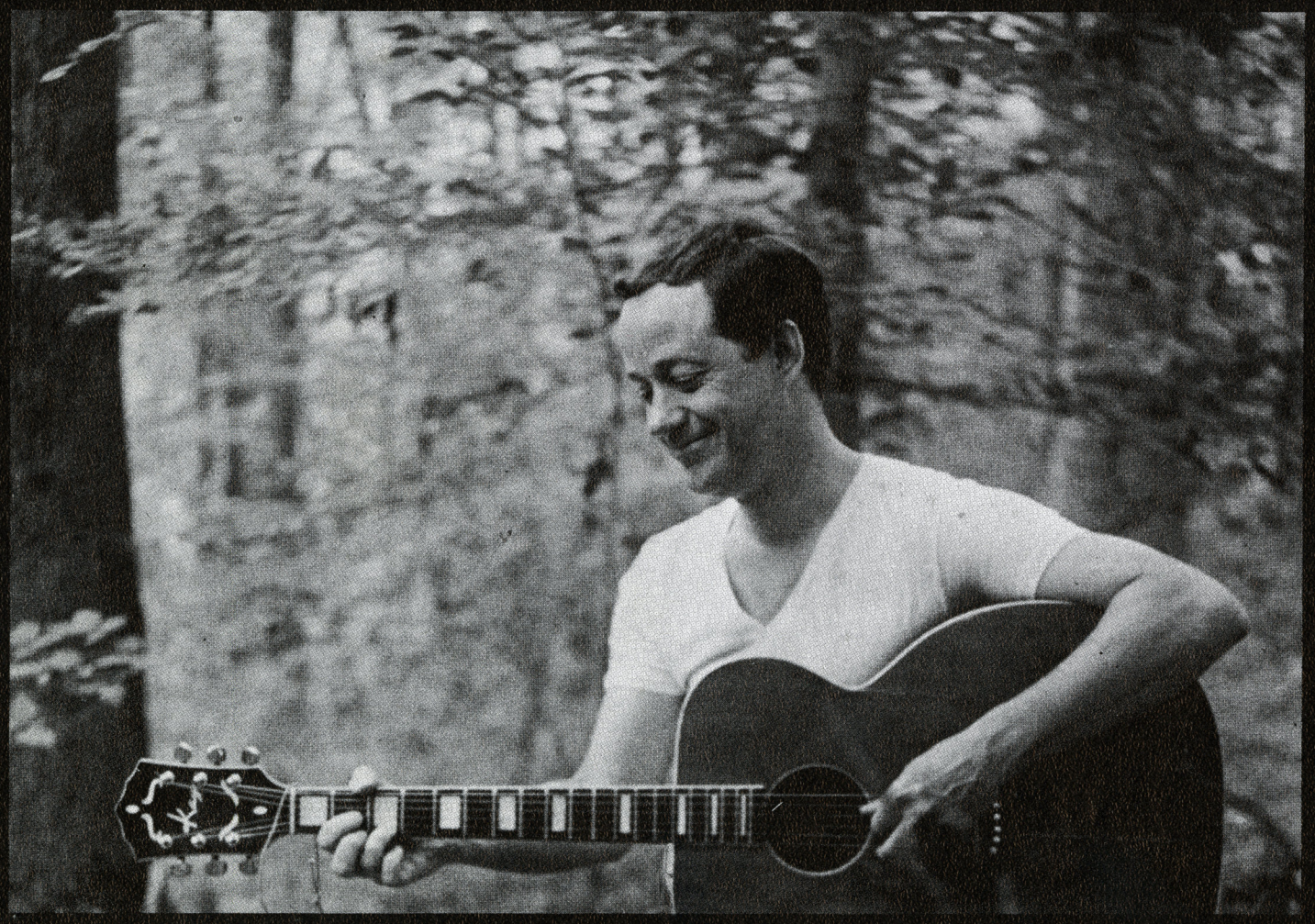
FSI-59

"Drive Dull Care Away" – Volume II

JOE HICKERSON



FOLK-LEGACY RECORDS, INC.

"Drive Dull Care Away" – Volume II

JOE HICKERSON

Recorded by Sandy Paton
Notes by Joe Hickerson

We have long considered Joe Hickerson to be the compleat "folksinger's folksinger". Whenever he and his friends gather to share a singing evening (not unlike those recorded here), he can be counted on to come up with at least a couple of splendid songs no one in the room has ever heard before. In his capacity as head of the Archive of Folk Song at the Library of Congress, he has access to a great treasure trove of traditional songs, but if he were not the singer that he is, many of them might have remained buried there, observed and appreciated only by music historians and folksong scholars, unknown and unsung in the folksong revival. As a matter of fact, Joe has been rescuing songs from archival oblivion for many years. His special genius is to be able to recognize a good song when he sees or hears it and then to transmit it to revival singers all over the country through his many lectures and concerts and, of course, through his recordings. He constantly urges people to listen to his sources, but, for those who cannot, his own singing becomes a great source.

Joe has always been attracted to songs with easily learnable and singable choruses, for it is in the act of sharing the music with a group of friends that he finds artistic gratification. Many of the songs on these two records fall into that category, so we invited a number of people to join him for the recording session. It was a grand way to welcome in the New Year, 1976.

As a general introduction to these two records, Joe writes:

Most folklore, and the best of the folksong revival, exists through time (tradition) and is passed on by word of mouth (oral transmission) or by example. But the highest qualities of both folklore and the revival are evinced during the actual events of telling, singing, or doing, and generally in the context of small groups of people. I usually begin my programs with the song entitled "Drive Dull Care Away", for in its chorus is embodied this idea of esprit with a conciseness and elegance which match the joy of singing it: "And now we're here with our friends so dear, we'll Drive Dull Care Away".

Side 1

WORKING ON THE NEW RAILROAD – 6:12
LAST WINTER WAS A HARD ONE – 3:23
STATE OF ARKANSAS – 1:30
I WALKED THE ROAD AGAIN – 3:09
ERIN'S GREEN SHORE – 4:20
WON'T YOU COME AND SING FOR ME (Dickens) – 4:49

Side 2

HIGH BARBAREE – 4:08
LADY ISABEL AND THE ELF KNIGHT – 5:02
WE ARE ANCHORED BY THE ROADSIDE, JIM – 1:47
BURY ME NOT ON THE LONE PRAIRIE – 5:20
THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST – 8:00

FOLK–LEGACY RECORDS, INC.
Sharon, Connecticut 06069

cover photo by Howie Mitchell

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INTRODUCTION

I have already given a rambling diachronic narrative of my folksong career in the booklet accompanying my 1970 recording, Folk-Legacy FSI-39. I don't think such matters are really important when singing a song, or joining in a chorus. I do have an historical bent, however. To put it another way, I enjoy recalling particularly exciting occasions where certain people or recordings or books have brought to my attention some of the more fascinating and pleasing aspects of folksong and music. Hence the photograph on the front page of this brochure. On the deck of my home in Accokeek, Md. I have decked out a number of books and other artifacts which pinpoint strong influences upon me in these matters. What follows is a somewhat annotated bibliography (I even compile such things for my living) of the items in the picture, beginning with the pile on the left, from bottom to top, followed by the upright array, from left to right, with an occasional foray into the other objects strewn about the scene.

1) D'Amata, Frank, *Scales in Rhythm for Guitar* (New York: King Music Pub. Corp., 1949). I took several months of guitar lessons with Mr. D'Amata on Church St. in New Haven during high school. And at home I was jamming with my piano-playing brother Jay who knew all the chords.

2) Ives, Burl, *Favorite Folk Ballads of Burl Ives, Volume Two* (New York: Leeds Music Corp., 1949). Many of my earliest folksongs were learned from some Burl Ives 78 rpm recordings which my parents had.

3) Lomax, John A. and Alan, *Folk Song U.S.A.* (New York: Duell, Sloane and Pearce, 1947). This was the chief folksong collection on the piano, which my mother and brother both played, and I would sequester it and myself in my room, with door closed, to pick out words and melodies. J.A.L., I discovered later, was the second director of the Archive of Folk Song (Honorary Curator and Consultant until his death in 1948).

4) Hille, Waldemar, editor, *The People's Songbook* (New York: People's Artists, 1948). In 1953 I entered Oberlin College and my folksong horizons broadened a hundredfold almost immediately. Here were several folksongers, all sporting *The People's Songbook* and the latest issues of *Sing Out!*. I very soon obtained my own copies.

(I later learned that the authors of the Foreward and Preface of this collection were to be my forerunners at the Archive of Folk Song: Alan Lomax and B. A. Botkin.)

5) Seeger, Pete, *The Incompleat Folksinger*, edited by Jo Metcalf Schwartz (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1972). My freshman year in college marked the first "gig" outside the New York City axis which Pete Seeger did after the Weavers were blacklisted; it was at Oberlin. I cannot measure the great influence his singing, styles, recordings and songs had on me at that time. (I can now mention to volunteer/interns working in the Archive of Folk Song that Pete Seeger did much the same thing when Alan Lomax was "Assistant-in-Charge" around 1938. It was also at that time, or a trifle later, that Jo Schwartz was the Archive's secretary.)

6) Sharp, Cecil J., *English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians* (London: Oxford Univ. Press, 1932; reprinted in 1966). For three years I worked part-time in the Oberlin College Library shelving books in an area which contained those music volumes not wanted by the Conservatory Library, including a healthy collection of folksong volumes. The one I took home most was this one; here I learned of collecting and variation and such matters.

7) (Here the consistant bibliographic format begins to weaken.) Just a dictionary. I'm still trying to memorize the damn thing. (End of left-hand pile.)

8) Folkways FA 2407, *We've Got Some Singing to Do: Folksongs with The Folksmiths* (first of the four LPs in front of the books). I was part of this group of square-jawed, enthusiastic Oberlin students which had a fantastic time (well, I did!) singing and teaching folksongs, dances, etc. at summer camps (and a few resorts) in the Northeast in 1957.

9) (2nd of the LP's.) Library of Congress AFS L10, *Negro Religious Songs and Services*. See my notes for "Ain't No Grave Can Hold My Body Down" on Vol. I of these records.

10) Leach, MacEdward, *The Ballad Book* (New York: Harper & Bros., 1955). One of my first textbooks in folklore graduate school.

11) Child, Francis James, *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads* (Reprint, New York: Cooper Square Publishers,

1962). Before the appearance of Dover's paperback reprint of Child's 5 volumes from 1882-98, we students really had to shell out to obtain this bible of ballad scholarship. I use vol. 5 in the photograph because it contains no. 274, "Our Goodman," which I began studying in 1957.

12) Thompson, Stith, *Motif-Index of Folk-Literature* (6 vols., Bloomington: Indiana Univ. Press, 1955-58). We used to joke (as we went into debt purchasing these 6 tomes) that you weren't a folklorist unless you had a full set of the *Motif-Index* on your shelf.

13) Dorson, Richard M., *American Folklore* (Chicago: Univ. of Chicago Press, 1959). I was RMD's Research Assistant during the year of this book's preparation. After many a spate of reference-checking and proof-reading, my bloodshot irises could very well have given the impression of "gimlet eyes" (supra, p. 307).

14) Wilgus, D.K., *Anglo-American Folksong Scholarship since 1898* (New Brunswick, N.J.: Rutgers Univ. Press, 1959). We young folklore students had several idols among folklorists outside our immediate ken. Vance Randolph, Herbert Halpert and D.K. Wilgus were strong among them. Imagine my amazement to find my name in the acknowledgments of D.K.'s definitive book; and for the second time in one year.

15) The guitar which I'm playing is an old jumbo Kay. I love those bass notes. For a plywood box it sure has a rich, mellow sound. Kudos to Reed Martin for recently patching it up, making it playable again.

16) Cazden, Norman, *The Abelard Folk Song Book* (New York: Abelard Schuman, 1958). I spent two beautiful summers at Camp Woodland in Phoenicia, New York, as folk music counselor, teaching tennis, leading hikes, and singing. Norman Studer, the camp's director, and Norman Cazden, its music director (and Herbert Haufrecht before him), had done an exceptional job of establishing close contact between the camp and the folklife of the Catskills. And what a fine bunch of songs came along with it.

17) *The Folk Singers Song Bag* (New York: Sanga Music, 1962). Me, a songwriter? Well, in 1960 I did write two additional verses to Pete Seeger's "Where Have All the Flower's Gone?" Usually my name does not appear in the credits; but it does in this book.

18) Hickerson, Joseph Charles, *Annotated Bibliography of North American Indian Music North of Mexico* (Unpublished MA Thesis in Folklore, Bloomington: Indiana Univ. 1961). Heavy. I swore off bibliographies after compiling this one but I have since backslid.

19) Like it says on the nameplate, I'm known among some folklorists and ethnomusicologists not as Joe, but as Joseph C. In case there's any doubt, both are the real me.

20) Bronson, Bertrand Harris, *The Traditional Tunes of the Child Ballads, Vol. 4* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1972). A new bible of ballad scholarship, and, unwittingly, of the folksong revival.

21) See the little FSGW Getaway tag? My early years in Washington were busy, both at the Library of Congress and with the organizational pleasures (?) and other good times of the Folklore Society of Greater Washington, which culminated each year in its annual Getaway.

22) Next to the tag is a pin. Bob and Evelyne Beers' Fox Hollow Folk Festival extended the relaxed atmosphere of the Getaway, and became the first festival after the pop folksong "boom" of the early sixties to stress informality, communality, and *Gemutlichkeit* in the folksong revival. Which suited me just fine.

23) I'm wearing an Ark t-shirt. The Ark is a coffeehouse in Ann Arbor, which Bob White, Dave and Linda Siglin, Michael Cooney and others fashioned into one of the best places around for sit-down singing and song sharing. It has always been a supreme pleasure to sing at the Ark.

24) LP No. 3 is Folk-Legacy FSI-39 *Joe Hickerson with a Gathering of Friends*. Try it, you'll like it. Thank you Sandy, Caroline and Lee for inviting me to put a few things on "wax."

25) [Back to the books.] Legman, G., *Rationale of the Dirty Joke: An Analysis of Sexual Humor: First Series* (New York: Grove Press, 1968). No comment. Actually, I just stuck this in for laughs.

26) The 4th recording on the table is one of the two *Five Days Singing* LPs on Folk-Legacy. Those five days were one of the best vacations from work I have ever taken. Imagine using a recording session as an excuse to make music with your friends. Conversely, I can hardly imagine any better excuse for making a record.

27) Emrich, Duncan, *American Folk Poetry: Anthology* (Boston: Little, Brown, 1974). My bibliographic activities thus far have culminated in "A Bibliography of American Folksong in the English Language" on pages 775-816 of this book.

28) I almost forgot, my rusty trusty old-time Wollensak tape recorder. May she run forever.

And now, to the songs on the record.

Side 1; Band 1. WORKIN' ON THE NEW RAILROAD

I give a brief historical note on this song in the *Yellow-Covered Songbook* (Voorheesville, N.Y.: Pickin', Singin', Gatherin', 1973). Here I'll work backwards, beginning at the most important place for me, the first hearing and learning.

The 1969 Fox Hollow Folk Festival was the first which featured a spate of beautiful California folk. It was also the first to which we took our new son, Michael; every other evening I went to "bed" early, objuring for two nights the pleasures of those mellowing, sit-down singarounds which were among my chief pleasures at Fox Hollow. On one night of early near-sleep, I drifted in and out of dozing to the strains of choruses from the neighboring tent which was laden with California singers. One of their refrains was "Working on the New Railroad." Next day I ferreted out its singer, Larry Hanks, one of my favorites of all time, who modestly said he didn't know all of the song but had learned it from Grady Tuck, of San Diego, who was also at the Festival. Later, Harry Tuft and I cornered Grady with a cassette recorder and got his sensitive version of it on tape. He and Pam Ostergren had learned it from Stu Jamieson (see Stu Jamieson and the Boys on the *Elektra String Band Project* LP EKL-292 or EKS-7292). Since Stu was a disciple of Margot Mayo and her American Square Dance Group in New York during the 1940's and had accompanied Margot on a field trip for the Library of Congress in 1946 which featured a distant Mayo cousin, banjo-player Rufus Crisp of Allen, Kentucky, I checked through the original discs and found his "Big John Henry" with some more verses. I added two or three others from Barry O'Neill and from other members of the "Been All Around This World" cycle of American folksongs to make a good group-singing whole. (Other family members included Max Hunter's "The Blue Ridge Mountains" on Folk-Legacy FSA-11 and Sara Gray's "Horse-trader Song" on Folk-Legacy FSI-38.

Once I had an old gray horse, and Darrow was his name,
Once I had an old gray horse, and Darrow was his name,
But they caught me a-makin' whiskey, and I had to leave my claim.
I've been all around this world.

I'm workin' on the new railroad with mud up to my knees
Workin' on the new railroad with mud up to my knees

A-diggin' for Big John Henry, and he's so hard to please,
I've been all around this world.

Where'd you get the pretty red dress and the shoes you wear so fine.
Where'd you get the pretty red dress and the shoes you wear so fine.
I got the dress from a railroad man, the shoes from a driver in the mine,
I've been all around this world.

Single girl, single girl, go spend your days in town.
Single girl, single girl, go spend your days in town.
As soon as you get married, you'll work 'til the sun goes down,
I've been all around this world.

Single girl, single girl, go out whenever you please.
Single girl, single girl, go out whenever you please.
As soon as you get married, you got babies all over your knees,
I've been all around this world.

When you go a-fishing, you take a hook and line.
When you go a-fishing, you take a hook and line.
But when you go a-courting, never look back behind,
I've been all around this world.

If you see a rich gal, just pass her on down the line.
If you see a rich gal, just pass her on down the line.
But if you see a poor gal, then ask her to be mine,
I've been all around this world.

Now the new railroad is finished boys, and the cars are on the track.
Now the new railroad is finished boys, and the cars are on the track.
And if our women leave us, ain't nothin' gonna bring them back,
I've been all around this world.

Side 1; Band 2. LAST WINTER WAS A HARD ONE

This is an Irish-American piece, from a pre-organized-labor period, when recently arrived ethnic groups were exploited and pitted against each other by contractors and the like, in order to keep strikes broken and wages low. It appeared at least as early as 1880, when a sheet music form entitled "When McGuiness Gets a Job" was copyrighted and

published by Mrs. Pauline Lieder of New York City, with words attributed to Jim O'Neil and music to Jack Conroy. It is "respectfully dedicated to Comptroller John Kelly." The song also appeared in several songsters around that same time, including Johnny Roach's *When McGuiness Gets a Job Songster* (New York: New York Popular Publishing Co., n.d.).

I first heard it on Stinson LP no. SLP 72, *Catskill Mountain Folk Songs*, sung by Bob and Louise DeCormier, and then found it in Norman Cazden's *Abelard Folk Song Book* (New York: Abelard Schuman, 1958), both derived from the Camp Woodland collection and taken from the singing of the excellent singer, George Edwards.

Last winter was a hard one, Missus Reilly did you hear?
'Tis well yourself that knows it, 'tis for many a day
Your husband wasn't the only one that sat behind a wall
My old man McGuiness couldn't get a job at all.

So rise up Missus Reilly, don't give away to blues
You and I will cut a shine new bonnets and new shoes
Hear the young ones cry. Neither sigh nor sob
We'll wait 'til times get better and McGuiness gets a job.

The politicians promised them work on the boulevard
To work with the pick and shovel and load dirt on the cart
Six months ago they promised them that work they'd surely get
But, ah my good woman, they're promising it yet.

Bad luck to them Italians, I wished they'd stayed at home
We've plenty of our own trash to eat up all our own
They come like bees in the summertime, a-swarming here to stay
Contractors, they hired them for forty cents a day.

They work upon the railroad, and they shovel snow and slush
One thing in their favor, Italians never get lushed
They bring their money home at night and take no dinner wine
One thing I would like to say for your old man and mine.

***Springtime**, it is comin', and work we'll surely get*
McGuiness'll go back to his job again; he makes a handsome clerk
See him climb the ladder as nimble as a fox
Says he's the man to handle the old three-corner box.

Side 1; Band 3. STATE OF ARKANSAS (Laws H1)

Here is an Irish or Irish-American ballad that was "taken over" (as a number of songs have been) by the folk of Arkansas as a local song. A previous printing ("The Arkansas Navvy" In Michael Cassius Dean's *Flying Cloud* [Virginia, Minn. 1922]) of the Irish-American "navvy" working on the railroad in Arkansas has been lost in past discussions of this "Native American Ballad," even though similar Irish texts appear in James R. Masterson's *Tall Tales of Arkansaw* (Boston: Chapman and Grimes, 1943; reprinted as *Arkansas Folklore*, Little Rock: Rose Publishing Co., 1975) and on Folk-Legacy FSC-10, *The Rambling Irishman: Tom Brandon* (as "Muskoka"), and seem to portend Blain Stubblefield's railroad ballad, "Way Out in Idaho" (Library of Congress LP AFS L61, *Railroad Songs and Ballads*).

My version came to me when Gale Huntington, Martha's Vineyard's indefatigable singer, collector, and song researcher came to dig into the Library of Congress's files on Sam Henry, a folksong collector of the 1920's and '30's from Coleraine, Northern Ireland. Henry published many of the songs he collected in a newspaper, *The Northern Constitution*. He sent to the LC a copy ot these columns, entitled "Songs of the People," in 1941, along with an example from "quite a lot of songs still to publish." This is that example, as collected from a Co. Antrim singer who learned it from a sailor. For a comment on the tune, see the notes for the next song on this record.

Come all ye true bred Irishmen and listen to my chant;
It's of the lamentation of an Irish emigrant,
Who lately crossed the ocean, for his fortune he thought he saw-
500 men were wanted in the State of Arkansaw.

The first I met was Mr. Green, and he had a smiling face;
He said my lad, "Come along with me; I keep a decent place:"
He fed me on corn dodger and his beef you could not chaw,
And he charged me fifty cents a day in the State of Arkansaw.

The next I met was Mr. Brown, and a different face had he;
He said, "I keep a decent place, so come along with me:"
He gave to me five dollars and a ticket that I could draw,
For to go to work on the railroad in the State of Arkansaw.

I went to work on the railroad till we came to Little Rock;
And every depot we came to my heart it took a shock;
For the devil a one that ever I met he extended to me a paw,
And says, "Pat you're very welcome to the State of Arkansaw."

And now the railroad's finished, boys, and I am very glad;
I'm going to leave this countree or else I will go mad;
I'll go to the Cherokee nation and I'll marry me a squaw,
And as sure as hell I'll bid farewell to the State of Arkansaw.

Side 1; Band 4. I WALKED THE ROAD AGAIN

A local, personal folksong from George Edwards (his father "composed" it) of the Catskills, with a trace of textual history (Robert W. Gordon found a similar piece in California in the 1920's) and a good old Irish-derived tune, with a variant as close as the previous song on this record, as well as in "Save Your Money While You're Young," which can be heard on Folk-Legacy's FSC-62, as sung by Ian Robb, with Margaret Christl and Grit Laskin. Norman Cazden will have extensive notes on these matters in a forthcoming publication of the Camp Woodland (Phoenicia, N.Y.) collection of Catskill songs. I first heard the piece sung by Bob DeCormier, then printed in the *Abelard Folk Song Book*, as with "Last Winter Was a Hard One," above.

I am a poor unlucky chap, I'm very fond of rum;
I walk the road from morn till night, I ain't ashamed to bum,
My feet being sore, my clothes being tore, but still I didn't complain
I got up and I hoisted my turkey and I walked the road again.

I walked the road again, my boys, I walked the road again;
If the weather be fair I combed my hair and I walked the road again.

From New York into Buffalo I tramped it all the way,
I slept in brickyards and old log barns until the break of day,
My feet being sore, my clothes being tore, but still I didn't complain,

I got up and I hoisted my turkey and I walked the road again.

I worked in the Susquehanna Yards, we got one dollar a day,
Toiling hard to make a living, boys, I hardly think she pays,
They said they would raise our wages, if they do, I won't complain,
But if they don't, I'll hoist my turkey and I'll walk the road again.

I worked there for about three weeks, and then I got some cash,
And then I went on a spree, my boys, and money went to smash,
A devil a cent did I have left, but yet I didn't complain,
I got up and I hoisted my turkey and I walked the road again.

And now I'm on the road, my boys, for a place I do not know,
Misfortune, you are cruel, why do you serve me so?
The devil that sits upon my back, that's what makes me sore,
And if I ever strike a job again, I'll walk the road no more.

Side 1; Band 5. ERIN'S GREEN SHORE (Laws Q27)

Hedy West sang this version on her Vanguard LP VRS 9124, along with other songs from her grandmother's North-Georgia repertoire. It is one of many mid-19th century Irish songs referring to (dreaming of) a successful outcome to Ireland's struggle for freedom. Here Ireland is depicted as a beautiful maiden and daughter of an Irish patriot of 1848, Daniel O'Connell. The ballad has spread far beyond Irish enclaves in America; its literal meaning (including "Erin," which has become "Aaron" and "Irwin" in some versions) has frequently been lost.

One evening for pleasure I rambled
On the banks of a clear purling stream
I sat down in a bed of primroses
And I quickly fell into a dream.

I dreamed I beheld a fair maiden
Her equal I'd ne'er seen before
And she said for the sake of her country
She had strayed along Erin's green shore.

I stepped up and I boldly addressed her
Fair maid won't you tell me your name
And why in this wild wooded country
From England through London you came.

I'm the daughter of Daniel O'Connell
And from England I lately come o'er
And it's for to awaken my brothers
Who slumber on Erin's green shore.

Her cheeks were like two blooming roses
Her teeth like the ivory so white
Her eyes were like two sparkling diamonds
Or the stars of a clear frosty night.

She resembled the riches of Eden
And green was the mantle she wore
And she said for the sake of her country
She had strayed along Erin's green shore.

Side 1; Band 6. WON'T YOU COME AND SING FOR ME

copyright 1973 by Hazel Hickens

Hazel Dickens wrote this song. It's about certain customs practiced by some of the more religiously fundamentalist folk of Hazel's West Virginia and elsewhere. Sometimes, I simply call it "Hazel's Hymn." When I first heard the song, it seemed appropriately placed at the end of a program. But it was accidental; the Strange Creek Singers were cut short in their concluding set at an over-long but totally enjoyable concert of several performers cosponsored by the Folklore Society of Greater Washington and the Smithsonian Institution. Soon after, I sant it with Hazel at a program at the Corcoran Gallery of Art. I have sung it many times since, but always toward the end of a program, sometimes last. You should hear Hazel and Alice Gerrard sing it too, for example on their Folkways LP no. FTS 31034, *Won't You Come and Sing for Me*.

I feel the shadows now upon me
And fair angels beckon me
Before I go dear Christian brothers
Won't you come and sing for me.

Sing the hymns we sang together
In that plain little church with the benches all worn
How dear to my heart, how precious the moments
We stood shaking hands and singing the songs.

My burdens are heavy my way has grown weary

I have traveled the road that was long
And it would warm this old heart, my dear brother
If you would come and sing one song.

In my home beyond that dark river
Your dear faces no longer I'll see
Until we meet where there's no more sad partings
Won't you come and sing for me.

I feel the shadows now upon me
And fair angels beckon me
Before I go dear Christian brothers
Won't you come and sing for me.

Side 2; Band 1. HIGH BARBAREE

Singing at the Ark Coffeehouse (Ann Arbor, Michigan) reaps many benefits, among them a good singing audience and, on some (the best) Saturday nights, what is known as "after hours." Here is the sit-down singing I have loved for many years; and here one evening (early morning) I heard Ark skipper Dave Siglin sing this "High Barbaree." When I asked him about it, he directed me to Joanna C. Colcord's book *Songs of American Sailormen* (New York: W. W. Norton, 1938; reprinted New York: Oak Publications, 1964; first printed in 1924 as *Roll and Go: Songs of American Sailormen*, Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill) where the tune and five verses were obtained from a George H. Tabor of New Bedford, Mass.

There were two lofty ships, from old England they set sail,
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we!
The one she was the <u>Princess</u> and the other <u>Prince of Wales</u>,
Cruising down along the shores of High Barbaree!

"Lay aloft, lay aloft," our gallant skipper cried,
"Look ahead, look astern, look a-weather and a-lee."

"There's nothing up ahead, sir, there's nothing up astern,
There's a rock upon our windward and a ship upon our lee,"

"Then approach and we'll speak her," the gallant skipper cried;
"Are you an Indian merchantman or a Yankee privateer?"

"I'm not an Indian merchantman or a Yankee privateer,
But I am a salt-sea pirate and I'm sailing for my fee."

Then it's broadside and broadside these gallant ships did lay,

Until the Prince of Wales shot the pirate's mast away.

For quarter, for quarter, the saucy pirates cried,
But the quarter that we gave them was to sink them in the tide.

There were two lofty ships, from old England they set sail,
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we!
The one she was the Princess and the other Prince of Wales,
Cruising down along the shores of High Barbaree!

Side 2; Band 2. LADY ISABEL AND THE ELF KNIGHT (Child 4)

Carl Sandburg's *The American Songbag* (New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co., 1927) was my first source for this ancient, international ballad. I learned the tune wrong, as I discovered later: I turned a Myxolidian scale into an Aeolian. I also added an introductory verse. I've enjoyed the unconscious result for several years; I hope you do too.

Sandburg's source was my hero, Robert W. Gordon, the first Head of the Archive of American Folk-Song at the Library of Congress (1928-32). Debora Kodish, a folklore graduate student at the Memorial University of Newfoundland, while doing her thesis research on Gordon, found his source for this ballad, Mrs. O. Mobley of Springfield, Illinois, a contributor to his *Adventure Magazine* song column in 1923. (Most of her text was printed in the 20 November 1923 issue of *Adventure*, p. 191.) Before *Songbag* appeared, Sandburg had obtained some songs from Gordon, mostly without tunes; perhaps his tune for this song came from an almost identical printing (but in 4/4 instead of 3/4) in Frank Kidson's *Traditional Tunes* (Oxford: Chas. Taphouse & Sons, 1891; reprinted East Ardsley, Wakefield, Yorks.; SR Publishers, 1970), from the North Riding district of Yorkshire.

It's of a false knight from the North
Who came a-courting me
He promised he'd take me unto the North Land
And there his bride would be.

Go fetch me some of your father's gold
And some of your mother's fee
And two of the finest horses they have in the stable
for they have ten and thirty and three.

So she fetched some of her father's gold
And some of her mother's fee
And two of the finest horses they had in the stable

For they had ten and thirty and three.

Then she got up on the noble brown
And he on the dappled gray
And they rode till they came to the broad waterside
Two long hours before it was day.

"Lie down, lie down, my pretty Polly,
Lie down, lie down," said he,
"For it's six kings' daughters I've drowned here,
And it's you the seventh shall be."

"Now strip yourself, my pretty Polly,
Now strip yourself," cried he,
"For your clothing's too rich and ever-costly
For to rot in the salt of the sea."

"Well turn your back to the leaves on the tree
And face the salt water sea,
For it's not very right such a false-hearted youth
A naked woman should see!"

So he turned his back to the leaves on the tree;
And faced the salt water sea
And with all of the strength pretty Polly she had
She pushed him into the sea.

"O, help me, O help me, my pretty Polly,
O Help me, O help me," cried he,
"And I shall become your waiting man;
I shall wait on you night and day."

"O no, O no, you false-hearted youth,
O no, that never can be.
If it's six kings' daughters you've drowned here,
You can rule o'er your company."

Then she got up on the noble brown,
And led the dappled gray,
And she rode till she came to her father's hall
Two long hours before it was day.

Then up bespoke her poll parrot
All from its cage so gay,
"Why do you travel my pretty Polly
So long before it is day."

Then up bespoke her old father
All from his room so gray,
"Why do you chatter my poll parrot,
So long before it is day."

"The cat was up and about my cage,
And I could not get away,
So I called unto Miss Pretty Polly,
For to drive the cat away."

"Well turned, well turned, my poll parrot,
Well turned, well turned,"cried she,
"For your cage I will make of the finest gold,
And your door fine ivory."

Side 2; Band 3. WE ARE ANCHORED BY THE ROADSIDE, JIM

This has been one of my favorite song titles since encountering it on Folkways Record P 1001 (FM 4001) *Wolf River Songs*, as recorded by Sidney Robertson Cowell and sung by Robert Walker of Crandon, Wisconsin, in 1952. I decided to learn it after hearing Duane Thorpe sing the song in Rochester in 1972. It's a song from the early days of local option, and was printed as the "Old Whiskey Jug" in *Beadle's Dime Song Book No. 3* (San Francisco: J. Stratman & Co., 1860), p. 37.

We are anchored by the roadside, Jim, as we've oft-
times before,
When you and I were weary from sacking on the shore,
The moon shone down in splendor, Jim, it shone on
you and I,
And the little stars were shining when we drank the
old jug dry.

But those was those good old days, those good old
days of yore,
When Murphy ran the tavern and Burnsy kept the store,
When the whiskey flowed as free, brave boys, as the
waters in the brook,
And the boys all for their stomach's sake their
morning bitters took.

Now the times they have altered, Jim, and men have
altered too;
And some have undertaken for to put rum sellers through,
They say that whiskey's poison, Jim, and scores of
graves has dug;
And ten thousand snakes and devils can be seen in our
old jug.

But never mind such prattle, Jim, though some of it
be true.
We'll sleep where we've a mind to, together, me and
you,

For the drink they call cold water, Jim, won't do for
you nor I,
So we'll haul the cork at leisure, and we'll drink
the old jug dry!

Side 2; Band 4. BURY ME NOT ON THE LONE PRAIRIE (Laws B2)

A concise history of this song and its antecedents with nautical settings is given by James J. Fuld in *The Book of World Famous Music* (Rev. ed., New York: Crown, 1966, pp. 396-). I knew a different tune for it long ago; it was simpering and parlorish. Then I heard Fields Ward sing unaccompanied his family's version of tune and text at a Galax Old Fiddlers' Convention about 13 years ago, and several times afterwards. I was greatly influenced by that majestic tune and his rough, yet graceful singing of it. Listen to his recent recording of it on Rounder LP 0036 and I expect you will see why.

"O bury me not on the lone prairie"
These words came low and mournfully
From the pallid lips of a youth who lay
On his dying bed at the close of day.

"O bury me not on the lone prairie,"
Where the wild coyote will howl o'er me
Where the buffalo roams on the prairie sea
O bury me not on the lone prairie."

"It makes no difference so I've been told
Where the body lies when life grows cold
But grant, I pray, one wish to me
O bury me not on the lone prairie."

"I've often wished to be laid when I die
By the little church on the green hillside
By my father's grave, there let mine be
O bury me not on the lone prairie."

The cowboys gathered all around the bed
To hear the last word that their comrade said
"O partners all, take a warning from me,
Never leave your homes for the lone prairie."

"Don't listen to the enticing words
Of the men who own large droves and herds,
For if you do you'll rue the day
That you left your homes for the lone prairie."

"O bury me not," but his voice failed there,
But we paid no heed to his dying prayer.
In a narrow grave just six by three
We buried him there on the lone prairie.

We buried him there on the lone prairie
Where the buzzards fly and the wind blows free
Where the rattlesnakes rattle, and the tumbleweeds
Blow across his grave on the lone prairie.

And the cowboys now as they cross the plains
Have marked the spot where his bones are lain
Fling a handful of roses o'er his grave
And pray to the Lord that his soul be saved.
In a narrow grave just six by three
We buried him there on the lone prairie.

Side 2; Band 5. THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST

The tune and a fragment of text for this lament may stem from the incident commemorated, when King James IV, King of Scots, led the youthful "flower" of Lowland Scots nobility to a very one-sided battle on Flodden Field on 9 September 1513, and the English, under Thomas Howard, Earl of Surrey, easily "won the day." So much for another ill-prepared episode in the French (et al) rivalry with England. 200 years later at least three sets of words were written for the air; one, by a Miss Jane Elliot, of Minto, referred to the battle. It was at first thought to be a song from the period; Bobby Burns cleared up the matter of later composition but the song remains a strong elegy to the original event and others like it. A different tune for this text is currently played at pipe-skirlin's and the like. I was attracted to this older melody by the Fairport Convention's dulcimer-droned rendition on their LP, A&M SP 4265, *Full House*.

I've heard them lilting, at the ewe milking,
Lasses a'lilting, before dawn of day;
Now they are moaning, on ilka green loaning;
The flowers of the forest are a'wede awae.

At bughts, in the morning, nae blithe lads are scorning;
The lasses are lonely, and dowie, and wae;
Nae daffing, nae gabbing, but sighing and sabbing;
Ilk ane lifts her leglin, and hies her awae.

At e'en, at the gloaming, nae swankies are roaming
"Bout stacks, with their lasses at bogle to play;
But ilk maid sits dreary, lamenting her deary -
The flowers of the forest are a'wede awae.

Dool and wae for the order, that sent them to the border!
The English, for ance, by guile wan the day:
The flowers of the forest, they fought aye the foremost,
The pride of our land, lies cauld in the clay.

There'll be nae mair lilting, at the ewe milking;
Women and bairns are lifeless and wae:
Lamenting and moaning, on ilka green loaning -
The flowers of the forest are a'wede awae.

(The following explanation of provincial terms be be found useful: *Lilting* - singing cheerfully. *Loaning* - a broad lane. *Wede awae* - Weeded out. *Scorning* - Rallying. *Dowie* - Dreary. *Daffing and gabbing* - Joking and chatting. *Leglin* - milk-pail.)