

Jean Ritchie sings

Children's Songs and Games
from the Southern Mountains

Accompanying herself on dulcimer and guitar

Edited by Kenneth S. Goldstein

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Childrens Songs and Games From The Southern Mountains

SIDE I

1. JENNY, PUT THE KETTLE ON unaccompanied
2. GO IN AND OUT THE WINDOW with guitar
3. THE OLD SOUP GOURD with guitar
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5. SALLY GOODIN with dulcimer
6. FIDDLE - I - FEE unaccompanied
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SIDE II

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9. WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN? with dulcimer

Descriptive Notes are Inside Pocket

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Jean Ritchie SINGS CHILDREN'S SONGS AND GAMES

FROM THE SOUTHERN MOUNTAINS



Photo by DAVID GAHR

ABOUT THE SINGER

JEAN RITCHIE is the youngest member of the famous Kentucky family often referred to as "The Singing Ritchies of Kentucky." When Cecil Sharp made his collecting trip through the southern Appalachians, one of the most important sources of traditional songs was this same Ritchie family. Brought up in such a family, it is not surprising that Jean built up a love and understanding of folksongs which has resulted in her becoming one of the best known traditional singers in this country.

After attending schools in the southern mountains, and graduating from the University of Kentucky, Jean came to New York to work as a music counselor at the Henry Street Settlement. Soon demands for her singing and dulcimer playing forced her to give up her job to devote more time to telling her family stories and singing her songs for ever increasing audiences.

She has performed in concert halls throughout the British Isles and America, as well as at clubs, fairs, folklore gatherings, schools and churches. She has also performed frequently on radio and television programs, and has made numerous albums for various companies.

She is the author of three very fine books. In the children's book field, she has compiled one of the finest collections of mountain songs for children, *THE SWAPPING SONG BOOK*, published by Oxford University Press in 1952. In 1953, Broadcast Music, Inc. published *A GARLAND OF MOUNTAIN SONGS*, which was made up of songs from the repertoire of the Ritchie family as Jean remembered them. Jean's story of her early childhood and of the Ritchie family is charmingly told in *SINGING FAMILY OF THE CUMBERLANDS*, an autobiographical book, including the words and music to many of her family songs, published by Oxford University Press in 1955.

This is Jean's first album made up exclusively of children's games and songs. Most of these songs have never been performed by her either in concert or on recordings.

AN INTRODUCTORY NOTE

A good sub-title for this record might be, "Schoolyard Songs and Games Recollected From My Childhood In Viper, Kentucky." And this does not mean there was anything academic in this music -- quite the contrary. These were the most intimate, personal, favorites of favorites which we children chose when we played alone with each other with no teacher to supervise and suggest. Our use of the schoolyard went beyond study hours, for the little two-room school house sat on one of the nicest pieces of bottomland in Viper, and the yard itself was a large playing field surrounded by tall old shade trees, and clumps of clover blossoms and daisies. Over the hill on the side of the field ran the little river, whose sloping banks, a-tangle with yellow-flowered stickweeds, branch willows and sycamore saplings afforded beautiful mysterious forests, castles and fortresses for our games at recess, twilights after school, long magic Saturdays.

In addition to schoolyard music, I have sung here a few of my father's fiddle ditties, one or two favorite play-party games (also learned on the schoolyard but at a more advanced age -- thirteen or fourteen), some family "fooling" songs and a well-remembered lullabye. I hope you like them.

- JEAN RITCHIE

Notes by KENNETH S. GOLDSTEIN

SIDE 1, Band 1: JENNY, PUT THE KETTLE ON

When Jean was a little girl, this was a school-ground kissing game. One child stands in the center of a ring formed by the other children holding hands. The children march around the center child until the end of the first stanza, when (or she) picks a partner, and they swing each other with a two hand swing, while the children forming the circle clap hands. The center couple kisses at the point of the song when they are instructed to, and then the child who originally was in the center joins the circle and the game starts over again.

Jenny, put your kettle on, a little and a big one,
Jenny, put your kettle on, we'll all take tea.
A slice of bread and buttermilk's good enough for anyone ..
Choose the one you love the best call them on the floor.

O dear Judy, How I love you,
Nothing on Earth I love like I love you;
Heart you have and the hand I give you,
One sweet kiss and then I leave you.

For additional information see:

Ritchie, Jean, *A GARLAND OF MOUNTAIN SONG*, New York, 1953.
McDowell, F., *FOLK DANCES OF TENNESSEE*, Smithville, Tenn., n.d.
Cambiaire, C.P., *EAST TENNESSEE & WESTERN VIRGINIA MOUNTAIN BALLADS*, London, 1931

SIDE 1, Band 2: GO IN AND OUT THE WINDOW

This children's game is played in every school and playground across the country. A circle of children is formed, with hands joined and facing the center.

As the singing begins, a child in the center of the circle weaves in and out under the clasped hands. On the second stanza, the child chooses a partner of the opposite sex and faces him (or her). On the third stanza, the child in the center kneels before the chosen partner. On the fourth stanza, the measure of love is indicated by the partners holding hands, stretching out their arms and making a windmill motion with their arms going up and down. On the fifth stanza, the center child chases his partner through the circle of raised arms until he catches and kisses her. The game begins again, with the chosen partner becoming the one person in the center and the original center child becoming part of the ring.

Go in and out the window,
Go in and out the window,
Go in and out the window,
Since we have gained this day.

Stand forth and face your lover, (3)
Since we have gained this day.

I kneel because I love you, (3)
Since we have gained this day.

I'll measure my love to show you, (3)
Since we have gained this day.

I'll break my neck to kiss you, (3)
Since we have gained this day.

Chase, Richard,	HULLABALOO AND OTHER SINGING FOLK DANCES, Boston, 1949.
Randolph, V.,	OZARK FOLKSONGS, Vol. III, Columbia, Missouri, 1946.
Ford, Ira W.,	TRADITIONAL MUSIC OF AMERICA, New York, 1940.
Linscott, E. H.,	FOLK SONGS OF OLD NEW ENGLAND, New York, 1939.

SIDE 1, Band 3: THE OLD SOUP GOURD

Jean learned this play-party from her mother. In the song, the boys playing the game are referred to as "soup-gourds" and the girls are "lily-bushes". The game begins with children forming a ring and walking around one boy in the center. The center boy is blindfolded and turns around until at the end of the second stanza, he stops and the girl nearest to where he is pointing joins him in the center. The center couple then swing each other while the children forming the circle stand still and clap their hands. The boy in the center then leaves the girl and becomes part of the ring, and the game continues with the "lily-bush" (girl) in the center.

Here we go round the old soup gourd,
The old soup gourd, the old soup gourd,
Here we go round the old soup gourd
Ear-lye in the morning.

The old soup gourd likes sugar in his tea,
And sometimes takes a little brandy;
Everytime he turns around,
Chooses the girl comes handy.

Rise and give me your lily-white hand,
Swing me around so handy;
Rise and give me your lily-white hand,
Swing like sugar candy.

Here we go round the lily bush,
The lily bush, the lily bush,
Here we go round the lily bush,
Ear-lye in the morning.

The lily bush likes sugar in her tea,
And sometimes takes a little brandy;
Everytime she turns around,
Chooses the boy comes handy.

Rise and give me your lily-white hand,
Swing me around so handy;
Rise and give me your lily-white hand,
Swing like sugar candy.

For additional information see:

Ritchie, Jean, THE SWAPPING SONG BOOK, New York, 1952.

SIDE I, Band 4: AMONG THE LITTLE WHITE DAISIES

This game-song is known widely throughout the South. A circle of children revolves about a child in the center during the first two verses. They then change direction and revolve the other way for two stanzas. For stanza five, everyone rests his head on his hands (to simulate being dead). In stanza six, everyone cries (in sorrow for the widow). At the end of the last stanza, the center child counts out 24; the child on whom the number 24 falls, then takes his or her place in the center of the circle.

Jeannie is her first name,
First name, first name,
Jeannie is her first name,
Among the little white daisies.

Robinson is her second name,
Second name, second name,
Robinson is her second name,
Among the little white daisies.

Peter is his first name,
First name, first name,
Peter is his first name,
Among the little white daisies.

Ritchie is his second name,
Second name, second name,
Ritchie is his second name,
Among the little white daisies.

Now poor Peter is dead and gone,
Dead and gone, dead and gone,
Now poor Peter is dead and gone,
Among the little white daisies.

Left poor Jeannie a widow now,
Widow now, widow now,
Left poor Jeannie a widow now,
Among the little white daisies.

Twenty-four children at her feet,
At her feet, at her feet,
Twenty-four children at her feet,
Among the little white daisies.

(Spoken) One, two, three, four, five
twenty-four!

For additional information see:

Newell, W. W. , GAMES AND SONGS OF AMERICAN CHILDREN, New York, 1903.
Morris, A. C. , FOLKSONGS OF FLORIDA, Gainesville, Florida, 1950.
Arnold, B. , FOLKSONGS OF ALABAMA, University, Alabama, 1950.

SIDE I, Band 5: SALLY GOODIN

This song was once popular at play-parties, but Jean knows it purely as a fiddle tune. It is found as a favorite instrumental number throughout the South and square dance callers improvise calls to its melody.

Little piece of pie
And a little piece of puddin',
Give it all away
To see Sally Goodin!

Looked down the road
And seen Sally comin'
I thought to my soul
I'd kill myself a-runnin'.

Little piece of pie
And a little piece of puddin',
Give it all away
To see Sally Goodin!

Sally is sweet
And Sally's a dandy,

All she wants
Is peppermint candy.

Little piece of pie
And a little piece of puddin',
Give it all away
To see Sally Goodin!

For additional information see:

Randolph, V., OZARK FOLKSONGS, Columbia, Missouri, 1949
Ford, J.W., TRADITIONAL MUSIC OF AMERICA, New York, 1940
Cambiaire, C.P., EAST TENNESSEE & WESTERN VIRGINIA MOUNTAIN BALLADS, London, 1934

SIDE I, Band 6: FIDDLE-I-FEE

This is a cumulative song which has been collected widely throughout the Southern mountains, and is well known in other parts of the country, too. In subject matter, it is closely related to the popular school song, *Old MacDonald Had A Farm*.

It may be continued indefinitely until every animal known to the singer has been mentioned. A large part of its charm lies in the imitative sounds used for each of the animals.

I had a cat and the cat pleased me,
And I fed my cat under yonders tree.
The cat goes fiddle-i-fee.

I had a hen and the hen pleased me,
And I fed my hen under yonders tree.
The hen goes chimmy-chuck, chimmy-chuck,
Cat goes fiddle-i-fee.

I had me a duck and the duck pleased me,
And I fed my duck under yonders tree.
Duck goes quack, quack,
Hen goes chimmy-chuck, chimmy-chuck,
Cat goes fiddle-i-fee.

I had a goose and the goose pleased me,
And I fed my goose under yonders tree.
Goose goes swishy-swashy, etc.

I had a horse and the horse pleased me, etc.
Horse goes neigh, neigh, etc.

I had a pig and the pig pleased me, etc.
Pig goes griffy-gruffy, etc.

I had a sheep and the sheep pleased me, etc.
Sheep goes baa, baa, etc.

I had a cow and the cow pleased me, etc.
Cow goes moo, moo, etc.

I had a dog and the dog pleased me,
And I fed my dog under yonders tree.

Dog goes boo, boo,
Cow goes moo, moo,
Sheep goes baa, baa,
Pig goes griffy-gruffy,
Horse goes neigh, neigh,
Goose goes swishy-swashy,
Duck goes quack, quack,
Hen goes chimmy-chuck, chimmy-chuck,
The cat goes fiddle-i-fee.

THE FRANK C. BROWN COLLECTION OF NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE, Vol. III, Durham, N.C., 1952
Randolph, Vance, OZARK FOLKSONGS, Vol. III, Columbia, Missouri, 1946
Sharp, C.J., ENGLISH FOLK-SONGS FROM THE SOUTHERN APPALACHIANS, Vol. II, London, 1932.

SIDE I, Band 7: OLD BALD EAGLE

Jean learned this play-party from her parents. The game is played with a large circle of children, with boys on the left side of their partners. The first couple joins hands and skips around inside the circle, back to their original place. The first couple then takes four steps towards the opposite couple, and as they take four steps back to place, the opposite couple takes four steps towards them and back to place. The first couple swing left arms, and then the boy in the first couple swings the girl in the second couple with his right arm, and then first couple swing each other with left again. They progress around the circle, the boy in the first couple swinging each girl with right arm and his partner with his left, while girl of first couple swings each boy with right arm and her partner with the left. This action is repeated with each couple in the circle leading.

Old bald eagle sail around,
Daylight is gone;
Old bald eagle sail around,
Daylight is gone.

Backwards and forwards across the floor,
Daylight is gone,
Backwards and forwards across the floor,
Daylight is gone.

You swing here and I'll swing there,
Daylight is gone,
You swing here and I'll swing there,
Daylight is gone.

You go ride the old grey mare,
I'll go ride the roan,
If you get there before I do,
Leave my girl alone.

Sail around, Maggie, sail around,
Daylight is gone,
Sail around, Maggie, sail around,
Daylight is gone.

Big fine house in Baltimore,
Sixteen stories high,
Pretty little girl lives up there,
Hope she'll never die.

Old bald eagle sail around,
Daylight is gone;
Old bald eagle sail around,
D-ylight is gone.

For additional information see:

Rohrbough, Lynn, SOUTHERN SINGING GAMES, Kit R, Delaware, Ohio, 1938.
Sharp, C.J., ENGLISH FOLK-SONGS FROM THE SOUTHERN APPALACHIANS, Vol. II, London, 1932

SIDE I, Band 8: TWO DUKES A-RIDING

This game song is known throughout the English-speaking world, and is played by children in many parts of the United States. Two boys march towards a line of children as the first stanza is sung, and then retire. As the second stanza is sung, the line of children march towards the "two dukes" and then retire. As the successive questions are asked these steps are repeated until after the seventh stanza. A girl is then asked to join the "two dukes". She refuses and the two boys skip around together calling her names, as in stanza eight. They ask her again. This time she accepts and the "two dukes" and the girl skip around in a joined - hand step. The game begins again, but this time with "Three dukes a-riding".

Here comes two dukes a-riding,
A-riding, a-riding,
Here comes two dukes a-riding,
Rinktum-a-dinctum-a-johnny-O.

What are you riding here for,
Here for, here for,
What are you riding here for,
Rinktum-a-dinctum-a-johnny-O.

Riding here to get married,
Married, married,
Riding here to get married,
Rinktum-a-dinctum-a-johnny-O.

Do you want any one of us sir,
Us, sir, us, sir,
Do you want any one of us, sir,
Rinktum-a-dinctum-a-johnny-O.

You're all too dirty and greasy,
Greasy, greasy,
You're all too dirty and greasy,
Rinktum-a-dinctum-a-johnny-O.

We're just as good as you are,
You are, you are,
We're just as good as you are,
Rinktum-a-dinctum-a-johnny-O.

Won't have nobody but Mary,
Mary, Mary,
Won't have nobody but Mary,
Rinktum-a-dinctum-a-johnny-O.

(Spoken): WILL YOU COME?
(Girl): NO!

Old dirty rag, she won't come out,
She won't come out, she won't come out,
Old dirty rag, she won't come out,
Rinktum-a-dinctum-a-johnny-O.

(Spoken): WILL YOU COME?
(Girl): YES:

Pretty little girl, she will come out,
She will come out, she will come out,
Pretty little girl, she will come out,
Rinktum-a-dinctum-a-Johnny-O.

For additional information see:

Ritchie, Jean, THE SWAPPING SONG BOOK, New York,
1952.
Chase, Richard, HULLABALOO AND OTHER SINGING
GAMES, Boston, 1949.
Newell, W.W., GAMES AND SONGS OF AMERICAN
CHILDREN, New York, 1903.
Botkin, B.A., THE AMERICAN PLAY-PARTY SONG,
Lincoln, Nebraska, 1937

SIDE 1, Band 9: KITTY ALONE

The "Kitty Alone" refrain is often found attached to some version of The Frog's Courtship. It is in itself, however, an independent song, and as such traces back nearly 400 years. Jean's Kentucky version, learned from her sister Kitty, is a version of the independent song, and is here sung as a lullabye.

Saw a crow a-flying low,
Kitty alone, kitty alone,
Saw a crow a-flying low,
Kitty alone a-lye;
Saw a crow a-flying low
And a cat a-spinning tow,
Kitty alone a-lye,
Rock-um-a-rye-ree.

In came a little bat, etc.
With some butter and some fat.

Next come in was a honey bee, etc.
With his fiddle across his knee.

Next come in was two little ants, etc.
Fixing around to have a dance.

Next come in was little Pete, etc.
Fixing around to go to sleep.

Bee-O, bye-O, baby O,
Bye-O, bee-O, baby O.

For additional information see:

Wyman, L., & Brockway, H., LONESOME TUNES,
New York, 1916.
(See under title "The Bed-time Song")
THE FRANK C. BROWN COLLECTION OF NORTH CAROLINA
FOLKLORE, Vol. III, Durham, N.C., 1952.

SIDE 2, Band 1: LOVE SOMEBODY, YES I DO

Jean knows only two stanzas to this old fiddle tune. It is possible that they were once sung to a play-party game. The tune traces back to an old English country dance.

Love somebody, yes I do,
Love somebody, yes I do,
Love somebody, yes I do,
Love somebody and maybe you.

Twice sixteen's thirty-two,
Twice sixteen's thirty-two,
Twice sixteen's thirty-two,
Sally, won't you have me? Do, gal, do!

For additional information see:

Sandburg, Carl, THE AMERICAN SONGBOOK,
New York, 1927.

SIDE 2, Band 2: THE SWAPPING SONG

There are various southern mountain songs on the theme of successive exchanges at a loss. This song is made up of two completely distinct nursery rhymes, both tracing back to British sources over 150 years old. The first part of this song is known separately as The Foolish Boy and concerns the little boy who gets himself a wife in London, and the unhappy adventure that befell them. This song is extended with a series of unprofitable exchanges, frequently found by themselves and known as The Swapping Song. Jean has known this song since she was a small girl.

When I was a little boy I lived by myself,
All the bread and cheese I had, I laid it on the shelf.

wing wong waddle,
To my jackstraw straddle,
To my Johnny fair faddle,
To my long ways home.

The rats and the mice they led me such a life,
Had to go to London to get myself a wife.

Roads were so muddy and the lanes were so narrow,
Had to bring her home on an old wheelbarrow.

Wheelbarrow broke and my wife got a fall,
Down come wheelbarrow, little wife and all.

Swapped my wheelbarrow and got me a horse,
Then I rode from cross to cross.

Swapped my horse and I got me a mare,
Then I rode from fair to fair.

Swapped my mare and I got me a cow,
In that trade I just learned how.

Swapped my cow and got me a calf,
In that trade I just lost half.

Swapped my calf and I got me a sheep,
Then I rode myself to sleep.

Swapped my sheep and I got me a hen,
O what a pretty thing I had then.

Swapped my hen and I got me a rat,
Put it on the haystack away from the cat.

Swapped my rat and I got me a mouse,
Tail caught afire and burnt up my house.

Swapped my mouse and I got me a mole,
The daggoned thing went straight to its hole.

For additional information see:

Ritchie, Jean, THE SWAPPING SONG BOOK, New York
1952.
THE FRANK C. BROWN COLLECTION OF NORTH CAROLINA
FOLKLORE, VOL. II, Durham, N. C.,
1952.
Opie, I. & P., THE OXFORD DICTIONARY OF NURSERY
RHYMES, London, 1952

SIDE 2, Band 3: OLD KING COLE

Jean's father calls this play-party game "a gettin-up song". It was the kind of game which would start the evening off when everybody was too bashful to get up and start playing. Finally one brave couple would get up and walk around singing this song. When they got to the line in stanza five, "We'll open up a ring and choose a couple in," another couple would join them. These two couples would start the song going again until they were joined by two more couples. This would keep on until there were enough couples on the floor to play other games. Many of these stanzas appear in other play-party games.

Old King Cole was a jolly old soul,
And that you may know by his larnin';
He eat corn bread till his head turned red,
And his old yaller cap needs darnin'.

My pretty little pink, I once did think,
That you and I would marry,
Buy now I've lost all hopes of you,
And I ain't got long to tarry.

I'll take my musket on my back,
My musket on my shoulder,
I'll march away to Mexico,
Enlist and be a soldier.

Where the coffee grows on the white oak tree,
And the rivers they run brandy,
Where the boys are pure as a lump of gold
And the girls are sweet as candy.

You may go on and I'll turn back
To the place where we first parted,
We'll open up the ring and choose a couple in,
And we hope they'll come free-hearted.

For additional information see:

Ritchie, Jean, SINGING FAMILY OF THE CUMBERLANDS,
New York, 1955.
Ritchie, Jean, A GARLAND OF MOUNTAIN SONG, New
York, 1953

SIDE 2, Band 4: THE OLD MAN IN THE WOODS

In its various New World versions, this song is usually known by the titles: The Old Man in the Wood or Father Grumble. There are several old British ballads on an identical theme, but the American versions seem to be descended from the Scottish original, John Grumlie. It has been collected all over the United States, and is still sung traditionally in the Southern Mountains. The version Jean sings was learned from one of her sisters, who learned it at the Pine Mountain Settlement School.

There was an old man who lived in the woods,
As you can plainly see,
Who said he could do more work in one day,
Than his wife could do in three.
If this be true, the old woman said,
Why this you must allow,
You must do my work for one day,
While I go drive the plow.

Now you must milk the tiny cow
For fear she would go dry,
And you must feed the little pigs
That are within the sty;
And you must watch the speckled hen
Lest she should lay astray,
And you must wind the reel of yarn
That I spun yesterday.

The old woman took the staff in her hand
And went to drive the plow,
The old man took the pail in his hand
And went to milk the cow;
But tiny hitched, and tiny flitched,
And tiny cocked her nose,
And tiny gave the old man such a kick
That the blood ran down to his toes.

Now, it's hey my good cow, and ho my good cow,
And now my good cow stand still,
If ever I milk this cow again
It'll be against my will.
But tiny hitched, and tiny flitched,
And tiny cocked her nose,
And tiny gave the old man such a kick
That the blood ran down to his toes.

Now when he had milked the tiny cow,
For fear she would go dry,
Why then he fed the little pigs
That are within the sty;
And then he watched the speckled hen
Lest she should lay astray,
But he forgot the reel of yarn
His wife spun yesterday.

He swore by all the leaves on the tree
And all the stars in the sky
That his wife could do more work in one day
Than he could do in five;
He swore by all the leaves on the tree
And all the stars in Heaven
That his wife could do more work in one day
Than he could do in seven.

For additional information see:

Ritchie, Jean, THE SWAPPING SONG BOOK, New York,
1952.
Belden, H. M., BALLADS AND SONGS COLLECTED BY THE
MISSOURI FOLKLORE SOCIETY,
Columbia, Missouri, 1940.
Linscott, Eloise, FOLK SONGS OF OLD NEW ENGLAND,
New York, 1939.
Cox, J. H., FOLK-SONGS OF THE SOUTH, Cambridge,
Mass., 1925.

SIDE 2, Band 5: OLD SHOE BOOTS

This song traces back over 200 years to a Scottish original. I have been collected widely throughout the Southern Mountains and is sung in tradition there to this day. There are two forms of the song with differing second refrain lines. One form has the "shoe boots and leggings" refrain, as in this version; the other form has the "old grey beard newly shaven" refrain. Jean learned this version from the singing of her sister Una.

Mommy told me to open the door,
O I can't, I won't have him;
I opened the door, and he fell on the floor,
With his old shoe boots and his leggings.

Mommy told me to set him a chair,
I set him a chair, and Lord how he did stare.

Mommy told me to bring him a knife,
I brought him a knife, and he asked me to be his wife.

Mommy told me to bring him a fork,
I brought him a fork and he asked me to go to New York.

Mommy told me to bring him some meat,
I brought him some meat, and oh, how he did eat.

Mommy told me to make up his bed,
I made up his bed and I wished that he was dead.

For additional information see:

- THE FRANK C. BROWN COLLECTION OF NORTH CAROLINA
FOLKLORE, Vol. III, Durham, N. C.,
1952
Sharp, C. J., ENGLISH FOLK-SONGS FROM THE
SOUTHERN APPALACHIANS, London,
1932.
Randolph, V., OZARK FOLKSONGS, Columbia, Missouri,
1946.

SIDE 2, Band 6: SOURWOOD MOUNTAIN

There are several small peaks in North Carolina,
Tennessee, and Virginia that bear the name "Sourwood
Mountain", and the citizens of those communities
claim this song for their very own. There are in-
numerable variants to this popular mountain satire on
courtin', and it is a favorite tune with banjo-
pickers and fiddlers throughout the Southern
Appalachians. Some collectors and singers claim
the refrain is an attempt to simulate the sound of
the banjo. Sourwood is the name given to the sorrel
tree, a plentiful brush growing throughout the
mountain states.

Chickens a-crowin' on the Sourwood mountain,
Hey de-ing-dang-diddle-lolly-day,
So many pretty girls I can't count them,
Hey de-ing-dang-diddle-lolly-day.

My true love she lives in Letcher,
She won't come and I won't fetch her.

My true love's at the head of the holler,
She won't come and I won't foller.

My true love's a blue-eyed daisy,
She won't work and I'm too lazy.

Old man, old man, I want your daughter,
To bake my bread and carry my water.

Big dog bark and the little one'll bite you,
Big girl'll court and the little one'll fight you.

For additional information see:

- THE FRANK C. BROWN COLLECTION OF NORTH CAROLINA
FOLKLORE, Vol. III, Durham, N. C.,
1952.
Chase, Richard, AMERICAN FOLK TALES AND SONGS,
New York, 1956.
Sharp, C. J., ENGLISH FOLK-SONGS FROM THE SOUTHERN
APPALACHIANS, Vol. II, London,
1932.

SIDE 2, Band 7: GREEN GRAVELS

This simple game was popular at the school in Viper,
Kentucky, which Jean attended as a child. At the
beginning of this game, all the children form a circle
while holding hands, and march around while facing
towards the center of the circle. When a child's
name is mentioned (in the 2nd stanza when she is told
her true love is dead), the child faces in the
opposite direction (outward from the center), and
continues to march around in the circle holding hands
with the other children. The song begins again and
each time a child's name is mentioned that child
faces outward; the game continues until all the child-
ren are facing outward. The ring could then be faced
towards the center again by having each child call
out the name of her dead true love, and then turning
around.

Green gravels, green gravels,
The grass is so green,
All over creation
I'm ashamed to be seen.

Dear Rhodie, dear Rhodie,
Your true love is dead,
He wrote you a letter
To turn back your head.

SIDE 2, Band 8: MAMMY HAD AN OLD GOOSE

This children's song appears to be a southern moun-
tain version of the Negro chain gang song, The Grey
Goose. In this version, the goose can hardly be
considered a symbol of indomitability as in its
Negro counterpart, for the lines "Weren't she an old
goose", repeated throughout the song, are hardly
meant to suggest strength. Jean learned this song
from John and Ben Hall at the John C. Campbell Folk
School at Brasstown, North Carolina.

Mammy had an old goose,
Homey-halley-ho,
Mammy had an old goose,
Homey-halley-ho.

Took her out to shoot her,
Homey-halley-ho,
Took her out to shoot her,
Homey-halley-ho.

Well, the gun it wouldn't shoot her.

Weren't she an old goose?

Well they throwed her in the hog-pen.

Weren't she an old goose?

And she broke the old sow's teeth out.

Weren't she an old goose?

Well, they put her on the table.

And the fork it wouldn't gouge her,
Homey-halley-ho,
And the knife it wouldn't cut her,
Homey-halley-ho.

Weren't she an old goose?
Homey-halley-ho,
Weren't she an old goose,
Homey-halley-ho.

For an interesting comparison with this song, see
FOLKWAYS album FP 4, TAKE THIS HAMMER, Sung by
Huddie Ledbetter, for a version of the Grey Goose
song.

SIDE 2, Band 9: WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?

This children's nursery song is at least 200 years
old, first appearing in print in 1744 in Tommy Thum's
Pretty Song Book. It has since appeared frequently
in printed collections as well as having been collect-
ed widely in the United States and England. Jean
knows it as a school ground song.

Who killed Cock Robin?
It was I, said the sparrow,
With my little bow and arrow,
It was I, it was I, said the sparrow.

Who saw him die?
It was I, said the fly,
With my little teeny eye,
It was I, it was I, said the fly.

Who caught his blood?
It was I, said the fish,
With my little silver dish,
It was I, it was I, said the fish.

Who made his shroud?
It was I, said the beetle,
With my little sewing needle,
It was I, it was I, said the beetle.

Who made his coffin?
It was I, said the snail,
With my little hammer and nail,
It was I, it was I, said the snail.

Who dug his grave?
It was I, said the crow,
With my little spade and hoe,
It was I, it was I, said the crow.

Who lowered him down?
It was I, said the crane,

With my little golden chain,
It was I, it was I, said the crane.

Who tolled the bell?
It was I, said the bull,
I'm strong and I could pull,
It was I, it was I, said the bull.

For additional information see:

- Opie, I. & P., THE OXFORD DICTIONARY OF NURSERY
RHymes, London, 1952.
Chase, Richard, AMERICAN FOLK TALES AND SONGS,
New York, 1956.
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SOUTHERN APPALACHIANS, Vol. II,
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Recorded and edited by KENNETH S. GOLDSTEIN

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