FA 2310

THE DERBY RAM

LILLIBURLERO

BOTANY BAY

DUPREE

NAOMI WISE

THE TWA SISTERS

THE SEA CAPTAIN

KATHARINE JAFFRAY

THE BAFFLED KNIGHT

The

FOLKWAYS - VIKING

Record of

THE DYING STOCKMAN

THE CHERRY-TREE CAROL

THE GREAT SILKIE OF SULE SKERRY

FOLK BALLADS

of the English-Speaking World

THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON

THE LASS OF ROCH ROYAL

AVONDALE MINE DISASTER

Sung by PAUL CLAYTON

---

produced in association with

ALBERT B. FRIEDMAN

FOLKWAYS RECORDS AND SERVICE CORPORATION

Edited by KENNETH S. GOLDSTEIN

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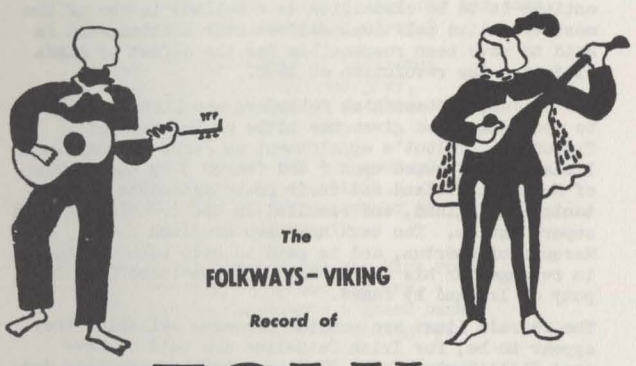

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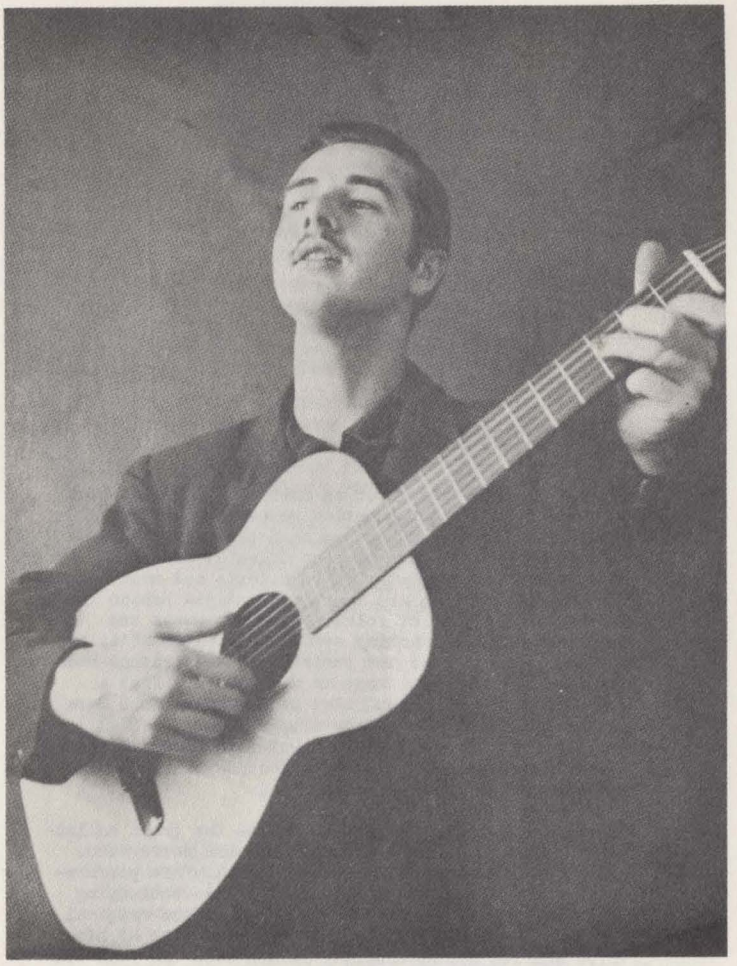

ABOUT THE SINGER

PAUL CLAYTON was born in the great whaling port of New Bedford, Massachusetts, where at an early age he became interested in ballads through the singing of his grandparents and relatives. By the time he was fifteen years old, he had acquired a guitar with which to accompany himself, and started his first series of radio programs. He has continued his programs at most of his stopping off places, and has performed on radio shows throughout the United States, in Canada, Cuba, and various European countries.

Largely because of his desire to absorb the great tradition of southern folk music, he went to the University of Virginia to study. His education has been frequently interrupted by his desire to travel and collect folk songs, and within a year after entering school he decided to strike out for Europe in order to come into first hand contact with British ballads. The result was an extended hiking trip throughout western Europe and Great Britain. He appeared in a series of Television programs for the British Broadcasting corporation in which he compared British and American folksongs. Before he returned to the United States and school, he had found time to swap ballads while washing dishes in the Lake District of Britain, collecting waste paper in Paris, or during the course of street singing in such places as Rome, Paris, Nice and Florence.

After a year abroad, he returned to the University of Virginia. He has since made several long hiking and collecting trips through the far west and deep south, as well as to Canada and Cuba. He has also managed to acquire a college degree and is, at the time of this recording, completing his thesis (on some Child ballads collected in Virginia) towards acquisition of a second degree.

He has recorded several outstanding commercial albums of folk music, in addition to having recorded some of the traditional songs of his family for the private recording files of the BBC, the Flanders Ballad Collection at Middlebury College, Vermont, and for the Library of Congress.

His previous recordings for FOLKWAYS RECORDS are BAY STATE BALLADS, FP 47/2, and FOLKSONGS AND BALLADS OF VIRGINIA, FP 47/3.

An Introductory Note

It is a damaging thing for an editor of a ballad book to admit, but without question we owe the current popularity of folksong not so much to collectors and editors as we do to the present talented generation of folksingers on records. The best texts and most accurately noted tunes are inert and insipid beside the exciting renditions of folksong that Folkways and other companies are making available in increasing number and variety. For the purist, only recordings made in the field will do. Most of us, however, find a trained voice performing under studio conditions more enjoyable, especially if the singer comes, as Paul Clayton does, from a family in which folksinging is traditional, and has himself collected from the folk and studied their manner of singing.

On this record, Mr. Clayton recreates the great collectors' texts and tunes to approximate the performance that was originally noted down. Actually his performance of a song is in all probability more satisfying than the song that came from the lips of the original informant, and not only because of the merits of his voice and its accompaniment. Seldom does the folk collector find the most interesting text coupled with the best tune, but Mr. Clayton is able to splice the two, as when he gives us Sandys' text of "The Cherry-Tree Carol" sung to Miss McGill's charming Kentucky set,or when he sings Durfey's "Baffled Knight" text to a version of the melody sprightlier than Durfey's. His "Twa Sisters" tune has special value since he collected it himself from a rural singer; the tunes of his "Naomi Wise" and "Botany Bay" seem to come from a similar source. In resurrecting "The Lass of Roch Royal" from Greig's pages (minus some of its Scottish burr), Mr. Clayton has done balladry a great service. His listeners will also be grateful for "Lilliburlero," since this most popular of British songs has rarely been recorded.

Each of the fifteen songs recorded here comes from a different chapter of The Viking Book of Folk Ballads. Each song, in other words, represents several other ballads of its type printed and discussed there.This record is thus a sampler of the contents of the book, and the book itself, thick though it is, is only a selection from the rich and fascinating store of songstories that the English-speaking peoples have treasured down through the centuries.

ALBERT B. FRIEDMAN,
Harvard University

NOTES BY
KENNETH S. GOLDSTEIN

(References in parenthesis appearing below)
(each ballad title are to the section and)
(the pages in The Viking Book of Folk Ballads of the English-Speaking World in)
(which the ballad may be found.)

SIDE I, Band 1: LILLIBURLERO
(Historical Ballads - see pages 286 to 288)

This song (the narrative element is insufficient to entitle it to be classified as a ballad) is one of the most effective political satires ever written, and is said to have been responsible for the defeat of James II during the revolution of 1688.

One of James' staunchist followers was Richard Talbot to whom James had given the title of the Earl of Tyrconnel. Talbot's appointment as James' deputy in Ireland was frowned upon (and feared) by the people of Northern Ireland and their co-religionists (Protestants) in England, and resulted in the creation of this superb satire. The text has been credited to the Marquis of Wharton, and is said to have been written in revenge for his not having been appointed Lord Deputy of Ireland by James.

The refrain lines are not the nonsense syllables they appear to be, for Irish Catholics are said to have used "Lilliburlero" and "Bullen-a-la" as passwords during the period of the massacre of Irish Protestants in 1641. If such was indeed the case, then their use in this song are an added and ingenious device for furthering the satire.

The text sung here is part of a longer text (in dialect) from Percy's Reliques, Volume II, page 359. The tune is essentially that which appears in Chappell's Popular Music of the Olden Time, Volume II, page 572.

Ho! brother Teague, dost hear the decree?
Lilliburlero, bullen-a-la.
That we shall have a new deputy,
Lilliburlero bullen-a-la.
Lero lero, lilliburlero, lilliburlero, bullen-a-la,
Lero lero, lilliburlero, lilliburlero, bullen-a-la.

Ho! by Saint Tyburn, it is Talbot,
And he will cut the Englishmen's throat.

Though by my soul, the English do prat,
The law's on their side, and Christ knows what.

But if dispense do come from the Pope,
We'll hang Magna Charta, and them on a rope.

.....

There was an old prophesy found in a bog,
"Ireland shall be ruled by an ass and a dog."

Now this prophesy is come to pass,
For Talbot's the dog, and James is the ass.

SIDE I, Band 2: THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON
(Child #105)
(Love and Sentiment - see pages 140 to 142)

This ballad is but one of many which contain the returning disguised lover theme. The denouement usually depends upon one lover testing the other by telling of the death or inconstancy of one of the long separated lovers, and watching the reaction of the distraught opposite member.

From the number of broadsides of this ballad which were printed in England, we can suppose it to have been extremely popular there at one time. The various texts which have been collected both in England and the New World show an amazing lack of variation; this is undoubtedly attributable to the frequency with which it appeared in popular print from the 17th century on.

The text performed here is from Percy's Reliques, Volume III, page 133. The tune appears in E.F.Rimbault's Musical Illustrations of Bishop Percy's Reliques, page 100.

There was a youth, and a well-beloved youth,
And he was a squire's son;
He loved the bailiff's daughter dear
That lived in Islington.

Yet she was coy and would not believe
That he did love her so,
No, nor at any time would she
Any countenance to him show.

But when his friends did understand
His fond and his foolish mind,
They sent him up to fair London
An apprentice for to bind.

And he had been seven long years,
And never his love could see;
"Oh, many a tear have I shed for her sake,
When she little thought of me."

Then all the maids of Islington
Went forth to sport and play,
All but the bailiff's daughter dear,
She secretly stole away.

Then she pulled off her gown of green,
And put on a ragged attire,
And to fair London she would go
Her true love to enquire.

And as she went along the high road,
The weather being hot and dry,
She sat her down upon a green bank,
And her true love came riding by.

She started up, with a color so red,
Catching hold of his bridle-rein;
"One penny, one penny, kind sir," she said,
"Will ease me of much pain."

"Oh, before I give you one penny, sweetheart,
Pray tell me where were you born."
"At Islington, kind sir," said she,
"Where I have had many a scorn."

"Oh, I prithee, sweetheart, then tell to me,
Oh, tell me whether you know
The bailiff's daughter of Islington."
"She is dead, sir, long ago."

"If she be dead, then take my horse,
My saddle and bridle also;
For I will into some far country,
Where no man shall me know."

"Oh stay, oh stay, thou goodly youth,
She standeth by thy side;
She is here alive, she is not dead,
And ready to be thy bride."

"Oh farewell grief, and welcome joy,
Ten thousand times therefore;
For now I have found mine own true love,
Whom I thought I should never see more."

SIDE I, Band 3: THE DERBY RAM
(Humor - see pages 441 and 442)

This wildly exaggerative song is appreciated by modern-day folksingers as the highly humorous song that it is - and nothing more. It is believed, however, to have been far more significant at one time, and to have been an element in primitive folk ritual. The ram may have been one of the animals worshipped by ancient priests, or one of the several sacrificial animals essential to successful completion of some mountain-side ritual many centuries ago. In more recent times, young people and old would mask themselves as the "old tup" and make the rounds of their neighbors and friends, singing this song "for luck".

The text of this version is from Massachusetts and appears in Rosa S. Allen's Allen Family Songs, 1899

As I was going to Derby,
Upon a market day,
I saw the biggest ram, sir,
That ever was fed with hay,
That ever was fed with hay.

The ram was fat behind, sir,
The ram was fat before,
He measured ten yards around, sir,
I think it was no more,
I think it was no more.

The wool grew on his back, sir,
It reached to the sky,
And there the eagles built their nests,
I heard the young ones cry,
I heard the young ones cry.

The wool grew on his belly, sir,
And reached to the ground,
'Twas sold in Derby town, sir,
For forty thousand pounds,
For forty thousand pounds.

The wool upon his tail, sir,
Filled more than fifty bags,
You had better keep away, sir,
When that tail shakes and wags,
When that tail shakes and wags.

The horns upon his head, sir,
Were as high as a man could reach,
And there they built a pulpit, sir,
The Quakers for to preach,
The Quakers for to preach.

And he who knocked this ram down,
Was drowned in the blood,
And he that held the dish, sir,
Was carried away by the flood,
Was carried away by the flood.

And all the boys in Derby, sir,
Came begging for his eyes,
To kick about the streets, sir,
As any good football flies,
As any good football flies.

The mutton that the ram made
Gave the whole army meat,
And what was left, I'm told, sir,
Was served out to the fleet,
Was served out to the fleet.

Oh, as I was going to Derby,
Upon a market day,
I saw the biggest ram, sir,
That was ever fed with hay,
That was ever fed with hay.

SIDE I, Band 4: THE SEA CAPTAIN
(Songs of the Forecastle and Lumber)
(Shanty - see pages 403 and 404)

The young lady in this ballad, who requires much persuasion before coming on board, appears to be a modern-day siren whose magic music makes her visit quite disastrous for the love-struck captain and his men.

The earliest known text of this ballad appeared in Joyce's Old Irish Folk Music and Songs, 1909, but it does not otherwise appear to be known in the British Isles. It has been collected most frequently in the maritime provinces of Canada and the northeastern states in this country.

The text sung here is from W. Roy Mackenzie's Ballads and Sea Songs from Nova Scotia; the tune appears in Greenleaf and Mansfield's Ballads and Sea Songs of Newfoundland.

It was of a sea captain that followed the sea,
Let the winds blow high or blow low O,
"I shall die, I shall die," the sea captain did cry,
"If I don't get that maid on the shore O,
If I don't get that maid on the shore."

This captain had jewels, this captain had gold,
This captain had costly a ware O,
And all he would give to this pretty fair maid,
If she'd please take a sail from the shore O,
If she'd please take a sail from the shore.

With great persuasions they got her on board,
The weather being fine and clear O;
She sang so sweet, so neat and complete,
That she sang all the seamen to sleep O,
She sang all the seamen to sleep.

She took all his jewels, she took all his gold,
She took all his costly a ware O,
She took his broadsword for to make her an oar,
And she paddled her way to the shore O,
And she paddled her way to the shore.

"O were my men mad or were my men drunk,
Or were my men deep in despair O,
To let her away with her beauty so gay
To roam all alone on the shore O,
To roam all alone on the shore."

"Your men were not mad, your men were not drunk,
Your men were not deep in despair O.
I deluded your men as well as yourself,
I'm a maid again on the shore O,
I'm a maid again on the shore."

SIDE I, Band 5: BOTANY BAY
(Criminal's Goodnights -)
(see pages 220 to 222)

In the late 18th century, when British jails were filled to overflowing, the best way to drain them of their convict inmates was to "transport" them - ship them off to work out their sentences in Tasmania and Australia. Out of this action came a large group of transportation ballads, telling of the trip and the hardships to be undergone in the penal colonies of Botany Bay and Van Diemen's Land.

The ballads became well known as a result of their frequent printings by the broadside presses, and any number of ballads warning against crime and of the probable punishment resulting from it were hawked in the streets of England. The most popular of these was Botany Bay, and the moralistic sentiments of its hack-broadside scrivener have come down to us in two variant forms: in England and Australia it has retained its original identity (due, no doubt, to the numerous 18th and 19th century broadside copies); in America and Ireland it is better known in its adapted form as The Boston Burglar.

The text sung here is identical with that found in broadside copies of the 18th century; the tune is one which Mr. Clayton has known to The Boston Burglar.

Come all you men of learning,
And a warning take by me,
I would have you quit night walking,
And shun bad company.
I would have you quit night walking,
Or else you'll rue the day,
You'll rue your transportation, lads,
When you're bound for Botany Bay.

I was brought up in London town
And a place I know full well,
Brought up by honest parents
And the truth to you I'll tell.
Brought up by honest parents,
And reared most tenderly,
Till I became a roving blade,
Which proved my destiny.

My character soon taken was,
And I was sent to jail,
My friends they tried to clear me,
But nothing could prevail.
At the Old Bailey Sessions,
The Judge to me did say,
"The Jury's found you guilty, lad,
You must go to Botany Bay."

To see my aged father dear,
As he stood near the bar,
Likewise my tender mother,
Her old grey locks to tear;
In tearing of her old grey locks,
These words to me did say,
"O, son! O, son! what have you done,
That you're going to Botany Bay."

It was on the twenty-eighth of May,
From England we did steer,
And, all things being safe on board,
We sailed down the river, clear.
And every ship that we passed by,
We heard the sailors say,
"There goes a ship of clever hands,
And they're bound for Botany Bay."

There is a girl in Manchester,
A girl I know full well,
And if ever I get my liberty,
Along with her I'll dwell.
O, then I mean to marry her,
And no more go astray;
I'll shun all evil company,
Bid adieu to Botany Bay.

SIDE I, Band 6: THE GREAT SILKIE OF SULE SKERRY
(Child #113)
(Ballads of the Supernatural - see)
(pages 27 to 30)

The inhabitants of the Orkney Islands and the Hebrides tell numerous tales of the "silkies" or seal-folk. These enchanted creatures dwell in the depth of the sea but occasionally doff their sealskins and come upon land where they pass as ordinary men. Upon such occasions they are said to accept human partners (as in this ballad) and it is for this reason that many families in the islands trace their ancestry to "silkies".

The silkies share in common with other enchanted folk the ability to forecast future events (see stanzas 12 and 13 in which the silkie foretells the marriage of the maid to a hunter who will shoot both the great silkie and his offspring).

Except for some slight dialect changes, the version sung here by Paul Clayton is essentially that reported by R. M. Fergusson in Rambling Sketches in the Far North, 1883, page 140; the tune was collected in Orkney by Professor Otto Andersson of Helsinki.

In Norway lands there lived a maid,
"Balloo my babe," this maid began;
"I know not where your father is,
Or if land or sea he travels in."

It happened on a certain day,
When this fair lady fell fast asleep,
That in came a good grey silkie,
And set him down at her bed feet.

Saying, "Awake, awake my pretty fair maid,
For oh! how sound as thou dost sleep!
And I'll tell thee where they baby's father is;
He's sitting close at thy bed feet."

"I pray, come tell to me thy name,
Oh! tell me where does thy dwelling be?"
"My name it is good Hein Miller,
And I earn my living out of the sea.

"I am a man upon the land;
I am a silkie in the sea;
And when I'm far from every strand,
My dwelling is in Shule Skerry."

"Alas! alas! this woeful fate!
This weary fate that's been laid for me!
That a man should come from the West of Hoy,
To the Norway lands to have a bairn with me."

"My dear, I'll wed thee with a ring,
With a ring, my dear, I'll wed with thee."
"Thou may wed thee weddens with whom thou wilt;
For I'm sure thou'll never wed none with me."

"Thou will nurse my little wee son
For seven long years upon thy knee,
And at the end of seven long years
I'll come back and pay the norish fee."

She has nursed her little wee son
For seven long years upon her knee,
And at the end of seven long years
He came back with gold and white money.

She says, "My dear, I'll wed thee with a ring,
With a ring, my dear, I'll wed with thee."
Thou may wed thee weddens with whom thou wilt;
For I'm sure thou'll never wed none with me.

"But I'll put a gold chain around his neck,
And a gey good gold chain it'll be,
That if ever he comes to the Norway lands,
Thou may have a gey good guess on him.

"And thou will get a gunner good,
And a gey good gunner it will be,
And he'll go out on a May morning
And shoot the son and the grey silkie."

Oh! she has got a gunner good,
And a gey good gunner it was he,
And he went out on a May morning,
And he shot the son and the grey silkie.

"Alas! alas! this woeful fate!
This weary fate that's been laid for me!"
And once or twice she sobbed and sighed,
And her tender heart did break in three.

SIDE I, Band 7: NAOMI WISE (Tabloid Crime - see) (pages 202 and 203)

Judging from its widespread diffusion (variants have been collected in more than half a dozen states), this song would appear to be North Carolina's principal contribution to American folk balladry. The murder described herein occurred in Randolph County, North Carolina, in 1808. Jonathan Lewis decided to rid himself of Naomi Wise, whom he had gotten with child and promised to marry. The ballad details the murder accurately. Lewis escaped punishment by running away and not returning until many years later, at which time it was impossible to secure a conviction because of a lack of witnesses. He died a few years later, and it is said that he confessed the murder on his deathbed.

The text sung here is the oldest known version of the ballad and first appeared in the Greensboro (N.C.) Patriot, April 29, 1874; the tune Mr. Clayton sings is one that he has known to the ballad for many years, and the one to which it is most commonly sung by folksingers and others.

Come all you good people, I'd have you draw near,
A sorrowful story you quickly shall hear;
A story I'll tell you about Naomi Wise.
How she was deluded by Lewis' lies.

He promised to marry and use me quite well;
But conduct contrary I sadly must tell,
He promised to meet me at Adams' spring;
He promised me marriage and many fine things.

Still nothing he gave, but yet flattered the case.
He says, "We'll be married and have no disgrace,
Come get up behind me, we'll go up into town.
And there we'll be married, in union be bound."

I got up behind him and straightway did go
To the bank of Deep River where the water did flow;
He says, "Now Naomi, I'll tell you my mind,
I intend here to drown you and leave you behind."

"O pity your infant and spare me my life;
Let me go rejected and be not your wife."
"No pity, no pity," this monster did cry,
"In Deep River's bottom your body shall lie."

The wretch then did choke her, as we understand,
And threw her in the river below the milldam;
Be it murder or treason, O! what a great crime,
To drown poor Naomi and leave her behind.

Naomi was missing, they all did well know,
And hunting for her to the river did go;
And there found her floating on the water so deep,
Which caused all the people to sigh and to weep.

The neighbors were sent for to see the great sight,
While she lay floating all that long night;
So early next morning the inquest was held;
The jury correctly the murder did tell.

SIDE I, Band 8: THE LASS OF ROCH ROYAL (Child #76)
(Romantic Tragedies-see pages 78 to 83)

This tragic story is one of the most moving in the Child canon, though it has been recorded rarely from tradition. This may be due, at least in part, to the indelicacy of a situation in which the heroine is an unwed mother; in recent times, this and the extraordinary length of the ballad may be equal contributing factors to the infrequency with which the entire ballad has been reported.

What has implanted itself firmly in the folk memory are the opening rhetorical lines. These lines appear by themselves as an independent song, as well as in many ballads where they are woven into the narrative.

The text and tune sung here (with some few changes from the Scottish dialect of the original) is from Gavin Greig's Last Leaves of Traditional Ballads and Ballad Airs, 1925 (dating back to the middle of the 19th century.)

"O who will lace my shoes so small?
And who will glove my hand?
Or who will lace my middle so jimp (slender)
With my new made linen band?"

"Who will trim my yellow hair
With my new silver comb?
And who will father my young son
Till Lord Gregory comes home?"

"Your father will lace your shoes so small,
Your mother will glove your hand;
Your sister will lace your middle so jimp
With your new made linen band."

"Your brother will trim your yellow hair
With a new made silver comb;
And the king of heaven will father your son
Till Lord Gregory comes home."

"But I will get a bonnie boat,
And I will sail the sea,
For I must go to Lord Gregory,
Since he cannot come home to me."

She has gotten a bonnie boat,
And sailed upon the main;
She longed to see her own true love,
Since he could not come home.

"O row your boat, my mariners,
And bring me to the land,
For yonder I see my love's castle
Close by the salt sea strand."

She's taken her young son in her arms,
And to the door she's gone,
And long she knocked and sore she called,
But answer she got none.

"O open the door, Lord Gregory,
O open and let me in,
For the wind blows through my yellow hair,
And I'm shivering to the chin."

(Lord Gregory's mother impersonates her son)

"Away, away, you wild woman,
Some ill death may you die;
You're but some witch or wild warlock
Or mermaid of the sea."

"I'm neither a witch nor wild warlock,
Nor mermaid of the sea;
But I'm fair Annie of Roch Royal,
O open the door to me."

"If you be Annie of Roch Royal,
As I trust you cannot be,
Now tell me some of the love tokens
That passed between you and me."

"O don't you mind, Lord Gregory,
When you sat at the wine,
You changed the rings from your fingers
And I can show you thine.

"For yours was good and very good,
But aye the best was mine;
For yours was of the good red gold,
But mine the diamonds fine.

"O don't you mind, Lord Gregory,
By bonnie Irwine side,
When first I owned that virgin love
I long long had denied?

"O don't you mind, Lord Gregory,
When in my father's hall,
'Twas there you got your will of me,
And that was worst of all.?"

"Away, away, you wild woman,
For here you cannot come in;
Go drown you in the raging sea,
Or hang on the gallows pin."

When the cock did crow and the day did dawn,
And the sun began to peep,
Then up did rise Lord Gregory,
And sore, sore did he weep.

"I dreamed a dream, my mother dear,
The thought of it makes me weep;
I dreamed fair Annie of Roch Royal
Lay cold dead at my feet."

"If it be for Annie of Roch Royal
That you make all this din,
She stood all last night at our door,
But I think I let not her in."

"O woe betide you, ill woman,
Some ill death may you die,
That you would not let poor Annie in,
Or else have wakened me."

He's gone down to yon sea shore
As fast as he could fare;
He saw fair Annie in her boat,
And the wind it tossed her sore.

"Hey bonnie Annie, and How bonnie Annie,
O Annie, will not you bide?" --
But aye the more bonnie Annie he cried,
The rougher grew the tide.

"Hey bonnie Annie, and How bonnie Annie,
O will not you speak to me?" --
But aye the more bonnie Annie he cried,
The rougher grew the sea.

The wind blew loud, and the sea grew rough,
And the boat was dashed on shore;
Fair Annie floated upon the sea,
But her young son rose no more.

Lord Gregory tore his yellow hair,
And made a heavy moan;
Fair Annie's corpse lay at his feet,
But his bonnie young son was gone.

First he kissed her cherry cheeks,
And next he kissed her chin,
And softly pressed her rosy lips
That there was no breath within.

"O woe betide you, cruel mother,
An ill death may you die,
For you turned my true love from my door,
When she came so far to me."

SIDE II, Band 1: THE BAFFLED KNIGHT (Child #112)
(Pastourelles - see)
(pages 154 and 155)

This delightful ballad has charmed listeners from the 17th century on, the earliest known version having appeared in Thomas Ravenscroft's Deuteromelia (1609). It may have been known in tradition or from broadsides at an even earlier date for similar ballads and tales have been known since the 15th century in many parts of Europe.

The ballad is quite rare in America, though a secondary version entitled Katie Morey has circulated widely in the United States.

The text version sung here is from Durfey's Pills to Purge Melancholy, Volume V, page 112 (1719). Mr. Clayton found the tune included with text to be unsuitable and sings it to the far more common tune usually connected with it.

There was a knight, and he was young,
A-riding along the way, sir,
And there he met a lady fair,
Among the cocks of hay, sir.

Quoth he, "Shall you and I, lady,
Among the grass lie down a?
And I will have a special care
Of rumpling of your gown a."

"If you will go along with me
Unto my father's hall, sir,
You shall enjoy my maidenhead,
And my estate and all, sir."

So he mounted her on a milk-white steed,
Himself upon another,
And then they rode along the road,
Like sister and like brother.

When she came to her father's house,
Moated round about, sir,
She stepped straight within the gate,
And shut this young knight out, sir.

"Here is a purse of gold," she said,
"Take it for your pains, sir,
And I will send my father's man
To go home with you again, sir.

"And if you meet a lady fair,
As you go through the next town, sir,
You must not fear the dew of the grass,
Nor the rumpling of her gown, sir.

"And if you meet a lady gay,
As you go by the hill, sir,
If you will not when you may,
You shall not when you will, sir."

SIDE II, Band 2: THE DYING STOCKMAN (Cowboy and Frontier Ballads - see pages 439 and 440)

This melancholy Australian stockman song is not unlike many American cowboy songs, especially in subject matter and the fact that it is a reworking of an older British song originally sung by men in other fields of activity. The Dying Stockmen appears to be a parody of the sentimental English sea song The Tarpaulin Jacket, and is supposed to have been the work of two cattle station workers in Galton, Queensland, in 1882-3. It first appeared in print in 1885, and has achieved rather widespread popularity among the backriders and stockmen of the great Australian plains and bush country.

The text sung here appeared in the September 20, 1924 edition of Adventure Magazine, from New South Wales; the tune is from the collection of Percy Jones.

A strapping young stockman lay dying,
His saddle supporting his head;
His two mates around him were crying
As he rose on his pillow and said:

"Wrap me up with my stockwhip and blanket,
And bury me deep down below,
Where the dingoes and crows can't molest me
In the shade where the coolibahs grow.

"O, had I the flight of the bronzewing
Far over the plains would I fly,
Straight to the land of my childhood
And there I would lay down and die.

"Then cut down a couple of saplings,
Place one at my head and my toe,
Carve on them cross, stockwhip and saddle,
To show there's a stockman below.

"Hark! There's the wail of the dingo,
Watchful and wierd -- I must go,
For it tolls the death-knell of the stockman
From the gloom of the scrub down below.

"There's tea in the battered old billy;
Place the pannikins out in a row,
And we'll drink to the next merry meeting
In the place where all good fellows go.

"And oft in the shades of the twilight,
When the soft winds are whispering low,
And the darkening shadows are falling,
Sometimes think of the stockman below.

"Wrap me up with my stockwhip and blanket,
And bury me deep down below,
Where the dingoes and crows can't molest me
In the shade where the coolibahs grow."

SIDE II, Band 3: DUPREE (Outlaws, Pirates, Badmen, and Heroes -- see pages 396 to 398)

Ballads of both white and Negro composition exist which tell the tale of Frank Dupree, a white South Carolinian who robbed an Atlanta jewelry store in 1921 and killed a policeman while making good his escape. Dupree was later captured in Detroit, was tried and convicted, and hanged on September 1, 1922.

White versifications of the tale are tawdry expressions of morality, while the superior Negro versions are highly dramatic examples of folk poetry.

The text used here with some slight textual changes is from Odum and Johnson's Negro Workaday Songs, and is sung to its traditional blues tune.

Dupree was a bandit; he was so brave and bold,
He stole a diamond ring for some of Betty's jelly roll.

Betty told Dupree, "I want a diamond ring."
Dupree told Betty,"I'll give you anything."

"Michigan water taste like cherry wine,
The reason I know: Betty drink it all the time.

"I'm going away to the end of the railroad track.
Nothing but sweet Betty can bring me back."

Dupree told the lawyer, "Clear me if you can,
For I have money to back me, as sure as I'm a man."

The lawyer told Dupree, "You are a very brave man,
But I think you will go to jail and hang."

Dupree told the judge, "I am not so brave and bold,
But all I wanted was Betty's jelly roll."

The judge told Dupree, "Jelly roll's gonna be your ruin."
"No, no, judge, for that's what I've quit doin'."

The judge told Dupree, "I believe you quit too late,
Don't you know it's already been your fate."

SIDE II, Band 4: THE CHERRY-TREE CAROL (Child #54) (Religious Ballads - see pages 59 and 60)

This is one of the most popular of English religious folk songs, a large degree of its widespread popularity no doubt being due to its frequent appearance in penny carol books and on broadsheets during the 19th century. The ballad tale is derived from the Pseudo-Matthew gospel, Chapter XX, in which the tree which bows to Mary is a palm. As Child has noted, "...the truly popular carol would be sure to adapt the fruit to its own soil," and so in England and America the tree is always a cherry rather than a palm.

The text sung here appears in W. Sandy's Christmas Carols, 1833, and has been adapted to the tune for the ballad found in J. McGill's Folk Songs of the Kentucky Mountains, 1917.

Joseph was an old man, and an old man was he,
When he wedded Mary, in the land of Galilee.

Joseph and Mary walked through an orchard good,
Where was cherries and berries, so red as any blood.

Joseph and Mary walked through an orchard green,
Where was berries and cherries,as thick as might be seen.

O then bespoke Mary, so meek and so mild;
"Pluck me one cherry, Joseph, for I am with child."

O then bespoke Joseph, with words most unkind:
"Let him pluck thee a cherry that brought thee with child."

O then bespoke the babe, within his mother's womb:
"Bow down then the tallest tree,for my mother to have some."

Then bowed down the highest tree unto his mother's hand;
Then she cried, "See, Joseph, I have cherries at command."

O then bespake Joseph: "I have done Mary wrong;
But cheer up, my dearest, and be not cast down."

Then Mary plucked a cherry, as red as the blood,
Then Mary went home with her heavy load.

Then Mary took her babe, and sat him on her knee,
Saying, "My dear son, tell me what this world will be."

"O, I shall be as dead, mother, as the stones in the wall;
O the stones in the streets, mother, shall mourn for me all.

"Upon Easter-day, mother, my uprising shall be;
O the sun and the moon, mother, shall both rise with me."

SIDE II, Band 5: KATHARINE JAFFRAY (Child #221) (Ballads of the Scottish Border - see pages 271 to 275)

The border country which formed a "no man's land" between England and Scotland in the 16th and 17th centuries was an area of great tradition, heroism, cruelties and romance unmatched in British history. Here rival clans set up small kingdoms of their own, living in the glory of vindictive feuds and border raids in which cattle and people were equally attractive prizes. That such an area, and era, should have produced some of the greatest ballads in the English language, is not surprising.

Several of these ballads concern themselves with the abduction of beautiful women in a rather cavalier manner. Katharine Jaffray is one such ballad and was the basis for Walter Scott's Lochinvar.

The version sung here is from Gavin Greig's Last Leaves of Traditional Ballads and Ballad Airs, 1925, and traces back to the middle of the 19th century.

Lochnagar came from the west
Into the low country,
And he's courted Katharine Jaffray,
And stole her heart away.

Home did come one Amosdale,
Came from the north country
And he has gained her father's heart,
And her mother's too.

A bridal day it then was set,
And the bridal day came on,
And who appeared among the guests
But Lochnagar himself?

A glass was filled with good red wine,
Well drunk between them twa;
Said he, "I'll drink with you, bridegroom,
And then bound me awa.

"A few words with your bridesmaiden
I hope you'll grant me then;
I'm sure before her wedding day
I would have gotten ten."

Out spoke then the first groomsman,
And an angry man was he,
Says, "I will keep my bonnie bride
Until the sun goes down.

"Until the sun goes to," he said,
"Until the sun goes to,
And deliver her over to her bridegroom,
Which is my duty to do."

But he's taken her by the middle jimp,
And he never stopped to call,
He's taken her by the milk-white hand
And led her through the hall.

He leaned him over his saddle bow,
And kissed her cheek and chin,
And then he wished them all good night,
And hoisted her on behind.

He drew a trumpet from his breast,
And blew both loud and shrill;
A hundred of well armed men
Came Lochnagar unto.

A hundred of well armed men,
With milk-white steeds and grey,
A hundred of well armed men
Upon his wedding day.

Horsemen rode, and bridesmen ran,
And ladies in full speed,
But you would not have seen his yellow locks
For the dust of his horses feet.

She turned in the saddle-bow,
And addressed her late bridegroom,
Says, "The compliments I got from you,
I'll return them back again."

So Katharine Jaffray was married at morn,
And she was married at noon;
She was twice married in one day,
Ere she cast off her gown.

SIDE II, Band 6: THE AVONDALE MINE DISASTER
(Accidents and Disasters -)
(see pages 307 to 309)

This ballad describes a fire and the resultant loss of life in what George Korson has referred to as "the anthracite industry's Black Hole of Calcutta" -- the Avondale mines near Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania. One hundred and ten men lost their lives by suffocation from the gases resulting from the fire, and an aroused public opinion forced legislation to be adapted to outlaw such mine conditions.

The ballad, which became immediately popular after the disaster and which sold by the hundreds on penny broadsides, accurately follows the details except for the date, which should be September 6, 1869. It was a favorite of itinerant mine-minstrels, and its fame spread far from the scene of the disaster, a version of the ballad having been collected as far afield as Newfoundland.

The text sung here in an amended form is from H. Shoemaker's Mountain Minstrelsy of Pennsylvania, 1931; and tune is from George Korson's Minstrels of the Mine Patch, 1938.

Good Christians all, both great and small, I pray you
lend an ear,
And listen with attention while the truth I do declare;
When you hear this lamentation, it will cause you to
turn pale --
All about the suffocation in the mines of Avondale.

On the sixteenth day of September, in eighteen
sixty-nine,
Those miners all,they got a call to go work in the
mines;
But little did they think that day that death would
gloom their vale
Before they would return again from the mines of
Avondale.

The women and the children, too, their hearts were
filled with joy
To see their men go to work again, and likewise
every boy;
But a dismal sight, in broad daylight, which made
them soon turn pale,
When they saw the breakers burning in the mines of
Avondale.

From here and there and everywhere they gathered
in a crowd,
Some tearing off their clothes and hair, and
crying out aloud;
"Get out our husbands and our sons, for death is
going to steal
Their lives away, without delay, in the mines of
Avondale."
But all in vain! There was no hope one single soul
to save;
There was no second outlet to this ignominious cave.
No pen can write the awful fright, and horror did
prevail
Among these dying victims in the mines of Avondale.

.....

Sixty-seven was the number that in one heap were found.
They seemed to be awaiting their sad fate underground.
They found a father with his son clasped in his arms
so frail;
These were heart-rending scenes in the mines of
Avondale.

Now to conclude and make an end, the number to pen
down,
One hundred and ten brave, stout men were smothered
underground.
There in their grave 'till their last day; their
widows weep and wail,
And oft-rent cries may rend the skies all around
through Avondale.

SIDE II, Band 7: THE TWO SISTERS (Child #10)
(Domestic Tragedies - see)
(pages 161 to 167)

This is one of the most widely distributed of all British traditional ballads, and has proved excellent material for detailed study. Paul G. Brewster, who has spent many years in making an extensive study of the ballad, believes it is definitely Scandinavian in origin. Sometime prior to the 17th century, he conjectures, it began its long journey in oral tradition, spreading from Norway, where it originated, to the other Scandinavian countries and then to Scotland, England and America.

Child considered the heart of this ballad to be the making of a musical instrument from the drowned sister's body, the instrument in turn revealing the identity of the murderer. Most recently collected texts have eliminated this supernatural motif entirely; indeed, of the numerous American texts which have been collected, in only one is the murderer discovered miraculously.

Considerable time and energy on the part of the scholars have also been spent in an attempt to analyze the various refrains employed in this ballad.

The American version sung here by Mr. Clayton is from A.K. Davis' Traditional Ballads of Virginia, 1929; Mr. Clayton's tune is one he learned from Mrs. Kit Williamson of Campbell County, Virginia.

There was an old man in the North Countrie,
Bow down, bow down.
There was an old man in the North Countrie,
The boughs they bend to me,
There was an old man in the North Countrie,
He had daughters, one, two, three.
Love will be true, true to my love,
Love will be true to you.

There was a young man came courting there,
He did choose the youngest fair.

He gave to the youngest a gay gold ring,
And to the oldest not a single thing.

He gave to the youngest a beaver hat,
And the oldest she tought hard of that.

"Sister, O sister, let's walk the sea shore,
To see the ships come sailing o'er."

They were walking along on yonder sea-brim
When the oldest shoved the youngest in.

"O sister, O sister, hand me your hand,
And you may have my house and land.

"O sister, O sister, hand me your glove,
And you may have my own true love."

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

So down she sank and away she swam
Until she reached the old mill dam.

The miller threw out his old grab-hook
And pulled the fair maiden out of the brook.

"O miller, O miller, here's three gold rings,
If you'll take me to my father's again."

He up with her fingers and off with her rings
And threw her back in the brook again.

The miller was hung at his mill gate
For drowning of my sister Kate.

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