

New York State Songs and Ballads

FOLKSONGS OF THE CATSKILLS

Sung by Barbara Moncure, with Harry Siemsen

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FH 5311



FOLKSONGS OF THE CATSKILLS / FOLKWAYS FH 5311

SIDE I

Band 1: MY GOOD LOOKING MAN
Band 2: THE BLUESTONE QUARRIES
Band 3: THE FOGGY DEW
Band 4: SIMPLE LITTLE NANCY BROWN
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DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

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Band 1: THE GRUMBING DRIVER
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Band 4: THE QUAKER'S COURTSHIP
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Band 6: THE GRAY GOOSE
Band 7: THE DELHI JAIL
Band 8: NOAH'S ARK
Band 9: SOLDIER, OH SOLDIER, WONT YOU MARRY ME?

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FH 5311

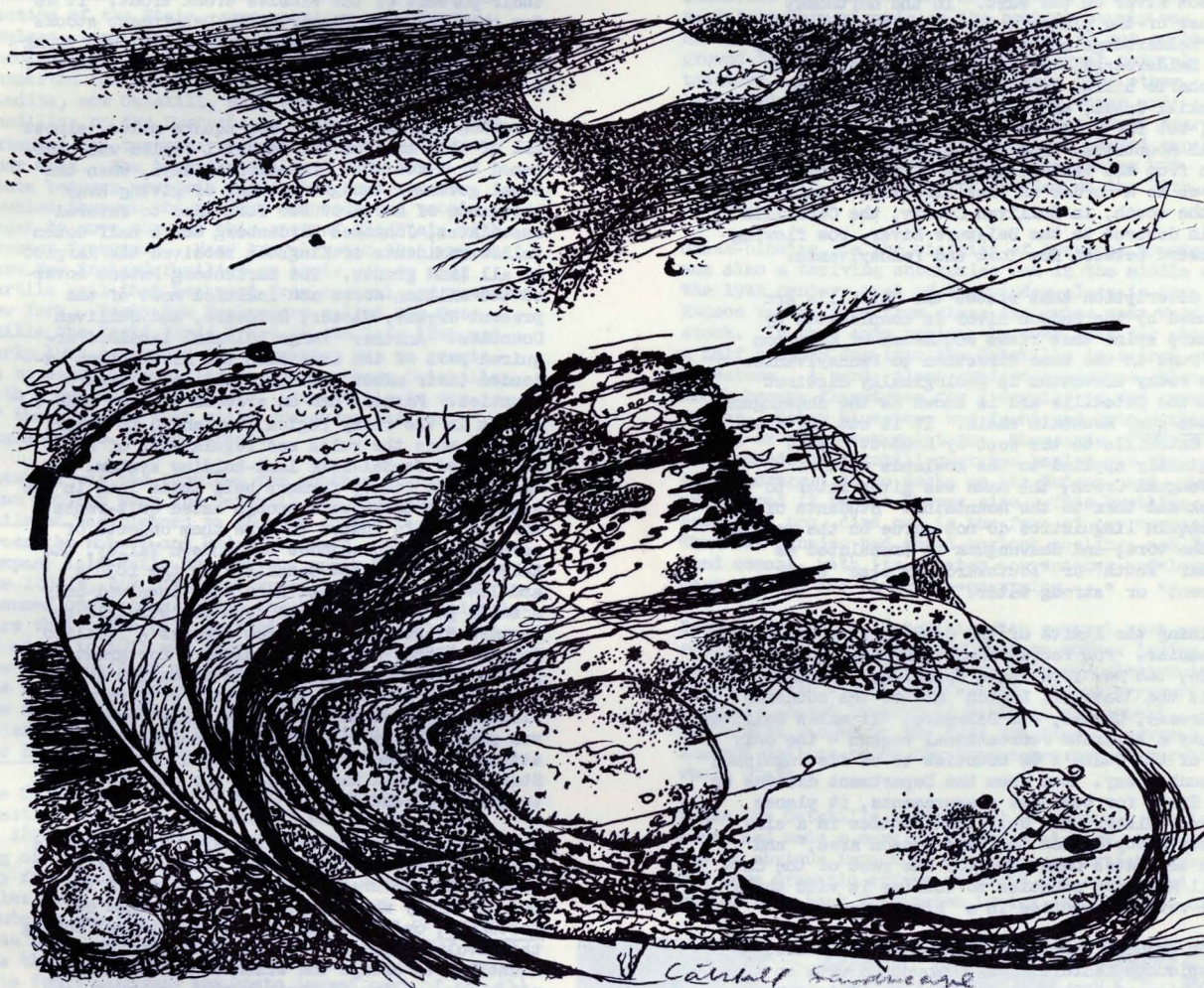
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FOLKSONGS OF THE CATSKILLS

NEW YORK STATE SONGS AND BALLADS FOLKSONGS OF THE CATSKILLS

*sung by Barbara Moncure
with Harry Siemsen*



A CATSKILL CANTICO

Introduction and Notes by William G. Tyrrell

CANTICO, or Kintacoy - A word borrowed by the first white settlers of the Catskills and the Hudson Valley from their Indian predecessors to use as the name of a lively, uninhibited social gathering marked by songs and dancing. An old farmer used to say his farmhands had been "Kintacoying around," meaning they had been making the rounds of the local saloons. But here it is used to mean bringing together many songs from different parts of the Catskill area.

Alf Evers

President of the Woodstock Historical Society

THE CATSKILLS

"Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Catskill Mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed, every hour of the day produces some change in the magic hues and shapes of these mountains...When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun will glow and light up like a crown of glory."

Washington Irving's introductory words to his famous tale of "Rip Van Winkle" serve as an ideal preliminary to any account of the Catskills. Irving's sentences express emotions similar to those felt by generations who gazed with fascination on the mountains' rounded splendors. Other authors, besides Irving, as well as numerous artists, received inspiration from the Catskills. And, economically as well as culturally, the Catskill region has influenced the history of both New York State and the United States.

Geographers identify the Catskills as being the mountainous northeastern section of the Allegheny Plateau - sometimes called the Appalachian Uplands - that stretches across the southern half of the State from Lake Erie on the west to the Hudson River on the east. In the northeast corner of the plateau, the Catskills drop off to the Helderbergs and their escarpment. West of the Helderbergs, the Catskills range into the Schoharie hills. The Kaatskill, now called Catskill Creek, and Schoharie Creek supply helpful, but far from exact, boundaries for the Catskill Mountains. The Delaware River, flowing down from the western slopes of the mountains, serves as a border in that direction. And, off to the south, in Sullivan County, the Catskills again descend to the Delaware River, now flowing eastward between New York and Pennsylvania.

Any description that states the Catskills are bounded by the Hudson River is complicated by a sharp spine that rises southwest of Kingston and runs in the same direction to Pennsylvania. This rocky elevation is geologically distinct from the Catskills and is known as the Shawangunk (Shawngum) Mountain chain. It is cut off from the Catskills to the west by Rondout Creek. Originally applied to the lowlands west of Shawangunk Creek, the name was given later to the creek and then to the mountains. Students of Algonquin linguistics do not agree on the meaning of the word, and Shawangunk is translated as either "south" or "southward" or else "swift current" or "strong water."

Defining the limits of the Catskills, however, is no easier. For recreational purposes, for example, the New York State Department of Commerce calls the "Catskill Region" all of the counties of Greene, Ulster, and Delaware. It makes Sullivan County a separate recreational region - the only one of the State's 62 counties to be distinguished in such a way. But when the Department divides up the State for business measurements, it places Greene, Ulster, and Sullivan Counties in a six-county group called the "Mid-Hudson Area," and then separates Delaware from the rest of the Catskill Mountain counties to combine it with three more-western counties in a "Binghamton Area."

Their rounded summits are the Catskills' most conspicuous feature. Slide Mountain with an elevation of 4204 feet is the highest in the range. Hunter Mountain has the highest elevation, 4025 feet, in the northern section while Mount Utsayantha, 3213 feet, in Delaware County, is the highest in the western part.

Catskill streams drain the area and flow almost straight down into sharp valleys. As a result of this characteristic of topography many places in mountain passes bear the unique description of "Clove," from the Dutch *Kloove*, or sharp split, which is related to our English use of "cloven hoof." Lakes in the northern Catskills are few and small but Sullivan County boasts proudly of its many attractive lakes. The largest bodies of water in the Catskills, however, are man-made reservoirs that fill up mountain valleys behind towering dams. The New York City Board of Water Supply first dammed the Esopus to fill in the Ashokan Reservoir. Ever since 1915, when Catskill water flowed into the city, New York City has come to depend more and more on the Catskills to quench the thirst of millions. Beyond the Ashokan, waters of the Schoharie Reservoir pour into the city by way of tunnel and creek. In lower Sullivan County, the Roundout and Neversink

Reservoirs, together with the new Pepacton Reservoir, 117 miles beyond city limits, store billions of gallons of mountain water. New York City has gone an even greater distance to tap as its latest source the West Branch of the Delaware River by constructing there the Cannonsville Reservoir.

If Catskill lakes are insignificant, its streams are some of the most famous in the State. Beaverkill, Bearkill, Neversink, Willowemoc, and Esopus are some of the names held in blessed memory by successful fishermen. These waters have such desirable angling spots that many miles of their banks have been acquired by private owners. The sportsmen who crowd the waters on opening day of the fishing season are too avid to be conscious of much of anything but their choice of flies and their pursuit of the elusive brook trout. It is for them that the Conservation Department stocks Catskill streams and creeks, pouring 45,000 young brook trout into the Esopus, alone, in advance of a recent fishing season.

Covering approximately 3,200 square miles, almost all of this area of the Catskill region was once owned by a few men. In colonial days, when the royal governor thought nothing of giving away thousands of acres of New York land to favored associates, Johannes Hardenberg and a half-dozen fellow residents of Kingston received the largest of all land grants. The Hardenberg Patent covered two million acres and included most of the present Greene, Ulster, Delaware, and Sullivan Counties. Another large colonial landlord acquired part of the area when the Livingstons extended their manor into Sullivan and Delaware Counties. Farmers had an arduous task to make a living in the rocky region, but added to their burdens were the rules and regulations of an antiquated feudal-like land-holding system. Many Ulster County farmers held their land in fee simple, but there were enough hated quit-rents and three-life leases to make them objects of agrarian fury throughout the Hudson Valley, the Helderbergs, and the Catskills in the 1830's and 1840's. These Anti-Rent Wars involved only a small part of the State, but the struggle by farmers disguised in callico dresses - "callico Indians," they called themselves - for greater justice attracted considerable attention and caused much debate in the centers of government. Violence by Down-Renters in Delaware County was particularly widespread and served to focus attention on their complaints, and, eventually, State laws ended the evils of the old landlord-tenant relationship.

The Catskills, nevertheless, were for decades, a wild and desolate part of the State, as if to confirm the accuracy of Dutch settlers in the Hudson Valley who had given them the name of Kaatskill, or "wild cat creek," mountains. During the Revolutionary War, Tories fled into the mountains to escape the wrath of their patriot neighbors. Tales of their buried treasure long survived in the region. And the mountain wilderness continued to be so empty of human settlement that even as late as 1826 Catskill trappers could be called on to fill an order for 5,000 mink skins. Bears are still hunted in the Catskills, in the 1960's, although old-time hunters who would spend six days on the trail of a single animal are no more. Rattlesnakes, too, abound in some localities of the mountains to furnish excitement on mountain hikes and to enrich the local lore. A good catch of rattlers, they say, would be enough to make a rail fence.

Not so many years ago, secluded spots in the Catskills made good hideouts for bootleggers and applejack moonshiners. Such big-time operators of the underworld as Vincent Coll and Jack "Legs" Diamond found the area ideal for their hideouts. Diamond set up his headquarters in Acra, the same Greene County community that contributed Thurlow Weed, publisher and political power, to New York State politics in the mid-19th century.

Apples and applejack have long been staples in the area. Applejack, or "Catskill lightning,"

in the words of Pat Riley, of Rosendale, was such potent stuff that -

It was good for all that ailed you,
It would drive away the blues;
Why it made a long-eared rabbit
Bite a bulldog right in two.

Woodstock, too, was the birthplace of the world-famous Jonathan apple. Developed there in 1800 by Philip Rick, the variety was named after Judge Jonathan Hasbrouck and was given wide publicity by the agricultural writer and reformer Jesse Buel. But in Woodstock they always refer with pride to their local, rounded, red beauty as the "Rickey."

Although the Catskills long remained an isolated section of the State, some portions were, nevertheless, important crossroads. Following its incorporation in 1800, the Susquehanna Turnpike connected the Hudson River village of Catskill Landing, now Catskill, with Wattle's Ferry, now Unadilla, on the Susquehanna River. Later routes extended the turnpike to parts of the State farther west. The turnpike followed a tortuous route between mountain walls, but heavy wagons rumbled through the valleys as goods and people began to move through this part of the State with greater frequency. Many travelers on the turnpike were New England families on their way to more fertile soil that beckoned from central and western New York. Early New Englanders called the Catskills the "cold lands," but in the late 18th and early 19th centuries the migration was so great as to endow communities in the northern Catskills with a New England quality. Greenville is one of those places that still preserves its New England-like village green.

Catskill was the terminus for another transportation project when the Catskill and Canajoharie Railroad was planned to shorten connections between the Mohawk and Hudson Valleys. The ambitious company laid rails through the upper Catskills in the 1830's, but after one wreck, the railroad never resumed operations. Even the later Ulster and Delaware that began rail service between Kingston and Stanford in 1875 was never profitable because of the high costs of construction over mountain grades. The U. and D., however, was, in the budding days of the new motion picture industry, the setting for a brief, jerking, and imaginative episode entitled The Holdup of the Rocky Mountain Express.

The Catskills' calm had earlier been shattered by blasting noises in the Rondout Valley and later, in 1828, hoots on barge horns announced the opening of the Delaware and Hudson Canal. The new waterway from Kingston on the Hudson, to Honesdale, 107 miles away, skirted the Catskills as an improved route to tap the rich Pennsylvania mines of anthracite coal. The D. and H. Canal, with its 107 locks, was the only canal in the State to be built by private funds although the State loaned part of the \$1½ million cost of construction. The canal boosted the Catskill economy, particularly the Rosendale cement industry, but improved railroad service doomed the canal, and it closed down after its final season in 1898.

The economic development of the Catskills is a story of hard work and hand crafts. Some of the open areas grew a little winter wheat, and, for a while, butter from the Delaware slopes of the Catskills was as highly regarded as Orange County butter. The wooded surfaces of crests and cloves were much more important. In a day when wood supplied countless human needs, the Catskills seemed to furnish an almost inexhaustible source of timber. Sawmills stood above the waters in many hollows. Lumber cut from the western slopes of the Catskills could be floated down the Delaware, and rafting on that river was a colorful, hazardous occupation.

The discovery of hemlock bark as an agent for tanning leather opened new enterprises in the Catskills, and the area soon came to be dotted with tanneries. Men sweated in the sultry summer months, when bark could be peeled the easiest,

while they were plagued by gnats and mosquitoes. Bark-peeling was one of the most strenuous of all occupations, but one slight advantage was that a man's clothes became so covered with resin they never wore out. Animal hides came up the Hudson by ship from South America, and teamsters hauled hides and leather through rough mountain trails to and from the tanning vats. Zadock Pratt, a militiaman and general store-keeper, made Prattsville, where he operated more vats than anyone else, the center of the industry. Pratt put people to work and he could also keep them entertained, as on the Fourth of July holiday when he hitched up his sleigh, donned his overcoat, wrapped himself up in furs, and rode down Main Street in the summer heat.

Tanneries spread from the northern Catskills southward into Pennsylvania as the hemlock supply was exhausted. Hemlock trunks were left to rot on the ground in the sad destruction of a great natural treasure. Catskill furniture-makers used other hard woods in their local shops, and women and children throughout the mountains used their spare time to make cane seats. Hoop-makers shaved saplings for kegs and barrels in a flourishing but brief pursuit in the closing decades of the 19th century.

Glass-blowing, in the vicinity of Overlook Mountain, was also a thriving enterprise and in the middle of the 19th century most of the window glass in the Hudson Valley came from glass factories near Woodstock. In that same region, however, men for about a half century dug into the Catskills in search of bluestone. A hard, close-grained sandstone, bluestone became flagstones for sidewalks in the growing cities. Other bluestone was fashioned into curbing, sills, or architectural trim. Thousands of workers in hundreds of Catskill quarries hauled out the stone, dragged it to docks on the Hudson, and planed and shaped it to the proper size. This bustling business, too, died out in the face of new composition. Chemical tanning had ended hemlock peeling, and Portland cement, with its greater convenience and lower cost, killed off bluestone-quarrying.

Nature endowed the Catskills with several rich assets, but it is always difficult to make a living out of mountains. Even today, with new electronics plants in the vicinity and with a thriving resort business, based largely on Catskill eye-appeal, per capita income in the four counties is several hundred dollars below the income per person for the whole State.

While the Catskills contributed to economic developments and made a mark in literary history, they also had an obvious impact on the American artistic record. The same dramatic effect of light and shadow and varied hues that Washington Irving described in the



CATSKILLS - NEAR WOODSTOCK

opening of "Rip Van Winkle" also astonished the eyes of a group of artists who came to be known as the "Hudson River School." The school's start may be traced to Thomas Cole, an English immigrant, who had painted without success in Ohio and Pennsylvania, and who made a trip up the Hudson in 1824. He won immediate fame for his views of glens and crests, mists and shadows, sunlight on foliage, and the shimmering effects of light on the nearby river.

Other Hudson River artists developed a similar interest in native landscapes. They made detailed, accurate drawings of rocks and gnarled limbs; they took no liberties with nature but than arranged the realistic components into highly dramatic scenes for the greatest possible emotional effect. Thomas Doughty, John Kensett, George Innes, Henry Inman, Jasper Cropsey, Frederick Church, and others received inspiration from the Catskills. They painted grandiose scenes with a wide-screen panorama. Artists also took their sketch pads into other valleys and mountain regions to portray similar scenes in the same dramatic style. They sought out new glories of nature in the light and shadow of rocky cliffs or tree-covered peaks in the Mohawk Valley, the Adirondacks, and as far off as the Rockies.

The foremost tribute to Cole came from the palette of Asher B. Durand as he portrayed the artist communing in the wild beauty of the Catskills with the poet William Cullen Bryant. Durand's masterpiece, *Kindred Souls*, evoked the desired emotional responses of the day. It memorialized Cole, who had died the year before, in 1848, at the age of 47. Bryant, the crusading editor of the *New York Post*, had inspired the Hudson River School with his poem "Thanatopsis," written, however, before he had traveled into the Catskills:

..... The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun, - the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods - rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man ...

Artists throughout the 19th century continued to show the Catskills in changing styles. E.L. Henry gathered in his studio at Cragmoor (in the Shawangunks) the memorabilia of earlier generations for his photographic paintings of everyday scenes and historic events.

The artistic connections of the area received new impetus at the start of the present century when the Art Students League of New York City opened a summer school in Woodstock. A few years earlier, Ralph Radcliffe Whitehead decided on nearby Overlook Mountain as the most suitable location for a social experiment and for the study and design of arts and crafts. There his Byrdcliffe followed a long tradition of Utopian communities. But the quiet rural village turned into a sort of *al fresco* Greenwich Village as artists, seeking to express their individuality in the arts, often lived highly individualistic private lives. "The Maverick" became recognized as a special neighborhood, and also as an annual event, for those whose ideas of human behavior were far-removed from accepted standards. But down quiet Woodstock lanes were the studios of hard-working artists who made impressive contributions to American art. Woodstock was an address for painters of the past and present, some of the most-noted of whom are: George Bellows, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Eugene Speicher, Doris Lee, and Arnold Blanch among others. Woodstock probably has more galleries than any other community its size for the interests of its population of painters, sculptors, and men and women active in other arts.

The Catskills also had literary connections much more extensive than just Irving's setting for "Rip Van Winkle." James Fenimore Cooper frequently referred to the mountain area in relating adventures in the *Leather Stocking Tales*. And from another Overlook, near Palenville, he had Natty Bumppo remark that you can see "all creation." A long-forgotten author, George Washington Owen in *The Leech Club*, wrote verbal descriptions of the Catskills to match the scenes

visualized by the Hudson River School. He used Catskill customs and characters as a backdrop to his narrative of political chicanery and human corruption. Mark Twain summered at Onteora Park, the same spot in the Catskills to which Hamlin Garland retired to prepare realistic accounts of his younger days on the prairies of the mid-west.

John Burroughs, next to Irving, probably made greater use of the Catskills in his writing than any other author. Born in Roxbury, Burroughs resided above the Hudson near Esopus. His clear-cut and expressive books made him a nature-writer of great popularity as he commented on robins, locusts, honey, squirrels, and sunshine. A close friend of famous personalities of his day, Burroughs, traveled far and wide but always returned to his beloved Catskills.

As vacationlands, however, the Catskills have become best known to generations of Americans. The region had little need for authors or publicists to attract vacationers in need of repose amidst views of sheer delight. In the early 1820's, a group of businessmen built a hotel, that eventually cost \$320,000, on a crest overlooking one of the most splendid mountain panoramas. The Catskill Mountain House, at "the Pine Orchard," with its 13 hand-carved Corinthian columns, representing the 13 original states, became the most famous of many Catskill resort hotels. When Charles L. Beach took over the establishment in 1845, he enlarged it and so improved its facilities that one visiting author described it as "a palace built for angels." Countless Americans and numerous visitors from abroad made it a favorite stopping spot. The latter, especially, included it on the U.S. equivalent of the "Grand Tour." This itinerary included a trip up the Hudson, with a visit to the Catskill Mountain House to drink in the impressive vistas, then a continuation of the journey upstate and westward via the Grand Erie Canal to observe another of the State's breath-taking views at Niagara Falls.

Other resort hotels appeared on Catskill cliffs to capitalize on the abundant scenery. These hostleries usually were fronted by large verandas for the quiet contemplation of cloves, crests, and trackless woodlands. Other pastimes consisted of dining, dancing, picnics, walks over the nearby trails, and weekly sermons.

Two new developments, both taking place at about the same time, changed activities in the Catskills. One was the acquisition by the State, in 1904, of the Catskill Forest Preserve. Conservation-minded New Yorkers were determined to preserve the natural beauty of the area and succeeded in including in the State Constitution a provision that State park lands should be "forever wild." By gradually adding to its holdings, the State has acquired ownership of about 232,000 acres, or almost one-third of the total Catskill park area. During these years when the Forest Preserve was being established, the coming of the automobile made the Catskills far more accessible than they had been. And, eventually, with improved roads, the region came within easy driving distance, in any season of the year, for millions of city dwellers.

The Catskills, however, suffered for a time from the reputation as a "poor man's resort." Boarding houses by the hundreds beckoned to vacationers throughout the mountains. Some advertised "kosher" cooking, while others displayed anti-Semitic prejudices. But Catskill resort operators seem to have worked out harmonious arrangements, and the mountain area is divided into segregated locations with Italian villas, Irish houses, and "enclaves" for Spanish, Syrian, and other national groups.

Such pleasure domes as Grossingers and The Concord, in Sullivan County, have reached peaks of luxurious vacationing. With private airfields and private golf courses; all-year ice skating; swimming twelve months a year; with skiing on red, yellow, or blue artificial snow; with the biggest names in the sports and entertainment world; where Cadillacs crowd the parking lots; and where a guest's weekend supply of clothes may be larger than many wardrobes for the whole year, these resorts have set such

standards that the "borscht circuit" can no longer be considered a term of derision. And Miami Beach and Las Vegas have been hard put to match the splendors of Catskill vacationing.

Contrasted with such lavish establishments are places that continue to emphasize restfulness in the placid natural surroundings. At Lake Mohonk, automobiles are not even admitted on the premises, and the main entertainment follows Catskill traditions of nature walks and evening musicales. In the secluded cloves of the upper Catskills still exist remnants of a genteel life of earlier generations. Wealthy city dwellers there purchased acreage for summer retreats with a maximum of privacy. Elka Park, named in the late '90's after the founders - members of New York City's German-American singing society, the famous Lieder Kranz - preserves an aura of the last of "the last resorts." Onteora Park attracted the socially elite and leaders of the literary and theatrical worlds. Today, according to one historian of the region, the park continues to survive in an atmosphere of "determined rusticity." Onteora Park residents heap scorn on anyone who makes such a blunder as to refer to "yellow"- instead of "golden"-birches.

Located at a geographical crossroads, with a variety of economic activities and cultural developments, the Catskills have contributed to the State's folklore.

The region has its share of Indian legends from the tale of Onteora - the giant whose outline gives the shape to Catskill topography - to stories of frustrated Indian maidens. Washington Irving transported European legends to give them a new setting above the Hudson and enrich the lore of the Empire State. Many mountainside caves are secret hiding spots for buried treasure, and the craftsmen and the various national groups have made their own distinctive contributions to Catskill folklore.

Along the western and southern slopes of the mountains, the folklore is rich in references to Tom Quick and his exploits as an Indian fighter; to Boney Quillen's adventures of rafting on the Delaware; and to John Darling, Sullivan County's own folk hero. Along the Delaware, "whirling" - "the competitive exchange of good-natured insults in rhyme" - was a local pastime. But toward the western and northern limits of the Catskills, folklore gives more attention to ghosts, witches, and other supernatural phenomena. And, in a practical way, witches were blamed for tieups on the D. and H. Canal.

Research in the area's folklore has only scratched the surface top-soil. For those who will plow deeper furrows, their harvest will be a rich crop of lore, legends, and music.

Barbara Moncure and Harry Siemsen here show a small portion of the musical mixture available in the area. For additional details about Catskill folklore, consult the following articles in the New York Folklore Quarterly (Published by the Farmers Museum, Cooperstown):

- Cazden, Norman. "Music of the Catskills." (4:32-46, Spring 1948) "Catskill Lockup Songs." (16:90-103, Summer 1960)
- Evers, Alf. "Rattlesnake Lore of the Catskills." (7:108-15, Summer 1951)
- Harris, Harold. "Blue Gold of the Catskills." (13:92-9, Summer 1957)
- Jagendorf, Moritz. "Catskill Darling: Facts About a Folk Hero." (1:69-82, May 1945) "John Darling References." (3:329-30, Winter 1947) "Zadock Pratt's Big Day." (13:221-3, Autumn 1957)
- Schillinger, Alvin W. "Hell's Bells and Panther Tracks." (9:28-39, Spring 1953)

Smith, Agnes Scott. "Down Ulster Way." (4:182-95, Autumn 1948)

Studer, Norman. "Catskill Folk Festival." (1:160-6, August 1945) "Boney Quillen of the Catskills." (7:276-82, Winter 1951) "Whirling and Applejack in the Catskills." (8:301-6, Winter 1952) "Yarns of a Catskill Woodsman." (11:183-92, Autumn 1955) "Folklore from a Valley That Died." (12:192-9, Autumn 1956) "Three Witch Stories from the Catskills." (14:11-15, Spring 1958)

Thompson, Harold W. "Tales of the Catskill Bear Hunters." (5:128-33, January 1949)

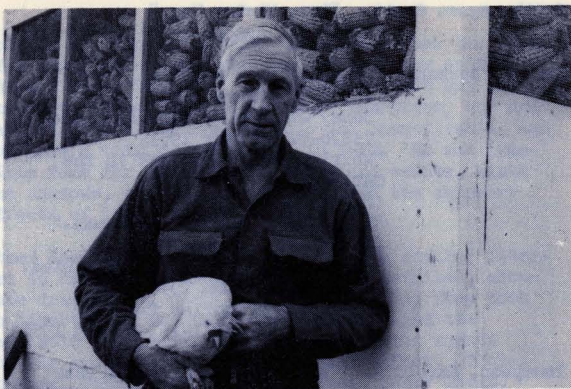
THE SINGERS AND THEIR SOURCES

BARBARA MONCURE was born into a talented family with many interests. Her Swiss-born father yodels with the best of his countrymen, is a painter of note, and plays an expert guitar on a handsomely designed instrument that is always a center of attraction. Her sister is a novelist who is married to another author. A native of Toledo, Ohio, Barbara Moncure has lived in all sections of the United States - she also spent two years in Manila - but most of her summers found her in Woodstock. There she regularly acted in summer-stock theater. An early interest in music and the stage led her to follow her higher education at Skidmore, Black Mountain and then at Julliard in order to further plans for a career as a concert pianist. After her marriage, Mrs. Moncure accompanied her Army-officer husband to Texas where the constant blare of juke-box hillbilly music inspired her to investigate more authentic forms of folk music. The tragic death of her husband just before the birth of their third child served to stimulate further her study of folksongs. Carl Carmer encouraged her singing and collecting activities. And with the authoritative advice and careful guidance of Alf Evers - author, Town of Woodstock Historian, and walking encyclopedia of the history, both human and natural, of the Catskills - she has acquired familiarity with all aspects of Catskill life and lore. To one of Mrs. Moncure's sons, however, Evers' chief ability is to "track skunks in the snow."

Mrs. Moncure has written popular songs and children's plays, has sung in night clubs, and was the 1957 winner of one of the most sought after awards of the Woodstock Foundation. For two years, she had her own weekly radio program on a Kingston station on which she sang, played records, told stories, and interviewed many prominent personalities. Her first guest was Susan Reed. During some of her present appearances, her youngest, daughter Judith, often joins in singing Catskill songs.



Barbara Moncure



Harry Siemsen



Mary Avery



Frank Joy
Catching Bees 1952

HARRY SIEMSEN, the son of German immigrants, was born in Brooklyn in 1898, but deserted the city at the age of eight and has lived in Ulster County ever since. He spent a few years behind the desks of the Jockey Hill School in the neighborhood, but most of his life has been in the fields, woods, and barns of nearby farms. A specialist in animal and poultry husbandry, Mr. Siemsen has also been a part-time woodsman, teamster and stone worker, and is, in fact, an all-around craftsman with many skills. As the official Historian for the Town of Kingston he collects photographs and rocks along with documents and local lore. Mr. Siemsen has not neglected his civic duties, and he has served as Justice of the Peace, Assessor, Tax Collector, school clerk and has had many responsible positions on fire boards and conservation commissions of his community.

MARY AVERY, a native of Tobasco, in the Town of Rochester, has lived in rural Ulster County ever since her birth as Mary Van Etten, in 1884. She

learned to drive horses and oxen and helped her father to haul hoop poles. One of 15 children, she married Latus Avery in 1902. They now have 13 children, 36 grandchildren, and 13 great-grandchildren. With a fondness for music, Mrs. Avery plays the harmonica, accordion, and Jew's harp. Mr. and Mrs. Avery together have supplied music for many dances in the neighborhood, where square dancing and fiddling have long been parts of the local tradition.

ELWYN DAVIS, is a descendant of a pioneer family of the Town of Olive. He was born in 1890 in West Shokan and lived there until his family was forced to move when construction of the Ashokan Reservoir began. But he still lives on a farm overlooking Ashokan's waters. Davis interrupted his life-long career as farmer to work for the contractors building the Ashokan Reservoir and for 17 years to operate a sawmill. He is another authority on local history and traditions.

FRANK JOY, born in Sawkill, spent most of his life in the area as woodsman, farmer, and beekeeper. He also worked as a stone cutter, on the Ulster and Delaware Railroad and in the Kingston Water Works. He played the accordion and learned many songs from his father and other singers. Joy died in 1958 at the age of 77.

JULIA (Mrs. Edgar) LEAYCRAFT comes from an old Hudson River family. She has never lost her enjoyment of singing both at home and with various choral groups. She has had a busy life with careers as editor, artist, and homemaker.

SIDE I, Band 1: MY GOOD LOOKING MAN

From Mary Avery. This "song ballet" - also known as "I Was Sixteen Years of Age" - appears in collections from the southeast and mid-west. In it, the straying husband receives his punishment from the wronged wife.

Come all you pretty fair maids,
Of courage brave and true:
I'll tell you how for to happy live
And avoid all troubles too:
I'll tell you how for to happy live
And plainly understand:
You must never try to fall in love
With a good lookin' man.

When I was sixteen years of age,
A damsel in my prime;
I gaily sought for wedded life,
Where pleasures I would find:
Says I to myself now is the time,
So try it if you can:
So every day I looked about
For a good lookin' man.

Well my wish it seems it came too soon
On a Sunday afternoon.
As onwards home from church I tripped
I met this gay go-soon:
He looked so nice about the face,
To wed him it was my plan:
And every night I set my cap
For that good lookin' man.

Tw'as scarce two weeks after wed we were,
On a Sunday afternoon:
My gent stepped out and so did I
To take a pleasure's roam:
My gent stepped out and so did I
To watch 'im it was my plan,
And soon another girl I spied,
With my good lookin' man.

They hugged and kissed, the tales of love
To you I cannot tell.
Says I to myself now is the time
To dust you off right well:
Thinks I to myself, now is the time
So to my home I ran,
And there sat down to watch and wait
For my food lookin' man.

Just as the clock was striking ten,
My Willie he came in.
Says I to him, oh Willie dear,
Where have you thus long been?
I've been to church, oh Maggie dear,
With this I could not stand,
The rolling pin I then let fly,
At my good lookin' man.

I pulled his hair, I blacked his eye,
In ribbons I tore his clothes:
I then picked up the poker,
And laid it acrost his nose:
He looked just like a chimney sweep,
As out of the door he ran:
And there's never a lady loved again,
By my good lookin' man.

Come all you unmarried people
Of high and low degree.
If ever ya get a raggage* lad,
Pitch in to him like me:
For when I found I was deceived,
I thought it my very best plan:
To tighten the check,
And break the neck,
Of my good lookin' man.

* "Everyone knows what 'raggage' means,"
Mrs. Avery says, "he's a 'rough' person."

SIDE I, Band 2: THE BLUESTONE QUARRIES

Written by Mr. Siemsen, this song is filled with traditional references and the folk spirit. Mr. Siemsen knew some of the last surviving Irishmen who had worked in the quarries. Bluestone-quarrying began in the 1830's, reached a peak with urban expansion following the Civil War, and died out by the opening of the present century. Quarrymen wore red flannels in the winter to keep out the cold and in the summer to absorb perspiration. They say you can still hear the devil working the drill in the deserted quarries, but some people claim it's just the sound of dripping water.

In eighteen hundred and forty-one,
They put their long red flannels on,
The Irishmen put their flannels on,
To work in the bluestone quarry.

CHORUS:

Til er re who ra who ra hay,
Til er re who ra who ra hay,
Til er re who ra who ra hay,
To work in the Bluestone Quarry.

They left old Ireland far behind,
To search for work of another kind,
The job was hard but they didn't mind,
A-working the bluestone quarry.

They brought their jigs and songs of cheer,
Wild ghost stories, a liking for beer,
And the finest brogue a man could hear,
While workin' in the quarry.

(CHORUS)

On the company houses that they lived in,
The sidin' was so terrible thin,
All over the place the wind got in,
When it howled around the quarry.

And when they lay them down to sleep,
The wirey bugs about did creep,

And the rattlesnakes did slither and peep,
Beneath the curb in the quarry.

(CHORUS)

The Irishmen would sometimes moan,
Sure the devil himself is in that blue stone,
For they'd often be nursin' a broken bone,
They got while workin' the quarry.

Twass Mike do this, and Tim do that,
With never a thought for poor old Pat,
And him with nothin' but an old felt hat,
To keep out the spaltz in the quarry.

(CHORUS)

Tim Murphy and his strikers true,
Were drillin' a hole in the stone so blue,
They went for lunch when the whistle blew,
And left the drill in the quarry.

When they returned at quarter to one,
The drill was nowhere under the sun,
But deep in the hole where they'd begun,
A blast was shakin' the quarry.

When they peered in the hole, it gave them a chill:
For there was the devil a-workin' the drill:
If you listen real hard you can hear him there still,
A workin' the Bluestone quarry!

(CHORUS)

SIDE I, Band 3: THE FOGGY DEW

A beautiful song with a haunting melody that has no relation to "The Foggy, Foggy Dew," or "Bugaboo," Mrs. Moncure's version is very similar to that collected by Norman Cazden from George Edwards of Sundown. See Cazden's detailed analysis of the Irish backgrounds in his article, "The Foggy Dew" in New York Folklore Quarterly (10:213-7, Autumn 1954).

Over the hills I went one morn,
A lovely maid I spied;
With her coal black hair and her mantle of green,
A vision to perceive.
Said I, "Dear girl, will you be my bride?"
But she lifted her eyes of blue;
She smiled and said,
"Dear boy I'm to wed.
I'm to meet him in the foggy dew."

Over the hills I went one morn,
A-singing I did go,
Met the lovely lass with the coal black hair,
She whispered soft and low,
Said she, "Dear boy, I'll be your bride
If I know that you'll be true."
And there in my arms, all her charms
Were casted in the foggy, foggy dew.

SIDE I, Band 4: SIMPLE LITTLE NANCY BROWN

From Frank Joy. With no definite similarities to any published titles, this ditty could have originated on the vaudeville stage or a college campus.

Simple little Nancy Brown,
From way down east come into town.
She went to see a circus show,
And met a nice young man you know,

CHORUS:

La ti dele ida le um,
Tide le ida le ida le um.
La ti dele ida le um
The fire works were lovely.

They wandered all along the beach,
And when in swimming got out of reach.
They lost her socks and every thing,
And how do you suppose they came home in.

Chorus - They came home in the twilight.

A maiden walking down the hill,
Half way down she had a spill.
Her two feet flew to-wards the sky,
And a nice young man come riding by.

Chorus - Oh how bright the moon was.

Little Miss Muffet across the way,
She fainted in her bath one day.
Her sister didn't know what to do,
So how do you spose she brought her too.

Chorus - She slapped her on her ankle.

Margie York said to her Ma,
I think I'd like to be a star.
She got a chance somewhere in France,
And the first time that she did her dance.

Chorus - She fell and broke her contract.

SIDE I, Band 5: THE SPOTTED COW

From Frank Joy. Also known as "The Crafty Farmer" and earlier as "The Yorkshire Bite," another New York State version appears in Body, Boots, and Britches, by Harold W. Thompson (Philadelphia, 1939), as "The Kennebec Bite." Thompson's version came from Thomas G. Cook, of Ticonderoga. See also the detailed references in American Balladry from British Broad-sides, by G. Malcolm Laws, Jr. (Philadelphia, 1957)

Oh there was an old farmer and he lived not very
far from here,
He became a very wealthy farmer, as you shall
shortly hear.
He had horses and cows and many other things,
He had a boy to work for him, the boy's name was
John.

CHORUS:

La le dal lally toodle lolly two de link a ladle
lum
La laley two de link a lay.

Early one morning he called to his man,
The boy came to him as we're to understand.
He said, the old spotted cow has no way to the fair,
She looks the best, and she we can spare.

(CHORUS)

The boy took his leave and went off to the fair,
He was there a little while when he met two men.
After a lot of dickering, that never seem to end,
The boy sold the cow for six pound ten.

(CHORUS)

As these two men went in to drink,
They paid the boy all down in chink.
Saying to the landlady the boy he did say,
What shall I do with the money, I pray?

It's I will sew it in your coat linin' said she,
For fear on the way its robbed of you be.
Now there sat a highwayman sipping at his wine,
And saying to himself that money will be mine.

(CHORUS)

The boy took his leave and for home he did go,
The highwayman followed soon after also.
He'd gone a little ways, he'd overtaken the boy,
You're well overtaken it gives me joy.

(CHORUS)

How far are you going - going this way,
Four miles or more is as near as I can say.
Hop on behind the highwayman said,
I'll get you to your home 'fore the sun has set.

(CHORUS)

They rode till they come to a long narrow lane,
Now said the highwayman, I'll tell you very plain.
Deliver up that money with out any strife,
Or in this long lane I will take away your life.

(CHORUS)

The boy seeing now no time to dispute,
He leaped from the horse with out fear or doubt.
From the coat lining the money he tore out,
And in the long grass he did scatter it about.

(CHORUS)

The highwayman leaped from the horse also,
And little did he think it was to his loss.
For while he was picking up the money that was lost,
The boy jumped a-board and went off with the horse.

(CHORUS)

The highwayman hollered and bade him to stay,
The boy said nothing but he rode straight away.
Back to his master and thus he did bring,
A horse and a saddle and many fine thing.

(CHORUS)

By the servant being out, she saw John,
She went in to 'quaint the old man.
The old man came out, "What the devil is the fuss,
Why the old spotted cow has turned to a horse!

(CHORUS)

On the saddle bags bein' opened, out of them were
told,
Five hundred pounds in silver and gold.
For a boy you've done mighty rare,
So half of this money you shall have for your
share.

(CHORUS)

SIDE I, Band 6: A FROG HE WOULD A WOOLING GO

Mrs. Edgar Leaycraft supplied the first six verses, and papers dated 1873 belonging to a school girl and found in a Saugerties attic, provided the final three verses. This popular song goes back at least to the 16th century when it described the romantic inclinations of "Mr. Frogge."

The frog he would a wooing go:
Ay oh says Rowley-oh:
The frog he would awooling go,

With a Rowley, Powley oh:
The frog he would a wooing go,
Whether his mother was willing or no,
Ay oh, says Rowley, Rowley, - Powley oh!

Oh Lady mouse, will you marry me?
Ay oh, says Rowley-oh:
Oh Lady mouse, will you marry me?
With a Rowley Powley oh:
Oh Lady mouse will you marry me?
Why, yes, kind sir, I quite agree,
Ay oh, says Rowley, Rowley, - Powley oh!

And where will the wedding breakfast be?
Ay oh, says Rowley oh:
And where will the wedding breakfast be,
With a Rowley Powley oh:
And where will the wedding breakfast be?
In the hollow trunk of the old oak tree,
Ay oh, says Rowley, Rowley, - Powley oh!

The first to come was a long black snake,
Ay oh, says Rowley oh:
The first to come was a long black snake,
With a Rowley Powley oh:
The first to come was a long black snake,
And he wound round the wedding cake,
Ay oh, says Rowley, Rowley - Powley oh!

Judge Owl came in with his long black gown,
Ay oh, says Rowley oh:
Judge Owl came in with his long black gown,
With a Rowley Powley oh:
Judge Owl came in with his long black gown,
He kissed the bride and lost his frown,
Ay oh, says Rowley, Rowley- Powley oh!

The ducks, the lamb and the geese were there:
Ay oh, says Rowley oh,
The ducks, the lamb and the geese were there,
With a Rowley Powley oh:
The ducks, the lamb and the geese were there,
They said good-bye to the happy pair,
Ay oh, says Rowley, Rowley - Powley oh!

The frog he swam across the lake,
Ay oh, says Rowley oh:
The frog he swam across the lake,
With a Rowley Powley oh:
The frog he swam across the lake,
And he was swallowed by a snake,
Ay oh, says Rowley, Rowley-Powley oh!

Miss Mouse she swam up to her chin,
Ay oh, says Rowley oh:
Miss Mouse, she swam up to her chin,
With a Rowley Powley oh:
Miss Mouse, she swam up to her chin;
She wished she was a maid again,
Ay oh, says Rowley, Rowley-Powley oh!

And that was the end of the frog and mouse,
Ay oh, says Rowley oh,
And that was the end of the frog and mouse,
With a Rowley Powley oh:
That was the end of the frog and mouse,
They never got to keeping house,
Ay oh, says Rowley, Rowley-Powley oh!

SIDE I, Band 7: JENNIE JENKINS

From Mrs. Edgar Leaycraft. Often identified as a singing game, especially by William Wells Newell in Games and Songs of American Children (New York, 1884) in his related version of "Miss Jennia Jones," Mrs. Moncure here connects it much more closely to the tasks of spinning and weaving... The rhythm

seems to match that of the treadle of the spinning wheel. "Double rosy," referred to "double rows" and "bunch a beers" was the old English term for a group of 40-60 threads.

Will you wear the green, narrow, narrow,
Will you wear the green, Jennie Jenkins?
Yes, I will wear the green for the color is so keen;

So, buy me a tally woolly, double rosy, dilly vally,
Suky duky, bright green ground:
Bunch a beers, an' you wear, Jennie Jenkins.

Will you wear the blue, narrow, narrow,
Will you wear the blue, Jennie Jenkins?
Yes, I will wear the blue, for the color is so true:

So, buy me a tally woolly, double rosy, dilly vally,
Suky duky, bright blue ground:
Bunch a beers, an' you wear, Jennie Jenkins.

Will you wear the gray, narrow, narrow,
Will you wear the gray, Jennie Jenkins?
Yes, I will wear the gray, I'll save it for a rainy day

But buy me a tally woolly, double rosy, dilly vally,
Suky duky, bright gray ground,
Bunch a beers, an' you wear, Jennie Jenkins.

Will you wear the yellow, narrow, narrow,
Will you wear the yellow, Jennie Jenkins?
No, I'll not wear the yellow, for the color is too shallow:

But, buy me a tally woolly, double rosy, dilly vally,
Suky duky, bright green ground:
Bunch a beers, an' you wear, Jennie Jenkins.

Will you wear the red, narrow, narrow,
Will you wear the red, Jennie Jenkins?
Yes, I will wear the red, 'Tis the color of my head:

So, buy me a tally woolly, double rosy, dilly vally,
Suky duky, bright red ground:
Bunch a beers, an' you wear, Jennie Jenkins!

SIDE II, Band 1: THE GRUMBLING DRIVER

From Olde Ulster (3:136-139, May 1907). This typical Dutch song was brought into the Catskill area by the first settlers of the Hudson Valley. The editor noted the verses contained many colloquial Dutch expressions and also complained of the disappearance of such songs. As late as 1875, however, he declared, Dutch music could have been easily collected. An English version was collected on the western side of the Catskills in Conesville, Schoharie County, and appears in Folklore from the Schoharie Hills, by Emlyn Elizabeth Gardner (Ann Arbor, 1937). Versions of this song are still sung in Holland, according to the Woodstock lady who helps Mrs. Moncure with her Dutch pronunciation. When she was a young girl in The Netherlands in the 1920's they decorated, once a year, their horses with garlands of flowers and then everyone trotted off singing De Pruttelarij Voerman.

Eens had ik mijn wagen verhuurd en dat aan oude wijven:
To en zij op de kermis kwamen, gingen zij aan't kievjen:
Nooit meer wil ik het wagen, oude wijven in mijn wagen,
Rijdt wat an, wagen, wagen, rijdt wat an, voerman.

Eens had ik mijn wagen verhuurd en dat aan oude wijven:
Toen zij op de kermis kwamen, gingen zij samenspannen:
Nooit meer wil ik het wagen, oude mannen in mijn wagen,
Rijdt wat an, wagen, wagen, rijdt wat an, voerman.

Eens had ik mijn wagen verhuurd en dat aan oude
dochtors:
Toen zij op de kermis kwamen deden zij niet als krochen:
Nooit meer wil ik het wagen, oude dochtors in mijn wagen,
Rijdt wat an, wagen, wagen, rijdt wat an, voerman.

Eens had ik mijn wagen verhuurd en dat aan oude heeren:
Toen zij op de kermis kwamen deden zij niet als zweren:
Nooit meer wil ik het wagen, oude heeren in mijn wagen,
Rijdt wat an, wagen, wagen, rijdt wat an, voerman.

Eens had ik mijn wagen verhuurd en dat aan jonge
dochtors:
Toen zij op de kermis kwamen, werden zij al verkocht er:
Verkocht al hier, verkocht al daar, jonge dochtors is
goede waar:
Ik wil wel laden op mijn wagen, van de jonge dochtors!

(English translation of "De Pruttelarij Voerman")

Once I hired out my wagon to some old gossips:
Soon as they reached the fair they all began to scold:
No more will I hire out my wagon to old gossips,
Ride on, wagon, wagon, ride on, driver.

Once I hired out my wagon to some old men:
Soon as they reached the fair they all began to plot
together:
No more will I hire out my wagon to old men,
Ride on, wagon, wagon, ride on, driver.

Once I hired out my wagon to some old maids:
Soon as they reached the fair they all began to groan:
No more will I hire out my wagon to old maids,
Ride on, wagon, wagon, ride on, driver.

Once I hired out my wagon to some old lords:
Soon as they reached the fair they all began to swear:
No more will I hire out my wagon to old lords,
Ride on, wagon, wagon, ride on, driver.

Once I hired out my wagon to young maidens:
Soon as they reached the fair everyone was taken;
They were purchased here, they were purchased there:
Young women are good weather, I will load up my
wagon with young women!

SIDE II, Band 2: THE LEXINGTON MURDER

From Frank Joy. One of the most widely collected
murder ballads, it has numerous titles, some of
which are "The Oxford Tragedy," "The Wexford Girl,"
"The Cruel Miller," etc. See the many references
printed in Laws, *ibid.*, and the various tunes as
reported in the Frank C. Brown Collection of North
Carolina Ballads, Vol. 4, "The Music of the Ballads,"
edited by Jan Philip Shinhan (Durham, N.C., 1957).
Whether Joy thought he was singing about a true
incident of nearby Lexington, in Greene County, we
will never know.

My tender parents brought me up, provided for me well,
Then in the town of Lexaton*, they employ'd me in a
mill;
Twas there I met this pretty fair maid, on her I
cast my eye,
I asked her if she'd marry me, and she believed a
lie.

I went then to her father's house, 'bout eight o'clock
that night,
And little did the poor girl think I owed her any
spite.
I asked her if she'd take a walk, but just a little
way,
That her and I might then agree, upon our wedding day.

I lured her (all) along the road, till in a lonesome
place,
I drew a stake from out the fence, and smoten her
through the face.
She fell on her bended knees, for mercy she did cry,
For mercy's sake don't murder me, for I'm not fit to
die.

But heeding not her mournful groan, I pounded on her
more:
Until I took her precious life, which I never could
restore.
And grabbed her by the hair of the head, to cover
o'er my sin;
I dragged her to the old mill stream, and plunged
her body in.

Then all that night I lay 'round and fret for never
could I rest:
I could feel the very pains of Hell was running through
my breast:
Next morning I was searched for, and was very quickly
found:
By the shadow of the old mill-side, my conscience had
me down.

Oh what is that upon your face, and blood all o'er
your clothes,
I answered to the officers then, 'twas bleeding from
the nose.
But soon my crime I did confess, in prison now I lie,
The judge has spoke the fatal words, I am condemned
to die.

* Frank Joy distinctly said "Lex-a-ton", not
"Lexington"

SIDE II, Band 3: MADAM, I HAVE GOLD AND SILVER

From Henry "Dutch" Gerlach who taught it before he
died, during the World War I influenza epidemic, to
Mr. Siemsen. Gerlach was born in 1881 or 1882 in
the Town of Ulster and lived there all his life on
a hill farm. This courting dialog is actually a com-
posite of well-known verses.

There she stands, a lovely creature,
Who she is, I do not know:
I will ask her for to marry,
Let her answer, yes or no.

Madam, I have gold and silver,
Madam, I have a house and land:
Madam, I have a ship on the ocean,
All of these at they command.

What care I for your gold and silver,
What care I for your house and land,
What care I for your ship on the ocean,
All I want is a nice young man.

Oh! I know!
For an old man he is old,
An old man he is gray,
A young man's heart is full of love,
Get away, old man, get away.

I wanna marry a young man:
With curly hair on his head;
I don't want an old man,
That can't climb into bed:

For an old man he is old,
An old man he is gray:
A young man's heart is fulla love,
Get away, old man, get away!

SIDE II, Band 4: THE QUAKER'S COURTSHIP

From Mrs. Carl Hubbell, of Woodstock, who learned the song when she was a very young girl from a summer visitor to the Catskills at the turn of the century. This widely-known play-party song is the only one in the present collection to be found in the Stevens-Douglass manuscript of songs of Western New York (1841-1856), and published in A Pioneer Songster, edited by Harold W. Thompson and Edith E. Cutting (Ithaca, 1958).

Father sent me here a courting,
Hum ho hay:
I'm in earnest, not a joking,
Hum ho hay:

You set there and court the fire,
Teedling, teedling, teedling time:
That you go is my desire,
Teedling teedling teedling time:

I've a ring and forty shillin',
Hum ho hay:
Thou mayst have, thou art willing,
Hum ho hay:

I don't want your rings or money,
Teedling, etc.
I want a man to call me honey,
Teedling, etc.

Maiden, thou art fair and slender,
Hum etc.
And I know thy heart is tender:
Hum

Now I know thou art a flatt'rer,
Teedling
And I'll never wed a Quaker,
Teedling

Must I then change my religion?
Hum
And become a Presbyterian?
Hum

Cheer up, cheer up, loving brother:
Teedling
Can't catch one fish, catch another,
Teedling

Must I go without a token?
Hum
And my heart it's well nigh broken:
Hum

You go home and tell your father,
Teedling
That I'll never never wed thee,
Teedling teedling teedling time.

SIDE II, Band 5: D. AND H. CANAL SONG

Jessie Ellsworth, of Allaben, who was 106 years old when Mrs. Moncure and Mr. Siemsen interviewed him, supplied the first verse. He had worked on the D. and H. Canal as a boy. The remaining verses Mr. Siemsen found in a Kingston newspaper of 1850. A "squeezer" was a boat so wide as not to leave room for other canal barges to pass. "Feeder" refers to any source of water that was used to maintain the level of water in the canal. The "twelve-mile level" was a long stretch of the canal without any locks between Davis and Neversink, a distance, actually, of about 15 miles.

Round and round the Wurtsboro turns
The big boat chased the squeezer:
When they got to the Neversink Locks
They went up in the feeder
They both went up in the feeder!

There was a girl named Sari Jane
And her lover Samu - el:
They courted long and happily
On the D & H Canal. (2)

They loved each other tenderly,
And the Rosendale folks all said:
That e'er the boating season was o'er,
These lovers they would wed. (2)

But they never did, for Samuel died,
They buried him with a shovel:
They put him all of six feet down,
Along the twelve-mile level. (2)

And e'er her lover was dead one week,
The neighbors soon found out:
That Sari Jane was planning to wed
A junk dealer from Rondout!
Yes, up lock in Rondout!

SIDE II, Band 6: THE GRAY GOOSE

From Elwyn Davis, who remembered the song from his youth.

On Saturday night my good wife died,
Sunday she was buried:
Monday was my courtin' day,
And Tuesday I was married:

So looky here, and looky there,
And look way over yonder,
Can't you see the old gray goose,
A smilin' at the gander.

I heard a rumbling in the skies,
That imitated thunder:
If my good wife comes home again,
Twill surely be a wonder.

So looky here, and looky there,
And look way over yonder,
Can't you see the old gray goose,
A smilin' at the gander.

I had a dream the other night,
I dreamt I went a courtin':
Stubbed my toe on a flinty stone,
The sparks flew up South mounting.

So looky here, and looky there,
And look way over yonder,
Can't you see the old gray goose,
A smilin' at the gander.

SIDE II, Band 7: THE DELHI JAIL

From Elwyn Davis, who learned it from Ernest "Joker" Burgher, who claimed he wrote the song. In spite of references to the Delaware County Jail, similar sentiments have been used to describe local lockups across the country. See Cazden's N.Y.F.Q. Article 6, 16:90-103, Summer 1960.

As I was goin' down the road,
With a tired feelin' and a heavy load:
Out jumped the sheriff and he hollered out "bail"
And he locked me up in the Delhi jail.

Rotten old pork he gave me to eat,
Sour molasses to make it sweet:
They biled my coffee in a rusty old pail,
And that's the way they used me in the Delhi jail.

Now I'm free and outa that door,
I pray the Lord I go there no more:
For the birds am a flyin' without their tails,
So to Hell with the sheriff and the Delhi jail!

SIDE II, Band 8: NOAH'S ARK

From Elwyn Davis, who said engineers and workers
on the Ashokan Reservoir sang the song during its
construction, especially when they went out on
the water on a tiny barge. It was sung a few
years later, during World War I, in the U. S. Navy
where it also passed into a bawdy version.

Old Noah built himself an ark,
The dear old Christian soul:
Put all his folks aboard and left
His neighbors in a hole:
As Noah pushed out in the stream
With all his kith and kin:
The neighbors stood upon the bank,
And merrily said to him:

Go to Hell then, go to Hell then,
Go to Hell then now, with your damned old scow,
Cause it ain't gonna rain, anyhow, anyhow,
It ain't gonna rain anyhow.

Old Noah dropped upon his knees, and
And prayed that they would drown:
That the Lord in his almighty wrath,
Would destroy the whole damn town:
The animals kicked up a fuss
That would have raised your hair:
But still was wafted on the breeze
This most unGodly air:

(Chorus same as above.)

For forty days and forty nights,
The rain it did pour down.
The water stood three thousand feet,
O'er every hill and town.
Old Noah walking around the ark,
Looked through a window pane;
Said, "Now where are those poor damn fools,
Who said it wouldn't rain!"

Gone to Hell now, gone to Hell now,
Gone to Hell I vow,
While we right now,
Are floating around on this damned old scow,
Floating on this damned old scow!

SIDE II, Band 9: SOLDIER, OH SOLDIER, WON'T YOU MARRY ME?

From the diary of the Saugerties school girl, 1870,
this popular song was widely known in the Hudson
Valley and elsewhere during the 19th century, and
probably became widespread with the return of Civil
War soldiers.

Soldier, oh soldier, won't you marry me?
Soldier, oh soldier, won't you marry me?
Soldier, oh soldier, won't you marry me?
With your musket, fife and drum?

How can I marry such a pretty girl as you?
How can I marry such a pretty girl as you?

How can I marry such a pretty girl as you?
When I have no boots to wear!

Away I'll go to the bootmaker's shop:
Away I'll go to the bootmaker's shop:
Away I'll go to the bootmaker's shop
As fast as I can go,
Oh, come pretty soldier, won't you marry me,
With your musket, fife and drum?

How can I marry such a pretty girl as you?
How can I marry such a pretty girl as you?
How can I marry such a pretty girl as you?
When I have no hat to wear?

Away I'll go to the hatmaker's shop:
Away I'll go to the hatmaker's shop:
Away I'll go to the hatmaker's shop
As fast as I can go:
Oh, come, pretty soldier, won't you marry me,
With your musket, fife and drum?

How can I marry such a pretty girl as you,
How can I marry such a pretty girl as you,
How can I marry such a ugly girl as you,
When I have a pretty wife at home?