SEEDS OF LOVE

ANDREW ROWAN SUMMERS
accompanying himself on the Dulcimer

Folkways FA 2021
The Seeds of Love

My Mother Chose My Husband

Plant for My Lost Youth

My Husband, My Husband

The Seeds of Love
ANDREW ROWAN SUMMERS is a native Virginian, now living in New York, after studying music and voice at the University of Virginia (where he took a degree in law). He returned to his native town in the Highlands — close by to some of the best folk music and folk singing in the world — to practice law and sing. He spent a decade in searching out folk singers, folk songs, and instruments. He was especially interested in the very old singers and players, for they, he felt, would know best that which he wished to know. He took an active part in the White Top Folk Festival, which drew singers, dancers, and instrumentalists from five or six states in the Southern Appalachian region. It was at one of these festivals that Mr. Summers heard his first dulcimer, played by an old gentleman in his eighties, so feeble and weak that he could not participate in the festival. This same old fellow willed Mr. Summers his instrument when he died two years later. It is believed that Mr. Summers has perfected the nearest thing to traditional dulcimer-playing handed down from generations past.
THE SEEDS OF LOVE

THE FOLK OF ENGLAND KNOW THIS SONG AS "THE SPRING OF THYME". THERE IS AUTHORITY FOR THE STATEMENT THAT THE WORDS WERE WRITTEN BY A MR. FLEETWOOD HABERGAM ABOUT 1639, BUT THERE IS NO SUCH PROOF. THE TUNE IS A PERFECT EXAMPLE OF A CERTAIN TYPE OF ENGLISH FOLK-AIR, ROMANTIC, LILTING AND DELICATE.

I SOWED THE SEEDS OF LOVE,
I SOWED THEM IN THE SPRINGTIME -
I GATHERED THEM UP IN THE MORNING
SO SOON
WHEN THE SMALL BIRDS SO SWEETLY SING.

MY GARDEN WAS PLANTED WELL,
WITH FLOWERS EVERYWHERE,
BUT I HAD NOT THE LIBERTY TO CHOOSE
FOR MYSELF
OF THE FLOWERS THAT I LOVED SO WELL.

THE GARDENER WAS STANDING BY,
AND I ASKED HIM TO CHOOSE FOR ME.
HE CHOSE FOR ME THE VIOLET, THE LILY
AND THE PINK,
BUT OF THOSE I REFUSED ALL THREE.

THE VIOLET I DID NOT LIKE
BECAUSE IT BLOOMED TOO SOON.
The lily and the pink I really over-think,
SO I VOWED I WOULD WAIT 'TIL JUNE.

IN JUNE THERE WAS THE RED, RED ROSE,
AND THAT IS THE FLOW'r FOR ME,
O, OFTEN HAVE I PLUCKED THAT RED,
RED ROSE
'TIL I GAINED THE WILLOW TREE.

THE WILLOW TREE WILL TWIST,
AND THE WILLOW TREE WILL TWINE;
I OFTENTIMES HAVE WISHED I WERE IN
THAT YOUNG WOMAN'S ARMS,
THAT ONCE HELD THE HEART OF MINE.

COME, ALL YE FALSE YOUNG GIRLS,
DO NOT LEAVE ME HERE TO COMPLAIN.
The grass that has oftentimes been
TRAMPLED UNDER FOOT,
GIVE IT TIME - IT WILL SPRING UP AGAIN.

MY MOTHER CHOSE MY HUSBAND;
(A LAWYER'S SON WAS HE.)
WHEN, ON THE WEDDING NIGHT,
HE CAME TO BED WITH ME,
AH, AH, AH! THAT'S NO WAY TO
AH, AH, AH! THAT CAN'T BE!

WHEN ON THE WEDDING NIGHT,
HE CAME TO BED WITH ME,
HE BIT ME ON THE SHOULDER
AND ALMOST BROKE MY KNEE.

HE BIT ME ON THE SHOULDER
AND ALMOST BROKE MY KNEE.
I CALLED MY WAITING WOMAN:
'COME QUICKLY, MARGERY!'

I CALLED MY WAITING WOMAN:
'COME QUICKLY MARGERY,
GO TELL MAMA I'M DYING;
BID HER COME HASTILY!

GO TELL MAMA I'M DYING;
BID HER COME HASTILY.
CAME MAMA TO MY BEDSIDE
BEFORE I COULD COUNT THREE.

CAME MAMA TO MY BEDSIDE
BEFORE I COULD COUNT THREE.
CHEER UP, MY GIRL. WHAT AILS YOU
WILL NEVER KILL', SAID SHE.

CHEER UP, MY GIRL. WHAT AILS YOU
WILL NEVER KILL', SAID SHE
"IF I HAD DIED OF THAT, CHILD,
GOD KNOWS WHERE YOU WOULD BE!"

"IF I HAD DIED OF THAT, CHILD,
GOD KNOWS WHERE YOU WOULD BE.
SO IF YOU DIE MY DAUGHTER,
I'LL GRAVE YOU SPLENDIDLY"!

"SO, IF YOU DIE MY DAUGHTER,
I'LL GRAVE YOU SPLENDIDLY,
THEN CARVE UPON YOUR HEADSTONE
WHERE EVERYONE CAN SEE - !

"THEN CARVE UPON YOUR HEADSTONE
WHERE EVERYONE CAN SEE!
"THE ONLY GIRL WHO COULDN'T
"SURVIVE THAT MALADY"!.

MARY STUART'S PLAIN FOR HER LOST YOUTH
BY MARY STUART, QUEEN OF SCOTS (1542-
1587) (TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY
KATHERINE ANNE PORTER)

MARY STUART WROTE MANY SONGS, AND WAS
DISTINGUISHED AT THE FRENCH COURT NOT
ONLY FOR HER COMPOSITIONS BUT FOR HER
ABILITY TO SING THEM, WITH LUTE OR VIR.
GINAL ACCOMPANIMENT. ALTHOUGH THERE IS
NO POSITIVE PROOF, THOSE NEAREST HER
PROFESS TO BELIEVE THAT SHE DID WRITE
THIS PLAIN. COMPARED TO OTHERS THAT
SHE IS KNOWN TO HAVE WRITTEN, AND SINCE
IT IS EXACTLY THE KIND OF SONG SHE MIGHT
HAVE WRITTEN, WE MAY AS WELL CREDIT HER
WITH IT UNTIL SOMEONE ELSE IS NAMED POSI-
TIVELY AS THE COMPOSER.

"LASI! IN MY LOVELY SPRING,
YEA, WHEN MY YOUTH SHOULD FLOWER,
FEEL I AN INWARD STING,
TURNS ALL MY SWEET TO SOUR,
HEART, FORSAKING PLEASURE,
COUNTETH SORROW TREASURE.

WHETHER I WALK THE FIELDS,
OR HIDE ME IN THE FOREST,
MORNING OR EVENING YIELD
UNTO MY GRIEVING NO REST.
HEART IS STILL ALONE:
WHOM IT SEEKETH, GONE.

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TURNS ALL MY SWEET TO SOUR,
HEART, FORSAKING PLEASURE,
COUNTETH SORROW TREASURE.

WHETHER I WALK THE FIELDS,
OR HIDE ME IN THE FOREST,
MORNING OR EVENING YIELD
UNTO MY GRIEVING NO REST.
HEART IS STILL ALONE:
WHOM IT SEEKETH, GONE.
THE DEVIL CAME TO HIS HOUSE ONE DAY,
SAYS "ONE OF YOUR FAMILY I'M GOIN' TO
TAKE AWAY!"
SING ETC.

THE OLD MAN SAYS "I AM UNDONE,
FOR I GUESS YOU'VE COME FOR MY OLDEST
SON"
SING

"IT'S NEITHER YOUR SON NOR YOUR DAUGHTER
I CRAVE,
BUT YOUR OLD SCOLDING WOMAN I NOW MUST
HAVE!"
SING

"TAKE HER ON, TAKE HER ON WITH THE JOY
OF MY HEART,
AND I HOPE TO GOD YOU NEVER PART!"
SING

THE DEVIL PUT HER IN A SACK, AND
THREW HER UP ALL ON HIS BACK.

WHEN THE DEVIL GOT HER TO THE FORKS OF
THE ROAD,
HE SAID "GOD, OLD WOMAN, YOU'RE A HELL
OF A LOAD!"

WHEN THE DEVIL GOT HER TO THE GATES OF
HELL,
HE SAID "POKE UP THE FIRE, I WANT TO
SCORCH HER WELL!"

IN CAME A LITTLE DEVIL A-DRAGGIN' A
CHAIN,
SHE UP WITH THE HATCHET AND SPLIT OUT
HIS BRAIN!

ANOTHER LITTLE DEVIL WENT CLIMBIN' THE
WALL,
SAYS "TAKE HER BACK, DADDY, SHE'S A-
MURDERIN' US ALL!"

THE OLD MAN WAS A-PEEPIN' OUT OR THE
CRACK,
AND SAW THE DEVIL COYE A-WAGGIN' HER
BACK.

SHE FOUND THE OLD MAN SICK IN THE BED,
AND UP WITH THE BUTTER-STICK AND
PADDLED HIS HEAD.

THE OLD WOMAN WENT WHISTLING OVER THE
HILL,
SAYS "THE DEVIL WON'T HAVE ME, I WONDER
WHO WILL?"

THERE'S ONE ADVANTAGE WOMEN HAVE OVER
MEN —
THEY CAN GO TO HELL AND COME BACK AGAIN!
O NO, JOHN, NO

This song is a variant of a singing-game, in turn descended from a ballad. The singing-game is sung in America, and many versions of the song exist. The tune is a variant of "Billy Taylor".

ON YONDER HILL THERE STANDS A CREATURE, WHO SHE IS I DO NOT KNOW; I'LL GO AND COURT HER FOR HER BEAUTY... SHE MUST ANSWER "YES" OR "NO".

O, NO JOHN, NO JOHN, NO JOHN, NO.

MY FATHER WAS A SPANISH CAPTAIN, WENT TO SEA A MONTH AGO. FIRST HE KISSED ME, THEN HE LEFT ME, AND I MUST ALWAYS ANSWER "NO".

OH, MADAM, IN YOUR FACE IS BEAUTY ON YOUR LIPS RED ROSES GROW: WILL YOU TAKE ME FOR YOUR LOVER? MADAM, ANSWER "YES" OR "NO".

O MADAM, I WILL GIVE YOU JEWELS, I WILL MAKE YOU RICH AND FREE. I WILL BUY YOU SILKEN DRESSES. MADAM, WILL YOU MARRY ME?

OH, MADAM, SINCE YOU ARE SO GRUEL, IN THAT YOU DO SCORN ME SO... IF I MAY NOT BE YOUR LOVER, MADAM, WILL YOU LET ME GO?

THEN I WILL STAY WITH YOU FOREVER, IF YOU WILL NOT BE UNKIND. MADAM I HAVE VOWED TO LOVE YOU, WOULD YOU HAVE ME CHANGE MY MIND?

OH, HARK, I HEAR THE CHURCH BELL RINGING. WILL YOU COME AND BE MY WIFE? OR, DEAR MADAM, HAVE YOU SETTLED TO STAY SINGLE ALL YOUR LIFE?

BLOW AWAY THE MORNING DEW


THERE WAS A FARMER'S SON - KEPT SHEEP ALL ON THE HILL; AND HE WENT OUT ONE MAY MORNING TO SEE WHAT HE COULD KILL AND SING BLOW AWAY THE MORNING DEW THE DEW AND THE DEW - BLOW AWAY THE MORNING DEW - HOW SWEET THE WINDS DO BLOW.

HE LOOKED HIGH, HE LOOKED LOW, HE CAST AN UNDER LOOK; AND THERE HE SAW A VERY PRETTY MAID BESIDE THE WATERY BROOK

AND SING ETO ETO ETC

"IF YOU'LL COME DOWN TO MY FATHER'S HOUSE WHICH IS BALKED ALL AROUND, THEN YOU SHALL HAVE A KISS FROM ME AND TWENTY THOUSAND POUND".

HE MOUNTED ON A MILK-WHITE STEED AND SHE UPON ANOTHER; THEY RODE ALONG THE COUNTRY LANE LIKE SISTER AND LIKE BROTHER.

AS THEY WERE RIDING ON ALONE THEY SPIED SOME POCKS OF HAY: "O, WOULD NOT THIS BE A VERY PRETTY PLACE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS TO PLAY?"

WHEN THEY CAME UP TO HER FATHER'S HOUSE SO NIMBLE SHE POPPED IN... AND SAID "THERE IS A FOOL WITHOUT, AND HERE'S A MAID WITHIN".

WE HAVE A FLOW'R IN OUR GARDEN, WE CALL IT MARIGOLD. AND IF YE WOULD NOT WHEN YE MAY YE SHALL NOT WHEN YE WOULD.

[Ed. - Katherine Anne Porter, who translated my mother chose my husband and plaint for my lost youth, is one of America's distinguished literary figures, renowned alike as a poet, short-story writer and critic, her "Flowering Judas", "The Leaning Tower", and other works, have been acclaimed the world over, her ability to translate French lyrics of the greatest delicacy into singable rhymed verse in English is obvious in these songs.]

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accompanying himself on the Dulcimer

SIDE I  FA 12021

Band 1. THE SEEDS OF LOVE
(English - 18891)
Band 2. MY MOTHER CHOSE MY HUSBAND
(French-trans. by Katherine Anne Porter)
Band 3. PLAINT FOR MY LOST YOUTH
(by Mary Stuart - trans. by Katherine Anne Porter)
FOLKWAYS Records
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SIDE II

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Band 1. HARES ON THE MOUNTAIN
(traditional)
Band 2. THE FARMER'S CURST WIFE
(American, traditional)
Band 3. O. No John, No
(traditional)
Band 4. W.H.WAY T.G. DEW
(English, traditional)