

TWO-WAY TRIP American, Scots and English Folksongs sung by
PEGGY SEEGER and EWAN MAC COLL Folkways Records FW 8755



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MUSIC LP

TWO-WAY TRIP *American, Scots and English Folksongs sung by*
PEGGY SEEGER and EWAN MAC COLL *Folkways Records FW 8755*

WALY, WALY

RICHE STORY (Child #232)

THE CRAFTY FARMER (Child #283)

THE BARRING OF THE DOOR (Child #275)

JENNY NETTLES

OLD LADY ALL SKIN AND BONE

TULLOCHGORUM

THE TWO BROTHERS (Child #49)

JUST AS THE TIME WAS FLOWING

JACKARO

THE CARRION CROW

MATTY GROVES (Child #81)

THE BARTLEY EXPLOSION

THE DEVIL'S NINE QUESTIONS (Riddles Wisely Expounded—Child #1)

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET.

COVER BY JOSEPH DEL GAUDIO

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PREFACE

by Ewan MacColl

I mostly sing Scots and English songs. The Scots material was part of the background of my childhood, the English I began to acquire during my adolescence and have gone on adding to my store ever since. The Scots songs are closest to me, with the Liverpool shanties and forebitters running them a close second.

As for American folk music, my first contact with it was during the late thirties when I heard some of the Library of Congress recordings broadcast in the first B.B.C. folksong series. I can still remember the tremendous impact they made on me, and still recapture something of the initial excitement that was roused in me by hearing Woodie Guthrie, Blind Willie Johnson and that most superb of all folksong stylists, Mrs. Texas Gladden.

During the years that followed I learned scores of American songs and ballads and made them work for my pleasure until they could work no more. The pseudo-American accent which I acquired by watching gangsters and western gunmen flicker across the threadbare screens of a hundred flea-pits, twisted the songs into mere parodies of themselves until, in the end, I began to develop a hearty dislike for my own voice. I returned to the songs I knew, the songs I had grown up with.

Some fifteen or sixteen years later, in 1954, I was to see young folks all over Britain behaving similarly...only more so. With me it was Texas Gladden, with them it was Leadbelly! This was during the short-lived age of skiffle, when the kids of Glasgow, Hull and Manchester discovered the guitar and the tea-chest bass, when the lads of Liverpool, Leeds and London rolled their own, tried to unlearn reading and writing and looked at you with the hyperopic gaze of men whose eyes have grown dim with staring over the eternal deserts of Arizona, Utah and the Bronx; it was the time when the chicks and scrubbers began to talk out of the sides of their mouths and to stare at you with contemptuous eyes because you hadn't been in a chaingang; it was the time when the addicts built twelve-string guitars in the body-building shops of the Ford factories and when the roaring-boys of Tin-Pan-Alley couldn't make up their minds as to whether they should get in on the act or register for a long course of Electrical Convulsive Shock treatment.

Well, finally they made up their minds and took skiffle over, gave it a haircut and a shampoo and sent the results rolling down the conveyor-belt of the pop industry. It didn't last long, just long enough to produce the inevitable reaction. So the kids hocked their cheap guitars and moved out of the cellars and the upstairs rooms of number-



less pubs and looked around for something else that they could identify themselves with. Many of them, moved by the herd instinct found refuge in 'the rock' joints, others found their way into the jazz clubs and the rest began to form folksong clubs.

The vanguard of the popular folksong revival in Britain today is largely made up of ex-skiffers; they are by far the most devoted, and the best informed, people in the whole movement and they have become rather intolerant of British singers who use American material.

And what has all this to do with the contents of this album?

Just this -- during the time I have spent working in this field, I have rarely moved outside of my own musical tradition. At the hundreds of concerts and hootenannies where I have sung or acted as chairman I have made a point of insisting on the rule that singers do not sing anything but the songs of their own native tradition. It is, I think, a good rule and one that has produced extremely good results in Great Britain.

And now I am not only singing American songs with Peggy but encouraging her to sing Scots and English songs with me!

However, for the most part we confine ourselves to joining in the choruses of each other's songs.

Ah, yes...but what about those places where you sing in harmony? Surely that runs counter to the tradition!

Yes, there is some truth in that, though it isn't the whole truth. What about the Copper family in Sussex? They sing in harmony and so did my parents occasionally. In fact, it was the only way my mother would ever sing in public.

And duets?

Yes, duets. My father and mother had several songs, and even some traditional ballads, which they treated as duets; my father would sing the hero's lines while my mother sang those of the heroine - which is what Peggy and I are doing here. There is a further point. When you work with someone over a period of several years, you begin to assimilate elements of their style and vocal habits. This need not mean that your approach to your own repertoire is affected but it does mean that you can stand on the edge of another musical tradition without feeling too conspicuous.

PREFACE

by Peggy Seeger

A friend of mine here in Britain, where I now live, once remarked quite unwittingly: "It must be difficult to remain really American when you've been away from America for four years." A casual remark, but a very perceptive one, for it is easy, when away from one's native land, to gradually lose the many small habits, actions, ways of speech and thought that characterize one as distinctly "American". The stranger to a new country must establish a new routine of life, will inevitably begin to assimilate new words and inflections into his speech, and - most important - will have missed a stage in the progress of his native land. If this separation is long enough, he will be in a sort of cultural limbo, in which he is no longer a real part of America and is not yet a real part of Britain.

This can be a period of crisis for any person who wants to be part of a community, but it is more so for one who sings the folk songs of his native country. A folksinger is very closely tied to his country through his singing - musically, linguistically, stylistically, culturally - and his performance and understanding of his music can grow only through contact with his own people. A folksinger is most comfortable when exploring his own tradition.

For the city folksinger today, there are two main avenues of contact, of replenishing his repertoire

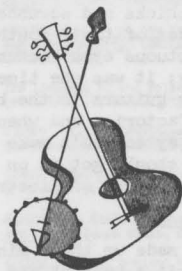
and techniques: (1) community musical activity and (2) resource to original sources, either discs or field singers themselves. At the present, passing through limbo, I find myself in a double crisis: no oral sources from which to draw and no natural community with which to sing (for one can sing American folksongs to a group of non-Americans, but not with them, for the communication, the musical growth, is one-way. The group can neither reciprocate nor contribute, save with their appreciation, and it is strictly an audience performer relationship.)

This is not as hopeless a situation as it might first appear. It is obvious that new sources must be sought, new ties be established. For sources, I can go to the numerous excellent books and discs of American material. For a community, I must assimilate British habits, actions, inflections, usages of speech. In a word, I will become, consciously and unconsciously, less American and feel more and more in common not only with British people but also with British folkmusic.

Under no circumstances, even were I to live here all my life would these feelings make me a "British folksinger", nor would they enable me to take anything but the supporting role in the performance of a Scots or English song. However, I have always been drawn, in my choice of American repertoire, to the traditional ballads, to the songs of British origin, so that the change of nationality taking place now is merely an extension of my former interest.

It is almost inevitable that any American folksinger who has come into the field, as I have (through books, discs and college singing groups) will go through a phase of attempting to sing foreign folksongs. One may even develop a facility in this, although it is rarely more than a party trick, for singing a song in folk tradition is not a matter of memorization, but of improvisation, both in text and tune. And unless the singer is fluent in the language and singing style of the song he sings, that song will be crystallized into one form - fossilized - a process completely foreign to folk tradition and folk history. Even if linguistic identity between singer and song is achieved, there is still the larger identity to be reached: that between the singer and the society which gave rise to the song (which, of course, can only be achieved fully by living among the people of that society). It is this understanding which makes the true folksinger the most valid cultural representative of his people.

I am not trying to sing Scots and English songs - I merely cannot help it, living as I do and where I do. To sing them adds immeasurable richness to my understanding of American folksongs and gives a new dimension to their performance. For the first time in my life as a singer I am beginning to recognize the qualities which make these songs unique, which make them American. And, paradoxically, losing with the current American scene is directing me back to the bedrock of the American tradition, both in repertoire and performance.



SIDE I, Band 1: WALY, WALY

The unfortunate heroine of this song is said to have been Lady Barbara Erskine, daughter of the 9th Earl of Marr, who was deserted by her husband, James Marquis of Douglas, in the time of Charles II. The song is a stock from which many branches have been born, the most familiar being the modern burlesque, "There is a Tavern in the Town."

Ref: Chambers, p. 280
Herd, Vol. I, p. 81
JFS, Vol. VII, pp. 69-70

O waly, waly up the bank
And waly, waly doon the brae,
And waly, waly yon burn-side
Where me and my love went to gae.
I lean'd by back untill an airk,
I thocht it was a trusty tree.
But first it bow'd and syne it brak,
Sae my true love did lightly me.

O, waly waly, love is bonnie,
A little time while it is new.
But when it's auld it waxes cauld,
And fades away like morning dew.
O, wherefore should I busk my heid,
Or wherefore should I kame my hair?
For my true love's forsaken me,
And says he'll never love me mair.

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie;
'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry:
But my love's heart's grown cauld to me.
When we came in my Glasgow toon,
We were a comely sicht to see;
My love was clad in black velvet,
And I mysel' in cramasie.

But had I wist, before I kissed,
That love had been sae ill to win.
I'd lock'd my heart in a case of gold
And pinn'd it wi' a siller pin.
O, if my young babe it were born
And set upon the nurse's knee,
And I mysel' a maid again
But a maid again, I'll never be.

GLOSSARY.

Waly.....an exclamation of woe.
Brae.....hillside.
Syne.....afterwards, then.
Lightly.....lightly.
Busk.....dress, adorn.
Heid.....head.
Sic.....such.
Siller.....silver.

SIDE I, Band 2: RICHIE STORY
(Child 232)

This ballad occurs in two distinct forms - in one, the hero is an actual footman and in the other he is a nobleman, sometimes a king, in disguise. The earliest printed text appears in Sharpe's Ballad Book, 1823. The version included in this album was learned in a fragmentary form by MacColl from his mother, and later collated with a complete text in Grieg and Keith.

Ref. Grieg and Keith, p. 171

Here's a letter to you, madam (2)
Here's a letter fae the Earl o' the
Wemyss,
And it's a' in suit o' you, madam.

Say not so to me, Richard (2)
For I've made a voo and I'll keep it
true
To marry none but you, Richard.

Say not so to me, madam,
Say not so to me, madam,
For I hae neither lands nor rents
For to maintain ye wi', madam.

Say not so to me, Richard, (2)
For I want neither lands nor rents
For to maintain me wi', Richard.

Oot it spak her ae brither,
"O, dear sister, weel may we be sorry,
That you should wed your ain servant
man
And lose a' your right to bonnie Castle
Norrie.

O, dear sister, weel may we be sorry (2)
The gardens they're fine and they're a'
laid wi' thyme,
And a' the walks o' bonnie Castle
Norrie."

O dear brither, how could I be sorry?(2)
I wouldna gie my Richard wi' his laced
coat,
For a' the lands o' bonnie Castle
Norrie."

O I am gaun fae hame, madam (2)
I'm gaun awa', sae far awa'
I'm gaun across the sea, madam.

I will gang wi' you, Richard, (2)
I'll gang wi' you to London toon,
I'll gang across the sea, Richard.

Ye canna gang wi' me, madam (2)
I'm gaun awa to London toon
My friends long me to see, madam.

When they went doon through London
toon,
O, but the bells were ringing bonnie,
And mony a yin did look at them
And little did they think it was
Richard's lady.

When they cam' in at the Parliament
gate,
The marriage bells were ringing bonnie,
And mony a knight and mony a squire
Stood there to welcome Richard's
lady.

Sae dearly's you loved me, madam
Sae dearly's ye, loved me, madam
Ye left your lands and a' your rents
Your servant to gang wi', madam.

But sae dearly's I loved you, madam (2)
I left the sceptre and the throne,
And was your waitin' man, madam.

And was your waitin' man, madam,
Made a' your bridles ring, madam,
And little did ye think that your
waitin' boy
Was England's royal King, madam.

But since it's so ye loved me madam,
But since it's so ye loved me, madam,
Ye shall be queen o' a' England
And happy shall ye be, madam.

GLOSSARY.

Fae.....from.
Voo.....vow.
Gaun.....going.
Gang.....go.

SIDE I, Band 3: THE CRAFTY FARMER
(Child 283)

Songs and ballads dealing with the out-
witting of thieves and highwaymen by
honest folk have enjoyed great
popularity in Britain ever since the
eighteenth century, when the broadside
printers issued a great number of such
pieces. Child described this song
as being "very ordinary", but included
it in his great work on the grounds
that "it has enjoyed great popularity
and is given for that reason as a
specimen of its class."

Ref: Kidson, p. 140

I'm gaun to sing ye a song,
And I hope it'll gie ye content,
It's a' about an auld fairmer,
Gaun awa' to pay his rent.
Sing fal la la la la la;
Sing fal la lala la lee;
Sing fal la la la la la,
Sing fal la la la la lee.

As he was a-ridin' alang,
A-riding upon the highway,
A gentleman robber rode up to him
And then these words did say.

"Whaur are ye going, kind sir?"
This made the auld man to smile:
"To tell ye the truth," the auld
man said,
"I'm just going twa-three mile".

"A doited auld carle am I,
Just renting a sma' piece o' ground,
And the half-yearly rent o' it
Amounts to forty pounds.

"My landlord's no' been at hame,
I've no' seen him a year or more.
Which makes the yearly rent of it
Amount unto fourscore."

"You shouldna' hae told me this,
When robbers there are so many,
For if they met you upon the way,
They'd rob you of every penny."

The auld man winked his e'e,
Says, "I don't care a fig!
My money is safe into my bags
Right under my saddle rig."

The gentleman robber then said,
"Deliver up your money!
Or else your life will be snuffed oot,
For pistols are nae canny."

The fairmer he was crafty
As in this world are mony;
He threw the saddle oot owre the hedge,
Says: "Fetch it if you'll have ony."

The robber he got off his horse,
With courage so stout and bold.
Away in search of the saddle he ran,
Gave the auld man his horse to hold.

The robber he flew in a passion,
There was naething but straw in the
bags,
So he drew oot his rusty old gully
And hackit the saddle to rags.

The auld man put his foot in the
stirrup,
And then he got on at the stride,
And syne he set oot at the gallop,
You needna hae bidden him ride.

As he was a-riding hame,
And galloping through the glen.
He spied auld Maggie, his riding
mare,
And shouted, "Maggie! Come hame!"

And when that he got hame
And telt what he had done,
The auld wife she put on her claes
And roond the hoose she run.

When the robber's bag it was opened,
A wonderful sight to behold,
There was five hundred guineas in
silver
And another five hundred in gold.

And aye she danced aroond
And made a muckle commotion,
"If ever oor dochter get married,"
she said,
"It'll help to enlarge her portion."

GLOSSARY.

Doited.....foolish, stupid.
Carle.....a man, a clown, a
foolish old man.

Canny.....safe.
Gully.....a large knife.
Hackit.....hacked.
Claes.....clothes.
Dochter.....daughter.
Portion.....dowry.

SIDE I, Band 4: THE BARRING OF THE DOOR
(Child 275)

This ballad must rank with "Barbara Allen" and "Sir Patrick Spens" as being one of the most anthologized traditional pieces. It is, however, still fairly common in oral tradition and a number of versions have been collected in the northern states of America. The version here was learned by the singer from his father.

Ref: Grieg and Keith, pp. 216-8.
Creighton, p. 92

It fell about the Martinmas time,
And a fine time it was then O;
That oor gudewife got puddens to mak',
And she boiled them in a pan, O.
An' the barrin' o' oor door weel,
weel, weel,
An' the barrin' o' oor door weel.

The wind it blew fae East to West,
And it blew upon the floor, O,
Says oor gudeman to oor gudewife,
"Get up and bar the door, O."

"My hand is in my hissy-skip,
Gudeman as ye may see, O;
Though it shuldna ne barred this seiven
year,
It'll no' be barred by me, O."

They made a paction 'tween themselves
And fixed it firm and sure, O,
That the yin wha spoke the foremost
word,
Should rise and bar the door, O.

Twa gentlemen had lost their road,
At twal o'clock o' the nicht, O;
And they couldna find neither hoose
nor ha',
Nor coal nor candle-licht, O.

"Now whether is this a rich man's
hoose,
Or whether is it a poor, O?"
But ne'er a word would yin o' them
speak,
For the barrin' o' the door, O."

Well, first they ate the white puddens
And syne they ate the black, O,
And oor gudeman said to himsel',
"The deil gang doon wi' that, O."

The young man to the auld man said,
"Here, man, tak' ye my knife, O,
And gang and shave the gudeman's beard
And I'll kiss the gudewife, O."

"There is nae water in the hoose,
And what'll we do then, O?"
"Whit ails ye at the pudden-bree,
That boils into the pan, o?"

Then oot it spak the auld gudeman,
And an angry man was he, O:
"Would ye kiss my wife afore my e'en?
Scaud me wi' pudden-bree, O?"

Then up it raise the auld gudewife,
Gae three skips on the floor, O:
"Gudeman, ye spak the foremost word,
Get up and bar the door, O."

GLOSSARY.

Mak'.....make.
Weel.....well.
Hissy-skip.....sewing basket.
Paction.....pact.
Deil.....devil.
Pudden-bree.....pudding gravy.
Scaud.....scald.

SIDE I, Band 5: JENNY NETTLES

The heroine of this lively song is said to have taken her own life after having been deserted by her lover and, according to Chambers, she was buried under a cairn of stones near the Lomond hills. He goes on to say that "every child in rural Scotland has heard nursemaids singing this ranting song." The sentiments expressed in it, however, were apparently a little too frank to suit the taste of cultivated 19th-century Scots and a number of variants of "greater elegance and more refined sentiments" were created. They never succeeded, however, in taking the place of the original.

Ref: Chambers, pp. 398-9
Herd, Vol. II, p. 260.

Saw ye Jenny Nettles, Jenny Nettles,
Jenny Nettles,
Saw ye Jenny Nettles coming frae the
market?
Bag and baggage on her back,
Her fee and bountith in her lap,
Bag and baggage on her back
And baby in her oxtar.

I met ayont the kairney, Jenny Nettles,
Jenny Nettles,
Singing to her bairnie, Robin Rattle's
bastard.

To flee the dool upo' the stool
And ilka ane that mocks her,
She round about, seeks Robin out,
To strap it in his oxtar.

Fie, fie! Robin Rattle, Robin Rattle,
Robin Rattle,

Fie, fie, Robin Rattle! Use Jenny
Nettles kindly.
Score out the blame and shun the shame,
And without mair debate o't,
Tak' hame your wain, mak' Jenny fain
The leel and leesome gate o't.

GLOSSARY.

Fee.....wages or payment.
Bountith.....a bounty, a bonus.
Oxtar.....the armpit.
Kairney.....a small heap of stones.
Dool.....sorrow, grief,
misfortune.
Ilka.....every.
Stap.....to stuff.
Wain.....wain.
Fain.....glad.
Leel.....loyal.
Leesome.....lawful.
Gate.....fashion, method.

SIDE I, Band 6: OLD LADY ALL SKIN AND
BONE

'Death and the Lady' has been a common theme in European art from the Middle Ages onwards. Most of the songs on this theme retain something of the medieval homilectic poem. In modern times the theme has inspired a number of lugubrious ditties, the most noteworthy being those which were sung by American soldiers in World War I and by British airmen in World War II. Perhaps the most assimilated folk version of the subject is in the Scots nursery rhyme, "The Strange Visitor".

Ref: JEFDSS, Vol. V, p. 19.
Edinburgh Rhymours, Vol. I., p. 108.

There was a lady all skin and bone,
And such a lady was never known;
It happened on a holiday,
The lady went to church to pray.

And when she came unto the stile,
She tarried there a little while;
And when she came unto the door,
She tarried there a little more.

And when she came unto the aisle,
She had a sad and a woeful smile;
She'd come a long and a weary mile,
Her sin and sorrow to beguile.

And she walked up and she walked down,
And she saw a dead man upon the ground;
And from his nose unto his chin,
The worms crept out and the worms crept
in.

Then the lady to the sexton said:
"Shall I be so when I am dead?"
And the sexton to the lady said:
"You'll be the same when you are dead."

SIDE I, Band 7: TULLOCHGORUM

The reverend John Skinner (1721-1807) is said to have composed this song so as to terminate a political dispute at a friend's house which he was visiting. Burns, a great admirer of Skinner's work, classes "Tullochgorum" as 'the first of songs.'

Ref: Chambers, p. 221

Come gie's a sang, Montgomery cried,
And lay your disputes all aside,
What signifies 't for folks to chide
For what's been done before them?
Let Whig and Tory all agree,
Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,
Let Whig and Tory all agree
To drop their Whigmegorum.
Let Whig and Tory all agree
To spend this night with mirth
and glee
And cheerfu' sing along wi' me
The reel of Tullochgorum.

O, Tullochgorum's my delight
It gars us a' in ane unite,
And ony sump that keeps up spite
In conscience I abhor him.
Blithe and merry we's be a',
Blithe and merry, blithe and merry,
Blithe and merry we's be a'
And make a cheerfu' quorum.
Blithe and merry we's be a'
As lang as we hae breath to draw,
And dance till we be like to fa'
The reel of Tullochgorum.

There need na be sae great a praise,
Wi' dringing dull Italian lays,
I wadna gie our ain strathspeys
For half a hundred score o' 'em.
They're douff and dowie at the best,
Douff and dowie, douff and dowie,
They're douff and dowie at the best
Wi' a' their variorums.
They're douff and dowie at the
best,
Their allegros and a' the rest,
They canna please a Highland taste,
Compared wi' Tullochgorum.

Let wardly minds themselves oppress
Wi' fear of want and double cess,
And sullen sots themselves distress
Wi' keeping up decorum.
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Like Auld Philosophorums.
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Wi' neither sense nor mirth, nor
wit,
And canna rise to shake a fit
At the reel of Tullochgorum?

May choicest blessing still attend
Each honest-hearted open friend
And calm and quiet be his end,
And a' that's good watch o'er him!
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
Peace and plenty be his lot
And dainties, a great store o' 'em!
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Unstain'd by any vicious blot,
And may he never want a groat
That's fond o' Tullochgorum.

GLOSSARY.

Gie.....give.
 Gars.....makes.
 Stumph.....a surly, sulky person.
 Dring.....to sing slowly and lugubriously.
 Douff.....languid.
 Fit.....foot.

SIDE II, Band 1: THE TWO BROTHERS
 (Child 49)

In four of the six known Scots versions of "The Two Brothers", the 'deadly wound' is the result of an accident, and Motherwell states that any alternative reading "sweeps away the deep impression this simple ballad would otherwise have made upon the feelings: for it is almost unnecessary to mention that its touching interest is made to centre in the boundless sorrow and careless remorse of him who had been the unintentional cause of his brother's death, and in the solicitude which that high-minded and generous spirit expresses even in the last agonies of nature, for the safety and fortunes of the truly wretched and unhappy survivor." Be that as it may, most of the American versions state unequivocally that the deed is murder and the motive jealousy. The version here given is from Sharp. Ewan MacColl plays the autoharp here cimbalum-style.

Ref: Sharp, Vol. I, pp. 65-76.
 Motherwell, p. 60
 Davis, p. 146, 563.
 Creighton, p. 25
 Belden, pp. 33-4.

Monday morning go to school,
 Friday evening home,
 Brother combed my sweetheart's hair
 As we went marching home.

Brother, will you play me a game of ball?
 Brother, will you toss me a stone?
 Brother, don't comb my sweetheart's hair
 As we go marching home.

I won't play no game of ball,
 Neither will I toss you a stone,
 I won't play no game at all
 Brother, leave me alone.

The oldest threw the youngest down,
 Threw him to the ground,
 He drew out his wee pen knife
 And give him a deathless wound.

He took off his Holland shirt,
 Ripped it from gore to gore,
 Laid it around that bleeding wound,
 But still it bled the more.

It's take me up all on your back,
 Carry me to Chesley town,
 Dig me a deep and lonely grave
 And gently lay me down.

He took him up all on his back,
 Carried him to Chesley town,
 Dug him a deep and lonesome grave
 And gently laid him down.

He put the Bible at his head,
 Testament at his feet,
 His bow and arrow in his hand
 The sounder he might sleep.

He met his mother as he turned 'round
 home,
 Inquiring for her son, John,
 I left him in a lonesome place
 A long long lesson to learn.

He met his love as he turned 'round
 home,
 Inquiring for her love, John,
 I left him in the new schoolhouse,
 His books to carry home.

She took her harp all in her hand,
 Tied up with a silver string,
 She harped above his lonely grave,
 So sweetly she did sing,

That she sang the red fish out of the
 sea,
 The wild birds out of their nest,
 She sang her true love out of his
 grave,
 So he can't find no rest.

Go home, go home, you rambling reed,
 Weep no more on me,
 I am gone to a golden place,
 My face no more you'll see.

SIDE II, Band 2: JUST AS THE TIDE WAS
FLOWING

A favourite with country singers in the south of England, particularly in Norfolk, this song was printed in broadside versions by Barr of Leeds and Hodges of London, and Kidson collected a version in Yorkshire. The version included in this album is a Newfoundland fragment of the longer English text.

Ref: JFS, Vol. II, p. 172.
 Kidson, p. 108

As I walked out one fair May morn
 Down by the flowing river.
 The birds they sang, the lambs they played
 And pleasant was the weather.

It was hand in hand we toged along
 Pleasant was the weather.
 And many's the flattering tale we told
 As we toged along together.

This bonny lass sat on the grass
 And her colour it kept changing.
 She says to me, "When this you see,
 Don't let your heart go a-ranging."
 Where we both got weary and sat down
 In a lonely spot with branch all 'round,
 What we done there will ne'er be known
 So long as tides are flowing.

SIDE II, Band 3: JACKARO

This ballad is of English origin and is still found in the British Isles where it is commonly known as "Jack Munro". A broadside version was published by Such and two versions with music were printed by the Rymour Club in 1911. It would, however, seem to have been more popular in the United States than in the country of its origin.

Ref: Sharp, Vol. I, pp. 385-395.
 Greig, Folksongs of the North-East, Vol. I, p. 45
 Lomax, Cowboy Songs, p. 204
 Cox, p. 330
 Rymour Club, Vol. I, p. 10

There was a wealthy merchant
 In London he did dwell,
 He had an only daughter
 And the truth to you I'll tell.
 O, the truth to you I'll tell.

Her suitors they were plentiful
 She courted day and night
 Till all on Jackie Frazier
 She placed her heart's delight.

I'll lock you in my dungeon
 Your body I'll confine,
 If none but Jackie Frazier
 Will ever please your mind.

You may lock me in your dungeon
 My heart you can't confine,
 And none but Jackie Frazier
 Will ever please my mind.

When her parents saw him coming
 They flew in angry way,

She give him forty shillings
 For to bear him far away.

Now Jackie, he's gone sailing
 Across the deep blue sea,
 Till safely he was landed
 In the wars of Germany.

She went down to a tailor shop
 And dressed in men's array,
 Then labored to a captain
 For to bear her far away.

Your waist it is too slender
 Your fingers are too small,
 Your face it is too tender
 For to face the cannon ball.

I know my waist is slender,
 My fingers long and small,
 I would not change my countenance
 To see ten thousand fall.

Before you go on board, sir,
 Your name I'd like to know.
 She smiled all in her countenance,
 They call me 'Jackaro'.

Now she's gone sailing
 Across the deep blue sea.
 Till safely she has landed
 In the wars of Germany.

She went out on the battlefield,
 She viewed it up and down,
 Among the dead and wounded men,
 Her darling boy she found.

She picked him up all in her arms
 And carried him to the town
 And called in a physician
 For to heal up all his wounds.

This couple now are married, love,
 And well they do agree.
 This couple now are married, love,
 And why not you and me?

SIDE II, Band 4: THE CARRION CROW

Most authorities classify this as a nursery song, though Bell, in Songs of the Peasantry, suggests that there are political allusions hidden in the text. The song exists in numerous variants and is found in Britain, America and Canada, from which latter country comes this version.

Ref: EFDSS, Vol. I, p. 136.
 Creighton, p. 244
 Lomax, p. 142
 Belden, p. 270
 Sharp, Vol. II, p. 234.

Dogs in the woods a-skinning' up frogs
 To my in come kitty come kymo,
 Frogs in the pond, a-skinning' up logs,
 To my in come kitty come kymo.

CHORUS:
 Ky-maneero, kitty kime keero,
 Ky-maneero, kymo,
 Baw, baw, baw, baw, billy illy income
 In come kitty come kymo.

Carrion crow a-sitting on an oak,
 Watching a tailor cutting out a coat.

(CHORUS)

Fetch my arrow and my bow,
 That I may shoot yon carrion crow.

(CHORUS)

He aimed to shoot the carrion crow,
 Instead he shot the old grey sow.

(CHORUS)

Go fetch me glasses and a spoon
 That I may heal her gaping wound.

(CHORUS)

If she dies, we'll drag her to the house,
We'll have pork and chitlings and souse.

(CHORUS)

The old grey sow is dead and gone.
Her little ones go waddling on.

SIDE II, Band 5: MATTY GROVES

(Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard) Child 81

This extremely popular traditional ballad is of considerable antiquity and a great number of different versions have been collected. According to Chappell, the first broadside version was published as early as 1607 by Henry Gosson. Child prints 14 texts. The version here is a collation of American and Nova Scotian variants.

Ref: Sharp, Vol. I, pp. 161-182.
Ritson, p. 249
Bishop Percy's Reliques
Cox, Folksongs of the South, pp.
94-52
Belden, pp. 57-60
Creighton, pp. 43-9

It was on the high holiday,
Very first day of the year.
Matty Grove to church did go,
God's holy word to hear,
God's holy word to hear.

First come down was a lady in red,
Then a lady in pearl;
Last come down was Lord Banner's wife,
The fairest among them all.

She set her eyes on Matty Grove
And Matty Grove on she.
"How much will you take, little
Matty Grove,
To spend this night with me?"

"To spend this night with you,"
said he,
"Would cause no end of war.
For I know you to be Lord Banner's
wife
By the gold rings that you wear."

"So what if I be Lord Banner's wife?
Lord Banner is not at home.
He's gone down to London town,
To fetch young Henry's throne."

A little footpage was a-standing by,
He took to his heel and run.
He run till he come to the waterside,
Then bent his breast and swum.

"What news do you bring, my little
footpage?
Is my castle burning down?
Or is my lady brought to bed
Of a daughter or a son?"

"Your castle is not burning down,
You have nor daughter nor son.
Little Matty Grove is in bed with
your wife,
They lie as they was one."

They weren't in bed but an hour or more,
Nor yet fell fast asleep,
When up there stepped Lord Banner himself,
And stood at their bed feet.

"How do you like my blankets, sir?
How do you like my sheets?
How do you like my gay young wife
That lies in your arms asleep?"

"Right well do I like your blankets, sir,
Right well do I like your sheets.
Better do I like your gay young wife,
That lies in my arms asleep."

"Arise and dress, little Matty Groves
As fast as ever you can.
It'll never be said in the morning sun,
That I killed a naked man."

"By my side hang two broadswords,
They cost so deep in purse,
And you shall have the better one
And I shall have the worst."

Little Matty had the very first blow,
He struck and hit the floor.
Lord Banner had the second blow,
And Matty struck no more.

He took his lady by the hand
And set her on his knee.
"Come, tell to me which you love best,
Little Matty Grove or me."

"Right well do I like your cheek,"
said she,
"Right well do I like your chin.
Better do I like little Matty Grove
Than you and all your kin."

He took his lady by the hand
And led her through the hall.
He took her to the uppermost room
And slew her before them all.

"Go bury these lovers in one grave,
Bury them soft within,
But lay my lady on the top,
For she's of a nobler kin."

SIDE II, Band 6: THE BARTLEY EXPLOSION

The scene of this coal-mining disaster was the Number One pit of the Pond Creek Pocohontas Coal Company near Bartley, West Virginia. The explosion took place at 2:30 p.m., January 10, 1940. Ninety one miners perished. The text of the ballad is taken from George Korson's Coal Dust on the Fiddle, and the air is by Peggy Seeger.

In West Virginia, Bartley mines,
O, Lord, Hallelu!
Ninety dead and more a-dyin',
Lord, Hallelu!

CHORUS:
Hallelu, lu, lu.
Hallelujah, O my Lord,
We're bound to see our friends again,
O, Lord, Hallelu.

Down in the mines they could not pass,
Their lives snuffed out by fire and
gas.

(CHORUS)

We found a cap, we found a coat,
And in that cap, we found a note.

(CHORUS)

We will not tell you what it said,
We'll just remember ninety-one dead,

SIDE II, Band 7: THE DEVIL'S NINE
QUESTIONS

(Riddles Wisely Expounded) (Child 1)

Riddles have played an important part in folk literature from remote times and they figure frequently in our traditional ballads. Child, in his notes to "Riddles Wisely Expounded", divides the riddle ballads into three categories: (1) those in which one party has to guess another's riddles under penalty of forfeiting life or some other heavy wager; (2) those in which a suitor wins a lady's hand by giving the correct answer to a riddle; (3) those in which a girl wins a husband and sometimes a crown by guessing riddles. The version in this album belongs to the first category, although in this case

it is not life which is at stake, but the soul, and in place of the knight (who is the questioner in all the Child versions) into a 'godly ballad' was probably due to Puritan influence. This version is from the singing of Texas Gladden.

Ref: Lomax, p. 180

You must answer my questions nine,
Sing ninety-nine and ninety,
To see if you're God's or one of mine,
And you are the weaver's bonny.

What is whiter than the milk?
Sing...(etc.)
And what is softer than the silk?
And you are...(etc.)

What is higher than a tree?
And what is deeper than the sea?

What is louder than a horn?
And what is sharper than a thorn?

What is more innocent than a lamb?
And what is meaner than womankind?

Snow is whiter than the milk,
Sing ninety-nine and ninety,
And down is softer than the silk,
And I am the weaver's bonny.

Heaven is higher than a tree,
Sing...(etc.)
And Hell is deeper than the sea,
And I am...(etc.)

Thunder's louder than a horn,
Death is sharper than a thorn.

A babe is more innocent than a lamb,
And the devil is meaner than womankind.

You have answered my questions nine,
Sing ninety-nine and ninety.
And you are God's and none of mine,
And you are the weaver's bonny.

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