VOLUME 1

IN THE SOUTHERN MOUNTAINS SING BY JEAN RITCHIE

BRITISH TRADITIONAL BALLADS (CHILD BALLADS)

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

FOND OF THE LADY (CHILD = 259)
FAIR ANNIE OF LOCHBOYLAN (CHILD = 76)
BLACKBERRY ALLEN (CHILD = 77)
OLDBAY MILL (CHILD = 179)
OLD LOVEL (CHILD = 79)
The Merry Golden Tree (CHILD = 78)
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The House Carpenter (CHILD = 220)
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FAI'S IN JOHN (CHILD = 1)
CUPPY LADY (CHILD = 200)

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FA-2301
CHILD BALLADS IN AMERICA, Volume 1

sung by
Jean Ritchie

Notes by
KENNETH S. GOLDESTINE

CHILD BALLADS IN THE RITCHIE FAMILY

Back in the days when Billy and Abigail Ritchie's big family was "a-bornin' and a-growin'," none of them had ever heard of Francis J. Child, nor had anyone else in that part of the Kentucky Mountains, I believe. The word 'ballad,' or 'ballit!' meant, in our community, the written-down words for a song. I remember hearing one old lady near home say proudly to another, "Now I've got Babyry Ellen up there in my trunk, Joe's Sally stopped in and she wet me out the ballit of it."

"Writing out the ballit!" for our family songs was rarely done. All of us, Mom, Dad, and all thirteen children could write, but these old songs and their music were in our heads, or hearts, or somewhere part of us, and we never needed to write them down. They were there, like games and rhymes and riddles, like churning-chants and baby-bouncers and gingerbread stackcake recipes, to be employed and enjoyed when the time came for them. Nobody got scholarly about them and I have a feeling that's why they have been genuinely popular all these years.

These old story songs, now, we sang and listened to them, for themselves. For the excitement of the tale, or the beauty and strength of the language or of the graceful tunes, for the romantic tingle we got from a glimpse of life in the long ago past, for the uncanny way the old, old situations still fit the present. Heads nodding over Lord Thomas and Fair Ellender. "Ain't that right, now? That's just what he got to a-done to her!"

As I remember, it took a special time for us to appreciate these "big" ballads. Of course, we hummed them about the housework, and when walking along the roads, and in the fields, but that wasn't really singing them out. It had to be a quiet time for that, as when the family gathered on the front porch, evenings, and after eaves the house clattered ended and the talk dwindled and died. Then was the time for Lord Bateman, or The Gipsie Laddie to move into our thoughts. Or, it could be a time at play-parties when the players dropped down to rest, between spells of dancing, that was a time to listen to a good long tale.

- Jean Ritchie

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

Between 1882 and 1908, the greatest single scholarly investigation of ballad literature was published. This five volume study, "THE ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH POPULAR BALLADS", edited by Professor Francis James Child of Harvard University, has been the basis of almost every modern study of British traditional ballads. It is not unusual, therefore, that these ballads have come to be known as the "Child" ballads and the Child's system of numbering them is still observed.

Child edited 305 ballads with more than 1,000 versions. George Lyman Kittredge, who carried the work to completion after Child's death, believed that it "comprised the whole extent mass of the material." Since then, however, diligent collectors of folksongs have taken down many thousand more variants and versions of these ballads in England, Scotland, Ireland and North America.

Though Professor Child was aware that some of these ballads were still in oral circulation in America amongst the descendants of the original and later British immigrants to the colonies, he was completely unaware of the extent of this oral tradition in North America. He certainly would have doubted that this tradition existed in America to a greater degree than it did in the British Isles. This, however, proved to be the case.

There is more than a bit of gentle irony in the situation as it developed. An American scholar had taken it upon himself to make the definitive study of the balladry of Britain...less than a quarter of a century later an English collector-scholar was to make the major collection of living balladry in America.

Cecil J. Sharp, coming from England in search of survivals of British traditional songs in the New World, found in the United States a living tradition of the "Child" ballads in isolated parts of the Southern Appalachians. And this only ten years after Sharp himself had nostalgically written, "The English ballad is moribund; its account is well nigh closed."
Since Sharp's initial forays into this area, many other ballad collectors have made notable finds in both this and other sections of the country rich in ballad tradition. Within twenty years of the initial publication of Sharp's Appalachian collection, American ballad hunters produced collections from almost every state of the Union as well as the Maritime provinces of Canada. And this work has continued in the last 20 years, without a year going by that does not result in still more grisly being added in an already well-stocked mill. Nor is the end in sight, for, while authorities have been proclaiming its death every few years since the turn of the century, the "Child" ballads persist in oral tradition and circulation in this country. Though it is true that conditions favoring such circulation have been vanishing rapidly, these ballads remain alive wherever they have the slightest chance, clinging tenaciously to the folk. And this, in itself, is perhaps the greatest commentary on the excellence, both textually and musically, of the British traditional ballad in America.

As a result of my own folksong collecting in the Southern mountains, New England and Scotland, I have come to the conclusion (which is undoubtedly shared by other collectors as well) that a vital folksong tradition is dependent upon more than a great amorphous mass of "ordinary" folk singers. To be sure, they are an essential part of the picture. But far more important are those few highly gifted tradition bearers whom the "ordinary" folk themselves recognize as the best or great singers of their respective communities. These are the folk with the largest repertoires, the finest voices (in terms of a folk aesthetic), the most representative and engaging singing styles, and who are the greatest creative and re-creative singing personalities. These are the folk who are the major inspirational force in a singing community - it is their songs, their versions, and their style which are borrowed, copied or imitated by their friends, neighbors and relatives. If folksong tradition is vanishing it is mainly because there are far fewer of these 'great' singers alive today than there were in past decades and centuries.

In Jean Ritchie, we have the personification of one of these 'great' tradition bearers. The youngest number of the famous "Singing Ritches of Kentucky", Jean is recognized as a highly talented singer not only in her own community, but has become the best known traditional singer in America. This is no mean feat in a nation where there is a sharp cleavage between the 'natural' rural native and the 'sophisticated' urbanite, and the 'real'-and-simple and the phony-and-brash, the relaxed-and-unselfconscious and the affected-and-pretentious. That Jean has been widely proclaimed by audiences on both sides of the vast socio-psychological barrier is perhaps the finest testament to her 'greatness' as a folksinger. Hers is one of the largest repertoires of any singer in America; her singing style is the finest representative of what may be broadly referred to as the "Southern white - mountain style; and her performances, whether of ballads or songs, are enthralling, attention-demanding, and engrossing. And all of these are perhaps found in this recording. Today, when a collector finds someone who knows three or four of these ballads, he is apt to turn somersaults; to find as many as twenty in an entire state would be a major collecting experience. So, when finding one singer who has that number in her repertory, it is a near-world-shaking occurrence. But Jean's repertory of these ballads is not to be congratulated merely for its size - for both her texts and tunes are superb examples of their kind. And in Jean's performance of them we are treated to one of the great experiences of ballad listening. We should be grateful for the invention and perfection of the tape recorder and long-playing phonograph record for they give us an opportunity to bring this experience into our living-rooms; it is the next best thing to seeing her perform these ballads.

-Kenneth S. Goldstein

A SELECTED BIBLIOGRAPHY

In the notes to the Child ballads included in this selected references to the major bibliographical guides, and regional collections containing additional texts, tunes and information relative to the ballads being discussed. Included are references to the two major Scottish collections of this century, as well as the most recent American regional collections.

In the left-hand column, the reader will find the short reference designation for each of the books in this bibliography, which are described in detail in the right hand column.

BROWN COLLECTION


CHILD


BRONSON

Bertrand Harris Bronson, The Traditional Tunes of the Child Ballads, 5 volumes, Princeton University Press, Princeton, New Jersey, 1959 - . (To date only Volume I, containing the tunes and texts to Child ballads #1 - 53, has been published.)

COFFIN


DAVIS


DEAN-SMITH


FLANDERS

Helen Bartness Flanders, Ancient Ballads Traditionally Sung in New England, with critical analysis by T.P. Coffin, 4 volumes, University of Pennsylvania Press, Philadelphia, 1960. (To date only Volume I, containing the tunes and texts to Child ballads #1-51, has been published.)

GREGG & KEITH

Last Leaves of Traditional Ballads and Ballad Airs, collected in Aberdeenshire by Gavin Gregg and edited by Alexander Keith, The Buchan Club, Aberdeen, 1925.

ORD

John Ord, The Bothy Songs and Ballads of Aberdeen, Barff and Moray, Angus and the Mearns, Gardiner, Paisley, 1930.

SHARP

Tradition has it that this ballad is connected to several historical characters of the 17th century, but there appears to be no factual support for such tales. In 1624, a well known gypsy chief-tain, Johnny Faa (mentioned in early versions of the ballad), was hanged. His execution appears to have made such a strong impression that the ballad tale was attributed to him. Towards the end of the century, a story circulated concerning the wife of the Earl of Cassilis who ran off with Sir John Faa, who came to the castle disguised as a gypsy. As the legend goes, the Earl returned in time, went in pursuit, captured and hanged his wife's abductor. History has it otherwise; no such incident is known to have happened to any member of the Cassilis family. Nevertheless their names appear in many British versions of this ballad.

The ballad still exists widely in tradition in both Britain and America. T. P. Coffin indicates 8 versionsal forms for the ballad as it exists in this country. The American versions have dropped several important features still found in Old World variants; no mention is made of the gypsies casting a spell over the lady, none of the gypsies are hanged or punished, and the names Faa and Cassilis are omitted.

Jean Ritchie's version, learned from her uncle Jason Ritchie, is closest to Coffin's type C version, in which the gypsy casts the lady off in the end. A more common ending for American versions of the ballad is for the lady to refuse to return to her husband and to ride away forever with her gypsy lover. For an unusual cowboy version of this ballad see "Clayton Boone" as sung by Harry Jackson in The Cowboy: His Songs, Ballads & Brag Talk (Folkways Records 7928).

For additional texts and information, see:
Child, Volume III, p. 22 ff.; Coffin, pp. 12-124; Dean-Smith, p. 69;
Brown Collection, Volume II, p. 150-158; Davis, pp. 253-261;
Ord, p. 411; Greig & Keith, pp. 126-129; Sharp, Volume I, pp. 233-239.

SIDE I, Band 2: FALSE SIR JOHN (Child #4)

In the opening lines of his more than 40 pages of notes, analogues and texts of this ballad (under the title "Lady Isabel and the Elf-Knight"), Child writes: "Of all ballads this has perhaps obtained the widest circulation. It is nearly as well known to the southern as to the northern nations of Europe." Undoubtedly as a result of such widespread tradition, the ballad has been subjected to extensive study with major contributions to its analysis having been made by scholars from several countries. The Norwegian scholar, Sophus Bugge, believed the ballad to be an offshoot of the biblical story of Judith and Holofernes, but little weight need be given to this theory when one considers the frequency with which "Bluebeard"-type stories occur. In recent years, two highly detailed studies of this ballad have been made. In Ilvar Kemppinen's "The Ballad of Lady Isabel and the False Knight" (Helsinki, 1954), the author comes to the conclusion that the ballad probably originated between 1100 and 1200, citing philological and musical evidences in support of his claims. And in Holger Nygaard's "The Ballad of Heer Halewijn" (FTP #169, Helsinki, 1958), we are given an analysis of its forms and variations in Europe and of its course of transmission through Western European countries.

In most recently collected variants of the ballad, both in Europe and America, the character of the antagonist has been changed from that of a supernatural being (an elf or demon) to a human creature - the ballad now concerns a totally human drama.

Of the five variant forms of the ballad as outlines by T. P. Coffin, Jean Ritchie's version, learned from her Uncle Jason, is closest to Coffin's story type A.

An indication of the popularity of this ballad in English language tradition may be obtained by reading the 141 texts with tunes published by B. H. Bronson. This number can probably be doubled when the number of text variants collected without tunes are considered.

For additional texts and information, see:
Child, Volume I, p. 22 ff.; Coffin, pp. 92-93;
Dean-Smith, p. 97;
Bronson, Volume I, pp. 39-100; Brown Collection, Volume II, p. 150;
Davis, pp. 15-25; Flanders, Volume I, pp. 82-123;

SIDE I, Band 3: HANGMAN (Child #65)

This ballad, referred to by Child as "The Maid Freed from the Gallows", is a prime example of the use of incremental repetition as a ballad device. In that capacity, this ballad has served as a pawn for those scholars who followed the 'communal' school in the study of ballad origins.

A truly international ballad, it is known in most European countries in a much fuller form than it is usually found in any of the English-speaking nations. British and American variants have reduced the ballad tale to the attempt by a prisoner to be saved by the intervention of various members of his or her family, the wife or sweetheart finally coming to the rescue. In this form (and with the aid of the incremental device) the ballad has maintained a very firm framework upon which many interesting forces of variation have played. It has also been found as a folk drama, as a children's game, as a prose tale and as a cante-fable, and is one of the best known of the traditional ballads among American and West Indian Negroes.

The original form of the ballad appears to have referred to the potential victim as a female, but most recently collected versions (as in this version of Jean Ritchie's, learned from her father) have a man awaiting execution. This version conforms with T. P. Coffin's story type C for American ballad versions. For a unique version of the ballad, in which the victim waits in vain for the usual rescue and is left by his sweetheart to be hanged, see Harry Jackson's version in The Cowboy: His Songs, Ballads & Brag Talk (Folkways Records 7928).

For additional texts and information, see:
Child, Volume II, p. 346 ff.; Coffin, pp. 96-99;
Dean-Smith, p. 96;
Sharp, Volume I, pp. 203-214; Brown Collection, Volume II, pp. 143-149;
Davis, pp. 201-206.

SIDE I, Band 4: LORD BATEMAN (Child #53)

This is one of the most popular of the Child ballads, and has circulated widely in England, Scotland and America. Part of its textual popularity has undoubtedly been due to the frequency with which it appeared on broadsides and in songsters of the 19th century, and this also certainly explains the relative textual stability of both English and American versions.

Attempts have been made to indicate the ballad tale is derived from the legend of Gilbert a Becket, father of St. Thomas of Canterbury, who was supposed to have had an adventure similar to that which occurred to the ballad hero. Little credence has been given to this theory, though there is no doubt that the legend has indeed affected the ballad.

In early Scottish texts, the hero's captors bore a hole through his shoulder and place a draw-tree
A ballad tale involves the ever-popular literary cliché of the love triangle—but the tale ends rather gruesomely with the death of all three parties. Frequently the ballad ends with the popular commonplace of the love-animated plants that spring from the graves of the dead lovers, a motif not found in Jean Ritchie's version.

Though the oldest known versions of this ballad were Scottish, American texts appear to stem not from any Scottish source, but from a frequently printed 17th-century English broadside text.

Jean's version was learned from her father.

For additional texts and information, see:
Child, Volume II, p. 179 ff.; Coffin, pp. 74-76; Dean-Smith, p. 85; Greig & Keith, pp. 94-97; Sharp, Volume I, pp. 115-131; Davis, pp. 123-127; Brown Collection, Volume II, pp. 67-79.

SIDE II, Band 2: LORD LOVEL (Child #75)

When compared with many of the Child ballads, "Lord Lovel" is a ballad of rather recent vintage, the earliest known text dating from the last quarter of the 18th century. The ballad is very popular in America in texts which are all very similar. Almost all versions collected in this century in both Britain and America follow Child's H text, an English broadside from the middle of the 18th century. Undoubtedly both its popularity and the standardized form of the text are due to its frequent appearance in print, as it was published frequently in 19th century songsters and broadsides in this country.

Several scholars have commented on the seeming incongruity of the ballad text to its tune. Reed Smith (in "South Carolina Ballads", p. 122) writes: "The difference between reading it as a poem and singing it as a song is the difference between tragedy and comedy." A.K. Davis (in "Traditional Ballads of Virginia", pp. 240-241) in referring to the delightfully rollicking tunes to which the text is sung, comments: "They are quite out of harmony with the deep tragedy of the ballad story. To sing the tune is to mitigate the tragedy, perhaps even to run the risk of burlesquing it." And indeed, the ballad has been frequently burlesqued, and numerous parodies have been sung widely throughout the Southern states.

Jean Ritchie's version was learned from her uncle Jason.

For additional texts and information, see:
Child, Volume II, p. 204 ff.; Coffin, pp. 78-79; Dean-Smith, p. 65; Greig-Keith, pp. 57-58; Sharp, Volume I, pp. 146-149; Davis, pp. 146-151; Brown Collection, Volume II, pp. 84-86.

SIDE II, Band 3: OLD BANGUM (Child #18)

Modern variants of this ballad show in gross detail the degree to which a ballad can degenerate with the passage of time. The original ballad, titled "Sir Lionel" by Child, was, in all probability, based on the courtly romance of "Sir Eglamour of
"Artois", though the ballad story has been so garbled that it is barely recognizable today. Its degeneration, perhaps through stage influences, has resulted in its current status as a comic burlesque, in which form it has survived most vigorously in the United States than in England. The changed mood is best illustrated by its various nonsense refrains. Gone are the lady in distress and the cruel giant; all that remains of this tale of medieval pagentry is a fight between a knight and a boar, and, in some versions, an involvement with a wild woman.

Jean Ritchie's version, rather typical of the American forms of the ballad in modern tradition, was learned from her mother's cousin, Ellen Fields.

For additional texts and information, see:

| Child, Volume II, p. 209 ff.; Coffin, pp. 48-49; Dean-Smith, p. 105 |
| Bronson, Volume I, pp. 265-274; Sharp, Volume I, pp. 54-55; Davis, pp. 72-78; Flanders, Volume I, pp. 226-229 |

SIDE II, Band 4: BARRY ELLEN (Child #84)

In his diary entry for January 2, 1666, Samuel Pepys wrote, "In perfect pleasure I was to hear her (Mrs. Knipp, an actress) sing, and especially her little Scotch song of Barbary Allen." Many others have admired his "perfect pleasure" since Pepys' days, for "Barbary Allen" is certainly the best known and most widely sung of the Child ballads.

The consistency of the basic outline of the ballad story and the amazing number of texts which have been reported on both sides of the ocean is no doubt due, in large part, to the numerous songster, chapbook, and broadside printings of the ballad in the 19th century. A widespread oral tradition has, however, left its mark, for no ballad shows, in its different variants, so many minor variations.

It is interesting to note that while the heroine's name has remained constant in almost every known version on both sides of the ocean (undoubtedly due to its frequent use as a rhyme throughout the ballad), the dying lover's name varies greatly - except in Scotland where the name has almost always been John Graeme.

Jean Ritchie's family sings this ballad to two different tunes, with the texts differing only slightly.

For additional texts and information, see:

| Child, Volume II, p. 276 ff.; Coffin, pp. 87-90; Dean-Smith, p. 31; Ord, p. 476; Greig & Keith, pp. 67-70; Sharp, Volume I, pp. 183-195; Brown Collection, Volume II, pp. 111-131; Davis, pp. 182-190 |

SIDE II, Band 5: FAIR ANNE OF LOCKROYAN (Child #76)

This tragic story is one of the most moving in the Child canon; nevertheless it has been recorded rarely from tradition. One cannot simply blame the length of the ballad for this situation (though it must be taken into account), for longer ballads have been collected in recent years. Perhaps the indelicacy of a situation in which the heroine is an unwed mother has driven this ballad from a folk society in which pristine morality, religious 'hell-and-damnation' teachings, and general squeamishness hold sway.

In this century the full ballad has not been reported from tradition in England, though several excellent variants have been collected in Scotland and Ireland. In America, prior to this recording of a Kentucky version by Jean Ritchie, the ballad has been reported only from North Carolina and West Virginia. Jean's version is a major addition to the store of American versions of the Child ballads, for her text contains certain elements not previously reported in any American versions and found but rarely in older British forms of the ballad.

It should be noted that there is a great similarity between the version sung by Jean Ritchie and a Scottish text which was communicated to Sir Walter Scott by a major Hutton in 1802 (Printed in Child, Volume IV, pp. 474-474). The Hutton text contains 50 four-line stanzas; Jean's text has 14 1/2 double stanzas (8 lines each) which very closely correspond to 29 of Hutton's 50 stanzas. To be sure, Jean's text is almost totally Americanized, though some few Scots words appear unobtrusively here and there. Since the text published in Child has not appeared elsewhere in print, and since Jean has indicated to me that her Uncle Jason (from whom she learned the ballad) had no access to the Child volumes, we have here a truly remarkable instance of a unique version of a ballad appearing in two widely separated places 150 years apart. In T.F. Henderson's edition of Scott's "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border" Volume III, page 254, the editor indicates his belief that the Hutton text was sent to Scott in 1802 (after the publication of the Minstrelsy), and that "Major Hutton has evidently fashioned his version by combining the recollection of his father and family with the stanzas of the Minstrelsy version." Either Henderson's supposition is incorrect, and Hutton's text represents a fully traditional version, or the text "fashioned" by Hutton then passed into oral tradition (without the aid of print) to turn up a century-and-a-half later in Kentucky.

Like most other published texts, Jean's version begins with the commonplace "who will shew my feet lines, which have frequently been reported as a separate lyric song or in combination with other song or ballad matter (see Coffin, p. 81), for a partial list of ballad to which these stanzas have been appended). Collectors have all too frequently resorted to listing a version of The Lass of Roch Royal among their finds when their contribution to recorded lore is merely another "who will shew my feet lines. This is all the more ludicrous when one realizes that it has never been determined whether these stanzas originated with this ballad. It should be noted that these same stanzas are also found in another Child ballad, "The New-Slain Knight" (Child #603); Child, however, thought that these stanzas were borrowed from The Lass of Roch Royal.

For additional texts and information, see:

| Child, Volume II, p. 213 ff.; Coffin, pp. 30-31; Dean-Smith, p. 69; Greig & Keith, pp. 52-63; Brown Collection, Volume II, p. 58-59 |

5
An English Lord came home one night Enquiring for his lady, The servants said on every hand, She’s gone with the Gypsy Laddie.

Go saddle up my milk-white steed, Go saddle up my brown, And I will ride both night and day Till I overtake my bonnie.

Oh he rode East and he rode West, And at last he found her, She was lying on the green, green grass And the Gypsies arms around her.

Oh, how can you leave your house and land, How can you leave your money, How can you leave your rich young lord To be a gypsy’s bonnie.

She’s gone into her father’s stables Where all of his steeds did stand, She’s took the best and left the old In all of her father’s land, In all of her father’s land.

She’s mounted on a milk-white steed And he on a dapple-grey And they rode till they came to a lonely spot, A cliff by the side of the sea.

Light down, light down, said false Sir John, Your bride bed you see, It’s seven women have I drowned here And the eighth one you shall be.

Have off, have off your holland smock, With borders all around, For it’s too costly to lay down here And rot on the cold, cold ground.

Put on your hose and shoes And I can leave A-goin’ to some far-off land For they’re too fine And cost-i-lie And they rode till they come to the sea, And left her heart Gone with the Gypsy’s lady.

She’s made a dash with her tender toes In her dear father’s land, And there I’ll stand, I’m a-goin’ to some far-off land For he’s fair And true love, say true love, have I ever done you wrong?

Oh, how can you leave your house and land, How can you leave your baby, How can you leave your rich young lord To be a gypsy’s lady.

Oh come go home with me, my dear, Come home and be my lover, I’ll furnish you with a room so neat, With a silken bed and covers.

I won’t go home with you, kind sir, Nor will I be your lover, I care not for your rooms so neat Or your silken bed or your covers.

It’s I can leave my house and land, And I can leave my baby, I’m a-goin’ to roam this world around And be a gypsy’s lady.

False Sir John a-woolng came To a lady young and fair May Colvin was this lady’s name And her father’s only heir Her father’s only heir.

He woo’d her while she spun the thread, And while they made the hay, Until he gained her low consent To mount and ride away, To mount and ride away.

It’s bring me some of your father’s gold And some of your mother’s fee I’ll take thee to some far-off land And there I’ll marry thee, And there I’ll marry thee.

She’s gone into her father’s coffers, Where all of his monies lay, She’s took the yellow and left the white And lightly skipped away, And lightly skipped away.
Lord Bateman he pounded his fist on the table, And he broke it in pieces one, two, three.
Says, I'll forsake all for the Turkish Lady, She has crossed that old salt sea for me.

SIDE I, Band 5: THE HOUSE CARPENTER
(Child #3)

Well met, well met, my own true love, Well met, well met, said he, I've come from far across the sea.
And it's all for the sake of thee.

If I could have married the King's daughter fair, And she would've married me, But I have forsaken the crowns of gold And it's all for the sake of thee.

Oh will you leave your house carpenter And sail away with me, I'll take you where the grass grows green Down in sweet Italy.

Oh if I leave my house carpenter, And sail away with ye, What will ye have to maintain me upon When we are far away.

Oh I have seven ships upon the sea Seven ships upon the land Four hundred and fifty bold sailor men To be at your command.

She turned herself three times around She kissed her babies three, Farewell, farewell you sweet little babes Keep your father sweet company.

I never saw a lassin' but about two weeks, I'm sure it was not three When this fair lady began for to weep And she wept most bitterly.

Are you weepin' for your house carpenter Are you weepin' for your store Or are you weepin' for your sweet little babes, That you never shall see any more.

Not a weepin' for my house carpenter Not a weepin' for my store Yes, I'm weepin' for my sweet little babies, That I never will see any more.

They hadn't been sailin' but about three weeks, I'm sure it was not four, When the ship sprung a leak and down she sank And she sank to rise no more.

What hills, what hills so fair and so bright, What hills so white and fair?

Oh what's the matter, Lord Thomas he cried, You looked so pale and wan, You used to have a rosy a color As over the sun shine on.
Oh are you blind, Lord Thomas, she cried, Or is it you cannot see; And can't you see my own heart's blood Come a-trickling down to my knee.

Lord Thomas he drew his sword from his side, As he run through the hall; He cut off the head of his bonny bride And kicked it against the wall.
Then placed the handle against the wall, And the blade a-towards his heart, Said, did you ever see three true lovers meet That had so soon to part.

Oh mother, oh mother, come riddle it down, Come riddle two hearts as one, Say must I marry fair Ellender Or bring the brown girl home.
The brown girl she has none, Oh, the best advice I can give you, my son, Is to bring me the brown girl home.

He rode till he come to fair Ellender's gate, He tugged the bell with his cane, No one so ready as fair Ellender herself To arise and bid him come in.
What's the news, Lord Thomas, she cried, What's the news you bring to me, I've come to ask you to my wedding, Now do you think of me?

Oh mother, oh mother, come riddle it down, Come riddle two hearts as one, Oh must I go to Lord Thomas's wedding Or stay at home and mourn.
Oh the brown girl she's so business there, You know you have got none; The best advice I can give you, my daughter, Is to stay at home and mourn.

She dressed herself in a snow-white dress, Her maid they dressed in green, And every town that they rode through They took her to be some queen.
When she was told she come to Lord Thomas's gate, She pulled all in her rein; No one so ready as Lord Thomas himself To arise and bid her come in.

He took her by the lily-white hand, He led her through the hall, He seated her down in a rockin'chair, Amongst those ladies all, Is this your bride, Lord Thomas, she cried, She looks so wonderful brown, You once could a married a maiden as fair, As over the sun shine on.

Dispraise her not, fair Ellender, he cried, Dispraise her not to me, For I think more of your little finger Than of her whole body.
The brown girl had a little pen knife, It being both keen and sharp, Betwixt the long ribs and the short, Pierced fair Ellender to the heart.

Oh what's the matter, Lord Lovel he cried, You've come to the ship called The Merry Golden Tree, As she sailed upon the low and the lonesome low, As she sailed on the lonesome seas.

Oh captain, oh captain, pray draw me up on board, Oh captain, oh captain, pray give me my reward, For I've sunk them in the low and the lonesome seas, For I've sunk them in the lonesome seas.

I'll never draw you up on board, No I've never known a cabinboy to gain such reward, Though you sunk them in the low and the lonesome seas.

Oh if you sink them in the lonesome seas, If it weren't for the love of your daughter and your men, I would've, I would've, I would've, I would've, I would've, I would've, I would've, I would've for to sink them in the lonesome seas.

He bowed upon his breast and down sunk he, Farewell, farewell to The Merry Golden Tree, For I'm sinkin' in the low and the lonesome seas, For I'm sinkin' in the lonesome seas.

SIDE II, Band 2: LORD LOVEL
(Child #75)

Lord Lovel he stood at his castle gate A-comin' in his milk-white steed, When up came Lady Nancybell, To wish her lover good speed, - good speed, - good speed, - good speed.
To wish her lover good speed.

Where are you goin', Lord Lovel, she said, Oh where are you goin', said she, I'm goin', my Lady Nancybell, Strange countries for to see, - to see, Strange countries for to see.

When will you be back, Lord Lovel, she said, Oh when will you come back, said she, In a year or two or three at the most, I'll return to my fair Nancy, Nancy, I'll return to my fair Nancy.

But he hadn't been gone a year and a day, Strange countries for to see, When languishing thoughts came into his head, Lady Nancybell he'd go see, - go see, Lady Nancybell he'd go see.

So he rode and he rode on his milk-white steed Till he came to London town, And there he heard those parish bells ring And the people go mournin' around, - around, And the people go mournin' around.

Oh what's the matter, Lord Lovel he said, Oh what is the matter, said he, A lord's lady's dead, a woman she said.
Wild boar come in such a rush,
Who'll eat his
Old Bangum
Fi t four
Blew a blast both North and South.
Blow a blast, he'll come to thee.
And then they could
Three young ladies there he spied
All in the merry
And out of
He sent his servant to the
To the place where she was dwellin'.
Sayin', Master's sick and he sends
for you
If your name be Barbary Allen

Oh slow-lie, slow-lie she got up
And slow-lie she came a-nigh him
And all she said when she got there
Young man, I believe you're dyin'.
Oh yes, I'm low, I'm very low,
And death is in me dwellin',
No better, no better I'll never be.
If I can't get Barbary Allen
Oh yes, you're low and very low,
And death is on you dwellin'
No better, no better you'll never be.
For you can't get Barbary Allen.

And don't you remember in yonder's town
In yonder's town a-drinkin',
You passed your glass all around and around
And you slighted Barbary Allen.
Oh yes I remember in yonder's town
In yonder's town a-drinkin',
I gave my health to the ladies all
But my heart to Barbary Allen.
He turned his pale face to the wall
For death was on him dwellin'
Adieu, adieu, you good neighbors all
Adieu, sweet Barbary Allen.
As she was goin' across the fields
She heerd those death bells a-kneelin'
And every stroke the death bell give
Hard hearted Barbary Allen.
Oh mother, oh mother, go make my bed,
Go make it both long and narrow
Young William's dead for me today
And I'll die for him tomorrow.
Oh she was buried near the old church tower
And he was buried a-nigh her
And out of his bosom grew a red, red rose,
Out of Barbary's grew a green brier.
They grew and they grew up the old church tower,
Until they could grow no higher
They looked and tied in a true lover's knot,
Red rose wrapped around the green brier.

Oh who will shoe my bonny feet
And who will glove my hand
And who will kiss my rosy cheeks
While you in a far off land?
Your Paw will shoe your bonny feet
Your may will glove your hand
And I will kiss your rosy cheeks
When I come back again.
Oh who will build a bonny ship
And set her on the sea
For I will go and seek my love
My own love Gregory.
Oh up and spoke her father dear
And a wealthy man was he
And he has built a bonny ship
And set her on the sea.
Oh he has built a bonny ship
To sail upon the sea
The mast was of the beaten gold
As fine as it could be.

The thought it grieves me great
That Fair Annie of the Lochroyan
Lay dead at my bed feet.
If it be for Annie of Lochroyan
You make all of this moan
She stood last night at your lover window
But I have sent her home
Oh he's gone down unto the shore
To see what he could see
And there he saw Fair Annie's barge
Come a-rowin' o'er the sea.
Oh Annie, oh Annie, loud he cried
Oh Annie, oh Annie, my dear
But all the loud that he did cry
Fair Annie she could not hear.
The wind blew loud, the waves rose high
And dashed the boat on shore
Fair Annie's corpse was in the foam
The bate rose never more.
Then first he kissed her pale, pale cheeks
And then he kissed her chin
And then he kissed her cold, cold lips
There was no breath within.
Oh woe betide my ill mother,
An ill death say she die
She has not been the death of one
But she has been the death of three.
Then he took out a little dart
That hung down by his side
And thrust it through and through his heart
And then fell down and died.