

AMERICAN FOLK BALLADS

SUNG BY

BETTY GARLAND

WITH GUITAR ACCOMPANIMENT

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FA 2307



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Barbara Allen
Lovin' Nancy
I Saw The Pale Moon Shining on Mother's White Tombstone
Ole Gum Boots and Leggins
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I Was Born in East Virginia
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Little Rosewood Casket
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Broken Engagement
Lord Randall
Don't Sell Daddy Anymore Whiskey

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BETTY GARLAND

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AMERICAN

FOLK

BALLADS

Sung by Betty Garland

with Guitar Accompaniment



LOVIN' NANCY

Lovin' Nancy is an old mountain folk song, have no record of it ever coming out of England, it has been in our family since before the Civil War and it has been considered by our family that it was composed by our grandfather Wilson Lucas or I should say my great grandfather or one of his sons who were all singers. This song although it says, "my boat I will stir", would be more correct if it said, "down to the Ohio my log raft I will stir", because these men who rafted logs down the Kentucky river sang this song and this was before there was any railroad in the mountains. Have never heard it sung by anyone but the Garland family and was handed down to me from my father Jim Garland and to him from his mother Elizabeth Lucas Garland who learned it from her father Wilson Lucas.

LOVIN' NANCY

I'm going to travel this wilderness through, therefore
Lovin' Nancy
I'll bid you ado,
I'm going to travel a many long mile, therefore
Lovin' Nancy
I'll leave you awhile.

It's down to New Orleans my boat I will stir, the
face of many pretty girls
I'll see on the shore,
But the face of a Spaniard I'll never adore, goin'
back to Kentucky
Try Nancy once more.

I wish I were a fisherman down by the seaside, and
Nancy was a Salmon
Come floatin' on tide,
I'd throw my net around her and pull her to shore,
goin' back to Kentucky
Try Nancy once more.

I wish I were a clerkman, could write a fine hand,
I'd write my love a letter she might understand,
I'd send it by waters that never ore flow, goin'
back to Kentucky
Try Nancy once more.

Lovin' Nancy, Lovin' Nancy, I have returned home,
Oft times I have loved you, and for your sake
moaned,
We're going to get married I'd die for your sake,
Then I through my arms 'round her and felt her
heart break.

I WAS BORN IN EAST VIRGINIA

This is a love Ballad in the traditional mountain style of singing. The first record my father has of ever hearing this, he heard it sung in clay county by a Negro man at the home of aunt Molly Jackson she joined in and sang it with him and she said she knew it and it was one of her favorites. She sang it often in the years that followed this date was 1920 so its probably the beginning of the century or older.

I WAS BORN IN EAST VIRGINIA or just EAST VIRGINIA

I was born, in East Virginia, North Carolina I did
go,
I fell in love with a fare young maiden, she named
and age I did not know.

Her hair was dark brown curly, her cheeks were of
a rosy red,
And on her breast she wore a lilly, where I longed
to lay my head.

Yes her hair was dark brown curly, her cheeks were
of a rosy red,
Her mother said that we might marry, her father
said it would not do.

But my darling if you say so, I will tell you what
I'll do,
On some dark night when they are sleeping, I'll
run away and marry you.

For I'd rather be in some dark hollow, where the
sun don't ever shine,
Then to know you were another man's darlin' and
that you never would be mine.

OLE GUM BOOTS AND LEGGINS

This was a party play song at least as far back as the Civil War or farther. Mostly by groups of young people. It is also a fiddle tune used for square dancing. This was one of the favorites of the Lucas family as well as the Garlands, I guess I should tell you that the Luccases were the other side of the Garland family. This song was a companion song to, "Froggy Went a Courtin'", and was generally used in the same vain. The song was probably originally called, "Old Shoe Boots and Leggins," before they had gum boots, the origin is unknown.

OLE GUM BOOTS AND LEGGINS

There was an old man came a courtin' one day, and the
girls won't have him,
Came down the lane and he walked with a cane with
his Ole Gum Boots and Leggins.

Mother told me to open the door, oh I won't have
him,
I opened the door and he fell on the floor with his
Ole Gum Boots and Leggins.

Mother told me to take his hat, oh I won't have him,
I took his hat and he kilt the cat, with his Ole
Gum Boots and Leggins.

Mother told me to make him a pie, oh I won't have him,
I made him a pie and he swore he'd die with his Ole
Gum Boots and Leggins.

Mother told me to bake him a cake, oh I won't have
him,
I baked him a cake and he swore he ate a snake with
his Old Gum Boots and Leggins.

Mother told me to get him a knife, oh I won't have
him,
I got him a knife, and he called me wife with his
Ole Gum Boots and Leggins.

Mother told me to take him upstairs, oh I won't have
him,
I took him upstairs and he looked like a bear with
his Ole Gum Boots and Leggins.

Mother told me to put him to bed, oh I won't have
him,
I put him to bed and he stood on his head with his
Ole Gum Boots and Leggins.

Mother told me to send him away cause the girls
wouldn't have him,
I sent him away and he went for to stay with his
Ole Gum Boots and Leggins.

Mother told me to saddle his horse cause the girls
wouldn't have him,
I saddled his horse and he went up north with his
Ole Gum Boots and Leggins.

I SAW THE PALE MOON SHINING ON MOTHER'S WHITE
TOMBSTONE

This is a mountain ballad that has been widely sung in the mountains for the last 100 years but hasn't been used or heard much with the exception of our family for at least the last thirty or forty years and given to us by my grandmother.

I SAW THE PALE MOON SHINING ON MOTHER'S WHITE
TOMBSTONE

I am a little orphan, my mother she is dead,
My father is a drunkard and won't give me no bread.

I saw the pale moon shining on mother's white
tombstone,
The roses round it twining its just like me alone.

I saw the pale moon shining on mother's white
tombstone,
It's just like me a weeping, its just like me alone.
It's just like me alone, deep sorrow shades my brow,
Cold in her grave she's sleeping, I have no mother
now.

I sit in my window and hear the organ play,
It reminds me of my mother a slumbering far away,
It reminds me of my mother deep sorrow shades my
brow,
Cold in her grave she's sleeping, I have no mother
now.

TWO LITTLE ORPHANS (or Left Jim And I Alone)

This song is one of the tear jerkers. I have no record how long this has been sung in the mountains but it must be 100 years old and since its speaks of the old salty sea is probably an old English ballad. It was one of my grandmother Garland's favorite songs, my father used to sing it to me when I was little and I'd cry and cry and he said he would never sing it to me again but the next time I'd beg to hear it and he'd sing it again for me. I have trouble still singing this without crying, songs about mother and children are dear to my heart.

TWO LITTLE ORPHANS (Or Left Jim And I Alone)

Two little children a boy and a girl, sat by the old church door, and the little girls cheeks were as brown as the curls that danced on the dress that she wore. The little boy was ragged and hatless his head, a tear shown from each little eye, "why don't you go home to your mother," I said, and this was the maidens rely.

CHORUS:

Left Jim and I alone, Left Jim and I alone, we came here to sleep at the end of the day, for we have no mother or home.

Our mother's in heaven the Angels took her left Jim and I alone,
We came here to sleep at the end of the day, for we have no mother or home.

(REPEAT CHORUS)

Our father was lost in the old salty sea, we waited all night on the shore,
But he was a life saving Captain you see, and he never came back anymore.

(REPEAT CHORUS)

The sexton came early to ring the church bells and found them beneath the snow white,
The angels made room for the orphans to dwell, at home with their mother that night.

Left Jim and I alone, Left Jim and I alone, the angels made room for the orphans to dwell at home with their mother that night.

BROKEN ENGAGEMENT

This is an old mountain ballad as I stated before, like "Little Rosewood Casket", and has to do with the long suffering of a love sick maiden who finds that her love has been given to an unappreciative suitor who in turn after she has died finds he did love her. The age is problematical it could be two or three hundred years old. It is definitely over one hundred years old. Enough to say is where sad love songs were sung in the mountains "Broken Engagement", has been sung. Is one of my Aunt Sarah Ann's favorites and she and my dad sang it as a team at mountain gatherings.

BROKEN ENGAGEMENT

He was standing by her window
As the cool breeze kissed her cheek,
There he waited long in silence,
Waited long for her to speak.

"They tell me that you love another
And you never did love me,
If these words be true my darling
I'll forever set you free."

"They are true", he answered harshly
"But by yonder stars above,
No cruelness was ever intended
When I told you of my love."

God in heaven sent an angel
To relieve her dreadful pain,
And she was carried home to heaven
On an angels snow white wing.

She was waited home to heaven,
To that land with all the blessed,
Where the tired heart knows no aching,
And the weary are at rest.

He was standing by her casket
As he looked into her face,
Then he realized he loved her
And no one could take her place.

LITTLE ROSEWOOD CASKET

The age of this song I would be unable to say but one thing I do know. Around 1918 to 1920 this was one of the most popular songs in the mountains it was virtually sung by everybody. Later it lost some of its popularity and became a stand by for traditional folk singers who love a very stirring and beautiful ballad. It tells a story of love and relations between a girl who evidently loved a man to much and in this regard this song would be called a companion to "Broken Engagement", both being similar in story but different in tune.

LITTLE ROSEWOOD CASKET

There's a little Rosewood Casket
Sitting on a marble stand
With a package of love letters
Written by my true loves hand.

Go and bring them to me brother
Come sit down upon my bed,
Lay your head upon my pillow
While my aching heart goes dead.

Read them gently o'er to me brother
Till I shall fall asleep

Fall asleep to wake with Jesus
Dear brother do not weep.

Go and bring them to me brother
Read them gently o'er to me
I have often tried to read them
But for tears I could not see.

Last time I saw him noddin
T'was a lady by his side
And I think I heard him tell her
That she could not be his bride.

He is coming up the pathway
Brother meet him at the door
Tell him that I will forgive him
If he'll court that girl no more.

There's a little rosewood casket
Sitting on a marble stand
With a package of love letters
Written by her true loves hand.

ONE MORNING IN MAY

This is definitely an old mountain ballad that has been handed down through the family and is believed to have come over from England in 1637 with the Garland family. This was a favorite ballad of my grandmother Garland and my father he tells of remembering sitting on her lap at five years old and her singing this song to him.

ONE MORNING IN MAY

One morning, one morning, one morning in May
I met a young couple a making their way,
One was a maiden so young and so fair,
And the other was a soldier and a brave volunteer.

"Good morning, good morning, good morning," said he,
"And where are you going my pretty lady?"
"Oh I am going to the banks of the sea,
To see the water gliding, hear the nightingale sing."

They had not been standing but a minute or two,
When out of his napsack a fiddle he drew,
And he played it so sweet that it made the hills ring,
You could see the water gliding, hear the nightingale sing.

"Pretty lady, pretty lady, it's time to give o'er,"
"Oh no my dear soldier just play one tune more,
For I'd rather hear your fiddle or the sound of
one string,
Then to see the water gliding hear the nightingale sing."

"Pretty Soldier, pretty Soldier, will you marry me?"
Oh no my dear maiden that never can be,
I've a wife in old London and children twice three
Two wives in the Army's too many for me."

"I'll go back to London and stay but one year
And I will think of you my little dear,
And when I return it will be in the Spring,
To see the water gliding, hear the nightingale sing."

LOVE MY DARLIN' O

is a mountain ballad and in my opinion and in the opinion of my father is probably a mountain product the same as "Darlin' Cora" and "Cumberland Gap", "Ground Hog", etc. although its style is definitely English. I am quite confident whoever wrote this ballad was thinking of, "Gypsy Davy O".

LOVE MY DARLIN' O

There once was a lady in Tennessee did dwell,
She had a lovin' husband but she loved other men
as well,
Love my darlin' O, Love my darlin' O,
Love my darlin' O, Love my darlin' O.

She went right up to the doctors shop as straight
as she could climb,
Try and find somethin' 'round that place to drive
her husband blind,
Love my darlin' O, Love my darlin' O,
Love my darlin' O, Love my darlin' O.

She only found two marrow bones and she told him
to eat them all,
Said "my dear young wife now I am blind and I just
can't see at all",
Love my darlin' O, Love my darlin' O,
Love my darlin' O, Love my darlin' O.

"Honey I'd go and drowned myself if only I knew
the way,"
Said she "my dear come along with me mother's
"fraid you'll run astray".
Love my darlin' O, Love my darlin' O,
Love my darlin' O, Love my darlin' O.

She stepped way back and took a little run gonna
shove her old man in,
Old man steps a little to one side and head long
she plunged in,
Love my darlin' O, Love my darlin' O,
Love my darlin' O, Love my darlin' O.

She whooped and she hallered as loud as a woman can
squall,
Old man aknowin' his sweet wife adyin' but he just
can't see at all,
Love my darlin' O, Love my darlin' O,
Love my darlin' O, Love my darlin' O.

Old man bein' kind hearted knowin' his wife can't
swim,
Reaches right down and gets a long pole and pushes
her further in,
Love my darlin' O, Love my darlin' O,
Love my darlin' O, Love my darlin' O.

Come all you young maidens take a lesson after me,
Don't ever try and drown your old man when he's
blind and he just can't see.
Love my darlin' O, Love my darlin' O,
Love my darlin' O, Love my darlin' O.

DRUNKARDS DREAM

This song is very old and is sung a couple of ways the version we sing we find that it was written down by an English sailor and ordinary seaman on board the United States Sloop-of-war Portsmouth, West coast of Africa 1850 and also this song was used in the fight by the prohibitionists as a campaign song against the sale of whiskey. It is a real heart breaker and is a favorite of my Aunt Sarah Ann Ogan Garland as well as Aunt Molly.

Oh, McDermott, you look healthy,
Your dress looks neat and clean;
I never see you drunk about,
Pray tell me where you've been?

Your wife and family are all well,
You once did use them strange;
Oh have you kinder to them grown,
How come this sudden change?

It was a dream, a warning dream,
That heaven sent to me,

To snatch me from a drunkards life,
Grim want and misery;
My money was all spent in drink,
Oh what a wretched view,
I almost broke my Mary's poor heart,
And starved my children too.

What was my home or wife to me?
I heeded not her sighs;
Her patient smile had welcomed me,
While tears bedewed her eyes,
My children they had oft awoke,
And, "Father dear," had said,
"Poor mother has been weeping so
Because we have no bread."

My Mary's form did waste away,
I saw her sunken eyes,
My babes on straw in sickness lay,
I heard their wailing cry,
Yet I laughed and sang in drunkards joy,
While Mary's tears did stream
Then like a beast I fell asleep
And had this warning dream.

I dreamed once more I staggered home
There seemed a solom gloom
I missed my wife where can she be
And strangers in the room,
I heard them say "Poor thing she's dead
She led a wretched life,
Grief and want have broke her poor heart
She was a drunkards wife."

I saw my children gather round
They scarcely drew their breath
Cling and kiss her lifeless form
Forever cold in death,
"Oh father dear come wake her up
The people say she's dead
Oh make her speak and smile once more
We'll never cry for bread.

She is not dead I frantic cried,
Then rushed to where she lay
And fondly kissed those once warm lips
Forever cold as clay.
"Oh Mary speak once more to me,
I will never cause you pain,
Nor ever break your loving heart,
Nor ever drink again!"

"Oh Mary, speak!" McDermott calls,
"Why so I do," she cried,
Then I awoke and there my Mary dear,
Was kneeling by my side,
I pressed her to my throbbing heart,
Whills't joyous tears did stream,
And ever since I have heaven blest,
For sending me that dream.

DON'T SELL DADDY ANYMORE WHISKEY

This is a beautiful mountain ballad. It has been handed down as most of the others in our family. It was used around the turn of the century by the prohibitionists in their fight against whiskey. This song was widely sung by the Kentucky mountaineers as they were busily going at their labor of love, the making of good old moonshine whiskey. I imagine this was very effective with the above mentioned ethnic group after they had sampled a goodly amount of their nights work.

I sing this group of folk songs proudly they are and are sung in the strong tradition of the Kentucky mountain people. I did my best to sing these songs the way I have always heard them so that the original and beautiful tunes of the mountain people won't be lost.

I added nothing to and have definitely not taken away any parts of these ballads. Its my believe folk songs should not be shortened nor should the tune be changed.

DON'T SELL DADDY ANYMORE WHISKEY

Don't sell daddy anymore whiskey, for I know it will
take him away,
We all are hungry and Moma is weeping, don't sell
him no whiskey today.

I walked through the streets of an old country town
and I stopped at an old whiskey store,
I saw a little boy so cold and so ragged I stopped
and I listened for more,

Don't sell daddy anymore whiskey, for I know it will
take him away,
We all are hungry and Moma is weeping, don't sell
him no whiskey today.

He treats us all so good whenever he's sober, and he
tells us that he loves us so,
But a bottle of whiskey drives daddy so crazy, I'm
telling you this cause I know.

Don't sell daddy anymore whiskey, for I know it will
take him away,
We all are hungry and Moma is weeping, don't sell
him no whiskey today.

NEVER MAKE TRUE LOVERS PART or Don't Ever Make True Lovers Part

This is a companion ballad to the House Carpenter and was one of the favorite ballads of Aunt Molly. Although it was handed down to her through our family it is of English Origin.

NEVER MAKE TRUE LOVERS PART or Don't Ever Make True Lovers Part

A young man once courted a lady,
He loved her dear as he did his life,
And he often vowed and swore unto her,
He intended to make her his lawful wife.

When his old parents came to know this,
They strived to part them night and day,
Saying, "son oh son don't be so foolish,
She is to poor", they'd often say.

He'd fall upon his knees before them,
Saying, "poor old parents pity me, don't
Take from me my own dear darlin', she's
Worth this wide world to me."

When this young lady came to know this,
She traveled o'er fields and meadows wide,
An awful death she had prepared her,
With a stunning weapon by her side.

When this young lady came to know this,
She traveled o'er fields and meadows round,
Until she came to some bright clear water,
In a shady grove where she sat down.

Then she took out the shiny weapon,
And pierced it in her tender breast,
She moaned she groaned she reeled and staggered,
"farewell vain world I'm going to rest."

This young man being on these waters,
And he heard her mournful cry,
He ran, he ran, like a man distracted,
Down by her side he did apply. She
turned her pale blue eyes upon him
Saying, "True love you've come to late,
Prepare to meet me over yonder, where all
our love will be complete."

Then he picked up his bloody weapon,
And pierced it through his tender heart
Saying, "Let this be a woeful warning
Don't ever make true lovers part."

TEN THOUSAND MILES

Where this song came from I do not know but was
sung by Aunt Molly a lot. She liked it and taught
it to Burl Ives and others and for this reason
alone I consider Ten Thousand Miles typical Aunt
Molly Jackson.

TEN THOUSAND MILES

Oh farethewell my darling, oh farethewell my dear,
Oh farethewell my darling, I'm going to volunteer.

I'm going to the Army for to stay for awhile,
So far from you my darling it's about ten thousand
miles.

I will see the cannon as they roll the wheels around,
I will fight for my country to the army I am bound.

Oh do not wring your lilly white hands
Or mornfully do not cry,
I am going to the Army
Perhaps in the army die.

I ask you do not grieve for me
Or give your poor heart pain,
For if I live my darling,
I will return again.

I'll return to you again my love
If I keep my life,
I will come back to you my love
And you shall be my wife.

Well who will shoe your feet my love,
Now who will glove your hand,
And who will kiss your rosy red lips
While I'm in a distant land.

My father will shoe my feet my love,
My mother will glove my hands
And as for kissing my rosy red lips
They'll be not other man.

Oh farethewell my darling,
Oh farethewell my dear,
Be true to me my old sweetheart
I'm bound to leave your here.

KATY DORY

I have sung this song a bit fast in order to try to
get it on this tape, which Aunt Molly would never
have done, she was to much of a rebel to try to
hurry up to save a little tape. Aunt Molly and
Aunt Molly alone seemed to be the only one to sing
Katy Dory in the mountains although it may have
been known by other people but because of the sug-
gestion of wrong doing a song like Katy Dory is con-
sidered not very proper for a lady to sing in other
words, it is considered, to use a mountain phrase,
a little bit nasty, but aunt Molly seemed to get a
kick out of shocking some of the folks with Katy
Dory because it was a little on the smutty side so
she always did it with a twinkle in her eye and a
smile on her face.

KATY DORY

Come on all you joky boys and listen to my story,
I'll tell you of a plan I had to steal miss Katy
Dory,

CHORUS:

Lye-too-Lye ring-de-ringdum
Lye-O-ring-de-ray.

SING CHORUS TWICE BETWEEN EACH VERSE

I went down to Katy's house just like a clever
feller,
I told her that the peaches and plums were gettin'
ripe and meller,

Lye-too-Lye ring-de-ringdum
Lye-O-ring-de-ray.

I told her that I suited her I was not trying to
flatter,
I told her that her sister Sal knowed nothing of
the matter,

Lye-too-Lye ring-de-ringdum
Lye-O-ring-de-ray.

I did not have to ask her twice she put on her
best bonnet,
My heart was beating very fast and across the
fields we ran it,

Lye-too-Lye ring-de-ringdum,
Lye-O-ring-de-ray.

Katy seemed quite pleased my hand she squeezed
There's but one thing I fear sir, it's that my
father would come this way and he would
find us here sir,

(REPEAT CHORUS TWICE)

But if you'll climb the highest tree, that rises
in this bower
And if my father keeps away we'll spend a happy
hour,

(REPEAT CHORUS)

Katy stood at the foot of the tree until I had
ascended
You must get down the way you got us for now
your fun is ended.

(REPEAT CHORUS)

You look just like an owl she said your company I
shun sir,
You may eat your plums and suck the stones for I
am going to run sir,

(REPEAT CHORUS)

Away Katy heeled it o'er the plains and left me
here distracted,
I ripped, I swore, my shirt I tore to think how
I had acted.

(REPEAT CHORUS)

About three months after that Kate and I got married
and about three months after that a lovely
son she carried,

(REPEAT CHORUS)

It's time to hush up foolish song it's time to quit
all shinning,
But every time this baby squalls on Lord I think
of climbing,

LYE-too-Lye ring-de-ringdum,
Lye-O-ring-de-ray,
Lye-too-lye ring-de-ringdum,
Lye-O-ring-de-ray.