

# *The Faulse Ladye*

*The Ballad of Mary Hamilton*

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*Willie of Hazelgreen*

*O Waly, Waly*

*Billy Boy*

*The Two Sisters*



*ANDREW ROWAN SUMMERS with dulcimer*

*FA 2044 Folkways Records : New York*



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THE BALLAD OF MARY HAMILTON O WALY, WALY  
THE FAULSE LADY BILLY BOY  
WILLIE OF HAZEIGREEN THE TWO SISTERS

FA 2044 DESCRIPTIVE NOTES INSIDE COVER



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Andrew Rowan Summers is a native Virginian. He writes of his mother, Katharine Barbee Summers: "At her feet I sang my first song, and her singing of the old folk-songs of her childhood held me spellbound and taught me the beauty, power and mystery to be found in their simple verses and tunes." Of his father, Lewis Preston Summers: "His histories of Southwestern Virginia have done much to preserve the history and culture of the people of the region from which many of the songs in this album come. It was through him that my love and appreciation of these wonderful Scottish-Irish folk was aroused and cultivated."

#### THE BALLAD OF MARY HAMILTON (The Four Marys)

This ballad contains all the ingredients of romantic tragedy - love, beauty, misfortune, grief, and violent death. In 1548, when Mary Stuart was sent, at the age of six, to France, she took with her four young girls, all of whom bore the name Mary. They remained with her in France and came back to Scotland with her when she was crowned Queen in 1561. The ballad tells the tragic story of Mary Hamilton. Whatever the real facts were, they have been embroidered and heightened in a dramatic and moving way. The ballad represents a liaison as having taken place between Mary Hamilton and Lord Darnley, the Queen's Consort. The young Mary Hamilton kills the babe, is discovered and dragged to Edinburgh, there to be hanged. The American version does not relate this, but picks up the narrative as Mary Hamilton begins her plaint before mounting the scaffold. The tune comes from Virginia.

Last night there were four Marys,  
This night there'll be but three.  
There were Mary Beaton and Mary Seaton  
And Mary Carmichael and me.

Oh, often have I dressed the queen,  
And put gold upon her hair.  
And all the thanks that I've got this night,  
Is the gallows to be my share.

Last night I dressed queen Mary,  
And put on her braw silk gown.  
And all the reward that I've got this night  
To be hanged in Edinburgh Town.

They'll tie a kerchief round my eyes,  
They'll no let me see to die.  
And they'll never tell my father or mother  
But that I'm away o'er the sea.

Oh, little did my mother think  
The day she cradled me,  
The land I was to travel in  
Or the death I was to die.

I charge ye all ye sailors,  
As you sail o'er the foam,  
That ye neither tell my father or mother  
But that I'm a-coming home.



## THE FAULSE LADY

In the English tradition this ballad is known as "Young Hunting." Sir Walter Scott recorded it in its entirety in his "Border Minstrelsy." It tells the story of a knight who comes to bid his mistress goodbye; she entices him in, plies him with liquors and comforts, and kills him with a fatal plunge of a pen-knife. She and her maidens conceal the body by throwing it into a well, or stream. A bird has seen the deed and although the lady attempts to bribe it into silence, it reveals the crime when the king's men come seeking the lost knight. In the original versions the lady and her bower maiden are accused and given trial by fire, clearly referred to in the closing stanzas. In America the whole has been considerably shortened.

"Abide, abide true love, " she said  
"And beg and stay all night.  
You shall have your pleasure in my room  
With a coal and candle light."

"I won't abide, faulse lady  
Nor beg and stay all night,  
For I have a far better love to enjoy  
When I go home than you."

As he stooped over saddle  
To kiss her lips so sweet,  
And with a pen-knife in her hand  
She wounded him full deep.

"Why woundest me, faulse lady  
Why woundest me so sore?  
There's not a doctor in all Scotland  
Can heal my mortal wound."

She awoke her maids in the morning  
At the break of day,  
Saying, "There's a dead mad in my bedchamber,  
I wish he was away."

She took him by the lily white hands  
And others by the feet,  
And they threw him into a very deep well  
Full fifty fathoms deep.

"Sleep there, sleep there you faulse young love  
Sleep there, sleep there alone,  
And let the one that you love best  
Think you long a-coming home."

Then up spoke a pretty little bird  
A-sitting on a tree:  
O, woe betide you ill woman  
An ill death may ye die.

"Come down, come down, my pretty little bird  
And sit upon my knee:  
For I have a golden cage at home  
I will bestow on thee."

I won't go down, faulse lady,  
And sit upon your knee,  
For you have slain your own true love  
And I'm sure you would slay me.

"O, if I had my bow and arrow  
My shuttle and my string,  
I would shoot you through the very heart  
Among the leaves so green."

O, if you had your bow and arrow  
Your shuttle and your string,  
I would take to my wings and away I would fly  
And you never would see me again.

## WILLIE OF HAZEL GREEN

In 17th Century Scotland, there existed in the Oral tradition a ballad recounting the fervent love of a maiden for her lover whose name was John or Jock of Hazelgreen. Sir Walter Scott's "Jock of Hazeldean" was based on this ballad, but Scott changed the story to suit his purposes. The ballad is rare in America, and the tune is certainly not a typical ballad air, but rather suggests a charming, lilting Irish melody.

As I went out one fine summer's evening  
Down by yon shady grove,  
It was there I spied a pretty fair maid  
Lamenting for her love.  
As I drew nigh, sure she did cry  
The better it might have been seen,  
For she was a-letting the tears down fall  
For young Willie of Hazel Green.

"What grieves what grieves my pretty fair maid  
That ye weep so near the tide?  
Sure you might be a bride," says I  
To many a lord or knight.  
Sure you might be a bride," says I  
To many a lord or king."  
"I'd rather be a bride," says she  
"To Willie of Hazel Green."

"If you'll forsake your Hazel Green  
And come along with me,  
I'd have you to wed my only son  
I've no other child but he.  
I would have you to ride in many coshays,  
And servants to wait upon thee,  
If you'll forsake your Hazel Green  
And come along with me."

"O, for to ride in many coshays  
My state is rather low,  
I'd rather marry the boy I love  
Than man I never knew.  
His arms are long, his shoulders broad  
He is rather for to be seen,  
He is none of your north country gentlemen  
My Willie of Hazel Green."

He mounted on a milkwhite steed  
And she upon a bay,  
And they rode together that warm summer's night  
And a part of the next day.  
But when they came up in front of the castle  
The bells began for to ring;  
And who stepped out but that noble young lord  
Called Willie of Hazel Green.

"You are welcome home, dear father," he said  
But why did you tarry so long?  
And where did you find this pretty fair maid  
That I did send you for?"  
He gave her a kiss, a hundred of kisses  
Before he would let her in.  
So now she is wed to the boy she loved  
Young Willie of Hazel Green.



## O, WALY, WALY

This famous old song is a variant of the ballad "Lord Jamie Douglas" and is widely known and sung throughout all English-speaking countries.

The water is wide, I cannot get o'er  
And neither have I wings to fly.  
O, go and get me some little boat  
To carry o'er my true love and I.

A-down in the meadow the other day,  
A-gath'ring flowers both fine and gay,  
A-gath'ring flowers both red and blue  
I little thought what love can do.

I put my hand into some soft bush  
Thinking the fairest to pluck;  
I pricked my finger unto the bone  
And left the fairest flower alone.

I lean'ed my back up against some oak,  
Thinking it was a trusty tree.  
But first he bended and then he broke  
So did my love prove false to me.

There is a ship sailing on the sea,  
She's loaded deep as deep can be;  
But not so deep as in love I am,  
I care not whether I sink or swim.

Where love is planted O, there it grows,  
It buds and blossoms like the rose.  
It has a sweet and pleasant smell -  
No flow'r on earth can it excel.

Must I be bound, O, and she go free,  
Must I love one that does not love me.  
Why should I play such a childish part  
And love a girl that will break my heart.

O, love is handsome and love is fine,  
And love is charming when it is true;  
As it grows older it groweth colder  
And fades away like the morning dew.

## BILLY BOY

This is one of the most popular and widely distributed ballads in America. Its question-and-answer form suggests the great "Lord Randal," of which this may very well be a derivation.

Tell me where have you been,  
Billy boy, Billy boy,  
Tell me where have you been  
Charming Billy?  
I have been to seek my wife  
She's the joy of my life.  
She's a young thing and cannot leave her mother.

Did she ask you to come in,  
Billy boy, Billy boy,  
Did she ask you to come in,  
Charming Billy?  
Yes, she asked me to come in  
She has dimples in her chin  
She's a young thing and cannot leave her mother.

Did she offer you a chair  
Billy boy, Billy boy,  
Did she offer you a chair  
Charming Billy?  
Yes, she offered me a chair  
She has ringlets in her hair.  
She's a young thing and cannot leave her mother.

Can she bake a cherry pie,  
Billy boy, Billy boy,  
Can she bake a cherry pie  
Charming Billy?  
She can bake a cherry pie  
Quick as a cat can wink his eye  
She's a young thing and cannot leave her mother.

Can she make a feather bed,  
Billy boy, Billy boy,  
Can she make a feather bed  
Charming Billy?  
She can make a feather bed  
Put the pillows at the head,  
She's a young thing and cannot leave her mother.

Tell me, how old is she  
Billy boy, Billy boy,  
Tell me how old is she  
Charming Billy?  
She's twice twenty and seven  
Three times ten and eleven,  
She's a young thing and cannot leave her mother.

## THE TWO SISTERS

This very old tragic ballad has had extremely wide currency in Ireland, Wales, England, Scotland, and the Scandinavian countries. It still persists in the oral tradition both in England and in America. In one or two of the versions a lock of the drowned girl's golden hair is used to string a harp which is played at the wedding of the older sister to the stolen lover, and then reveals its horrible secret.

There lived an old lord in the North Country,  
Bow ye down, bow ye down  
Very true to you -  
And he had daughters, one, two, three;  
I'll be true to my love, if my love will be true  
to me.

There came a young lord a-courting there  
And he did woo the youngest fair.

O, sister, dear sister, let's walk the sea-shore  
And watch the ships as they sail o'er.

As they were walking along the sea's brim  
The oldest pushed the youngest in.

"O, sister, dear sister, give me your hand  
And I'll give you my houses and land."

"O, sister, dear sister, give me your glove  
And I'll give you my own true love."

"I'll neither give you my hand nor glove,  
For all I want is your own true love."

Sometimes she sank, sometimes she swam  
Until she came to the miller's dam.

The miller took his old grab-hook  
And fished her safely from the brook.

"O, miller, dear miller, I have five gold rings -  
Pray take me back to my home again."

The miller took her five gold rings  
And thrust her back in the brook again.

The miller was hung on the gallows so high  
And the sister was burned at the stake nearby.

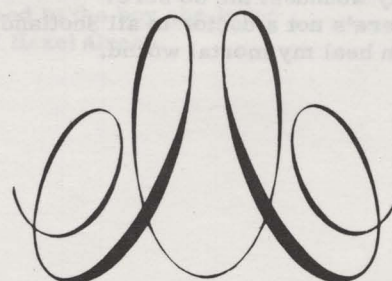
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**FOLKWAYS Records**  
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Long Playing Non-Breakable Micro Groove 33 1/3 RPM

**THE FAULSE LADY**  
**Andrew Rowan Summers**  
Accompanying himself on the Dulcimer

FA 2044 A  
E4-KL-7636  
(F.A. 2044 A)

SIDE I

Band 1. THE BALLAD OF MARY HAMILTON  
(The Four Marys)  
Band 2. THE FAULSE LADY  
Band 3. WILLIE OF HAZEL GREEN

Recorded by Moses Asch  
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SIDE II

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Band 1. O, WALY, WALY  
Band 2. BILLY BOY  
Band 3. THE TWO SISTERS

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