CHILD BALLADS IN AMERICA,

Volume 2

sung by
Jean Ritchie

Notes by
Kenne\: S. Goldstein

The Ritchie Family of Kentucky - (Jean Ritchie, lower left hand corner in white dress)

**INTRODUCTORY NOTE**

Between 1882 and 1898, 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 extant 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 hint 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 30 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 authoritative collection, the "Child" ballads persist in oral tradition and circulation in this country. The fact 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' folksingers. 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 greatest 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 Ritchies of Kentucky," Jean is recognized as a highly talented singer not only in her own community, but as 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, 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 vacant socio-psychological barrier is perhaps the finest testament to her 'greatness' as a folksinger.

Here is one of the largest repertories 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 engaging. 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 hearing her perform these ballads.

-Kenneth S. Goldstein
Child Ballads in the Ritchie Family

Back in the days when Balis and Abigail Ritchie's big family was "a-bornin' and a-growlin'," 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 Barbery Ellen up there in my trunk. Joe's Sally stopped in and she write 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 situations still fit the present.

Heads nodding over Lord Thomas and Fair Elinor. "Ain't that right, now? That's just what he whistled out the ballit" for our family. This was a time to listen to a good long tale.

As I remember, it took a special time for us to appreciate these "big" ballads. Of course, we hummed them about the house, 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 while the house clattered ended and the talk dwindled and died. Then was the time for Lord Benetman, or The Gypsy 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

SIDE III, Band 2: LITTLE DEVILS (Child #278)

Child summarizes this humorous ballad (titled by him "The Farmer's Curst Wife") as follows: "The Devil comes for a farmer's wife and is made welcome by her by the husband. The woman proves to be no more controllable in Hell than she had been at home; she kicks the imps about, and even brains a set of them with her pattens or a Maul. For safety's sake, the devil is constrained to take her back to her husband." Child published only two texts of this ballad, but in the numerous variants collected since his time in England and America, the ballad tale has remained exceedingly stable, a comment perhaps on its basic charm and the folk who have aided its persistance in tradition.

It is probable that in an unreported earlier form of the ballad the farmer made a pact with the devil in order to secure help to plow his fields. In return the devil was to receive the soul of some member of the family. This would explain the wording in stanza two, in which the devil indicates that he is ready to receive a member of the family "now".

Many variants collected in recent years in England and America end with a humorous philosophic commentary on one of womankind's most unique virtues. Most versions contain juggling nonsense refrains, or on occasion (as in Jean's version) a whispered refrain. Jean's version was learned from her uncle Jason.

For additional texts and information, see:

Child, Volume V, p. 107 ff.; Coffin, p. 148-150; Dean-Smith, p. 66;
Sharp, Volume I, p. 275-281; Brown Collection, Volume II, p. 105;
Davis, pp. 316-327.

SIDE III, Band 3: SWEET WILLIAM AND LADY MARGARET (Child #74)

This ballad traces back to at least the beginning of the 17th century, for two stanzas from it are quoted in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Knight of the Burning Pestle" (ca. 1611). By the end of the 18th century, it had been printed frequently as a broadside or stall ballad, which may account for its popularity in tradition. Similarly, in America, where it has been collected frequently in versions quite far removed from the Child texts, frequent printings in early popular songsters may have accounted for its widespread distribution.

Like "The Unquiet Grave", this ballad is a rich reservoir of popular superstitious beliefs: in it we find ghostly visitations, gruesome dream omens, the death kiss, and the continuity of love after death in the rose-and-brier motif.

Jean's version, learned from Justis Beegley of Hazard, Kentucky, corresponds closely to Coffin's story type A.

For additional texts and information, see:

Child, Volume II, p. 74 ff.; Coffin, pp. 76-78; Dean-Smith, p. 65;
Sharp, Volume I, pp. 130-135; Brown Collection, Volume II, pp. 79-84;
Davis, pp. 138-145.

SIDE III, Band 4: THERE LIVED AN OLD LORD (Child #10)

One of the most widely distributed of all British traditional ballads, "The Two Sisters" (as Child titled it) has proved excellent material for detailed study. Of the 27 texts published by Child, the earliest is a broadside dating from the middle of the 17th century, though it may have been sung in Britain at an earlier date.

In an extensive study of the ballad ("The Two Sisters", FCC #187; Helsinki, 1953), Paul G. Brewer comes to the conclusion that it is
definitely Scandinavian in origin. Starting in Norway prior to the 17th century, the ballad spread from there to other Scandinavian countries, and then to Scotland and England. Archer Taylor has made a strong case for his belief that American versions of the ballad derive from English rather than Scottish tradition.

Child considered the heart of the ballad to be the making of a musical instrument from the drowned sister's body, the instrument in turn revealing the identity of her murderer. This ballad has been collected with a greater number of story variations than any other Child ballad found in America, Coffin listing 1/4 story types. Jean Ritchie's version, learned from her sister's body, the instrument in turn revealing the identity of her murderer.

For additional texts and information, see:
Child, Volume I, p. 137 ff.; Coffin, pp. 38-42;
Dean-Smith, p. 113;
Greig & Keith, pp. 9-13; Ord, p. 430; Bronson,
Volume I, pp. 143-194;
Sharp, Volume I, pp. 26-35; Brown Collection,
Volume II, p. 32-35;
David, pp. 33-50; Flanders, Volume I, pp. 150-170.

SIDE III, Band 5: THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELLS
(Child #79)

The oldest versions of this ballad which were known to Child (both of Scottish provenience) appear to be fragmentary, for no motivation is suggested for the sons' returning to their grieving mother. And, indeed, only in the American texts, which may be descended from some unreported earlier form of the ballad, is a fully coherent story found in which the sons return to inform their mother that excessive grief, this ballad contains their motive would disturb their rest by cropping the cock and the crowing of the cock and the dawn of the day.

Jean Ritchie's version, learned from her Uncle Jason, is an important recording, for it follows neither of the two story types for this ballad as it has previously been reported in America. Indeed, it is the first American text to conform with the early Scottish texts printed by Child. Jean's version closely follows Child's A text, originally published in Scott's Minstrelsy, in 1802, and in addition contains the otherwise unreported stanza 5 of Child's B text (see Jean's text, stanza 10). Jean's version, like the British texts, supplies no motive for the sons' return, but, as Child has said: "...supplying a motive would add nothing to the impressiveness of these verses. Nothing that we have is more profoundly affecting."

For additional texts and information, see:
Child, Volume II, p. 236 ff.; Coffin, pp. 81-84;
Sharp, Volume I, pp. 150-160; Brown Collection,
Volume II, pp. 95-101;
Davis, pp. 161-169.

SIDE IV, Band 1: CHERRY TREE CAROL
(Child #84)

This is surely the most popular of English religious folk ballads. The ballad tale is derived from the Pseudo-Matthew gospel, Chapter XX, and, in medieval times, was frequently dramatized in the course of folk plays and pageants, as, for example, the mystery pageant annually produced by the Grey Friars at Coventry.

In the pseudo-gospel, the tree which bows to Mary is a palm; as Child has noted: "The truly popular carol would be sure to adapt the fruit to its own soil", and so in England and America the tree is always a cherry.

A feature found in American texts, but unknown to English versions, is the matter of Jesus' birthday. As Sharp has pointed out, the date usually given is old Christmas day, that is, January 5, 6 or 7; according to one period or another of calendar revision: from 1752-1799, Old Christmas was January 5, in 1800 a day was dropped, making it January 6, and finally in 1900 another day was dropped, making it January 7. We might deduce from this that Jean Ritchie's version, mentioning "the sixth day of January", is traceable to a 17th century text.

The ballad is still widely sung in England and America, and has been collected in Scotland as well. The texts in most cases are very similar, having been standardized in tradition by its many appearances in popular print (it was frequently published in penny carol books and on broadsheets during the 19th century.)

Jean's version was learned from the singing of her Uncle Jason.

For additional texts and information, see:
Dean-Smith, p. 57;
Greig & Keith, pp. 44-45; Sharp, pp. 90-94;
Brown Collection, Volume I, pp. 61-3;

SIDE IV, Band 2: EDWARD
(Child #81)

The high esteem in which Child held this ballad is stated in his introductory notes: "Edward...has ever been regarded as one of the noblest and most stering specimens of the popular ballad. "Such praise is certainly deserved, for the ballad, employing throughout a simple dialogue device, builds to a climactic emotional peak perhaps unsurpassed in any other Child ballad.

"Edward" is known throughout the Northern European countries, the dialogue form being maintained in every instance. Since Child's time most reported texts do not implicate the mother in the crime, which in almost every case is fratricide (rather than patricide) in the Child B text. In his full length study of the ballad ("Edward and Ewen I Rosengard", Chicago, 1931), Archer Taylor concludes that the fratricide factor relates recent findings to the earliest British texts, from which the Scandinavian forms of the ballad stem.

The excellence of the ballad has resulted in an attack being made upon its traditional character by a number of scholars who point out that Percy's version (Child A text) is most assuredly a conscious art rather than folk creation. The wide appearance of this stering ballad from authentic oral tradition in recent years should serve to answer the critics; Percy's text not withstanding, the ballad is certainly a gem of tradition.

The ballad has been collected rather frequently in America. Until recently it had been unreported in Britain for over a Century; two excellent versions have been collected in Aberdeenshire in the past few years and an English version from Hampshire was reported in 1935.

Jean Ritchie's version, learned from her sisters Patsy, Edna, Una and Mary (who learned it at the Hindman Settlement school), is similar to most versions collected in the Southern Appalachians, differing only in the omission of any reason being stated for the commission of the crime, which would normally appear after stanza 3.

For additional texts and information, see:
Child, Volume I, p. 167 ff; Coffin, pp. 15-46;
An Italian counterpart, "L'Avvelenato", has been reported in print early in the 17th century; the earliest English-language text appearing at the end of the 18th century. Still very much alive in oral tradition in both Britain and America, it has been subject to much study, mostly concerning the name of the hero, which varies greatly from version to version. In America, the hero's noble title is never as aggressive in American texts as in British versions. The expression "they cost me deep in the purse" (when the lord is telling of his two swords) appears only in one of Child's texts, though it appears almost universally in American texts (it is not found in Jean Ritchie's version). The attempt to bribe the page and the suggestion of a past affair between the bedmates appear nowhere in America though found frequently in Child's texts.

Jean's version, learned from her Uncle Jason, appears to be a fascinating Kentucky reworking of one of the oldest British texts for it follows Child's text (from two 17th century English drolleries) very closely. Even the odd place name "Bucklesfordberry" is retained in the Kentucky text nearly 300 years after it first turns up in Britain! But there is no doubt about the traditional nature of Uncle Jason's text, for almost every line contains changes, emendations and additions of a vital oral tradition.

For additional texts and information, see:

SIDE I, Band 1: *THE UNQUIET GRAVE*  
(Child #70)

Oh, twvo
A. they
She said, rake back the
So
There's one in your
Oh the devil come
SIDE
The
e.

SIDE I, Band 3: *SWEET WILLIAM AND LADY MARGARET*  
(Child #74)

Sweet William arose one May morning
And he dressed himself in blue;
We want you to tell us something
That long love between Lady Margaret and you.
Well I know nothing about Lady Margaret's love.
And I know that she don't love me
But tomorrow mornin' at eight
Lady Margaret my bride shall see,
But tomorrow mornin' at eight o'clock
Lady Margaret my bride shall see.

Lady Margaret was standin' in her own hall door
A-combin' down her hair
When who should she spy but sweet William and his bride
And the lawyers a-riding by.
Oh she threw down her ivory comb
Bound her hair in silk,
And she stepped out of her own hall door
To never return any more
Yes, she stepped out of her own hall door
To never return anymore.

SIDE I, Band 2: *LITTLE DEVILS*  
(Child #678)

There was an old man, he lived near hell,
(Whistle)
He had a little farm and upon it did dwell,
Sing hi oh rattle ding day.

Oh the devil come to his one day at his plough,
There's one in your family I have to have now.

Oh its neither your son nor your daughter I crave,
It's your old scoldin' wife and It's her I must have.

So he hobbet her up all on his back,
And like a bold pedlar went a-packin' his pack.

As they drew near the high gates of hell,
Said, rake back the coals, boys, and we'll roast her well.

Oh two little devils come a-rattlin' their chains,
She hauled her cudgel and knocked out their brains.

Two more little devils peeped over the door,
She hauled her cudgel killed ninety-nine more.

Two more little devils peeped over the wall,
Said, take her back daddy or she'll kill us all.

So he hobbet her up all on his back,
And like a bold pedlar went a-packin' her back.

Here's your old scoldin' wife and it's her I won't have,
She ain't fit for Heaven, she shan't stay in Hell.

He called his merry men to his side
And counted one, two, three,
And the last one of them go ask of my bride.
Lady Margaret I might go and see.
Well he rode and he rode to Miss Lady Margaret's hall.
Tingled all on the ring
No one was so ready as Lady Margaret's brother.
To rise and welcome him in,
No one was so ready as Lady Margaret's brother.
To rise and welcome him in.

Oh is she in her garden he asked him
Or is she in her hall
Or is she in the upper parlor
Amongst those ladies all
She neither is in her garden he answered,
She neither is in her hall
But yonder she lies in her cold coffin
That's a-sitting by the side of the wall.
But yonder she lies in her cold coffin
That's a-sitting by the side of the wall.

Fold down, fold down them milk-white sheets,
They're made of linen so fine,
Tonight they shall hang o'er my Lady Margaret's corpse
But tomorrow they shall hang over mine
Yes, fold down, fold down them milk-white sheets
Made of linen so fine
May I go and kiss then cold clay lips
For they oftentimes have kissed mine
May I go and kiss then clay cold lips
For they oftentimes have kissed mine.

Well first he kissed her on her lips
And then he kissed her chin,
And then he kissed her clay cold lips
Which crushed his heart within.
Lady Margaret she died as it might be today,
Sweet William he died too,
And out of her grave there sprung a red rose
And out of his a brier,
And out of her grave there sprung a red rose
And out of his a brier.

They grew and they grew to the steeples top
They could not grow no higher,
And there they tied a true lover's knot
For all young people to admire.
And there they tied a true lover's knot
For all young people to admire.

SIDE I, Band 4: *THERE LIVED AN OLD LORD*  
(Child #10)

There lived an old lord by the Northern Sea,
Bow down
There lived an old lord by the Northern Sea,
Bow your bend to me,
There lived an old lord by the Northern Sea,
And he had daughters one, two, three,
I'll be true to my love
If my love be true to me.

A young man came a-courting there,
And he took his choice of the youngest fair.

He gave this youngest a beaver hat,
The oldest she thought little of that.
He gave this youngest a gay gold ring,
The eldest not one single thing.
Oh sister, oh sister, let's us walk out,
And see those little ships go sailing about.
As they walked down by the salty brim,
The oldest pushed that youngest in.
Oh sister, oh sister, lend me your hand,
And you shall have my dowry land.
I'll neither lend you my hand nor glove,
But I will have your own true love.
Oh down she sank and away she swam,
Into the miller's dam she ran.
He robbed her of her gay gold ring,
And then he pushed her in again.
The miller was hanged at his own millgate,
The oldest sister was burned at the stake.

SIDE I, Band 5: THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL (Child #79)
There lived a wife at Usher's Well,
And a wealthy wife was she;
She had three strong and stalwart sons
And she sent them o'er the sea.
They hadn't been gone but a week from her,
But a week and only one;
When word was sent to this wealthy wife
That her sons were dead and gone.
They hadn't been gone three weeks from her,
Three weeks and only three,
When word was sent to this wealthy wife
That her sons she'd never see.
She prayed the wind would never cease,
Nor troubles in the flood,
Till her three sons came home to her
In their own flesh and blood.

It feel about the Martinmas time,
When nights are long and dark,
This wife's three sons came home to her
With robes all shining bright.

Blow up the fire my maidens fair,
Bring waters from the well,
For we shall have a merry, merry feast
Since my three sons are well.
Oh it's she has made for them a bed,
She made it large and wide,
And placed her mantle over them all
And sat down at their side.
The cock he chaffed his wings and crowed.
Before the break of day;
The eldest to the youngest said:
It's time we were a-way.
The cock doth crow, the day doth dawn,
The merry birds doth chide,
We shall be missed out of our place
And we must go no longer hide.
Lie still, lie still, but a little while,
Lie still but if we may,
If our mother misses us when she wakes up
She'll go and o'er the break of day.

SIDE II, Band 1: CHERRY TREE CAROL
(Child #24)
When Joseph were an old man
And an old man were he,
He courted the Virgin Mary
And the queen of Galilee.
He courted the Virgin Mary
And the queen of Galilee.

Joseph and Mary
Out a-walkin' one day
Here is apples and cherries
So fair to behold
Here is apples and cherries
So fair to behold.
Mary spoke to Joseph
And to Joseph said she
Oh go and gather me some cherries
For I am with child
Said go and gather me some cherries
For I am with child.

Joseph flew in angry,
And in angry flew he
Said, let the father of the baby
Gather cherries for you
Said, let the father of the baby
Gather cherries for you.

Then up spoke Lord Jesus
From His mother's womb,
Said, how low, low cherry tree
Bow low to the ground
Said, bow low, low cherry tree,
Bow you low down to the ground.

Then the cherry tree bowed low down
Low down to the ground
And Mary gathered cherries
While Joseph stood around
And Mary gathered cherries
While Joseph stood around.

Then Joseph took Mary
All on his right knee
And said, tell me, tell me, tell me
When your birthday will be
Said, tell me, tell me, tell me
When your birthday will be.

On the sixth day of January
My birthday will be
When the stars in the elements
Doth tremble with glee
When the stars in the elements
Doth tremble with glee.

SIDE II, Band 2: EDWARD (Child #13)
How came that blood on your shirt sleeve
Oh dear love, tell me.
Well it is the blood of the old grey mare
That ploughed the fields for me,-me,-me,-me
That ploughed the fields for me.

It does look too pale for the old grey mare
That plowed the fields for thee,-thee,-thee,-thee
That plowed the fields for thee.

How came that blood on your shirt sleeve
Oh dear love, tell me.
Oh it is the blood of the old grey mare
That chased the fox for me,-me,-me,
That chased the fox for me.
It does look too pale for the old grey hound
That chased the fox for thee,-thee,-thee,-thee,
That chased the fox for thee.

How came that blood on your shirt sleeve
Oh dear love, tell me.

SIDE II, Band 3: GENTLE FAIR JENNY
(Child #277)
I married me a wife and took her home,
Gentle Fair Jenny, fair Rosy Marie,
I oftentimes wished that I'd let her alone
As the dev flies over the green valley.

All in my kitchen she would not use,
For fear of spoiling her new cloth shoes.

First day at noon I come in from the plow,
My dearest wife is my dinner ready now.

There's a little piece of corn bread
layin' on the shelf,
If you want anymore you can cook it yourself.

Second day at noon I come in from the plow,
My dearest wife, is my dinner ready now.

Get out of here your dirty thief,
If you want any dinner you can cook it yourself.

I got my knife and went out to the barn,
I cut me a hickory as long as my arm.
I took my limb and I went back,
Around her back I made it crack.
I'll tell my father and all of my kin,
You whipped me with a hickory limb.

You can tell your father and all your kin
I whipped you once and I'll whip you again.

SIDE II, Band 4: LORD RANDALL
(Child #12)
Oh where have you been, Lord Randall my son,
Oh where have you been, my handsome young one?
I've been to the wildwood, mother make my bed soon.
For I'm weary with hunting and I fain would lie down.

Where did you get dinner, Lord Randall my son,
Where did you get dinner, my handsome young man?
I dined with my true love, mother make my bed soon.
For I'm weary with hunting and I fain would lie down.

What did you eat for your dinner, Lord Randall my son,
What did you eat for your dinner, my handsome young man?
I had eels boiled in broth, mother make my bed soon.
For I'm weary with hunting and I fain
would lie down.

What's become of your bloodhounds, Lord Randall my son,
What's become of your bloodhounds, my
handsome young man?
Oh they swelled and they died, mother
make my bed soon,
For I'm weary with hunting and I fain
would lie down.

Oh I fear you are poisoned, Lord Randall
my son, I fear you are poisoned, my handsome
young man.
Oh yes I am poisoned, mother make my
bed soon,
For I'm sick at my heart and I fain
would lie down.

What will you leave your old father, Lord
Randall my son, What will you leave your father, my
handsome young man?
My castle and land, mother make my bed
soon,
For I'm sick at my heart and I fain
would lie down.

What'll you leave your old mother, Lord
Randall my son, What'll you leave your old mother, my
handsome young man?
My gold and my silver, mother make my
bed soon,
For it's now I am dying and I got to
lie down.

I have a bower at the Bucklesfordberry,
It's dainty and it's nice, If you'll go in a-thither, my little
Mugrave,
You can sleep in my arms all night, If you etc.

I cannot go in a-thither, said little
Mugrave,
I cannot for my life, For I know by the rings on your little
fingers,
You are Lord Arnol's wife, For I etc.

But if I am Lord Arnol's wife, Lord
Arnol he is not home, He is gone unto the academy
Some language for to learn,
He is etc.

Quoth he, I thank you, fair lady, For this kindness you show to me,
And whether it be to my weal or my woe
This night I will lodge with thee, And whether etc.

All this was heard by a little footpage,
By his lady's coach as he ran, Says he, I am my lady's footpage,
I will be Lord Arnol's man, Says he etc.

Then he cast off his hose and shoes,
Set down his feet and he ran, And where the bridges were broken down,
He smote his breast and he swam, And where etc.

Awake, awake now, Lord Arnol,
As thou art a man of life, Little Mugrave is at the Bucklesford
berry
Along with your wedded wife, Little Mugrave etc.

If this be true, my little footpage,
This thing thou tellest to me,
Then all the land in the Bucklesford
berry
I freely will give it to thee,
Then etc.

But if it be a lie, thou little
footpage,
This thing thou tellest to me,
On the highest tree in the Bucklesford
berry
It's a-hanged thou shall't be
On the etc.

He called up his merry men all,
Come saddl to me my steed,
This night I am away to the Buckles
forbury For I never had greater need
This night etc.

Some men they whistled and some they
sang, And some of them did say,
Whenever Lord Arnol's horn doth blow,
Away, Mugrave, away,
Whenever Lord etc.

I think I hear the noisy cock,
I think I hear the say, I think I hear Lord Arnol's horn:
Away, Mugrave, away,
I think etc.

LIE STILL, LIE STILL, MY LITTLE
Mugrave,
LIE STILL WITH ME TILL MORN,
Tis but my father's shepherd boy A-calling' his sheep with his horn,
It is etc.

He hugged her up all in his arms
And soon they fell asleep,
And when they awoke at ear-lie dawn
Lord Arnol stood at the bedfeet, And when etc.