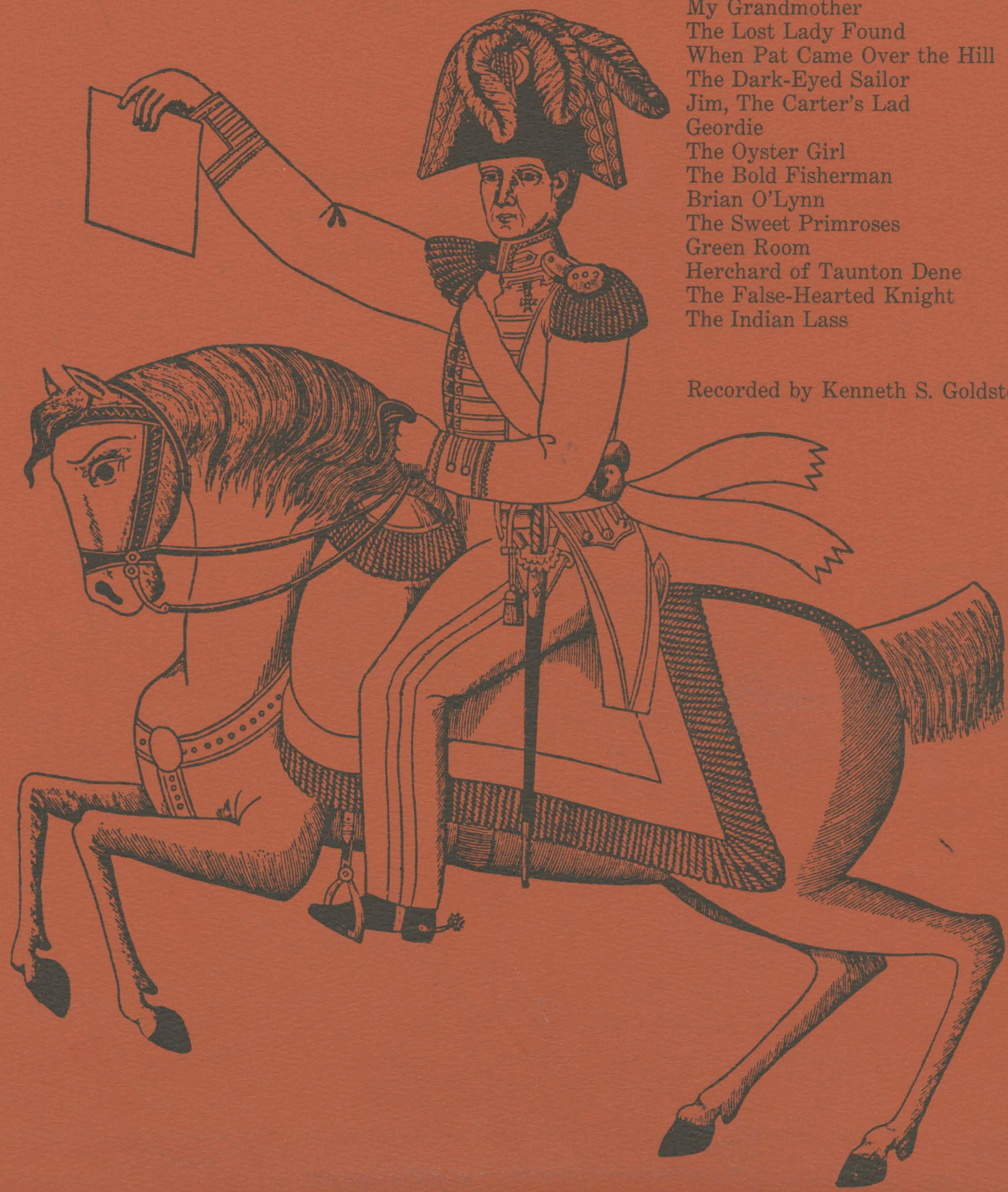
Folkways Records FW 8708

BRITISH BROADSIDE BALLADS IN POPULAR TRADITION

Sung by Paul Clayton, with guitar accompaniment

When Cockle Shells Make Silver Bells
Pleasant and Delightful
Three Maidens to Milking Did Go
The Bonny Bunch of Roses
The Bold Thrasher
My Grandmother
The Lost Lady Found
When Pat Came Over the Hill
The Dark-Eyed Sailor
Jim, The Carter's Lad
Geordie
The Oyster Girl
The Bold Fisherman
Brian O'Lynn
The Sweet Primroses
Green Room
Herchard of Taunton Dene
The False-Hearted Knight
The Indian Lass



Recorded by Kenneth S. Goldstein

design by Ronald Clyne

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Descriptive notes are inside pocket

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ABOUT THE SINGER

PAUL CLAYTON was born in the great whaling port of New Bedford, Massachusetts, where at an early age he became interested in ballads through the singing of his grandparents and relatives. By the time he was fifteen years old, he had acquired a guitar with which to accompany himself, and started his first series of radio programs. He has continued his programs at most of his stopping off places, and has performed on radio shows throughout the United States, in Canada, Cuba, and various European countries.

Largely because of his desire to absorb the great tradition of southern folk music, he went to the University of Virginia to study. His education has been frequently interrupted by his desire to travel and collect folk songs, and within a year after entering school he decided to strike out for Europe in order to come into first hand contact with British balladry. The result was an extended hiking trip throughout Western Europe and Great Britain. He appeared in a series of Television programs for the British Broadcasting Corporation in which he compared British and American folksongs. Before he returned to the United States and school, he had found time to swap ballads while washing dishes in Britain, collecting waste paper in Paris, or during the course of street singing in such places as Rome, Paris, Nice and Florence.

After a year abroad, he returned to the University of Virginia to complete his course work. He has since made several collecting trips throughout the far West and the deep South, Canada and Cuba, and only recently returned from another prolonged trip through Western Europe and the British Isles. He has somehow found the time to acquire several college degrees, including a Master of Arts degree, for which his thesis was on the Child Ballads collected in Virginia.

His folksinging activities have brought him before appreciative night club audiences in various cities, including the Gate of Horn in Chicago and the Caucus Room in Detroit.

He has recorded several outstanding commercial albums of folk music, in addition to having recorded some of the traditional songs of his family for the private recording files of the BBC, the Flanders Ballad Collection at Middlebury College, Vermont, and for the Library of Congress.

His previous recordings for Folkways Records are BAY STATE BALLADS (FP 47/2), FOLKSONGS AND BALLADS OF VIRGINIA (FP 47/3), CUMBERLAND MOUNTAIN FOLKSONGS (FP 2007), and FOLK BALLADS OF THE ENGLISH SPEAKING WORLD (FA 2310).

Introduction
by
Paul Clayton

The broadside press has played a great part in the history of the traditional ballad. These single sheets in varying sizes which printed the words of a song (and occasionally indicated the name of a tune to which it might be sung) have been continually sold from Shakespere's day to the present - ballad-mongers may still be found in Ireland, and the great broadside press of Such was still selling its ballads in the first decade of the present century.

The subjects with which the broadside ballads dealt were the same as those in traditional ballads: love, war, death, humor, political situations, etc. The broadside might be composed by a now unknown or known writer; or it might be a printing of an old traditional folksong emended with an attempt to add timeliness, smooth out meter etc. The broadside put new songs into tradition, and revitalized old songs in tradition.

The broadsides have often been accused of bad meter, bathos, sentimentality, and of being ephemeral. Yet the best of the broadsides preserved valuable material. Francis James Child relied upon them for many of the texts of his 305 "aristocrats" of the ballad field. The folk in singing broadsides have most often improved upon the texts. The tunes have always been the property of the folk, and are usually fine. As the years have passed, the poorest of the broadsides have dropped from tradition, and the residue still sung today is in general the best of the broadside tradition as changed and improved by oral tradition.

I became interested in the British broadside tradition while engaged in collecting and doing programs in Britain in 1950-51. I learned a considerable number of these songs, such as "Lost Lady Found," and "Bonny Bunch of Roses", from BBC field-recordings of traditional singers, and from the singers themselves. Later I found American versions of some of the British broadsides, while others such as "Jim, the Carter's Lad" did not appear to have crossed the ocean.

While in Chicago combining night club work at the Gate of Horn with research at the Newberry Library, I investigated their great collection of British broadsides, especially some dating from the early nineteenth century which included a number of the songs I had learned in Britain. With permission of the Newberry Library, some two hundred of the broadsides were photographed, and the 19 broadsides reproduced here are from that source. From January to June, 1957, I was again in Europe, and in the course of more work for the BBC had further opportunity to do research with their recordings and to compare printed and traditional texts. The result is this album.

This recording contains nineteen ballads sung as I learned them from recordings of traditional singers. Reproduced next to the traditional texts are the broadsides: a comparison will show the numerous oral changes which have taken place. The particular broadsides printed here generally had two songs to a sheet, but only the pertinent half of the sheet is reproduced.

The ballads recorded here are, I hope, representative of that portion of the vast amount of broadside material issued which may still be found in oral tradition. The oldest Child ballads are represented by versions of "Lady Isabel and the Elf-Knight" and "Geordie"; the familiar "happy ploughboy"-type of English song by "Jim the Carter's Lad"; drinking songs by "The Indian Lass";sentimental love ballads by "The Dark-Eyed Sailor" as contrasted with the humorous ribald flavor of such a love song as "The Oyster Girl."

Here then, are 19 British broadside ballads as they have been collected in current British popular tradition.

Notes by Kenneth S. Goldstein

SIDE I, Band 1: WHEN COCKLE SHELLS MAKE SILVER BELLS

This merry little ballad of courtship is better known both in the Old World and America by the title "Seventeen Come Sunday." It was as much a favorite with the British broadside printers as it was with traditional singers in England, Ireland and Scotland, though often the versions known in tradition were of a bawdy and ribald nature. Traditional singers found the happy ending of the broadside version to be a little too tame, and substituted the more realistic ending in which the soldier answers the maiden's entreaties concerning marriage with an evasive reply. In this last detail, this ballad is not unlike "The Trooper and the Maid", Child #299. The version sung here was learned from a BBC recording of Seamus Ennis made in Jamestown, Co. Dublin, Ireland, in 1947.

As I roved out one bright May Morning,
One May morning merrily;
As I roved out one bright May morning,
One May morning merrily,
I met a maid upon the way,
She was her mamma's darling.

CHORUS:
With my rurum rah, fol the diddle-la
Starry diddle-all lee di-dee-do.

Her shoes were black and her stockings white,
And her hair shines like the silver;
Her shoes were black and her stockings white,
And her hair shines like the silver.
She has two nice bright sparkling eyes
And her hair hangs o'er her shoulder.

What age are you my pretty fair maid,
What age are you my darling?
What age are you my pretty fair maid,
What age are you my darling?
She answered me quite modestly,
I'm sixteen years next Monday morning.

And will you come to my momma's house,
The moon shines bright and clearly;
Will you come to my momma's house,
The moon shines bright and clearly,
Open the door and let me in
And dada will not hear me.

She took me by the lily-white hand
And led me to the table;
She took me by the lily-white hand
And led me to the table,
There's plenty wine for soldiers here
As far as they can take it.

And she took my horse by the bridle right
And brought him to the stable;
She took my horse by the bridle right
And brought him to the stable,
There's plenty hay for soldier's horses
As far as they are able.

And she went up and dressed in bed
And dress-ed soft and hazy;
She went up and dressed in bed
And dressed soft and hazy,
And I went up to tick her in,
Cryin', Lassie, are you comfortable?

And I slept in the house till the break of day
And in the morning early -
I slept in the house till the break of day
And in the morning early
I got up and put on my shoes
Crying, Lassie, I must leave you.

And when will you return again
Or when will we get married;
When will you return again
Or when will we get married -
When cockle shells make silver bells
That's the day we'll marry.

For additional texts and information, see:

Dean-Smith, M.,
A GUIDE TO ENGLISH FOLK SONG COLLECTIONS,
Liverpool, 1954.
Laws, G. M.,
AMERICAN BALLADRY FROM BRITISH BROADSIDES,
Philadelphia, 1957.
Sharp, C.,
ENGLISH FOLKSONGS FROM THE SOUTHERN APPALACHIANS,
London, 1932.
Creighton, H.,
TRADITIONAL SONGS FROM NOVA SCOTIA,
Toronto, 1950.

SIDE I, Band 2: PLEASANT AND DELIGHTFUL

The theme of this song is a common one in the seacoast counties of England. A sailor's departure from his true-love, perhaps never to return, appears time and time again in both the printed and oral songlore of the English-speaking world (and, indeed, of all peoples). This song is known variously as "The Lover's Departure" and "The Blackbird and Thrush", as well as the more familiar title given here.

The version sung here was learned from a BBC recording of Jumbo Brightwell made at Eel's Foot Pub, in East Bridge, Suffolk, in 1939.

Oh pleasant and delightful is the midsummer's morn,
Through the trails and the meadows they were covered
with corn,
The blackbird and thrushes sang on every great tree,
And the larks they sang melodious at the dawn of the
day.

And the larks they sang melodious,
and the larks they sang melodious,
And the larks they sang melodious
at the dawn of the day.

Said the sailor to his true love as they were walking
one day,
Said the sailor to his true love, I am bound far away,
I am bound to the Indies where the cannons they roar,
I must go and leave my Nancy, she's the girl I adore.

I must go and leave my Nancy,
I must go and leave my Nancy,
I must go and leave my Nancy,
she's the girl I adore.

Then the ring from her finger she removed and withdrew,
Saying, Take this, dearest William, and my heart shall
go too;
And while I embraced her as from her I fell,
Saying, Oh may I go along with you? Oh no, my love,
farewell.

Saying, Oh may I go along with you,
Oh, may I go along with you,
Saying, May I go along with you?
Oh no, my love, farewell.

Fare you well, my lovely Nancy, I no longer can stay,
For it's our sails they're hoisted, our anchors away,
Our ship lies a-waiting for the next flowing tide,
And if ever I return again, I will make you my bride.

And if ever I return again,
and if ever I return again,
And if ever I return again,
I will make you my bride.

For additional texts and information see:

Dean-Smith, M.,
A GUIDE TO ENGLISH FOLK SONG COLLECTIONS,
Liverpool, 1954.
Dillon, F.,
COUNTRY MAGAZINE, London,

SIDE I, Band 3: THREE MAIDENS TO MILKING DID GO

Though this song has been collected rather frequently from English country singers, its appearance in printed collection has been restricted to either shortened or bowdlerized texts. English collectors have invariably made a mild pastourelle out of one of the most sensuous of all English songs. A rapid reading of the broadside text printed here will reveal the full import of the song, and English traditional singers have usually performed it straight. Most English collectors, however, combine the task of 'moral censor' with that of collector, and little of the bold lustiness and unabashed frankness of the English country singer finds its way into print.

The version sung here was learned from a BBC recording of Fred Hewitt of Warwickshire.

Three maidens to milking did go,
Three maidens to milking did go,
And the wind it did blow high, and the wind it did
blow low
And it tossed the milking pails to and fro.

I met with a man I knew well,
I met with a man I knew well,
I kindly asked of him if he had got any skill,
For to catch me a small bird or two.

Oh, yes, I got an excellent good skill,
Oh, yes, I got an excellent good skill,
So come along with me down to yonder shady tree,
I'll catch thee a small bird or two.

Then he set her up against a green tree,
Then he set her up against a green tree,
He tapped at the bush and the little birds flew out
Right into her lily-white breast.

Here's luck to the blackbird and thrush,
Here's luck to the blackbird and thrush,
It's a bird of one feather and we'll all flock
together
Though the people say little or much.

Here's luck to the jolly dragoon,
Here's luck to the jolly dragoon,
We'll ramble all the day and at night we'll spend
or play,
And go home by the light of the moon.

For additional texts and information, see:

Dean-Smith, M.,
A GUIDE TO ENGLISH FOLK SONG COLLECTIONS,
Liverpool, 1954.
Kidson, F.,
TRADITIONAL TUNES,
Oxford, 1891.
Williams, A.,
FOLK-SONGS OF THE UPPER THAMES,
London, 1923.
Baring Gould, S.,
SONGS AND BALLADS OF THE WEST,
London, 1893.

SIDE I, Band 4: THE BONNY BUNCH OF ROSES

This ballad was extremely popular in broadside form at the beginning of the 19th century all over England, Ireland and Scotland. There is an unmistakeable air of sympathy for Napoleon in this song, and though he was the enemy of their country, the simple folk of Britain viewed him as a possible liberator from oppression and misery. There is an air of grandiloquency to both the text and tune that is rarely found in the works of the 19th century broadside scriveners. It was apparently composed to fit the stanza form of an older broadside song, "The Bunch of Rushes", and most broadsides of the song sung here contained the message that it was to be sung to the tune of the earlier piece. Speculation concerning the meaning of the expression 'bunch of roses', has turned up two interesting theories: some say it symbolizes England, Ireland and Scotland, others that it is a metaphor for the red-coated British army of the period.

The version sung here was learned from a BBC recording of Harry Cox, a farm laborer from Dorset, in 1947.

By the dangers of the ocean, one morning in the
month of June,
The feathered warbling songsters their charming notes
so sweet did tune;
There I espied a female, a-seeming in grief and woe,
Conversing with young Bonaparte concerning the bonny
bunch of roses-o.

Then up spoke bold Napoleon as he took his mother by
the hand,
Now mother, pray have patience until I'm able to
command;
I will raise a terrible army and through tremendous
dangers go,
In spite of all the universe, I will gain the bonny
bunch of roses-o.

Now when you saw great Bonaparte you fell upon your
bending knee,
You begged your father's life of him; he granted it
right manfully.
Twas then he took an army and o'er the frozen realm
did go,
He said, I'll conquer Moscow, then go to my bonny
bunch of roses-o.

He took three hundred thousand men and likewise kings
to join his throng,
He was so well provided enough to sweep the world
along;
And when he came near Moscow, nearly overpowered by
driven snow,
All Moscow was a-blazing and he lost his bonny bunch
of roses-o.

Now son, ne'er speak so venturesome, old England is
the heart of oak,
England, Ireland and Scotland, their unity has ne'er
been broke;
Now son, look on your father, in St. Helen's his body
lies low,
And you'll soon follow after, so beware of the bonny
bunch of roses-o.

Oh mother, adieu forever, now, I'm on my dying bed,
If I had lived, I should have been clever, now I
droop down my youthful head,
And while our bones do moulder and the weeping
willows o'er us grow,
Brave deeds of bold Napoleon will sting the bonny
bunch of roses-o.

For additional texts and information, see:

Dean-Smith, M.,
A GUIDE TO ENGLISH FOLK SONG COLLECTIONS,
Liverpool, 1954.
Law, G.M.,
AMERICAN BALLADRY FROM BRITISH BROADSIDES,
Philadelphia, 1957.
Greig, G.,
FOLK-SONG OF THE NORTH-EAST,
Peterhead, 1914.
Mackenzie, W.R.,
BALLADS AND SEA SONGS FROM NOVA SCOTIA,
Cambridge, 1928.
Hayward, H.R.,
ULSTER SONGS AND BALLADS,
London, 1925.

SIDE I, Band 5: THE BOLD THRASHER

Better known as "The Nobleman and the Thresher" and "The Squire and Thrasher", this ballad has been popular with the broadside presses since the 18th century. It has become a favorite with country singers throughout England and Scotland, and has been collected from the countryside with texts which are quite similar but sung to distinctly different tunes. Its popularity may be due to the desire of the country folk to identify themselves with the admirable traits of the thrasher, and the equally important wish to fall into the same type of good luck.

The version sung here was learned from a BBC recording of Walter Gales made in Sutton, Norfolk in 1947.

It's of a nobleman in a village of late,
He had a bold thrasher, his family was great,
He'd a wife and seven children and most of them
being small,
And he'd nothing but his labor to maintain them all.

Said the farmer to the thrasher, however do you do,
Sometimes I do reap and sometimes I do mow,
A-hedging or a-ditching sometimes I do go,
There's nothing comes amiss to me, neither cart, harrow
or plow,
And that's how I get my living by the sweat of my brow.
When my days work is over and I go home at night,
My wife and my children they are all my delight,
The little ones come around me and they make such a
prattling noise,
And that is all the comfort that a poor man enjoys.

Well done, my bold thrasher, you speak well of your
wife,
I'll make you live happy all the days of your life,
Here's 30 acres of good land, I freely give to thee,
For to maintain your wife and your small family.

For additional texts and information, see:

Dean-Smith, M.,
A GUIDE TO ENGLISH FOLK SONG COLLECTIONS,
Liverpool, 1954.

Bell, R.,
SONGS OF THE PEASANTRY,
London, 1857.
Broadwood, J. & L.E.,
SUSSEX SONGS,
London, 1890.
Johnson, J.
SCOTS MUSICAL MUSEUM,
Edinburgh, 1792.

SIDE I, Band 6: MY GRANDMOTHER

This ballad has proven more popular with American folk singers than with English country singers, for it is reported frequently from wide spread sections of this country, but has appeared in only a single English collection, "Folk Songs of the Upper Thames", by Alfred Williams (London, 1923). In any case, broadside versions have been found in England dating back to the last half of the 18th century, and the American versions ultimately derive from this source.

The version sung here was learned from a BBC recording of Nellie Walsh made in Wexford, Ireland, in 1947.

My Grandmother lived in neat yonder green,
As gay an old woman as ever was seen,
She gave me long lessons in prudence and care,
And of all other things of young men to beware.

Of young men to beware, of young men to beware,
And of all other things of young men to beware.

When first I met Collins, twas in the green grove,
He told me long stories that were all about love,
But my grandmother's lessons ran so in my head,
That I couldn't attend to one word that he said,

To one word that he said, to one word that he said,
That I couldn't attend to one word that he said.

When next I met Collins, his vows he renewed,
He told me his heart was entirely subdued,
He told me he loved me as he loved his life,
And if I would consent sure he'd make me his wife.

He'd make me his wife, he'd make me his wife,
And if I would consent sure he'd make me his wife.

Then off to the church our vows to fulfill,
We went, let my grandmother scold if she will,
If every old woman of men were afraid,
Sure my grandma herself would have died an old maid.

Would have died an old maid,
Would have died an old maid,
Sure my grandma herself would have died an old maid.

For additional texts and information, see:

Dean-Smith, M.,
A GUIDE TO ENGLISH FOLK SONG COLLECTIONS,
Liverpool, 1954.
Williams, A.,
FOLK SONGS OF THE UPPER THAMES,
London, 1923.
Mackenzie, W. R.,
BALLADS AND SEA SONGS FROM NOVA SCOTIA,
Cambridge, 1928.

Randolph, V.,
OZARK FOLKSONGS,
Vol. I, Columbia, Missouri, 1946
THE FRANK C. BROWN COLLECTION OF NORTH CAROLINA FOLK-LORE, Vol. II, edited by H. M. Belden and A. P. Hudson, Durham, 1952.

SIDE I, Band 7: THE LOST LADY FOUND

Though printed frequently by English stall presses in the 19th century, this ballad has not been reported from tradition as frequently as one might expect it. A typical product of the broadside scrivener, it contains several confusing stanzas, and this may account for its lack of popularity with traditional singers. On this continent it has been reported only from Nova Scotia.

The version sung here was learned from a BBC recording of Charles Chettleborough made at Sutton, Norfolk, in 1947.

Down in a valley a damsel did dwell,
She lived with her uncle we all know full well,
Down in a valley where violets grew gay,
Three gypsies betrayed her and stole her away.

Long time she'd been missing but could not be found,
Her uncle he searched in the country all round,
Till he came to the trustees between hopes and fears,
Well the trustees made answer she has not been here.

Now the trustees pray God with their courage so bold,
We'll see she's not lost for the sake of our gold,
We will have life for life, now the trustees did say,
We'll put you in prison and there you shall lay.

Now there was a young squire who loved her so,
Oft-times to the schoolhouse together would go,
I'm afraid she's been murdered so great is my fear,
If I'd wings like a dove I would fly to my dear.

Now he travelled through England, through France and
through Spain,
He ventured his life on a watery main,
Till he came to a house where he lodged one night,
And in that same house lived his own heart's delight.

Now soon as she saw him, she flew to his arms,
She told him her grief whilst he gazed on her charms;
How came you in Dublin, in Dublin, my dear,
Three gypsies they stole me and then brought me here.

Now your uncle in England in prison do lay,
He's now for your sweet sake condemned to die;
Oh take me to England, to England, she cried,
Ten thousand I'll give you and then be your bride.

Now they went to England, her uncle to see,
When the cart it stood under the high gallows tree,
Oh pardon, oh pardon, oh pardon, she cried,
Why you see I'm alive, his dear life for to save.

Now soon as they heard her they led him away,
And the drums they did beat and the musics did play,
Every house in the valley with mirth did abound,
As soon as they heard that lost lady was found.

For additional texts and information see:

Dean-Smith, M.,
A GUIDE TO ENGLISH FOLK SONG COLLECTIONS,
Liverpool, 1954.
Laws, G.M.,
AMERICAN BALLADRY FROM BRITISH BROADSIDES,
Philaeelphia, 1957.
Mackenzie, W.R.,
BALLADS AND SEA SONGS FROM NOVA SCOTIA,
Cambridge, 1928.
Broadwood, L.E.,
ENGLISH TRADITIONAL SONGS AND CAROLS,
London, 1908.

SIDE I, Band 8: WHEN PAT CAME OVER THE HILL

Unlike the other songs and ballads in this album, the author of this song is known. Samuel Lover, who published this song under the title "The Whistling Thief" in 1839, was the composer of more than three hundred songs which he set to traditional Irish airs. Some of these songs have come down to us today in a distinctly oral tradition. The broadside presses of the 19th century cared little about the origin of the material they printed - a good song could sell hundreds of thousands of copies no matter whether it was written by some hack-scrivener in the employ of the printer, or by some well known composer of the day.

The version sung here was learned from a BBC recording of Seamus Ennis made in Jamestown, Co. Dublin, in 1947. The broadside print shown here was printed in London by H. P. Such.

When Pat came over the hill, his colleen fair to see,
His whistle low but shrill the signal was to be;
Oh Mary, the mother cried, there is someone
whistling sure,
Oh mother, it is the wind you know, that's
whistling through the door.

CHORUS:
With my fol-diddle-laddle-la,
My fol-diddle-laddle-lee,
With my fol-diddle-laddle-la,
Hey fol-da-lol lol-da-la-lee.

I've lived a long time, Mary, in this wide world,
my dear,
But the door to whistle like that I never yet
did hear;
But mother, you know the fiddle hangs close beside
the chink,
And the wind upon the strings is playing the tune,
I think.

The dog is barking now, the fiddle can't play
the tune,
But mother, you know they say dogs bark when
they see the moon;
But how can he see the moon when he is old
and blind,
Blind dogs don't bark at the moon, my dear,
nor fiddles don't play with the wind.

And now I hear the pig uneasy in his mind,
But mother, you know they say that pigs
can see the wind;
That's all very true, my dear, but I think
you may remark,
That pigs no more than we can see anything in the dark.

I'm not such a fool as you think,
I know very well it is Pat,
Go home you whistlin' thief and
do get away out of that,
And you go into bed,
don't play upon me your jeers,
For although I've lost my sight,
I haven't lost my ears.

And you lads when courting going
for your sweethearts wait,
Take care not to whistle too loud
in case the old woman might wake,
From the days when I was young,
forget it I never can,
I knew the difference between
a fiddle, a dog and a man.

For additional texts and information, see:

Lover, Samuel,
SONGS AND BALLADS,
London, 1839.
O'Conor, Manus,
IRISH COM-ALL-YE'S,
New York, 1901.

SIDE I, Band 9: THE DARK-EYED SAILOR

A favorite theme in numerous versifications was that of the returning lover who tests his sweetheart's fidelity and then identifies himself by producing his half of a broken token arranged before his departure. The ballad sung here was a particularly popular one both in broadside form, and in oral tradition, and has been collected frequently throughout the English-speaking world.

The version sung here was learned from a BBC recording of a singer known only as "Jack" at Eels Foot Inn, East Bridge, Suffolk, in 1947.

It's of a comely young lady fair,
Who was walking out for to take the air,
She met a sailor whilst on her way,
So I paid attention, so I paid attention
To hear what they did say.

He said, pray lady, why roam alone,
The day's far spent and the night's coming on,
She said, whilst tears from her eyes did fall,
Twas the dark-eyed sailor, twas the dark-eyed sailor
That proved my downfall.

Tis two long years since he left the land,
A golden ring he took off my hand,
We broke the token, here's half with me,
Whilst the other lay rolling,
whilst the other lay rolling
At the bottom of the sea.

Said William, Lady, drive him from your mind,
There's other sailors as good you'll find,
Love turns aside and soon cold doth grow,
Like a winter's morning, like a winter's morning
With the ground all covered with snow.

These words did Phoebe's young heart inflame,
She said, Upon me you shall play no game,
She drew a dagger and loud did cry:
For my dark-eyed sailor, for my dark-eyed sailor
A maid I live and die.

But still, said Phoebe, I ne'er disdain
A tarry sailor but treat the same,
Come drink his health, here's a piece of coin
For this dark-eyed sailor, for the dark-eyed sailor
Still claims this heart of mine.

His coal-black eye and his curly hair,
His pleasing tongue did my heart ensnare,
Genteel he was, not a rake like you
To advise a maiden, to advise a maiden
To slight the jacket blue.

Half the ring did bold William show,
She seemed distracted midst joy and woe,
Oh welcome, William, I've land and gold
For my dark-eyed sailor, for my dark-eyed sailor
So manly, true and bold.

Now in a cottage down by the sea
They joined in wedlock and well agree,
All maids be true whilst your love's away,
For a cloudy morning, for a cloudy morning
Brings forth a sunshine day.

For additional texts and information, see:

Dean-Smith, M.,
A GUIDE TO ENGLISH FOLK SONG COLLECTIONS,
Liverpool, 1954.
Laws, G.M.,
AMERICAN BALLADRY FROM BRITISH BROADSIDES,
Philadelphia, 1957.
Greig, G.,
FOLK-SONG OF THE NORTH-EAST, Peterhead, 1914.
Mackenzie, W.R.,
BALLADS AND SEA SONGS FROM NOVA SCOTIA,
Cambridge, 1928.
O'Lochlainn, C.,
IRISH STREET BALLADS,
Dublin, 1946.

SIDE II, Band 1: JIM, THE CARTER'S LAD

This song is typical of the many broadside songs concerning the pride the country people of England took in their particular occupations. There are numerous broadsides about ploughboys, thrashers, farmers, quarrymen, and, as in this particular song, carters. The poor peasantry of England rationalized their lot in songs such as these, and it is to their credit that they were able to boast and make light of their misery for outsiders to hear.

The version sung here was learned from a BBC recording of Cornelius Godwin, a peat cutter from Ashcott, Somerset, made in 1938.

My name is Jim the carter's lad, a jolly cook am I,
My horse is always tented be the weather wet or dry,
I stick my finger at the snow, I whistle at the rain,
I've breathed the storm for many a day and can do the
same again.

CHORUS:
Crack, crack, goes the whip, I whistle and I sing,
I sit upon my peat cart, I'm happy as a king,
My horse is always willing and for me I'm never sad,
There's none can lead a jollier life than Jim, the
Carter's lad.

My father was a carrier for many years have gone,
He used to rise at daybreak and go his rounds each morn,
He often took me with him and especially in the Spring,
I loved to sit upon the wagon and hear my dear old dad
sing.

I never think of politics, nor anything so great,
I care not for the ivory talk about the church's
state,
I act as right to man and man and that's what makes
me glad,
There's none can lead a jollier life than Jim, the
carter's lad.

The girls they all smile at me as I go driving past,
My horse is such a beauty and he jogs along so fast,
We've travelled many a weary mile and happy days
we've had,
There's none can treat a horse more kinder than Jim,
the carter's lad.

And now I bid you all goodnight, it's time I was
away,
You know my horse will weary if I do any longer stay,
To see your smiling faces it makes my heart feel glad,
So I hope you'll give me the kind applause to Jim,
the carter's lad.

SIDE II, Band 2: GEORDIE

The three stanzas sung here are a fragmentary form of the ballad of "Geordie", ballad #209 in the great textual compilation of Francis James Child. Two forms of the ballad exist: the first form, tracing back to two 17th century English broadsides, is merely a 'goodnight' (denuded narratives concerning the execution of some person); the second form is a full ballad, the earliest known version being a Scottish ballad dating from the end of the 18th century. Scholars are almost unanimous in the opinion that the broadsides (though from an earlier date) are literary and contemporary adaptations of the traditional Scottish ballad which must have been known in tradition before the broadside versions. In any case, most texts collected since Child's time, and all of the broadsides of the 19th century, are obviously derived from the early English broadsides in question.

The fragmentary version sung here was learned from a BBC recording of Mrs. Louise Hooper made at Hambridge, Somerset, in 1942.

My Geordie shall be hanged in a golden chain,
That's a chain of many,
He stole sixteen of the king's wild deers
And he sold them in Bohenny.
He stole sixteen of the king's wild deers
And he sold them in Bohenny.

Oh, he never stole no ducks nor no geese,
Nor he never murdered any;
He stole sixteen of the king's wild deers
And he sold them in Bohenny.

Oh, me Geordie shall be hanged in a golden chain,
That's a chain of many,
He stole sixteen of the king's wild deers
And he sold them in Bohenny.

For additional texts and information, see:

Dean-Smith, M.,
A GUIDE TO ENGLISH FOLK SONG COLLECTIONS,
Liverpool, 1954.
Coffin, T.P.,
THE BRITISH TRADITIONAL BALLAD IN NORTH AMERICA,
Phildelphia, 1950.
Child, F.J.,
THE ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH POPULAR BALLADS, Vol. IV,
New York, 1956.
Ebsworth, J.W.,
THE ROXBURGHE BALLADS, Vol. VII,
Hertford, 1871-1899.
THE FRANK C. BROWN COLLECTION OF NORTH CAROLINA FOLK-LORE, Vol. II, edited by H.M. Belden and A.P. Hudson, Durham, No. Car., 1952.

SIDE II, Band 3: THE OYSTER GIRL

A favorite broadside story in the 19th century was one in which a poor girl or boy proved cleverer than some scheming antagonist, and ended up the richer for it. The theme has many variations, of which the story of "The Oyster Girl" is but one. It was circulated by nearly all of the London broadside printers and sold many thousands of copies during the period, but has been reported rarely from tradition.

The version sung here was learned from a BBC recording of Phil Tanner, the son of a weaver, and, until his death in 1949, one of England's finest traditional singers.

Oh oysters, oh oysters, oh oysters, said she,
I've got some of the finest oysters that ever you
did see,
Oh tis three a penny I do sell, but four I'll give
to thee,
For to bargain for the basket of oysters.

Oh tis three a penny I do sell,
but four I'll give to thee,
For to bargain for the basket of oysters.

Oh landlord, oh landlord, oh landlord, said he,
Hath thee got a little private room for the oyster
girl and me,
Where we both may sit down and so merry, merry be,
While we bargain for the basket of oysters.

Where we both may sit down and so merry, merry be,
While we bargain for the basket of oysters.

Oh yes, sir, oh yes, sir, oh yes, sir, said he,
I've got a little private room for the oyster girl
and thee,
Where you both can sit down and so merry, merry be,
Till you bargain for your basket of oysters.

Where you both can sit down and so merry, merry be,
Till you bargain for your basket of oysters.

Oh landlord, oh landlord, oh landlord, said he,
Hast thee seen that little oyster girl that came
along with me,
She hath picked my pocket of all my money
And hath left me with my basket of oysters.

She hath picked my pocket of 80 pounds and more,
And hath left me with my basket of oysters.

Oh yes sir, oh yes sir, oh yes sir, said he,
I've seen that little oyster girl that came along
with thee,
She hath paid all the reckoning so now thee canst
go free,
For to travel with thy basket of oysters.

She hath paid all the reckoning so now thee canst
go free,
For to travel with thy basket of oysters.

I've travelled through England, through Ireland,
through Scotland and France,
But never was I in all my life served up with such
a dance,
By a bold English girl, oh her voice it was so clear,
She has taught me the way to sell oysters.

By a bold English girl, oh her voice it was so clear,
She hath taught me the way to sell oysters.

For additional texts and information, see:

Dean-Smith, M.,
A GUIDE TO ENGLISH FOLK SONG COLLECTIONS,
Liverpool, 1954.
Laws, G.M.,
AMERICAN BALLADRY FROM BRITISH BROADSIDES,
Philadelphia, 1957.
Greig, G.,
FOLK-SONG OF THE NORTH-EAST,
Peterhead, 1914.
Chappell, L.W.,
FOLK-SONGS OF ROANOKE AND ALBEMARLE,
Morgantown, W. Va., 1939.

SIDE II, Band 4: THE BOLD FISHERMAN

At first listening, this ballad may not appear to be unlike several others that tell of a young woman meeting with a person of high degree whose status is not immediately apparent to her. Lucy Broadwood, an English collector and folklorist, believed it to be the remains of an allegorical legend from early Christian mystical literature, however. Variants of this song make reference to the Royal Fisherman, the three Vestures of Light, the Recognition and Adoration by the illuminated humble soul, and the free pardon leading to the mystical union of the bride and bridegroom in the House of the Father - all are familiar elements in the mystical symbolism of the early Christian church.

To be sure, such symbolism had lost all of its original meaning to the folksingers from whom the ballad has been collected since the end of the last century. To them, it was another love ballad, and in this form has come down in tradition to this day.

The version sung here was learned from a BBC recording of Harry Cox, made in Sutton Norfolk, in 1947.

One morning in the month of June
Down by a riverside,
There she beheld a bold fisherman,
Come rowing by the tide.

Morning to you bold fisherman,
How came you fishing here?
I came a-fishing for your sweet sake,
All on this river clear.

He lashed his boat up to the shore,
And to the lady went,
He took her by the milk-white hand
For it was his intent.

Then he pulled off his morning gown,
And gently laid it down,
There she beheld three chains of gold,
Hang dangling three times round.

Down on her bending knee she fell,
So loud for mercy called,
I'm calling you a bold fisherman,
I think you are some lord.

Get up, get up, get up, he cried,
From off your bending knees,
You have not said one single word
That least offended me.

I will take you to my father's hall,
And there make you my bride,
Then you will have a bold fisherman
To row you on the tide.

For additional texts and information, see:

Dean-Smith. M.,
A GUIDE TO ENGLISH FOLK SONG COLLECTIONS,
Liverpool, 1954.
Laws, G.M.,
AMERICAN BALLADRY FROM BRITISH BROADSIDES,
Philadelphia, 1957.
Creighton, H.,
TRADITIONAL SONGS FROM NOVA SCOTIA,
Toronto, 1950.

SIDE II, Band 5: BRIAN O'LYNN

Though usually identified as an Irish nursery rhyme, earliest references to this song indicate a Scottish origin at least 400 years ago. The bumpkin hero of this song is known variously in the many versions collected from all parts of the English-speaking world as 'Tom Bolin', 'Harry Trewin', 'Bryan O'Flynn', 'Tommy Linn', and many other similar sounding names. Though it has never lost its charm to nursery age children, it has at the same time remained a favorite with adults as well.

This version was learned from a BBC recording of Seamus Ennis made in 1949.

Brian O'Lynn had no britches to wear,
He got an old sheepsking to make him a pair,
With the fleshy side out and the wooly side in,
They'll be pleasant and cool, says Brian O'Lynn.

Brian O'Lynn had no shirt to his back,
He went to the neighbors and borrowed a sack,
Then he puckered the meal bag in under his chin,
Sure they'll take 'em for ruffles, says Brian O'Lynn.

Oh, Brian O'Lynn was hard up for a coat,
So he borrowed the skin of a neighboring goat,
With the horns sticking out from his oxters and then,
Sure they'll take them for pistols, says Brian O'Lynn.

Well Brian O'Lynn had no hat to put on,
He got an old beaver to make him a one,
There was none of the crown left and less of the brim,
Sure there's fine ventilation, says Brian O'Lynn.

And Brian O'Lynn had no brogues for his toes,
He hopped into crab-shells to serve him for those,
Then he split up two oysters that it matched like
a twin,
Sure they'll shine out like buckles, says Brian O'Lynn.

And Brian O'Lynn had no watch to put on,
He scooped out a turnip to make him a one,
Then he placed a young cricket in under the skin,
Sure they'll think it is ticking, says Brian O'Lynn.

And Brian O'Lynn to his house had no door,
He'd the sky for a roof and the bog for a floor,
He'd a way to jump out and a way to swim in,
Tis a fine habitation, says Brian O'Lynn.

And Brian O'Lynn went a-courting one night,
He set both the mother and daughter to fight,
For the sake of his hand they both stripped to
the skin,
Sure I'll marry you both, says Brian O'Lynn.

Brian O'Lynn and his wife and wife's mother,
They all lay down in the bed together,
The sheets they were old and the blankets were thin,
Lie close to the wall, says Brian O'Lynn.

And Brian O'Lynn and his wife and wife's mother,
Were all going home o'er the bridge together,
The bridge it broke down and they all tumbled in,
We'll go home by the water, says Brian O'Lynn.

For additional texts and information, see:

Dean-Smith, M.,
A GUIDE TO ENGLISH FOLK SONG COLLECTIONS,
Liverpool, 1954.
Opie, I. & P.,
THE OXFORD DICTIONARY OF NURSERY RHYMES,
Oxford, 1951.
Belden, H.M.,
BALLADS AND SONGS COLLECTED BY THE MISSOURI
FOLKLORE SOCIETY,
Columbia, Mo., 1940.

SIDE II, Band 6: THE SWEET PRIMROSES

Here is another excellent example of the confusion which occasionally crops up in broadside ballads. The ballad contains the very common beginning concerning a young man out walking who meets a lovely maiden. The young man proposes to her, only to be rejected and accused of deceit. The young lady then threatens to go off to some lonesome valley where no man shall bother her. Obviously the young man's proposition has been rejected; nevertheless, the song ends on a very positive note of happiness in which other maidens are told that every cloud has a silver lining. This obvious inconsistency is found in both the traditional version sung here and in most broadside copies of the song. Several versions of the song which have been collected from tradition, however, indicate that some singers have attempted to make some sense out of the song by having the lonesome valley stanza, mentioned above, spoken by the young man in a manner suggesting that he offers to take her to some lonesome valley where they will never be bothered by anyone. The young lady then accepts the proposal and the song can consistently end on a happy note.

The version sung here was learned from a BBC recording of Phil Tanner made at Eventide Home, Penmaen, shortly before his death in 1949.

Oh as I walked out one mid-summer's morning,
For to view the fields and the flowers so gay,
Twas there on the banks of the sweet primroses
That I beheld a most pleasant maid.

Twas there on the banks of the sweet primroses
That I beheld a most pleasant maid.

Are you sad, fair maid, what makes you wander,
What is the cause of all your grief,
I will make you as happy as any lady,
If you will grant me once more relief.

I will make you as happy as any lady,
If you will grant me once more relief.

Stand off, young man, and don't be so deceitful,
Tis you that are the cause of all my pains,
For it is you that has caused my poor heart to wander,
And to find me comfort it's all in vain.

For it is you that has caused my poor heart to wander,
And to find me comfort it's all in vain.

I will go down to some lonely valley,
Where no man on earth shall there me find,
Where the pretty little small birds do change
their voices,
And every moment blows boisterous wynde.

Where the pretty little small birds do change
their voices,
And every moment blows boisterous wynde.

So come all fair maids, by me take a warning,
And pay attention to what I say,
There is many a dark and a-cloudy morning
Turns out a bright and sunshiny day.

For additional texts and information, see:

Dean-Smith, M.,
A GUIDE TO ENGLISH FOLK SONG COLLECTIONS,
Liverpool, 1954.
Sharp, C.J.,
FOLK SONGS FROM SOMERSET, Series One,
London, 1910.
Kidson, F.,
A GARLAND OF ENGLISH FOLK-SONGS,
London, 1926.

SIDE II, Band 7: GREEN BROOM

It is surprising to find that though this song was a favorite of the broadside printers and has been collected frequently in the British Isles from traditional singers, that it has never been reported in America. It is certainly of the type that one would normally expect to find passed down to Americans of British descent. The oldest version of the song was printed in T. Durfey's "Pills to Purge Melancholy", making the song at least 250 years old. Several versions collected from tradition since Durfey's time indicate that the song is far more ribald than the innocent sounding text sung here would indicate.

The version sung here was learned from a BBC recording of Patrick Green made in 1947 at Ballinalee, Co. Longford, Ireland.

There was an old woman and she lived in the East,
And her trade was the cutting of broom, green broom,
And her trade was the cutting of broom.

She had but one son and his name it was John,
And he'd lie in his bed till twas noon, bright noon,
He'd lie in his bed till twas noon.

This old woman arose and she put on her clothes,
And swore that she'd spoil Jack's room, gay room,
And swore that she'd spoil Jack's room.

If Jack wouldn't arise and sharpen his knives,
And gang out to the wood to cut broom, green broom,
And gang out to the wood to cut broom.

Well Jack he arose and he put on his clothes,
And swore that he would, he wouldn't he would,
And swore that he wouldn't, he would.

A man of my blood with my learning so good,
To gang out to the wood to cut broom, green broom,
To gang out to the wood to cut broom.

Well Jack he went off his mind to content,
And he hitched up his bundle of broom, green broom,
He hitched up his bundle of broom.

When he came to the gates as loud as he could speak,
Pretty maids, do you want any broom, green broom,
Pretty maids, do you want any broom.

Oh the lady sat up in her gay den so high,
Admiring Jack's beauty and fame, bright fame,
Admiring Jack's beauty and fame.

She called in the maid that on her did wait,
To call in the young blade with his brooms, green
brooms,
To call in the young blade with his brooms.

Oh, said she, me fair blade, would you quit your trade,
trade,
And marry a maid in her bloom, full bloom,
And marry a maid in her bloom.

Oh yes, then says he, quite welcome you'd be,
But it's really how could I presume, presume,
Why it's really how could I presume.

Now the parson was sent for and married they were
All in the fine lady's gay room, gay room,
All in the fine lady's gay room.

With compliments fine, Jack kissed her in time,
They were wed in the castle of fame, bright fame,
They were wed in the castle of fame.

There's no cutter of broom from the east to the west,
But Jack he invited as his wedding guest,
With plenty of drink, boys, and what do you think,
There's no thing to compare with the broom,
green broom,
There's no thing to compare with the broom.

For additional texts and information, see:

Dean-Smith, M.,
A GUIDE TO ENGLISH FOLK SONG COLLECTIONS,
Liverpool, 1954.
Sharp, C.J.,
FOLK SONGS FROM SOMERSET, Series Four,
London, 1906.
Durfey, T.,
PILLS TO PURGE MELANCHOLY, Vol. VI,
London, 1719.

SIDE II, Band 8: HERCHARD OF TAUNTON DENE

The delightful little ballad of courtship is known in two versions, each containing basically the same story but with different endings. In one version (as in the one sung here), young Herchard wins Miss Jean; in the other Miss Jean rejects his proposal. Both versions have been popular with English country singers for several centuries. As the folk would have it, however, the happy ending seems to be most popular. Nineteenth century broadside texts do not appear to have effected the ballad as sung in tradition, for numerous texts, many differing quite radically, have been collected up to the present day.

The version sung here was learned from a BBC recording of George Bunston of Hambridge Green.

One Sunday morn as I've heard say,
Young Herchard mounted his dobbin grey
And over the hills he rode a mule,
A-courting the parson's daughter Jean.

CHORUS:
With his doodle-dum dollikin, doodle-dum day,
With his doodle-dum dollikin, doodle-dum day.

I'm an honest lad though I be poor,
And I never was in love before,
And father sent me out to woo,
And I can't fancy none but you.

Miss Jean came down without delay,
To see what young Herchard had got to say.
He says, suppose you know, Miss Jean,
That I be young Herchard of Taunton Dene.

For I can reap and I can mow,
And I can plow and I can sow,
And I goes to market me father's hay,
And I earns me ninepence every day.

Oh, ninepence a day will never do,
For I must have silks and satins, too;
Twill never be enough for you and I.
Oh come, says Herchard, We can't but try.

For I've a pig poked in the sty,
As'll come to I when granny do die,
And if you consent to marry me now,
My father he'll give me his fine fat sow.

Dick's compliments were so polite
He won Miss Jean before twere night,
And when he had no more to say,
He gived her a kiss and she's runned away.

For additional texts and information, see:

Dean-Smith, M.,
A GUIDE TO ENGLISH FOLK SONG COLLECTIONS,
Liverpool, 1954.
Bell, R.,
BALLADS AND SONGS OF THE PEASANTRY OF ENGLAND,
London, 1857.
Broadwood, L.E.,
ENGLISH COUNTY SONGS,
London, 1893.

SIDE II, Band 9: THE FALSE-HEARTED KNIGHT

This ballad appears as number 4 in Francis James Child's great textual compilation, under the title "Lady Isabel and the Elf-Knight". As a result of its being one of the most widespread of the international ballads, it has been subjected to extensive study by scholars from various nations. The most detailed analysis was made by the Finnish scholar, Dr. Iivar Kemppinen, who came to the conclusion that the ballad probably originated between 1100 and 1200, citing philological and musical evidences in support of his claims. The ballad is still widely known in Europe and in America, at least part of its popularity being attributable to the numerous stall printings of the ballad in the 19th century. In most recently collected versions, the supernatural character of the knight has disappeared.

The version sung here was learned from a BBC recording of Jumbo Brightwell made at Eel's Foot Inn, in East Bridge, Suffolk, in 1947. The broadside print shown here was printed in London by H.P. Such.

Now it was of a false knight who came from the
north land,
He came a-courting me,
He promised to take me down to that north land
And there his bride make me.

So come give me some of your mother's gold,
And some of your father's fee,
And two of the best horses out of the stable,
Where there stand by thirty and three.

So she mounted up on her milk-white steed,
And he on his dapple and grey,
And away they did ride to the great water side,
So early before it was day.

Jump you off, jump you off that milk-white steed
And deliver it up to me,
For six pretty fair maids I've drownded in here,
And the seventh one you shall be.

And take off, take off that silken gown
And lie it upon yon stone,
For I think it's too rich and I think it's too rare
To rot all in the salt sea.

Then if I must take off my silken gown,
Then turn your back upon me,
For I don't think it's fit that a villain like you
A naked woman should see.

And stoop you down and cut that brier,
That hangs so near the brim,
For in case it should tangle my golden clothes
Or tear my lily-white skin.

Then she gave him a push and a hearty push,
And she pushed that false knight in,
Crying, lie in there, you false-hearted knight,
Lie in there instead of me,
For if six pretty fair maidens you've drownded in here,
The seventh one has drownded you.

So she mounted up on her milk-white steed,
And she led his dapple and grey,
And away she did ride to her father's own hall
Two hours before it was day.

The old parrot was up in the window high,
And he cried aloud and did say:
I'm afraid that some villain came here last night
And have carried my lady away.

Her father he was not so sound asleep
That he heard what that bird did say,
And he crieth, what wageth, my pretty parrot,
Oh hours before it was day.

Why the old cat was up in that window high,
And that cat he would o' me slay,
So loud did I cry that help should be nigh
To drive that cat away.

Well done, well done, my pretty polly,
No tales will you tell of me,
Thy cage shall be made of that bright glittering gold
And a door of white ivory.

For additional texts and information, see:

Dean-Smith, M.,
A GUIDE TO ENGLISH FOLK SONG COLLECTIONS,
Liverpool, 1954.
Coffin, T.P.,
THE BRITISH TRADITIONAL BALLAD IN NORTH AMERICA,
Philadelphia, 1950.
Child, F.J.,
THE ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH POPULAR BALLAD, Vol. I,
New York, 1956.

SIDE II, Band 10: THE INDIAN LASS

American listeners will recognize in this ballad a version of the widely known song of "The Little Mohee". Folklorists have never quite decided whether the American ballad is a remaking of the British broadside story, or if the ballad was originally an American sea song from which the British broadside ballad developed. In any case, the American ballad is certainly a better ballad, both in theme and language, than its British relation.

The version sung here was learned from a BBC recording of Jumbo Brightwell, made in 1939 at the Eel's Foot Inn, East Bridge, Suffolk.

As I was a-walking down, down by the distant shore,
I stepped into an ale-house just to spend half an
hour,
And while I sat smoking and a-taking my glass,
There, by chance, stepped between the pines an
Indian lass.

Now she sat down by the side of me and she squeezed
my hand,
Says, you are a sailor, not one of this land,
I've got good lodgings if along with me you'll stay,
My fortune I will share it without no delay.

With a glass of good liquor she welcomed me in,
Kind sir, you are welcome to everything,
And while I embraced her, oh this it was her tone,
You are a young sailor and so far from your home.

We talked and we tumbled into each others arms,
And all that long night I embraced her sweet charms,
And with romance all enjoyment so the time it passed
away,
I did not go leave her until nine the next day.

Now this lovely young Indian and the place where
she stood,
I viewed her charming features and I found they
was good,
She was little and handsome and her age about sixteen,
Was raised and brought up in a place called Moreen.

For additional texts and information, see:

Dean-Smith, M.,
A GUIDE TO ENGLISH FOLK SONG COLLECTIONS,
Liverpool, 1954.
Laws, G.M.,
NATIVE AMERICAN BALLADRY,
Philadelphia, 1950.
Mackenzie, W.R.,
BALLADS AND SEA SONGS FROM NOVA SCOTIA,
Cambridge, 1928.
Kidson, F.,
TRADITIONAL TUNES,
Oxford, 1891.
Barry, P.,
THE MAINE WOODS SONGSTER,
Cambridge, 1939.

LITHO IN U.S.A. 159