

SIDE ONE:

Jack Munro (Guitar) 3:10
The Rambling Sailor (English Concertina) 2:30
Mary Anne (Melodion) 3:10
The Whaleman's Lament (Anglo Concertina) 3:10
The Star of County Down (Guitar) 1:48
Fonn Gaedalta (Guitar) 2:12
Ri an Siodaian (Guitar) 1:30
She's Like a Swallow (English Concertina) 2:40
Homeward Bound (Melodion) 2:25

SIDE TWO:

Hearts of Gold (Guitar) 4:40
The Harp Without the Crown (Melodion) 3:05
Harbour Graced (Anglo Concertina) 1:15
The Captain Calls All Hands (Melodion) 2:50
A Young Virgin (Anglo Concertina) 2:15
The Gull (© 1979 by Stuart M. Frank) (Guitar) 8:10

STUART FRANK originated the sea chantey program at Mystic Seaport Museum in 1972, and was subsequently Research Associate in the Education Department there for seven years. He is a graduate of Wesleyan and Yale Universities and the Munson Institute of American Maritime Studies, has taught philosophy at the Universities of Bridgeport and New Haven, and currently teaches literature in the Williams College Program in Maritime Studies at Mystic, and the American Civilization Program at Brown University, where he is a Ph.D. candidate. An inveterate collector of musical instruments, he has performed and lectured extensively in the traditional music field, at museums, colleges and universities, on national and international television, and in various folk festivals on the East and West coasts.

KEN MAHLER, who engineered this record and also worked with Stuart Frank on an earlier Folkways release (*Sea Chanteys and Forecastle Songs at Mystic Seaport*, Folkways #FTS 37300), is Supervisor of the Photographic Laboratory and Audio-Visual Services at Mystic Seaport Museum. A skilled photographer and photscientist, he is also an experienced filmmaker and cinematographer, radio announcer, sound engineer and sailor, was an instructor in motion picture and broadcast equipment operation and maintenance during a three-year hitch in the Army, and holds a B.A. in American Studies from Roger Williams College.

SPECIAL THANKS to Doug Allen, Tom Goux, Stan Hugill, Mary Malloy, Gerry Morris and Paul Temple for their help with various aspects of this album; to Marc Bridgham, William Pint and Bob Webb; and to Lydia, for her patience.

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43 W. 61st ST., N.Y.C., 10023 N.Y., U.S.A.

Songs of Sea
and Shore
Stuart Frank

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

Songs of Sea and Shore

Accompanied on English concertina, Anglo concertina, melodion and guitar by

Stuart Frank

Recorded by Ken Mahler at Mystic Seaport Museum



COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

SONGS OF SEA AND SHORE

Stuart Frank



Photo by Douglas J. M. Allen, Ledyard, Connecticut.

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SIDE 1

JACK MUNRO (JOHNNY'S GONE A-SAILING)

(Guitar)

This is one of many ballads about a woman who, disguised as a man, goes to sea or joins the army to follow her husband or lover into the foreign wars. This version is a hybrid of two Canadian variants collected by Helen Creighton in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, but certainly has more ancient roots in the British Isles.

Johnny's gone a-sailing, with trouble on his mind
For the leaving of his country and his darling love behind
Dora-lee, a laddie, dora-lee, my lily-o.

She went into a tailor's shop and she dressed in men's array
And she shipped aboard a man-of-war, conveyed herself away

"Before you step aboard, sir, your name I'd like to know."
With a smile upon her countenance she answered, "Jack Munro."

"Your waist it is too slender and your fingers are too small
And your cheeks they are too rosy to face the cannonball."

"My waist it is quite slender and my features they are small,
But I'll never faint nor falter, if ten thousand 'round me fall."

Then the drums did loudly rattle, and sweet music they did play
And unto the field of battle they then did sail away

And when the war was over, in a circle she marched 'round
And among the dead and wounded her darling love she found

THE RAMBLING SAILOR

(English Concertina)

Most versions of "The Rambling Sailor," some of them running to considerable length and detail, seem to have in common valiant service in the Navy, rewarded with "the King's permission" to indulge freely in promiscuity—elements of a sailors' fantasy. The appeal of Cecil Sharp's version is its directness and simplicity, combined with a sprightly dance tune.

I am a sailor stout and bold, Long time I've ploughed the ocean
I've fought for king and country, too, Won honour and promotion
I said, "My brother sailor, I bid you adieu; No more to the sea will I go with you
I'll travel this country through and through, And I'll be a rambling sailor."

If you should want to know my name, My name it is young Johnson
I've got permission from the King To court young girls and handsome
I said, "My pretty maiden, what will you do? Here's ale and wine and brandy, too
Besides a pair of new silk shoes, To travel with a rambling sailor."

The King's permission granted me To range this country over
From Bristol Town to Liverpool, From Plymouth Sound to Dover
And in whatever town I went, To court young maidens I was bent
And marry none was my intent, But live a rambling sailor

MARY ANNE (Melodion)

This lovely farewell ballad is indigenous to the Canadian Maritimes, and bears the stamp of the regional fixation on lobster, bluefish and gin-and-sugar. Somehow, unlike most folksongs, the text seems to have been standardized, and varies little from performer to performer within the small circle in which it travels. Despite its modest popularity, I have not heard another performer attempt it with melodion accompaniment—which I find to be both musically and historically appropriate.

Oh, fare thee well, my own true love

Fare thee well, my dear

For the ship is awaiting and the seas run high

And I am bound away for the sea, Mary Anne

And I am bound away for the sea, Mary Anne

Oh, yonder don't you see the dove

Sitting on the style?

She's a-mourning for the loss of her own true love

As I do now for you, my dear, Mary Anne

A lobster boiling in the pot

A bluefish on the hook

They are suffering long, but nothing like

The ache I bear for you, my dear, Mary Anne

Oh, had I but a glass of gin

Sugar here for two

And a great, big bowl for to mix it in

I'd pour a drink for you, my dear, Mary Anne

THE WHALEMAN'S LAMENT

(Anglo Concertina)

This 'take-warning-by-me' ballad is undoubtedly of Yankee origin, from the mid 19th-century days when the whale fishery had become hard-driving and exploitive, when Cape Horn voyages commonly lasted from three to five years, conditions on shipboard had deteriorated to near intolerability, and ship's officers were as often as not unrelentingly cruel. Thus the song presents a common reason for shipping out in the first place—a "dreary discontentment" perhaps not unlike the "November of the soul" of which Melville's Ishmael tells in *Moby Dick*—and an even more common reason for not wishing ever to ship out again. This version appears in an 1856 journal of the whaling bark *Catalpa* of New Bedford.

'Twas on the briny ocean on a whaleship I did go

Ofttimes I thought of distant friends, ofttimes I thought of home

Remembering of my youthful days, it grieved my heart full sore

And fain would I return again to my own native shore

Though dreary discontented I then resolved to go
My fortunes on the seas to try, to ease me of my woe
I shipped aboard a whaleship to sail without delay
To the Pacific Ocean, there for a time to stay

Through dreary storm and tempest and through some heavy gales
Around Cape Horn we sped our way to look out for sperm whales
They'll use you, they will rob you, worse than any slave
Before you go a-whaling, boys, you'd best be in your graves

They'll flog you for the least offense, and that is frequent, too
And when, my boys, they're done with that there's plenty more work to do
"So do it now, or damn your eyes, I'll flog you 'til you're blue!"
My boys, I would not say it all, but it is all too true

If ever I return again, a solemn vow I'll make
I'll go no more a-whaling, my liberty to stake
I'll stay at home contented, and go to sea no more
For the pleasures are but few, my boys, far from your native shore

THE STAR OF COUNTY DOWN

FONN GAEDALTA (Gaelic Tune)

RI AN SIODAIAN (The King of the Fairies) (Guitar)

Three traditional Irish dance tunes of a kind popular on shipboard and ashore, on both sides of the Atlantic. The first is a waltz; the others may be played as jigs, reels or hornpipes. The guitar style employed here derives from the lute methods and classical guitar techniques in ascendancy in England during the first half of the 19th century—thanks largely to Spanish guitar virtuoso Fernando Sors, whose performances in London, like those of his 20th-century counterpart, Andres Segovia, precipitated a great popular interest in the instrument. Coincidentally, this was at roughly the same time that a Celtic folk harp revival was underway in Ireland, and the similarities between the two instruments, folk harp and guitar, in interpreting traditional tunes is more than superficial.

SHE'S LIKE A SWALLOW

(English Concertina)

This is one of the most beautiful of the songs and ballads that were traditional along the coast of eastern Canada. While related ballads have been noted (eg., by Cecil Sharp and Ralph Vaughan Williams) in England, the present form may well be indigenous to Newfoundland, and has been collected there by Maud Karpeles and Kenneth Peacock, as well as by Edith Fowke in Ontario.

She's like a swallow that flies so high

She's like the river that never runs dry

She's like the sunlight upon the sea-shore

I love my love, and love is no more

Down to the garden this fair maid did go
To pluck the wild and fair primrose
The more she plucked, the more she pulled
Until she'd gotten her apron full

And out of the roses she made a bed
A stony pillow for her head
She laid her down and no word spake
And then this fair maid's heart did break

HOMeward BOUND

(Melodion)

Chanteys were a special category of shipboard song, reserved for heaving and hauling work on deck and, occasionally, for furling sail aloft. And homeward-bound chanteys were a special category of chantey, reserved for the final, homeward-bound passage, when spirits and anticipation ran high. This one was used for weighing anchor at the capstan or windlass. As with most other homeward-bound chanteys, names of islands and seaports were substituted liberally, and verses were adapted or improvised by the chanteyman (lead singer), to suit the circumstances of a particular ship or voyage. This version is the one given by Frederick Harlow, as it was sung aboard the Boston ship Akbar in 1874-75.

To Surabaya town we'll bid adieu
To lovely Kate and pretty Sue
Our anchor's weighed and sails unfurled
We're bound to plough the watery world

Hurrah, we're homeward bound!
Hurrah, we're homeward bound!

The wind blows hard from the east-nor'east
Our ship will make ten knots at least
The purser will our wants supply
While we have rum we'll never say die

And if we touch at Malabar
Or any other port so far
Our skipper then will tip the chink
And just like fishes we will drink

At last the man on the lookout
Proclaims a sail with a joyful shout
"Can you make her out?" "I think I can;
She's a pilot heading out from land!"

When we arrive at New York town
The pretty girls will flock around
And here's the words you'll hear 'em say:
"Here comes Jack with nine months' pay!"

And then we'll haul to the "Dog and Bell"
And drink the liquor that they sell
In comes the landlord with a smile, saying
"Drink up boys, it's worth your while!"

But when our money's gone and spent
None to be borrowed, none to be lent
In comes the landlord with a frown, saying
"Get up, Jack, let John sit down!"

Then poor old Jack must understand
There's ships in port all wanting hands
He goes on board, as he's done before
And bids adieu to his native shore

Hurrah, we're outward bound!
Hurrah, we're outward bound!



Photo by Douglas J. M. Allen, Ledyard, Conn.

SIDE 2

HEARTS OF GOLD

(Guitar)

The deepwater sailor's pride and self-esteem, and his characteristic contempt for landsmen, are only one side of his character; another is insecurity and self-doubt, arising, perhaps, from chronic separation from loved ones ashore. Both conflicting elements are evident in this song, which survives in several versions, among them the "Edgartown Whaling Song" given by Frederick Harlow. The version here was collected by Gale Huntington, who found the text in an 1832 journal of the Salem whaleship Bengal.

'Twas the ploughing of the raging seas was always my delight
While those loving old landlubbers, no dangers do they know
Like we long Jack hearts of gold, that plough the ocean through
Like we long Jack hearts of gold, that plough the ocean through

They are always with the pretty girls, a-setting them fine treats
A-bursting of their pretty heads with the work they've done in a cornfield
But the cutting of the grass and weeds is all that they can do
While we long Jack hearts of gold plough the ocean through

'Tis when the sun it does go down, they lay aside the plow
And can their work no longer stand, 'tis home that they must go
And they get their suppers with content, and into bed they crawl
While we long Jack hearts of gold stand many a bitter squall

The seas they run full mountains high, which toss us up and down
We are in the midst of dangers, for fear our ship might found
But never be downhearted, boys, we will see our girls again
In spite of all our enemies we will plough the raging main

We will sing to all ports of the land which ever yet was known
We will bring home gold and silver, boys, when we arrive at home
And we'll make our courtships flourish, boys, when we arrive on shore
And when our money is all gone, we'll plough the seas for more

So come all you pretty damsels, the truth you did but know
The dangers of the raging main, from labours unto you
You would have more contempt for them than ever yet was known
You would hate those loving landlubbers, who always stays at home

THE HARP WITHOUT THE CROWN (THE GIRLS OF DUBLIN TOWN) (Melodion)

I learned this capstan chantey from my friend Tom Sullivan. Stan Hugill gives two versions, of which Tom recorded one with banjo accompaniment (On Deck and Below: The Irish at Sea, Folkways #FS3566). Here is the other version, accompanied on the melodion (button-accordion) as if for actual work at the capstan. The harp is, of course, the national emblem of Ireland; the crown is the crown of England, against which the Irish have been protesting these many centuries. "The harp without the crown" is therefore the green-and-gold flag of an independent Ireland. The tune is familiar as a variant of "The Wearing of the Green," another popular Irish patriotic air. Stan tells me that this particular chantey is none too popular in Britain, but that it was common on shipboard, especially among Irish seamen on American ships.

Now 'twas of a famous Yankee ship, To New York we was bound
And our Captain being an Irishman Belonging to Dublin town

Hurrah! Hurrah! for the girls of Dublin Town
Hurrah for the bonny green flag, and the harp without the crown!

And when he gazes on the land, That town of high renown
Oh, it's break away the green burgee And the harp without the crown

'Twas on the seventeenth of March We arrived in New York Bay
Our Captain being an Irishman, Must celebrate the day

With the Stars and Stripes way high aloft And fluttering all around
But underneath his monkey-gaff Flew the harp without the crown

Now we're bound for 'Frisco, boys, And things are running wild
The officers and men dead drunk, Around the decks they pile

But by tomorrow morning, boys, We'll work without a frown
For aboard the saucy Shenandoah Flies the harp without the crown

HARBOUR GRACE

(Anglo Concertina)

I first heard this tune from a fiddler named MacGowan in Trouro, Nova Scotia. Mary Malloy, Morrigan's fiddler from Seattle, tells me that she knows the main or "A" melody as the "B" section of two Irish tunes, "Tralee Gaol" and "Kerry Polka #2." But on the coast of Newfoundland and the Canadian Maritimes, where it was collected by Helen Creighton, "Harbour Grace" is a dance tune with words—at least two sets, in fact—apparently to be sung ("cheek music") for dancing if no fiddle, accordion, melodion or concertina were available. The words appear below, in case you don't play a dance instrument and want to have a dance at home. Harbour Grace, Bay of Islands and Carbonear are Newfoundland place names, and "swilin'" (pronounced SWY-lin) is Canadianese for "sealing" (seal-hunting). The B, C and D sections here, which are not sung, are an amalgum of other Irish and Breton tunes.

O Harbour Grace is a very nice place
And so is the Bay of Islands
So we give three cheers for Carbonear
When the boys comes home from swilin'

Now we're bound for Carbonear
With our bright colours flyin'
The girls will wear new sealskin pants
When the boys comes home from swilin'

Georgie he could build a boat
And he's the boy to drive her
He's the boy could catch the fish
Take him home to Liza

Billy was our captain bold
And Georgie was our commander
But a great big sea washed over he
And drowned the Newfoundlander

I love to set by the big hot stove
And watch the kittle bilin'
Daddy will buy the baby a frock
When the boys comes home from swilin'

We'll all go down for Mackety Bay
And dere we'll stay for de winter
We'll all set down to a very good feed
With mussels in the corner

O Uncle George he went to town
To buy I aye some cotton
If he don't bring the flowery stuff
He needn't bring I nottin'

(Harbour Grace is a pretty place
And so is Peeley's Island
Daddy's going to buy me a brand new dress
When the boys comes home from swilin')

THE CAPTAIN CALLS ALL HANDS

(Melodion)

Gale Huntington culled a version of this song from an 1832 journal of the whaleship Bengal of Salem, Massachusetts; Cecil Sharp published another, which he collected in England. Both are sung to different melodies. The tune for my version is from Ralph Vaughan Williams, who collected it in Hertfordshire in 1909 with another text: it appears in The Penguin Book of English Folk Songs as "The Blacksmith," which, as Peter Kennedy demonstrates, is a corollary form of the same song. While "The Blacksmith" is the ballad of a woman whose lover foresakes her to marry another—in most versions (e.g., Vaughan Williams) the sea and seafaring are not mentioned—and "The Captain Calls All Hands" is one of Naval service and foreign wars, there is nevertheless a high degree of interchangeability among the verses (q.v. Kennedy), and the abandonment theme is central to both.

The Captain calls all hands away tomorrow
Leaving all our girls behind in grief and sorrow
Dry up your brimming tears, and cease of weeping
How happy we shall be at our next meeting

Why will you go abroad to fight with strangers
When you can stay at home, free from all dangers?
For I need you in my arms, I need you by me
So stay at home with me, do not deny me

Farewell to parents dear, father and mother
I am your only daughter, you have no other
And when you think of me, how I am grieving
You will know the lad I love ruined me by leaving

Down on the ground she fell, like someone dying
Lying there and crying, There's no believing
There's no believing, none; not one's dear lover
Excepting two agree, and love each other



(Photo by Douglas J. M. Allen, Ledyard, Conn.)

THE INSTRUMENTS:

1. Guitar: oversize American type, steel strings, model F-50 by Guild, Westerly, R. I.
2. English concertina: standard 48-button type, hexagonal, rosewood, by Lachenal, London, ca. 1890.
3. English concertina: 56-button Aeola model, octagonal, amboyna wood, by Wheatstone, London.
4. Anglo concertina: 29+ button, hexagonal, metal ends, by Charles Jeffries, London, circa 1885.
5. Melodion (button accordion): 2-row, 8-bass, satinwood/marquetry, by Hohner (Germany), ca. 1910.

A YOUNG VIRGIN

(Anglo Concertina)

There is an entire genre of song which recounts the virtues and foibles of various occupations or occupational groups, usually with the chastity or spiritual fulfillment of a desirable young woman hanging in the balance. In some cases the songs are set in the woman's voice, as she contemplates courtship or marriage (or wavers among proposals or propositions) with each in turn. Many are explicitly lewd; others rely upon subtle double entendre to set a lascivious tone. This cheerful example, a sea-faring variety rich in suggestion but seldom performed, entails the disposition of a virgin's chastity and her (to a sailor considerable) worldly estate. Inasmuch as the sailor wins in the end, it may be regarded as authentic at least in spirit. The text was collected by Gale Huntington from an 1817 journal of the whaleship Herald of Fairhaven, Massachusetts.

There was a young virgin just come on board
She had as envious a maidenhead
As ever a young man took into his hand
Besides having forty pounds in land

This young virgin as we understand
Embarked on a voyage to a foreign land
Where forty young lovers a-roving came
And some of their callings I long for to name

The first was a merchant that came in
He told what a traveler he had been
He boasted how he could handle a pen
He said he could write the best of all men

The next was a doctor that came in
He said as a surgeon he was second to none
He said he'd a lance that would open a vein
With pleasure, with ease, without any pain

The next was a 'pothecary with paste and pills
He said he could cure her of all of her ills
Then he took out his glister pipe
And she gave the rogue a mighty wipe

The next was a fiddler that came in
He carried his fiddle under his chin
He offered to play her a reel or a jig
But she broke his fiddle and tore off his wig

The next was a sailor, a sailor bold
With all of his pockets lined with gold
He waited not, but ended dispute
"Sir, here is my heart and maidenhead, to boot."

My interest, both musical and scholarly, has always been in the traditional songs and chanteys sung by deepwater sailors and shore folk during the last century. I have seldom performed more recent compositions, and never one of my own, preferring the genres of folklore and history. But a friend of mine, Ned Ackerman of Thomaston, Maine, recently became a folk hero by having made maritime history. That is, in an age of supertankers and jet aircraft, he conceived and built a wooden schooner for the commercial carrying trades—renewing a Down East tradition that had been dormant for two generations. The schooner, launched at Thomaston on 8 August 1979, was named for the late John F. Leavitt—schoonerman, marine painter and maritime historian—another mutual friend, who encouraged and sustained Ned from the beginning. Sadly, John did not live to see its completion. His memory is so dear to us both, and Ned's project itself so great a work of art, that I was inspired to write this song in their honor. I first performed it at the "Festival of the Sea" at the National Maritime Museum in San Francisco on Labor Day 1979, and hope I may be excused for offering it again here. It is subtitled, "A Reverie for Ned Ackerman, on the Occasion of the Launching of the Schooner John F. Leavitt," and is dedicated to Friendship—and to the friends whose support and encouragement can enable each of us to do something worthwhile with our lives.

A gull that soared above the waves, and hovered in the clouds
He landed in the foremast peak, and settled in the shrouds
And kindred spirits, he and I, we sailed that balmy day
The one to rest from flight in air, and I upon my way

And can you sing a song, my friend? And can you trim a sail?
Or spin a yarn on the deck at night, and hoist a glass of ale?

What mystery of earth or wind or sky or sunlit sea
Has brought this spirit to my ship and here to rest with me?
This canvas, hemp and hand-hewn oak, this schooner of my hands
It steers my fate 'midst stars and brine; outside of reason stands

Of all the ocean followers that ever ploughed the wave
Of all the men who breathed salt air, refused to be land's slave
Of all the ones who hoisted sail, for pleasure or for pay
There's not a one as free as he; yet rest with me he may

That we in life must seek anew, and travel far and wide
For some the quest is on the waves, the salt wind and the tide—
It's no surprise to you or to me: a futile search, at best
We see the gull as graceful, free; yet here he sits to rest

Another spirit sails with me; for him I tell this tale
I almost see him standing here, to help to trim the sail
I like to think he's smiling now, to see me here at the wheel
This graceful ship his epitaph, in canvas, oak and steel

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