

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FTS 32319

# A PEDDLER'S PACK

A collection of early Colonial Songs sung by Jim Douglas



THE PEDDLER, PHOTOGRAPH 1850

COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE



FOLKWAYS RECORDS FTS 32319

Revolutionary Medley:  
The Girl I Left Behind Me  
The Vicar of Bray  
The British Grenadiers  
Yankee Doodle  
Plymouth Colony  
Cape Cod Shanty  
The Deer Song Cape Ann  
Courting Rhyme  
The Young Man Who Wouldn't Hoe Corn  
Three Jolly Rogues of Lynn  
The Connecticut Peddler  
Jolly Old Roger  
Work Rhymes and The Old Man Who Lived  
in the Wood  
Jennie Jenkins  
My Grandmother Lived on Yonder Green  
Froggie Would A-Wooing Go  
Maple Sweet  
The Logger's Roast  
Revolutionary Tea  
Rolling Home

© 1979 FOLKWAYS RECORDS & SERVICE CORP.  
43 W. 61st ST., N.Y.C., 10023 N.Y., U.S.A.

## A PEDDLER'S PACK

A collection of early Colonial Songs  
sung by Jim Douglas

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FTS 32319



# A PEDDLER'S PACK

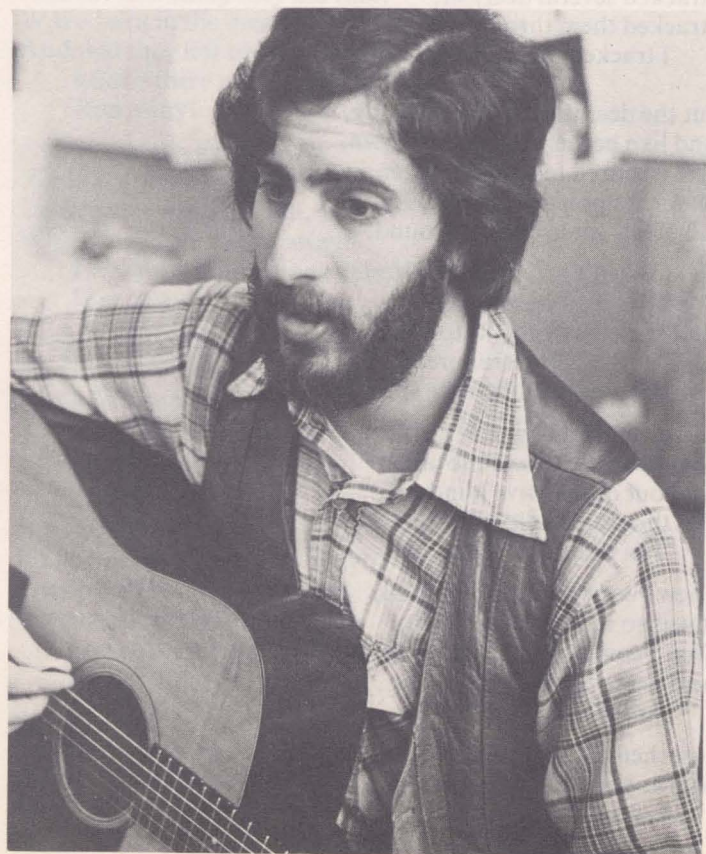
Jim Douglas

## ABOUT THE SINGER AND "A PEDDLER'S PACK"

Whenever a peddler visited a remote New England village or farm, it was always a cause for celebration. Besides being a traveling department store, he was also newspaper, radio and television to those old New Englanders cut off from the rest of the world. In return for an evening's lodging, he brought news and gossip which would keep his listeners spellbound until the small hours of the morning. And the songs! Many a new one was added to a family's store of treasured songs because of a traveling peddler.

Like the peddlers of old, Jim Douglas has criss-crossed New England, collecting and sharing the songs our ancestors knew and loved. "A Peddler's Pack" is a sampling of some of these songs. They are the songs that helped to clear forests, till fields, sail ships, fight wars, and entertain a family on a long, cold New England night. They are the songs our grandparents and great-grandparents cherished. They tell us a good deal about their world and way of life.

From a very early age, Mr. Douglas had thought of becoming an American history teacher. He has a Master's Degree in History from the University of Connecticut and several teaching certificates. Before he entered full-time teaching, he developed an interest and respect for traditional folk music, for the songs themselves, and for their educational value. He has served as shantyman on the *Sloop Clearwater* and as wandering minstrel at the Publick House in Sturbridge, Massachusetts. When not performing in the Irish pubs, historical societies, and folksong gatherings at night, he is active in schools throughout New England (k-college) as a visiting artist, teaching American history through folk and



topical songs.

Special thanks are due Tom Callinan, Ann Mayo Muir, the Portable Folk Festival of Hartford, and Joan Sprung for their help in making this recording.

## ABOUT THE SONGS

### SIDE I

**REVOLUTIONARY MEDLEY: THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME, THE VICAR OF BRAY, THE BRITISH GRENADIERS, and YANKEE DOODLE** (fiddle, Betty Raynor; tin whistle, Jan Domler. Arranged by Jan Domler.)

Contrary to popular belief, the Puritans were not all dour-faced killjoys who disapproved of all music and dance. Contra-dance, for example, was brought to the New World by the English and tunes such as these were frequently heard and enjoyed.

### PLYMOUTH COLONY

People in the colonial period and throughout much of American history sang on practically every occasion under all sorts of circumstances. There were songs for churning the butter and sailing a ship, marching to war and rocking the cradle, mourning, courting, and much more. In many ways, traditional and topical songs helped to bind the early settlers together in a new and often frightening environment. Songs, for example, were part of the oral literature which everyone knew and could call upon as a source of entertainment. Many, secular as well as religious, expressed and reinforced community values and beliefs. Others chronicled the experiences of the first colonists, the struggles, triumphs, and disasters. Songs such as these gave the early settlers and their descendants a sense of identity and an understanding of their common heritage. 'Plymouth Colony' is just such a song. It is from the *Green Mountain Songster*, the earliest known collection of folk songs printed in America (Sandgate, Vermont, 1823). Published by "an old revolutionary soldier" it describes the Pilgrims' exploits.

If Yankees you would have a song a duced nation fine one,  
Then in the chorus all along I guess you'd like to join one;  
Then yankee doodle roar away, keep up the chorus handy,  
For some can sing and all can say, "Yankee Doodle Dandy."

Our grandsires lived a great way off, and if you think to  
doubt it,

And if I'd only time enough I'd tell you all about it,  
I'd tell you all how hard they were for tithes and  
taxes haunted,

And how they did not think 'twas fair, and how they  
got affronted.

Not knowing what might them befall, they nothing were  
afraid in,

So took their wives and children all and off they pushed  
to Leyden.

And there they got a monstrous ship, as big as any gunboat,  
And all to fit her for a trip, I guess 'twas nice done to 't.

Then every man he seized a rope and pulled with all his  
soul, sir,

And hauled the tow cloth all way up and tied it to the  
pole, sir,



Then Yankee Doodle now they go all in their ships so handy,  
And sing All Saints, Old Hundred too, and Yankee  
Doodle Dandy.

And when they'd got away from shore, and before the wind  
did strike it,  
They heard the ocean's billows roar, I guess they did not  
like it.

And there they saw a great big fish, that thresh'd about  
his tail, sir,  
And looked so deuced saucyish, I guess it was a whale, sir.

And when they were all landed so, our grandaddy's and  
granddames,  
And Sal and Sue, and Bill and Joe, all had a feast on  
sand clams.

Then Yankee Doodle all you know struck up their chorus  
handy,  
And Sal and Sue, and Bill and Joe, sang Yankee Doodle  
Dandy.

To keep the bears and panthers out and not less savage  
wild men,  
Of white pine logs each built a hut as big as father's hog pen,  
They planted fields enclosed with stakes and worked with  
dogs or asses,  
Made pumpkin pies and Indian cakes and ate them up  
with lasses.

Then YANKEE Doodle all you know, struck up their  
chorus handy,  
And Sal and Sue, and Bill and Joe, sang Yankee Doodle  
Dandy.

then Yankee Doodle, one and all, struck up their chorus  
handy,  
As loud as you can sing and roar, Yankee Doodle Dandy.

**CAPE COD SHANTY** (with Tom Callinan, voice and tin  
whistle)

For the Pilgrims the codfish was, perhaps, the most impor-  
tant creature of the New World. It fed them during that first  
severe winter; it fertilized their fields; and later was used as a  
valuable trading item with Europe. Its importance is me-  
morialized by a wooden replica that hangs in the Massachu-  
setts State House.

'Cape Cod Shanty' is one of the many songs New England  
sailors sang to help relieve the backbreaking and monotonous  
work required on early sailing vessels.

In South Australia I was born,  
Heave away, haul away,  
South Australia, 'round Cape Horn,  
We're bound for South Australia.

*Chorus*

Haul away your rolling king,  
Heave away, haul away,  
Haul away, you'll hear me sing,  
We're bound for South Australia.

Those Cape Cod girls, they don't use combs,  
Heave away, haul away,  
All they use is codfish bones,  
We're bound for South Australia.

*Chorus*

Those Cape Cod boys, they don't use sleds,  
Heave away, haul away,  
They slide down hills on codfish heads,  
We're bound for South Australia.

*Chorus*

Those Cape Cod doctors, they don't use pills,  
Heave away, haul away,  
All they use is codfish gills,  
We're bound for South Australia.

*Chorus*

Those Cape Cod cats, they don't have tails,  
Heave away, haul away,  
Blown away in hurricane gales,  
We're bound for South Australia.

*Chorus*

Repeat 1

### **THE DEER SONG** (with Joan Sprung)

Fishing rapidly became an important industry in New  
England, but one does not live on fish alone. Venison, bear  
meat, squirrel and wild pigeon added much to the early  
settler's diet. And just as fishermen talk of the one that got  
away, so have generations of hunters told and re-told a  
variety of stories about their experiences. In fact, as long as  
there are hunters, tall tales such as the ones in this song will  
undoubtedly continue to exist.

Known under a variety of names, this version is from the  
*Family Songs* of the Allen Family, Newton, Massachusetts.  
While the art of "drawing the long bow" is not unique to  
New England, the dry delivery coupled with fantastic  
exaggeration is typical of the humor of our region.

As I walked out one morning,  
In the flowery month of May,  
The trees were in full blossom,  
The flowers were fresh and gay,  
The flowers were fresh and gay.

Took my gun upon my shoulder,  
A-hunting for to go,  
I tracked several deer, sir,  
I tracked them through the snow,  
I tracked them through the snow.

But the deer they saw me coming,  
And like beavers they dove down,  
Five hundred feet under water  
They sat upon dry ground,  
They sat upon dry ground.

So I looked East, I looked West,  
The skies they were so red,  
And there I saw the fattest bucks,  
All o'er the hills were spread,  
All o'er the hills were spread.

So I crooked my gun in a circle,  
And fired all 'round the hill,  
And out of that five hundred,  
Ten thousand I did kill,  
Ten thousand I did kill.

Then I went upon a mountain,  
It was so mountainous high,  
That I could stand upon my head,  
And nearly kick the sky,  
And nearly kick the sky.

Just then the moon was rising,  
And as she did draw nigh,  
I picked up my venison,



Jumped on as she passed by,  
Jumped on as she passed by.

I rode all 'round this world, sir,  
All 'round this flowing tide.  
The stars, they carried my venison,  
As gently I did glide.  
As gently I did glide.

Just as the moon was setting,  
It gave a sudden whirl,  
I could no longer stay with her,  
So I jumped into this world.  
So I jumped into this world.

And the money that I got  
For my venison and the skin,  
I carried home into my barn,  
It would not half go in.  
It would not half go in.

And now my story's ended,  
I cannot sing any more.  
The man that wrote this ditty,  
Was drowned and swam ashore.  
Was drowned and swam ashore.

### CAPE ANN

It took many, many years before the inhabitants of the new country began to think of themselves as Americans rather than as transplanted Europeans. Many of their habits of dress, architecture, speech, and thought were linked to the Old World. Their strong faith in God, for example, was matched by an equally strong belief in the Devil and witches.

'Cape Ann' can be traced back in one form or another to the middle ages. The singing Hutchinson Family of New Hampshire, who toured the country in the 1840's, found this humorous song about superstitious people to be extremely popular.

Three hunters went a-hunting  
And the first thing they did find,  
Was a barn in the meadow,  
And that they left behind.

Looky there now, looky there now,  
Run away!

One said it was a barn,  
But the others they said "Nay!"  
They said it was a church,  
With the steeple blown away!

Looky there now, looky there now,  
Run away!

So they hunted and they hallo-ed  
And the next thing they did find,  
Was a frog in a mill pond,  
And that they left behind.

Looky there now, looky there now,  
Run away!

One said it was a frog,  
But the others, they said "Nay!"  
They said it was a canary bird,  
With its wings washed away!

Looky there now, looky there now,  
Run away!

So they hunted and they hallo-ed  
And the next thing they did find,  
Was the moon in the clouds,  
And that they left behind.

Looky there now, looky there now,  
Run away!

One said it was the moon,  
But the others, they said "Nay!"  
They said it was a piece of cheese,  
With part cut away!

Looky there now, looky there now,  
Run away!

So they hunted and they hallo-ed,  
And the next thing they did find,  
Was a girl in a cottage,  
And her they left behind.

Looky there now, looky there now,  
Run away!

One said it was a girl,  
But the others they said "Nay!"  
They said it was an angel,  
With her wings clipped away!

Looky there now, looky there now,  
Run away!

So they hunted and they hallo-ed,  
And the next thing they did find,  
Was an owl in the forest,  
And that they left behind.

Looky there now, looky there now,  
Run away!

One said it was an owl,  
But the others, they said "Nay!"  
They said it was the Evil One,  
And they all ran away!

Looky there now, looky there now,  
Hooo! Hooo! Hoooooooooooo!  
Run away!

### COUNTING RHYME and THE YOUNG MAN WHO WOULDN'T HOE CORN

If the codfish was the most important creature to the early settlers, then surely corn, or maize, was the most important plant. The land was not particularly fertile, but the Indians taught the colonists to put three herring heads in each hill of corn. Soon each acre of land was producing up to fifty bushels and corn quickly became a staple food. Before it became abundant, however, its value can be measured by the fact that colonial councils used it for taxes, making it local currency like silver and gold, and forbidding anyone from feeding it to farm animals.

The corn harvest was one of the few times of gaiety, but before it could be harvested the fields had to be cleared and the seeds planted. The counting rhyme which begins here was often used when planting seeds.

'The Young Man Who Wouldn't Hoe Corn' is one of our earliest native American songs. It conveys a lesson quickly learned by our ancestors—survival in the wilderness depended on plenty of hard work. Laziness not only caused individual ruin, but could threaten an entire colony's success.

One for the outworm,  
Two for the crow,  
Three for the blackbird,  
And four to grow.

I'll sing you a song and it's not very long,  
It's about a young man who wouldn't hoe corn.  
The reason why, I cannot tell,  
For this young man was always well.



He planted by the moon in the month of June,  
And by July it was knee high,  
But in September there came a frost,  
And all this young man's corn was lost.

He went to his corn field and peeked in;  
The careless weeds had grown to his chin,  
The careless weeds had grown so high,  
They caused this young man for to cry.

He went to his next neighbor's door,  
Where he oftentimes had been before.  
But when his courtship he'd begun,  
She asked him if he'd hoed his corn.

"Oh no, dear Madam, no not I."  
He dropped his head and began to cry.  
"I've tried and tried but all in vain;  
I fear I shall not raise one grain."

"Then why do you ask me for to wed,  
When you can't even raise your bread?  
Single I am, and single I'll remain,  
A lazy man I'll not maintain!"

### THREE JOLLY ROGUES OF LYNN (With Ann Mayo Muir, hammered dulcimer)

As farms and towns began to flourish, individuals began to specialize in certain crafts. Although everyone was originally a farmer, as well as part fisherman, hunter, lumberman and builder, some eventually became exclusively shoemakers, cabinet makers, and blacksmiths. Goods and services might be paid for or, more often, bartered or traded for other goods and services.

Originally an old English nonsense song called 'King Arthur's Three Sons,' this song was adapted to the local scene shortly after the Revolution. I have it from Stedman Storrs, of Storrs, Connecticut, who sent me a copy, saying "I wonder if you ever heard the song I have written down from memory. My Dad used to sing it to me when I was four or five. I'm eighty now. I never heard it from anyone else, or found anyone else who ever heard it."

In the good old Colony days,  
When we lived under the King,  
Was a miller and a weaver and a little tailor,  
Three jolly rogues of Lynn.

#### Chorus

Three jolly Rogues of Lynn,  
Three jolly rogues of Lynn.  
Was a miller and a weaver and a little tailor,  
Three jolly rogues of Lynn.

Now the miller he stole corn,  
And the weaver he stole yarn,  
And the little tailor stole broadcloth,  
To keep the three rogues warm.

#### Chorus

To keep the three rogues warm. (etc.)

Now the miller he drowned in his dam,  
And the weaver he hung in his yarn,  
And the Devil got his claw in the little tailor,  
With the broadcloth under his arm.

#### Chorus

With the broadcloth under his arm. (etc.)

Now the miller still swims in his dam,

And the weaver still hangs in his yarn,  
And the little tailor goes skipping through Hell,  
With the broadcloth under his arm.

#### Chorus

With the broadcloth under his arm. (etc.)

### THE CONNECTICUT PEDDLER

As village craftsmen became more and more skilled and produced more than the immediate neighborhood could use, they sold their extra wares to traveling peddlers. In the eyes of other Americans, the peddler came to symbolize what was best and worst of New England. Although much maligned (sometimes with good reason), he was independent, industrious, and resourceful. The peddler was one of our first door-to-door salesmen, and also one of the first to use the singing commercial. Whenever he passed a farm or came to a town green, he would advertise his merchandise with a song such as this one.

I'm a peddler, I'm a peddler,  
I'm a peddler from Connecticut.  
I'm a peddler, I'm a peddler,  
And don't you want to buy?

Many things I have in store,  
So many things you never saw,  
So many things you never saw before,  
So very many things you never saw before,  
So listen while I name them o'er.

Here are pins, papers and needles and pins,  
Tracts upon popular sins,  
Any of which I will sell you.

And here are the seeds of asparagus,  
Lettuce, beets, onions, and peppergrass,  
From the Limited Society,  
Seeds of all kinds and variety.

I'm a peddler, I'm a peddler,  
I'm a peddler from Connecticut.  
I'm a peddler, I'm a peddler,  
And don't you want to buy?

### JOLLY OLD ROGER (with the Portable Folk Festival)

In 1740, Edward and William Pattison of Berlin, Connecticut, made the first tinware in America and sold it door-to-door. They were the first of many to crisscross New England bringing needed goods and services to isolated farms and communities.

Now Jolly Old Roger, the tin-maker man,  
Lived in a garret, in New Amsterdam.  
He showered down blessings, like rain in the spring,  
Ah, maidens, and matrons, of him I would sing.

#### Chorus

For there never has yet been a boy or a man,  
Who better could mend a tin kettle or can,  
Or bucket, or dipper, or skimmer, or pan,  
Than Jolly Old Roger, the tin-maker man.  
Chee-wang, chee-wang, chee-wang, chee-wang,  
Te-rattle, te-rattle, te-rattle, te-BANG!  
Chee-wang (etc.)

Now Jolly Old Roger had two sets of eyes,  
Glasses, called "specs," were uncommon in size,  
His nose like a strawberry, rosy and red,



A snuffer by day, and a trumpet in bed.

### Chorus

But Jolly Old Roger could not live always,  
Tin snips of Death cut his lifestring one day.  
Down in the graveyard they tumbled him in,  
Ah, Jolly Old Roger, the mender of tin.

### Chorus

## SIDE II

### WORK RHYMES and THE OLD MAN WHO LIVED IN THE WOOD (With Joan Sprung)

It is sometimes forgotten that the Pilgrims intended to land in Virginia, not Massachusetts, but were pushed further north by a storm at sea. The region where they landed was far less hospitable than the one they expected. For many generations to come the weather and geography of the region would play an important role in what the colonists did and how they did it. Life could be hard in the 18th Century, but the rugged New England countryside made it even more difficult. Everyone had to work, and work hard. The diary of Abigail Foote of Colchester, Connecticut, for a day in the year 1775 gives some idea of what a day in the life of a young girl might be like. For just one day she notes dressmaking, mending, carding, cheese-making, patching, pleating, ironing, spooling, milking, spinning and dyeing thread, broom making and scouring the pewter. Also mentioned is washing, cooking, weeding the garden, knitting, and making soap.

'All Along, All Along' and 'Churn, Butter, Churn' are examples of rhymes used by New England women to brighten their constant work. The first is from Helen H. Flanders' *Vermont Folksongs and Ballads*; the second from Mrs. Ruby Heminway of Three Rivers, Massachusetts.

'The Old Man in the Wood' or 'Father Grumble' describes just a few of the daily chores done by the women. Anyone who thinks women had it easy two hundred years ago should first consider Abigail Foote and this song.

All along, all along, all along, all along,  
All along, all along, Linktum Blue.  
Linktum Blue is a very fine song,  
All along, all along, all along, all along,  
All along, all along, Linktum Blue.

Churn, butter, churn,  
Come, butter, come,  
Peter's waiting by the gate,  
For his jonny cake.\*

*\*Jonny cake, or Johnny cake, is native to Rhode Island where the Indians grew their own white corn, pounded it until fine, baked it, and then carried it on the trail. They called them "journey cakes" but the colonists changed the spelling.*

There was an old man who lived in the woods  
As you shall plainly see.  
Who said he could do more work in a day  
Than his wife could do in three.  
"If that is so," the old woman said,  
"Then this you must allow,  
That you shall do my work for a day  
While I go drive the plow."

"But you must milk the tiny cow  
For fear she should go dry,  
And you must feed the little pigs  
That are within the sty.  
And you must watch the bracket hen

For fear she lay astray,  
And you must wind the reel of yarn  
That I spun yesterday."

So the old woman took a stick in her hand  
And went to drive the plow.  
The old man took a pail in his hand  
And went to milk the cow.  
But Tiny hinged and Tiny flinched  
And Tiny cocked her nose,  
And Tiny gave such a kick in the legs  
That the blood ran down to his toes.

'Twas, "Hey, my good cow!" and "Ho, my good cow!"  
And, "Good cow now stand still!  
If ever I milk this cow again  
Shall be against my will!"  
And then he fed the little pigs  
That were within the sty.  
But an old sow ran against his legs  
And dropped him in the mire.

And then he watched the bracket hen  
For fear she lay astray,  
But he forgot the reel of yarn  
His wife spun yesterday.  
And he swore by all the leaves in the trees,  
And all the stars in Heaven,  
That his wife could do more work in a day—  
Than he could do in seven!

### JENNIE JENKINS (with Ann Mayo Muir)

When one thinks of the Pilgrims, one generally pictures them as seen in many Thanksgiving calendars; i.e. black or brown jackets and breeches. Actually, color was quite profuse, particularly among the middle and upper classes. Coats and breeches might be purple, green, or scarlet; petticoats of red, yellow, and blue; red stockings. Centuries ago in the British Isles colors had symbolic meaning: black for death, white for purity, red for sin, blue for faithfulness, etc. In 'Jennie Jenkins' a young man asks a girl what color dress she intends to wear, hoping to discover from her answer what she thinks of him. It quickly becomes a game where one must make a rhyme with the given color.

Oh will you wear blue, oh my dear, oh my dear,  
Will you wear blue, Jennie Jenkins?  
No I won't wear blue, the color's too true.

### Chorus

I'll buy me a fol-de-rol-de  
Seek-a-double-cause-a-roll,  
Jennie Jenkins, roll.

Then will you wear red, oh my dear, oh my dear,  
Will you wear red, Jennie Jenkins?  
No I won't wear red, it's a color I dread.

### Chorus

Then will you wear green, oh my dear, oh my dear,  
Will you wear green, Jennie Jenkins?  
No I won't wear green, it's a sight to be seen.

### Chorus

Then will you wear black, oh my dear, oh my dear,  
Will you wear black, Jennie Jenkins?  
No I won't wear black, it's a color I lack.

### Chorus



Then will you wear white, oh my dear, oh my dear,  
Will you wear white, Jennie Jenkins?  
No I won't wear white, the color's too bright.

*Chorus*

Then will you wear purple, oh my dear, oh my dear,  
Will you wear purple, Jennie Jenkins?  
No I won't will purple, makes me look like a terkle.\*

*Chorus*

Then will you wear yellow, oh my dear, oh my dear,  
Will you wear yellow, Jennie Jenkins?  
No I won't wear yellow, might chased by a fellow.

*Chorus*

Then what will you wear, oh my dear, oh my dear,  
What will you wear, Jennie Jenkins?  
Well what do you care, long as I'm not bare.

*Chorus*

*\*terkle is the name the early colonists had for a bird.*

**MY GRANDMOTHER LIVED ON YONDER GREEN**  
(with Ann Mayo Muir, hammered dulcimer and voice)

A popular song with our ancestors, which I first heard  
from Mrs. Paul Revere Gordon, of Hampton, Connecticut.

My grandmother lived on yonder green,  
As fine an old lady as ever was seen.  
But she often cautioned me with care,  
Of all false young men to beware (repeat)  
For they'll flatter and they'll coax  
And they'll get you in a snare,  
And away goes poor old Grandma's care (repeat)

*Chorus*

Timee-eye- timee-owe-toe- timee-un-tum  
Better to get married than to live an old maid. (repeat)

Well, the first to come a-courtin' was young Johnny Green,  
As fine a young man as ever was seen.  
But the words of Grandma kept a-ringin' in my head,  
And I couldn't hear one word he said. (repeat)

*Chorus*

Now the next to come a-courtin' was young Ellis Grove.  
'Twas then we met with joyous love.  
With joyous love, and not to be afraid,  
Better to get married than to live an old maid. (repeat)

*Chorus*

Thinks I to myself, there must be some mistake,  
For what a fusss the old folks make.  
If the boys and the girls had always been afraid,  
Why, Grandma herself would have been an old maid. (repeat)

**FROGGIE WOULD A-WOOING GO**

There are many, many versions of this song which began as  
a satire on Queen Elizabeth (The Mouse) and a French Duke  
(The Frog). It has been one of this country's most popular  
songs since colonial days. This version is from a 19th Century  
broadside in the Isaiah Thomas Collection at the American  
Antiquarian Society in Worcester, Massachusetts.

Froggie would a-woeing go,  
"Hi ho," said Rowley.  
Froggie would a-woing go,  
Whether his mother would let him or no.

*Chorus*

With a rowley-powley, gammon and spinnage,  
And "Hi!" said Anthony Rowley.

So off he set with his opera hat  
"Hi ho," said Rowley.  
Off he set with his opera hat,  
On the road he met with a Rat.

*Chorus*

They soon arrived at Mouse's hall.  
"Hi ho," said Rowley.  
They soon arrived at Mouse's hall.  
They gave a loud tap and they gave a loud call.

*Chorus*

"Pray Mrs. Mouse are you within?"  
"Hi ho," said Rowley.  
"Pray Mrs. Mouse are you within?"  
"Yes, kind sir, I'm setting to spin."

*Chorus*

"Pray Mrs. Mouse now give us some beer."  
"Hi ho," said Rowley.  
"Pray Mrs. Mouse will you give us some beer,  
That Froggie and I might have some cheer."

*Chorus*

"Pray Mr. Frog will you give us a song?"  
"Hi ho," said Rowley.  
"Pray Mr. Frog will you give us a song,  
Let the subject be something that's not very long."

*Chorus*

"Indeed, Mrs. Mouse," replied the Frog.  
"Hi ho," said Rowley.  
"Indeed, Mrs. Mouse," replied the Frog,  
"I caught a hoarse cold, last night in the fog."

*Chorus*

"Since you have caught cold Mr. Frog," Moussie said,  
"Hi ho," said Rowley.  
"Since you have caught cold Mr. Frog," Moussie said,  
"I'll sing you a song that I have just made."

*Chorus*

As they were in glee and a-merry making,  
"Hi ho," said Rowley.  
As they were in glee and a-merry making,  
A cat and her kittens came tumbling in.

*Chorus*

The cat, she seized the rat by the crown,  
"Hi ho," said Rowley.  
The cat, she seized the Rat by the crown,  
The kittens they pulled the little Mouse down.

*Chorus*

This put Mr. Frog in a terrible fright.  
"Hi ho," said Rowley.  
This put Mr. Frog in a terrible fright,  
He took up his hat, and he wished them "Good night!"

*Chorus*

But as Froggie was crossing over a brook,  
"Hi ho," said Rowley.  
As Froggie was crossing over a brook,  
A lily white duck came and joggled him up.



### Chorus

And that was the end of one, two, and three.  
“Hi ho,” said Rowley.  
That was the end of one, two, and three,  
The Rat, the Mouse, and Billy Froggie.

### MAPLE SWEET (with Ann Mayo Muir, hammered dulcimer)

Maple sugar was one of the tastiest crops harvested by New Englanders. In the early spring, a notch was cut in tree trunks and a trough or bucket was used to collect the dripping sap. The sap was then boiled down in large kettles. When the sap was plentiful, the boys and men of a neighborhood stayed in the woods for several days. The last day and night of their stay was often given to a “frolic” when the womenfolk joined the group to taste the sugar and syrup, drop and roll it in the snow to make candy, and later sing and dance by the campfire.

When you see the vapor pillar lick the forest and the sky,  
You may know the days of sugar-making then are drawing  
nigh;  
Frosty night and sunny day, make the maple pulses play,  
Till congested with its sweetness, it delights to bleed away.

### Chorus

Oh- bubble, bubble, bubble, bubble, goes the pan.  
Furnish sweeter music for the season if you can.  
See the golden billows, watch their ebb and flow.  
Sweetest joys indeed, we sugar-makers know.

When you see the farmer trudging with the dripping  
buckets home,  
You may know the days of sugar-making then have  
fully come;  
As the fragrant odors pour, through the open kitchen door,  
How the eager children rally, ever loudly calling “MORE!”

### Chorus

Did you say you don’t believe it, take a saucer and a spoon,  
Tho’ you’re sourer than a lemon, you’ll be sweeter very soon;  
Why, the greenest leaves you see, on the spreading maple tree,  
Tho’ they sip and sip all summer, will the autumn beauties be.

### Chorus

And for home—or love—or any kind of sickness, tis the thing,  
Take in allopathic\* doses, and repeat it every spring;  
Until everyone you meet, if at home or on the street,  
Will be half a mind to bite you, for you look so very sweet.

\*allopathic—plentiful

### THE LOGGER’S BOAST (with Johnny Williams, fiddle and voice)

Fishing and trading quickly became two of New England’s biggest industries, but to do either one requires lumber for ships. In the early fall the lumbermen went into the woods of the Northeast and cut timber until the snow became too deep. Ox-drawn sleds then hauled the giant logs to river banks. In the spring, when the ice melted, the logs were rolled into the rivers that sent them downstream to the sawmills.

The tune for this song is from Lawrence Older, a marvelous traditional singer and one-time lumberman from upstate New York. The words are those collected by Phillips Barry and published in *The Maine Woods Songster*.

Come all ye gallant lumberers that range the wild woods  
through,  
Where the river flows and the timber grows, we’re bound with  
a jolly crew  
For the music of the mills is stopped, by the binding frost and  
snow.

### Chorus

And we’ll range the wild woods over and once more  
a-lumbering go,  
Once more a-lumbering go,  
And we’ll range the wild woods over and once more  
a-lumbering go.

The music of our axes shall make the woods resound,  
And many a lofty ancient pine will tumble to the ground;  
At night, ho! ’round our good campfire, we’ll sing while  
cold winds blow.

### Chorus

You may talk about your parties, your pleasures and  
your plays,  
And pity us poor lumbermen while dashing in your sleighs,  
But we want no better pasttime than to chase the buck  
and doe.

### Chorus

When winter snows are melted and the ice-bound streams  
are free,  
We’ll run our logs to market, and then haste our friends to see.  
How kindly true hearts welcome us, our wives and children too,  
We will spend with these the summer, then once more  
a-lumbering go.

### Chorus

### REVOLUTIONARY TEA

‘Revolutionary Tea’ first appeared in print in 1889, in Father Kemp’s *Old Folks’ Concert Music*. Along with ‘Plymouth Colony,’ it is an excellent example of how the common people commemorate the past. It is a vivid account of the reason for the Revolution. And like ‘Plymouth Colony’ it celebrates the famous New England spirit of independence.

There was a rich lady lived over the sea,  
And she was an island queen;  
Her daughter lived off in the new country,  
With an ocean of water between.  
With an ocean of water between.

The old lady’s pockets were filled with gold,  
But never contented was she;  
So she ordered her daughter to pay her a tax,  
Of three cents a pound on the tea.  
Of three pence a pound on the tea.

“O mother, dear mother,” the daughter replied,  
“I’ll not do the thing that you ask;  
For I’m willing to pay a fair price on the tea,  
But never the three penny tax.”  
But never the three penny tax.

“Oh you shall,” cried the mother, and reddened with rage,  
“For you’re my own daughter, you see;  
And it’s only proper for a daughter to pay,  
Her mother a tax on the tea.”  
Her mother a tax on the tea.

So she ordered her servant to be called up



To wrap up a package of tea;  
 And eager for three pence a pound, she put in  
 Enough for a large family.  
     Enough for a large family.

Then she ordered her servant to bring the tax home,  
 Declaring her child must obey;  
 Or, old as she was, and woman half grown,  
 She'd half whip her life away.  
     She'd half whip her life away.

So the tea was conveyed to her daughter's own door,  
 All down by the oceanside;  
 But the bouncing girl poured out every pound,  
 In the dark and boiling tide,  
     In the dark and boiling tide.

And then she cried out to the island queen,  
 "O mother, dear mother," cried she;  
 "Your tea you may have when 'tis steeped enough,  
 But never a tax from me."  
     But never a tax from me.

### ROLLING HOME (with The Portable Folk Festival)

Before the Revolution, New England and the rest of America were pretty much tied to England. By 1815, however, they were trading with the rest of the world, sailing to China for tea, to the East Indies for spices. 'Yankee' became a term recognized the world over.

To help relieve the monotony of work on ship and to provide a rhythm while hauling on ropes and anchors, songs called "shanties" were used. 'Rolling Home' was often sung when a ship was weighing anchor in preparation for the voyage back to New England.

Call all hands to man to capstan,  
 See the cable running clear,  
 Heave away, and with a will boys,  
 For New England we will steer.

#### Chorus

Rolling home, rolling home,  
 Rolling home across the sea.  
 Rolling home to old New England,  
 Rolling home, dear land, to thee.

Fare thee well, ye Spanish maidens,  
 It is time to say "Adieu."  
 Happy times we've spent together  
 Happy times we've spent with you.

#### Chorus

'Round Cape Horn, one frosty morning,  
 And our sails were full of snow.  
 Clear your sheets and away your halyard,  
 Swing her out, and let 'er go.

#### Chorus

Up aloft, amid the rigging,  
 Blows a wild and rushing gale.  
 Like a monsoon in the springtime,  
 Filling out each well-known sail.

#### Chorus

And the waves we leave behind us,  
 Seem to murmur as they flow.  
 "There's a hearty welcome waiting  
 In the land to which you go."

## BIBLIOGRAPHY

- Barry, Phillips. *THE MAINE WOODS SONGSTER*. Cambridge, Mass.: The Powell Publishing Co., 1939.
- Botkin, Benjamin. *A TREASURY OF NEW ENGLAND FOLKLORE*. New York: Bonanza Books.
- Colcord, Joanna C. *SONGS OF AMERICAN SAILORMEN*. New York: W. W. Norton & Co., 1939.
- Doerflinger, William Main. *SHANTYMEN AND SHANTY-BOYS: SONGS OF THE SAILOR AND LUMBERMAN*. New York: the Macmillan Co., 1939.
- Flanders, Helen Hartness. *THE NEW GREEN MOUNTAIN SONGSTER: TRADITIONAL FOLKSONGS OF VERMONT*. New Haven: Yale University Press, 1939.
- Flanders, Helen Hartness and Marguerite Olney. *BALLADS MIGRANT IN NEW ENGLAND*. New York: Libraries Press, 1953.
- Linscott, Eloise Hubbard. *FOLK SONGS OF OLD NEW ENGLAND*. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1939.
- Wells, Evelyn K. *THE BALLAD TREE: A STUDY OF BRITISH AND AMERICAN BALLADS, THEIR FOLKLORE, VERSE, AND MUSIC*. New York: The Ronald Press Co., 1950.

## A NOTE TO TEACHERS

During the first decades of this century many collectors bypassed New England because, when compared to the Appalachian region of the South, it seemed relatively infertile ground. But the work of people such as Phillips Barry, Helen Flanders, Fannie Eckstrom, and Eloise Linscott have proven this assumption wrong. Indeed, New England is rich and quite varied in its songlore, and collectors continue to discover fresh sources of songs today.

The songs on this record, as well as hundreds of other folk and topical songs, have proven to be valuable tools in the classroom. For the music teacher, they are a rich part of our musical heritage. For the English teacher, they are vital sources of oral literature. They have livened up Geography and Civics lessons. And for the history teacher who is interested in communicating the experiences and attitudes of common people of the past, they are an invaluable source. Because of their directness, simplicity, and emotional impact, young people respond eagerly to these songs. Not only do they learn the songs with amazing speed, but they also tend to retain the factual material related to the songs longer than might otherwise be the case.

It is suggested that before playing the record, the class should discuss early New England; its geography, its people, and its way of life. This might be followed with a first listening, to get the "feel" of the songs. Then individual songs might be dealt with as they relate to the topic under discussion. Many of the songs can be used in more than one situation. 'The Young Man Who Wouldn't Hoe Corn,' for example, touches on a variety of subjects, such as geography and its relation to man, early New England agricultural practices and superstitions ("he planted by the moon in the month of June"), relations between men and women in the New World, and, finally, the work ethic.

## CREDITS

Notes: Jim Douglas and William L. Siegel  
 Engineer: Don Wade, Golden East Recording Studio  
 Cover Design: Mary Azarian  
 Photos courtesy of The Hartford Courant