

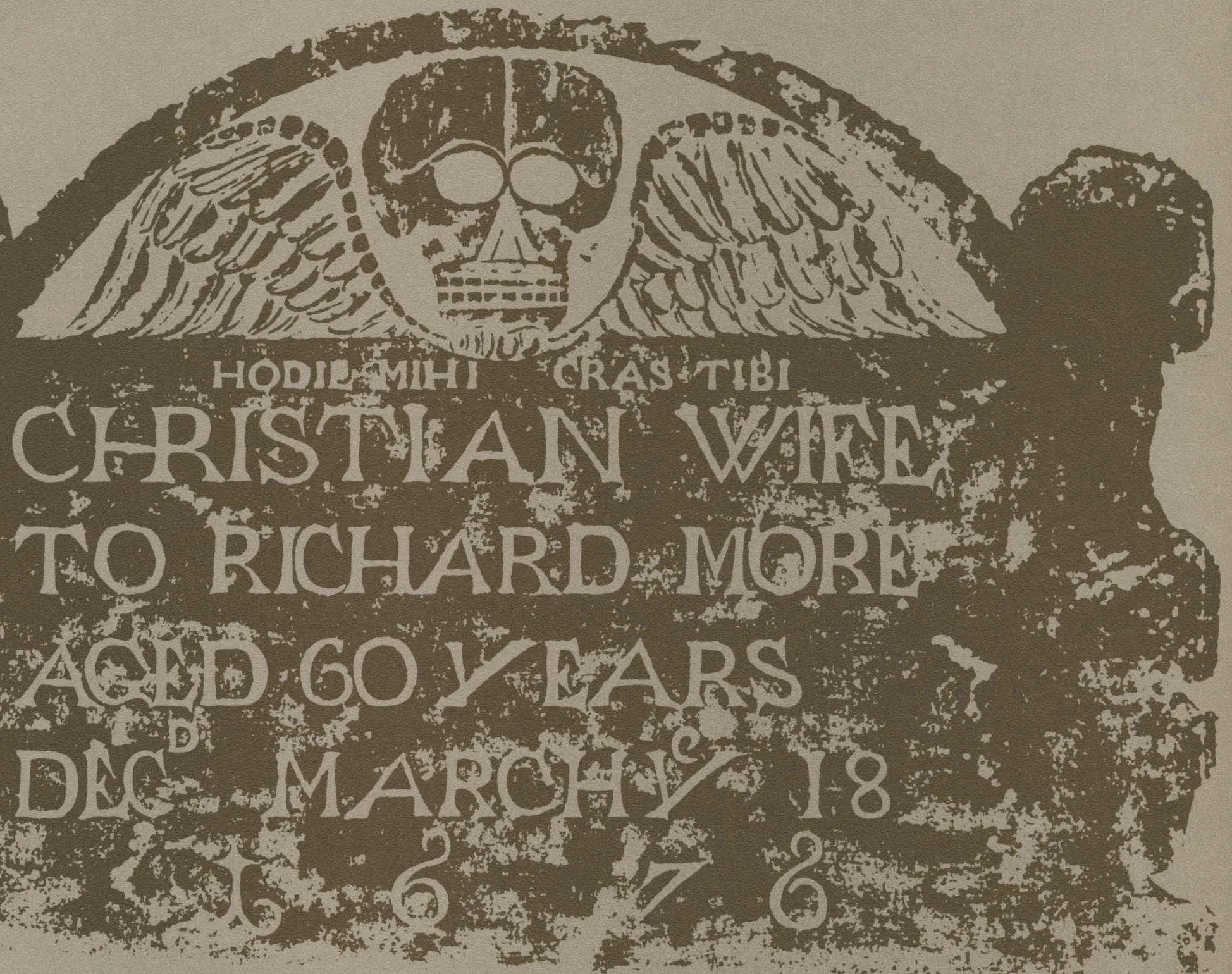
THE UNQUIET GRAVE

AMERICAN TRAGIC BALLADS SUNG WITH DULCIMER BY

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FA 2364

ANDREW ROWAN SUMMERS

The Unquiet Grave / Searching for Lambs' / Pretty Sally / The True Lover's Farewell / The Cruel Brother / Geordie / At the Foot of Yonders Mountain / The House Carpenter



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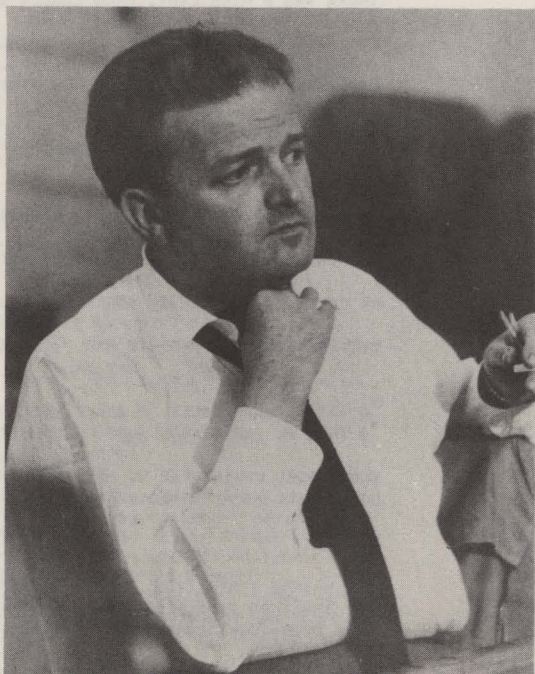
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THE UNQUIET GRAVE

and Other American Tragic Ballads

Sung by Andrew Rowan Summers



ANDREW ROWAN SUMMERS IS A NATIVE VIRGINIAN, NOW LIVING IN NEW YORK. AFTER STUDYING MUSIC AND VOICE AT THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA (WHERE HE TOOK A DEGREE IN LAW) HE RETURNED TO HIS NATIVE TOWN IN THE HIGHLANDS -- CLOSE BY TO SOME OF THE BEST FOLK MUSIC AND FOLK SINGING IN THE WORLD -- TO PRACTICE LAW AND SING. HE SPENT A DECADE IN SEARCHING OUT FOLK SINGERS, FOLK SONGS, AND INSTRUMENTS. HE WAS ESPECIALLY INTERESTED IN THE VERY OLD SINGERS AND PLAYERS, FOR THEY, HE FELT, WOULD KNOW BEST THAT WHICH HE WISHED TO KNOW. HE TOOK AN ACTIVE PART IN THE WHITE TOP FOLK FESTIVAL, WHICH DREW SINGERS, DANCERS, AND INSTRUMENTALISTS FROM FIVE OR SIX STATES IN THE SOUTHERN APPALACHIAN REGION. IT WAS AT ONE OF THESE FESTIVALS THAT MR. SUMMERS HEARD HIS FIRST DULCIMER, PLAYED BY AN OLD GENTLEMAN IN HIS EIGHTIES, SO FEEBLE AND WEAK THAT HE COULD NOT PARTICIPATE IN THE FESTIVAL. THIS SAME OLD FELLOW WILLED MR. SUMMERS HIS INSTRUMENT WHEN HE DIED TWO YEARS LATER. IT IS BELIEVED THAT MR. SUMMERS HAS PERFECTED THE NEAREST THING TO TRADITIONAL DULCIMER-PLAYING HANDED DOWN FROM GENERATIONS PAST.

THE UNQUIET GRAVE (COLD BLOWS THE WIND)
[IONIAN MODE]

ONE OF THE MOST TRAGIC OF THE ANCIENT BALLADS. THE WORDS OF THE SIXTH STANZA REFER TO THE ANCIENT BELIEF THAT A BETROTHED MAIDEN WAS PLEDGED TO HIM AFTER HIS DEATH AND MUST FOLLOW HIM INTO THE SPIRIT WORLD UNLESS SHE COULD PERFORM CERTAIN TASKS AND ANSWER CERTAIN RIDDLES. IN THIS BALLAD THE MAIDEN IS THE ONE WHO LIES IN THE GRAVE AND PROPOUNDS THE TASKS.

COLD BLOWS THE WIND TO MY TRUE LOVE,
AND GENTLY DROPS THE RAIN;
I NEVER HAD BUT ONE TRUE LOVE
AND IN GREENWOOD SHE LIES SLAIN.

I'LL DO AS MUCH FOR MY TRUE LOVE
AS ANY YOUNG MAN MAY;
I'LL SIT AND MOURN ALL ON HER GRAVE,
FOR A TWELVE-MONTH AND A DAY.

WHEN THE TWELVE-MONTH AND ONE DAY WAS
PAST
THE GHOST BEGAN TO SPEAK:
"WHY SITTEST HERE ALL ON MY GRAVE
AND WILL NOT LET ME SLEEP?"

MY BREAST IT IS AS COLD AS CLAY,
MY BREATH IS EARTHLY STRONG;
AND IF YOU KISS MY COLD CLAY LIPS
YOUR DAYS THEY WON'T BE LONG.

GO FETCH ME WATER FROM THE DESERT;
AND BLOOD FROM OUT OF A STONE,
GO FETCH ME MILK FROM A FAIR MAIDEN'S
BREAST
THAT A YOUNG MAN NEVER HAD KNOWN.

O DOWN IN YONDER GRAVE SWEETHEART,
WHERE WE WERE WANT TO WALK,
THE FIRST FLOWER THAT EVER I SAW
IS WITHERED TO A STALK.

WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGAIN SWEETHEART,
WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGAIN?
WHEN THE OAKEN LEAVES THAT FALL FROM
THE TREES
ARE GREEN, AND SPRING UP AGAIN.

THE STALK IS WITHERED AND DEAD,
SWEETHEART,
AND THE FLOWER WILL NEVER RETURN.
AND SINCE I LOST MY OWN TRU LOVE
WHAT CAN I DO BUT MOURN?

SEARCHING FOR LAMBS
[DORIAN MODE]

THIS SONG WITH ITS VERY INTERESTING MODAL TUNE AND EXQUISITE WORDS IS CONSIDERED BY MANY MUSICOLOGISTS TO BE A PERFECT EXAMPLE OF A FOLK SONG.

AS I WENT OUT ONE MAY MORNING,
ONE MAY MORNING BETIME;
I MET A MAID, FROM HOME HAD STRAY'D
JUST AS THE SUN DID SHINE.

WHAT MAKES YOU RISE SO SOON MY DEAR,
YOUR JOURNEY TO PURSUE?
YOUR PRETTY LITTLE FEET, THEY TREAD SO
SWEET,
STRIKE OFF THE MORNING DEW.

I'M GOING TO FEED MY FATHER'S FLOCKS,
HIS YOUNG AND TENDER LAMBS,
THAT OVER HILLS AND OVER DALES
LIE WAITING FOR THEIR DAMS.

O STAY, O STAY, YOU HANDSOME MAID,
AND REST A MOMENT HERE,
FOR THERE IS NONE BUT THEE ALONE,
THAT I DO LOVE SO DEAR.

HOW GLORIOUSLY THE SUN DOTHS SHINE,
HOW PLEASANT IS THE AIR,
I'D RATHER REST ON A TRUE LOVE'S BREAST
THAN ANY OTHER WHERE.

FOR I AM THINE, AND THOU ART MINE,
NO MAN SHALL UNCOMFORT THEE-
WE'LL JOIN OUR HANDS IN WEDDED BANDS,
AND MARRIED WE WILL BE.

PRETTY SALLY
[IONIAN MODE]

THIS BALLAD IS KNOWN AND SUNG BOTH IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA AND ITS MAIN THEME IS STATED IN THE OLD BALLAD "BLOW AWAY THE DEW" (SEE ALBUM FP 21 "SEEDS OF LOVE");

"AND IF YOU WILL NOT WHEN YOU MAY,
YOU MAY NOT WHEN YOU WOULD".

THE DANCING ON THE GRAVE, REFERRED TO IN THE TEXT, IS A VERY ANCIENT FOLK CUSTOM OF DANCING ON THE GRAVE OF A DECEASED LOVED ONE AS AN EXPRESSION OF RESPECT AND DEEP GRIEF. THIS SAME IDEA IS CLEARLY SET FORTH IN THE SECOND STANZA OF "THE UNQUIET GRAVE" (SEE ABOVE). THE TUNE IS OLDER THAN THE WORDS AND WAS HEARD AT WHITE TOP MOUNTAIN, VIRGINIA. THE TUNE IS WIDELY KNOWN, AND THOMAS MOORE'S LOVELY SONG "EVELYN'S BOWER" WAS WRITTEN TO BE SUNG TO IT. ONE VARIATION OF THE TUNE APPEARS IN AN OLD SHAPE-NOTE HYMNAL, WITH SACRED WORDS. (SEE "HYMNS AND CAROLS" ALBUM FP 56).

THERE WAS A RICH LADY, FROM LONDON SHE
CAME;
SHE CALLED HERSELF SALLY, PRETTY SALLY
BY NAME.
HER WEALTH IT WAS MORE THAN THE KING HE
POSSESSED,
HER BEAUTY WAS MORE THAN HER WEALTH AT
THE BEST.

THERE WAS A YOUNG DOCTOR, WAS LIVING
HARD BY,
WHO ON THIS FAIR DAMSEL IN LOVE CAST
HIS EYE.
HE COURTED HER NIGHTLY FOR A YEAR AND A
DAY,
BUT STILL SHE REFUSED HIM AND EVER SAID
SAY NAY.

"O SALLY, DEAR SALLY, O SALLY" SAID HE,
"O TELL ME THE REASON OUR LOVE CAN'T
AGREE-
YOUR CRUEL UNKINDNESS MY RUIN WILL PROVE,
UNLESS ALL YOUR HATRED SHALL TURN INTO
LOVE."

"NO HATRED I BEAR YOU, NOR NO OTHER MAN,
BUT TRULY TO FANCY YOU I NEVER CAN-
GIVE OVER YOUR COURTING, I PRAY YOU BE
STILL
FOR YOU I'LL NE'ER MARRY OF MY OWN FREE
WILL."

'T WAS SOON AFTER THIS, ERE A YEAR HAD
PASSED BY,
PRETTY SALLY GREW SICK AND SHE THOUGHT SHE
WOULD DIE.

SHE TANGLED WAS IN LOVE, AND HERSELF DID
ACCUSE,
SO SENT FOR THE DOCTOR SHE ONCE DID REFUSE.

"O AM I THE DOCTOR WHOSE SKILL YOU WOULD
TRY?
OR AM I THE YOUNG MAN YOU ONCE DID DENY?"
"YES, YOU ARE THE DOCTOR, CAN KILL OR
CAN CURE,
UNLESS YOU WILL HELP ME I'M DYING I'M
SURE."

"O SALLY, DEAR SALLY, O SALLY" SAID HE,
"O, DON'T YOU REMEMBER HOW YOU SLIGHTED ME?
YOU TREATED ME LIGHTLY, MY LOVE YOU DID
SCORN,
SO NOW YOU MUST SUFFER FOR THINGS PAST
AND GONE."

"IF THEY ARE PAST AND GONE, LOVE, FORGET
AND FORGIVE,
AND SUFFER ME LONGER IN THIS WORLD TO LIVE."
"I NEVER CAN FORGIVE YOU UNTIL MY DYING DAY,
BUT ON YOUR GRAVE I'LL DANCE WHEN YOU'RE
LAID IN COLD CLAY."

SHE PULLED FROM HER FINGERS, THEN, DIAMOND
RINGS THREE,
SAYING "TAKE THESE AND WEAR THEM WHILE
DANCING ON ME,
I FREELY FORGIVE YOU, THOUGH ME YOU DISDAIN,
AND SO I MUST LEAVE YOU IN SORROW AND PAIN."

THE TRUE LOVER'S FAREWELL [DORIAN MODE]

THIS OLD SONG WAS THE TYPE WHICH ROBERT BURNS
USED AS A MODEL IN MANY OF HIS VERSES AND
SONGS. ONE OR TWO OF THE TRADITIONAL VERSES
OF THIS SONG ARE INCLUDED IN AN AMERICAN BUR-
LESQUE SONG ABOUT THE MIDDLE OF THE LAST CEN-
TURY. THE SONG IS CLOSELY RELATED TO "THE
TURTLE DOVE".

O, FARE YOU WELL, I MUST BE GONE
AND LEAVE YOU FOR AWHILE,
BUT WHEREVER I GO I WILL RETURN,
THOUGH I GO TEN THOUSAND MILE MY DEAR.

TEN THOUSAND MILE, IT IS SO FAR,
TO LEAVE ME HERE ALONE-
WHILST I MAY LIE, LAMENT AND CRY,
AND YOU WILL NOT HEAR MY MOAN, MY DEAR.

THE CROW THAT IS SO BLACK MY DEAR,
SHALL CHANGE HIS COLOUR WHITE.
AND IF EVER I PROVE FALSE TO THEE,
THE DAY SHALL TURN TO NIGHT.

O DON'T YOU SEE THAT MILKWHITE DOVE,
A-SITTIN' ON YONDER TREE,
LAMENTING FOR HIS OWN TRU LOVE
AS I LAMENT FOR THEE?

THE RIVERS NEVER WILL RUN DRY
NOR ROCKS MELT WITH THE SUN,
AND I'LL NEVER PROVE FALSE TO THE GIRL
I LOVE
'TIL ALL THESE THINGS BE DONE, MY DEAR.

THE CRUEL BROTHER [IONIAN MODE]

THIS TRAGIC BALLAD, WITH ITS HAUNTING RE-
FRAIN IS SUNG THROUGHOUT THE SOUTHERN
APPALACHIANS. IT IS EASY TO SEE THE REASON
WHY IT HAS SUCH A HOLD ON THE PEOPLE - THE
FIGURE OF THE SISTER, DRESSED FOR HER WED-
DING ONLY TO BE MURDERED BY HER BROTHER.
THE QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS IN THE CLOSING
STANZAS OF THE BALLAD CALL TO MIND "LORD
RENDAL".

THERE'S THREE FAIR MAIDS WENT OUT TO
PLAY AT BALL,
I - O THE LILLY GAY-
THERE'S THREE LANDLORDS COME COURT THEM
ALL,
AND THE ROSE SMELLS SO SWEET I KNOW.

THE FIRST LANDLORD WAS DRESSED IN BLUE
HE ASKED HIS MAID TO BE HIS TRUE.

THE SECOND LANDLORD WAS DRESSED IN GREEN
HE ASKED HIS MAID TO BE HIS QUEEN.

THE THIRD LANDLORD WAS DRESSED IN WHITE,
HE ASKED HIS MAID TO BE HIS WIFE.

IT'S YOU MAY ASK MY OLD FATHER DEAR
AND YOU MAY ASK MY MOTHER, TOO.

IT'S I HAVE ASKED YOUR OLD FATHER DEAR,
AND I HAVE ASKED YOUR MOTHER, TOO.

YOUR SISTER ANNE, I ASKED HER NOT,
AND YOUR BROTHER JOHN, - HIM I FORGOT.

HER OLD FATHER DEAR WAS TO HELP HER TO
THE YARD,
HER MOTHER, TOO, WAS TO HELP HER TO THE
STEP.

HER BROTHER JOHN WAS TO HELP HER UP,
AS HE HELPED HER UP HE STABBED HER DEEP.

GO CARRY ME OUT ON YON' GREEN HILL,
AND LAY ME THERE SO I MAY BLEED.

GO HAUL ME UP ON YON' HIGH HILL,
AND LAY ME THERE WHILE I MAKE MY WILL.

IT'S WHAT WILL YOU WILL TO YOUR OLD
FATHER DEAR?
THESE HOUSES AND LANDS THAT I HAVE HERE.

IT'S WHAT WILL YOU WILL TO YOUR OLD
MOTHER, TOO?
THESE BLOODY CLOTHES THAT I DO WEAR.

GO TELL HER TO TAKE THEM TO YONDER
STREAM,
FOR MY HEART'S BLOOD IS IN EVERY SEAM.

OH WHAT WILL YOU LEAVE TO YOUR SISTER
ANNE?
MY NEW GOLD RING AND MY SILVER FAN.

AND WHAT WILL YOU LEAVE TO YOUR BROTHER
JOHN?
A ROPE AND A GALLOW'S TO HANG HIM UPON.

GEORDIE [DORIAN MODE]

CHILD GIVES MANY VERSIONS AND EXTENSIVE
NOTES ON THIS BALLAD. IT IS MORE THAN
POSSIBLE THAT IT RECOUNTS THE INCIDENTS OF
AN ACTUAL HAPPENING, SINCE MANY EARLY
COLLECTIONS, THOUGH NOT AGREEING, STATE THAT
THE BALLAD RECOUNTS FACTS. KINLOCH IN HIS
"ANCIENT SCOTTISH BALLADS" AGREES THAT "GEORDIE
"GEORDIE" WAS GEORGE GORDON, EARL OF HUNTLY,
AND THAT THE INCIDENT RELATED IN THE BALLAD
"ORIGINATED IN THE FACTIONS OF THE FAMILY
OF HUNTLY, DURING THE REIGN OF QUEEN MARY".

GO BRIDLE ME MY MILKWHITE STEED,
GO BRIDLE ME MY PONY,
FOR I MUST RIDE TO FAIR LONDON TOWN,
TO PLEAD FOR THE LIFE OF GEORDIE.

AND WHEN SHE ENTERED IN THE HALL,
THERE WERE LORDS AND LADIES PLENTY,
DOWN ON HER KNEES SHE THEN DID FALL,
TO PLEAD FOR THE LIFE OF GEORDIE.

IT'S SIX LITTLE BABES THAT I HAVE GOT,
THE SEVENTH LIES IN MY BODY,
I'LL FREELY PART WITH THEM EVERYONE,
IF YOU'LL SPARE ME THE LIFE OF GEORDIE.

THEN GEORDIE LOOKED AROUND THE COURT,
AND SAW HIS DEAREST POLLY -
HE SAID - "MY DEAR, YOU'VE COME TOO LATE,
FOR I'M CONDEMNED ALREADY."

THE JUDGE HE LOOKED DOWN ON HIM,
AND SAID "I'M SORRY FOR THEE.
'TIS THINE OWN CONFESSION HATH HANGED THEE.
MAY THE LORD HAVE MERCY ON THEE."

O GEORDIE STOLE NOR COW NOR CALF,
AND HE NEVER MURDERED ANY -
BUT HE STOLE SIXTEEN OF THE KING'S WHITE
STEEDS,
AND SOLD THEM IN BOHENY.

LET GEORDIE HANG IN GOLDEN CHAINS,
(HIS CRIMES WERE NEVER MANY) -
BECAUSE HE COMES OF ROYAL BLOOD,
AND COURTED A VIRTUOUS LADY.

I WISH I WAS IN YONDER GROVE,
WHERE TIMES I HAVE BEEN MANY -
WITH MY BROAD SWORD AND MY PISTOL TOO,
I'D FIGHT FOR THE LIFE OF GEORDIE.

AT THE FOOT OF YONDERS MOUNTAIN
[IONIAN MODE]

THIS SONG IS WIDELY KNOWN AND SUNG IN
VIRGINIA. THE DIRECT SIMPLICITY OF THE
VERSES, WITH THEIR WARMTH AND LACK OF AF-
FECTIONATION, DEMONSTRATE THE SENSITIVITY AND
POLISH TO WHICH FOLK-POETRY CAN ATTAIN.

AT THE FOOT OF YONDERS MOUNTAIN THERE
RUNS A CLEAR STREAM,
AT THE FOOT OF YONDERS MOUNTAIN THERE
LIVES A FAIR QUEEN.
SHE'S HANDSOME, SHE'S PROPER, AND HER
WAYS THEY ARE FEAT.
I ASK NO BETTER PASTIME THAN TO BE WITH
MY SWEET.

NOW WHY SHE WON'T HAVE ME I WELL UNDER-
STAND -
SHE WANTS A FREEHOLDER, AND I HAVE NO
LAND.
YET I CAN MAINTAIN HER ON SILVER AND
GOLD,
AND AS MANY OTHER FINE THINGS AS MY
LOVE'S HOUSE CAN HOLD.

I WISH I WERE A CLARK AND COULD WRITE
A FINE HAND -
I'D WRITE HER A LETTER FROM THIS DIS-
TANT LAND.
I'D SEND IT BY THE WATER, JUST FOR TO
LET HER KNOW,
I THINK OF PRETTY MARY WHEREVER I GO.

I WISH I WERE A LARK WITH SWIFT WINGS,
AND COULD FLY -
IT'S TO MY LOVE'S WINDOW THIS NIGHT I'D
DRAW NIGH -
I'D SIT IN THAT WINDOW ALL NIGHT LONG,
AND CRY -
THAT FOR LOVE OF PRETTY MARY I GLADLY
WOULD DIE.

THE HOUSE CARPENTER
[DORIAN MODE]

IN 18TH CENTURY ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND THIS
GREAT BALLAD WAS KNOWN AS "THE DAEMON
LOVER". IN AMERICA IT IS WIDELY DISTRIBU-
TED AND SUNG, BUT THE SUPERNATURAL QUALITY
OF THE ORIGINAL SCOTTISH AND ENGLISH VER-
SIONS HAS DISAPPEARED ALMOST COMPLETELY.
THE UNUSUAL AND HAUNTING MELODY OF THE
PRESENT VERSION IS PERFECTLY SUITED TO THE
TEXT.

WELL MET, WELL MET TRUE LOVE, HE SAID
WELL MET, WELL MET, SAID HE -
I'VE JUST RETURNED FROM THE SALT, SALT SEA,
AND IT'S ALL FOR THE LOVE OF THEE.

O, I COULD HAVE MARRIED THE KING'S DAUGHTER
DEAR,
FOR SHE WOULD HAVE MARRIED ME,
BUT I REFUSED HER CROWN OF GOLD,
AND IT'S ALL FOR THE LOVE OF THEE.

IF YOU COULD HAVE MARRIED THE KING'S
DAUGHTER DEAR,
I'M SURE YOU ARE TO BLAME -
FOR I HAVE MARRIED A HOUSE CARPENTER,
AND I THINK HIM A NICE YOUNG MAN.

IF YOU'LL FORSAKE YOUR HOUSE CARPENTER,
AND GO ALONG WITH ME,
I'LL TAKE YOU WHERE THE GRASS GROWS GREEN
ON THE BANKS OF ITALIE.

IF I FORSAKE MY HOUSE CARPENTER,
AND GO ALONG WITH THEE....
WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO KEEP ME UPON
AND KEEP ME FROM SLAVERY?

I'VE SIX SHIPS A-SAILING THE SALT, SALT SEA,
A-SAILING FOR DRY LAND,
AND A HUNDRED AND TEN BOLD SAILOR MEN,
SHALL BE AT THY COMMAND.

SHE TOOK HER BABE UPON HER KNEE
AND KISSES GAVE IT THREE -
SAYING "STAY AT HOME WITH THY FATHER DEAR,
AND KEEP HIM COMPANY."

THEY HAD NOT SAILED TWO WEEKS AT SEA,
I'M SURE IT HAD NOT BEEN THREE,
WHEN SHE THOUGHT OF HER DARLING BABE AT
HOME
AND WEPT MOST BITTERLY.

O, DO YOU WEEP FOR YOUR GOLD, HE SAID,
OR DO YOU WEEP FOR YOUR STORE? -
OR DO YOU WEEP FOR YOUR HOUSE CARPENTER,
THAT YOU'LL SEE NEVER MORE?

I DO NOT WEEP FOR MY GOLD, SHE SAID,
AND I DO NOT WEEP FOR MY STORE,
BUT I DO WEEP FOR MY DEAR LITTLE BABE
THAT I'LL SEE NEVERMORE.

THEY HAD NOT SAILED THREE WEEKS AT SEA
I'M SURE IT HAD NOT BEEN FOUR -
WHEN THAT GOOD SHIP IT SPRUNG A LEAK
AND SANK TO RISE NO MORE.

PRODUCTION DIRECTOR - MOSES ASCH
RECORDED BY PETER BARTOK

OTHER FOLKWAYS RECORDS
BY ANDREW ROWAN SUMMERS:
FP 21 SEEDS OF LOVE
FP 61 EARLY AMERICAN HYMNS
AND CAROLS