

THE CONTINUING TRADITION

Volume 1: Ballads A Folk-Legacy Sampler

Tony & Irene
Saletan

Ed Trickett

Max Hunter

Joan Sprung

Joe Hickerson

Betty Smith

Gordon Bok

Helen Schneyer

Harry Tuft

Sara Grey

Grant Rogers



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The idea for this record has long been "a gleam in the eye" here at Folk-Legacy. Here is a sampler with a difference! All of the artists featured here have records of their own on Folk-Legacy, but none of the songs included here are duplicated on their solo albums. For the uninitiated, then, this record is an introduction to a number of our fine singers and their songs. For the listener already familiar with some or all of the artists, the record can stand on its own as a collection of performances previously unavailable on record.

Furthermore, the record has been designed to be a useful learning and teaching tool for students and teachers, offering a liberal sampling of our ballad tradition. Included are American versions of several of the great classic ballads (those compiled and catalogued by Professor Francis James Child in the latter part of the last century), a few examples of the less understated and more sentimental "broadside" ballads, and some fine ballads from various occupational groups, including some in which the story line is so attenuated that the songs approach the lyric rather than the narrative form.

We hope that you will learn these songs and sing them for yourselves, or, at least, sing along on the choruses. A booklet of texts and notes on the individual songs is included for your convenience. While the commercial music industry might be happy if we all just sat back and listened to their "product," we at Folk-Legacy still believe in home-made music. What's more, we don't believe that the folksong tradition is moribund, as some have suggested. It has changed, to be sure, but we find that it lives on in living-rooms around the country, where people make their own music and share it with family and friends. It is in this spirit that Folk-Legacy records are produced. We look upon each record as an opportunity to provide you with songs that you will want to learn and sing for yourselves.

**Caroline Paton
Sharon Connecticut
December, 1981**

SIDE 1:	
FALSE KNIGHT UPON THE ROAD	3:36
Sung by Tony and Irene Saletan	
BLACK JACK GYPSY	5:29
Sung by Ed Trickett & friends	
FIVE NIGHTS DRUNK (OUR GOODMAN)	4:25
Sung by Max Hunter	
LOST JIMMY WHELAN	3:44
Sung by Joan Sprung	
REYNARDINE	5:39
Sung by Joe Hickerson & friends	
SIDE 2:	
THE BUTCHER BOY	3:35
Sung by Betty Smith	
GREEN ISLAND SHORE	1:58
Sung by Gordon Bok	
DRIVING SAW-LOGS ON THE PLOVER	5:58
Sung by Helen Schneyer	
BUFFALO SKINNERS	3:49
Sung by Harry Tuft	
WORKING ON THE NEW RAILROAD	5:52
Sung by Sara Grey & friends	
I'LL HIT THE ROAD AGAIN	2:30
Sung by Grant Rogers	

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Notes by Caroline and Sandy Paton

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Volume 1: Ballads
A Folk-Legacy Sampler



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THE CONTINUING TRADITION

Volume 1: Ballads

Simply stated, a ballad is a song that tells a story. One can complicate the definition by describing some of the literary devices that are characteristic of the traditional ballad, such as the use of incremental repetition or the frequent appearance of "commonplace phrases," but one factor is essential to every definition: the ballad tells a story.

In the latter part of the last century, Francis James Child, a professor at Harvard, compiled and published a monumental collection of these traditional narratives entitled The English and Scottish Popular Ballads. Almost all of his examples were drawn from earlier collections which had been gathered by Bishop Percy, William Motherwell, Sir Walter Scott, and others. Most of these early collectors considered the ballad to be the "aristocrat" of traditional song. Indeed, they paid scant attention to the many lyric songs that also thrived wherever the ballads were found. Generally speaking, these were literary men, historians and antiquarians, not musicians, and they failed to publish the melodies to which their texts were sung.

In recent years, Bertrand H. Bronson has done much to correct this oversight. He has published an equally monumental work, The Traditional Tunes of the Child Ballads, in which he has printed and analyzed all of the known tunes that have been collected, together with their texts. The four volumes of this collection are indispensable to anyone studying the traditional ballads.

Since many of the ballads are thought to have circulated in oral tradition long before they were "discovered" and put into print, it is almost impossible to determine their age. The 14th and 15th centuries have been called "the ballad centuries," but lack of documentary evidence does not prevent some of us from believing that at least some of them are much older than that. Many of the stories told in the ballads certainly predate those centuries, but we cannot assume that they were circulated in the ballad's stanzaic form.

Late in the 16th century, and continuing through the 19th and even into the early 20th century, ballads were printed on "broadsides" for sale to an eager public. While some of the ballads so published were traditional, their great popularity gave rise to a flood of florid verses celebrating contemporary dramatic events — shipwrecks, fires, floods, murders, executions, and the like. These "broadside" ballads may possess less literary merit than the older "classic" ballads, but they were the tabloid newspapers of their day, and the people loved them. The broadside style was so popular that non-professional songmakers of many occupations, seeking to tell their own stories in song, adopted it. Thus we find ballads that have become traditional which describe events in logging camps, on railroad jobs and cattle drives, in coalmines, textile mills, etc., most of which date from the last century. Some of these songs are tragic, some are satirical, some are proudly boastful, but all are products of the folk creativity that has contributed to a continuing

ballad tradition.

It will be obvious that no single record could do more than suggest the scope of our ballad heritage. Professor Child catalogued three hundred and five ballads, together with many variants of a number of them, without including the broadsides or the later occupational narratives. This recording, then, can only offer a very brief survey of some of the types and styles that have been recovered over the years.

We have chosen to present several of the so-called "Child" ballads, together with a few broadsides, a few occupational ballads, and, to demonstrate how some of our songs retain but a trace of what may once have been a more pronounced narrative line, we have included one which would appear to be a lyric song, but which is related to other songs which are definitely narratives. More of that when we come to it.

I once heard Barry Tolkien, a folklorist and a fine singer, tell an audience that "ballads, unlike children, should be heard and not seen." We at Folk-Legacy agree. We want you to learn these songs and sing them, for they will continue to live only as long as they are sung. Now it's up to you.

Sandy Paton
December, 1981

THE FALSE KNIGHT UPON THE ROAD
Side 1, Band 1.

Professor Child included this ancient ballad as the third in his compilation of three hundred and five. It is still to be found in oral tradition, and has been collected in England, Ireland, Scotland, Canada, and in various parts of the United States.

When Lee Haggerty, president of Folk-Legacy, once asked a Canadian traditional singer if he knew a song in which a knight met a child on the road, the singer replied, with great seriousness, "That was no knight; that was the devil!" Indeed, others have suggested that the knight was, if not Satan himself, one of his minions. The boy in the story must rely on his wit in reply to a series of questions, otherwise he may be whisked away to Hell.

The version of the ballad, sung here by Tony and Irene Saletan, comes, quite indirectly, from the singing of Maud Long, whose mother, Jane Gentry, was one of the singers from whom Cecil Sharp gathered songs in North Carolina,

in 1916. Sharp was an English folk-song collector who came to this country when he learned that many songs of English origin were still being sung in our Southern Appalachian mountains.

Comparing this version with the one Maud Long recorded for the Library of Congress in 1947 (published by Bronson), one can see that it has been altered considerably over the years. Two other versions of this ballad may be heard on Folk-Legacy. Joe Hickerson sings one on his FSI-39, and Betty Smith sings one that is much nearer to the Maud Long version on FSA-53.

Tony and Irene Saletan have one recording on Folk-Legacy: FSI-37.

A knight met a child on the road.

"Oh, where are you going?" said the knight upon the road.

"I'm going to my school," said the child as he stood.

He stood and he stood,

And it's well because he stood.

"I'm going to my school," said the child as he stood.

"What have you in your hand?" said
the knight upon the road.
"I have my bread and cheese," said
the child as he stood.
He stood and he stood,
And it's well because he stood.
"I have my bread and cheese," said
the child as he stood.

"Well, won't you give me some?" said
the knight upon the road.
"No, ne'er a bite nor crumb," said
the child as he stood.
He stood and he stood,
And it's well because he stood.
"No, ne'er a bite nor crumb," said
the child as he stood.

"I wish you were in the sand," said
the knight upon the road.
"With a good staff in my hand," said
the child as he stood.
He stood and he stood,
And it's well because he stood.
"With a good staff in my hand," said
the child as he stood.

"I wish you were in the sea," said
the knight upon the road.
"With a good boat under me," said
the child as he stood.
He stood and he stood,
And it's well because he stood.
"With a good boat under me," said
the child as he stood.

"I think I hear a bell," said the
knight upon the road.
"And it's ringing you to hell," said
the child as he stood.
He stood and he stood,
And it's well because he stood.
"And it's ringing you to hell," said
the child as he stood.

BLACK JACK GYPSY
Side 1, Band 2.

Ed Trickett, with a group of friends we call the "New Golden Ring," sings this American version of Child's "The Gypsy Laddie" (#200). Bronson prints no less than 128 versions of this highly popular ballad, gathered from all parts of the English-speaking world, observing: "The romantic theme... is one to the perennial appeal of which, so long as there are social distinctions, human nature will continue to respond."

Several singers in the folksong revival are responsible for this very satisfying version of the ballad. Ed got it from Bill Vanaver, who combined the text sung by Woody Guthrie with a tune he had learned from Robert L. Jones. Three other versions of this ballad may be heard on Folk-Legacy: Frank Proffitt sings his North Carolina variant on his FSA-1, Joseph Able Trivett sings one from Tennessee on FSA-2, and Lawrence Older sings a lively Adirondack version on FSA-15.

Ed Trickett has two solo albums on Folk-Legacy: Gently Down the Stream of Time (FSI-64) and The Telling Takes Me Home (FSI-46). A third album is now in production and is scheduled for release later in 1982. He can also be heard on all three of our "Golden Ring" recordings (FSI-16, FSI-41 & FSI-42) and he has joined with Gordon Bok and Ann Mayo Muir on three other records: Turning Toward the Morning (FSI-56), The Ways of Man (FSI-68) and A Water Over Stone (FSI-80).

'Twas late last night when the lord
came home,
He's asking for his lady, O.
The only answer that he got,
"She's gone with the black jack gypsy,
Oh, oh, oh,
She's gone with the black jack
gypsy, O."

"Go saddle for me my buckskin horse,
And a hundred dollar saddle, O,
And point out to me their wagon
tracks
And after them I'll travel,
Oh, oh, oh,
And after them I'll travel, O."

Well, I had not rode to the midnight
moon
When I saw the campfire gleaming, O.
I heard the notes of the big guitar
And the voice of the gypsy singing,
Oh, oh, oh,
The voice of the gypsy singing, O.

There by the light of the camping
fire,
I saw her fair face gleaming, O.
Her heart in tune to the big guitar
And the voice of the gypsy singing,
Oh, oh, oh,
The voice of the gypsy singing, O.

"Have you forsaken your husband dear?
 Have you forsaken your baby, O?
 Have you forsaken your mansion high,
 To go with the black jack gypsy,
 Oh, oh, oh,
 To go with the black jack gypsy, O?"

"Yes, I've forsaken my husband dear
 To go with the black jack gypsy, O,
 And I've forsaken my mansion high,
 But not my blue-eyed baby,
 Oh, oh, oh,
 But not my blue-eyed baby, O."

She smiled to leave her husband dear,
 And go with the black jack gypsy, O,
 But the tears came a-trickling down
 her cheeks,
 To think of the blue-eyed baby,
 Oh, oh, oh,
 To think of the blue-eyed baby, O.

"Take off, take off those buckskin
 gloves,
 They're made of Spanish leather, O,
 And give to me your lily-white hand,
 And we'll ride home together,
 Oh, oh, oh,
 And we'll ride home together, O."

"No, I won't take off those buckskin
 gloves,
 They're made of Spanish leather, O;
 I'll go my way from day to day,
 And sing with the black jack gypsy,
 Oh, oh, oh,
 And sing with the black jack gypsy, O."

Last night she slept on a goose-
 feather bed,
 And the lord slept down beside her, O.
 Tonight she sleeps on the cold, cold
 ground,
 By the side of the black jack gypsy,
 Oh, oh, oh,
 By the side of the black jack gypsy, O.

IVE NIGHTS DRUNK (OUR GOODMAN)
 ide 1, Band 3.

Max Hunter is a singer and folksong
 collector from Springfield, Missouri.
 e has spent many years gathering folk-
 songs and ballads in his native Ozark
 Mountains. His solo album on Folk-
 Legacy is our number FSA-11.

The ballad he sings for us here is
 #274 in the Child collection. The

earliest printed text that we have
 comes from Johnson's The Scots Musical
 Museum (1796), but it must be assumed
 that the ballad is considerably older
 than that date would suggest. It
 has been found many times in Scotland,
 England, Ireland, and North America,
 occasionally in versions that are
 barely printable.

Well, I came home the other night,
 Drunk as I could be;
 Found a hat on my hat-rack
 Where my hat ought to be.

"Well, come my little wifey,
 Explain yourself to me.
 How come that hat on my hat-rack
 Where my hat ought to be?"

"Well, you blind fool, you drunken
 fool,
 Can't you never see?
 That's only a milkpail
 My granny sent to me."

"Well, I've travelled this wide
 world over,
 A hundred miles or more,
 But a sweatband in a milkpail
 I never did see before."

Now, I came home the other night,
 Drunk as I could be;
 Found a coat on my coat-rack
 Where my coat ought to be.

"Now, come my little wifey,
 Explain yourself to me.
 How come that coat on my coat-rack
 Where my coat ought to be?"

"Well, you blind fool, you drunken
 fool,
 Can't you never see?
 That's only a blanket
 My granny sent to me."

"Well, I've travelled this wide
 world over,
 A hundred miles or more,
 But pockets on a blanket
 I never did see before."

Now, I came home the other night,
 Drunk as I could be;
 Found a head on my pillow
 Where my head ought to be.

"Now, come my little wifey,
Explain yourself to me.
How come that head on my pillow
Where my head ought to be?"

"Well, you blind fool, you drunken
fool,
Can't you never see?
That's only a cabbage-head
My granny sent to me."

"Well, I've travelled this wide
world over,
A hundred miles or more,
But whiskers on a cabbage-head
I never did see before."

Now, I came home the other night,
Drunk as I could be;
Found some boots under my bed
Where my boots ought to be.

"Now, come my little wifey,
Explain yourself to me.
How come them boots under my bed
Where my boots ought to be?"

"Well, you blind fool, you drunken
fool,
Can't you never see?
That's only a bed-pan
My granny gave to me."

"Well, I've travelled this wide
world over,
A hundred miles or more,
But spurs on a bed-pan
I never did see before."

Now, I came home the other night,
Drunk as I could be;
Found a horse in my horse-stall
Where my horse ought to be.

"Now, come my little wifey,
Explain yourself to me.
How come that horse in my horse-
stall
Where my horse ought to be?"

"Well, you blind fool, you drunken
fool,
Can't you never see?
That's only a milking cow
My granny gave to me."

"Well, I've travelled this wide
world over,
A hundred miles or more,
But a saddle on a milking cow
I never did see before."

Now, I came home the other night,
Drunk as I could be,
Found some things in my room,
The sum of one, two, three.

"Now, come my little wifey,
Explain yourself to me.
How come them things in my room,
The sum of one, two, three?"

"Well, you blind fool, you drunken
fool,
Can't you never see?
That's only my sisters
That came to visit me."

"Well, I've travelled this wide
world over,
A hundred miles or more,
But britches on your sisters
I never did see before."

LOST JIMMY WHELAN
Side 1, Band 4.

The logging camps of North America have given us many fine songs, most of which date from the last century. They deal with the work of the lumberjacks, their adventures, their complaints, and often, their tragedies. Ballads that tell of ghosts are generally termed "revenant" ballads. There are a number of these in the Child canon, and the subject was a popular one in the broadside tradition, as well. This ballad, which has been found in Maine, Michigan, Minnesota, and various parts of Canada, has clearly been influenced by the broadside tradition.

G. Malcolm Laws, Jr., assigns the number C8 to this ghostly tale, in his Native American Balladry (1964), stating, "It is possible that this beautiful Irish ballad originated in America." It was sung in the Maine woods as early as 1886. Phillips Barry tells us that "no trace of it exists in old country tradition." Thus it would seem that this "Irish" ballad is purely American.

Joan Sprung is a Connecticut singer and songwriter. She has two albums on Folk-Legacy: Ballads and Butterflies (FSI-60) and Pictures to My Mind (FSI-73).

All alone as I strayed by the banks
of the river,
Watching the moonbeams as evening
drew nigh,
All alone as I rambled, I spied a
fair damsel
Weeping and wailing with many a
sigh.

Weeping for one who is now lying
lowly,
Mourning for one who no mortal can
save.
As the foaming dark waters flow
gently about him,
Onward they speed over young Jimmy's
grave.

She cries, "Oh, my darling, please
come to me quickly,
And give me fond kisses that oft-
times you gave.
You promised to meet me this evening,
my darling,
So now, lovely Jimmy, arise from
your grave."

Slowly he rose from the dark, stormy
waters,
A vision of beauty more fair than
the sun,
Saying, "I have returned from the
regions of glory
To be in your dear loving arms once
again."

"Oh, Jimmy, why can't you tarry
here with me,
Not leave me alone, so distracted
in pain."
"Since death is the dagger that's
cut us asunder,
Wide is the gulf, love, between
you and I.

"One fond embrace, love, and then
I must leave you;
One loving farewell, and then we
must part."
Cold were the arms that encircled
about her;
Cold was the body she pressed to
her heart.

Slowly he rose from the banks of
the river,
Up to the heavens he then seemed
to go,
Leaving this fair maiden, weeping
and mourning,
Alone on the banks of the river
below.

REYNARDINE
Side 1, Band 5.

Joe Hickerson, who sings this fine
old broadside ballad for us, together
with the group of friends we call the
Golden Ring, writes:

"A dark mystery night of quiet ballad-
singing in and around the Gazebo at an
early Fox Hollow Folk Festival was a
most fitting setting for my first hearing
of this compelling version of 'Reynardine.'
I later learned that Margaret MacArthur,
whom I had visited several years before,
was the unseen singer of the song.

"I gratefully learned it from her
and sang it soon after with friends
gathered during 'Five Days Singing' at
Folk-Legacy.

"Margaret's singing of it should be
heard by all (eg. on her Living Folk
Records F-LFR-100, On the Mountains High).

"Her learning of it from Fred Atwood
of Dover, Vermont, is described there
and in No. 11/12 (1981) of Country Dance
and Song.

"A very nice exposé of the ballad
(Laws P15) and its mysteries and literary
connections (as well as some immoral
suggestions and moral inclinations) is
given by Douglas DeNatale in Vol. 39,
No. 1 (Jan. 1980) of Western Folklore."

Joe Hickerson can be heard on FSI-
39, Joe Hickerson and a Gathering of
Friends, FSI-58 and FSI-59, Drive Dull
Care Away Vols. 1 and 2, and FSI-41 and
FSI-42, Five Days Singing (The New Golden
Ring) Vols. 1 and 2. Joe is the head
of the Archive of Folk Culture (formerly
the Archive of Folk Song) at the Library
of Congress.

One evening as I rambled, two miles
below Pomroy,
I spied a pretty fair maiden, all on
the mountain high.
I said, "My pretty fair maiden, your
beauty shines so clear,
And on this lonely mountain, I'm
glad to meet you here.

"I'm glad to meet you here,
I'm glad to meet you here.
And on this lonely mountain,
I'm glad to meet you here."

"Young man, I pray, be civil; my
company forsake,
For to my great opinion, I fear you
are a rake,
And if my parents knew of this, my
life they would destroy,
For keeping of your company, all on
the mountain high."

I said, "Fair maid, I am no rake,
brought up in Venus' train,
And seeking of concealment, all in
the judge's name.
Your beauty has ensnared me, I can't
the fact deny,
And with my gun I'll guard you, all
on the mountain high."

I hadn't kissed her once or twice,
when she came to again,
And modestly she asked me, "Ah, sir,
what is your name?"
"If you go in yonder forest, my
castle there you'll find.
'Tis writ in ancient history, they
call me Reynardine."

I said, "My pretty fair maiden, don't
let your parents know,
For if you do, they'll prove my ruin
or fatal overthrow.
And if you come to look for me,
perhaps you'll not me find,
For I'll be in my castle, so call
for Reynardine."

Come all you pretty fair maidens, a
warning take by me.
Be sure you quit your rowdy ways,
and shun bad company,
For if you don't, you'll surely rue
until the day you die.
Beware of meeting Reynardine, all
on the mountain high.

THE BUTCHER BOY Side 2, Band 1.

G. Malcolm Laws, Jr., describes this
as "one of the most widely sung of all
ballads," and includes it as number P24
in his American Balladry from British
Broad-sides (1957), although he adds
that its origins are obscure and that
it might have been composed in this
country. Kittredge, who worked with
Child and later edited an abbreviated
edition of his ballad collection,
thought "The Butcher Boy" to be an

amalgamation of two earlier British
broad-sides. Regardless of where or
when it may have originated, it was
spread throughout the English-speaking
world on broad-sides and in songsters,
as well as through oral transmission,
and has been found wherever folksongs
have been collected, from Nova Scotia
to Florida, from Texas to Wyoming, and
at all points in between.

Betty Smith, who sings it here, now
lives in Georgia, but she grew up in
North Carolina and her solo album on
Folk-Legacy features songs and ballads
traditionally sung in her native state.
It is number FSA-53 in our catalog.

In London City, where I did dwell,
A butcher boy I loved right well.
He courted me, my life away,
And now with me he will not stay.

I wish, I wish, I wish in vain,
I wish I was a maid again.
A maid again I ne'er will be
Till cherries grow on an apple tree.

I wish my baby it was born
And smiling on its daddy's knee,
While I, poor girl, to be dead and
gone,
With the long, green grass growing
over me.

She went upstairs to go to bed,
And calling to her mother, said,
"Give me a chair till I sit down,
And a pad and pen, till I write
down."

And every line, cried, "Willie dear,"
At every word she dropped a tear.
"Oh, what a foolish girl was I
To be led astray by a butcher boy."

He went upstairs, the door he broke;
He found her hanging by a rope.
He took a knife and he cut her down,
And in her pocket these words he
found.

"Go dig my grave both wide and deep;
Put a marble stone at my head and
feet,
And in the middle a turtledove,
That the world may know I died for
love."

GREEN ISLAND SHORE
Side 2, Band 2.

Gordon Bok sings this whimsical tale of a rejected suitor in the unaccompanied style in which most of our ballads are traditionally presented. Gordon is one of the finest guitarists in the folksong revival, but he has chosen to sing this song as it was probably sung in its native Newfoundland. Actually, there is little more than an implied narrative here, but we feel that its debt to the broadside tradition is clear. The scene is set in the first verse, and the story of the poor lad's proposal and rejection unfolds in three verses of dialogue. The use of dialogue, sometimes exclusively, to tell a story is a common device in traditional balladry.

Gordon Bok has recorded a number of albums for Folk-Legacy: A Tune for November (FSI-40), Peter Kagan and the Wind (FSI-44), Seal Djiril's Hymn (FSI-48), Bay of Fundy (FSI-54), and Jeremy Brown and Jeannie Teal (FSI-84).

Together with Ed Trickett and Ann Mayo Muir, he has recorded Turning Toward the Morning (FSI-56), The Ways of Man (FSI-68) and A Water Over Stone (FSI-80). With Trickett and Muir, plus a number of others, he has produced Another Land Made of Water (FSI-72). He is presently recording another solo album which is scheduled for release in the fall of 1982.

*When I first came to Trinity
In the brave old days of yore,
It was there I took a stroll
All around Green Island Shore.
It was there I met a pretty fair maid;
She's a girl that I adore.
A more handsome little female
I never saw before.*

*"I've got as fine a bully boat
As ever rowed the Ground.
She can beat anything with sails
From the Horsechops to the Sound.
And, what's more, I've got a big
Poole gun
With a five-foot barrel or more,
And 'tis for your sake I'll shoulder
her
All around Green Island Shore.*

*"I've got a feather-bed, I've got
a watch,
And of a new house I've the frame,
And I'll take you home to Robin
Hood,
If you will share my name.
And if Billy Stookey tries to win
your heart,
I'll leave him in his gore,
And sail far away from Trinity
And the dear Green Island Shore."*

*"To wed you now, dear Johnny,
Would be a poor lookout,
For you have got two very small legs
Which scarce carry you about.
And, what's more, you cannot stand
the cold
Of a cold and wintry day.
I'd rather marry a weasel,
So, Johnny, go away.*

DRIVING SAW-LOGS ON THE PLOVER
Side 2, Band 3.

This warning to those who would leave their monotonous farmwork to seek adventure in the northern lumbercamps is sung for us by Helen Schneyer, one of the most powerful singers in the folksong revival. The hazardous log drives followed a winter of cutting timber in the woods, and there are many woods ballads that tell of men being crushed or drowned while attempting to float the winter's cut downstream to the sawmills.

The young man in this ballad is lucky. He survives the experience, but returns home without being paid for his labor.

Long winter nights in the northern lumbercamps gave men plenty of time to fashion songs and sing them, and the style in which they were sung is well presented here.

Helen Schneyer has two solo albums on Folk-Legacy: Ballads, Broad sides and Hymns (FSI-50) and On the Hallelujah Line (FSI-85).

There walked on Plover's shady banks
One evening last July,
A mother of a shanty boy,
And doleful was her cry,
Saying, "God be with you, Johnny,
Although you're far away
Driving saw-logs on the Plover,
And you'll never get your pay.

"Oh, Johnny, I gave you schooling,
I gave you a trade likewise.
You need not (have) been a shanty boy,
Had you taken my advice.
You need not (have) gone from your
 dear home
To the forest far away,
Driving saw-logs on the Plover,
And you'll never get your pay.

"Come all young men, take warning,
And listen to what I say.
Driving saw-logs on the Plover
You'll never get your pay.

"Oh, Johnny, you were your father's
 hope,
Your mother's only joy.
Why is it that you ramble so,
My own, my darling boy?
Oh, what could induce you, Johnny,
From your own dear home to stray,
Driving saw-logs on the Plover,
And you'll never get you pay.

"Why didn't you stay upon the farm
And feed the ducks and hens,
And drive the pigs and sheep each
 night
And put them in their pens?
Far better for you to help your dad
To cut his corn and hay
Than drive saw-logs on the Plover,
And you'll never get your pay.

"Come all young men, take warning,
And listen to what I say.
Driving saw-logs on the Plover,
You'll never get your pay."

A log canoe came floating
Adown the quiet stream.
As peacefully it glided
As in some young lover's dream.
A youth stepped out upon the bank
And thus to her did say,
"Dear Mother, I have jumped the game,
And I haven't got my pay."

Now, all young men, take this advice,
If ever you wish to roam:
Be sure and kiss your mother
Before you leave your home.
You'd better work upon a farm
For half a dollar a day,
Than drive saw-logs on the Plover,
And you'll never get your pay.

Come all young men, take warning,
And listen to what I say,
Driving saw-logs on the Plover,
You'll never get your pay.

BUFFALO SKINNERS Side 2, Band 4.

The ballad-making tradition went west in the 19th century with the trappers, the later settlers, and the cowboys, producing many authentic American ballads, of which this is an excellent example. Laws quotes Fannie Eckstorm as saying, "The date, 1873, is correct; in that year, professional buffalo-hunters from Dodge City first entered the northern part of the Texas panhandle."

Harry Tuft, who sings this grisly tale of mistreatment and murder, went west, himself, some twenty years ago, settling in Denver, where he founded the Denver Folklore Center. His Folk-Legacy album is titled Across the Blue Mountains (FSI-63).

Come all you good-time cowboys,
And listen to my song.
I pray you not grow weary,
I'll not detain you long.
Concerning some young cowboys
Who did agree to go
And spend the summer pleasantly
On the range of the buffalo.

'Twas in the town of Jacksboro,
In the year of '73,
A man by the name of Crego
Came stepping up to me.
Says, "How d'you do, young feller,
And how'd you like to go
And spend the summer pleasantly
On the range of the buffalo?"

Well, it's me being out of employment,
To old Crego I did say,
"This going out on the buffalo range
Depends upon the pay,
But, if you will pay good wages
And transportation, too,
Then may be I will go with you
To the range of the buffalo."

"Oh, yes, I pay good wages
And transportation, too,
If you will come along with me
And work the season through.
But if you do grow homesick
And you try to run away,
Well, you'll starve to death out on
the range,
And you'll also lose your pay."

Well, it's now we've crossed Pease
River, boys,
Our trouble's just begun.
First old buffalo that I skinned,
Christ, how I cut my thumb!
While skinning the damned old stinkers
Our lives, they were no go,
For the outlaws waited to pick us off
From the hills of Mexico.

Well, he fed us on such sorry chuck,
I wished myself was dead;
Old beans and hardtack, and rotten
sour bread.

The mosquitos and the chinchies,
I tell you, boys, no show.
God's forsaken the buffalo range
And the damned old buffalo.

Well, the season was near over, boys,
And old Crego, he did say
The crowd had been extravagant;
We were in debt to him that day.
Well, we coaxed him and we argued,
But still it was no go,
And we left his damned old bones to
bleach
On the range of the buffalo.

And it's now we've crossed Pease
River, boys,
And homeward we are bound.
No more in that hell-fired country
Will ever we be found.
Go home to your wives and sweethearts,
Tell others not to go;
God's forsaken the buffalo range
And the damned old buffalo.

WORKING ON THE NEW RAILROAD Side 2, Band 5.

Several genuine ballads have been collected in this country which use the refrain, "I've been all around the world." One, a tale of a western outlaw, his capture, trial, and eventual hanging, is sung by Max Hunter on his album of Ozark folksongs (FSA-11). This song, however, has lost almost all of the narrative element found in the other versions, leaving us with a lyric that only hints of a story line.

Other ballads have gone through the same process, Child's "Lass of Roch Royal," for example. While the purist might balk at including this song on a ballad record, we feel that its relationship to the outlaw ballad earns it a place here as an example of a ballad in transition to a more lyric form.

Sara Grey, who leads the gathering of friends we call "The New Golden Ring" here, has one Folk-Legacy recording, (FSI-38). She is now living in New Hampshire and is singing with Ellie Ellis, with whom she will soon record another album for us.

Well, I'm working on the new
railroad,
With mud up to my knees.
I'm working on the new railroad,
With mud up to my knees.
I'm digging for big John Henry,
And he's so hard to please.
I've been all around this world.

Once I had an old gray horse
And Arrow was his name.
Once I had an old gray horse
And Arrow was his name.
They caught me a-making whiskey
And they took away all of my claim.
And I've been all around this world.

Single girl, single girl,
Where'd you get that dress so fine?
Single girl, single girl,
Where'd you get that dress so fine?
When you get married,
Go raggedy all of the time.
And 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.
When you get married,
Work till the sun goes down.
And 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.
When you get married,
Babies all over your knees.
And I've been all around this world.

When you go a-fishing,
Well, you take a hook and line.
When you go a-fishing,
Well, you take a hook and line.
When you go a-courting,
Don't never look behind.
And I've been all around this world.

When you meet a rich girl,
Well, you pass her on down the line.
When you meet a rich girl,
Well, you pass her on down the line.
When you meet a poor girl,
Just ask her to be mine.
And I've been all around this world.

Well, the new railroad is ready, boys,
And the cars are on the track.
The new railroad is ready, boys,
And the cars are on the track.
And if our women leave us,
Money'll bring 'em back.
And I've been all around this world.

I'LL HIT THE ROAD AGAIN
Side 2, Band 6.

Grant Rogers was a woodsman and stone-quarry worker in the Catskills, but he was also a songmaker all of his life. Only a few of the songs he sang were traditional, but many of his own songs were written in a traditional style. "I'll Hit the Road Again" was found in oral tradition in the Catskills, but Grant's version is strictly his own. During the years that we knew Grant, we swapped songs many times, and later heard several of our own songs sung back to us as Grant had revised them, fitting them to his own individual character.

Less a ballad than a personal narra-

tive, this song demonstrates how our American songmakers drew upon the older broadside tradition as a basis for their own creations. Compare Grant's version with the one Joe Hickerson sings on FSI-59, Drive Dull Care Away, Volume 2. On that same album, by the way, is Joe's rendition of the previous song, "Working on the New Railroad."

Grant Rogers' solo album on Folk-Legacy (FSA-27) is titled Songmaker of the Catskills.

I am a poor unlucky chap
And I'm very fond of rum.
I'm on the road from morn till night,
And I ain't ashamed to bum.
My clothes are wore, my shoes are
tore,
But still I don't complain.
I'll get up and I'll heist my turkey,
And I'll hit the road again.

I'll hit the road again, boys,
Hit the road again.
Be the weather fair, I'll comb
me hair,
And I'll hit the road again.

Got a job at the Susquehanna yards,
Where the pay was a buck a day.
Was so hard to make a livin' that
I thought she'd hardly pay.
They said they would raise our wages;
If they do, I won't complain.
If they don't, I'll heist my turkey,
And I'll hit the road again.

Well, I worked for about a couple
months,
And I saved me a little cash.
But then I went out on a spree
And me money went to smash.
Not a damnded penny did I have left,
But still I don't complain.
I'll get up and I'll heist my turkey,
And I'll hit the road again.

Now I'm on the road again, boys,
And I don't know where I'll go.
Misfortune has been cruel to me,
And a-why, I'll never know.
The devil that rides upon my back,
Well, he sure does make me sore;
But, damn his hide, just let him ride,
And I'll hit the road once more.

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