Folk Songs of Maine

Sung by Sandy Ives accompanying himself on guitar

Edited by Kenneth S. Goldstein

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FOLKSONGS OF MAINE
sung by SANDY IVES

AN INTRODUCTORY NOTE
by SANDY IVES

I have taken the liberty of limiting the word Northeast to Maine, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island, because these are the areas with which I am well-acquainted (although I feel that Nova Scotia and Newfoundland should be included too). It can easily be extended to include New Hampshire, Vermont, parts of Quebec, and even southern New England. But the Maine-Maritimes area is its center.

Let us take Maine as typical of the whole Northeast. Basically Maine was (and still is, largely) the woods and the seacoast -- the big spruce and pine coming right down to the rocky, many-harborred coast. As the settlers came -- the English, Scotch, Irish, and, of course, the French -- they began fishing and cutting timber (especially mast timber at first). Slowly the land was cleared back and men started farming; even today, Maine is a state of many small farms, and there are few urban areas of any size. But always there have been the woods and the sea, and they have given Maine its unique character.

A young man of the last century who wanted to get away from the farm could go in two directions: to the woods or the sea. If he went to sea, he might ship on board one of the Maine clippers like the RED JACKET out of Rockland, or, at a slightly later date, on one of the "down-easters." Or he might become a fishermen, sailing to the Bay Chaleur, the Labrador coast, or one of the "banks," like the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, Georges Bank, or the Sable Island Bank. If, on the other hand, our young man decided to go into the woods, he would hire on in the fall and spend the whole winter "whaling down the pine," hauling it out and landing it on the ice of a lake or the bank of a stream. Then in the spring he might hire as a driver. Here his job would be to break up the landings and take the drive down through the rivers and lakes to the sawmills. In former years there were big long-log drives on most of the Maine rivers: the Androscoggin, the Kennebec, the Piscataqua (the greatest of all), the Union, the Machias, the St. Croix. Today, all the drives are of four-foot pulpwood; only on the Machias can one still see sawlogs driven, and even this drive is a shadow of what was.

Anyone who collects songs in Maine and the Maritimes is struck by the homogeneity of the material. With the exception of the many local songs, a song that is known in Maine will also be known in New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island and, what is more, often to the same tune. Horace Beck pointed this out in an article in Midwest Folklore ("Folk Song Affiliations of Maine," VT: 155-166), and he also pointed out that the general drift of these songs is from the Maritimes to Maine. This he explains, quite correctly, by the fact that people from the Maritimes tended to settle in Maine more than people from Maine tended to settle in the Maritimes. New Brunswickers and "P.I.'s" came to Maine to work in the woods and in the mills; further there was a constant exchange among fishermen, as Maine vessels often put in to Maritime ports.

With the exception of the shanties, which were work songs, these songs were sung for fun. Often at a party, everyone present would be required to perform in some manner: sing a song, step-dance, play a fiddle-tune, recite, or tell a story. Certain songs also often became associated with certain people,
and one will hear of a song, "That's Bill's song." On board ship, the men would sing when they were off duty in the forecastle; hence the name "forecastle song" for any song sung on shipboard that was not a chanty. In the woods, the men would sing after supper. Often there would be one or two men in camp who were known as singers and they would likely do most of the entertaining in this line. But anyone who could sing was welcome to try. One man in particular I recall hearing described as one who "couldn't sing worth a damn, but he knew a lot of songs and was always willing."

A few notes on the manner of singing. With one exception, all the songs I have found were sung unaccompanied. Further, I have had singers insist that this is the way they were meant to be sung, and old singers are sometimes made uncomfortable by hearing the songs sung to any accompaniment. The rhythm is what is called rubato parlando, the singer moving faster or slower as the words seem to demand, holding a note unexpectedly, "hitching," and using grace notes plentiful. The delivery is generally described as "flat" and "undramatic" and these words are adequate as far as they go in indicating that no obvious dramatics or dynamics are used. Yet I often wish for some other words, because to hear some of these singers is to gain a new concept of dynamics and a new understanding of the dramatic. A good singer (not every singer by any means) has a feeling for the rise and fall of his story, and he builds up to the climax and moves away from it in a way that I find very exciting, even though I can neither explain nor duplicate it. The spoken ending, i.e. the speaking of the last word, phrase, or even line, seems to be peculiar common on the dance floor, and it is also notes that:

"Ima nigh unto Pigwacket upon the eighth of May; They spied a rebel Indian soon after break of day; He on a bank was standing, upon a neck of land, That leads into a pond as we're made to understand. Then up spoke Captain Lovewell, "Take you good heed," said he.

"This rogue is to decoy us I very plainly see. Let us march in order, each man leave his pack, That we might better fight them when they make their attack."

Then having scalped this Indian, they went back to the spot Where they had left their packs, but there they found them not

For the Indians having spied them when they them down did lay, Did take them for their plunder and carry them away.

The Indians lay in ambush in a spot nearby, And one of the British soldiers did one of them espy, And cried out, "There's an Indian!" At that they started out; As hideously as lions they fearfully did shout.

Then up spoke Captain Lovewell, when first the fight began;

"Fight on, my gallant heroes, you see them fall like rain."

As we are informed, the Indians were so thick A man could scarcely fire a shot and not some of them hit.

"I'wa s ten o'clock in the morning when first the fight began, And fiercely did continue until the set of sun; And then those rebel Indians, about the hour of night, Did draw off in the bushes and cease then for to fight."

But still our valiant English 'til midnight did remain To see whether those Indians would have a fight again; But they no more returning, they started for their home, And carried off their wounded as far as they could come.

Now worthy Captain Lovewell among then there did die; They killed Lieutenant Robbins and wounded young good Frye. He was our English chaplain, he many Indians slew, And some of them he scalped while bullets round him flew.

Young Pullam too I'll mention because he fought so well; Endeavorsing to save a man a sacrifice he fell. And yet our valiant English in fight were ne'er dismayed, But bravely kept their order and Wyman captain made.

Who killed the old chief Paugus and did the foe defeat, Then put his men in order and brought off the retreat; Then braving many dangers and hardships by the way, They all arrived at Dunstable the thirteenth day of May.
The Aroostook War of 1839, resulting from a boundary dispute between Maine and New Brunswick, appears to have inspired the creation of at least three songs, though it is unknown at this late date whether any of these ever had any currency in tradition.

The war seems to have been set off by the seizure of a Maine land agent by some armed New Brunswickers on the night of February 12, 1839. The Lieutenant Governor of New Brunswick issued a proclamation stating that the province had been invaded, and called for a draft of soldiers. The Maine governor regarded this as a declaration of war, and, under orders from him, a large number of Maine men took up arms. The war, however, appears to have been a bloodless one. Within five days of the original incident, two New Brunswick officials were captured and brought to Bangor. By April, negotiations resulted in the withdrawal of Maine troops, and the question was finally settled by the Webster-Ashburton Treaty of 1842.

This song was learned from Roland P. Gray's SONGS AND BALLADS OF THE MAINE LUMBERJACKS, 1924, pp. 156-157. Gray reports that these verses were found among the papers of a Colonel Charles Jarvis, of Ellsworth, Maine, who had been appointed by the Maine governor to take over the position of the kidnapped Maine land agent in 1839. It is believed that one of the Maine soldiers wrote these lines while sitting at a campfire shortly after the kidnapping incident. No tune was given for this song, and the singer has supplied his own.

**Aroostook War Song**

Ye soldiers of Maine,
Your bright weapons prepare:
On your frontier's arising
The clouds of grim war.

Your country's invaded,
Invaded the soil
That your fathers have purchased
With life and blood and toll.

Then "Hail the British!"
Does anyone cry?
"Move not the old landmarks,"
The settlers reply.

"Move not the old landmarks,"
The scriptures enjoin,
For our sons of Columbia
Are west of the line.

**The Miramichi Fire**

The Miramichi River, second longest river in New Brunswick (and one of the greatest salmon rivers in the world), is the largest river to lie entirely within the boundaries of that province. It has two main branches: the 'Sou'west', which begins well above Boiestown, is the largest, and has a tradition of lumbering second only to that of Maine's Penobscot; the 'Nor'west' rises in upper Northumberland County and flows generally south and east, joining the 'Sou'west' just above the great lumbering and shipbuilding port of Newcastle. A few miles below Newcastle, on the south side of the river, is Chatham, another great lumber and shipping port. Below this the river broadens out into Miramichi Bay.

The story told in the ballad of "The Miramichi Fire" is extremely accurate. The fall of 1825 is reported to have been a very dry one, and there were many serious fires in both New Brunswick and Maine.

The ballad was found printed (perhaps as a broadside) on an old sheet of paper, in a trunk in a house in Shannon, in the 1930s, reportedly written by one Thomas M. Jordan shortly after fire. The song was well known all over the Northeast, and many singers from whom Sandy Ives has collected could remember fragmentary verses of the song. Ives finally collected a rather complete version from "Long Joe" Doucette from the little Acadian fishing village of Mininigash (Ebbsfleet), Prince Edward Island. In his guitar accompaniment, Ives has tried to reproduce 'Long Joe's' beating time heavily with his foot, and sings 10 of the 14 stanzas learned from Long Joe (the printed version referred to above contained 21 stanzas).

**The Miramichi Fire**

This is the truth that I now tell you
Part of which my eyes did see;
What did happen to the people
On the banks of the Miramichi.

Seventh evening of October,
Eighteen hundred twenty-five,
Two hundred people died by fire,
It scorch'd those that did survive.

Some said it was because the people's
Sins did raise like mountains high,
They did ascend up to Jehovah;
He would not see and justify.

In order to destroy their lumber
And the country to distress,
He sent a fire in a whirlwind
From the howling wilderness.

'Twas on the Nor'west first discovered,
Twenty-two men there did die;
Then it passed across the meadows,
To Newcastle it did fly.

While the people were all sleeping
Fire seized upon the town;
Fire and handsome were the buildings,
They soon tumbled to the ground.

Burnt three ships that they were building
And two more at anchor lay,
Many that did see that fire
Thought it was the Judgement Day.

Then it passed on to Black River
Where it did kill sixty more;
Then it made its way with fury
'Till it reached the briny shore.

Forty-two miles by one hundred
This great fire did extend;
All was done within eight hours,
Not exceeding over ten.

Killed the wild beasts of the forest
And in the rivers all the fish;
Such another awful fire
To see again I do not wish.

**Aroostook War Song**

Ye soldiers of Maine,
Your bright weapons prepare:
On your frontier's arising
The clouds of grim war.

Your country's invaded,
Invaded the soil
That your fathers have purchased
With life and blood and toll.

Then "Hail the British!"
Does anyone cry?
"Move not the old landmarks,"
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**Santy Anna**

This capstan shanty (sung while heaving at the capstan bar, in raising the anchor) was one of the most popular sung by both American and British seamen. Unlike most shanties, which are almost impossible to date with any accuracy, Santy Anna, by nature of its historical references, can pretty safely be dated to shortly after our war with Mexico (1846-1848).

Why Santa Anna should emerge as a hero and Zachary Taylor a coward in an American shanty presents a fascinating problem to students of folk history. Santa Anna's stirring defense of Buena Vista, and the general failure of Taylor's campaign in Northern Mexico at the beginning of the war apparently made a deep impression, for, though Santa Anna's forces were decisively defeated at a later date, the folk chose to immortalize him for his temporary victory during the early stages of the war.

The version given here is essentially as cited in Joanna C. Colcord's SONGS OF AMERICAN SAILOR MEN, 1938, pp. 94-95, as having been the final shanty sung on board the last whaling ship to return to New Bedford.
Then slowly she sank 'neath Virginia's dark waters, Their voices on earth shall never be heard more; They'll be wept by Columbia's brave sons and fair daughters, May their blood be avenged on Virginia's shore. In their battle-stained graves they are silently lying, Their souls have forever to each bade adieu; But the star-spangled banner above them was flying, It was nailed to the mast by the CUMBERLAND crew.

SIDE I, Band 6: THE STATELY SOUTHERNER

Several broadsides and orally circulated ballads concerning the feats of John Paul Jones, America's leading naval hero of the Revolutionary War, sprung up on both sides of the Atlantic in the days when Jones harried British warships in their own home waters. One of the best of these songs describes an incident in which the Ranger, a fast privateer built on Badger's Island, Maine, and commanded by John Paul Jones, made a foray into British waters where it suddenly encountered a British warship of vastly superior size and guns; the ballad proceeds to describe the escape of the faster and more maneuverable Ranger.

When a Yankee built ship should have been referred to as "the Statey Southerner" has puzzled numerous collectors who have come across the song. William Doerflinger, in his SHANTYMEN and SHANTYBOYS, 1951, pp. 131-133, gives the explanation that the term was first applied not to the ship but to Jones, who had settled in Virginia after having been born in Scotland.

The version given here was learned from Eckstorm & Smyth's MISTRESLEY OF MAINE, 1927, pp. 209 ff. as taken down from the singing of Captain Archie S. Spurling, of Islesford, Maine, in 1949. Mr. Ives has omitted various stanzas (without affecting the ballad story), and has substituted the last two lines for those found in Spurling's version.

THE STATELY SOUTHERNER

'Tis of a stately southerner that carried the stripes and stars, A whistling wind from west or west blew through her pitch-pine spars; Her starboard tack once he'd give us grog this dead day; We thought we heard the old man say, 

Away, Santy Anna, Away, Santy Anna, He'd gi ve us grog this dead day; I thought I heard the old man say, Away, Santy Anna, He'd give us grog this dead day;

Oh, Santy Anna, Oh, Santy Anna, He'd give us grog this dead day; I thought I heard the old man say, Away, Santy Anna, He'd give us grog this dead day;

Away, Santy Anna, Away, Santy Anna, He'd give us grog this dead day; I thought I heard the old man say, Away, Santy Anna, He'd give us grog this dead day;

Away, Santy Anna, Away, Santy Anna, He'd give us grog this dead day; I thought I heard the old man say, Away, Santy Anna, He'd give us grog this dead day;

Away, Santy Anna, Away, Santy Anna, He'd give us grog this dead day; I thought I heard the old man say, Away, Santy Anna, He'd give us grog this dead day;

Away, Santy Anna, Away, Santy Anna, He'd give us grog this dead day; I thought I heard the old man say, Away, Santy Anna, He'd give us grog this dead day;

Away, Santy Anna, Away, Santy Anna, He'd give us grog this dead day; I thought I heard the old man say, Away, Santy Anna, He'd give us grog this dead day;

Away, Santy Anna, Away, Santy Anna, He'd give us grog this dead day; I thought I heard the old man say, Away, Santy Anna, He'd give us grog this dead day;

Away, Santy Anna, Away, Santy Anna, He'd give us grog this dead day; I thought I heard the old man say, Away, Santy Anna, He'd give us grog this dead day;

Away, Santy Anna, Away, Santy Anna, He'd give us grog this dead day; I thought I heard the old man say, Away, Santy Anna, He'd give us grog this dead day;

Away, Santy Anna, Away, Santy Anna, He'd give us grog this dead day; I thought I heard the old man say, Away, Santy Anna, He'd give us grog this dead day;

Away, Santy Anna, Away, Santy Anna, He'd give us grog this dead day; I thought I heard the old man say, Away, Santy Anna, He'd give us grog this dead day;

Away, Santy Anna, Away, Santy Anna, He'd give us grog this dead day; I thought I heard the old man say, Away, Santy Anna, He'd give us grog this dead day;

Away, Santy Anna, Away, Santy Anna, He'd give us grog this dead day; I thought I heard the old man say, Away, Santy Anna, He'd give us grog this dead day;

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Away, Santy Anna, Away, Santy Anna, He'd give us grog this dead day; I thought I heard the old man say, Away, Santy Anna, He'd give us grog this dead day;

Away, Santy Anna, Away, Santy Anna, He'd give us grog this dead day; I thought I heard the old man say, Away, Santy Anna, He'd give us grog this dead day;

Away, Santy Anna, Away, Santy Anna, He'd give us grog this dead day; I thought I heard the old man say, Away, Santy Anna, He'd give us grog this dead day;

Away, Santy Anna, Away, Santy Anna, He'd give us grog this dead day; I thought I heard the old man say, Away, Santy Anna, He'd give us grog this dead day;
The morning mist had just arisen that scarce obscured the shore,
A heavy fog hung o'er the land from Erin to Kingshore;
Paul Jones down in North Channel did steer, his sharp eye cut the spray.
We left that British ship astern soon after the break of day.

**SIDE II, Band 1: THE SHANTY BOYS**

This is one of the most widespread of all lumbering songs. Versions have been collected from Pennsylvania, Michigan, North Dakota, Wisconsin, New-

The days don't seem so long among the wavy pine;
We ought to hear our foreman, soon after the sun goes down,
"Put down your saws and ax, my boys, to the shanty we are bound.
Arriving at the shanty with wet and damp cold feet,
We all pull off our larrigans, our suppers for to eat;
We all play cards till nine o'clock, then into our bunks we climb--
To wear away the winter months a-whailing down the pine.

The ballad was written by Amos Hanson of Orleans, Maine. Hanson, a fisherman all of his life, was born in Penobscot and disappeared at sea in the 1850s. He had a reputation for making up songs and verses around town, and was known as a great character. "Penobscot boys", referred to in the first stanza, may be men from Penobscot town (on the Bagaduce River), or men from the Orland-

**SIDE II, Band 2: A TRIP TO THE GRAND BANKS**

Fishing schooners from New England frequently made (and still make) summer-long trips to the Grand Banks of Newfoundland to pull in rich harvests of cod, halibut and other food fish. The Yankee fishermen who made these trips joined in a spirit of comradeship and mutual interest rarely found aboard merchant ships.

The song tells how the Penobscot boys, who are anxious to earn; They'll fit out a fisherman a hundred tons or nigh, For the Grand Banks of Newfoundland their luck for to try.

Sailing down the river, the weather being fine, Our families and friends we leave far behind; We pass the Sabbe Island as we have done before, Where the waves dash tremendous on a storm-beaten shore.

A TRIP TO THE GRAND BANKS

Early in the spring when the snow is all gone, The Penobscot boys are anxious their money for to earn; They'll fit out a fisherman a hundred tons or nigh, For the Grand Banks of Newfoundland their luck for to try.

Sailing down the river, the weather being fine, Our families and friends we leave far behind; We pass the Sabbe Island as we have done before, Where the waves dash tremendous on a storm-beaten shore.

We make for the shoals and we make for the rocks, The bagduls and careys surround us in flocks; We drop our best anchor where the waves run so high, On the Grand Banks of Newfoundland for snapeyes to try.

Early in the spring when the snow is all gone, The Penobscot boys are anxious their money for to earn; They'll fit out a fisherman a hundred tons or nigh, For the Grand Banks of Newfoundland their luck for to try.

Sailing down the river, the weather being fine, Our families and friends we leave far behind; We pass the Sabbe Island as we have done before, Where the waves dash tremendous on a storm-beaten shore.

We make for the shoals and we make for the rocks, The bagduls and careys surround us in flocks; We drop our best anchor where the waves run so high, On the Grand Banks of Newfoundland for snapeyes to try.

Early in the morning before the break of day, We jump into our dories and saw, saw away; The snapeyes steal our bait and we cuss and we rave, And we swear if we get home again we'll give up the trade.

**Sandy Ives and some Riverdrivers on the Machias River.**
A Maine woods crew sixty years ago.

It's thus we pass the summer through dread and through fear,
Through fog-pulls and gales of wind and big ships passing near;
They sometimes run our schooners down and sink them in the deep--
The thought of such scenery is horrid to repeat.

Our salt is all wet but one half a pen,
Our colors we will show and the mainsail we will bend;
Wash her down, scrub the decks and the dories we will stow,
Then it's haul up the anchor, to the westward we go.

SIDE II, Band 3: THE BOYS OF THE ISLAND

Boys from the Island (Prince Edward Island) sometimes travelled into Maine looking for lumbering work, and, as frequently as not would be recognized for the greenhorns that they were by the clean, well-made homespun clothing that they wore. This song, describing the trials and tribulations of "the boys from the Island", was composed by Larry Gorman, himself an Island boy, and one of the best song-writers in the Northeast.

Gorman was born in Trout River (now Tyne Valley), Prince Edward Island, in 1846 and died in Brewer, Maine, in 1937. He had worked in the woods and on the drives in Miramichi, in Maine (especially on the Union River), and for a short while in New Hampshire. Everywhere he went he made up songs and poems about the people he worked for and with. People still remember him and his songs today. And he seems to have made as many enemies with his songs as he did friends, for many of his songs were biting-ly satirical.

This version was collected from Arthur Dalton in Rumford, Maine. Dalton, too, had been "a boy from the Island".

A 'kennebecker' (stanza 3) was a carpet bag. Timothy O'Leary, mentioned in stanza 7, was a well known Bangor policeman, an ex-river-driver himself, who had the best damn in the old 'Deveil's Half Acre', Haymarket Square in Bangor.

THE BOYS OF THE ISLAND

You sporting young fellows from Prince Edward Island,
Come listen to me and I'll tell you the truth;
From a lumberman's life it is my intention
To advise all young men and sensible youth.

Now the boys on the Island on the farms are not happy,
They say, "Let us go, we are doing no good."
Their minds are uneasy, continually crazy
For to get o'er to Bangor and work in the woods.

So a new suit of clothes is prepared for the journey,
A new pair of shoes made by Sherlock and Clark,
A fine kennebecker well stuffed with good homespun,
And then this young Island boy he does embark.

When he reaches Bangor, gets off at the station,
Old hushmen look on his all with a keen eye;
Take a look at the clothes that young fellow is wearing
And that will soon tell you he comes from P.I.

Now a lumberman's life is of short duration,
Made up of tobacco, bad whiskey and rum;
And according to scripture there's still the hereafter,
So the worst of our days, boys, is yet for to come.

Then up in the woods, happy and contented,
With God, man and Devil is to them the same;
Such up-river tearing, cursing and blaspheming,
For kicking and biting is their down-river game.

In Bangor they'll poison the youth with bad whiskey,
To the devil they'll banish all brassy and ale;
And when on the corner they find the youth tipsey,
They'll send for Tim Leary and march 'em to jail.

Now if this be the law, by the mother of Moses,
They have got better laws among heathen Chinee,
Where a man can get drunk and come in and get sober
And then sleep it off in the shade of a tree.

SIDE II, Band 4: SALLY BROWN

This is another capstan shanty known widely in the Northeast. Who the heroine of this sometimes bawdy song was has never been determined, but that she was a woman of many vices and easy virtues seems to have been well established in the numberless versions of the song dating back to at least the first half of the 19th century. Most frequently she is described as a mulatto, though occasionally she is referred to as a blue eyed and curly haired maiden, or even as a 'nice old lady'.

After the days of sail disappeared, the shanties began to pass slowly out of tradition, until, at the present time, it is only rarely that one can find a person who remembers more than a few lines of any one of them. It should be remembered that shanties were worksongs, and as such were undoubtedly sung a great deal slower than anyone sings them today.

SALLY BROWN

Sally Brown was a Creole lady, 
Way, way, roll and go!
Dark enough but not too shady,
Spent my money on Sally Brown!

Seven years I courted Sally, 
Seven years she would not marry.

I bought her gowns, I bought her laces, I took her out to all the places.

Sally swore she would never leave me, And that she would not deceive me.

Now I'll court me a bright mulatter, Way, way, roll and go! What drinks rum and chews tobacco, Spent my money on Sally Brown!

SIDE I, Band 5: THE OLD NEGRO MAN (Child #17)

The Northeast has been one of the finest collecting grounds for the classic British ballads canonicalized by Francis James Child in his monumental compilation, "The English and Scottish Popular Ballads", 1882-1898 (reprinted in 1956). One of the rarest of these ballads to be found in America is that of "Hind Horn" (Child #17). The ballad is based on various medieval metrical romances, concerning the adventures of a legendary King Horn, which date from the 13th century, and involving only one of the many incidents related in the romances. Hind Horn serves the king for seven years and falls in love with his daughter. The king is angry and
sends Hind Horn to sea. The daughter has given young Horn a ring; as long as the stones keep their color she is true to him, but if they change hue she has succumbed to another man. After seven years at sea, Hind Horn looks at the ring and finds it has turned pale. He makes for his own country and meets a beggar who gives him the news that his love has married (or is to be married). Horn changes clothing and gear with the beggar and goes to the palace. The bride comes down to drink with the disguised Horn, and he drops her ring into the glass. She questions him as to where he got the ring and Horn reveals his identity. The king's daughter is ready to give up her position to join him, but Hind Horn tells her he can maintain her as a lady.

Mr. Ives has found many informants who recognize the story, including scene that have been able to start little sketches of it, but he has never yet collected a good version of the ballad. The one given here is from Barry, Ekelton and Smyth's BRITISH BALLADS FROM MAINE, 1929, pp. 73 ff., as taken down from the singing of Thomas E. Nelson of Union Mills, New Brunswick in 1928.

THE OLD BEGGAR MAN

"Whence came ye, and from what counterere? Whence came ye, and where were you born?"

"In Ireland I was bred and born
Til I became a heale and his horn."

He gave his love a gay gold watch
That she might rule in her own counterere;
She gave him a gay gold ring,
And the virtue of that ring was above all thing.

"If this ring bees bright and true,
Know that your love is true to you;
But if this ring bees pale and wan,
Your true love is in love with another man."

He set sail and off went he,
Until that he came to a strange counterere;
He looked at the ring, it was pale and wan,
His true love was in love with another man.

He set sail and back came he,
Til that he came to his own counterere,
And as he was riding along the plain,
Who should he meet but an old beggar man.

"What news, what news, you old beggar man?
What news, what news have you for me?"

"No news, no news," said the old beggar man,
"But tomorrow is your true love's wedding day."

"You lend me your begging rig, That begging rig it must go on;
So come tell me as fast as you can, What's to be done with the begging rig."

"You may beg from Pitt, you may beg from Paul, Beg from the highest to the lowest of them all; But from them all you need take none Until you come to the bride's own land."

She came trembling down the stairs, Rings on her fingers and gold in her hair, A glass of wine all in her hand, Which she did give to the old beggar man.

He took the glass and drank the wine, And in the glass he slipped the ring. "O where got you this, by sea or by land, Or did you get it off a drowned one's hand?"

"Neither got it by sea or by land, Neither did I get it off a drowned one's hand; I got it in my courting gay, And I gave it to my love on her wedding day."

Rings from her fingers she did pull off, Gold from her hair she did let fall, Saying, "I'll go with you forevermore And beg my bread from door to door."

Between the kitchen and the hall The diner's coat he did let fall, All a-shining in gold amongst them all, And he was the fairest in the hall.

SIDE II, Band 6: TITTERNY MAN

This delightful little ballad seems to be completely localized to the Northeast. It is said to be popular and widely known in Maine, and most collected versions have come from that state. It may well be a product of this century, no versions of it having been reported before 1920. The version given here is a combined text made up of stanzas appearing in Linscott's FOLK SONGS OF OLD NEW ENGLAND, 1939, pp. 202-203, and BULLETIN OF THE FOLK SONG SOCIETY OF THE NORTHEAST, Number 6, 1933, p. 13.

TITTERNY MAN

On Saturday night the wind blew west Tittery Man on Tario There was a hushing in the east Toory dan, toory nell Tittery Man an tario.

Old Joe Dingle he was there, He stole Josiah's old gray mare.

Old Josiah after him took, He caught him down by Sawmill Brook.

Old Josiah to him said, "Now come you for to steal my jade?"

"Oh rusty toodle, it wasn't I."

"You damned old rascal, now you lie!"

Old Josiah knocked him down, He banged his nose again the ground.

The saddle and bridle are on the shelf, If you want any more, go sing it yourself.

SIDE II, Band 7: PETRIE EMBRACELY

On Prince Edward Island, about two miles from Elmsdale on the way to Campbellton, on what is called the Dock Road in the old 'Amberly Place', now fallen to ruin but still standing. It was from this house, and from his father, that young Peter Amberley ran away in the fall of 1850, went up the Huminigash, caught a ride in a schooner going up the Miramichi, and hired to work in the woods up around Bolestown. Just as the ballad relates, while he was loading yarred logs on to a two-alled (a long sled with runners at each end) so that they could be taken to the landings down on the river, he lost his whip and crushed him. He died the next day and was buried in the small Catholic cemetery just outside of Bolestown. The grave can still be seen there, a neat mound with a neat border of blueberries around it, and a wooden cross at its head. On the cross is the simple inscription: Peter Amberley Died 1851

John C. Calhoun, local 'poet and philosopher' of Bolestown, was present at the time of the accident and made up the song given here. He reportedly sent the text to another poet, Abraham Munn (pronounced Moon), to put a tune to it, Munn not only set it to music, but also added the last verse which has come down in tradition to this day. The tune to which Mr. Ives sings this song was learned from Mrs. Lidelle W. Robbins of Hudson, Maine.

Alden Pace of Southwest Harbor also sang the song for him, and the last stanza given here is from his singing. Mr. Ives reports that with the possible exception of "The Jam on Gerry's Rock", this is the best known woods song of the Northeast.
PETER EMERY

My name is Peter Emery as you may understand, I was born on Prince Edward's Island down by the ocean strand.

In eighteen hundred and eighty when the leaves wore a brilliant hue
I left my native island, my fortune to pursue.

I landed in New Brunswick in the lumbering counterree
I hired to work in the lumbering woods on the south of Miramichi;
I hired to work in the lumbering woods and bring the tall spruce down,
And while loading two-tons in a yard I got my fatal wound.

Adieu unto my father, 'twas he that drove me here;
He used to treat me very mean, his punishment was severe.
Don't ever press a boy too hard to try to keep him down;
'Twill only cause him to leave home when he is far too young.

Adieu unto my best friend, I mean my mother dear;
Adieu to Prince Edward's Island and the Island girls so dear.
Oh little did my mother think as she sang lullaby, What countries I might travel to or what death I might die.

Now there is just one more thing that in this world I crave;
It's that some holy father will come and bless my grave.
Nearby the city of Botsass I'm moulderin' bones do lay,
A-waiting for the savious's call on that great judgement day.

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