

THE JUPITER BOOK OF BALLADS

Spoken and sung by Isla Cameron, Jill Balcon, Pauline Letts, John Laurie,
Osian Ellis, V. C. Clinton-Baddeley

Folkways Records FL 9890



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COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

THE JUPITER BOOK OF BALLADS

Spoken and Sung by

ISLA CAMERON, JILL BALCON, PAULINE LETTS, JOHN LAURIE, OSIAN ELLIS, V. C. CLINTON-BADDELEY

The most noticeable thing about all ballads is their masterly incompleteness. The minstrel who wrote, composed and sang his story, had a lifetime of opportunity for perfecting his composition. The incompleteness of his technique was the practical result of long experience. All ballads are stories—but in none is the story more than partly told. It comes to the listener in small scraps of information—but each so adroitly chosen that the whole story unfolds itself in the heart. It is full of gaps, it leaps from essential to essential, but it never misses anything that matters.

She hadna been about the King's court
A month, but barely three
Till frae the King's court Marie Hamilton
Marie Hamilton durstna be.

The King is to the Abbey gane
To pu' the Abbey tree,
To scale the babe frae Marie's heart;
But the thing it wadna be.

O, she has row'd it in her apron,
And set it on the sea—
"Gae sink ye or swim ye, bonny babe,
Ye'se get nae mair o' me".

Books made the ballad old-fashioned. The theatre supplanted it. The ballad declined from the hall to the street. Then poets who recognized the beauty of the old poems began to write, in imitation, ballads in a literary form. William Morris and Dante Gabriel Rossetti, in particular, attempted to create new stories in the old manner. But, however well written, these 19th century literary ballads were reproductions. They had not the breath of reality, the immediacy which belongs to the passionate telling of an actual history. "The Tay Bridge Disaster" is not as well written as "Shameful Death"—but, in spite of its absurdities, it is near to the spirit of the ancient ballads: and that is why it finds a place in this anthology.

It was in the 20th century that a greater revival began. Thomas Hardy's ballads are not reproductions. With ease and certainty he writes of his own time. Brilliantly contrived, exciting and deeply moving, "A Trampwoman's Tragedy" is just as arresting as the tragedy of Marie Hamilton. More recently the ballad has attracted the attention of several contemporary writers.

Though the book and the theatre and the cinema eclipsed the ballad, broadcasting has done much to revive it. Ballads are for the home not the public building; and broadcasting and the gramophone record can bring them back where they belong. There is no such thing as an exact text of any ancient ballad. Each singer has made his own version of words and tune. Nor is it possible to set a date to any early ballad: all that is claimed for this disc is that the poems on Side One are all older than those on Side Two.

SIDE I, Band 1: THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL

There lived a wife at Usher's Well,
And a wealthy wife was she;
She had three stout and stalwart sons,
And sent them oer the sea.

They hadna been a week from her,
A week but barely ane,
When word came to the carline wife
That her three sons were gane.

They hadna been a week from her,
A week but barely three,
When word came to the carlin wife
That her sons she'd never see.

"I wish the wind may never cease,
Nor fashes in the flood,
Till my three sons come hame to me,
In earthly flesh and blood."

It fell about the Martinmass,
When nights are lang and mirk,
The carlin wife's three sons came hame,
And their hats were o the birk.

It neither grew in syke nor ditch,
Nor yet in ony sleugh;
But at the gates o Paradise,
That birk grew fair eneugh.

"Blow up the fire, my maidens,
Bring water from the well;
For a' my house shall feast this night,
Since my three sons are well."

And she has made to them a bed,
She's made it large and wide,
And she's taen her mantle her about,
Sat down at the bed side.

Up then crew the red, red cock,
And up and crew the gray;
The eldest to the youngest said,
'Tis time we were away."

The cock he hadna crawd byt once,
And clappd his wings at a'
When the youngest to the eldest said,
"Brother, we must awa."

The cock doth craw, the day doth daw,
The channerin worm doth chide;
Gin we be mist out o out place,
A sair pain we maun bide."

Lie still, lie still a little wee while
Lie still but if we may,
For gin my mother miss us away
She'll gae mad or it be day."

Fare ye weel, my mother dear!
Fareweel to barn and byre!
And fare ye well, the bonny lass
That kindles my mother's fire!

SIDE I, Band 2: LORD RANDALL

"O where hae ye been, Lord Randall, my son?
O where hae ye been, my bonny youn man?"
"I hae been to the wild wood; mother, make my bed
soon,
For I'm weary wi hunting, and fain wald lie down."

"Where yat ye your dinner, Lord Randall, my son?
Where gat ye your dinner, my bonny young man?"
"I din'd wi my true-love mother, make my bed
soon,
For I'm weary wi hunting and fain wald lie down."

"What et you for dinner, Lord Randall my son?
What et you for dinner, my bonny young man?"
"Eels and eel broth; mother, make my bed soon
For I'm weary wi hunting, and fain wald lie doon."

"Where are your bloodhounds, Lord Randall, my son?
Where are your bloodhounds, my bonny young man?"
"They swelld and they died; mother, make my bed soon
For I'm weary wi hunting and fain wald lie doon."

"I fear ye had been poisoned, Lord Randall, my son.
I fear ye hae been poiseoned, my bonny young man."
"O yes, I'm poisoned; mother, make my bed soon
For I'm sick to my heart, and fain wald lie doon."

"What will you leave to your brother, Lord Randall,
my son.
What will you leave to your brother, my bonny
young man?"

"My rings and good books; mother, make my bed soon
For I'm sick to my heart and fain wald lie doon."

"What will you leave to you true love, Lord Randall,
my son?

What will you leave to your true love, my bonny
young man?"

"The tow and the halter, mother that hangs on yon
tree

There let her hang for the killin' o me."

SIDE I, Band 3: SAINTE STEPHEN AND KING HEROD

Saint Stephen was a clerk in king Herowdes halle,
And served him of bread and cloth, as every king
befalle.

Stephen out of kitchen came, with boar's hed on
hand;
He saw a starre was fayr and bryt ouer Bedlem
stonde. (Beethlehem)

He casted down the boar's hed and went in to the
halle:

"I forsak thee, King Herowdes, and thy werkes alle."

"I forsak thee, king Herowdes, and thy wekes alle;
There is a chyld in Bedlem born is beter than we
alle."

"What aileth thee, Stephen? What is thee befalle?
Lacketh thee either mete or drynk in king Herowdes
halle?"

"Lacketh me neither mete ne drynk in king Herowdes
halle;
There is a chyld in Bedlem born is beter than we
alle."

"What aileth thee, Stephen? art thou wod or thou
gynnyst to brede?
Lacketh thee either gold or fee or ony ryche wede?"

"Lacketh me meithe gold ne fe, ne non ryche wede;
There is a chyld in Bedlem born shall helpn us at
our nede."

"That is all so sooth, Stephen, all so sooth, iwys,
As this capon crowe shall that lye here in myn dysh."

That word was not so sone seyd, that word in that
halle,
The capon crew "Cristus natus est!" among the lordes
alle.

"Rise up, rise up my tormenters, by two and all by
one,
And leadeth Stephen out of this town and stone him
wyth ston!"

Tokyn they (he) Stephen, and stonyd hym in the way,
And therfore is his even on Crystes owyn day.

SIDE I, Band 4: ALISON GROSS

O Alison Gross, that lives in yon towr,
The ugliest witch i the north country,
Has trysted me ae day up till her bowr,
An monny fair speech she made to me.

She stroaked my head, and she kembed my hair,
An she set me down saftly on her knee;
Says, if ye will be my lover so true,
Sae monny braw things as I woud you gi."

She showd me a mantle o red scarlet,
Wi gouden flowrs an fringes fine;
Says, if ye will be my lover so true,
This good gift it sal be thine."

"Awa, awa, ye ugly witch,
Haud far awa, an let me be;
I never will be your lover sae true
An I wish I were out o your company."

She neist brought a shirt o the saftest silk,
Well wrought wi pearles about the ban;
Says, if you will be my ain true love,
This goodly gift you sal comman."

She showd me a cup of the good red gold,
Well set wi jewls sae fair to see;
Says, "If you will be my lover sae true,
This good gift I will your gi."

Awa, awa, ye ugly witch,
Haud far awa, and lat me be;
For I woudna ance kiss your ugly mouth
For a' the gifts that ye coud gi."

She's turned her right and roun about,
An thrice she blaw on a grass-green horn,
An she sware by the moon and the stars above,
That she'd make me rue the day I was born.

Then out has she taen a silver wand,
An she's turnd her thee three times roun an roun;
She's mutterd sich words till my strength it faild
An I fell down senceless upon the groun.

She's turnd me into an ugly worm,
And made me toddle about the tree;
An ay, on every Saturdays night,
My sister Maisty came to me.

Wi silver bason an silver kemb
To kemb my heady upon her knee;
But or I had kissed her ugly mouth
I'd rather a toddled about the tree.

But as it fell out on last Hallow-even,
When the fairy court was riding by;
The queen lighted down on a gowany bank,
Nae far frae the tree where I went to lie.

She took me up in her milkwhite han,
An she's stroake me three times oer her knee;
She chang'd me again to my ain proper shape,
An I nae mair moun toddle about the tree.

SIDE I, Band 5: THE DOWIE DENS OF YARROW

There was a lady in the north
I ne'er did see her marrow
She was courted by 9 gentlemen
And a plowboy lad fra Yarrow.

These 9 were drinking at the wine
Sat drinking wine in Yarrow
They made a vow among themselves
For to fecht for her on Yarrow.

She's washed his face, she's combd his hair
As oft she's donw before, o
She's made him like a lord
For to fecht for her on Yarrow.

As he's walked down the high high hill
Down by the homes of Yarrow
There he spied 9 armored men
Come to fecht wi him in Yarrow.

"There 9 o you there's ane o me
It unequal Marrow
But I'll fecht youse all ane by ane
For the lass I loud on Yarrow.

And aye they fought and aye they slew
And aye he fought most fairly o
Till her brother John came in frae behind
And has wounded him most foully.

Oh father dear I dreamed a dream
I doubt it will bring sorrow
I dreamed I pulled the heather green
On the dowie dens of Yarrow.

So she went down the high high hill
Down to the homes of Yarrow
There she found her lover John
Lying pale and dead on Yarrow.

Her hair it was three quarters lang
The color it was yellow
She wrapped it round his middle sae small
And she's bore him up frae Yarrow.

O faither dear you've se'en sons
You may wed them all tomorrow
But the fairest flour among them all
Was the lad I loud on Yarrow."

SIDE I, Band 6: MARY HAMILTON

Marie Hamilton's to the kirk gane,
Wi ribbons in her hair
The king thought mair of Marie Hamilton
Than ony that were there.

Marie Hamilton's to the kirk gane
Wi ribbons on her breast;
The king thought mair o Marie Hamilton
Then he listened to the priest.

Marie Hamilton's to the kirk gane,
Wi gloves upon her hands;

The king thought mair o Marie Hamilton
Than the queen and a her lands.

She hadns been about the king's court
A month but barely one
Till she was beloved by a the king's court,
And the King the only man.

She hadna been about the king's court
A month, but barely three
Till frae the king's court Marie Hamilton
Marie Hamilton durstna be.

The king is to the Abbey gane
To pu the Abbey-tree
To scale the bae frae Marie's heart
But the thing it wadnabe.

O she has rowd it in her apron,
And set it on the sea:
"Gae sink ye or swim ye bonny babe
Ye's get nae mair o me"

Word is to the kitchen gane
And word is to the ha,
And word is to the noble room among the ladyes a,
That Marie Hamilton's brought to bed
And the bonny babe's mist and awa.

Scarcely had she lain down again,
And scarcely ca'en asleep,
When up then started our gude queen,
Just at her bed-feet,
Saying Marie Hamilton, where's your babe?
For I am sure I heard it greet."

O no O no my noble queen
Think no such thing to be!
'T was but a stich into my side
And sair it troubled me.

Get up, ge up Marie Hamilton
Get up and follow me;
For I am going to Edinburgh town
A rich wedding for to see."

O slowly slowly raise she up
And slowly put she on
And slowly rode she out the way
Wi mony a weary groan.

The queen was clad in scarlet
Her merry maids all in green
And every town that they cam to
They took Marie for the queen.

"Ride hooly, hooly, gentlemen
Ride hooly now wi me!
For never I am sure a wearier burd
Rade in your cumpanie."

But little wist Marie Hamilton
When she rade on the brown
That she was gaen to Edinburgh town,
And to be put down.

"Why weep ye so ye burgess wives
Why look ye so on me?
For I am going to Edinburgh town
A rich wedding for to see."

When she gaed up the Tolbooth stairs,
The corks frae her heels did flee;
And lang or eer she can down again
She was condemned to die.

When she cam to the Netherbow Port
She laughed loud laughters three;
But when she cam to the gallows foot
The tears blinded her ee.

SONG

Yestreen the queen had four Maries
The night she'll hae but three;
There was Marie Seaton and Marie Beaton
And Marie Carmichael and me.

O little did my mother think
When first she cradled me
That I would be sae far fra hame
And hang on a gallows tree.

For I mysel am Marie mild
The flower o all the three
But I ha kilt my bonny wee son
And weel deserve to dee.

I wrapped him in my apron
And throd him in the sea
Cryin sink or swim ye bonny wee babe
You'll get nae mair o me.

And they'll bring me in the auld kirkyard
Beneath the auld yew tree
Where we ringed the rowans
And pulled the gowans
My sisters my brothers and me.

SIDE I, Band 7: BARBARA ALLEN

In Scarlet Town where I was born
There was a fair maid dwellin
Made every youth cry well a day
Her name was Barbara Allen.

O in the merry month of May
When the green buds they were swellin
Young Tommy Groves on his death bed lay
For love of Barbara Allen.

And death is printed on his face
And on his heart is stealing
O haste away to comfort him
O lovely Barbara Allen.

So slowly slowly she came up
So slowly she came nigh him
And all she said to comfort him
"Young man I think you're dying."

He turnd his face unto the wall
As deadly pangs he fell in
"Adieu kind friends adieu to all
Adieu o Barbara Allen."

When he was dead and lain in grave
Her heart was filled with sorrow
"O mother mother make my bed
For I shall die tomorrow.

Farewell, she said, ye maidens all
Shun the fault I fell in
And soft take warning by the fall
Of cruel Barbara Allen."

SIDE I, Band 8: THE UNQUIET GRAVE

The wind doth blow today, my love
And a few small drops of rain;
I never had but one true love
In cold grave she was lain.

I'll do as much for my true love
As any young man may;
I'll sit and mourn all at her grave
For a twelvemonth and a day.

The twelvemonth and a day being up
The dead began to speak;
Oh who sits weeping on my grave
And will not let me sleep?

'Tis I, my love, sits on your grave
And will not let you sleep;
For I crave one kiss of your clay cold lips
And that is all I seek.

You crave one kiss of my clay cold lips;
But my breath smells earthy strong;
If you have one kiss of my clay cold lips
Your time will not be long.

'Tis down in yonder garden green
Love, where we used to walk
The finest flower that ere was seen
Is withered to a stalk.

The stalk is withered dry my love
So will our hearts decay;
So make yours if content my love,
Till God calls you away.

SIDE I, Band 9: SHE'S LIKE A SWALLOW

She's like the swallow that flies so high;
She's like the river that never runs dry.
She's like a sunshine on the sea shore,
I love my love and love is no more.

'Twas out to the garden this fair maid did go
To pick the beautiful prim a rose.
The more she plucked the more she pulled
Until she got her apron full.

It's out of these roses she made a bed
A rosy pillow for her head;
She laide her down no word did say
Until this fair maid's heart did break.

SIDE II, Band 1: BLACKWATERSIDE

One morning fair
I took the air
Down by Blackwaterside
'Twas in gazin' oer around me
'Twas the Irish lad I spied

All in the far part of the night
We rolled in sport and play
Then that young man arose
And gathered his clothes
Saying, Fare thee well today.

That's not the promise you made to me
When you laide upon my breast
Sure you made me believe with your lying tongue
That the sun rose in the west.

Go home to your father's farden
Go home and cry your fill
And think of your own misfortune
That you brought with your wanton will.

There's not a girl in this wide world
So easy led as I
Sure that fishes will fly
And seas will dry
Sure tis then that you'll marry I.

One mornin' fair
To take the air
Down by Blackwaterside
'Twas in gazin' oer around me
'Twas the Irish lad I spied.

SIDE II, Band 2: HELEN OF KIRCONNELL

I wish I were where Helen lies
Night and day she cries
Oh that I were where Helen lies
On fair Kirconnell lea.

Cursd be the heart that thought the thought
And cursd the hand that fired the shot
When in my arms Helen dropped
And died to succor me.

O think that my heart was sore
When my love dropped down and spak nae mair
There did she swoon with mickle care
On fair Kirconnell lea.

As I went down the water side
No one but my foe to be my guide
No one but my foe to be my guide
On fair Kirconnell lea.

I lighted down my sword to draw
I hacked him in pieces sma'
I hacked him in pieces sma'
For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair
Beyond compare
I'll make a garland of thy hair
Shall bind my heart forever mair
Until the day I dee.

O that I were where Helen lies
Night and day on me she cries
Out of my bed she bids me rise
Says "Haste and come to me".

O Helen fair
O Helen chaste
If I were with thee I'd be blessed
Where thou lies low and takes thy rest
On fair Kirconnell lea.

I wish my grave were growin' green
A windin' sheet drawn o'er my e'en
And I in Helen's arms lying
On fair Kirconnell lea.

I wish I were where Helen lies
Night and day on me she cries
And I am weary of the sky
For her sake that died for me.

SIDE II, Band 3: HIGH BARBAREE

There were two lofty ships from Old England came

Blow High
Blow Low
So sailed we

One was the Prince of Luther
And the other Prince of Wales

Cruisin' down the coast
Of High Barbaree.

"Aloft there
Aloft" our jolly boatsman cried

Blow high
Blow low
So sailed we

"Look ahead look astern
Look a weather (?) Look a lea

Cruisin' down the coast of
High Barbaree

"There's naught upon the stern
There's naught upon the lea

Blow etc.

But there's a lofty ship to windward
And she's sailing fast and free"

Down along the coast
of High Barbaree

"Oh hail her
Oh hail her" our gallant captain cried

Blow etc.

"Are you a Man O'War or a privateer?"

Cruisin' etc.

"I'm not a Man O'War or privateer" said her

Blow etc.

"But I am a saucy pirate and
I'm looking for my fee"

Down along the coast
of High Barbaree

Twas broadside to broadside
a long time we lay

Blow etc.

Until the Prince of Luther
Shot the pirate's mast away

Down along the coast
of High Barbaree

"Oh mercy, oh mercy"
These pirates then did cry -

Blow etc.

But the mercy that we gave them -
We sunk them in the sea!

Cruisin' down the coast
of High Barbaree

SIDE II, Band 4: SHAMEFUL DEATH

There were four of us about that bed;
the mass priest knelt at the side,
I and his mother stood at the head,
Over his feet, lay the bride;
We were quite sure that he was dead,
Though his eyes were opened wide.

He did not die in the night,
He did not die in the day,
But in the morning twilight
His spirit passed away,
When neither sun nor moon was bright,
And the trees merely gray.

He was not slain with the sword,
Knightly axe or the knightly spear,
Yet spoke he never a word
After he came in here.

I cut away the cord
From the neck of my brother dear.

He did not strike one blow,
For the recreants came behind,
In the place where the hornbeams grow,
A path right hard to find,
For the hornbeam boughs swing so,
The twilight makes it blind.

They lighted a great torch then,
When his arms were pinioned fast,
Sir John of the Fen,
Sir Guy of the Dolorous Blast,
With knights 3 score and ten,
Hung brave Lord Hugh at last.

I am 3 score and ten,
And my hair is all turned grey,
But I met Sir John of the Fen
Long ago on a summer day,
And am gald to think of the moment when
I took his life away.

I am 3 score and ten,
And my strength is mostly pas'd,
But long ago I and my men,
When the sky was overcast,
And the smoke rolled over the reeds of the fen,
Slew Guy of the Dolorous Blast.

And now knights all of you,
I pray you, pray for Sir Hugh,
A good knight and true,
And for Alice his wife, pray too.

SIDE II, Band 5: THE WATERCRESSES

Oh, up yonder way Cinch Mountain
A fair young mistress be.
I asked her for to marry
And to come and to mistress me.

But she left me with a bunch of watercresses
And she didn't even wave her hand good-bye
I couldn't wait until the bye and bye
So I went back to my dearie
And decided that I'd marry,
'Cause I couldn't wait until the bye and bye,
'Cause I couldn't wait until the bye and bye.

O I wooed her in the summertime
I wooed her in the spring
I wooed her like a cardinal when he does a
wooin' sing.

But she left me with a bunch of watercresses
She said "I love several other men 'sides you"
So I went back to my gal (ly)
I decided to marry
Cause it was such a purty thing to do
Cause it was such a purty thing to do.

O twas I would gave her jewels
Twas I would gave her gold
Twas I would gave her pearly little things
For lily white hands to hold.

But she left me with a bunch etc.
And beside her was a man - who wasn't I
So I went back to my dearie and decided not
to marry
Until my bunch of watercresses die
Until my bunch of watercresses die.

SIDE II, Band 6: A TRAMPWOMAN'S TRAGEDY
by Thomas Hardy

From Wynyard's Gap the livelong day,
the livelong day,
We beat afoot the northward way,
We had travelled times before.
The sun-blaze burning on our backs
Our shoulders sticking to our packs.
By fosseway and turnpike tracks
We skirted sad Sedge-Moor.

Full twenty miles we jaunted on,
we jaunted on,
My fancy man and jeering John
And Mother Lee and I,

And as the sun drew down to west
We climbed the toilsome Poldon crest
And saw, of landskip sights the best,
The inn that beamed nearby.

For months we had padded side by side,
Aye, side by side,
Through the Great Forest, Blackmoor wide
And took the Parret ran
We faced the gusts on Mendip ridge
Had crossed Yeo unhelped by bridge
Being stung by every Marshwood midge,
I am my fancy man.

Lone inns we loved, my man and I,
my man and I,
"King Stag", "Windwhistle" high and dry,
"The Horse" on Hintock Green,
"The cosy house at Wynyard's Gap,
"The Hut" renowned at Bredy Knap,
And many another wayside tap
Where folk might sit unseen.

Now as we trudged - o deadly day,
o deadly day,

I teased my fancy man in play
And wanton idleness.
I walked along side jeering John,
I laid his hand on waist upon,
I would not bend my glances on
My lover's dark distress.

Thus Poldon top at last we won,
at last we won,
And gained the inn at sink of sun
Far famed as "Marshal's Elm."
Beneath us figured tor and lea,
From Mandip to the western sea -
I doubt if finer sight there be
Within this royal realm.

Inside the settle all a-row -
All four a-row
We sat, I next to John, to show
That he had wooed and won.
And then he took me on his knee,
And swore it was his turn to be
My favored mate, and Mother Lee
Passed to my former one.

Then in a voice I had never heard,
I had never heard,
My only Love to me: "One word,
My lady, if you please!
Whose is the child you are like to bear? -
His? After all my months of care?"
God knows 'twas not! But, O despair!
I nodded - still to tease.

Then up he sprung, and with his knife -
And with his knife
He let out jeering Johnny's life,
Yes; there, at set of sun.
The slant ray through the window nigh
Gilded John's blood and glazing eye,
Ere scarcely Mother Lee and I
Knew that the deed was done.

The taverns tell the gloomy tale,
The gloomy tale,
How that at Ivel-chester Jail
My Love, my sweetheart swung;
Though stained till now by no misdeed
Save on horse ta'en in time o' need;
(Blue Jimmy stole right many a steed
Ere his last fling he flung.)

Thereaft I walked the world alone,
Alone, alone!
On his death-day I gave my groan
And dropt his dead-born child.
'Twas nigh the jail, beneath a tree,
None tending me; for Mother Lee
Had died at Glaston, leaving me
Unfriended on the wild.

And in the night as I lay weak,
As I lay weak,
The leaves a-falling on my cheek,
The redmoon low declined -

The ghost of him I'd die to kiss
Rose up and said: "Ah, tell me this!
Was the child mine, or was it his?
Speak, that I rest may find!"

O doubt not but I told him then,
I told him then,
That I had kept me from all men
Since we joined lips and swore.
Whereat he smiled, and thinned away
As the wind stirred to call up day...
'Tis past! And here alone I stray
Haunting the Western Moor.

SIDE II, Band 7: THE TAYBRIDGE DISASTER

Beautiful railway bridge of the silvery Tay
Alas I am very sorry to say
That 90 lives have been taken away
On the last Sabbath day of 1879
Which will be remembered for a very long time.

'Twas about 7 o'clock at night
And the wind blew with all its might
And the rain came pouring down
And the dark clouds seemed to frown
And the demon of the air seemed to say
"I'll blow down the Bridge of Tay"

When the train left Edinborough
The passengers heart were light and felt no sorrow
But Boreas blew such a terrific gail
Which made their hearts for fear to quail.
And many of the passengers with fear did say,
I hope God will send us safe across the Bridge
of Tay.

But when the train came near . . .
Boreas he did loud and angry bray
And shook the central girders of the Bridge of Tay
On the last Sabbath day of 1879
Which will be remembered for a very long time.

So the train stayed on with all its might
And Bonnie Dundee soon hove in sight
And the passenger's hearts felt light
Thinking they would enjoy themselves on the
New Year
With the friends at whom they loved most dear
And wished them all a happy new year.

So the train moved slowly the Bridge of Tay
Until it was about midway
Then central girders with a crash gave way
And down went the train and passengers into the Tay
The storm fiend did loudly bray
Because 90 lives had been taken away
On the last day of Sabbath, 1879
Which will be remembered for a very long time.

As soon as the catastrophe came to be known
The alarm from mouth to mouth was blown
And the cry rang out all over the town
"Good heaven's the Tay Bridge is blown down!"
On the passenger train from Edinborough
Which filled all the people's hearts with sorrow
Because none of the passengers were saved to tell the tale
And made them turn for to pale
How the disaster happened on the last Sabbath day of 1879
Which will be remembered for a very long time.

Oh it must have been an awful sight
To witness in the dusky moonlight
While the storm fiend did laugh and angry did bray
Along the railway bridge of the silvery Tay
Oh, ill-fated Bridge of the silvery Tay
I must now conclude my lay
By telling the world fearlessly
Without the least dismay
Your central girders would not have given way
At least many sensible men do say
Had they been supported on each side with
buttresses
At least many sensible men confesses.
For the stronger we our houses do build -
The less chance we have of being killed!

SIDE II, Band 8: HOUSE OF THE RISING SUN

There is a house in New Orleans,
They call the Rising Sun.
It has been the ruin of many poor girl,
And me, oh Lord, for one.

If I had listened what mama said,
I'd have been at home today.
But being so young and foolish, oh Lord
I let a gambler lead me astray.

My mother is a tailor,
She sews those new blue jeans
But sweetheart is a gambling man
Drinks down in New Orleans.

Well the only thing a gambler needs
Is a suitcase and a trunk.
The only time he's satisfied
Is when he's on a drunk.

He'll fill those glasses to the brim,
And he passes them around.
And the only pleasure he gets out of life
Is hoboing from town to town.

Go tell my baby sister
Don't do what I have done
But shun that house in New Orleans
They call the Rising Sun.

I'm going back to New Orleans
My life is almost run.
I'm going back to spend my days
Beneath the Rising Sun.

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