

FSI-50
STEREO

HELEN SCHNEYER

*"Ballads, Broadsides
and Hymns"*



FOLK-LEGACY RECORDS, INC.

SHARON, CONNECTICUT





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"Ballads, Broadsides and Hymns"

Recorded by Sandy Paton

I've been looking forward to this record for a long time. Here is a marvelous collection of mining songs, revival hymns and ballads . . . and the singer. . . .

As a performer, one gets drawn unwittingly into weighty discussions about "presentation," "research" and "audience reaction;" listening to Helen, I rediscovered what singing should be all about — compassion rather than erudition, spontaneous joy and sorrow rather than affectation.

The first time I heard Helen sing came as a bit of a shock. I wasn't prepared for her strong contralto voice, and even less prepared for the emotional impact of her songs. The joy is incredibly infectious and one can't help but be caught up in choruses and harmonies and improvisations. What audience could be unaffected by her total involvement in the stories she tells? Yet in the midst of warm applause at the end of an experience like "Sheath and Knife," I have found myself unable to join in . . . for me it seemed inappropriate and intrusive.

Where hand-clapping has seemed inadequate in the past, words serve me little better now.

Helen is one of the few singers who can move me to silence.

*Jean Redpath
March, 1974*

side 1:

| | |
|-------------------------------------|------|
| WAYWORN TRAVELER (Palms of Victory) | 4:30 |
| THE SHOOFLY | 7:15 |
| AVONDALE MINE DISASTER | 5:17 |
| MINER'S PRAYER | 4:27 |
| DWELLING IN BEULAHLAND | 3:05 |

side 2:

| | |
|------------------------------|------|
| THE "FLYING CLOUD" | 4:35 |
| ROLL THE WOODPILE DOWN | 2:08 |
| BULLY IN THE ALLEY | 1:34 |
| THE "NIGHTINGALE" | 4:20 |
| I WILL GUIDE THEE | 3:30 |
| SHEATH AND KNIFE (Child #16) | 8:39 |

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Sharon, Connecticut 06069

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HELEN SCHNEIDER

"Ballad, Broadway & Beyond"

1971-72

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WARREN, CONNECTICUT 06094

HELEN SCHNEYER
"Ballads, Broad-sides & Hymns"

- INTRODUCTION -

I've had a difficult time with these notes. Generally speaking, I resist written material about things in general and folk music in particular. I kept reiterating that the songs speak for themselves and don't know even yet if I am wrong, but I was persuaded to recognize the fact that not everyone who sings or is interested in the songs approaches the material as I do, and that this fact alone might be of interest. I have been asked repeatedly why I choose the songs I do, and why I chose to record these songs in particular; these questions seem answerable, so here are the answers, for whatever they are worth.

The first thing that strikes me about a song is a certain quality in the melody. There is no rhyme or reason to it.... "this" kind of melody gets to my guts, the "other" kind does not. When you ask what "this" kind is, I say "Sheath and Knife" and anything like it. Any song whose melodic line contains a strong emphasis on a transition from the tonic chord to the fourth almost brings tears to my eyes. I have no idea why that combination of sounds reaches me. It is omnipresent in Scottish music and songs of Scottish extraction; I spent half my time at the Inverness Folk Festival in Scotland last year standing in the rear of the hall and weeping. I guess that means that I like any song that communicates or stirs up some powerful emotion in me. And I suppose that means that I experience many feelings that I find hard to express verbally and that the music makes it possible to do so.

During the recording of these songs, my behavior and that of everyone connected with it (except for the Patons — Caroline kept her cool, though Sandy trembled on the brink occasionally ... I suppose someone had to stay rational) was exceptionally flippant. The "heavier" the song, the more flippant we got. The fact is, I think all of us are people who have difficulty expressing tender emotions, and we seized any excuse to lighten the atmosphere. The line about "the old slope at the furnace" (The Shoofly) brought us to near hysteria (Jonathan Eberhart insisted that the old slope was an aged oriental who had been condemned to the furnace and this frightened the fine neighbors away).

The final explosion of counter-emotion took place in our singing of "Dwelling in Beulahland," in which we went wild.

Actually, I have never sung "Dwelling" to any audience without losing control of the situation; people perpetually make crashing cymbal noises, mouth trumpet sounds, assorted shouts and cries. On one occasion, the first row stood up and began marching in place. Well, we used that impulse to release a hell of a lot of joy to counterbalance the dose of heavy emotions we had been experiencing through mine disasters and shipwrecks.

By and large, I sing songs which speak directly of some powerful experience, happy or sad, tender or angry. I lack humor in my singing, which is funny because I am a smart-ass in my speech.

I've run over into my second reason for singing the songs I do... that is, that their subject interests me. I hardly ever sing a song about the glories of being a king; I don't care how glorious the king may be, his life is a mystery to me and hard for me to get lathered up about. But I can be stabbed to the guts at the notion that 110 men were snuffed out in the "Avondale Mine Disaster;" it touches on something important to me when I was a child, and I can imagine, even if inaccurately, what it must feel like to be a widow of someone killed in a mine, or a wife of an out of work miner, or a woman unacceptably pregnant whose life is destroyed by that pregnancy, and I can even approximate the feelings of the man involved in that pregnancy ("Sheath and Knife"). So if the words tell me something I can understand, and if the music reaches me in that special spot, I have a song to sing, O.

There's many a song with good words I won't sing if the tune is clumsy (purely subjective value judgement, of course) ... I have an aversion to "message" songs... don't know why, since I am strongly identified with many of the causes from which message songs have sprung; I think "Sheath and Knife" teaches me more about humanity than a song which would plead directly for understanding about the tragedy of incest. I make an occasional exception, and one of these is "The Nightingale." I learned the tune first while leafing through the Penguin Book of English Folk Songs. I couldn't hold on to the words... I never met a ghost and can't seem to care a lot about them. The melody absolutely took possession of me, however; I sang it and hummed it and whistled it and watched it drive other people up the wall... Norman Kennedy was seized by it. Perhaps there was a ghost after all. In any event, the song would not leave me alone, so I memorized the fragment contained in the book, and then proceeded to do some research in order to collect enough verses to learn what the hell the real plot was. In time, I turned up another version in Doerflinger (Shantymen & Shantyboys, New York, 1951)... the melody was a million miles from the one I knew, but the words pulled it all together, and Thank God I had something I could deal with. People. People's feelings. So I took the liberty of mashing the words of one song into the tune of another. After that, I began hearing a fiddle. And after I got the fiddle (blessings on you, Jay Ungar) I had a song. It troubles my conscience a bit that I rearranged a folk song... but I really couldn't let that eerie melody get away from me.

There is one other kind of song I sing. Fun songs. I don't do many of them, and I think the ones I do fall into the category of those with striking melodies whose words are unimportant... like play-party songs and sea chanties. It seems to have something to do with the fact that they require group singing, a passion of mine. There is no sound like that experienced when singing with a really participating audience, and standing in the middle of the swell of sound thrills me.

I think that all I have said in the welter of the foregoing paragraphs is that I must have a certain kind of a melody wrapped around words which in some way describe the human condition before I can sing a song. It is as if the songs speak for me what I cannot express. That is why I find all this writing extraneous. This music is really the heart and the soul and the core of my life. Without it, I am mute.

H.S.

THE SONGS

Side 1, Band 1. WAYWORN TRAVELER (PALMS OF VICTORY)

This hymn was taught to me by Betsy Rutherford. She learned it from her mother and went through agonies to reconstruct it. Her mother, who knows some 300 or more hymns, traditionally sings the alto parts, so Betsy was forced to do some research and extrapolate until she found the melody. For some reason, for which I will be forever grateful, Betsy decided this song was for me, copied it down and presented it to me several summers ago. My thanks to Betsy and her mother for this Primitive Baptist hymn. (Chorus: Riki Schneyer, Lee Sills, Genny Haley, Jon Eberhart, Tony Barrand, John Roberts.)

*I saw the wayworn traveler in tattered garments clad,
And struggling up the mountain, it seemed that he was sad.
His back was heavy laden, his strength was almost gone,
But he shouted as he journeyed, "Deliverance will come."*

*And palms of victory, crowns of glory,
Palms of victory I shall wear.*

*The summer sun was shining, the sweat was on his brow,
His garments torn and dusty, his steps were very slow.
But he kept pressing onward, for he was wending home,
Still shouting as he journeyed, "Deliverance will come."*

*The songsters in the arbor that stood along the way
Attracted his attention, inviting his delay;
His watchword being "Onward," he stopped his ears and ran,
Still shouting as he journeyed, "Deliverance will come."*

*I saw him in the evening, the sun was bending low,
He'd overtopped the mountain and reached the vale below.
He saw that Holy City, his everlasting home,
And shouted loud, "Hosannah! Deliverance will come."*

*While gazing on that city across the narrow flood,
A band of holy angels came from the throne of God;
They bore him on their pinions across the raging flood
And joined him in his triumph, deliverance had come.*

*I heard that song of triumph upon the other shore,
Crying, "Jesus has redeemed us to suffer never more."
And casting his eyes backwards on the race that he had run,
He shouted loud, "Hosannah! Deliverance has come!"*

Side 1, Band 2. THE SHOOFLY

A village schoolmaster wrote this song in 1871, when the mine at Valley Furnace, in the Schuylkill Valley, shut down (see: George Korson, Pennsylvania Songs and Legends, Baltimore, 1949). A bad seam in the nearby Shoofly mine simultaneously cut off what might normally have been another source of work for the miners. I have left out one verse that details the hardships this particular family faced — sometimes some verses strike me as gilding the lily; I felt that this old lady's message of amazing strength and hope came through without that verse.

If you think you are hearing fiddle and cello, you're right on the fiddle — that's Jay Ungar; the "cello" is actually Jonathan Eberhart's amazing bass voice. (Chorus: Riki Schneyer, Ed Trickett, Jon Eberhart.)

*As I was out walking one fine summer's morning,
It was down by the Shoofly I chanced for to stroll;
I spied an old lady, I swear she was eighty,
At the foot of the dirt banks, a-rooting for coal.
And as I drew nigh her she sat on her hunkers,
For to fill up her scuttle she'd just to begin,
And to herself she was singing a ditty,
And these are the words that old lady did sing.*

*A-crying, "Ochone, sure, I'm nearly distracted,
For it's down by the Shoofly they cut a bad vein,
And since they condemned the old slope at the furnace,
Sure, all me fine neighbors must leave here again.*

*"It was only last evening that I asked McGinley
To tell me the reason the furnace gave o'er.
He said that the company had spent eighty thousand
And, finding no prospects, they would spend no more.
And as for the Diamond, it is much too bony,*

*Besides too much dirt in the seven foot vein.
And as for the Mammoth, there's no length of gangway
Unless they buy land from old Abel and Swain.*

*"But if God spares me children until the next summer,
Instead of a burden they will be a gain,
And out of their earnings I'll save an odd dollar
And build a small home at the 'Foot of the Plane.'
And rolling in riches, in silks and in satins,
I ne'er will forget the days I was poor,
Nor likewise me neighbors who helped out me children
And kept want and starvation away from me door.*

*"So, if you should ever cross over Broad Mountain,
Come in and set down in me cane-bottom chair;
Oh, take off your firin's, lay them on the bureau,
Whilst I in the kitchen refreshments prepare.
And while we are seated so snug at the table,
Enjoying the fruit of a strong cup of tea,
We'll talk of the quiltin's we had at the Furnace.
It pleasures me greatly old neighbors to see."*

Side 1, Band 3. AVONDALE MINE DISASTER

This is among my favorite ballads. It commemorates the first major mine disaster in the anthracite coal industry in 1869. Fire swept this mine near Wilkes-Barre, killing 110 men and boys. My source, once again, is Korson's Pennsylvania Songs and Legends.

When I was 6 years old, I attended a labor-oriented boarding school. One of the memories that comes to mind about that time of my life was a school project in which all of us made toys for the children of striking miners. I have retained a life time and rather fierce interest in the lives of miners ever since, and this song sometimes makes me cry and always leaves me with a feeling of anger. When I sang it at the Inverness Folk Festival in Scotland last year, I was besieged with questions about the causes of the disaster and I could feel the old anger all over again.

Through an accident of my near-sightedness, I read a C-natural for a C-sharp in the first and last lines, giving this song a somewhat different sound from the one Mr. Korson transcribed. By the time someone called the error to my attention, the C-natural note was firmly fixed in my guts, so I took the liberty of leaving it that way.

*Good Christians all, both great and small,
I pray you lend an ear,
And listen with attention while
The truth I will declare.*

When you hear this lamentation,
It will cause you to weep and to wail
About the suffocation
In the mines of Avondale.

On the sixth day of September,
Eighteen sixty-nine,
Those miners all then got a call
To go work in the mine,
But little did they think that day
That death would soon prevail
Before they would return again
From the mines of Avondale.

The women and the children
Their hearts were filled with joy
To see their men go to their work
And likewise every boy,
But a dismal sight in broad daylight
Soon made them all turn pale,
When they saw the breaker burning
O'er the mines in Avondale.

From here and there and everywhere
They gathered in a crowd,
Some tearing at their clothes and hair
And shouting right out loud,
"Get out our husbands and our sons,
For death is going to steal
Their lives away without delay
In the mines of Avondale."

But, oh, alas, there was no way
One single soul to save,
For there is no second outlet
In that subterranean cave.
No tongue can tell the awful fright
And horror that prevailed
Among those dying victims
In the mines of Avondale.

A consultation then was held,
They called for volunteers
To go down in that dismal shaft
And seek their comrades dear.
Two Welshmen brave without dismay
And courage without fail
Went down that shaft without delay
To the mines of Avondale.

But when the bottom they had reached
And sought to make their way,
One of them died from want of air
And the other without delay
Did give the sign to hoist him up,
Where he told the dreadful tale
That all were lost forever
In the mines of Avondale.

The next two men that they sent down,
They took of them good care
And every effort then was made
To send down some good air
As they traversed every chamber
And this time did not fail
To find those miner's bodies
In the mines of Avondale.

Sixty-seven was the number
That they at first had found;
It seemed they were bewailing
Their fate beneath the ground.
They found the father with his son
Wrapped in his arms, so pale;
It was a heart-rending scene
In the mines of Avondale.

Now to conclude and make an end,
Their number I'll pen down:
One hundred and ten of brave strong men
Were smothered under ground.
They are in that grave till their last day
And their widows may well bewail,
And the orphans' cries still rend the skies
All around o'er Avondale.

Side 1, Band 4. MINER'S PRAYER

This is also from Pennsylvania Songs and Legends. There's not much to say about this song; it speaks for itself. When I first tried it, I found it overly "sentimental" and not in accord with the kind of anger I always experience in connection with miners' grievances — it was too tender and humble. When I tried the chorus, I decided to reserve judgement. By the third try, I was hooked. What had originally embarrassed me took on dignity and I developed a kind of love and respect for the people who sang it. We were all quite moved while recording it. Bless the fiddle and fiddler, Jay Ungar, and the vocal "cello," Jon Eberhart. Aside from voicing my gratitude to Ed Trickett for the use of his voice, I want him known far and wide as a superb morale factor; he saw me through two dreadful recording sessions,

one of which lasted until 5 a.m., keeping my blood circulating with his madness. One of those nights was the night that first we could'n't record because the rain drummed on the roof, then we could'n't record because the wind came up, then we couldn't record because Riki, Ed and I came down with a coughing fit and he named us the Magic Mountain Quartet (for all you Thomas Mann freaks). The only person I know who can stay up as late as Ed Trickett is John Roberts — consequently, if you wake 'em up to record before noon, they both look like Tolkien's Gollum, only hairier. (Chorus: Riki Schneyer, Jon Eberhart, Ed Trickett.)

*I keep listening for the whistle in the morning,
But the mines are still, no noise is in the air,
And our children wake up hungry in the morning,
For the cupboards are so empty and so bare.
And their little feet they are so cold they stumble
And we have to pin their rags upon their backs,
And our homes are broken down and very humble
While the winter wind comes pouring through the cracks.*

(CHO.) *Oh, it's hard to hear the hungry children crying
When I have two hands that want to do their share.
Oh, you rich men in the city,
Won't you have a little pity
And just listen to a miner's prayer.*

*Just beneath the frozen ground the coal is laying,
Only waiting till we seek it from its bed,
And above the ground each miner stands there praying
While each miner's wife bows down her weary head.
Oh, we only ask enough to clothe and feed them
And to hear the hungry children laugh and play.
Oh, if we could give these things to those who need
 them,
I know that would be a miner's happy day.*

Side 1, Band 5. DWELLING IN BEULAHLAND

(Select Songs of Praise, published by the Judson Press, composed and written by C. Austin Miles. Copyright 1924, by Samuel Beazley.)

What can I do but try to explain the madness that overtook us as we were recording this? I do not ordinarily treat songs with such disrespect. It is true, however, that from the first day I sang this song, I experienced great difficulty in controlling audiences, which would rise and strike imaginary cymbals in the air, deliver drum rolls and emit trumpet breaks with great abandon. On some occasions people would persist in marching in the aisles. After practicing it earnestly during the recording session, Jonathan Eberhart and Tony Barrand suddenly cracked and

began doing mouth trumpet parts in harmony; discipline was instantly thrown to the winds, a tambourine was struck with great gusto on poor Lee Sills' bottom, an egg whisk was scraped over a pot cover by Genny Haley, and the rest of us struggled desperately to sing without cackling like stoned chickens. This song is a monument to the kind of mood that overtakes us at not infrequent intervals. I may add that Riki Schneyer (my own flesh and blood yet!) and Jonathan Eberhart are almost always the precipitating factors involved in this kind of breakdown.

Even without the fanfare, this is a hell of a good, militant and joyous Revival hymn. It is still sung in tents all over this country, and I know of no song that gets groups of people to sing more energetically. (Chorus: Riki Schneyer, Lee Sills, Genny Haley, Jon Eberhart, John Roberts, Tony Barand.)

*Far away the noise of strife upon my ear is falling,
Then I know the sins of earth beset on every hand;
Doubt and fear and things of earth in vain to me are calling,
None of these shall move me from Beulah land.*

*I'm living on the mountain underneath a cloudless sky,
(Praise God!)
I'm drinking at the fountain that never shall run dry,
Oh, yes, I'm feasting on the manna from a bountiful
supply,
For I am dwelling in Beulah land.*

*Far below a storm of doubt upon my ear is beating,
Sons of men in battle long the enemy withstand;
Safe am I within the castle of God's word retreating,
Nothing here can reach me, 'tis Beulah land.*

*Let the stormy breezes blow, their cry cannot alarm me,
I am safely sheltered here, protected by God's hand;
Here the sun is always shining, here there's naught can
harm me.
I am safe forever in Beulah land.*

Side 2, Band 1. THE "FLYING CLOUD"

This is one of the many fine songs that Gale Huntington collected from Welcome Tilton of Martha's Vineyard. It was published, along with other songs from the island, in North-east Folklore, Volume VIII, 1966. Mr. Huntington points out that, although the name of the vessel is not mentioned in this version of the ballad, it is clearly a version of "The Flying Cloud."

Also — observe the "folk process." I will obviously never

make a scholar. In writing the words down for the first time in four years, I recalled that the last line, as Mr. Tilton actually sang it, was "there's a curse on piracy," not "beware of slavery." Too late. I've learned it the other way.

My name is Edward Hillohan, as you will understand,
I came from County Waterford in Ireland's happy land.
When I was young and in my prime, good fortune on me smiled.
My parents raised me tenderly; I was their only child.

One day while walking down the street of Waterford's old
town,
I met a seaman strong and bold, a seaman of renown.
This seaman's name I'll tell to you, for it was William
Moore;
'Twere better far my soul had died than to sail with him,
'tis sure.

We sailed away one summer's day and to Africa we came.
'Twas there we stole five hundred blacks; it was there I
learned that game.
We marched them all along the deck and stowed them down
below;
Scarce eighteen inches to the man was all they had to go.

We sailed away the very next day, our hold was full of
slaves,
And better far that they were dead and buried in their
graves,
For death and sickness came on board and stole them half
away.
We dragged the dead up on the deck and threw them in the
sea.

We sailed away the very next day 'til we came to Cuba's
shore.
We sold them to the planters there to slave forever more,
The rice and sugar cane to hoe beneath the burning sun,
To lead a sad and wretched life 'til their dark days were
done.

And now to Newgate we are come, bound down in iron chains,
For slaving and for robbing ships all on the Spanish Main.
'Twas William Moore, that wicked man, who made this wretch
of me;
So all young men this warning take: beware of slavery.

Side 2, Band 2. ROLL THE WOODPILE DOWN

Stan Hugill (Shanties from the Seven Seas, London, 1961)
says that this was probably a fresh water song, originally, sung
by black crewmen. It's American by birth. The speculation is

that it came down the Mississippi and wound up on salt water.
We love to sing it — it clears your sinuses and rids you of
the vapors to be able to shout like that. (Chorus: Riki Schneyer,
Jon Eberhart, John Roberts, Tony Barrand.)

Way down South where the cocks do crow,
Way down in Florida,
The gals all dance to the old banjo,
And we'll roll the woodpile down.

Rolling, rolling,
Whoa! Rolling the whole world 'round.
That brown gal of mine's down the Georgia line,
And we'll roll the woodpile down.

We'll roll him high, we'll roll him low;
We'll heave him up and away we'll go.

It's "Rouse and bust 'er" is the cry;
A black man's wage is never high.

Way down South around Cape Horn,
You'll wish to Christ that you'd never been born.

Side 2, Band 3. BULLY IN THE ALLEY

A halyard shanty of black origin, Stan Hugill (Shanties
from the Seven Seas) learned this in the West Indies. The neat-
est part about it is the way it feels when you sing the "Way
hey's!" Shinbone Al, a place, has reference to a man bearing
that name who earned his living by delivering unconscious (drunk,
drugged, or stunned) men aboard ship to serve as sailors. Gordon
Bok and Jonathan Eberhart put the underpinnings on this one with
their bass parts; I consider their voices fattening to listen to.
(Chorus: Riki Schneyer, Andy Wallace, Jon Eberhart, Gordon Bok.)

So help me, Bob, I'm bully in the alley,
Way, hey, bully in the alley,
So help me, Bob, I'm bully in the alley,
Bully down in Shinbone Al.

Sally is a gal that I love dearly;
Sally is a gal that I spliced nearly.

I'll leave my Sal and go a-sailing;
Leave my gal and I'll go a-whaling.

Side 2, Band 4. THE "NIGHTINGALE"

This takes some explaining. I found a fragment (two and
a half verses) in the Penguin Book of English Folk Songs, with

a spectacular melody which I immediately learned. However, the story line was skimpy, and when I get a melody I like, I hate to stop singing it too soon. So, I did some research and finally found another version in Doerflinger's Shantymen and Shanty-boys (New York, 1951). Lo, not to mention behold, the additional verses explained the plot, but the melody was totally different. I struggled with my conscience for a bit, then promptly purloined those verses that I wanted and squeeze them into the melody I already had. The song pled for a fiddle, so I sought out Jay Ungar who gave the arrangement the final eerie touches it needed. There is something really stark about this song, and I would hope that, if anyone else chooses to sing it, that he would do it without instruments, or with fiddle or flute that followed the melody line most of the time. It's not that easy to find a Jay Ungar, so it's as well to know that the song can stand up on its own.

Come young and old and lend an ear
To a lovesick maiden in deep despair;
Her heart was light but her courage failed
When her true lover went down in the Nightingale.
My parents were of high degree,
My true love not so rich as they;
They sent a press gang which did not fail
To press him aboard of the Nightingale.

One night as I lay sleeping in my bed,
My true lover's ghost he appeared to me and this he said,
"Oh, weep, yes, weep, but weep all avail,
For your true lover went down in the Nightingale.
On the sixteenth day of December last,
The wind did blow a most horrid blast;
Our Captain cried 'My dear boys, be brave,
And prepare yourselves for a watery grave.'

"The wind it did blow and the sea it did roll
And we prayed to the Lord for to save our souls;
The deck stove in and the timber did fail
And down to the bottom went the Nightingale.
The deck stove in and the timber did fail,
What a dismal end to the Nightingale.
Go tell your parents they may bequail
For the loss of your lover in the Nightingale."

As I awoke in an awful fright,
It being the hour of twelve at night,
I saw his ghost standing cold and pale,
Just as he went down in the Nightingale.
He spoke to me in lamenting cries,
"In the Bay of Biscay my body lies
To become the prey of a shark or a whale
With my drowned comrades in the Nightingale."

*Last night as I lay sleeping on my bed,
My true lover's ghost he appeared to me and this he said,
"Oh, weep. yes, weep, but weep all avail,
For your true lover was drowned in the Nightingale."*

Side 2, Band 5. I WILL GUIDE THEE

This was learned from Chuck and Nan Perdue, who learned it from the congregation of the Promise Land Baptist Church and from a man named Uncle John Haney, in Rappahannock County, Virginia, where they live. It is actually a composite of two different songs and it is not uncommon for them to be sung together in this arrangement. Lee Sills, Riki and I used to play with the parts and I wound up preferring to sing bass, so we recorded it just as we did it at home, with Lee singing lead.

We learned a fourth verse later, and I include the words for those who want it:

Hark, the voice of Jesus calling
To each one who passes by,
"All the way from earth to Heaven,
I will guide thee with mine eye."

*If you cannot sing like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus;
You can say he died for all.*

*I will guide thee, I will guide thee,
I will guide thee with mine eye,
All the way from earth to Heaven
I will guide thee with mine eye.*

*If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite,
For the least you do for Jesus
Will be precious in His sight.*

Hark! the voice of Jesus calling,
"Who will go and work today?
Fields are wide and harvest is waiting,
Who will bear my shield away?"

Side 2, Band 6. SHEATH AND KNIFE (Child 16)

I learned this from John Roberts (of those two English super singers, John Roberts and Tony Barrand). This is the finest ballad I know, bar none. I heard only a few lines of melody on a tape John was playing when I visited him, and immediately into my Poor Lone Lost Aged Lady act, which implies, through lots of whining, that you should give me what I want.

He was no match for the scene I made, and although he had been planning to learn it himself, he obligingly wrote down both words and melody for me and let me walk away with it. John is living testimony to the meaning of the word Friendship: he even accompanies me on the concertina.

Although I almost always do this song unaccompanied, it is hard for me to think of it without Riki's voice on the chorus lines. This song has repeatedly caused one or the other of us to dissolve into tears. After recording this, the living room at the Patons' was deep in salt water — Jean Redpath went off to cry by herself, but I sat where I was and wept.

Oh, 'tis whispered in the kitchen, 'tis whispered in the hall,

*Oh, the broom blooms bonny, the broom blooms fair,
That the king's daughter goes with a child by her brother,
And they'll never go down to the broom any more.*

*He has taken his sister down to his father's deer park,
With a yew tree bow and arrow slung fast across his back.*

*"And it's when you hear me give a loud cry,
From your bow shoot an arrow and there let me lie.*

*"And when you see that I am dead,
Then dig me a grave, lay some turf at my head."*

*And it's when he did hear her give a loud cry,
He shot a silver arrow, and there he let her lie.*

*Then he dug her a grave both long, wide and deep,
And he buried his own sister with their baby at her feet.*

*Then he has gone home to his father's own hall;
There was music, there was dancing, there were minstrels
and all.*

*"Oh, Willie, oh, Willie, what gives you such pain?"
"I have lost a sheath and knife that I'll never see again.*

*"My father has ships all sailing on the sea,
But such a sheath and knife they can never bring to me."*