

FSA-53

sung by

BETTY SMITH

"Songs Traditionally Sung in North Carolina"



FOLK-LEGACY RECORDS, INC.

SHARON, CONNECTICUT



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Recorded by Sandy Paton

Notes by Betty Smith

When you grow up in a family that gathers around the piano to sing the old hymns, you just naturally take to singing for the rest of your life. And, if you do your growing up in High Point, North Carolina, and your father is a good, strong tenor who learned shape-note singing in one of the old "singing schools," and he sings ballads like "Little Mohee" for you, you just naturally take to singing folk songs.

If, after you've earned your degree in sociology, done case work and counseling, gotten married, raised children, and done all the other good things Betty Smith has done, you meet the great folk song singer and collector, Bascom Lamar Lunsford, and he likes your singing so much that he happily shares his songs with you and impresses upon you the importance of oral tradition — well, you might just take to singing ballads as well as Betty Smith sings them!

Although her large repertoire includes songs from the entire Appalachian south, as well as the British Isles, for this album we have chosen a sampling of the many she has gathered in her native North Carolina. They clearly illustrate the richness and the variety to be found in that state's folk song tradition.

The gentle grace with which Mrs. Smith presents her material is a reflection of the lady herself. We are aware of her great skill and artistry but, more than that, we sense that she is sharing with us something she loves — a music she is sure we will also love, once we have heard it. And she is right — we do.

Sandy Paton
April, 1975

Betty Smith accompanies herself on guitar, autoharp, mountain dulcimer, and psaltery.

Side 1:

YOUNG EMILY (3:42)
FALSE KNIGHT IN THE ROAD
(3:16)
OMIE WISE (3:02)
BLACK IS THE COLOR (4:34)
YOUNG CHARLOTTE (4:58)
SAMANTHRA (1:57)
WHERE WILL I SHELTER MY
SHEEP TONIGHT? (2:34)

Side 2:

AWAKE, AWAKE, YOU DROWSY
SLEEPER (3:45)
FOGGY DEW (3:53)
RED ROSY BUSH (3:36)
MARY OF THE WILD MOOR
(3:19)
LITTLE SPARROW (1:58)
LITTLE ROSEWOOD CASKET
(2:13)
WE'LL CAMP A LITTLE WHILE IN
THE WILDERNESS (3:50)
'TIS SAD TO PART (1:36)

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Sharon, Connecticut 06069

cover photo: Sandy Paton

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BETTY SMITH

*I wish I were a penman
And could write a fine hand...*

If I were, I would write something very profound about where I fit into the traditional or folk music picture. I only know I am bound to sing and play it.

*I was born and bred in North Carolina;
Do you think I've any reason or right to complain?*

I was born in Salisbury and my growing up years were spent in High Point during the depression. Here I am supposed to say something about hardship, I guess, and I'm sure it was a hard time for my parents, Ray and Erma Nance. But what with Daddy's garden and Mother's sewing, I don't think my sisters, Doris and Evelyn, and I ever felt very deprived. We just learned to "make do" with what we had. We always lived where there were other kids and we jumped rope and played hop-scotch and lots of games, even after dark in the summer. Summer was also a time for going to Granddaddy Walker's in Rockingham County where we handed tobacco and rode the tobacco slide, and shelled peas and strung beans for the big noon-day meals Granny put on the table. Being the oldest grandchild, I often went with Granny Nance to visit her father, sisters and brothers. On occasion we went to Old Union Church where my dad returned every year for the reunion as long as he lived.

I took violin lessons from the 5th grade because it was a part of public school music and I liked playing in an orchestra. Somehow, it just didn't "take" because after high school I dropped it. What "took" was every camp song from every church, Girl Scout, and Y camp I ever went to. The hymns we sang at home and at our church, and songs my dad knew like "Pretty Little Susie." My mother played hymns on the piano, and my sisters and I sang as a trio at South Main Street Methodist Church. Dad had a good, strong tenor singing voice and knew lots of songs. He learned to sing by shape notes in singing schools and when he was a young man he was part of a group that met regularly to make music in Randolph County.

I went to college in Greensboro, sixteen miles from home, and worked at camps in the summers. I spent one summer school session in New York City, living at Union Seminary and getting credits from Columbia. I graduated from the University of North Carolina at Greensboro with a degree in sociology and married Bill two months later. We'd been going together since I was sixteen and he was seventeen. He'd been off in the Air Force, so he went to school and worked for a radio station for three

years after we married, and I did case work and counseling.

Then the children, Bill and then Jan, came along and I was a full time mother for a few years, except for lots of volunteer and church work. Of course I sang in the choir and to the children. One day I just mentioned that a guitar would be nice to sing to on camping trips. My Christmas present from Bill and the children that year was a \$16 guitar and a "free how-to-use-it" book.

Somethin' bound to happen...

Bill has always said if you want to see something happen, "just stay around Betty." That guitar lit a fire under me. I went first to schools, then churches and clubs. There was just no end to the songs to be sung. I searched for books and records and began to learn more and more songs. It was inevitable that I began to get together with other people who liked the same kind of music, to go to festivals, to acquire other instruments — dulcimers, autoharp, psaltery.

I had known lots of sing-along songs, children's songs, hymns, some ballads, but I was fascinated with ballads. I think I could have learned more from Dad, if I had been listening better years earlier.

I came to know people like Bascom Lamar Lunsford, who impressed upon me the importance of oral tradition; Byard Ray, a real mountain fiddler who said I sang like his grandma (whose garden he used to weed to get her to sing for him) and who gave me some beautiful songs; Obray Ramsay, who is certainly one of the best ballad singers and banjo players I've ever heard; Mr. Tab Ward, who shared his songs freely; Dr. Gene Wiggins at North Georgia College, who makes fine instruments (a hammered dulcimer for me) and teaches folklore; Cousin Thelma Boltin, who really believes in traditional music — but the list could go on and on.

*I'll tune up my fiddle and rosin my bow,
And I shall find welcome wherever I go...*

Some of the best things that happen when you like traditional music are impromptu gatherings, meeting annually at festivals, learning from each other, trading ballads and tunes.

For several years, Byard Ray, fiddler from Madison County, N. C., Lou Therrell, banjo player (drop thumb style) who teaches at Mars Hill College, and I got together at the Asheville Mountain Dance and Folk Festival. We have sort of melded into a group, along with Vivian Hartsoe, called the Appalachian Folks. We play old time string music, sing, and even dance a little for schools, colleges — well, actually for anybody who will listen to us.

Last summer we taught a course in traditional music at Mars Hill College and the Appalachian Folks played at mini-festivals all summer.

*As I went up Atlanta Street,
A tar-heel girl I chanced to meet...*

Over seven years ago, Bill got transferred to Marietta, Georgia, just outside Atlanta. Here I've found others who like ballads and old time string music. I went down to Georgia State University and got a Master's in Early Childhood Education and taught Title I kindergarten for five years, singing with children all week and keeping the road hot on weekends going to music doings... like Westville Music Convention where I first met Sandy and Caroline Paton... and Harper Van Hoy's Fiddler's Grove... and Cousin Thelma's White Springs Festival in Florida.

Blouke Carus, a curriculum publisher, approached me and I wrote and recorded a program of music for kindergarten for Open Court Publishers. I like folk music for children because they will never outgrow it. Gerry Hall helped me make the records; he's a mountain boy who really knows how to sing the songs.

Willie is rare...

I would probably not be doing this record if it weren't for Bill's encouragement and help. Many's the time he's driven far into the night to get me to a festival or concert or workshop... and had to listen to me singing the same song over and over... practicing or learning words.

*They say she is good natural,
And that's the best of all...*

And how many nights have we gotten my mother up late at night as we stopped over on our way to New York or Virginia... and without complaint she's up next morning with her breakfasts of sausage, grits, eggs, and home-made whole wheat bread...

If you want any more, you can sing it yourself...

And Jan and young Bill who would listen to the music until they couldn't hold their eyes open, and then curl up in the car to sleep.

And now both of them are married, Bill to Tina, and Jan to Ed, and Ma and Pa are like newlyweds again, running all over the countryside to music doings.

It's hard to explain an absolute fascination for traditional music. It's like the ballads, songs, hymns, fiddle tunes are old

friends. They've been sung and resung and played over and over for generations, and they never wear out.

This music belongs to ordinary people. It is our heritage. We have a right to it. It makes more sense to me that we should be able to hear this kind of music than to learn to appreciate composed and classical music exclusively. There is a creative process which makes this the kind of music that everyone can make. It is always ready to re-enter this creative process with each singer. I feel strongly that those who love traditional music should share it, if they feel able.

I have a special feeling for music from the Appalachians, from Scotland, England and Ireland. I like mountain people and their traditions. I would like to see singing return to the mountain communities as an art form as it was when Cecil Sharp was there in 1916.

I would like to see children everywhere growing up with a lot of songs to sing, singing with joy and confidence. The route to this feeling about music is, for me — folk music.

Betty Smith
Marietta, Georgia
January, 1975

ABOUT THE SONGS

Side 1, Band 1. YOUNG EMILY

This broadside ballad is sometimes called "The Driver Boy," "The Drover Boy," "Young Edwin in the Lowlands," among others. It is pretty widely known and sung in Madison County, North Carolina, but this version which I learned from Obray Ramsay is my favorite. Obray is such a good ballad singer and the first time I heard him sing this one I sat down and learned it. Sometimes Obray and I have sung it, alternating verses and vying for the singing of the "best" last verse.

*Young Emily was a pretty fair miss.
She loved a driver boy
Who drove the stage from the Golden Gate,
Way down in the lowlands low, my love,
Way down in the lowlands low.*

*My father owns a boarding house
Along yon river side.
Go there, go there and enter in,
This night with me abide, my love,
This night with me abide.*

Be sure you tell tham nothing,
Nor even let them know
That your name is young Edmund
Who drove in the lowlands low, my love,
Who drove in the lowlands low.

Young Edmund took to drinking
Before he went to bed.
He did not know they'd sworn that night
That they would cut off his head, my love,
That they would cut off his head.

Young Emily in her chambers,
She had this awful dream.
She dreamed she saw young Edmund's blood
Go flowing like a stream, my love,
Go flowing like a stream.

Oh, father, my dear father,
You'll die a public show
For the murdering of the driver boy
Way down in the lowlands low, my love,
Way down in the lowlands low.

The fish that swim in the ocean
Swim o'er my true love's breast.
His body's in a gentle motion,
And I know his soul's at rest, my love,
I know his soul's at rest.

Side 1, Band 2. FALSE KNIGHT IN THE ROAD

This is a riddle ballad... of a mortal outwitting a supernatural being by the quickness of his wit and the magic power of the Word of God. This version comes from Mrs. Maud Long, daughter of Cecil Sharp's remarkable informant, Mrs. Jane Gentry, of Hot Springs, North Carolina. It has been recorded by Artus Moser.

"Where are you going?" said the knight in the road.
"I'm going to my school," said the child as he stood.
He stood and he stood, he well thought on he stood,
"I'm going to my school," said the child as he stood.

Similarly:

"What do you study there?" said the knight in the road.
"We learn the Word of God," said the child as he stood.

"What are you eating there?" said the knight in the road.
"I'm eating bread and cheese," said the child as he stood.

*"Oh, won't you give me some?" said the knight in the road.
"No, not a bite nor crumb," said the child as he stood.*

*"I wish you were in the sea," said the knight in the road.
"A good boat under me," said the child as he stood.*

*"I wish you were in the sand," said the knight in the road.
"A good staff in my hand," said the child as he stood.*

*"I wish you were in a well," said the knight in the road.
"And you that deep in Hell," said the child as he stood.*

Side 1, Band 3. OMIE WISE

Although this ballad is similar to "The Bloody Miller" and many other murder ballads, it is an account of an actual murder which took place in Randolph County, North Carolina.

When I was a little girl, I used to go with my grandmother, Mary Lou Adams Nance, to visit my great-grandfather, William Adams, in Randolph County. It was an earlier William Adams who is mentioned in the accounts of the murder which occurred in 1808, my great-grandfather not having been born until 1848. I had many relatives in the area, but since all who knew of the murder first hand were long since dead, I don't remember hearing it discussed until I was grown.

My grandmother attended Trinity College (later to become Duke University, but at that time located in Randolph County) and there is an account of the murder written by the president of Trinity College, Braxton Craven, under the pen name of "Charlie Vernon."

Naomi Wise was an orphan girl who lived with and worked for the William Adams family. She was courted by Jonathan Lewis, who promised to marry her after he had disgraced her. His mother sought a better match for him in his employer's sister, Hattie Elliot, and Lewis drowned Naomi in Deep River. He escaped from a ramshackle jail and was not recaptured until years later in Ohio. By the time of the trial, most of the witnesses had died or moved away, and he was acquitted. It is said that he confessed to the murder on his death bed.

There are still reminders of Naomi in Randolph County — Naomi Mills, Naomi Falls — and there was a rock, long since overgrown, which my father said was thought to have her footprint, left when she mounted the horse to ride off with Jonathan Lewis.

These verses come from here and there, accumulated over a

period of several years. This tune is the minor one which Doc Watson said he got from his folks in Deep Gap, North Carolina. I like it, but my father said he had never heard it sung in the minor before.

*I'll tell you all a story about Omie Wise,
How she was deluded by John Lewis' lies.*

*He promised to marry her at Adams' springs;
He'd give her some money and other fine things.*

*He gave her no money, but flattered the case.
Says, "We will get married, there'll be no disgrace."*

*She got up behind him; away they did go.
They rode 'til they came where the Deep River flowed.*

*"Now Omie, little Omie, I'll tell you my mind.
My mind is to drown you and leave you behind."*

*"Oh, pity your poor infant and spare me my life.
Let me go rejected and not be your wife."*

*"No pity, no pity," the monster did cry.
"On Deep River's bottom your body will lie."*

*The wretch he did choke her as we understand;
He threw her in the river below the mill dam.*

*Now Omie is missing as we all do know,
And down to the river a-hunting we'll go.*

*Two little boys were fishing just at the break of dawn.
They spied poor Omie's body come floating along.*

*They arrested John Lewis, they arrested him today.
They buried little Omie down in the cold clay.*

*"Go hang me or kill me, for I am the man
Who murdered poor Naomi below the mill dam."*

Side 1, Band 4. BLACK IS THE COLOR

This is one of those songs which always seemed pretty much locked into one well-known tune, and then I found that Cecil Sharp had collected this version from Mrs. Lizzie Roberts at Hot Springs, North Carolina. That being my favorite part of the world — where we have a little piece of land — I couldn't wait to learn it.

I was to play the psaltery at the Bascom Lamar Lunsford

Festival at Mars Hill College last year, and since I wanted to sing songs known in that area, I tried "Black is the Color" on the psaltery and thought it came out pretty well. I think I may have changed a note or two in the last line, which I often do unconsciously.

Last summer, Evelyn Ramsay, from Madison County, sang this song in the class we were having in traditional music at Mars Hill College. I asked her who she had learned it from and she told me she had learned it from Sharp's book, *English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians*. So I guess things have come full circle. Appalachian people who have never sung outside their homes are singing for other people and relearning songs once known in their communities.

About the psaltery:

The psaltery is an ancient instrument, generally believed to have originated in the east — Persia or India. Surely, it is the ten-string instrument mentioned in the Bible. Essentially the same instrument as the hammered dulcimer, it is the forerunner of the keyboard instruments, but plucked like the harpsichord, only with the fingers.

The instrument had fallen into disuse until Bob Beers found one which had been made by a Mr. McKenzie in the 1800's. Most of us credit Bob with the revival of interest in the psaltery. Mine was made by Michael Autorino, who has made over thirty, all modeled after the McKenzie instrument.

*But black is the color of my true love's hair.
His face is like some rosy fair.
The prettiest face and the neatest hands.
I love the ground whereon he stands.*

*I love my love and well he knows
I love the ground whereon he goes.
If you on earth no more I see,
I can't serve you as you have me.*

*The winter's past and the leaves are green.
The time is past that we have seen.
And yet I hope the time will come
When you and I shall be as one.*

*I'll go to the Clyde for to mourn and weep,
But satisfied I never could sleep.
I'll write to you in a few short lines.
I'll suffer death ten thousand times.*

My own true love, so fare thee well.
The time has past and I wish you well.
And yet I hope the time will come
When you and I shall be as one.

I love my love and well he knows
I love the ground whereon he goes.
The prettiest face and the neatest hands.
I love the ground whereon he stands.

Side 1, Band 5. YOUNG CHARLOTTE (The Frozen Girl)

"Young Charlotte" seems to have been known in oral tradition all over the country, even in Georgia and Florida where freezing to death must be very rare. Debate over the authorship of the ballad still continues, but many people believe it was written by Seba Smith, a New York state journalist who published it in *The Rover* in 1884. Others prefer to believe that the composer was one William Lorenzo Carter, a blind itinerant singer who was born in Benson, Vermont, in 1813, and is said to have composed the ballad when he was twenty years old. But we can leave the debate to the scholars.

I learned the ballad from a Library of Congress recording by Dr. I. G. Greer of Thomasville, North Carolina. Dr. Greer's home was not ten miles from where I grew up. I knew of him, but regret that I never got to know him. He was a magnificent ballad singer. But let me quote from material sent to me by his son, Dr. Joseph P. Greer, Assistant to the Chancellor at Appalachian State University in Boone, North Carolina:

"Many people expect to hear folksongs only from the illiterate in distant mountain coves, or, latterly, from guitar strumming crooners. A significant fact about the history of folklore in North Carolina has been that some of the genuine bearers of the folk tradition are also active collectors and leaders in the affairs of the state. Dr. Issac Garfield Greer is a notable example. Born to the ballad singing heritage in Watauga County, and proud of this, he also served North Carolina in politics, education, religious and humanitarian work, and commerce. He taught for many years at Appalachian State and was for sixteen years the General Superintendent of the Baptist Orphanage in Thomasville. He served as president of the North Carolina Folklore Society and the Southern Historical Association, and was a trustee of the Child Welfare League of America.

"Although Dr. Greer traveled far and wide, he never lost his love for the songs he learned as a boy in Watauga County. He performed them frequently in this country and in England. Laymen and folklorists alike value the faithfulness with which

he preserved the songs and the traditional song style. He recorded his entire repertory of songs and ballads for the North Carolina Archive of Folklore and Music. Dr. Greer died on Nov. 24, 1967, in Chapel Hill."

Although the ballad of "Young Charlotte" is widely known in oral tradition, it is seldom sung by singers in the folk-song revival. I am including it on this record in the hope that others will like it as much as I do and will sing it.

*Young Charlotte lived on a mountain side
In a wild and lonely spot;
Not a dwelling house for five miles 'round,
Except her father's cot.*

*On many a pleasant winter's night
Young folk would gather there.
Her father kept a social house,
And she was young and fair.*

*It was New Year's Eve, the sun was low,
Joy beamed in her bright blue eyes,
As to the window she would go
To watch the sleighs pass by.*

*It was New Year's Eve, the sun was down,
Joy beamed in her bright blue eyes.
She watched until young Charlie's sleigh
Came swiftly dashing by.*

*In a village fifteen miles away
There's a merry ball tonight.
The air was dreadful, chilly cold,
But her heart was warm and bright.*

*"Oh, daughter dear," the mother said,
"This blanket around you fold.
'Tis a dreadful night to go abroad;
You'll catch your deathly cold."*

*"Oh, no, oh, no," the daughter cried,
And she laughed like a gypsy queen.
"To ride in a sleigh all muffled up
I never would be seen."*

*Her cloak and bonnet soon were on.
They stepped into the sleigh,
And 'round the mountain side they went
For many miles away.*

"Such a night," said Charles, "I never knew.
These lines I scarce can hold."
And Charlotte said, in a very feeble voice,
"I'm growing very cold."

He cracked his whip, he urged his steed
Much faster than before,
Saying, "It's five long, dreadful miles to go
And it's over ice and snow."

"How fast," said Charles, "the frosty ice
Keeps gathering on my brow."
And Charlotte said, in a very feeble voice,
"I'm growing warmer now."

He drove up to the ballroom door;
Stepped out and reached his hand.
He asked her once, he asked her twice,
He asked her three times o'er.

"Why sit you there like a monument
That has no power to move?"
He took her hand in his, oh God,
And it was deathly cold.

Young Charlie knelt down by her side
And the bitter tears did flow.
"My own, my true intended bride
I never more shall know."

He twined his arms about her neck
And the bitter tears did flow.
And his thoughts returned to the place where she said,
"I'm growing warmer now."

Side 1, Band 6. SAMANTHRA (His Voice)

I first heard Melanie Sovine, a gospel singer from Anderson College in Indiana and a student in my class at Mars Hill College, sing this song. Later, I found it in one of Quay Smather's shape note books. Additional verses may be found in *The Southern Harmony* by William Walker (p. 322).

His voice as the sound of the dulcimer sweet
Is heard through the valleys of death.
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
The air is perfumed with his breath.

His lips as the fountain of righteousness flow
That waters the garden of grace;
From which their salvation the Gentiles shall know,
And bask in the smiles of his face.

O! thou in whose presence my soul takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call;
My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all.

Where dost thou at noontide resort with thy sheep,
To feed on the pastures of love?
Say why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove?

Side 1, Band 7. WHERE WILL I SHELTER MY SHEEP TONIGHT?

Mr. Cass Wallin, of Sodom Laurel in Madison County, North Carolina, sang this hymn for me in June, 1973, at a festival on the ball field near his home. It was a rainy, muddy weekend, and this song is probably the best thing that happened for me all weekend.

Madison probably has more ballad singers and "old time" musicians than any county I've ever been in. Mr. Wallin is a small man who sings ballads and hymns with such vigor that he never needs a sound system.

I understand that there are more verses to this hymn, and two people have promised to send them to me, but no luck so far. Here are the verses Mr. Wallin could remember.

Where will I shelter my sheep tonight?
Where is that peaceful shore?
Where will I shelter my sheep tonight?
I will shelter my sheep at God's door.

I've traveled far, shepherd dog and I,
Sinsick, weary and sore.
Where will I shelter my sheep tonight?
I will shelter my sheep at God's door.

Where will I shelter my sheep tonight?
Where is that peaceful shore?
Where will I shelter my sheep tonight?
I will shelter my sheep at God's door.

My soul is sick and thirsty, too,
As I travel this distant shore.
Where will I shelter my sheep tonight?
I will shelter my sheep at God's door.

Where will I shelter my sheep tonight?
Where is that peaceful shore?
Where will I shelter my sheep tonight?
I will shelter my sheep at God's door.

Side 2, Band 1. AWAKE, AWAKE, YOU DROWSY SLEEPER

I have known several versions of this ballad, which is also known as "Silver Dagger" and "Katie Dear," but I was pleased to find one that did not end in murder and suicide. Cecil Sharp collected this from Mary Sands of Allanstand, North Carolina, in 1916.

This is a tune which Mr. Lunsford sings to this song and he points out that the fiddle tune "Johnson Boys" came from this ballad tune.

*Awake, awake, you drowsy sleeper,
Awake, awake, it's almost day.
How can you lie and sleep in slumber,
And your true love going far away?*

*Say, love, go and ask your mother
If you my bride, my bride shall be.
If she says no, love, come and tell me.
It'll be the last time I'll bother thee.*

*I will not go and ask my mother,
For she lies on her bed at rest,
And in her hands she holds a paper
That tells the most of my distress.*

*Say, love, go and ask your father
If you my bride, my bride shall be.
If he says no, love, come and tell me.
It'll be the last time I'll bother thee.*

*I will not go and ask my father,
For he lies on his bed at rest,
And in his hand he holds a weapon
To kill the man I love the best.*

*Then I'll go down in some lone valley,
And spend my weeks, my months, my years.
And I'll eat nothing but green willow,
And I'll drink nothing but my tears.*

*Come back, come back, my own true lover.
Come back, come back, in grief cried she,
And I'll forsake both father and mother
And I'll cry, love, and pity thee.*

Side 2, Band 2. FOGGY DEW

Byard Ray, a great fiddler and friend from Sodom Laurel, in Madison County, sang to me the first verse as his great-

grandmother, Mary Chandler, and his grandmother, Ardella Wallin, sang it. It was such a good tune — with that little bit of a bluesy sound — that I picked up some verses from versions collected by Cecil Sharp. These are verses thought to have been "cleaned up" by Sharp's collaborator, Rev. Charles L. Marson. Perhaps, but they felt right. Later, I found some of these same verses in a little book of Songs of the Appalachian South called *Songs of All Time*. I suppose the Southern mountain people went along with Rev. Marson's editing.

This version may seem harmless, since it is vague, compared to other versions of "Foggy Dew," but I love the song, and I thank Byard for this and many other good tunes.

*Every time the baby cries,
I don't know what I'll do.
Every time the baby cries,
I think of the foggy dew.*

*When I was young and in my prime,
I followed a weaving trade.
The only harm I ever done,
I courted a fair pretty maid.*

*One night as I lay in my bed,
As I lay fast asleep,
My pretty love seemed to come to my head
And bitterly she did weep.*

*She wrung her hands, she tore her hair.
She cried, "What shall I do?
They say the love that menfolk have
Dries off like the foggy dew."*

*Watch on, dear love, the lee-long night
And the morning will be here.
Then rise, pretty maid, don't be afraid,
Men love, be it mist or clear.*

*So dry your eyes and kiss me, my dear,
As once you used to do,
For the only cold that you need fear
Is the chill of the foggy dew.*

*She dried her eyes and the gay sun shone,
And the world grew green in the blue.
And the last of the foggy dew was gone,
The last of the foggy dew.*

*But love was there in the mist and shine,
The old love, wonder and new.
Oh, fie, pretty maid, to let eyes like thine
Be dimmed by the foggy dew.*

*Every time the baby cries,
I don't know what I'll do.
Every time the baby cries,
I think of the foggy dew.*

Side 2, Band 3. RED ROSY BUSH

These are some love lyrics from the Southern mountains, most of which I learned from the singing of Leon Bibb years ago. I added a "zipper" verse to it because I thought that such a beautiful melody deserved to last a little longer.

*I wish I was some red rosy bush
On a bank by the sea,
And every time my true love passed by
He would pick a rose off of me.*

*I wish I had a golden box
To keep my true love in.
I'd take him out and I'd kiss him twice,
Then I'd put him right back again.*

*And if I lived in some lonesome holler
Where the sun would never shine,
And if my love loved another,
Then he never would be mine.*

*Oh, don't you see yon lonesome dove?
It flies from vine to vine.
He's mourning for his own true love,
Just as I do mourn for mine.*

*I wish I was some red rosy bush
On a bank by the sea,
And every time my true love passed by
He would pick a rose off of me.*

Side 2, Band 4. MARY OF THE WILD MOOR

This is one of those songs that I first heard at a festival and then looked for a good version to sing. I found that this is a song which has been frequently printed, so the texts are all pretty much alike. This version came from the Frank C. Brown collection of North Carolina folklore and was collected from Mrs. Lorena Beasley of Nag's Head.

I always thought this sounded like a Victorian parlor song, but many think it came from Scotland.

*It was on one cold winter's night,
The winds blew across the wild moor.
Mary came wandering home with her babe
'Til she came to her father's door.*

*"Father, dear father," she cried,
"Come down and open the door,
Or the babe in my arms will perish and die
By the winds that blow across the wild moor.*

*"Oh, why did I leave this dear spot
Where once I was happy and free?
Now I'm alone with no friends and no home,
No one to take pity on me."*

*But the old man was deaf to her cries;
Not a sound of her voice reached his ears.
The village bells tolled as she lay in the cold,
And the winds blew across the wild moor.*

*How the old man must have felt
When he came to the door in the morn.
Mary was dead and the child was alive,
Closely cradled in his dead mother's arms.*

*Half frantic, he tore his gray hair,
And the tears down his cheeks they did pour.
Saying, "This night she has perished and died
By the winds that blow across the wild moor."*

*The old man in grief pined away.
The child to his mother went soon.
And no one, they say, has lived there to this day,
And the cottage to ruin has gone.*

*The villagers point out the spot
Where the willow droops down o'er the door,
Saying, "Here Mary died, once a fair village bride,
By the winds that blow across the wild moor."*

Side 2, Band 5. LITTLE SPARROW

This is the way Byard Ray says his Grandma "Dell" used to sing these verses. It is not unusual to hear this song sung with different tunes and words by people living right in the same community.

*I wish I was some little sparrow,
I had wings and I could fly.
I'd fly away to my true love's bedside,
And when he courted I'd be nigh.*

*But as it is I am no sparrow.
I have no wings and I can't fly.
I'll sit right down and weep in sorrow,
And here I'll weep until I die.*

*If I had known before I courted
My love would-a been so dear to me,
I'd-a locked my heart in a golden locket
And keyed it up with a silver key.*

*I wish I was some little sparrow,
I had wings and I could fly.
I'd fly away to my true love's bedside,
And when he courted I'd be nigh.*

Side 2, Band 6. LITTLE ROSEWOOD CASKET

This is a song which is widely known in the South. I learned it from my dad, who liked to sing these old parlor songs like "Redwing" and "Give My Love to Nellie, Jack." The author has been lost in time, although I did hear someone say once that "somebody in Winston Salem wrote it." It is now in the oral tradition and there are many versions of it.

The theme, of course, is "died for love," and Bascom Lamar Lunsford sings a verse which says "my heart from coldness broke." The rosewood casket is a letter box.

*There's a little rosewood casket
Setting on a marble stand,
And a packet of love letters
Written by a cherished hand.*

*Will you go and get them, Sister?
Read them o'er and o'er to me,
For oft times I've tried to read them,
But for tears I could not see.*

*Last Sunday I saw him walking
With a lady by his side,
And I thought I heard him tell her
She could never be his bride.*

*When I'm dead and in my coffin,
And my shroud's around me bound,
And my narrow grave is waiting
In some lonesome churchyard ground.*

*Take his letters and his locket,
Place together o'er my heart,
But the golden ring he gave me
From my finger never part.*

Side 2, Band 7. WE'LL CAMP A LITTLE WHILE IN THE WILDERNESS

This is a hymn that Byard Ray says they used to sing in church. He says we probably won't find it in a book, because this was the kind of hymn that people sang when they didn't have books. Since only one word changes in each verse, it is an easy song to follow.

Byard sang this hymn at Betty Sue Johnson's cabin up on Shelton Laurel in Madison County. A group of women who went to Duke University together years ago gather there for the Asheville and Mars Hill festivals. They record their favorite songs and keep song books so that they can sing the songs themselves. Betty Sue is head of the graduate nursing program at Chapel Hill and all the rest are busy, professional people who love traditional music.

*We'll camp a little while in the wilderness,
In the wilderness, in the wilderness.
We'll camp a little while in the wilderness,
Then we'll be going home.*

*Then we'll be going home, then we'll be going home.
We're all making ready, then we'll be going home.*

*Fathers, are you ready,
Ready, oh, ready?
Fathers, are you ready?
Then we'll be going home.*

*We'll camp a little while in the wilderness,
In the wilderness, in the wilderness.
We'll camp a little while in the wilderness,
Then we'll be going home.*

*Then we'll be going home, then we'll be going home.
We're all making ready, then we'll be going home.*

Similarly, with Mothers, Children, Brothers, Sisters, Neighbors.

Side 2, Band 8. 'TIS SAD TO PART

This is a song from one of my father's shape note books called *Victory Songs*. I don't remember him singing this song. He put several kinds of marks on certain songs. This one was marked with an "X", others with "#" or a check mark, and one

with "X good". I have no idea what they mean, but I would guess that he probably liked this song. It was written by Essie B. Kilgore, back in 1910. I have chosen to record only the first two verses, but will print the entire text for those of you who might want to sing it all.

Remember me, dear friends of song,
Remember me when I am gone.
My love I give you from my heart.
'Tis sad, so sad that we must part.

Chorus: O, we must part, yes, we must part,
'Tis sad that we must part.
O, we must part, yes, we must part,
'Tis sad that we must part.

Remember that I lov'd to sing
Sweet praises to our Saviour King.
To leave you all now grieves my heart.
How sad, indeed, that we must part.

Chorus

I would that I could ever be
A source of good for God and thee.
O, would it heal my wounded heart.
Farewell, farewell, now we must part.

Chorus

Remember me when far away.
Be true until the judgement day.
And when we all meet, heart to heart,
We never shall, no, never part.

No, never part, no, never part,
We shall, no, never part.
No, never part, no, never part,
We shall, no, never part.

O, what a song in perfect tone,
When we shall gather 'round the throne.
God's love will be in every heart.
How sweet 'twill be to never part.

No, never part, no, never part,
We shall, no, never part.
No, never part, no, never part,
We shall, no, never part.