

FOLK MUSIC OF THE UNITED STATES

Music Division

Recording Laboratory AFS L21

ANGLO-AMERICAN SONGS AND BALLADS

From the Archive of Folk Song

Edited by Duncan Emrich



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS WASHINGTON



A1—BANJO TUNING AND SONGS — SOURWOOD MOUNTAIN; DO, LITTLE BOBBY, DO; SHOO FLY. Played and sung by Rufus Crisp at Allen, Kentucky, 1946. Recorded by Margot Mayo, Stuart Jamieson, and Freyda Simon.

“Well, this is the way we tune the banjo for G. You take the second string and let it down just a little bit. Run the fourth string up. Now it’s in perfect tune for G. In G. Key of G. Pick several different tunes. Pick Old Joe Clark, Sourwood Mountain, and several other ones I could name over. Well, here we’re going to go on the Sourwood Mountain, little Grace.

Hey, Sourwood Mountain, hey,
My true love’s in the head of the hollow,
Hey, dee yink die deedle dum yea,
Going to see her . . .

“That’s the way to tune the banjo for G. On the key of C now. We’ve picked . . . we’ve changed the key now. In the key of C. Run the first and second strings up a little, something like this. And the fourth string down, something like this. Now she’s in perfect tune in C. And that’s the main . . . that’s the main important part about music, is to get your instrument in the right tune. Well, we’ll try Little Bobby. Do, Little Bobby, Do.

Hey, do, little Bobby, do,
Do, little Bobby, do,
Do, little Bobby, do,
Do, little Bobby, do.

Hey, eat that bowl and eat your porridge
Do, little Bobby, do,
Do, little Bobby, do . . .

That’s Do, Little Bobby. Do, do, do, do, do.
Do what? Do everything. Right!”

“Well, now here’s the way . . . here’s the way to tune the banjo for what I call Shoo Fly. Let the lower string down a little bit something like this. Now that’s old Shoo Fly. We’ll pick it a little.”

A2—FIDDLE TUNING—SANDY RIVER; GREY EAGLE; BONAPARTE’S RETREAT. Played by Marcus Martin at

Ararat, North Carolina, 1946. Recorded by Margot Mayo, Stuart Jamieson, and Freyda Simon.

“Now I’m going to change the key. I’m going to drop the E string, and it will be in the Calico key. All right. Now the . . . the tune will be . . . Sandy River.

“O. K. I’m going to change now from this key to the key for the original Grey Eagle. And I’ll drop the D . . . A string. I’ll play just a little bit of Grey Eagle.”

A3—THERE’S MORE PRETTY GIRLS THAN ONE. Sung by Wayne Dinwiddie at Visalia, California, 1941. Recorded by Charles Todd and Robert Sonkin.

During the years of dust bowl and drought, many families moved from Oklahoma and nearby states to the promised land of California. Their lot on arrival was not altogether what travel circulars had led them to expect, but in time they weathered the economic storms and many of them settled permanently on the Pacific coast. Their amusements in the dark days were of their own making, since the price of a motion picture was beyond their reach, and Wayne Dinwiddie illustrates the type of entertainment which was enjoyed by the migrant communities. The resourcefulness of Americans and their natural humor also appear in his opening remarks.

“Ladies and gentlemen, you see this here contraption that fits snugly around my neck, fastened by a wire and two screws here on the side . . . was made of . . . made it up myself out of a few articles I picked up. First, an auctioneer’s horn cost me the big sum of a nickel. And next you see a bathtub stopper that cost me a dime. And then you come on down here . . . in the end of this contraption is a cap off a thermometer bottle. Probably pick ’em up in the junk pile anywhere. Well this is a . . . one of my own contraptions. And now I’ll play you a little song . . . ‘There’s More Pretty Girls Than One.’”

1. There’s more pretty girls than one,
There’s more pretty girls than one,
For every town I’ve rambled around,
There’s more pretty girls than one.

2. My mamma told me last night,
She gave me good advice:
"Better stop your rambling around,
pretty boy,
And marry you a loving wife."
3. Look down that lonesome road
Look down that lonesome road,
Hang down your little head and cry—
For thinking of those pretty little girls
And hoping I never will die.
4. Look down that lonesome road,
Before you travel on,
I'm leaving you this lonesome song
To sang when I am gone.
5. There's more pretty girls than one,
There's more pretty girls than one,
For every town I've rambled around
There's more pretty girls than one.

A4—I WISH I WAS A MOLE IN THE GROUND. Sung with banjo by Bascom Lamar Lunsford at Swannanoa, North Carolina, 1946. Recorded by Artus M. Moser.

Probably of Negro origin, this song like many others has passed into the wider tradition of the folk singers of the South. Its source is the Asheville region of North Carolina and the "Bend" refers to the Pigeon Valley. Construction crews working in this area on the railroad also produced the well-known "Swannanoa Tunnel" which Cecil Sharpe, unaccustomed to the soft speech of the South, misheard as "Swannanoa Town-o."

1. Oh, Teddy wants a nine-dollar shawl,
Oh, Teddy wants a nine-dollar shawl,
When I come off the hill with a
forty-dollar bill,
It's, "Baby, where you been so long?"
2. Oh, I don't like a railroad man,
No, I don't like a railroad man,
A railroad man will kill you when he can,
And he'll drink up your blood like wine.
3. Oh, Teddy, let your hair roll down,
Oh, Teddy, let your hair roll down,
Let your hair roll down and your bangs
curl around,
Oh, Teddy, let your hair roll down.

4. I wish I was a lizard in the spring,
Yes, I wish I was a lizard in the spring,
If I was a lizard in the spring, I'd hear my
darling sing,
And I wish I was a lizard in the spring.
5. Oh, I've been in the Bend so long,
Yes, I've been in the Bend so long,
I've been in the Bend with the rough and
rowdy men,
'Tis "Baby, where you been so long?"
6. Yes, I wish I was a mole in the ground,
Yes, I wish I was a mole in the ground,
If I was a mole in the ground, I'd root that
mountain down,
And I wish I was a mole in the ground.

A5—HEAVY-LOADED FREIGHT TRAIN

A6—SHOUT, LITTLE LULU. Sung with five-string banjo by Pete Steele at Hamilton, Ohio, 1938. Recorded by Alan and Elizabeth Lomax.

Pete Steele's technique on the five-string banjo was demonstrated on earlier Library of Congress records, "Pretty Polly," on AFS L1; "Coal Creek March," No. 10A-4, and "Pay Day at Coal Creek," on AFS L2, with which these two pieces of his may be compared. Another record, "The Train," played by Chub Parham, AFS L2, on the harmonica, is of interest also as a further indication that the people draw inspiration for their music from the familiar sounds of American life.

"This tune is made from a . . . from a heavy-loaded freight train pulling hills. And through the valley to level roads. It's a lot of hills."

SHOUT, LITTLE LULU

1. A whole heap of nickels and a whole heap
of dimes,
A-going to see my Lulu gal a whole heap
of times.
2. Shout, little Lulu, shout your best,
Your old grandmother's in hell, I guess.
3. I'd give a nickel and I'd give a dime,
To see my Lulu gal cut a monkeyshine.

A7—THE LOSS OF THE NEW COLUMBIA.

Sung by Mrs. Carrie Grover of Gorham, Maine, at Washington, D.C., 1941. Recorded by Alan Lomax.

From the repertoire of her father, Mrs. Carrie Grover remembers this account of a tragic shipwreck which, because of its wealth of detail, would seem to have been written about an actual disaster off the New England coast.

1. 'Tis of a sad and dismal story that hap-
pened off the fatal rock,
When the *New Columbia* in all her glory,
how she received that fatal shock.
2. We sailed from England in December,
from Liverpool the eighteenth day,
And many hardships we endured while
coming to Americay.
3. Two passengers from Pence came with us,
two brothers were from Birmingham,
They took the leave of all their people to
settle in New Eng-e-land.
4. We anchored in four fathoms water, think-
ing all of our lives to save,
But 'twas in vain for shortly after—poor
souls they met a watery grave.
5. Our ship she dragged away her anchor and
on a rock she split in two,
And out of eighty brave young seamen,
they all were lost excepting two.
6. Our captain he being long afflicted, sick
in his cabin said to his mate,
“Bring me on deck, that’s my desire, where
I may meet my unhappy fate.”
7. He looked all 'round with eyes surrender,
he took the leave of all his crew,
He gave his papers unto a servant, who
chanced to be one of the two.
8. What was most shocking early next morn-
ing was to see the shores all lined along
With the bodies of these shipwrecked
sailors, to the *New Columbia* did belong.
9. Their flesh was mangled all to pieces,
grinding upon the rocks on shore,
'Twould melt the hardest heart to pity to
see them lying in their gore.

10. They were all taken and decently buried,
most melancholy to relate,
To see so many brave young seamen all
meet with such an unhappy fate.
11. May God protect all absent seamen, while
plowing o'er the distant main.
And keep them clear from rocks and
dangers, and safe return them home
again.
12. May God protect all absent seamen, the
mother and the fatherless,
And send his blessing on these poor people
who have lost their sons in such distress.

B1—THE WILD BARBAREE. Sung by Mrs. Carrie Grover of Gorham, Maine, at Washington, D. C., 1941. Recorded by Alan Lomax.

This song is based upon the Child ballad (285) of “The George Aloe and the Sweepstake” which describes an early encounter between the French and English. The early ballad seems apparently to have been revived when the piratical forays along the Algerian coast brought special meaning to the “coast of Barbary” in the late eighteenth century. The *Prince of Wales* was built in 1794 in England. The transmission to this country of a sea song was not unusual, but in this instance may have been stimulated by the fact that Stephen Decatur in 1815 decisively defeated Algerian pirates on the “coast of the wild Barbaree.” The song was traditionally popular in the American navy and several texts have been recovered from Maine, where it was known to Mrs. Grover’s father who sailed from Maine ports as a youth in the last century.

1. Two lofty ships of Eng-e-land set sail,
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we,
And one was Prince of Luther and the
other Prince of Wales,
Cruising down round the coast of the wild
Barbaree.
2. “Look ahead, look astern, look to wind’ard
and to lee,”
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we,

"There's a lofty ship astern and for us
she does make way,"
Cruising down round the coast of the wild
Barbaree.

3. "Oh, hail her, oh, hail her," our gallant
captain cries,
"Are you a man-o'-war or a privateer?"
said he.
4. "I am neither man-o'-war or a privateer,"
said he,
"But I am a saucy pirate a-seeking for
my fee."
5. Then for broadside for broadside these
two ships did go,
Till at length the Prince of Luther shot
the pirate's mast away.
6. Then for quarter, for quarter the pirate
captain cried,
But the quarter that we gave them was to
sink them in the sea.
7. Oh, we fought them for better than three
hours as you see,
But their ship it was their coffin and their
grave it was the sea.

B2—THE LOWLANDS OF HOLLAND. Sung
by Mrs. Carrie Grover of Gorham, Maine,
at Washington, D. C., 1941. Recorded by
Alan Lomax.

This song has been traced at least as far back
as 1776 in the manuscripts of David Herd
deposited in the British Library, and interesting
local variants of it have been found in the
United States as far west as Missouri where the
final line reads "To the lowlands of Missouri,
we'll fight for liberty." Mrs. Grover's version
from Maine is closer to the British tradition
than others found in this country.

For references, see: Vance Randolph, *Ozark
Folksongs* (Columbia, Mo.: State Historical So-
ciety of Missouri, 1946), vol. I, p. 339.

1. Last Easter I was married, that night I
went to bed,
There came a bold sea captain who stood
at my bed head,

Saying, "Arise, arise, you married man,
and come along with me
To the low, lowlands of Holland to face
your enemy."

2. She clasped her arms about me, imploring
me to stay.
Up speaks this bold sea captain, saying,
"Arise and come away!
Arise, arise, you married man, and come
along with me
To the low, lowlands of Holland to face
your enemy."
3. "Oh, daughter dear, oh, daughter dear,
why do you thus lament?
There are men enough in our town to
make your heart content."
"There are men enough in our town, but
there is not one for me,
For I never had but one true love and he
has gone from me."
4. "No shoes shall come upon my feet nor
comb come in my hair,
No fire bright nor candlelight shine in my
chamber more;
And never will I married be until the day
I dee,
Since cruel seas and angry winds parted
my love and me."

B3—THE BROKEN TOKEN. Sung by Mrs.
Maud Long of Hot Springs, North Caro-
lina, at Washington, D. C., 1947. Recorded
by Duncan Emrich.

The theme of the disguised returned lover
coupled with the test of the maid's faithfulness
is a common one in the ballad tradition of Eng-
land and in popular song throughout the world.
"The Broken Token" is known also by many
other names among the people but almost in-
variably opens with the line of "a pretty fair
maid all in the garden." It is widely found in
the United States and has a continuing life in
England as well.

"This is 'The Broken Token' or 'A Pretty
Fair Maid All in the Garden' as I learned it
from my mother, Mrs. Jane Gentry."

1. A pretty fair maid all in the garden,
A gay young soldier came riding by,
He stepped up to this honored lady,
Saying, "Oh, kind miss, don't you fancy
me?"
2. "You are not a man of noble honor,
You're not the man that I took you to be,
You are not a man of noble honor,
Or you wouldn't impose upon a poor girl
like me.
3. "I have a true love in the army,
He has been gone these seven years long;
And seven more years I'll wait upon him—
No man on earth shall enjoy me."
4. "Perhaps he's in some watercourse
drowned,
Perhaps he's on some battlefield slain,
Perhaps he's stolen some fair girl and
married,
If that's the case, you'll never see him
again."
5. "Perhaps he's in some watercourse
drowned,
Perhaps he's on some battlefield slain,
Perhaps he's stolen some fair girl and
married—
I'll love the girl that married him."
6. He took his hands all out of his pockets,
And rings and diamonds two or three,
He took out a ring that was broken
between them,
She saw it and fell down at his feet.
7. He picked her up, he did embrace her
And kisses gave her two or three,
Saying, "I am your poor single soldier,
I have just returned for to marry thee."

B4—THE FALSE KNIGHT UPON THE ROAD. Sung by Mrs. Maud Long of Hot Springs, North Carolina, at Washington, D. C., 1947. Recorded by Duncan Emrich.

As in "The Devil's Nine Questions," the basic idea underlying the ballad is that the devil can carry off the person questioned if he can nonplus him. The child here answers the devil's questions directly and turns back upon

the devil the wishes which the latter makes until he finally places him in hell again. The boy presumably goes on to his school safely. The ballad is, of course, of British origin and American recovered texts and tunes of it are scarce.

For references, see: Arthur Kyle Davis, *Traditional Ballads of Virginia* (Harvard University Press, 1929), p. 61.

"And this is 'The False Knight Upon the Road.'"

1. "Where are you going?" said the knight
in the road.
"I'm going to my school," said the child as
he stood.
He stood and he stood, he well thought on,
he stood,
"I'm going to my school," said the child as
he stood.
2. "Oh, what do you study there?" said the
knight in the road.
"We learn the word of God," said the child
as he stood.
He stood and he stood, he well thought on,
he stood,
"We learn the word of God," said the child
as he stood.
3. "Oh, what are you eating there?" said the
knight in the road.
"I'm eating bread and cheese," said the
child as he stood.
4. "Oh, won't you give me some?" said the
knight in the road.
"No, nare a bite nor crumb," said the child
as he stood.
5. "I wish you were in the sea," said the
knight in the road.
"A good boat under me," said the child as
he stood.
6. "I wish you were in the sand," said the
knight in the road.
"A good staff in my hand," said the child
as he stood.
7. "I wish you were in a well," said the
knight in the road.
"And you that deep in Hell," said the child
as he stood.

B5—ON A BRIGHT AND SUMMER'S MORNING. Sung with banjo by Bascom Lamar Lunsford at Swannanoa, North Carolina, 1946. Recorded by Artus M. Moser.

Another example of the many nonsense songs created by the people is "On a Bright and Summer's Morning," related closely to "Sally Buck" in the Cecil J. Sharpe collection, *Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians* (Oxford University Press, 1932), vol. II, p. 217. Compare also the lying motif and the last stanza with "The Derby Ram," on Library of Congress record AFS L12.

1. On a bright and summer's morning, the
ground all covered with snow,
I put my shoulder to my gun, and
a-hunting . . .
A-hunting I did go.
2. I went up on the mountain, beyond yon
high hill,
And fifteen or twenty, ten thousand . . .
Ten thousand I did kill.
3. The money that I got for the venison skin,
I hauled it to my daddy's barn,
And it wouldn't half go i . . .
It wouldn't half go in.
4. Some boys and girls were skating, on a
bright and summer's day,
The ice broke through, they all fell in, the
rest they run . . .
The rest they run away.
5. I went up on the mountain, beyond the
peak so high,
The moon come round with lightning
speed, "I'll take a ride," says . . .
"I'll take a ride," says I.
6. The moon come around the mountain,
it took a sudden whirl,
My feet slipped and I fell out, and landed
in this . . .
And landed in this world.
7. The man that made this song tune, his
name was Benny Young,
If you can tell a bigger lie, I'll say you
ought to be . . .
I'll say you ought to be hung.

B6—DEATH OF QUEEN JANE. Sung by Bascom Lamar Lunsford at Swannanoa, North Carolina, 1946. Recorded by Artus M. Moser.

According to the full ballad of English origin, Jane Seymour, wife of King Henry the Eighth, was in grievous labor, begging for surgery to save her unborn child. Henry refused to sanction the operation and to sacrifice the mother for the child, but when it became apparent that surgery was necessary, the operation was performed and the child saved. Jane, however, died. According to historical records, her death took place twelve days after the birth of Prince Edward on October 12, 1537. The ballad is of rare occurrence in the United States.

For further reference, see: Arthur Kyle Davis, *Traditional Ballads of Virginia* (Harvard University Press, 1929), p. 419. Child ballad No. 170.

1. Well, Jane was in labor for three days or
more,
She grieved and she grieved and she
grieved her heart sore,
She sent for her mother, her mother came
o'er,
Said, "The Red Rose of England shall
flourish no more."
2. Well, Jane was in labor for three days or
four,
She grieved and she grieved and she
grieved her heart sore,
She sent for her father, her father came
o'er,
Said, "The Red Rose of England shall
flourish no more."
3. Well, Jane was in labor for four days or
more,
She grieved and she grieved and she
grieved her heart sore,
She sent for Prince Henry, Prince Henry
came o'er,
Said, "The Red Rose of England shall
flourish no more."

B7—JACKIE'S GONE A-SAILING

B8—SWEET WILLIAM. Sung by Mrs. Maud Long of Hot Springs, North Carolina, at

Washington, D. C., 1947. Recorded by
Duncan Emrich.

These two songs belong to that group in which the girl offers to or actually does dress in men's clothes and accompanies her lover into battle. They may be compared with Library of Congress record AFS L20, "The Cruel War is Raging." In the first song, it should be noticed that Mrs. Long interpolates the name "Sweet William" from the second song and otherwise changes the text of the two lines of the second stanza of "Jackie's Gone a-Sailing," as compared with stanza four of "Sweet William." This is a clear example of variation in the singing of a single individual and of the manner in which lines move easily from one song to another.

JACKIE'S GONE A-SAILING

1. Jackie's gone a-sailing with trouble on
his mind,
To leave his native country and his darling
dear behind,
Sing ree and sing row and so fare you well,
my dear.
2. "I'll cut my hair, I'll paint my skin, men's
apparel I'll put on,
And I'll sail with you Sweet William and
go on sea with you."
Sing ree and sing row and so fare you well,
my dear.
3. "Your cheeks are red and rosy, your
fingers neat and small,
Your waist too slim and slender to face
the cannon ball."
4. "My cheeks are red and rosy, my fingers
neat and small,
But it never makes me tremble to face
the cannon ball."
5. She dressed herself in men's array, and
apparel she put on,
And to the field of battle she marched her
men along.
6. The battle being ended, she rode the circle
round,
And among the dead and dying, her darling
dear she found.
7. She picked him up all in her arms, she
carried him down to town,
And sent for a London doctor to heal
his bleeding wounds.
8. This couple they got married, so well they
did agree;
This couple they got married, and why not
you and me?

SWEET WILLIAM

1. Sweet William went to his beloved to give
her to understand
That he had to go and leave her, go to a
distant land.
2. "Oh, stay at home, Sweet William, oh, stay
at home with me,
Oh, stay at home, Sweet William, and do
not go on sea."
3. "The king doth give command, my love,
and I will have to go;
If it were to save my own life, I dare not
answer no."
4. "I'll cut my hair, love, paint my skin, and
men's apparel put on,
And I'll go with you, Sweet William, and
sail on sea with you."
5. "The men they do lie bleeding there, and
the bullets swiftly fly,
And the silvery trumpet sounding to drown
all dismal cries."
6. "Oh, tell me of no death nor danger, for
God will be my guide,
And I value not life's dangers with William
by my side."
7. "Suppose I was to meet some pretty fair
girl all on the highway,
And was to take a like unto her, what
would my Polly say?"
8. "My Polly she'd be angry . . ." "Oh, no,
I'd love her, too,
And I'd step aside, Sweet William, that she
might comfort you."
9. "Oh, now my charming Polly, these words
have gained my heart,
And we will have a wedding before we
have to part."

10. This couple they got married, and
William's gone on sea,
And Polly, she's a-waiting in her own
count-er-ee.

B9—BUFFALO BOY

B10—THE BARNYARD. Sung with guitar by Sam D. Hinton of La Jolla, California, at Washington, D. C., 1947. Recorded by Duncan Emrich.

The following three songs represent various types of humorous folk songs popular throughout the United States. "Buffalo Boy" and "My Grandmother Green" are native products while "The Barnyard" has its origin in England. "The Barnyard" may be compared with "Fiddle-I-Fee," the same song under a different title on Library of Congress record AFS L14.

BUFFALO BOY

1. "Oh, when we going to marry, to marry,
to marry,
When we going to marry, dear old buffalo
boy?"
2. "I guess we'll marry in a week, in a week,
in a week,
I guess we'll marry in a week, that is if the
weather is good."
3. "Oh, what you going come to the wedding
in, the wedding in, the wedding in,
What you going come to the wedding in,
dear old buffalo boy?"
4. "I guess I'll come in my ox-cart, my
ox-cart, my ox-cart,
I guess I'll come in my ox-cart, that is if
the weather is good."
5. "Oh, why don't you come in your buggy,
in your buggy, in your buggy,
Oh, why don't you come in your buggy,
dear old buffalo boy?"
6. "My ox won't work in a buggy, in a buggy,
in a buggy,
My ox won't work in a buggy, not even if
the weather is good."
7. "Well, who you going to bring to the
wedding, the wedding, the wedding,
Who you going to bring to the wedding,
dear old buffalo boy?"
8. "I guess I'll bring my children, my
children, my children,
I guess I'll bring my children, that is if
the weather is good."
9. "Oh, I didn't know you had no children,
no children, no children,
I didn't know you had no children, dear
old buffalo boy."
10. "Why, sure, I've got five children, five
children, five children,
Sure, I've got five children, maybe six if
the weather is good."
11. "Oh, there ain't a-going to be no wedding,
no wedding, no wedding,
There ain't a-going to be no wedding, not
even if the weather is good."

THE BARNYARD

1. Oh, I had a bird and the bird pleased me,
And I fed my bird under yonder tree,
And the bird went (whistle).
2. I had a cat and the cat pleased me,
And I fed my cat under yonder tree,
And the cat went (meow)
And the bird went (whistle).
3. I had a duck and the duck pleased me,
And I fed my duck under yonder tree,
And the duck went (quack)
And the cat went (meow)
And the bird went (whistle).
4. I had a dog and the dog pleased me,
I fed my dog under yonder tree,
And the dog went (woof)
And the duck went (quack)
And the cat went (meow)
And the bird went (whistle).
5. I had a goose and the goose pleased me,
And I fed my goose under yonder tree,
And the goose went (honk)
And the duck went (quack)
And the dog went (woof)
And the cat went (meow)
And the bird went (whistle).

6. I had a turkey and the turkey pleased me,
And I fed my turkey under yonder tree,
And the turkey went (gobble)
And the goose went (honk)
And the duck went (quack)
And the dog went (woof)
And the cat went (meow)
And the bird went (whistle).

B11—MY GRANDMOTHER GREEN. Sung
by Mrs. Maud Long of Hot Springs, North
Carolina, at Washington, D. C., 1947.
Recorded by Duncan Emrich.

1. My grandmother lived on yonder green
As fine an old lady as ever was seen,
But she always cautioned me with care
Of all the young men to beware.

Tee-eye-tee-oe, tee-yumpy-tumpy-toe,
Of all the young men to beware.

2. The first come a-courting was little Johnny
Green,
As fine a young fellow as ever was seen,
But the words of my grandmother rung in
my head
Till I could not hear one word he said,
Tee-eye-oe, tee-yumpy-tumpy-toe,
Till I could not hear one word he said.

3. Thinks I to myself, there's some mistake
About all this noise these old folks make,
For if grandma herself had a-been so
afraid
Why, then she, too, would have been an
old maid!
Tee-eye-tee-oe, tee-yumpy-tumpy-toe,
Then she, too, would have been an old
maid!



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