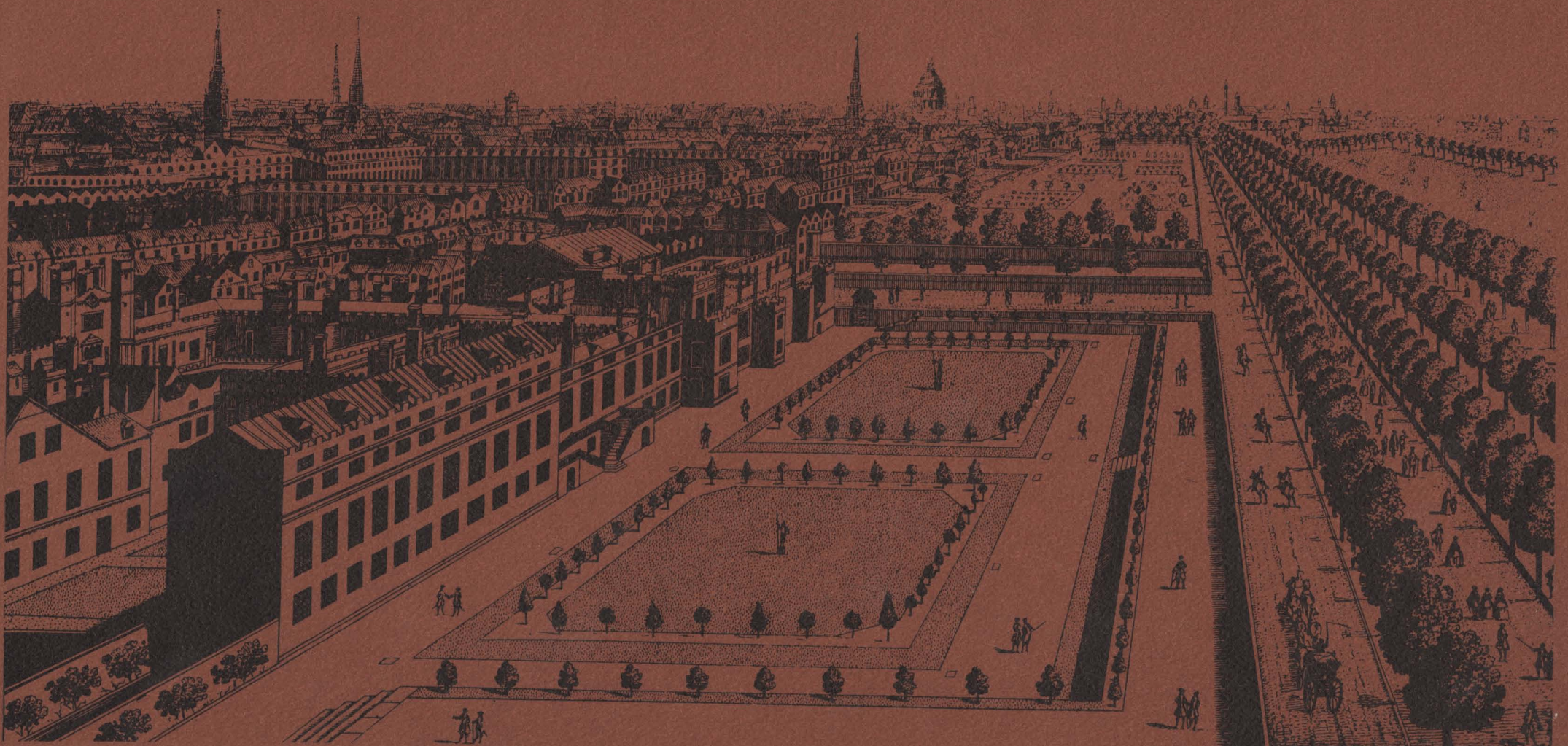


THE UNFORTUNATE RAKE

(ST. JAMES HOSPITAL) Edited by Kenneth S. Goldstein FOLKWAYS RECORDS FS 3805

THE UNFORTUNATE RAKE/A. L. Lloyd
THE TROOPER CUT DOWN IN HIS PRIME/Ewan MacColl
THE YOUNG SAILOR CUT DOWN IN HIS PRIME/Harry Cox
NOW I'M A YOUNG MAN CUT DOWN IN MY PRIME/Willie Mathieson
THE BAD GIRL'S LAMENT/Wade Hemsworth
ONE MORNING IN MAY/Hally Wood
BRIGHT SUMMER MORNING/Mrs. Viola Penn
THE GIRL IN THE DILGER CASE/D. K. Wilgus
THE COWBOY'S LAMENT/Bruce Buckley
STREETS OF LAREDO/Harry Jackson

ST. JAMES HOSPITAL/Alan Lomax
GAMBLER'S BLUES/Dave Van Ronk
I ONCE WAS A CARMAN/Guthrie Meade
THE LINEMAN'S HYMN/Rosalie Sorrels
THE WILD LUMBERJACK/Kenneth S. Goldstein
A SUN VALLEY SONG/Jan Brunvand
THE BALLAD OF BLOODY THURSDAY/John Greenway
THE STREETS OF HAMTRAMCK/Bill Friedland
BALLAD OF SHERMAN WU/Pete Seeger
THE PROFESSOR'S LAMENT/Roger Abrahams



ST. JAMES HOSPITAL AND PARTS ADJACENT

COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

THE UNFORTUNATE RAKE

THE UNFORTUNATE RAKE

A STUDY IN THE EVOLUTION OF A BALLAD

NOTES BY KENNETH S. GOLDSTEIN

It is, perhaps, a bitter historical irony, that the "St. James Hospital" which provides the setting for this series of ballads is known today in London as St. James Palace, the home of the "Court of St. James." The original St. James Hospital was a religious foundation for the redemption of "fourteen sisters, maidens, that were leperous, living chastely and honestly in divine service." Now known as St. James Park, the grounds on which the palace stands was acquired by Henry VIII in 1532. During the whole reign of George III, the royal court was held at St. James.

A contemporary says that the palace "looked more like a prison than a royal mansion." The palace evoked in one observer a mood which paralleled the spirit of the times, one of "terrible drama... some deeply tragic...some gay...with a transient light like that which at times gilds for a moment the fierce black waves breaking over a stranded ship."

Palace life was a frequent subject for popular comment. "Ballads swarmed as abundantly as cariacatures are swarming at present," wrote Lady Louisa Stuart, "and were struck off almost as hastily, whenever wit and humor or malice and scurrility found them a theme to fasten upon. A ballad was sure to follow every incident that had a ludicrous corner from

'A woful christening late there did
In James's house befall,'

and the King's turning his son and daughter out of doors after it, down to a lady's dropping her shoe in the Park."

Jonathan Swift wrote about the palace in his "Journal to Stella" in a chapter called "History of the Maids of Honour since Harry the Eighth":

"Houses of amusements abounded...bibbing and drinking under the trees: two or three quarrels every week. It was grown scandalous and insufferable."

The Mall in St. James Park continued to be the most fashionable promenade in London as late as the middle of the 18th century.

In recent years great interest has been directed at the old Anglo-Irish homiletic ballad of "The Unfortunate Rake", and its numerous progeny. An increasing number of folksong and ballad teachers and lecturers have used this ballad, in its many versions and variational forms, as a classroom device for explaining the process of tradition, which is necessarily the core of all understanding of that fascinating cultural phenomena known as FOLKSONG. A large part of the credit for such classroom demonstrations must be given to the phonograph recordings industry (and especially those small and medium size companies specializing in folk music recordings) for making available in ever increasing numbers excellent sound recordings of different forms of this ballad which may be heard by a classroom audience, and which aid in arriving at a better understanding of transmissional changes (and parody) in the oral dissemination of ballads and songs.

In producing, editing and annotating this album of 20 different versional and variational forms of the "Rake" cycle of ballads, I have attempted to bring together in one easily accessible recording sufficient materials to facilitate the use of this ballad cycle as a demonstration tool for classroom work. I believe the instructor or lecturer will find in this recording enough materials to remove the problem of his having to go to some half dozen (or more) different recordings from which to make his selection. The introductory notes, and headnotes to each of the recorded ballads have been designed to give that minimum amount of information necessary to supplement the recordings, avoiding, as much as possible, long-winded theorizing and discussion. A selected bibliography of important articles containing references to numerous texts will be found at the end of this booklet, and may be referred to by those wishing to pursue the subject further than this album. It is obvious from the great wealth of material available that an extended monograph on this ballad cycle is long overdue; perhaps some graduate student of folklore will soon undertake such a study in partial fulfillment of an advanced degree. We shall all be the richer for it.

SOME BACKGROUND INFORMATION

The oldest text we can find for any member of the "Rake" cycle of songs was not published until 1909, though it had been collected in 1848 in County Cork, Ireland, from a singer who had learned it in Dublin in 1790. The singer, according to Patrick W. Joyce, could remember only a single chorus, calling it "My Jewel, My Joy".

"My jewel, my joy, don't trouble me with the drum,
Sound the dead march as my corpse goes along;
And over my body throw handfuls of laurel,
And let them all know that I'm going to my rest."

The song may well have been in tradition for a long time before the singer learned it, but any attempt to date it earlier is pure conjecture.

The earliest complete texts appear to be those printed on various 19th century broadsides from England and Ireland (See Side One, Band 1 for a 19th century broadside version). The distinguishing feature of these texts is the military funeral requested by the dying young man, a feature found in all versions and variant forms of the "Rake" ballads. It appears safe to deduce from this factor, that the dying young man, though not described specifically as such, was a member of one of the military forces. Later texts reported from tradition seem to bear this out, for specific mention is made in several of them to "The Young Trooper" (Soldier) or "The Young Sailor" cut down in his prime. (See Side One, Band 2 and 3). The early broadside texts are rather explicit in their mentioning the cause of the young man's death -- some venereal disease. The situation is stated rather clearly:

"Had she but told me when she disordered me,
Had she but told me of it in time,
I might have got salts and pills of white mercury,
But now I'm cut down in the height of my prime."

Later texts have rarely been as frank; usually the cause of death is not mentioned, or have been rationalized to less degrading, but more violent, forms of death.

Somewhere along the chain of oral transmission (probably during the 19th century), some singer reversed the sexes of the main characters. The dying person is a "Young Girl Cut Down In Her Prime", and her malefactor is a young man (See Side One, Bands 5, 6, 7 and 8). In this form, the ballad has been reported with greater frequency than any other, excepting of course, for the later cowboy adaptations.

Whereas the earlier forms of the "Rake" ballad discussed above have all been reported rather frequently from Old World sources, only variant forms of "The Bad Girl's Lament" have been reported in the New World. Undoubtedly, however, the other forms were also known at one time, but were crowded out of the picture by the popularity of a western recension of the "Rake" theme. It appears impossible at this late date to trace the line of descent of Cowboy variants; we can only guess that some frontiersman brought a version of either the older "Rake" ballad, or its sister

mutation, "The Bad Girl's Lament", to the West where it was readily adapted to the frontier situation (For Western variants, see Side One, Bands 9 and 10, and Side Two, Band 1). Though never specifically stated, we may deduce that the cowboy meets his violent end as a result of drinking and gambling which lead to an argument over cheating at cards, and his eventual death from 'lead-poisoning'.

To this point, the changes that have taken place may be viewed as mutational, that is, changes of an abrupt or major nature, utilizing more than mere substitution, as in changes of a simple parody type. Tradition itself is relatively conservative; most changes, resulting from accidents of hearing, misunderstanding, and loss of memory, are, in their individual acts, only slight changes, frequently cancelling and correcting each other over a period of time. Major, or mutational changes, are caused by more creative forces -- such as the desire for more dramatic effects, tendencies towards localization and rationalization of old motifs and settings, and invention of new story matter. Of an entirely different order, though also creative in its functioning, are those changes produced by parody. This consists of simple substitution of words and phrases in a more or less standardized text.

The occupational and topical versions of the "Rake" ballads appear to be mostly on the order of parodies -- specifically, parodies of the "The Cowboy's Lament". Thus, hard-rock miners (Side Two, Band 3), telephone linemen (Side Two, Band 4), lumberjacks (Side Two, Band 5), skiers (Side Two, Band 6), longshoreman (Side Two, Band 7), trade-unionists (Side Two, Band 8), and students (Side Two, Bands 9 and 10) have all tried their hands at the delightful art of parody. Occasionally such changes go beyond simple parody, and additional story matter is introduced (See Side Two, Bands 7, 8 and 9).

One remaining version remains to be considered. And here too the chain of descent has been obscured. "Gambler's Blues" (Side Two, Band 2), a popular Negro jazz song, has close affinities to the "Rake" cycle of ballads in thematic content, and appears to have even borrowed several stanzas from the older ballad, but it tells its story uniquely. Two distinct ballads may have crossed paths in a honky-tonk nitespot early in the 20th century, resulting in a fusion of elements from both. Or, we may be dealing with a mutational version, deriving directly from some older form of the "Rake" ballad, probably "The Bad Girl's Lament".

One additional point seems appropriate here. Several ballads outside of the "Rake" cycle have occasionally borrowed stanzas from it. The stanza most frequently borrowed is an appropriate variant of the funeral request stanza found in all "Rake" descendants. Thus, in versions of "The Rambling Boy" (also known as "Wild and Wicked Youth", "The Flash Lad", "Newry Town", and "The Robber", among others), the dying robber asks for fellow highwaymen to carry his coffin:

"Now I'm dead, going to my grave,
Get six sweet damsels my shroud to weave,
Get six highwaymen to carry me,
Give them bright swords and sweet liberty."
(From "Folksongs from Martha's Vineyard",
sung by E. G. Huntington (Folkways Records FA 2032)
under the title "Scarlet Town", Side 1, Band 6.)

In most variants of the 19th century British sentimental sea song "Tarpaulin Jacket", the dying sailor asks for his shipmates to carry his coffin. In a whaling variant, he asks for 'boatsteerers' (harpooners) to do the job:

"Wrap me up in my tarpaulin jacket,
And say a poor sailor lies low,
Let six boatsteerers come carry me
With a step that is mournful and slow."
(From "Folksongs from Martha's Vineyard" (see above),
Side 2, Band 2.)

Though no text from the "Rake" family of ballads has yet been reported from Australia, there is a widely known deathbed piece, "The Dying Stockman", in which the dying man requests a funeral befitting his station:

"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."
(From "Australian Folksongs and Ballads", sung by
John Greenway (Folkways Records FW 8718),
Side 1, Band 3)

In this last mentioned ballad we are dealing with what appears to be a parody of a 'second-cousin' to the "Rake". The exact relationship of the above mentioned pieces to the "Rake" cycle is uncertain, but should present exciting material for a study of borrowing in traditional songs.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

We are grateful to Riverside Records, Traditional Records and Elektra Records for granting us permission to reproduce versions of "The Unfortunate Rake" originally released on their respective labels. Special thanks must also go to Frank Hoffman of the Audio-Visual and Folklore Departments of Indiana University for engineering and supervising the recordings made by Bruce Buckley (Side 1, Band 8), Guthrie Meade (Side 2, Band 3), and Jan Brunvand (Side 2, Band 6). The efforts of numerous scholars and students, in tracing down versions and getting them recorded, was also of inestimable help in making this recording possible; I especially wish to thank D. K. Wilgus, Archie Green, Bill Friedland, Wayland D. Fand, John Greenway, Hamish Henderson, Herbert Halpert, Ellen Skert, and Roger Abrahams on this score. Many thanks, also, for the several unique recordings supplied by the Moses Asch folkmusic collection.

K.S.G.

SIDE I, Band 1: THE UNFORTUNATE RAKE
(Sung by A.L. LLOYD) Time: 2:51

This 19th century broadside text may not be the grand-daddy of all later versions of the much travelled "Rake" cycle, but it is probably sufficiently close enough to the original ballad to warrant its use as a starting point for an examination of the whole family of related parodies and recensions.

Only a handful of texts reported from tradition have been as graphically frank in their commentary on the cause of the young man's demise as that given in this early version. Later texts have tended to treat the matter obliquely, or have rationalized the situation by having death caused by other, usually more violent, means.

This recording may also be heard as part of an album of English Street Songs (Riverside RLP 12-614), sung by A.L. Lloyd, with concertina accompaniments by Alf Edwards, and is reproduced here with the permission of Riverside Records.

THE UNFORTUNATE RAKE

As I was a-walking down by St. James' Hospital,
I was a-walking down by there one day,
What should I spy but one of my comrades
All wrapped up in flannel though warm was the day.

I asked him what ailed him, I asked him what failed him,
I asked him the cause of all his complaint.
"It's all on account of some handsome young woman,
'Tis she that has caused me to weep and lament.

"And had she but told me before she disordered me,
Had she but told me of it in time,
I might have got pills and salts of white mercury,
But now I'm cut down in the height of my prime.

"Get six young soldiers to carry my coffin,
Six young girls to sing me a song,
And each of them carry a bunch of green laurel
So they don't smell me as they bear me along.

"Don't muffle your drums and play your fifes merrily,
Play a quick march as you carry me along,
And fire your bright muskets all over my coffin,
Saying: There goes an unfortunate lad to his home."

SIDE I, Band 2: THE TROOPER CUT DOWN IN HIS PRIME
(Sung by Ewan MacColl) Time: 4:26

This British soldier's variant of the "Rake" ballad is reported as "...probably the oldest of British barrack-room favorites." Old army regulars claim that the song originated in the first expeditionary force sent to France during World War I, but it was likewise known among soldiers during the Boer War, as evidenced by MacColl's having heard an almost

identical version sung by a ninety-year old actor, Norman Partridge, dating from the South African campaigns.

The trooper's death results from his consorting with "flash-girls", an oblique reference to death from venereal disease, though such "disordering" is not itself mentioned.

This recording may also be heard as part of an album of British soldier's songs, entitled Bless 'Em All (Riverside RLP 12-642), sung by Ewan MacColl, and is reproduced here with the permission of Riverside Records. Guitar accompaniment for this number is supplied by Peggy Seeger.

THE TROOPER CUT DOWN IN HIS PRIME

As I was a-walkin' down by the Royal Arsenal,
Early the morning though warm was the day,
When who should I see but one of my comrades,
All wrapped up in flannel, and cold as the clay.

CHORUS:

Then beat the drum slowly and play your fife slowly,
And sound the dead march as you carry me along;
And fire your bundooks¹ right over my coffin,
For I'm a young trooper cut down in my prime.

The bugles were playin'; his mates were a-prayin',
The chaplain was kneelin' down by his bed;
His poor head was achin', his poor heart was breakin',
This poor young trooper cut down in his prime.

(CHORUS)

Get six of my comrades to carry my coffin,
Six of my comrades to carry me on high;
And six young maidens to carry white roses,
So they won't smell me as they pass me by.

(CHORUS)

Outside of the barracks you will find two girls
standin',
And one to the other she whispered and said:
"Here comes the young swaddy² whose money we
squandered,
Here comes the young trooper cut down in his prime."

(CHORUS)

On the cross by his grave you will find these words
written:
"All you young troopers take warnin' by me;
Keep away from them flash-girls³ who walk in the
city;
Flash-girls of the city have quite ruined me."

(CHORUS)

¹bundooks - from the Hindustani banduk, a rifle
or musket

²swaddy - English slang for soldier

³flash-girls - street girls (probably prostitutes)

SIDE I, Band 3: THE YOUNG SAILOR CUT DOWN IN HIS PRIME (Sung by Harry Cox) Time: 1:53

The setting has changed only slightly, and the young dissipator of this version is a sailor, but the close relationship of this text to the one above is obvious. Here, too, "flash-girls" appear to be the cause of the young man's demise, though not as clearly stated as in the case of the trooper in the previous ballad.

Harry Cox, famous septuagenarian folksinger from Norfolk, England, has recorded more than 50 songs from his huge repertory for the B.B.C. archives. This recording of his singing was made by the noted English collector, Peter Kennedy. For an article on Harry Cox, and several of his songs see the Journal of the English Folk Dance and Song Society, Volume VIII, No. 3, December, 1958, pp. 142-155. This recording may also be heard as part of the album Field Trip - England (Folkways FW 8871), edited by Jean Ritchie.

THE YOUNG SAILOR CUT DOWN IN HIS PRIME

As I was a-walking down by the Royal Albert,
Black was the night and cold was the day;
Who should I see there but one of my shipmates.
Wrapped in a blanket far colder than clay.

He asked for a blanket to wrap 'round his head,
Likewise a candle to light him to bed;
His poor heart was breakin', his poor head was
achin',
For he's a young sailor cut down in his prime.

We'll beat the big drums and we'll play the pipes
merrily,
Play the dead march as we carry him along,
Take him to the churchyard and fire three volleys
o'er him
For he's a young sailor cut down in his prime.

At the corner of the street you will see two girls
standing,
One to the other did whisper and say:
"Here comes a young sailor who's money we'll
squander,
Here comes a young sailor cut down in his prime."

His kind-hearted mother, his kind-hearted father,
Both of them wondered about his past life,
For along with the flash-girls he would wander,
Along with the flash-girls it was his delight.

SIDE I, Band 4: NOO I'M A YOUNG MAN CUT DOWN IN MY PRIME (Sung by Willie Mathieson) Time 2:18

When the "Rake" crossed the border to Scotland, his
sad tale underwent few changes. There is little,

if any, suggestion of a military funeral (the pipes reference in a Scottish context could well mean the bagpipes, used at both civilian and military affairs). The young man's death is still obviously due to his association with members of the fairer sex.

Willie Mathieson, who recorded this version in 1952 at the age of 72, spent almost his entire life working as a farm servant in the Northeastern Scottish counties of Aberdeen and Banff. Upon his death in 1958, Mathieson's legacy to folklore included not only his own extensive oral repertoire of folksong but a manuscript collection of 545 songs written down in 3 huge ledgers as he heard them through the years, beginning as a schoolboy and continuing in the bothies, chaulmers and farm kitchens where he feed as a farm servant. He first heard this version of the Unfortunate Rake from John Innes, farm servant and "second horseman" at the farm of 'Boghead', Dunlugas, Banffshire, in the winter of 1933.

This recording was made by the noted Scots poet and folklorist, Hamish Henderson, for The School of Scottish Studies archives, on a field trip in February, 1952.

NOO I'M A YOUNG MAN CUT DOWN IN MY PRIME

As I was a-walking one bright summer morning,
As I was a-walking one bright summer day,
Its who did I spy but one of my comrades,
Rolled up in white flannel and cauler than clay.

CHORUS:

O love, it is cruel, cruel to deceive me,
Why didn't you tell me your sorrows in time?
My head is an-aching, my heart is a-breaking,
Noo, I'm a young man cut down in my prime.

Its I have an aged father, likewise a mother,
Oft times they did tell me it would ruin me
quick,
I never did believe them, I always did deceive
them,
And still with the city girls I spent all my
time.

Go send for my mother to wash and to dress me,
Go send for my sister to comb my black hair;
Go send for my brother to play the pipes slowly,
And play the dead march as they carry me along.

(CHORUS)

There's a bunch of roses to lay on my coffin,
There's a bunch of roses for my head and my
feet,
There's a bunch of roses to lay in the churchyard,
To perfume the way as they carry me along.

At the gate of the churchyard two girlies were
standing,
The one to the other in a whisper did say:

"Here comes the young man whose money we have
squandered,
And noo they have laid him down in his could grave.

(CHORUS)

SIDE I, Band 5: THE BAD GIRL'S LAMENT
(Sung by Wade Hemsworth) Time: 2:49

The transformation from a ballad of a misguided male 'rake' (soldier or Sailor) to that of a young girl 'gone wrong' is not as simple as one might suspect; more than a mere change of sex has been made. In each of the three ballads above the burial ceremony requested by the young man is a totally military one, and no request is made for death-bed visitors. In each of the four 'bad girl' versions given here, the death march is more conventional, though still retaining military overtones, and death bed communicants (preacher, doctor, lover, and parents) are asked for.

This variant of The Bad Girl's Lament, sung by Wade Hemsworth as learned by him in the Canadian North Woods (Northern Ontario and Quebec), is closely related to early texts reported in the Canadian Maritimes and Maine.

This recording may also be heard as part of an album of Folk Songs of the Canadian North Woods (Folkways FW 6821), sung by Wade Hemsworth accompanying himself on guitar.

THE BAD GIRL'S LAMENT

As I walked down to St. James' Hospital,
St. James Hospital early one day,
I spied my only fairest daughter
Wrapped up in white linen as cold as the clay.

CHORUS:
So beat your drums and play the fife lowly,
And play the dead march as you carry me along;
Take me to the churchyard and lay the sod over me,
I am a young maid and I know I've done wrong.

Once in the street I used to look handsome;
Once in the street I used to dress gay;
First to the ale house, then to the dance hall
Then to the poor house and now to my grave.

(CHORUS)

Send for the preacher to pray o'er my body,
Send for the doctor to heal up my wounds,
Send for the young man I first fell in love with,
That I might see him before I pass on.

(CHORUS)

Let six pretty maidens with a bunch of red roses,
Six pretty maidens to sing me a song,
Six pretty maidens with a bunch of red roses
To lay on my coffin as they carry me along.

(CHORUS)

SIDE I, Band 6: ONE MORNING IN MAY
(Sung by Hally Wood) Time: 2:33

Variants of The Bad Girl's Lament in which venereal disease is mentioned or even hinted at as the cause of the young woman's demise are extremely rare. Herbert Halpert collected a unique text in New Jersey in which specific mention is made of the girl's suffering from 'blue bores' (venereal chancres), and two texts (including the one referred to above) in which mercury is mentioned as a possible curative aid for the disease.

In the Virginia variant sung here, and the Virgin Islands one which follows, a venereal disease is hinted at by use of the terms 'salivated' and 'salvation'. Ointments of metallic mercury have been used in past times as a cure for syphilis, and one of the results of such curative attempts is an excessive flow of saliva on the part of the patient. Funk and Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary gives as a definition for 'salivation': "An abnormally increased secretion and flow of saliva, especially when due to the effects of drugs, as mercury."

Hally Wood learned this variant from the Library of Congress recording of Mrs. Texas Gladden, of Salem, Virginia, collected by Alan & Elizabeth Lomax in 1941. Mrs. Gladden's singing of this ballad may be heard on a recording of Anglo-American Ballads from the Archive of American Folk Song (AAFS LI) issued by the recording laboratory of the Music Division of the Library of Congress.

This recording may also be heard as part of the album O' Lovely Appearance of Death (Elektra EKL-10), sung by Hally Wood, and is reproduced here with the permission of Elektra Records.

ONE MORNING IN MAY

When I was a young girl I used to seek pleasure,
When I was a young girl I used to drink ale;
Right out of the alehouse and into the jailhouse,
Out of a barroom and down to my grave.

Come Papa, come Mama, and sit you down by me,
Come sit you down by me and pity my case;
My poor head is aching, my sad heart is breaking,
My body's salivated and I'm bound to die.

Go send for the preacher to come and pray for me;
Go send for the doctor to heal up my wounds;
My poor head is aching, my sad heart is breaking,
My body's salivated, and Hell is my doom.

I want four young ladies to bear up my coffin,
I want three young maidens to carry me on,
And each of them carry a bunch of wild roses,
To lay on my body as I pass along.

One morning, one morning, one morning in May,
I spied this young lady all clad in white linen,
All clad in white linen and cold as the clay.

SIDE I, Band 7: BRIGHT SUMMER MORNING
(Sung by Mrs. Viola Penn) Time: 2:22

This West Indian Negro variant of The Bad Girl's Lament probably came to the Virgin Islands from British colonizers during the 19th century, when, for a short time, England took over control of the Islands from Denmark.

This version, sung by Mrs. Viola Penn to her own guitar accompaniment, was collected by Van Dam and T. Combs on St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, in November, 1953.

BRIGHT SUMMER MORNING

One bright summer morning as I were a-walking,
One bright summer morning as I were a-walk,
Whom should I meet-a with a fair darling damsel,
She was wrapped up in flannel, as cold as could be,
She was wrapped up in flannel, as cold as could be.

O come, dearest mother, and sit down beside me,
O come, dearest mother, and pity my crime,
For my poor heart is breakin', my poor head is bendin',
For I'm deep in salvation¹ and surely I must die,
For I'm deep in salvation and surely I must die.

Do send for the young man that first introduced² me,
Do send for the young man that put me in pain,
Do send for the doctor, although it is too late,
For I am a young girl cut down in my prime,
For I am a young girl cut down in my prime.

Six jolly young sailors to carry my coffin,
Six jolly young ladies to walk by my side
With a bunch of green roses to place on my coffin,
That the people might smell me while passing along.

¹salvation - see headnote to Side I, Band 5
(One Morning in May).

²introduced - this is probably a misunderstanding
or corruption of seduced.

SIDE I, Band 8: THE GIRL IN THE DILGER CASE
(Sung by D.K. Wilgus) Time: 1:05

This Kentucky variant of The Bad Girl's Lament appears to have been adapted to fit the circumstances of a local incident. The exact relationship of the young prostitute of the ballad to the Dilger referred to in its title is unclear. Wilgus supplied the following information with the text: "Dilger had been a policeman and a private bouncer in a low class variety theatre. He was a husky, virile, rather good-looking chap of about 35. He was surprised in a bawdy house by two policemen. He killed them both and was subsequently executed for the crime."

The text sung here was collected by E.C. Perrow from Jack Sykes of Louisville, Kentucky, in 1915, and is presently part of the Western Kentucky Folklore Archive. Dr. Wilgus has set the text to a conventional tune for ballads in the 'Rake' cycle.

THE GIRL IN THE DILGER CASE

Once I was young and sweet as the roses;
Out on the street so gaudy and gay.
I went first to the dance hall, from there to the
 whore house,
And now from the whore house I go to my grave.

Send for my mother to sit by my bedside,
Send for the preacher to pray over me,
Send for the doctor that heals me so easy,
Send for the young man that I like to see.

The Ninth Street¹ girls will carry my coffin,
The Eighth Street walkers will sing a sweet song;
Give them each a bunch of red roses
To keep me from smelling as they carry me along.

¹Ninth Street - Dr. Wilgus believes this should
 read Green Street.

SIDE I, Band 8: THE COWBOY'S LAMENT (Sung by Bruce Buckley) Time: 2:36

The western pioneer and the cowboy readily adapted the 'Rake' ballad to their own needs. The setting is a western town, and the unfortunate hero dies of lead poisoning rather than syphilis. Gambling and drinking are contributory factors to his murder. The cowboy calls for his pardners to hear his sad story, and then asks for a funeral ceremony, changed only slightly from that of the overseas ancestors of this ballad.

The version sung here by Bruce Buckley was collected by Vance Randolph from Jim Fitzhugh of Sylamore, Arkansas, in 1919.

THE COWBOY'S LAMENT

As I rode out in the streets of Loreda,
As I rode in the streets of Loreda one day,
I seen a poor cowboy in Tom Sherman's dance hall,
All dressed in his buckskins and fit for his grave.

"Oh, once in the saddle I used to go dashing,
Once in the saddle I used to go gay,
But I first took to drinking and then to card playing,
And then I got shot so I'm dying today.

"I once had a mother, gray-haired old mother,
She rocked me to sleep and she sung me this song,
And there was another more dear than a mother,
She never will know where her cowboy has gone.

"Go gather around me a bunch of young cowboys,
And tell 'em the tale of a cowboy's sad fate,
And warn them all gently to quit their wild roving,
To quit their wild roving before it's too late.

"My friends and relations they live in the Nation,
They never will know where their cowboy has gone,
I first went to Texas and hired to a ranchman,
I'm just a poor cowboy, I know I've done wrong.

"Then beat your drums slowly and play your fife lowly,
Get six of them gamblers to carry me along,
And in the grave throw me and roll some rocks o'er me,
I'm just a poor cowboy, I know I've done wrong."

SIDE I, Band 9: THE STREETS OF LOREDO (Sung by Harry Jackson) Time: 4:52

This Wyoming variant of The Cowboy's Lament paints a callous picture of the cowboy's shooting, but is equally vague as to the specific reason for the murder. Nor does the ballad give us any hints as to whether a connection can be drawn between his visits to the saloon and 'Maisy's' (probably a bawdy house) and his being 'gunned' down.

The funeral procession and death march are more specifically worded in cowboy lingo than in the previous variant; the drums and fife, more readily identifiable with a military funeral, are here replaced by a rope and spurs, tools of the cowboy's trade.

Harry Jackson learned this variant in Wyoming in the summer of 1938. This recording may also be heard as part of an album of The Cowboy: His Songs, Ballads and Brag Talk (Folkways FH 5723).

THE STREETS OF LOREDO

As I walked out in the streets of Loreda,
As I walked in to old Loreda Town,
I spied a poor cowboy all wrapped in white linen,
All wrapped in white linen for they had gunned him
 down.

"Oh, I see by your outfit you are a cowpuncher,"
This poor boy said from his lips of flame red,
"They done gunned me down, boys, and run off and
 left me

Here in the back street just like I was dead.

"Well, I see by your outfit you are a cowpuncher,"
This poor boy says as I boldly step by,
"Come sit down beside me, my story I'll tell you,
Cause I'm a poor cowboy and I'm going to die.

"Well, I was born in Southeast Texas,
Where the jimson weed and the lilac does bloom;
I went to go live there for to go far a-ranging,
And I've trailed from Canady down to old Mexico.

"Twas once in the saddle I used to go dashing,
Twas once in the saddle I used to go gay;
Twas first down to the dram house and then down to
 Maisy's,
I'se shot in the breast and I'm dying today.

"Well, go write a letter to my grey-haired mother,
Go pen me a note to my sister so dear,
But there is another more dear than a mother,
Who'll bitterly weep when she knows that I'm hurt.

"Get sixteen cowboys to carry my coffin,
Get sixteen pretty ladies to bear up my pall,
Put roses all over the top of my coffin
To deaden the smell as they bear me along.

"Oh, swing the rope slowly and ring your spurs lowly,
And play the dead march as you bear me along;
Take me to the green valley, there lay the sod o'er me
'Cause I'm a poor cowboy and I know I've done wrong.

SIDE II, Band 1: ST. JAMES HOSPITAL (Sung by Alan Lomax) Time: 3:31

This Negro version from Texas is ostensibly a cowboy ballad, but it should properly be considered a unique form of the 'Rake' ballad, separate and distinct from the "Streets of Loreda" variants. An examination of the text reveals traces of earlier forms of the ballad not usually found in the more common cowboy versions. The setting is the St. James Hospital of British broadside texts (or, perhaps that of the popular Jazz version, Gambler's Blues, for which see Side II, Band 2); the dying man calls for his parents to sit with him, and complains of various aches and a broken heart, elements found most frequently in versions of The Bad Girl's Lament. The tune, too, is a fascinating combination of old and modern elements. As Alan Lomax has noted, it "...is closer to the old folk settings than one usually finds in the west. At the same time (the) melody is closely related to the later St. James Infirmary Blues (Gambler's Blues) and provides the link between the folk ballad and the pop tune."

John and Alan Lomax collected this version from James (Iron Head) Baker in 1934 at the Central State Farm, Sugarland, Texas. The present recording by Alan Lomax may also be heard as part of his album of Texas Folksongs (Tradition TLP 1029), and is reproduced here with the permission of Tradition Records.

ST. JAMES HOSPITAL

It was early one morning I passed St. James Hospital,
It was early one mornin', mornin' month of May,
I looked in the window and I spied a dear cowboy--
Wrapped up in white linen, well, he was cold as the
 clay.

Sayin', "Come, dear mother, come an' seat yourself
 nigh me,
Come, dear father, come and sing me one song,
For my knee-bones are achin' and my poor heart is
 breakin',
I know I'm a poor cowboy, and I know I done wrong.

I want sixteen young gamblers, papa, to carry my
 coffin,
I want sixteen young whore gals for to sing me my
 song,
Tell them bring 'long a bunch of those sweet-smellin'
 roses,
So they can't smell me as they drive me on.

'Twas once in the saddle, papa, I used to go dashing,
 Father, in my young days when I used to be gay,
 Down roun' that old church-house, with them handsome
 young ladies,
 Them girls oughta carry me, follow me to my grave.

It was early one mornin' I passed St. James Hospital,
 Lord, it was early one mornin', mornin' month of May,
 I looked in the window and I spied a dear cowboy--
 And he was wrapped in white linen, he was colder
 than clay.

SIDE II, Band 2: GAMBLER'S BLUES

(Sung by Dave Van Ronk) Time: 2:42

This ballad should perhaps be considered separate and distinct from the "Rake" cycle, for aside from its obvious borrowing of the funeral request stanzas, its tale is told in a unique manner, not found in any of the "Rake" ballads considered previously. Some text may yet be recovered which will prove to be the 'missing link' between the "Gambler's Blues" and some older form of the ballad, most probably "The Young Girl Cut Down In Her Prime" to which story the present ballad has some affinity.

According to jazz scholars and discographers with whom I have spoken, "Gambler's Blues" was first recorded in the 1920s, and has since become a standard blues and jazz instrumental and vocal number. These experts are unanimous in their belief that the ballad does not trace back to earlier than 1910.

Dave Van Ronk's version of "Gambler's Blues" is a rather 'typical' one, and was learned by him over a number of years from various recordings he has heard, as well as from live jazz sessions attended by him. He may also be heard singing this ballad on the Folkways album Ballads, Blues & A Spiritual (FS 3818).

GAMBLER'S BLUES

It was down by old Joe's barroom
 On the corner by the square;
 They were serving drinks as usual,
 And the usual crowd was there.

On my left stood Big Joe McKennedy,
 And his eyes were bloodshot red;
 Well, he turned to the crowd around him,
 These are the very words he said:

I went down to that St. James Infirmary,
 I saw my baby there
 Stretched out on a long white table,
 So sweet, so cold, so fair.

CHORUS:

Let her go, let her go, God bless her,
 Wherever she may be;
 She may search this wide world over,
 Never find a sweet man like me.

When I die please bury me
 In my high topped Stetson hat,
 Put a twenty dollar gold piece on my watch chain,
 My gang will know I died standing pat.

I want six crap shooters for pall bearers,
 A chorus girl to sing me a song;
 Put a jazz band on my hearse wagon,
 Raise hell as I stroll along.

(CHORUS)

Well, now that I've told my story,
 I'll take another shot of booze,
 And if anyone should happen to ask you
 Well, I've got those gambler's blues.

(CHORUS)

SIDE II, Band 3: I ONCE WAS A CARMAN IN THE BIG MOUNTAIN CON (Sung by Guthrie Meade) Time: 1:09

This hard-rock miner's song from Montana is an obvious parody of The Cowboy's Lament, though the singer from whom it was collected, himself a ranch-owner, emphatically denied ever having heard a cowhand sing the latter song. Kyle Pugh, formerly a miner, reported having heard the song in the mines of Butte around 1905. The dating of this song seems reasonable enough in light of the fact that Jim Brennan (mentioned in the opening stanza) worked as foreman of the Mountain Con mine from 1904 to 1915.

Dr. Wayland D. Hand collected the three stanzas given below (together with an additional four stanzas which appear to have been inspired by some other song) from Kyle Pugh in 1945, in Butte, Montana.

I ONCE WAS A CARMAN IN THE BIG MOUNTAIN CON

'Twas once in the saddle I used to go dashing,
 'Twas once as a cowboy I used to be brave;
 But ain't it a pity, I came to Butte City
 To work for Jim Brennan and now to my grave.

Oh, beat your drum loudly and sound your fife merrily,
 Play the bagpipe as ye carry me on,
 Place a square pointed fan on the lid of my coffin,
 So I'll be known as I go along.

Go get six jolly ladies to come and dance o'er me;
 Get six husky carmen to carry me on;
 Take me to The Flat¹, boys, and lay the sod o'er me,
 For I once was a carman on the Big Mountain Con.

¹The Flat - according to Wayland Hand, The Flat is a reference to the cemeteries of Butte which are located on a flat plains area south of the town.

SIDE II, Band 4: THE LINEMAN'S HYMN

(Sung by Rosalie Sorrells) Time: 1:46

This is another of numerous parodies of The Cowboy's Lament, and comes from the tradition of telephone linemen. The tune is a conventional one, and the text is a close recension of the cowboy ballad, but is loaded with linemen's lingo, and placed in a local setting. Once more, death of the unfortunate hero is a violent

one, but with the ironic twist that he meets his doom by falling from a low pole, though his job frequently calls for ascents of far greater heights.

Mrs. Rosalie Sorrells sings a version learned by her husband, Jim (a former linesman for the Mountain States Telephone Company), in 1953, from Russ Rogers, a boomer lineman, in Burley, Idaho. Mrs. Sorrells reports that the Kline mentioned in the last stanza was one Harry Kline, known among linemen as a tough boss who has performed some amazing feats. Legend has it, Mrs. Sorrells informs us, that Kline once went into the Malad (Idaho) telephone office shortly after some tall drinking, proceeded to take the operator on his lap, and then, with one arm around her waist, he drew his trusty six-shooter and shot out all the little lights as they appeared on her switchboard. It is certainly not surprising that an industry which could inspire such a fine legend could also be responsible for one of the best parodies yet written to The Cowboy's Lament.

This recording may also be heard as part of an album of Folk Songs & Ballads of Idaho and Utah (Folkways FH 5343), sung by Rosalie Sorrells, with guitar accompaniment by Jim Sorrells.

THE LINEMAN'S HYMN

As I walked out in the streets of old Burley,
 As I walked out in Burley one day,
 I spied a young lineman all wrapped in white linen,
 All wrapped in white linen and cold as the clay.

"I see by your scare-strap¹ that you are a lineman,"
 These words he did say, as I boldly walked by,
 "Come sit down beside me, and hear my sad story,
 I fell off the pole and I know I must die.

"'Twas once up the poles I used to go dashing,
 Once up the poles I used to go gay;
 First up the sixties, and then up the nineties,
 But I fell off an eighteen, and I'm dying today.

"Oh, ring the phone softly, and climb the pole slowly,
 Check your D-rings² when you go aloft;
 Keep your hooks³ sharpened, and grease up your scare-strap;
 I'm telling you, Buddy, that ground ain't so soft.

"Get me six drunken linemen to carry my coffin,
 Six splicers' helpers⁴ to mud-in⁵ my grave;
 Take me to Kline, the Great White Father⁶,
 And let him mourn over his gallant young slave."

¹scare-strap - a wide, heavy leather belt with which linemen fasten themselves to the telegraph pole.

²D-rings - large metal rings, in the shape of a "D", to which the scare-strap is hooked.

³hooks - the sharp spurs or gaffs bound to the lineman's shoes which bite into the wooden pole as he climbs it, or as he braces himself against the scare-strap.

⁴splicer's helpers - assistant cable splicers

⁵mud-in - refilling a hole, as after a wooden pole has been set in the ground.

⁶Great White Father - a sarcastic appellation for Harry Kline (see headnote to ballad above).

SIDE II, Band 5: THE WILD LUMBERJACK
(Sung by Kenneth S. Goldstein)
Time: 1:47

Still another obvious parody of "The Cowboy's Lament", in which the western setting has been replaced by the 'big timbers' of the northern Lumbering country.

The text sung here (to a conventional 'Cowboy's Lament' tune) may be found in Henry W. Shoemaker's "Mountain Minstrelsy of Pennsylvania" (Philadelphia, 1931). Colonel Shoemaker's headnote to the song reads: "Version of the old song, 'The Wild Cowboy,' as sung in Potter County logging camps, with many variations. Reported by John C. French." To date, no other lumberjack version has been reported from tradition.

THE WILD LUMBERJACK

One day I was walking out on the mountain,
A wood robin was singing, I happened to spy
A handsome young lumberjack on the banks of the river,
All dressed in white linen, and laid out to die.

CHORUS:

So beat your drum lowly, and play your fife slowly,
And play the Daed March as you carry me along.
Oh, take me to the mountain, and lay the sod o'er me,
For I'm a wild lumberjack, and I know I've done wrong.

Once out in the forest I used to go slashing;
Once in the big timbers I used to be gay.
I first took to drinking, and then to card playing,
Was shot in the breast, and I'm dying today.

Go some one, and write to my grey-headed mother,
And also to my brothers and sisters so dear;
But there is another far dearer than mother,
Who'd botterly weep if she knew I was here.

(CHORUS)

Go, some one, and bring me a cup of cold water,
A cup of spring water, the poor woodsie said;
But ere it had reached him his spirit had vanished,
Gone to the Giver, the poor fellow was dead.

SIDE II, Band 6: A SUN VALLEY SONG
(Sung by Jan Brunvand) Time: 1:22

Here we have a skier's parody of "The Cowboy's Lament". The locale is "the hills of Sun Valley" and "Old Baldy", and the unfortunate skier meets his doom with his skis on.

The following text was turned into the Indiana University Folklore Archives by a student who learned it from a roommate at the University of Denver in 1950. It is sung here by Jan Brunvand, of Indiana University, himself an ardent skiing fan. Mr. Brunvand is accompanied on guitar by Ellen Stekert.

A SUN VALLEY SONG

When I was a-skiing the hills of Sun Valley,
As I was a-skiing old Baldy one day,
I spied a young skier all wrapped in Alpaca,
All wrapped in alpaca, and cold as der Schnee¹.

I see by your suntan that you are a skier,
These words he did say as I boldly schussed² by;
Come fall down beside me, and hear my sad story,
I caught a right edge³ and I'm dying today.

It was once upon Baldy I used to ski gaily,
It was once upon Baldy I used to ski by;
It was first down the canyon, and then through the narrows,
I caught a right edge and I know I must die.

Get six from the ski school to carry my coffin,
Get six little bunnies⁴ to sing me a song;
Oh lower me gently and sprinkle Schnee o'er me,
For I was a skier, my life was not long.

¹der Schnee - snow, in German.

²schussed - pointing the skis down and letting them ride the snow.

³right edge - when turning at high speed, catching an edge in the snow makes one ski stop suddenly while the other keeps moving, resulting in a grand version of the splits.

⁴bunnies - novice skiers who, as a result of frequent spills, are always covered with snow and look like rabbits.

SIDE II, Band 7: THE BALLAD OF BLOODY THURSDAY
(Sung by John Greenway) Time: 3:41

This modern-day industrial parody commemorates a longshoreman's strike in San Francisco, most probably the violence-ridden strike of 1934, during which a number of workers were killed and many were injured.

Except for the first two stanzas, where an obvious connection can be made to "The Cowboy's Lament", the ballad proceeds to tell its own story of bad working conditions and the bloody strike, only occasionally drawing on a few stock lines from the parent ballad.

The ballad sung here by John Greenway was included in his book "American Folksongs of Protest" (Philadelphia, 1953), the text having been supplied to him by the People's Songs Library.

THE BALLAD OF BLOODY THURSDAY

As I went walking one day down in Frisco,
As I went walking in Frisco one day,
I spied a longshoreman all dressed in white linen,
Dressed in white linen and cold as the clay.

I see by your outfit that you are a worker,
These words he did say as I slowly walked by;
Sit down beside me and hear my sad story,
For I'm shot in the breast and I know I must die.

It was down on the Front where I worked on the cargoes,
Worked on the cargoes ten hours a day;
I lost my right fingers because of the speedup,
The speedup that killed many a man in my day.

With too much of a sling load on old rusty cable,
The boss saved ten dollars, ten dollars, I say;
That old rusty sling broke, and fell on my buddy;
Ten lousy bucks carried Jimmie away.

Those were the days when the boss owned the union,
We poor working stiff -- we had nothing to say;
Ours was to work and to keep our big traps shut;
We stood in the shape-up for a dollar a day.

But our children were hungry, their clothing was tattered;
It's then that we workers began to get wise;
We tore up our fink books and listened to bridges,
Saying, look at your kids, brothers, let's organize.

Strong and united we went to the bosses
For better conditions and a decent day's pay;
The bosses just laughed and we all had a meeting,
That's why we're hitting the bricks here today.

Our struggles were many, our struggles were bloody,
We fought the ship-owners with all that we had;
With thousand of dollars they tempted our leaders,
But our guys were honest, they couldn't be had.

It was there on the line that I marched with my brothers,
It was there on the line as we proudly walked by;
The cops and the soldiers they brought up their rifles,
I'm shot in the breast and I know I must die.

Four hundred strikers were brutally wounded;
Four hundred workers and I left to die;
Remember the day, sir, to all of your children,
This bloody Thursday -- the fifth of July.

Don't beat the drums slowly, don't play the pipes lowly,
Don't play the dead march as they carry me along;
There's wrongs that need righting, so keep right on fighting
And lift your proud voices in proud union songs.

Fight on together, you organized workers,
Fight on together, there's nothing to fear;
Remember the martyrs of this bloody Thursday,
Let nothing divide you, and victory is near.

SIDE II, Band 8: THE STREETS OF HAMTRAMCK

(Sung by Bill Friedland) Time: 2:18

This industrial parody of "The Cowboy's Lament" was inspired by the Dodge Pension Strike of 1949, the strike slogan actually appearing in the final stanza. The author is a Miss Kuppy Scott, a member of Dodge Local 3, of the United Auto Workers union.

Contrast the text of this ballad with that of the previous number. As the labor folklorist, Archie Green, has noted, the longshoreman's song reflects the violence of labor's organizational struggles in the 1930s; "The Streets of Hamtramck" concerns a welfare issue in a time of accepted collective bargaining and general prosperity.

'Hamtramck', as referred to in the title of this parody, is the name of a Polish community in Detroit.

Bill Friedland, a former auto worker in Detroit and a staff member of the U.A.W., recorded this song in England en route to Africa as a Ford Fellow to study African trade unionism. He is accompanied by Mark Newman and Morris Howarth.

THE STREETS OF HAMTRAMCK

As I walked out in the streets of the city,
As I walked out in the city one day,
I spied an old worker all wrinkled and weary,
All wrinkled and weary with a head that was grey.

I see by your outfit that you are a worker,
This old fellow cried as I boldly stepped by,
Come sit down beside me and hear my sad story,
For I'm too old to work and I'm too young to die.

It was once in the factory I used to go daily,
Once in the factory I worked for my pay;
Twenty long years for the same corporation,
Now I'm too old to work and I'm starving today.

For when I reached sixty the line was too speedy
And I couldn't keep up at my usual rate;
The boss was hard-hearted and that's when we parted,
The company kicked me right out of the gate.

Now who's going to hire a man who's past sixty,
Who will believe that he's willing to try,
Who's going to feed him and keep the roof o'er him
When he's too old to work and he's too young to die.

Now listen young fellows and learn from this story
So you won't meet my fate as the years pass on by;
Fight for those pensions so you can retire
When you're too old to work and your're too young to die.

SIDE II, Band 9: THE BALLAD OF SHERMAN WU

(Sung by Pete Seeger) Time: 2:04

The college campus, too, has had its fling at parodies of the "Rake" cycle of ballads. This topical parody is reported to have been composed by "University of Chicago students" (shades of communal composition!) in the fall of 1956, after a Northwestern University freshman, was forced to resign as a fraternity pledge because he was Chinese.

This recording may also be heard as part of an album of modern topical ballads, *Gazette* (Folkways FN 2501), sung by Pete Seeger accompanying himself on banjo and 12 string guitar.

THE BALLAD OF SHERMAN WU

As I was out walking the streets of Northwestern,
I spied a young freshman dejected and blue,
And so when I asked him, why are you dejected?
He said, I'm Chinese and I can't join Psi U.

I see by your frat pin that you are a Psi U,
If I had a frat pin I'd be one too,
If I had a frat pin then I'd be a Psi U,
I can't have a frat pin cause I'm Sherman Wu.

The dean said, Now, Sherman, don't make a commotion,
It's wrong to wash laundry in public you know;
The SGB¹ soon will be making a motion
Condemning the action that bothers you so.

Now they still haven't made a Psi U out of Sherman,
Cause Jack said Wu had to go;
If he were just Jewish or Spanish or German,
But he's so damn Chinese the whole campus would know.

As I was out walking the streets of Northwestern,
I spied a young freshman dejected and blue;
And so when I asked him, Why are you dejected?
He said, I'm Chinese and can't join Psi U.

¹SGB - student government board.

SIDE II, Band 10: THE PROFESSOR'S LAMENT

(Sung by Roger Abrahams) Time: 3:15

This delightful parody (subtitled "The Degeneration of a Traditional Ballad") was reported as having been "collected" by Nanette Morrison and Oma Louise Miller, two of Professor Holger Nygard's students in the 1957 summer session class at the University of California at Los Angeles. And so the parade of parodies continues unabated.

As sung here by Roger Abrahams of the University of Pennsylvania, the text of this ballad was first printed in *WESTERN FOLKLORE*, Volume XVII, Number 3, July, 1958, pp. 204-205.

THE PROFESSOR'S LAMENT

As I walked out in the streets of West L. A.,
As I walked out in West L.A. one day,
I spied a professor wrapped up in white linen,
Wrapped up in white linen as cold as the clay.

Oh beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly,
Play the death march as you carry me along;
Take me back to fair Kansas¹, there lay the sod o'er me,
For I'm a professor and know I've done wrong.

Let sixteen students come handle my coffin,
Let sixteen teachers come sing me a song;
Take me to the graveyard and lay the sod o'er me,
For I'm a professor and know I've done wrong.

It was once on the campus I used to go dashing,
Once on the campus I used to go gay;
First to the Co-op and then to the rest room,
Got shot in the breast and I'm dying today.

Get six happy colleagues to carry my coffin,
Get six pretty coeds short, medium and tall;
But acres of bluebooks² all over my coffin,
Bluebooks to deaden the sods as they fall.

Oh read the books slowly and toll the chimes lowly,
Bring Lady I. and the Elf Knight³ along;
And in the grave throw me and roll the sod o'er me,
For I'm a professor and know I've done wrong.

Oh bury beside me my pen and portfolio,
My cap on my head, and my gown wrapped around me;
And on top of my coffin put a bottle of likker,
That my colleagues may drink and thus have one on me.

We read his books slowly and tolled the chimes lowly,
Bitterly wept as we bore him along;
For we'll miss our dear teacher, so brave, young and handsome,
We all loved our teacher although he'd done wrong.

¹Kansas - Professor Nygard was then a teacher at a Kansas University.

²bluebooks - examination booklets

³Lady I and the Elf Knight - Child ballad #4

A SELECTED BIBLIOGRAPHY FOR THE STUDY OF THE "THE UNFORTUNATE RAKE" AND HIS FAMILY

Kenneth Lodewick, "The Unfortunate Rake" and His Descendents, *WESTERN FOLKLORE*, Volume XIV, 1955, pp. 98-109.

Wayland D. Hand, "Wo sind "die Strassen von Laredo", *FESTSCHRIFT FÜR WILL-ERICH PEUCKERT*, Berlin, 1955, pp. 144-161.

Wayland D. Hand, "The Cowboy's Lament", *WESTERN FOLKLORE*, Volume XVII, 1958, pp. 200-205

Kenneth S Goldstein, "Still More of "The Unfortunate Rake" and His Family", *WESTERN FOLKLORE*, Volume XVIII, 1959, pp. 35-38.

A.L. Lloyd, "Background to St. James Infirmary", *SING*, Volume III, London, 1956, pp. 19-21.

G. Malcolm Laws, *NATIVE AMERICAN BALLADRY*, American Folklore Society, 1950, p. 131.

G. Malcolm Laws, *AMERICAN BALLADRY FROM BRITISH BROADSIDES*, American Folklore Society, 1957, pp. 285-286