To You With Love

AMERICAN FOLK SONGS
—For Women

Herta Marshall

Sings, With Guitar

I Will Never Marry
Buttermilk Hill
Riddle Song
Fare Thee Well
Turtle Dove
Willow Garden
Come All Ye Fair And Tender Ladies
Pretty Saro
Who's Gonna Shoe Your Pretty Little Foot
Shady Grove
South Coast
When I Lay Down And Die-Do-Die

FOLKWAYS RECORDS
And Service Corporation NYC, USA

Photograph: Bernard Cole / Cover Design: Ronald Clyne
Although all of the songs recorded here by Herta Marshall have reference to some phase of her life, two have special meaning -- Shady Grove, which she remembers from her adolescent days in the time when she visited her grandmother in the country near where she was born and raised, Delaware and Washington, D.C. And Come All Ye Fair and Tender Ladies, "dedicated to my two beautiful teen-age daughters." For the two younger children - they may have their choice.

Herta began folk singing on a tour with Burl Ives and learned to accompany herself on the guitar.

Later she joined such artists as Woody Guthrie and Will Geer combining singing and acting. With David Marshall she toured the country in "Folklore USA" and elicited this comment: "Herta Marshall brings to the stage a repertoire of many folksongs ....some familiar.......her voice soars into tonal areas rare indeed to the realm of the ballader .... A fresh uninhibited quality sorely needed in this art form."

She has worked in films and is featured in the soon to be released "Catskill Story" produced by Jules Schwerin.
COME ALL YE FAIR AND TENDER LADIES

Come all ye fair and tender ladies,
Be careful how you court young men -
They're like a star of a summer evening,
They first appear and then they're gone.

They'll tell to you some loving story,
They'll pretend to you their love is true --
Straightway they'll go and court some other,
And that's the love they'll have for you.

I wish I was some little sparrow,
That I had wings could fly so high -
I'd fly away to my false true lover,
And when he's talking I'd be nigh.

If I had known before I courted,
I never would have courted none -
I'd have locked my heart in a box of golden,
And pinned it up with a silver pin.

PRETTY SARO

Down in some lone valley in a lonesome place
Where the wild birds do whistle and their notes do increase,
Farewell pretty Saro I bid you adieu;
And I'll dream of pretty Saro wherever I go.

My love, she won't have me so I understand
She wants a free holder who owns house and land,
I cannot maintain her with silver nor gold
Nor buy all the fine things a big house can hold.

If I were a merchant and could write a fine hand
I'd write my love a letter that she'd understand,
I'd write it by the river where the water over flow:
And I'll dream of pretty Saro wherever I go.

WHO'S GONNA SHOE YOUR PRETTY LITTLE FOOT

Who's gonna shoe your pretty little foot
Who's gonna glove your hand
And who's gonna kiss your red ruby lips
When I'm in that far off land?
Ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah.

The pretty little birds do choose sad songs
And they sing a roundalay
They sing a sad little goodbye song
Cause they know that I'm goin' away.
Ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah.

Now when my lips are smilin'
My heart is full of pain
Cause I know when they send me to that far off land
I may never see you again.
Ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah.

SHADY GROVE

Cheeks as red as a bloomin rose,
Eyes of the deepest brown,
You are the darlin' of my heart
Stay til the sun goes down.

CHORUS:
Shady grove my true love
Shady grove I know,
Shady grove my little love
Bound for the shady grove.

Went to see my Shady grove
Standin' in the door,
Shoes and stockin's in her hand
Little bare feet on the floor.

CHORUS:
Wisht I had a big white horse
Corn to feed him on,
Pretty little girl to stay at home
Feed him when I'm gone.

SOUTH COAST

My name is Juan Hano Di Castro
My father was a Spanish Grandee
But I won my wife in a card game --
The hell with those lords o'er the sea.

CHORUS
O the South Coast the wild coast and lonely,
You may win at a game of Olan;
But the lion still rules the Barrancas
And a man there is always alone.

I sat in a card game at Olan,
I played with a fellow named Juan,
And after I'd won his money
He staked all against his daughter Dawn.

I picked up the ace -- I had won her;
My heart which was down to my feet
Jumped up to my throat in a hurry
Like a young summer's day she was sweet.

CHORUS
He went to the door of the kitchen,
He called the girl out with a curse,
Said take her God Damn you, you've won her
She's yours now for better or worse.

I saddled my pony at daybreak
We rode thru the hills to the south;
Not a word did I get from her that day
Nor a kiss from her pretty red mouth,

Her arms had to tighten around me
As we rode down the trail to the coast;
She soon loved the orchards and valleys
But I knew that she loved me the most.

That was a gay happy winter,
I carved on a cradle of pine
With a fire in our neat little shanty
And I sang with that gay wife of mine.

Then I got caught in a land slide
Crushed hip and twice broken bone;
She saddled our pony like lightning
And rode off thru the night all alone.
A lion screamed in the Barrancas
Buck bolted and fell on the slide;
My young wife lay dead in the moonlight
My heart died that night with my bride.

(CHORUS)

SIDE I, Band 6: WHEN I LAY DOWN AND DIE
DO DIE

When I lay down and die do die
Bury me where he passes by.

He turned my love right into hate,
That's why I this sad tale relate.

It wasn't for gold he turned me down
Cause I wouldn't live in a city town.

That other girl, maybe she didn't rob
Livin with some men is the devil's own job.

He turned my love to hate instead
And I'll still be hatin' when I'm dead.

When I lay down and die do die
Bury me where he passes by.

SIDE II, Band 3: RIDDLE SONG

I gave my love a cherry it had no stone
I gave my love a chicken, it had no bone
I told my love a story it had no end
I gave my love a baby, with no cryin'!

How can there be a cherry that has no stone
How can there be a chicken that has no bone
Whoever heard a story without any end
How can there be a baby with no cryin'!

A cherry when it's bloomin' will have no stone
A chicken when it's pippin' will have no bone
The story of I Love You will never end
A baby when it's sleepin', there's no cryin'.

SIDE II, Band 4: FARE THEE WELL

If I had wings like Noah's dove,
I'd fly up the river to the one I love;
Fare thee well, oh honey, fare thee well!

Early one mornin' twas a drizzlin' rain,
And around my heart I felt an achin' pain;
Fare thee well, oh honey, fare thee well!

I had a man he was long and tall,
And he moved his body like a cannon ball;
Fare thee well, oh honey, fare thee well!

One of these mornins and it won't be long,
You're gonna call my name and I'll be gone;
Fare thee well, oh honey, fare thee well!

If I had listened to what my mother said,
I'd have been at home in my mother's bed;
Fare thee well, oh honey, fare thee well!

SIDE II, Band 5: TURTLE DOVE

Oh don't you see yon little turtle dove,
sittin' under a mulberry tree?
See how that she doth mourn for her true love
As I my love shall mourn for thee,
as I shall mourn for thee.

Now fare thee well, my little turtle dove,
oh fare thee well for a while,
For tho I go I will surely come again
If I go ten thousand miles my dear,
if I go ten thousand miles.

Ten thousand miles is very far away,
for you to go from me,
You leave me to lament and weep a day,
My tears you shall not see, my dear,
my tears you shall not see.
The crow that's black my little turtle dove,

I changed its color white,

And now he waits for his own dear son

I threw her in the river which was a dreadful sight.

The hills shall fly my little Turtle dove,

I made a bloody knife,

Lo hell's now waitin' for me,

The noon day shall be night.

Doth change its color white,

If I would murder the girl that I loved

Who his own garden gate

And now he sits by his own garden gate

And murdered the girl that I loved

My race is run beneath the sun

Bottles of Buckwars

She rose in the river which was a dreadful sight.

And murdered the girl that I loved

Whose name was Rose Connelly.

I stabbed her with a dagger which was a bloody knife,

T'was there we sat a - 'courtin'

But now he sits by his own garden gate

For I have murdered the girl that I loved

My father often told me that money would set me free

Upon the scaffold so high.

Whose name was Rose Connelly.

If I would murder the girl that I loved.