

SEEDS OF LOVE



ANDREW ROWAN SUMMERS
accompanying himself on the Dulcimer



Folkways FA 2021

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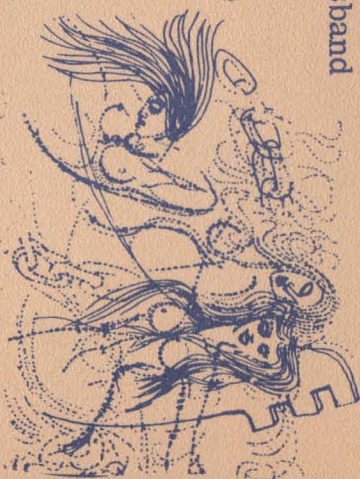
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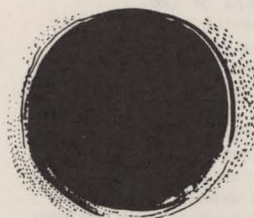
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The Seeds of Love
My Mother Chose My Husband
Plaint for My Lost Youth
Hares on the Mountain
The Farmer's Curs't Wife
O, No John, No!
Blow Away the Dew



FOLKWAYS RECORDS Album No. FA 2021
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The Seeds of Love
My Mother Chose My Husband
Plaint for My Lost Youth
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The Farmer's Curs't Wife
O, No John, No!
Blow Away The Dew

ANDREW ROWAN SUMMERS IS A NATIVE VIRGINIAN, NOW LIVING IN NEW YORK. AFTER STUDYING MUSIC AND VOICE AT THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA (WHERE HE TOOK A DEGREE IN LAW) HE RETURNED TO HIS NATIVE TOWN IN THE HIGHLANDS -- CLOSE BY TO SOME OF THE BEST FOLK MUSIC AND FOLK SINGING IN THE WORLD -- TO PRACTICE LAW AND SING. HE SPENT A DECADE IN SEARCHING OUT FOLK SINGERS, FOLK SONGS, AND INSTRUMENTS. HE WAS ESPECIALLY INTERESTED IN THE VERY OLD SINGERS AND PLAYERS, FOR THEY, HE FELT, WOULD KNOW BEST THAT WHICH HE WISHED TO KNOW. HE TOOK AN ACTIVE PART IN THE WHITE TOP

FOLK FESTIVAL, WHICH DREW SINGERS, DANCERS, AND INSTRUMENTALISTS FROM FIVE OR SIX STATES IN THE SOUTHERN APPALACHIAN REGION. IT WAS AT ONE OF THESE FESTIVALS THAT MR. SUMMERS HEARD HIS FIRST DULCIMER, PLAYED BY AN OLD GENTLEMAN IN HIS EIGHTIES, SO FEEBLE AND WEAK THAT HE COULD NOT PARTICIPATE IN THE FESTIVAL. THIS SAME OLD FELLOW WILLED MR. SUMMERS HIS INSTRUMENT WHEN HE DIED TWO YEARS LATER. IT IS BELIEVED THAT MR. SUMMERS HAS PERFECTED THE NEAREST THING TO TRADITIONAL DULCIMER-PLAYING HANDED DOWN FROM GENERATIONS PAST.

THE SEEDS OF LOVE

THE FOLK OF ENGLAND KNOW THIS SONG AS "THE SPRIG OF THYME". THERE IS AUTHORITY FOR THE STATEMENT THAT THE WORDS WERE WRITTEN BY A MRS. FLEETWOOD HABERGAM ABOUT 1689, BUT THERE IS NO SUCH PROOF. THE TUNE IS A PERFECT EXAMPLE OF A CERTAIN TYPE OF ENGLISH FOLK-AIR, ROMANTIC, LILTING AND DELICATE.

I SOWED THE SEEDS OF LOVE,
I SOWED THEM IN THE SPRINGTIME -
I GATHERED THEM UP IN THE MORNING
SO SOON
WHEN THE SMALL BIRDS SO SWEETLY SING.

MY GARDEN WAS PLANTED WELL,
WITH FLOWERS EVERYWHERE,
BUT I HAD NOT THE LIBERTY TO CHOOSE
FOR MYSELF
OF THE FLOWERS THAT I LOVED SO WELL.

THE GARDENER WAS STANDING BY,
AND I ASKED HIM TO CHOOSE FOR ME.
HE CHOSE FOR ME THE VIOLET, THE LILY
AND THE PINK,
BUT OF THOSE I REFUSED ALL THREE.

THE VIOLET I DID NOT LIKE
BECAUSE IT BLOOMS TOO SOON.
THE LILY AND THE PINK I REALLY OVER-
THINK,
SO I VOWED I WOULD WAIT 'TIL JUNE.

IN JUNE THERE WAS THE RED, RED ROSE,
AND THAT IS THE FLOW'ER FOR ME.
O, OFTEN HAVE I PLUCKED THAT RED,
RED ROSE
'TIL I GAINED THE WILLOW TREE.

THE WILLOW TREE WILL TWIST,
AND THE WILLOW TREE WILL TWINE;
I OFTENTIMES HAVE WISHED I WERE IN
THAT YOUNG WOMAN'S ARMS,
THAT ONCE HELD THE HEART OF MINE.

COME, ALL YE FALSE YOUNG GIRLS,
DO NOT LEAVE ME HERE TO COMPLAIN.
THE GRASS THAT HAS OFTENTIMES BEEN
TRAMPLED UNDER FOOT,
GIVE IT TIME - IT WILL SPRING UP
AGAIN!

MY MOTHER CHOSE MY HUSBAND
(TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY KATHERINE
ANNE PORTER)

MISS PORTER STATES THAT THIS SONG BELONGS TO THE HIGHLY SPECIALIZED CATEGORY OF FRENCH SONGS KNOWN AS "COMPLAINTS OF THE ILL-MARRIED". THE THEME WAS FAMILIAR FROM THE TWELFTH CENTURY, AND WAS ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR TOPICS OF THE STREET SINGERS.

A CERTAIN PARISIAN SINGER, GAUTIER GARGUILLE, NEAR THE END OF THE 17TH CENTURY USED TO DELIGHT CROWDS OF PEOPLE DAILY WITH HIS LARGE REPERTORY OF THESE SONGS.

MY MOTHER CHOSE MY HUSBAND;
A LAWYER'S SON WAS HE.
WHEN, ON THE WEDDING NIGHT,
HE CAME TO BED WITH ME,
AH, AH, AH! THAT'S NO WAY TO
AH, AH, AH! THAT CAN'T BE!

WHEN ON THE WEDDING NIGHT,
HE CAME TO BED WITH ME,
HE BIT ME ON THE SHOULDER
AND ALMOST BROKE MY KNEE.

HE BIT ME ON THE SHOULDER
AND ALMOST BROKE MY KNEE.
I CALLED MY WAITING WOMAN:
'COME QUICKLY, MARGERY!'

I CALLED MY WAITING WOMAN:
'COME QUICKLY MARGERY,
'GO TELL MAMA I'M DYING;
'BID HER COME HASTILY!'

'GO TELL MAMA I'M DYING;
'BID HER COME HASTILY!'.
CAME MAMA TO MY BEDSIDE
BEFORE I COULD COUNT THREE.

CAME MAMA TO MY BEDSIDE
BEFORE I COULD COUNT THREE.
'CHEER UP, MY GIRL. WHAT AILS YOU
'WILL NEVER KILL', SAID SHE.

'CHEER UP, MY GIRL. WHAT AILS YOU
'WILL NEVER KILL', SAID SHE
'IF I HAD DIED OF THAT, CHILD,
'GOD KNOWS WHERE YOU WOULD BE!'.
'IF I HAD DIED OF THAT, CHILD,
'GOD KNOWS WHERE YOU WOULD BE.
'SO IF YOU DIE MY DAUGHTER,
'I'LL GRAVE YOU SPLENDIDLY!'.
'SO, IF YOU DIE MY DAUGHTER,
'I'LL GRAVE YOU SPLENDIDLY,
'THEN CARVE UPON YOUR HEADSTONE
'WHERE EVERYONE CAN SEE - !
'THEN CARVE UPON YOUR HEADSTONE
'WHERE EVERYONE CAN SEE:
'THE ONLY GIRL WHO COULDN'T
'SURVIVE THAT MALADY" !'.
"MARY STUART'S PLAINT FOR HER LOST YOUTH"
BY MARY STUART, QUEEN OF SCOTS (1542-
1587) (TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY
KATHERINE ANNE PORTER)
MARY STUART WROTE MANY SONGS, AND WAS
DISTINGUISHED AT THE FRENCH COURT NOT
ONLY FOR HER COMPOSITIONS BUT FOR HER
ABILITY TO SING THEM, WITH LUTE OR VIR-
GINAL ACCOMPANIMENT. ALTHOUGH THERE IS
NO POSITIVE PROOF, THOSE NEAREST HER
PROFESSED TO BELIEVE THAT SHE DID WRITE
THIS PLAINT. COMPARED TO OTHERS THAT
SHE IS KNOWN TO HAVE WRITTEN, AND SINCE
IT IS EXACTLY THE KIND OF SONG SHE MIGHT
HAVE WRITTEN, WE MAY AS WELL CREDIT HER
WITH IT UNTIL SOMEONE ELSE IS NAMED POSI-
TIVELY AS THE COMPOSER.
'LAS! IN MY LOVELY SPRING,
YEA, WHEN MY YOUTH SHOULD FLOWER,
FEEL I AN INWARD STING,
TURNS ALL MY SWEET TO SOUR.
HEART, FORSAKING PLEASURE,
COUNTETH SORROW TREASURE.
WHETHER I WALK THE FIELDS,
OR HIDE ME IN THE FOREST,
MORNING OR EVENING YIELD
UNTO MY GRIEVING NO REST.
HEART IS STILL ALONE:
WHOM IT SEEKETH, GONE.

'IF I HAD DIED OF THAT, CHILD,
'GOD KNOWS WHERE YOU WOULD BE.
'SO IF YOU DIE MY DAUGHTER,
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'LAS! IN MY LOVELY SPRING,
YEA, WHEN MY YOUTH SHOULD FLOWER,
FEEL I AN INWARD STING,
TURNS ALL MY SWEET TO SOUR.
HEART, FORSAKING PLEASURE,
COUNTETH SORROW TREASURE.
WHETHER I WALK THE FIELDS,
OR HIDE ME IN THE FOREST,
MORNING OR EVENING YIELD
UNTO MY GRIEVING NO REST.
HEART IS STILL ALONE:
WHOM IT SEEKETH, GONE.

WHETHER I WALK THE FIELDS,
OR HIDE ME IN THE FOREST,
MORNING OR EVENING YIELD
UNTO MY GRIEVING NO REST.
HEART IS STILL ALONE:
WHOM IT SEEKETH, GONE.

HARES ON THE MOUNTAIN

THIS SONG IS VERY POPULAR IN ENGLAND, AND, ALTHOUGH DOUBTLESS OF FOLK-ORIGIN WITH A LONG HISTORY, IS NOT OFTEN ENCOUNTERED ELSEWHERE. ANDREW ROWAN SUMMERS LEARNED THIS VERSION IN THE ORAL TRADITION IN 1940, AND IN 1943 HEARD FOR THE FIRST AND ONLY TIME THE "LAUREL" VERSE.

YOUNG WOMEN, THEY RUN LIKE HARES ON THE MOUNTAIN,
YOUNG WOMEN, THEY RUN LIKE HARES ON THE MOUNTAIN.

IF I WERE BUT A YOUNG MAN I'D SOON GO A-HUNTING,
TO MY RIGHT FOL-DIDDLE-DE-RO,
TO MY RIGHT FOL-DIDDLE-DEE.

YOUNG WOMEN THEY SING LIKE BIRDS IN THE BUSHES,
IF I WERE BUT A YOUNG MAN I'D GO AND BANG THEM BUSHES,

REFRAIN.

YOUNG WOMEN THEY SWIM LIKE DUCKS IN THE WATER,
IF I WERE BUT A YOUNG MAN, I SOON WOULD SWIM AFTER -

REFRAIN.

YOUNG WOMEN THEY BLOOM LIKE LAUREL IN SPRINGTIME,
IF I WERE BUT A YOUNG MAN I'D SOON GO AND PLUCK SOME.

REFRAIN.

YOUNG WOMEN THEY RUN LIKE HARES ON THE MOUNTAIN,
YOUNG WOMEN, THEY RUN LIKE HARES ON THE MOUNTAIN.
IF I WERE BUT A YOUNG MAN I SOON WOULD RUN AFTER -

REFRAIN.

THE FARMER'S CURST WIFE

OF ANCIENT ORIGIN, THIS SONG, IS, PERHAPS THE MOST "AMERICANIZED" OF ALL THE ONES IN THIS ALBUM. SUNG OVER A WIDE TERRITORY, AND WITH MANY VARIANTS, IT IS ONE OF THE FEW COMIC BALLADS IN THE LANGUAGE, AND HENCE ITS POPULARITY CONTINUES UNABATED FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION. IT IS THE ENGLISH-SCOTTISH-AMERICAN COUSIN TO THE FRENCH "COMPLAINTS OF THE ILL-MARRIED", REPRESENTED HERE BY "MY MOTHER CHOSE MY HUSBAND".

THERE WAS AN OLD MAN LIVED UNDER THE HILL
IF HE HASN'T MOVED AWAY HE'S A-LIVIN' THERE STILL,
SING HI-DIDDLE-I, DIDDLE-I-FI, DIDDLE-I-DIDDLE-I-DAY.

THE DEVIL CAME TO HIS HOUSE ONE DAY,
SAYS "ONE OF YOUR FAMILY I'M GOIN' TO TAKE AWAY!"

SING ETC.

THE OLD MAN SAYS "I AM UNDONE,
FOR I GUESS YOU'VE COME FOR MY OLDEST SON"

SING

"IT'S NEITHER YOUR SON NOR YOUR DAUGHTER I CRAVE,
BUT YOUR OLD SCOLDING WOMAN I NOW MUST HAVE!"

SING

"TAKE HER ON, TAKE HER ON WITH THE JOY OF MY HEART,
AND I HOPE TO GOD YOU NEVER PART!"
SING

THE DEVIL PUT HER IN A SACK, AND THREW HER UP ALL ON HIS BACK.

WHEN THE DEVIL GOT HER TO THE FORKS OF THE ROAD,
HE SAID "GOD, OLD WOMAN, YOU'RE A HELL OF A LOAD"

WHEN THE DEVIL GOT HER TO THE GATES OF HELL,
HE SAID "POKE UP THE FIRE, I WANT TO SCORCH HER WELL".

IN COME A LITTLE DEVIL A-DRAGGIN' A CHAIN,
SHE UP WITH THE HATCHET AND SPLIT OUT HIS BRAIN!

ANOTHER LITTLE DEVIL WENT CLIMBIN' THE WALL.
SAYS "TAKE HER BACK, DADDY, SHE'S A-MURDERIN' US ALL!"

THE OLD MAN WAS A-PEEPIN' OUT OF THE CRACK,
AND SAW THE DEVIL COME A-WAGGIN' HER BACK.

SHE FOUND THE OLD MAN SICK IN THE BED,
AND UP WITH THE BUTTER-STICK AND PADDLED HIS HEAD.

THE OLD WOMAN WENT WHISTLING OVER THE HILL,
SAYS "THE DEVIL WON'T HAVE ME, I WONDER WHO WILL?"

THERE'S ONE ADVANTAGE WOMEN HAVE OVER MEN -
THEY CAN GO TO HELL AND COME BACK AGAIN!

O NO, JOHN, NO

THIS SONG IS A VARIANT OF A SINGING-GAME, IN TURN DESCENDED FROM A BALLAD. THE SINGING-GAME IS SUNG IN AMERICA, AND MANY VERSIONS OF THE SONG EXIST. THE TUNE IS A VARIANT OF "BILLY TAYLOR".

ON YONDER HILL THERE STANDS A CREATURE,
WHO SHE IS I DO NOT KNOW;
I'LL GO AND COURT HER FOR HER BEAUTY . .
SHE MUST ANSWER "YES" OR "NO".

O, NO JOHN, NO JOHN, NO JOHN, NO.

MY FATHER WAS A SPANISH CAPTAIN,
WENT TO SEA A MONTH AGO.
FIRST HE KISSED ME, THEN HE LEFT ME,
BID ME ALWAYS ANSWER "NO".

OH, MADAM, IN YOUR FACE IS BEAUTY
ON YOUR LIPS RED ROSES GROW.
WILL YOU TAKE ME FOR YOUR LOVER?
MADAM, ANSWER "YES" OR "NO".

O MADAM, I WILL GIVE YOU JEWELS,
I WILL MAKE YOU RICH AND FREE.
I WILL BUY YOU SILKEN DRESSES.
MADAM, WILL YOU MARRY ME?

OH, MADAM, SINCE YOU ARE SO CRUEL,
IN THAT YOU DO SCORN ME SO . . .
IF I MAY NOT BE YOUR LOVER,
MADAM, WILL YOU LET ME GO?

THEN I WILL STAY WITH YOU FOREVER,
IF YOU WILL NOT BE UNKIND.
MADAM I HAVE VOWED TO LOVE YOU,
WOULD YOU HAVE ME CHANGE MY MIND?

OH, MARK, I HEAR THE CHURCH BELLS
RINGING,
WILL YOU COME AND BE MY WIFE?
OR, DEAR MADAM, HAVE YOU SETTLED
TO STAY SINGLE ALL YOUR LIFE?

BLOW AWAY THE MORNING DEW

A SHORTENED VERSION OF "THE BAFFLED KNIGHT",
BLOW AWAY THE MORNING DEW IS WIDELY SUNG
THROUGHOUT ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND AND IN THIS
COUNTRY. ITS BRISKLY-SUNG LYRICS, THE
DELIGHTFUL REFRAIN, AND THE AMUSING POR-
TRAIT IT PAINTS OF A NAIVE COURSHIP OF THE
MIDDLE AGES SETS IT APART AMONG SONGS OF
THIS TYPE.

THERE WAS A FARMER'S SON -
KEPT SHEEP ALL ON THE HILL;
AND HE WENT OUT ONE MAY MORNING
TO SEE WHAT HE COULD KILL

AND SING BLOW AWAY THE MORNING DEW
THE DEW AND THE DEW -
BLOW AWAY THE MORNING DEW -
HOW SWEET THE WINDS DO BLOW.

HE LOOKED HIGH, HE LOOKED LOW,
HE CAST AN UNDER LOOK;
AND THERE HE SAW A VERY PRETTY MAID
BESIDE THE WAT'RY BROOK

AND SING ETO ETC

"IF YOU'LL COME DOWN TO MY FATHER'S
HOUSE
WHICH IS WALLED ALL AROUND,
THEN YOU SHALL HAVE A KISS FROM ME
AND TWENTY THOUSAND POUND".

HE MOUNTED ON A MILK-WHITE STEED
AND SHE UPON ANOTHER;
THEY RODE ALONG THE COUNTRY LANE
LIKE SISTER AND LIKE BROTHER.

AS THEY WERE RIDING ON ALONE
THEY SPIED SOME POOKS OF HAY.
"O, WOULD NOT THIS BE A VERY PRETTY
PLACE
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS TO PLAY?"

WHEN THEY CAME UP TO HER FATHER'S HOUSE
SO NIMBLE SHE POPPED IN . . .
AND SAID "THERE IS A FOOL WITHOUT,
AND HERE'S A MAID WITHIN".

WE HAVE A FLOW'ER IN OUR GARDEN,
WE CALL IT MARIGOLD.
AND IF YE WOULD NOT WHEN YE MAY
YE SHALL NOT WHEN YE WOULD.

[ED. - KATHERINE ANNE PORTER, WHO TRANSLATED MY MOTHER CHOSE MY HUSBAND AND PLAINT FOR MY LOST YOUTH, IS ONE OF AMERICA'S DISTINGUISHED LITERARY FIGURES, REKNOWNED ALIKE AS A POET, SHORT-STORY WRITER AND CRITIC. HER "FLOWERING JUDAS", "THE LEANING TOWER", AND OTHER WORKS, HAVE BEEN ACCLAIMED THE WORLD OVER, HER ABILITY TO TRANSLATE FRENCH LYRICS OF THE GREATEST DELICACY INTO SINGABLE RHYMED VERSE IN ENGLISH IS OBVIOUS IN THESE SONGS.]

RECORDED AT PETER BARTOK STUDIOS, NY
PRODUCTION DIRECTOR - MOSES ASCH

FOLKWAYS Records

AND SERVICE CORP., 701 7th Ave., N.Y.C.
Long Playing Non-Breakable Micro Groove 33-1/3 RPM
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SEEDS OF LOVE
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SIDE I

FA 12021

- Band 1. THE SEEDS OF LOVE
(English - 1689!)
- Band 2. MY MOTHER CHOSE MY HUSBAND
(French-trans. by Katherine Anne Porter)
- Band 3. PLAINT FOR MY LOST YOUTH
(by Mary Stuart - trans. by
Katherine Anne Porter)

FA 12021

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SIDE II

FA 12021

- Band 1. HARES ON THE MOUNTAIN
(traditional)
- Band 2. THE FARMER'S CURST WIFE
(American, traditional)
- Band 3. O, No John, No I
(traditional)
- Band 4. SLOW AWAY THE DEW
(English, traditional)