Twenty
KENTUCKY MOUNTAIN SONGS

Collected & Arranged by
LORAINE WYMAN and
HOWARD BROCKWAY

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Boston
TWENTY KENTUCKY MOUNTAIN SONGS
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THE WORDS COLLECTED BY
LORAIN WEYMAN

THE MELODIES COLLECTED AND
PIANO ACCOMPANIMENTS ADDED BY
HOWARD BROCKWAY

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For Mr. Padwick, with the appreciation of
our work has been much encouraged by
your sympathetic interest.

October 1920.

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
There 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.

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

Allegro con spirito

1. To meeting, to

meeting, to meeting goes

he's a-coming by and bye;

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2. For meeting is a pleasure and parting is a grief. An
grave it will rot you and turn you into dust. There's
I am forsaken I am not forsworn. And you're
in-constant true love is worse than a thief; A
not one in twenty you'll dare for to trust; They'll
bad-ly mis-tak-en if you think I do mourn; I'll

thief will coolly rob you and take what you have, But an
kiss a poor maid-en and it's all to deceive, There's
dress myself up in some high degree, And I'll

in-constant true love will bring you to your grave. 3. Your
not one in five hundred you'll dare to believe. 4. If
pass as light by him as he does by
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 forget.
AN INCONSTANT LOVER

1
To meeting 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.
1. As I went down to Not-ti-man town, I rode a horse they call a gray mare; She had a white mane and tail, a green list down her back, and shirt; From saddle to stirrup I mounted again, and not a hair on her but what was called black.

2. Oh, plain on my ten toes I rode over the poco rall. a tempo

3. I met a poco rall. a tempo

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King and a Queen and a company more, A-hiding behind and a-
asked them the way to fair Not-ti-man town, They were so mad not a
I got there no one could I see, They all stood round a-

più mosso

walking before, And a stark asked drummerboy beating the drum, With his
seal looked down, They were so mad not a seal looked around, To-
looking at me; I called for a quart to drive gladness away, To-

più mosso

Verses 3, 4 and 5

heels in his bosom a-marching a-long.

tell me the way to fair Not-ti-man town...

4. I

stifle the dust for it had rained all

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

1
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 drownéd before they were born,
Took my hat in my hand to keep my head warm.
THE SWAPPING SONG

(Letcher County, Kentucky)

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

Con umore

Verses 7 and 8

1. When I was a little boy I lived by myself, And rats and mice did give me such a life, I

REFRAIN

all the bread and cheese I had I kept upon the shelf. To my

had to go to London to get me a wife.

wing wong waddle ding, A jack-straw straddle ding; A john fair faddle ding, A
1. long way's home. 2. The long way's home. 3. The

Verse 9 and 10

creeks were wide and the streets were narrow. And I had to bring her home in an
my foot slipped and I got a fall. And away went wheel-barrow,

poco a poco cresc.

old wheel-barrow, To my wing wong waddle ding, A jack-straw straddle ding, A
wife and all.

poco a poco cresc.

[Musical notation]

[Text continues]
5. I swapped my wheelbarrow and got me a mare; And
swapped my mare and got me a mule, And
then I rode from tare to tare. To my wing wong waddie ding, A
then I rode like a god-darned fool.

jack-straw straddie ding, A john fair faddie ding, A long way's home.

2. D.S. Final Ending

long way's home long way's home.
THE SWAPPING SONG

1
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.

10
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

or THE BROWN BRIDE

(Knott County, Kentucky)

Melody collected and piano accompaniment by

HOWARD BROCKWAY

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Says: "My advice to you, young man, Go bring the brown girl home."

3. "The brown girl she has gold and silver, Fair Eldorado 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 Ellen-dor's gate. He tingly the bell with his simile cane, No one so ready as Fair Ellen-dor, To rise and bid him come.

Verses 2 and 7  D.S. Ending of Verse 7

5. What mourn'd

D.S.

8. She dress'd herself in a lily-white robe, Her
head she dress'd in green,—And ev'ry town that she rode through, They took her for some fair queen.—

Thom- as's gate, She pull'd all up her rein,—No one so ready as Lord

Thom- as him- self, To rise and bid her come in.—
10. He took her by the lil-y-white hand, And led her through the hall,
And seat-ed her down in a rock-ing chair, A-mong the la-dies all.

11. The brown girl drew a knife from her belt, The Thomas he drew his sword from his side, As he
molti cresc. e stringendo

blade being keen and sharp, between the long rib and the short, stab'd came in from the hall, he cut off the head of his wilful bride, and

stringendo

molti cresc.

ff poco allargando

End of Verse II

f

End of Verse 12

Fair Eliezer to the heart.

poco allargando

12. Lord wall.

meno mosso

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 Ellen

dor in my arms, The brown girl at my feet.”

moltò rall. al Fine

73480-115
LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ELLENDOR

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?"

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."

"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."

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.

"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?"

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

"Dear daughter, you have no business there,
And the brown girl she has none,
My advice to you, my daughter dear,
Is to stay at home and mourn."

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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?"

"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)

Words collected by
LORRAINE WYMAN

Allegro moderato

1. The first came in was little foot-page was
dressed in red, The next came down in green, The next came down was Lord.
standing by, Heard every word was said; “Your husband will surely

Daniel’s wife, As fine as any queen, As fine as any queen.
hear these words, Before the break of day, Before the break of day:"

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2. She stepp'd up to lit-tle Mat-thew Grove, "Go home with me to-

5. Oh, he had six-teen miles to go, And ten of them he

ight,"

ran, He ran, he ran to the bro-ken bridge, He

are Lord Dan-iel's wife, You are Lord Dan-iel's wife,"

smote on his breast and swam, He smote on his breast and swam."

3. "It

6. He
makes no difference whose wife I am, To you nor no other man,
ran till he came to Lord Daniel's hall, He ran till he came to the gate,

husband's not at home to-night, He's in some distant land,
ran till he came to Lord Daniel's hall, He rattled those bells and he rang,

in some distant land,

1. The

4. The
7. "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, As sure as you are born!"

8. "He
this be a lie," Lord Daniel said, "That you have brought to me, I'll
this be a lie, I bring to you, Which you are tak-ing it to be, You

build me a scaf-fold on the King's high-way, And hang-ed you shall
need not build a scaf-fold on the King's high-way, But hang me to a

sempre marcato

be, And hang-ed you shall be!" 9. "If
tree, But hang me to a

ff rall. 1. a tempo 2. my

rall. 1. a tempo 2.
gather'd an army of his men. He started with a free good
that they fell to hugging and kissing. From that they fell a-

will, He put his bugle to his mouth. And he blew both loud and:
sleep. And when they waked up they saw Lord Daniel, He stood at their bed-

shriil, And he blew both loud and shriil. II. "Get
feet. He stood at their bed feet.
up, get up, Little Matthew Grove, Get up and put on your clothes, Lord

14. "How do you like your pillow, sir, How do you like your sheet,

Daniel surely comes home this night, For I hear his bugle blow, For I
How do you like the gay lady, That lies in your arms and sleeps, That

poco rall.  pp a tempo

hear his bugle blow."  
12. "Lie still, lie still, Little
lies in your arms and sleeps?"
15. "Very well I like your
Mat-thew Grove, And keep me from the cold, It's noth-ing but my
pill-ow, sir, Ver-y well I like your sheet, Much bet-ter I like your

fa-ther's shep-herd, Blow-ing of his sheep to the fold,
gay la-dye, That lies in my arms and sleeps, That

1. Blow-ing of his sheep to the fold."
13. From

lies in my arms and
16. "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, A

naked man I slew."

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

You may take the very first lick, And Matthew Grove struck the very first lick, Lord

make it like a man, And I will take the very next lick And

Daniel struck the floor, Lord Daniel took the very next lick, Little

kill you if I can, And kill you if I can, And

Matthew struck no more, Little Matthew struck no

Little
20. He took the lady all by the hand, says, "Come sit on my knee, which of these men you love the best, little Matthew Grove or me, little Matthew Grove or me?"

21. "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, Who

now lies dead for his sin? 22. "Very well I like his rosy cheek, Very

well I like his chin, Much better I love Little Matthew Grove Than'

you and all your kin, Than you and all your kin!"
LITTLE MATTHEW GROVE
OR
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. :||

2
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." :||

3
"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." :||

4
The little foot-page was standing by,
Heard every word was said:
"Your husband will surely hear these words,
||: Before the break of day." :||

5
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. :||

6
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!" :||

8
"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 hanged you shall be!" :||

9
"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!" :||

10
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. :||

11
"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. ||

13
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. ||

14
"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? ||

15
"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. ||

16
"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. ||

17*
"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. ||

18
"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. ||

19
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. ||

20*
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? ||

21*
"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? ||

22*
"Very well I like his rosy 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)

Words collected by
LORAIN RYMAN

Melody collected
and piano accompaniment by.
HOWARD BROCKWAY

Allegro con molto brio

VOICE

PIANO

sempre ben ritmico

1. Some say—Noah was a foolish old man,

Build-ing his ark on sandy land. Oh, who built the
ark? Oh, No - ah, No - ah built the ark, Oh, yes, my Lord!

2. Oh, if re - li - gion was a thing that mon - ey'd buy, The rich would live, the poor would die. Oh, who built the ark? Oh,

poco rall.

No - ah, No - ah 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, No - ah,

No - ah built the ark, Oh, yes, my Lord! 4. Since I've been deam'd, since I've been born, So many people have been dead and
gene. Oh, who built the ark? Oh, No-ah, No-ah built the

poco rall.

ark, Oh, yes, my Lord!

poco rall. a tempo

Down by the grave-yard we must

walk, See long graves as well as short. Oh, who
Oh, Noah, Noah built the ark, Oh, yes, my Lord!

Lord! 6. Oh, if you get there before I do, Tell Massa

Jesus I'm coming too. Oh, who built the ark? Oh,

Noah, Noah built the ark, Oh, yes, my Lord!
NOAH'S ARK

1
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 deamed, 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!
1. "My fa-ther owns a
fine house, On youn-der river side,
and piano accompaniment by
and piano accompaniment by
HOWARD BROCKWAY

2. He
don"ger need you fear? 2. He
head.

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(c)ruel old fa-ther, All in the room did creep. He stab-b'd him and he

kill'd him, He dragg'd him out of bed. His blood it swift-ly flow'd, he.

sank, All in the wa-ter, Oh!

sleep-ing, She had a fright-ful dream; She dreamt she saw her love stand
weeping, His blood flow'd in a stream. "O fa-ther, where's the sail-or lad, Came
here last night to stay?" "Oh, he is dead, no tales can tell." Her
fa-ther he did say. "O fa-ther, cru-el fa-ther, You'll die a pub-lie
show, For sink-ing of my own true love, Down in the Low-lands low."
YOUNG EDWARD

1
"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)

Words collected by
LORAIN WYMAN

Melody collected
and piano accompaniment by
HOWARD BROCKWAY

Allegro molto spiritoso

1. Come all you sporting bachelors, Who
wish to get good wives, And never be deceived as I
just like one alone, My poor joints trembling with

f

2. When I come home, I am;
I married me a wife, Makes me
She'll pout and she'll fear;

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wear-y of my life, Let me strive and do all that I
crown and look sour, Till I dare not stir for my

can, can, can, Let me strive and do all that I
life, life, life, Then I dare not stir for my

2. She dress-es me in rags, In the ver-y worst of
4. When sup-per is done, She just toss-es me a

rags, While she dress-es like a queen so fine;
bone, And swears I am o-bliged to main-tain her;

She
O
goes to the town by day and by night, Where the sad the day I married, O that I had longer tarried, E'er.

gen-tle-men do drink wine, wine, wine, Where the I to the altar was led, led, led, E'er.

1.
gen-tle-men do drink wise.

2.
tall.

altar was led.
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 bawl,
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

(Letcher County, Kentucky)

Melody collected and piano arrangement by
HOBART BROWSHY

Words collected by
LORRAINE WYMAN

Andante, molto espressivo

1. As I walked out one morning,
   For to hear the pretty birds sing sweet,
   I set you down, my own true love,
   Come sit you down by me,
   It's least my back against a little cottage door,
   For to see true lovers been almost three quarters of a year,
   Since I spoke one word to meet, thee!
   To see them meet, to hear them talk, And to

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75480-115
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, Swearing he wish'd to come down.
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)

Words collected by
LORAINE WYMAN

Allegro molto moderato

1. "Well met, well met, my
you could have married."

Melody collected
and piano accompaniment by
HOWARD BRUCKWAY

own true love, Well met, well met," said he. "I've just returned from the
king's daughter there. I'm sure you are to blame. For I am married to an

old salt sea, And it's all for the love of thee."

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could have married a king's daughter there, I could have married her, cried
will you forsake your house-car- pen- ter, Oh, will you forsake him? cried

he, "But I have forsaken these gold crowns, And it's
he, "Oh, will you forsake your sweet lit- tle babe, And

all for the sake of thee."

3. "If
If I was to sail away with you,

I would leave my house and my trade,

If I was to be with you,

I would leave my house and my trade.

If I was to sail away with you,

I would leave my house and my trade,

If I was to be with you,

I would leave my house and my trade.

If I was to sail away with you,

I would leave my house and my trade,

If I was to be with you,

I would leave my house and my trade.

If I was to sail away with you,

I would leave my house and my trade,

If I was to be with you,

I would leave my house and my trade.

If I was to sail away with you,

I would leave my house and my trade,

If I was to be with you,

I would leave my house and my trade.

If I was to sail away with you,

I would leave my house and my trade,

If I was to be with you,

I would leave my house and my trade.

If I was to sail away with you,

I would leave my house and my trade,

If I was to be with you,

I would leave my house and my trade.

If I was to sail away with you,

I would leave my house and my trade,

If I was to be with you,

I would leave my house and my trade.

If I was to sail away with you,

I would leave my house and my trade,

If I was to be with you,

I would leave my house and my trade.

If I was to sail away with you,

I would leave my house and my trade,

If I was to be with you,

I would leave my house and my trade.

If I was to sail away with you,

I would leave my house and my trade,

If I was to be with you,
I have gold laid up in store, You can have at your command?

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

9. "Are you weeping for your house-car-pan-ter, Or are you weeping for
weeping for my house-car-pan-ter, Nor am I weeping for
me,____ Or are you weeping for your sweet little babe, That you
thee,____ But I'm weeping for my sweet little babe, One I

never more shall see?

"I'm not!"

They hadn't been sailing but about three weeks, I'm

sure it had not been far, Till the ship sprung a leak, to the
bottom she went, Never to rise any more.

hills, what hills, my own true love, What hills so dark and

low?" "That is the hills of hell, my love, Where

everywhere snow?" "That is the hills of heaven, my love, Where

molto ral. 1. a tempo Final ending

you and I must go!" 13. "What go!"

molto ral. a tempo molto ral.
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?"

6
"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."

8
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 piteously.

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?"

10
"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."

11
They hadn't been sailing but about three weeks.
I'm sure it had not been four,
Till the ship sprang 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
(Knott County, Kentucky)

Words collected by
LORAINC WYMAN

Melody collected
and piano accompaniment by
HOWARD BROCEWAY

VOICE

Allegro con brio

PIANO

first came in was a ray lady, The next came in was a girl, The
lit-tle foot-page was stand-ing by, Hears all that she did say; "Your

senza pedale

next came in was Lord Or-land's wife, The fair-est of them all, The
hus-bond sure-ly will hear these words, Be-fore the break of day, Be-

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fair - est of them all. 2. Lit-tle Mat - thew Grew was
fore - the break of day."

5. Oh, he had six - teen:

senza pedale, so possible

star - ding by, She placed her eyes on him. "Go up with me, Lit-tle
miles to go, And ten of them he ran. He ran till he came to the

Matthew Grew, This live - long night we'll spend, This live - long night we'll
broken bridge, He smote his breast and he swam, He smote his breast and he
3. "I can tell by the ring that's on your finger, You swam."

6. He ran till he came to Lord Orland's hall, He are Lord Orland's wife?"

"But if I am Lord Orland's wife, Lord ran till he came to the gate, He rat-tied those bells and loud he rang, "A -

Orland is not at home, Lord Orland is not at home."

"Wake, Lord Orland, a - wake!" - wake, Lord Orland, a -

4. The
"What's the matter, what's the matter, my little fool-page, What's the news you bring to me?"

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

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

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

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

"Little Matthew's in bed with your wife, It's as true as anything can be."
8. "If this be a lie," Lord Or-land said, "That you have brought to me, I'll this be a lie I bring to you, Which you are taking to be, You

build a scaffold on the king's high-way. And hang-ed you shall be, And
need not build a scaffold on the king's high-way. But hang me to a tree, But


hanged me to a

called up his mercy men all, "Come saddle me my steed, This first they fell to hugging and kissing, At last they fell asleep, All
night I must go to Bucklesfordbury For I never had greater need, For I never had greater need."

11. "Me..."

18. "Oh,..."

thinks I hear the thres-sel cock, Me-thinks I hear the joy, Me-thinks I hear the joy.

how do you like my cur-tainsfire? Oh, how do you like my sheet? Oh, how do you like my sheet?

thinks I hear Lord Orland's bugle And I would I were away. And I how do you like my gay lady, That lies in your arms and sleeps, That
would I were a way:"

13. "Lie still, lie still, Little Matthew Crow, And

15. Very well, I like your curtains fine Very

huggle me from the cold."

Tis nothing but a shepherd's boy,

Well I like your sheets. Much better I like your gay lady, That

driving his sheep to the fold."

lies in my arms and sleeps."

That lies in my arms and

13. At sleeps."

16. "Gef
up, get up, Lit-tle Mat-thew Grow, And prove your word to be true,  Th
first lick struck, Lit-tle Mat-thew struck, Which caused an aw-
ful wound,  The

ever have it for to say, A na-ked man I slew,  A na-ked man. I
next lick struck Lord Or-land struck, And laid him on the ground, And laid him on the

1.  
2.  P
slew.”  17. The ground.  18. “Oh, how do you like my

curtains fine, Oh, how do you like my sheets,  Oh, how do you like Lit-tle.
Matthew Grew, That lies on the ground and sleeps. That lies on the ground and sleeps?

"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, That lies on the ground and sleeps."
LORD ORLAND'S WIFE
OR
LITTLE MATTHEW GREW

1
The first came in was a gay ladie,
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."

5
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 railed those bells and loud he rang,
"Awake, Lord Orland, awake!"

7
"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."

9
"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."

10
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."

11
"Methinks I hear the thresel 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 ladie,
That lies in your arms and sleeps?"

15
"Very well I like your curtains fine,
Very well I like your sheets,
Much better I like your gay ladie
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)

Words collected by
LORAINE WYMAN

Melody collected
and piano accompaniment by
HOWARD BROCKWAY

Con spirito

I won't marry a
man that's tall, And the little old dump-lings are worse than all; Oh,

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 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,
lie in the shade, Oh, I won't marry a man that's poor, Oh,
I won't marry at all.
Fine

2. I won't marry a man that's thin, Nor the little fat man whose
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.
THE OLD MAID

1
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
(Knott County, Kentucky)

Words collected by LORAINA WYMAN

Andante espressivo

Voice:

Piano:

court-ed a charm-ing bea-ut-y bright. On her I placed my

own heart's de-light; I court-ed her for love and

love I did ob-tain. I'm sure she had no rea-sons to
2. One day to the window she was forced to go, To see if her true love endured yet or not. 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

lock'd her in her chamber and kept her concealed, I

never get a sight of my love any more.
CHARMING BEAUTY BRIGHT

1
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

Words collected by
LORAINE WYMAN

Melody collected by
and piano accompaniment by
HOWARD BROCKWAY

(Lecher County, Kentucky)

1. Come—

AliJe, you young and hand-some girls, Take warn-ing of a
will you on my words de-pend, And will you bear in

friend, And learn the ways of the wide world, And
mind, Among a hun-dred men or more, A

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1. On my words depend.
   Friend is hard to find.
   I was in my sixteenth year, Oh, Willy courted

2. Oh,

3. When

4. Poco rull
   A tempo

5. Poco rull
   A tempo
me, He said if I would go with him, His

poco rall.
loving wife I'd be.

4. To
poco rall. a tempo rall. a tempo

him my heart had been confined, I could not well say

so, I thought I knew he was my friend, And a -
way with him did go.

5. When we were far away from home That father he was kind to me, My
was my happiest life, Until he said, "You
mother loved me dear, You know that you per-
may go home, You cannot be my wife." 6. My
suaded me, How can you leave me
Ending of 6th Verse

7. "O—nature, nature, darling girl, I

find no fault in you,—— But I am bound to ramble round, I

poco rall.

now bid you a—dieu!

poco rall. a tempo

molto vivace al fine
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."

6
"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

(Letcher County, Kentucky)

Words collected by
LORAINNE WYMAN

Melody collected
and piano accompaniment by
HOWARD BROCKWAY

Moderato

1. Toad went a-court-ing and he did ride,
2. Toad went to La-dy Mous-e's den,

PIANO

f sempre staccato

mf ben ritmato

a - hum!
Toad went a-court-ing and he did ride,
Toad went to La-dy Mous-e's den, And

(Always with closed lips)

Sword and buck-ler by his side,
said, "La-dy Mouse, are you with - in?"

3. "Yes," said La-dy Mouse, "I'm with - in"!

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"Yes," said Lady Mouse, "I'm with-in, raise the latch and please walk in?"

Toad took Lady Mouse on his knee, and said, "Lady Mouse, will you marry me?"
6. "Not with-out Uncle Rat's con-sent!"

Rat's con-sent Would I mar-ry the Pres-i-dent!"

"Not with-out Uncle Rat he went to town,"

a-hum! Uncle Rat he went to town, To get his nie-cce a
wedding gown,  a - hum!

7. What does he get for the wedding gown?  a - hum!
8. Where will the wedding supper be?  a - hum!

What does he get for the wedding gown?  A piece of the hide of an old greyhound.

Where will the wedding supper be?  'Way down yonder in a hollown tree.

a - hum!

a - hum!
9. What will the wedding supper be?
   a-hum! What will the wedding
10. First came in was a little sad chick,
   a-hum! First came in was a
   Two soup beans and a black-eyed pea,
   a-hum!

   It ate so much it made it sick,
   a-hum!

11. Next came in was a little old fly,
12. Next came in was a bumblebee,
   a-hum! Next came in was a little old fly,
   a-hum! Next came in was a bumblebee, A fiddle and a bow all
wedding pie, a-hum! on his knee, a-hum!

13. Next came in was a little fat pig, a-hum! Next came in was a
14. Toad took Lady Mouse down to dwell, a-hum! Toad took Lady Mouse

litttle fat pig, And said: "We'll have us a lit-tle jig", a-hum!
down to dwell, Down in the bot-tom of an old deep well.

15. Toad went swim-ming a-cross the lake, a-hum!
hum! Toad went swimming across the lake, He got swallowed by a water-snake.

ahum! 16. Little piece of corn-bread laying on the shelf, a hum!

Little piece of corn-bread laying on the shelf, If you want any more, you must sing it for yourself, a hum!
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)

Words collected by
LORAIN WYMAN

Melody collected
and piano accompaniment by
HOWARD BROCKWAY

1. The gonesome scenes of
winter, contains to frost and
snow, -- dark clouds around me
answer if I'm to

2. I went to see my
suit, for me to be your wife.

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true love, She looked so scornfully, I asked her for to
answer And for yourself provide I have another

poco rall.

marry, She would not answer me. 3. I sat there all night
loved one, And you I've laid aside? 6. It wasn't more than

poco rall.  
a tempo

long, Until the break of day, Awaiting for an
three weeks This lady's mind did change, She wrote to me a
Verse 1 - 9

answer, "Kind Miss, what do you say?"
letter "Kind Sir, I am ashamed."

End of Verse 9

4. "Kind loved you once indeed."
7. "Kind

ocean, There's others I pursue, This world is wide and

poco rall.

plentiful, There's more as far as you can.
THE GONESOME SCENES OF WINTER

1
The gonesome scenes of winter
Contains to frost and snow,
Dark clouds around me gather,
The wind doch 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."

5*
"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."

10
"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
(Leitcher County, Kentucky)

Words collected by
LORRAINE WYMAN

Melody collected
and piano accompaniment by
HOWARD BROCKWAY

Allegro con molto brio

1. Young is I have

Voice

Come by flower, What her name is, I do not know.
I'll go
gold and silver, Madam, I have house and land.
Madam,

Piano

Court her— for her beauty, Till she answers "yes" or
I've— the world of pleasure, All to be at your com-

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f'a tempo

"no," "No, sir, no, no, no, ma'am." And all of her answer to him was

mf a tempo

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

mf a tempo

"No." 2. On her cheek a bunch of roses,

4. "What care I for gold and silver,

On her bosom lilies grow. In her arms a world of
What care I for house and land. What care I for a world of
pleasure, May I enjoy them, yes, or no? "No, sir, no, no, no,
pleasure, All I want is a nice young man. "No, sir, no, no, no,

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

"No, sir, no, no, no,
simile

Ending of 2nd Verse

poco rall.

no," And all of her answer to him was, "No."
Poco rall.

a tempo

Last time

3. "Madam, answer to him was, "No."
NO, SIR, NO!

1
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)

Words collected by
LORAINE WYMAN

Allegro commodo

1. One morning, one
3. Just before they counted

VOICE

1. One morning in May,
3. As I went a walking to

PIANO

table young Fanny was there,
Brought up to profess herself

breathe the sweet air;
A young man came to me, These words he did

she did prepare,
Of the judge's hard swearing, I'm ashamed for to

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say: "There's vengeance sworn against you by young Fanny tell. Says the judge, "Your old mother has tutor'd you

Blair!"

2. "There is young Fanny Blair scarce eleven years well." 4. "There is one more thing of my old parents I

old, I'm going to die so the truth I'll unfold. I--

etrae, in the midst of their garden for to dig my grave. I--
never had dealing with her in my time. Tis come of respectable parents, that's what you may know. I was

hard to die for another man's crime? born in old England, brought

up in Tyrone.
FANNY BLAIR

1
One morning, 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)

Words collected by
Loraine Wyman

Melody collected
and piano accompaniment by
Howard Brockway

Allegretto

Voice:

As I walk'd 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

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caused me some time to tarry, And thus of me she did en-treat, To tell her when I meant to mar-ry.

love will mar-ry!

country-men for judges sit, And lemons fall in Feb-ru-a-ry; When
cockle-shells lie in the streets No gold to them can
be compared. When women know not how to scold, And
maids on sweet hearts ne'er are thinking, When grey goose wings turn
to gold rings. Then me and my true love will marry?" 5."Good
THE INQUISITIVE LOVER

1
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 comparèd,
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)

Words collected by
LORAINE WYMAN

Melody collected
and piano accompaniment by
HOWARD BROCKWAY

Andante molto sostenuto

VOICE

PIANO

where is pretty Polly, Oh, yonder she stands,
Gold rings on the fingers of her lily-white

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hands; "O Polly, Polly, 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 to weep.

"O William, O William, O William," said she, "I
fear your intention is for to murder poco ral. poco ral.

mf a tempo

me."

3. "O Polly, O

a tempo

Polly, you're guessing just right, I was digging your

fa fa fa fa fa

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. poco rall. a tempo poco rall.

End of Verse 3

End of Verse 5

D.S. pp D.S. m.f.

4. She mean.

6. A pay."
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."