Twenty KENTUCKY MOUNTAIN

SONGS



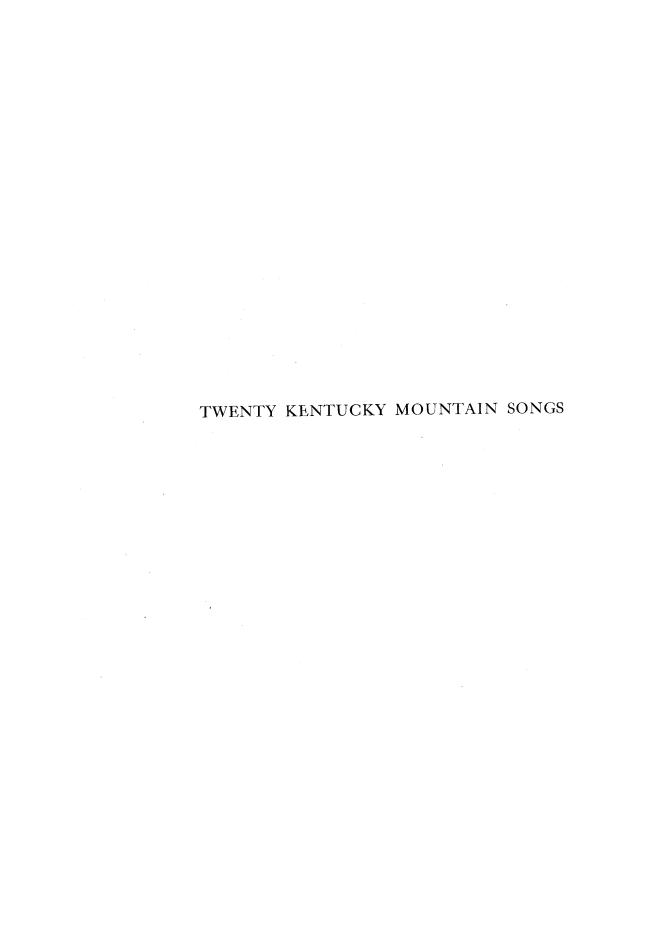
Collected & Arranged

by

LORAINE WYMAN and
HOWARD BROCKWAY

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TWENTY KENTUCKY MOUNTAIN SONGS

THE WORDS COLLECTED BY

LORAINE WYMAN

THE MELODIES COLLECTED AND PIANO ACCOMPANIMENTS ADDED BY

HOWARD BROCKWAY



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your sympatiales released.
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THIS VOLUME OF KENTUCKY SONGS
IS GRATEFULLY DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF
MR. WILLIAM CREECH

GODFATHER OF THE PINE MOUNTAIN CHILDREN
AND THE FOUNDER
OF THE PINE MOUNTAIN SCHOOL



HERE is a unique and an individual quality in the Folksongs of the Kentucky Mountains, whether they be ballad, love song, or nursery rhyme, for they have sung their way through countless generations, unwritten and unrecorded, save by the few who still

keep the love of a "song-ballet" in their hearts. It is the strong link which binds these people to the past, entirely detached as they have been from the outside world for so many generations. They have lived their lives oblivious of modern progress and have remained, like their forefathers, simple people of the soil.

In presenting this volume, it is our hope, that we may share with others the genuine pleasure which these songs gave us when we first heard them in the mountain homes, where this valuable legacy has been unconsciously preserved.

With but few exceptions, the origin of each song can be traced to its English, Scottish or Irish source. Because of their preservation by oral tradition, they have been invested with a characteristic charm of their own, which we have made every effort to retain. No melody has been remodelled. The text has been changed only in a very few instances where memory failed to record words, lines, or stanzas necessary to complete a version.

We wish to express our thanks to Mrs. Sallie Adams, Miss Mary Anne Bagley, the Misses Ora and Polly Dickson, Mr. Leonard Meece, Mr. Robert Morgan, Mr. Hillard Smith, and Mr. Bristol Taylor, who not only helped us by contributing with so much good will and patience all the songs which they could remember, but also, by their cordial hospitality, made of our task a delightful experience and an unforgettable memory.

Torolies Lyman.

New York, October, 1919.

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AN INCONSTANT LOVER

(Harlan County, Kentucky)

Words collected by LORAINE WYMAN Melody collected and piano accompaniment by HOWARD BROCKWAY





73480-115







AN INCONSTANT LOVER

I

To meeting to meeting goes I, To meet loving William he's a-coming by and bye; To meet him in the meadow it's all my delight, I can walk and talk with him from morning till night.

2

For meeting is a pleasure and parting is a grief, An inconstant true love is worse than a thief; A thief will only rob you and take what you have, But an inconstant true love will bring you to your grave.

3

Your grave it will rot you and turn you into dust, There's not one in twenty you'll dare for to trust; They'll kiss a poor maiden and it's all to deceive, There's not one in five hundred you'll dare to believe.

4*

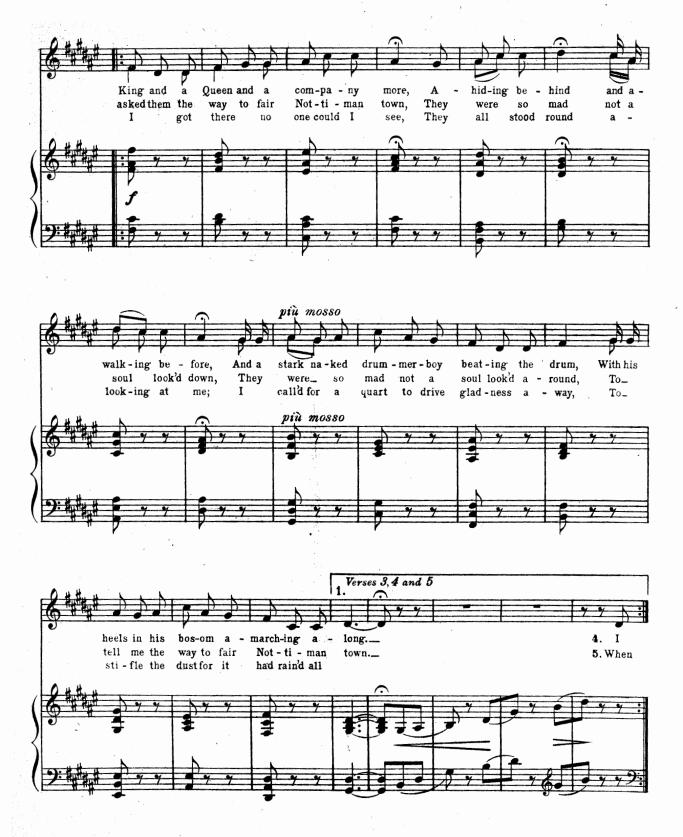
If I am forsaken I am not forsworn,
And you're badly mistaken if you think I do mourn;
I'll dress myself up in some high degree,
And I'll pass as light by him as he does by me.

5

Come, young men and maidens, take warning by me, Never put your affections on a green willow tree; The top it will wither and the roots they will rot, And if I am forsaken, I know I'm not forgot.

FAIR NOTTIMAN TOWN







FAIR NOTTIMAN TOWN

ĭ

As I went down to Nottiman town, I rode a horse they call a grey mare; She'd a white mane and tail, a green list down her back, And not a hair on her but what was called black.

2

Oh, she stood still, threw me in the mud, She daubed my hide, she bruised my shirt; From saddle to stirrup I mounted again, And on my ten toes I rode over the plain.

3

I met a King and a Queen and a company more, A-hiding behind and a-walking before; And a stark naked drummer-boy beating the drum, With his heels in his bosom a-marching along.

4

I asked them the way to fair Nottiman town, They were so mad not a soul looked down, They were so mad not a soul looked around To tell me the way to fair Nottiman town.

5*

When I got there no one could I see, They all stood around a-looking at me; I called for a quart to drive gladness away, To stifle the dust for it had rained all day.

6

Oh, I sat down on a cold frozen stone, Ten thousand stood round me, yet I were alone, Ten thousand got drowned before they were born, Took my hat in my hand to keep my head warm.



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THE SWAPPING SONG

[

When I was a little boy I lived by myself, And all the bread and cheese I had I kept upon the shelf.

Refrain

To my wing wong waddle ding, A jack-straw straddle ding, A john fair faddle ding, A long way's home.

2

The rats and mice did give me such a life, I had to go to London to get me a wife.

3

The creeks were wide and the streets were narrow, And I had to bring her home in an old wheelbarrow,

4

Oh, my foot slipped and I got a fall, And away went wheelbarrow, wife and all.

5

I swapped my wheelbarrow and got me a mare, And then I rode from tare to tare (town?).

6

I swapped my mare and got me a mule, And then I rode like a gol-darned fool.

7

I swapped my mule and got me a cow, And in that trade I just learned how.

8

I swapped my cow and got me a calf, And in that trade I just lost half.

9

I swapped my calf and got me a sheep, And then I rode till I fell asleep.

IC

I swapped my sheep and got me a hen, And la! what a pretty thing I had then!

11

I swapped my hen and got me a rat, And I sat it on a haystack for two little cats.

12

I swapped my rat and got me a mole, And the dog-gone thing went straight to its hole!

LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ELLENDOR.









73480-115









LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ELLENDOR

OR

THE BROWN BRIDE

"O mother, O mother, pray what shall I do? Come advise your own dear son; O must I marry fair Ellendor, say, Or bring the brown girl home?"

2*

Then she rose up, she pondered it well, This counsel she gave her son; Says: "My advice to you, young man, Go bring the brown girl home."

3

"The brown girl she has gold and silver, Fair Ellendor she has none, My blessing on you, my own dear son, If you bring the brown girl home."

4

He rode till he came to fair Ellendor's gate, He tingled the bell with his cane, No one so ready as fair Ellendor To rise and bid him come in.

5

- "What news, what news, Lord Thomas?" she cried,
- "What news hast thou brought unto me?"
- "I've come to ask you to my wedding, Now what do you think of me?"

64

"O mother, O mother, pray what shall I do, Can't you so see I am all undone, Shall I go to Lord Thomas's wedding, Or stay at home and mourn?"

7*

"Dear daughter, you have no business there, And the brown girl she has some, My advice to you, my daughter dear, Is to stay at home and mourn." Q*

She dressed herself in a lily-white robe, Her head she dressed in green, And every town that she rode through, They took her for some fair queen.

94

She rode till she came to Lord Thomas's gate, She pulled all up her rein, No one so ready as Lord Thomas himself, To rise and bid her come in.

10

He took her by the lily-white hand, And led her through the hall, And seated her down in a rocking-chair, Among the ladies all.

11

The brown girl drew a knife from her belt, The blade being keen and sharp, Between the long rib and the short, Stabbed fair Ellendor to the heart.

12

Lord Thomas he drew his sword from his side, As he came in from the hall, He cut off the head of his wilful bride And threw it against the wall.

13

Then placing the handle against the wall, And the blade against his heart, Says: "Did you ever see three lovers meet, That had so soon to part?"

14

"O mother, O mother, go dig my grave, Go dig it long and deep, And bury fair Ellendor in my arms, The brown girl at my feet.

LITTLE MATTHEW GROVE

or, LORD DANIEL'S WIFE

(Letcher County, Kentucky)





























LITTLE MATTHEW GROVE

LORD DANIEL'S WIFE

1

The first came in was dressed in red,
The next came down in green,
The next came down was Lord Daniel's wife,
||: As fine as any queen. :||

She stepped up to Little Matthew Grove, "Go home with me to-night."
"I can tell by the ring you have on your hand, ||: You are Lord Daniel's wife.":||

"It makes no difference whose wife I am, To you nor no other man, My husband's not at home to-night, ||: He's in some distant land.": ||

The little foot-page was standing by, Heard every word was said: "Your husband will surely hear these words, ||: Before the break of day.": ||

Oh, he had sixteen miles to go, And ten of them he ran, He ran, he ran to the broken bridge, ||: He smote on his breast and swam. :||

He ran till he came to Lord Daniel's hall, He ran till he came to the gate, He ran till he came to Lord Daniel's hall,

||: He rattled those bells and he rang. :||

7

"What's the matter, what s the matter, my little foot-page,
What's the news you bring to me?"

"There's another man in the bed with your wife, ||: As sure as you are born!":||

"If this be a lie," Lord Daniel said,
"That you have brought to me,
I'll build me a scaffold on the King's highway,
||: And hangèd you shall be!":||

"If this be a lie I bring to you,
Which you are taking it to be,
You need not build a scaffold on the King's highway,
||: But hang me to a tree!":||

He gathered an army of his men, He started with a free good will, He put his bugle to his mouth ||: And he blew both loud and shrill. :||

"Get up, get up, Little Matthew Grove, Get up and put on your clothes, Lord Daniel surely comes home this night, ||: For I hear his bugle blow.":|| "Lie still, lie still, Little Matthew Grove, And keep me from the cold, It's nothing but my father's shepherd, ||: Blowing of his sheep to the fold.": ||

From that they fell to hugging and kissing,
From that they fell asleep,
And when they waked up they saw Lord Daniel,
||: He stood at their bed-feet.:||

"How do you like your pillow, sir,
How do you like your sheet,
How do you like the gay ladye,
||: That lies in your arms and sleeps?": ||

"Very well I like your pillow, sir, Very well I like your sheet, Much better I like your gay ladye, ||: That lies in my arms and sleeps.": ||

"Get up, get up, Little Matthew Grove, Get up and put on your clothes, It never shall be said in this wide world, ||: A naked man I slew.": ||

"You have two bright swords," he said,
"Me not so much as a knife."
"You may take the very best sword,
||: And I will take the worst.":||

"You may take the very first lick,
And make it like a man,
And I will take the very next lick,
||: And kill you if I can.": ||

Little Matthew Grove struck the very first lick, Lord Daniel struck the floor, Lord Daniel took the very next lick, ||: Little Matthew Grove struck no more. :||

He took the ladye all by the hand, Says: "Come sit on my knee, Which of these men, you love the best, ||: Little Matthew Grove or me?": ||

"How do you like his rosy cheek,
How do you like his chin,
How do you like Little Matthew Grove,
||: Who now lies dead for his sin?":||

"Very well I like his cosy cheek, Very well I like his chin, Much better I love Little Matthew Grove ||: Than you and all your kin!":||

NOAH'S ARK

(Knott County, Kentucky)











NOAH'S ARK

İ

Some say Noah was a foolish old man, Building his ark on sandy land. Oh, who built the ark? Oh, Noah, Noah, Noah built the ark, Oh, yes, my Lord.

2

Oh, if religion was a thing that money'd buy The rich would live, the poor would die. Oh, who built the ark? Oh, Noah, Noah, Noah built the ark, Oh, yes, my Lord!

3

Thank the Lord it is not so, The rich must die as well as the poor. Oh, who built the ark? Oh, Noah, Noah, Noah built the ark, Oh, yes, my Lord!

4

Since I've been deaned, since I've been born, So many people have been dead and gone. Oh, who built the ark? Oh, Noah, Noah, Noah built the ark, Oh, yes, my Lord!

5

Down by the graveyard we must walk, See long graves as well as short. Oh, who built the ark? Oh, Noah, Noah, Noah built the ark, Oh, yes, my Lord!

6

Oh, if you get there before I do, Tell Massa Jesus I'm a-coming too, Oh, who built the ark? Oh, Noah, Noah, Noah built the ark, Oh, yes, my Lord!

YOUNG EDWARD







YOUNG EDWARD

I

"My father owns a fine house, On yonder riverside, And you can go and stay all night, No danger need you fear."

2

He sat up and discoursed with her. Till time to go to bed, And little did he think that night, That sorrow would crown his head.

3

This young man being a-drowsy, Went in the room to sleep; And Polly's cruel old father, All in the room did creep.

4

He stabbed him and he killed him, He dragged him out of bed, His blood it swiftly flowed, he sank All in the water, O!

5

As Polly she lay sleeping, She had a frightful dream; She dreamt she saw her love stand weeping, His blood flowed in a stream.

6

"O father, where's the sailor lad Came here last night to stay?" "Oh, he is dead, no tales can tell," Her father he did say.

7

"O father, cruel father, You'll die a public show, For sinking of my own true love Down in the Lowlands low."

SPORTING BACHELORS

(Letcher County, Kentucky)







SPORTING BACHELORS

1

Come all you sporting bachelors
Who wish to get good wives,
And never be deceived as I am;
I married me a wife,
Makes me weary of my life,
Let me strive and do all that I can, can, can,
Let me strive and do all that I can.

2

She dresses me in rags,
In the very worst of rags,
While she dresses like a queen so fine;
She goes to the town
By day and by night,
Where the gentlemen do drink wine, wine, wine,
Where the gentlemen do drink wine.

3

When I come home
I am just like one alone,
My poor joints trembling with fear,
She'll pout and she'll lour,
She'll frown and look sour,
Till I dare not stir for my life, life, life,
Till I dare not stir for my life.

4

When supper is done,
She just tosses me a bone,
And swears I'm obliged to maintain her;
O sad the day I married,
O that I had longer tarried,
E'er I to the altar was led, led, led,
E'er I to the altar was led!

AS I WALKED OUT









AS I WALKED OUT

1

As I walked out one May morning,
For to hear the pretty birds sing sweet,
I leant my back against a little cottage door,
For to see true lovers meet;
To see them meet, to hear them talk,
And to hear what they had for to say,
I would care to know a little more of their minds
Before I went away.

2

"Come sit you down, my own true love,
Come sit you down by me;
It's been almost three quarters of a year
Since I spoke one word to thee."
"I will not sit by you, young man,
By you nor no other man,
Nor will I believe a young man's faith or troth,
For he's sworn to many a one!"

3

"Oh, when my heart was yours, young man,
And you robbed so rich a nest,
You made me believe by the false oaths you swore,
That the sun rose in the west;
I will never believe a young man any more,
Let his eyes be blue, black or brown,
Save he were on the top of a high gallows tree,
A-swearing he wished to come down!"

THE DAEMON LOVER

(Harlan County, Kentucky)

















THE DAEMON LOVER

1

"Well met, well met, my own true love, Well met, well met," said he,

"I've just returned from the old salt sea, And it's all for the love of thee."

2

"I could have married a king's daughter there, I could have married her," cried he,

"But I have forsaken these gold crowns, And it's all for the sake of thee."

3

"If you could have married a king's daughter there, I'm sure you are to blame; For I am married to a house-carpenter, And I think he's a nice young man."

4

"Oh, will you forsake your house-carpenter, Oh, will you forsake him?" cried he, "Oh, will you forsake your sweet little babe,

And go along with me?"

5*

"If I forsake my house-carpenter
And go along with you,
You have no money to support me on,
O love, what would I do"

4*

"I have seven ships sailing on the seas, Besides seven more on land, I have gold laid up in store You can have at your command."

7

She laid her baby on its downy bed,
And kisses she gave it three,
"Lie there, lie there, my sweet little babe,
Bear your father companye."

Q

They hadn't been sailing but about three weeks, I'm sure it had not been three,
Till she threw herself on her true love's knee
And wept most pityfulye.

9

"Are you weeping for your house-carpenter, Or are you weeping for me, Or are you weeping for your sweet little babe, That you never more shall see?"

IC

"I'm not weeping for my house-carpenter, Nor neither am I weeping for thee, But I'm weeping for my sweet little babe, One I never more shall see."

ŢΤ

They hadn't been sailing but about three weeks, I'm sure it had not been four,
Till the ship sprung a leak, to the bottom she went,
Never to rise any more.

12

"What hills, what hills, my own true love, What hills so dark and low?"

"That is the hills of hell, my love,

"Where you and I must go!"

13

"What hills, what hills, my own true love, What hills as white as snow?"

"That is the hills of heaven, my love, Where you and I can't go!"

LORD ORLAND'S WIFE

or, LITTLE MATTHEW GREW

















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LORD ORLAND'S WIFE

OR

LITTLE MATTHEW GREW

1

The first came in was a gay ladye, The next came in was a girl, The next came in was Lord Orland's wife, The fairest of them all.

2

Little Matthew Grew was standing by, She placed her eyes on him, 'Go up with me, Little Matthew Grew This livelong night we'll spend."

3
"I can tell by the ring that's on your finger,
You are Lord Orland's wife."
"But if I am Lord Orland's wife
Lord Orland is not at home."

4

The little foot-page was standing by, Heard all that she did say; "Your husband surely will hear these words, Before the break of day."

۲*

Oh, he had sixteen miles to go, And ten of them he ran, He ran till he came to the broken bridge, He smote his breast and he swam.

6

He ran till he came to Lord Orland's hall, He ran till he came to the gate, He rattled those bells and loud he rang, "Awake, Lord Orland, awake!"

"What's the matter, what's the matter, my little foot-page, What's the news you bring to me?"

"Little Matthew Grew's in bed with your wife, It's as true as anything can be."

8

"If this be a lie," Lord Orland said,
"That you have brought to me,
I'll build a scaffold on the King's highway
And hanged you shall be."

"If this be a lie I bring to you,
Which you're taking it to be,
You need not build a scaffold on the King's highway,
But hang me to a tree."

IC

He called up his merry men all,
"Come saddle me my steed,
This night I must go to Bucklesfordbury
For-I never had greater need."

II

"Methinks I hear the thressel cock, Methinks I hear the jay, Methinks I hear Lord Orland's bugle, And I would I were away."

12

"Lie still, lie still, thou Little Matthew Grew, And huggle me from the cold, 'Tis nothing but a shepherd's boy A-driving his sheep to the fold."

. 13

At first they fell to hugging and kissing, At last they fell asleep, All on the next morn when they awoke, Lord Orland stood at their bed-feet.

14

"Oh, how do you like my curtains fine, Oh, how do you like my sheets, Oh, how do you like my gay ladye, That lies in your arms and sleeps?"

Iζ

"Very well I like your curtains fine, Very well I like your sheets, Much better I like your gay ladye That lies in my arms and sleeps."

16

"Get up, get up, Little Matthew Grew, And prove your word to be true, I'll never have it for to say, A naked man I slew."

17

The first lick struck Little Matthew struck Which caused an awful wound, The next lick struck Lord Orland struck, And laid him on the ground.

18*****

"Oh, how do you like my curtains fine, Oh, how do you like my sheets, Oh, how do you like Little Matthew Grew That lies on the ground and sleeps?"

19*

"Very well I like your curtains fine, Very well I like your sheets, Much better I like Little Matthew Grew That lies on the ground and sleeps."

THE OLD MAID

(Letcher County, Kentucky)







THE OLD MAID

I

I won't marry a man that's tall,
The little old dumplings are worse than all;
Oh, I won't marry at all, at all,
Oh, I won't marry at all.
For I'm determined to live an old maid,
I'd rather stay single and lie in the shade,
Oh, I won't marry a man that's tall,
Oh, I won't marry at all.

2

I won't marry a man that's thin,
Nor the little fat man who's easy to win,
Oh, I won't marry at all, at all,
Oh, I won't marry at all.
For I'm determined to live an old maid,
I'd rather stay single and lie in the shade,
Oh, I won't marry a man that's thin,
Oh, I won't marry at all.

3

I won't marry a man that's poor,
For he'll go begging from door to door,
Oh, I won't marry at all, at all,
Oh, I won't marry at all.
For I'm determined to live an old maid,
I'd rather stay single and lie in the shade,
Oh, I won't marry a man that's poor,
Oh, I won't marry at all.

CHARMING BEAUTY BRIGHT











CHARMING BEAUTY BRIGHT

I

Once I courted a charming beauty bright,
On her I placed my own heart's delight;
I courted her for love and love I did obtain,
I'm sure she had no reasons to me to complain.

2

One day to the window she was forced to go, To see if her true love endured yet or no, He lifted up his head, his eyes were shining bright, His only thoughts were of his own heart's delight.

3

Her parents were against it when they came to know, They strove to part us by day and by night, They locked her in her chamber and kept her concealed, I never got a sight of my love any more.

COME ALL YOU YOUNG AND HANDSOME GIRLS









73480-115





COME ALL YOU YOUNG AND HANDSOME GIRLS

1

Come all you young and handsome girls, Take warning of a friend, And learn the ways of the wide world, And on my words depend.

2

Oh, will you on my words depend, And will you bear in mind, Among a hundred men or more, A friend is hard to find.

3

When I was in my sixteenth year, Oh, Willy courted me, He said if I would go with him, His loving wife I'd be.

4*

To him my heart had been confined, I could not well say no, I thought I knew he was my friend, And away with him did go.

5

When we were far away from home, That was my happiest life, Until he said: "You may go home, You cannot be my wife."

4

"My father he was kind to me, My mother loved me dear, You know that you persuaded me, How can you leave me here?"

7

"O nature, nature, darling girl,
I find no fault in you,
But I am bound to ramble round,
I now bid you adieu!"

THE TOAD'S COURTSHIP















THE TOAD'S COURTSHIP

1

Toad went a-courting and he did ride, ahum! Toad went a-courting and he did ride, Sword and buckler by his side, ahum!

2

Toad went to Lady Mouse's den, ahum! Toad went to Lady Mouse's den, And said: "Lady Mouse, are you within?" ahum!

3

"Yes," said Lady Mouse, "I'm within," ahum!
"Yes," said Lady Mouse, "I'm within,
Raise the latch and please walk in," ahum!

4

Toad took Lady Mouse on his knee, ahum! Toad took Lady Mouse on his knee, And said: "Lady Mouse, will you marry me?" ahum!

5

"Not without Uncle Rat's consent," ahum!
"Not without Uncle Rat's consent
Would I marry the President," ahum!

6

Uncle Rat he went to town, ahum! Uncle Rat he went to town To get his niece a wedding gown, ahum!

7

What does he get for the wedding gown? ahum! What does he get for the wedding gown? A piece of a hide of an old grey-hound, ahum!

8

Where will the wedding supper be? ahum! Where will the wedding supper be? 'Way down yonder, in a hollow tree, ahum! 9

What will the wedding supper be? ahum! What will the wedding supper be? Two soup beans and a black-eyed pea, ahum!

10

First came in was a little sad chick, ahum! First came in was a little sad chick, He ate so much it made it sick, ahum!

11

Next came in was a little old fly, ahum! Next came in was a little old fly, It ate up all the wedding pie, ahum!

12

Next came in was a bumble-bee, ahum! Next came in was a bumble-bee, A fiddle and a bow all on his knee, ahum!

13

Next came in was a little (fat) pig, ahum!
Next came in was a little fat pig,
And said: "We'll have us a little jig!" ahum!

14

Toad took Lady Mouse down to dwell, ahum! Toad took Lady Mouse down to dwell Down in the bottom of an old deep well, ahum!

15

Toad went swimming across the lake, ahum! Toad went swimming across the lake, He got swallowed by a water-snake, ahum!

16

A little piece of corn-bread a-laying on the shelf, ahum! A little piece of corn-bread a-laying on the shelf, If you want any more you must sing it yourself, ahum!

THE GONESOME SCENES OF WINTER

(Knott County, Kentucky)







THE GONESOME SCENES OF WINTER

I

The gonesome scenes of winter Contains to frost and snow, Dark clouds around me gather, The wind doth loudly blow.

2

I went to see my true love, She looked so scornfully, I asked her for to marry, She would not answer me.

3*

I sat there all night long, Until the break of day, A-waiting for an answer, "Kind Miss, what do you say?"

4

"Kind sir, if I'm to answer I choose a single life; I never thought it suited For me to be your wife."

**

"Now take it as an answer And for yourself provide I have another loved one, And you I've laid aside." 6

It wasn't more than three weeks This lady's mind did change, She wrote to me a letter "Kind sir, I am ashamed."

7

Kind sir, I know I've slighted you, I cannot bear you to mourn, Here is my heart, O loved one, Now keep it as your own."

8*

"To see these birds a-hopping From every bush to pine, I know my joy'd be doubled If you were only mine."

9

I wrote her back an answer,
I sent it all in speed,
Saying: "Once, my dear, I loved you;
I loved you once indeed."

TO

"All on the balmy ocean
There's others I pursue;
This world is wide and plentiful,
There's more as fair as you!"

NO, SIR, NO

(Letcher County, Kentucky)









NO, SIR, NO!

I

Yonder is a comely flower, What her name is, I do not know; I'll go court her for her beauty Till she answers "Yes," or "No."

Refrain

"No, sir, no, no, no, no,"
And all of her answer to him was No!"

2

On her cheek a bunch of roses, On her bosom lilies grow, In her arms a world of pleasure, May I enjoy them, yes, or no.

3

"Madam, I have gold and silver, Madam, I have house and land, Madam, I've the world of pleasure, All to be at your command.

4

"What care I for gold and silver, What care I for house and land, What care I for a world of pleasure, All I want is a nice young man!"

FANNY BLAIR

(Letcher County, Kentucky)







FANNY BLAIR

I

One morning, one morning in May, As I went a-walking to breathe the sweet air; A young man came to me, these words he did say: "There's vengeance sworn against you by young Fanny Blair!"

2

"There is young Fanny Blair scarce eleven years old, I'm a-going to die, so the truth I'll unfold.

I never had dealing with her in my time,
'Tis hard to die for another man's crime?"

3

Just before they counted table young Fanny was there, Brought up to profess herself she did prepare, Of the judge's hard swearing I'm ashamed for to tell. Says the judge: "Your old mother has tutored you well."

4

"There is one more thing of my old parents I crave
In the midst of their garden for to dig my grave;
I come of respectable parents, that's what you may know,
I was born in old England, brought up in Tyrone."

THE INQUISITIVE LOVER

(Pulaski County, Kentucky)





Ted.

Der.

Ted.

Led.



THE INQUISITIVE LOVER

I

As I walked through the pleasant grove, Not alone as might have been supposed, My mind did often times remove, And by no means could be disclosed; I chanced to meet some friend of mine, Which caused me some time to tarry, And thus of me she did entreat, To tell her when I meant to marry.

2*

"Sweetheart," said I, "if you must know, Go mark these words as I reveal them; So plainly print them on your mind, And in your heart do you conceal them; For of these things, oh, make no doubt, If of the same you will be wary, So now to tell you I'll begin, Oh, when I do intend to marry."

3*

"When hot sunshine won't dry up mire,
And fishes in green fields are feeding;
When man and horse the ocean plow,
And swans upon dry rocks are swimming;
When every city is pulled down,
Old England into France is carried,
When indigo dyes red and brown,
Then me and my true love will marry."

4

"When country-men for judges sit,
And lemons fall in February;
When cockle-shells lie in the streets
No gold to them can be compared.
When women know not how to scold,
And maids on sweethearts ne'er are thinking,
When grey goose wings turn to gold rings,
Then me and my true love will marry."

5

'Good sir, since you have told me when,
That you've resolved for to marry,
I wish with all my heart till then
That for a wife you still may tarry,
If all young men were of your mind,
And maids no better were preferred,
I think 'twould be when the devil were blind
That we and our true loves should marry.''

PRETTY POLLY

(Knott County, Kentucky)









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PRETTY POLLY

1

Oh, where is pretty Polly, oh, yonder she stands, Gold rings on the fingers of her lily-white hands; "O Polly, O Polly, O Polly," said he, "Let's take a little walk before married we be."

2

He led her over hills and through valleys so deep, At length pretty Polly began for to weep. "O William, O William, O William," said she, "I fear your intention is for to murder me!"

3

"O Polly, O Polly, you're guessing just right,
I was digging your grave through the most of last night!"
They went a little further and she began to cry,
She saw her grave dug and the spade a-setting by.

4*

She threw her arms around him, saying: "I am in no fear, How can you kill a poor girl who loves you so dear?" "O Polly, O Polly, we have no time to stand," He drew out his dagger and held it in his hand.

5

He stabbed her to the tender heart which caused the blood to flow, Away into the grave her fair body did throw. He threw the dirt over her and left her there alone, With no one to weep but the small birds to moan.

6

A ship was setting ready all on the sea-side, He swore by his Maker he'd sail to the other side, And while he was sailing the ship it sprung a leak, Away down to the bottom sweet William did sink.

7

And there he met pretty Polly all in gores of blood, Her lily-white arms all in front of him, Such screaming and crying then all passed away: "A debt to the devil I'm dreading to pay."