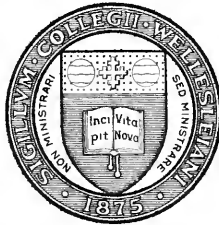


A Pioneer Songster

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A PIONEER SONGSTER

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A Pioneer Songster:

TEXTS FROM THE
STEVENS-DOUGLASS MANUSCRIPT
OF WESTERN NEW YORK

1841-1856



Edited by

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* Ballads and songs marked with an asterisk were not in the original manuscript but were discovered later by Mr. Douglass in his family papers.



Introduction

SINCE 1910, when John A. Lomax published his first collection of *Cowboy Songs*, Americans have had opportunity to read scores of volumes devoted to our old songs. Most of these books represent collections from oral sources and prove the continuation of old singing tradition into the twentieth century. But many of us have asked whether similar collections may not have been made in the nineteenth century and also whether extensive manuscript songsters are not still "hained up," as the Scots say, in many a venerable attic. So far as I know, the Stevens-Douglass Manuscript is the most extensive and important trove of this sort from its period, the songster most deserving the printing of its texts.

The discovery of the manuscript was probably typical. In 1935 I published in *New York State Education* (XXIII, 23ff.) an article called "Collecting the Folksongs and Folklore of New York State," in which I gave some idea of how during the preceding year a class of two hundred students in American Folk-Literature at the Albany State College for Teachers had gone in search of what was later to be called in educational circles "our American heritage." Teachers throughout the state were urged to conduct a similar search for types of lore illustrated in the article. About two years later Mr. Harry S. Douglass of Arcade, Wyoming County, reread the article, which he had clipped, and told me that he had found a manuscript of sixty-nine songs. (More were discovered later.) According to tradition in his family, he said, "many of these songs were

used in social gatherings from 1840-1860 or later." In April of 1937, when the mice-nibbled manuscript reached my desk, I realized at once that the "Treasure of Arcade," as I romantically called it in a broadcast over radio station WGY at Schenectady, should in some fashion be shared with the public, but how? My broadcast of October, 1937, used only a few of the songs, and two years later I printed a few samples in my book entitled *Body, Boots & Britches* (Philadelphia, 1939, dated 1940). Obviously the songs deserved the careful editing that they received later (1945) in a master's dissertation by Miss Edith E. Cutting written at Cornell under my direction. When the *New York Folklore Quarterly* was started in February, 1945, under the editorship of Dr. Louis C. Jones (who had succeeded me at Albany and was soon to become director of the New York State Historical Association), he published in the very first issue a "Child ballad," "The Bishop of Canterbury" (Child, 45), from the manuscript. Three years later, in the issue of the same quarterly for Autumn, 1948, Miss Cutting published a paper that she had read to the annual convention of the New York Folklore Society entitled "A York State Songbag: The Douglass-Stevens Manuscript" (IV, 172-181). Three years later, under my editorship, Mr. Douglass himself published another descriptive article with samples of songs, "Music in the Valleys" (*NYFQ*, VII [1951], 283-290). Meanwhile ill-health had prevented my keeping an agreement with Mr. Douglass that I would attempt to publish in a book all the songs. It was not until 1953, sixteen years after I had first seen the now-famous manuscript, that I felt able to attempt the Introduction that you are now kindly reading—with revisions of 1958. The predatory mice and the dilatory professor apologize.

On the Frontier

The home of the manuscript was a frontier county of western New York, settled in the first decade of the nineteenth century between the two American wars with Britain. If you will locate

on a map of New York State the city of Buffalo and move your finger to the next county on the east, you will find the beautiful word "Wyoming" (also used to name a western state and counties in Pennsylvania and West Virginia, not to mention the Wyoming Valley of Pennsylvania, in 1778 the scene of a famous "massacre"). Until 1841, when the New York county was organized, this region had been part of Albany County, then Tryon, Montgomery, Ontario, and Genesee counties successively as our western counties were cut off from larger units. Townships were similarly reshaped and renamed. Java, where the manuscript's songs were first written down, was earlier a part of a township called China. A neighboring village illustrates a different, more humorous, manner of naming: Slabtown became Shacksburg, Bushville, Columbia, Nineveh, and finally Perry from the naval hero's dignified name.

The early settlers of the county, such as the Stevens family, were mostly from New England. Indeed, the whole of western New York from Seneca Lake to Lake Erie was claimed after the Revolution by Massachusetts on the basis of a colonial charter (1628). Two citizens of the Bay State, Oliver Phelps and Nathaniel Gorham, after the Revolution made a huge purchase of this claim as far west as the Genesee River. Later Robert Morris of Philadelphia, signer of the Declaration of Independence and afterward senator from Pennsylvania, bought the land west of the Genesee and sold more than three million acres to the Holland Land Company, which opened up the "Far West" of the state and set up a headquarters at Batavia in the county north of Wyoming. The great Joseph Ellicott, surveyor and agent of the company, is said to have remarked, "I intend to do all I can for Batavia, because the Almighty will look out for Buffalo." After the British had burned Buffalo in the War of 1812, the Almighty did His part in the development of a fair city. Wyoming County flourished too, but in a quiet, rural fashion. The Erie Canal, pathway of Empire, was completed in 1825 but ran north of the county; until 1871 the only public transportation for the Wyoming settlers was the

stagecoach. There are still no cities in the county, though there are several attractive villages, including Arcade in the southwest corner and Attica in the north.

The Yankees who settled Wyoming County must have found plenty of romantic traditions. There were tales about Mary Jemison (died 1833), that "White Woman of the Seneca" whose statue may be seen in Letchworth State Park. The region had known another white captive, Horatio Jones from Pennsylvania. Also, stories are still told about the redoubtable Major Moses Van Campen of Revolutionary times, not to mention the disreputable white frontiersman Ebenezer Allen, the first white settler of what is now the city of Rochester, New York. Great chiefs had trod that land, mostly men of the Seneca Nation such as Little Beard, Red Jacket, and Cornplanter, as well as unfortunate Logan of the Cayugas, whose eloquence was so much admired by Thomas Jefferson. So far as is known, only one Negro slave ever lived in the county, a gigantic man brought in 1811; later he was freed and lived in Attica.

The early white settlers in this region, both young and old, were a hardy and a courageous folk, but they had some excitements and diversions. In the 1840s there were horse races. In 1855 the county was excited by the hoax of a sea serpent in a most improbable place.¹ The little schoolhouses were so cold that a frequent request was, "Master, may I go to the fire?" As late as 1942, the old English custom of the May basket was still known in the county, according to one of my students, Miss Harriet Toan. Among the traditional tales of the courage of those early Yorkers is one told to me recently by Miss Anne Whitlock of the village of Warsaw. A certain Artemas Shattuck, while cutting trees one day, had the misfortune to catch a foot in a split trunk and was "raised up." He would have perished if he had not used his Barlow knife to cut off his foot at the ankle. And then he insisted that the amputated foot be brought home with him and warmed in a pan of water.

¹ Herbert J. Hawley, "The Sea Serpent of Silver Lake," *NYFQ*, II (1946), 191-196.

One form of entertainment of which these Yorker Yankees had plenty was "singing schools." The first singing school in the Tonawanda Valley of western New York, so far as Mr. Douglass knows, was organized in 1805 by the pioneers of tiny Phelps settlement (now Attica village). The first gatherings, before there was a schoolhouse, were under the instruction of a John Van Bogart from the Mohawk Valley, farther east in New York. The school included all the "voice" of that settlement and of a neighboring Yankee hamlet called Bennington—presumably named after Bennington, Vermont. Mr. Douglass has discovered traces of what he properly calls a "novel idea":

Standing on the bank of the creek was a large, hollow buttonwood tree, about eight feet in diameter; this monarch of the woods was felled, a section about thirty feet in length was cut off, several openings were cut through for windows, and seats were arranged along the side. From this pioneer music hall the young folk of this region raised their voices in song. We know not what they sang, but surely vibrant melodies echoed and re-echoed through the surrounding forest. Alas, the old hall is no more! In after years the schoolhouse was cut off the length for a boat and was split open; the ends were planked up at right angles, and the craft was duly launched on the millpond, where it afforded the youth a safe ark for many excursions. In flood time, the vessel wrenched from its moorings, went over the dam with one mighty roar, fell apart, and was carried downstream by the raging Tonawanda.

There is a little more information about those earliest days to be found in Mr. Douglass' "Music in the Valleys," but I shall have to omit all except a reference to a certain "left-handed fiddler," Russel Noble, whose instrument is said by a contemporary to have been an "indispensible accomplishment [*sic*]" to merrymakings.

Thanks to Mr. Douglass we know more about organized singing in a slightly later era when his family's songs were in full voice, for among his old papers is a document about the "Wyoming and Erie County Musical Association," founded on

June 24, 1847. Preserved by his great-grandfather, Artemas Stevens of Java, is a constitution of the association with signatures of sixty-three residents in the upper Tonawanda and Buffalo Creek valleys. Nine articles are introduced by a preamble that begins:

Considering the hallowed influence of music on old and young, its aid in religious services from the earliest ages, the many tokens of Divine approbation for its cultivation found in the sacred writings, its healthful moral and physical influence and general utility, we are inclined to form a musical association. . . .

David Wilder of Attica, a music master, was president and conductor. Other singing societies were sometimes organized in the autumn and disappeared after a "grand concert" in the spring, but this one had a longer life. The daughter of a founding member told Mr. Douglass that what she called "singing school" was the center of social life for young and old. Her family went by sleigh in the wintertime; after the singing there were sometimes a dance and a supper. The dances would have been more frequent, I should guess, if meetings had not commonly been held in churches; occasionally a schoolhouse or other public building was used.

These meetings continued into the decades 1860-1880, by which time almost every community in the region had its musical organization. About 1860 nine towns in Wyoming, Erie, and Cattaraugus counties banded together to form the "Tonawanda Harmonic Association," the only qualification for membership being the ability to read music. Three regular meetings of two days each were held in churches of the area with the avowed purpose of improving church music. Such famous musicians as Lowell Mason (1792-1872), the hymn composer, and George F. Root (1820-1895), composer of famed secular songs during the Civil War as well as such hymn tunes as "Shining Shore," were sometimes present to instruct, though Mr. Wilder seems to have remained active until 1879, when he became "honorary conductor." A newspaper published in the

village of Warsaw reported in 1871 a two-day gathering with rehearsals during the day and in the evening. The editor declared that the Association "is now the oldest of its character in this part of the state, and is increasing in interest and efficiency every year." By this time organs were replacing the tuning forks and fiddles of the early pioneers.

That these singing schools and societies sang such folksongs as are found in the Stevens-Douglass Manuscript is doubtful, unless its "white spirituals" can be called folksongs. It is more likely that the conductors preferred to teach part singing from such printed books as Mr. Douglass has inherited: *The Psaltery* (1846), *The American Vocalist* (1849), *Cantica Laudis* (1850), and *The Hallelujah* (1854). Such collections rarely included secular folksongs, though the melodies of sacred numbers were sometimes borrowed from traditional balladry. But it has seemed to me important to establish the basic facts that western New York's pioneers loved to sing and that one family preserved texts of their favorite songs, though—alas!—not the music.

The Manuscript

Into this singing community of Wyoming County came in 1836 the great-grandfather of Mr. Douglass, one Artemas Stevens. In Massachusetts² as early as 1824 he had made a record of a few favorite songs and had carried them to New Hampshire for his brief residence there. As usual in such cases, family tradition holds that he "could sing all evening without repeating," possibly with the aid of his old fiddle. His daughter Julia S. and his son Volney O. Stevens wrote down in western New York nearly ninety of his songs. Let Mr. Douglass, who is a competent historian—now the official historian of his county—tell the subsequent history of his manuscript:

Volney Stevens and a younger brother bought land in Illinois; the brother died soon thereafter and at about the same time

² At North Andover the Stevens family had been neighbors of Governor Simon Bradstreet and his wife Anne, author of *The Tenth Muse* (1650).

back home the sister, Julia S., succumbed to a lingering illness. Julia Parker Stevens, the mother, died in 1866, while Artemas, the source of the ballads, passed away in 1877. Meanwhile, Volney had served in the Union forces, moved to Kansas where he drove stage along the Santa Fe road, and took up farming again. He outlived two wives and during his last years stayed at the soldiers' home, Leavenworth, where he died in 1908.

Back to the old home, which he had never revisited, was sent a red-painted pine chest. It was stored in the attic and neglected. In 1936, when the old home was about to be sold, the chest was hauled from beneath the eaves and its contents were sorted. Mice had lunched on many a paper, but among the relics was found the ballad collection, the last pages missing. It is not known just when the manuscript was taken West, but one likes to think that Volney Stevens, plowing his fields, sitting before his fireside, or guiding his rocking stage across the prairie, sang over and over the songs of his youth and kept alive the folk ballads of his ancestors. He made copies of a few—there are duplicates. Rolled among her paper patterns for quilts and embroidery designs, Great-Grandmother kept her "spirituals" and a few other songs. Ancient, well-thumbed music books were on the library shelves. The songs of her youth offered solace to Grandma Stevens during her long hours of loneliness on the frontier, and in her moments of sorrow for seven of her children who died in infancy or early adulthood.

Most of the writing has turned a faded brown (that generally written by the daughter); Volney's is yet a bright red, while the mother's remains a fresh blue.

The Editing

Editing of individual songs has been done by a former student of mine, Miss Edith E. Cutting, to whom the task was assigned partly because she has had training and experience as an editor and collector of folklore but also because she is in the tradition of Yankee-Yorker lore by birth. When Artemas Stevens was singing in western New York, her own ancestors—Cuttings and

Whites and Blisses and Deans—were enjoying similar old songs in the eastern part of the same state. Her *Lore of an Adirondack County* (Ithaca, 1944) and her *Whistling Girls and Jumping Sheep* (Cooperstown, 1951) are as authentic as her affection for her mountain home in Essex County. She illustrates the neglected fact that in folklore a long tradition and “savvy” for a region are even more important than meticulous scholarship such as hers.

Scholars will welcome the assurance that the mice-bitten manuscript has been carefully checked three times: by me, of course; by Mrs. Agnes Nolan Underwood, who wrote at the Albany State College a master’s thesis on another subject connected with folklore; and finally by Miss Cutting. The texts are exactly as they appeared in the manuscript, but now and again the meaning has been clarified by inserting words from another version of a song. Miss Cutting adds:

In cases where a song that could be identified was badly damaged by the depredations of the mice, the fragment has been supplemented, in brackets, from another source. The procedure has been used in case of a missing title. The spelling, the lack of punctuation, and the variations of wording between most of these songs and printed versions indicate that the Douglass versions were written down from memory, not from printed copies.

When Mr. Douglass first wrote to me in 1937, he listed sixty-nine titles. Other songs he found later both in the manuscript and elsewhere. We have included ten not in the manuscript, as indicated by asterisks in the Contents. They seem to belong in the same period as those in the principal manuscript: two are signed by Artemas Stevens and two by Julia Stevens at Java in 1841 and 1843. Hence 1841 may well be the earliest date for the present collection, but we are not sure. The next to the last song in the principal manuscript is for the presidential campaign of 1856, and such ditties probably were not sung long

after a campaign. The songs for the campaign four years earlier (1852) were numbers 49, 51, and 52; so thirty items may have been written down between 1852-1856. Notes for individual songs give further information about possible dates, particularly in relation to a few numbers that were copyrighted and printed. Ink and penmanship indicate that the first sixty-two songs may have been written down by a single person, possibly by the daughter of Artemas, from his dictation. As Mr. Douglass notes, this ink is now a faded brown. After that (in the main manuscript) red or bright blue ink appears with larger letters and more "flourishes."

After the era covered by this manuscript, taste in songs shifted as much as methods of agriculture. If, like the still-unpublished Curtis Collection from western New York,³ the Stevens-Douglass Manuscript had been started about 1860 instead of 1840, there would have been many songs of the Civil War, mostly of a sentimental mood different from the heroics of "Brave Wolfe"; there would have been songs of love, often tearful even when they told a story; there would have been fewer Child ballads. In addition to minstrel songs there would have been many "jubilees" (Negro spirituals); there would have been many numbers, chiefly humorous, by and about such important immigrant groups as the Irish and the Germans; there would have been several Scottish songs with texts by the great poet still called by Americans "Bobby" Burns. There would have been comic songs from the music halls and a few from the "college boys." I have never seen a manuscript songster of the last two decades of the nineteenth century, but I am sure that it would have had several waltzes and tearful ballads, most of them copyrighted "popular" songs. (See Dr. Sigmund

³ W. W. Curtis fought in the Civil War and for a year or two thereafter was a teacher on the Cattaraugus Indian Reservation (1864-1865) and sang in the Beloit College glee club. He kept a scrapbook of 311 pages for songs. Nine of his songs of the Civil War were published in the *NYFQ*, IX (1953), 94-103. Nine others, chiefly of a collegiate type but including one song of migration to Illinois, were published in a later issue of the same year.

Spaeth's admirable book called *A History of Popular Music in America* [New York, 1948].) In the 1890s, when I was a little boy, folksongs from oral tradition in New York State had given way to sheet music accompanied by the piano or even the parlor organ.

A useful classification has been achieved by rearranging and renumbering the songs according to origin and subject, but the original order in the big manuscript is given in parentheses after the title in the Index, in case some scholar wishes to puzzle further into questions regarding dates. As for the notes to individual songs, Miss Cutting has made the historical matter as brief as her Yankee conscience would permit, and she has avoided a trick often employed during the past two decades of "lifting" entire notes from pioneer American scholars who could not let even one broadside text in the Harvard Library go unmentioned. Comparisons have been drawn with versions to be found in a few important collections, including the great Frank Brown Collection from North Carolina and Vance Randolph's Ozark Collection, both of which were published after Miss Cutting supposed her task to be complete. She might have been saved weeks of editorial labor if in 1945 she had been able to consult the first two volumes of the Bibliographical Series published by the American Folklore Society in 1950: Tristram P. Coffin's *The British Traditional Ballad in North America* and G. Malcolm Lawes's *Native American Balladry*, with both of which she has now checked. In our puzzlement over certain songs, we wrote in 1947 to two scholars to whom we again express thanks: the late Professor Emeritus Henry M. Belden of the University of Missouri and Dr. Duncan Emrich, formerly chief of the Folklore Section at the Library of Congress.

When we supposed that the editing had been completed, an eminent folklorist suggested that I write a general introduction to each of the fifteen sections into which Miss Cutting had divided the songs. Inasmuch as I had helped Miss Cutting with the introductions to each individual song, I had some hesitation

in making generalizations, but I was finally convinced that there might be some value in the suggestion: more than thirty years of collecting, editing, and teaching songs of New York State may have justified writing these introductions. I rejected the idea of adding a "discography" that would be out-of-date within five years. I also rejected the idea of altering the original spelling and punctuation, which not only authenticate the transcriptions but give important information upon pronunciation in the years during which the manuscript was written.

So—not to "mak' a kirk and a mill" out of a long task—the editing has been done and all the important questions have been answered except in the cases of a few songs; old folksong students will know which. Specialists will be particularly interested in nineteen numbers that they may not have seen elsewhere: Numbers 4, 5, 11, 32, 45, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 71, 78, 81, 82, 86, 87, 88, and 89. Those who suspect that word-for-word copies from *printed* sources may have been made by the Stevens family will find no confirmation except possibly in five songs, Numbers 8, 28, 35, 37, and 83. But, as Professor G. L. Kittredge of Harvard used to say, *Boni philologi est quaedam nescire*.

Conclusions

When Joel Chandler Harris, whose achievements as a folklorist have recently been appraised by Mrs. Stella Brewer Brookes,⁴ published his third book of Negro tales in 1892, he said: "At the end of investigation and discussion Speculation stands grinning." Regarding a book of tales from our Southwest he had said earlier: "If the folklorists find in them anything of value to their pretensions let it be picked out and preserved with as little cackling as possible." Without any cackling the editors of the Stevens-Douglass Manuscript may be permitted a few simple conclusions.

What kinds of songs did this pioneer Stevens family enjoy?

⁴ Joel Chandler Harris, *Folklorist* (Athens, Ga., 1950).

They wrote down 36 old songs from the British Isles, including 20 about love; they had 14 songs of American history and 5 about the mimic warfare of American politics; they sang (in addition to so-called "Child ballads") 6 American and at least 20 British songs about love. These three classes, after deduction of 20 British songs of love for duplication in tabulation, account for 61 songs out of a total of 89. A majority of the songs have some narrative element and can therefore be called ballads. So there is a preference for songs of love, war, and romantic story. But there is a record here also of American pioneering (3) and worship (5), and even of that peculiarly American form of entertainment which we call the minstrel show (3). The 89 songs give much information about American pioneers in that era which Jared van Wagenen, Jr., in his book of the same name published by Cornell University Press in 1953, has called *The Golden Age of Homespun*.

The editors at first intended to call their trove merely the Douglass Manuscript (and for the sake of brevity this name is used in the headnotes to the songs); but inasmuch as the family that wrote down the songs was named Stevens, we later decided to use the hyphenated name of Stevens-Douglass (which the owner also prefers). In any case, Mr. Harry Douglass, whose talents have been devoted to history and education, may well regard this volume as one of his chief gifts to his state and nation. His own further use of the material and the eventual disposal of his important manuscript are, of course, reserved. The editors are happy to be connected with this songster of western New York.

We have a single regret—that the manuscript did not include music. "Let the teacher say little, and let the pupils sing much!" So advised the compiler of an old American "chorus book." Readers of the present volume may know tunes for many songs whose texts are here given. My own observation is that most folk singers, even today, are more interested in the words of their ballads than in their tunes. I remember the impatience of a gentle, ancient "informant" from western New York, Blind

Sam the Sailor, when I was trying to write down a modal melody for his version of the ballad about James Bird. He said, "Harold, there are three other good tunes for that song; you get the words." Thanks to Mr. Douglass, we have "got the words."

HAROLD W. THOMPSON

Cornell University
September, 1958

A PIONEER SONGSTER



I



Songs and Ballads *from the British Isles*

A. Child Ballads

EVER since the great *English and Scottish Popular Ballads* were edited (1882–1898) by Professor F. J. Child of Harvard, these aristocrats of narrative song have been called “Child ballads”; conventionally their representatives have been placed first in most American collections of folksongs. Of the 305 that Child admitted to his canon, only 9 appear in the Stevens-Douglass Manuscript.

As any folklorist would expect, the manuscript includes a version of “Barbara Allen” (Child, 84), though there is some surprise in the location of the story, which is Stonington, probably Stonington, Connecticut, rather than Britain. “The Bishop of Canterbury” (Child, 45) is as important a version as has been found in America of the cleverest of old British riddle ballads. Riddles are, of course, among the oldest kinds of folklore; witness Samson’s riddle in the Bible, Judges, chapter 14.

Three ballads are connected with the sea. “Captain Ward” (Child, 287) and “The Mermaid” (Child, 289) are close to the British songs; “The Bold Pirates” is a derivative of Child, 285. Americans had been interested in pirates from the time of Cap-

rain Kidd at the end of the seventeenth century until the days of Laffite in the early nineteenth.

It is remarkable that two other derivatives seem connected with a single British ballad, "The Twa Knights" (Child, 268); with their chastity wager they are reminiscent also of stories in Boccaccio and in Shakespeare's *Cymbeline*. Why was a family descended from New England Puritans so much interested in such a subject that it had memorized "The Hog's Heart" (53 stanzas) and "The Knight in Green" (only 28 stanzas, but incomplete)? "Katie Mora," perhaps a derivative of "The Baffled Knight" (Child, 112), is far from decorous in its humorous trick. "The Kennebec Bite" is not indecorous in its "bite" (trick); it has a story similar to that of "The Crafty Farmer" (Child, 283). Perhaps for folklorists the chief interest of this section is to be found in these derivatives.

1. *The Bishop of Canterbury*

[Child, 45]

In ancient lore a person's life sometimes depended on his ability to answer riddles. This tale of King John, who ruled England from 1199 to 1216, has counterparts in many different countries. In Child version (A) we find the story in a little more detail. Apparently the bishop tried to defend himself against the king's jealousy by maintaining that he had a right to spend his own money as he wished. Unmoved by this logic, King John demanded either the bishop's life or answers to three riddles within a specified time. (In a similar story told in Scotland of James V four riddles are given, the first being, "Where is the middle of the earth?" The answering miller put down his staff and replied, "There, as your majesty will find by measuring.") Unable to find help in either Cambridge or "Oxenford," the bishop rode home and confided in his half-brother, a shepherd, who volunteered to answer for him. When he had answered the riddles correctly, the king promised him the bishopric, but the shepherd declined on the grounds that he could "neither write nor reede." The king then forgave him and the bishop for the trick and promised him three hundred pounds a year. Child (A) closes with the remark that such a great thing has not happened to a shepherd since the time of David.

The song goes by different names such as “King John and the Bishop” and “The King’s Three Questions,” and in the Flanders, *Garland*, and Child (B) versions has a “Derry down” refrain.

There is a great deal of variation in wording. Stanza 1 of the Douglass version is obviously faulty. Child (B) clears up the corruption:

I’ll tell you a story, a story anon,
Of a noble prince, and his name was King John;
For he was a prince, and a prince of great might,
He held up great wrongs, he put down great right.

Flanders prints a melody for the song.

THE BISHOP OF CANTERBURY

1. Here’s a health to king john so great was that king
Built up great wrongs Tore down great rrights
And as he was seated to make himself merry
He sent for the bisop of canterburry
2. He says Mr. bishop it is told unto me
That you set a much better table than me
And if don’t answer to my questions three
Your head will be taken from your boddy
3. The first question is as ime on my stage
With my golden crown on all my head
With all my abilities joy and great mirth
You must tell to one peny just what I am worth
4. The next question is with out any doubt
How long will I be traveling this whole world about
The third question is as I do now wink
You must tell to me presently what I do think
5. O mow the poor bishop O now he is gone
He met a shepherd all a lone
Good morning good morning the shepherd did say
What news do you bring from the king to day
6. Bad news bad news I tell unto thee
The king he has asked me questions three
And if I dont answer to them all right
My head will be taken from my body quite

7. The first question is as he's on his stage
With his golden crown all on his head
And all his abilities joy and great mirth
I must [tell] to one peny just what he is worth
8. The next question is with out any doubt
How [long] he will be tra[v]eling this whole world about
The third question is as he does now wink
I must tell to him presently what he does thenk
9. If you will give me a suit of your pearl [apparel]
I will go and answer to the quirl [quarrel]
A suit of my pearl I freely give
And ten pounds a year as long as I tive
10. O now the poor shepherd O now he is gone
To answer the questions of king john
And if he dont answer to them all right
His head will be taken from his body quite
11. Good morning good morning the king he did say
Have you come here to live or to die
And if I dont answer to your questions three
I hope your grace will paron me
12. The first question is as your are on your stage
With your golden crown all on your head
With all your abilities joy and great mirth
I must tell to one peny just what you are worth
13. For thirty peaces our savior was Sold
Among the jews So brave and so bold
And twenty nine is your just due
For me thinks [he was] one peace better than you
14. The next question is without any doubt
How long youll be traveling this whole world about
If you rise with the sun and go down with the same
In twenty four hours you can it obtain
15. The third question is as you do now wink
I must tell to you presently what you do think
O that I can do twill make your heart mery
You think ime the bishop of canterberry
16. The king he looked on him with a smile
He can be bishop another while

Go tell the old bishop go tell him for me
He keeps a fine fellow if he keeps the

2. *Barbara Allen*

[Child, 84]

On January 2, 1666, Pepys recorded in his *Diary* his pleasure in having heard Mrs. Knipp, the actress, sing "her little Scotch song of 'Barbary Allen.'" The song was not printed, however, until much later; Child reports it in Ramsay's *Miscellany* of 1740. Since then this most popular of Child ballads has been printed many times.

The locale of the Douglass version is Stonington, Connecticut, from which settlers probably moved to Wyoming County, New York, where the ballad was written down. Both *Ozark* and *Brown* have versions referring to "Stoney Town," which is doubtless a corruption of Stonington. Another striking localization in Douglass is the description of Barbara Allen as a blacksmith's daughter. It is, moreover, unusual for this kind of information to appear in the last stanza rather than the first. Although there are countless versions of this ballad, other variations, less obvious than these already mentioned, are noticeable in this one. They are the "milk white steed," the theme of poverty and wealth, and Barbara's death beside her lover's casket, though this immediate demise is mentioned in two southern versions (Scarborough, H and I). The unnamed lover, the explanation of the slight given to Barbara, and the lack of the rose-and-briar ending, while not uncommon, do set this version apart from many variants.

There are several tunes. Cox, Eddy, Gardner and Chickering, Linscott, Mackenzie, *Ozark*, and Sandburg include tunes.

BARBARA ALLEN

1. It was on the merry month of may
When all things were a blooming
It was on his death bed a young man lay
For the love of Barbara allen
2. He sent his servants out of town
He sent his servants too her
My master dear has sent here
For the love of you miss Allen

3. So slowly she put on her clothes
And so slowly she went to him
And she said when she got there
Was young man i think you are dieing
For death is printed on your face
You are on your death bed lieing
4. Oh dont you remember said she
When you and i were at the tavern
You dranked your health to the pretty girls
But you slighted poor Barbara allen
5. He turned his face unto the wall
He turned his back unto her
Adieu adieu to my friends all
But awoe to Barbary Allen
6. She mounted on her milk white steed
And out of town was going
She had not rhode many a mile
Before she heard the bells a toling
The bells they tolled all in a row oh cruel Barbary Allen
7. She looked east she looked west
And she looked all around her
And there she saw the lamentable corps
And the barriers dressed in mourning
8. Come set you down this clay cold corps
And let me look upon him
For once his cheeks they beautifully flowed
And now the collor is fading
9. Then she trembled like a leaf
And death it stared upon her
And down she fell as cold as clay
Which made all people wonder
10. Come now all you maidens of this town
And listen to my story
Oh do not stight [slight] nor grieve your tove [love]
For twill surley blast your glory
11. This young man he died for pure love
This damsel followed after

The richest man in stoneington died
For a poor Blacksmiths daughter

3. *Katie Mora*

[Child, 112]

In Child this old English ballad is known as "The Baffled Knight." Child version A tells the story of a clever maiden who promises her favor to the knight if he will take her home first. When they reach the castle, however, she closes the gate after her, locking him out, and then jeers at him. The wording is quite different from that in the more recent versions.

The Douglass version is longer and more descriptive than the versions in Shoemaker, Sharp, or Eddy, though the latter two have nonsense refrains lacking in Douglass. The present version has a happy ending with marriage, which appears in neither Sharp nor Child. Sharp and Eddy both print tunes.

Horace P. Beck's *The Folklore of Maine* (Philadelphia and New York, 1957) includes a version called "Kitty O'Morey" in 13 stanzas and refrain. Here the marriage takes place, and there is a jesting conclusion: "But every time Katie winks at me; / oh gosh, I feel like climbing." A man named Dale Potter furnished Mr. Beck with the text and a tune.

KATEY MORA

1. Come all you sly and trickey lads
Come listen to my story
I'll tell you how i fixed my plans
To spoil young katy mory
2. I went unto her fathers house
Just like a clever fellow
I told her the blue grapes were ripe
Were charming plump and mellow
3. And that my sisters wished to meet
Her down in yonder bower
There for to gather grapes and plumbs
And spend a social hour
4. I waited until she had gone
Then wantonly pursued her

- I caught her down in the shady bower
 On purpose to delude her
5. Now i have caught you in this bower
 My sisters know not the matter
 Its you must die or else comply
 For ive no time to flatter
6. My hand she squeezed she seemed well pleased
 There is one thing i fear sir
 My father he hath gone this way
 Lest he should catch us hear sir
7. Its you may climb this tree said she
 Till hee is out of sight sir
 Then I will go along with the
 Where we will take delight sir
8. Her counsel then i quickly took
 I was not the least offended
 My charmer stood at the roots of the tree
 For to see how i ascended
9. At every jerk it made such work
 Stuck hard in my cropsir
 The clothes i wore my shirt i tore
 When in the limbs i had got sir
10. When kate she heeled it from the tree
 She sung both loud and cheerly
 You may pick your plumbs and suck your thumbs
 For i no longer fear thee
11. You look just like an owl said she
 Your company i shun sir
 You may get down as you got up
 You are welcome to your fun sir
12. Then kate she heeled it oer the plain
 And left me quite distracted
 I ripped i swore my shirt i tore
 For to think how she had acted
13. But when ide thought the matter oer
 Her virtues i commended

- And soon i made a wife of her
And here my sorrows ended
14. Shes neat she kind she to my mind
We live in love and fashion
Blessed be the hour she ran away
And left me in a pashion

4. *The Hog's Heart*

[Child, 268]

The story recounted in this ballad is an ancient one, though the ballad itself does not appear in any of the books examined. The ballad in Child most closely related to it is "The Twa Knights." There two men make a similar wager on the chastity of the wife of one, but the wife hires her niece to substitute for her. The husband on his return is shown a finger supposedly cut from his wife's hand as evidence of her guilt; she proves her innocence by showing her hand uninjured.

In Boccaccio's *Decameron* the ninth novel of the second day is a story more like "The Hog's Heart" in detail. A Genoese merchant, Bernard Lomellin, accepts the wager of Ambrose of Piacenza against Bernard's wife. Ambrose, learning that the lady's reputation is excellent, bribes a poor woman, who is often in the lady's house, to help him. Pretending that she is going away, the poor woman gets permission to leave a chest in the lady's room for safekeeping. After the lady is asleep that night, Ambrose comes out of the chest in which he is concealed, observes the room, notices a mole upon the lady's breast, and then takes, as further proof, a purse, a gown, a ring, and a girdle. Bernard, accepting the stolen articles and Ambrose's description for proof, pays the wager. Then he goes to his country house and sends a servant for his wife with instructions to kill her on the way back. The lady, however, prevails upon the servant to take her clothes as proof of her death but to let her live. Disguised as a man, she gets work, goes to Alexandria with her master, and is transferred to the service of the sultan. (In Shakespeare's *Cymbeline*, derived partly from this story in Boccaccio, the lady becomes a page in the Roman army that invades Britain.) In Boccaccio she finds at a fair the purse and girdle stolen from her. In-

quiring about their ownership, she becomes acquainted with Ambrose, who boasts of the way he got them. She then has both Ambrose and Bernard brought to account. The lady reveals her identity, Ambrose is cruelly executed, and Bernard is happily reunited with his wife in wealth and honor.

John Colvin Dunlop (*History of Prose Fiction* [London, 1888]) mentions "The Two Merchants and the Faithful Wife" of Ruprecht von Wurzburg as a variant of the story in old German verse.

The substitution of the hog's heart for the woman's by the compassionate servant is a familiar folk motif, one of the versions of "Snow White" being probably the best-known tale in which it occurs.

For further study of the motifs, see *Motif* K_{512.2} (compassionate executioner: substituted heart), K_{521.4.1.1} (girl escapes in male disguise), K₁₃₄₂ (entrance into a woman's room by hiding in a chest), K_{2112.1} (false tokens of wife's unfaithfulness), N₁₅ (chastity wager).

It is interesting to note, in view of these references, that according to Douglass family tradition, this ballad is founded on actual events.

THE HOGS HEART

1. A merchant from london as many report
He for a long time a fair lady did court
At length through long courting this noble lady
She promised this merchant his bride for to be
2. There one thing this lady was innocent
To go his own factor the merchant was bent
The ship she was fitted and things ready were
And ordered to sail but the wind was not fair
3. And for to make sure of his lady bright
He was married one morning as soon as it was light
And merry they were but that very same day
Tidings came to him the ship must away
4. He said my dear jewel the thing it is so
That I my own factor to rusia must go
It will not be long before I shall return
Go you home in safety my dear do not mourn

5. So then they embraced and away he did hie
To be left alone thus the lady did cry
As he has gone from me I'll do what I can
To keep my self free from the scandal of man
6. So this noble lady with a troubled mind
Unto her own chamber was closely confined
While now we will leave her to sie and complain
And return to the merchant thats gone oer the main
7. He sailed unto rusia and as we do find
His ship she was laden with traffic so fine
And to come for England his course was to steer
And what hapened to him you quickly shall hear
8. For several hours in waves they were lost
Looking evry moment their lives to be lost
But in the midst of sorrow theres one did contrive
To alter their course and at westchester arrive
9. This thing was son noised abroad in the town
And many shopkeepers to this ship came down
One bought the whole cargo whitch money it was said
To the london merchant in a few days was paid
10. One day at the tavern those dealers we find
S[pe]nt several hours in drinking of wine
At length the shopkeepers says friend will you go
And git us a miss the merchant says no
11. Sir with such A lady I fairly did wed
And never had time to enjoy her in bed
A woman whose body A man never knew
Unto Such a wife I will prove just and true
12. Then said the shopkeepers you consist very strong
To think any woman would tarry so long
To wait for A husband I lay if you dare
That I can defile your chaste lady fair
13. Atlength the merchant cries out I am free
To lay Ship and money on her charity
So then before witness this thing was agreed
And the shopkeepers setout to london with speed

14. He went to A tavern and there did presume
To call for a bottle of wine and a room
It was a widow woman that then lived there
For the sake of money his wife did ensnare
15. He asked if She knew such a one the reply
Was made yes [she] knew her She lived hard by
He says fifty guineas ill give you strait way
If unto her chamber you will me convey
16. The old lady [said] as I am A live
A way to get you there i Soon will contrive
She went to the lady and says it is so
To my dying father this night I must [go]
17. My jewets and plates and some other things brave
Lays locked in a great chest that by me I have
To night in your chamber pray let it stand here
Tomorrow Ill fetchit you need not to fear
18. This lady not knowing her wicked design
Gave her leave to fech it when night came we find
This bride subtle brood to complete the jest
She had him conveyed there locked up in a chest
19. This lady she used to keep A great light
To burn in her chamber always in the night
And as this fairs lady [lay] in a deep sleep
The shopkeeper [out] of the chest he did creep
20. He went to the bedside like one in amaze
And on this fair lady here stood and did gaze
And on her right breast he espied A mole
Whitch token some time he did stand and behold
21. Likewise on A table he chanced to espy
A watch and gold girdle there on it did lie
On this watch and girdle her name was there placed
Whitch tidings [tokens] in his pocket he put up in haste
22. Saying these same tokens my wager will gain
And now to disturb her I that will refrain
He went and got into the chest and there did lay
Untill the next morning they feched him away
23. And then for weschester this man did prepare
And with A good horse in A Short time got there

- He says to the merchant the wager ive won
And if not mistaken you now are undone
24. Upon her right breast there is a mole grows
In witch through A long courting you have seen I suppose
Sir here's A watch and gold girdle like wise
Whitch you see farely I tell you no lies
25. The merchant seeing this he wept bitterly
He says wicked strumpet you have ruined me
For to be undone this makes my heart ache
And now for subsistance what shift shall i take
26. To hear his sad mourns some merchants being there
Said unto him brother come do not despair
As you are ruined by A wicked woman
We will make A man of you once more if we can
27. So they among them raised a hundred pounds
And set him up shopkeeping chester town
The devil was busy and to stir up strife
He tempted this merchant for to kill his wife
28. He then kept A servant whose name it was John
He did send A letter to her by this man
These words were within it at chester I be
With all expectation dear wife come unto me
29. Perusing the letter says she with A smile
My dear ill be with you in A little while
And then wittth this young man away she went
Of whose ill design she was innocent
30. Riding through a long wood to make her his prey
He with a penknife turned about and did say
Come lady alight from your horse presently
For it is so order'd that here you must die
31. To hear these expressions she cried out amain
Young man wherefore is it I must be here Slain
The answer was to her for playing the whore
The man that despised you I know him besure
32. She says if I must die ill lake it [take oath] on my death
No man knew my body ne'er since my breath
He says these excuses they never will do
My master has Sent me for to murder you

33. He charged me to bring your clothes and your heart
And i'll not prove false to him as for my part
As She stood trembling and for life did cry
Through providence there a great hog he came by
34. She says you may save my life and kill that swine
And cary his heart to him he'll think its mine
Like wise take my clothes along with you also
Give me some of yours a wandering i'll go
35. For to save her life the youth thought it good
The thing she described was done in the wood
He went home and says for to finish the strife
Sir here is the clothes and the heart of your wife
36. To see this the merchant straight way he did blush
And into the fire this poor heart he did push
Saying there is the heart of a strumpet in grain
Who has been my ruin and fed me with pain
37. So thus in vile manner this poor heart did quake
So that you may see that revenge it is sweet
Where now we will leave him mistaken and here
What course this fair lady for bread now did stear
38. Dressed in mens apparel She wandered away
And as She was going through A town one day
She went to a generals door it was said
She begged heartily for a morsal of bread
39. The man he came forth looked her in the face
Says unto her young man it is a disgrace
For to go a beging and then will you be
Willing to serve such a hard master as me
40. She says I will and thank you besides
Come in and set down then the gentleman cried
And soon I will put better clothes on your back
Be but a good servant you never Shall lack
41. This man he so loved her that in a short Space
He got her a commission for a captains place
And she with great courage to flanders went o'er
And was in a battle where cannons did roar
42. When summer was over both She and her men
All that were alive came to england again

- For their winter quarters were ordered so
That she and her men to weschester must go
43. She walking along the Streets one day
Looked into A shop and her husband did see
To think of his actions whitch had been so base
Her heart was disturbed and removed from its place
44. Dressed like a commander She to him did go
And said to him sir I pray do you know
Sucs a man in this town tell me if you can
The answer was to him sir i am the man
45. Sir did you mary such A lady
A noble knights daughter I pray where is she
Yes I married with her this merchant he cried
But three years ago she sickened and died
46. And then to a justice of peace she retired
And told him the matter whitch thing he admired
He sent for the merchant and young man in haste
And for that villain that was locked up in a chest
47. And first he examined this ladys husband
Who hearing the matter with fear he looked down
Thinking the lady for to be dead
For fear then his teeth all gnashed in his head
48. The Justice says young man now I am for thee
Didst thou with this mans wife tell the truth unto me
He says I wasnt this lady to will
Unto her through mercy I showed no i'll
49. Dressed in mens apparel she says to him John
Sir I am a woman I dress like A man
To hear this the merchant straightway then did sweat
And looked like a wood cock well caught in a net
50. Then the shopkeeper was brought into place
Who on this fair lady brought A space
And being examined was then found guilty
And ordered to stand in the Pillery
51. And nay that was not all he was ordered to pay
Twenty thoasand pounds to this merchant next day
The sum was produced with great discontent
And then to the prison away he was sent

52. He says I am taken for playing the cheat
 And shall be exposed to great shame in the street
 And to prevent all sorrow he took a penknife
 And did stab himself which soon ended his life
53. So now the merchant and lady do dwell
 Together in love and agree very well
 And as for this young man pitied her moan
 This lady loves him as a child of her own

5. *The Knight in Green*

[Child, 268]

This ballad is a unique combination of motifs, some of them similar to those in "The Hog's Heart." The story of the wager, for instance, is related to "The Twa Knights" (Child, 268) mentioned in the introduction to "The Hog's Heart." The first part of "The Night in Green," in which preference is shown for the younger sister, may be related to "The Twa Sisters" (Child, 10) or to "Lord Thomas and Fair Annet" (Child, 73). In the latter the brown girl had wealth, but the fair one did not. The lady's green costume at the end of the Douglass ballad may correspond to Annet's attire when she visited Lord Thomas, though a green dress is a ballad convention. The rescue of the lady by the miller reminds one again of "The Twa Sisters," but in that ballad the girl's life is not saved, as it is in the present one.

On the other hand, many parts of the ballad are reminiscent of Shakespearean plays. In *The Merchant of Venice* a nobleman borrows money from a Jew with the promise of his own flesh as security; in the same play Portia pleads the case of Antonio, whereas in the Douglass ballad the lady dressed in green hears the case of her husband who is tried for murder. As in "The Hog's Heart," the wager on the wife's chastity, the wife's disguise in man's clothing, and the discovery that the man had won the wager under false pretenses are probably related to Boccaccio (II, 9). Shakespeare's *Cymbeline*, based to a certain extent on Boccaccio, has a few incidents that correspond more closely with the present ballad than does the story from Boccaccio. For instance, in *Cymbeline* gentlemen rather than merchants make the wager; Posthumus, the husband, is to forfeit a diamond ring if Iachimo brings back Imogen's

bracelet as proof of her infidelity; Iachimo professes love for Imogen but is repulsed by her before he tries the stratagem for gaining the bracelet. The stealing of the ring by the maid is reminiscent of the handkerchief's being stolen in *Othello*.

G. L. Kittredge has mentioned the occurrence of the "pound of flesh" story in *Cursor Mundi* in the fourteenth century and also in "The Crueltie of Gernutus," which was probably earlier than 1590.

As long as it is, the ballad seems unfinished because the "pound of flesh" bargain is not settled. This is the last ballad in the manuscript, and undoubtedly the final stanzas have been lost. Were it complete, it might be possible to identify the ballad with Shakespearean themes.

For further study of the motifs, see *Motif* J1161.2 (pound of flesh bargain), K512.2 (compassionate executioner: substituted heart), K521.4.1.1 (girl escapes in male disguise), K2112.1 (false tokens of wife's unfaithfulness), N15 (chastity wager).

THE NIGHT IN GREEN

1. A norther lord of high renown
Two daughters had the oldest brown
The youngest beautiful and fair
A noble night by chance came there
2. Their father says kind sir I have
Two daughters here witch do you crave
She thats so beautiful he cried
With that the noble lord replied
3. She thats so beautiful and gay
Is not for to be given away
But as rich treasures bought and sold
She shall fetch me her weight in gold
4. The price i think you need not gretch
For I would frely give as much
With her oldest sister if i can
Light of some lord or noble man
5. The bargain being fully made
before the money could be paid

- he hired of a wealthy jew
 The mighty sum and writings drew
6. That if he failed or missed one day
 As many ounces he should pay
 Of his own flesh instead of gold
 It was agreed and money told
 7. Away he went immediately
 To his great lord where he did buy
 His daughter beautiful and fair
 And paid him down the money there
 8. He bought her for it was well known
 To all commands she was his own
 Therefore by her he did enjoy
 A sweet and pretty prating boy
 9. At length the time of pay drew near
 Which made this noble knight to fear
 The terror of the mighty jew
 because the money it was due
 10. You need not fear his lady cried
 For we can cross the ocean wide
 And so secure you from your fate
 To what she said he yielded straight
 11. When they had crossed the raging seas
 They traveled on till by degrees
 Unto the German court they came
 This knight his son and royal dame
 12. There they lived in much delight
 Till a duch lord dreed this english knight
 That he a tun of gold would lay
 He could enjoy his lady gay
 13. And from her hand he was to bring
 A rich and costly diamond ring
 Which was to prove and testify
 That he did with this lady lie
 14. He tried but could not once obtain
 She frowned his favor with disdain
 She did abhor his base intent
 Then to her servant maid he went

15. And told her if she would but steal
Her lady's ring and so conceal
This thing and bring it to him straight
She should be heir to a fine estate
16. The maid in hopes of such reward
Did steal the ring for the duch lord
And when he brought it to the knight
He almost fainted at the sight
17. Then home he went his lady straight
And meeting her at the gait
He plunged her head long down the moat
And left her there to sink or float
18. Now as this lady floated past
The miller caught her up at last
Saving her life and jewels too
Which was more than her husband knew
19. She dressed herself in garments green
Ah in mens clothes and thus was seen
Unto to the court she did ride straight
And called her self an english knight
20. The emperor to her did say
Sir here is a man condemned to die
For drowning of his lady gay
Quoth she ill see him if i may
21. The knight was brought the court was set
The duch lord came and seemed to sweat
About the ring for he did fear
The truth would make his shame appear
22. And so it did for being called
This maid down on her knees did fall
Unto the court and did confess
This duch lords base unworthiness
23. He hired me to steal the ring
Which he did to my master bring
And said he had it from his wife
This was the cause of all the strife
24. The knight in green says is it so
This lady yet for what we know

- May be alive therefore you stay
 His sentence till another day
25. But you duck lord give him the tun
 Gold for he it fairly wone
 And so he did with shame and grief
 And thus the knight obtained relief
26. But this duch lord to vent his spite
 Upon this noble english knight
 Did write a letter out of hand
 So that the jew might understand
27. The knight was in the german court
 Where upon the straight report
 The jew he crossed the ocean wide
 Resolving to be satis fied
28. He came to court they let him in
 He at this knight began to grin
 Your hand and seal i pray behold
 Your flesh ill have instead of gold

6. *The Kennebec Bite*

[Child, 283]

“The Kennebec Bite,” with its title varying according to locality, seems to be a parallel of the Child ballad. The printed record of “The Yorkshire Bite” began between 1769 and 1788, whereas that of Child’s “The Crafty Farmer” dates from 1796.

Both *Green Mountain* and Sandburg have a stanza between Douglass stanzas 6 and 7 giving the highwayman’s invitation to ride and John’s acceptance. This stanza helps to carry the story along clearly, and its conversation adds to the vitality of the ballad. Two of the Douglass stanzas, 11 and 12, are not in either *Green Mountain* or Sandburg. There are tunes in Flanders, *Green Mountain*, and Sandburg to which the stanzas may be sung, though the refrains are of different length.

THE KENNEBECK BITE

1. Near Boston there lived a mason by trade
 He had for his servants a man and a maid

- A Kennebeck boy he had for his man
And for to do his work his name it was john
ral de dal lal lal de da
2. Twas early one morning he caled to john
John hearing his master he quickly did come
Go take that cow and drive her to fair
For She's in good order and all I have to spare
ral de dal
 3. John takes the cow out of the barn
And drives her to the fair as you shall learn
In a little time he met with a man
And sold him the cow for a six pound ten
 4. He staped to the tavern to take him a drink
T'was there the old merchant he paid him all his chink
He staped to the landlady and unto her did say
What shall I do with my money I do pray
 5. Sew it up in your coat lining i think i the best way
For fear that you be robed all on the highway
There sets a highwayman a drinking of his wine
He says to himself that money is all mine
 6. In a little time John started for to go
The hiwayman folowed after all so
In a little time he over takes John
You are welcome over taken says he young man
 7. They rode till they came to a long dark lane
The hiwayman says i will tell you in plain
Deliver up your money with out fear or strife
Orhear i will end your sweet precious life
 8. John seeing now no time to dispute
He jumped off the horse with out fear or doubt
And from the coat lining he pulled the money out
And among the tall grass he strewed it all about
 9. The hiwayman comeing down from his horse
But little did he think it would be to his loss
Whilst he was picking the money that was strewed
John jumped upon the horse and away did ride
 10. The hiwayman called to john forto stop
But little did he mind but away he did trot

- Home to his master and thus he did bring
 A horse and a saddle and many a fine thing
11. The maid staped to the door to see John return
 She went to quaint her master that was in the other room
 He staped to the door and says to him thus
 The devil has my cow turned into a horse
12. Oh no your cow I very well sold
 But robed on the way by a hiwayman bold
 And whilst he was putting your money in his purse
 To make your amends i came off with his horse
13. The bags were taken off and out of them were told
 Five hundred pounds in silver and in gold
 Besides a pair of pistols he says jack i vow
 I think my good old master i very well sold [your cow]
14. As for a lad you have done very wrath [rare]
 Three quarters of the money you shall have for your share
 As for the villain you served him just rite
 I think you tucked upon him a Kenebec bite

7. *The Bold Pirates*

[Child, 285]

According to the Child version entitled "The 'George Aloe' and the 'Sweepstake,'" the story seems to be as follows: Two English merchant ships were bound for Safee (probably Safi, Morocco). Although the *George Aloe* anchored for a time, the *Sweepstake* proceeded but was attacked and defeated by the French. The *George Aloe* in turn overtook the French and defeated them, allowing no quarter. The Douglass ballad, after the first stanza, tells only the latter incident. The refrain in line 2 is quite different from the Child refrain, "With hey, with hò, for and a nony no," though line 4 is close to the English, "And along the course of Barbary." The names of the ships vary, appearing in Neeser (a similar version with one additional stanza) as *Prince Rupert* and *Prince of Wales*. Trident prints the tune to "High Barbaree," as this song is sometimes called. The fragment given in *Brown* corresponds quite closely to Douglass stanzas 1, 2, and 4, the ship names being the same and the refrain also.

THE BOLD PIRATES

1. Two lofty ships from England they came
Blow high blow low so sailed we
One was the prince of luther the other prince of wales
Cruising down on the coast of Barbary
2. Aloft aloft our jolly bosum cried
Blow high blow low so sailed we
Look A stern look A stern look a weather look a lee
Look down on the coast of barbary
3. I see nothing a stern I see nothing A lee
Blow high, &c
But I see A ship at windward and A lofty ship is she
Cruising, &c
4. Hio hio our jolly bosun cried
Blow high, &c
Are you A man of war or a privateer says he
Cruising, &c
5. I am no man of war no privateer says he
Blow high, &c
But I am A bold pirate seeking for my fee
Cruising, &c
6. Then broad side and broad side for A long time we lay
Blow high, &c
And the broad side we gave them we cut their mast away
Cruising, &c
7. Oh quarters oh quarters these pirats did say
Blow high, &c
But the quarters that we gave them we sunk them in the sea
Cruising, &c

8. *Captain Ward*

[Child, 287]

About 1604, according to Child, an English sailor named John Ward persuaded the crew of his ship to turn pirates under his leadership. The story told in the ballad begins with his offer of a large ransom for himself and his crew if the king, James I, would forgive them. The king, afraid to trust a man who had proved

false before, sent the *Rainbow* to capture him. This well-known ship, which had been in Drake's expedition against Cadiz in 1587, brought back word that Ward could not be taken. Angry at this failure, the king named three other men, any one of whom he thought might have succeeded. They were George Clifford, Earl of Cumberland; Charles Blount, Lord Mountjoy; and Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex. The version given in Child is "dated at the British Museum 1680 at the earliest" and is said to be sung "to the tune of Captain Ward, etc."

Phillips Barry (*British Ballads from Maine* [New Haven, 1929]) believes that the ballad was probably contemporary with the event but, because of the poor light which it threw on King James, was not printed in England till after 1688. Besides a long historical note Barry gives two tunes and several texts. The one reprinted from *The Forget-Me-Not Songster* (J. S. Locke, Boston) is word for word the same as the Douglass version except for misspellings and so forth.

The Douglass ballad is much like that in Flanders except that it is longer, adding stanzas 19 and 23-27. There is much variation between Douglass and Firth, some of Firth's lines not being in Douglass, and Douglass stanzas 7, 8, 9, and 10 not being in Firth.

CAPTAIN WARD

1. Come all ye jolly sailors bold
That live by tuck of drum
I'll tell you of a rank robber
Now on the seas is come
2. His name is called captain ward
As you the truth shall hear
For ther's not been such a robber
This hundred and fifty year
3. He wrote a letter to our king
On the fifth of January
To see if he would take him in
And all his company
4. To see if he would accept of him
And all his jolly sailors bold

- And for a ransom he would give
Two thousand pounds in gold
5. First he beguiled the wild turks
And then the king of spain
Pray how can he prove true to us
When he proves false to them
6. O no, O no then said the king
For no such thing can be
For he has been a rank robber
And a robber on the seas
7. Othen says captain ward my boys
Lets put to sea again
And see what prizes we can find
On the coast of France and spain
8. Then we espy'd a lofty ship
A sailing from the west
She was loaded with silks and satins
And cambricks of the best
9. Then we bore up to her straitway
They thinking no such thing
We robbed them of their merchandise
Then bade them tell their king
10. And when their king did hear of this
His heart was grieved full score
To thing his ships could not get past
As they had done before
11. Then he caused a worthy ship
And a worthy ship of fame
The Rainbow she was called
And the rainbow was her name
12. He rigged her and freighted her
And sent her to the sea
With five hundred bold mariners
To bear her company
13. They sailed east they sailed west
But nothing could espy

- Until they came to the very spot
Where capain Ward did lie
14. Who is the owner of this ship
The Rainbow then did cry
Here I am says captain Ward
Let no man me deny
15. What brought you here you cowardly dogs
You ugly wanton theif
What makes you lie at anchor
And keep your king in grief
16. You lie you lie says captain ward
As ever I heard you lie
I never robbed an englishman
An Englishman but three
17. As for the worthy scotchmen
I love them as my own
My chief delight is for to pull
The french and spaniards down
18. Why curse thou so bold a robber
We'll soon humble your pride
With that the gallant rainbow
She shot out of her side
19. Full fifty good brass cannons
Well charged on every side
And then they fired their great guns
And gave Ward a broadside
20. Fire on fire on says captain Ward
I value you not a pin
If you are brass on the out side
I am good steel within
21. They fought eight oclock in the morn
Till eight oclock at night
Atlength the gallant rainbow
Began to take her flight
22. Go home go home says captain ward
And tell your king for me

- If he reigns king upon dry land
I will reign king at sea
23. With that the gallant rainbow
She shot and shot in vain
And left the Rover's company
And home returned again
24. Tell our royal king of England
His ship is returned again
For captain Ward he is to strong
He never will be taken
25. O shame O shame said the king
For no such thing can be
For I have lost two thousand pounds
Besides lost jewels three
26. The first was brave lord clifford
Great earl of cumberland
The second was brave lord Mountjoy
As you shall understand
27. The third was brave lord essex
From field would never flee
Who would have gone unto the sea
And brought proud ward to me

9. *The Mermaid*

[Child, 289]

This old broadside ballad known to sailors around the world was first recorded in print, according to Child, in "The Glasgow Lasses Garland," tentatively dated 1765. Since that time it has become a popular college song, telling a tale of misfortune. To set sail on Friday was unlucky; to sight the mermaid meant that disaster was unavoidable.

The Douglass version is one of the simplest that tells the whole story, having no chorus nor repeated lines. The references to the mother and the wife in New York and Boston, respectively, are natural in a York State version, as the locale changes according to the place where a version is sung. The last stanza, with its

“once,” “twice,” and “third” time around, is unusual; Shoemaker is the only other version that is similar in this respect. In other versions “three times” is repeated.

Music to which the ballad is now sung appears on page 96 of Trident and also in *Ozark*.

THE MURMAID

1. On friday morning we set sail
Not being far from land
It was there espied a fair mermaid
With a comb and a glass in her hand
2. Our boatsman at the helm stood
And in steering his course right well
With a tear standing in his eye
Saying O how the seas they do swell swell
3. Then up spoke the boy out of our gallant ship
And a well spoken lad was he
Saying I have a mother in fair new york town
And this night she will weep for me
4. Then spoke the mate out of our gallant ship
And a well spoken man was he
Saying I have a wife in fair Boston town
And this night she will a widow be
5. Then spoke the captain out of our gallant ship
And a vallant man was he
Saying for the want of a long boat
We all shall be drown and sink to the bottom of the sea
6. The mon gave light and the stars shone bright
And my mother was looking for me
She may look she may weep with a watery eye
And blame the rudles [ruthless] sea
7. Then once around went our gallant ship
And twice around went she
And the third time around went our gallant ship
And She sank to the bottom of the sea

B. Love Themes

The texts in this section, chiefly narrative, often tell the sort of story that "inspired" the broadside doggerel of the sixteenth to nineteenth centuries in Britain. The words, composed by hacks, were usually "skimble-skamble stuff," but they managed to tell tales that pleased simple folk. For example, "William and Susan," otherwise known as "The Seaman of Plymouth," runs to 50 stanzas of mere doggerel, but it permits an honest and loving sailor to triumph over a well-to-do farmer and a squire. In "Henry and Ruth," otherwise "The Seaman of Dover," the heroine is a squire's daughter who through 44 stanzas is faithful to her sailor who demanded, "Receive me with love or destroy me with care."

A number of these ballads use the theme of the returned lover, who usually tests his sweetheart by a report that he is dead. They include "The Dark-Eyed Sailor," "George Reilly," "Johnny German," and "The 'Prentice Boy" (who does not play any trick). One wonders nowadays how a girl could fail to recognize her lover at once, no matter how long he may have been absent, but the same question might be asked of Shakespeare or of the Roman writers of comedy.

Sometimes the girl was clever enough; there were the heroines of "Kate and Her Horns" and "The Dog and the Gun" (or "The Golden Glove"). Sometimes a betrayed girl was all too simple and pathetic, as in "The Dawning of the Day" or in "Caroline of Edinburgh Town," the latter a song whose pretty tune was used for several American ballads.

There is considerable variety in this group. "The Bonny Light Horseman" and "The Carrier Dove" are published songs that seem to have got into oral tradition as so many printed broadsides had done earlier.

10. William and Susan

Flanders calls this ballad of the trials and rewards of true love "The Seaman of Plymouth." The conventional elements of which it is composed—the parental opposition, the faithful girl, the return of the suitor wealthy, and the happy reunion—relate it to several others such as "The 'Prentice Boy" and "Charming Beauty Bright." Several other ballads in this manuscript show such combinations of themes and incidents: "Henry and Ruth" is most nearly like the present one. Flanders prints a tune with the note that it was sung nearly seventy years ago, which would have been about 1860. In wording there are several variations.

WILIAM AND SUSAN

1. A seaman of plimouth sweet wiliam by name
A wooing to beautifull susan he came
Atlength he obtained her love and good will
And like wise her father admired him still
2. Her mother was likewise as well satisfied
The day appointed the knots should be tied
All friends were invited but sea by the way
Sweet susan she sickened and languishing she lay
3. They used their endeavors to raise her again
By learned physitians whose skill wasin vain
A week she continued sweet wiliam did grieve
Because of his love he must needs take his leave
4. He being commanded to sail the next wind
And leaveing a sorrowfull jewell behind
He says we will be married when i come again
If you by good fortune alive do remain
5. So long as i live ill prove true to my love
And susan i hope you will as constant prove
Never doubt it sweet wiliam my jewel said she
There is none in this world ill admire but thee
6. A tribute of tears then at parting they paid
The mother of susan and languishing made
And likewise her father was grieved to the heart
Yet never the less for a time they must part

7. Away to the ocean sweet w^m. had gone
Where now we will leave him and show you a nun [anon]
How base and deceitfull her parents did prove
They counceled their child to prove false to her love
8. Now when this sweet damsel had languishing lain
Near five or six months she recovered again
Whose beauty was brighter than ever before
So that there were many her charms did adore
9. All did accouter [admire] that came in her view
Her name through the neighboring villages flew
To be the most beautiful creature on earth
Although nothing but a fishermans daughter by birth
10. Although she was courted by none of the worst
A welthy young farmer came to her at first
He called her his jewell the joy of his life
She said pray begone i am another mans wife
11. By those solemn vows in a secret place
If i should prove false may i live in disgrace
The sharpest correction my punishment be
So therefore begone my presence quoth she
12. Next came a young squire and called her his dear
And said he would settle two hundred a year
Upon her if that she would be his sweet bride
I cannot i dare not you must be denied
13. Then unto her father and mother he went
Who haveing discovered his noble intent
And being ambitious for honor and gain
They strove to persuade her but all was in vain
14. Said she dear parents observe what i say
In things that are lawfull im bound to obey
For since you would have me perjured for gold
I cannot submit to the thruth i will hold
15. They found it was then but a folly to strive
So long as she knew that her love was alive
To bring her to mind any other but he
There fore the young squire and they did agree

16. To send this beautifull creature away
Along with a lady to holland and they
Would tell her love at his return she was dead
So that he some other young damsel might wed
17. Then would it belawfull to marry the squire
Who did her fair beauty and features admire
This was their contrivance to holland she went
Poor creature she knew not their crafty intent
18. For since that her parents would need have it so
In point of obedience she yielded for to go
Where now we will leave her and return to her love
Who had been gone from her two years and above
19. In wiliams long voyage he came to a rich place
Where he had not been but a very short space
Where fortune did favor him so that he bought
A bargain worth hundreds and thousands twas thought
20. Then laden with riches he came to the shore
He says my deare jewell whom i do adore
I will go and visit her before that i rest
My heart has been many months loged in her breast
21. Then unto the house of her parents he came
He called for his susan sweet susan by name
Atlength her dear mother did make this reply
Tis long since our daughter did languish and die
22. His heart at these tidings was ready to break
For some minutes he had not the power for to speak
Atlength with a flood of salt tears he replied
Farewell to the pleasures and joys of his bride
23. My sorrows are more than im able to bear
Is susan departed sweet susan the fair
There is none in this world will i marry since she
Is laid in her grave who is worthy of me
24. Their presence he quitted with watery eyes
And went to his own father and mother likewise
His own loveing parents and with them he left
His wealth because he of love was bereft

25. Resolved iam to travel again
Perhaps it may wear off my sorrow and pain
Take care of my riches tis treasure unknown
If i return not then all is your own
26. But if i should live for to see you once more
I make no great doubt the same you'll restore
Oh that i will son his dear father replied
[So] for his long voyage he straight did provide
27. He entered on board and away he did steer
The seas they were calm and the winds they were clear
At first but atlength a sad storm did arrive
Black clouds they did cover and darken the skyes
28. The seas they did foam and the billows did roar
Atlength they were driven upon a hollandish shore
Their ship was so shattered and torn up in deed
That they on their voyage could not safely proced
29. Now while they laid up their good ship to repair
He went to the city and walked here and there
As he was a walking along in the street
His beautifull susan he chanced to meet
30. He started as soon as her face he beheld
With wonder and joy he instantly filled
Oh tell me said he ye blessed powers above
Does my eye deceive me or is it my love
31. They say she has been burried a twelve month allmost
It is my dear jewell or her charming ghost
Then straight he ran to her and found it was she
Then none in this world was so happy as he
32. Then said dearest Wiliam why dost thou roam
What destany has brought thee so far from thy home
The story she told him with watery eyes
Concerning the farmer and esquire likewise
33. They courted me long but i still said them na
With that my dear parents they sent me away
To wait on a lady with whom i am now
Because i refused to proive false to my vow

34. He presently told her of all his affairs
His riches his trouble his sorrow and care
And how he was going a voyage for to make
He did not know whither but all for her sake
35. But as he was sailing the weather grew foul
The seas they did foam and the billows did roar
Yet never the less on the turbulent sea
The waves were so kind they conveyed me to thee
36. I'll unto your lady and now let her know
You shall not serve her any longer but go
With me to fair plymoth where you shall be seem
As gay as her self or a beautifull queen
37. They made a dispach and soon sailed away
The seas they were calm and the winds they did obey
So that in a short time to fair plymoth they came
And now he was clearly for changing her name
38. He told his father and mothe that here
By fortune kind favor had met with his dear
And we will prepare for the wedding said he
Her father and mother invited shall be
39. Then wiliam he hastened unto them at last
He told them the height of his sorrow was past
Since you say susan your daughter is dead
I have found me a beauty with whom i shall wed
40. Therefore i came to bring you the news
I hope that one favor you will not refuse
Oh honor me then with your presence i pray
And come to the wedding to morrow is the day
41. They promised they would and were pleased to the heart
For to think how bravely they'd acted their part
Now says her mother i have got my desire
We'll call home our daughter to marry the squire
42. The very next morning sweet susan was dressed
In sumptuous apparel more gay than the rest
With the richest of silk that the world could afford
Embroidered with gold which was sent from on board

43. With dimonds and rubies her vester did shine
For beauty she seemed like something divine
Scarce ever was mortal more glorious and great
And likewise her modesty suited her state
44. Now when the bride down to dinner they set
Her parents and friends who had lovingly met
Her stately apparel had altered her so
Her father and mother her face did not know
45. A health to the bride round the table did go
The mother of susan then taking the glass
To do as the rest spoke up with a grace
Our daughter if liveing would be in your place
46. With that the bride with modesty smiled
To think that her mother knew not her own child
Soon after the bride did arise from her seat
And fell on her knees at her dear parents feet
47. I am your own daughter which you did send
To holland but fortune has stood my good friend
And placed me secure in the arms of my dear
For which i may thank the blessed powers above
48. Her father and mother with blushes replied
The squire was in earnest to make you his bride
But since it is ordered by heavens decree
We greant you your blessing so rise from your knee
49. Then wiliam spoke up with a notable grace
A fig for the squire bring him to my face
And crowns of bright silver with him ill let fall
And he that holds out longest shall shurely take all
50. They wondered how he had such riches obtained
But yet they beleived it was truly in the main
Because he appeared so gallant and gay
With music and dancing they finished the day

11. Henry and Ruth

A combination of several ballad themes appears in this “truelove” song. The beginning is like the “Jackie Fraisure” ballads (see Cox)

with the girl in love with a sailor whose suit was opposed by her parents. Instead of being able to follow him to sea, however, she was confined by her parents, as in "Charming Beauty Bright" (see Cox). Henry, in order to free her, went to Spain, as in "The Rose of Britain's Isle" (see Mackenzie), though she could not accompany him, as she did in the latter ballad. A beautiful, wealthy lady proposed marriage, as in "Young Beichan" (Child, 53), which he at first refused but then accepted as second best to having Ruth (a reversal of the Beichan story). In the meantime Ruth was freed and, as in the "Jackie Fraisure" ballads, in seaman's attire she followed her lover. There, finding him married, she accepted the situation, Griseldalike, until the wife conveniently died. After Ruth revealed herself to Henry, they returned to England and invited the parents to the wedding, as in "William and Susan." On the whole the song shows an unusual association of the traditionally romantic ideas. It does not appear in any of the books examined.

HENRY AND RUTH

1. A seaman of Dover with excellent art
Whose leaning and wisdom has gained the heart
Of many a fair lady in beauty so bright
To you this new ditty in brief I will write
2. Now now to be brief I will tell you the truth
Twas of a fair damsel whose name it was ruth
A squares young daughter near mid town in Kent
She was his hearts treasure his joy and content
3. Unbeknown to her parents in private they'd meet
And many a love lesson would often repeat
With kisses and tender embraces likewise
She granted him love so he gained his prise
4. He gave her a guinea in token of love
And swore by the sacred powers above
To wed the next morning but they were berayed
Twas all by the means of a treacherous maid
5. She told to her parents they both had agreed
So that they wer both in a sad fret indeed
They say that our daughter no sailor shall have
We had rather follow her corps to the grave

6. This lady was straight to her chamber confined
Where long she continued with sorrow of mind
And so was her lover for the loss of his dear
No sorrow was ever more sharp or severe
7. When long he had mourned for his jou and delight
Then under her window he came in the night
And sang forth this ditty my dearest farewell
For I in this nation no longer shall dwell
8. I am going from thence to the kingdon of Spain
Because I am willing that thou shouldst obtain
Thy freedom once more for my heart it will break
If thou art much longer confined for my sake
9. Those words which he uttered caused her for to weep
But never the less she was obliged to keep
Her silence a moment a moment in fear
Her honored Father and Mother would hear
10. Her parents they heard right pleased they were
But Ruth was distracted with sorrow and care
Confined to her chamber her sorrow increased
At her loves depature it hastened her grief
11. Now when that brisk Henry had entered on board
Kind heaven a prosperous gale did afford
He soon did arrive in the Kingdom of Spain
Where he with a merchant long time did remain
12. Then who ever finding him faithfull and just
Prepared him a place of honor and trust
Which made him as great as his heart could request
Yet wanting his Ruth hee was greatly oppressed
13. His grief was so great it could not be concealed
No honor nor riches no comfort could yield
But often in in private would weep and lament
For Ruth his fair beautiful lady of Kent
14. As he was expressing his sorrow in tears
A beautifull lady before him appears
All detached [decked out?] in her jewels so costly and gay
Who eanestly sought for his favors that day

15. She said noble sir I am wounded with love
 And you are the person whom i prize above
 The greatest of nobles that ever was known
 O pittie my tears and my sorrow full moans
16. I pity thy sorrowfull tears he replied
 I wish i was worthy to make you my bride
 But lady thy grandeur is greater than mine
 Therefore i am sorry my heart to recline
17. O never be doubtfull of what may ensue
 No maner of danger shall hapen to you
 Of my own disposure i am I declare
 Receive me with love or destroy me with care
18. Noble lady do'nt place your affections on me
 You are fit for a lord of some nobler degree
 And able to bear up your honor in fame
 I am but a sailor from england i came
19. A man of mean fortune whose substance is small
 I have not wherewith to maintain you at all
 Noble lady according to honor and State
 Now this is the truth which i freely relate
20. This lady then loveingly requested his hand
 And said with smile ever blessed be that land
 That bred such a noble brave sailor as thee
 I value not riches right welcome to thee
21. My parents are dead I have jewels untold
 Besides in possession a milion of gold
 And you [shall] be lord over all that I have
 Grant me your love which I eanestly crave
22. He turned aside to him self he replied
 I am courted with riches and beauty beside
 This maid I may have but of ruth I am denied
 Therefore he consented to make her his bride
23. And married they were without further delay
 So now we will leave then both gallant and gay
 And speak of fair Ruth who in sorrow was left
 At home with her parents all comfort bereft
24. Now when that brisk Henry had quitted the shore
 They kept her confined a twelve month or more

- And then they were plased to set her at large
By laying upon her a desprate charge
25. To flee from a sailor as she would from death
She promised she would with a tremulous breath
But mark well hereafter the truth you shall hear
She soon found away for to follow her dear
26. She packed up her gold and her silver also
In seamans apparel away she did go
She soon found a captain with whom she agreed
To carry her over the ocean with speed
27. She soon did arrive in the kingdom of Spain
From citty to citty She traveled amain
Inquireing at every place for her love
Who had been gone from her twelve months and above
28. As she was walking along in the street
Her love and his lady she hapened to meet
But in such a garb as she never had seen
They looked like an angel and a beautiful Queen
29. In sorrow an tears she turned aside
My jewel is gome I ne're be his bride
But atthough my thoughts and my hopes are in vain
I never 'll return home to england again
30. But in this same city some service I'll find
It will be a joy and comfort to my mind
To see him sometimes though he thinks not of me
Since he has a lady of a nobler degree
31. But in this same city where Ruth did reside
This beautiful lady she sickened and died
Now Henry was left in possession of all
Yet tears from his eyes like a fountain did fall
32. As he was expressing his sorrowfull moans
Fair Ruth she came to him and made herself known
He started to see her but seemed not to cry
He says in my sorrows are mingled with joy
33. In time of his mourning he kept her in Spain
And then they returned home to england again
With Ruth and thousands that he did possess
So gallant and gay was fair Ruth in her dress

34. Now when he had taken up his lodgings untold
He shipped [slipped] of his robes of embroidered gold
And presently borrowed a mariners suit
That he and her parents might have some dispute
35. Now when that brisk Henry had knocked at the gate
Before they were sensible he was so great
He soon found her father and mother likewise
Expressing their sorrow with watery eyes
36. Now Henry he smiled as he modestly said
O where is my jewel that innocent maid
The fairest of nobles that thousands excel
I fear by your weeping that all is not well
37. They cry O! she is gone she is utterly lost
We have not heard from her these twelve months almost
We wish in our hearts she'd been married to you
Then all these sharp sorrows we ne'er should have gone through
38. Now Henry he made them this answer again
I have lately returned from the kingdom of Spain
From thence I have brought me a beautiful bride
I am to be married to morrow he cried
39. And if you will come to my wedding said he
Both you and your lady right welcome shall be
They promised they would they accordingly came
Not thinking to meet such persons of fame
40. As they were a going from the church to the inn
Now these noble parents of ruth did begin
To know their dear daughter by a certain mole
Although she was clothed in gaments of gold
41. With transport and joy they flew to the bride
O where have you been my dear daughter they cried
That has made us distracted with sorrow and care
For fear that we never should hear of the more
42. Honored sir many hazards I've run
To bring back my love and your dutiful Son
Receive him with joy for it's very well known
He wants not your wealth he has enough of his own
43. Her father he said as he modestly smiled
He's brought back enough since he's brought back my child

- A thousand times welcome you are I declare
 For weve been distracted with sorrow and care
44. Six long days in frolic and feasting were spent
 The bells in the city they merily went
 And many a fair pound was bestowed on the poor
 The like of this wedding was never before

12. *The London Lawyer's Son*

Although this ballad has likenesses to other English ones, it does not correspond closely to any examined. The story of "A Gentleman of Exeter" in *Green Mountain* parallels it roughly; the young man in Douglass was not, however, a sea captain but left his loved one because of a relative's funeral. Dreams of him troubled her in Douglass, whereas in *Green Mountain* his ghost carried her away. Moreover, the name "Ralph" appears only in Douglass. "Early in the Spring" in Cox and Belden has much the same story but gives more importance to the letters the young man wrote and to the girl's protest that she had not received them, implying that relatives opposed to her first lover had tampered with the correspondence. "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington" (Child, 105) starts with the girl's indifference to the young man's courtship, but from that point the story is different.

THE LONDON LAWYERS SON

1. Behold a london lawyers som
 A pretty youth near twenty one
 Courted a charming lady bright
 She was his heart and souls delight
2. He made his addresses to her still
 Hoping to gain his loves good will
 But all his labor proved in vain
 For still her frowns increased his pain
3. Still causing him to make great mourn
 At every sigh and bitter gran [groan]
 Would seem pierce the ardent skies
 And tears ran from his youthfull eyes
4. Said he my love my dear my joy
 Fair londons glory why so coy

- To him that toves you more than gold
 One pleasant smile let me behold
5. To ease the anguish of my heart
 [I] am wounded with a dart
 Which wound theres none but you can cure
 Oh let me not these pains endure
6. Why should i live to bear such pains
 Why should i live thus bound in chains
 And fetters like a captive slave
 One smile or sent me to my grave
7. These words a deep impression made
 Upon her heart atlength she said
 I grant you life and libberty
 None shall enjoy my love but thee
8. These words were peasing to the ear
 And did as much the spirit cheer
 As when a pardon brought atlast
 Unto a man arrayed and cast
9. No tongue was able to express
 This young mans joy and hapiness
 While she returned him love for love
 And vowed she would ever constant prove
10. Besides all this a solemn oath
 That minute passed between them both
 Never to change or prove untrue
 Whatever sorrow should ensue
11. He gave his love a dimond ring
 And she returned as rich a thing
 And they these pleges were to keep
 Untill they should loves harvest reap
12. He gave his love a cheerfull look
 She did the same and so they took
 Their leave with melting kisses sweet
 To wed whn as they next should meet
13. But oh the woefull turn of fate
 Which makes them both unfortunate

- For now atlast as you shall hear
A kinsman died [in] Gloucester
14. He at parents great request
Must needs go down among the rest
Unto this solemn funereal
This was a sad and solemn call
15. From his dear love for why we find
He being gone she changed her mind
Forgetting all the vows that past
But this her ruin proved atlast
16. At large as you shall understand
There is an over ruling hand
That will in time just vengence take
On such as do their promice break
17. They do not go unpunished long
That do both friends and contience wrong
Justice will often seem to strike
That others will not do the like
18. And let us now return again
To our discourse that he doth remain
In gloucester a month or two
Meantime this damsel proved untrue
19. He like a dear unspoted dove
Still sent her letters full of love
Declaring that he longed to be
In her sweet happy company
20. But that he was obleged to stay
And could not fairly get away
Never the less says he my dear
You have my heart though i am here
21. She being now so full of pride
Yet still his letters cast aside
And scarcely ever read the same
Because so ralph a courter came
22. With footman running by his side
He courted her to be his bride

- His great appearance made her proud
 For after him there pressed a crowd
23. With squires with their several train
 This puffed her up with shadows vain
 Her mother says daughter forbear
 Let not this pomp your heart
24. Think on the man that loves you so
 And do not prove his overthrow
 But she never cared what she said
 Nor never in the least obeyed
 At high commands but marriage strait
 That night because she would be great
25. She thought she had the world at will
 But every day her contience still
 Would startle her and often say
 Lady there comes a reckoning day
26. But let us return unto her love
 Who sent fourteen letters or above
 Kind letters to his joy and dear
 But he no knews from her could hear
27. He wondered what the cause might be
 Atlength this loyal lover he
 Came home and haveing heard the news
 He wept alas how could he choose
28. He wept he sighed and beat his breast
 And says friends are you all in jest
 Or can anyfair love prove to be
 So fickled false and base to me
29. His father says dear son tis true
 But never let it trouble you
 But bear it with a patient mind
 As good as she i hope youll find
30. Dear father this i dont dispute
 [But] love has took so deep a root
 [In my] poor heart that i cant see
 [Anyone] in this world but she

31. I pitty her because i know
She will not long unpunished go
Oh that her dread full perjury
Oh let me see her face and die
32. He would have gone but being held
He says my souls with sorrow filled
So therefore dont compell me so
Alive or dead ill to her go
33. He to his chamber was conveyed
And as he on his bed was laid
He says dear friends and parrents you
See what the power of love can do
34. He languished a day or two
And then he bid this word adieu
Parents and friends they all likewise
Did bathe their cheeks with weeping eyes
35. As to his grave he was conveyed
Parrents and friends they were arrayed
In mourning at his funereal
While tears like showers of rain did fall
36. But yet one thing i have to say
This lady as in bed she lay
Sleeping in her bed each knight
Was waked with many a dreadfull fright
37. Sometimes his ghastly ghost she see
And as each night this lady she
Lie sleeping by her husbands side
And thus the ghost would seem to chide
38. Arrise thou worst of women kind
What peace or comfort can you find
If you con sidder how of late
You brought me to my ruin state
39. Pray therefore loge thou in his arms
Why doth he thus possess your charms
Come follow me and quit your bed
For you are mine alive or dead

40. Then in a flame he seemed to go
 His apparition scared her so
 That she fell sick and soon she died
 And as she breathed he last she cried
41. Alas says she i am going henc
 To answer for great offence
 The sin of pride and perjury
 Under which guilt i weeping lie
42. Farewell to all my weeping friends
 Im going to answer for my sins
 Its with a sad distracted mind
 What mercy can i hope to find
43. Whoose rong my concience and my dear
 But as i beg for mercy here
 So let me have it now at last
 This said from life to death she past
44. So let this now a warning be
 To all of a high and low degree
 And let them not for riches sake
 By any means their promice break

13. *Ellen the Fair*

This broadside ballad was known in England as "Helen the Fair" also. The refrain in the Douglass song is its outstanding feature, suggesting that it was sung to a lilting tune. Except for minor word variations it is the same as the Mackenzie version.

ELLEN THE FAIR

1. Fair ellen one morning from her cottage had strayed
 To the next market town skipped this beautifull maid
 She looked like some goddess so fair
 Come and buy my sweet posies cried ellen the fair cried
ellen the fair
 Cried ellen the fair come and buy my sweet posies cried
ellen the fair
2. I've cowslips and jasmines and harebells so blue
 Wild rosies and eglnt [eglantine] all sparkling with dew

- The lilly the queen of the valley so rare
come and buy my sweet posies cried Ellen the fair, &c
3. Enraptured I gazed on this beautifull maid
While A thousand sweet smiles on her countenance plyed
And while I stood gazing my heart I declare
A captive was taken by Ellen the fair, &c
4. O could I but gain this fair numph for my wife
How gladly i'd change my condition in life
I'd leave the gay folks of the town and repair
To dwell in a cottave with ellen the fair, &c
5. And what need I care for the lordly or great
My parents are dead i've A noble estate
No lady on earth or princess shall share
My hand and my fortune with ellen the fair, &c
6. In A little time after this noble mans son
Was married to the lady his affections had won
When presented in court how the monarchs did stare
And the ladies all envied sweet ellen the fair, &c

14. *The Dark-eyed Sailor*

According to *Green Mountain*, this "returned lover" ballad probably belongs to the 1830s, having been printed first by the English ballad printer, James Catnack.

The Douglass version uses no repetition, though "The Broken Ring" of Cox, "Young Willie's Return, or The Token" of Scarborough, and "The Dark-Eyed Sailor" of *Green Mountain* and of Barry all appear in five-line stanzas, with the first phrase of Douglass line 4 repeated, either to complete their line 4 or to begin line 5. The present version is quite complete. Lines 3 and 4 of stanza 5, lines 1 and 2 of stanza 6, and all of stanza 7 are lacking in Cox; stanzas 5 and 7 in Mackenzie; stanzas 4, 5, 6, and 7 in *Scarborough*; stanzas 6 and 7 in *Green Mountain*; and stanzas 3, 6, and 7 in *Greenleaf*. Gray, *Brown*, and Barry correspond closely with Douglass. The time of the sailor's absence varies from two years to seven, but Douglass agrees with Cox and *Green Mountain* in setting the time at three years. There are many word variations, a few of which would improve the rhyming of the Douglass version. Gardner and Chickering

and *Green Mountain* print melodies; the latter mentions that the tune belongs to another ballad, "The Female Smuggler."

THE DARK EYED SAILOR

1. It is of A comblly young lady fair
That was walking out to take the air
She met A sailor upon the way
So I paid attention to hear what they did say
2. Fair maid said he why you roam alone
The night is coming and the day is far gone
She said while tears from her eyes did fall
Tis my dark eyed sailor that is proveing my downfall
3. These three long years since he has left this land
A gold ring he took from oft my hand
He has broke the token here is half with me
And the other is rolling to the bottom of the sea
4. Says william drive him from your mind
As good A sailor as him you'll find
Love turns aside and cold does grow
Like a winters morning when the hills are clad with snow
5. These words young phebes heart enflamed
She cried on me you'll play no game
She drew A dger and then did say
For my dark eyed sailor a maid i'll live and dye
6. His coal black eyes and curley hair
His flatering tonge did my heart ensnare
Genteel he was no rake like you
To advise a maiden to stight A jack A blue [slight a jacket blue]
7. A tarry sailor ill never disdain
But always treat him with the same
To drink his health here is a peace of coin
But my dark eyed sailor still this heart of mine
8. When wiliam did the ring unfold
She seemed distracted midst joy and woe
You are welcome wiliam I have land and gold
For my dark eyed sailor so manly true and bold

9. In A cottage down by the river side
In peace and unity they do reside
So girls be true while your love is away
For a cloudy morning of't brings A pleasant day

15. *George Reily*

This is another story about an English sailor who returns after three years, tests his sweetheart's loyalty, and finds her still faithful. Besides the version printed below, there is in the Douglass Manuscript a shorter copy, the wording of which is somewhat confused. Although this Douglass version is longer than the versions in Sharp or Thompson, it is much like that in Cox and corresponds almost word for word with Eddy. Sharp prints several melodies.

GEORGE REILY

1. On a bright summers morning the weather being fair
I strolled for a season down by the river clear
Where I overheard a damsel most grievously complain
All for an absent lover that ploughs the distant main
2. I being unperceived did unto her draw near
Where I lay in ambush the better for to hear
With doleful lamentations and melancholy cries
Whilst sparkling tears like crystal was streaming from her eyes
3. Crying oh cruel fortune to me has proved unkind
As my true love has left me no comfort can I find
While she was thus lamenting and grieving for her dear
I saw a gallant sailor unto her draw near
4. With eloquence most complaisant did he address the fair
Saying sweet lovely fair one why do you mourn here
All for an absent lover the fair one did reply
Which causes me to wander for to lament and cry
5. Its three long years and better his absence I have mourned
And the war is ended he is not yet returned
Why should you grieve for him alone this sailor he did say
Perhaps his mind is altered or changed some other way

6. If you will but forget him and fix your mind on me
Till death doth demand me to you I'll faithful be
To which this fair maiden answered sir that never can be
I never can admire any other but he
7. He is the darling of my heart none else can I adore
So take this as an answer and trouble me no more
Then said this gallant sailor what is your true love's name
Both that and his description i wish to know the same
8. It is really most surprising that he was so unkind
As to leave so fair a creature in sorrow here behind
George Reily I call him a lad both neat and trim
So manly in deportment that few can excel him
9. His amber locks in ringlets his sturdy shoulders bare
And his skin far exceeding the fragrant lily fair
Fair maid I had a messmate georg reily was his name
I am sure from your description that he must be the same
10. Three years we spent together in the old Belfew
And such a gallant comrade before i never knew
It was on the twelfth of april near Port royal bay
We had a tight engagement before the break of day
11. Between Rodney and de gras where many a man did fall
Your true love he fell by a french cannon ball
Whilst weltering in his blood your generous love did lay
With faull'ring [faltering] voice and broken sighs these words
I heard him say
12. Fare well my dearest Nancy were you but standing by
To gaze the last upon me contented would I die
This mealancholy story wounded her so deep
She wrung her hands in anguish and bitterly did weep
13. Crying my joys are ended if what you say be true
Instead of having pleasure I've naught but grief in view
On hearing which his person no longer he concealed
He flew in to her arms and his person did reveal
14. Now these constant lovers did each other embrace
He kissed the bright tears from her cheeks and wiped her weep-
ing face

Saying my dearest Nancy with you I'll ever stay
I'll never more depart till my mainmast's cut away

16. *Johnny German*

Again the lover returns to a faithful sweetheart who has waited, sorrowing, for months or years. Belden reports finding only American records of this song, though the fact that its locale is London suggests British origin. Cox mentions a Boston broadside, "Johnny Jarman," of about 1820.

The Douglass version, a little longer than any other examined, tells the story smoothly and completely. The period of Johnny's absence varies from five months in Douglass to five years in Belden. There is little other variation in the story. Although neither Cox nor Mackenzie gives the ballad a specific locale, Belden, Sharp, *Brown*, and Gardner and Chickering agree with Douglass in naming London. Many variations in wording occur, the most noticeable of which are Sharp's use of the name "Molly," Cox's "Johnny Germany," and Mackenzie's "Captain Roe." Sharp prints a tune (II, 256).

JOHNY GERMAN

1. When first i came from london to hear this happy news
It's i'll relate it unto you if you'll not refuse
Of a brisk and a jolly sailor a jolly hearted lad
Who met with pretty fair damsel whose countenance was sad
2. He asked her the reason and why she was thus cast down
She answered him with modesty but never smiled a frown
Tis all for the sake of my own true love who long to sea has
 been gone
And he has left me no love token that he ever will return
3. Perhaps i knew this young man when i was last at sea
If i ascribe [describe] him right to you tis you shall answer me
And if i ascribe him right to you and you the man doth know
Tis you shall promice for to marry me if he comes not to you
4. His heart was brisk and jolly no courage doth he lack
He's comely in every feature whreas [to no one] he turns his
 back

- Hes aboard of the famous rainbow a mate to captain low
His name tis johny German is this the man you know
5. Oh how she jumpeg for joy saying tis the vry man
Pray tell me where he's liveing that i no longer stand
Cheer up cheer up cheer up preety maid for very well i know
Your true love johny german was dead five months ago
 6. Oh how she wrung her lilly white hands and tears run down
her cheek
Being filled with grief and sorow not one word could she speak
She betook herself to her chamber resolving there to lie
Making great lamentatiion wishing herself to die
 7. To think how he had greaved her he greaved her heart full sore
To think how once he loved her and now heed served her so
He dressed himself in scarlet clothes and back to her he came
With ajoyfull resolution to comfort her again
 8. Saying arise my dearest poly and leave your tears behind
For i have come to comefort you and comefort you shall find
And straightway for to oblige him she got up for to see
And who but johny german could this young seaman be
 9. Its why did you grieve me you greaved my heart full sore
Tis polly now believe me and ill do so nomore
It was only to try your constancy to see if you were true
I never saw no turtle dove that ever exceeded you
 10. Farewell to the famous rainbow since polly got my heart
No one shall take it from her till death it doth us part
She brighter than the morning star she's fairer than the rose
. . . she doth exceed all flowers that in old england grows

17. *The 'Prentice Boy*

Often known as "Cupid's Garden," this song has been a favorite English one, printed in many songsters. It appeared in Boston broadsides about 1814. The story is much like that of the "returned lover" ballads except that the man does not make any trial of the girl's love.

There is very little variation between the Douglass version and the ones in Kenedy, Pound, Mackenzie, and *JAF*L (II, 195). The *Ozark* version is shorter than that in Douglass. The most notable differences in wording are in stanza 2, where Douglass has "his"

cheeks and “his” humor, with the lady promising to marry the youth, and in stanzas 4 and 5, where Douglass attributes the hero’s good fortune to a lottery prize, whereas *Ozark* says he earned two thousand pounds by his adherence to duty on a trip to Boston, Portsmouth, and back to London. *JAF*L prints a tune.

THE 'PRENTICE BOY

1. As down in cupid’s garden for pleasure I did walk
I heard two loyal lovers most sweetly for to talk
It was a brisk young lady and her ’prentice boy
And in private they were courting for he was all her joy
2. He said dear honour’d lady I am your ’prentice boy
How ever can I think a fair lady to enjoy
His cheeks as red as roses his humour kind and free
She said dear youth if e’er I wed I’ll surely marry thee
3. But when her parents came this to understand
They did this young man ba[n]ish to some foreign land
While she lay broken hearted lamenting she did cry
For my honest charmind ’prentice a maid I’ll live and die
4. This young man to a merchant a waiting man was bound
And by his good behaviour great fortune there he found
He soon became a butler which prompted him to fame
And for careful conduct the steward he became
5. For a ticket in a lottery his money he put down
And there he gained a prize of twenty thousand pounds
With store of gold and silver he packed up his clothes indeed
And to England return’d to his true love with speed
6. He offered kind embraces but she flew from his arms
No lord duke or nobleman shall e’er enjoy my charms
The love of gold is cursed great riches I decry
For my honest charming prentice a maid I’ll live and die
7. He said dear honor’d lady I have been in your arms
This is the ring you gave for loying in [toying with] your
charms
You vowed if e’er you married your love I should enjoy
Your father did me banish I was your ’prentice boy

8. When she beheld his features she flew into his arms
 With kisses out of measure she did enjoy his charms
 Then so through cupid's garden a road to church they found
 And there in virtuous pleasure in hymen's bans were bound

18. The Lawyer Outwitted

This eighteenth-century broadside ballad was sung to the tune, "I'll Love Thee More and More." The Douglass Manuscript tells the trickster tale in more detail than either Sharp or *Green Mountain*; Sharp does not have Douglass stanzas 8, 13, 19, 22, and *Green Mountain* does not have Douglass stanzas 2, 5, 6, 9, 10, 20, 21, 22, nor the first two lines of stanzas 18 and 19. The Shoemaker (3) version, however, corresponds quite closely with the Douglass one except for the use of eight-line stanzas, the interchanging of four lines (Douglass stanzas 20 and 21), and better rhymes. The Douglass version is clearer if Shoemaker's words are substituted in line 2, stanza 7, "Like a true politician," and line 3, stanza 20, "From royal loins descended." The "gorden" of stanza 22, in Shoemaker is the "guardian knot"; the reference is probably to the Gordian knot cut by Alexander the Great.

THE LAWYER OUTWITTED

1. Of A rich counciler I write
 Who had one only daughter
 She was a perfect beauty bright
 Mark well what follows ater
2. Her uncle left her I declare
 A sumptious large portion
 Her father was for to ta care
 Of her at his discretion
3. She has ten thousand pounds a year
 In gold and silver ready
 And courted was by lords and peers
 But none could gain this lady
4. At length the esq youngest Son
 In private came a wooing
 And when he had her favor won
 She feared he was at her ruin

5. The damsel then did thus reply
I must confess I love thee
Both lords and knights I have denied
But there is none I prise above thee
6. You are A jewel in mine eye
But thus said she the care is
I fear you will be doomed to die
For steating of an heires
7. The young man made her this reply
It was with true polution
Your father is A councler
I'll tell him my condition
8. Ten guineas it shall be his fee
He'll think it is some stranger
Then for the gold will counsell me
And keep me free from danger
9. The young man unto him did go
The very next day after
But did not let the lawyer know
It was his daughter
10. But when the lawyer saw the gold
That he should be the gainer
A pretty trick to him he told
In safety to obtain her
11. Let her provide A horse he cried
And let her take you up behind her
And then unto some parson ride
Before her parents find her
12. Then she'll steal you you may be sure
And so avoid their fury
For this is law I will maintain
Before both judge and jury
13. I give you here my hand an seal
Whitch I can not deny you
And if you any trouble fear
In court I will stand by you
14. I give you thanks the young man cried
By you I am befriended

- I'll bring her home into thy house
 After the work is ended
15. The very next morning at break of day
 This news to her he carried
 She did her fathers counsel take
 And they were fairley married
16. All night as they had took their ease
 In joy beyond expresion
 She home returned down on her knees
 And ask her fathers blessing
17. Now when the lawyer saw them both
 He seemed like one distracted
 He vowed on both he'd be revenged
 For what they then had acted
18. O then bespeaks this new married son
 There cant be no Indicting
 For this is law what we have done
 Here is your own hand writing
19. The lawyer then did thus reply
 Was ever man so bitter
 My hand and seal I cant deny
 By you I am outwitted
20. She might have had both lords and knights
 Of royal high assended
 But since you are her hearts delight
 I will not be offended
21. She has ten thousand pounds A year
 Thats left her by my brother
 And when I die she will have more
 For child I have no other
22. If I the gorden then should break
 And prove cruel out of measure
 Enjoy your love with all my heart
 In plenty peace and pleasure

19. *Canada-I-O*

“Canada-I-O,” like “William Taylor” and “Jack Munro,” tells of a girl’s following her lover to sea, but the outcome is different. In-

stead of marrying the man whom she follows, she marries the captain.

Linscott traces this song to an old love song, "Caledonia," printed in *Caledonia Garland* (1800). A lumberman's song, named "Canada-I-O," a parody of this earlier ballad, is reported by Barry, by Gray, and by Linscott; when lumbering moved west, the song became "Michigan-I-O" as in Gardner and Chickering.

The captain's promise that the girl shall soon see Canada-I-O (stanza 4, line 4) is the only noteworthy way in which the Douglass ballad differs from the one Jackson reprints from *The Forget-Me-Not Songster* (Philadelphia, [c.1840]). In the latter, probably by confusion with the previous stanza, the captain, also, tells her she never shall see Canada.

CANADA I O

1. There was a gatlant lady all in her tender youth
She dearly lov'd a sailor in truth she lov'd him much
And for to get to sea with him the way she did not know
She long'd to see that pretty place called Canada I O
2. She bargained with a sailor all for a purse of gold
When straightway he led her down into the hold
Saying I'll dress you up in sailors clothes the colour shall be blue
You soon shall see that pretty place called canada I O
3. And when her lover heard of this he flew into a rage
And the whole ship's company was willing to engage
Saying I'll tie your hands and feet my love and overboard you'll
go
You ne'er shall see that pretty place called Canada I O
4. Up step'd the noble captain and says that thing shant be
For if you drown that fair maid all hanged you shall be
I'll dress you up in sailors clothes the colour shall be blue
You soon shall see that pretty place called Canada I O
5. She had not been in Canada for the space of a half a year
Before this captain married her and called her his dear
She does dress in silks and satins and she cuts a gallant show
She's now the finest lady in Canada I O
6. Come all you pretty fair maids where ever you may be
You must follow your true lovers when they are gone to sea

And if the mate proves false to you the captain he'll prove true
 You see what honour I have gained by wearing of the blue

20. *Caroline of Edinburgh Town*

"Caroline of Edinburgh Town," one of the most popular of tragic "true-love" ballads, has been found in over a dozen of our states as well as in Nova Scotia. It is an English broadside ballad, reprinted in the United States in such songsters as *Forget-Me-Not*.

The Douglass version has only minor variations from Linscott and from Gardner and Chickering. These versions are more complete than any others examined, as stanzas 6 and 7 are lacking in Cox, 6, 7, and the first two lines of 10 in Mackenzie, and stanza 7 in Shoemaker (3); the last two lines of 4 and the first two of 5 are lacking in one version in *Green Mountain*, and stanzas 1, 4, and 5 in the other (though this version has five lines not in Douglass); and stanzas 4, 7, 8, 10, and 11, as well as the first two lines of stanza 6, are not in Eddy. *Ozark* version A omits Douglass stanzas 6, 7, 10; version B omits Douglass stanzas 7, 11, and the last two lines of 4 and 8. *Brown* omits Douglass stanza 6 in both versions and 7 in version A. *Green Mountain*, *Ozark*, and Linscott give music. The familiar tune is one to which other words, such as "The Loss of the Albion," have been set. "The Raging Canal" is another York State song in the same rhythm.

CAROLINE OF EDINBURG TOWN

1. Come all young men and maidens attend unto my rhyme
 Its of a young damsel who was scarcely in her prime
 She beat the blushing roses and admired by all round
 Was lovely young Caroline of Edinburg town
2. Young henry was a Highland man a courting to her came
 And when her parents came to know they did not like the same
 Young Henry was offended and unto her did say
 Arise my dearest caroline and with me run away
3. We will both go to london love and there we'll wed with speed
 And then lovely Caroline shall have hapiness indeed
 How enticed by young Henry she put on her other gown
 And away went young Caroline of Edinburg town

4. Over the hills and lofty mountains together they did roam
In time arrived in London far from her happy home
She said my dearest Henry pray never on me frown
Or you'll break the [heart] of Caroline of Edinburg town
5. They had not been in London more than half a year
When hard hearted Henry proved to severe
Said Henry I will go to sea your friends did on me frown
So beg way without delay to Edinburg town
6. The fleet is fitting out to Spithead dropping down
And I will join the fleet to fight for King and crown
The gallant tars may feel the scars or in the water drown
Yet I never will again return to Edinburg town
7. Then many a day she passed away in sorrow and despair
Her cheeks though once like roses were grown like lillies fair
She cried where is my Henry and often did she swoon
Crying sad's the day I ran away from Edinburg town
8. Oppress'd with grief without relief the damsel she did go
Into the woods to eat such fruit as on the bushes grow
Some strangers they did pity her and some did on her frown
And some did say what made you stray from Edinburg town
9. Beneath a lofty spreading oak this maid sat down to cry
A watching of the gallant ships as they were passing by
She gave three shriek for Henry and plung'd her body down
And away floated Caroline of Edinburg town
10. A note likewise her bonnet she left upon the shore
And in the note a lock of hair with the words I am no more
And fast asleep I'm in the deep the fish are watching round
Once comely young Caroline of Edinburg town
11. Come all you tender parents ne'er try to part true love
You're sure to see in some degree the ruin it will prove
Likewise young men and maidens ne'er on your lover frown
Think on the fate of Caroline of Edinburg town

21. *The Dawning of the Day*

The conventional ballad theme of love betrayed appears again in this broadside ballad. The Douglass story is longer than the Mackenzie version, which omits Douglass stanzas 3, 6, and 8, and

there are some variations in wording between the two. Although there are in Douglass such commonplaces as “rosy cheeks” and “skin like lilies fair,” there is also the unusual line, “And her hair like shining silver twist lay on her shoulders bare.” Mackenzie (p. 398) gives a tune from Nova Scotia. The tune given in *JAF*L (XXV [1912], 282–283) is identified as an Irish air.

THE DAWNING OF THE DAY

1. It was on one fine morning all in the summer time
 Each bush and tree was dress'd in green and alley's in their prime
 Returning homewards from a wake thro' the fields I took my
 way
 And there I spied a pretty fair maid at the dawning of the day
2. No shoes nor stockings cap nor cloak this lovely maid did wear
 And her hair like shining silver twist lay on her shoulders bare
 With milking pails all in her hand so nobly and so gay
 She did appear like venus bright at the Dawning of the day
3. Her cheeks were like roses in bloom her skin like lillies fair
 Her breath was like lavender perfumed with balmy air
 She did appear like Helen fair or Flora queen of may
 This angel bright did me delight at the dawning of the day
4. Where are you going my pretty maid where are you going so
 soon
 I'm going amilking sir said she all in the month of june
 For the pasture I mist go to it is so far away
 That I must be there each morning at the dawning of the day
5. Youve time enough my dear said I suppose it was a mile
 Come sit down on this primrose bank and let us chat awhile
 Ah no kind sir my hurry will admit no delay
 Look round the morning breaks 'tis the dawning of the day
6. Oh do not be so distant my only hearts delight
 For I alas am wounded all by your beauty bright
 O forbear dont banter me this lovely maid did say
 I cant suppose you'd me seduce at the dawning of the day
7. As thus she spoke my arms entwined around her lovely waist
 I sat her on a primrose bank I there did her embrace
 Leave off your freedom sir said she and let me go on my way
 For the time is come I must be gone it is the dawning of the day

8. But when this lovely damsel came to herself again
With heavy sighs and downcast eyes she sorely did complain
And said young man I'm much afraid you will me betray
My virgin bloom you got so soon at the dawning of the day
9. We rose shook hands and departed and crossed o'er the plain
And in the course of seven months we there did meet again
She seem'd to me so dropsical as I pass'd o'er the fay
And carelessly I passed her at the dawning of the day
10. The tears run down her rosy cheeks and bitterly she cried
And said young man I think it's time that i was made your bride
Oh make good the damage done as you before did say
And dont forget the time we met at the dawning of the day
11. I said sweet lovely damsel I hope you'll me excuse
For to join you in wedlock's band indeed I must refuse
For I've been lately married to a maid near Bantry bay
By whom I got three hundred pounds at the dawning of the day
12. This suden blucnt refusal did not with her agree
I think you'll gain no credit sir by thus deluding me
For I may a warning be to other maidens gay
And never trust a man alone at the dawning of the day

22. *The Bridgewater Merchant*

Often known as "In Bruton Town" or "The Bramble Briar," this English ballad tells the story of a girl's lover who is killed by her brothers. H. M. Belden traces the derivation of the story in "Bocaccio, Hans Sachs, and the Bramble Briar" (*Publications of the Modern Language Association of America*, XXXIII [1918], 3).

There is a great deal of variation in wording among the versions. The Douglass version is longer than any other examined, the number of stanzas in the other texts varying from 7 to 18. Belden, *Brown*, and Gardner and Chickering, however, have a stanza not in Douglass, in which the girl speaks to her murdered lover, telling him she must go home because of hunger. Eddy prints a tune for this song.

This song, which was not in the original manuscript, Mr. Douglass found later in a collection of religious songs that one of his great-aunts had copied. He sent it with the information that "the enclosed ballad was on the back of one of the sheets and today its faded

writing indicates its age. This great-aunt died in the early 1850's so the ballad apparently antedates those years by some time."

THE BRIDGEWATER MERCHANT

1. At Bridgewater there lived a Merchant,
Who had two sons and a daughter fair.
Of life by death they were berieved,
Which filled their children's heart with care.
2. 'Twas o'er the seas their sons did venture
All for to bring, bring back their gain.
They had an apprentice by firm indenture
They sent him factor o'er the main.
3. He was of a fair complexion,
Strate and complete in every limb;
Their sister placed her whole affection,
On this young man, unbeknown to them.
4. Three thousand pounds it was the portion
All for this fair and butiful dame.
To this young man that crossed the ocean
She was resolved to bestow the same
5. It was one day the youngest brother
By chance did see them sport and play.
He told it secret to the other
And then these words they both did say,
6. Of parents mean he has descended,
May be he thinks her for to have;
But this courtship shall soon be ended,
We'll send him headlong to the grave.
7. Now to contrive this bloody slaughter,
They did conclude it should be so,
That this young man they both would flatter
With them a hunting for to go.
8. In a small wood not much frequented
Where harmless lambs did sport and play
These villains could not be contented
But must take his precious life away
9. In a dry ditch where there was no water
Where thorns and briers had overgrown

- There for to hide their bloody slaughter
There this young man was killed and thrown
10. When they returned to their sister
Who asks where is your serveant man
I ask because you seem to whisper
Dear brothers tell me if you can
11. We lost him in our game of hunting
And nothing more of him could see
To tell you plain I am affronted
What makes you thus examine me.
12. That very night as she lay sleeping
There this young man he came and stood
By her bedside he stood a weeping
All covered o'er in gore of blood
13. It is vain says he my jewel
For you to murmur or repine
Your brothers have killed me being cruel
And in such a place you may me find
14. The very next day to the woods she retired
With many a sigh and a bitter grown
And there she found whom she admired
In that same place was killed and thrown
15. Although his lips with blood were dyed
Her tears as salt as any brine
She ofttimes kissed him and cried
Alas! thou bosom friend of mine
16. Although my brothers have been cruel
To take your precious life away
One grave shall serve for both my jewel
While I have breath I will by thee stay
17. Three days and nights there she sat weeping
'Till seemed her heart would burst with woe
Feeling sharp hunger on her creeping
Homeward she was forced to go
18. When she returned to her brothers
Who when these murderers came see
With blushes they of her inquired
What makes you look so mournfully

19. Oh! dear brothers thou knowest the reason
 That makes your sister look so wan
 Against the law you have acted treason
 And for the same shall surely swing *
20. The murderers knowing their grief and sorrow
 Strateway on board of a ship did go
 If you will believe me on the morrow
 Black clouds and storms were seen to blow
21. While in a rage and a foaming billow
 Which cast both ship and gunnel too
 These murderers knowing their grief and sorrow
 Began to tremble and look blue
22. For to look blue it was no wonder
 Just like an overbreaking wave
 Both these young men were washed over
 And the seas became their silent grave

23. *Pretty Polly*

The English song known as "Polly's Love; or, The Cruel Ship Carpenter," according to Cox, is condensed from a long eighteenth-century broadside, "The Gosport Tragedy; or, The Perjured Ship Carpenter." The Harvard Library has an American broadside of about 1820. Scarborough prints five tunes; Mackenzie, one.

The story begun in the Douglass version may be completed by comparison with other versions. In Scarborough (C) the man proposed marriage, but Polly refused because she was too young. After the murder he went on shipboard; the ship sank, and he saw a vision of Polly and a child, warning him of the debt he must pay the devil. In Cox (A) he died raving mad; in (C) a sailor stepped on the grave, and a woman with a child in her arms appeared, a sign that the ship would be unlucky. In "Polly's Love," referred to by Cox, William was torn to pieces by the girl's ghost. A long, detailed version (23 stanzas) appears in Mackenzie.

The texts vary. *Brown* presents four versions, of which (A) and

* Note by original copyist: You may use either the last line of the 19th verse or the line below.

By killing of your servent man

(B) are much alike and much longer than Douglass. The verses given in Douglass, however, have lines quite similar to a section of *Brown* (A), beginning with *Brown's* stanza 11. Scarborough (C) is fairly close to Douglass. Scarborough (A) and Cox (A) repeat the first line of each stanza; Scarborough (B) has no dialogue; Scarborough (D), (E), and (F) are so modernized that the man kills the girl with a revolver instead of a sword.

PRETTY POLLY

1. Come Polly come Polly come go along with me
Before we are married some friends for to see
He led her ore hills ore valleys so deep
At last pretty Polly sat down for to weep
2. O Billy O Billy you have led me a stray
On purpos my innocent life for to stay
O Polly O Polly O that is what I have
I was all the last night a digging of your grave
3. She went a little farther as she did spy
A grave being dug and a spade standing by
Her lilly white hand in sorrow she rung
Begging for mercy cries what have I done
4. In an instant he drew a bright sword in his hand

. . . .

24. *The Sailor's Wife's Lament*

This song of bereavement appears under such other names as "The Sailor's Bride" and "The Lover's Lament for Her Sailor." A version printed in Thompson was a favorite of the late Captain Hiram Beldin, master of a tugboat on Lake Champlain.

According to *Green Mountain*, the first broadside of the song was printed without music by DeMarsan between 1860 and 1878, though it may be traced through related songs back to the seventeenth century. Its beginning, for instance, is reminiscent of such "returned lover" ballads as "Banks of the Brandywine," particularly in Belden, in which a third person, an observer, is introduced. There is a great deal of variation in wording, and Belden, Cox, Eddy, *Brown*, and *Green Mountain* all have refrains. Eddy (A) has two introductory stanzas, in which there are a lament for all sailors dying

at sea and a promise to tell of one such case. A tune to the song is also printed in Eddy. *Brown* (A) has a concluding stanza referring to the sadness of the bereaved wife. Stanzas 5 and 6 are outstanding in Douglass, for even though they carry the personal lament, they appear in no other versions examined except Eddy (B). Stanza 5 especially is typical of the ballad tradition with its incremental repetition from stanza 1.

THE SAILORS WIVES LAMENT

1. It was early spring the year was young
The flowers they bloom the birds they sang
They all seemed glad but none so glad as I
For my love the sailor lad was nigh
2. Scarce three months since we were wed
Alas how swift the moments fled
And we must part at the dawning of the day
For the proud ship bears my love away
3. The morning star was shining still
And the twilight peaped oer the eastern hill
The sailor and his early bride
Sat weeping by the river side
4. Long years have past he came no more
To his weeping bride on the lonely shore
And the ship went down at the howling of the storm
And the waves engulfed my sailors form
5. It is autumn now and I am a lone
The flowers are dead the birds have flown
And all is sad but none so sad as I
For my love the sailor no more is nigh
6. My sailor sleeps beneath the waves
And the mermaids sing oer his ocean grave
The mermaids are at the bottom of the sea
Aweping there sad tears for me
7. I wish i was a sleeping to
Beneath the waves of the ocean blue
My soul to god and my body in the sea
And the blue waves roling over me

25. *Kate and Her Horns*

This broadside ballad, according to Mackenzie, dates back to 1689–1690 and is related to “The Politick Maid of Suffolk; or, The Lawyer Outwitted.” That ballad tells of a girl dressed as a devil and accompanied by a sweep’s helper who fires squibs to frighten the lover into marriage.

The Douglass version is closely similar to the Mackenzie one. Although Sharp, Belden, and Gardner and Chickering have refrains of nonsense syllables lacking in Douglass, the Douglass version is much more complete and detailed. Sharp and Gardner and Chickering both give tunes.

KATE AND HER HORNS

1. You that in merriment delight
Pray listen into what I write
So shall your satisfaction find
It will cure a melancholy mind
2. A damsel sweet in colchester
And there a clothier courted her
For three months space both night and day
But yet this damsel still said nay
3. She said were I to love inclin’d
Perhaps you soon may change your mind
And court some other damsel fair
For men are false I do declare
4. He many protestations made
And like A royal lover said
There’s none but you shall be my wife
The joy and comfort of my life
5. At length this maid gave her consent
To marry him and straight they went
Unto their parents then and who
Both gave their leave and liking too
6. But see the cursed fruits of gold
He left his loyal love behind
With grief and love all compass’d round
While he a greater fortune found

7. A lawyer's daughter fair and bright
Her parent's joy and whole delight
He was resolved to make his spouse
Denying all his former vows
8. And when poor Kate she came to hear
That she must loose her only dear
And for the lawyers daughter sake
Some sport of him Kate thought she'd make
9. Kate knew when every night he came
From his new love Nancy by name
Sometimes at ten o'clock or more
Kate to a tanner went therefore
10. And borrowed there an old cowhide
With crooked horns both large and wide
And when she wrapt herself therein
Her new intrigue she did begin
11. Kate to a lonesome field did stray
Atlength the clothier came that way
And he was sorely scared at her
She looked like some old lucifer
12. A hairy hide horns on her head
Whitch near three feet asunder spread
With that he saw a long black tail
He strove to run his feet did fail
13. Then with a grum but doleful note
She quickly seiz'd him by the throat
And said you leave poor Kate I hear
And woo the lawyers daughter dear
14. Since you have been so false to her
You prejured knave of Colchester
You shall whether you will or no
Into my gloomy regions go
15. This voice did sore affright him
And kneeling on his trembling limb
Cried Master Devil spare me now
And I'll perform my former vow

16. I'll make young Kate my lawful bride
See that you do the devil cried
If Kate against you doth complain
Soon shall you hear from me again
17. Then home he went though very late
He little thought that it was Kate
That set him in such affright
Therefore next day by morning light
18. He went to Kate and married her
For fear of that old licifer [Lucifer]
Kate's friends and parents thought it strange
That there was such a sudden change
19. Kate never let her parents know
Nor any other friend or foe
Till they a year had married been
And told it at her lying in
20. It pleased the woman to the heart
They say she fairly played her part
Her husband laughed as well as they
Twas a joyful merry day

26. *The Dog and the Gun*

Frequently this English song about the girl who went hunting for her husband is known as "The Golden Glove." Cox gives another English title, "The Squire of Tamworth." According to Scarborough, a copy of the ballad was entered at Stationers' Hall about 1782. The song was printed in this country as a broadside in the early nineteenth century. Among the different versions there is much variation in wording but little in story, though Cox has an introductory stanza explaining that the young farmer had previously courted the lady and had been sent away by her father. The scene in different versions is London, Portsmouth, Falmouth, Plymouth, or Yarmouth; one of the latter or the previously mentioned Tamworth is possibly the original of Tatmouth in Douglass. Cox, Mackenzie, Sharp, *Green Mountain*, and Gardner and Chickering all give tunes.

THE DOG AND THE GUN

1. It is of a wealthy young squire of talmouth we hear
Who courted A noble mans daughter so dear
And for to marry her it was his intent
Her parents and friends had gave their consent
2. The day was appointed for the wedding day
A brisk farmer appointed to give her away
But when this fair lady the farmer did espy
It inflamed her heart Oh my she did cry
3. The thoughts of the farmer so ran in her head
Instead of being marieg she took to her bead
The thoughts of the farmer so ran in her mind
A way for to have him she quickly did find
4. Coat waist coat and breeches she then did put on
A hunting she went with her dog and her gun
She hunted all round where the farmer did dwell
Because in her heart she did love him so well
5. She oft times did fire but nothing did kill
At length the young farmer came into the field
And for to discoree him it was her intent
With her dog and her gun for to meet him she went
6. I thought you had been to the wedding she cried
To wait upon the squire and give him his bride
Oh no says the farmer if I the truth must tell
I'll not give her away for i love her too well
7. The lady was glad for to hear him so bold
She gave him a glove that was fowered with gold
She told him she found it as she came along
As she was a hunting with her dog and gun
8. This lady went home with her heart full of love
She gave out word that she had lost a glove
And the man that will find it and bring it to me
The man that will find it his bride i will be
9. The farmer was glad for to hear of the news
With his heart full of love to the lady he goes
Saying honored lady i picked up your glove
If this you will be pleased for [to] grant me your lo[ve]

10. Oh thats all ready granted the lady replied
I love the sweet breath of the farmer she cried
I'll be mistress of thy dary and milker of my cows
While my jolly young farmer goes whistleing at his plow
11. When the wedding was over she told all the fun
How she hunted the farmer with her dog and gun
But now I have got him so fast in my snare
I'll enjoy him forever i vow and declare

27. *The Spinster's Lament*

According to G. L. Kittredge (*JAFI*, XXX [1917], 355-356) "The Old Maid's Song," as this is sometimes called, is a rearrangement of some of the stanzas from "The Wooing Maid," a ballad by Martin Parker, preserved in a seventeenth-century broadside.

JAFI gives a three-stanza text corresponding to Douglass stanzas 2, 3, and 5, with a similar chorus. Sturgis gives the music and a text much like that in Douglass except that it exchanges stanzas 2 and 3 and reverses the order of the last line in the refrain so that it rhymes:

Don't let me die an old maid, but take me out of pity.

[THE SPINSTER'S LAMENT]

1. Come all you pretty maidens, some older, some younger
Who all have got sweethearts, but I must stay longer
Some sixteen eighteen, are happily married
Alas how unequally such things are carried
A limner a penman a tinker a tailor
A fiddler a pedlar, a ploughman, a sailor,
Come gentle, come simple, come foolish or witty,
Come take me out of pity don't let me die a maid
2. I have a sister Sally who's younger than I am
Has so many sweethearts she's forc'd to deny 'em
I never was guilty of denying many
The Lord knows my [heart] I'd be thankful for any
A limner &c
3. I have a sister Susan though ugly illshapen
Before she was sixteen years old she was taken

- Before she was eighteen a son & a daughter
 And I'm six & thirty & ne'er had an offer
 A limner &c
4. It has often be said by my father & mother
 That going to one wedding makes way for another
 If that be the case I will go without bidding
 And let the world judge if I don't want a wedding
 A limner &c
5. I never will scold & I'll never be jealous
 My husband shall money to go to the ale house
 While he is there spending I'll be at home saveing
 And leave it to you all if I an't worth the having
 A limner &c

28. The Bonny Light Horseman

Probably this was a popular song of the Napoleonic Wars. The reference to George in the first stanza would imply that the horseman died fighting for England, and the reference to Bonny in stanza 6, line 1, would be to Bonaparte. Although this is not a folksong, it is interesting to notice the theme of the girl in man's clothing following her lover. A similar idea appears in "Jackie Fraisure" (see Cox) and "William Taylor" (see Sharp). A version identical except for punctuation appears in DeMarsan.

THE BONNY LIGHT HORSEMAN

1. You wives maids and widows I pray give attention
 Unto these few lines I'm going to mention
 Of a maid in distraction thats now going to wander
 She relies upon George for the loss of her lover
 Broken hearted I'll wander for the loss of my lover
 My bonny light horseman was slain in the war
2. Three years and six months he went from england's shore
 My bonny light horseman will I never see more
 When he mounted on horseback so galant and brave
 And among the whole regiment respected he was
 Broken hearted &c
3. I will dress in man's apparel to the regiment I will go
 I will be a true subject and fight all the foes

I will count it an honour if I could obtain
For to die in the field where my true love was slain
Broken hearted &c

4. Had I the wings of an eagle into the air I would fly
I would cross the seas where my true love doth lie
And with my fond wings I would bear [beat] on his grave
And kiss his cold lips that are pale in the clay

Broken hearted &c

5. How the dove she laments for the loss of her mate
Oh where shall I wander my true love she said
There's no mortal breathing my favor shall gain
Since my bonny light horseman in the wars he was slain

Broken hearted &c

6. When Bonny commanded his men how to stand
And proud waw'd his banners all gaily and grand
He fixed his cannon the victory to gain
But my bonny light horseman in battle was slain

Broken hearted &c

29. *The Carrier Dove*

Scribner reports this sentimental song "sung at Niblo's Garden [in New York] by Miss Watson. Composed and arranged by D. Johnson." The printing date was 1836.

The most noticeable feature of this version is the use of the word "bird" at the end of each stanza rather than "dove" as in *Heart*. The music is given in *Heart*.

THE CARRIER DOVE

1. Fly away to my native land sweet Dove
Fly away to my native land
And bear these lines to my lady love
That I've traced with A feeble hand
She marvels much at my long delay
A rumor of death she has heard
Or she thinks perhaps that I falsly proved
Then fly to her bower sweet bird
2. Fly away to the bower and say that the chain
Of the tyrent is o'er me now

That I never shall mount my steed again
 With a hermit [helmet] upon my brow
 No friend to my lattice a solice brings
 Except your voice is heard
 When you beat [the] bars with your snowy wings
 Then fly to her bower sweet bird

3. I shall miss thy visit at dawn sweet Dove
 I shall miss thy visit a [at] eve
 But bring me a line for [from] my lady love
 And then I shall cease to breath
 I an now in A dungeon to waste away youth
 I can fall by the conquerer sword
 But I cannot endure she should doubt my truth
 Then fly to her bower sweet bird

C. Historical Themes

When the Stevens family wrote down these texts, the year of Waterloo (1815) was fairly recent; it is therefore no surprise to find "Napoleon Bonaparte" and "The Year of Waterloo." "Bold Dighton," which will be found with the American historical ballads, might have been included in this group; its hero is British, and his story dates from the time of the Napoleonic Wars.

When Ralph Waldo Emerson published his *Representative Men* in 1850, he explained why Napoleon Bonaparte was still ranked first among eminent persons of the century: "Bonaparte is far the best known and the most powerful; and owes his predominance to the fidelity with which he expresses the tone of thought and belief, the aims of the masses of active and cultivated men. . . . The instinct of active, brave, able men, throughout the middle class every where, has pointed out Napoleon as the incarnate Democrat."

30. *Napoleon Bonaparte*

Although the Douglass version of this song gives the impression that Napoleon, who died May 5, 1821, was still in exile at the time

it was written, Flanders and *Brown* have final stanzas mentioning his death on St. Helena. Douglass differs from Flanders, Belden, *Brown* (A), and Sharp in putting second the stanza that they place fourth; the present order brings the three stanzas referring to Napoleon together. *Brown* (C) is in the same order as Douglass. All except Douglass have lines which promise his return. As given in Sharp they are:

For the young King of Rome and the Prince of Guiana
Says he'll bring his father home from the Isle of St. Helena.

From Belden we have the line missing in Douglass stanza 3:

With his eyes on the waves
That surround St. Helena

and clearer wording for stanza 5, lines 3 and 4:

'Tis a decree of fate
That might change your condition.

Sharp gives a tune for this song.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

1. Now Napoleon hath done
With his wars and his fightings
He hath gone to the land
That he ne'er can delight in
He may set him down and tell
Of the Battles he hath been in
While forlorn he doth mourn
On the isle St helena
2. No more shall he ride
At St clouds in great splendor
Nor march forth with troops
Like the great alexander
He may sigh at the moon
By the goddess of dianna
While forlorn he doth mourn
On the isle St helena.
3. Now the wide rushing waves
On the shores they are crashing

Now the high billows roar
 On the rough rocks are dashing
 He may sigh at the wind
 By the great mount eana [Diana]
 While forlorn he doth mourn
 On the isle St helena.

4. Now Louisa doth mourn
 For her hero departed
 She dreams while she sleeps
 And awakes broken hearted
 Not one to console
 Even those who might win her
 While forlorn she doth mourn
 For the isle st Helena
5. All you that have wealth
 Beware of ambition
 Lest in some deree [decree] of health
 You should change your condition
 Be steadfast in time
 For whats to come you do not know
 Your days they may end
 On the isle St Helena.

31. *The Drummer Boy of Waterloo*

The Universal Songster (Duncombe, [n.d.]) credits this song to George Howard and mentions the tune as "Woodland Mary." The same tune is mentioned in *Forget-Me-Not*. Although *Brown* omits Douglass stanza 5, the Douglass version shows little variation from others in this story of a young English boy's death at the battle of Waterloo. Eddy prints three tunes from Ohio.

THE DRUMMER BOY OF WATERLOO

1. When battle roused each war like band
 And carnage loud the trumpet blew
 Young Edwin left his native land
 A drummer boy for waterloo
2. His mother when his lips [s]he pressed
 And bade her noble boy adieu

- With wringing hands and aching breast
Beheld him march for waterloo
3. But he who knew no infant fears [fears]
His knapsack o'er his shoulder threw
And cried dear mother dry those tears
Till I return from waterloo
 4. He went and ere the setting sun
Beheld our arms the foe subdued
The flash of death [from] murderous gun
Had laid him low at waterloo
 5. Oh comrades comrades Edwin cried
And proudly beamed his eyes so blue
Go tell my mother Edwin died
A soldier's death at waterloo
 6. They laid his head upon his drum
And 'neath the moonlight mournful hue
When night had stilled the battle hum
They dug his grave at waterloo

32. *The Flaunting Flag of Liberty*

This is an English patriotic song, modeled apparently on "Ye Mariners of England" written in 1801 by Thomas Campbell. That song, in stanzas of ten lines instead of eight, begins:

Ye Mariners of England
That guard our native seas,
Whose flag has braved a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze. . . .

The present song probably dates from the Napoleonic Wars when a French invasion was feared. Gallia is a name often used to refer to France. The stanza form was evidently a popular one, as *Rough and Ready* prints a similar American patriotic song, and "Old Ironsides," written by Oliver Wendell Holmes in 1830, has much the same form, though its rhyme scheme is different.

THE FLAUNTING FLAG OF LIBERTY

1. The flaunting flag of liberty
Of Gallia's sons the boast

- Oh never may a briton see
 Upon the British coast
 The only flag that freedom rears
 Her emblem on the seas
 Is the flag that's braved a thousand years
 The battle and the breeze
2. To aid the trampled rights of mam
 And break oppressions chain
 The foremost in the battles van
 It never floats in vain
 The maiener where'er he steers
 In every clime he sees
 The flag that's braved a thousand years
 The battle and the breeze
3. If all unite as once we did
 To keep her flag unfurled
 Old england still may fearless bid
 Defiance to the world
 But fast will flow a nations tears
 If lawless hands should seize
 The flag that's braved a thousand years
 The battle and the breeze

D. Irish Themes

The Irish, who dug the Erie Canal and led the singing of chanteys on American ships (as they were later to lead the singing in our lumberwoods), must have been the most conspicuous immigrants in the 1840s; hence they might have been expected to furnish more than four songs to the manuscript even though the traditions of the Stevens family were Yankee. The four songs, however, give an idea of what subjects interested the Irish-Americans of the time. "Erin's Lovely Home" tells about a young man who stole a girl of fortune. "Skewball" reminds us how much the Irish loved horses. "The Rose of Ardee" is a typical love song. "Old Grannau Weal" boasts that there were millions of Irish in America at the time of our

Revolution (as there were not) and lays claim to liberty-loving America as a child of Erin. In addition to these four songs the Stevens family must have known some of the songs of Thomas Moore, whose lyrics were probably as popular here as those of Robert Burns and almost as well loved as the plays of "the Bard of Avon" or as the novels of "the Wizard of the North," Sir Walter Scott.

33. *Erin's Lovely Home*

The facts that Tyrone is a county in Ireland and Omagh one of its principal towns, as well as the name of the ballad itself, identify it as Irish. The Douglass version is longer than the Mackenzie one, having three stanzas, 1, 9, and 10, which are not in the latter. These stanzas, the first of which is an invitation to listen and the last two of which are the girl's promise of loyalty and the boy's farewell, give the ballad a traditional introduction and conclusion. *Ozark* also has a somewhat shorter version, omitting Douglass stanzas 1 and 5 and having several lines with different wording.

According to Mackenzie, the song has appeared in broadsides and songsters in both England and the United States. The earliest American songster he lists is dated 1869, which would have been later than the song was written in the present manuscript. Sharp (*One Hundred English Folk Songs*) has printed the melody, as has *Ozark*.

ERINS LOVLY HOME

1. All you thats at liberty you will draw near
A sad and dismal story I mean to let you hear
It is in A foreign country to languish sigh and mourn
Far from my parents and my friends and erins lovely home
2. When I was young and in my bloom my age was 21
I had become a servant unto a gentleman
I served him true and honest and very well it is known
Till cruelly he banished me from erins lovey home
3. The reason why he banished me I mean to let you know
For the stealing of his daughter which proved my over throw
She had a heavy fortune but riches i had none
That is the reason I must go from Erins lovely home

4. It was in her fathers garden as we were all alone
Embracing one another her love she did make known
She says my dearest William if with me you will roam
We will bid adiew to all our friends in Erins lovely home
5. That very night I gave consent which proved my overthrow
And from her fathers dwelling along with her did go
The night being bright with the moon light we both set out
alone
And thought that we would then escape from Erins lovey home
6. But when we came to belfast town it was the break of day
My true love says we must prepare our passage for to pay
Five hundred pounds she did lay down saying this is all your
own
And do not fret for those you left in Erins lovely home
7. But to my sad misfortune as quickly you shall hear
In a few hours after her father did appear
He marched me off to omah Jail in the county of tyrone
Where there I was transported from Erins lovely home
8. When I received my sentence it grieved my heart full sore
For to leave my love behind me it grieved me ten times more
With seven links upon my chains and every link a year
Before I can return once more to the arms of my dear
9. The rout it came unto the jail before I got away
My true love came to me and unto me did say
Cheer up your heart dont be dismayed for you are not denied
Until you do return once more to Erins lovely home
10. So now adiew my lovely ann no more I have to say
It was your cruel father that sent me far away
Into a foreign country to languish sigh and moan
Far from my parents and my friends and Erins lovely home

34. *Skewball*

The basis of this song, according to *Green Mountain*, was a race in Ireland on the Kildare track between an unknown Sku-ball, a white horse with bay spots which Squire Marvel had just imported, and Sir Ralph Gore's mare, Miss Portly. The reference to Sku-ball's con-

3. Spurmurthy he smiled and thus he did say
Come gentlemen all you that have money to lay
All you that lay hundreds i will hold you all
For i will lay thousands on the famous scuball
4. The time being come and the horses brought out
Spurmurthy he ordered his rider to mount
And all the spectators for to clear the way
The time being come not a moments delay
5. [The]y mounted their horses and away they did fly
[Sku-]ball like an arrow Miss sprightly passed by
[And if you would have] been there for to have seen them gone
round
[You would swear] in your heart that they neer touched t[he
ground]
6. [Oh, it's when they did come] to the middle of the [course]
[Sku-ball and his rider] began this discourse
[Says Sku-ball to his rider] come tell unto me
[How far Miss] sprightly's this moment from me
7. Oh thus says the rider you bear a great [style]
For the grey mare is behind one quarter of an [English half mile]
Stick tight to your saddle my boy never [fear]
For you ne'er shall be beat on the plains of ki[lldeer]
Although i never was in this country before
I've beat Mrs springtly and broke sorrow four
8. When they had got out too [the] last winding [winning] post
Scuball to spurmurthy saying give us a toast
Here's a health to mrs sprightly that famous grey mare
Who has lost all her gold on the plains of killdeer

35. *The Rose of Ardee*

Ardee is in Ireland, but whether the young man courted Nancy in Ireland or whether he is an immigrant to America who courted her here is not clear. Hudson prints a song called "Rose of Ardeen" as a version of "The Brown Girl." The first stanza is closely similar to that of Douglass, but after that the story is quite different. A version word for word the same as Douglass appears in an edition of *The Forget-Me-Not Songster* owned by Professor Henry Belden.

THE ROSE OF ARDEE

1. When first to this country a stranger I came
I placed my affections on a handsome young dame
She is neat tall and slender her waist is genteel
She is the flower of this country and the rose of ardee
2. I courted my darling at the age of sixteen
She is the flower of the country and the Rose of Ardee
Until a young weaver chanced her for to see
Stole the flower of this country and the Rose of ardee
3. I'll away to the army for months two or three
Perhaps that some fair maid I might chance to see
Perhaps some fair maid to me might prove kind
And banish young Nancy quite out of my mind
4. When i gets my weeks pay to the tavern I will go
I'll call for strong liquors to relieve my hearts wo
I'll call for strong liquors and then I will say
Here's a curse to young Nancy you have led me astray
5. I will give my curse to any young man
That will fix his affections too much upon one
They willset and drink 'till your money is all gone
Then with another young man away they will run

36. *Old Granmau Weal*

Lady Gregory (*Seven Short Plays* [Dublin, 1909]) prints a song, "Granuaile," to be sung in her play "The Rising of the Moon." In the song *Granuaile* is a symbolic name for Ireland. The same name, spelled differently, appears in this ballad of the American Revolution. The spirit of Ireland is represented as sympathetic with the United States in the struggle for independence.

The personal references may be explained as follows: Charles Wolfran Cornwall (1735-1889) was a Lord of the Treasury in North's government from 1774 to 1780. Frederick North, Earl of Guilford (1732-1792), was the leading minister of George III during the American Revolution. George Grenville (1712-1770) was an English statesman during whose ministry the Stamp Act was passed. John Stuart, third Earl of Bute (1713-1792), was made First Lord of the Treasury in 1762. Joseph Warren was President of the Provincial

Congress at Watertown, Massachusetts, but was killed in the Battle of Breed's Hill on June 17, 1775. Bigsby refers to Robert Digby, Commander in North America; Derby has not been identified. There were three English admirals named Graves at this period. The reference is probably to Samuel Graves (1713-1787) who, as commander of the North American station, attempted to carry out the Boston Port Act in 1774.

The Douglass version of this song corresponds almost exactly to that in *Rough and Ready*, but no tune has been found.

OLD GRANNAU WEAL

1. Old Grannau she arose in the morning so soon
She put on her petticoat apron and gown
Saying very bad news last night came to me
They are wronging my children thats over the main
2. Old Grannau set out with her gallant in rage
And straight way for Dublin it was her first stage
And as she was prancing it was up Dublin street
She with lord Cornwall had a chance for to meet
3. He says noble Grannau come tell me in haste
Have you any good news from the East or West
O bad news says Grannau that makes me complain
They are wronging my children thats over the main
4. That news is to true lord Cornwall he said
They will bring them to slavery soon I'm afraid
Theres lord North and Cranville and infamous Bute
That brought on the tea act that now in dispute
5. Old Grannau set out with her grand equipage
And straight way for london it was her first stage
And as she was prancing it was up london street
Twas there with North Granville and Bute she did meet
6. You are three villains as I understand
Who are wronging my children in yon foreign land
And it is reported and told as a fact
You are the three villains that made the tea act
7. You are wrongly informed says these gentlemen
To yield to your slavery we never intend

- That land is our kings we solemnly say
And we will make laws and your sons must obey
8. You are three arrant liars says old Grannau in haste
Tis very well known from the east to the west
My children they ventured their lives o'er the flood
And purchased that land with the price of their blood
9. They said noble Grannau do'nt give such a vent
We'll cool your sons courage and make them repent
With our great ships of war and our men in the field
We'll cool your sons courage and make them to yield
10. I would not have you think for to frighten my sons
At Lexinton battle they made your men run
They are men of experience in every degree
The'll turn your proud ships with a hell-a-ma-lee
11. O says noble grannau give me leave to tell
Of a battle that was fought it was nigh Bunker hill
Where twelve hundred Britons lay dead on the field
And five hundred more have since died of their wounds
12. O Grannau do'nt tell us about bunker hill
For in that battle we gained the field
You once had warren but now he is slain
You have no more Warren's now over the main
13. Well well says old grannau through Warren is dead
A Washington lives and our armies he'll head
We'll handle your troops as polite as you please
And pay them their trouble for crossing the seas
14. We cannot deny but your Washington's brave
Then only think of what armies we have
We'll send over bigsby old Derby and Graves
Your sons must submit or we'll make them our slaves
15. Well Well says old Grannau go on with your cause
Our sons will never submit to your laws
And when they've beat you and drove your troops hone
My sons will be free and make laws of their own
16. Too late you will see your desperate crimes
And mourn and lament to the end of your times

- That ever you sent your troops o'er the flood
To spill my dear innocent childrens blood
17. I have a millions of sons in america born
To yield to your slavery they hold it in scorn
They are men of experience in every degree
They never will yield to your bloody tea Act
18. Sing wobaroo bob-a-roo says old Grannau weal
The fox is in the trap he's caught by the tail
They are men of experience and never will fail
Success to our sons says old Grannau Weal

II



American Songs and Ballads

A. Love Themes

IT IS curious that the manuscript has three times as many British as American love songs, even if Child ballads are omitted from consideration. Perhaps the American songs of this type were more easily remembered and therefore did not need to be written down. At any rate, the American texts furnish a satisfactory variety of subjects and treatment.

“Banks of Brandywine” is the story of a Returned Lover and Test, a traditional theme already noted among the British songs. “Eliza” is important as an early “popular” number of about the year 1800. “Lilly Dale” (1852 in date of publication) is a piece of sentimental pathos by H. S. Thompson, better known to us now as the author and composer of “Annie Lisle” whose tune was adapted for the alma mater song of Cornell (“Far above Cayuga’s Waters”) and of several other colleges and universities including Syracuse. “Sparkling Sunday Night” was a popular song in 1855; it later found its way into college songbooks. “The Quaker’s Wooing” is a satire with varied uses; it has even been found as a children’s dialogue game. “I’ve Been Roaming” is a romantic song with lyrical feeling and verse better than the average of its day.

37. *Banks of Brandywine*

Like "George Reily" and "The Dark-eyed Sailor," "Banks of Brandywine" tells the story of a sailor's trial of his sweetheart and of her faithfulness. The version in Gardner and Chickering corresponds to the Douglass one except for minor variations, and the Kenedy one is word for word the same. The lyrical second stanza is not found in Mackenzie. The song has appeared in many songsters.

BANKS OF BRANDYWINE

1. One morning very early in the pleasant month of may
As I walked forth to take the air all nature being gay
The moon had not yet veil'd her face but through the trees did
shine
As I wandered for amusement on the banks of brandywine
2. By many rough and craggy rocks and bushes of small growth
By many lofty ancient trees the leaves were putting forth
I wandered up along those banks where murmuring streams do
join
Where pleasant music caught my ear on the banks of Brandy-
wine
3. At such an early hour I was surprised to see
A lovely maid with downcast eyes upon those banks so gay
I modestly saluted her she knew not my design
And requested her sweet company on the banks of brandywine
4. She said young man be civil my company forsake
For in my real opinion I thing you are a rake
My loves a valiant sailor he's now gone to the main
While comfortless I wander on the banks of brandywine
5. My dear why do you thus give up to melancholy cries
I pray leave off your weeping and dry those lovely eyes
For sailors in each port my dear they do a mistress find
He will have you still to wander on the Banks of Brandywine
6. Oh leave me sir do leave me why do you me torment
My henry wont deceive me therefore I am content
Why do you thus torment me and cruelly combine
To fill my mind with horror on the Banks of Brandywine

7. I wish not to afflict your mind but rather for to ease
Such dreadful apprehensions they soon your mind will seize
Your love my dear in wedlock bands another one is joined
She swooned into my arms on the banks of Brandywine
8. The lofty hills and craggy rocks reechoed back her strains
The pleasant groves and rural shades were witness to her pains
How often has hee promised me in hymen's chains to join
Now I'm a maid forsaken on the Banks of Brandywine
9. Oh no my dear that ne'er shall be behold your henry now
I'll clasp you to my bosom love I've not forgot my vow
It's now I know you're true my dear in humens chains we'll join
And hail the happy morn we met on the banks of Brandywine

38. *Eliza*

According to Sonneck, this popular song was printed about 1800, appearing both as a separate sheet and in *A Collection of New and Favorite Songs*.

[ELIZA]

1. From the[e] Eliza I must go
And leave my native shore
The cruel fates between us throw
A boundless Ocean's roar
2. But boundless oceans roaring wide
Between my love and me
They never can divide
My heart & soul from thee
3. Farewell farewell, Eliza dear
The maid that I adore
A boding voice is in mine ear
We part to meet no more.
4. But the last throb that leaves my heart
While death stands victor by
That throb Eliza is thy part
And mine that talest [latest] sigh.

39. *Lilly Dale*

H. S. Thompson wrote and composed this song in 1852. Since the song was popular enough to have dances adapted from it and a songster named for it, it is not strange that the Douglass version has only minor variations from the original as reprinted in *Brown*.

LILLY DALE

1. Twas a calm still night
 And the moons pale light
 Shone soft oer hill and dale
 Where friends mute with grief
 Stood around the death bed
 Of my poor lilly Dale
 chorus Oh lilly dear lilly sweet lilly dale
 Now the wild rose blossoms
 Oer her little green grave
 Neath the trees in the flowery vale
2. Her cheeks that once glowed
 With the rose tint of health
 By the hand of disease had turned pale
 And the death damp was on
 The pure white brow
 Of my poor lost Lilly Dale
 chorus Oh lilly &c
3. I go she said
 To the land of rest
 And ere my strength shall fail
 I'll tell you where
 Near my own dear home
 You must lay poor Lilly Dale
 Oh Lilly &c
4. Neath the chestnut tree
 Where the wild flowers grow
 And the stream ripples forth thro the vale
 Where the wild birds warble
 Their songs in spring
 There lay poor Lilly Dale
 Oh Lilly &c

40. *Sparking Sunday Night*

The chorus has been dropped from the Douglass version of this popular song, though the stanzas correspond closely to the version in DeMarsan. *The American College Songster* (Ann Arbor, Mich., 1876) lists this among Harvard college songs with the notation that it was sung to the air, "Riding on a Rail." The same tune is mentioned in *Carmina Collegensia* (Boston, 1868) in which version "pouting" replaces the Douglass word "parting" of stanza 4, line 4. Additions to stanza 6 from *Carmina* are made below in brackets. The word "pouting" appears also in the version in *Pioneer Songs* (compiled and published by Daughters of Utah Pioneers, 1940), and in that volume a tune is given. *Ozark's* song by the same name is entirely different, as is also the one called "Sparking on Sunday Night" in that same collection. Sigmund Spaeth in *A History of Popular Music in America* (New York, 1948) mentions the confusion of identity, saying that though two editions appeared in 1855, authorship of one song was credited to S. Markstern and the other, later, to Mrs. S. M. Grannis.

SPARKING SUNDAY NIGHT

1. Sitting in the corner
 On a sunday eve
 With a taper finger
 Resting on your sleeve
 Starlight eyes casting
 On your face their light
 Bless me this is pleasant
 Sparking Sunday night
2. How your heart is thumping
 Gainst your sunday vest
 How wickedly tis working
 On this day of rest
 Hours seem but minuets
 As they take their flight
 Bless me aint it pleasant
 Sparking Sunday night
3. Dad and Mom are sleeping
 Oon their peaceful bed

- Dreaming of the things
 The folks in meting said
 Love ye one another
 Ministers recite
 Bless me dont we do it
 Sparking Sunday night
4. One arm with gentle presure
 Lingers round her waist
 You squeeze her dimpled hand
 Her parting lips you taste
 She freely slaps your face
 But more in love than spite
 Oh thunder aint it pleasant
 Sparking Sunday night
5. But hark the clock is striking
 It is two o clock I snum
 As sure as Im a sinner
 The time to go has come
 You ask with spiteful accent
 If that old clock is right
 And wonder if it ever
 Sparked on a Sunday night
6. One Two Three sweet kisses
 Four five Six you hook
 B[ut] thinking that you rob her
 Give back those you took
 Then as home you hurry
 From the fairones sight
 [Don't] you wish each day was
 [Only] Sunday night

41. The Quaker's Wooing

This humorous account of an unsuccessful courtship is widely known and, according to Newell, was often sung as a children's game, two children taking the parts of the lady and the Quaker.

There is much variation in the wording and in the stanzaic order as well as in the nonsense refrain. Various reasons are suggested in different versions for the lady's brusque denial of her suitor. For

instance, in the first stanza of the versions in Eddy and Sandburg the Quaker begins his courtship by explaining that he has been forsaken by his true love; in Gardner and Chickering (B) he says that his father sent him. Thompson, in a New York version, has a final stanza in which the suitor shows a little more spirit:

Yes, my dear Miss, there's no doubt of it—
As good fish in the sea as ever caught out of it.

Douglass is a little longer than any other version examined except Gardner and Chickering (C), which also has 10 stanzas. Douglass line 2 is made clearer by comparison with the corresponding line in Mackenzie: "Not for pleasure nor for sporting."

Tunes may be found in Newell and in Mackenzie.

THE QUAKER'S WOOING

1. he) Madam I have com a courting
Hum hum hi ho hum
More for pleasure than for sporting
Hum hum hi ho hum
2. se) I'll go away tis my desire
Fal liddle li dum diddle lalla da
For you may sit and count the fire
Fal liddle li dum diddle lalla da
3. He) Ive a ring worth forty shillings
Hum hum hi ho hum
Thou shalt have it if thou art willing
Hum hum hi ho hum
4. She) What care I for gold or money
Fal liddle li dum diddle lalla da
Ill have a man that will call me honey
Fal liddle li dum diddle lalla da
5. He) Madam I know thou art tall and slender
Hum hum hi ho hum
And i know thy heart is tender
Hum hum hi ho hum
6. She) Yes I know you are fatterer
Fall liddle li dum diddle lalla da

- But I never will marry a quaker
Fal liddle li dum diddle lalla da
7. He) Must I give up my religion
Oh dear oh dear me
Must I be a Presbyterian
Oh dear oh dear me
8. She) Cheer up cheer up my loveing brother
Fal liddle li dum diddle lalla da
If you cant catch one fish catch another
Fal liddle li dum diddle lalla da
9. He) Must I leave without a token
Oh dear oh dear me
Must I leave with my heart broken
Oh dear oh dear me
10. She) Run right home and tell your daddy
Fal liddle li dum diddle lalla da
That I never will you mary
Fal liddle li dum diddle lalla da

42. *I've Been Roaming*

This little lyric was written by George Sloane. Bantock prints it to music composed by Charles Edward Horn (1786-1849). In that form stanza 1 becomes also a refrain. Kenedy and *Forget-Me-Not* repeat stanza 1 as stanza 3, but Douglass has dropped even that repetition.

I'VE BEEN ROAMING

1. I've been roaming ive been roaming
Whhere the meadow dew is sweet
And I'm comeing and I'm coming
With its pearls upon my feet
2. I've been roaming I've been roaming
O'er the rose and lily fair
And I'm comin and I'm comin
With their blossoms in my hair
3. I've been roaming ive been roaming
Where the honey suckle creeps
And I'm coming and I'm comein
With its kisses on my lips

4. I've been roaming ive been roaming
 Over hill and over plain
 And I'm comin and I'm comin
 To my bower back again

B. Historical Themes

These fourteen numbers form perhaps the most important section of the manuscript, for it was from such songs that many Americans before the Civil War learned their history. "Brave Wolfe," for example, is the classic popular rendering of the French and Indian War in the eighteenth century. After a curious preliminary attempt to present the English general as a lover, we hear of his martial gallantry at the decisive battle of Quebec in 1759—a gallantry matched by that of the Frenchman Montcalm. In some ways "Brave Wolfe" is the American *Chanson de Roland*.

"The Taxation of America," in 35 stanzas, has a somewhat didactic text said to have been written by a Connecticut schoolmaster. The modern reader notes that "America" was pronounced "Americay" in rhyming. This pronunciation (later "Americy" in the "deeply rutted villages") appears in the *Orderly Books* of New York's Fourth and Second Regiments, where a Revolutionary soldier copied down a song to the stanzaic form and probably the tune of "God Save the King":

God save America
 Free from tyrannic sway.

For the entire text see *Body, Boots & Britches*, page 338.

It is a pity that the Stevens-Douglass Manuscript does not have a greater number of Revolutionary songs. "Lady Washington," not found elsewhere, here has only 3 stanzas. "Paul Jones," a spirited songs of our naval "bucksking heroes," here has only 9 stanzas and does not record the Commodore's most famous speech, "I have just begun to fight," though Walt Whitman paraphrased it in "Song of Myself." "Bold Dighton," in 26 stanzas, has a hero (perhaps American) of the Napoleonic Wars after

the Revolution; note that Dighton rescued both British and American prisoners.

Seven songs commemorate the War of 1812, which had been important to Western New York. "Old England Forty Years Ago" in its 42 stanzas includes a review of the war, apparently sung to the tune of "The Girl I Left behind Me." "*Constitution and Guerrière*" commemorates a sea fight of August, 1812, and "*Wasp Stinging Frolic*" describes a victory of that October. Two ballads are inspired by Perry's victory on Lake Erie in September, 1813: "Perry's Victory" is standard heroics and probably is no longer sung; until recently "James Bird" was still a favorite because it romanticized the fate of a lad who fought boldly but later was executed for desertion—perhaps Bird is the only American deserter ever celebrated by the American folk. "Noble Lads of Canada" reports with some wry satire an American victory of September, 1814, in northern New York. "The Hunters of Kentucky" goes far from New York to the battle of New Orleans in 1815; the song was popular in theaters.

There are two songs here about the Mexican War: "The Maid of Monterey," copyrighted in 1852, commemorates a battle of September, 1846; "Buena Vista," whose author is known, refers to a battle fought in February, 1847. Neither of these two songs seems of the folk, who had not had time to re-create "popular" songs. Moreover, those who sing "genuine" folksongs always intersperse a few "author songs."

43. *Brave Wolfe*

The story of Major General James Wolfe, a man of high character disappointed in love and dying on the day of his greatest victory, is one that appeals to popular imagination. According to Thompson, military duty had called Wolfe to the New World after Elizabeth Lawson, whom he had courted four years, refused him. Here he took part in the successful siege of Louisbourg in 1758. When he returned to England, he became engaged, not to Miss Lawson, but to Katherine Lowther, sister of the first Earl of Lonsdale. It is to her he bids farewell on the eve of his second departure for America. On Thursday morning, September 13, 1759, the

French found the English drawn up in battle formation on the Plains of Abraham. In the second charge Wolfe was wounded, though tradition asserts that he lived long enough to hear the news of victory.

Mackenzie reports that this song is of American composition, appearing in Boston broadsides of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. Many of the changes in the different versions are omissions and inversions; for instance, in Flanders many lines are interchanged, and there are six that do not appear in Douglass. Some lines from the Mackenzie and the Thompson versions are not found in Douglass, whereas Douglass stanzas 7, 8, 13, 14, and 16 are not in Mackenzie, and stanzas 7, 8, and 16 are not in Thompson. *Ozark* omits Douglass stanzas 7 and 8 but has four lines not in Douglass. *Ozark's* line corresponding to Douglass stanza 9, line 4, states the situation more specifically, saying, "From the French invasion."

Flanders and *Ozark* are the only books examined that give tunes. The song may be heard, however, on the recording made by Frank Warner for his album, *Hudson Valley Songs* (Disc). This other York State version is shorter than Douglass, but, except in its first stanza, its lines are much like corresponding ones in Douglass.

BRAVE WOLFE

1. Cheer up my young nen all
Let nothing fright you
Though oft objections rise
Let it delight you
2. Let not your fancy move
When'er it comes to trial
Nor let your courage fail
At the first denial
3. I sat down by my love
Thinking that I wood her
I sat down by my love
But sure not to delude her
4. But when I got to speak
My tonge it doth quiver
I dare not speak my mind
Whenever I am with her

5. Love here's a ring of gold
'Tis long that I have kept it
My dear now for my sake
I pray you to accept it
6. When you the posy read
Pray think upon the giver
My dear remember me
Or I'm undone forever
7. Then Wolfe he took his leave
Of his most lovely jewel
Although it seemed to be
To him an act most cruel
8. Although it's for a space
I'm forc'd to leave my love
My dear where'er I rove
I'll ne'er forget my dove
9. So then this valiant youth
Embarked on the ocean
To free America
From factions dire commotion
10. He landed at quebec
Being all brave and hearty
The city to attack
With his nost gallant party
11. The Wolfe drew up his men
In rank and file so pretty
On Abrahams loly heights
Before this noble city
12. A distance from the town
The noble french did meet them
In double numbers were
Resolved for to beat them
13. Montcalm and this brave youth
Together they are walking
So well they do agree
Like brothers they are talking
14. Then each one to his post
As they do now retire

- Oh then their numrous hoste
Began their dreadful fire
15. Then instant from his horse
Fell this most noble hero
May we lament his loss
In words of depest sorrow
16. The french were seen to break
Their columns all are flying
Then Wolfe he seems to wak
Tho' in the act of dying
17. And lifted up his head
(The drums did sound and rattle[])
And to his army said
I pray how goes the battle
18. His aid-de-camp reply'd
Brave general 'tis in our favor
Quebec and all her pride
'Tis nothing now can save her
19. She falls into our hands
With all her wealth and treasure
O then brave Wolfe reply'd
I quit the world with pleasure

44. *The Taxation of America*

According to Frank Moore, Peter St. John wrote this "rebel" account of the Stamp Act's cause and effect. He was a schoolmaster in Norwalk, Connecticut, at the beginning of the Revolution.

Historical personages and events of the time are quite easily identified. North was Frederick North, second Earl of Guilford (1732-1792), Prime Minister of England during the Revolution. The mention of Bute as "his father" is probably a reference to the fact that John Stuart, third Earl of Bute (1713-1792), was thought to have a continuing influence on the British Government long after his official withdrawal from public life in 1766. Thomas Hutchinson (1711-1780), at one time governor of Massachusetts, went to England in 1774 to avoid popular anger because of his British sympathies. Six years later Robert Rogers (1731-1795), commander of "Rogers' Rangers" during the French and Indian War and of the "Queen's Rangers" after the outbreak of the Revolution, also sailed

for England. Quite possibly both told "ample stories" of colonists ready to turn Tory.

The American leaders referred to, besides Washington, are Nathanael Greene (1742-1786), who took part in the battles of Trenton, Brandywine, and Germantown; Horatio Gates (1728-1806), who defeated Burgoyne at Saratoga in October, 1777; and Israel Putnam (1718-1790), who participated in action at Noodle's Island, Breed's Hill, Long Island, and the Hudson Highlands.

The battles mentioned occurred in the years 1776-1778, but not always with the outcome credited to them by Mr. St. John. In June, 1776, the colonial forces at Sullivan's Island, South Carolina, did repel the British under Peter Parker, and after the Battle of Monmouth, June 28, 1778, Sir Henry Clinton's forces withdrew during the night. Victory at the Brandywine, September 11, 1777, however, went to the British under Sir William Howe (1729-1814). After that battle the Americans retreated with a loss of 300 killed, 600 wounded, and 400 taken prisoner, whereas the British loss was only 600 killed and wounded. The reference to Burgoyne in fetters seems also to be unjustified, for John Burgoyne and a few of his officers were not held prisoner, as were most of the British captured at the Battle of Saratoga. The reference to Howe's trembling "with terror and dismay" is probably explained by the fact that he was recalled at his own request in 1778.

It is possible that "The Taxation of America" was written that year or soon after; its account of the war closes with hope for the day "when we shall all be freemen in North America."

The Douglass version is close to that given in Moore, which has two extra stanzas. One tells of the Pilgrims' voyage, and the other wishes success to our allies. The first two lines of Douglass stanza 5 are quite confused. In Moore, they read,

Old Satan the arch traitor,
Who rules the burning lake,
Where his chief navigator
Resolved a voyage to take.

Other words from Moore, inserted in brackets, clarify the present version.

THE TAXATION OF AMERICA

1. While I rehearse my story americans give ere
Of britain fading glory you presently shall hear
I'll give A true relation attend to what I say
Concerning the taxation in north america
2. The cruel lords of britain they glory in their shame
The project they have hit on may joyfully proclaim
Tis what they are starving [striving] after to take our rights
away
To rob us of our charter in north america
3. There are two mighty speakers who [rule] in parliament
Who allways have been seekers some mischeif to invent
Twas north and bute his father this horrid plan to lay
A mighty tax togather in north america
4. They searched the gloomy regions of the infernal pit
To find among those legions one who excelled in wit
To ask of them assistance to tell them how they may
Sub due without resistance this north america
5. Old satan the arch traitor resolved a voyage to take
Who rules so navigated upon the burning lake
For [the] britanic ocean he launches fast away
To land he had no notion in north america
6. To take his seat in britain it was his souls intent
Great georges throne to set on and rule the parliament
His comrades were persuing a diabolic way
For to complete the ruin of north america
7. They tried the arts of magic to bring their schemes about
At length the gloomy project was artfully found out
The plan was long indulged in a clandestine way
But lately was divulged in north america
8. These subtle arch combigners [combiners] addressed the british
court
All three were condensigners [undersigners] to this pleasant
report
There is a pleasant land scape that layeth far away
Beyond the wide atlantic tis north america

9. There is a wealthy people who sojourn in that land
 Their churches all with steeples pleasantly do stand
 Their houses like the lily [gilly] are painted red and gay
 They flourish like the lilly in north america
10. The land with milk and honey continually doth flow
 The want of food or money they seldom ever know
 They heap up gold in tresure they have no debts to pay
 They spend their time in pleasure in north america
11. On turkey fowls and fishes most frequently they dine
 With gold and silver dishes their tables always shine
 They crown their feasts with butter they eat and rise to play
 In silk the ladies flutter in north america
12. With gold and silver laces they do themselves adorn
 They ruby [the rubies] deck their faces repugnant [refulgent]
 as the morn
 Wine sparkles in their glasses they spend a happy day
 In meriments and dances in north america
13. Let not our suit affront you when we address your throne
 O king this wealthy country and subjects are your own
 And you their lawful sovereign they truly must obey
 You have a right to govern them in north america
14. O king you have heard the sequel to what we now present
 Is it not just and equal to tax this wealthy tribe
 The question being asked his majesty did say
 My subjects shall be taxed in North america
15. Invested with my warrants my republicans [publicans] shall go
 One tenth of all their currants they shal on us bestow
 If they indulge rebellion or from my precepts stray
 I'll send my war battalions to North america
16. I'll rally all my forces by water and by land
 My light dagoons and horses shall go at my comand
 I'll burn town and city with smoke the smoke becloud the day
 I'll show no human pity in North america
17. Go on my hearty soldiers you need no fear of ill
 There is hutcherson [Hutchinson] and rogers their familiar will
 fillfil
 They tell such ample stories believe them sure we may
 That one half will turn tories in North america

18. My gallant ships are ready to waft you o'er the flood
Then in my cause be steady which is supremely good
Go ravage steal and plunder and ours shall be the prize
They quickly will nook [knock] under in North america
19. The laws I have enacted I never will revoke
All though they are neglected my fury to provoke
I'll forbear to flatter I rule with mighty sway
I'll take away the chater [charter] from North america
20. O george you are distracted by sad expiricence find
The laws you have enacted are of the blackest kind
I'll make A short discation [digression] and tell you by the
way
We fear not your oppression in North america
21. Our fathers were distressed while in their native land
By tyrants were oppressed as I do understand
For freedom and religion they were resolved to stray
And try the desert regions of north america
22. If rightly I remember the country to explore
They landed in November on plimouth desert shore
The savages were molested with fear fled away
In peace our fathers settle this North America
23. We are the bold descendants for liberty we'll fight
The claim of independence we challenge as our right
Tis what kind heaven gave us who then shall take away
Kind heaven too will aid us in North America
24. We never will nook under O George we do not fear
The rattling of your thunder nor ligitening of your sphere
[spear]
Though rebels you declare us we are strangers to dismay
Therefore you cannot scare us in North America
25. To what you have commanded we never will concent
Although your troops are landed upon the continent
We'll take our swords and muskets and march in bright aray
And drive the brittish redcoats from North America
26. We have a bold commander who fears no sword or gun
A second Alexander hs name is Washington
His men are all collected and ready for the prey
To fight they are direcled for North America

27. We've Green and Gates and Putman to manage in the feild
 A gallant train of footmen who'd rather die than yeald
 A noble band of horseman trained in the martial way
 For to augment our forces in North America
28. O George you are engaged all in A dirty cause
 A cruel war have waged repugnant to all laws
 Go tell the brute cration you are crueler than they
 To fight your own relation in North America
29. Ten millions you've demanded and twice ten millions more
 Our riches you intended should pay the mighty score
 Who now will stand your sponsor your charges to defray
 For sure you cannot conquer this North America
30. I will tell you in metre if you'll attend awhile
 We have forced your sir peter from sullivans fair isle
 At monmouth town we gained the honors of the day
 The victory obtained in North America
31. We truly were your betters hard by the brandywine
 We led hin fast in fetters whose name was john Burgoyne
 We'll make your horse [Howe] to tremble with terror and dis-
 may
 Free heroes we resemble in North America
32. Confusion to the tories that black infernal name
 In whitch great brtain glories for ever to her shame
 We'll send each sole revoker [foul revolter] to smutty Africa
 Or noose him in a hatter [halter] in North America
33. A health to our brave footman who handle sword and gun
 To Green Gates and puman [Putnam] and conquering Wash-
 ington
 May their names be wrote in letters whitch never Shall decay
 While sun and moon shall glitter in North America
34. Success unto the congress of the united states
 Who triumph in conquest of Washington and gates
 To all both land and seaman to glory in that day
 When we shal all be freemen in North america
35. Succes to the legislature that rules this gentle hand
 To trade and navigation by water and by land
 May all with one opinion our wholesome laws obey
 Throughout the vast dominion of North america

45. *Lady Washington*

Thompson quotes this Douglass version. I have not found the song printed elsewhere; Flanders' "Lady Washington's Lamentation" is entirely different and is more elaborate than this little dialogue.

LADY WASHINGTON

1. Saw you my hero saw you my hero saw you my hero George.
I have traveled oer the plain
And inquired of every swain
But no tidings can get of my George
2. I saw not your hero i saw not your hero i saw not your hero
george
But im told hes at the van
Where the battle path began
I must haste to take care of my men
3. Oer hills and oer dales oer hills and oer dales
Where the drums they sound alarm
O ye gods i give you charge to protect my hero george
And return him safe home to my arms.

46. *Bold Dighton*

An early nineteenth-century broadside owned by the Harvard Library reports the action occurring off Guadaloupe in 1805, when four hundred British and American prisoners of war escaped from the French at Bassaterre. The original title was "The Escape from Bassaterre." The author of the broadside, P. Russel, had been wounded and imprisoned.

The "Umpire" of stanza 6, line 2, is apparently a corruption of the phrase, *yon pier* in the broadside. The French exclamation in stanza 11, "*Mondieu fractre engla*," appears in the broadside as "*Mon Dieu! footer Englas*," and in Mackenzie as "*Mon Dieu, fracter engie!*" The first phrase is "My God!" but it is a question whether the latter one is warning of "an English outbreak" or an expression of abuse with the French word *foutre*, which is not in decent use.

The Mackenzie version (A) is very nearly the same as the Douglass one. The corrections in brackets are from Mackenzie. In two

places the Douglass wording seems preferable. In stanza 16, line 2, the words in the Mackenzie version are "to run down the corvette" and in stanza 18, line 4, "jump over board." Gardner and Chickering gives a shorter version, which varies considerably from Douglass, and a tune, page 235.

BOLD DIGHTON

1. Come all you heroes that plough the rough main
Give ear to my story the truth I'll explain
It was our misfortune which hapened in great war
And how we escaped from the French at Bastar
2. We were then confined on the Guadaloupe shore
Of true vallant seaman four hundred or more
Shut up in A small compass being greatly distressed
With painful diseasses and famine oppressed
3. A gallant young hero from saint louis he came
Both generous and wealthy called Dighton by name
He had the heart of a lion the soul of a prince
And friendships kind impulse to us did evince
4. He came to our prison he mourned our sad fate
He launched out his gold to releive our sad state
Five hundred bright guineas he gave I am sure
Which did greatly relieve us in this distressed hour
5. At this generous action the French did complain
They soon did confine him with fetters and chains
With us in the prison it there we might see
But from his chains and his fetters we soon set him free
6. Says Dighton my boys if you'll take my advice
Now if you'll prove constant it is done in a trice
Down by the Umpire the Tiger doth lie
A stout and fine coaster she is fit for the sea
7. The captain's on shore and we have all things on board
A plenty of cannons pikes pistols and swords
Now if you will prove constant and stand by my side
We will board her my boys and we will sail next tide
8. Then at this adventure we all did agree
Each breast loaded with ardour to fight and be free

- Come give us your signal each sailor replied
We are ready to conquer or to die by your side
9. Prepare for the conflict no longer delay
But keep yourselves cool boys my orders obey
Three gallant young seaman as seconds he chose
Our signal for freedom was death to our foes
10. Then out of our prison we all rushed amain
The three guns were fired the French guards were slain
On board of the tiger we soon rushed our way
We cut both her cables and stood out for sea
11. Which caused a sad rumpus it being midnight
The Frenchmen bawled out in a terrible fright
Mondieu fractre engle drums beat and bells toll
Our hero shouts freedom to each valiant soul
12. Their fortress was open their cannon did play
Their shot flew like hail as we got under weigh
They shattered our spars as we sailed from the shore
To bid them good bye we a broadside let pour
13. Then out of all danger we thought ourselves clear
But for this mistake we did pay very dear
Next morning at daylight it was there we espied
The lion a corvette hang down on our side
14. She pled us with grapeshot with broadside so sore
Which soon caused the Tiger to make her guns roar
With thirty-six eightens the lion did growl
And eighteen brass nines the fierce Tiger did howl
15. Yard arms and broadsides for three glasses we lay
At length our broadside cut her mainmast away
Says Dighton my boys if you are tired of this fun
You now have your choice to fight or to run
16. To spare blood and slaughter the crew did incline
To run from the corvette it was our design
But at this same moment they grappled us so fierce
And then sword in hand was our only resource
17. To board and to slaughter they were fully bent
To give us no quarters was their sole intent

- To board us thrice over they tried with this view
But they were repulsed by the Tiger's bold crew
18. Then Dighton cried out as each hero should feel
Whose eyes transfered fury like bright burnished steel
There is death to each man on the point of my sword
Come all my bold heroes let us jump aboard
19. Then over the bulwark he jumped like a roe
The stroke from his sabre laid two Frenchmen low
On board of the corvette we all rushed so fierce
That soon from their quarters the French did disperse
20. Steel sparkle pikes rattle and swords loudly clash
And the blood on her decks like salt water did dash
Her scuppers with huge streams of crimson did pour
And the blue seas all around us roll'd purple with gore
21. Three hundred brave seamen were slain of their crew
When the Frenchmen gave out and they cried out Mondieu
They fell on their knees and their weapons let fall
And then our bold hero for quarters did call
22. We soon gave them quarters and then we did hear
That for to engage us they did volunteer
The trebled our metal with e'en two for one
But fortune's kind favor saved freedoms bold son
23. Then Dighton cried out now the battle is o'er
Let the french learn this lesson and teach it on shore
Go back to their country with friends and take care
To treat well in future each prisoner of war
24. To conduct the french back we the Tiger then gave
Our seamen were generous and valiant as brave
Then down to Antigua with our Corvette we bore
And on the next morning we all jump'd ashore
25. Drank health to each seaman that ploughs the rough main
May each crown'd with laurels return back again
May the fair of our country some grattitude show
To the sons of the ocean that fight the proud foe
26. And as for brave Dighton our true valiant friend
May glory pursue him while honors attend
And when he does die may seaman draw near
Come kneel at his tombstone and let fall a tear

47. *Paul Jones*

The battle on which the song is based occurred September 23, 1779. Paul Jones, with his flagship, *Le Bonne Homme Richard*, and four others, encountered a fleet of forty sail off Flamborough Head, merchantmen convoyed by the *Serapis*, which had forty-four guns and was commanded by Captain Richard Pearson, and the *Countess of Scarborough*, with twenty guns. Jones engaged the *Serapis*, and another of his ships, the *Pallas*, engaged the *Countess*; the rest of his fleet did not fall into battle line as commanded. In fact, according to Stevenson, the *Alliance* (*Lion*, stanza 7, line 2) ran away. The Douglass and Neeser versions imply that on its return it opened fire on the *Richard*; the *Rough and Ready* version that it came back to help the *Richard*. Whichever was the case, Jones emerged from the encounter successful. The reference to "glasses" means "hour glasses" and indicates the duration of the battle.

Not only are there several songs about this engagement, but there is also much variation between the versions of this particular song. The Douglass account is longer than that in either Mackenzie, Brown, or Firth, though not so long as those in *Rough and Ready* or in Neeser, the latter of which transcribes an original broadside.

PAUL JONES

1. An American frigate from Baltimore came
Her guns mounted forty the ricaard [Richard] by name
Went to cruise in the channel of old england
With a noble commander Paul jones was the man
2. We had not sailed long before we did espy
A large forty four and a twenty close by
Those two warlike ships full laden with store
Our captain pursued to the bold yorkshire a shore
3. At the hour of twelve Pierce [Pearson] came along side
With a fond [loud] speaking trumpet whence came you he cried
Quick give me an answer I hailed you before
Or this very instant a broadside I'll pour
4. Paul jones he exclaimed my brave boys we'll not run
Let every brave seaman stand close to his gun
When a broad side was fired by these brave Englishmen
And we bold buckskin herces returned it again

5. We fought them five glasses five glasses most hot
Till fifty brave seamen lay dead on the spot
And full seventy more lay bleeding in their gore
Whilst the Pierce's loud cannon on the Richard did roar
6. Our gunner affrighted unto paul jones he came
Our ship is sinking likewise in a flame
Paaul Jones he replied in the height of his pride
If we can do no better we'll sink alongside
7. At length our shot flew so quick they could not stand
The flag of proud Britain was forced to come down
The lion bore down and the richard did rake
Whitch caused the heart of brave richard to ache
8. Come now my brave buckskins we've taken a prize
A larg forty four and a twenty like wise
They are both noble vessels well laden with store
We will toss off the can to our country once more
9. God help the poor widows who shortly must weep
For the loss of their husbands now sunk in the deep
We'll drink to Paul Jones who with sword in hand
Shone foremost in action and gave us command

48. *Old England Forty Years Ago*

The War of 1812 is reviewed with some detail in this ballad. The story begins with a reference to American success in the Revolution, then refers to the impressment of seamen, which caused further trouble between England and the United States. As the protests of President James Madison (1751-1836) were unavailing, war broke out.

The personal references are explained as follows: On October 25, Stephen Decatur captured the *Macedonian* near Madeira, and on December 26, off San Salvador, William Bainbridge captured the *Java*. In the West, Brigadier General William Hull surrendered without a battle to General Isaac Brock, lieutenant governor of Upper Canada, on August 16. Hull was tried for treason, cowardice, and neglect of duty. Though he was found guilty of the last two and sentenced to be shot, President Madison commuted his execution because of his service during the Revolution. The statement in the ballad that he "his army sold" is not sustained by the records.

When the news came that Hull was besieged, Brigadier General William Henry Harrison was sent to relieve him, but the news had traveled too slowly. The fact that part of Harrison's army was surprised and defeated by Colonel Proctor is ignored in the ballad. It was not until after Perry's success on Lake Erie, when Proctor's forces were retreating because of lack of naval support, that Harrison's army overtook and defeated them, October 5.

In September, 1812, Isaac Chauncey was given command of the naval forces on Lakes Ontario and Erie. He co-operated with the army led by Major General Henry Dearborn in the capture of York (now Toronto) on April 27, 1813. A month later Dearborn took Fort George, at the mouth of the Niagara River. Colonel James Miller took part in the action there, at Chippewa, and at Lundy's Lane and commanded at the battle of Brownstown in 1812. Lieutenant Colonel Eleazer Wheelock Ripley took part in the action both at York and at Fort George. Colonel Edmund Pendleton Gaines was put in command of Fort Erie in 1813 and successfully defended it against British attack. On July 4-5, 1814, Lieutenant Colonel Winfield Scott drove the enemy in a running fight sixteen miles to Chippewa. The Battle of Niagara, variously referred to as Bridgewater or Lundy's Lane, on July 25, 1814, was one of the hardest fought in the war. Lieutenant General Sir Gordon Drummond commanded the British forces, and Major General Jacob Jennings Brown, the American ones. Americans and British both claim the victory.

The "horrid crime" at Washington was the burning of public buildings by the British under command of General Ross. His force went on to Baltimore, where he was killed in the fighting that ensued.

For an explanation of the reference to Hull, see the introduction to "*Constitution and Guerrière*"; for Perry, see "Perry's Victory"; for Downie, MacDonough, Macomb, and Prevost, see "Noble Lads of Canada"; and for Jackson, see "The Hunters of Kentucky."

The Douglass version of this song, though much like that in *Green Mountain*, has five more stanzas in conclusion. *Green Mountain* gives Silas Ballou of Richmond, New Hampshire, as the author. The two known broadside copies are in the New York Historical Society and the Barry Collection of Ballad Prints. The latter copy mentions "The Girl I Left behind Me" as the tune.

OLD ENGLAND FORTY YEARS AGO

1. Old england forty years ago
When we were young and slender
Conspired to give A mortal blow
But god was our defender
2. Jehovah saw their horrid plan.
Great washington he gave us
His holiness inspired the man
With power and skill to save us
3. She sent her fleets and armies o'er
To ravage steel and plunder
Our heroes met them on the Shore
And beat them back with thunder
4. Our independence they confessed
Aand with their hands they Signed it
But on their hearts twas neer impressed
For there I ne'er could find it
5. And since that time they have been still
Our liberties invading
We bore it and forebore until
Forbearance was degrading
6. Regardless of a sailors rights
Impressed our native seamen
Made them against their country fight
And thus enslaved our freemen
7. Great madison besought the foe
And minldly [mildly] did implore them
To let the suffering captives go
But they wouldnot restore them
8. Our commerce to they did invade
Our ships searched and seiged
Declaring also we should trade
With none but whom they pleased
9. Thus madison in thunder spake
We've power and we must use it
Our freedom surely lies at Stake
And we must rouse or loose it

10. We will make old england children know
We are the brave decendants
Of those floged theeir fathers so
And gained their independance
11. Our soldiers and our seamen to
Were put in warlike motion
Strait to the field our soddiers flew
Our seamen to the ocean
12. They met their foes on lowering wave
With courage Skill and splendor
And sunk them down to watery graves
Or forced them to surrender
13. Decatur Hull and Bainbridge dear
Did wonders in our navy
Brave capain Hull sunk the guerriere
And Bainbridge sunk the java
14. Decatur took A ship of fane
High on the waving waters
The macedonian was her name
And home in triumph brought her
15. Perry with flag and sail unfurled
Met Barclay [Barclay] on lake erie
At him his machless thunder hurled
Till Barclay grew quite weary
16. He gained the victory and renounee
He worked him up so neatly
He brought old englands banners down
And swept the lake compleetly
17. Proud Downie fell on lake champlain
By fortin quite forsaken
He was by bold Mcdonough slain
And all his fleet were taken
18. When e'er they met cumbias sons
On lakes or larger waters
They fell beneath our thundering guns
Or humbly cried for quarters
19. When Prevost thus had lost his fleet
He gave out special orders

- For his whole army to retreat
And leave the yankee borders
20. Through dreery wilds oer fog [bog] and fen
The luckless general plundered
He fled with fifteen thousand men
From macombs fifteen hundred
21. Let William Hull be counted null
And let him not be named
Upon the rolls of valiant souls
Of him we are ashamed
22. For his campaign was worse than vain
A coward and A traitor
For paltry gold his army sold
To brock the speculator
23. When proctor found brave Harison
Had landed on his regions
Away the tim'rous creature run
With all his savage legion
24. But over taken were and most
Of them were killed or taken
But Proctor soon forsook his post
And fled to save his bacon
25. At little york beneath the guns
Of Chauncey dearborn landed
And quickly made old englands sons
Resign what he demanded
26. From georges fort to eries beach
Our savage fees were beaten
Their naked bones were left to bleach
When wolves their flesh had eaten
27. Brav Miller Ripley Gains and Scott
At erie and bridge water
At chipperway in battle hot
Their bravest foes did slaughter
28. How often Brown [made] drum mond fly
From scenes of dessolation
The terror of his noble eye
Filled him with constination

29. At Wasington their horrid crime
Must tarnish brittish glory
Children must blush in futre times
To read their shamefull story
30. They burnt the volumes which comprised
The best of information
The barbrous [their barborous deeds] will be despised
By every Christian nation
31. At Baltimore A deadly blow
The sons of mischief aimed
The sons of fredom met the foe
And victory justly claimed
32. Amidst their ranks our thunder burst
And many were killed and wounded
Their cheif commander bit the dust
And all their schemes confounfounded
33. What wonders did brave Jacson do
When aided by kind heavens
Their leader and four thousand slew
And lost but only seven
34. Some interposing angels hand
Repelled their vile intrusion
The remnant of their broken band
Fled off in sad confision
35. They passed thro' numerous triying scenes
In most of them defeated
Their ground defeat at New Orleans
The blood[y] scene completed
36. Soon after this sweet peace arrived
Our armies were disbanded
Our scattered foes who had survived
The war were home commanded
37. What has our infant country gained
By fighting that old nation
Our liberties we have maintained
And raised our reputation
38. We gained the freedom of the seas
Our seamen are releaced

- Our mariners trade where they please
 Impressments too have ceased
39. Now in our selves we can confide
 Abroad we are respected
 Weve checked the rage of Brittish pride
 Their haughtiness corrected
40. First to the god of boundless power
 Be thanks and adortion
 Next madison the wondrous flower
 And jewel of the nation
41. Nex congress does our thanks demand
 To them our thanks we tender
 Our heroes next by sea and tand
 To them our thanks we render
42. Let us be just in union live
 Then who will dare invade us
 If any should our god will give
 His angels charge to aid us

49. *Constitution and Guerrière*

On August 2, 1812, according to Stevenson, Captain Isaac Hull of the *Constitution* left the port of Boston without orders. Having heard rumors of British ships to the north, he sailed in that direction until on August 19 he sighted the English frigate *Guerrière* off Halifax. Hull attacked and destroyed the *Guerrière*, which was commanded by Captain Dacres. The battle inspired this ballad, as well as an ode recorded by Gray, the text of which is entirely different.

Except for an extra stanza (No. 9) the Douglass version is almost word for word the same as that in Stevenson, though the latter is in six-line rather than four-line stanzas. The Douglass version shows more word variation from those recorded in Cox and Firth, and in both of the latter Douglass lines 1 and 2 of stanza 5 and lines 3 and 4 of stanza 6 are not found.

Firth mentions the air, "The Landlady of France," and Trident prints the tune to which the song is sung at Annapolis.

CONSTITUTION AND GURRIERE

1. I often have been told that the Brittish seamen botd [bold]
Could beat the tars of France neat and handy O
But they never found their match till the Yankees did them
catch
For the Yankee tars for fighting are the dandy O
2. O the Gurriere so bold on the foaming ocean roll'd
Commanded by Dacres the grandee O
With as choice a brittish crew as a rammer ever drew
They could beat the Frenchmen two to one so handy O
3. When this frigate hove in view O said Daacres to his crew
Prepare ye for action and be handy O
On the weather guage we'll get her and to make her the men
fight better
We will give to them gun-powder and good brandy O
4. Now this boasting Britain cries make that Yankee ship your
prize
You can in thirty-minutes do it handy O
Or in twenty-five I'm sure if you'll do it in a score
I will give you a double share of good brandy O
5. When prisoners we've made them with switchel we will treat
them
We'll welcome them with Yankee Doodle dandy O
O the British balls flew hot but the yankees answered not
Until they got a distance that was handy O
6. O cries Hull unto his crew we will try what we can do
If we beat those boasting Britons we're the dandy O
The first broadside we poured brought the mizen by the board
Which doused the royal ensign quite handy O
7. O Dacres he did sigh ad to his officers did cry
O I didn't think the Yankees were so handy O
The second told so well that the fore and mainmast fell
That made this lofty frigate look quite handy O
8. O says Dacres we're undone so he fires a lee gun
And the drummers struck up Yankee Doodle dandy O
When dacres came on board to deliver up his sword
He was loth to pard with it it look'd so handy O

9. You may keep it says hull what makes you look so dull
 Cheer up and take a glass of good brandy O
 O Britons now be still since we've hook'd you in the gill
 Dont boast upon your Dacres the grandee O
10. Come fill your glasses full and we'll drink to captain Hull
 And so merrily we'll push about the brandy O
 John Bull may toast his fill let the world say what it will
 But the Yankee boys for fighting are the dandy O

50. *Wasp Stinging Frolic*

About noon on October 18, 1812, according to Stevenson, the American sloop of war *Wasp* engaged the brig *Frolic*, manned by the English. After a hard battle off Albemarle Sound, the Americans boarded the *Frolic*, which surrendered. Unfortunately for the victors, the *Poictiers*, a British 74, then appeared, taking both the *Wasp* and the *Frolic* to Bermuda.

Neeser has printed two ballads about this engagement, one of which, almost word for word the same as Douglass, is from an original broadside in the collection of the American Antiquarian Society, "*Wasp Stinging Frolic* or Engagement between the American Sloop-of-War *Wasp*, of 18 guns, and the British Sloop-of-War *Frolic*, of 20 guns."

WASP STINGING FROLICK

1. A fine little sloop from the delaware came
 To cruise on the seas and the wasp was her name
 With a noble commander who fear'd not the foe
 And a crew who would stand fast let it blow high or low
 Then fill up your glass let's laugh drink and sing
 And toast the brave wasp which the british did sting
2. Not long had she sailed oer the oceans blue wave
 Ere good fortune a fine opportunity gave
 To convince the proud foe who on value of[t] harp
 That a tight Yankee Wasp has a sting that is sharp
 Then fill up your glass
3. A sail was sung out by a man at our mast head
 More rapidly on the ship quickly sped
 To the Brittish in season the Yankees drew near

- And each brave noble heart was undanted by fear
Then fill up your
4. The enemy seeme'd in a frolicksone mood
And they made the frolic as light as they could
But when her sharp sting the wasp 'gan to run out
They began to conclude it was no frolicksome bout
Then fill up your gla[sses]
5. Then broadside and broadside full at it thy went
The Wasp sung the Frolick unto her content
Till dismasted and shatter'd quite passive she lay
And found with reluctance the devil to pay
Then fill up your glasses
6. The flag of Great Britain was forced to be lowered
And o'er it Columbia's bright eagle now soared
The battle was won and the triumph complete
And the Frolick so stung that she owned fairly beat
Then up your glasses
7. From the deck of the Wasp five seamen so brave
With sorrow were launched to a watery grave
But their comrades so bold had the pleasure to know
That sixty poor brittons went with them below
Then fill up your
8. The Frolick was man'd and ordered for port
Having seen full enough of true Yankee sport
But the devil of it was that the very next day
Both Frolick and Wasp had to steer 'tother way
Then fill up your glasses
9. A huge seventy-four with them chanced to meet
And no chance was now left to make good a retreat
To give up the bold crew were compell'd rather toth [loath]
And the Poictiers the wasp and the frolick took both
Then fill up your
10. But no honor was lost to the American name
And the Wasp long shall shine on the records of fame
And we hope e'er the war we're engag'd in is o'er
[Th]at our Navy will have a few frolicks more
Then fill up your

51. *Perry's Victory*

The victory of September 10, 1813, broke England's power on the Great Lakes. Oliver Hazard Perry, with a fleet of nine ships, defeated a British force commanded by Robert H. Barclay. The *Lawrence*, Perry's flagship, bore the brunt of the battle at first. When that was almost demolished, Perry transferred to the *Niagara*, commanded by Jesse Duncan Elliott, and from there continued to direct the battle.

There is little variation between the texts given by Kenedy, *Rough and Ready*, Neeser, which is from an original broadside, and Douglass. Spaeth (1) mentions James Hutton as the author of a ballad called "Perry's Victory" published by G. E. Blake of Philadelphia.

PERRYS VICTORY

1. Ye tars of columbia give ear to my story
 Who fought with brave Perry where cannons did roar
 Your valour has gained you an immortal glory
 A fame that shall last till time is no more
 Columbian tars are the true sons of mars
 They rake fore and aft when they fight on the deep
 On the bed of lake erie commanded by perry
 They caused many Britons to take their last sleep
2. The tenth of september let us all remember
 So long as the globe on her axis rolls round
 Our tars and marines on Lake Eric was seen
 To make the proud flag of great Britain come down
 The van of our fleet the british to meet
 Commanded by Perry the Lawrence bore down
 Her guns they did roar with such terrific power
 That savages trembled at the dreadful sound
3. The lawrence sustained a most dreadful fire
 She fought three to one for two glasses or more
 While Perry undaunted did firmly stand by her
 The proud foe on her heavy broadsides did pour
 Her masts being shatter'd her rigging all tatter'd
 Her booms and her yards being all shot away
 And few left on deck to manage the wreck
 Our hero on board her no longer could stay

4. In this situation the pride of our nation
Sur heaven had guarded unhurt all the while
While many a hero maintaining his station
Fell close by his side and was thrown on the pile
But mark you and wonder when elements thunder
When death and destruction are stalking all round
His flag he did carry on board the Niagara
Such valour on record was never yet found
5. There is one gallant act of our noble commander
While writing my song I must notice with pride
While launch'd in the boat that carried the standard
A ball whistled through her just close by his side
Says Perry the rascals intend for to drown us
But push on my brave boys you never need fear
And with his own coat he plugg'd up the boat
And through fire and sulphur away he did steer
6. The famed Niagara now proud of her Perry
Display'd all her banners in gallant array
And twenty five guns on her deck She did carry
Which soon put an end to this bloody affray
The rear of our fleet was brought up complete
The singal [signal] was given to break through the line
While starboard and larboard and from every quarter
The lamps of columbia did gloriously shine
7. The bold British lion roared out his last thunder
When Perry attacked him close in the rear
Columbias Eagle soon made him crouch under
And roar out for quarter as soon you shall hear
O had you been there I now do declare
Such a sight as you never had seen before
Six red bloody flags that no longer could wag
All lay at the feet of our brave Commodore
8. Brave Elliot whose valour must now be recorded
On board the Niagara so well play'd his part
His gallant assistance to Perry afforded
We'll place him the second on Lake Erie's chart
In the midst of the battle when guns they did rattle
The Lawrence areck and the men most all slain

Away he did steer and brought up the rear
 And by this manoeuvre the victory was gained

9. Oh had you but seen those noble commanders
 Embracing each other when the conflict was o'er
 And viewing all those invincible standards
 That never had yielded to any before
 Says Perry brave Elliot give me your hand sir
 This day we have gained an immortal renown
 So long as Columbia Lake Eree commands sir
 Let brave Captain Elliott with laurels be crowned
10. Great Britain may boast of her conquering heroes
 Her Rodneys her Nelsons and all the whole crew
 But none in their glory have told such a story
 Nor boasted such feats as Columbians do
 The whole British fleet was captured complete
 Not a single vessel from us got away
 And prisoners some hundreds Columbians wondered
 To see them all anchored and moored in our bay
11. May heaven still [smile] on the shades of our heroes
 Who fought in that conflict their country to save
 And check the proud spirit of those murdering bravoes
 That wish to divide us and make us all slaves
 Columbians sing and make the woods ring
 We'll toast those brave heroes by Sea and by land
 While Britains drink cherry Columbians Perry
 We'll toast him about with full glass in hand

52. *James Bird*

Here in western New York, close to the scene of Bird's heroism, dereliction, and death, the ballad of his life has been preserved practically complete. Even Thompson (New York) and Eddy (Ohio) give shorter forms, though Shoemaker (Pennsylvania) has all the stanzas, perhaps because the ballad was composed in that state.

James Bird, according to a study by Mr. Charles B. Galbreath referred to in Thompson and in Eddy, had transferred to the Marines to escape army discipline but as a Marine had proved his bravery in the Battle of Lake Erie, 1813. After deserting guard duty, he was court-martialed and executed at Presque Isle (Erie, Pennsyl-

vania) in October, 1814. Mary Elizabeth King, a descendant of James Bird, tells his story in the article, "More Light on the Ballad of 'James Bird'" (*NYFQ*, VII [1951], 142-144).

The ballad composed by Charles Miner was published, according to *Brown*, "in his paper, *The Gleaner*, at Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania." King mentions the publication date as 1814 and the tune to which it was sung, "The Dour Black Watch." The song has developed variations of wording. In some cases the Douglass text is preferable; in some it is clarified by comparison with other versions. For instance, the Douglass line naming Hull responsible for our surrender is weakened in the Thompson version to "How, you know, our troops surrendered."

JAMES BIRD

1. Sons of Freedom listen to me
And ye daughters too give ear
You a sad and mournfull story
As was ever told shall hear
2. Hull you know his troops surrendered
And defenceless left the west
Then our forces quick assembled
The invader to resist
3. Amongst the troops that marched to erie
Were the kingston volunteers
Captain Thomas then commanded
To protect our west frontiers
4. Tender were the scenes of parting
Mothers wrung their hands and cried
Maidens wept their swains in secret
Fathers strove their hearts to hide
5. But there's one among their number
Tall and gracefull in his mien
Firm his Step his look undaunted
Scarce a nobler youth was seen
6. One sweet kiss he snatched from mary
Craved his mothers prayer once more
Press'd his fathers hand and left them
For lake eries distant shore

7. Mary tried to say farewell James
Waved her hand but nothind spoke
Good bye Bird may heaven protect you
From the rest a parting broke
8. Soon they come where noble Perry
Had assembled all his fleet
There the noble Bird enlisted
Hoping soon the foe to meet
9. Where is Bird the battle rages
Is he in the strife or no
Now the cannons roar tremendous
Dare he meet the hostile foe
10. Aye behold him see him Perry
In the self same ship they fight
Though his messmates fall around him
Nothing can his sous [soul] affright
11. But behold a ball has struck him
See the crimson colors flow
Leave the deck exchaimed brave Perry
No cried Bird I will not go
12. Here on deck I took my station
Ne'er will Bird his colours fly
I'll stand by you gallant captain
Till we conquer or we die
13. Still he fought though faint and bleeding
Till our stars and stripes [arose]
Victory having crowned our efforts
All triumph [triumphant] o'er our foes
14. And did Bird receive A pension
Was he to his friends restored
No nor never to his bosom
Clasped the maid his heart adored
15. But there came most dismal tidings
From lake Eries distant shore
Better if Bird had perished
Midst the battle awful roar

16. Dearest parents said the letter
This will bring sad news to you
Do not mourn your first beloved
Tho' this brings sad news to you
17. I must suffer for deserting
From the brig Niagara
Read this letter brothers sisters
'Tis the last you'll have from me
18. Sad and gloomy was the morning
Bird was ordered out to die
Where's the breast not dead to pity
But for him would heave A sigh
19. Lo he fought so brave at Erie
Freely bled and nobly dar'd
Let his courage plead for mercy
Let his precious life be spared
20. See him march and bear his fetters
Harsh they clank upon the ear
But his Step is firm and manty
For his heart ne'er harbored fear
21. See he kneels upon his coffin
Sure his death can do no good
Spare him hark! O God they've shot him
Oh his bosom streams with blood
22. Farewell Bird farewell for ever
Friends and hom hee'll see no more
But his mangled corpse lies burried
On lake Eries distant shore

53. Noble Lads of Canada

Commodore George Downie was in command of the British fleet on Lake Champlain when on September 11, 1814, he was killed and his force defeated by the American fleet, Thomas MacDonough commanding, in the Battle of Plattsburg.

While the Battle of Plattsburg was being fought on Lake Champlain, Sir George Prevost led a British attack on the American land

forces commanded by Brigadier General Alexander Macomb, who had only 1500 regulars and some militia. Although far outnumbering the Americans, the British were repulsed, their retreat hastened by the outcome of the battle on the lake. Thompson explains that the *Growler* and the *Eagle* had been captured by the British previously. The mention of the crowing of MacDonough's cocks refers to the fact that a British shot had smashed a coop on MacDonough's flagship, thus releasing a cock that flew to the top of a mast and crowed, a sign of good luck. According to tradition, the poem was composed by Miner Lewis in Clinton County, New York.

The version in Thompson has three more stanzas than the one in Douglass.

NOBLE LADS OF CANADA

1. Come all ye British heroes I pray you lend your ears
 Draw up your British forces and then your volunteers
 We'er going to fight the Yankee boys by water and by land
 And we never will return till we conquer sword and hand
 We'er the noble lads of canada come to arms boys come
2. O now the time has come my bous to cross the Yankee's line
 We remember they were rebels once and conquered John
 Burgoyne
 We'll subdue those mighty Democrats and pull their dwellings
 down
 And we'll have the states inha[b]ited with subjects to the crown
 We'er the noble lads &c
3. We've as choice a British army as ever crosse'd the seas
 We'll burn both [town] and city and with smoke becloud the
 skes
 We'll subdue the old green mountain boys their washington is
 gone
 And we'll play them yanke doodle as the yankees d Burgoyne
 We'er the noble lads &c
4. Now we've reached the Platsburg banks my boys and here we'll
 make a stand
 Until we take the yankee fleet McDonough doth command
 We've the Growler and the eagle that from smith we took
 away

- And we'll have their noble fleet that lies anchored in the bay
Weer the noble lads &c
5. Our fleet is hove in view my boys the cannon loudly roar
With death upon our cannon balls we'll drench their decks with
gore
We've water craft sufficient to sink them in an hour
And our orders is to to board and Yankee's flag destroy
Weer the noble lads &c
6. Now the battles growing hot my boys I dont know how 'twill
turn
While McDonough's boats on swivels hung continually do burn
We see such constant flashing that the smoke beclouds the day
And our larger boats they've struck and our smaller run away
O we've got to far from canada run for life boys run
7. O Prevost he sigh'd aloud and to his officers he said
I [wish] the devil and those yankees could but sail alongside
For the tars of france and England cant stand before them well
O I think they'd flog the devil and drive him back to hell
O weve got to far canada &c
8. Now prepare for your retreat my boys make all the haste you
can
The yankees are surrounding us we'll surely be burgoynd
Behind the hedges and the ditches and the trees and every stump
You can see the sons of biches and the cursed yankees jump
O we've got to far &c
9. Now we've reached the chazy heights my boys we'll make a
short delay
For to rest our weary limbs and to feed our beasts with hay
Soon McDonoughs cocks began to crow was heard at stark's
barn
And a report throughout the camp was the general alarm
O weve got to far &c
10. O Prevost sighed aloud and to his officers did say
The yankee troops are hove in sight and hell will be to pay
Shall we fight like men of courage and do the best we can
When we know they will flog us two to one I think we'd better
run
O we've got to &c

11. Now if ever I reach Quebec alive I'll surly stay at home
 For McDonough's gained a victory the devil fight Macomb
 I had rather fight a thousand troops as good as ever crossed the
 seas
 Than fifty of those Yankees behind the stumps and trees
 O we've got to far &c
12. They told us that the federalists were friendly to the crown
 They'd join our army and the democrats pull down
 But they all unite as a band of brothers joined
 They will fight for independence till they die upon the ground
 O we've got too far
13. The old '76's have sallied forth upon their crutches they do lean
 With their rifles leveled on us with their specks they take good
 aim
 For there's no retreat in those my boys who'd rather die
 And we make no doubt that these are those that conquered
 John burgoyne
 When we got &c
14. Now we've reached the british ground my boys we'll have a
 day of rest
 And I wish my soul that I could say 'twould be a day of mirth
 But I've left so many troops behind it causes me to mourn
 And if ever I fight the Yankees more I'll surely stay at home
 Now we've got back to canada stay at home boys stay
15. Here's a health to all the british troops likewise to general pre-
 vost
 And to our respective families and the girls we love most
 To McDonough and Macombe and to every yankee boy
 Now fill up your tumblers for I never was so dry
 Now we've all got back to canada stay at home boys stay

54. *The Hunters of Kentucky*

The incident that gave rise to this song is one that justifies its boasting tone. Stevenson reports that a brigade of 800 Kentucky riflemen (Rickaby says 2000) led by General John Coffee marched 800 miles through wilderness to take part in the Battle of New Orleans, January 8, 1815, covering the last 100 miles in less than two days. Under Andrew Jackson they defeated the British commanded

by Major General Sir Edward Pakenham, who was killed in the engagement. Botkin explains the references to beauty and booty in a note giving "Booty and Beauty" as a countersign used by an English officer. In *Sound Off* (New York, 1929) Dolph reports that the song did not become popular with soldiers till the time of the Mexican War; Spaeth (1) mentions its use as a campaign song for Andrew Jackson.

Although Stevenson records the song anonymously, Belden, Ozark, and Sandburg agree that Samuel Woodworth (1784-1842) is the author. ("The Old Oaken Bucket" is probably the best known of Woodworth's other songs.) According to Ozark, "The Hunters of Kentucky" was "first published in *The Port Folio* (II [Dec., 1822], 527-529)"; Spaeth (1) mentions its publication in 1824 with a tune "of the traditional type known as 'Miss Bailey's Ghost.'" Rickaby cites Woodworth's *Melodies, Duets, Trios, Songs and Ballads* (1826) as authority that the song was written for Arthur Keene, an Irish tenor singer who first appeared on the American stage in 1817 and that the tune was "Miss Baily." Dolph and Ozark give tunes, though the latter gives only a short version of the words. Constance Rourke in *American Humor* (New York, 1931) describes the first time "The Hunters of Kentucky" was sung in 1822. An actor dressed as a frontiersman appeared on the stage with a rifle over his shoulder. The song was applauded boisterously; within a few weeks it was being sung in theaters throughout the country.

The first version in Belden consists of three four-line stanzas quite different from Douglass in wording; but (B) and (C), which are fragmentary, and the complete Stevenson, Botkin, Sandburg, Kenedy, Dolph, and *Rough and Ready* versions correspond almost exactly to Douglass. Sandburg reports that his text is from a broadside in the Congressional Library. The only noticeable variation is that Botkin, Belden (C), Dolph, and Sandburg have longer refrains, repeating "Old Kentucky," "Oh, Kentucky," or "The Hunters of Kentucky."

THE HUNTERS OF KENTUCKY

1. Ye gentlemen and ladies fair
Who grace this famous city
Just listen if you've time to spare

While I rehearse a ditty
 And for the opportunity
 Conceive yourselves quite lucky
 For 'tis not often that you see
 A hunter from Kentucky
 Oh Kentucky
 The hunters of Kentucky

2. We are a hardy free born race
 Each man to fear a stranger
 Whate'er the game we join in chase
 Despising toil and danger
 And if a daring foe annoys
 What'er his strength or force is
 We'll show him that Kentucky boys
 Are alligators—horses

Oh Kentucky &c

3. I s'pose you've read it in the prints
 How packingham attempted
 To make Old Hickory Jackson wince
 But soon his schemes repented
 For we with rifles ready cock'd
 Thought such occasion lucky
 And soon around the general flock'd
 The hunters of Kentucky

Oh Kentucky &c

4. I s'pose you've heard how Ney Orleans
 Is fam'd for wealth and beauty
 There's gals of every hue it seems
 From snowy white to sooty
 So packenham he made hes brags
 If he fights was lucky
 He'd have their gals and cotton bags
 In spite of Old Kentucky

Oh Kentucky &c

5. But Jackson he was wide awake
 And wasn't scared at trifles
 For well he knew what aim we take
 With our Kentucky rifles

Sow he led us down to Cypress Swamp
The ground was low and mucky
There stood John Bull in martial pomp
But here was Old Kentucky
Oh Kentucky &c

6. We rais'd a bank to hide our breasts
Not that we thought of dying
But then we always like to rest
Unless the game is flying
Behind it stood our little force
None wish'd it to be greater
For ev'ry man was half a horse
And half an alligator
Oh Kentucky &c

7. They didn't let our patience tire
Before they show'd their faces
We didn't choose to waste our fire
But snugly kept our places
And when so near we saw them wink
We thought it time to stop 'em
It would have done you good I think
To see the Kentuckians drop 'em
Oh Kentucky &c

8. They found at length 'twas vain to fight
When lead was all their booty
And so they wisely took to flight
And left us all the beauty
And now if danger e'er annoys
Remember what our trade is
Just send for us Kentucky boys
And we'll protect you ladies
Oh Kentucky &c.

55. *The Maid of Monterrey*

The Battle of Monterrey occurred in the early part of the war between the United States and Mexico, with General Zachary Taylor in command of the American troops. It was a hard-fought battle, lasting from September 20 to 24, 1846, the Mexicans contesting each

house as the fighting progressed through the city. The loss of the Americans was 120 killed and 368 wounded. Although the Mexican loss is not known, it was probably greater.

James Hatch of San Antonio attributes this song to James T. Little, a veteran of the Mexican War. Although it seems to have been popular in that locality, J. Frank Dobie (*Foller de Drinkin Gou'd*) [Austin, 1928] has found no printed copy. The one he quotes, with melody, from oral tradition has four more lines than Douglass. These are the last four lines of Dobie's second stanza. The last four lines of Douglass' second stanza correspond with the first four of Dobie's third. There are other variations in wording, perhaps the most noticeable being Dobie's line 3 of stanza 1:

The gentle breeze fanned lightly. . . .

Duncan Emrich, then at the Library of Congress, informed us of an edition published by F. D. Benteen, of Baltimore, and by W. T. Mayo, of New Orleans, in which the authorship is attributed to J. A. Hewitt. The copyright date is February 2, 1852.

THE MAID OF MONTERAY

1. The moon was shining brightly
 Along the battle plain
 The light was streaming faintly
 On the features of the slain
 The guns had hushed their thunder
 The drums in silence lay
 Whence came the Seineretta
 The maid of Monteray
2. She cast a look of anguish
 On dying and on dead
 Of her lap she made a pillow
 For those that groaned and bled,
 She gave the thirsty watter
 She dressed their bleeding wounds
 A gentle prayer she uttered
 For those that groaned around
3. And when the dying soldier
 For one bright gleam did pray

- He blessed the Seineretta
The maid of Monteray
4. Although she loved her nation
And prayed that it might live
Yet for a dying foeman
She had a prayer to give
Then here's to that bright beauty
Who drove deaths pangs away
The dark eyed Seineretta
The maid of Monteray

56. *Buena Vista*

On February 22-23, 1847, near the Mexican village of Buena Vista, 4700 United States troops, led by General Zachary Taylor, defeated 20,000 Mexicans, commanded by Santa Anna. The battle practically ended the northern campaign of the Mexican War.

Saltillo is a Mexican city near Buena Vista; Guanajuato, Puebla, and Guadalajara are cities from which came Mexican troops. The personal references are explained as follows: John Paul Jones O'Brien was brevetted a major for gallantry at Buena Vista, where he was wounded. Captain George Lincoln was killed in action. During the second day of battle, forces commanded by Major John Macrae Washington held a key point when three regiments of Illinois and Kentucky troops were retreating in disorder. Captain Thomas West Sherman was brevetted a major for action at Buena Vista, and Major Braxton Bragg was brevetted a lieutenant colonel. "Gallant Davis" refers to Jefferson Davis, colonel of the First Mississippi Rifles, whose regiment was charged by a body of lancers greatly superior in numbers. He routed them by forming his men into a V shape and exposing the enemy to cross fire. Charles Augustus May was brevetted a colonel for his part in the battle; Humphrey Marshall and William H. Bissell also distinguished themselves. A. R. Porter, captain of the Arkansas Volunteers; Archibald Yell, colonel of the First Arkansas Volunteer Cavalry; John J. Hardin, colonel of the First Illinois Regiment; W. R. M'Kee, colonel of the Second Kentucky Regiment; and Henry Clay, lieutenant of the Second Kentucky Volunteers and son of the statesman, were killed in the battle.

Stevenson dates this account, written by Albert Pike, as February 28, less than a week after the battle. The Douglass version shows many changes in wording from the original given in Stevenson. For instance, in stanza 2, line 5, the odds have increased from "three to one" to "four to one"; in stanza 3, line 1, "*Morelos*" has become "*Lo Pueblas*" in Douglass; the Mexican leader's name in Stevenson is spelled Santana; in stanza 7, line 6, the Stevenson word "Aztec" has become "*mexique*" in Douglass. In Stevenson stanza 8, line 3, Vaughan is mentioned among the slain, but in the next line Marshall is not mentioned; in fact, the line is quite different:

But the shattered troops cling desperately unto that crimsoned plain.

Stanza 14 of Pike's poem is omitted from Douglass, and Pike's last line of the last stanza is different:

And everlasting glory unto Buena Vista's dead!

The Douglass version corresponds quite closely to the version in *Rough and Ready*. Improvements suggested by the latter have been inserted in the Douglass version in brackets.

BUENA VISTA

1. From the Riogrande's waters to the icy lakes of maine
 Let all exult for we have met the enemy again
 Beneath their stern old mountains we have met them in their
 pride
 And rolled from Buena vista back the battles bloody tide
 Where the enemy came surging like the Mississippi's flood
 And the reaper Death was busy with his sickle red with blood
2. Santa Anna boasted loudly that before 2 hours were past
 His lancers through saltillo should persue us thick and fast
 On came his solid infantry line marching after line
 Lo their great standards in the sun like sheets of silver shine
 With thousands upon thousands yea more than four to one
 A forest of bright bayonets gleamed fiercely in the sun
3. Lo Guanajuato's regiment Lo Pueblas bosted corps
 And Guadalajara's chosen troops all veterens tried before
 And galoping upon the right four thousand lances gleam
 Were waving in the morning light their blood red pennons
 streams

- Aan there his stern artillery climbs up the broad plateau
Today he means to strike at us an overwhelming blow
4. Now hold on strongly to the heights for lo the mighty tide
Comes thundering like an avalanche deep terrible and wide
Now illinois stand ready Now Kentucky to their aid
For a portion of our line alas is brken and dismayed
A regiment of fugitives is fleeing fron feild
And the day is lost if illinois and brave kentucky yield
5. One of obriens guns is gone on on their masses drift
And their infantry and lancers now are passing round our left
Our troops are driven from the hills and flee in wild dismay
And round us gathers thick and dark the mexican array
Santa Anna thinks the day is gained and riding yet more near
Minons dark clouds of lancers sternly menaces our rear
6. Now Lincoln galant gentleman lies dead upon the field
Who strove to stay those men that in the storm of bullets reeled
Now Washington fire fast and true fire sherman fast and far
Lo Bragg comes thundering to the front to breast the adverse
of war
Santa anna thinke the day is gained on on his masses crowd
And the roar of the battle rises up more terrible and loud
7. Not yet our brave old general cones to regain the day
Kentucky to the rescue Mississippi to the fray
Now charge brave illinoisans gallant Davis drives foe
And back before his rifles the red waves of lan[c]ers flow
Upon them yet once more my braves the avalanche is stayed
Back rolls the mexique multitude all broken and dismay
8. Ho May to Buena vista for the enemy are near
And we have none there who can stop their vehement career
Still swelling downward cones the tide porter and yell are slain
Marshall before him drives apart but still they charee in vain
And now in wild confusion mixed purseers and pursued
On to saltillo wildly drifts a frantic multitude
9. Upon them with your squadrons may out leaps the flashine steel
Before his serried column how how the frightened laners reel
They flee amain now to the left to stay their triumph there
Or else the day is surley lost in horror and despair
For their hosts are pouring swiftly on like a river in the spring
Our flank is turned and on our left their cannon thundering

10. Now brave artillery bold dragoons S[t]eady my men and calm
 Through rain cold hail and thinder now nerve the galant arm
 What though their shot falls round us here still thicker than the
 hail
 We'll stand against then as the rock stands firm against the gale
 Lo their battery is silenced now our iron hail still showers
 They falter halt retreat Hurrah the glorious day is ours
11. In front too has the fight gone well where upon gallant lane
 And on stout mississippi the bold lancers chareed in vain
 Ah brave third indana ye have nobly wiped away
 The reproach that through another corps befell your state to-
 day
 Like corn before the tempest crushed before your storm of fire
 Santa Anna's boasted chivarya a shattered wreck retire
12. Now charge again santa anna or the day is surley lost
 For back like broken waves along our left your hoardes are
 toseg [tossed]
 Still louder roar two batteries his strong reserve moves on
 More work is there before you men ere the good fight is won
 Now for your wives and children stand ready my braves once
 more
 Now for your lives your honor fight as you never fought be-
 fore
13. Ho hardin breasts it bravely McKee and Bissel there
 Stand firm before the storme of balls that fills the astonished air
 The lancrs are upon them too the foe swarms ten to one
 Hardin is slain mckee and clay the last time see the sun
 And many another gallant heart in that last desperate fray
 Grew cold its last thoughts turning to its loved ones far away
14. Still sullenly the cannon roared but died away at last
 And oer the dead the dying came the evening shadows fast
 And then above the mountains rose the cold moons silver shield
 And patiently and pityngly looked down upon the field
 And careless of his wounded and neglectfull of his dead
 Dispairingly and sullen in the night santa anna fled
15. And thus on Buena vistas heights a long days work is done
 And thus our brave old general another battle won
 And still our glorious banner waves unstained by flight or shame

And the mexicans among their hills still tremble at our name
So honor unto those that stood disgrace to those that fled
And everlasting honor to the brave and galland dead

C. Pioneering Themes

The Stevens family's home in western New York was itself still on the frontier, but doubtless neighbors often discussed the advisability of going farther west, even to the California of gold-rush days. "Wisconsin"—in other versions referring to Kentucky or even California—is a sort of antiphonal argument in which a wife persuades her husband to stay in the Northeast where there was no longer reason to fear the Red Indians. "The Dying Californian" and "The Used-up Miner" in their own way suggest the superior comforts of older settlements.

57. *Wisconsin*

The outstanding feature of this song, according to Belden, is its antiphonal refrain, which he thinks "is unique in American folk-song." *Green Mountain* prints the "Wisconsin Emigrant's Song" with a note to the effect that this is also called "Kentucky Song" and may be dated at least as early as 1852. In Missouri versions the goal has shifted to California. Hamlin Garland, in *A Son of the Middle Border*, quotes several stanzas of this song with the explanation that they typify the argument in his father's family before they moved farther west. The purpose of the song seems to be to discourage emigration; the locale shifts as the frontier moves west. Both Belden and Flanders mention hard times as the reason for going west, Flanders' lines being closer to Douglass':

Since times are so hard, I've thought, my true heart,
Of leaving my oxen, my plough and my cart.

It is possible that the song was sung in York State earlier than 1852, for hard times were at their worst about 1837.

Tunes may be found in *Green Mountain*, in *JAF*L (XXXV [1922], 409), and in Flanders' *Country Songs of Vermont* (New York, 1937).

WISCONSIN

1. I've a mind to quit farming ill tell my sweet heart
 I've a mind to forsake my plow and my cart
 And off to Wisconsin a journey ill go
 To double my fortune as other folks do
 While here I must labor each day in the field
 And the winter consumes all the summer doth yield
2. Oh husband I've noticed with a sorrowfull heart
 That long you've neglected your plow and your cart
 Your sheep lie at random and disorderly run
 And your blue Sunday jacket goes every day on
 O stick to your farming and suffer no loss
 For a stone that keeps rolling will gather no moss
3. Oh wife let us hasten do not let us wait
 For I long to be there I long to be great
 You may be some great lady and who knows but I
 May be some rich governor before I die
 Whilst here I must labor each day in the field
 And the winter consumes all the summer doth yield
4. Oh husband remember your land is all cleared
 Which has cost you the labor of many a year
 Whilst horses sheep cattle you all have to buy
 [By] the time we get settled oh the[n] we must die
 Oh stick to your farming and suffer no loss
 For a stone that that keeps rolling will gather no moss
5. Oh wife let us hasten do not let us stand
 For ill buy you a farm that is cleared at your hand
 Whilst horses sheep cattle are not very dear
 And we'll feast on fat Buffalo half of the year
 Whilst here I must labor each day in the field
 And the winter consumes all the summer doth yield
6. Oh husband remember that land of delight
 Is surrounded by Indians that murder by knight
 They'll plunder your cabin burn to the ground
 Whilst your wife and your children lie murdered around
 Oh stick to your farming and suffer no loss
 For a stone that keeps rolling will gather no moss

7. Oh Wife yove convinced me I'll Argue no more
 For i never once thought of your dying before
 I love my dear children although they are small
 And i love my companion far better than all
 I'll stick to my farming and suffer no loss
 For a stone that keps rolling will gather no moss

58. *The Dying Californian*

The theme of this poem, the sending of last messages to loved ones, has appeared in many different forms according to the situation of the dying one. There are, for instance, "The Dying Cowboy" and "The Dying Hobo" of later origin than "The Dying Californian."—"The Unfortunate Rake" was published in an English broadside much earlier.

Gold was discovered in California, January 24, 1848. According to Greenleaf, "The Dying Californian" "was first printed in the *New England Diadem and Rhode Island Temperance Pledge*, Providence, R.I., Feb. 9, 1850," and had been "suggested on hearing an extract of a letter from Captain Chase, containing the words of Brown Owen, who recently died on his passage to California."

The versions in Eddy, Belden, and Cox show little likeness in wording to Douglass. Moreover, in all three of these is a message to the dying man's wife and, in all except Eddy, to his children, whereas the Douglass version speaks of Mary as if she was the man's betrothed, not his wife. In Douglass, too, the man is to be buried "On sanfrancisco's shore," though in Cox and Pound the line is "Ere I sink beneath the sea!" and in Eddy, "'Neath the ashen dreary turf." Eddy prints the tune sung in Ohio, and there are two tunes in *JAF*L (XXXV [1922], 364-365).

THE DYING CALIFORNIAN

1. Come brothers gather round my bed
 For I am dying now
 The last beams of life is fled
 And calmly is my brow
 While reason yet retains her throne
 Pray list to what I say
 And bear this message to my home
 My home far far away

2. Go tell my father not to blame
His wayward wandering child
But kindly seek of his dear name
One whom in youth he smiled
And tell my mother kind and dear
That my last act shall be
To breath that well remembered prayer
I learned beside her knee
3. And when I'm dead take off this ring
And bear it to that shore
Tell Mary its the proffered ring
Of one that wakes no more
And tell her in the courts above
To think on that blest hour
When first to me she pledged her love
In that sweet shady bower
4. But oh the tress her own hand gave
With it I could not part
And when you lay me in the grave
Place it upon my heart
For oh it seems I could not sleep
If it was wanting there
And oh in death I fain would keep
A gift from one so fair
5. Brothers you soon must close my eyes
And make my last cold bed
Tomorrow ere the sun doth rise
I shall be counted dead
Farewell my friends and loveing home
I n'eer shall see you more
For I must slumber here alone
On sanfrancisco's shore

59. The Used-up Miner

This pathetic song of the unsuccessful '49er was perhaps inspired by the popular comic song, "The Used-up Man," printed in DeMarsan.

THE USED UP MINER

1. The rain was pouring wildly
Along that old ravine
The light was stragling faintly
Among the pine tops green
The machines had ceased their grinding
The streams in silence ran
When came a broken miner
A perfect used up man
2. He cast a look of anguish
On dirt piled up around
His hands thrust in his pockets
And then his teeth he ground
And as the rain pored harder
And down in torrents ran
There came a broken miner
A perfect used up man
3. He took his pick and shovel
A little dirt he tried
And slow and carefull washed it
For washing was his pride
And as he gased intently
No gold saw in the pan
He cursed a broken miner
A perfect used up man
4. Although he had a pile of dirt
And prayed that it might pay
Yet for a horn he hove a sigh
He'd not had one that day
Then here's to that old digger
Though empty is his pan
That grumblin glamed (or d—md) old miner
A perfect used up man

D. Political Themes

The longest of these topical songs runs to only 8 stanzas, easily memorized for "coal-ile parades" or their earlier equivalents in presidential campaigns. Three of the five are concerned with the campaign of 1852, when the Stevens family evidently favored the Democratic party. Even in the Civil War later there were still many Democrats upstate, though nowadays we think of rural western New York as almost solidly Republican.

A feature of political songs was the use of new words for popular tunes, which were sometimes from minstrel shows. "A Song for the Campaign" in 1852 was set to the melody of "Old Dan Tucker," a minstrel song published in 1843. "The Empire Club" in 1852 was sung to Foster's tune for "Oh, Susannah" (1848); this song appeals to the Irish voter by using the preposterous claim that Pierce's father was born in Erin. In 1856 "Wait for the Wagon," to the tune of a popular song of 1851, attacks a "mongrel clan," the "Black Republicans." The new party was mongrel in the sense that it was composed of former members of other parties; it was black because of its abolitionist sympathies. After passage of the Fugitive Slave Act of 1850 sympathy for slaves had increased upstate; for example, in Syracuse a colored man named Jerry was rescued in 1851 from the custody of a federal court that would have sent him back South to his former owner; in Rochester the great colored orator, Frederick Douglass, also born in slavery, was one of the leading workers for abolition; through Auburn and on up to Canada the heroic "Aunt Harriet" Tubman led scores of runaway slaves to freedom "under de lion's paw."

60. *The Liberty Ball*

This song of abolition days does not appear in any of the books examined. It was set to the tune of "Rosin the bow" [beau], says a note in the manuscript. According to Spaeth, there were at least four other songs to that tune between 1840 and 1875, though he does

not list this one. The abolitionist Liberty party was founded in 1840. This song probably dates from about that time. In 1860 the same tune was used for "Lincoln and Liberty."

THE LIBERTY BALL

1. Come all ye true friends of the nation
Attend to humanitys call
Come aid the poor slaves liberation
And roll on the liberty ball
 And roll on the liberty ball
 Come aid the poor slaves liberation
 And roll on the liberty ball
2. The liberty hosts are advancing
For freedom to all they declare
The downtrodden millions are sighing
Come break up our gloom and despair
 Come break up our gloom of despair
3. Ye democrats come to the rescue
And aid on the liberty cause
And millions will rise up and bless you
With heart cheerings songs of aplause
 With heart cheering songs of applause
4. Ye Whigs forsake slavery's minions
And boldly step into our ranks
We care not for party opinions
But invite all the friends of the banks
 And invite all the friends of the banks
5. And when we have formed the blesst union
We'll firmly march on one and all
We'll sing when we meet in communion
And roll on the liberty ball
 And roll on the liberty ball

61. *A Song for the Campaign*

This 1852 campaign song of the Democratic party was sung to the air "Old Dan Tucker." Franklin Pierce (1804-1869) was the Democratic presidential candidate, and William Rufus Devane King (1786-1853) was the candidate for vice-president. The latter's title

of "colonel" seems to have been an honorary one, or else it was given through confusion with Pierce, who was a colonel in the Mexican War.

Stanza 3 refers to the campaign of 1844, in which James Knox Polk (1795-1849) was nominated as a "dark horse" by the Democrats and was elected. Pierce was nominated under similar circumstances in 1852; the party expected similar results. The election was a Democratic victory with an electoral vote of 254 for Pierce to 42 for General Winfield Scott, his Whig opponent.

According to *The Dictionary of American English* (Chicago, 1942), to give someone "Jesse" means to scold or beat him soundly, though the origin of the expression is obscure. *JAF* (I [1888], 78) prints an explanation of the term written by N. S. Shaler. "Jess," in the days of falconry, was a thong by which the bird was attached to the wrist; it was also used for punishing a bird that retrieved poorly.

A SONG FOR THE CAMPAIGN

1. Come sons of freedom all draw nigh
And let us raise our banners high
Come let us strike our cause is just
the democratic truth we trust
 Clear the track for pierce is comeing
 Clear the track for Pierce is comeing
 Clear the track for Pierce is comeing
 And colonel king is with him runing
2. Hurrah for Pierce he's on the track
And Colonel King is on his back
They both are honest good and true
And whig humbuggery will not do
 Get out of the way for Pierce is comeing
 And colonel King with him is running
3. We whipped the whigs in forty four
As we had often done before
They did not know our james K polk
And swore his name was all a joke
 Get out of the way for Pierce is comeing
 And colonel King is with him running

4. Our principles are still the same
 We never stoop or change our name
 We stand united in the fight
 And Whiggery we put to flight
 Clear the track for Pierce is coming
 And Colonel King is with him running
5. Oour cause has stood the test of time
 Our principles like gold do shine
 While Fedral whigs change every year
 And in new dresses do appear
 Clear the track you whigs remember
 You'll catch jesse in November

62. *The True American*

This Democratic party song for the campaign of 1852 does not appear in any of the books examined. The tune for it mentioned in the Douglass Manuscript is "My Dearest Mae."

In the campaign of 1852 there was no strong division of principles between the parties; as a result, the attacks by each party were mainly on the personalities of the opposing candidates.

"Steward" in stanza 3 may refer to Alvan Stewart (1790-1849), who was a member of the New York antislavery organization and for several years was active in organizing auxiliary groups, or to William Henry Seward (1801-1872), who was against all compromise on slavery.

Stanzas 4 and 5 refer to the "Americus" letter published by General Scott, the Whig candidate, in the *National Intelligencer* for December 17, 1844. In this letter, according to Charles Winslow Elliott (*Winfield Scott, the Soldier and the Man* [New York, 1937]), Scott gave his views on the naturalization of aliens in the hope of gaining support from the Native American party. He was so much criticized for the letter that, when the Whigs considered him for the presidential nomination, his political advisers suggested that he recant. As a result he wrote to Thurlow Weed, May 30, 1848, that naturalized citizens should have full civil and political rights and that because they had proved their zeal in the Mexican campaign he was happy to call them his countrymen. The Demo-

crats, however, made much of his having hanged some twenty soldiers guilty of desertion to the Mexican army. The fact that they were of Irish ancestry was emphasized in order to influence the Irish-American vote.

Aside from the political references, it is interesting to notice the quotation from Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, in stanza 2, line 2: "The cry is still they come."

THE TRUE AMERICAN

1. Again we've marshalled for the fight the spirit stiring drum
 Reverberates throughout all the land the cry is still they come
 To battle for the ancient faith and to its altar bring
 The votive off rings in their hearts for gallant Pierce and King
 Chorus Then to the breeze we'll fling
 The flag of Pierce and King
 And with a shout
 We'll put to rout
 The fees [foes] of pierce
2. . . . the tramp of mighty men
 . . . work shop
 Aloft the stars and stripes they throw and make the welkin ring
 Then to the &c
3. The South calls up her fiery sons with words of burning zeal
 And like a wall of liveing fire and strong as tempered steel
 They stand between the compromice and stewards prjured bands
 Resolved the ark shall not be touched by his unholy hands
 Then to the &c
4. The gen'rous noble hearted boys of brave old erin's isle
 Will strike blow for gallant Pierce against a man so vile
 For Scott with indignation fired thus to the natives wrote
 That if he only had his way the irish should not vote
 Then to the &c
5. But now he thinks he'd let them vote and citzens become
 If they will wade through seas of blood to follow fife and drum
 But 'twill not do for erins harp gives music from each string
 For those who feel for erins sons for gallant Pierce and King
 Then to the &c

6. Then like a mighty avalanche from some high mountain peak
 We'll hurl ourselves upon the foe and a sure vengeance wreak
 And when their black flag trails in dust we'll make the blue dome
 ring
 With shouts of joy and victory for gallant Pierce and King
 Then to the &c

63. *The Empire Club*

"Oh, Susannah" is the tune to which this Democratic campaign song of 1852 was sung. General Winfield Scott (1786-1866), the Whig nominee for president, is referred to in line 2, "pultepee" being a shortened form of Chapultepec, where Scott won the victory which gave him Mexico City. Line 3 refers to remarks in letters he wrote before assuming command in the Mexican campaign. According to General Marcus J. Wright (*General Scott* [New York, 1893]), the fact that the administration disagreed with Scott's plans for the prosecution of the war led Scott to write in 1846 that "soldiers had a far greater dread of a fire upon the rear than of the most formidable enemy in the front." While General Scott was awaiting orders, he was away from his office one day when the Secretary of War called. When Scott returned, he wrote a note explaining his absence; he "had only stepped out for the moment to take a hasty plate of soup." Six years later these two quotations became bywords during the campaign of 1852.

That year the Whig party was badly divided. The *DAB* quotes the remark of Horace Greeley, editor of the *New York Tribune*, that "if an anti-slavery Whig must give up his anti-slavery or his Whiggery, we choose to part with the latter." The "Silver Grays" were a group of conservative Whigs who broke away from the party at its national convention in 1850 at Syracuse, New York. They were so called either because most of them had gray hair or because Francis Granger, the leader, was gray-haired. "Godlike Dan" was Daniel Webster, who, disappointed at not receiving the Whig nomination for president, refused to support Scott and predicted the downfall of the party.

The implication of the chorus is that Scott is singing it, for "going up Salt river" is a proverbial reference to political defeat.

The letters in stanza 3 probably refer to the ones that Scott wrote;

they are explained in the introduction to "The True American" (p. 147). In stanza 4 Patrick probably refers to the Irish immigrant; Harney may be Brigadier General William Selby Harney, who was mentioned for bravery at Medellín, Mexico, on March 25, 1847. In stanza 5 the reference to Franklin Pierce's being of Irish descent is either deliberate misrepresentation in order to appeal to the Irish-American vote or a result of confusion with the Vice-President's ancestry. Some of King's ancestors were from the north of Ireland, but Pierce's father was born in Massachusetts of English ancestry. Billy York was probably William Henry Seward, who was from New York State. The mention of Scott's epaulets was designed to encourage the antagonism of those who, thinking Scott too fond of military regalia, called him "Fuss and Feathers."

THE EMPIRE CLUB

1. I had a dream the other night when all around was still
 I dreamed I saw old pultepée a sliding down the hill
 The shasty soup was in his hand the fire was in his rear
 His freesoil allies would not stand but scattered far and near
 oh poor greely don't you spit on me
 I'm going up salt river
 With the platform on my knee
2. The silver greys were laughing loud the southern whigh were
 grum
 While Godlike dan stood cold and proud he did not like the
 drum
 Some strained themselves to raise a cheer about [above] Niagara
 roar
 It all fell flat it seemed so queer twas never dome before
 oh poor greely &c
3. He had a pack of letters too he'd wrote since frty one
 With principles of every hue weighing more than a ton
 The whole was fast upon his back and nearly crushed him down
 And not a whig in all of all the pack could stop to lift apound
 oh poor greely
4. He called the irish long and loud from patrick up to harney
 But paddy . . . and bowed and just he twiged the blarney
 Arrah . . . nor caught with trashy writin

- . . . ye'd better stick to fightin
[oh poor greely &]
5. But Franklin Pierce's the boy for me his father came from erin
His father's son is frank and free we like his fine appearin
But still poor scott kept slipping adown that slip'ry hill
He called on Billy York at last and called both loud and shrill
oh poor greely &c
6. But Billys feet were slipping too his darkies wouldn't draw
Poor Greely sweat and greely braced to stop the generals slide
But greely's morralls double-faced slid onward with the tide
oh poor greely etc
7. Those mystic epaulets he grasped Scott wore in forty eight
His brains were never here he gasped but all this came too late
That horrid war we used to hate we love it dearly now
We never taked of bloody graves deny it any how
oh poor greely &c
8. Thus in the vision of the night when all around was still
I saw the whigs in motly flight far down that slip'ry hill
While Demorats were on the brow and made the welkin ring
Old coon we've fairly caught you now hurrah for Pierce and
King
oh poor greely c.

64. *Wait for the Wagon*

The Democratic party sang this campaign song in the year 1856, when the Negro question was a bitter one. The personal references are to John Charles Frémont, who was the Republican presidential candidate, and to Horace Greeley, William Seward, Preston King, Joshua Giddings, and Henry Ward Beecher, all of whom were Republicans and opposed to slavery. "Loco" is part of the name "Locofoco" applied to Democrats. "Pennsylvtuck" is a portmanteau word formed from Pennsylvania, the home state of the presidential candidate of the Democrats, James Buchanan, and from Kentucky, home of the candidate for the vice-presidency, J. C. Breckinridge.

The music for the original "Wait for the Wagon" (1851) was composed by R. Bishop Buckley, who was born in England about 1810. After coming to the United States, he organized Buckley's Minstrels in 1843 and, according to Johnson's *Our Familiar Songs*

and *Those Who Made Them* (New York, 1909), became its most attractive feature.

WAIT FOR THE WAGGON

1. Will you come with me good democrats
 And rally round our flag
 To fight the Black Republicans
 Who play the game of brag
 We'll meet them in discussion
 We'll meet them at the polls
 We'll met these same old coons again
 And drive them to their holes
 Wait for the Waggon &c
2. Theres Fremont with his woolley horse
 With greely on his back
 And seward with the monster bank
 With all the federal pack
 And king from old St. lawrence
 With Giddings by his side
 We'll give those negro worshipers
 A good november ride
 Wait for the Waggon
 The old demoratic Waggon
 Wait for the waggon
 And yoll all take aride
3. We'll ride then up salt river
 To their homes again
 We'll give them no fresh water
 Except a Loco Reign
 Master Seward Shall be captain
 And Beecher man the gun
 And Greely pay the banjo
 Whill St lawrence beats the drum
 Wait for the Waggon
4. Our Waggon comes from pennsylvtuck
 By Democrats twas made
 And made of good old Hickory
 So you need not be afraid

Then all aboard ye federal tribe
We'll ticket every man
That goes the negro worshipers
Or goes the mongrel clan
 Then wait for the waggon
 The old demoratic waggon
Wait for the waggon
 And youll all take aride

E. Tragic Themes

A murder, a shipwreck, a fire, or any catastrophe that occurred before the time of the Civil War was almost sure to be celebrated in a ballad. Such a ballad would be published in a newspaper or hawked as a broadside or slip sheet for a cent or two. The *Loss of the Albion* in 1822, sometimes sung to the tune of "Caroline of Edinburgh Town," was perhaps the most popular of shipwreck songs; certainly it got into oral tradition and remained there until the twentieth century. The editor of this manuscript first heard the ballad sung by Blind Sam Taylor, an ancient mariner. Sarah Maria Cornell, murdered in New England in 1832, was celebrated in the sort of verse—12 stanzas in the manuscript—which resembles the product of a newspaper muse. Why a crime committed so far from western New York should have continued to interest the Stevens family is explained by the fact that the unfortunate Sarah was thought to have been seduced and killed by a clergyman who had been tried and whose guilt was often debated.

65. *Loss of the Albion*

According to Eckstorm, the *Albion*, Williams, master, was wrecked on the Irish coast, probably near Kinsale, at 4 A.M. on April 22, 1822. Among those lost was Professor Alexander Fisher of Yale, who was engaged to Miss Catherine Beecher, elder sister of Harriet Beecher Stowe. Thompson prints a similar version, also from New York, which was a favorite of Blind Sam.

LOSS OF THE ALBION

1. Come all you joly sailors bold and listen unto me
A dreadful story I will tell that happened on the sea
The loss of the Albion ship my boys upon the Irish coast
And most of the passengers and crew wre completely lost
2. It was on the first of April from New York we set sail
Kind Neptune did protect us with a sweet and pleasant gale
Until about the twentieth a storm there did arise
The raging billows loud did roar and dismal were the skies
3. It was on Sunday afternoon the land we did espy
At two o'clock we made Cape Clear the sea ran mountains high
The southward wind began to blow and heavy squalls came on
Which made our passengers to weep and sailors for to moan
4. All prudent sail we carried to keep us clear from land
Expecting every moment our vessel she would strand
Our foretopsail was split my boys and foreyard took away
Our mainmast by the deck was broke and mizen swept away
5. Our captain was wash'd overboard into the boundless deep
Which caused all that were on board for to lament and weep
Unto the pumps we lash'd our selves most dreadful for to know
And many a gallant soul my boys they overboard did go
6. We had a lady fair on board Miss Powell was her name
Whose name deserves to be engraved upon the list of fame
She wished to take her turn at pump her precious life to save
No sooner was her wish denied she met a watery grave
7. All night in this condition we were tossing to and fro
At three o'clock in the morning we were in the midst of wo
Full twenty seven men on deck with each a broken [heart]
The Albion struck against a rock and mid ships she did part
8. Our passengers were twenty nine when from New York she
came
With twenty five bold sailor lads as ever crossed the main
Full fifty four we had on board when first we did set sail
And only nine escaped the wreck to tell the dreadful tale
9. So now that noble vessel the Albion she is lost
Through the tempestuous ocean she so often time crossed

Our noble captain he is lost a man a sailor bold
 And many a gallant life is lost and many a heart made cold

66. *Sarah Maria Cornell*

On December 21, 1832, Miss Sarah Maria Cornell was found dead at Tiverton in the county of Newport, Rhode Island. A verdict of suicide was first rendered, but public feeling demanded further investigation. At a court of inquiry the Reverend Ephraim K. Avery was cleared of the charges of seduction and murder. Following his release there was a popular outcry. In fact, a committee was appointed by the citizens of Fall River, Massachusetts, Miss Cornell's home at one time, to help in the apprehension of the Reverend Mr. Avery, who was found in Rindge, New Hampshire, having left his home in Bristol from fear of mob violence. He was tried by the Supreme Court of Rhode Island and declared not guilty. Soon afterward a report was made by a committee of the New England Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, reiterating his innocence, recommending his continuance in his ministerial position, and even requesting the bishop to give him an appointment favorable to his health. Feeling was still so intense, however, that both attacks and defenses were published in 1833 and 1834. The following verses are plainly written by one of Miss Cornell's sympathizers, probably for newspaper publication; at least one other poetic memorial to her was published, in the *Fall River Monitor*. A copy of these verses appears in an edition of *The Forget-Me-Not Songster* owned by Professor Henry Belden. The only noticeable variation in wording is in the last line of the first stanza, where "end" replaces the Douglass "fate."

For further information consult the following: *The Trial at Large of the Rev. Ephraim K. Avery for the Wilful Murder of Sarah Maria Cornell at Tiverton in the county of Newport, R. I. on the evening of 20th Decem. 1832* (New York, 1833); *Strictures on the case of Ephraim K. Avery, originally published in the Republican Herald, Providence, R. I., with corrections, revisions, and additions by Aristides* (Providence, 1833); *A Vindication of the result of the trial of Rev. Ephraim K. Avery* (Boston, 1834); *Report of a committee of the New England Annual conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church on the case of Rev. Ephraim K. Avery,*

member of the said conference (Boston, 1833); and Catherine R. Williams, *Fall River, An Authentic Narrative* (Boston, 1833).

SARAH MARIA CORNELL

1. Kind christians all I pray attend
To these few lines that I have penn'd
While I relate the murderd fate
That did awaite poor cornell's fate
2. Miss Sarah Cornell was her name
Whose base deceit has brought to shame
Your hearts in sympathy must bleed
When shepherds murder their lambs indeed
3. A Rev Mr Avery sure
A teacher of the Gospel pure
Stands charged with murder to the test
Seduction too in part confessed
4. First inquest he was set at large
From circumstances there's further charge
Soon after that deed was done
He run away the law to shun
5. But blood for blood aloud doth cry
All murderer's too must surely die
Three hundred dollars of reward
To bring this Avery to the charge
6. He soon was taken and with speed
Must answer for the fatal deed
Now in Rhode Island bound is he
In May to wait his destiny
7. Me thought I heard her spirit say
Remember cornells end I pray
And let no one reflection make
Upon my friends for my poor sake
8. Let womans weakness plead my cause
When cruel men break natures laws
Oft man by man is much deceiv'd
What tongue would not my weakness plead

9. "Knew you but half the artful way
My base betrayer led me astray
The best may slip the cautious fall
He's more than man ne'er erred at all
10. Ye maidens all both old and young
Trust not to men's false flattering tongue
To know a man pray know his life
How few there are deserve a wife
11. Tho' doom'd I am to an awfull end
I crave the prayers of every friend
That my poor spirit may be blest
And with my God in heaven rest
12. Yet to conclude this mournful song
These lines I pray remember long
Adieu my friends pray don't repine
Examples yours experience mine

F. Minstrel Songs

Foster's "Old Dog Tray" was published in 1853 when its author-composer was still alive and his songs were being taken over by the folk. Probably the Stevens family knew them so well that they did not bother to write the words of other minstrel songs by the same composer. "Nancy Till" had been sung since 1851. Steele's "My Gum-Tree Canoe" dates from about 1850. "Gum" is here spelled "Gun," but also "night" is spelled "Knight"; there are knights in several old ballads, of course, but also the proper name Knight was found among families in western New York. Anyway, here is evidence that the song was not copied down from a printed sheet.

67. *Old Dog Tray*

Stephen Collins Foster's song in memory of his "handsome setter dog" was published in 1853. According to John Tasker Howard (*Stephen Foster* [New York, 1934]), Christie paid Foster ten dollars for the privilege of singing this song first and having his name on the title page. Foster was to receive a 10 per cent royalty from

the publisher on all copies with vocal arrangements; up to January 27, 1857, he had received \$1,080.25. As might be expected, the Douglass version shows few variations; it may possibly have been set down in the same year. The tune appears in many songbooks as well as in a book edited by Earhart and Birge, *Songs of Stephen Foster* (Pittsburgh, 1939).

OLD DOG TRAY

1. The morn of life is past and evening comes at last
It brings me a dream of a once happy day
Of many forms ive seen up on the village green
Sporting with my old Dog Tray
Chorus Old Dog Tray is ever faithful
Grief cannot drive him away
He is gentle he is kind I'll never never find
A better friend than Old Dog Tray
2. The forms I called my own have vanished one by one
The loved ones the dear ones have all passed away
Their hapy smiles have flown their gentle voices gone
I have nothing left but old Dog Tray
Old dog Tray &&
3. When thoughts recall the past his eyes are on me cast
I know that he feels what my breaking heart would say
Although he cannot speak Ill vainly vainly seek
A better friend than old Dog Tray
Old dog Tray &c. &c.

68. *Nancy Till*

According to Scribner, "Nancy Till" was first "written and arranged by White's Serenaders" and was published in 1851. *Brown* reports two identical versions of four stanzas. The last line of their chorus is line 2 of Douglass stanza 2; *Brown* stanza 2 corresponds to Douglass stanza 3; and in stanza 1, "she" and "I" are exchanged. *Brown* (C) is only four lines, the first two being like the last two of the Douglass chorus. Douglass has dropped the "de," "dere," and so on of Negro dialect in this minstrel song; otherwise, except for minor word variations, it corresponds closely to the DeMarsan version.

NANCY TILL

1. Down in the cane break close by the mill
 There lives a yaller gall hre name is Nancy Till
 I know that she loves me Ive known it very long
 Im going to serenage her by singing her a song
 Chorus Come love come the boat lies low
 She lies high and dry the ohio
 Come love come and go along with me
 And I'll take you down to Tennessee
2. I came from below will you go along with me
 And I'll row the boat while the boat rows me
 Im waitting for an answer will you not refuse to go
 And listen to the harmony of my old Banjo
 Come love come &c &c
3. Open your window to your lover so true
 And listen to the music Im paying to you
 Like the soft summer notes so swet and low
 As they flow from the strings of me old Banjo
 Come love come &c &c

69. *My Gum-Tree Canoe*

This minstrel song, entitled "My Gun Tree Canoe" in the Douglass Manuscript, was written by S. S. Steele about the middle of the nineteenth century. It is sometimes known as "Tom-big-bee River" in reference to the river that rises in Mississippi and flows southeast through Alabama, emptying into Mobile Bay. *Ozark* has a version similar to that of Douglass though its chorus consists of only the last two lines of the Douglass refrain. The *Brown* (A) chorus repeats those two lines to make a four-line refrain, but (B) does not. The *Brown* versions are shorter than Douglass. Music and a version closely similar to that in Douglass appear in Margaret and Travis Johnson's *Early American Songs* (Associated Music Publishers, 1943).

MY GUN TREE CANOE

1. On Tombigbee River so bright I was born
 In a hut made of husks of the tall Yellow Corn

Twas there I first met with my Julia so true
 And that night we rowed round in our Gun Tree Canoe
 Chorus. Then row the boat lightly love over the sea
 For daily and Nightly Ill wander with thee
 Then row away row oer the waters so blue
 Like A feather I floatted My Gun Tree Canoe.

2. All day in the Field of soft Cotton I hoe
 And think of my Julia and sing as I go
 I Caught her a bird of the wing of true blue
 And that Knight we rowed round in our Gun Tree Canoe
 Chorus. Then row the &c. &c.
3. On[e] Hand to the banjo on[e] toe to the oar
 We'll sing to the sound of the Rivers soft roar
 The stars they look down on my Julia so true
 And dance in her eyes in our Gun Tree Canoe
 Chorus. Then row the &c. &c.
4. One day the stream led us so far away
 That we could not get back so we thought we would stay
 We me[t] a tall Ship with the flag of true blue
 And they took us onboard with our Gun Tree Canoe
 Chorus. Then row the &c. &c.

G. White Spirituals

From the time of the Reverend Charles Grandison Finney's preaching in the 1820s, and perhaps earlier, upper New York State knew a succession of religious revivals for which were needed easily memorized "spiritual songs" that could be learned without the aid of books. Thanks to the late Professor George Pullen Jackson of Vanderbilt University and to Mrs. Annabel Morris Buchanan of Virginia and Kentucky, we have recovered and are now singing again such beautiful spirituals as the one that the Stevens family called "Canaan." (For a comparison of the texts and also for a tune, see Mrs. Buchanan's *Folk Hymns of America*, p. 64.) Such songs are often characterized by much repetition; sometimes they have what Jackson called wandering or "errant" couplets that could be transferred from one spiritual to another among whites or colored people; for example, a

number of the Negro spirituals best known today seem to have inherited a couplet found in "Canaan":

If you get there before I do,
Look out for me, I am coming too.

Instead of "Look out for me" our Negro spirituals usually say, "Tell all my friends."

Fortunately the Stevens scribe gave the dates when two songs were written down: "We're Traveling Home," 1841, and "The Gospel Ship," 1843. The first is a song of comfort, while the second emphasizes the terrors of Judgment that concerned Puritans of earlier times.

"The White Pilgrim," a sort of sacred ballad, tells about an evangelist who wore a white robe and who "met a contageon." It would be interesting to know more about this worthy than scholars have been able to record. Did he preach upstate? Indeed, although something is now known about white spirituals in New England and the South, we are much in need of a reliable article about them in New York, where evangelistic religion in the first half of the nineteenth century may well have produced notable songs. If anyone makes a special study of early hymnals published in the state, the texts of their "spiritual songs" will probably be found at the back of the books, without music. Unfortunately, St. Paul (Eph. 5:19), when he recommended the singing of psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, did not define his terms and seemed to place "spiritual songs" as an inferior type—as hymnals did in the time of the manuscript. We can make a generalization and say that Americans sang psalms in the seventeenth century, many hymns in the eighteenth, and the lowly but sometimes beautiful spiritual songs in the first half of the nineteenth.

70. *The Convert*

"A-Begging We Will Go," a seventeenth-century English secular song, was probably the original for this song from the Douglass manuscript, as it was, according to Jackson (1), for early songs on bowling, fishing, hawking, and hunting as well as for "Begger" or

“To Begging I Will Go,” which he reprints with melody from Walker’s *Southern Harmony*. The chorus of the latter corresponds to that of Douglass stanzas 4–8, but the verses are not the same, those in *Southern Harmony* being the farewell of a China-bound missionary. Jackson (1) also reprints “Lost City; or, To Glory I Will Go” from James’s *Original Sacred Harp*, the chorus for which corresponds to that for Douglass stanzas 1, 2, 3, and 9. Again the verses are different.

THE CONVERT

1. When I set out for glory
I left the world behind
Determined for a city
That’s out of sight to find.
And to glory I will go
And to glory I will go I’ll go I’ll go
And to glory I will go
2. I left my worldly honour
I left my worldly fame
I left my young companions
And with them my good name
And to glory I will go &c
3. Some said I’d better tarry
They thought I was to young
For to prepare for dying
But this was all my theme
And to glory I will go &c
4. Come all my loveing brethren
And listen to my cry
All you that are backsliders
Must shorty beg or die
And to begging I will go
And to begging I will go I’ll go I’ll go
5. The Lord he loves the beggar
Who truly begs indeed
He always will relieve him
Whene’er he stands in need
And to begging I will go &c

6. I do not beg for riches
Nor to be dressed fine
The garment that he'll give me
The sun it will outshine
And to begging I will go &c
7. I am not ashamed to beg
While here on earth I stay
I am not ashamed to watch
And I'm not ashamed to pray
And to begging I will go &c
8. the richest man i ever saw
Was one that begg'd the most
His soul was fill'd with Jesus
And with the holy ghost
And to begging I will go &c
9. And now we are encouraged
Come let us travel on
Until we join the angels
And sing the holy song
And to glory we'll all go
And to glory we'll all go we'll go we'll go
And to glory we'll all go

71. *The Gospel Ship*

Stanzas 3 and 8 are good examples of the cumulative stanza popular in spirituals of the early nineteenth century. "There Will Be Mourning or Judgment Scenes," for which Jackson (1) gives both text and tune, uses the "mourning" chorus of Douglass stanzas 7, 8, and 9. Such choruses were often sung with different songs, variants of the "glory" refrain also being common.

Although a closely corresponding version of the Douglass song has not been found, its theme of judgment followed by salvation or damnation is a familiar one in spirituals. The manuscript copy was signed "Julia Stevens, Java, 1843."

THE GOSPEL SHIP

1. The gospel ship is sailing by
The ark of safety now is nigh

O sinners unto Jesus fly
 Improve your day of grace
 O there'll be glory. glory O hallelugah
 O there'll be glory
 When we the Lord embrace

2. Come fathers will you go with me
 Come mothers will you go with me
 Eternity you soon must see
 O haste prepare to die
 O there'll be glory &c
 When saints shall reign on high
3. Come brothers will you go with me
 Come sisters will you go with me
 Come neighbours will you go with me
 And flee from wrath to come
 O there'll be glory &c
 When all the saints get home
4. The judgement day is rolling on
 The glass of life will soon be run
 Creation with her fiery doom,
 The Lord will soon appear!
 O there'll be glory. &c
 When saints shall view him near
5. Now hark! the trumpet rends the skies
 See slumbering millions wake and rise!
 What joy, what terror and suprise!
 The last great day is come!
 O there'll be glory &c
 Around the judgement throne
6. See nations throng his awful bar
 Both saints and sinners from afar
 All tribes and kindred now appear
 And wait to hear their doom
 O there'll be glory &c
 When christ the Lord shall come
7. Jehovah now the book unseals!
 The clearest tight [light?] each heart reveals!

- The pointed truth each conscience feels!
The amazing throng divide! mourning
O there'll be mourning mourning mourning
O there'll be mourning
When justice shall decide
8. See parents and their children part!
See husbands and their wives must part!
See brothers and their sisters part!
To meet again no more
O there'll be mourning &c
The day of mercy's o'er
9. Now all the ungodly must return,
They're doom'd to dwell in quenchless fire
The gnawing worm will ne'er expire,
Their anguish ne'er will cease;
O there'll be mourning &c
The forfeiture of grace.
10. See heaven displays her pearly gates
That kingdom for the righteous waits
Come blessed children take your seats
Of old prepared for you
O there'll be glory &c
When we mount Zion view
11. See Jesus and his saints unite
And move to realms of endless light
With him his bride shall walk in white
In innocence and love
O there'll be glory &c
And sweetest songs above.

72. Canaan

Buchanan gives three versions of "Bright Canaan," the chorus of all being the same as that in Douglass. In the first version, only the first stanza is like that of Douglass; in the second, stanzas 1, 3, 4, and 5 correspond; the five stanzas of the third correspond to the first five of Douglass. According to Buchanan, the song has been attributed to the Reverend John Moffett and dated about 1829, but the original

is unknown and the number of variants indicates an older source. Alterations in the *Original Sacred Harp* version are credited to E. J. King of Georgia about 1844.

The chorus of Douglass is almost identical with that in "I'm Bound for the Land of Canaan" or "Sweet Canaan," reprinted in Jackson (1) from the *Original Sacred Harp* of James, but only one of the stanzas (D.2, J.3) is the same. The other stanzas of Douglass can be identified as "errant couplets," all but 1 and 8 being listed in Jackson (3) from *Millennial Harp* (1843), *Revival Melodies* (1842), or *Olive Leaf* (1878).

"Canaan," as given in *Advent*, corresponds exactly to the first five stanzas and the chorus of Douglass.

CANAAN

1. Together let us sweetly live I am bound for the land of canaan
Together let us sweetly die I am bound for the land of canaan
O canaan bright canaan I am bound for the land of canaan
O canaan is my happy home I am bound for the land of canaan
2. I[f] you get there before I do
Look out for me I am coming too &c
3. I have some friends before me gone
And I'm resolved to travel on &c
4. Our songs of praise shall fill the skies
While higher still our joys they rise &c
5. Then come with me beloved friend
The joys of Heaven shall never end &c
6. How happy is the pilgrims lot
How free from every anxous tho't &c
7. Nothing on earth I call my own
A stranger to the world unknown &c
8. I trample on the whole delight
And seek a city out of sight &c
9. There is my house and portion fair
My treasure and my heart are there &c
10. For me my elder bretheren stay
And angels beckon me away &c

73. *We're Traveling Home*

"Will You Go," two versions of which are printed in Jackson (2), has many lines like those in Douglass, though neither version is as long. The first two lines of version A correspond to those of Douglass, and the next three to the last ones of Douglass stanza 3. In version B the first two lines again correspond. Jackson (2) stanza 2, the first two lines correspond to the first lines of Douglass stanza 3; the next ones to Douglass stanza 2. Many of the Douglass lines may also be identified in Jackson (3) as "errant couplets."

Six Douglass stanzas correspond to those in *Advent*, though with lines interchanged between stanzas in some cases. Stanza 7 of Douglass is not represented in *Advent*, and four of the latter's stanzas do not appear in Douglass.

At the end of the Douglass version is written "Java, Wyoming Co, Sept. 12, 1841, Julia Stevens."

WE'RE TRAVELING HOME

1. We're traveling home to heaven above Will you go Will you
go
To sing the saviors dying love Will you go Will you go
Millions have reached that healthful shore
Their cares and trials all are ore
But still theres room fore millions more Will you go Will you
go
2. We're going to walk the plains of light Will you go Will you
go
To where theres no more cares or night Will you go Will you
go
A crown of life we there shall wear
A conquerors palm we there shall bear
And all the joys of heaven we'll share Will you go Will you
go
3. We're going to see the bleeding lamb Will you go Will you
go
In rapturous strains to praise his name Will you go Will you
go
Our sun will there no more go down
Our moon no more will be withdrawn

- Our days of mourning past and gone Will you go Will you go
go
4. The way to heaven is free for all Will you go Will you go
For jew or gentile great or small Will you go Will you go
Make up your mind give God your heart
With every sin and idle thought
And now for glory make a start Will you go Will you go
5. The way to heaven is strait and plain Will you go Will you go
go
Repent believe be born again Will you go Will you go
The savior calls aloud for the
Take up thy cross and follow me
And thou shall my salvation see Will you go Will you go
6. O could I hear some sinner say I will go I will go
I'd start this moment clear the way, let me go Let me go
My old companions fare you well
I will not go with you to hell
I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell Will you go Will you go
7. We are going to see our saviors face Will you go Will you go
go
And sing redemption through his grace Will you go Will you go
go
My young companions are so kind
They leave the world and all behind
A new jerusalem to find Will you go Will you go

74. *The White Pilgrim*

The confusion regarding the authorship of this song has recently been clarified by D. K. Wilgus in the article, "The White Pilgrim: Song, Legend, and Fact" (*Southern Folklore Quarterly*, XIV [1950], 177-184). According to this study, John Ellis, a young minister, wrote the elegiac verses in 1838, three years after the death of Joseph Thomas, the evangelist who, during the last twenty years of his life, always appeared dressed in a white robe.

The Douglass version corresponds quite closely to that in *Green Mountain* except that *Green Mountain's* stanza corresponding to the first in Douglass part 2 is quite different; *Green Mountain* also omits stanzas 2 and 8 of Douglass part 2. Part 1 of Douglass corresponds to

“Lone Pilgrim” of Jackson (1), which condenses Douglass stanzas 4 and 5 and adds a final stanza lacking in Douglass. Jackson (1) and *Green Mountain* both give melodies. Hudson gives from oral tradition a variant much like the first part of Douglass. Although there are several word variations, the only noteworthy ones are in stanza 6, where the word “gone” completes line 2 and the word “scenes” replaces “sins” in line 3. *Ozark* has four fragments of versions and one tune. *Brown* also presents “The Lone Pilgrim.”

THE WHITE PILGRIM

1. I came to the spot where the white pilgrim lay
And pensively stood by his tomb
When in a low whisper I heard something say
How quiet I sleep here alone
2. The tempest may howl and the loud thunder rool
And gathering storms may arise
Yet calm is my feelings at rest is my soul
The tears are all wiped from my eyes
3. The cause of my master propell'd me from home
I bade my companions farewell
I left my dear children who now for me mourn
I far distant regions to dwell
4. I wandered an exile a stranger below
To publish salvation abroad
The Trump of the gospel endeavord to blow
Inviting poor sinners to God
5. But among stragners and far from my home
No kindred nor relation nigh
I met a contageon and sank in the tomb
My spirit to mansions on high
6. O tell my Companions and children most dear
To weep not for Joseph though
The same hand that led me through sins dark and drear
Has kindly assisted me home

Part 2

1. I called at the house of his widow below
B afflictions and sorrow oppressed

- And there were her children in mourning arrayed
 And sighs were escaping their brest
2. There sat a lone widow dejected and sad
 By affliction and sorrow oppressed
 And there were her children in mourning arrayed
 And sighs were escaping their brest
3. I spoke to the widow concerning her grief
 And asked her the cause of her woe
 And why there was nothing could give her relief
 Or sooth her afflictions below
4. She looked at her children then lookd upon me
 That look I shall never forget
 More eloquent far than a seraph could be
 It spake of the trials she met
5. The hand of affliction falls heavily now
 I am calld with my children to mourn
 The friend of my youth lies silent and low
 In yonder cold grave yard alone
6. But why should I murmur or to complain
 Or think that my portion is hard
 Have I met with afflictions tis surely his gain
 He has entered the joys of his lord
7. His work is completed and finished below
 His last tear is fallen I trust
 Has preached his last sermon has met his last foe
 He has conquerd and now is at rest
8. Though dead he yet speaketh poor sinners to you
 Who have heard him proclaim the glad word
 Repent of thy sins for thy days are but few
 You'll soon meet at the bar of his God

III



Minor Groups— English and American

A. Indian Themes

BY 1840 the Indians of western New York were no longer a menace to the whites; the few red men who survived were mostly on reservations of the Senecas. "Alknomook," printed in a songster as early as 1789, is in the tradition of the Noble Savage singing his death song and addressing his enemies; he is the sort of romantic person whom the next century could accept comfortably. This is not to say that there were (and are) no noble Indians.

The Stevens family seem to have known two songs both called "The Indian Hunter." The first is about a son of a chief; one of the six stanzas refers to the maid who taught him to love. (The folk in the early nineteenth century liked stories about Indian lovers, especially lovers who leaped over a precipice, and of course Longfellow in 1855 told about his Hiawatha's wooing and wedding feast.) The second "Indian Hunter" has a text originally written by an English poetess; the manuscript refers vaguely to an appropriate tune to be found in a "Chorus & Glee Book." This Indian was wronged by the white men. "The Indian Student" is rather sentimental but probably represents

what happened to more than one student at Dartmouth or at Hamilton College (earlier the Hamilton Oneida Academy); the pious founders of these institutions tried to educate Indian youths.

75. *Alknomook*

This death song of an Indian chief is in the sentimentally heroic vein so often found in white people's songs of the red man. Alknomook, or in the Pennsylvania version, Alknomah, boasts of his prowess and scorns complaint. The full title of the song, according to Sonneck, is "Alknomook. The Death Song of the Cherokee Indians." It was published in *The Philadelphia Songster* in 1789.

The philosophical first two lines of Douglass and the third stanza are not in Shoemaker. Also, many words in the Pennsylvania version are different from those in the Douglass version, and some lines are even placed differently. For example, Shoemaker's lines 1 and 2 of stanza 2 correspond to Douglass' lines 1 and 2 of stanza 4.

ALKNOMOOK

1. The sun sets at night and the stars shun the day
But glory remains when the light fades away
Begin ye tormentors your threats are in vain
For the son of Alknomook Shall never complain
2. Remember the arrows he shot from his bow
Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low
Why so slow do you wait 'till I shrink from my pain
No the son of Alknomook shall never complain
3. Remember the wood where in ambush we lay
And the scalps which we bore from your nation away
Now the flame rises fast you exult [in] my pain
But the son of Alknomook shall never complain
4. I'll go to the land where my father is gone
His ghost shall rejoice at the fame of his son
Death comes like a friend to relieve me from pain
And thy [son] oh Alknomook has scorn'd to complain

76. *The Indian Hunter*

A popular song about the romanticized Indian, this appears in DeMarsan with only minor variations, one of which, inserted in

brackets, improves the Douglass version. *Brown's* version is also much the same except for such a word as "valint" (stanza 4, line 4) which is "galliant" in *Brown*.

THE INDIAN HUNTER

1. Let me go to my home that is far distant west
To the scenes of my youth that I like the best
Where the tall seeders are and the bright waters flow
Where my parents will greet me white man let me go
2. Let me go [to the spot] where the cataract plays
Where oft I have sported in my boyish days
There is my poor mother whose heart will o'erflow
At the sight of her child oh there let me go
3. Let me go to the hills and the vallies so fair
Where oft I have breathed my own mountain air
And there through the forest with quiver and bow
I have chased the wild deer oh there let me go
4. Let me go to my father by whose valint side
I have sported so oft in the height of my pride
And exulted to conquer the insolent foe
To my father the cheiftain oh there let me go
5. And oh let me go to my dark eyed maid
Who taught me love beneath the willow shade
Whose heart's lik the fawns and is pure as the snow
And she loves her dear Indian to her let me go
6. And oh let me go to my fair forest home
And never again will I wish to roam
And there let my body in ashes lie low
To that scene in the forest white man let me go.

77. *The Indian Hunter*

Eliza Cook, English poetess (1818–1889), is the author of this poem, and Spaeth (1) gives 1837 as its publication date. A penciled note in the manuscript reads "Music pg. 11 in Chorus & Glee Book." There are only a few minor word changes from the original as given in Felleman. Another song called "The Indian Hunter" is credited to Eliza Cook by *Ozark*.

THE INDIAN HUNTER

1. Oh why does the white man follow my path
Like the hound on the tigers track
Does the flush on my dark cheek awaken his wrath
Does he covet the bow at my back
2. He has rivers and seas where the billows and breeze
Bear riches for him alone
And the sons of the wood never plunge in the flood
Which the white man calls his own
3. Then why should he come to the streams where none
But the red man dares to swim
Why why should he wrong the hunter one
[Who] never did harm to him
4. The father above thought fit to give
The white man corn and wine
There are golden fields where he may live
But the forest shades are mine
5. The eagle hath its place of rest
The wild horse where to dwell
And the spirit that gave the bird its nest
Made me a home as well
6. Then back go back from the red mans track
For the hunters eye grows dim
To find that the white man wrongs the one
Who never did harm to him

78. *The Indian Student*

Philip Freneau wrote another poem called "The Indian Student," but this Douglass song does not appear in any of the books examined. It is in the typically sentimental vein.

THE INDIAN STUDENT

1. O give me back my bended bow
My cap and feathers give them back
To chase o'er hill the bounding roe
And follow on the otter track
You took me from my native wild

- Where all was free was gay and blest
You said the Indian hunters child
In classic halls and bowers could rest
2. Long have I dwelt within these walls
And poured oer ancient pages hong [long?]
I hate these antiquated halls
I hate these grecian poets song
My soul formed for nobler deeds
Twas formed oer Indian plains to roam
Your bells of call no more I heed
I long to see my native home
3. I wish I was as I have been
With bended bow and bloodhound free
Chasing the deer oer forest glen
O thats the life designed for me
My brothers to they bound as free
As the wild hare on soaring wing
My sisters to they think on me
As their low chant at eve they sing
4. Yes and perhaps away away
How can I think and linger here
I hear in dreams their silent sighs
In dreams I see their silent tears
Tis done tis past as free as air
Ill drink their health in forest glade
On on nor toil nor footsteps spare
Ill seek the deepest wilaest shade

B. Moral Themes

Two or three of these four numbers are English. "Patient Joe," perhaps learned from a Sunday-school book of 1849, has 15 stanzas about an English miner. "The Poor Man" is a dialogue between a virtuous poor man and a generous noble. "The Sweeper," on the subject of death, the leveler, satirizes four professions, all of which could be either English or American: statesman, lawyer, parson, doctor. "The Temperance Ship," which seems to be connected with the Washington

temperance movement started in 1840, is certainly American; it has the rhythm of a popular early minstrel song, "Old Dan Tucker," which was published in 1842.

79. *Patient Jo*

This story of an infinitely patient man dramatically rewarded was supposed to be morally enlightening. Jackson reprints the verses from *The Child's Book of Ballads*, which was published by the American Sunday-School Union in 1849. The Douglass version lacks stanzas 3, 4, and 8 of Jackson and has other minor variations.

PATIENT JO

1. Have you heard of the collier of honest renown
Who dwelt on the borders of New Castle town
His name it was Joseps [Joseph] you better may know
When I tell you he was always called patient Jo
2. Whatever betied him he thought it was right
And providence still he kept ever in sight
To those who love god let things turn as they would
He was certain that all worked together for good
3. If the land was afflicted with war he declared
T'was a needful correction for the sins which he shared
But when merciful heaven bid slaughter to cease
How thankful was Josept for the blessings of peace
4. Though his wife was but sickly his gettings but small
A mind so submissive prepared him for all
He lived on his gaines were they greater or less
But the giver he ceased not each moment to bless
5. When taxes ran high and provisions were dear
Still Joseph declared he had nothing to fear
That when rich and when poor he alike understood
That all things together were working for good
6. It was josephs ill fortune to work in a pit
With some who beleived that profaneness was wit
When disaster befell him much pleasure they showed
And laughfed and said Joseph will this work for good

7. But ever when these would profanely advance
That this happened by luck and that happened by chance
Still Joseph insisted no chance could be found
Not a sparrow by accident falls to the ground
8. Among his companions that worked in the pit
And made him the but of their profligate wit
Was idle tim jinkins who drank and who gamed
Who mocked at the bible and was not ashamed
9. One time at the pit his comrads he found
They chatted prepareing to go under ground
Tim Jinkins as usual was turning to jest
Jos notion that all things which happened were best
10. Whilst jo on the ground had unthinkingly laid
His prvisions for dinner of bacon and bread
A dog on his watch seized the bread and the meat
And off with his prey ran with footsteps so fleet
11. Now to see the delight that tim jenkins expressed
Is the loss of thy dinner to Jo for the best
I have no doubt of it says joseph but as i must eat
Its my duty to try to recover my meat
12. So saying he followed the dog a long round
Whilst tim jenkins lauging and swearing went down under
ground
Poor jo soon returned though his bacon was lost
For the dog he a good dinner had made at his cost
13. When Joseph came back he expested a sneer
But the face of each colier [spoke] horrow and fear
What a narrow escape hast thou had they all said
The pit has fallen in and tim jenkins is dead
14. How sincere was the gratitude Joseph expressed
How warm the compassions that glowed in his breast
Thus evenst great and small if awright understood
Will be found to be working to gether for good
15. When my meal Joseph cried was first stolen away
And i had no prospect of eating to day

How could it appear to a short sighted sinner
That my life would be saved by the loss of my dinner

80. *The Poor Man*

The Journal of the Folk-Song Society (I [1883], 79) gives a tune for this song and mentions the publication in Johnson's *Scots Musical Museum* (1792) of a version and tune contributed by Robert Burns. That melody was considered much like "There'll Never Be Peace Till Jamie Comes Home." A long broadside in the Roxburgh collection names the tune "The Two English Travellers."

The third line's repeating or echoing the second line in stanzas 1, 2, 3, 5, and 6 is unusual, repetition probably taking the place of forgotten lines. Although the wording and details of the several versions vary greatly, the poor man's work and his companionship with his family remain in all. The Douglass version is much like the Flanders one except for the interchanging of stanzas 2 and 3 and the inclusion in Flanders of a stanza about the dinner. Gardner's "The Jolly Thresherman," *Brown's* "The Thresherman," and another song in Flanders called "The Labourer," which was "copied literatim from the *Green Mountain Songster*," start with an explanation of the way the nobleman happened to the meet the poor man, whereas the Douglass version begins with the nobleman's question. The ring as a token of favor and the dinner at which the land is given do not appear in Gardner, Flanders, or *Brown*.

THE POOR MAN

1. Come poor man come poor man come tell unto me true
How you maintain your family and how you get then tho' [them
through]
How you maintain your family the most of them are small
You've nothing but your labor to maintain them all
2. Theres hedging there ditching theres nothing but what i can do
Theres nothing comes amiss to mee i harrow and i plow
Theres nothing comes amiss to me i harrow and i plow
So i maintain my family by the sweating of my brow
3. When i get up in the morning im always in good cheer
With a flail in one hand and the other a bottle of beer

- With a flail in one hand and the other a bottle of beer
And i do live as happy as those thats thousands a year
4. When i go home at knight my wife receiveth me
I take my youngest child and i dangle it on my knee
The older ones come running round they make a prattling noise
And that is all the comfort a poor man enjoys
 5. My wife and i are honest a though we be poor
Weve lived like lambs togater this ten long years or more
Weve lived like lambs together this ten long years or more
And we can feed the beggar that comes to our door
 6. A noble man hearing what this poor man did say
He invited him to dine with him the very next day
He invited him his wife and his children all to bring
In token of favor he gave him a ring
 7. So early the next morning this poor man arose
He dressed his children up in the finest of their clothes
This poor man his wife and his seven children small
They all went to dine in this noble mans hall
 8. T'was then after dinner he soon did let him know
What into this poor mans hands he had for to bestow
T'was forty or fifty good acres of his land
He gave him in writing and signed his own hand
 9. Saying on this you may live happy all of your life
Therefore i do entreat you be kind unto your wife
Be kind unto your wife and children all around
Theres few such noble men to be found

81. *The Sweeper*

This song has not been identified. *Brown* mentions the fact that satiric ballads were "not infrequent in the heyday of printed balladry, the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries" and prints two, "Hard Times" and "The Dodgers," which satirize different occupations as "The Sweeper" does. The reference to Washington would support the idea that this is an early American song.

THE SWEEPER

1. Though I sweep too and fro old iron to find
 Brass pins rusty nails they are all to my mind
 Though I wear a sound head unto George Washington
 Though I ragged and poor with a clear conscience i sing
 Chorus Though i sweep to and fro i will have you to know
 There are sweepers in high spirits as well as in tow
 [low]
2. Theres the states man he sweeps but what is it for
 His own coffers to fill both in peace and in war
 Though the action be dirty he cares not a straw
 If he gets but the money the rebess [rebels?] may jaw
 though i sweep &c.
3. The lawyer sweeps money out of his clients purse
 And he makes him hes never the worse
 What we gain by our own craft we'll endeavor to conceal
 Weel gain more the next court come let us appeal
 though i sweep &c
4. Theres the parson he tells you you never should g[o]
 To hear a man preach what he will not stand to
 He will load you precepts disdainfull of weatt[h] [wealth]
 While under his gown he is still sweeping of pelt[h] [pelf]
 though i sweep &c
5. One sweeps you from this life i cannot tell Where
 Or whither you go to the doctor dont care
 He will bring in his bill your long purse for to breath [broach?]
 And he laughs in his sleeve while he rides in his coach
 though i sweep &c
6. But honesty is best in what station we were
 For the grand sweeper death we must soon all prepare
 Theres your statesman your parson your physick and your law
 When death takes a sweep youre no more than a straw
 though i sweep &c

82. *The Temperance Ship*

The Washingtonian temperance movement, according to A. B. Grosh's *Washingtonian Pocket Companion* (4th ed., Utica, N.Y., 1845), was started in Baltimore on April 5, 1840, by six men who had

been drunkards themselves. The organization was not sponsored by any religious or political group but was based simply on the idea of mutual helpfulness among fellow sufferers. The fact that the *Companion* had a second edition of five thousand copies and a third edition of ten thousand within such a short time indicates the demand for these songs.

Although "The Temperance Ship" is not given in the *Companion*, its reference to Washingtonians relates it to that group of songs, and the mention of the ship's having "sailed four years ore more" makes 1844 the earliest possible date for it; possibly it was composed after publication of the *Companion*. "Julia S Stevens" is written twice across the side of the paper on which this song is written but in different ink.

[THE TEMPERANCE SHIP]

1. The Temperance ship is now afloat
 She is called by all a splended boat
 With washingtonians we will man her
 And on her raise the temperance banner
 Huzza weel raise the temperance banner
 Huzza weel raise the temperance banner
 Huzza weel raise the temperance banner
 From the old bay state to indiana
2. Behold her riding on the gale
 The wind is filling every sail
 The crew are shouting loud hosanna
 And proudly waves the temperance banner
 Huzza well raise &c
3. This ship has sailed four years ore more
 Sehe neer was beached nor ran a shore
 The worst of storms she has out braved
 And Hosts of deathless drunkards saved
 Huzza well raise &c
4. Come join us then ye old and young
 Our banner to the breeze is flung
 We want your help to sing this song
 And help the temperance ship along
 Huzza well raise &c

5. The temperance men are turning out
And well they know what they are about
This temperance song now before us
Here the song and here the chorus

C. Tearful Themes

Unhappy young women have lived in all ages to furnish subjects for songs, but the nineteenth century, heir of the sentimental movement in the eighteenth, specially reveled in these unfortunates, though "tear-jerkers" about them were even more popular in the fifty years following the manuscript's writing.

In "The Bride's Farewell" the young woman is tearful at leaving her family; she also seems to have less than perfect confidence in her spouse. We suspect that "The Watcher" has been betrayed. At any rate the song about her was written by that same Mrs. Hale of Boston who is usually credited with the juvenile classic "Mary Had a Little Lamb."

Of the three songs in this group one is still heard in the twentieth century, "Mary of the Wild Moor," which is about a young woman whose father shut her out in the cold, standard action for a disapproving male parent. An amiable matron who "raised" eight happy children told this editor some half-century ago that *her* father was so enraged at the idea of her proposed marriage to a wooer not of her own religious faith that he struck an attitude and ordered her "never to darken his door again." Apparently such action fell into what the anthropologists now call a Pattern of Culture.

83. *The Bride's Farewell*

The Douglass version of this tearfully sentimental song, which Sears credits to M. L. Beevor, is almost identical with that in *Forget-Me-Not* except for punctuation and spelling.

THE BRIDES FAREWELL

1. Farewell Mother tears are streaming
Down thy pale and tender cheek

- I in gems and roses gleaming
 Scarce this farewell may speak
 Farewell Mother now I leave thee
 Hopes and fears my bosom swell
 One to trust who may deceive me
 Farewell Mother fare thee well
2. Farewell Father thou art smiling
 Yet theres sadness on thy brow
 Winning me from that beguiling
 Tenderness to which I go
 Farewell father thou didst bless me
 Ere my lips thy name could tell
 He may wound who can carress me
 Father Guardian fare the well
3. Farewell Sister thou art twining
 Round me in affection deep
 Wishing joy but neer divining
 Why a blessed bride should weep
 Farewell brave and gentle Brother
 Thou'rt more dear than words can tell
 Father Mother Sister Brother
 All beloved ones fare ye well

84. *The Watcher*

"The Watcher" was written by Sara Josepha Hale (1788–1879), who was for many years editor of *Godey's Lady's Book*.

There are several differences in wording between the Douglass version and that of Mrs. Hale as printed in Stedman. Two of the Stedman wordings improve the rhyme. Stedman stanza 1, line 3 ends with the word "tearful"; stanza 3, line 1 ends with the word "glancing." Other differences between Douglass and Stedman are probably caused by the singer's substitutions to replace misunderstood or forgotten words; for instance, in Stedman line 5 of stanza 1 starts "How wistfully . . ."; in the next line "morn" is used in place of the Douglass word "light"; lines 7 and 8 are:

And then her heart upraises
 Its agony of prayer.

In Stedman the last line of stanza 2 is "Smile once again on me!"

THE WATCHER

1. The night was dark and fearfull
The blast swept wailing by
The watcher pale and beautifull
Looked forth with anxious eye
How wishfully she gazes
Know gleam of light is there
Her eyes to heaven she raises
In agony of prayer
2. Within that dwelling lonely
Where want and darkness reign
Her precious child her only
Lies mourning in his pain
And death alone can free him
She feels that this must be
But oh for morn to see him
. . . smile again on me
3. A hundred lights are gleaming
In yonder mansion fair
And merry feet are dancing
They heed not morning there
Of young and joyous creatures
One lamp from out your store
Would bring the young boys features
To his mothers glance once more
4. The morning sun is shining
She heedeth not its ray
Beside her dead reclining
Her [the] pale dead mother lay
A smile of hope was wreathing
A smile of hope and love
As though she still was breathing
Theres hope for us above

85. Mary of the Wild Moor

Appearing under many different names such as "A Cold Winter's Night," "The Village Pride," and "The Wind That Blew o'er the Wild Moor," this sentimental story shows little variation, probably,

as Belden suggests, because of the frequency with which it has been printed. Mackenzie reports it in nineteenth-century broadsides. The form varies between four- and eight-line stanzas. Cox and Mackenzie agree in exchanging Douglass lines 5–8 with lines 9–12; Scarborough and Belden interchange Douglass lines 9–12 and 13–16; Eddy's and Shoemaker's stanzas, though, correspond with Douglass. The seventh line of each stanza in Douglass, while metrically the same as the other lines, seems to have lost a foot by comparison with other versions. In stanza 1 the corresponding line in Scarborough is "For the child in my arms it will perish and die." In stanza 2 the corresponding line in Shoemaker (much like Belden and Scarborough) is "But the watch dog did howl and the village bell toll'd." In stanza 3 Shoemaker has "Saying: 'This cold winter's night she had perished and died,'" and in stanza 4 (like Belden and Scarborough) "Saying; 'There Mary died, once a gay village bride.'" It is possible that the metrical length of the Douglass lines is due to the tune to which it was sung. If so, that would account also for the shortening of line 3 in stanza 3. That line in Scarborough, Belden, and Shoemaker states specifically that the child was alive the next morning, which Douglass only implies. Eddy prints the tune to which it is sung in Ohio.

MARY OF THE WILD MOOR

1. One night when the wind blew cold
Blew bitter across the wild Moor
Young Mary she came with her child
Wandering home to her own fathers door
Crying father I pray let me in
Take pity on me I implore
Or the child at my bosom will die
F[rom] the wind that blow across the wild [moor]
2. Oh why did I leave this fair cot
Where once I was happy and free
Doomed to roam without friends or a home
Oh father take pity on me
But the father deaf to her cry
Not a voice not a sound reached door
But the watch dog did bark and the wind
Blew bitter across the wild moor

3. Oh how must the father have felt
 When he come to the door in the morn
 There he found Mary dead and the child
 Fondly clasped in its dead mothers arms
 Then in frenzy he tore his grey hair
 As on Mary he gazed at the door
 For that night she had perished and died
 From the winds that blew across the wild moor
4. The old man in grief pined away
 The child to the grave was soon borne
 And no one lives there to this day
 For the cottage to ruin has gone
 But the vilagers point out the spot
 Where a willow droops over the door
 Saying there mary perished and died
 From the winds that blew across the wild moor

D. Satirical Themes

In this class is grouped a miscellany of four unusual songs, two of which in the manuscript are so mice-bitten that, as mediaeval scribes would say, *multa desunt*—many things are lacking.

Jests about bachelors and spinsters are common in folksongs and folktales, but "Roving Bachelor" does not seem a product of the folk; note the word "precarious," properly spelled, and the name Aristotle. The fifth stanza, however, has a standard folk jest of olden times, a man's bitter choice between marriage and hanging. "The Country Clown" is in a "Hey Rube" pattern, ridiculing a rustic, and it may have been sung at a circus. Nobody seems to know much about circus songs before 1900. "Old Enoch," as Miss Cutting surmises, may be a song invented in a lumber camp; on the other hand, satire on a thief is not a common subject among lumberjacks; note the references that may be to real persons in a rural district.

"The Gunner and Boatswain" is a come-all-ye type of street ballad which may have been composed to please merchant sailors

or other people who could enjoy satire on the navy's important (sometimes self-important) noncommissioned officers.

This last section of the manuscript is a series of mysteries. What good thing does not end with mystery?

86. *Roving Bachelor*

This humorous song of warning to bachelors has not been identified. The last stanza is related to the old English belief that a man who is to be hanged may be saved if a woman will offer to marry him. According to J. L. Lockhart (*Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.* [Edinburgh, 1862]), one of Scott's ancestors who had plundered the estate of Sir Gideon Murray of Elibank was given the choice of being hanged or marrying his captor's homely daughter, "Meikle-mouthed Meg." For three days he, like the man in the following song, declared his preference for death, but with the rope around his neck he decided on marriage.

ROVING BACHELOR

1. Come all you roving bachelors that wish to get good wives
 I pray you be right cautious before you change your lives
 For women are as verious as fishes in the sea
 And ten times more precarious than spring or winters day
 For when you think you have them won
 The bisness is not half begun
 Tey'l ne'er be content with one young man
 But sport and play with all they can
2. Before the maid is maried she's mild as any dove
 Oh then you will declare to her she is is worthy of your [love]
 You then will give to her your hand and wed with only . . .
 She will return the same to you in her true constancy
 When you've done this and all you can . . .
 . . . your first and best perfection . . .
 . . . next young man that doth come in . . .
 . . . the same reception
3. . . . maid is maried she's as mild as . . .
 . . . first comes speed she then lets loose her . . .
 . . . an orrator and makes the whole house ring
 . . . should i become your wife to wash to card and spin

- . . . you afterwards
 . . . of old bachelors
 . . . should i become your wife
 . . . with my single life
4. Aristotle thought he could get a most a comdious bride
 And in counsel he did say in choice there is no strife
 To mary a girl is all in vain when all your work is done
 There is no choice among them all but take them as they come
 To shut your eyes and then advance
 The prize is but a chance
 If you meet with one bepleased at once
 For you pay let who will dance
5. There was a criminal in the cart just going to behanged
 And a reprieve was sent to him the cart and crowd did stand
 Too marry a girl twill save your life the judge to him did say
 Then why should i corrupt my life the victim did reply
 Here is a crowd of every sort
 And why should i prvent the sport
 The bargain is hard on every part
 A wife is the worst drive on your cart

87. *The Country Clown*

This humorous account of the misadventures of a booby has not been identified. It might possibly be a circus song.

THE COUNTRY CLOWN

1. My father sent me to a school
 All for to learn nice books
 But I was allways sich a fool
 I would scarcely in them look
 For seven long years asive been told
 And now ill tell to the
 I scarcely learned my a b c
 Such a great booby
2. My father took me home again
 All for to learn to plough
 And how to haw the oxen about
 Gad zax I didnt know how

- He took the whip right out of my hand
And so belabored me
Which caused me for to roar and cry
Like a great booby
3. I thought I'd go to London town
And be at school no more
For to be banded by master so
Caused me to cry and roar
So without farther ado I went to town
Kind fortune for to see
Where they called me a fool and a country clown
And a great booby
4. I thought i'd cross the water sirs
As you shall understand
I tumbled out of the boat sir
Before I reached the land
The boatman took me in again
And thus he said to me
Twas not thy fortune to be drowned
You great booby
5. Of all the sights that I have seen
Thats many aye delight in
To go and see the circus sir
To me is most inviting
For the music did play and the ladies did sing
Which so delighted me
I thought i was going to heaven in a sling
Like a great booby

88. Old Enoch

The rhythm of this ballad and the "Derry down" refrain are common in lumbermen's songs, such as "Blue Mountain Lake." It is possible that this ballad is one composed in some lumber camp to satirize a local character. The word "dabster" means "expert."

[OLD ENOCH]

1. Old Enoch was aged he wished to be still
He gave up his business to Enoch and bill

They being industrious and prudent with all
 Laid up a good store of fat pork in the fall
 Derry Down Down Derry Down down

2. They lived a man they supposed it was he
 Who in this Cellar this pork tub did see
 He says by my soul gives the barrel a knock
 I really want ome of old Enocks fat pork
 Dery Down &c
3. A night or two after as we were informed
 This man with his sack to this pork tub did storm
 And taking one hundred twas all clear and good
 With a Devil of a back load made haste to the wood
 Dery Down &c
4. And when he arrived at the foot of the hill
 He threw down his sack and says Enock and Bill
 Ive stole of your pork help your Selves if you can
 I shant be mistrusted for im called a nice man
 Dery Down &c
5. And when he arrived at the place where he lived
 Being pressed with a load like a cart under sheaves
 He threw down his sack and says there by my soul
 Theres quite a big load though I took not the whole
 Dery Down &c.
6. And now I have pork enough to last me till fall
 If any old friends should chance for to call
 I'd give them a portion of something to eat
 They'll never mistrust how I came by my meat
 Dery Down &c.
7. O I am a dabster at seating [stealing] tis clear
 I stole many sheep before ever I came here
 And since Ive been here ive stole corn wheat and peas
 And once Id a chance of a good beehive to squeeze
 Dery Down &c.
8. Oh stealing is a practice I do not call good
 This wheat I just mentioned I stole from john Wood
 Twas five bushels just if I measured it right
 Cleaned up and backed away all in one night
 Dery Down &c.

9. Just after John Wood took a journey below
The wheat was threshed out I supposed for to sow
I not haveing any my spring crops was small
I thought Id take a little to sow in the fall
Dery Down &c.
10. O steating [stealing] is a practice I do not much like
For what can be worse than a theif in the night
For men they'll get hardened to such a degree
They'll break open houses and steal at midday
Dery down &c.
11. Oh I'm a dabster at gambling tis true
I can play very well at all four whist and liew
And when at by chance my cart it falls stalk
I've often times tried to pick sam wellses lock
Dery down, &c.

89. *The Gunner and Boatswain*

This humorous ballad is so fragmentary that the story is not clear. It seems to be a trial of the honesty of two men, with the devil acting as judge. Possibly it belongs among the tests of truth with Motif group H 226, ordeal by balance. According to that, a defendant, weighed twice, must be lighter the second time.

THE GUNNER AND BOATSWAIN

1. Come all you merry soldiers that merry merry be
No good thing shall be want unto thee
But if you will grant me one request
I will tell you of a merry jest
2. . . . on a certain day
. . . riding along in the . . .
. . . prancing along . . .
. . . song
3. . . . says the gunner mad fellow stay
. . . the gait and give me the way
. . . you provoke me to draw my blade
. . . make you jump from you cut tail jade
4. Oh says the Boasan dont control
You will spoil your body and ruin your soul

- Oh says the gunner you've done worse
 You've sold your soul for to fill your purse
5. Now says the gunner if you'll consent
 The verry next thing that I will invent
 The verry first nan that passes by
 Shall center us both of our honesty
6. They had not stayed long in that place
 Before came an old man with a hac in his face
 With a high crownhat and a narrow brim
 . . . stood awry and his beard grew thin
7. . . . that was rent and roug . . .
 . . . a dimond under his . . .
 . . . of the buff of . . .
 . . . mare . . .
8. In that box there was a glass
 Where every thing was brought to pass
 They opened the box and looked in
 And there sat the devil black and grim
9. He had a pair of balances in his hand
 And in one of then the gunner did stand
 And in the other the boasan did lie
 And he batanced [balanced] them both acrost his thigh
10. First he held them a little awry
 Then he held them a different way
 Then he held them just upright
 And the gunners pepper corn too light
11. Now says the devil by my flight
 If i had you both i should have but my right
 The scale stands eaven as you may see
 And i think you are a couple bolh [both?] for me
12. The . . . began for too swear . . .
 . . . off from his cuttail mare
 . . . he was weighed again . . .
 . . . honester man . . .



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Directly after each title appears the number assigned to that song in the present arrangement; the numbers in parentheses indicate the position of the songs in the original manuscript. The spelling of these titles and of some of the first lines has been corrected, and a few other titles by which individual songs are known have been inserted. First lines of songs are in italics.

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