Peggy Seeger and Ewan MacColl
American, Scots and English Folk Songs sung by

Two-Way Trip

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**PEGGY SEEGER and EWAN MAC COLL**

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**PREFACE**

by Ewan MacColl

I mostly sing Scots and English songs. The Scots material was part of the background of my childhood, the English I began to acquire during my adolescence and have gone on adding to my store ever since. The Scots songs are closest to me, with the Liverpool shanties and forebitters running them a close second.

As for American folk music, my first contact with it was during the late thirties when I heard some of the Library of Congress recordings broadcast in the first B.B.C. Folksong series. I can still remember the tremendous impact they made on me, and still recapture something of the initial excitement that was roused in me by hearing Woody Guthrie, Blind Willie Johnson and that most superb of all folk song stylists, Mrs. Texas Gladden.

During the years that followed I learned scores of American songs and ballads and made them work for my pleasure until they could work no more. The pseudo-American accent which I acquired by watching gangsters and western gunmen flicker across the thousand screens of a hundred fleas-pits, twisted the songs into mere parodies of themselves until, in the end, I began to develop a hearty disliking for my own voice. I returned to the songs I knew, the songs I had grown up with.

Some fifteen or sixteen years later, in 1954, I was to see young folks all over Britain behaving similarly... only more so. With me it was Texas Gladden, with them it was Leadbelly! This was during the short-lived age of skiffle, when the kids of Glasgow, Hull and Manchester discovered the guitar and the ten-cent bass, when the lads of Liverpool, Leeds and London rolled their own, tried to unlearn reading and writing and looked at you with the hyperopic gaze of men whose eyes have grown dim with staring over the eternal deserts of Arizona, Utah and the Bronx; it was the time when the chicks and scrubbers began to talk out of the sides of their mouths and to stare at you with contemptuous eyes because you hadn't been in a chain gang; it was the time when the addicts built twelve-string guitars in the body-building shops of the Ford factories and when the rooking-boys of Tin-Pan-Alley couldn't make up their minds as to whether they should get in on the act or register for a long course of Electrical Convulsive Shock treatment.

Well, finally they made up their minds and took skiffle over, gave it a haircut and a shampoo and sent the results rolling down the conveyor-belt of the pop industry. It didn't last long, just long enough to produce the inevitable reaction. So the kids locked their cheap guitars and moved out of the cellars and the upstairs rooms of numberless pubs and looked around for something else that they could identify themselves with. Many of them, moved by the herd instinct found refuge in 'the rock' joints, others found their way into the jazz clubs and the rest began to form folk song clubs.
The vanguard of the popular folksong revival in Britain today is largely made up of ex-skiffleasts; they are by far the most devoted, and the best informed, people in the whole movement and they have become rather intolerant of British singers who use American material.

And what has all this to do with the contents of this album?

Just this—during the time I have spent working in this field, I have rarely moved outside of my own musical tradition. At the hundreds of concerts and hootenannies where I have sung or acted as fancyman, I have not found anyone willing to join in the chorus of the other singer's songs.

Yes, there is some truth in that, though it isn't the whole truth. What about the Copper Family in Sussex? They sing in harmony and so did my parents occasionally. In fact, it was the only thing my mother would ever sing in public.

And duets?

Yes, duets. My father and mother had several songs, and even some traditional ballads, which they treated as duets; my father would sing the hero's lines while my mother sang those of the heroine—this is what Peggy and I are doing here. There is a further point. When you work with someone over a period of several years, you begin to assimilate elements of their style and vocal habits. This need not mean that your approach to your own repertoire is affected but it does mean that you can stand on the edge of another musical tradition without feeling too conspicuous.


duellists

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PREFACE

by Peggy Seeger

A friend of mine here in Britain, where I now live, once remarked quite unwittingly: "It must be difficult to remain really American when you've been away from America for four years." A casual remark, but a very perceptive one, for it is easy, when away from one's native land, to gradually lose the many small habits, actions, ways of speech and thought that characterize one as distinctly "American." The stranger to a new country must establish a new routine of life, will inevitably begin to assimilate new words and inflections into his speech, and—most important—will have missed a stage in the progress of his native land. If this separation is long enough, he will be in a sort of cultural limbo, in which he is no longer a real part of America and is not yet a real part of Britain.

This can be a period of crisis for any person who wants to be part of a community, but it is more so for one who sings the folk songs of his native country. A folksinger is very closely tied to his country through his singing—musically, linguistically, stylistically, culturally—and his performance and understanding of his music can grow only through contact with his own people. A folksinger is most comfortable when exploring his own tradition.

For the city folksinger today, there are two main avenues of contact, of replenishing his repertoire and techniques: (1) community musical activity and (2) resource to original sources, either discos or field singers themselves. At the present, passing through limbo, I find myself in a double crisis: no oral sources from which to draw and no natural community with which to sing (for one can sing American folk songs to a group of non-Americans, but not with them, for the communication, the musical growth, is one-way. The group can neither reciprocate nor contribute, save with their appreciation, and it is strictly an audience-performer relationship.)

This is not as hopeless a situation as it might first appear. It is obvious that new sources must be sought, new ties be established. For sources, I can go to the numerous excellent books and discos of American material. For a community, I must assimilate British habits, actions, inflections, usages of speech. In a word, I will become, consciously and unconsciously, less American and feel more and more in common not only with British people but also with British folk music.

Under no circumstances, even were I to live here all my life, would these feelings make me a "British folksinger", nor would they enable me to take anything but the supporting role in the performance of a Scoto-English song. However, I have always been drawn, in my choice of American repertoire, to the traditional ballads, to the songs of British origin, so that the change of nationality taking place now is merely an extension of my former interest.

It is almost inevitable that any American folksinger who has come into the field, as I have (through books, discos and college singing groups) will go through a phase of attempting to sing foreign folk songs. One may even develop a facility in this, although it is rarely more than a party trick, for singing a song in folk tradition is not a matter of memorization, but of improvisation, both in text and tune. And unless the singer is fluent in the language and singing style of the song he sings, that song will not be crystallized into one form—fossilized—a process completely foreign to folk tradition and folk history. Even if linguistic identity between singer and song is achieved, there is still the larger identity to be reached: that between the singer and the society which gave rise to the song (which, of course, can only be achieved fully by living among the people of that society). It is this understanding which makes the true folksinger the most valid cultural representative of his people.

I am not trying to sing Scots and English songs—I merely cannot help it, living as I do and where I do. To sing them adds immeasurable richness to my understanding of American folk songs and gives a new dimension to their performance. For the first time in my life as a singer I am beginning to recognize the qualities which make these songs unique, which make them American. And, paradoxically, losing with the current American scene is directing me back to the roots of the American tradition, both in repertoire and performance.
SIDE I, Band 1: WALT, WALT

The unfortunate heroine of this song is said to have been Lady Barbara Erskine, daughter of the 9th Earl of Buchan, who was deserted by her husband, James Moray of Douglas, in the time of Charles II. The song is a stock from which many branches have been born, the most familiar being the modern burlesque, "There's a Tavern in the Town."

Ref: Chambers, p. 280
Hardi, Vol. I, p. 81
JFS, Vol. VII, pp. 69-70

O waly, waly up the bank
And waly, waly down the brae,
And waly, waly on burn-side
Where me and my love went to gae.
I leant by back unthill an' air
I thought it was a true tree.
But first it bow'd and syne it brak,
Sae my true love did lichtly me.

O, waly, waly, love is bonnie,
A litle time while it is now.
But when it's said it waxes cold,
And fades away like morning dew.
O, therefore should I bask my head,
Or wharefore should I kae my hair?
For my true love's forsaken me,
And says he'll ne'er love me mair.

'Tis not the frost that freezes fall,
Nor blazing snow's inclemency;
'Tis not the cold that makes me cry:
But my love's heart's grown cold to me.
When we came in my Glasgow town,
We were a comely sight to see;
My love was clad in black velvet,
And I mysel' in crumandise.

But had I wisit, before I kissed,
That love had been sae ill to win.
I'd lock'd my heart in a case of gold
And pinned it wi' a thiiller pin.
O, if my yong babe it were born
And set upon the nurse's knee,
And I mysel' a saul again
But a saul again, I'll ne'er be.

GLOSSARY.

Waly..............an exclamation of woe.
Brae..............hillside.
Syne..............afterwards, then.
Lichtly.............lightly.
Buck..............dress, k'dorn.
Held..................head.
Sit..............such.
Silver..............silver.

SIDE I, Band 2: RICHIE ABBY

This ballad occurs in two distinct forms — in one, the hero is an actual footman, and in the other he is a nobleman, sometimes a king, in disguise. The earliest printed text appears in Sharpe's Ballad Book, 1853. The version included in this album was learned in a fragmentary form by MacColl from his mother, and later collated with a complete text in Grieg and Keith.

Ref: Grieg and Keith, p. 171

Here's a letter to you, madam
(2)
Her's a letter for the Earl o' the Weemys,
And it's a' in suit o' you, madam.

Say not so to me, Richard
(2)
For I've ma'd a vow and I'll keep it true
To marry none but you, Richard.

Say not so to me, madam,
Say not so to me, madam,
For I have neither lands nor rents
For to maintain ye wi', madam.

I'm gaun to sing ye a song,
And I hope it'll gie ye content,
It's a' about an auld faither,
Gaun melt to pay his rents.
Sing Fal la la la la la;
Sing Fal la la la la la;
Sing Fal la la la la la;
Sing Fal la la la la la.

As he was a-riding o' lan',
A-riding upon the highway,
A gentle man rode up to him
And there three words did say.

"Wawar are ye going, kind sir?"

This made the auld man to smaile:
"To tell ye the truth, the auld man said,
"I'm just going up three mile."

"A dooted auld carle am I,
Just renting a sma' piece o' ground,
And the half-yearly rent o' it
Amounts to forty pounds.

"My landlord's no' been at hame,
I've no' seen him a year or more.
Which makes the yearly rent of it
Amount unto four score.

"You shoulders' he has told me this,
When robbers there are so many,
For if they see ye upon the way,
They'd rob ye of every penny.

The auld man winked his e'e,
Says, "I don't care a fig!"
My money is safe in my bags
Right under my saddle rigid."

The gentleman robbet then said,
"Deliver up your money!
Or else your life will be snuffed out,
For pistols are near handy."

The faither he was crafty
As in this world are many,
He threw the saddle o'er the hedge,
Says: "Fetch it if ye'll have ony."

The robbet he got off his horse,
With courage so stout and bold.
Away in search of the saddle he ran,
Gave the auld man his horse to hold.

The robbet he flew in a passion,
There was nothing but straw in the bags,
So he drew out his rusty old pally
And hackit the saddle to rags.

The auld man put his foot in the stirrup,
And then he got on at the stride,
And spade he set out at the gallop,
You never has bidden him ride.

As he was a-riding hame,
And galloping through the glen.
He spied auld Maggie, his riding mare,
And shouted, "Maggie! Come hame!"

And when that he got hame,
And tell what he had done,
The auld wife she put on her class
And room the noose she run.

When the robbet's bag it was opened,
A wonderful sight to behold,
There was five hundred guineas in silver
And another five hundred in gold.

And aye she danced around
And made a muckle commotion,
"If ever our dochter get married,"
she said,
"It'll help to enlarge her portion."

GLOSSARY.

Dooted..............foolish, stupid.
Carly..............a man, a clown, a foolish old man.
SIDE 1, Band 4: THE BARKING OF THE DOOR

(Child 277)

The ballad must rank with "Barbara Allen" and "Sir Patrick Spens" as being one of the most anthologized traditional pieces. It is, however, still fairly common in oral tradition and a number of versions have been collected in the northern states of America. The version here was learned by the singer from his father.

Ref: Grieve and Keith, pp. 216-8, Creighton, p. 92

It fell about the Martinmas time,
And aye time it was then;
That our godwife got puddens to mak';
And she boiled them in a pan:
An' the bairin' o' our door weel,
Well, well, well,
An' the bairin' o' our door weel.

The wind it blew fae East to West,
And it blew upon the floor,
Says our godman to our godwife,
"Get up and bar the door.
"My hand is in my hairy-skirt,
Gudeman as ye may see;
Though it shouldn'na barred this seiven year,
I'll nae be barred by you, o'."

They made a paction 'twixt themselves
And fixed it firm and sure,
That the yin who spoke the foremost word,
Should rise and bar the door.

Twawe gentlemen had lost their road,
At dawn o'clock o' the night;
And they couldna find neither house nor ba',
Nor coal not candle-light.

"Now whether is this a rich man's house,
Or whether is it a poor, o'?
But ne'er a word would yin o' them speak,
For the bairin' o' the door.

Well, first they ate the white puddens
And yin they ate the black,
And our godman said to himself;
"The devil goon doon wi' that, o'."

The young man to the old man said,
"Here, man, tak' ye my knife, o',
And gan and shave the godman's beard
And I'll kiss the godwife, o'."

There is me water in the hoose,
And what'll we do then, o'?
"Whit ails ye at the pudden-bread,
That boils into the pan, o'?"

Then out it spak the old godman,
And an aye man was he:
"Would ye kiss my wife afore my e'en?
Soond me wi' pudden-bread, o'."

Then up it raise the old godwife,
Gae three skips on the floor,
"Gudeman, ye spak the foremost word,
Get up and bar the door, o'."

GLOARY.

Mak'.---make.
Weel'.---well.
Biscue---biscuit.
Partition---part.
Deli---devil.
Puddin'---pud.
Scald'.---scald.

SIDE 1, Band 5: JENNY NETTLES

The heroine of this lively song is said to have taken her own life after having been deserted by her lover and, according to Chambers, she was buried under a cairn of stones near the Lomond hills. He goes on to say that "every child in rural Scotland has heard nursery rhymes singing this rauhty song." The sentiments expressed in it, however, were apparently a little to fraught to suit the taste of cultivated 19th-century Scots and a number of variants of "greater elegance and more refined sentiments" were created. They never succeeded, however, in taking the place of the original.

Ref: Chambers, pp. 346-7

Saw ye Jenny Netles, Jenny Netles,
Saw ye Jenny Netles coming frae the market,
Bag and bagpouch on her back,
Her fee and bountie in her lap,
And baby in her outer.

I met a bonnie kairney, Jenny Netles,
Singing to her bairnie, Robin Battle's bastard,
To flee the doo up o' the stool
And ilka one that mocks her,
She round about, seeks Robin out,
To stramp in on his outer.

Fie, fie! Robin Battle, Robin Battle,
Fie, fie! Robin Battle! Use Jenny Netles kindly!
Scower out the shame and shun the shame,
And without sair debate o',
Tak' hame your wain, mak' Jenny Fin.
The leal and leesome gae o'!

GLOARY.

Pee---paw or payment.
Bountie---a bounty, a bonus.
Oxter---the arm pit.
Kairney---a small heap of stones.
Dool---sorrow, grief.
Ilka---every.
Stop---to stuff.
Wein---wine.
Pale---cheek.
Leel---loyal.
Lessome---loved.
Gae---fashion, method.

SIDE 1, Band 6: OLD LADY ALL SKIN AND NOB

Death and the Lady' has been a common theme in European art from the Middle Ages onwards. Most of the songs on this theme retain something of the medieval homiletic poem. In modern times the theme has inspired a number of lugubrious ditties, the most noteworthy being those sung by American soldiers in World War I and by British servicemen in World War II. Perhaps the most assimilated folk version of the subject is in the Scots nursery rhyme, "The Strange Visitor".


There was a lady all skin and bone,
And such a lady we never knew;
It happened on a holiday,
The lady went to church to pray.

And when she came unto the stile,
She tarry there a little while;
And when she came unto the door,
She tarry there a little more.

Then the lady to the sexton said:
"Shall I be so when I am dead?
"You'll be the same when you are dead."

Ref: Chambers, p. 221

Come gle's a song, Montgomery cried,
And lay your disputes all aside,
What signifies 't for folks to chide
For what's been done before them?
Let Whig and Tory all agree,
Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,
Let Whig and Tory all agree
To drop their Whig and Tory.

Come gle's a song, Montgomery cried,
And lay your disputes all aside,
What signifies 't for folks to chide
For what's been done before them?
Let Whig and Tory all agree,
Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,
Let Whig and Tory all agree
To drop their Whig and Tory.

COME'S A SONG

O, Tullochgorum's my delight,
It gars us a' in one unite,
And ony sumph that keeps up eitne
In conscience I abhor him.
Bilthe and merry we're be a',
Bilthe and merry, bilthe and merry,
Bilthe and merry we're be a',
And make a cheerful quorum.
Bilthe and merry we're be a',
As long as we have breath to draw,
And dance till we be like to fa'
The reel of Tullochgorum.

There need na be see great a praise,
Wi' drugging full Italian lays,
I wadna gie a' in strathpeyds
For half a hundred score o' 'em.
They're dauft and doorie at the best,
Dauft and doorie, dauft and doorie,
They're dauft and doorie at the best
Wi' their warjieriors.
They're dauft and doorie at the best,
Their allegros a' the rest,
They caunna please a Highland taste,
Compared wi' Tullochgorum.

Let waurly minds themselves oppress
Wi' fear of want and double cess,
And sullen sorts themselves distress
Wi' keeping up decorum.

Let me see sour and sulk sit,
Sour and sulk, sour and sulk,
Let me see sour and sulk sit,
Like Auld Phillologorum.

Let me see sour and sulk sit,
Wi' neither sense nor mirth, nor wit,
And canna rise to shake a fit
At the reel of Tullochgorum.

May choosht blessing still attend
Each honest-hearted open friend
And calm and quiet be his end,
And a' that's good watch o'er him!
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
Peace and plenty be his lot
And qualities, a great store o' 'em!
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Untain'd by any vicious blot,
And may he never want a grant
That's fond o' Tullochgorum.
Glossary:

Gle.............give.
Gars.............maker.
Sump'na.............silly, sulky person.
Dring.............to sing slowly and
lugubriously.
Drouf.............languid.
Fit.............foot.

SIDE II, Band 1: THE TWO BROTHERS
(Child 49)

In four of the six known Scots versions of "The Two Brothers", the 'deadly wound' is the result of an accident, and Hunterwell states that any alternative reading "seems away the deep impression this simple ballad would otherwise have made upon the feelings: for it is almost unnecessary to mention that its touching interest is made to centre in the boundless sorrow and careless remorse of him who had been the unintentional cause of his brother's death, and in the solicitude which that high-minded and generous spirit expresses even in the last agonies of nature, for the safety and fortunes of the truly wretched and unhappy survivor." Be that as it may, most of the American versions state unequivocally that the deed is murder and the motive jealousy. The version here given is from Sharp. Even MacColl plays the autosarp here cimbalum-style.

Matherwell, p. 60.
Davis, p. 146, 147.
Creighton, p. 55.
Belden, pp. 33-4.

Monday morning go to school,
Friday evening home,
Brother combed my sweetheart's hair
As we went marching home.

Brother, will you play me a game of ball?
Brother, will you toss me a stone?
Brother, don't comb my sweetheart's hair
As we go marching home.

I won't play no game of ball,
Neither will I toss you a stone,
I won't play no game at all
Brother, leave me alone.

The oldest threw the youngest down,
Threw him to the ground,
He drew out his wea pen knive
And gave him a deathless wound.

He took off his Holland shirt,
Ripped it from gare to gare,
Laid it around that bleeding wound,
But still it bled the more.

It's take me up all on your back,
Carry me to Chelsea town,
Dig me a deep and lonely grave
And gently lay me down.

He took him up all on his back,
Carried him to Chelsea town,
Dug him a deep and lonely grave
And gently laid him down.

He set the Bible at his head,
Testament at his feet,
His bow and arrow in his hand
The sounder he might sleep.

He set his mother as he turned 'round home,
Inquiring for his son, John,
I left him in a lonesome place
A long long lesson to learn.

He set his love as he turned 'round home,
Inquiring for his love, John,
I left him in the new schoolhouse,
His books to carry home.

She took her harp all in her hand,
Tied up with a silver string,
She harped above his lonely grave,
So sweetly she did sing,
That she sang the red fish out of the sea.
The wild birds out of their nest,
She sang her true love out of his grave,
So he can't find no rest.

Go home, go home, you rambling reed,
Weep no more on me,
I am gone to a golden place,
My face no more you'll see.

SIDE II, Band 2: JUST AS THE TIDE WAS FLOWING

A favourite with country singers in the
south of England, particularly in Norfolk,
this song was printed in broadside versa-
tions by Berr of Leeds and Hodges of
London, and Kidson collected a version in
Yorkshire. The version included in
this album is a Newfoundland fragment of
the longer English text.

Kidson, p. 106

As I walked out one fair May morn
Down by the flowing river.
The birds they sang, the lambs they played
And pleasant was the weather.
It was hard in hand we trod along
Pleasant was the weather.
And many's the flattering tale we told
As we trod along together.

This bonny lass sat on the grass
And her colour it kept changing.
She says to me, "When this you see,
Don't let your heart go a-ringing."
Where we both got weary and sat down
In a lonely spot with branch all 'round,
What we done there will never be known
So long as tides are flowing.

SIDE II, Band 3: JACARDO

This ballad is of English origin and is
still found in the British Isles where it
is commonly known as "Jack Hurro".
A broadside version was published by
Sack and two versions with music were
printed by the Rymour Club in 1911. It
would, however, seem to have been more
popular in the United States than in the
country of its origin.

Greig, Folksongs of the
North-East, Vol. I, p. 45
Lomax, Cowboy Songs, p. 204
Cox, p. 135
Rymour Club, Vol. I, p. 10

There was a wealthy merchant
In London he did dwell,
He had an only daughter
And the truth to you I'll tell.
Though the truth to you I'll tell,
Her suitors they were plentiful
She courted day and night
Till all on Jackie Fraiser
She placed her heart's delight.
I'll look you in my dungeon
Your body I'll confine,
If none but Jackie Fraiser
Will ever please your mind.
You may look me in your dungeon
My heart you can't confine,
And none but Jackie Fraiser
Will ever please my mind.

When her parents saw his coming
They flew in angry way,
She give him forty shillings
For to bear him far away.
Now Jackie, he's gone sailing
Across the deep blue sea,
Till safely he was landed
In the wars of Germany.
She went down to a tailor shop
And dressed in men's array,
Then lauhed to a captain
For to bear her far away.
Your waist it is too slender
Your fingers are too small,
Your face it is too tender
For to face the cannon ball.

I knew my waist is slender,
My fingers long and small,
I would not change my countenance
To see ten thousand fall.
Before you go on board, sir,
Your case I'd like to know.
She smiled all in her countenance,
They call me 'Jackaro'.

Now she's gone sailing
Across the deep blue sea,
Till safely she has landed
In the wars of Germany.
She went out on the battlefield,
She viewed it up and down,
And among the dead and wounded men,
Her darling boy she found.
She picked him up in all his arms
And carried him to the town
And called in a physician
For to heal up all his wounds.

This couple now are married, love,
And well they do agree.
This couple now are married, love,
And why not you and me?

SIDE II, Band 4: THE CARRION CROW

Most authorities classify this as a nursery
song, though Bell, in Songs of the
Peasant, suggests that there are
political allusions hidden in the text.
The song exists in numerous variants and
is found in Britain, America and Canada,
from which latter country comes this
version.

Creighton, p. 134
Lomax, p. 152
Belden, p. 270
Sharp, Vol. II, p. 294

Dogs in the woods a-skinmin' up frogs
To my in come kitty come kymo,
Frogs in the pond, a-skinmin' up logs,
To my in come kitty come kymo.

CHORUS:
Ky-manzer, kitty kime kero,
Kyo-manzer, kymo,
Baw, baw, baw, baw, billy silly income
In come kitty come kymo.

Carrion crow a-sitting on an oak,
Watching a tailor cutting out a coat.

(CHORUS)
Fetch my arrow and bow
That I may shoot you carrion crow.

(CHORUS)
He aimed to shoot the carrion crow,
Instead he shot the old grey sow.

(CHORUS)
Go fetch me glasses and a spoon
That I may heal her gaping wound.
(CHORUS)
If she dies, we'll drag her to the house,
We'll have pork and chitterlings and aouse.

(Chorus)
The old grey sow is dead and gone.
Her little ones go waddling on.

SIDE II, Band 4: Matty Groves

(Little Muxgraves and Lady Bernard) Child 63

This extremely popular traditional ballad is of considerable antiquity and a great number of different versions have been collected. According to Chappell, the first broadside version was published as early as 1607 by Henry Gossam. Child prints 14 texts. The version here is a collection of American and Nova Scotian variants.

Bristow, pp. 57-60
Creighton, pp. 44-45

It was on the high holiday, Very first day of the year, Matty Grove to church did go, God's holy word to hear, God's holy word to hear.

First come down was a lady in red, Then a lady in black, Last come down was Lord Banner's wife, The fairest among them all.

She set her eyes on Matty Grove And Matty Grove on she, "How much will you take, little Matty Grove, To spend this night with me?"

"To spend this night with you," she said,
"Would cause no end of war.
For you know me to be Lord Banner's wife,
By the gold rings that you wear."

"What if I be Lord Banner's wife?"
"Lord Banner is not at home.
He's gone down to London town,
To fetch young Henry's throne."

A little footstep was a-stamping by,
He took to his heel and run.
He run till he came to the waterside,
Then burt his breast and soun.

What news do you bring, my little footstep?
Is my castle burning down?
Or is my lady brought to bed Of a daughter or a son?"

"Your castle is not burning down,
You have nor daughter nor son.
Little Matty Grove is in bed with your wife,
They lie as they was one."

They weren't in bed but an hour or more, Nor yet fell fast asleep, When up there stepped Lord Banner himself, And stood at their bed feet.

"How do you like my blankets, sir? How do you like my sheets? How do you like my gay young wife That lies in your arms asleep?"

"Right well do I like your blankets, sir, Right well do I like your sheets. Better do I like your gay young wife, That lies in my arms asleep."

"Arise and dress, little Matty Grove,
As fast as ever you can,
It'll never be said in the morning sun
That I killed a naked man."

"By my side hang two broadswords,
They cost so deep in purse,
And you shall have the better one
And I shall have the worst."

Matty Groves had the very first blow, He struck and hit the floor.
Lord Banner had the second blow, And Matty struck no more.

He took his lady by the hand And set her on his knee.
"Come, tell me which you love best,
Little Matty Grove or me?"

"Right well do I like your cheek," said she,
"Right well do I like your chin.
Better do I like little Matty Grove Than you and all your kin."

He took his lady by the hand And led her through the hall.
He took her to the uppermost room And slew her before them all.

"To bury these lovers in one grave,
Bury them soft within,
But lay my lady on the bed;
For she's a of a nobler kin."

SIDE II, Band 6: The Bartley Explosion

The scene of this coal-mining disaster was the Roller One pit of the Pond Creek Coal Company near Bartley, West Virginia. The explosion took place at 3:30 p.m., January 10, 1890. Ninety-one miners perished. The tale of the ballad is taken from George Korson's Coal Dust on the Fiddle, and the air is by Percy Sayer.

In West Virginia, Bartley mines, 0, Lord, Hallelu! Ninety dead and more a-gin',
Lord, Hallelu! (Chorus)

Hallelu, Hallelu, 0, Lord, Halleluah, 0, Lord, We're bound to sing our friend again, 0, Lord, Hallelu.

Down in the mines they could not pass, Their lives smothered out by fire and gas.

(Chorus)
We found a cap, We found a coat, And in that cap, we found a note.

(Chorus)
We will not tell you what it said, We'll just remember ninety-one dead,
SIDE II, Band 7: The Devil's Mine Questions

(Riddles Wisely Expounded) (Child 1)

Riddles have played an important part in folk literature from remote times and they figure frequently in our traditional ballads. Child, in his notes to "Riddles Wisely Expounded", divides the riddle ballads into three categories: (1) those in which one party has to guess another's riddle under penalty of forfeiting life or some other heavy wagner; (2) those in which a suitor wins a lady's hand by giving the correct answer to a riddle; (3) those in which a girl wins a husband and sometimes a crown by guessing riddles.

The version in this album belongs to the first category, although in this case it is not life which is at stake, but the soul, and in place of the knight (who is the questioner in all the Child versions) into a 'gouly ballad' was probably due to Puritan influence. This version is from the singing of Texas Gladden.

Ref: Loncan, p. 180
You must answer my questions nine,
Sing ninety-nine and ninety.
To see if you're God's or one of mine,
And you are the weaver's sonny.

What is whiter than the milk? Sing... (etc.)
And what is softer than the milk?
And you are... (etc.)

What is higher than a tree? And what is deeper than the sea?
What is louder than a horn? And what is sharper than a thorn?
What is more innocent than a lamb? And what is meaner than a woman?
Snow is whiter than the milk, Sing ninety-nine and ninety, And down is softer than the milk, And I am the weaver's sonny.

Heaven is higher than a tree, Sing... (etc.)
And Hell is deeper than the sea, And I am... (etc.)

Thunder's louder than a horn, Death is sharper than a thorn.
A bobe is more innocent than a lamb, And the devil is meaner than a woman.
You have answered my questions nine, Sing ninety-nine and ninety.
And you are God's and none of mine, And you are the weaver's sonny.