

FOLK MUSIC OF THE UNITED STATES

Music Division

Recording Laboratory AFS L14

# ANGLO-AMERICAN SONGS AND BALLADS

From the Archive of Folk Song

Edited by Duncan Emrich



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#### A1—BARBARA ALLEN.

Sung with guitar by Bill Nicholson; accompanied on steel guitar by Zane Shrader of New Albany, Ind. Recorded at Renfro Valley, Ky., 1946, by Artus M. Moser.

The ballad of "Barbara Allen" continues to be the most popular of the old Scottish ballads found in the United States. This version, sung with guitar by Bill Nicholson and also accompanied by Zane Shrader playing an electric steel guitar, shows influences of current radio technique which can, of course, be increasingly expected in the traditional ballads. It is a full version which may be compared with record no. AFS L1, A4, sung without accompaniment by Mrs. Rebecca Tarwater.

For full references, see: Arthur Kyle Davis, *Traditional Ballads of Virginia* (Harvard University Press, 1929), pp. 302-345.

1. In Scarlet Town where I was born  
There was a fair maid dwellin'  
Made every youth cry "Wel-a-way,"  
Her name was Barbara Allen.
2. 'Twas in that merry month of May  
When green buds were a-swellin',  
Sweet William on his death bed lay  
For the love of Barbara Allen.
3. He sent his servant to the town  
Where Barbara was a-dwellin',  
"My master is sick and sends for you,  
If your name be Barbara Allen."
4. Then slowly, slowly she got up,  
And slowly she came nigh him,  
But all she said when she got there,  
"Young man, I think you're dyin'."
5. Do you remember in yonder town  
When we were at the tavern,  
You drank to the health of the ladies all  
around  
But slighted Barbara Allen?
6. Oh, yes, you're sick, you're very sick,  
And death on you is dwellin',  
But no better, no better you never can be  
For you can't have Barbara Allen."
7. As she was walking o'er the fields  
She heard the death bell knelling,  
Each stroke it took it seemed to say,  
"Hard-hearted Barbara Allen."
8. She looked to the east, she looked to the  
west,  
She saw the pale corpse a-comin',  
"Go bring the pale corpse over here to me,  
That I may gaze upon him."
9. The more she looked, the more she  
mourned,  
Till she fell to the ground a-cryin',  
Saying, "Take me up and carry me home  
For I think that I'm a-dyin'."
10. Father, oh father, go dig my grave,  
Go dig it long and narrow,  
Sweet William died for me today,  
I'll die for him tomorrow."
11. They buried him [her] there in the old  
church yard,  
And buried William nigh her,  
On William's grave grew a big red rose  
On Barbara's grew a green briar.
12. They climbed and they climbed on the old  
church tower  
Till they couldn't climb no higher,  
They tied at the top in a true love's knot,  
The red rose around the green briar.

#### A2—THE CHERRY TREE CAROL.

Sung by Mrs. Maud Long at Hot Springs, N. C., 1946. Recorded by Artus M. Moser.

The source of "The Cherry-Tree Carol" is found in the Pseudo-Matthew's gospel, chapter 20, which is briefly summarized by Professor Child: "On the third day of the flight into Egypt, Mary, feeling the heat to be oppressive, tells Joseph that she will rest for a while under the palm tree. Joseph helps her light from her beast, and Mary, looking up from under the tree, and seeing it full of fruit, asks for some. Joseph somewhat testily expresses his surprise that she should think of such a thing, considering the height of the tree; he is much more concerned to get a supply of water. Then Jesus, sitting on his

mother's lap, bids the palm to bow down and refresh his mother with its fruit. The palm instantly bends its top to Mary's feet."

The story as we have it in the carol is altered considerably. The palm becomes a cherry-tree; Joseph's reply ill-humoredly insinuates that Mary has been unfaithful; and the Lord, rather than Jesus, speaks and orders the tree to bow down. In other American versions, however, the Child miraculously speaks from Mary's womb to order the miracle. Here He speaks only in answer to the question about His birth date. It is of interest that the "fifth day of January" was, according to "Old Style" reckoning, the date of Christmas Day between the years 1752 and 1799. In 1751, when a change in the calendar had become necessary, eleven days were dropped out between September 2 and 14, 1752, thus making January 5 the date of Old Christmas Day. In 1800, another day was dropped and in 1900 still another, so that Old Christmas Day now falls on January 7.

For further information and references, see the following two works from which this text was largely drawn: Arthur Kyle Davis, *Traditional Ballads of Virginia* (Harvard University Press, 1929), pp. 172-74; Cecil J. Sharp, *English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians* (Oxford University Press, 1932), I, pp. 90-94 and notes, p. 414.

1. Joseph were a young man, a young man  
were he,  
And he courted Virgin Mary, the Queen  
of Galilee,  
And he courted Virgin Mary, the Queen  
of Galilee.
2. Mary and Joseph were a-walking one day,  
"Here is apples and cherries a-plenty to  
behold,  
Here is apples and cherries a-plenty to  
behold."
3. Mary spoke to Joseph so meek and so mild,  
"Joseph, gather me some cherries for I am  
with child,  
Joseph, gather me some cherries for I am  
with child."

4. Joseph flew in anger, in anger he flew,  
Saying, "Let the father of your baby gather  
cherries for you,"  
Saying, "Let the father of your baby gather  
cherries for you,"
5. The Lord spoke down from Heaven, these  
words he did say,  
"Bow you low down, you cherry tree, while  
Mary gathers some,  
Bow you low down, you cherry tree, while  
Mary gathers some."
6. The cherry tree bowed down, it was low on  
the ground  
And Mary gathered cherries while Joseph  
stood around,  
And Mary gathered cherries while Joseph  
stood around.
7. Then Joseph took Mary all on his right  
knee,  
"Pray tell me, little baby, when your  
birthday shall be,  
Pray tell me, little baby, when your  
birthday shall be."
8. "On the fifth day of January my birthday  
shall be  
When the stars and the elements shall  
tremble with fear,  
When the stars and the elements shall  
tremble with fear."
9. Then Joseph took Mary all on his left knee,  
Saying, "Lord, have mercy upon me, for  
what have I done?"  
Saying, "Lord, have mercy upon me, for  
what have I done?"

**A3—FRANK JAMES, THE ROVING GAM-  
BLER (THE BOSTON BURGLAR).**

Sung by L. D. Smith at Swannanoa, N. C.,  
1946. Recorded by Artus M. Moser.

The singer of this song, Mr. L. D. Smith, titles  
it for himself as "Frank James, the Roving Gam-

bler," but it is clearly a variant of the song more generally known in this country as "The Boston Burglar" and in England as "Botany Bay." This is an excellent example of the growth and change in folk songs. The places of Boston and Charlestown (Jail) have been localized to Louisville, Asheville, and Frankfort. Frank James, brother of Jesse, becomes the leading figure, while the stanzas relating to the visits of the jailer, sweetheart, and mother to the cell door are not found in the usual versions of "The Boston Burglar," and seem to be borrowed from an independent ballad. Certainly the reference to the "Twenty-fifth Chapter of Matthew" is more specific moralizing than that found in other ballads of either English or American origin.

For further information, see: Dorothy Scarborough, *A Song Catcher in Southern Mountains* (Columbia University Press, 1937), pp. 289-96; Cecil J. Sharp, *English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians* (Oxford University Press, 1932), II, p. 66; John Harrington Cox, *Folk-Songs of the South* (Harvard University Press, 1925), pp. 296-99.

1. I was raised up in Louisville, a town you all knew well,  
Raised up by honest parents, to you the truth I'll tell,  
Raised up by honest parents most kind and tenderly,  
Until I came a drinking man at the age of twenty-three.
2. 'S I used to be a poor boy and I worked up on the square,  
I learned to pocket money and I did not take it fair,  
'S I worked out day by day and at night I'd rob and steal,  
So when I'd make a great big haul, how happy I would feel
3. As I used to ride a big bay horse and drive the buggy fine,  
'S I courted a lady and I often called her mine,  
'S I courted her for beauty and to me love was great,  
For when she saw me coming she'd meet me at the gate.
4. One night when I lay sleeping, I dreamed a frightful dream,  
'S I dreamed I was in Asheville on some clear [?] purple stream,  
My friends had all forsaken me, no one to go my bail,  
As I woke up broken-hearted in Hawthorne's county jail.
5. Around came the jailer about ten o'clock,  
The keys in his hands, he pressed them to the lock,  
"Cheer up, cheer up, my prisoner," I thought I heard the old boss say,  
"They'll send you 'round the mountain one 'leven long years to stay."
6. Then around came my sweetheart about eleven o'clock,  
The novels in her hand, she pressed them to the lock,  
"Cheer up, cheer up, my prisoner," I thought I heard the old boss say,  
"They'll send you 'round the mountain one 'leven long years to stay."
7. Then around came my mother about twelve o'clock,  
With a Bible in her hand she pressed it to the lock,  
Says, "Turn to the 25th chapter of Matthew, go read both night and day,  
Remember your old mother and don't forget to pray."
8. They put me on a northbound train bound for the Frankfort town,  
'S every station I passed through all people would seem to say,  
"Yander goes Frank James the burglar for some big crime or other,  
He's bound for the Frankfort Jail."

#### A4—CAROLINE OF EDINBORO' TOWN.

Sung by Charles Ingenthron of Thornton, Calif. Recorded at Walnut Shade, Mo., 1941, by Vance Randolph.

This tragic ballad of Caroline of Edinboro' Town was popular in both England and the United States and was published here in many of the early songsters. A sequel to this, which has



not survived as well, however, recounts the fate of young Henry who, after two disastrous shipwrecks, was finally killed in a third. The ballad moralized that no one should mourn for him, since he received his just desserts, but that the fate of both Caroline and Henry should be a warning to young lovers and their parents as well.

For further references, see: Mary O. Eddy, *Ballads and Songs from Ohio* (New York, 1939), pp. 165-66.

1. Come all young men and maidens, come listen to my rhyme,  
'Tis of a fair young damsel who's scarcely in her prime;  
She beats the blushing roses, admired by all around,  
'Tis comely young Caroline of Edinboro' Town.
2. Young Henry being a Highland lad a-courting to her came,  
And when her parents came to know they did not like the same;  
Young Henry being offended he unto her did say,  
"Come rise you up, my dearest Caroline, and with me run away.
3. We'll go up to London, love, and there we'll wed with speed,  
And then my dearest Caroline shall have happiness indeed."  
Being enticed by young Henry, she put on her other gown  
And away went young Caroline of Edinboro' Town.
4. Over hills and lofty mountains together they did go,  
Till the time they arrived in London far from her happy home;  
They had not been in London, not more than half a year,  
Till hard-hearted Henry he proved to her severe.
5. Says Henry, "I'll go to sea, your friends did on me frown,  
So beat your way without delay to Edinboro' Town."  
Appressed with grief without relief, this maiden she did go  
Unto the woods to eat such fruit as on the bushes grow.
6. Beneath a lofty, spreading oak, this maiden sat down to cry  
A-watching of that gallant fleet as it went passing by;  
She gave three shrieks for Henry and plunged her bidy [body] down  
And away floated Caroline of Edinboro' Town.
7. A note, like lies [likewise] her bonnet, she left upon the shore,  
And in the note a lock of hair with the words, "I am no more.  
It's fast asleep, I'm in the deep, the fishes watching round,  
'Tis comely young Caroline of Edinboro' Town."

#### A5—YOUNG CHARLOTTE.

Sung by I. G. Greer of Thomasville, N. C., with dulcimer by Mrs. I. G. Greer. Recorded at Washington, D. C., 1945, by Duncan Emrich.

"Young Charlotte" or "The Frozen Girl" is, according to Belden, "perhaps the most widely known and best loved of native American folk-songs." Many may disagree with this statement, but the versions of the song which have been located in places as widely separated as Nova Scotia and California, Texas and Michigan do attest to its continuing popularity. Belden points out also that it is "surprising to find it traditionally known in Georgia and Mississippi, where sleighs, let alone freezing to death on a sleigh-ride, must be unknown."

Unlike the great majority of ballads and folk songs, the individual authorship of "Young Charlotte" has been traced finally to Seba Smith, the Maine-born New York journalist, who published it in *The Rovers* (II, no. 15, p. 225) in Decem-

ber 1843. This does not make it any less a folk song for it has since been transmitted by oral tradition and is authorless to its singers and even to the great majority of collectors, who have found many variants of tune and text. In this connection, the version collected by Carl Sandburg for his *American Songbag* may be compared with the one sung here by Mr. Greer.

For further information, see the following work from which this text was largely drawn: H. M. Belden, *Ballads and Songs Collected by the Missouri Folk-Lore Society*, University of Missouri Studies, XV, no. 1, 1940, pp. 308-17.

1. Young Charlottie lived by the mountain side in a wild and lonely spot,  
Not a dwelling house in five miles around except her father's cot;  
On many a pleasant winter night young folk would gather there,  
Her father kept a social house and she was young and fair.
2. It was New Year's eve, the sun was low,  
joy beamed in her bright blue eyes,  
As to the window she would go to watch the sleighs pass by;  
It was New Year's eve, the sun was down,  
joy beamed in her bright blue eyes,  
She watched until young Charlie's sleigh came swiftly dashing by.
3. In a village fifteen miles away there's a merry ball tonight,  
The air is dreadful, chilly cold but her heart was warm and bright;  
"Oh, daughter, dear" the mother said, "this blanket 'round you fold,  
'Tis a dreadful night to go abroad, you'll catch your deathly cold."
4. "Oh, no, oh, no," the daughter said, and she laughed like a gypsy queen,  
"To ride in a sleigh all muffled up I never can be seen."  
Her cloak and bonnet soon were on, they stepped into the sleigh,  
And around the mountain side they went for many miles away.
5. "Such a night," said Charles, "I never knew, these lines I scarce can hold,"  
And Charlottie said in a very feeble voice,  
"I'm growing very cold."  
He cracked his whip, he urged his steed much faster than before,  
Saying, "It's five long dreadful miles to go and it's o'er ice and snow."
6. "How fast," said Charles, "the frosty ice keeps gathering on my brow,"  
And Charlottie said in a very feeble voice,  
"I'm growing warmer now."
7. He drove up to the ballroom door, stepped out and reached his hand,  
He asked her once, he asked her twice, he asked her three times o'er,  
"Why sit you there like a monument that has no power to move?"  
He took her hand in his—Oh, God!—and it was deathly cold.
8. Young Charles knelt down by her side, the bitter tears did flow,  
"My own, my true intended bride, I never more shall know."  
He twined his arms about her neck, the bitter tears did flow,  
And his thoughts turned back to the place where she said, "I'm growing warmer now."

#### B1—JACK OF DIAMONDS.

Sung with guitar by Bill Nicholson; accompanied by Zane Shrader with steel guitar, of New Albany, Ind. Recorded at Renfro Valley, Ky., 1946, by Artus M. Moser.

Sometimes titled "Rye Whiskey" and "Clinch Mountain," this song and its many easily created and varying stanzas is a hardy favorite wherever guitars and men and rye meet in common enjoyment. The semibelligerent "Them that don't like it can leave me alone" states the American's independent right to go his own way, while the "H-e-e-c! O Lordy!", which now appears in almost all versions of the song, is a humorous admission of the regrettable aftereffects induced by Kentucky's famous product.

For another text, see: Carl Sandburg, *The American Songbag* (New York, 1927), p. 307.

1. Jack o' Diamonds, Jack o' Diamonds,  
I've known you of old,  
You've robbed my poor pockets  
Of silver and gold.
2. Whiskey, you villain,  
You've been my downfall,  
You've kicked me, you've cuffed me,  
But I love you for all.
3. They say I drink whiskey,  
My money's my own,  
And them that don't like it  
Can leave me alone.
4. 'Cause I'll eat when I'm hungry,  
I'll drink when I'm dry,  
And when I get thirsty  
I'll lay down and die.
5. H-e-e-c! Oh, lordy,  
How bad I do feel!  
H-e-e-c! Oh, lordy,  
How bad I do feel!
6. If the ocean was whiskey  
And I was a duck,  
I'd dive to the bottom  
And never come up.
7. Whiskey, rye whiskey,  
Rye whiskey I cry,  
If I don't get my whiskey  
I surely will die.
8. It's beefsteak when I'm hungry,  
Rye whiskey when I'm dry,  
The greenbacks when I'm hard up  
And heaven when I die.
9. Whiskey, rye whiskey,  
Rye whiskey I cry,  
If I don't get my whiskey  
I surely will die.
10. Jack o' Diamonds, Jack o' Diamonds,  
I've known you of old,  
You've robbed my poor pockets  
Of silver and gold.

11. Whiskey, you villain,  
You've been my downfall,  
You've kicked me, you've cuffed me,  
But I love you for all.
12. H-e-e-c! Oh, lordy,  
How bad I do feel!  
H-e-e-c! Oh, lordy,  
How bad I do feel!

## B2—OLD SMOKY.

Sung by I. G. Greer of Thomasville, N. C.  
Recorded at Washington, D. C., 1945, by  
Duncan Emrich.

"Old Smoky," which is also titled "The Waggoner's Lad" and bears a relation to "The Unconstant Lover," is a favorite in North Carolina, Kentucky, and Virginia and has spread to other sections of the country. There are many variant texts and versions of tunes. One of the most interesting stanzas, not included here, characterizes the faithlessness of young suitors:

They will hug and kiss you  
And tell you more lies  
Than the spikes in the railroad  
Or the stars in the skies.

For additional texts and references, see: Dorothy Scarborough, *A Song Catcher in Southern Mountains* (Columbia University Press, 1937), pp. 272-82; H. M. Belden, *Ballads and Songs Collected by the Missouri Folk-Lore Society* (University of Missouri, 1940), pp. 473-76; Cecil J. Sharp, *English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians* (Oxford University Press, 1932), p. 123.

1. On top of old Smoky  
All covered with snow  
I lost my true lover  
By courting too slow.
2. Courting is a pleasure,  
Parting is grief,  
But hard-hearted parents  
Are worse than a thief.
3. "Your parents are against me,  
And mine are against you,  
But, Nancy, I love you  
Whatever they do.

4. I'm going now to leave you,  
To tell you good-bye,  
And leave you a-weeping  
On Smoky so high."
5. "It's raining, it's hailing,  
The moon gives no light,  
Your horse can't see to travel  
This dark, lonesome night.
6. Go put up your horse now  
And feed him some hay,  
Come sit down beside me  
As long as you'll stay."
7. "My horse he is hungry,  
But he won't eat your hay,  
Your daddy's so durn stingy  
I'll feed on the way.
8. Old Smoky, old Smoky,  
Keep watch o'er my love,  
She's as true as your mountains  
And as pure as the dove."

### B3—DEVILISH MARY.

Sung by Paul Rogers of Paint Lick, Ky.  
Recorded at Renfro Valley, Ky., 1946, by  
Artus M. Moser.

The plight of the young man who marries only to find that his wife is wearing the "britches" in the family is humorously set forth in "Devilish Mary." It is a mountain song and typical of the tongue-in-cheek "fueding" between the menfolk and womenfolk. How serious these songs can be depends, of course, upon the immediate setting and the occasional spat which calls one to mind. As sung here by Paul Rogers, it is full of good humor. The applause which is heard slightly at the end of the song comes from the audience at the Renfro Valley Folk Festival, where the record was made.

1. When I was young and in my prime,  
I thought I never could marry,  
I fell in love with a pretty little girl,  
Tune of "She Got Married."

Rinktum-dinktum-tarry,  
Prettiest little girl in all this world,  
Her name was Devilish Mary.

2. She washed my clothes in live soap suds,  
She peeled my back with switches,  
She let me know right up to date  
She's gonna wear my britches.
- Rinktum-dinktum-tarry,  
Prettiest little girl in all this world,  
Her name was Devilish Mary.
3. We'd just been married about two weeks,  
We thought we'd better be parted,  
She bundled her up a little bundle of clothes  
And down the road she started.
- Rinktum-dinktum-tarry,  
Prettiest little girl in all this world,  
Her name was Devilish Mary.
4. If ever I marry the second time,  
It'll be for love nor [not] riches,  
I'll marry one about two feet high,  
So she can't wear my britches.

Rinktum-dinktum-tarry,  
Prettiest little girl in all this world,  
Her name was Devilish Mary.

### B4—DARLING CORY.

Sung with guitar by Pleaz Mobley of Manchester, Ky. Recorded at Renfro Valley, Ky., 1946, by Artus M. Moser.

Considerable study remains to be done on the white "blues" of the hills, of which "Darling Cory" is an excellent example. Mobley, prefacing the song, gives a good account of the setting for the song, the natural conditions under which it is sung, and a general guess at its origin.

"All right, Prof, here we go. Now this song is as mountain as hog and hominy or po'k and possum. Might have been inspired by a boy ridin' down the creek on a mule after he'd been up to the still house on Hill for Sartin or Goose Creek or Red Bird or Wild Cat—they're all names of creeks over in eastern Kentucky. The title is Darlin' Cory. Not Cora, it's Cory."

1. Wake up, wake up, darlin' Cory,  
What makes you sleep so sound  
When the revenooers are comin',  
Goin' to tear your still house down?



2. Go away, go away, darlin' Cory,  
Stop hangin' around my bed.  
Bad liquor destroyed my body,  
Pretty women's gone to my head.
3. Don't you hear those bluebirds a-singin',  
Don't you hear their mournful sound?  
They are preachin' Cory's funeral  
In some lonesome graveyard ground.
4. The last time I saw darlin' Cory  
She was sittin' on the bank of the sea,  
With a jug of liquor in her arm  
And a .45 across her knee.

**B5—FIDDLE-I-FEE.**

Sung by Mrs. Maud Long at Hot Springs, N. C., 1946. Recorded by Artus M. Moser.

Like "The Tree in the Wood" (AFS record L12, B4), "Fiddle-I-Fee" is a cumulative song with special appeal for children. There are as many textual variations to it as there are animals in the barnyard and one text climaxes the total with a final stanza:

Had me a wife and my wife pleased me,  
I fed my wife on yonders tree,  
Wife went honey-honey,  
The horse went neigh-neigh . . . .

1. Had me a cat, the cat pleased me,  
I fed my cat in yonders tree,  
Cat went fiddle-i-fee.
2. Had me a hen, and the hen pleased me,  
I fed my hen in yonders tree,  
Hen went kaa-kaa-kaa,  
And the cat went fiddle-i-fee.
3. Had me a pig and the pig pleased me,  
And I fed my pig on yonders tree,  
Pig went krucy-krucy,  
The hen went kaa-kaa-kaa,  
And the cat went fiddle-i-fee.
4. Had me a dog and the dog pleased me,  
And I fed my dog in yonders tree,  
Dog went boo-boo-boo,  
The pig went krucy-krucy,  
The hen went kaa-kaa-kaa,  
And the cat went fiddle-i-fee.

5. Had me a sheep, the sheep pleased me,  
I fed my sheep in yonders tree,  
Sheep went baa-baa-baa,  
The dog went boo-boo-boo,  
The pig went krucy-krucy,  
The hen went kaa-kaa-kaa,  
And the cat went fiddle-i-fee.
6. Had me a guinea and the guinea pleased me,  
I fed my guinea in yonders tree,  
Guinea went poterack-poterack,  
The sheep went baa-baa-baa,  
The dog went boo-boo-boo,  
The pig went krucy-krucy,  
The hen went kaa-kaa-kaa,  
And the cat went fiddle-i-fee.
7. Had me a cow, the cow pleased me,  
Fed my cow on yonders tree,  
Cow went moo-moo-moo,  
The guinea went poterack-poterack,  
The sheep went baa-baa-baa,  
The dog went boo-boo-boo,  
The pig went krucy-krucy,  
The hen went kaa-kaa-kaa,  
And the cat went fiddle-i-fee.
8. Had me a horse, the horse pleased me,  
I fed my horse in yonders tree,  
Horse went neigh-neigh-neigh,  
The cow went moo-moo-moo,  
The guinea went poterack-poterack,  
The sheep went baa-baa-baa,  
The dog went boo-boo-boo,  
The pig went krucy-krucy,  
The hen went kaa-kaa-kaa,  
And the cat went fiddle-i-fee.

**B6—BILLY GRIMES.**

Sung by I. G. Greer of Thomasville, N. C.  
Recorded at Washington, D. C., 1946, by  
Duncan Emrich.

This dialogue song between mother and daughter is, according to Belden, American in origin. Mr. Greer in singing it makes the very natural and common mistake, which occurs in other texts as well, of calling Billy Grimes a "rover" rather than a "drover."

For a somewhat similar text and further references, see: H. M. Belden, *Ballads and Songs*

Collected by the Missouri Folk-Lore Society, University of Missouri Studies, xv, no. 1, 1940, pp. 251-52.

1. "Tomorrow morn I'll be sixteen, and Billy Grimes the rover  
Has popped the question to me, ma, and wants me to be his lover.  
Tomorrow morn, he says, my ma, he's coming bright and early  
To take a pleasant walk with me across the fields of barley."
2. "You cannot go, my daughter dear, there is no use of talking,  
You cannot go across the fields with Billy Grimes a-walking;  
To think of his presumption now, the dirty ugly rover,  
I wonder where your pride has gone to think of such a lover."
3. "Old Grimes is dead, you know, my ma, and Billy is so lonely,  
Besides to say, too, [since] Grimes is dead that Billy is the only,  
So he'll compare to all that's left and that to say is nearly  
A good ten thousand dollars worth and about six hundred yearly."
4. "I did not hear you, daughter dear, your last remarks quite clearly,  
But Billy is a clever lad and no doubt loves you dearly;  
Be ready then tomorrow morn and get up bright and early  
To take a pleasant walk with him across the fields of barley."

#### **B7—FATHER GRUMBLE.**

Sung by Jean Ritchie of Viper, Ky. Recorded at Renfro Valley, Ky., 1946, by Artus M. Moser.

In the *Journal of American Folklore*, Prof. George Lyman Kittredge listed a variety of Old World ballads on the theme of the farmer who turned housewife. Prof. H. M. Belden points out that of these the Scottish "John Grumlie" is clearly the antecedent for the American "Father

Grumble." The song is one which the woman of the house can sing in the pleasant "feuding" which goes on between the sexes—with folk songs as the barbed weapons—after the husband has sung something derogatory of the womenfolk.

For the Scottish "John Grumlie" see: James Francis Child, *English and Scottish Ballads*, 1858, VIII, p. 116; George Lyman Kittredge, *Journal of American Folklore*, XXVI, p. 364. For added information and extensive texts of the American version see: John Harrington Cox, *Folk-Song of the South* (Harvard University Press, 1925), pp. 455-63; H. M. Belden, *Ballads and Songs Collected by the Missouri Folk-Lore Society*, University of Missouri Studies, xv, no. 1, pp. 225-28.

1. There was an old man who lived in the wood  
As you can plainly see,  
Who said he could do more work in one day  
Than his wife could do in three.
2. "If this be true," the old woman said,  
"Why, this you must allow:  
You must do my work for one day  
While I go drive the plow.
3. And you must feed [milk] the Tiny cow  
For fear she will go dry,  
And you must feed the little pigs  
That are within the sty.
4. And you must watch the speckled hen  
Lest she should lay astray,  
And you must wind the reel of yarn  
That I spun yesterday."
5. The old woman took the staff in her hand  
And went to drive the plow,  
The old man took the pail in his hand  
And went to milk the cow.
6. But Tiny hitched and Tiny fitched,  
And Tiny cocked her nose,  
And Tiny gave the old man such a kick  
That the blood ran down to his hose.
7. It's "Hey, my good cow!" and "Ho, my good cow!"  
And, "Now, my good cow, stand still!  
If ever I milk this cow again,  
'Twill be against my will."

8. But Tiny hitched and Tiny flitched,  
And Tiny cocked her nose,  
And Tiny gave the old man such a kick  
That the blood ran down to his hose.
9. And when he had milked the Tiny cow  
For fear she would go dry,  
Why then he fed the little pigs  
That are within the sty.
10. And then he watched the speckled hen  
Lest she should lay astray,  
But he forgot the reel of yarn  
His wife spun yesterday.
11. He swore by all the stars in the sky  
And all the leaves on the tree  
His wife could do more work in one day  
Than he could do in three.
12. He swore by all the leaves on the tree  
And all the stars in heaven  
That his wife could do more work in one day  
Than he could do in seven.

**B8—COMMON BILL.**

Sung by I. G. Greer of Thomasville, N.C.,  
with dulcimer by Mrs. I. G. Greer. Rec-  
orded at Washington, D. C., 1946, by  
Duncan Emrich.

This song, popular in the mountains of the  
South, pictures the flirtatious hesitancy of the  
girl who is being courted and her final humorous  
acceptance of her suitor.

For references see: Dorothy Scarborough, *A  
Song Catcher in Southern Mountains* (Columbia  
University Press, 1937), pp. 308-10.

1. Well, I'm in love with a feller, a feller you  
have seen,  
He's neither white nor yellow but he's  
altogether green;  
His name is not so charming, it's only  
Common Bill,  
He urges me to wed to him  
but I hardly think I will.  
  
Poor Bill, poor silly Bill,  
He urges me to wed to him,  
but I hardly think I will.
2. He whispers of devotion, devotion pure and  
deep,  
But it sounds so mighty silly that I almost  
fell asleep;  
Now he thinks it would be pleasant for to  
journey down the hill,  
Go hand in hand together but I hardly think  
I will.  
  
Poor Bill, poor silly Bill,  
He urges me to wed to him,  
but I hardly think I will.
3. He came last night to see me and made so  
long a stay  
I began to think the lunkhead would never  
go away,  
And first I learned to hate him and I know  
I'll hate him still,  
He urges me to wed to him  
but I hardly think I will.  
  
Poor Bill, poor silly Bill,  
He urges me to wed to him,  
but I hardly think I will.
4. I'm sure I would not choose him  
if it were in my power,  
But he said if I refused him  
he could not live an hour;  
Now you know the Bible teaches  
that it's very wrong to kill,  
So I've thought the matter over  
and think I'll marry Bill.



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