

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FA 2136

# Kentucky Folk Songs and Ballads

SUNG BY

Logan English



BANGUM AND THE BOAR  
EAST VIRGINIA  
LITTLE CORY  
BOLD ROBINGTON'S COURTSHIP  
WILD BILL JONES  
WILLIAM AND DINAH  
A RAILROADER FOR ME  
BRUTON TOWN  
OLD DOC JONES  
LOVE HENRY  
LADY AND THE GLOVE  
DURANT JAIL

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FA 2136

**KENTUCKY  
FOLK SONGS  
AND  
BALLADS**

Library of Congress Catalogue Card No. R 57-853

© 1957 FOLKWAYS RECORDS & SERVICE Corp.

701 Seventh Ave., New York City

Distributed by Folkways/Scholastic Records.

906 Sylvan Ave., Englewood Cliffs, N.J. 07632

Descriptive Notes Are Inside Pocket

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FA 2136



#### ABOUT THE SINGER

LOGAN ENGLISH was born in Henderson, Kentucky, the son of a Baptist preacher. When his father retired, the family moved to a farm in Bourbon County, near Paris, Kentucky, and it was there that many of the songs in this album were heard by him for the first time.

Music was always an important element in his life. His grandparents were both trained singers of grand opera, and it was only natural that his first contact with music was opera. He developed a keen distaste for classical music as a result, and use to slip off to listen to the folk-singing that went on all around him on the farm. Though the farm was located in the Kentucky lowlands, or Blue Grass region, most of the singing he heard was of old mountain ballads and songs since many of the farm tenants had come to the farm directly from the eastern Kentucky mountains, or were only one generation removed from the heart of the ballad singing country. All of them carried a vast store of English, Irish and Scottish folk songs.

His later interest in music turned to "swing" and he even contemplated becoming a band leader. He began to take a genuine interest in classical and symphonic music, but he could never overcome his distaste for opera.

In college (Georgetown College in Kentucky), his interest turned to the theatre and he studied acting and speech there with a professional career in mind. After a two year hitch in the Army, he attended the Yale School of Drama where he obtained a Master of Fine Arts in acting. It was

while he was a student at Yale that his interest again turned to folk singing. Since his graduation from Yale he has alternated his time between acting and folksinging. He has appeared in various niteclubs as a folksinger, and intends to spend as much time as possible singing for college audiences in several projected concert tours. This album is his first recording, though he is currently working on several more for FOLKWAYS.

#### AN INTRODUCTION TO KENTUCKY FOLK SONGS AND BALLADS

For many, many years Kentucky has provided the proverbial pot at the end of the rainbow for many different types of people seeking a wide diversity of treasure. First the Indians came to fill their larders with the abundance of game that roamed the lush forests. The early settlers found a fertile farming land in the lowlands and complete isolation and independence in the mountain regions. Later the rich deposits of coal drew the miner to Kentucky, and now oil has been discovered there. Kentucky, because of the attractiveness of its many different types of natural resources, the diversity and variety of its topography, and the legends spawned by these elements, has drawn vast numbers of people seeking a great many different things. Yet for all the diversity, Kentucky's summons is to the man who must live close to nature and the basic elements in life. Kentucky has provided a haven for the common man, the rugged individualist, the man who is fiercely independent, and the maker of folk-lore and folk-song. Because of the wide variety within the common bond, violence, passion, simplicity, gentleness, and cruelty have become every Kentuckian's heritage. Could we find a more vital area for the breeding of folk-song in this country? The old songs endure, and the new are created, each affecting the other. The traditional English, Scottish, and Irish songs brought in by the first settlers came under the influence of the Welsh, the German and the Slav coal miner. They were then spilled into the lowlands and were further influenced by still other elements. So the folk-song in Kentucky, like everything else there, is never a static thing.

Is it any wonder that the great scholars of folk-lore and song have been drawn there to bask in the abundance of material. The great English collector, Cecil Sharp, spent more time in Kentucky than in any other mountain state, and according to Maud Karpeles, he found the best ballad texts there. Lorraine Wyman and Howard Brookway, Josephine McGill, and the great native collector Josiah Combs, are just a few who have published great treasures of Kentucky folk-songs and folk material. Kentucky is the home of the fabulous Ritchie family whose personal repertoire of folk songs is staggering. Kentucky is also the home of the first great performer of folk music, John Jacob Niles. It would appear from the above evidence that Kentucky is and will remain the greatest single area for the preservation and creation of music of the common man.

As a Kentuckian, albeit a lowlander, folk-lore and folk-song have been part of my heritage. The songs presented here are all products of my childhood. Many of the songs I remembered only as fragments and have had to fill them out with help from collectors. But by and large they represent a pretty accurate description of the musical life on my father's farm in my early years. It is with regret that I must report that many of these old and beautiful songs have all but disappeared from the repertoire of our singers. Modern hillbilly music has all but completely taken over. But perhaps, out of this newer form, time will transform them into a vital and beautiful musical expression.

- LOGAN ENGLISH

Notes by KENNETH S. GOLDSTEIN

SIDE I, Band 1: BANGUM AND THE BOAR (Child #18)

In its Old World original form, this ballad was a typical example of the medieval romance, with pageantry and chivalry galore. New World singers have so garbled the story that it is barely recognizable today. Gone are the lady in distress and the cruel giant - all that remains is a fight between Ol' Bangum and a wild boar. Its present status as a comic burlesque, and its degeneration, textually, may have come about through stage influences. The changed mood from the original courtly romance is best illustrated by its various nonsense refrains. To be sure, some collectors have attempted to grace these refrains with meaning, as, for example, Alfred Williams, in his collection Folk Songs of the Upper Thames, notes that the refrain is meant to interpret the sound of a bugle horn.

From the frequency with which it has been collected in this country, it would appear to be better known here than in Britain. In the Old World, the hero's name may be Sir Lionel, Sir Rylas, Sir Bolton, etc., but in America it is almost always some variation of the name Bangum.

The ballad was first heard by Mr. English at an ice-cream supper given by the Presbyterian Church at Shawhan, Kentucky. The text is similar to the one which appears in Josephine McGill's Folk Songs of the Kentucky Mountains.

Bangum would a-huntin' ride,  
Dillum, down, dillum,  
Bangum would a-huntin' ride,  
Dillum, down, dillum,  
Ol' Bangum would a-huntin' ride  
A sword and a pistol by his side,  
O dillum, o dillum, o dillum, o dillum,  
O tum a qui killy quo gum.

There is a wild boar in these woods,  
He eats our flesh and he drinks our blood.

How shall I this wild boar see?  
Blow your horn and he'll come to thee.

Bangum blew his horn a blast,  
The wild boar came a-cutting oak and ash.

Bangum drew his wooden knife,  
And he worried the wild boar out of his life.

Bangum rode to the wild boar's den  
And he found the bones of a thousand men.

For additional texts and bibliographical information,  
see:

Child, F.J., The English and Scottish Popular Ballads, Volume I, p. 208 ff., 1882-1898 (Reprinted in 1956 by The Folklore Press, N.Y.C.).

Coffin, T.P. The British Traditional Ballad in North America, American Folklore Society, 1950

Dean-Smith, M., A Guide to English Folk-Song Collections, Liverpool, 1954

This lonesome song of unrequited love is known throughout the southern mountain states. Typical of the beautiful folk poetry created by the mountaineers, its text is a far cry from the lyrics on a similar theme heard in modern "popular" music.

Though the song concerns states other than Kentucky (in some versions, reference is made to South Carolina, Georgia and Tennessee, as well as to North Carolina, Virginia and Alabama, as in this text), it has been collected frequently in Kentucky.

Mr. English learned the version sung here from the Buchanan family, tenants on his parents farm in the Bluegrass region of Kentucky.

I was born in East Virginny,  
North Carolina I did go;  
Courtied there a pretty fair maiden  
And her name I did not know.

Her hair it was of a light brown color,  
And her lips were rosy red,  
On her breast she wore a white lily,  
Many's the tears for her I've shed.

For in my heart I love her dearly,  
At my door you're welcome in -  
At my gate I'll run to meet you  
If your heart I could only win.

For I'd rather be in some lone holler  
Where the sun don't never shine  
Than to think you're another man's darling  
And to know that you'll never be mine.

For I'm going away to Alabamy,  
Oh, it's for your sake must I go -  
Must I go all broken-hearted  
Like some poor little soldier boy.

I was born in East Virginny,  
North Carolina I did go;  
Courtied there a pretty fair maiden  
And her name I did not know.

For additional texts, see:

Lomax, John A. & Alan, Our Singing Country,  
New York, 1949

Ritchie, Jean, A Garland of Mountain Song,  
New York, 1953

Sharp, Cecil J., English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians, 1932  
(Reprinted in 1952).

SIDE I, Band 3: LITTLE CORY

The heroine of this widely known southern mountain song is the queen of all moonshiners - and a banjo-pickin' one at that. She is related by locale, temperament, addiction to bad "licker", and weapon-carrying habits to "Little Maggie", another high-spirited mountain queen. It is a favorite banjo song of the type that can go on and on with the singer or singers adding or improvising stanzas, as often as not borrowed from other songs, until they get tired.

Mr. English remembers the song as being a favorite number at square dances and barn dances, and that it was especially popular with the children because of its lively tune and the questionable virtue of the heroine.

Wake up, wake up, little Cory,  
What makes you sleep so sound  
When them highway robbers are a-comin',  
Gonna tear your still-house down.

O the first time I seen little Cory  
She was a-standin' in the door,  
Had her shoes and stockin's in her hand  
And her feet all over the floor.

Go away, go away, little Cory,  
Stop a-hangin' around my bed,  
Bad lickin' has ruind my body,  
Pretty women has killed me most dead.

O the next time I seen little Cory  
She was a-sitting on the banks of the sea -  
Had a forty-five strapped around her waist,  
And a banjo on her knee.

O the last time I seen little Cory  
She was standin' with a bottle in her hand  
A-drinkin' that cold poison lickin'  
With a low-down, sorry man.

Don't you hear them blue-birds a-singin',  
Don't you hear that mournful sound,  
Don't you hear them blue-birds a-singin',  
My true love lies under the ground.

Well, I ain't gonna work tomorrow,  
And I ain't gonna work next day,  
I'll sit at home in sorrow  
If it is Christmas day.

Wake up, wake up, little Cory,  
What makes you sleep so sound  
When them highway robbers are a-comin',  
Gonna tear your still-house down.

For additional texts, see:

- Lomax, John A. & Alan, Our Singing Country,  
New York, 1949  
Henry, M.E., Songs Sung in the Southern  
Appalachians, Mitre Press,  
London, 1934 (See under title  
The Hustling Gamblers)  
Ritchie, Jean, A Garland of Mountain Song,  
New York, New York, 1953

SIDE I, Band 4: BOLD ROBINGTON'S COURTSHIP  
(Child #46)

Riddles and riddling song have been popular in the folklore of the world's peoples for many centuries, and it is probable that the riddle portion of this ballad existed independently in tradition before the ballad came into being. Indeed, the earliest version of the ballad referred to in print was from the end of the 18th century, while the riddles have been found in manuscripts dating from the 14th and 15th centuries.

Part of the riddle portion of the ballad has been collected widely as a separate song entitled "I Gave My Love A Cherry", or "The Riddle Song". As a result of this, collectors have been prone to report having found a version of "Captain Wedderburn's Courtship", Child #46, when, in actuality, they have found only another "Riddle Song" text.

The ballad itself is rare, Child having known only three versions. The few American texts which had

been reported were all from the North Eastern part of the United States or from the Maritime Provinces of Canada; Mr. English's text is the first reported from the southern mountains. It should be noted, however, that this version bares an amazing resemblance to the "A" text included in Phillips Barry's *British Ballad from Main*, and the possibility must be considered that this version was learned from print by Jim Justice of Corbin, Kentucky, from whom Mr. English learned the song.

As I walked out one evening  
Down by Strawberry Lane,  
Twas there I met bold Robbington,  
The keeper of the game.  
It's true I loved that handsome maid,  
And not for the law,  
I'd take that fair maid round the waist  
And roll her away from the wall,

O hold your tongue, you silly boy,  
And do not bother me,  
Before that you can lie with me  
You must answer questions three,  
Three questions you must answer me  
And I will put them all,  
Then you and I in the bed shall lie,  
And you'll lie next to the wall.

You must get for me a winter fruit  
That in September grew,  
And you must get for me a silk mantle  
That never wet went through,  
A sparrow's thorn, a priest unborn,  
To make us one in all,  
Then you and I in the bed shall lie,  
And you'll lie next to the wall.

My father has a winter fruit  
That in September grew,  
And mother has a silk mantle  
That never wet went through,  
A sparrow's thorn is easily found,  
There's one in every claw,  
Belshazzar was a priest unborn,  
So you lie next to the wall.

You must get for my breakfast  
A cherry without a stone,  
And for my dinner you must get me  
A chicken without a bone.  
And for my supper you must get me  
A bird without a gall,  
Then you and I in the bed shall lie  
And you'll lie next to the wall.

Oh when the cherry it's in bloom  
I'm sure it has no stone,  
And when the chicken's in the egg  
I'm sure it has no bone,  
The dove it is a gentle bird,  
It flies without a gall,  
So you and I in the bed shall lie  
And you lie next to the wall.

She found her Willy so manfully  
Did Mary's heart enthrall,  
He took that fair maid round the waist  
But she didn't lie next to the wall.

For additional texts and bibliographical information, see:

Child, F.J., The English and Scottish Popular Ballads, 1882-1898, (Reprinted in 1956 by The Folklore Press, N.Y.C.)

Little is known about this widely sung bad-man ballad, or the Bill Jones who was its inspiration. The motive for the murder of Jones is very obviously jealousy, and the incident, involving the eternal triangle as it does, was one which could have happened at any time or place. Aside from the fact that no similar ballad to which it might be related has been found outside of this country, the language and tone of the ballad are more than sufficient to identify it as a native American piece.

Mr. English reports that he knew this song at quite an early age and that "everybody sang it around home."

One night as I was a-rambin' around  
Met up with that Wild Bill Jones,  
He's a-walkin' and a-talkin' to my own  
                    donagal (or "Donna gal")  
And I bid him to leave her alone.

Said he, "Young man, I am twenty-one,  
Too old for to be controlled."  
I drew my revolver all from my side,  
Busted open that poor boy's soul.

O he staggered and he reeled and he fell to  
                    the ground  
And he gave a dyin' groan.  
He cast his eyes on my darlin' girl,  
Said, "Now you are alone."

He threw a silver dollar on the ground,  
And he called for a glass of wine,  
For today is the last of Wild Bill Jones,  
And it may be the last of mine.

With my greenback and my silver in my pocket,  
And my forty-five in my hand,  
I'm waitin' for that rowdy crowd  
That will make this wild Bill stand.

O it's I have been bound in the prison poor,  
And it's I've been bound in jail;  
I have been bound in the prison wall  
No one for to go my bail.

Come all you rough and rowdy men  
And around my coffin stand;  
Lift up the lid from over me,  
See the face of a gamblin' man.

For additional texts and bibliographical data,  
see:

- Laws, Malcolm, Jr., Native American Balladry,  
                    American Folklore Society,  
                    1950
- Randolph, Vance, Ozark Folksongs, Vol. II,  
                    Columbia, Missouri, 1948
- Richardson, E.P., American Mountain Songs,  
                    New York, 1927 (and 1956)

SIDE I, Band 6: WILLIAM AND DINAH

There are two forms of this ballad in tradition, the tragic and the older ballad of William and Dinna, and the comic music hall and songbook version known as Villikins and his Dinah (of which the version given here is a typical text and melody.) The older

form of the ballad was widely printed and distributed by the English broadside press, and was the basis for the 19th century comic stage parody popular throughout the English speaking world. Both the serious and comic forms of the ballad have come down in tradition and have influenced one another quite strongly so that it is impossible to judge whether some versions are comic or tragic merely from reading the texts. Such is not the case with the music, for the two forms have kept their identities quite well, the sprightly, laughing tune of the comic version being a far cry from the doleful strains of the serious ballad.

Mr. English reports that the song was known by practically all the singers on his father's farm.

There was a silk merchant in London did dwell,  
He had one lone daughter, a pretty fair gal,  
Her name it was Dinah, past sixteen years old  
And a very large fortune of silver and gold.

Refrain:  
Sing too ree lie early, lie early lie oh,  
Sing too ree lie early, lie early lie oh,  
Sing too ree lie early, lie early lie oh.

Well, Dinah were a-sittin' in the garden one day,  
Her papa came to her, these words he did say:  
"Go dress yourself, Dinah, in silk corgilee,  
I'll bring you a husband both gallant and gay."

"O, papa, oh, papa, I hain't made up my mind,  
For to get married I don't feel inclined;  
All my riches I'll freely give o'er  
If I can stay single a year or two more."

"O, daughter, oh, daughter," the old man replied,  
"If you don't consent to be this young man's bride,  
All your riches to the nearest of kin,  
And it shan't be to the benefit of one single thing."

Well, William were a-walkin' in the garden one day,  
He spied his dear Dinah a-layin' on clay,  
With a cup of cold poison down by her side,  
He could swear his dear Dinah were poisoned and died.

Well, he called his dear Dinah ten thousand times  
                    o'er  
And he kissed her cold corpus ten thousand times  
                    more,  
Then he drunk up the poison like a lover so brave,  
Now William and Dinah both lie in one grave.

For additional texts and bibliographical  
information, see:

- Belden, H.M., Ballads and Songs Collected  
                    by the Missouri Folk-lore  
                    Society, University of  
                    Missouri, 1940
- The Frank C. Brown Collection of North  
Carolina Folklore, Volume II, Duke University,  
                    1952
- Combs, Josiah, Folksongs from the Kentucky  
                    Highlands, New York, 1939

SIDE II, BAND 1: A RAILROADER FOR ME

This type of song is widely circulated in the United States, but in several distinct forms. In some of these, a man states why he won't marry, and in others a woman tells why she is going to remain an old maid. In both of these forms,

there is nothing but despair, for both parties have obviously made up their minds quite firmly against marriage. The form of the song sung here, far less common than either of the other two, has a positive note in it; the young lady in question has decided to marry - though it must be to a railroad man. In other versions of this form, the young lady has made up her mind about a farmer, or a soldier, as a future mate.

This song was very popular with the tenants on the English farm and stanzas 1 and 2 were learned there. Stanzas 3 and 4 were learned from other sources after Mr. English had left the farm.

A railroader, a railroader,  
A railroader for me;  
If ever I marry in this fair world,  
A railroader's bride I'll be.

I would not marry a blacksmith,  
He's always in the black;  
I'd rather marry an engineer  
That pulls the throttle back.

And I would not marry a gamblin' man,  
He's always on the loose;  
I'd rather marry a brakeman  
That rides in a red caboose.

And I would not marry a loggin' man  
Nor one that drives a four horse team;  
All I want is a little man  
That rolls his wheels by steam.

A railroader, a railroader,  
A railroader for me;  
If ever I marry in this fair world,  
A railroader's bride I'll be.

For additional texts and bibliographical information, see:

The Frank C. Brown Collection of North  
Carolina Folklore, Volume III, Duke  
University, 1952

## SIDE II, Band 2: BRUTON TOWN

The ballad tale told here is very similar to Boccaccio's tale of "Isabella and the Pot of Basil" (the fifth story of the fourth day of "Decameron") and may well have been derived from it. Most texts of this ballad that have been recovered are grammatically pretty rough (not so in the version sung here), and this was part of the reason for its having been referred to as a traditional "vulgar" rather than "popular" ballad by H.M. Belden. The earliest version to appear in print is found in Cecil Sharp's "Folksongs from Somerset," 1905, though it must have been known in tradition much earlier.

The ballad has been collected from widely separated areas in both Great Britain and America and is still known in tradition in both places. The version sung here was heard by Mr. English at the American Folk Festival at Ashland, Kentucky. It was not sung as part of the program of the festival itself, but was being practiced by a young girl who was singing this to dulcimer accompaniment. It is quite obvious from a rapid inspection of the text,

that this version was probably learned from the Sharp collection mentioned above. It is included in this album despite its probable origin, as an example of the new ways in which a tradition may be continued. Though the printed page has often been designated as the bane of tradition, it should be noted that many young singers have learned songs from books and then have started those songs on a new oral tradition. Such is the case here, for Mr. English was not aware of its existence in print and learned the song completely orally from the young lady at the festival.

In Bruton Town there was a farmer  
Who had two sons and a daughter dear.  
By day and night they were contriving  
To fill their parents' heart with fear.

One told a secret to the other,  
Unto his brother, this he said:  
"I see our servant courts our sister,  
I see they have a mind to wed."

"If he our servant courts our sister,  
That girl from such a shame I'll save;  
I'll put an end to all their courtin'  
And send him silent to his grave."

A day of hunting was prepared  
In thorny groves where the green brier grew  
And there they did that young man a-murder  
And in the brook his fair body threw.

"Now welcome home my dear young brothers,  
Our servant man, is he behind?"  
"We've left him where we've been a-hunting,  
We've left him where no man can find."

She went to bed crying and lamenting,  
Lamenting for her heart's delight;  
She slept, she dreamt she saw him by her  
All gory red in bloody plight.

His lovely curls were wet with water,  
His body all agape with blows.  
"Dear love, for thee I've suffered murder,  
I'm lying now where no man knows."

So she rose early the very next mornin',  
And straightway to the brook she sped.  
And there she found her own dear jewel  
In gory plight all bloody red.

She took a kerchief from her pocket,  
She took his head upon her knee,  
And then she wiped those dear eyes softly,  
She wiped those eyes that could not see.

"And since my brothers were so cruel  
To take your tender sweet life away,  
One grave shall hold us both together,  
Along with you in death I'll stay.

For additional texts and bibliographical information, see:

Belden, H.M. "Boccaccio, Hans Sachs,  
and The Bramble Briar",  
Publication of the Modern  
Language Association,  
XXXIII, pp. 327-395.

Dean-Smith, M., A Guide to English Folk-  
Song Collections, Liverpool,  
1954

This is a typical play-party or singing game from the southern mountains. Unlike the moder square dance, the play-party was not dependent upon instrumentation for its success. The players furnished their own music by singing heartily as they went through the figures of the dance, while nearby spectators clapped their hands or stamped their feet in time with the vocal music. Such games and vocal music were accepted by the old-timers who considered dancing immoral and regarded the fiddle as the devil's own instrument. But the play-party, though really a dance, was considered in a different light, and even the most fanatical religionist saw no harm in it.

Only two verses to this song are included, though it of course goes on indefinitely, subject to the discretion and imaginative fancy of the caller or singers. A circle is made around a couple. The couple swing each other in the center while the people forming the ring circle about them. As the chorus is sung, the center couple break, and each chooses another partner of the opposite sex from the revolving circle. The two couples then sail away in a slow country dance run. When the next verse begins, the two selected by the original couple take their place as the center couple and the game continues until all the people in the outside circle have been selected for the center couple's position.

Old Doc Jones was a fine old man,  
A fine old man, a fine old man,  
Old Doc Jones was a fine old man  
And he told ten thousand lies.

Chorus:  
Ladies and gentlemen sail away,  
Sail away, sail away,  
Ladies and gentlemen sail away,  
And chose just whom you please.

If ever I get my new house done,  
If ever I get my new house done,  
If ever I get my new house done,  
I'll give it to my son.

For additional information, see:

The Handy Play Party Book, Kit P,  
Edited by Lynn Rohrbough,  
Cooperative Recreation Service,  
Ohio, 1930.

SIDE II, Band 4: LOVE HENRY (Child #68)

Jealously as a motivating force in the commission of a murder has frequently been the theme of both folktale and ballad. In this ballad we have it in its starkest form, for here the murder is incited by a teasing comment from the lips of the young lady's lover. Her crime of passion is not without reason, however, for the young man's jest concerning another sweetheart comes right on the heels of a most considerate offer to share her bed with him. In Old World forms of the ballad, the crime

is discovered after a hint from the tattling bird. The lady swears she is innocent and tries to blame her maid for the crime. Upon being put to a trial by fire, the maid escapes unscathed while the guilty lady is consumed by the flames. In American versions of the ballad, this ending has been lost and the narrative usually ends with the lady attempting to bribe the bird from revealing the murder.

Mr. English remembered the ballad (in fragmentary form) from the singing of several men and women on his father's farm. The forgotten stanzas were taken from a Kentucky version collected by Cecil Sharp in 1917. (See Sharp's English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians, Volume I, pp. 108-110.)

"Light you down, light you down,  
Love Henry," she said  
"And go along home with me  
For I have a bed and a fireside too,  
And a candle a-burnin' bright."

"Well I can't get down and I won't get down  
And I won't go along with thee,  
For that little girl in the old Declarn  
Would think it so hard of me."

But he lighted down from his saddle skirts  
For to kiss her lily-white cheek;  
She had a pen-knife in her hand  
And she plunged it in him deep.

"Well I can get down and I will get down  
And I'll go along home with thee,  
For there's no little girl in the old Declarn  
That I love any better than thee."

"Must I ride to the East, must I ride to the West,  
Or anywhere under the sun  
To find a good and clever doctor  
To cure this wounded man?"

"Neither ride to the East, neither ride to the West,  
Nor anywhere under the sun,  
For there's no man but God's own hand  
Can cure this wounded man."

She took him by the long yaller hair  
And also around the feet,  
And she plunged him in that doleful well  
Full sixty fathoms deep.

And as she turned around and was a-goin' home  
She heard a little bird sing,  
"Go home, go home, you cruel girl,  
Lament and mourn for him."

"Fly down, fly down, pretty Poll," she said,  
"And go along home with me,  
Your cage shall be made of beaten gold  
And hung in the willow tree."

"Well I can't fly down and I won't fly down,  
And I won't go along with thee  
For you have murdered your own true love  
And you might murder me."

"Well I wish that I had my little bow-ben  
And had with it a string,  
I'd surely shoot that cruel bird  
That sits in the brier and sings."

"Well I wish that you had your little bow-ben  
And had with it a string;  
I'd surely fly from vine to vine,  
You could always hear me sing."

Child, F.J., The English and Scottish Popular Ballads, Volume II, p. 142 ff., 1882-1898 (Reprinted in 1956 by the Folklore Press)

Coffin, T.P., The British Traditional Ballad in North America, The American Folklore Society, 1950

Dean-Smith, M., A Guide to English Folk-Song Collections, Liverpool, 1954

The Frank C. Brown Collect of North Carolina Folklore  
Volume II, Duke University, 1952 (see under title "Dog and Gun").

Dean-Smith, M., A Guide to English Folk-Song Collections, Liverpool, 1954 (see under title "The Golden Glove").

#### SIDE II, Band 5: THE LADY AND THE GLOVE

This delightful ballad was widely known in England and Scotland during the 18th and 19th centuries and has been collected frequently in this country in modern times. Legend has it that the incident described in the ballad occurred during the reign of Elizabeth, but no confirming information has been discovered. The lack of variation in the texts collected from tradition would suggest their ultimate source from printed texts; the numerous broadsides, chapbook and garland printings of the ballad confirm this.

Mr. English first heard this ballad on his farm. The first stanza and the melody are all that he retained. The additional stanzas are essentially those from L. Wyman and H. Brockway's Lonesome Tunes, and was collected in Kentucky prior to 1916.

Twas coat, vest and pantaloons the lady she put on,  
And away she went hunting with her dog and her gun,  
She hunted all over where the farmer doth dwell  
Because in her she loved him so well.

She fired several shots, but nothing did she kill,  
At length the young farmer came running o'er the field;  
For to discourse with him it was her intent,  
With her dog and her gun to meet him she went.

"I'd a-thought you'd a been to the weddin' last night  
To present to the squire his beautiful wife."  
"Oh no," said the farmer, "the truth to you I'll tell,  
I could not give her away for I love her too well."

This pleased the young lady to hear him speak so bold,  
And she gave him her glove that was flowered with gold,  
Sayin', "Take this, I found it as I came along,  
As I was a-huntin' with my dog and my gun.

The lady she went home with her heart full of love  
And she gave out the word that she had lost her glove;  
"O, the man that will find it and bring it to me,  
The man that will find it, his bride I will be."

No sooner than the farmer had heard of these words  
Than straight to the lady with the glove he goes,  
Sayin', "Here, honest lady, it's I have found your glove  
Would you be so kind as to grant me your love."

"It's already granted," the lady she replied,  
"I love the sweet heart of the farmer," she cried;  
"I'll be mistress of my diary and the milker of my  
cow,

Whilst the jolly, brisk young farmer goes a-whistling  
to his plow.

"It's now I have got him, I'll tell you of my fun,  
How I hunted for the farmer with my dog and my gun;  
It's now that I've got him so closely in my snare,  
I'll love him forever, O, I vow and declare."

#### SIDE II, Band 6: DURANT JAIL

There are jails in Durant, Oklahoma, and in Durant, Mississippi, and this song could be about either of them - or both. It doesn't much matter where the jail is located because the complaints about them are pretty much the same everywhere - the sheriff and the jailer are pretty miserable characters, and the lice and the cinches are enough to drive a man mad. In North Carolina, they sing about the Durham jail, and in Texas its the Waco, or the Dallas jail. There isn't much good you can say about any of them.

Mr. English relates the following story about how he came to know the song: "My father and I had gone in to Paris (Kentucky) one Sunday to get one of our hired hands out of jail. I had to wait outside in the car, but from one of the open windows, I heard this song sung very softly and mournfully. Whether the singer was an Oklahoman in transit, or what, I don't know. But the melody and words I now sing stuck in my memory. At that time, Paris was still using a very antiquated jail made of stone with tiny windows and stone bars. The gloomy building had an air of mystery and melancholy about it which gave all sorts of romantic connotations to the song and the singers."

The Durant jail beats no jail at all,  
If you want to catch hell go to Wichita Falls

Chorus:  
Cause it's hard times in Durant jail,  
It's hard times, poor boy.

There's a big bull ring in the middle of the  
floor,  
And a damned old jailer to open the door.

I wrote to my mother to send me a knife  
For the lice and the cinches that threaten  
my life.

The lice and the cinches are walking the jists,  
One fell down and said, "Oh, help me, Christ."

And here's to the sheriff I'd like to forget,  
He's the durndest old rascal in the whole  
durned lot.

Your pockets he'll pick, your clothes he will  
sell,  
Your hands he will handcuff, God damn him to hell.

And now I have come to the end of my song,  
I'll leave it to the boys as I go along.

For additional texts and information, see:

Lomax, J. & A., American Ballads & Folk--  
Songs, New York, 1934  
(See under title "The  
Cryderville Jail").

# ADDITIONAL FOLKWAYS/SCHOLASTIC RECORDS OF INTEREST

## COLONIAL & FOUNDING OF THE NATION

**2191 HERITAGE U.S.A. Vol. 2 (Part 1).**  
Documents & speeches. Read by David Kurlan; inc. illustrated documentary text by Charles Edward Smith. Patrick Henry, *The Declaration of Independence*, Thomas Paine, *The Bill of Rights*, Benjamin Franklin, & George Washington.

1-10" LP-\$4.15

**+ 5001 BALLADS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.**  
Inc. 2151 (1767-1775) & 2152 (1775-1781). Pre- & early Revolutionary songs of the Colonies & aftermath songs, sung by Wallace House with lute & guitar. Inc. illustrated documentary text. 2-10" LPs-\$8.30

**+ 5002 BALLADS OF THE WAR OF 1812 (1791-1836).**  
Inc. 2163 & 2164. Songs of the War of 1812: early entanglements & aftermath, sung by Wallace House with lute. Inc. illustrated documentary text. 2-10" LPs-\$8.30

**+ 5005 HERITAGE U.S.A. Vol. 1.**  
Speeches & documents of the American Revolution, from Adams to Washington's resignation. Inc. 2189 & 2190. Compiled, edited, & narrated by Richard B. Morris & David Kurlan; inc. documentary text. 2-10" LPs-\$8.30

**5211 WITCHES AND WAR-WHOOPS.**  
Early New England ballads coll. & sung by John Allison; with illus. notes. Songs of the Salem witch persecutions, Indian encounters, & other colonial songs.

1-12" LP-\$5.79

**+ 5710 THE PATRIOT PLAN.**  
Writ. & ed. by Charles Edward Smith; narr. by Wallace House. Docu. rec. of Amer. pre-Revolutionary period; inc. Mayflower Compact, Roger Williams, Maryland Toleration Act, Patrick Henry, Zenger Trial, Anti-Slavery Petitions, etc. Inc. complete textbook. Addl. texts @ \$1.95 ea.

2-12" LPs-\$11.58

**+ 9730 THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.**  
Exc. from Longfellow's poem read by Harry Fleetwood (N.B.C.) Inc. *Hiawatha's Childhood* & *Hiawatha's Departure*; more. Text. Opens world of Indian lore.

1-12" LP-\$5.79

**+ 9771 BENJAMIN FRANKLIN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.**  
Ed. & read by L. Jesse Lemisch. Inc. childhood, leaving Boston, discovering books, founding a library, & moral virtues. Notes inc. exc. from orig. autobiography.

1-12" LP-\$5.79

## WESTWARD EXPANSION

**2036 MORMON FOLK SONGS.**  
Sung by L. M. Hilton; rec. & notes by Willard Rhodes. Social & cultural devel. of the state of Utah in song; inc. *Zack, the Mormon Engineer*, *Echo Canyon Song*, & *Sago Lily*; more.

1-10" LP-\$4.15

**2128 TEXAS FOLK SONGS.**  
Sung by Hermes Nye with guitar; coll. by the perf. in Texas. Cowboy, sharecropper, rodeo, hunter, outlaw, & dance songs; *Buffalo Skinners*.

1-10" LP-\$4.15

**2312 SONGS OF THE SEA.**  
Sung by Alan Mills & the "Shanty Men"; guitar acc.; notes by Edith Fowke. 32 songs actually sung aboard sailing & clipper ships. Inc. *Shenandoah*, *Billy Boy*, & *Haul Away Joe*; others.

1-12" LP-\$5.79

**+ 2533 PETER LA FARGE SINGS OF THE COWBOYS.**  
Cowboy, ranch, & rodeo songs & cattle calls from his own experience. Stories & songs, a cowboy's lament; night herding songs, & trail songs. Notes.

1-12" LP-\$5.79

**+ 3850 WHALER OUT OF NEW BEDFORD.**  
Orig. film score based on trad. whaling songs & "Panorama of a Whaling Voyage Round the World"; sung by Ewan MacColl, Peggy Seeger, A. L. Lloyd, & chorus; acc. by banjo, autoharp, fiddle, guitar, & concertina.

1-12" LP-\$5.79

**5003 FRONTIER BALLADS.**  
Songs of the immigrants, the Western trek, & the settlers, sung by Pete Seeger, with 5-string banjo. Inc. 2175 (1791-1814) & 2176 (1814-1836); inc. text. 2-10" LPs-\$8.30

**5255 THE DAYS OF '49.**  
Songs of the California Gold Rush, sung by Logan English with guitar; illus. docu. notes by Kenneth S. Goldstein. Inc. *Sweet Betsy from Pike*, *Clementine*; more.

1-12" LP-\$5.79

**+ 6510 AMERICAN INDIAN DANCES.**  
Docu. rec.; cross-sec. & var. ex. of many styles of Amer. Indian dancing; inc. sun, rain, harvest; more. Inc. illus. text.

1-12" LP-\$5.79

**+ 7125 DAVY CROCKETT.**  
Narr. by Bill Hayes from Crockett's autobiog. Exciting episodes from the life of the famous frontiersman. Inc. text.

1-10" LP-\$4.15

**+ 9740 BRET HARTE.**  
*The Luck of Roaring Camp* and *The Outcasts of Poker Flat*. Read by David Kurlan. Notes inc. complete text. 1-12" LP-\$5.79

**9775 MOBY DICK/HERMAN MELVILLE.**  
Selec. & read by Louis Zorich; ed. by S. Charters, Inc. *Loomings*, ch. 1, *The Quarter-Deck*, ch. 36; notes on Melville by Ann Charters.

1-12" LP-\$5.79

**+ 10003 FRONTIERS.**  
Especially created for Scholastic Lit. Units & narr. by Stephen Dunning; Western expansion — the pioneer, the Indian, & the cowboy. Songs depicting the period sung by var. artists.

1-12" LP-\$5.79

## CIVIL WAR

**+ 2192 HERITAGE U.S.A. Vol. 2 (Part 2).**  
Documents & speeches read by David Kurlan; inc. Daniel Webster, John Brown, Edward Everett, & Abraham Lincoln's *Gettysburg Address*. Documentary text.

1-10" LP-\$4.15

**5252 SONGS OF THE AMERICAN NEGRO SLAVES.**  
Sung by Michel La Rue; inc. docu. notes by John Hope Franklin. Songs impt. to Amer. cultural heritage, based on real experiences. Inc. relig., work, protest, & runaway songs; more.

1-12" LP-\$5.79

**5522 THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF FREDERICK DOUGLASS.**  
Famous antislavery leader—his childhood in slavery, self-education, escape, & fight for freedom. Read by Ossie Davis; ed. & text by P. Foner.

1-12" LP-\$5.79

**+ 5717 SONGS OF THE CIVIL WAR.**  
Ed. & inc. illus. docu. text by Irwin Silber; sung by Pete Seeger, Cisco Houston, Ellen Stekert, The New Lost City Ramblers, Hermes Nye, & others. Comprehensive coll. inc. *John Brown's Body*, *Goober Peas*; many more.

2-12" LPs-\$11.58

**+ 9745 STEPHEN CRANE A SELEC. READ BY JARED REED.**  
Selec., rec., & critical intro. by S. Charters. From *The Red Badge of Courage*, "The Veteran," & poetry.

1-12" LP-\$5.79

## THE TWENTIETH CENTURY DOCUMENTARIES & HUMAN RIGHTS

**+ 5212 DUST BOWL BALLADS.**  
Famous coll.; composed & sung by Woody Guthrie. Ballads of the Midwest; soil erosion, duststorms, poverty; social & economic depression. Inc. *I Ain't Got No Home, Tom Joad*, & *Talking Dust Blues*; more.

1-12" LP-\$5.79

**5251 AMERICAN INDUSTRIAL BALLADS.**  
Sung by Pete Seeger with banjo; inc. songs writ. as a result of the U.S. industrial era during the past 100 years — partic. 1920-1940. Mining, textile, & farming songs; inc. *Beans*, *Bacon*, and *Gravy* & *Pittsburgh Town*; more.

1-12" LP-\$5.79

**FOLKWAYS Records**

AND SERVICE CORP., 701 7th Ave., N.Y.C.  
Long Playing Non-Breakable Micro Groove 33-1/3 RPM  
Copyright © 1957 by Folkways Records & Service Corp., NYC., USA.

**KENTUCKY FOLK SONGS AND BALLADS**  
Sung by LOGAN ENGLISH  
with Guitar Accompaniment

FA 2136 A

**SIDE 1**

- Band 1. BANGUM AND THE BOAR (Child No. 18)
- Band 2. EAST VIRGINIA
- Band 3. LITTLE CORY
- Band 4. BOLD ROBINSON'S COURTSHIP (Child No. 46)
- Band 5. WILD BILL JONES
- Band 6. WILLIAM AND DINAH

Recorded by KENNETH GOLDSTEIN

FA 2136 B

**FOLKWAYS Records**

AND SERVICE CORP., 701 7th Ave., N.Y.C.  
Long Playing Non-Breakable Micro Groove 33-1/3 RPM  
Copyright © 1967 by Folkways Records & Service Corp., NYC., USA.

**KENTUCKY FOLK SONGS AND BALLADS**  
Sung by LOGAN ENGLISH  
with Guitar Accompaniment

FA 2136 B

SIDE II

Band 1. A RAILROADER FOR ME  
Band 2. BRUTON TOWN  
Band 3. OLD DOC JONES  
Band 4. LOVE HENRY (Child No. 68)  
Band 5. THE LADY AND THE GLOVE  
Band 6. DURANT JAIL

Recorded by KENNETH GOLDSTEIN