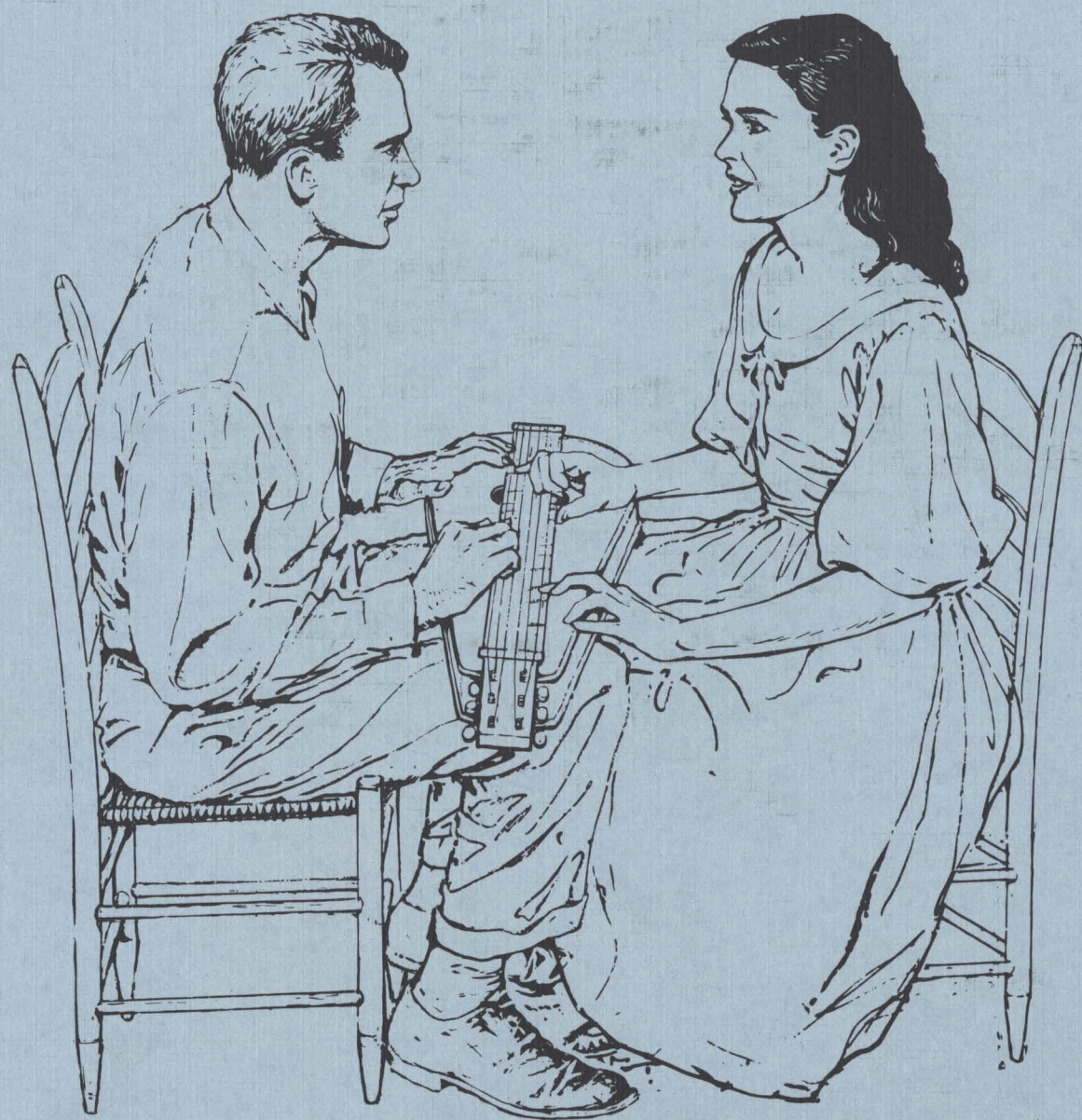


# *Simple Gifts.*

George & Gerry Armstrong



Anglo-American Folk Songs ≈ Folkways Records FA 2335



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SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

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recorded by Norman Pellegrini

*SIMPLE GIFTS Anglo-American Folk Songs* / sung by GEORGE AND GERRY ARMSTRONG *FA 2335*

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# SIMPLE GIFTS (ANGLO - AMERICAN FOLKSONGS)



## sung by George and Gerry Armstrong

George and Gerry Armstrong and their two children, Becky and Jenny, live in Wilmette, Illinois where George makes his living as a book illustrator. However, most of the social life of the family centers around the pursuit of folklore - the songs, tales, games and customs that comprise the folk heritage of the English-speaking peoples.

In this age when our entertainment is provided for us, education has become institutionalized, and almost all knowledge has become dependent on books, the ancient folk arts which rely on ORAL transmission are all but lost. The Armstrongs seek to recreate and incorporate into their own lives this oral tradition, which is the "natural" way of spreading ideas, going from man to man, from parent to child, from friend to friend, and relies solely on the truth and beauty of that which is shared.

The songs on this album are drawn from a tradition that is shared by the people of the British Isles and those in America who trace their origins to those islands. But in a larger sense, these songs could be considered the common heritage of all of us who speak the English language. These songs are offered not only for your listening enjoyment, but also in the hope that you will learn to sing them yourself.

The accompaniments to the songs on this recording are provided by the guitar and three Appalachian dulcimers. These dulcimers are held on the lap and plucked with the fingers or strummed with a plectrum made from a goose quill. One of these instruments is a double (or courting) dulcimer played by two

persons seated facing each other. All three dulcimers were made by Howard Mitchell of Lexington, Virginia.

### SIDE I

(1) MAIRI'S WEDDING - In 1954 while vacationing in Scotland, we heard this sung at a ceilidh on the Isle of Skye. A ceilidh (pronounced kay-leh) is a gathering for the purpose of singing and dancing. This one was held in the local school house. Most of the singing was in Gaelic, but "Mairi's Wedding" was sung in English, so the following day, we called on the singer and took down the song. Although this song is native to the Hebrides, it is popular all over Scotland.

### CHORUS:

Step we gaily, on we go,  
Heel for heel and toe for toe,  
Arm in arm and row on row,  
All for Mairi's weddin'.

(1) Over hillways up and down,  
Myrthe green and bracken brown,  
Past the sheilling, through the town,  
All for sake o' Mairi.

(2) Red her lips as rowan's are,  
Bright her eye as any star,  
Fairest of them all by far,  
Is our darlin' Mairi.

(3) Plenty herring, plenty meal,  
Plenty peat to fill her creel,  
Plenty bonny bairns as weel,  
That's our toast for Mairi.

(2) CORN STALK FIDDLE - This little boy (it would be hard to consider it a musical instrument) will be

similar to many who have been raised on a farm. The tune which we use here sounds a lot like the old fiddle tune: "Soldier's Joy".

Corn stalk fiddle and a pea vine)  
bow, ) 2  
Best ol' fiddle in the county-o.)

Corn stalk fiddle and a pea vine)  
bow, ) 2  
Prettiest little girl I ever did )  
know. )

Corn stalk fiddle and a pea vine)  
bow, ) 2  
Granny does your dog bite? No, )  
child, no! )

(3) THE JEALOUS BROTHERS - This ballad we learned from Howie Mitchell. It was collected in 1939 in Fayetteville, Arkansas by Dr. Asher Treat of Dumont, N.J. from whom Howie learned it. This ballad was left out of Prof. Child's collection of English and Scottish Ballads but it has an ancient lineage. The ballad story was the fourth tale of the fifth night in Boccaccio's "Decameron". The story tells of the daughter of a wealthy merchant who falls in love with a servant. Her two brothers decide to put an end to this by murdering the servant. His ghost appears to her and reveals the place where his body lies.

We had the pleasure of teaching this song to the blind Virginia singer, Horton Barker, who remarked, "I believe that's just about the prettiest ballad I've ever heard."

They sat a'courtin' one fine evening,  
Her brothers hearing what they say,  
"Oh, it's this courtship, it must be ended,  
For the likes of this, it will never do."

They rose up early, early next morning,  
A game of hunting for to go,  
And it's this young man they both did flatter,  
For to go and hunt along with them.

They rode all over the hills and valleys,  
In places where that they were known,  
Until they came to a lonesome valley,  
That's where they killed him and left him alone.

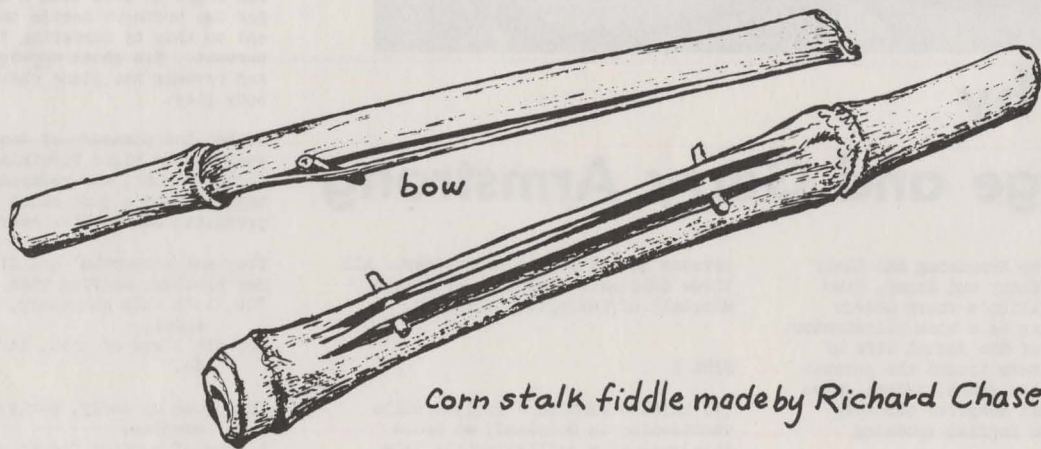
And when the brothers had returned,  
The sister asked where the servant was,  
Oh, it's: "We've lost him in a game of hunting,  
And it's him no more can we find."

She lay across her bedside weeping,  
It come to her as in a dream,  
That they'd carried him beyond the ragions,  
That's where they'd killed him and left him alone.

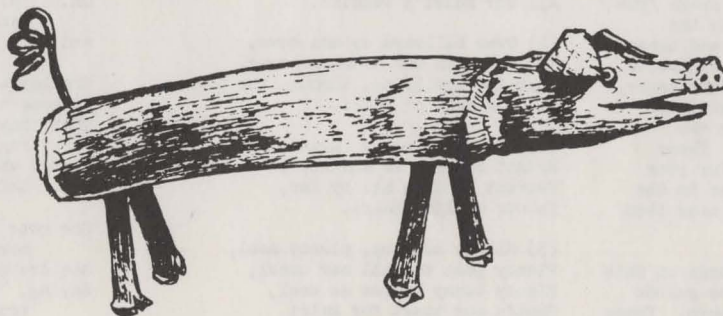
She rose up early, early next morning,  
She dressed herself in rich array,  
Saying, "I'm going to find my lost truelover,  
Or spend the balance of my days."

She rode all over the hills and valleys,  
In places where that she was known,





*Corn stalk fiddle made by Richard Chase*



*Corn stalk hog made by Gerry Armstrong*



Until she came to that lonesome valley,  
That's where they'd killed him and left him alone.

His red rosy cheeks they had been fading,  
His lipe were like a marble wine,  
Oh, she kissed them over and over saying:  
"You were that darling friend of mine."

And when the sister had returned,  
The brothers asked where the servant was,  
Oh, its: "Hush, your tongues, you deceitful villians,  
Or you both shall be hung for the sake of one."

(4) IRCHARD OF TAUNTON DEANE - This song we learned in England in 1954 from an eighty-year old, white-bearded gentleman names James Pyke-Knott, a retired farmer from Devonshire.

'Twas Christmas Eve as I've heard say,  
Young Irchard he mounted his dobbin grey,  
And started off from Taunton Deane  
To woo the parson's daughter, Jane.

CHORUS:  
With a dumble down derry, dumble down day.

He rode along without any fear  
Till he came to the home of his lady dear,  
And then he shouted, "Hey, hello!  
Be ye folks at home? Say ye eis or no."

The servants quickly let Dick in  
That he his courtship might begin,  
And Dick he strode into the hall  
And loudly on Miss Jane did call.

Miss Jane came down without delay  
To hear what Irchard had for to say,  
"I do suppose you know, Miss Jane,  
That I be Irchard of Taunton Deane?

"I'm an honest lad though I be poor,  
And I never was in love before.  
But Mother sent I here to woo  
And I can fancy none but you."

"If I consent to be your bride,  
Pray how for me would you provide?  
It never would do for you and I." -  
"Oh, come," says Dick, "Us can but try."

"For I can reap and I can mow  
And I can plow and I can sow,  
I goes to market with father's hay  
And earns me ninepence every day.

"I got a pig poked up in the sty  
As comes to me when Granny do die,  
And if you'll consent to marry me now,  
Why Father will gi'e us the old fat sow."

Dick's compliments was so polite,  
He won Miss Jane before the night.  
And when he'd got no more to say  
He gie'd her a kiss and he rode away.

(5) DULCIMER MEDLEY - "Jenny Get Around," "Cindy," and "Sourwood Mt." These three Appalachian dance tunes are played by George, strumming with a goose quill pick.

(6) WENT TO SEE MY SUZIE - This court-  
ing song is known in many versions,  
most often under the title: "The  
Keys of Canterbury" or "Paper of Pins".  
This version comes from Lee Munroe  
Presnell of Beech Mountain, North  
Carolina.

I went to see my Suzie,  
She met me at the door  
Said I needn't a'come any more,  
And I won't be your truelovyer.

"Madam, I'll buy you a little black dog  
To follow you when you go abroad,  
If you'll be my truelovyer."

"I won't accept your little black dog,  
To bother me when I go abroad  
And I won't be your truelovyer."

"Madam, I'll buy you a dress of red  
And hit stitched around with a golden thread,  
If you'll be, etc."

"I won't accept a dress of red  
And hit stitched around with a golden thread,  
And I won't, etc."

"Madam, I'll buy you a dress of green  
You'll look as fine as any queen,  
If you'll etc."

"I won't accept a dress of green  
I'm already as fine as any queen  
And I won't be your truelovyer."

"Madam, I'll give you the keys to my heart  
So you and I may never part,  
If you'll etc."

"I won't accept the keys to your heart  
So you and I may never part,  
And I won't etc."

"Madam, I'll give you the keys to my desk,  
So you can have money at your request,  
If you'll etc."

"I will accept the keys to your desk,  
So I can have money at my request,  
I will be your truelovyer."

"Madam, I can plainly see  
You love my money but you don't love me  
And I won't be your truelovyer."

"Ha, ha, ha, I'll be an old maid,  
I'll take my stool and set in the shade  
And I won't have any truelovyer."\*

\* Mr. Presnell did not sing this last verse, but Gerry has borrowed this from Jean Ritchie to give the woman the last word.

(7) LADY FROM THE WEST COUNTRY - This is an Ozark version of the ancient ballad of "The Wife of Ushers Well". This story has its origins in those times when people believed in the supernatural and the power of witches. The word "grammery" (sometimes glamourie) does not refer to reading and writing, but is an ancient Scottish term meaning magic.

(This is the origin of our word: "glamour",) In the Scottish ballad, the witch-mother invokes the God-king of the witches to return her sons to her and when they come, they wear sprigs of birch in their hats; a symbol that they have returned from Avalon, the pagan paradise; the road to which was lined with birch trees. However, where this song has survived in oral tradition both in the British Isles and America, most of the allusions to the "Old Religion" have been supplanted by Christian motifs. We suspect, though, that its popularity is due, not only to the supernatural element, but to a universal sympathy for the grief of a mother who has lost her children and yearns to see them returned from the dead if only for a night.

This version comes from Fred High of Berryville, Arkansas.

There was a lady lived in the West Country  
And children she had three.  
She sent them away to the North Country  
For to learn their grammery.

They hadn't been gone but a very small while  
Scarce like twelve month and a day,  
Till death, oh death, spread over the land  
And it swept those babes away.

"Is there no king in Devon?"  
(Heaven) she cried,  
"That used to wear a crown,  
"Pray send me home my three little babes  
For tonight or in the morning soon."

It being near at Christmas time  
The nights so long and cold,  
She seen, oh seen, her three little babes  
Come running home early in the morning soon.

She set the table right before them  
And spread it with bread and wine.  
"Come eat and drink, my three little babes,  
Come eat and drink of mine."

"We can't eat none of your bread, mother,  
Nor drink none of your wine,  
For just before the break of day,  
Our Savior we must join."

She made the beds up in the backside room,  
And spread them with clean sheets,  
And over the top spread a golden cloth,  
For to make a better sleep.

"Rise ye up, rise ye up," cried the oldest one,  
"Rise ye up, rise ye up," cried he.  
"For yonder stands our Savior, dear,  
And it's Him we must obey."

"Green grass grows at our heads, Mother,  
Cold clods lie at our feet,  
The tears you shed for us, mother,  
Would have wet our winding sheet."



(8) FROGGY WENT A'COURTIN' - Versions of this song can be found in any part of the English-speaking world. It was known in the British Isles in the 16th century and is probably a good deal older than that. The tune we use here is rather an accident. Some years ago, we attended a concert by Mr. John Jacob Niles who sang the "Frog's Courtship". A year or so later while strumming the dulcimer, this tune came to mind. We thought it was Mr. Niles' version, but later upon hearing him sing it again, we discovered that we had remembered only the tune for the first, fourth, seventh and eighth lines of his eight-line stanza.

Froggy went a'courtin' and he did ride,  
Sword and a pistol by his side,  
Froggy went a'courtin' and he did ride,  
Hi diddle, diddle, dolly dey.

He rode up to Miss Mousie's door,  
Where he had often been before,  
He knocked and knocked till his fists got sore,  
Hi diddle, diddle, dolly dey.

He set Miss Mousie on his knee,  
Said, "Miss Mousie, will you marry me?"  
Said, "Miss Mousie, will you marry me?"  
Hi, diddle, etc.

"Without my Uncle Rat's consent,  
I would not marry the President." (2)  
Hi, diddle, etc.

Now Uncle Rat has gone to town,  
To buy Miss Mouse a wedding gown. (2)  
Hi, diddle, etc.

Where shall the wedding breakfast be?  
Way down yonder in a hollow tree. (2)

What shall the wedding breakfast be?  
Two green beans and a black-eyed pea. (2)

First to come in was a little white moth,  
He spread his wings like a tablecloth. (2)

The next to come in was a spotted snake,  
Passing around the wedding cake. (2)  
Hi, diddle, diddle, dolly dey.

Next to come in was a little black chick,  
He et so much it made him sick. (2)  
Hi, diddle, diddle, dolly dey.

Next to come in was Dr. Fly  
He said that chick would surely die. (2)  
Hi, diddle, diddle, dolly dey.

Next to come in was a bumblebee,  
Totin' his banjo on his knee. (2)

Next to come in were two little ants,  
Fixin' for to have a dance. (2)

Next to come in was Mrs. Goose,  
She kicked up her heels and she really cut loose. (2)

And after that they sailed for France,  
And that is the end of our romance.  
Frog and the mouse they sailed for France,  
Hi, diddle, diddle, dolly dey.

(9) BLACK JACK DAVY - Here is an Ozark version of the ancient story ballad: "The Gypsie Laddie". This comes from Mrs. Lula Davis of Fayetteville, Arkansas.

Black Jack Davy come a'riding through the woods,  
Singing a song so gaily.  
He sang so loud he made the wild woods ring,  
He charmed the heart of a lady. (2)

He said, "Pretty miss, will you go with me?  
And will you be my honey?  
"I swear by the sword that I wear by my side,  
You never will want for money." (2)

Her old man came home late that night,  
Inquiring for his lady,  
The servant spoke before she thought  
"She's gone with Black Jack Davy." (2)

"Go saddle up my milk white steed,  
Saddle him slow and easy.  
I'll ride all night till the broad daylight  
Till I overtake my lady." (2)

So he rode all night till the broad daylight,  
He rode to the edge of the water.  
He crossed and he looked on the other side,  
And there he spied his darlin'. (2)

"Will you pull off my snow-white gloves,  
All made of Spanish leather.  
And I'll give to you my lily-white hand  
To bid farewell forever." (2)

"Last night I slept in a goosefeather bed,  
Last night I slept with my baby.  
But tonight I'll sleep on the cold, cold, ground  
In the arms of Black Jack Davy." (2)

(10) DERBY RAM - We learned this song from Mrs. Abigail Ritchie of Viper, Kentucky. She is the mother of fourteen children (the youngest being Jean Ritchie, a dear friend and famous folksinger and dulcimer plucker) and this song was often used as a lullaby.

The "Derby Ram" is English in origin and to this day in certain villages in Derbyshire, it is sung as part of a mummer's play in which one of the characters is dressed up as a ram named "old Tup" who is symbolically slaughtered by the butcher. The song used at Staveley commences:

"As I was going to Derby all on a market day,  
I met the finest tup, sir, that ever was fed upon hay.  
Fay-a-lay, laddigo lay."

The Staveley tune is quite similar to that sung by the Ritchies.

I went down to Derby's house all on the market day,  
There I saw the finest ram that ever was fed on hay.

CHORUS:  
Fol-lol-day.  
Fol-lol-diddle-lolly day.

The first tooth he had held a hundred of a horn,  
The next tooth he had held sixty barrels of corn.

(CHORUS)

Four feet he had, four feet stood on the ground,  
And every foot he had covered half an acre of ground.

(CHORUS)

The wool on the ram's belly drug nine miles on the ground,  
I went down to Derby's house and stole a thousand pound.

(CHORUS)

The wool on the ram's back reached up to the sky,  
Eagles built their nests there, you could hear the young'uns cry.

(CHORUS)

The wool on the ram's tail was so fine and thin,  
Took all the ladies at Derby's house seven years to spin.

(CHORUS)

The man who cut his throat got drowned in the blood,  
The one who held the bowl got washed away in the flood.

(CHORUS)

## SIDE II

(1) GROUND HOG - This song is popular throughout the Southern Appalachians and seems to be purely American in origin. We learned this song from Howie Mitchell.

Load up your gun and whistle up your dog,  
We're off to the woods to hunt ground hog. Ground hog! (2)

Too many rocks and too many logs, (2)  
Too much trouble to hunt ground hogs. Ground hog!

He's in here, boys, the hole's wore slick,  
C'mon, Sam, with your forked stick. Ground hog! (2)

Stand back, boys, and let's be wise. (2)  
I think I see his beady eyes. Ground hog!

Here comes Sam with a ten foot pole. (2)  
Gonna rout that ground hog out'n his hole. Ground hog!

Work, boys, work just as hard as you can tear. (2)  
The meat'll do to eat, and the hide'll do to wear. Ground Hog!

Stand back, boys, and lemme get my breath. (2)  
Catchin' this ground hog's might nigh death. Ground hog!

Out he comes all in a whirl, (2)  
Biggest old ground hog in this world. Ground hog!



They put him in a pot and the  
young'uns start to smile. (2)  
They et that ground hog 'fore he  
struck a boil. Ground hog!

Up come Sal with a snigger and  
a grin. (2)  
Ground hog grease all over her  
chin. Ground hog!

The children screamed and the  
children cried, (2)  
I love that ground hog cooked or  
fried! Ground hog!

(2) DEAR COMPANION - This tragic love  
song from North Carolina is one of  
the most beautiful of our folk songs,  
both in melody and lyric. This was  
collected by the English folklorist,  
Cecil Sharp in 1916. The melody  
is related to that of the sacred  
song: "The Wayfaring Stranger".

I once did have a dear companion,  
Indeed I thought his love my own.  
But then a black-eyed girl betrayed  
me,  
And now he cares no more for me.

So go and leave me if you wish to,  
It will never trouble me,  
For in your heart you love  
another,  
And in my grave I'd rather be.

Oh, last night, you were sweetly  
sleeping,  
Dreaming of some sweet repose,  
While I, a poor girl broken-  
hearted,  
Listen to the wind that blows.

When I see your babe a-laughin',  
It makes me think of your sweet  
face.  
But when I see your babe a-cryin'  
It makes me think of my disgrace.

(3) PEGGY-O - There is an old  
song still sung in Aberdeenshire,  
Scotland, known as the "Bonny Lass  
of Fyvie-O" which begins:

(There was a troop of Irish Dragoons  
Came riding down through Fyvie-O,  
And the Captain's fallen in love  
with a very bonny lass,  
And her name it was called pretty  
Peggy-O".)

Here is a Kentucky version of this  
Scottish song collected in 1908  
by Mrs. Olive Dame Campbell.  
(Some of the verses are collated  
from other versions.

As we marched down to Fernario, (2)  
Our captain fell in love with a  
lady like a dove,  
And the name she was called was  
Pretty Peggy-O.

"Come go along with me, Pretty  
Peggy-O (2)  
In coaches you shall ride with  
your true love by your side,  
Just as grand as any lady in the  
areo.

"What would your mother think, Pretty  
Peggy-o? (2)  
What would your mother think for  
to hear the guineas clink,  
And the soldiers all are marching  
before ye-o?"

"You're the man that I adore,  
handsome Willyeo, (2)  
You're the man that I adore, but  
your fortune is too low,  
I'm afraid my mother would be  
angry O."

"Come a-trippin' down the stair,  
pretty Peggy-o (2)  
Come a-trippin' down the stair and  
tie up your yellow hair,  
Bid a last farewell to handsome  
Willy-o.

"If ever I return, Pretty Peggy-o (2)  
If ever I return the city I will  
burn,  
And destroy all the ladies in  
the areo!"

"Our captain, he is dead, pretty  
Peggy-o, (2)  
Our captain he is dead and he  
died for a maid,  
And he's buried in the Louisiana  
Country-o."

(4) POLLY VAUGHN - This was learned  
from folk singer, Paul Clayton, who  
collected it in Massachusetts. It  
is also known in the British Isles.  
The situation in this song in which  
a young man mistakes his love for  
a swan and shoots her is quite possi-  
bly a reflection of the swan-maiden  
motif of ancient Irish legend.

Oh, all you young huntsmen that follow  
the gun,  
Beware of shooting at the setting of  
the sun.  
Jimmy Randal went a-hunting and he  
shot in the dark,  
But oh, and alas, Polly Vaughn was  
his mark.

CHORUS:  
She'd (I'd) my apron wrapped around  
her (me),  
And he took her (me) for a swan.  
But oh, and alas, it was she (I),  
Polly Vaughn.

He ran up to her, when he found it  
was she,  
His legs they grew weak and his  
eyes scarce could see,  
He embraced her in his arms, when  
he found she was dead,  
A fountain of tears for his true love,  
he shed.

Then Jimmy ran home and straight  
home ran he,  
Crying, "Uncle, dear uncle, I've  
killed fair Polly.  
I shot that fair maiden in the bloom  
of her life,  
And I always intended to make her my  
wife."

That night in his chamber, Polly  
Vaughn did appear,  
Crying, "Jimmy, oh Jimmy, you've  
nothing to fear,  
Stay in this country till your  
trial does come on,  
You shall not be convicted for  
what you have done."

In the middle of his trial, Polly  
Vaughn did appear,  
Crying, "Uncle, oh uncle, Jimmy  
Randal must go clear,"  
The judges and the lawyers stood  
there in a row,  
Polly Vaughn in the middle like a  
mountain of snow.

(5) PLAY PARTY MEDLEY - (COFFEE  
GROWS, CINDY, ALABAMA GAL) - Play  
party games were popular in pioneer  
communities where religious  
strictness frowned upon dancing  
or musical instruments, but would  
countenance children's games.  
Hence, the play party became the  
recreation for young men and women,  
and though it may have looked like  
dancing, it was only innocent play.  
These games were sung as they were  
danced, with no instrumental  
accompaniment. However, many of  
the tunes are very enjoyable in  
themselves. George here plays three  
favorites arranged for the dulcimer.

(6) THE SEVEN JOYS OF MARY - This  
beautiful and ancient song is from  
the collection of Richard Chase of  
Beech Creek, N. Carolina.  
He recounts the following experi-  
ence when collecting a version of  
this song - "It was suppertime and  
we were seated around the table,  
myself, the father and five  
grown sons. The mother had just  
hundered down in front of the  
oven and was taking out a tray  
of biscuits when I asked if they  
knew "The Seven Joys of Mary".  
Without a word or movement, the  
whole family began to sing and they  
sang the song through as if under  
a spell. In the silence that  
followed, the father remarked,  
simply, "That's a beautiful song."  
Only then, did the mother, still  
hunkered down, resume taking the  
biscuits out of the oven." The  
text to a 15th century version  
of this song is preserved in the  
British Museum.

The first joy of Mary was the joy  
of one,  
That the Blessed Jesus was born to  
be her Son,  
Born to be her Son, Oh, Emmanuel in  
glory, born to be her Son.

The next joy of Mary was the joy of  
two,  
That her Son, Jesus, could read the  
scriptures through,  
Read the scriptures through, Oh,  
Emmanuel in glory, read the  
scriptures through.

The next joy of Mary was the joy of  
three,  
That her Son, Jesus, could make the  
blind to see,  
Make the blind to see, Oh Emmanuel  
in glory, make the blind to see.

The next joy of Mary was the Joy of  
four,  
That her Son, Jesus, could comfort  
all the poor,  
Comfort all the poor, Oh Emmanuel  
in glory, comfort all the poor.

The next joy of Mary was the joy of  
five,  
That her Son, Jesus, could make the  
dead alive,  
Make the dead alive, oh Emmanuel in  
glory, make the dead alive.

The next joy of Mary was the joy of  
six,  
That her Son, Jesus, could bear the  
crucifix,  
Bear the crucifix, Oh Emmanuel in  
glory, bear the crucifix.



The next joy of Mary was the joy of seven,  
That her Son, Jesus, could open the gates of heaven,  
Open the gates of heaven, Oh Emmanuel in glory, open the gates of heaven.

(7) THE DEAF WOMAN'S COURTSHIP - Richard Chase, who taught us this song, has put it together from several sources. The tune used here was known in Scotland in the 17th century and went with the song called: "Maggie Lauder."

"Old woman, old woman, will you go a-shearing?"

"Speak a little louder, sir, I'm rather thick of hearing."

"Old woman, old woman, are you

"Old woman, old woman, are you good at weaving?"

"Pray speak a little louder, sir, my hearing is deceiving."

"Old woman, old woman, will you go a-walking?"

"Speak a little louder, sir, or what's the use of talking?"

"Old woman, old woman, are you fond of spinning?"

"Pray speak a little louder, sir, I only see you grinning!"

"Old woman, old woman, will you do my knitting?"

"My hearing's getting better now, come closer where I'm sitting."

"Old woman, old woman, shall I kiss you dearly?" (in a whisper)

"Lord-a-mercy on my soul! I hear you now quite clearly!"

(8) BLOW YE WINDS I-O - This song is from the north of England where we learned it while visiting Jack and Jennie Armstrong (no relation) who live near Newcastle-upon-Tyne. A very similar version of this song with the refrain: "Clear away the morning dew" comes from Somerset in the west of England and was used by Ralph Vaughn Williams as the final theme in this "English Folk Song Suite."

There was a country lad kept sheep  
on yonder hill,  
He laid his pipe and crook aside  
and there he slept his fill.

#### CHORUS:

And sing blow ye winds I-O,  
Sing blow ye winds I-o,  
Clear away the morning dew,  
And blow ye winds I-O.

He looked east, he looked west,  
he took another look.

And there he spied a lady gay,  
a-dippin' in a brook.

"Oh, sir, don't touch my mantle;  
pray let my clothes alone,  
And I will give you as much white  
money as you can carry home."

"I will not touch your mantle; I'll  
let your clothes alone,  
I'll take you out of the water clear,  
my dear, so be my own."

He put her on his milk-white steed,  
himself upon another,  
They rode along the country lane  
like sister and like brother.

And as they rode along the lane,  
they saw some pooks of hay.  
She said, "Wouldn't that be a very  
pretty place for boys and  
girls to play?"

And when they came to her father's  
gate, the lady jumped in.  
She said, "There stands a fool  
without and I'm a maid within."

"There is a flower in our garden,  
we call it marigold;  
And if you would not, when you  
might; you shall not, when  
you would."

"Good morrow to you, honest lad,  
I thank you for your care.  
If you had been what you should  
have been, I would not have  
left you there."

The shepherd doffed his shoon.\*  
"My feet they will run bare,  
But if e'er I meet another pretty  
maid, I rede that maid beware!"

(\* shoes)

(9) THE WIND AND THE RAIN - This comes from the collection of Fletcher Collins of Staunton, Virginia. It is a fragment of a longer, ancient ballad usually called: "The Two Sisters" or "Binnorie". Versions of this ballad have been collected all over the United States, The British Isles and Scandinavia. In most of the old world versions of the story, the older sister drowns the younger out of jealousy over a young man. The body of the drowned girl is found by a harpist or fiddler who fashions a musical instrument from her hair and bones. He takes the instrument to the court of the king (who is the father of the sisters), and there the instrument, made of the magic bones, sings by itself and accuses the elder sister of the murder. However, in almost all the American versions, the supernatural element has been lost. The haunting fragment sung here is one of the rare American texts that retains this motif.

Two little sisters went a-walkin'  
one fine day,  
Oh, the wind and the rain.  
One pushed the other into the  
waters, waters deep,  
And she cried the dreadful wind  
and the rain.

Along came a miller with his old  
grab-hook,  
Oh, the wind and the rain.  
He fetched her up from the bottom  
of the brook,  
And she cried the dreadful wind  
and the rain.

He made fiddle strings from her  
long yellow hair,  
Oh, the wind and the rain.  
He made fiddle pegs from her long  
finger bones,  
And she cried the dreadful wind  
and the rain.

The only tune that my fiddle can  
play,  
Oh, the wind and the rain.  
The only, only tune that my fiddle  
can play,  
Is: Oh, the dreadful wind and the  
rain.

(10) SIMPLE GIFTS - The title song of this album is a Shaker hymn thought to have been composed about 1848 at the Shaker community at Alfred, Maine. The Shakers were an ascetic, communal sect which came to this country from England in 1724. Although austere in matters of dress and furnishings, they nevertheless emphasized the use of song and dance (or course, the men and women danced separately) in their religious services. Any skill, talent or achievement, they termed a "gift" from God.

The modern American composer, Aaron Copeland, has used this melody as the principle theme of his ballet suite: "Appalachian Spring". Our arrangement of this melody has been influenced by this work.

'Tis the gift to be simple, tis the  
gift to be free,  
Tis the gift to come down where we  
ought to be.  
And when we find ourselves in the  
place just right,  
'Twill be in the valley of love  
and delight.  
When true simplicity is gained,  
To bow and to bend we will not  
be ashamed.  
To turn, to turn, will be our  
delight,  
Till by turning, turning we come  
round right.

Notes by George Armstrong