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FOLK-SONGS

OF

ENGLISH ORIGIN

COLLECTED IN

THE APPALACHIAN MOUNTAINS.

BY

CECIL J. SHARP

WITH PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENT

*FIRST SERIES.*

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PRICE ~~THREE SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE~~  
FIVE SHILLINGS NET.

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LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED.

# FOLK-SONGS OF ENGLAND

EDITED BY CECIL J. SHARP.

BOOK I.

## FOLK-SONGS FROM DORSET

COLLECTED BY  
H. E. D. HAMMOND.

WITH PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENT BY  
CECIL J. SHARP.

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3. THE JOLLY PLOUGHBOY.
4. AS I WALKED OUT ONE MAY MORNING.
5. THE SPRIG OF THYME.
6. HIGH GERMANY.
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8. POOR SALLY SITS A-WEEPING.
9. NANCY OF LONDON.
10. IT'S OF A SAILOR BOLD.
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12. THE RAMBLING COMBER.
13. FAIR SUSAN.
14. FAIR MARGARET AND SWEET WILLIAM.
15. THE TURTLE-DOVE.
16. LADY MAISRY.

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R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.

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WITH PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENT BY GUSTAV VON HOLST.

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## FOLK-SONGS FROM SUSSEX

COLLECTED BY  
W. PERCY MERRICK.

WITH PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENT BY  
R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS AND ALBERT ROBINS.

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12. THE MAID OF ISLINGTON.
13. HERE'S ADIEU TO ALL JUDGES AND JURIES.
14. LOVELY JOAN.
15. THE ISLE OF FRANCE.

PRICE THREE SHILLINGS.

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED.

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To

MRS. JOHN C. CAMPBELL.

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MADE IN ENGLAND.

## INTRODUCTION.

The twelve numbers in this volume have been selected from a Collection of seventeen hundred ballads and songs noted down from the lips of folk-singers dwelling in the Southern Appalachian Mountains of North America. They may be regarded, and for this reason have been chosen, as representative examples of the traditional song bequeathed to the mountain-singers by their immigrant British forefathers. Those interested in these isolated communities are referred to *English Folk-Songs from the Southern Appalachians*, for information concerning the singers and their songs and the circumstances in which the latter were collected.

In submitting these songs and ballads to the consideration of musicians, professional and amateur, there is no need to plead for any special indulgence, nor to attempt to disarm criticism, or to temper it, on the ground that they are the product of unlettered, unskilled musicians. Whatever their origin, they stand and must be judged upon their intrinsic merits. That the tunes present to the eye no unusual features, that they lack tonal modulation and, structurally, are built on simple lines; that the literary expression is direct, without circumlocution, the vocabulary confined to the use of ordinary words in everyday use—has no bearing whatever upon the question at issue. Music, poetry—and, for the matter of that, all art—is good or bad, not because it is unsophisticated or ingenious, simple or complex, but because it is, or is not, the true, sincere, ideal expression of human feeling and imagination.

Genuine peasant songs, taking them in the mass, will always survive this test simply because they are the product of an intuitive, un-selfconscious effort to satisfy the insistent human demand for self-expression. And it is only of the very best and highest human achievements in the sphere of consciously conceived art that this, with like assurance, can be said.

With one exception, No. 10, all the songs in this volume—or variants of them—have already been printed, unedited and unharmonized.\* The tunes, it should, perhaps, be stated, are presented precisely as they were noted down, without any alteration whatsoever. To what extent the words have been changed, the Notes at the end of the volume will explain.

\* *English Folk-Songs from the Southern Appalachians*. Olive Dame Campbell and Cecil Sharp (G. P. Putnam's Sons).



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## EDWARD.

How came this blood on your shirt sleeve ?

O, dear love, tell me.

It is the blood of the old grey horse

That ploughed that field for me, me, me,

That ploughed that field for me.

It does look too pale for the old grey horse

That ploughed that field for thee, thee, thee,

That ploughed that field for thee.

How came this blood on your shirt sleeve ?

O, dear love, tell me.

It is the blood of the old greyhound

That traced that fox for me, me, me,

That traced that fox for me.

It does look too pale for the old greyhound

That traced that fox for thee, thee, thee,

That traced that fox for thee.

How came this blood on your shirt sleeve ?

O, dear love, tell me.

It is the blood of my brother-in-law

That went away with me, me, me,

That went away with me.

And it's what did you fall out about ?

O, dear love, tell me.

About a little bit of bush

That soon would have made a tree, tree, tree,

That soon would have made a tree.

And it's what will you do now, my love ?

O, dear love, tell me.

I'll set my foot in yonders ship

And I'll sail across the sea, sea, sea,

And I'll sail across the sea.

And it's when will you come back, my love ?

O, dear love, tell me.

When the sun sets into yonders sycamore tree,

And that will never be, be, be,

And that will never be.



# EDWARD.

*Moderato.*

1. How came this blood on your shirt sleeve?

O, dear love, tell me. It is the blood of the old grey horse That

ploughed that field for me, me, me, That ploughed that field for me. It does

look too pale for the old grey horse That ploughed that field for thee, thee, thee, That

*P* *cresc.* *P*

ploughed that field for thee. 2. How came this blood on your shirt sleeve?

*mf* *P*

O, dear love, tell me. It is the blood of the

*P* *mf*

old grey-hound That traced that fox for me, me, me, That traced that fox for

*dim.*

me. It does look too pale for the old grey-hound That traced that fox for

*p* *cresc.*

thee, thee, thee, That traced that fox for thee. 3. How came this blood on your shirt sleeve?

*f* *mf*

O, dear love, tell me. It is the blood of my brother-in-law That

*cresc.* *f*

went a-way with me, me, me, That went a-way with me. 4. And it's

*dim.* *p*

what did you\_ fall out a - bout? O, dear love, tell

me. A - bout a lit - tle\_ bit\_ of bush That soon would have made a

tree, tree, tree, That soon would have made a tree. 5. And it's what will you do

now, my love? O, dear love, tell me. I'll

set my foot in yon-ders ship And I'll sail a-cross the sea, sea, sea, And I'll

sail a-cross the sea. 6. And it's when will you come back, my love?

O, dear love, tell me. When the sun sets in-to yon-ders syc-a-more tree, And

that will nev-er be, be, be, And that will nev-er be.

## THE TWO BROTHERS.

O brother, can you play at ball,  
 Or can you toss the stone ?  
 I am too little, I am too young,  
 O brother, let me alone.

His brother took his little penknife  
 Which was both keen and sharp ;  
 He put a deep and deathly wound  
 And pierced him to the heart.

O brother, take my holland shirt,  
 And rip it from gore to gore ;  
 You tie it around my bleeding wound,  
 And it will bleed no more.

His brother took his holland shirt,  
 And ripped it from gore to gore ;  
 He tied it around his bleeding wound,  
 But still it bled the more.

O brother, take me on your back,  
 Carry me to Chesley town ;  
 You dig me a deep and large, wide grave  
 And lay me there so sound.

You put my bible at my head,  
 My psalter at my feet,  
 My bow and arrow at my side,  
 And sounder I will sleep.

His brother took him on his back,  
 And carried him to Chesley town ;  
 He dug him a deep and large, wide grave  
 And laid him there so sound.

He put his bible at his head,  
 His psalter at his feet,  
 His bow and arrow at his side,  
 So sounder he will sleep.

O brother, as you go home at night,  
 And my mother asks for me ;  
 You'll tell I'm along with some schoolboys,  
 So merry I'll come home.

And if my true love asks for me,  
 The truth to her you'll tell ;  
 You'll tell I'm dead and in grave laid  
 And buried in Chesley town.

With my bible at my head,  
 My psalter at my feet,  
 My bow and arrow at my side,  
 And sounder I will sleep.

And as his brother went home at night,  
 His mother asked for him,  
 He told he 's along with some schoolboys,  
 So merry he'll come home.

And when his true love asked for him,  
 The truth to her he told ;  
 He told he was dead and in grave laid  
 And buried in Chesley town.

With his bible at his head,  
 His psalter at his feet,  
 His bow and arrow at his side,  
 So sounder he will sleep.

And then his true love put on small hoppers  
 And tied them with silver strings ;  
 Went hopping all over her true lover's grave  
 A twelvemonth and a day.

She hopped the red fish out of the sea,  
 The small birds out of their nests ;  
 She hopped her true love out of his grave,  
 So he can see no rest.

Go home, go home, you rambling reed,  
 Don't weep nor mourn for me ;  
 For if you do for twelve long years,  
 No more you'll see of me.

# THE TWO BROTHERS.

*Allegretto grazioso.*

1. O bro - ther, can you play at ball, Or  
5. bro - ther, take me on your back,

can you toss the stone?— I am too lit-tle, I am— too young, O  
Car-ry me to Ches - ley town;— You dig me a deep and large, widegrave And

bro-ther, let me a - lone.—— 2. His bro - ther took his lit-tle pen-knife Which  
lay me there so sound.—— 6. You put my bi - ble at my head, My

was both keen and sharp;— He put a deep and death - ly wound And  
psal - ter at my feet, — My bow and ar - row at my side, And

pierced him to the heart. — 3. O bro - ther, take my hol - land shirt, And  
sound - er I will sleep. — 7. His bro - ther took him on his back, And

rip it from gore to gore;— You tie it a-round my bleed - ing wound, And  
carried him to Ches - ley town;— He dug him a deep and large, wide grave And



it will bleed no more. 4. His brother took his hol-land shirt, And  
laid him there so sound. 8. He put his bi-ble at his head, His

ripped it from gore to gore; He tied it a-round his bleed-ing wound, But  
psal-ter at his feet, His bow and ar-row at his side, So

still it bled the more. 5. O 9. O bro-ther, as you go home at night, And my  
sound-er he will sleep. 13. when his true love asked for him, The

*legato*

mo - ther asks for me;— You'll tell I'm a - long with some school - boys, So  
truth to her he told;— He told he was dead and in — grave laid And

mer - ry I'll come home. — 10. And if my true love asks for me, The  
buried in Ches - ley town. — 14. With his bi - ble at his head, His

truth to her you'll tell; — You'll tell I'm dead and in — grave laid And  
psal - ter at — his feet, — His bow and ar - row at — his side, So

bur-ied in Ches - ley town. 11. With my bi - ble at my head, My  
sound - er he will sleep. 15. And then his true love put on small hop-pers And

psal - ter at my feet, My bow and ar - row at my side, And  
tied them with sil - ver strings; Went hop-ping all o-ver her true lov-er's grave A

sound - er I will sleep. 12. And as his bro-ther went home at night, His  
twelve-month and a day. 16. She hopped the red fish out of the sea, The

mo-ther asked for him,— He told he's a-long with some school-boys, So mer-ry he'll come  
small birds out of their nests; She hopped her true love out of his grave, So he can see no

home. 13. And rest. 17. Go home, go home, you ram-bling reed, Don't weep nor mourn for

me;— For if you do for twelve long years, No more you'll see of me.—

*colla voce* *rall.* *pp*

# YOUNG HUNTING.

*Allegretto.*

1. Light you down, light you down, love  
(5) ride to the East, must I  
(9) down, fly down, pret-ty

Hen - ry, she said, And stay all night with me; For  
ride to the West, Or a - ny-where un - der the sun, To  
par - rot, she said, Fly down and go home with me. Your

I have a bed and a fire - side too, And a can - dle a - burn - ing  
get some good and clev - er doc - tor For to cure this wound - ed  
cageshall bedecked with beads of gold, And hung in the wil - low -

bright. 2. I won't get down, nor I can't get down And  
 man? 6. Nei-ther ride to the East, nei-ther ride to the West, Nor  
 -tree. 10. I won't fly down, nor I can't fly down, And I

*mf*

stay all\_\_ night with thee, For that lit-tle girl in the  
 no - where un - der the sun, For there's no\_\_ man but\_\_  
 won't go\_\_ home with thee, For you have mur - - dered your

*cresc.*

old De - clarn\_\_ Would think\_\_ so hard of me. 3. But he  
 God's own hand\_\_ Can cure\_\_ this wound-ed man. 7. She  
 own true love,\_\_ And you\_\_ might mur - der me. 11. I

*dim.*

sli - ded down from his sad - dle skirts For to kiss her snow - y white  
took him by the long, yel - low locks And al - so round the  
wish I had my lit - tle bow - ben, And had it with a

cheek. She had a sharp knife in her hand, And she  
feet; She plunged him in that dole - ful well, Some  
string; I'd sure - ly shoot that cru - el bird That

plunged it in him deep. 4. I will get down and I  
six - ty fa - thoms deep. 8. And as she turned round  
sits on the bri - ers and sings. 12. I wish you had your

can get down And stay all night with thee, For there's  
to go home, She heard some pret - ty bird sing: Go  
lit - tle bow - ben, And had it with a string; I'd

no lit - tle girl in the old De - clarn That I  
home, go home, you cru - el girl, La - -  
sure - ly fly from vine to vine; You could

*cresc.* *dim.*

love a - ny bet - ter than thee. 5. Must I  
- ment and mourn for him. 9. Fly  
al - - ways hear me sing. L.H. Calico

*D.S.* *p* *dim. e rall.* *L.H. Calico*



## YOUNG HUNTING.

Light you down, light you down, love Henry, she said,  
 And stay all night with me;  
 For I have a bed and a fireside too,  
 And a candle a-burning bright.

I won't get down, nor I can't get down  
 And stay all night with thee,  
 For that little girl in the old Declarn  
 Would think so hard of me.

But he slided down from his saddle skirts  
 For to kiss her snowy white cheek.  
 She had a sharp knife in her hand,  
 And she plunged it in him deep.

I will get down and I can get down  
 And stay all night with thee,  
 For there's no little girl in the old Declarn  
 That I love any better than thee.

Must I ride to the East, must I ride to the West,  
 Or anywhere under the sun,  
 To get some good and clever doctor  
 For to cure this wounded man?

Neither ride to the East, neither ride to the West,  
 Nor nowhere under the sun,  
 For there's no man but God's own hand  
 Can cure this wounded man.

She took him by the long, yellow locks  
 And also round the feet;  
 She plunged him in that doleful well,  
 Some sixty fathoms deep.

And as she turned round to go home,  
 She heard some pretty bird sing:  
 Go home, go home, you cruel girl,  
 Lament and mourn for him.

Fly down, fly down, pretty parrot, she said,  
 Fly down and go home with me.  
 Your cage shall be decked with beads of gold,  
 And hung in the willow tree.

I won't fly down, nor I can't fly down,  
 And I won't go home with thee,  
 For you have murdered your own true love,  
 And you might murder me.

I wish I had my little bow-ben,  
 And had it with a string;  
 I'd surely shoot that cruel bird  
 That sits on the briers and sings.

I wish you had your little bow-ben,  
 And had it with a string;  
 I'd surely fly from vine to vine;  
 You could always hear me sing.

# THE FALSE KNIGHT UPON THE ROAD.

*Andantino.*

The knight met a child in the road.

1. O where are you go-ing to? Said the knight in the road. I'm a-go-ing

to my school, Said the child as he stood. He stood and he stood, And it's well because he stood.

I'm a-go-ing to my school, Said the child as he stood. stood.

2. O what are you going there for?  
     Said the knight in the road.  
     For to learn the Word of God,  
     Said the child as he stood.  
     He stood and he stood,  
     And it's well because he stood.  
     For to learn the Word of God,  
     Said the child as he stood.
3. O what have you got there?  
     Said the knight in the road.  
     I have got my bread and cheese,  
     Said the child as he stood.  
     He stood and he stood, etc.
4. O won't you give me some?  
     Said the knight in the road.  
     No, ne'er a bite nor crumb,  
     Said the child as he stood.  
     He stood and he stood, etc.
5. O I wish you were on the sands,  
     Said the knight in the road.  
     Yes, and a good staff in my hands,  
     Said the child as he stood.  
     He stood and he stood, etc.
6. O I wish you were in the sea,  
     Said the knight in the road.  
     Yes, and a good boat under me,  
     Said the child as he stood.  
     He stood and he stood, etc.
7. O I think I hear a bell,  
     Said the knight in the road.  
     Yes, and it's ringing you to hell,  
     Said the child as he stood.  
     He stood and he stood,  
     And it's well because he stood.  
     Yes, and it's ringing you to hell,  
     Said the child as he stood.

## THE CRUEL BROTHER.

There's three fair maids went out to play at ball ;  
 I-o the lily gay  
 There's three landlords come court them all.  
 And the rose smells so sweet I know

The first landlord was dressed in blue ;  
 He asked his maid if she'd be his true.

The next landlord was dressed in green ;  
 He asked his maid if she'd be his queen.

The next landlord was dressed in white ;  
 He asked his maid if she'd be his wife.

It's you may ask my old father dear,  
 And you may ask my mother too.

It's I have asked your old father dear,  
 And I have asked your mother too.

Your sister Anne I've asked her not,  
 Your brother John—and I had forgot.

Her old father dear was to lead her to the yard,  
 Her mother too was to lead her to the step.

Her brother John was to help her up ;  
 As he help her up he stabbed her deep.

Go ride me out on that green hill,  
 And lay me down and let me bleed.

Go haul me up on that green hill,  
 And lay me down till I make my will.

It's what will you will to your old father dear ?  
 This house and land that I have here.

It's what will you will to your mother too ?  
 This bloody clothing that I do wear.

Go tell her to take them to yonders stream,  
 For my heart's blood is in every seam.

It's what will you will to your sister Anne ?  
 My new gold ring and my silver fan.

It's what will you will to your brother John ?  
 A rope and a gallows for to hang him on.

# THE CRUEL BROTHER.

*Moderato.*

1. There's three fair maids went out to play at ball; I -  
 (6) I have asked your old fa - ther dear, I -  
 (11) haul me up on that green hill, I -

- o the lil - y gay There's three land - lords come court them all. And the  
 - o the lil - y gay And I have asked your moth - er too. And the  
 - o the lil - y gay And lay me down till I make my will. And the

rose smells so sweet I know 2. The first land - lord was dressed in — blue; I -  
 rose smells so sweet I know 7. Your sis - ter Anne I've asked her — not, I -  
 rose smells so sweet I know 12. It's what will you will to your old fa - ther dear? I -

- o the lil - y gay He asked his maid if she'd be his true. And the rose smells so  
 - o the lil - y gay Your bro - ther John and I had for - got. And the rose smells so  
 - o the lil - y gay This house and land that I have here. And the rose smells so

sweet I know 3. The next land - lord was dress-ed in green; I - o the lil - y  
 sweet I know 8. Her old fa - ther dear was to lead her to the yard, I - o the lil - y  
 sweet I know 13. It's what will you will to your moth - er too? I - o the lil - y

gay He asked his maid if she'd be his queen. And the rose smells so  
 gay Her moth - er too was to lead her to the step. And the rose smells so  
 gay This blood - y cloth - ing that I do wear. And the rose smells so

sweet I know 4. The next land-lord was dressed in white; I - o the lil - y gay He  
 sweet I know 9. Her bro - ther John was to help her up; I - o the lil - y gay As he  
 sweet I know 14. Go tell her to take them to yon - ders stream, I - o the lil - y gay For

asked his maid if she'd be his wife. And the rose smells so sweet I know 5. It's  
 help her up he — stabbed her deep. And the rose smells so sweet I know 10. Go  
 my heart's blood is in ev' - ry seam. And the rose smells so sweet I know 15. It's

you may — ask my old fa - ther dear, I - o the lil - y gay And  
 ride me — out on that green hill, I - o the lil - y gay And  
 what will you will to your sis - ter — Anne? I - o the lil - y gay My

you may ask my— moth-er too. And the rose smells so sweet I know 6. It's  
lay me down and— let me bleed. And the rose smells so sweet I know 11. Go  
new gold ring and my sil - ver fan. And the rose smells so

1. 2. D.S. §

D.S. §

sweet I know 16. It's what will you will to your bro-ther John? I - o the lil - y gay A

3.

rope and a gal-lows for to hang him on. And the rose smells so sweet I know

dim. p



## THE WIFE WRAPT IN WETHER'S SKIN

I married me a wife, I got her home,  
     For gentle, for Jenny, my rosamaree  
 But I oftentimes wish I'd let her alone.  
     As the dew flies over the green valley

When I come in, it's from my plough,  
 O now, my kind wife, is my dinner ready now ?

There's a piece of bread upon the shelf,  
 If you want any more, you can bake it yourself.

I gets me a knife and I went to the barn,  
 And I cut me hickory as long as my arm.

Then I went out to my sheep-pen,  
 And soon had off an old wether's skin.

I placed it on my old wife's back,  
 And made my hickory go wickechy whack.

I'll tell my father and all my kin  
 That you have hit me with a hickory limb.

If you do, I'll tell you lied,  
 For I was a-dressing my old wether hide.

Then I come in, it's from my plough,  
 O now, my kind wife, is my dinner ready now ?

She flew around, the board was spread,  
 And every word it was 'Yes, Sir !' and 'No, sir !'

# THE WIFE WRAPT IN WETHER'S SKIN.

1. I mar-ried me a wife, I  
(6) placed it on my

got her home, For gen-tle, for Jen-ny, my ro-sa-ma-ree But I  
old wife's back, For gen-tle, for Jen-ny, my ro-sa-ma-ree And

of-ten-times wish I'd let her a-lone. As the dew flies o-ver the  
made my hick-'ry go wick-e-chy whack. As the dew flies o-ver the

*f* *mf* *p* *cresc.* *p*

green val - ley 2. When I come in, it's from my plough, For  
green val - ley 7. I'll tell my fa - ther and all my kin For

gen - tle, for Jen - ny, my ro - sa - ma - ree O now, my kind wife, is my  
gen - tle, for Jen - ny, my ro - sa - ma - ree That you have hit me with a

din - ner rea - dy now? As the dew flies o - ver the green val - ley 3. There's a  
hick - 'ry limb. As the dew flies o - ver the green val - ley

piece of bread up - on the shelf, For gen - tle, for Jen - ny, my  
8. If you do, I'll tell you lied, For gen - tle, for Jen - ny, my

ro - sa-ma-ree If you want an - y more, you can bake it your-self. As the  
 ro - sa-ma-ree For I was a - dress - ing my old weth - er hide. As the

dew flies o - ver the green val - ley 4. I gets me a knife and I  
 dew flies o - ver the green val - ley 9. Then I come in, it's

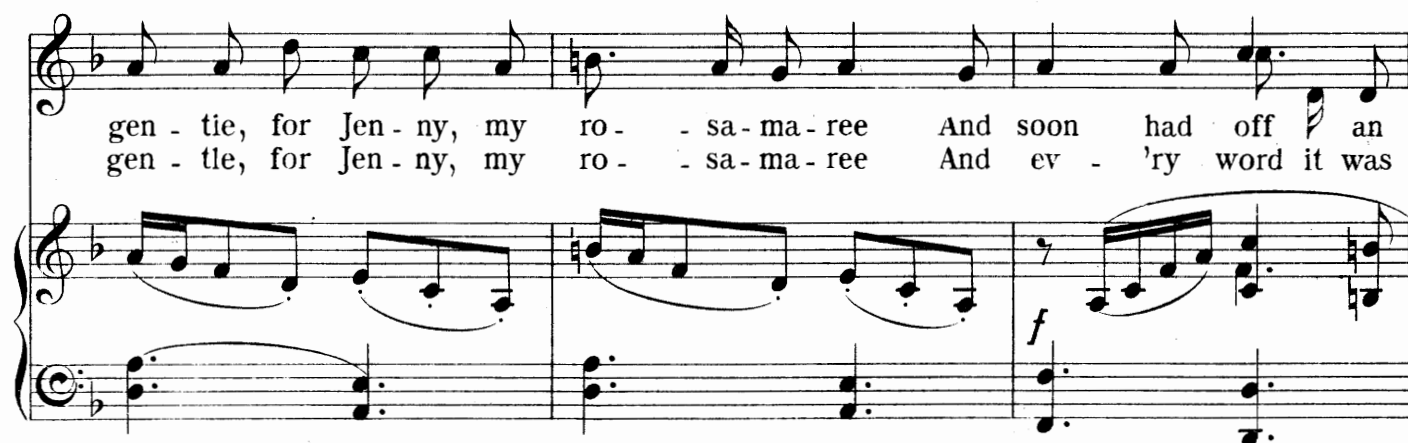
went to the barn, For gen - tle, for Jen - ny, my ro - sa - ma - ree And I  
 from my plough, For gen - tle, for Jen - ny, my ro - sa - ma - ree O

cut me hick - 'ry as long as my arm. As the dew flies o - ver the  
 now, my kind wife, is my din - ner rea - dy now? As the dew flies o - ver the

green val - ley 5. Then I went out to my sheep - pen, For  
green val - ley 10. She flew a - round, the board was spread, For



gen - tie, for Jen - ny, my ro - sa - ma - ree And soon had off an  
gen - tie, for Jen - ny, my ro - sa - ma - ree And ev - 'ry word it was



old weth - er's skin. As the dew flies o - ver the green val - ley 6. I  
'Yes, sir!' and 'No, sir!' As the dew flies o - ver the

1. *D.S.* 



2.  green val - ley

*ff* 



## COME ALL YE FAIR AND TENDER LADIES.

Come all ye fair and tender ladies,  
Be careful how you court young men ;  
They're like a star of a summer's morning,  
They'll first appear and then they're gone.

They'll tell to you some pleasing story,  
They'll declare to you they are your own ;  
Straightway they'll go and court some other,  
And leave you here in tears to mourn.

I wish I were some little swallow,  
And I had wings and I could fly ;  
Straight after my true love I would follow,  
When they'd be talking I'd be by.

But I am no little swallow,  
I have no wings, nor I can't fly,  
And after my true love I can't follow,  
And when they're talking, I'll sit and cry.

# COME ALL YE FAIR AND TENDER LADIES.

*Andante.*

1. Come all ye

*p legato* *cresc.* *dim.*

fair and ten-der la-dies, Be care-ful how you court young

*p*

men; They're like a star of a sum-mer's morn-ing, They'll first ap-

*mf*

- pear and then they're gone. 2. They'll tell to you some pleas-ing

sto-ry, They'll de-clare to you they are your own; Straight-way they'll

go and court some o-ther, And leave you here in tears to—

mourn. 3. I wish I were some lit-tle swal-low, And I had wings and I could



fly; Straight af - ter my true love I would fol - low, When they'd be

*mf* *p*

talk - - ing I'd be - by. 4. But - I am no lit - tle

*cresc.* *mf*

swal - low, I have no wings, nor I can't fly, And af - ter

*f* *dim.*

my true love I can't fol - low, And when they're talk - - ing, I'll sit and cry.

*p* *colla voce* *morendo* *Ped.*

## THE FALSE YOUNG MAN.

Come in, come in, my old true love,  
And chat awhile with me,  
For it's been three-quarters of one long year or more  
Since I spoke one word to thee.

I can't come in, nor I shan't sit down,  
For I haven't a moment of time.  
Since you are engaged with another true love,  
Your heart is no more mine.

When your heart was mine, my old true love,  
And your head lay on my breast,  
You could make me believe by the falling of your arm  
That the sun rose up in the West.

There's many a girl can go all round about  
And hear the small birds sing,  
And many a girl that stays at home alone  
And rocks the cradle and spins.

There's many a star that shall jingle in the West,  
There's many a leaf below,  
There's many a damn will light upon a man  
For serving a poor girl so.

# THE FALSE YOUNG MAN.

1. Come in, come in, my—

*f* *mf* *dim.* *p*

This system features a vocal melody in treble clef and piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The piano part includes dynamic markings: *f* (forte), *mf* (mezzo-forte), *dim.* (diminuendo), and *p* (piano).

old true love, And chat a-while\_ with me, For it's been three quar-ters of one

This system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand.

long year or more Since I spoke one\_ word to\_ thee. 2. I can't come in, nor I

*colla voce* *cresc.*

This system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes the markings *colla voce* and *cresc.* (crescendo). The system concludes with a double bar line.

shan't sit down, For I havn't a mo-ment of time. Since you are engaged with an-

-oth-er true love, Your heart is no more mine. 3. When your heart was mine, my

*colla voce* *cresc.*

old true love, And your head lay on my breast, You could make me be-lieve by the

*mf* *p*

fall-ing of your arm That the sun rose up in the West. 4. There's ma-ny a girl can go

*colla voce* *legato*

all round a-bout And hear the small birds sing, And ma-ny a girl that

*cresc.* *p*

stays at home a-lone And rocks the cra-dle and spins. 5. There's ma-ny a star that shall

*colla voce* *cresc.* *mf*

jin-gle in the West, There's ma - ny a leaf be - low, There's ma-ny a damn will

*cresc.* *f*

light up-on a man For serv-ing a poor girl so

*rall. e dim.*

## THE DEAR COMPANION.

I once did have a dear companion,  
Indeed I thought his love my own  
Until a black-eyed girl betrayed me,  
And then he cares no more for me.

Just go and leave me if you wish to,  
It will never trouble me,  
For in your heart you love another  
And in my grave I'd rather be.

Last night you were sweetly sleeping,  
Dreaming in some sweet repose,  
While I, a poor girl, broken, broken-hearted,  
Listen to the wind that blows.

When I see your babe a-laughing,  
It makes me think of your sweet face;  
But when I see your babe a-crying,  
It makes me think of my disgrace.

# THE DEAR COMPANION.

*Andante con moto.*

1. I once did have a dear com-

*P legato*

-pan-ion, In-deed I thought his love my own Un-til a black-eyed girl be-

*mf*

-trayed me, And then he cares no more for me. 2. Just go and leave me if you

*dim. p cresc.*

wish to, It will nev - er trou-ble me, For in your heart you love an-

*cresc.* *cresc.* *dim.*

-oth-er And in my grave I'd ra-ther be. 3. Last night you were sweet-ly

*p* *p*

sleep-ing, Dream-ing in some sweet re-pose, While I, a poor girl, bro-ken, bro-ken-

*cresc.* *mf*



-heart-ed, Lis-ten to the wind that blows. 4. When I see your babe a-

-laugh-ing, It makes me think of your sweet face; But when I see your babe a-

-cry-ing, It makes me think of my dis-grace.

## THE RIDDLE SONG.

I gave my love a cherry that has no stones,  
I gave my love a chicken that has no bones,  
I gave my love a ring that has no end,  
I gave my love a baby that's no cry-en.

How can there be a cherry that has no stones ?  
How can there be a chicken that has no bones ?  
How can there be a ring that has no end ?  
How can there be a baby that's no cry-en ?

A cherry when it's blooming it has no stones,  
A chicken when it's pipping it has no bones,  
A ring when it's rolling it has no end,  
A baby when it's sleeping there's no cry-en.

# THE RIDDLE SONG.

*Moderato.*

1. I gave my love a cher-ry that

has no stones, I gave my love a chick-en that has no bones, I

gave my love a ring that has no end, I gave my love a ba-by that's

no cry-en. 2. How can there be a cher-ry that has no stones? How

*p* *a tempo* *p*

can there be a chick-en that has no bones? How can there be a ring that

*cresc.* *mf* *f*

has no end? How can there be a ba-by that's no cry - en? 3. A

*dim.* *p* *rall.* *a tempo*

cher - ry when it's bloom - ing it has no stones, A

*mf*

chick-en when it's pip-ping it has no bones, A ring when it's roll-ing it

*cresc.* *mf*

has no end, A ba-by when it's sleep-ing there's no cry-en.

*dim.* *rall.* *dim.* *p*

## NOW ONCE I DID COURT.

Now once I did court a most charming beauty bright ;  
I courted her by day and I courted her by night ;  
I courted her for love and her love I did obtain,  
I hadn't any reason of love to complain.

But when her old father came this for to know,  
That I and his daughter together would go,  
He lock-ed her up and he kept her so severe  
That I never more got sight of my Molly, my dear.

Then I enlisted, to the wars I did go,  
To see whether I could forget my love or no.  
But when I got there with my armour shining bright,  
On her I plac-ed my whole heart's delight.

Seven long years I served under the king ;  
At the end of seven years I returned home again.  
And when her mother saw me she wrung her hands and cried :  
My daughter dearly loved you and for your sake she died.

My grief, my grief, it is more than I can bear ;  
My true love's in her grave and I wish I were there.  
Come all you young people and pity poor me,  
Pity my misfortune and sad misery.

# NOW ONCE I DID COURT.

*Allegretto.*

1. Now once I did court a most charm-ing beau-ty

*mf* *p*

bright; I court-ed her by day and I court-ed her by night; I court-ed her for

*cresc.* *mf*

love—and her love I did ob-tain, I had-n't an-y rea-son of love to com-

*dim.*

- plain. 2. But when her old fa - ther came this for to know, That

I and his daugh - ter to - geth - er would go, He lock - ed her up — and he

kept her so se - vere That I nev - er more got sight of my Mol - ly, my dear.

3. Then I en - list - ed, to the wars I did go, To



see wheth-er I could for- get my love or no. But when I got there with my

ar- mour shin- ing bright, On her I— plac- ed my whole heart's de- light.

4. Sev- en long years I— served un- der the king; At the end of sev- en years I re-

- turned home a - gain. And when her moth- er saw me she wrung her hands and cried: My

daugh-ter dear-ly loved you and for your sake she died. 5. My grief, my

grief, it is more than I can bear; My true love's in her grave and I wish I were

there. Come all you young peo - ple and pi - - ty poor me,

Pi - ty my mis - for - tune and sad mis-er - y.

To  
MRS. JOHN C. CAMPBELL.

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THE REJECTED LOVER.

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## THE REJECTED LOVER

O once I knew a pretty girl, and I loved her as my life;  
And I'd freely give my heart and hand to make her my wife,  
O to make her my wife.

She took me by the hand and she led me to the door,  
And she put her arms around me, saying: You can't come any more,  
O you can't come any more.

And I'd not been gone but six months before she did complain,  
And she wrote me a letter, saying: O do come again,  
O do come again.

And I wrote her an answer, just for to let her know  
That no young man would venture where he once could not go,  
O he once could not go.

Come all you true lovers, take warning by me,  
And never place your affections on a green growing tree,  
O a green growing tree.

For the leaves they will wither, and the roots they will decay,  
And the beauty of a fair maid will soon fade away,  
O will soon fade away.

## THE REJECTED LOVER.

*Allegretto.*

1. O

*f* *p*

This system contains the first five measures of the piece. The vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. The piano accompaniment starts with a forte (*f*) dynamic, featuring a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The dynamic shifts to piano (*p*) in the fifth measure.

once I knew a pret-ty girl, and I loved her as my life; And I'd

This system contains measures 6 through 10. The vocal line continues the melody with lyrics: "once I knew a pret-ty girl, and I loved her as my life; And I'd". The piano accompaniment continues with a similar melodic pattern in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand.

free-ly give my heart and hand to make her my wife, O \_\_\_\_\_ to make her my

*mf* *colla voce*

This system contains measures 11 through 15. The vocal line continues with lyrics: "free-ly give my heart and hand to make her my wife, O \_\_\_\_\_ to make her my". The piano accompaniment features a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic and includes a section marked *colla voce* (with the voice) in the final measures.

wife. 2. She took me by the hand and she led me to the

door, And she put her arms a-round me, say-ing: You can't come an-y-more, O—

you can't come an-y - more. 3. And I'd not been gone but

six months be - - fore she did com - plain, And she

wrote me a let-ter, say-ing: O do come a-gain, O \_\_\_\_\_ do come a-

*colla voce*

- gain. 4. And I wrote \_\_\_\_\_ her an an-swer, just for to let her

*mf*

know That no young man would ven-ture where he once could not go, O—

\_\_\_\_\_ he once could not go. 5. Come all you true lov-ers, take warn-ing by

*colla voce* *f* *p*

me, And nev-er place your af-fec-tions on a green grow-ing tree, O\_\_\_

a green growing tree. 6. For the leaves they will with-er, and the

*colla voce* *f*

roots they will de-cay, And the beau-ty of a fair maid will

*f*

soon fade a-way, O\_\_\_ will soon fade a-way.

*colla voce* *dim. e rall.* *mf*



## NOTES.

No. 1. **Edward.** Sung by Mr. Trotter Gan, at Sevierville, Sevier Co., Tenn.

A few minor verbal alterations have been made in the text, including the substitution of "thee" for "you" in the last lines of the first two stanzas—a typical example of the way in which folk-singers will often deliberately disregard rhyme.

For other variants see *English Folk-Songs from the Southern Appalachians*, No. 7, p. 26.

No. 2. **The Two Brothers.** Sung by Mrs. Margaret Dunagan at St. Helen's, Lee Co., Ky.

Text practically unaltered.

For other variants see *English Folk-Songs from the Southern Appalachians*, No. 11, p. 33.

No. 3. **Young Hunting.** Tune sung by Mrs. Margaret Dunagan at St. Helen's, Lee Co., Ky.; words sung by Mrs. Carter, of Beattyville, Lee Co., Ky.

Words unchanged.

For other variants see *English Folk-Songs from the Southern Appalachians*, No. 15, p. 47.

No. 4. **The False Knight upon the Road.** Sung by Mrs. T. G. Coates at Flag Pond, Unicoi Co., Tenn.

See *English Folk-Songs from the Southern Appalachians*, No. 1, p. 1.

No. 5. **The Cruel Brother.** Sung by Mrs. Hester House at Hot Springs, Madison Co., N. C.

Two stanzas have been omitted.

See *English Folk-Songs from the Southern Appalachians*, No. 5, p. 20.

No. 6. **The Wife Wrapt in Wether's Skin.** Sung by Mrs. Margaret Dunagan at St. Helen's, Lee Co., Ky.

Stanzas 5, 7 and 8, and the first line of stanza 6, have been taken from other versions.

For other variants see *English Folk-Songs from the Southern Appalachians*, No. 33, p. 137.

No. 7. **Come all you fair and tender ladies.** Sung by Mrs. Rosie Hensley at Carmen, Madison Co., N. C.

See *English Folk-Songs from the Southern Appalachians*, No. 65 A, p. 220.

No. 8. **The False Young Man.** Sung by Mr. T. Jeff Stockton at Flag Pond, Unicoi Co., Tenn.

See *English Folk-Songs from the Southern Appalachians*, No. 94 A, p. 269.

No. 9. **The Dear Companion.** Sung by Mrs. Rosie Hensley at Carmen, Madison Co., N. C.

See *English Folk-Songs from the Southern Appalachians*, No. 58, p. 204.

No. 10. **The Riddle Song.** Sung by Mrs. Wilson at Pineville, Bell Co., Ky.

Words unaltered.

No. 11. **Now Once I did Court.** Sung by Mr. T. Jeff Stockton at Flag Pond, Unicoi Co., Tenn.

Text collated with other versions.

See *English Folk-Songs from the Southern Appalachians*, No. 57 B, p. 201.

No. 12. **The Rejected Lover.** Sung by Mr. Wesley Batten at Mount Fair, Albemarle Co., Va.

Text collated with other versions.

See *English Folk-Songs from the Southern Appalachians*, No. 56 C, p. 199.

