SONGS AND RHYMES FROM THE SOUTH.

BY E. C. PERROW.

VI. SONGS CONNECTED WITH DRINKING AND GAMBLING.¹

I. THE DRUNKARD'S SONG.

A.

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905.)

Way up on Clinch Mountain,
I wander alone;
I'm es drunk es the devil;
Oh, let me alone!

Tink-a-link-tink, tink-a-link-tink,
Tink-a-link-tink-a-link!
Tink-a-link-tink, tink-a-link-tink,
Tink-a-link-tink-a-link!

I'll play cards and drink whiskey
Wherever I'm gone;
En if people don' like me,
They ken let me alone.

I'll eat when I'm hungry
En drink when I'm dry;
En ef whiskey don't kill me,
I'll live till I die.²

O Lulu, O Lulu, O Lulu, my dear!
O Lulu, my dear!
I'd give this whole world
Ef my Lulu wuz hyeur.

Way up on Clinch Mountain
Where the wild geese fly high,
I'll think uv little Allie
En lay down en die.

¹ Continued from vol. xxvi of this Journal (1913), p. 173.
Journal of American Folk-Lore.

Jack u' diamonds, Jack u' diamonds,
I know you uv ole;
You rob my pore pockets
Uv silver en gol'.

You may boast uv yore knowledge
En brag uv yore sense;
But 'twill all be furgotten
One hundred years hence.

B.
(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909.)
Oh brandy and whiskey I wish you no harm,
But I wish I had a jug full as long as my arm.

2. WHEN I DIE.

A.
(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from recitation of F. Le Tellier; 1907.)
When I die,¹ don' bury me a tall,
But soak my body in alcohol.

When I die, bury me deep,
En put a quart u' licker at my head en feet.

When I die, don' bury me a tall,
But take me down to Bowery Hall;
Take off my coat en open my vest,
En tell all the girls I'm gone to rest.

B.
(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Harrison; 1909.)
When I die don't bury me at all;
Preserve my bones in alcohol;
Fold my arms across my breast,
Natural born . . . gone to rest.

Natural born . . . don't have to work;
Carry a recommendation on the tail of my shirt.

C.
(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of W. G. Pitts; 1909.)
When I die, bury me deep;
Tell all the gamblers that I've gone to sleep.
Put a pair of bones in my right hand,
And I'll throw seven in the promised land.

¹ Illustrative of the popular tendency to make a "last will and testament." See Transactions of the Wisconsin Academy, December, 1913.
3. SLEEPIN' IN MY CABIN.

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905.)
I was drunk las' night, my darlin';
I was drunk the night before;
But if you'll forgive me, darlin',
I'll never get drunk any more.

Sleepin' in my cabin
In the merry month of June,
Wrapped in the arms of my own true love
When the wind blows chilly en cool.

4. I'LL NEVER GET DRUNK ANY MORE.

(From East Tennessee; negroes; from memory; 1905.)
My father gave me a fortune,
I locked it in my trunk;
I spent it one night in gamblin',
The night that I got drunk.

Oh, I'll never get drunk any more;
I'll lay my head in the bar-room door,
But I'll never get drunk any more.

5. ONE MORE DRINK.

(From Mississippi; country whites; recitation of Mr. George; 1908.)
There was an ole hen with a wooden foot;
She made her nest by a mulberry-root;
She ruffled her feathers an' kept her warm;
One more drink won't do no harm.

6. IS THAT YOU, SAMBO?

(From Mississippi; negroes; 1909.)
"Is that you, Sambo?" "No, it's Jim."
"You're pretty good-looking, but you can't come in!"

7. OLD DAN TUCKER.

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1912.)
Ole Dan Tucker, in the time uv the war,
Wuz the biggest fool I ever saw.
He had no pants, he had no coat,
En he rammed his shirt-tail daown his throat.

1 Composed by a workman on the K. & B. Railroad.
2 I believe the stanzas quoted here from this well-known song are of popular origin.

This song figures as a dance-song in Kentucky:

Ole Dan Tucker come to town,
Swing the ladies all around!
Swing to the east and swing to the west,
And swing to the one that you love best.

Get out the way, etc.
Ole Dan Tucker wuz a nice ole man,
He washed his face in a fryin'-pan,
He combed his head with a wagon-wheel,
En died with a gum-bile on his heel.

8. WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN GONE?

A.

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from recitation of F. Le Tellier; 1907.)

Where have you been gone so long, so long?
Where have you been gone so long?
"Well, I've been in the bed with my head kivered up,
En I'm goin' back there 'fore long."

B.

(From Western Virginia; mountain whites; MS. of D. H. Bishop; 1909.)

Where have you been so long?
Oh, where have you been so long?
I've been in the bend with the rough and ready men,
I've been in the bend so long.

9. WHY DON'T YOU COME HOME?

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; recitation of F. Le Tellier; 1905.)

I went dawn to the depot to get my baby's trunk;
I stuck my head in the bar-room door, en I lef' that city drunk.
My darling baby, why don't yer come home?

I went dawn on the Bowery\(^1\) with a forty-four in my han';
I said, "Look out, you roustabout! I'm looking fer my man."
My darlin' baby, why don't yer come home?

I come back up the Bowery with a slug u' meat in my han';
I flung it thoo a winder en I hit a country man.
My darlin' baby, why don't yer come home?

10. YOU MAY RARE.

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; recitation of Edgar Perrow; 1912.)

Oh, you may rare en you may pitch
But Black Mariah's\(^2\) got yer in the ditch.

\(^1\) Showing an origin in the city. Even the most unpretentious town has its "Bowery,"
its "New York Store," etc.

\(^2\) The patrol wagon.
II. I WAS A TEXAS RANGER.
(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from the singing of F. Le Tellier; 1910.)

I wuz a Texas ranger sixteen long years ago;
I ranged through all of Texas en a part uv Mexico.

Ef I wuz a gambler, westward I would go;
I'd gamble with the Englishmen en there I'd win my dough.

My children they'll go naked; my wife will have to plough;
Along come an officer en drove off my last old caow.

12. THERE WAS AN OLD MAN.
(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Mr. Cassedy; 1909.)

There was an old man from over the Rhine,
Snappoo! Snappoo!
There was an old man from over the Rhine,
Who came for some beer and who came for some wine.
Snap-peter, snap-pider, fi-nan-ago-nya-da-snappoo!

"Dear old lady, have you some wine
Fit for a soldier from over the Rhine?"

"No, dear soldier; I have no wine
Fit for a soldier from over the Rhine."

13. TAKE ONE ON ME.
(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909.)

Oh, de men for de women,
An de women for de men;
Oh, de doctor say it'll kill you,
But he didn't say when.

Oh, ho! my honey! take one on me!

14. OLE CORN LICKER.
(From Virginia; country whites; from memory; 1909.)

I got drunk en got a fall,
En ole co'n licker wus the cause uv it all.

15. DIAMOND JOE.
(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Turner; 1909.)

If I come out on two,
Then I'll hand em back to you.

Chorus.
Diamond Joe, Diamond Joe,
Run get me Diamond Joe.
If I come out on three,
Then you'll hand em back to me.
If I come out on fo',
Then I'll beat you a dolla mo'.
If I come out on six,
Then you knows yo money's fixed.
If I come out on seben,
Then I'll roll you fer eleben.
If I come out on nine,
Then yo money will be mine.
Then I'll buy me a bar'l o' flour,
Cook and eat it every hour.
Yes; an buy me a middlin' o' meat,
Cook and eat it twict a week.

16. CAMP TOWN LADIES.
(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909.)
Camp town ladies, sing this song:
Do da, do da.
Camp town ladies sing this song:
Do da, do da dey.
I'm boun' to run all night;
I'm boun' to run all day;
I'll bet my money on the bob-tailed nag,¹
Ef somebody'll bet on the bay.

17. O LORD, HONEY!
(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1909.)
O Lord, honey!  I can't see
How my money gets away frum me.

18. OH, WASN'T I LUCKY!
(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909.)
Ole Marster, an' ole Mistis, I'm er reskin my life,
Tryin' to win er this great fortune, for you an' your wife.
Oh, wasn't I lucky not to lose!  (thrice)
Ole Skew-ball was a gray hoss, ole Molly was brown;
Ole Skew-ball out-run Molly on the very fust go-round.
My hosses is hongry, an' they will not eat hay;
So I'll drive on a piece further, an' I'll feed on the way.²

¹ Compare Harvard College Library, 25254.10.5.
² Compare "Old Smoky" in this collection.
19. OLD ALEXANDER.

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; singing of F. Le Tellier; 1912.)

God damn old Alexander! I wish he wuz in hell!
He made me wear the ball en chain en caused my ankles ter swell.¹

VII. SONGS OF THE PLANTATION.

1. OH, MOURNER!²

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of F. R. Rubel; 1909.)

Some folks say that a negro (sic) won't steal;
I caught two in my corn field (sic).
One had a shovel and the other had a hoe;
If that ain't stealing, I don't know.

Oh, Moana, you shall be free, (twice)
When the good Lord sets you free.

Some folks say that a negro won't rouse;
I caught two in my smoke house.
One had a middling, and the other had a ham;
If that ain't stealing, I'll don't know.

I went to a chicken coop on my knees;
I thought I heard a chicken sneeze.³

Way down yonder on Punkin Creek
Where those nigros grow leben feet,
Heels stick out so far behind
Chickens roost there most all the time.

I had a wife and I fed her on grease;
Every time I knocked her down she hollowed "police!"

Ain't no use in me workin' so hard;
I got a gal in the white folks yard.
She fetch me meat and she fetch me lard.
Ain't a bit of use in me workin' so hard.⁴

¹ This is the only stanza my cousin could remember of a song in which a member of the chain gang curses the Judge, or state's attorney, who was responsible for the sentence.
² This song shows the tendency of a large number of distinct songs to drift together into one.
³ This stanza is in the college song "Polly-Wolly-Doodle."
⁴ Compare another version from Mississippi:

I got a gal in de white folk's ya'd,
She brings me ch'icgn en she brings me la'd
She steals me ham an' she steals me meat
She thinks I'm wukkin', but I'm walkin' de street.
Yonder come Melinda. How do I know?  
Know her by her walk; I seen her walk before.

Kill the chicken; save me the wing;  
Think I'm workin'; ain't doing a thing.

Kill the turkey; save me the bones;  
Drink the beer; save me the foam.

Kill the chickens; save me the breast;  
Think I'm workin', but I'm taking my rest.

I like my coffee, I likes it strong;  
When I git to eatin', bring the corn-dodger along.

I likes my lasses good and strong;  
When I git to eatin', bring the butter along.

I likes my wife, I likes my baby;  
I likes my flap-jacks floating in gravy.

Gimme chicken; gimme pie;  
Gimme some of everything the white folks buy.

Some folks say that a negro won't steal;  
I caught two in my water-melon feild,  
Preaching and praying all the time,  
And pulling the melons off the vine.

I wouldn't marry a yaller gal;  
I'll tell you the reason why:  
She's all the time sitting in another man's lap  
And telling her husband lies.

I wouldn't marry a black gal;  
I'll tell you the reason why:  
Her nose is always snotty,  
And her lips is never dry.

Nigro was a sitting on the log;  
One eye on the trigger, the other on the hog.

The gun said, "Boom!" the hog fell bip!  
The negro jumped on him with all his grip.  
[Spoken] Gitting the chiddlings!

I will dive in that pigge pen a-fighting;  
I ought [to] been that hog-jaw bighting.  
With a hog head in my hand.

Yonder come my uncle; axe heavy with lead,  
Thowed across my shoulder to kill that barrow dead.

Spare ribs is rottening; back-bones ain't but a few;  
Run and git the carvin' knife, and we'll have a barber cewe.
Songs and Rhymes from the South.

I wouldn’t marry a widow,
For all the money in the land;
It takes six men to feed her,
Workin’ with both hands.

When you come home from work at night,
It’s “Hello! my pretty old gal!”
And then she whispers softly,
“There ain’t no meal in the barrel.”

I went down to Malinda’s house;
Malinda she was gone;
I sat down in Malinda’s chair
And rocked till she come home.

She sat me in the parlor;
She cooled me with her fan;
She whispered in her mother’s ear,
“I’m fooling with a gambling man.”

2. DIS MORNIN’.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909.)

See dem ole farmers goin’ on to town, this mornin’, (twice)
See dem ole farmers goin’ on to town
Wid er one horse waggin an’ er it broke down,
Dis mornin’, er dis evenin’, so soon.¹

See dem ole farmers come along back, dis mornin’, (twice)
See dem ole farmers come along back
Wid er piece o’ meat in er crocus sack.
Dis mornin’, etc.

Mommer kilt er chicken, an’ she give me de wing, dis mornin’, (twice)
Mommer kilt er chicken, an’ she give me de wing;
She thought I was a workin’, and I warn’t doin’ a thing,
Dis mornin’, etc.

Mommer kilt er chicken, an’ she give me de head, dis mornin’, (twice)
Mommer kilt er chicken, and she give me de head;
She thought I was workin’, an’ I’s lyin’ in the bed,
Dis mornin’, etc.

3. I’M ER LIVIN’ EASY.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909.)

I’m er livin’ easy; I’m er livin’ high;
Goin’ to keep my pork chops greasy.
I’m er livin’ easy, oh baby; I’m er livin’ high.

Got er bar’l o’ flou’er; cook an eat it every hou’er;
I’m er livin’ easy, oh baby; I’m er livin’ high.

¹ For the refrain compare this Journal, vol. xxiv. p. 353.
4. JOHN BOOKER.
(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Turner; 1909.)
My ole mistis promised me,
'Fo' she died she'd set me free.¹

Chorus.
Walk, John! walk, John! Oh, walk!
John Booker, with yo new boots on!
Ole mistis lived 'till her head got bald;
She got outen de noshun o' dyin' a tall.
My ole mistis lyin' in de leaves,
Head full of lice, and her stockin' full of fleas.
But now ole mistis is dead an' gone.
And she's lef' John Booker a-hoeing out corn.

5. RUN, NIGGER, RUN!²
(From Virginia; negroes; from memory; 1909.)
Es I was runnin' through de fiel',
A black snake caught me by de heel.
Run, nigger, run, de paterrold ketch yuh!
Run, nigger, run! It's almos' day!
Run, nigger, run! I run my bes'
Run my head in a hornet's nes'.
Run, nigger, run! etc.

6. COME ON, MR. TREE!
(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Harrison; 1909.)
When I was young and in my prime,
Sunk my axe deep most every time;
But now I'm old, and my heart's growin' cold,
And I can't swing a lick to save my soul.

Come on, Mr. Tree; yer are almost down;
Come on, Mr. Tree; wants to see yer hit de groun'.

7. DEM TATERS.
(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Harrison; 1909.)
A die, a die, a die O!
Pa don't raise no cotton in his corn,
And a very few permatoes;
A die, a die, a die, O!
Pa don't raise no cotton in his corn,
But um! um! dem taters!

¹ Compare Harris, Uncle Remus and his Friends, p. 200; also Harvard College Library 25254.10.5.
² Compare Harris, Uncle Remus and his Friends, p. 200. For music see "Shortened Bread" (No. 22).
8. HOW OLD ARE YOU? ¹
(From Mississippi; negroes; recitation of Mrs. Brown; 1909.)
[First part] How old are you?
[Second part] Twenty-one or twenty-two!

9. GOIN’ DOWN TO TOWN.²
(From Virginia; negroes; from memory; 1909.)
Goin' down tuh town,
Goin' down tuh town,
Goin' down tuh Lynchburg town tuh take my baccer down;
Buy me a load uh pos',
Fence my grave aroun',
Keep Bob Ridley's ole gray sow fum rootin' me out de goun'.

Baccer sellin' high,³
Baccer sellin' high,
Baccer sellin' at fifteen cents,
Nobody there to buy.
Baccer sellin' low,
Baccer sellin' low,
Baccer won't bring seven cents,
Damn if I think I'll go.

10. MO’ RAIN.
(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Hudson; 1909.)
Mo' rain, mo' rest; mo' rain, mo' grass;
Makes the marster's colt grow fast.

11. SHUCK CORN.
(From Eastern North Carolina; negroes; MS. of Mr. Scroggs; 1908.)
Shuck corn, shell corn,
Carry corn to mill.
Grind de meal, gimme de husk;
Bake de bread, gimme de crus';
Fry de meat, gimme de skin;
And dat's de way to bring 'em in.

Won't you git up, ole horse?
I'm on de road to Brighton.
Won't you git up, ole horse?
I'm on de road to Brighton.

12. COLD FROSTY MORNING.⁴
(From West Tennessee; negroes; recitation of Mr. Brown; 1909.)
Col' frosty mo'nin',
Nigger mighty good,

¹ Sung antiphonally by groups of negro farm-hands.
² Compare this Journal, vol. xxii, p. 249.
³ Last two stanzas from Kentucky.
⁴ Current also in Kentucky.
Axe on his shoulder,
Choppin' up de wood.

Little piece u' ash-cake,
An' a little piece u' fat;
White folks grumble,
Ef yuh eat all u' dat.

I3. WHITE MAN GOES TO COLLEGE.¹

A.
(From Mississippi; negroes; recitation of Mrs. Brown; 1909.)
White man goes tuh college,
Nigger goes tuh fiel',
White man learn tuh read an' write,
Nigger learn tuh steal.

Times is gittin' mighty ha'd,
Money gittin' mighty scace;
Soon's I sell my cot'n 'n co'n,
I se gwine tuh leave dis place.

White man go tuh meetin',
Can't get up a smile;
Nigger go tuh meetin',
Boys, yuh hyeuh him shout a mile.

B.
(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Harrison; 1909.)
White folks go to college;
Nigger go to field;
White folks learn to read and write,
And de niggers learn to steal.

O Lord, it's hard to be a nigger! (twice)
'Cause a nigger don't have no show!

I4. AUGHT FOR AUGHT.
(From Virginia; negroes; from memory; 1909.)
Aught² fer aught, an figger fuh figger;
All fuh de white man, an none fuh de nigger!

I5. BOATMAN, BOATMAN!
(From Virginia; negroes; from memory; 1905.)
Boatman, boatman, blow yuh ho'n,
An' den I'll steal yuh a bag a co'n;
An' when de white folks all asleep,
Den I'll steal yuh a bag u' wheat.

¹ See Hobson, In Old Alabama, pp. 171, 177.
² The initial n of this word has quite disappeared in the speech of both negroes and whites in the Southern States.
16. OLD JUDGE WATSON.
(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Aldrich; 1909.)
Old Judge Watson a mighty fine man,
An' you all know him well,
If he ketch you in his watermelon patch,
He'll give you particular Hallelujah.

17. OL' MASSA IN DE PARLOR.
(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Rankin; 1909.)
Ol' Massa in de parlor;
Ol' Missus in de hall;
Nigger in de dinin' room,
Farin' de best of all.1

18. DAT NEGRO COME TO MY HOUSE.
(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Rankin; 1909.)
Dat negro come to my house;
He thought I wuz treatin' 'em well;
But I took dat negro roun' de house,
And I gived dat negro hell.

19. SOMETIMES I LIB IN DE COUNTRY.
(From East Tennessee; negroes; from memory; 1909.)
Sometimes I lib in de country,
En sometimes I lib in town;
En sometimes I hab uh notion
Tuh jump in de ribber en drown.

20. BIG BAYOU.
(From Lower Mississippi River; negroes; MS. of Mr. Scroggs; 1908.)
Oh, Big Bayou wuz a good ole town
Forty years ago;
But now she's done a-fallin' down,²
A-oh-o-o-oh!

21. DAN-U-WE-HOU.
(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Harrison; 1909.)
Ef you want yo buckwheat cakes,
An' er want 'em good an' done;

1 The Virginia rhyme:
White folks eat de mutt'n,
Eat it fuh a sham,
Nigger in de kitchen
Jes' rarin' on de best uv de ham.

² Near Oxford, Miss., is a once populous town, now entirely deserted. Only the ruins of houses and weed-choked streets are now left of what was once an important cotton market.
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Slap 'em on a nigger man's heel,
And turn him to the sun.

Chorus.
Dan-u-we-ou, Dan-u-we-hou,
I'm gwine back to Dan-u-we-hou.

22. SHORTENED BREAD.¹
(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1912.)

Run hyeur, mammy, run hyeur quick!
Shord'n bread made baby sick!
   My! don't 'e love shord'n shord'n shord'n
Don't 'e love shord'n shord'n bread!

Oh, give me sump'n, I don't kyeur what,
Tuh cyore this awful pain I got!
   My! don't 'e love, etc.

Two little niggers layin' in bed;
One turned over, en the tother one said,
   "My! don't yer love," etc.

Two little niggers layin' in bed;
They sent fer the doctor, en the doctor said,
   "Feed them niggers on shord'n," etc.

Two little niggers black ez tar
Tried ter go ter heaven on a 'lectric car.

Two little niggers dressed in black
Tried to go to heaven on a railroad-track.

Two little niggers dressed in white
Tried to go to heaven on the tail of a kite.

Two little niggers black ez hell
Tried ter go ter heaven in a peanut-shell.

Two little niggers in a peanut-shell
Tried to go to heaven, but they went to hell.

23. OL' BLACK BAR.
(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Upshur; 1909.)
Ol' black bar live down on Quibber;²
Ol' black bar he love to eat nigger;

¹ Music an adaptation of that of "Run, Nigger, Run!"
² A river in Mississippi.
Ol' black bar live down on Quibber;
He gwine to git yo if yo go dar.

Ol' wil' panter live down on Quibber;
Ol' wil' panter he love to eat nigger;
Ol' wil' panter live down on Quibber;
He gwine to git yo if yo go dar.

Dem white ghostes live down on Quibber;
Dem white ghostes dey love to catch nigger;
Dem white ghostes live down on Quibber.
Dey gwine to git yo if yo go dar.

Ol' Parson Wash went down on Quibber;
Ol' Parson Wash was a good nigger;
Ol' Parson Wash went down on Quibber;
Ol' Parson Wash ain't come back never;
Sompin' done got him when he went dar.

Ol' black bar whut down down on Quibber,
Ol' wil' panter whut down on Quibber,
Dem white ghostes whut down on Quibber,
All dem tings done catch dat nigger;
Dey gwine get yo if yo go dar.

24. FREEDOM. ¹
(From Virginia; negroes; from memory; 1912.)
Oh, freedom, freedom, freedom!
Freedom, freedom over me!
En befo' I'd be a slave,
I'd be buried in muh grave,
En go home tuh muh Savior en be free.

25. "GLENĐY BURKE."
(From Virginia; negroes; singing of Fremont Le Tellier; 1912.)
"Glenedy Burke" is a mighty fas' boat
En a mighty fas' captain too;
He sets up dar on de hurricane deck
En 'e keeps his eye on de crew.

Ho fuh Louisiana!
I'm boun' tuh leave dis taown;
I'll trot my duds on Glenedy Burke
When "Glenedy Burke" comes roun'.

26. ON THE OHIO.
(From Kentucky; negroes; recitation of R. E. Monroe; 1913.)
High, ho, the boatman row! (twice)
Sailin' daown the river on the Ohio.
Hay! yaller gal, when yuh gwine tuh go,
Sailin' daown de ribber on de Ohio?

¹ Sung to the music of "Lilly Dale."
Dance, de boatman dance!\(^1\)
Dance all de night, till de broad daylight;
Go home wid de gal in de mawnin'!

Oh, what make dis ole nigger laugh?
Fuh my boat I built a raf';
Stuck a pine-tree up fuh a sail
En steered right daown de ole coat-tail.

Oh, what make dis ole nigger shiver?
Saw a catfish in de river.
Jump right out dat boat, you bet;
I go daown taown wid muh close all wet.
De niggers dey all built up big fires.
Ef dat ain't so, den I'm a liar!

27. BUTTERMILK AN' CLABBER.

(From East Tennessee; negroes; from memory; 1909.)
Buttermilk an' clabber tuh eat on a Sunday,
Make a nigger's heart ache tuh go tuh wuk a Monday.

VIII. SONGS OF LOVE.

I. BARBARA ALLEN.\(^2\)

A.

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Miss Kent; 1909.)
There was a young man who lived in our town,
His given name was William;
He was taken sick, and very sick,
And death was in his dwelling.

It was the merry month of May,
When the green buds were swelling,
Sweet William on his death bed lay
For the love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his servant down in town;
He went into her dwelling:
"My master's sick, and sent for you,
If your name be Barbara Allen."

And slowly, slowly she did rise,
And slowly she went to him,
And all she said when she got there,
"Young man, I think you are dying."

\(^1\) Compare Harvard College Library 25254.10.5 and 25254.10.7.
\(^2\) Perhaps the most widely current of all the traditional ballads. Still sung by schoolchildren in Kentucky. The B version shows a queer trick of the popular mind.—Barbry Allen is changed to a man!
"Oh, yes, I'm sick, I'm very sick,
And death is with me, darling,
I'll die, I'll die, I'll surely die,
If I don't get Barbara Allen."

"Oh, yes, you are sick, and very sick,
And death is in your dwelling;
You'll die, you'll die, you'll surely die,
For you will never get Barbara Allen.

"Remember on last Wednesday night
When we were at a wedding,
You passed your wine to the girls all around
And slighted Barbara Allen."

He turned his pale face to the wall,
He turned his back upon her:
"Adieu, adieu to the friends all around,
And adieu to Barbara Allen!"

She had not got tin (sic) miles from town,
When she heard a swamp bird singing;
And every time the swamp bird sung
Was woe to Barbara Allen.

She had not got three miles from town,
When she heard a death bell ringing,
And in her ear it seemed to say,
"Hard-hearted Barbara Allen!"

She looked to the east, and she looked to the west,
And she saw his corpse a-coming;
"I could have saved that young man's life
By giving him Barbara Allen!

"O mother, O mother, go make my bed,
Make it of tears and sorrow;
Sweet William died for me to-day,
And I will die for him to-morrow.

"O father, O father, go dig my grave,
Dig it deep and narrow;
Sweet William died of true love's sake,
And I shall die of sorrow."

Sweet William died on Saturday night,
And Barbara died on Sunday;
Her mother died for the love of both
And was buried alone on Monday.

Sweet William was buried in the new churchyard,
And Barbara beside him;
And out of his grave sprang a lily-white rose,
And out of hers a briar.
They ran to the churchyard tower,  
And could not grow any higher.  
They tied themselves in a true love knot,  
And the rose ran around the briar.

B.  
(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Mr. Holliman; 1909.)  

It was in the month of May  
When all the sweet was dwelling;  
A young girl on her death bed lay,  
For the love of Barbry Allen.  

She sent her servant into town  
Where Barbry was dwelling:  
"Your true love said for you to go there,  
If your name be Barbry Allen."

Slowly, slowly, he got up,  
So slowly, slowly he did go;  
And when he got there he said, "Dear girl,  
I'm sure you must be dying."

"Oh, yes, I'm sick, and very sick,  
And all the doctors can't cure me;  
I am not any better, nor never will be,  
If I can't get Barbry Allen."

"Oh, yes, you're sick, and very sick,  
And all the doctors can't cure you;  
You are not any better, nor never will be,  
For you can't get Barbry Allen."

She turned her pale face to the wall;  
He turned his back upon her;  
And before he got away from town  
He heard her death bell ringing.

And every knock it seemed to say,  
"Cruel, cruel, is your name,  
And wicked is your nature,  
For you could have saved this poor girl's life,  
If you had done your duty."

"Yes; cruel, cruel, is my name,  
And wicked is my nature,  
For I could have saved this poor girl's life  
If I had done my duty."

His true lover died on Saturday night,  
And Barbry died on Sunday;  
His mother died for the love of both:  
They were buried on Easter Monday.
2. ONCE I COURTED A FAIR BEAUTY BRIGHT.\textsuperscript{1}

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Mr. Holliman; 1909.)

Once I courted a fair beauty bright,
In my sight she did take great delight.
She granted me her love; I returned her back the same;
And that's the reason why she never could complain.

Her old father, he came for to know
What makes these people love each other so.
He locked her up in the chamber; he kept the key shore;\textsuperscript{2}
And I never got to see my true love any more.

Once every day to the chamber I did go
To see if I could get my true love or no;
And when she would ring her hand and cry and sing,
"I love a man that loves me; I love him till I die."

Then to some foreign country I did go
To see if I could forget my love or no;
And when I got there, the armor shone so bright
It give me second thought of my heart's delight.

Six long years I spent in the war.
The seventh long year I returned home again.
Her old mother she met me and rung her hands and cried,
"Sing, my daughter loved a man that loved her; she loved him till she died."

Then I was struck like a man that was slain;
The tears from my eyes fell like showers of rain.
Come all ye young people who never felt the pain,
Come give me paper, ink, and pin (sic); I'll write you down the same.

3. CARELESS LOVE.

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of R. J. Slay; 1909.)

I'm going to leave you now;
I'm going ten thousand miles.
If I go ten million more,
I'll come back to my sweetheart again.

Love, oh, love! 'tis careless love (twice)
You have broken the heart of many a poor boy,
But you will never break this heart of mine.\textsuperscript{3}

I cried last night when I come home (twice)
I cried last night and night before;
I'll cry to-night; then I'll cry no more.

Who will shoe your pretty feet?
And who will glove your hand?

\textsuperscript{1} Evidently from a broadside (cf. this Journal, vol. xxvi, p. 176).
\textsuperscript{2} Long u before r, in Southern speech, is changed to long o. So "se cyore," "endore."
\textsuperscript{3} For the same sentiment cf. this Journal, vol. xxii, p. 249.
Journal of American Folk-Lore.

Who will kiss your red rosy cheeks?
When I am in that far-off land? ¹

"Pa will shoe my pretty little feet;
Ma will glove my hand;
You may kiss my red rosy cheeks,
When you come from that far-off land."

4. LADY ISABEL (Child, 4).²
(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. lent to E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

"Go and take of your father's gold
And likewise of your mother's fee,
And two steeds out of your father's stable
Wherein lays thirty and three."

She went and took of her father's gold
And likewise of her mother's fee
And two steeds out of her father's stable
Wherein lay thirty and three.

She jumped on the bony, bony black,
And him ³ on the dapple gray
And rid off from her father's bowers
Two long hours before it was day.

When they got near to their journey's end
It was near to the bank of the sea.
He turned round to his pretty Colin
Saying "I've something to say unto thee.

"It's six king's daughters I have drown'd here
And you the seventh shall be."

"Hush up, hush up! you false-hearted knight,
Did you not promise me
You'd take me to the land of old Scotland
And there you would marry me?"

"Pull off, pull off your Holland gown
And lay it upon the rocks
For it's too fine and costilie
To rot in the sea salt sand.

"Pull off, pull off your Holland gown
And lay it upon the ground
For it's too fine and costilie
For to rot in the watery tomb."

¹ With this stanza compare Child, No. 76. It occurs also popularly in Kentucky.
Compare also this Journal, vol. xxii, p. 240.
³ The mountain folk use an accusative of the absolute instead of the nominative,—
"him done gone" (he being gone).
"Turn yourself all round and about
   And your face to the leaves of the tree,
For it's not fit such a villain as you
   A naked woman should see."

Then he turned himself all round and about
   And his face to the leaves of the tree;
Then she picked him [up] so manfullie
   And she hoved him into the sea.

"Lie there, lie there, you false-hearted knight,
   Lie there instead of me;
You stripped me as naked as ever I was born
   And I'll take nothing from thee."

Then she jumped on her bony, bony black
   And she led the dapple gray
When she got back to her father's bowers
   Three long hours before it was day.

Then up bespoke the pretty parrot
   From the cage wherein it lay
"What ails you, my pretty Colin,
   That you travel so long before day?"

"Hush up, hush up, you pretty parrot,
   And tell no tales on me,
And your cage shall be made of the best of beaten gold
   And hang on a willow tree."

Then up spoke this good old man
   From the chamber where he lies [lay?]
"What ails you, my pretty parrot,
   That you pray so long before day?"

"There was a cat came to my cage door
   A-threatening to worry me,
And I had to call my pretty Colin
   To drive that cat away."

5. THE TURKISH LADY (Child, 52).1

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. lent E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

Lord Bacon was a nobleman,
   As fair one as you should see,
He gathered all his silks and rubies;
   The Turkish land he'd go and see.

He first blowed east and then blowed west
   And he blowed down to the Turkish land
The Turks they got him and so sadly used him
   To love his life he was quite wearied.

1 Compare this Journal, vol. xviii, p. 209; vol. xx, p. 251; vol. xxii, p. 68; vol. xxiii, p. 450; see also Harvard College Library 25254.22.10.
They bored a hole in his left shoulder  
And nailed him down unto a tree  
They gave him nothing but bread and water  
And bread and water but once a day.

The Turks they had but one fair daughter,  
As fair a one as you should see;  
She stole the keys of the prison strong  
And vowed Lord Bacon she would set free.

She said, "Have you got any land or living,  
Or have you any dwelling free?  
Would you give it all to a Prince's daughter  
If she would set you at liberty?"

Then he says, "I've got a land and living,  
And I have got a dwelling free;  
And I'll give it all to you, pretty creature,  
If you will do that thing for me."

She went on to her Master's cellar,  
And from her father stole a jail key.  
She opened the dungeon both deep and wide,  
And vowed Lord Bacon she would set free.

Then she took him to her master's cellar  
And drawed some of the best port wine,  
And, "Drink a health to you, pretty creature!"  
"I wish, Lord Bacon, that you were mine!"

And then they drawed each other's notes of love,  
And seven years they were to stand;  
He vowed he'd marry no other woman  
Unless she married some other man.

Then she took him on to the sea-side  
And left him sailing over the main.  
"Fare ye well! Fare ye well! you pretty creature!  
Oh, when shall I see you again!"

When seven years were past and gone  
And seven months and almost three,  
She gathered all her silks and rubies  
And vowed Lord Bacon she'd go and see.

When she got to Lord Bacon's hall  
She knocked so far below the ring,  
"Oh, yes! oh, yes!" said the bold proud porter,  
"She knocks so hard, fain would she come in."

"Is this Lord Bacon's hall?" she said;  
"Or is there any man within?"  
"Oh, yes! oh, yes!" said the bold proud porter,  
This day has fetched him a young bride in."
She says, "Now you’ve married some other woman
   And I have married no other man;
I wish I had my notes of love,
   Straight back to the Turkish land I’d go."

Then up spoke the young bride’s mother,
   An angry spoken old thing was she,
Saying, "Would you quit my own fair daughter
   And take up with a Turkish lady?"

He said, "You may take your daughter home with you,
   For I’m sure she’s none the worse for me,
For the prettiest thing stands here awaiting
   That ever my two eyes did see.

She’s got a ring on every finger,
   And on her middle one she’s got three,
And gold around her neck a-plenty
   To buy all Cumberland of thee."

He took her by the lily-white hand
And took her to his master’s cellar
And drewed some of the best port wine
Saying, "Drink a health, pretty creature,
   Who freed me from such a prison strong."

He took her by the lily-white hand
And gently led her to his hall
And changed her name from Pretty Nancy
And called her name, it was noble Jane.

6. GEORGE COLLINS (Child, 83).
(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. given E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

George Collins rode home one cold winter night,
   George Collins rode home so fine,
George Collins rode home one cold winter night,
   He taken 1 sick and died.

A fair young lady in her father’s house
   A-sewing her silk so fine
And when she heard that George was dead
   She threw it down and cried.

"O daughter, don’t weep! O daughter, don’t mourn!
   There are more boys than one."
"O mother dear! he has my heart,
   And now he’s dead and gone."

"The happiest hours I ever spent
   Were when I was by his side;

1 The regular past tense of “take” in the Appalachian Mountains.
The saddest news I ever heard
   Was when George Collins died."

She followed him up, she followed him down;
   She followed him to his grave,
And there she fell on her bended knees;
   She wept; she mourned; she prayed.

"Unscrew the coffin; lay back the lid;
   Roll down the linen so fine;
And let me kiss his cold pale lips,
   For I know he will never kiss mine.

"Whenever you hear some lonesome dove
   Go flying from pine to pine
A-mourning for its own true-love
   As I have mourned for mine."

7. FAIR ELLENDER (Child, 73).\(^1\)

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. lent E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

"Come riddle to me my own true mother,
   Come riddle us all as one,
Whether I must marry fair Ellender or not,
   Or bring the brown girl home" (twice).

"The brown girl she has house and lands;
   Fair Ellender she has none;
And I advise you, my own heart's blessing,
   Go bring the brown girl home."

... ... ... ... ...

"Go saddle up my milk white steed,
   Yourself you must dress in green."
And every town that she rode through
   They took her to be a queen.

... ... ... ... ...

"Go dig my grave both wide and deep,
   And paint my coffin black,
And bury fair Ellender in my arms,
   And the brown girl at my back.

"Oh, dig my grave, dear mother," he said;
   "Dig it both wide and deep;
And bury fair Ellender in my arms,
   And the brown girl at my feet."

8. EARL BRAND (Child, 7).

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. lent E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

"Rise up, you seven bretherens,
   And bring your sister down;

Songs and Rhymes from the South.

It shall never be said that a steward's son
Had taken her out of town."

"I thank you kindly, sir," he says;
"I am no steward's son,
My father is of a regis king,
My mother's a quaker's queen."

He mound her on a milk-white steed,
He rode the dapple gray,
He swung a bugle horn all round about his neck,
And so went blowing away.

He had not got three mile of town
Till he looked back again,
And saw her father and seven bretherens
Come tripling over the plain.

"Sit you down, fair Ellender," he said;
"And hold this steed by the rein,
Till I play awhile with your father
And your seven bretherens."

Fair Ellender she sat still;
It wasn't long till she saw
Her own dear seven bretherens
All wallowing in their blood.

Fair Ellender she sat still;
She never changed a note,
Till she saw her own dear father's head
Come tumbling by her foot.

Saying, "Love runs free in every vein
But father you have no more;
If you're not satisfied with this,
I wish you were in your mother's chamber
And me 1 in some house or room."

"If I was in my mother's chamber,
You'd be welcome there;
I'll wind you east, I'll wind you west,
I'll wind along with you."

He mound her on a milk-white steed,
He rode the dapple gray,
He swung a bugle all round about his neck,
And so went bleeding away.

As he rode up to his father's gate,
He tinkled at the ring,
Saying, "O dear father, asleep or awake,
Arise and let me in."

1 Another accusative absolute.
"O sister, sister! make my bed;  
My wounds are very sore."
Saying, "O dear mother! oh, bind up my head,  
For me you'll bind no more."

It was about three hours till day  
The cocks began to crow;  
From every wound that he received  
His heart blood began to flow.

Sweet William he died like it might be to-day;  
Fair Ellender to-morrow;  
Sweet William died for the wounds he received;  
Fair Ellen died for sorrow.

Fair Ellender was buried by the church door;  
Sweet William was buried by her;  
And out of her breast sprung a blood red rose,  
And out of his a briar.

They growed, they growed to the top of the church,  
Till they could grow no higher,  
And there they tied a true lover's knot,  
And the rose ran round the briar.

9. LADY MARGET (Child, 74).1

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. lent E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)
Sweet William arose one morning in May  
And dressed himself in blue,  
"Pray, tell me all about that long, long love  
Betwixt Lady Marget and you."

"It's I know nothing of Lady Marget,  
And she knew nothing of me.  
To-morrow morning at eight o'clock  
Lady Marget my bride shall see."

As she was a-standing in her bower room,  
A-combing back her hair,  
She saw sweet William and his brown broughten bride  
As they drew near to her.

Back she threw her ivory comb,  
And back she threw her hair;  
Then she ran to her bed-chamber  
Nevermore to appear.

That very same night when they were all in the bed,  
When they were all in the bed asleep,  
Lady Marget rose, stood all alone  
At sweet William's bed feet.

1 Compare this Journal, vol. xix, p. 281; vol. xxiii, p. 381.
"And how do you like your bed, sweet William,
And how do you like your sheet?
Or how do you like your brown broughten bride
That lies in your arms asleep?"

Very well, very well, I like my bed;
Very well I like my sheet;
Ten thousand times better I like the lady gay
That stands at my bed feet.

Sweet William arose; stood all alone,
And tingled at the ring;
There's none so ready but her seven brothers all
To rise and let him in.

"Oh, where is Lady Marget?" he says;
"Oh, where is Lady Marget?" he cries.
"Lady Marget is the girl I always did adore,
And she stole my heart away.

"Is she in her bower room
Or is she in her hall?
Or is she in her bed-chamber
Amongst her merry maids all?"

"She is not in her bower room,
Nor neither in her hall;
But she is in her cold, cold coffin,
Her pale face towards the wall.

And down he pulled the milk-white sheets
That were made of satin so fine:
"Ten thousand times you have kissed my lips,
And now, love, I'll kiss thine."

Three times he kissed her snowy white breast;
Three times he kissed her cheeks;
But when he kissed her cold clay lips,
His heart was broke within.

"What will you have at Lady Marget's burying?
Will you have bread and wine?
To-morrow morning at eight o'clock
The same will be had at mine."

They buried Lady Marget at the church door
And buried sweet William by her;
Out of Lady Marget's grave sprung a green, green rose,
Out of sweet William's a brier.

They grew and grew to the top of the church
And they could grow no higher.
And they tied a true love's knot
And lived and died together.
IO. WILEY BOLIN. ¹

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; recitation of F. Le Tellier; 1907.)

Wiley Bolin had a good ole mare,
    Hurrah!
Wiley Bolin had a good ole mare,
    Hurrah!
Eyes knocked out en sides caved in,
    Hurrah!
"A durn good mare!" said Wiley Bolin,
    Hurrah!

He rode her up to Miss Malvern's house,
    Hurrah!
He rode her up to Miss Malvern's house,
    Hurrah!
En they bowed en scraped, en welcomed him in,
    Hurrah!
"I've come to marry!" said Wiley Bolin,
    Hurrah!

"Which one uv my daughters do you love best?"
    Hurrah!
"Take your selection among the rest,"
    Hurrah!
"I'll marry one fer love, en I'll marry one fer kin;"
    Hurrah!
"So I'll marry 'em both," said Wiley Bolin,
    Hurrah!

After the ball the floor's swept clean,
    Hurrah!
After the ball the floor's swept clean,
    Hurrah!
The bed wus spread en the kiver wus thin,
    Hurrah!
"I'll sleep in the middle," said Wiley Bolin,
    Hurrah!

II. THE SEA-CAPTAIN (cf. Child, 267). ²

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. given E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

There was a sea captain lately come to shore,
His ragged apparel like one that was poor.

"What news, what news, dear Johnny, what news have you brought to me?"
"It's bad news, madam, I have brought to thee.

"Our ship had a broken voyage and all was lost," said he;
"And all the rest of our merry men got drowned at sea.

¹ Compare Child, No. 39; Eckenstein, p. 52; and Chambers, p. 33; see also Harvard College Library. 25254.10.5.
² Compare this Journal, vol. xxv, p. 7.
"Call down your daughter Polly, and set her down by me;
We'll drink and drown all sorrow, and married we will be.'"

"My daughter Polly's busy and cannot come to thee,
And neither can I trust you for one bowl or three."

Then poor Johnny smiled and hung down his head.
"Go light the candle and show me the bed."

"My green beds are all full and have been this week,
And therefore poor Johnny his lodging may seek."

"Pray, tell me what I owe you, and that I will pay;
Pray, tell me what I owe you, and without delay."

"Here's fifty of the new score and something of the old."
Then poor Johnny pulled out both hands full of gold.

When the old hag saw the money, then she began to rue;
Said, "Come back, dear Johnny, I have not done with you.

"If you were in earnest, I was only in a jest;
Upon my reputation I love you the best.

"For my green beds are all empty and have been for a week,
For you and my daughter Polly to take a pleasant sleep."

"No, I won't lie in your green beds, I'd rather lie in the street;
For when I had no money, out of doors I was kicked.

"Now I've got money plenty, I'll make the tavern roar;
With ale and beer and brandy I'll drink about galore."

12. SANDY.¹
(From Kentucky; recitation of Miss Mary Kahn; 1913.)
The moon had climbed the highest hill that rises o'er the source of Dee,
And from the eastern summit shed its silvery light o'er land and sea.

And Mary laid her down to sleep, her thoughts of Sandy far at sea,
When soft and low a voice she heard, saying, "Mary, weep no more for me."

She from her pillow gently raised her head to ask who there might be,
And saw young Sandy shivering stand, with pallid cheek and hollow eye.

"O Mary, dear! cold is my clay, that sleeps beneath the raging sea;''
And soft and low a voice she heard, saying, "Mary, weep no more for me.

"Three days and nights we strove to save our little bark upon the sea,
But all our striving was in vain; so, Mary, weep no more for me."

Loud struck the clock, the shadow fled; no more of Sandy could she see;
But soft and low a voice she heard, saying, "Mary, weep no more for me."

¹ A well-preserved version of an old Scottish song. Contrast the flavor of this with material of non-literary origin,—say, with "Franky" of this collection.
13. THERE WAS AN OLD MAN.

(From Kentucky; MS. of Miss Kahn; 1913.)

There was an old man came over the Dee;
Ha! ha! ha! but I won't have him!
Came over the Dee, a-courting me,
With his old beard so newly shaven.

My mother she told me to open the door;
I opened the door and he bowed to the floor.

My mother she told me to hang up his hat;
I hung up his hat and he grinned like a cat.

My mother she told me to give him a stool;
I gave him a stool and he looked like a fool.

My mother she told me to give him some fish;
I gave him some fish and he ate up the dish.

My mother she told me to give him some pie;
I gave him some pie and he cried "Oh, my!"

My mother she told me to lead him to church;
I led him to church but I left him in the lurch.

14. SOLDIER, WON'T YOU MARRY ME?

(From Virginia; country whites; singing of Miss N. B. Graham; 1913.)

CHORUS.

"Soldier, won't you marry me with your fife and drum?"
"Oh, no! my pretty little miss; I have no coat to put on."
Then away she ran to the tailor's shop as fast as she could run,
And bought the finest coat in town for the soldier-boy to put on.

"Now, soldier, won't you," etc. (with each article of clothing)

"Now, soldier, won't you marry me with your fife and drum?"
"Oh, no! my pretty little miss! I have a wife at home."
15. OLD SMOKY.

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. written for E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

On the top of old Smoky all covered in snow
I lost my true lover by sparkling too slow.¹

Sparkling is a pleasure, parting is a grief,
And a false hearted is worse than a thief.

A thief will only rob you, will take what you have,
And a false-hearted lover will take you to the grave.

The grave will only decay you, turn you to dust;
There's not one boy in a hundred a poor girl can trust.

They will tell you they love you to give your heart ease,
And as soon as your back's upon them they'll court who they please.

"It's a raining, it's a hailing; that moon gives no light;
Your horses can't travel this dark lonesome night.

"Go put up your horses, feed them some hay;
Come and set down here by me, love, as long as you stay."

"My horses are not hungry, they won't eat your hay:
So farewell, my little darling! I'll feed on my way.

"I will drive on to Georgia, write you my mind;
My mind is to marry, love, and leave you behind.

"Your parents is against me; mine is the same;
If I'm down on your book, love, please rub off my name."

"I go upon old Smoky on the mountain so high,
Where the wild birds and the turtle-dove can hear my sad cry."

"As sure as the dew drops grows on the green corn,
Last night I were with her, but to-night she is gone."

16. I'M GOING TO GEORGIA.

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. lent E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

Once I loved a young man as dear as my life,
And he oftentimes would promise to make me his wife.

Refrain.

I'm going to Georgia, I'm going to roam,
I'm going to Georgia to make it my home.

His promises fulfilled and he made me his wife,²
So you see what I have come to by believing his lies.

² The vowel in this word is pronounced like that in "lies," so that there is perfect assonance.
Come, all ye fair ladies, take warning by me:
Never cast your affections on a green growing tree;
For the leaves may wither and the flowers may die;
Some young man may fool you as one has fooled I.
For they'll hug you and kiss you and tell you more lies
Than cross-ties on the railroad or stars in the skies.

I7. THE SILK MERCHANT’S DAUGHTER.¹

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. given E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

There was a rich gentleman in London did right,
Had one lovely daughter her beauty shined bright.
She loved a porter, and to prevent the day
Of marriage they sent this poor young man away.

Oh, now he has gone for to serve his king
It grieves this lady to think of the thing.
She dressed herself up in rich merchant’s shape;
She wandered away her true-love for to seek.
As she was travelling one day almost night
A couple of Indians appeared in her sight.²

And as they drew nigh her, oh, this they did say:
"Now we're resolved to take your life away."
She had nothing by her but a sword to defend;
These barbarous Indians murder intend.

But in the contest one of them she did kill,
Which caused the other for to leave the hill.
As she was a-sailing over the tide
She spied a city down by the seaside.

She saw her dear porter a-walking the street;
She made it her business her true love to meet.
"How do, you do, sir? where do you belong?"
"I'm a-hunting a diamond, and I must be gone."

He says, "I'm no sailor; but if you want a man,
For my passage over I'll do all I can."
Then straightway they both went on board.
Says the captain to the young man, "What did you do with your sword?"
On account of long travel on him she did gaze,
"Once by my sword my sweet life I did save."

Then straightway to London their ship it did steer;
Such utter destruction to us did appear;
It was all out on main sea to our discontent,
Our ship sprung a leak and to the bottom she went.

¹ A version of the broadside "Jackass" (cf. this Journal, vol. xx. p. 269).
² Does this represent an American accretion?
There was four and twenty of us all contained in one boat;  
Our provision gave out and our allowance grew short;  
Our provisions gave out, and, death drawing nigh,  
Says the captain, "Let's cast lots for to see who shall die."

Then down on a paper each man's name was wrote;  
Each man ran his venture, each man had his note.  
Amongst this whole ship's crew this maid's was the least;  
It was her lot to die for to feed all the rest.

Now, says the captain, "Let's cast lots and see  
Amongst the ship's crew who the butcher will be."  
It's the hardest of fortune you ever did hear:  
This maid to be killed by the young man, her dear.

He called for a basin for to catch the blood  
While this fair lady a-trembling stood,  
Saying, "Lord have mercy on me how my poor heart do bleed  
To think I must die hungry men for to feed."

Then he called for a knife his business to do;  
She says, "Hold your hand for a minute or two.  
A silk merchant's daughter in London I be.  
Pray, see what I've come to by loving of thee."

Then she shewed a ring betwixt them was broke.  
Knowing the ring, with a sigh then he spoke:  
"For the thoughts of your dying my poor heart will burst;  
For the hopes of your long life, love, I will die first."

Says the captain, "If you love her, you'll make her amend,  
But the fewest of number will die for a friend.  
So quicken the business and let it be done."

But while they were speaking, they all heard a gun.

Says the captain, "You may now all hold your hand;  
We all hear a gun; we are near ship or land."  
In about half an hour to us did appear  
A ship bound for London which did our hearts cheer.

It carried us safe over and us safe conveyed;  
And then they got married this young man and maid.

18. WHEN I BECAME A ROVER.

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. given E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

When I became a rover, it grieved my heart most sore  
To leave my aged parents to never see them more.

My parents did treat me tenderly, they had no child but me;  
But my mind was bent on roving; with them I couldn't agree.

There was a noble gentleman in yonder town drew nigh;  
He had one only daughter; on her I cast my eye.
She was young and tall and handsome, most beautiful and fair;
There wasn't a girl in that whole town with her I could compare.

I told her my intention, it was to cross the main.
It's, "Love, will you prove faithful till I return again?"

She said she would prove faithful till death did prove unkind;
We kissed, shook hands, and parted; I left my girl behind.

It's when I left old Ireland to Scotland I was bound;
I'll march from Zion to me to view the country round.

The girls were fair and plenty there, and all to me proved kind;
But the dearest object of my heart was the girl I left behind.

I walked out one evening all down the George's square;
The mail-coach ship had just arose when the post-boy met me there.

He handed me a letter that gave me to understand
That the girl I left behind me had wedded to another man.

I advanced a little further; I found the news quite true;
I turned myself all round and about; I knew not what to do.

I'll serve my trade; I'll give my woe;¹ bad company I'll resign;
I'll rove around from town to town for the girl I left behind.

19. WILLIAM TAYLOR.²

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. lent E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

Oh, William was a youthful lover,
   Full of youth and wealth and heir;
And first his love he could discover
   Was on a charming lady fair.

Samuel knowing nothing of Billy's doings
   Till Billy gained in great success;
And Samuel swore he'd be Billy's ruin;
   He'd deprive him of all happiness.

The day was set for to get married,
   And dressed he was and all ready.
Instead of Billy's getting married,
   Pressed he was and sent to sea.

Oh, must I live on bread and water
   Till his fair face I see again?
She dressed herself in the sailor's jacket,
   And then on sea she did go.

Her little fingers both slim and slender
   With kitchen fare must all be stained.

¹ Another version of this apparent broadside, also furnished by Mr. Caldwell, reads here, "I'll bear my woes."
Out on sea there rose a dreadful screaming,
And her\(^1\) being among the rest,
A silver button flew off her jacket,
And a sailor spied her snowy white breast.

It's, "O pretty miss! what is the matter?
Oh, what misfortune's brought you here?"
"I'm on pursuit of my own true lover
Sailed away the other year."

"If you're on pursuit of your own true lover,
Pray, tell me what is his name."
"His name it be one William Taylor,
Pressed he was from the Isle of Graham."

"If his name be William Taylor,
Very like I know the man;
If you'll rise up early in the morning,
You'll see him a-walking down the strand."

She arose early the next morning,
Just about the break of day,
And there she spied her own love William Taylor
Come walking with his lady gay.

"If that be my William Taylor,"
She cried, "alas! what shall I do?"
She wrung her lily white hands
And over bow her body threw.

This lady died for William Taylor;
The watery main it was her grave.
The whole ship's crew they tried to save her,
But all they strived it was in vain.

20. THE DAMSEL DISGUISED.\(^2\)

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. lent E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

Come, all you fair ladies that's linked in Cupid's chain;
I'll tell you of a damsel a-sporting on the plain.
It was her and her dear Billy that used to sport and play,
And the press-gang followed after and pressed her love away.

With bitter screams and crying she ran and tore her hair.
She said, "I'll go distracted for losing of my dear."
She wished the wars might kill them that pressed her love away,
And would leave their bodies sinking forever in the sea.

Then straightway she went home and dressed like any duke with a star
upon her breast.
She swore she'd kill the Captain if he her miss list.\(^3\)
The officers stood a-gazing this noble duke to see,
To think he was a-coming there commander for to be.

\(^1\) Accusative absolute.
\(^2\) Compare this Journal, vol. xxiv, p. 338, for a broadside something like this.
\(^3\) MS. reads thus, evidently for "molest," given as a dialectic form of "molest."
Now, straightway she walked up, took this young man by the hand, Saying, "You are my prisoner, and you I'll command; You robbed me of my treasure; I'll try you for your life." "I never robbed a man," says he, "a man in all my life."

Hand in hand they walked on till they came to a shade; Then she began to ask him if he knew such a maid. His eyes they overflowed with tears a-hearing of her name. "Hold your tongue, my dear!" she said, "for I'm the very same."

Then into his love's arms like lightning he did fly: "Oh, my dearest jewel, how could you all this do? How could you venture your sweet life to cross the raging sea?" "I ventured life for fortune this young man's wife to be."

21. THE PRENTICE BOY.²

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. given E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

When I was brought up in Ireland to a note of high degree, My parents they adored me; no other child but me. I raked and rambled over, just as my fancies led; At length I came a prentice boy; my joys they soon all fled.

My mistress and my master they didn't use me well; I formed a resolution not long with them to dwell. Unbeknown to friends and parents, from them I stole away; I steered my course to Dublin, so bitter be that day!

I hadn't been in Dublin more than weeks two or three, Before my worthy mistress grew very fond of me. And "Here's my gold and silver, my horses and free land; If you'll consent to marry me, it's all at your command."

It's, "Oh, my worthy mistress, I cannot wed you now, For I'm promised to pretty Polly, besides a solemn vow; I'm promised to pretty Polly and bounded in an oath; I'm promised to pretty Polly and I cannot wed you both."

I stepped out one morning to take the pleasant air; My mistress in the garden a-viewing sweet flowers there; The rings that's on her fingers as she came passing by She dropped into my pocket and for them I must die.

My mistress swore against me, and she had me brought Before the cruel justice to answer for that fault. My mistress swore I robbed her, which lodged me into jail. That's been the provocation of my sad overthrow.

Come, all you bystanders, don't laugh nor frown on me, For I have plead not guilty, you all may plainly see. Here's adieu to pretty Polly! I died a-loving thee.

¹ That is, a certain maid.
² Evidently a broadside reworking of the Potiphar's wife theme. See "The Sheffield Apprentice," in Harvard College Library 25254.12.10.
Songs and Rhymes from the South.

22. POLLY.¹

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. lent E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

I am a man of honour and from Virginia came;
I courted a fair damsel, and Polly was her name.

I gained her affection so plainly did show,
And her self-conceited brother, he proved her overthrow.

Her brother being absent, as we do understand,
"O sister! don't you have him; he's neither house nor land.

"Sister, don't you have him; here's one handsome gown;
Two more I will give to you, the best in Campbell² town."

It filled her heart with sorrow; she stepped aside to cry,
"If I had all the silks and satins that ever crossed the sea,
Freely would I give it all if my friends could all agree."

Then to meet with lovely Polly I travelled day and night,
Hoping when I met with her it was to take delight.

When I met with her it was my sad surprise
How the tears were falling from her most charming eyes.

"What's the matter, Polly, what makes you look so sad?
Have I give you any reasons to cause you to be mad?

"If I gave you any reason, love, it ne'er was my intent.
Pray, tell to me, dear Polly, what makes you so lament.

"You've altered your mind, love, as I do understand,
For a three gown pattern³ and but one of them in hand.

"You've altered your mind, love, and has [have?] a mind to rue;⁴
I hope I'll find some other girl I love as well as you.

"Love is a thing, my dear, that can't be bought nor sold.
Love's been more dear to me than ten thousand pounds of gold."

23. YOUNG EDWARDS.

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. lent E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

I am a dying soldier lying near the battle field,
My comrades gathering round me down by my side to kneel.

To gaze upon young Edwards, who raised a drooping head,
Saying, "Who will care for mother when her soldier boy is dead?"

Go tell my old father in death I prayed for him
That we might meet in a world that's freed from [death and] sin.

¹ A ballad of the broadside type, apparently of American manufacture.
² A town in Albemarle County.
³ That is, "for the makings of three gowns." A "boat pattern" is lumber enough to make a boat.
⁴ That is, to swap back again, as in a trading of knives.
I am my father's only son, my mother's only joy;  
She weeps the tears of angels for her dying soldier boy.

Go tell my little sister for me she must not weep,  
Here no more by her fireside take her on my [knee?]

Nor sing them little songs to her she used to hear me sing,  
For her brother's lying bleeding at the battle of Mill Springs.

I am my father's only son to comfort his old age,  
My heart is like a captured bird a-fluttering in its cage.

But when I heard my name was called for a soldier to be,  
I voted for the Union and for its liberty.

Now, listen, comrades, listen, of the girl I speak of now!  
[Line missing.]

But little does she care for me: she walks along and sings,  
And her true-love lying bleeding at the battle of Mill Springs.

Many a thousand soldier who raised a drooping head  
To gaze upon young Edwards, who prayed before he died.¹

The stars and stripes he kissed them and layed them by his side:  
"Here's three cheers for the Union!" and he dropped his head and died.

24. COLONEL SHARP.²

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. given E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

Gentlemen and Ladies, I pray you lend an ear;  
A very sad story you now shall quickly hear;

It was of a bold young lawyer lived in Kentucky state  
Who on his own true lover with patience he did wait.

¹ "Ere the soldier boy was dead?"
² The killing on which this ballad is based occurred in Frankfort in 1824. It became the basis of widely spread ballads. To students of American literature the affair is of interest, in that it was the basis of Poe's fragmentary tragedy Politian, Hoffman's Greyslaer, and of some four or five other pieces of American literature. Jereboam O. Beauchamp, a young student of law living in Glasgow, Ky., learned from a fellow-student that Col. Sol. P. Sharp, under whom Beauchamp expected to study law, had been guilty of seducing Miss Ann Cook. He conceived at once a contempt for Sharp, and through sympathy for the girl sought her acquaintance. He soon fell in love with Miss Cook, and asked her to marry him. She made one condition, that he kill Sharp. He agreed to the condition, and tried to make Sharp fight. Sharp refused and kept out of Beauchamp's way. Beauchamp made all his neighbors believe that he and his wife (the two had married in the mean time) were going to move to Missouri. He arranged that just before his proposed departure urgent business should take him to Frankfort, where Sharp held the position of attorney-general. Beauchamp, having disguised himself as a negro, called Sharp out of his home at night and killed him. He then sunk his disguise in the river, and, having put on his own clothes again, slipped back into his hotel. On the next day he returned to his home; but he was suspected, arrested, and convicted. He and his wife both tried to commit suicide by drinking poison. The wife died of the poison one hour after the husband was executed for his deed. While in prison, Beauchamp wrote at length a Confession, which is occasionally seen even now for sale.
She told him she would marry him if he would avenge her heart
Of injury had been done her by one said Colonel Sharpe,
She said he had reduced her and brought her spirits low
"And without some satisfaction no pleasures can I know."

It's "Oh, my dearest Jewel, that's pleasant talk to me.
To kill the man who injured you I really do feel free;
For I never could expect you for to become my wife
Until I did attack him and surely take his life."

He had made some preparations and on to Frankfort went;
To kill this noble Colonel it was his whole intent.
He took him out to one side and gave to him a knife.
He said, "I cannot fight you if this lady be your wife."

He went down to Frankfort all on the very next day.
He hunted Frankfort over, and Sharpe had gone away.
He turned to his lover and told her what he'd done,
And both agreed within themselves they'd let him longer run.

She made a mask of black silk and put it on his head;
So they might think he was some negro as he ran from the bed.
He slipped along most secretly till he came to Colonel Sharpe;
Called him from his bed chamber and stabbed him to his heart.

And then this Colonel's friends they all came flocking round.

... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ...
And wasn't it most sorrowful to see him bleed and die,
And leave his little children and his poor wife to cry?

And then his dearest lover turned to his loving wife,
Says, "Oh, my dearest Jewel, I've took that Colonel's life.
And now we will prepare ourselves and to Missouri run,¹
And I hope we'll be more happier than when we first begun."

She said, "Oh, my dearest Jewel, just do as you please;
You've took me out of trouble and set me at my ease."
This couple was followed after and back was fetched again.
He was tried by judge and jury, and guilty he was found.
They carried him to the jail house and in it he was bound.

Then he called for pen and ink to write all around,
"I want this whole world to know what I have done:
I've killed this noble Colonel that injured my poor wife
And always will protect her as long as I have life.

"My dear old father, don't you trouble me;
And my dear old mother, don't grieve nor cry for me;
For the laws of old Kentucky say I must shortly die
And leave my little brothers and sisters here to cry."

¹ The trip to Missouri was planned before the murder.
Then he says, "Oh, my dearest Jewel, come stay awhile with me,  
For I shortly must leave you to go to eternity.  
May the heavens bless you while here on earth you stay,  
And all my friends protect you and help you on your way."

She says, "My dearest Jewel, I'll stay awhile with you;  
The reasons of your troubles were all becaused by me."
She says, "I will stay with you while here on earth you stay,  
And when you're persecuted lie with you in the clay."

She ground her penknife, she ground it keen and sharp;  
While he was talking to her she stabbed it to her heart;  
She gave it to her own true-love, he undertook the same;  
The very second blow he made she stopped it with her hand.

Perhaps there's some one here who'd wish to know their names.  
It was Andy Bowens Beecher and Andy Cooker's dame.  
And wasn't it surprising that they behaved so brave,  
And in each other's bosom lay mouldering in the grave?  
Was ever a transaction that caused so much blood  
Was ever a true-hearted man more constant to his love?

25. PEARL BRYN.¹

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. lent E. N. Caldwell; 1973.)
Down, down in yonder valley where the flowers fade and bloom,  
Our own Pearl Bryn is sleeping in her cold and silent tomb.  
She did not die broken hearted nor from lingering illness fell,  
But in one instant parted from a home she loved so well.

One night when the moon shone brightly and the stars were shining too,  
When up to her cottage window her jealous lover drew.  
"Come, Pearl, and let us wander in the valley deep and gay;  
Come, love, and let us ponder upon our wedding day."

Deep, deep into the valley he led his love so dear;  
Says she, "'Tis for you only that I have wandered here;  
The way seems dark and dreary, and I'm afraid to stay;  
Besides, I'm worn and weary and would retrace my way."

"Retrace your way? No, never! These woods you'll roam no more;  
No one on earth can save you; Pearl Bryn, you now must die."  
Down on her knees before him she pleaded for her life;  
Deep, deep into her bosom he plunged the fatal knife.

"What have I done, Scot Jackson, that you should take my life?  
I always loved you dearly and would have been your wife.  
Farewell, my loving parents, you'll see my face no more;  
Long, long you'll wait my coming at the little cottage door.

"Farewell, my darling sisters, my peaceful happy home!  
Farewell, my dear old schoolmates, with you no more I'll roam!"

¹ Compare this Journal, vol. xx, p. 264.
Songs and Rhymes from the South.

When birds were sweetly singing their bright and joyous songs
They found Pearl Bryn's body on the cold and silent ground.¹

26. SPRINGFIELD MOUNTAIN.²
(From Kentucky; mountain whites; MS. of Miss Sanders; 1912.)
Johnny Ray went out one day
Into the meadow for to mow some hay.
Mowed round and round and at last did feel
A pizen serpent bite his heel.
"Oh, Johnny dear, why did you go
Into the meadow that hay for to mow?"
"Oh, Mary dear, I thought you knowed
Daddy's hay had to be mowed."
At last he died; gave up the ghost;
And on to Abraham's bosom did coast,
Crying, crying, as he went,
"Cruel, cruel sar-pi-ent!"

27. JOHNNY'S SO LONG AT THE FAIR.³
(From Mississippi; country whites; recitation of Mrs. Brown; 1909.)
Oh, dear! what can the matter be? (twice)
Johnny's so long at the fair.
He promised to bring me a basket of roses,
A basket of pinks, and a basket of posies,
A little straw hat, and a bunch of blue ribbon
To tie up my bonny brown hair.

Oh, dear! what can the matter be? (twice)
Johnny's so long at the fair.
He promised to bring me a ring and a locket,
A few little things to put in my pocket,
A little fur cap, and a bunch of blue ribbon
To tie up my bonny brown hair.

28. FORSAKEN.
(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Miss Kent; 1909.)
My Willie is a good boy, a good boy is he;
How often he's told me how constant he'd be!
He's out on the water; he'll sink or he'll swim;
If he can live without me, I can live without him.
I'll pull off my grey dress, I'll put on my green;
If I am forsaken, I'm only sixteen!

¹ Another version of this wide-spread song from Rush Run, W. Va., gives to the girl the name Loretta, and to the boy Willie.
² Compare this Journal, vol. xii, p. 242; vol. xiii, pp. 107, 295.
Forsaken, forsaken, forsaken by one!
Poor fool, he's mistaken, if he thinks I will mourn.
I'll tell him I love him, to give his heart ease;
And then when his back's turned, I'll love who I please.

Green leaves they will wither, and branches decay,
And the promise of a young man will soon fade away.
Oh, I can live likely! oh, I can live long!
I can love an old sweetheart till a new one comes along.\(^1\)

29. THE ORPHAN GIRL.\(^2\)

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. lent E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

"No home, no home!" pretty little girl at the door of a princely hall,
As she trembling stood on the polished steps and leaned on the marble wall.
It was dark and cold and the snow fell fast and the rich man shut his door,
As his proud face frowned and he scornfully said, "No room, no room for the poor."

"I must freeze," she said, as she sunk on the porch and strove to wrap her feet
With her tattered dress all covered with snow, all covered with snow and sleet.
Her clothing was thin, and her feet were bare, but the snow had covered her head.
"Give me a home," she mournfully cried, "a home and a piece of bread.

"My father, alas! I never knew," as the tears bedim her eyes;\(^4\)
"My mother sleeps in a new-made grave; I'm an orphan, a beggar to-night."
The rich man slept on his velvet couch and dreamed of his silver and gold.
And the poor little girl in her bed of snow murmured, "So cold, so cold!"

The night it passed like a midnight charm, tolled out like a funeral knell.
This earth was wrapped in a winding sheet; the drifting snow still fell.
The night it passed and morning drew, still laid at the rich man's door,\(^5\)
But her soul had fled to a home above where there's room and bread for the poor.

30. THE BLIND CHILD'S PRAYER.\(^6\)

A.

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. written for E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

"They tell me, father, that to-night you wed another bride;
That you will clasp her in your arms, where my dear mother died.

\(^1\) With this sentiment compare this Journal, vol. xx, p. 269.
\(^2\) Evidently the work of the minstrel. Most probably a song from the world of print, that, by reason of its obvious pathos, found a place in the repertoire of the folk. I have another version from Clay County, Kentucky.
\(^3\) Kentucky MS., "Plead a little girl."
\(^4\) Kentucky MS., "With the tears so bright in her eyes." Read "in her eyes so bright."
\(^5\) Kentucky MS., "Morning dawns on the little girl as she lay at the rich man's door."
\(^6\) This is evidently the work of a literary hand. Such songs are often taken over into the possession of folk.
"Her picture's hanging on the wall; her books are lying near; And there's the harp her fingers touched, and there's her vacant chair.

"The chair where by her side I've knelt to say her evening prayer; Please, father, do not bid me come, for I could not meet her there.

"But when I've cried myself to sleep, as now I often do, Then softly to my chamber creep 1 my new mamma and you.

"Then bid her gently press a kiss upon my throbbing brow, Just as my own dear mother would. Why, papa, you're weeping now!

"Now let me kneel down by your side and to the Savior pray That God's right hand may guide you both through life's long weary way."

The prayer was murmured, and she said, "I'm growing weary now." He gently raised her in his arms and laid her on the bed.

Then as he turned to leave the room, one joyful cry was given. He turned and caught the last sweet smile; his blind child was in heaven.

They lay her by her mother's side and raised a marble fair, And on it engraved these simple words, "There'll be no blind ones there."

B. 2

(From Kentucky; mountain whites; MS. taken by E. N. Caldwell from a mountain banjo-picker's singing; 1913.)

They say her name is Mary too, the name my mother wore, Nor will she prove so kind and true as the one you loved before.

Is her step so soft and low, her voice so sweet and mild? And do you think she loves me too, your blind and helpless child?

And, father, do not bid me come [to greet your new-made bride]; I could not meet her in the room [where] my dear mother died.

Her picture's hanging on the walls, her robes are lying there; There is the harp her fingers touched, there sits the vacant chair.

Close by her side when [= where?] I have [knelt] to say my evening prayer. O father! it would break my heart. I could not meet her there.

31. THE SHIP THAT NEVER RETURNED. 3

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. written for E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

On a summer day when the waves were rippled By the softest gentlest breeze Did a ship set sail with a cargo laden For a port beyond the seas.

1 Apparently a volitive subjunctive.
2 The verses here, taken from a badly mangled form of this song, may be added to those of the North Carolina version.
3 A song well known among the mountain folk of East Tennessee. See Harvard College Library 25241-29.
There were sweet farewells, there were loving signals,
While a form was yet discerned;
For they knew it not, 'twas a solemn parting,
For the ship she never returned.

Refrain.
Did she ever return? No, she never returned;
For her fate is yet unlearned,
Though for years and years there's been kind hearts watching
For the ship that never returned.

Said a feeble lad to his anxious mother,
"I must cross the wide, wide sea;
For they say perchance in a foreign climate
There is strength for me."

'Twas a gleam of hope in a maze of danger
Her poor heart for her youngest earned
Yet she sent him forth with a smile and blessing
On the ship that never returned.

"Only one more trip," said a gallant seaman,
As he kissed his weeping wife
"Only one more bag of this golden treasure,
And it will last us all through life.

"Then I spend my days in my cosey cottage
And enjoy the rest I have earned;"
But alas, poor man! for he sailed commander
Of the ship that never returned.

32. A PACKAGE OF OLD LETTERS.²
(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. written for E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

In a little rosewood casket that is resting on the stand
There's a package of old letters written by a cherished hand.

Will you go and bring them, sister, and read them all to-night;
I have often tried, but could not, for the tears would blind my sight.

Come up closer to me, sister, let me lean upon your breast;
For the tide of life is ebbing, and I fain would be at rest.

Bring the letters he has written, he whose voice I've often heard,
Read them over, love, distinctly, for I've cherished every word.

Tell him, sister, when you see him, that I never cease to love;
That I dying prayed to him in a better world above.

Tell him that I was supported, never word of censure spoke,
But his silence and his absence this poor heart have well-nigh broke.

¹ So spelled in the MS. Possibly Pistol's word.
² See Harvard College Library 25241.29.
Tell him that I watched his coming when the noontide sun was high,
And when at eve the angels set their starlights in the sky.

But when I saw he came not, tell him that I did not chide,
But I spoke in love about him and I blessed him when I died.

And when in death's white garment you have wrapped my form around,
And have laid me down to slumber in the quiet churchyard ground,

Place these letters and the picture close beside my pulseless heart.
We for years have been together, and in death we will not part.

I am ready now, my sister, you may read the letters o'er;
I will listen to the words of him whom I shall see no more.

And ere you shall have finished should I calmly fall asleep,—
Fall asleep in death and wake not,—dearest sister, do not weep.

33. BILLY GRIMES.

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Miss Kent; 1909.)
To-morrow morn I'm sweet sixteen, and Billy Grimes, the drover,
Has popped the question to me, Ma, and wants to be my lover.
To-morrow [morn] he says, my Ma, he's coming here quite early,
To take a pleasant walk with me across the field of barley.

"You must not go, my daughter dear, there is no use in talking.
You shall not cross the field with Billy Grimes a-walking.
To think of his presumption! the dirty, ugly drover!
I wonder where your pride has gone to think of such a rover.

"Old Grimes is dead you know, my Ma, and Billy is so lonely;
Besides they say of Grimes' estate that Billy is the only
Surviving heir to all that's left, and that they say is nearly
A good ten thousand dollars, Ma, about six hundred yearly.

I did not hear, my daughter dear, your last remark quite clearly,
But Billy is a clever lad and no doubt loves you dearly;
Remember, then, to-morrow morn, to be up bright and early,
To take a pleasant walk with him across the field of barley.

34. BILL.

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of W. P. Bean; 1909.)
I'll tell you of a fellow, a fellow you have seen;
He's neither blue nor yellow, but altogether green,
He's altogether green, he's altogether green,
He's neither blue nor yellow, but altogether green.

His name is not so charming; it's only common Bill;
He wishes me to marry him, but I hardly think I will.
I hardly think, etc.

He wrote me a letter, such a letter you have read;
He said if I didn't marry him he thought 'twould kill him dead.
He thought, etc.
And the Holy Bible says it is a sin to kill;  
And since I've thought it over, I think I'll marry Bill.  
I think, etc.

35. JOHNNY SANDS.¹
(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Miss Kent; 1909.)
A man whose name was Johnny Sands  
 Had married Betsy Hage;  
And though she brought him gold and lands,  
 She proved a mighty plague.

For oh! she was a scolding wife,  
 Full of caprice and whim;  
She said that she was tired of life,  
 And that she was tired of him.

Said he, "I will drown myself;  
The river runs below."  
Said she, "Pray do, you silly elf;  
I've wished it long ago."

"For fear that I might courage lack  
And try to save my life,  
Pray, tie my hands behind my back."  
"I will," replied his wife.

She tied them fast as you may think,  
 And when securely done,  
Says she, "Now stand upon the brink,  
And I'll prepare to run."

Then down the hill his loving bride  
 Did run with all her force  
To push him in: he stepped aside,  
And she fell in, of course.

Then splashing, dashing like a fish,  
 "Oh, save me, Johnny Sands!"  
"I can't, my dear, though much I wish,  
For you have tied my hands."

36. THE BEAUTIFUL BOY.
(From Mississippi; country whites; recitation of Mrs. Brown; 1909.)
'Twas a cold winter's day about six in the mo'n,  
That I, little innocent baby, wus bo'n.  
There wus doctor an' nurse an' a gret many more,  
But none of them had seen such a baby before.

Some said I wus like my Mama-a;  
"Yes; an' there is the nose uv Papa-a.  
With a few alterations, oh, La-a,  
We'll make him a beautiful boy.

¹ Compare this Journal, vol. xxv, p. 12; see also Harvard College Library 25254.10.5.
"To make him a beauty," spoke out Mrs. Speer,
"We'll be troubled unless the child has a sweet leer."

Then, to give me this leer, Mrs. Glazier arose
And a lump of red putty stuck bang on my nose
To make me a beautiful boy.

Oh, it made me to wink and to blink, O!
And the ladies knew not what to think, O!
And at last it turned into this squint, O!
To make me a beautiful boy.

37. O MY LAURA LEE!

A.
(From North Carolina; country whites; MS. of W. Lockhart; 1905.)

There's money in my pocket;
Don't you hear it jingle?
I'll never marry
As long as you stay single.

O my Laura Lee!
O my Laura Lee!
O my Laura Lee, girl,
Oh, do remember me!

I've been travellin' roun' this worl';
I've travelled with the sun;
If I can't marry the girl I love,
I'll never marry none.

I wish I had a ban' box
To put my true-love in;
I'd take her out an kiss twice
An lay her back agin.

My rifle's on my shoulder;
I'm bettin' on the yan;¹
I'm going to California
To see my love agan.²

Rabbit in the lowlan',
Playin' in the san'
If he don't min' 'fore the sun goes down,
I'll have him in my han'.

Hop rabbit! jump rabbit!
Rabbit gone to mill.
Rabbit spilt his co'n,
Singing mountain hill.

¹ Dialectic form of "yon;" i.e., the things yonder.
² The next two stanzas are omitted as unprintable.
Never marry a widow,¹
   I'll tell you the reason why:
Her neck's so long an stringy
   I'm afraid she'll never die.

B.
(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1908.)
 I wouldn't marry a pore gal,
   I'll tell you the reason why:
She'd blow her nose on a cornbread crust
   En call it punkin pie.

C.
(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Miss Reedy; 1909.)
 I wouldn't marry a preacher,
   I'll tell you the reason why:
He goes all over the country,
   And eats all the chicken pie.

 I wouldn't marry a widow,
   I'll tell you the reason why:
She's got so many children,
    They'd make the biscuits fly.

D.
(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Stokes; 1909.)
 I wouldn't marry a yellow gal,
   I'll tell you the reason why:
She's always sittin' on another man's lap
   And telling her husband a lie.

E.
(From Kentucky; country whites; recitation of R. E. Monroe; 1913.)
 I wouldn't marry a school-teacher,
   No, not a tall.
Sits on a stool, and acts like a fool;
   I won't marry her a tall.

Apples in the summer-time,
   Peaches in the fall,
 I wouldn't marry a school-teacher,
   No, not a tall.

 I wouldn't marry a country girl,
   No, not a tall.
Sits by the road and hops like a toad;
   I won't marry her a tall.

F.
(From Kentucky; country whites; recitation of G. Ragland; 1913.)
 I wouldn't marry a country girl;
   I'll tell you the reason why:

She combs her hair with a curry-comb,
    And that don't suit my eye.

I wouldn't marry a city girl;
    I'll tell you the reason why:
Wants to spend every dollar that you get,
    And that don't suit my eye.

38. SWEET LILY.¹
(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; recitation of F. Le Tellier; 1913.)
My foot's in my stirrup; my bridle's in my han';
I'm courtin' sweet Lily to marry her if I can.

The old folks don't like me; they say I'm too poor;
They say I'm not worthy to knock at their door.

They say I drink liquor, but the money is my own,
And those that don't like me can let me alone.

39. IDA RED.
A.
(From Kentucky; mountain whites; MS. of Mr. House; 1905.)
Ida Red, Ida Red,
Everybody loves old Ida Red.

Went down to Ida's about half past ten;
Took old Ida a glass of gin.

"Now, here, old Ida, drink this gin;
And we won't be long making it up again."

I went down to Ida's about half past four;
"Get up, old Ida, and open the door.

"Get up, old Ida, and don't be so slow;
Give them rambling men time to go."

I went down to Ida's about half past two.
I said to Ida, "Who's in the bed with you?

"Open the door and let me see."
"There ain't nobody in the bed with me."

Got up and lit the lamp;
There stood that stinking scamp.

Buy me a horse and make me a sled,
And I'll go home with Ida Red.

Ain't but one thing I do hate:
Went down to Ida's and stayed too late.

¹ Mr. Lomax gives a version of this in Cowboy Songs. This is sung to music modified from that of "The Pretty Mohee."
B.  
(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from singing of a mountain boy; 1908.)

See me stan' in' there shakin' my head;  
See me study 'bout Ida Red.

Make me a sled en buy me a mule;  
Take little Ida to Sunday school.

Ida Red she ain't no fool;  
She's got a head like a Texas mule.

Shanghai rooster got no comb;  
Pore little Ida got no home.

40. FRANKY.¹  
(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of F. R. Rubel; 1909.)

Franky went down the bayou;  
Franky heard a bull-dog bark;
Franky said, "That's Albert  
Hiding in the dark,
For he's my man; but he's done me wrong."

Franky went down a dark alley;  
Heard a bull-dog bark:
And there lay her Albert,  
Shot right through the heart.
"Oh, he's my man; but he's done me wrong."

Franky went on the witness stand;  
The judge says, "Don't tell me no lie;
When you shot poor Albert,  
Did you intend for him to die?
Oh, he's your man; but he's done you wrong."

Oh, rubber tire buggy;²  
Rubber tire hack,
Took poor Albert to the cemetery,  
But it never is brought him back.
"Oh, he's my man; but he's dead and gone."

41. LIZA JANE.³  
(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905.)

¹ An indigenous ballad that has many of the finer qualities of the older compositions.  
³ Ibid., vol. iii, p. 290; vol. vi, pp. 131, 134.
Chorus.

Pore little Liza, pore little gal!
Pore little Liza Jane!
Pore little Liza, pore little gal!
She died on the train.

B.

(From Kentucky; mountain whites; MS. of Mr. House; 1905.)

Go up on the mountain top
To plant me a patch of cane
To make me a barrel of molasses
To sweeten up Lizie Jane.

Standing on the platform,
Waiting for the train;
"Get your old black bonnet,
And let's go, Lizie Jane."

The hardest work that I ever done
Was breaking on the train;
The easiest work that I ever done
Was hugging Lizie Jane.

Her nose just like an old coffee pot;
Mouth just like a spout;
Eyes just like an old fireplace
With the ashes all took out.

My girl's name is Lizie;
Her hair is very brown;
Face just like a thundercloud,
And the rain come pouring down.

C.

(From Indiana; country whites; MS. of Mr. Davidson; 1908.)

Hoop-pole, Liza Jane,
Hoop-pole, Liza Jane.
Hoop-pole Liza, poly gal,
And she rides on a train.

D.

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909.)

You go down the new cut road,
And I'll go down the lane;
If you get there before I do,
Oh, tell Miss Lizer Jane.

E.
(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Mr. Aldrich; 1909.)
You ride the old gray mare,
And I'll ride the mulie;
You go round by the new cut road,
And I'll go home with Julie.

F.
(From Mississippi; country whites; recitation of Mrs. Brown; 1909.)
She went up the new cut road,
An' I went down the lane;
I turned my head to my ol' gray hoss,
"So good-by, Liza Jane!"

I axed her wouldn't she marry me;
She axed me wasn't I 'shamed;
I turned my head to my old gray horse,
"So good-by, Liza Jane!"

G.
(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Harrison; 1909.)
Your face looks like the coffee pot;
Your nose looks like the spout;
Your mouth looks like the fireplace
With the ashes done raked out.

H.
(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Upshur; 1909.)
Whoa, mule! whoa, mule!
Whoa, mule! I say!
Keep yo seat Miss Liza Jane,
And hole on to de sleigh.

Keep yo seat, Miss Liza Jane,
An' quit dat actin' de fool;
I ain't got time ter kiss you now;
I'm busy wid dis mule.

42. CRIPPLE CREEK.¹

A.
(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1909.)
Goin' ter Cripple Creek, goin' ter Rome [roam?]
Goin' ter Cripple Creek, goin' back home.

See them women layin' in the shade,
Waitin' fer the money them men have made.

¹ A well-known mining district in Virginia.
Roll my breeches ter my knees
En wade ol' Cripple Creek when I please.

B.
(From South Carolina; country whites; MS. of Mr. Bryan; 1909.)
Goin' to Cripple Creek, going in a run;
Goin' to Cripple Creek to have my fun.

43. HOW ARE YOU OFF FOR GREENBACK?
A.
(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Mr. Bell; 1909.)
I'm not as green as a greenback,
Although you take me to be;
That young man from New Orleans
Can't get away with me.

Oh, how're you off for greenback?
How're you off, I say?
How're you off for greenback?
And give it all away.

I went down to New Orleans
The other afternoon;
I saw that . . . that house
Running after the moon.

B.
(From Mississippi; country whites; recitation of Mr. Longest; 1909.)
It's beefsteak whin I'm hungry,
An' whiskey whin I'm dry;
It's greenback whin I'm ha'd up,
An' heaven whin I die.

Oh, hie you¹ off fuh greenback? etc.

C.
(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of W. G. Pitts; 1909.)
Up and down the railroad,
Cross the county line;
Pretty girls are plentiful;
A wife is hard to find.

Carried my girl in the parlor;
Said she would be mine;
Put my arm around her;
Give her a Yankee dime.

Ask her would she marry me;
What you reckon she said?
Said she wouldn't have me
If all the rest were dead.

¹ A frequent contraction for "How are you?"
Cornbread when I'm hungry;  
Whiskey when I'm dry;  
Pretty girl when I marry;  
Heaven when I die.

D.
(From Missouri; cowboys; MS. of Frederick Braun; 1905.)
Oh, it's beefsteak when I'm hungry,  
And it's whiskey when I'm dry;  
If a tree don't fall on me,  
I'll live till I die.

44. SHADY GROVE.¹

A.
(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905.)
Once I wus a little boy ²  
Playin' in the san';  
Now I am a great big boy  
En think myself a man.

Shady, shady, my little love,  
Shady I do know;  
Shady, shady, my little love,  
I'm boun' fer shady grove.

When I wus a little boy,  
All I wanted a knife;  
Now I am a gret big boy  
En now I want a wife.

Some come here to fiddle en dance;  
Some come here to tarry;  
Some come here to fiddle en dance;  
I come here to marry.

Ev'ry night when I go home,  
My wife I try to please her;  
The more I try, the worse she gets;  
Damned if I don't leave her!

B.
(From Kentucky; mountain whites; MS. of Mr. House; 1905.)
Shady grove, my little love,  
Shady grove, my darling;

¹ This is sung to the same tune as "Old Joe Clark." Whether the tune belongs to the one or the other, or to neither, I am unable to say. I should like to remark here, what I have not seen stated anywhere else, that the small number of tunes as compared with the songs in circulation may often account for the mixing of ballads. I am sure that it has been only with the greatest difficulty that I have been able to separate some of the songs in this collection from others sung to the same tune, and I am not sure now that I have not put some stanzas in the wrong songs.

² A good starting-point for a song (cf. Chambers, p. 155).
Shady grove, my little love,
    Going back to Harlan.¹

Fly around, my blue-eyed girl,
    Fly around, my daisy;
Fly around, my blue-eyed girl;
    Nearly drive me crazy.³

The very next time I go that road,
    And it don't look so dark and crazy;³
The very next time I come that road,
    Stop and see my daisy.

I once had a mulie cow,⁴
    Mulie when she was born;
Took a jay-bird forty year
    To fly from horn to horn.

Apples in the summer,
    Peaches in the fall;
If I can't marry the girl I want,
    I won't have none at all.

45. SALLY ANN.

(From Kentucky; country whites; recitation of R. E. Monroe; 1913.)
I went to see my Sally Ann; she met me at the door,—
Shoes an' stockin's in her han', an' her feet all over the floor.

    I ast her if she loved me;
    She said she felt above me;
    Out the door she shoved me—
    I won't go there any more.

46. SIXTEEN MILES AWAY FROM HOME.

(From Kentucky; country whites; recitation of Miss A. Howard; 1912.)
Sixteen miles away fum home, chickens crowin' fuh day,
Somebody talkin' tuh my sweetheart, en they'd bettuh be gettin' away.

47. THAT BRAND NEW DRESS.

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; singing of F. Le Tellier; 1912.)

"Oh, where did yer get that bran' new dress,
    En the shoes thet look so fine?"

"I got my dress from a railroad-man,
    En my shoes from a driver in the mine."

¹ A county in eastern Kentucky.
² With this stanza compare this Journal, vol. vi, p. 134.
³ I have been unable to identify this word.
⁴ One having no horns.
⁵ The conversation is of course addressed to a woman who is obliged to depend for personal needs upon more than one source of supply.
48. PORE GAL!
(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; singing of F. Le Tellier; 1912.)
Wear brass buttons on the old blue clothes,
En have ter go ter work when the whistle blows,
Pore gal, pore gal!!

49. HOP LIGHT, LADIES.
(A.—From Virginia; country whites; from memory; 1909.)
Hop light, ladies, on the ballroom floor;²
Never mind the weather, so the wind don’t blow!

Hop light, ladies, on the ballroom floor;
Never mind the legs, so the garters don’t show!

(B.—From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909.)
Hop light, ladies, yer cake’s all dough;
Never mind the weather so the wind don’t blow.

50. WHEN I WAS A LITTLE BOY.
(From Indiana; country whites; MS. of Mr. Davidson; 1908.)
When I was a little boy,
Mother kept me in;
Now I am a big boy
Fit to serve a king.
I can handle a musket;
I can smoke a pipe;
I can kiss a pretty girl
Ten o’clock at night.³

When I was a little girl,
Mother kept me in;
Now I am a big girl,
She can’t do it agin.
I can wash the dishes;
I can sweep the floor;
I can court a pretty boy
Till ten o’clock or more.

51. IF YOU DON’T QUIT A-FOOLIN’ WITH MY DONY.⁴
(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905.)
If yer don’t quit a-foolin’ with my dony,
I’ll tell yer just whut I’ll do;
I’ll finger roun’ yer heart with a razor,
En I’ll cut yer goozle in two.

¹ One stanza of a song representing the shift to the manufacturing stage of life,—a shift rapidly taking place now in many Southern States.
² Pronounced "flo" by many Virginians.
³ For this stanza compare Halliwell, Nos. ccxliv and ccli.
⁴ Regular word for sweetheart (cf. Dialect Notes, vol. iii, p. 306).
Songs and Rhymes from the South.  

52. I LOVE SOMEBODY.¹

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905.)

I love somebody; yes, I do;
'Tween sixteen en twenty-two,
Pretty little girl, en I wont tell who.

53. THE MOON SHINES BRIGHT.²

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905.)

"The moon shines bright;
Ken I see you home to-night?"

"The stars do too;
I don't keer if yer do."

54. NEW MOON, TRUE MOON.³

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905.)

New moon, true moon,
The first I've seen to-night,
I wish I may, I wish I might,
See my truelove in my dream to-night.

55. IF YOU LOVE ME.

A.

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905.)

Ef you love me like I love you,
There'll be a little weddin' in a day er two.⁴

B.

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Mr. Harrison; 1909.)

If you love me like I love you,
No knife can cut our love in two.

¹ Sung to the music of a favorite dance-tune.
² A formula used by the boy in asking permission to go home with a girl from "meetin'."
³ An incantation used when one sees the new moon (cf. Chambers, p. 343; and this Journal, vol. ii, p. 148).
⁴ A fair sample of the love verses exchanged by the older "scholars" of the day-school.
(From Virginia; negroes; from memory; 1914.)
Ef you love me like I love you,
No axe ken cut our love in two.

56. BLUE IS THE VIOLET.

A.
(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1910.)
Blue is the violet,
En red is the rose,
En how I love the pretty girls
God-a'-mighty knows.

57. OVER THE HILL.¹
(From Virginia; country whites; from memory; 1910.)
Ovuh the hill an daown the hollluh
S'lute yuh bride an' gimme a dolluh.

58. I LOVE COFFEE.²
(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Miss Reedy; 1909.)
I love coffee; I love tea;
I love the girls and the girls love me.

59. SWEETHEART, LIGHT OF MY LIFE.
(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of W. G. Pitts; 1909.)
Sweetheart, light of my life,
If only you could be my wife!
And for thee I pine
And think of thee all the time.

¹ A formula used by the "marryin' squire." This official sometimes makes a business of marrying run-away couples. These promoters of the public weal not only keep on the lookout for couples contemplating marriage, but even sometimes employ agents in public places to suggest the important step to any who may appear eligible. Couples with no other objective than that of a holiday trip are said frequently to find it embarrassing to alight from a train or boat in such towns as Jeffersonville, Ind. So much of a nuisance has magisterial solicitation become in some places, that legislation has been directed against it. Such magistrates, sometimes, also keep a waiting-list of eligibles for the inspection of those in search of a mate. The ceremony used by the "marryin' squire" is often of the briefest,—the two essential questions, and the declaration that the two are man and wife. An example of a minister of the gospel who has entered the same field of activity may be seen in Parson Burroughs of Bristol, Va.-Tenn., to whom couples come from both sides of the State line. He is said to meet every train, at the same time providing everything necessary,—from umbrellas to shelter the party from inclement weather, to the witnesses for the ceremony. In the mountains the run-away marriage is considered the proper form, the home or church wedding being practically unknown.
² Compare Halliwell, No. cxxii.
60. I LIKE NOBODY.
(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Bell; 1909.)
I like nobody, nobody likes me,
But I'm as happy as I can be;
I'm going to live single, always be free,
Because I like nobody, and nobody likes me.

61. WHEN I WAS SINGLE.
(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Mr. Aldrich; 1909.)
When I was single, my pocket would jingle;
But now I am double, and I have a lot of trouble.

62. LUCY NEAL.
(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909.)
Way down in Alabama,
'Twas just above Mobile,
'Twas there I spied that creole girl;
Her name was Lucy Neal.

O Lucy Neal! O Lucy Neal!
If I had you by my side, how happy I would feel!

63. WHOLE HEAP U' NICKELS.¹
(From East Tennessee; country whites; from memory; 1909.)
Whole heap u' nick'ls en a whole heap u' dimes;
Go to see my Loo-loo gal a whole heap u' times.

64. THE ROAD IS WIDE.
(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1908.)
The road is wide en I can't step it;
I love you en I can't he'p it.

65. COFFEE GROWS ON WHITE-OAK TREES.²
(From Virginia; country whites; singing of Miss N. B. Graham; 1912.)
Coffee grows on white-oak trees;
Rivers all flow with brandy;
Rocks all shine with a glittering gold,
And the girls as sweet as candy.

66. WHO'S BEEN A-FOOLIN'?
(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909.)
Honey, when I had you, you wouldn't do;
Got another woman an' I don't want you.
Ain't no use uv raisin' san';
I kin git another woman 'fore you can a man.

² For another version from North Carolina compare this Journal, vol. vi, p. 134.
Who's been a-foolin', who's been a-tryin',
Who's been a-foolin' that gal o' mine?
I wouldn't mind it, I wouldn't care,
But you've been a-pullin' back all the year.
Every time I come it's a nickel an' er dime;
Would give you some, but I ain't got time.

67. PURTY YALLER GAL.
(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909.)
Purt yaller gal had er hole in her stockin',
Er hole in her stockin', er hole in her stockin',
Purt yaller gal had er hole in her stockin',
An' her heel stuck out behind.

68. WAY DOWN YANDER.
(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909.)
Way down yander whar I come fum,
De gals all call me sugar plum.

69. OLE SUKEY.
(From Virginia; negroes; recitation of Mrs. Longest;† 1909.)
Ole Sukey she fell in love wid me;
She axed me home to take tea.
An' whut do yuh think she had fuh supper!
Chicgn-foot, spa-uh-grass, hominy, an' butter.
Clare out de kitchen, ole folks, young folks! (twice)
Ole Ferginia nebber tire.

70. A SCOLDIN' WIFE.‡
(From Mississippi; negroes; recitation of C. Brown; 1909.)
If I should marry a scoldin' wife,
I'd beat huh, sho's yuh bo'n;
I'd take huh down tuh New Orleans,
An' trade huh off fuh co'n.

71. ALLIE BELL.
(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of F. R. Rubel; 1909.)
Allie Bell, don't you weep,
Allie Bell, don't you moan,
Allie Bell, don't you leave your home.

You understand my gal
Standing in the door;
Her shoes and stockings in her hand
And her feet all over the floor.

† Reported also from Kentucky by Miss Mary Kahn, 1913.
‡ See "Lucy Long," in Harvard College Library 25242.10.5.
72. SOME OF THESE DAYS.
(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of F. R. Rubel; 1909.)
Some of these days I'm going to go crazy,
Take my gun and shoot my baby.
Nobody's business but my own.
Hush, my little baby! just listen to my song.
Who's going to be your baby when I'm dead and gone?

Just put your arms around me,
Lay your head upon my breast,
And when I'm gone just sing this song,
"There's a bullet gone to rest."

73. JIMMY WHIPPED POOR MARY.
(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of F. R. Rubel; 1909.)
Jimmy whipped poor Mary
With a singletree,
And she cried, "Lord have mercy!
Don't murder me!"

74. MY HEART AM SO SAD.
(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Harrison; 1909.)
I'm going in de house and close my door,
For my heart am so sad;
'Cause my Roberta won't write no more;
Oh, my heart am so sad!

75. OH, WHERE WAS YOU?
(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909.)
Oh, where was you when de steamer went down, Captain? (thrice)
I was wid my honey in de heart o' town, O Captain!

76. DONE ALL I CAN DO.
(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of W. G. Pitts; 1909.)
Done all I can do
Trying to get along wid you;
Gwine to carry you to your mammy pay day.

77. TREAT ME RIGHT.
(From Mississippi; negroes; 1909.)
The time is coming and it won't be long,
You'll get up some morning, and you'll find me gone.
So treat me right and jolly me along
If you want this nigger to sing the old home song.

78. RARE BACK SAM.
(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Anderson; 1909.)
Rare back, Sam! stand back, Davis!
As soon kiss a monkey as a poor white man.
79. RAIN, COME WET ME.
(From Virginia; negroes; from memory; 1909.)
Rain, come wet me! Sun, come dry me!
Gal got honey, an' she won't come nigh me.

80. BROWN SKIN GAL.
(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Aldrich; 1909.)
I laid in jail, back to the wall;
Brown skin gal cause of it all.
I've got the blues; I'm too damn mean to talk.
A brown skin woman make a bull-dog break his chain.

81. COTTON EYE JOE.
(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909.)
Ef it hadn't been fer dat Cotton Eye Joe,
Mought er been married six er seben year ago.

82. EVERY TIME THE SUN GOES DOWN.
(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909.)
Every time the sun goes down
I hangs my head in grief.
Dat day I lef my father's house,
Dat day I lef my frien'.
I fare you well, my own true love,
Dey's plenty mo' girls den you.

83. YOU GO OUT.
(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of F. R. Rubel; 1909.)
You go out and you don't come back,
Glory halleluger!
I'll take a stick and break your back,
[Glory halleluger!]
You go out of here, you flopheaded hound;
I'll take a stick and knock you down,
Glory halleluger!

84. LOVE IT AM A KILLING THING.
(From Virginia; negroes; from memory; 1912.)
Love it am a killin' thing, beauty am a blossom;
Ef yuh want tuh get yuh finger bit, poke it at a 'possum.

LOUISVILLE, KY.