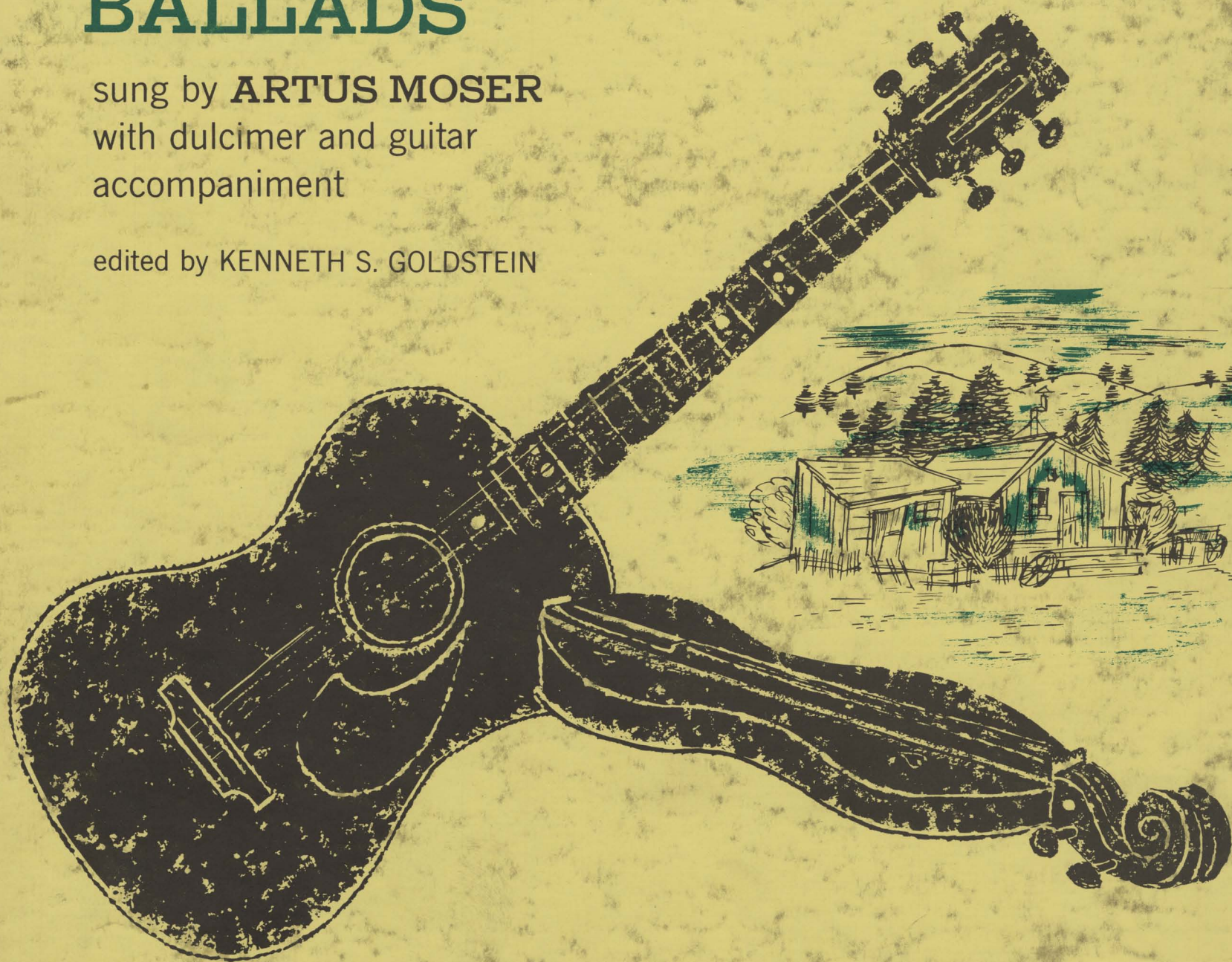


NORTH CAROLINA BALLADS

sung by **ARTUS MOSER**
with dulcimer and guitar
accompaniment

edited by KENNETH S. GOLDSTEIN



FOLKWAYS RECORDS FA 2112

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with dulcimer and guitar
accompaniment

Sourwood Mountain
Swannanona Town
The Old Man Over The Hill (Child 278)
Old Grey Mare
The Two Sisters (Child 10)
Wildwood Flower
The False Knight Upon The Road (Child 3)
Cumberland Gap
Lord Randall (Child 12)
Poor Ellen Smith
Sweet Rivers

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Recorded by **KENNETH S. GOLDSTEIN** and **WILLIAM A. GRANT**
in Swannanoa, N. C., August, 1955

Introduction by **ARTUS M. MOSER**

Edited and Notes by **KENNETH S. GOLDSTEIN**

ABOUT THE SINGER

Artus M. Moser has been collecting, singing and teaching the ballads and folksongs of his native state for more than 25 years and is a recognized authority in this field. Born and reared in the Swannanoa Valley, near the base of some of the loftiest mountains in Eastern America, Moser did not become interested in the native folklore of his state until he was a student at the University of North Carolina. His interest, however, did not take definite form until several years later when he became a professor at Lincoln Memorial University at Harrogate, Tennessee. It was here that

his students protested that they knew better versions of the ballads their professor was trying to teach them from textbooks. This started Moser on his recording and collecting in the Great Smoky Mountains and the Blue Ridge in North Carolina. The Library of Congress soon heard of his work and upon examination found it so valuable they supplied him with a new recording machine to continue his collecting. He contributed more than 300 versions of authentic traditional tunes, ballads and folksongs to the Archive of American Folk Song and has received the highest praise and commendation from his important work.

Professor Moser has one of the largest and most interesting collections of folk material in this country and has been at work editing and arranging his material with a view toward ultimate publication.

Professor Moser has not only supplied the voice and instrumentation for this recording of North Carolina Ballads but also supplied the editor of this album with some excellent background and source information on each of the songs included.

AN INTRODUCTION TO NORTH CAROLINA BALLADS

By **ARTUS M. MOSER**

It is difficult to find ballads and songs entirely native to the state of North Carolina. Many of the songs were brought in by the same Scottish and English forebears who migrated from North Carolina to other states, or who came from other states into North Carolina. These songs and ballads refuse to be fenced in and seem to have a life and vitality all their own.

When scholars and collectors think they are dying out or have disappeared, they suddenly make themselves known in some prominent or obscure place, and there is a sudden revival of interest in them.

It is a point of pride with the people in Western North Carolina that this region was probably the sprouting place for the great impetus given to the spread of interest in folklore, folk dancing, folk festivals and similar interest in the United States within recent years. It has been especially due, it

may be claimed, to the annual folk festival held at Asheville, North Carolina, each August, where more than twenty-five years ago Bascom Lamar Lunsford sought to bring together and perpetuate the traditional balladry, folk dancing, and folk fun of the Appalachian region. These festivals have continued through the years and have brought together not only the people from these mountains and valleys who know how to enjoy themselves but also people from every state and section of the Union.

So, it follows, that a collection of North Carolina folk songs is really a collection to be identified with all the states. We here in the mountains cannot claim by any means that we have a monopoly on this element of our culture. It is true that most of the songs I sing are to be found, or have been found until recently, among the people in these hills and valleys, but versions of the same songs have been found in Maine, Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, Pennsylvania, Vermont, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, and the Ozarks--to mention only a few examples of the places in which excellent collections have been made.

But the ballads given here are strongly flavored with the traditions, language, and point of view and feeling of the people of the North Carolina mountains. The pioneers brought them here. They came singing, fighting, and loving - conquering the wilderness and driving the Indians before them with a Bible under one arm and a long rifle under the other. They needed land and freedom and entertainment. They had to survive. They had few thoughts about building a great country or of founding any special system of government. When it came time to settle down and found homes, they knew what it took to accomplish this and they went about it with a fine spirit of cooperation and neighborly good will. They used the memory of their culture to found a great country and they adapted it very well indeed to the new environment.

Most of the ballads collected in North Carolina are still sung by the mountain farmer and woodsman as he goes to his work, by the tobacco farmer during the nights when he cures his crop for the market, by the mother who lulls her children to sleep following her daily routine of work. All are probably unaware that these songs were the centuries-old expression of the emotional life of their ancestors across the sea, but all realized that these traditional melodies appeal to their primal passions and still cling from generation to generation about the family circle or at family reunions, folk festivals, and at school.

Notes by KENNETH S. GOLDSTEIN

SIDE I, Band 1 SOURWOOD MOUNTAIN:

There are several small peaks in Western North Carolina, Tennessee, and Virginia that bear the name Sourwood Mountain, and the citizens of the communities nearby claim this song for their very own, often attributing its composition to one or another of the local instrumentalists. These peaks have undoubtedly been named after the sorrel tree (Oxydendron arboreum to horticulturists), a plentiful brush growing throughout the Appalachians where it is better known as sourwood. This brush blooms in the early summer and provides the bees with a special kind of honey which the mountain people call Sourwood Honey.

A popular social satire throughout the southern mountains, there are innumerable variants to this song. In Western North Carolina, it is a popular fiddle tune, often played at square dances. It may be performed as a play-party song and occasionally as a jig tune. Banjo pickers also include it as a favorite piece in their repertoires. Singers rarely will know the same stanzas, and the refrain in many versions differ considerably. Various collectors and singers have claimed the refrain is an attempt to simulate the sound of the banjo.

Professor Moser has heard and sung this song since he was a small boy. He writes: "It is often sung by men out on the hills and mountains when they wish to make their voices echo down the valleys and hollows. When the air is still and they are feeling good, they can sometimes be heard for miles. I've tried it like that several times myself. It's just the thing for mountain singing."

Chickens crowing in Sourwood Mountain,
Hi-Ho, diddle-um-dee-ay
So many pretty girls, I can't count them.
Hi-Ho, diddle-um-dee-ay.

My true love, she lives at Fletcher;
Hi-Ho, etc.
She won't come and I won't fetch her.
Hi-Ho, etc.

My true love, she lives up the river;
Hi-Ho, etc.
A few more jumps and I'll be with her.
Hi-Ho, etc.

My true love's a blue eyed daisy;
Hi-Ho, etc.
If I don't get her, I'll go crazy.
Hi-Ho, etc.

Old man, old man, I want your daughter;
Hi-Ho, etc.
To fry my meat and to carry my water.
Hi-Ho, etc.

Geese on the mill pond, ducks upon the ocean;
Hi-Ho, etc.
The Devil's in a woman when she takes a notion.
Hi-Ho, etc.

For full bibliographical references, see Volume III of The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore, edited by H.M. Belden and A.P. Hudson (Duke University Press, Durham, N.C., 1952)

SIDE I, Band 2 SWANNANOA TOWN:

This song was sung by the Negro convicts who helped to grade and dig the tunnels of the Western North Carolina railroad, which crosses the Swannanoa Gap into Asheville. Completed in 1883, it served to connect Asheville and all Western North Carolina with the outside world. It cost the lives of many of these Negro convicts who were cruelly treated and forced to work long hours. Their work songs reflected their aspirations for freedom and boasted of their prowess as steel drivers.

Until recently, many people in the vicinity of Swannanoa knew this song. Numerous variants on this theme, some making no reference to Swannanoa, have been collected. Cecil Sharp collected several versions of it in Western North Carolina in 1916 and 1918 and it has been suggested that Sharp misunderstood the singers and thought they were saying "Swannanoa Town-O" when they actually were singing "Swannanoa Tunnel". It is more likely, however, that the people in the area, proud of the song and the things it helped to accomplish, adapted it to their own devices when it no longer served as a work song.

Professor Moser informs us he has heard his father sing portions of this song; this particular version, however, is similar to the one included by Bascom Lamar Lunsford in 30 and 1 Folk Songs From The Southern Mountains. (For an interesting comparison, see Folkways album FP40, Smoky Mt. Ballads, in which Lunsford sings a shorter and textually different version.

Swannanoa Town-O, Swannanoa Town-O,
That's my home, baby, that's my home.

I'm a-going back to Swannanoa Town-O,
Before long, baby, before long.

When you hear the hoot owls hollering,
Sign of rain, baby, sign of rain.

When you hear my hound dog barking,
Somebody 'round, baby, somebody 'round.

You look for me till your eyes run watery;
I'll be back, baby, I'll be back.

Don't you remember last December?
The wind blew cold, baby, the wind blew cold.

I'm going back to Swannanoa Town-O;
That's my home, baby, that's my home.

Four pound hammer killed John Henry;
Can't kill me, baby, can't kill me.

Take this hammer, throw it in the river,
It rings right on, baby, it rings right on.

There ain't no hammer in these mountains
Outrings mine, baby, outrings mine.

Take this hammer, give it to the captain;
Tell him I'm gone, baby, tell him I'm gone.

For additional texts and bibliographical references, see:

- Sharp, Cecil, English Folk-Songs from the Southern Appalachians, Oxford University Press, 1932
- Combs, Josiah H., Folk-Songs du Midi des Etats-Unis, Les Presses Universitaires de France, Paris, 1925 (See p. 193, The Yew-Pine Mountains)
- Sandburg, Carl, The American Songbag, Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York, 1927 (See p. 150, Drivin' Steel)

SIDE I, Band 3 THE OLD MAN OVER THE HILL:
(Child #278)

The story of this old comic ballad, usually referred to by the title The Farmer's Curs't Wife, is sum-

marized as follows by Child: "The devil comes for the farmer's wife and is made welcome to her by the husband. The woman proves to be no more controllable in hell than she had been at home; she kicks the imps about, and even brains a set of them with her pattens or a maul. For safety's sake, the devil is constrained to take her back to her husband." Most American variants end with a comic, philosophic last stanza extolling one of the most unique of womankind's "virtues". As in the case of this variant, the tune is usually gay, and most versions have a lighthearted nonsense refrain or whistled chorus, perfectly fitted to the comic story and humor of the ballad.

Professor Moser has recorded several versions of this ballad in the neighboring states of Tennessee and Kentucky, as well as in North Carolina. The tune to the version sung here was learned from the singing of Mrs. Claudia Roberts of Hot Springs, North Carolina, in 1945, when he recorded her for the Archive of American Folksong of the Library of Congress. The text is a compilation of various versions he has collected. Professor Moser informs us that Mrs. Roberts did not think it was a proper or a very 'nice' song to record, and that she hesitated to sing it for him until he had used considerable persuasion.

There was an old man lived over the hill,
If he hasn't moved away, he's a-livin' there still.
Sing farewell, daddle ding daddle,
Sing fare you well, daddle ding daddle ding day.

The Devil he came to the old man at the plow,
Says, "It's one of your family I must have right now.
Sing farewell, and so forth.

Oh, it's neither your oldest son or your daughter
I crave;
It's that old scolding woman, it's she I must have."
Sing farewell, and so forth.

"Oh, you're welcome to take her with all of my heart,
And I hope to my soul you never shall part."
Sing farewell, and so forth.

The Devil he lugged the old wife on his back
And he hobblest her away like a pedlar's pack.
Sing farewell, and so forth.

Oh, he carried her till he came to the forks of the road,
Says, "Get down, old woman, you're a terrible load."
Sing farewell, and so forth.

Oh, he carried her till he came to the gates of hell,
Says, "Stir up the fire, boys, we'll scorch her right well."
Sing farewell, and so forth.

Oh, a little smoked Devil came dragging up his chains,
And she off with her slipper and beat out his brains.
Sing farewell, and so forth.

Seven more little smoked Devils peeped over the wall,
Says, "Take her back, daddy, she's a-murderin' us all."
Sing farewell, and so forth.

"Now what to do with her I cannot well tell;
She's not fit for heaven, she won't do for hell."
Sing farewell, and so forth.

One day the old man was peeping through the crack
And he saw the old Devil come a-waggin' her back.
Sing farewell, and so forth.

She found the old man sick in the bed,
And she up with a butter stick and paddled his head.
Sing farewell, and so forth.

Oh, I guess you can see what a woman can do,
She can outdo the Devil and her old man, too.
Sing farewell, and so forth.

There's one advantage women have over men,
They can go down to hell and come back again.
Sing farewell, and so forth.

For full bibliographical and informative notes, see:
Child, Francis James, The English and Scottish Popular Ballad, Cambridge, Mass., 1882-1898
(Reprinted in 1956 by The Folklore Press, New York City)
Coffin, Tristram P., The British Traditional Ballad in North America, The American Folklore Society, Philadelphia, 1950

SIDE I, Band 4 OLD GREY MARE:

This satirical song is widely prevalent throughout the mountains of North Carolina. In 30 and 1 Folk Songs From The Southern Mountains, Bascom Lamar Lunsford reports it is "a song generally known throughout the Southern Appalachians." However, few references to this amusing song are found outside of North Carolina. Cecil Sharp reported two versions from Tennessee, Mellinger E. Henry reported a version from Georgia (by way of Tennessee), and Alan Lomax collected a version from Kentucky.

The refrain Professor Moser sings here is unique with this song, though several variants have other amusing refrains. The place of the animal as an intelligent being is well established in southern song, especially in those of Negro origin. This is one of the few folk songs, however, which refer to an animal "gettin' religion". Mountain folk were not against occasionally poking fun at some of their preachers, and this song afforded them excellent opportunity for just that.

Professor Moser learned this song from his Uncle Aanon King, who was of Scots descent, and from whom he learned many traditional ballads.

Once I owned an old grey mare,
Once I owned an old grey mare,
Once I owned an old grey mare,
And I hitched her up and I took her to the fair.
Ump dump a diddle um a-tidy-O,
Ump dump a diddle um a-tidy-O,
Ump dump a diddle um a-tidy-O,
Ump dump a diddle um a-tidy-O.

When I got there she was very tired,
And I hitched her in the old church yard.
Ump dump, and so forth.

When the preacher began to pray
You ought to have heard the old mare bray.
Ump dump, and so forth.

When the preacher began to sing
You ought to have seen the old mare ring.
Ump dump, and so forth.

When the preacher was turning out
You ought to have heard the old mare shout.
Ump dump, and so forth.

Well she got religion and joined the church,
And then got fed on mountain birch.
Ump dump, and so forth.

He took her down to be baptized,
And you ought to have seen the water rise.
Ump dump, and so forth.

For other variants, see:

Henry, M.E., Folk-Songs from the Southern Highlands, J.J. Augustin, N.Y., 1938
Lunsford, B.L., & Stringfield, L., 30 and 1 Folk Songs from the Southern Mountains, Carl Fischer, Inc., N.Y., 1929
Sharp, Cecil, English Folk-Songs from the Southern Appalachians, London, 1932

SIDE I, Band 5 THE TWO SISTERS (Child #10):

One of the most widely distributed British traditional ballads found in America, this ballad has proven to be excellent material for detailed study. Paul G. Brewster has made an intensive study of this ballad, and believes that it is definitely Scandinavian by origin, from where it spread to Scotland, England and America.

Two elements of the ballad tale have especially come up for a great deal of discussion. The first of these concerns the miller who finds the body, robs it and is made to suffer severely (usually with his life) for this petty crime, with the far more criminal culprit, the older sister, usually sharing the same fate but occasionally getting away with the crime, as in this version. The second element is one which occurs rarely in American variants - the making of a musical instrument from the drowned sister's body, the instrument in turn revealing the identity of the murderer. The elimination of this gruesome supernatural motif is consistent with the practice of American folk singers generally.

Also of considerable interest to students of the ballad are the refrains which seem to occur in almost every variant. The version sung here is of special interest on this account, the "Jury flower, gensee, the rosemary" refrain undoubtedly being an oral corruption of the "Juniper, gentian and rosemary" refrain found in various other traditional ballads.

At one time this ballad was one of the most frequently sung in Western North Carolina, though at present it is more often heard in Tennessee and Kentucky. The version Professor Moser sings here was learned from Mrs. Maud Long of Hot Springs, North Carolina. Mrs. Long had the ballad from her mother, Mrs. Jane Gentry, from whom Cecil Sharp had collected "no less than 64" traditional songs and ballads on

his trip through Western North Carolina in 1916. Mrs. Long informed Professor Moser that Sharp failed to take this ballad down exactly as her mother and father sang it, and made notations in Professor Moser's copy of Sharp's English Folk-Songs From the Southern Appalachians, correcting it wherever she believed Sharp was in error.

There lived an old lord by the Northern Sea
And he had daughters one, two, three.
Jury flower, gensee, the rosemary,
The jury hangs over the rosemary.

A young man came a-courting there
And he made choice of the youngest fair.
Jury flower, and so forth.

He gave the youngest a beaver hat
And the oldest sister didn't like that.
Jury flower, and so forth.

"O, sister, O, sister, come and go with me,
Go with me down to the sea.
Jury flower, and so forth.

O, as they walked down to the water's brim
The oldest pushed the youngest in.
Jury flower, and so forth.

"O, sister, O, sister, please lend me your hand,
And you may have my home and land.
Jury flower, and so forth.

O, sister, O, sister, please lend me your glove,
And you may have my own true love."
Jury flower, and so forth.

"O, I'll not lend to you my glove
And I will have your own true love."
Jury flower, and so forth.

The farmer's wife was sitting on a rock
A-tying and a-sewing of a black silk knot.
Jury flower, and so forth.

"O, farmer, O, farmer, run here and see
What's this a-floating down by me."
Jury flower, and so forth.

She floated down to the miller's dam,
And the miller drew her safe to land.
Jury flower, and so forth.

And off her fingers took five gold rings,
And into the water he plunged her again.
Jury flower, and so forth.

The miller was hanged on the gallows so high,
And the oldest sister was standing close by.
Jury flower, and so forth.

For additional information and bibliographical references, see:

- Child, F.J., The English and Scottish Popular Ballad, Cambridge, Mass., 1882-98 (Reprinted in 1956 by The Folklore Press, New York City)
Coffin, T.P., The British Traditional Ballad in North America, Philadelphia, 1950
Brewster, Paul G., Ballads and Songs of Indiana, Indiana University, 1940

Volume II of The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore, edited by H.M. Belden & A.P. Hudson, Duke University, 1952
Parker, Harbison, The Two Sisters - Going Which Way? Journal of American Folklore, Volume 64, 1951

SIDE II, Band 1 WILDWOOD FLOWER:

Though widely known throughout North Carolina and nearby states, this song has been rather rarely reported by collectors. Various lorists have expressed the opinion that this song probably circulated as a sheetmusic or parlor songbook piece, though no printed material of that sort has been found to corroborate this thesis. There is no doubt, however, that the song has existed in oral circulation for some time. This is borne out by the degree of variation in different collected texts. Of special interest are the curious corruptions of the word amaranthus, which usually appear in the last line of the first stanza. In Professor Moser's version this appears as "arimeter". In various other texts, it shows up as "armeta", "arrownetta", "arrenither", and "ermeta". In one North Carolina text, the "amaranthus" has passed almost completely out of recognition and has become "pale fairen maiden".

Professor Moser has developed an interesting thesis of his own concerning the origin of this song. He believes it may have derived from the work of an ancient Greek poet and that it has come down to us from ancient times through translations. His hypothesis is based partly on translated lines of poetry credited to Meleager which very closely parallel whole lines and stanzas of Wildwood Flower. It may have come into being in the South during the period before the Civil War when it was fashionable for rich planters to send their sons to Oxford and Cambridge to study - and, of course, the classics were studied. Conceivably, it could have been brought here by one of these students or perhaps even composed here from the Greek original. It then passed into circulation from either a printed sheet or by oral means.

The text of the version Professor Moser sings here was obtained from a Marion High School girl, Connie Coffey, who had it from an old faded manuscript signed by her great, great grandmother. This would place the date of this text back to the middle of the 19th century.

I'll twine with my ringlets of raven black hair,
The roses so red and the lilies so fair,
The myrtle so bright with its emerald dew
And the pale arimeter with eyes of dark blue.

He taught me to love and he promised to love,
To cherish me always all others above;
I awoke from my dreaming and my idol was clay
And the passion for loving had faded away.

He taught me to love and he called me his flower
That's blooming to cheer him through life's weary hour,
But another has won him, oh misery to tell,
He's left me no warning, no words of farewell.

I'll dance and I'll sing and my life shall be gay,
I'll charm every heart in the crowd I survey;
Though my heart now is breaking he never shall know
How his name makes me tremble, my pale cheeks to glow.

I'll dance and I'll sing and my life shall be gay,
 I'll stop this wild grieving my troubles away;
 I'll live yet to see him regret this dark hour
 When he won and neglected this frail wildwood flower.

For additional texts and information, see:

Volume III of The Frank C. Brown Collection of
 North Carolina Folklore, Durham, N.C., 1952
 Ritchie, Jean, Singing Family of the Cumberlands,
 Oxford Univ. Press, N.Y., 1955
 Matteson, M., & Henry, M.E., Beech Mountain Folk-
 Songs and Ballads, Set #15 in Schirmer's Ameri-
 can Folk-Song Series
 Randolph, Vance, Ozark Folksongs, Volume III,
 Columbia. Missouri. 1949

SIDE 2, Band 2 THE FALSE KNIGHT UPON THE ROAD
 (Child #3)

The idea underlying this old ballad is that the Devil can carry off the child if he can confuse or turn him aside from his good intentions. Professor Child indicated this interesting theme was found rather frequently in the balladry and folklore of the Germanic and Scandinavian peoples.

English language texts of this ballad are extremely rare, and it has been better preserved in this country than in the British Isles. In this version, the youth with his clever answers, more than proves a match for the devil. We can presume he goes on to school unmolested, though we do not have it spelled out for us as positively as in a version from Missouri reported by H. M. Belden in which we are told "and he pitched him in the well and went on to school."

Professor Moser learned this version from the singing of Mrs. Maude Long of Hot Springs, North Carolina, who also recorded it for the Library of Congress. Mrs. Long learned it from her mother, Mrs. Jane Gentry, and "corrected" the music to the ballad as reported by Sharp in English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians. Professor Moser sings it here as she has suggested.

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

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

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

"Oh, won't you give me some?" said the knight in the road.
 "No, not a bite or crumb," said the child as he stood.

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

"I wish you were in the sea," said the knight in the road.

"A good ship under me," said the child as he stood.

"I wish you were in the well," said the knight in the road.

"And you that deep in Hell," said the child as he stood.

For additional information and bibliographical references, see:

Child, F.J., The English and Scottish Popular Ballads, 1882-98 (Reprinted by the Folklore Press, New York City, 1946)
 Davis, A.K., Jr., Traditional Ballads of Virginia, Cambridge, Mass., 1929
 Coffin, T.P., The British Traditional Ballad in North America, Phila., 1950

SIDE 2, Band 3 CUMBERLAND GAP

Cumberland Gap is a 500 foot deep gorge in the Cumberland Mountains at the point where Kentucky, Tennessee and Virginia meet. During the Civil War the Gap was a strategically important position, providing an entrance from Kentucky (held by Union forces) to eastern and central Tennessee.

Numerous variants of this satirical song have been collected from the states touching the Gap, as well as in nearby North Carolina. The version sung here deals with historical events in an accurate, though light-hearted manner.

The Gap was discovered in 1748 by a party of Virginians who named the entire area (mountains, river, and pass) after the Duke of Cumberland. Daniel Boone blazed the wilderness Road through the Gap in 1769 and several years later was involved in a number of fights with Indians there. In June of 1862, General George Morgan captured the Gap from the Confederates who had occupied it early in the Civil War. In September of that year, fearful of being caught between two enemy forces, Morgan's "yankees" withdrew from the Gap, burning anything which would be of use to the Confederate forces, including the arsenal and store houses. General Braxton Bragg, leader of one of the forces which caused Morgan to withdraw, attempted to win Kentucky to the Confederacy, but was defeated in his purpose. He retreated to the Gap, which was then in Confederate hands. In September, 1863, General Ambrose E. Burnside won it back for the Union and it stayed in Yankee hands until the end of the war.

The song is well known in Western North Carolina as a fiddling tune and banjo picker's song. Bascom Lamar Lunsford has included Dogget's Gap, an interesting North Carolina adaptation of this song, in his collection 30 and 1 Folk Songs From The Southern Mountains. Professor Moser learned the version of Cumberland Gap which he sings here while he was a member of the faculty of Lincoln Memorial University at Harrogate, Tennessee, only a mile from Cumberland Gap itself, and has known the tune for as long as he can remember.

The first white man in Cumberland Gap,
 The first white man in Cumberland Gap,
 The first white man in Cumberland Gap,
 Was Doctor Walker, an English chap.

Lie down, boys, and take a little nap,
 They're raising Hell in the Cumberland Gap.
 Oh, lie down, boys, and take a little nap,
 And we'll all wake up in Cumberland Gap.

Daniel Boone on the Pinnacle Rock,
He shot Indians with an old flint lock.

Cumberland Gap is a noted place,
There's three kinds of water to wash your face.

Cumberland Gap with its cliffs and rocks,
The home of the panther, the bear and fox.

September morn in '62
Morgan's Yankees all withdrew.

They burned the hay, the meal and meat
And left the Rebels nothing to eat.

Braxton Bragg with his Rebel band,
He ran George Morgan to the bluegrass land.

For additional texts and bibliographical references,
see:

- Volume III of The Frank C. Brown Collection of
North Carolina Folklore, Durham, 1952
Fuson, H.H., Ballads of the Kentucky Highlands,
Mitre Press, London, 1931
Thomas, Jean, Devil's Ditties, Hatfield,
Chicago, 1931

Folkways' Footnote: Complete documentation of this
song, by Moses Asch, in Ballads of the Civil War
FP 5004 (48/8A) sung by Hermes Nye.

SIDE 2, Band 4 LORD RANDAL (Child #12)

This is one of the most widely diffused of the
traditional British ballads in America. Unlike Bar-
bara Allen (Child #84), and Lord Thomas and Fair Annet
(Child #73), both of whose distribution was greatly
aided by frequent printings in pocket songsters, Lord
Randal owes its unusually widespread circulation to a
purely oral tradition.

Most American variants of this internationally wide-
spread ballad (variant ballads have been collected from
all parts of Europe) tell the same story. By means of a
a dialogue, a man tells his mother he has been with his
sweetheart, has eaten what was apparently a poisoned
supper, and is now quite sick. In some versions (as
in this case) his dogs are revealed to have died from
their part of the meal. The hero then goes on to will
his possessions to various kin, finally bequeathing some
horrible death to his sweetheart whom he names as his
poisoner.

The particular version sung here by Professor Moser
is fragmentary, the "bequest" stanzas and the climactic
end having been dropped. In this sense, it very closely
follows the version printed by Scott in Minstrelsy of
the Scottish Border. Scott suggests the ballad may
have originally referred to the death of Thomas Ran-
dolph, a Scots noble and warrior who died in 1332. He
writes: "Our historians obstinately impute his death
to poison." In the same work he indicated the simil-
arity of the ballad story to that of King John's death.

The ballad has been subjected to a great amount of
research, much of it concerning the names given to the
hero. Names other than Randal which appear in North
Carolina variants include Randolph, Tiranti, Ransome,

and Lorendo. Numerous other names appear in variants
collected in other states, many of them, however,
similar in sound to, or corruptions of, Randal.

Professor Moser learned similar texts from several
people in his community. The particular tune sung here
is from a recording he made of an old lady near
Woodfin, N.C., about four miles north of Asheville on
the French Broad River.

"Oh, where have you been rambling, Lord Randal, my
son?
Where have you been rambling, my handsome young man?"
"I've been to the wildwood, mother, make my bed soon
For I'm wearied with hunting and I want to lie down."

"Oh, who met you there, Lord Randal, my son?
Oh, whom did you meet there, my handsome young man?"
"Oh, I met with my true love, mother, make my bed soon
For I'm wearied with hunting and I want to lie down."

"Oh, what did you have for your supper, Lord Randal,
my son?
What did you have for your supper, my handsome young
man?"

"I had eels boiled in brew, mother, make my bed soon
For I'm wearied with hunting and I want to lie down."

"And what became of your bloodhounds, Lord Randal,
my son?
What became of your bloodhounds, my handsome young
man?"

"Oh, they swelled and they died, mother, make my bed
soon
For I'm wearied with hunting and I want to lie down."

"Oh, I fear you are poisoned, Lord Randal, my son;
Oh, I fear you are poisoned, my handsome young man."
"Oh, yes I am poisoned, mother, make my bed soon
For I'm wearied with hunting and I want to lie down."

For additional bibliographical references, see:

- Child, F.J., The English and Scottish Popular
Ballads, 1882-98 (Reprinted by the Folklore
Press, New York City, 1956)
Coffin, T.P., The British Traditional Ballad in
North Carolina, Philadelphia, 1950
Volume II of The Frank C. Brown Collection of
North Carolina Folklore, Durham, 1952

SIDE 2, Band 5 POOR ELLEN SMITH

Murder ballads have long been among the favorites
of folk singers in all countries, and the United
States has been no exception to this rule. North Car-
olina is unique, however, in having supplied so many
purely native ballads to this area of blood and gore.
Among the more popular and widely known of these
murder ballads are Poor Omie (The murder of Naomi
Wise by Jonathan Lewis), Tom Dooley (The murder of
Laura Foster by Tom Dula), Nellie Cropsey (the murder
of Ella Maud Cropsey by James Wilcox), and Poor Ellen
Smith.

Poor Ellen Smith is one of several distinct ballads
concerning the murder of Ellen Smith by Peter De Graff.
In Volume III of The Frank C. Brown Collection of
North Carolina Folklore, we find the following infor-
mation concerning the episode: "Peter de Graff was

convicted of the murder of Ellen Smith in the August 1893 term of Forsyth Superior Court, Judge Winston presiding. When he appealed to the North Carolina Supreme Court, on several technicalities, the verdict of the lower court was affirmed. The opinion of Chief Justice Shepherd (North Carolina Reports, 113: 688ff.) alludes to the flight of the prisoner to Roanoke and New Mexico and his subsequent return to North Carolina, and to a letter found in the bosom of the dead woman, alleged to be in the handwriting of the prisoner."

The ballad is supposed to have been composed and sung by Peter De Graff himself while he was waiting to be taken to the chair. In a note to a longer version of the same ballad appearing in American Mountain Songs, the compiler, Ethel P. Richardson, states: "So great was the feeling, for and against Degraff, that it had to be declared a misdemeanor for the song to be sung in a gathering of any size for the reason that it always fomented a riot."

The ballad is sung widely throughout the southern mountains. Professor Moser, unable to recall where he first heard this song, or from whom he might have learned it, said that he "evidently grew up with it." It is sung to the tune of How Firm A Foundation which George Pullen Jackson tells us "is perhaps the most widely sung of any of the American folk-hymns" and is "apparently a trace of one of the oldest tunes in the American tradition." Professor Moser informs us he has sung this hymn at revival meetings and on other occasions, where old fashioned singing was going on.

Poor Ellen Smith, oh, how was she found?
She was shot through the heart lying cold on the
ground;
Lying cold on the ground with her hands upon her
breast,
The sheriffs and the bloodhounds, they gave me no rest.

They picked up their rifles, they hunted me down,
They found me a-loitering around in the town.
They took me to Winston, my trial to stand,
To live or to die as the law would demand.

If I could go back and stay when I go
'Round poor Ellen's grave pretty flowers I would grow;
Pretty flowers I would grow, pretty flowers I would
grow,
Around poor Ellen's grave pretty flowers I would grow.

For additional texts, information and bibliographical information, see:

- Volume II of The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore, Durham, 1952
- Richardson, E.P., American Mountain Songs, Greenberg, 1927
- Laws, G. Malcolm, Jr., Native American Balladry, American Folklore Society, 1950

SIDE 2, Band 6 SWEET RIVERS

This wonderful hymn appears in many of the old-time hymn books of the Methodist and Baptist denominations. These favorite hymns are still sung widely throughout the Southern mountains, many of them passing from

generation to generation by a combination of oral and printed traditions. The music to these hymns is often termed "shape-note", after the habit of indicating the scale notes by means of various shapes (circles, squares, triangles, etc.). This system of music notation, invented in this country sometime around the end of the 18th century, was intended to make it simpler for the beginner to locate the pitch of notes and to speed his ability to sing a cappella.

The tradition of shape-note singing seems to have reached its peak between 1835, and 1850, and it was during this period that many of the most famous shape-note hymn books were first published. The most famous of these was William Walker's The Southern Harmony and Musical Companion, first printed in 1835 and claimed by its author to have sold 600,000 copies up through the end of the Civil War.

Sweet Rivers appears on page 166 of Walker's Southern Harmony and is credited by Walker to "More. Bapt. Harmony, p. 468". The Baptist Harmony, however, though published a year earlier than Southern Harmony, was not the original source for this hymn. It first appeared in the Columbian Harmony, compiled by William Moore and published in 1825. Moore claimed authorship to Sweet Rivers and hymn-book compilers of later years allowed his claim to stand.

In explaining what this song has meant to him, Professor Moser writes: "I learned this version from the singing of my mother, who was a Methodist and who had grown up among a people who loved and sang these old songs, both at church and at their work. I always think of this song as not only containing the religious spirit but also the spirit of perseverance and daring which was so characteristic of the pioneers who overcame great obstacles and pushed the frontiers back with its promise of the future. There is something about the vitality of this song that buoys one up and thrills him with the courage and inspiration to go forward."

Sweet rivers of redeeming love, lie just before my
eyes;
Had I the pinions of the dove, I'd to those rivers fly,
I'd rise superior to my pain, and with joy outstrip
the wind,
I'd cross o'er Jordan's rolling waves, and leave this
world behind.

A few more days or years at most, my troubles will be
o'er;
I hope to join in the heavenly host on Canaan's happy
shore;
My raptured soul shall drink and feast in love's un-
bounded sea,
The glorious hope of endless bliss is ravishing for me.

For additional texts and information, see:

- Walker, William, The Southern Harmony and Musical Companion, New Haven, 1835 (Reprinted with an introduction as The Southern Harmony Song-book by Hastings House, New York, 1939)
- Jackson, G.P., White Spirituals In the Southern Uplands, Chapel Hill, 1933
- Down East Spirituals and Others, New York, 1952
- Niles, J.J., The Shape Note Study Book, Set #27 in Schirmer's American Folk-Song Series, New York, 1950

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NORTH CAROLINA BALLADS

Sung by ARTUS MOSER
with guitar and dulcimer

SIDE I

FA 2112A

- Band 1. SOURWOOD MOUNTAIN
- Band 2. SWANNANOA TOWN
- Band 3. THE OLD MAN OVER THE HILL (Child 278)
- Band 4. OLD GREY MARE
- Band 5. THE TWO SISTERS (Child 10)

Recorded by Kenneth S. Goldstein & William A. Grant
Swannanoa, N. C., August 1955

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NORTH CAROLINA BALLADS

Sung by ARTUS MOSER
with guitar and dulcimer

SIDE II

FA 2112B

- Band 1. WILDWOOD FLOWER
- Band 2. THE FALSE KNIGHT UPON THE ROAD (Child 3)
- Band 3. CUMBERLAND GAP
- Band 4. LORD RANDALL (Child 12)
- Band 5. POOR ELLEN SMITH
- Band 6. SWEET RIVERS

Recorded by Kenneth S. Goldstein & William A. Grant
Swananoa, N. C., August 1955