah musha,
 Me Dhrimen Dhu Deelish
 Och hone mi agra.

Returning from mass on a morning in May,
The neighbors found Dhrimen Dhu bogged by the way;
They tried for to save her, but life it was past,
Poor Dhrimen Dhu sighed, and that sigh was her last.
And It's Och hone! me Dhrimen Dhu,
Och mi agra, arrah musha,
Me Dhrimen Dhu Deelish
Och hone mi agra.

When the ould woman heard what her neighbors did say
She ran to the field where the poor Dhrimen Dhu lay;
Her eyes were rolled up as she lay on the plain,
Like a bunch of ripe blackberries, soaked in the rain.
And It's Och hone! me Dhrimen Dhu,
Och mi agra, arrah musha,
Me Dhrimen Dhu Deelish
Och hone mi agra.

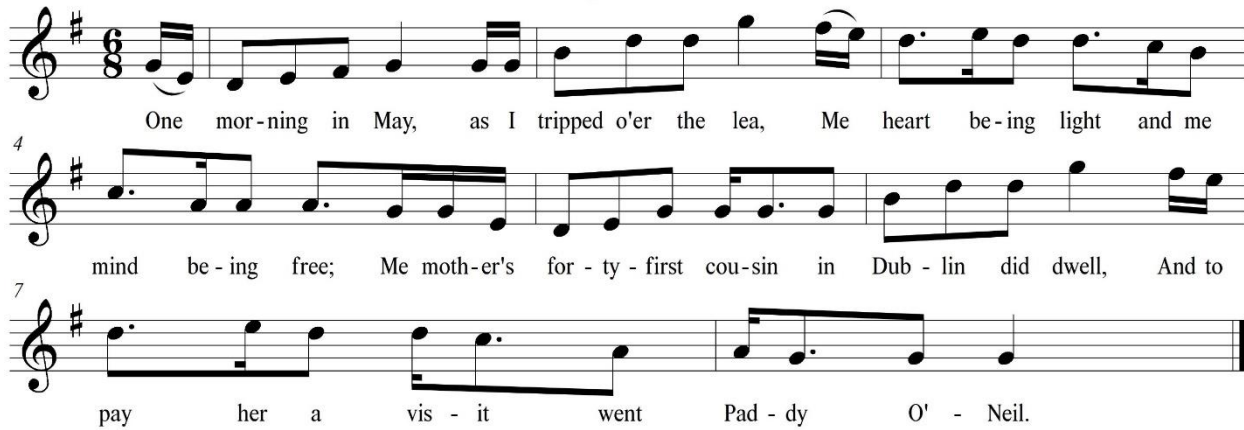
Oh, Dhrimen Dhu, Dhrimen Dhu, what made ye die,
Come tell me the reason, for what and for why?
I would sooner lose Patrick, me broth of a son,
Oh, philaloo, philaloo, now that you're gone.
And It's Och hone! me Dhrimen Dhu,
Och mi agra, arrah musha,
Me Dhrimen Dhu Deelish
Och hone mi agra.

It was last Sunday morning and Saturday past,
I milked me ould Dhrimen Dhu on the green grass;
And so swate was her milk and so slick was her tail,
I thought me ould heart would leap into the pail.
And It's Och hone! me Dhrimen Dhu,
Och mi agra, arrah musha,
Me Dhrimen Dhu Deelish
Och hone mi agra.

Now I must go home and eat me dry meal
Without any strippens to put in me pail;
And och, no butter to spread on me bread
Och, musha! bad luck to you, now that you're dead,
And It's Och hone! me Dhrimen Dhu,
Och mi agra, arrah musha,
Me Dhrimen Dhu Deelish
Och hone mi agra.

Another amusing Irish song he used to sing to us was about a raw young Irishman called Paddy O'Neil, and the adventures he had when taken by a press gang.

Paddy O'Neil



One mor-ning in May, as I tripped o'er the lea, Me heart be-ing light and me
 4 mind be-ing free; Me moth-er's for - ty - first cou-sin in Dub - lin did dwell, And to
 7 pay her a vis - it went Pad - dy O' - Neil.

One morning in May, as I tripped o'er the lea,
 Me heart being light and me mind being free;
 Me mother's forty-first cousin in Dublin did dwell,
 And to pay her a visit went Paddy O'Neil.

A spalpeen⁶⁸ I met as I went on my way.
 Says he, "Me fine fellow, we will take you to sea."
 He called for the press gang, they came without fail
 And they neck and heels tied me, poor Paddy O'Neil.

They took me along till we came to the shore.
 Such a monster afloat, I had ne'er seen before;
 The sticks through the ship, they grew wondrous high,
 And how large were the sheets that they hung out to dry!

For to go down below I expressed a great wish,
 Where they lived under water like so many fish;
 They put me to sup with the rest of the crew,
 When I called for banyandy, they give me burgoo⁶⁹.

For a bed I'd a sack hung as high as me chin.
 They called it a hammock and bade me jump in.
 I made a great leap, and my footin' being frail,
 It was slick over-canted was Paddy O'Neil.

⁶⁸ A rascal

⁶⁹ It is unclear what banyandy is. Burgoo is a spicy stew.

There I lay, but for sleep I got divil a wink,
And lower and lower my spirits did sink;
“Up hammocks, down chests” then the bosun did bawl.
“There’s a Frenchman in sight!” and says I, “Is that all!”

I climbed to the deck with the rest of the crew.
They then began telling us all what to do.
Up the rigging they sent me for to reef a sail.
Like a cat up a ladder, went Paddy O’Neil.

I let go with me hands and hung on by me toes,
And how the thing happened, the Lord only knows;
The ship gave a roll, I went splash like a whale,
And pretty well-pickled was Paddy O’Neil.

They took out their fish-hooks and grappled me in
To that huge wooden world of riot and sin;
Some drank bladders of gin, others pitchers of ale
And the rest sat and laughed at poor Paddy O’Neil.

Then they took me on deck, to a gun I was brought.
They told me to shoot till the gun it got hot;
And when I was stationed, they uncovered her tail
And the leading strings gave to poor Paddy O’Neil.

The Captain cries, “England and Ireland, me boys”
When he mentioned ould Ireland, me heart made a noise;
I clapped fire on her back while I held to her tail,
And the divil flew out and threw Paddy O’Neil.

So, we leathered away by me soul, hob or nob,
Till the Frenchmen gave up what they thought a bad job;
To tie him behind, a strong cord we did bring,
And we led him along like a pig on a string.

The war being ended, and on dry land at last,
All hazards and dangers I hope now are past;
We were no longer needed, the ocean to sail,
And discharged with the rest was poor Paddy O’Neil.

The Basket of Oysters

As I was a-walk - ing down Man - ches - ter Street, A
3 pret - ty lit - tle oy - ster girl I chanced for to meet; And in - to her bas - ket I
6 nim - bly did peep, To see — if she had an - y oy - sters.

As I was a-walking down Manchester Street,
A pretty little oyster girl I chanced for to meet;
And into her basket I nimbly did peep,
To see if she had got any oysters.

“O Oysters, O Oysters, O Oysters,” said she,
“If you want any oysters, come and buy them of me,
A penny for three is all I will ask thee.”
So, I bargained for a basket of oysters.

I have been unable to get the words of this song as my father sang it. Even the story is different. As father sang it, after he got his basket of oysters he suddenly decided, “I will have both bread and butter with my oysters.” Having no small change, he handed the girl a five-dollar bill with instructions to have the bill changed and bring him the bread and butter. The song ended with these words:

“Then out of the window so nimbly she flew,
And she left me with her basket of oysters.”

Appendix III

Survey Questionnaire

Choral Conductors Use of Folk Songs in Programming

Programming Folk Songs

Please answer the following 10 questions regarding the way you program folk songs for your choir(s).

* 1. Which of the following would you say is your main motivation for programming a folk song in a concert: (select as many as apply)

- | | |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> It fits the theme of the concert. | <input type="checkbox"/> To make a statement about the social climate. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> It has a special connection to me or to the choir. | <input type="checkbox"/> It fits the range of my singers. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> There is a technical skill in the song that I want to teach the choir. | <input type="checkbox"/> As a cultural lesson. |

* 2. Do you typically program majority "folk songs" or more "art songs" in your performances?

- Majority folk songs (i.e. songs "of the people," typically with unknown composer, arranged for choir)
- Majority art songs (i.e. songs that have been newly composed in either the Western Art tradition or the tradition of another locality.)

* 3. How often do you choose to program folk songs in a language outside of your native tongue?

- | | |
|---|------------------------------|
| <input checked="" type="radio"/> Always | <input type="radio"/> Rarely |
| <input type="radio"/> Usually | <input type="radio"/> Never |
| <input type="radio"/> Sometimes | |

* 4. Please rank the following factors by which are most important to you as you are programming a folk song for your choir?

- ✓ Language
- ✓ Length
- ✓ Vocal Range
- ✓ Topic (Social Context)
- ✓ Accompanied or a cappella
- ✓ Difficulty

* 5. On the last program you conducted, how many folk songs did you program?

- 0-1
- 2-3
- 4-5
- 6+

* 6. How many of those folk songs from question 5 were from a culture or location outside of your current location? (i.e., performing a Chinese folk song within the United States)

- All A few
- Most None
- Some N/A - I did not program any folk songs

* 7. Of the songs from question 5, how many were in a language outside of your native tongue?

- All A few
- Most None
- Some N/A - I did not program any folk songs

* 8. Thinking about your next concert/performance with the same choir, how many folk songs will you program?

- 0-1
- 2-3
- 4-5
- 6+

* 9. Have you ever programmed or would you consider programming an entire concert of folk music?

- Yes
- No

* 10. Which of the following best describes your preference of choral arrangements of folk songs?

- Simple, straight-forward arrangement that preserves the original melody in every verse.
- An arrangement that alters the melody using new textures or shifting meters
- A complicated arrangement that uses modern composition techniques, preserving the folk song more as a cantus firmus for the overlaying composition.

Choral Conductors Use of Folk Songs in Programming

Demographics

All information collected will be kept confidential and will only be used in connection with this research. No individual information will be used without permission and will not be distributed to any third-party entities.

* 11. What level of choir do you direct (select all that apply)?

- | | |
|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Elementary School | <input type="checkbox"/> Community |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Middle School | <input type="checkbox"/> College/University |
| <input type="checkbox"/> High School | <input type="checkbox"/> Professional |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Church/Religious | |

* 12. What is your gender?

- Male
- Female
- Prefer not to answer

* 13. What is your race?

- | | |
|---|---|
| <input type="radio"/> White or Caucasian | American Indian or Alaska Native |
| <input type="radio"/> Black or African American | Native Hawaiian or other Pacific Islander |
| <input type="radio"/> Hispanic or Latino | Another race |
| <input type="radio"/> Asian or Asian American | Prefer not to answer |

* 14. How long have you been directing choirs?

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|-------------|
| <input type="radio"/> 1-5 years | 15-20 years |
| <input type="radio"/> 6-10 years | 20+ years |
| <input type="radio"/> 10-15 years | |

* 15. How diverse is the population where your choir is located?

- Majority one race
- Majority one race and significant minority of another race(s)
- Even mix of two or more races

* 16. Where do you live?

United States

Canada

Europe

Asia

Other

Please specify the state, province, or country:

Choral Conductors Use of Folk Songs in Programming

Disclosure

The answers on this page are optional. If you would like to be contacted regarding the results of this survey, please include your name and email address below and I will email you at a later date. I will also be posting the results on my blog at <https://sdcompose.weebly.com> after my dissertation is complete.

Otherwise, please click the AGREE button below and select DONE to finish the survey.

17. First Name

18. Last Name

19. Email address

20. You may contact me regarding any of my answers (provide email above).

Yes

No

* 21. By selecting here, you are agreeing that your answers can be used in connection with this research. You give Steve Danielson permission to use your answers in his dissertation at the University of Washington. You understand that all information will be kept anonymous and confidential unless specific permission is granted from the respondent (you) to the collector (Steve).

Agree

Appendix IV

Interview with Julie Mainstone Savas

Conversation with Julie Mainstone Savas

By Steve Danielson

January 31, 2019

Music Building

University of Washington

Seattle, WA

Steve: Just for the record, could you state your name?

Julie: My name is Julie Mainstone Savas.

S: And how did you first come across this collection?

J: Um, In 1999 I was...I was a folk singer. I was doing Celtic music and I was singing old ballads an old songs, and I was breathing new life into this old music. And so, I was going to the library with a little wheelie suitcase and piling songbooks into it and checking out piles of books every few weeks, just going through songbooks to find new material. And so I first found the song book, um, in the Public Library.

S: In Seattle, or?

J: In Seattle

S: Wow. And is that thats where you bought it from? From that library?

J: Mm-hmm, from the library sale, right.

S: That's fortunate. I've not been able to find another copy for sale anywhere.

J: Have you looked on eBay?

S: I have, yeah, there just doesn't seem to be any copies available.

J: There's only 8 copies worldwide in libraries...

S: I've seen two of them!

J: ...so I'm surprised you were able to check one out.

S: Yeah.

J: And the people in Sunken Lake had to, um, they did not have a copy, I don't believe there was a copy in all of Nova Scotia. They had to go another province...

S: Oh, wow

J: ...and have it sent to them through the library system.

S: That's wild. So, when you got this collection, how long did it take you to realize it was something special? Something to get into?

J: Gosh, like the first time I opened the book it was like the hairs stood up on the back of my neck and I was, I was really captivated more in the beginning, initially I was captivated by the stories.

S: Mm-hmm

J: I realized right away this was, these were songs sung in one family and these are the stories of this family. And I love history, so I was like getting this picture of what life was like for these people as I was reading, you know, her notes at the bottom of the songs, and, and then I was recognizing all these titles, 'cause I knew a lot of folk songs, but these versions were so different from the others, it is just amazing; and some songs I've just never come across before, rare snippets, so I was really, I, I fell into a rabbit hole right away.

S: So did you immediately start looking into other collections and comparing them?

J: I immediately did that and then I tried to find her. 'Cause I was recording my first album at the time and I used two of her songs. I did, um, *Immigrant's Song* and *Banks of Inverness*. Um, and it was then I was in the studio and I thought, I was so captivated by her and her story so I decided I would try to find her, to say thank you and that I was just so taken by her preservation efforts. And I thought, "Oh, I'm sure she's not even alive anymore, but let me try." So, I read the introduction and read that she went to Gould Academy, so I called Gould and said, "You know, there's this incredible collection of music. It was transcribed by your music teacher in nineteen fifty-four, fifty-five. Do you know anything about this woman Carrie Grover?" And the woman who answered the phone was, like, so taken by my story of being captivated by this music that, Bethel's a small town, Bethel Maine, that she that she made an announcement on the radio or put a little ad in the paper or something asking for descendants of Carrie Grover to call Gould Academy.

S: Oh, wow

J: And so, Callie, Carrie's granddaughter, was at work and a woman said, "Hey, aren't you Carrie Grover's granddaughter? Isn't she your grandmother?" and she said, "Yeah," and so within a couple of days I was talking to Callie. And then Callie introduced me to her cousin Roy who lives very close to my hometown in New York so I would see Roy, you know, every couple of years when I was home. And, and right away I said, "You know, you've got something really special here. We need to republish this. It's amazing. It's out of print. It's really a great collection. It needs to be on library shelves next to all these other maritime collections. This needs to be there, too. This is that important." And, um, that was in about the year 2000. And no one did anything for 10 years. I was raising kids and they, they weren't interested in republishing it, so I didn't pick it up again, really pick it up and get moving on the project again until about 2012.

S: Ok

J: So, 12 years had passed although I had a lot of communication with people and I had begun collecting artifacts. You know, I had begun finding things.

S: Mm-hm.

J: Um, but I just didn't have time to devote to it.

S: Right, so, when did you get introduced to the recordings and the *Main Manuscript* and things like that?

J: Um, let's see, the recordings probably came to me, I think in around '06 or so, but I was still dappling in it and I had met, uh, a man name Joe Hickerson. He lives in Portland, Oregon now, but he's a former folklore archivist at the Library of Congress. And he heard about my project and I was introduced to him, and so I was taking the train down to meet with him and talk about what was I going to do with this, you know, and what should I do, and who should help me, and how, how, what would the next steps be? And so, he said, "You should apply for a grant at the Library of Congress and the American Folklife Center."

S: Right

J: And so I did and the grant was to go and listen to all the recordings. And they called me and said, "We love your project. We love Carrie Grover. Her stuff is sitting here and no one's doing anything with it. She's the star of our collection. And nobody knows about her." And they said, "We, um, are not going to give you any money, but we're going to give you everything we have to support you in your endeavor." So, uh, they just started sending me hours and hours of recordings...

S: Wow

J: ...letters, pictures, all kinds of things. And at the same time, Roy was collecting his pictures, piecing together information he had and sending that to me. It was just one thing, things just kept trickling in, just little things, you know, I'd feel I was in a slump for a while and then something would show up and I'd get rejuvenated again, you know. It just felt like, um, it felt like a puzzle and these little pieces just kept plunkin' in, you know. Little bit here, little bit there and, and then, a part would grow. And then another part would grow and they'd fit together, you know.

S: Yeah

J: It was amazing, you know, but I love the sleuthing, so I loved going, been to Maine three times and to Nova Scotia once, because I won a grant to travel there in 2012. I'd taken another year off from school just to do the project because I was (something unrecognizable)

S: Yeah. So, I remember you had originally talked about wanting to publish, like, the biography and songs altogether as, like, one massive tome, right?

J: Mm-hmm

S: What, what was it that caused you to want to shift it, just the size of it? Or that it was just too much to do?

J: Well, I always thought that, I thought when I sent out a proposal to a university press, my phone was going to ring off the hook within a couple days. You know, that everyone was going to want it. 'Cause I think it's amazing. Um, but that's not the reaction I got. I got rejection letters, saying, "This is a great project, but it, we're not going to publish it. We would never make any money on it. And it's just such a small audience." And, um, so then I felt stuck, I felt really stuck. I didn't know what to do, and, uh, people said, "Just self-publish." But I thought, "No. That wouldn't have the distribution, and this is worthy of something more than that."

S: Right.

J: And so, I took the train back down to Portland to meet with Joe [Hickerson] and he'd introduced me to Norm Cohen. And so, the three of us would meet, like every, we'd, we'd write to each other and we'd meet, like, once a year or so. And Norm Cohen is the author of *Long Steel Rail*. He's a folklorist, and um, so he's, they've both kind of been my mentors, um, so Norm said, "Julie, you need to build a website and put it online." I was like, "Och, I don't want to do that. I want a book." I had it just in my mind, I just wanted a book, you know? I didn't want to accept that no one would publish it. And I just felt so stuck. So, I worked on it some more. I didn't know what to do. I kind of just didn't have any traction. And then I called Norm about six or seven months later and said, "What am I going to do now?" He said, "Well, I tried to tell you. You didn't want to hear it. You need a website! All the collections are going online." And he sent me a list and said, "Look at all of this," and I went and looked at them all and, yep, he's right. He's right.

S: Sent you a list of other collections that were online?

J: Of sites, yeah, of collections that had gone online.

S: Oh, I'd love to see that list.

J: Mm-hmm.

S: That's one of the things I'm talking about in my dissertation, is the digitization...

J: Oh, yeah?

S: ...of these collections because people aren't going to libraries as much.

J: Right

S: Everything is online.

J: Right

S: And so, without the digitizing of the music, they're going to get lost again. It's sort of this second wave.

J: That's right, yeah. They are going to get lost again, yeah. And we're in that generation, from, from like, you know, film to digital pictures, from print to digitizing everything, and it's up to us.

S: Yeah.

J: Um, let me tell you about the *Maine Manuscript*.

S: Yeah.

J: Um, let's see, so, I, you know met people at the Library of Congress and, and one guy, Steve Winnick, said to me one day, um, "You should call the Maine Federation of Folk Clubs. She sang there." I said, "Well, I know she sang there, and she sang in Gorham at this little club. It's on my long list of things to do. I'll get to it." Well, he said, "You should call them." So, I picked up the phone that day and I called and talked to this woman, and I said, "I know for a fact that Carrie Grover sang there in April of 1941. It's in her notes and I know, I know she was there. Do you have any information on her." And she said, "All...we've been in the same building for a hundred years. We just moved out of that building. Everything is in storage boxes at our former president's house, in the basement, or attic, or something. Um, but if we ever find anything, we'll let you know." So, like months go by, and she writes to me and says, "You know, we found some, some songs and stories. Um, do you want it?" And I said, "Well, uh, I don't know. Sounds like what I already have. Mm, I don't care. Alright, send it to me." So, she sent, just like two days later I get this, this floppy manila envelope on my doorstep. It's raining out. It's getting wet. And I open it up and it's the manuscript.

S: Wow.

J: It's this beautiful, complete manuscript. I think it's missing another page, 99 pages long, and it seems to stop abruptly, I think there's a couple more pages out there somewhere. Um, where she, and you can see, on the copy that you have, um, It's cardboard, it's scotch-taped onto a xerox page. It's incredible! It's incredible it didn't fall apart. The binder fell apart that it was in, so she took it out of the binder. I was just, I can't tell you, that day was just, I couldn't stop crying. I was, like, so overjoyed. I mean, she was the last one to touch it. And she gave it to Fred [Hill]. Fred was her dear friend. He was her fiddle teacher. I have Carrie's daughter's journal, one of them, there's four, I have one of them. And Carrie's daughter, as a twelve, thirteen, fourteen-year old, is writing, "Mom's going into Portland, Maine, Portand for a fiddle lesson with Mr. Hill. Fred Lincoln Hill.

S: Yeah.

J: And he's coming over for dinner. Fred was there at special occasions. They were old, old friends and fellow fiddlers. So, she gave it to him and said, "I'm sick, I'm leaving. I'm going up to my son's." And he didn't do anything with it. She said, "Do what you want with it." He didn't do it. He left with them.

S: Mm-hmm.

J: So, it was...

S: It just sat in a box.

J: It sat in a box

S: For fifty years.

J: It sat in a box and just...I'm so glad I made that call. Because it was, I forget the number, forty more songs, or fifty more songs we got out of there?

S: Yeah, it's a good, a good chunk.

J: I'm not convinced there's not a few more floating out there somewhere, you know.

S: Yeah, I agree, it ends, it ends really abruptly.

J: Mm-mm.

S: Yeah,

J: Maybe some recordings, 'cause there's, there's three song collectors: Linscott, Cowell, and Lomax. I want to see about Flanders. She was in Vermont. I want to see if there's anything. I've looked a little bit, but I, it doesn't look like there's anything on Grover. But I, I should do a more thorough search.

S: Yeah. Uh, I know on the spreadsheet you sent me, there's a handwritten ledger as well?

J: Yes, uh-huh. Everything in the ledger, and at this point, Carrie learned how to notate.

S: Ok

J: So, she...

S: So, this is all notated by her.

J: It's notated by her. And everything that's in the ledger, almost everything, uh, went into the *Maine Manuscript*. So...

S: Ok

J: ...I think, this was her notes. You know, you can see how she scribbled on, you know, some of the notation and it's all in the *Maine Manuscript*, except for a couple. I have the spreadsheet, I can...It's on the spreadsheet if you look under...yeah...

S: I haven't looked at it for a little while, but yeah...I'll pull that up again.

J: So, there's still a few relics. And I, it's going to be tough. It's really, really white. It's really, the, it's in pencil...

S: Mm-hmm

J: ...So, I'm not sure how I'm going to get that to you. Maybe we'll sit here and we'll open it because if I scan it, I don't think it will show up. It's so light. But we'll cross that bridge...

S: Yeah. We can cross that one later. Yeah, dissertation's my next big project.

J: Mm-hmm

S: So, what, besides the recordings and manuscript, what has been your, your biggest driving force behind wanting to carry this through.

J: Um, I would say, um Carrie...and her parents. I feel like I know them. I've done so much research on them, you know, all their stories. And this was just so precious to them. I mean, this was her mother's dying wish: don't let these songs be forgotten. Um, I just think it's a very, very rare thing to have the actual songs people sang, for generations, and to have their stories and know who they are and where they lived and what they did. I just think it's just remarkable. I don't know of any other, any other story or any other text like this.

S: Yeah, from the collections I've seen, this is a very unique collection. I mean, it's not a collector going out and recording singers and...it is a singer recording everything she knows.

J: Right

S: Which is so unique and so, such an incredible collection.

J: Yeah, and to, and you know the lineage of the song.

S: Right

J: 'Cause she'd say, "This is my Aunt Mary's song..."

S: Something my, yeah

J: "...she lived right over here with this person right here, you know."

S: Yeah, I loved the stories.

J: I know. Me too!

S: Yeah

J: It's amazing!

S: You probably know the family better than I do at this point, but I feel like I'm really getting to know them. Like, oh yeah, you feel like you're part of that whole culture...

J: Right, when you read the stories? Doesn't it just suck you right in? Yeah.

S: ...and what she was doing. And that's a culture that we just don't have today.

J: We don't have that song singing culture. I mean, to have someone to your house and it would be impolite if you didn't ask them to sing a song?

S: Right

J: You know, people would be mortified if you asked them to sing a song.

S: "Thanks for coming to dinner, would you sing us a song?"

J: Right? You'd be sweating bullets all night. Yeah, I just think it's incredible. And when I went to Sunken Lake, it was just so wonderful to walk around the lake and go, "Oh, yeah! Here's the little trail she talked about," or "here's where her house once stood. Here's the view they had from the house that she mentions. There's the rock she played on where her mother did the

laundry in the lake.” It’s incredible. I went to the school house. I went to the cemetery where her brother’s buried.

S: Wow.

J: Did you get to that part about how her brother died?

S: I didn’t

J: Oh! Oh you can, I have...

S: Did I miss that?

J: ...it’s not in the song book.

S: Oh, ok.

J: When I went to Sunken Lake, they gave me, uh, Carrie had told so many stories to her daughter Ethel, Ethel is Callie’s mother, Callie’s the one I’m going to see in Bethel. Um, she told so many stories that Ethel typed them all up.

S: Oh, so it’s just a collection of stories?

J: Yeah. 70 pages long.

S: Wow.

J: Dripping with detail. So, her brother, um, uh...it’s Christmas Eve. Carrie was five years old. Her brother was...nine? Brother Will. Um, their mother said, Eliza said, “Can you go up to Uncle Tom’s and go get something for me? Here’s a bag. Run up and get something.” And he said, “Alright!” So he ran out the door and his friend was sitting at his house and saw Will out his window. He said, “Mom, can I go with Will? He’s going across the lake.” She said, “Alright. It’s Christmas Eve.” He grabs his ice skates and they run and go across the lake. Then a couple hours go by and this boy’s mother, Mrs. Irvin, goes to the Spinney home and says, “We can’t find the kids. We don’t know where they are. We saw them leave together.” And they had drowned in the lake.

S: Mmm

J: And in the spring, when the snow began to thaw, there was the bag and his hat. And they’re buried together. And they [something unintelligible]. There’s so much in the story. It’s a movie.

S: It really is.

J: Or a book series.

S: It is.

J: I mean, you’ve got everything. You’ve got music. You’ve got drama. You’ve got, uh, an illegitimate child in there. You’ve got some death. You’ve got marriages and illness, and, and you’ve got also the history of the region: the timber industry, you know, all the song, and farm,

how they lived. They were completely self-sustaining. They didn't go anywhere. Carrie did not leave Sunken Lake until she was 12 years old and she went to Port Williams with a neighbor which is about ten or fifteen miles north. 12 years old, so that whole time she is, like, insulated in this community and she only hears traditional music. Even when people come to visit, they're only singing traditional music.

S: Right.

J: You know, so she only ever heard this genre. And she was sharp! She could remember a tune in one listen.

S: How many she knows, it's incredible. It's so incredible.

J: And her brother Anson as well, was twenty years older. When she was born, he was 20. And Anson's Eliza's first born by someone else, I think he's a Schofield. She had a child before she married George.

S: Ok, I was wondering about that, 'cause in the *Manuscript* she lists him as...

J: A step-brother?

S: No, as "My brother, Anson Long" instead of Anson Spinney.

J: Yeah, not as Spinney. Yeah.

S: Ok. I was wondering why that was.

J: He never took the Spinney name. He was...I believe...I need to listen to my recording. I believe he's a Schofield.

S: Ok.

J: That was another family that lived there. And one of them was at the luncheon that I was at and they claimed him as theirs.

S: Interesting.

J: Yeah. And someone, when I was with Roy, the grandson, uh, he wrote, he had written up some information and I never asked him in time before he died. And it said, he made his first fiddle himself and his father taught him how to play. Well, which father? Biological father? Or George? You know?

S: Right.

J: So, I really don't know.

S: Well, thank you. That was phenomenal. It is January 31, 2019.

Appendix V

Email Communication from Alice Parker

Email Communication with Alice Parker

from: Alice Parker <*****@gmail.com>
to: s*****@gmail.com,
Kathleen Holt <*****@comcast.net>
date: Jan 15, 2019, 8:11 AM
subject: Send questions

Dear Steve,

Thanks for writing -- I'm glad to help you.

Please send your questions to this e-mail, and I'll answer as soon as I'm able. (I'm about to leave town for a week.)

I'd like the title of your dissertation, and also to know who your faculty advisors are. Just curious!

Have a productive year.

All best,

Alice

from: Steve Danielson <s*****@gmail.com>
to: Alice Parker <*****@gmail.com>
date: Jan 15, 2019, 10:29 AM
subject: Re: Send questions

Hello Alice,

Thank you so much for writing back to me so quickly! I have had many colleagues over the years tell me of your graciousness, most recently Taylor Lankford who was a former student of mine.

The title of my dissertation is still in the refining stage, but the gist of it is this: Choral Conductors and Composers Use of Folk Song and the Carrie Grover Project. I'm working on a DMA in Choral Conducting at the University of Washington under the mentorship of Dr. Geoffrey Boers, Dr. Giselle Wyers, and Dr. David Rahbee.

The Carrie Grover project is the crux of my work. She is a folk singer from Gorham, ME who had a head full of folk songs learned from her parents and other relatives. She published 140 songs in 1953 in a volume called *A Heritage of Songs*, but also left unpublished manuscripts and

recordings of another 100 songs. I'm currently working on a re-transcription of the now out-of-print published work as well as a transcription of the unpublished manuscript and am working with a partner to put these up on a website for public access and use.

Since I'm working on a degree in Choral Conducting, it made sense to take a choral spin on this collection. I'm wanting to explore how choral conductors and composers have used folk songs in the past in arranging and programming, talk about the value of this collection from Carrie Grover, and then explain how this collection can be used in the future.

You are known for your many wonderful settings of folk songs and so I thought I would reach out and ask you some questions about your process. I thank you in advance for any answers you can give me.

1) Are there particular collections of folk songs that you used to find the basic form of the songs you chose to set? Or were they songs from your childhood that you remembered? Or perhaps a combination of the two?

2) When you would begin to write, how closely did you try to follow the "original" folk song and how much liberty did you feel you could take?

3) Were you usually writing with a particular choir in mind?

4) Have there been any particular tunes you didn't know until you found it in a folk song collection that you decided to set for choir? What was it that struck you about the tune that made you want to use it?

5) *The Croppy Boy* is a tune that you have set that is also found in this collection from Carrie Grover. Do you remember where you became familiar with this song?

Thank you so much for your help!
Steve

from: Alice Parker <*****@gmail.com>
to: Steve Danielson <s*****@gmail.com>
date: Jan 25, 2019, 2:42 PM
subject: Re: Send questions

Dear Steve,
I'm just back from 10 days away, and hastening to respond (so late!) so I won't miss your deadline. My responses are below.

1) Are there particular collections of folk songs that you used to find the basic form of the songs

you chose to set? Or were they songs from your childhood that you remembered? Or perhaps a combination of the two?

For most of the 20 years (1948-1968) that Robert Shaw and I worked on those recordings, I frequented the NY Public Library, which had an immense song index. I could find songs from many centuries and many countries in multiple versions. I always preferred the sources that had the simplest form for melody and text, but in every case I copied out the tune and text immediately, so I wouldn't be influenced by whatever setting was there. An example of one of my favorites is Grissom: *The Negro Sings A New Heaven*, Chapel Hill NC, 1930. (She wrote down just what she heard, without any editing.) Most of the songs were not familiar to me, but I learned which ones would respond to our kind of treatment. The sources were vastly different: with good ones, like Grissom, I'd use what was there; with others (like piano settings) I would be very free.

2) When you would begin to write, how closely did you try to follow the "original" folk song and how much liberty did you feel you could take?

As I said, I copied them out by hand (this was pre-Xerox days) and when I was ready to work with a set of tunes I memorized them to get completely away from the page. Gradually I would choose a key and meter for our use, and which verses in which order. Repeated singing and dancing would result in a familiarity with the song that made it completely 'mine'. I would base the arrangement on the version I ended up with in my head. Sometimes when I went back and checked it against the source, it was quite different. Other times it would be exactly the same. (Shaw never let me change any of the familiar hymns or carols.) I've learned not to allow my students to make random changes in tunes because they often seem just 'wrong'. I can't account for what I did!

3) Were you usually writing with a particular choir in mind?

I was always writing for the Robert Shaw Chorale in the Parker/Shaw arrangements. Of course they could sing anything I could write -- and I've found that these settings are not really suited to high school or amateur performances. They are meant for musicians with mature voices. In the years since 1968 I have written many times for younger voices, and amateurs -- I do like to hear in my head the voices I'm writing for. I only write on commission for a particular group, and try to 'hear' them in my head as I write.

4) Have there been any particular tunes you didn't know until you found it in a folk song collection that you decided to set for choir? What was it that struck you about the tune that made you want to use it?

At least 60-70 percent of the songs I set were not familiar to me. I chose the ones that leapt off the page into my ears -- I could hear a real voice singing (Grissom again). Then when I began to work with that melody, I would imagine the singer in the place and time that seemed right, surrounded by others who were responding to the song. If I couldn't hear a 'voice' in the song, I couldn't use it.

5) *The Croppy Boy* is a tune that you have set that is also found in this collection from Carrie Grover. Do you remember where you became familiar with this song?

I found it in a collection in the NY Public Library in 1966, when I was working on our Irish album. I loved the story in ballad form, with its wistful melody -- and those boys who were cutting their hair in protest -- exactly the opposite of the hippies around me in the 1960s!

I'll add one other observations about all my years with folk songs. True folk songs, that survive for years, are the bed upon which all choral music rests. They teach us what a melody is, and how flexible it can be in different times and places. My interest in melody has grown from these arrangements -- have you read my **The Anatomy of Melody** (GIA)? What is a good tune? One that lasts. How do you learn to distinguish them? By singing lots of songs that have lasted.

Our contemporary division between 'composition' and 'arrangement' is false. I learned to compose by trying to live up to the melodies I was working with -- just as composers have always used pre-existing melodies in their works: theme and variation, cantus firmus, the chorale tune in hymnal and cantata. I strive to write melodies which will last -- and in their settings, to use all the compositional tools that have come down to us from each musical tradition. My work is in constant dialogue with the past.

Good luck with your dissertation -- and please give my greetings to Giselle Wyers. I'll be interested to see what you come up with.

With warm greetings,

Alice Parker

Appendix VI

Email Communication from Moira Smiley

Email Communication with Moira Smiley

from: Steve Danielson <s****@gmail.com>
to: *****@moirasmiley.com
date: Jan 16, 2019, 1:37 PM
subject: Questions about folk songs...

Moira,

Thank you again for being willing to answer a couple questions. I thought you might like a little more background of my topic first:

The title of my dissertation is still in the refining stage, but the gist of it is this: Choral Conductors and Composers Use of Folk Song and the Carrie Grover Project. I'm working on a DMA in Choral Conducting at the University of Washington under the mentorship of Dr. Geoffrey Boers, Dr. Giselle Wyers, and Dr. David Rahbee.

The Carrie Grover project is the crux of my work. She is a folk singer from Gorham, ME who had a head full of folk songs learned from her parents and other relatives. She published 140 songs in 1953 in a volume called *A Heritage of Songs*, but also left unpublished manuscripts and recordings of another 100 songs. These songs are from her family heritage and contain songs from Ireland, Scotland, England, Wales, Canada, and New England. I'm currently working on a re-transcription of the now out-of-print published work as well as a transcription of the unpublished manuscript and am working with a partner to put these up on a website for public access and use.

Since I'm working on a degree in Choral Conducting, it made sense to take a choral spin on this collection. I'm wanting to explore how choral conductors and composers have used folk songs in the past in arranging and programming, talk about the value of this collection from Carrie Grover, and then explain how this collection can be used in the future.

So here are my questions for you:

- 1) Are there particular collections of folk songs that you used to find the basic form of the songs you chose to set? Or were they songs from your childhood that you remembered? Or perhaps a combination of the two?
- 2) When you would begin to write, how closely did you try to follow the "original" folk song and how much liberty did you feel you could take?
- 3) Were you usually writing with a particular choir in mind?
- 4) Have there been any particular tunes you didn't know until you found it in a folk song collection that you decided to set for choir? What was it that struck you about the tune that made you want to use it?

5) Do you prefer arranging pre-existing folk melodies or creating new tunes that sound like folk music?

I appreciate any answers you can give and for your time. Please send the flyer for your Seattle event and I'll be sure to spread the word.

Sincere thanks,
Steve

from: Moira Smiley <*****@moirasmiley.com> [via](#) gmail.com
to: Steve Danielson <s*****@gmail.com>
date: Jan 28, 2019, 8:21 PM
subject: Re: Questions about folk songs...

Hi Steve,

First of all, sorry for my delay. And here is the info for my two workshops in Seattle end of March - I hope maybe we can meet there, because...wow...they are on EXACTLY what your dissertation is about!!! Answers to your questions are embedded below... I'd love to see you there, and would deeply appreciate your help in spreading the word.

[Information about her workshop was here]

1) Are there particular collections of folk songs that you used to find the basic form of the songs you chose to set? Or were they songs from your childhood that you remembered? Or perhaps a combination of the two?

It was a combination of the two. In ALL the cases of my choral arrangements of folk songs, the arrangement was 100% better, freer, more interesting, less stiff, more intimate or wild if I'd sung it for a long time or obsessively learned it by ear. I cringe hearing some of the arrangements I've made of songs I didn't know so well, or hadn't gotten unconscious with. I love Ruth Crawford Seeger's collection of Christmas songs, and arranged some of them fairly quickly for a show - churning them out quickly on Sibelius. Those arrangements are terrible(!), but the songs are great, and those I kept singing, I've since re-arranged and recorded. My own physicality getting mixed into my arranging process...and obsessively listening to the source that I fell in love with...is my favorite way.

2) When you would begin to write, how closely did you try to follow the "original" folk song and how much liberty did you feel you could take?

It really depends upon the spirit of the project I'm arranging for, and how long I've known the song, and how much I've knocked around in the various versions of it. If I know it really well, and I feel it's become a part of me, I feel more able to adapt a lyric or choose one interval over

another in the melody.

3) Were you usually writing with a particular choir in mind?

I think I'm more successful with arranging if I have a particular choir in mind, but I don't always have that luxury. For years I was arranging for my own vocal ensembles, VIDA and VOCO.

4) Have there been any particular tunes you didn't know until you found it in a folk song collection that you decided to set for choir? What was it that struck you about the tune that made you want to use it?

Some of the songs (mostly Georgia Sea Islands songs) in Ruth Crawford Seeger's Christmas songbook, and some of the Lomax collections had new-to-me-songs whose melodies and rhythms hadn't been dumbed down by transcription so much. Usually I'm struck by a powerful, timeless lyric or a surprising melodic or rhythmic shape.

5) Do you prefer arranging pre-existing folk melodies or creating new tunes that sound like folk music?

I've gone through different stages re: preferring arranging vs. songwriting. It depends who I'm making music with, who inspires me, where the work is, what feels best and most honest to sing. For the last several years I've been pretty focused on composing new folk and art music.

See you soon I hope!

Very best to you,

Moira

Appendix VII

Email Communication from Dr. Mack Wilberg

Julie H. Rohde <*****@tabchoir.org> Tue, Feb 12, 2:02 PM

to me

Dear Steve,

Your inquiry to Oxford University Press was sent to me for reply as I work closely with Mack Wilberg.

Mack would be happy to answer your questions. Please send them to me and I will pass them along to him.

Julie

Julie H. Rohde
Executive Assistant
Mormon Tabernacle Choir

Tue, Feb 12, 2:23 PM

Steve Danielson <*****@gmail.com>

to Julie

Hello Julie,

Thank you so much for responding to my inquiry. I would like to first share just briefly the concept of my research so Dr. Wilberg can have a frame of reference for these questions.

I am writing about composers and conductors use of folk music in their writing and programming. I'm focusing especially on a folk song collection by Carrie Grover. She was a folk singer and fiddler from Gorham, ME who had a mind full of songs that she learned from her parents, siblings, and others. In 1953, she published 140 of them in a collection called *A Heritage of Song*. There are only 8 extant copies of this publication (or, more precisely, the 1973 reprint). At her death in 1959, she left an unpublished manuscript of another set of songs as well as three huge collections of recordings housed at the Library of Congress. I would like to examine how composers have used folk songs in the past in order to know how to best use this collection that is being transcribed (by yours truly) to be made publicly accessible.

So, here are my questions:

- 1) Are there particular collections of folk songs that you used to find the basic form of the songs you chose to set? Or were they songs from your childhood that you remembered? Or perhaps a combination of the two?
- 2) When you would begin to write, how closely did you try to follow the "original" folk song and how much liberty did you feel you could take?
- 3) Were you usually writing with a particular choir in mind?
- 4) Have there been any particular tunes you didn't know until you found it in a folk song collection that you decided to set for choir? What was it that struck you about the tune that made you want to use it?
- 5) Why do you think choirs today are still performing your choral arrangements of folk songs? What about them do you feel speaks to a modern audience?

Thank you so much for your assistance in this project.

Steve Danielson

Julie H. Rohde Thu, Mar 14, 2:20 PM

to me

Steve,

Hope this helps!

MACK WILBERG
ANSWERS TO YOUR QUESTIONS

1. While several folk tunes I have used in my compositions are from younger memories, I have visited used bookstores and libraries over the years and have amassed a large collection of folk songs.
2. I have always tried to stay true to the original source, although some of my earlier settings were more contrapuntal that made for a bit more manipulation of the tune. Staying “true” to a tune is important unless writing a “fantasy” on a tune.
3. As with most of my compositions, all were written for a specific choir and occasion, ie., USC Chamber Singers, BYU Choirs, The Tabernacle Choir.
4. Yes – Good tunes always have melodic (intervalic) and rhythmic interest. The good marriage of the tune and text are also very important.
5. While not always successful, one hopes to write things that will sound “fresh” and “timeless.”

Appendix VIII

New Choral Arrangement of “The Croppy Boy”

The Croppy Boy

Traditional Irish Folk Song

arr. Steve Danielson

Relaxed, not rushed (♩ ≈ 66) *mf*

Soprano It was

Alto *mf* (brightly, but not nasal)

Tenor *mp*

Bass *mp*

Na Na Na Na Na Na Na Na

Doo Doo

Doo Doo

5

S ear - ly, ear - ly all in the Spring, The birds did whist - le and sweet - ly sing; Chang -

A *mp*

T *p*

B *p*

Nee Nee Nee whist - le Nee

Noo Noo noo Noo

Noo Noo noo Noo

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The Croppy Boy

9

S ing their notes from tree to tree, And the song they sang was old Ire - land free.

A Nee from tree song they san(g) Ire - land free.

T Noo Noh Noo

B Noo Noh Noo

13

S Ooo

A *mf* (like the beginning) Na Na Na Na Na Ooo

T *mp* Doo doo Doo doo doo Oo

B *mp* Doo doo Doo doo *mf* Doo doo It was ear-ly, ear-ly

18

S Ooo

A Ooo

T *mf* The yeo man cav al ry was my down fall

B in the night The yeo-man cav-al-ry gave me a fright; yeo man cav al ry was my down fall And

The Croppy Boy

23 *(gradually change to ooo)* *mf*

S Ooo ooo Oh - ooo Doo doo It was in the guard-house where

A Ooo ooo Oh - ooo Doo doo in the guard-house where

T *p* Ooo ooo Oh - ooo Doo doo in the guard - house

B *p* I was ta - ken to Lord Corn-wall. Doo doo in the guard - house *mf*

29

S I was laid, And in the par - lor where I was tried; My sen - tence passed and my

A I was laid, And in the par - lor where I was tried; My sen - tence passed and my

T I was laid, in the par - lor I was tried; sen - tence passed and my

B I was laid, in the par - lor I was tried; sen - tence passed and my

33 *rit.* *a tempo*

S cour - age low, When to Dun - can - non* I was forced to go. Go to Dun - can - non,

A cour - age low, When to Dun - can - non* I was forced to go.

T cour - age low, to Dun - can - non* forced to go to Dun - can - non, forced to go, go to Dun - can - non,

B cour - age low, to Dun - can - non* forced to go to Dun - can - non, forced to go, go to Dun - can - non,

* Each time Duncannon is sung, singers should close quickly to the final 'n' sound.

38 *p* (plaintive, with pain)

S Oh _____ Oh _____

A _____ *mf* When my sis - ter Ma - ry heard the ex - press, She

T forced to go, go to Dun - can - non forced to go, _____ Dun - can - non

B forced to go, go to Dun - can - non, forced to go, _____ Dun - can - non

42

S Oh _____ Ooo _____ Oh _____ Oh _____

A _____ *Boldly!* ran down - stairs in her mor - ning dress, "Five hun - dred gui - neas would I lay down To _____

T go _____ Dun - can - non *mp* go Dun - can - non go Dun - can - non

B go _____ Dun - can - non *mp* Go Go Dun - can - non Go Go Dun - can - non

46 *mp*

S Ooo _____ Oh _____ Wex - ford town, _____

A see you walk - ing free through Wex - ford town." Wex - ford town, go, _____ *cresc.*

T go Dun - can - non Wex - ford town Oh _____ *cresc.*

B Go Go Dun - can - non Wex - ford, Wex - ford town, Oh _____ *cresc.*

The Croppy Boy

7

51 *mf*

S Ah ——— As we were march-ing up Wex-ford Hill, Oh, who could blame me — if I cried my fill? I

A Wex-ford town, we were march-ing up Wex - ford, Wex - ford, Wex - ford, I

T Ah Nah ——— Nah ——— Nah ———

B Ah Nah ——— Nah ——— Nah ———

56 *f* *Slower* *(breathe!)*

S looked be - hind and I looked be - fore, But my ten - der moth - er I could see no more. I

A looked be - hind looked be - fore, But my ten - der moth - er I could see no more. I

T ——— Nah - oh ——— Noh *f* I

B ——— Nah - oh ——— Noh see no more. *f* I

61 *With conviction!*

S chose the black and I chose the blue, I wore the grey — and or - ange, too. I for - sook all col - ors — and

A chose the black and I chose the blue, I wore the grey — and or - ange, too. I for - sook all col - ors — and

T chose the black and I chose the blue, I wore the grey — and or - ange, too. I for - sook all col - ors — and

B chose the black and I chose the blue, I wore the grey — and or - ange, too. I for - sook all col - ors — and

The Croppy Boy

66

S did them de - ny, I wore the green — and for it I'll die.

A did them de - ny, I wore the green — and for it I'll die.

T did them de - ny, I wore the green — and for it I'll die. It

B did them de - ny, I wore the green and for it I'll die.

71 *mp*

T was in Dun - can-non this young man died, — And in Dun - can-non his bo - dy lies;

75 *mp* *rit.* *dim.* *p*

S All you good peo-ple that do pass by, Oh, shed a tear for the Crop - py Boy. —

T All you good peo-ple that do pass by, Oh, shed a tear for the Crop - py Boy. —