NORTH PENNSYLVANIA MINSTRELSY

As Sung in the Backwood Settlements, Hunting Cabins and Lumber Camps in Northern Pennsylvania, 1840–1910

Compiled by

Henry W. Shoemaker

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METALMARK BOOKS

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As Sung in the Backwood Settlements, Hunting Cabins and Lumber Camps in Northern Pennsylvania, 1840-1910

Compiled by Henry W. Shoemaker, Litt. D.
(*Author of "Black Forest Souvenirs, etc.*)

"An ordinary SONG or BALLAD, that is the delight of the common people, cannot fail to please all such readers as are not unqualified for the entertainment by their affection or their ignorance; and the reason is plain, because the same paintings of Nature which recommend it to the most ordinary reader, will appear beautiful to the most refined." —*Joseph Addison*

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1919 et seq.

To

John C. French

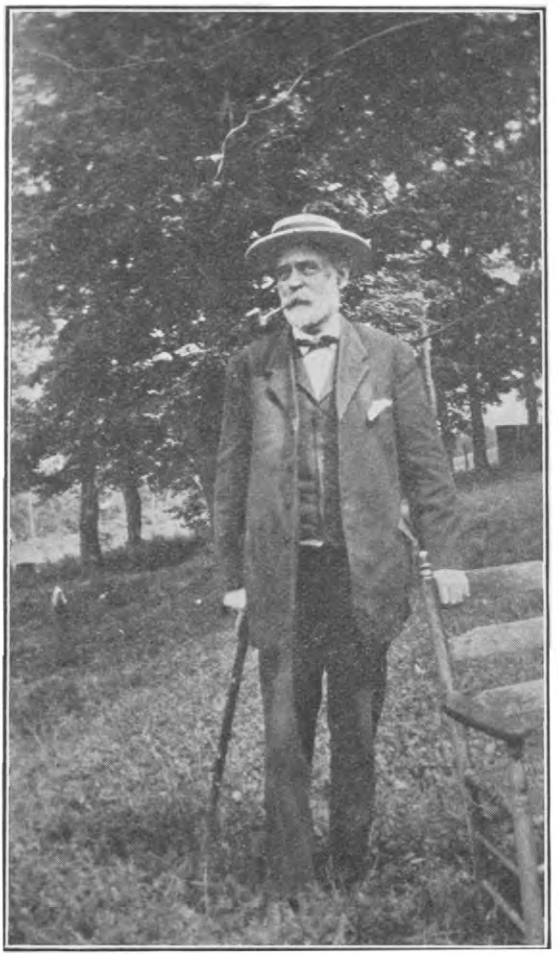
of Potter County

and

John H. Chatham

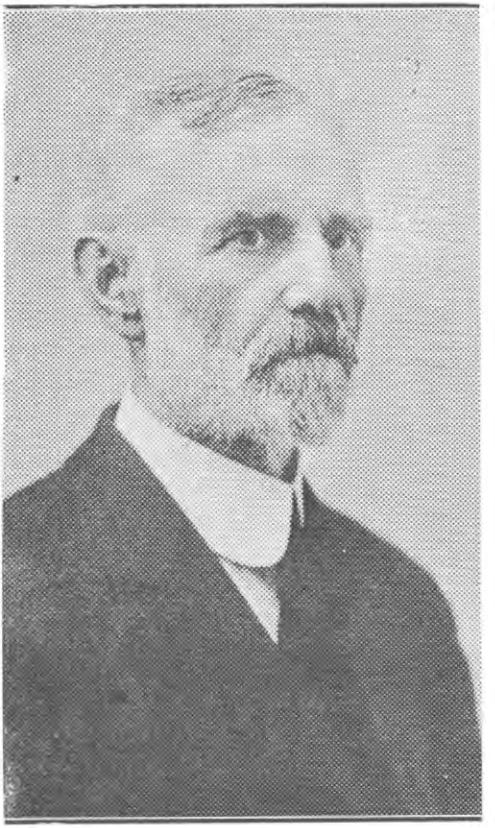
of Clinton County

reborn of the Ancient Bards and Minstrels, but for whose tireless co-operation and painstaking assistance these Ballads could not have been collected at this late date, this volume is respectfully dedicated.



JOHN C. FRENCH

(*Frontispiece*)



JOHN H. CHATHAM

(*Frontispiece*)

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North Pennsylvania Minstrelsy

An Introduction

AS LONG ago as 1898 the present work of collecting and compiling the old-time songs of the Pennsylvania backwoods cabins and lumber camps was contemplated, and should have been at least begun. At that time John Q. Dyce, premier ballad singer of the Pennsylvania Highlands, was alive and hearty, his repertoire embracing at least one hundred songs, some of them centuries old. Other song-singers were flourishing, especially in the Black Forest in McKean and Potter Counties, who could easily have imparted their store to the earnest seeker.

Hand in hand and side by side with the old folk songs and more modern patriotic and lumbermen's songs were the oral legends of Indian days, tales of pioneer times, big game, thrilling escapades and superstitious lore.

Then there were the homely mountain proverbs, applicable to every happening in the daily life. Like "When the fog comes up a-hoppin', then the rain comes down a-droppin'," or "It's good luck to meet a white horse when out on business."

At that time the writer had no intention of writing down what he heard from the old people, at any rate, not as far as a systematic effort was concerned. He had, early in 1897, published several Indian legends

which he had heard from John Dyce, and the fragments of a couple of songs, in a small school paper of which he was one of the editors. Most of the folk-songs and legends "went in one ear and out of the other," as the mountain people would say, but the prose tales naturally lingered longest, and when, in 1903, he compiled the little book, "Wild Life in Central Pennsylvania," he was amazed at the number of legends that he could recall. Consequently he set out to collect others, with the result that his researches in Pennsylvania folk-lore and unwritten history now number about thirty books and pamphlets, and the compilation consumed all the writer's otherwise "leisure" time.

Some day, when the beauty and picturesqueness of the Pennsylvania Mountains is appreciated by all, these books will have value and be sought after by litterateurs and collectors, but such is not the case at present. Just the reverse. The very people—civic club members, local historical societies—who are indifferent to our local folk-lore and border history are eagerly reading every book obtainable on the mountaineers of Kentucky and Tennessee, or listening to lectures about them. Are these mountain people of the Cumberlands and the lower Appalachians more picturesque or different from our backwoods people of Central and Northern Pennsylvania? They are the same. The same in blood, type and aspirations. The same streams of emigration that left Lincolns in Berks County, kin of Nancy Hanks, in Snyder County, a brother of Daniel Boone in Clinton County, and

scions of John Hay in Somerset County, along the Alleghenies on mountain tops as if deposited by receding waters of life, flowed together in Central and Northern Pennsylvania, the apex of which—the Black Forest, *that was*—that vast area 80 miles by 80 miles, where once flourished the virgin forests of pine, hemlock, beech, birch and maple, being where most of the present collection of old songs were gathered.

This is proved by the mountaineers of Kentucky, the Carolinas and Tennessee having the same names of those of Pennsylvania. If there is a preponderance of any one blood, it is Scotch-Irish, with generous admixtures of Quaker, French Huguenot, and Pennsylvania Dutch, which last is, strictly speaking, the first cross of the true Pennsylvania conglomerate, the "melting pot," Dutch, German, French, Welsh, Scotch, Irish, and often Indian, the American of tomorrow.

The mountaineers of Kentucky, who went there by way of Maryland and Virginia, carried with them no manners and customs, no distinct traits which those who remained in Pennsylvania did not possess. They may have developed new traits, but their unique charm dates from Pennsylvania.

A German ethnologist, about 1895, was much exercised to find that the Pennsylvania Dutch people resembled Indians. This, he imagined, was because they lived in a country formerly inhabited by Indians. In reality, it was because many early Pennsylvania Dutch frontiersmen married Indian girls. In looks the true Pennsylvania mountaineer is an Indian. On the other

hand, when he writes a letter, he spells, as a matter of course, the same as the first folio of Shakespeare, or Marlow or Spenser. The writer has many such letters in his possession, which seem like missives from the days of "Good Queen Bess."

In his general conversation he uses many Scotch words. Among those in common use might be named the phrase *"redd up,"* to clean up, to put to rights; see Robert Louis Stevenson's "Kidnapped" and "Catriona." A little child is called a *shaver,* a bag is a *poke,* changeable is *bruckle,* a bed cover is a *hap,* and to whine is *yammering;* a bee hive is a *scape,* to run away is to *peg off,* a head is a *noggin,* a perverse person, difficult to control, is called a *buckie,* to talk too much is to *blab,* a gay girl is called a *clippie* or *clip,* talkative is *gabby* or *cracky,* the devil is always called the *deil,* a narrow-minded person is called *narrow-nebbed,* to beat is to *scutch,* spotted is *spreckled,* a crested hen is called a *tappy* hen, anything unpleasant, nasty to the taste, is called *baachie,* a free and easy person is called *off-hand,* against is *fornenst,* to be overheated is *het up,* to become excited is to *rair up,* a slice of buttered bread is called a *piece,* a handsome, engaging person of either sex is called "pretty", a husband is always referred to by the wife as her "man," the wife is known as "the woman." And so on through hundreds of words familiar to dwellers in the Lowlands.

But numerous old English words are used; for instance, a droll person is called *antic,* window panes

are *lights,* a sociable, approachable person is *common,* a mountain stream is a *run;* in beginning a statement it is always said, "I allow," "I calculate", and the suddenness of the arrival of the whippoorwills on the Sugar Valley Hill in the spring of this year caused one mountaineer to phrase it, "They're gathering in right smart."

Then there are French words among them. A public sale is always a *vendue;* no other word could describe it. Of Dutch or German words a gap in the mountains is called a *kloof,* a sink filled with water a *gat,* a ghost is a *spook,* a suspected witch a *hex.* To be bewitched is *hexed.*

Thus has a type been evolved from an unparalleled blending of races!

In manners and customs the Pennsylvania mountaineer is equally unique and decided as are his contemporaries further south among the Appalachians. In appreciation of music and literature the older generations are fully as well developed. No hunting camp along the Sinnemahoning in the old days, or lumber camp in the Black Forest twenty years ago, was complete without musical instruments. The most numerous of these were violins and mouth-organs; there were many accordeons, and even a few dulcimers and harps. In the summer evenings, after the day's bark peeling was done, the crews would gather under a tree or by the creek, and the song-singer of the camp would begin his cycle of woodsmen's songs or

old-time ballads, while the camp musicians accompanied him on violin, mouth-organ or dulcimer.

John C. French says: "Some of the old songs are merely chants, with airs and tempo at whims of the singers; some are cadenzas as free as mountain breeze or songs of the birds; many are the 'lonesome tunes' in minor keys, merely crooning; but many are fitted to the popular airs of the old-time dances—jigs, waltzes, gallops and quick-step, cinque-pace and polkas. Some have a rollicking swing, almost classical. The music ought to be preserved."

Work without music is too modern, too grinding; it was not the life for the Pennsylvania mountaineer whose soul overflowed with melody, "the joy of living." Simplicity was his foremost vital trait; he was close to the Eternal Source and the harmonies of Nature. We recall what Shakespeare said about men who have no music in their souls.

In the winter time, in the pine jobs, and later in the hardwood camps, and in the remote farmhouses and cabins, there was always music, and about the inglenook some ancient person to tell legends of the stirring days of 1755, of the Great Runaway, of Peter Grove, Peter Pentz, James Brady, "the young captain of the West Branch," or of some ghost or witchcraft visitation, of panthers, red bears, wolves, moose or elks.

The earlier generations of Pennsylvania mountaineers were poets without knowing it. On the watch for deer they dreamed of the glorious past, in the camps they kept alive the tales of their golden age,

which the writer in his books and pamphlets has sought to preserve. These old men were like the bards of long ago, men who were of the types made familiar by Ossian and the "Lays of the Deer Forest"—bearded men, hoary-headed men, with keen, deepset eyes, long, thin noses and high cheek bones, men of action, probity and decision. Simple as the day God made the first man!

Later generations are equally promising, when they have the good common sense to stick to their environment and remain in the mountains. Not so those who go to the towns. They make more money and quickly change. They are clean shaven, bald headed, fat faced, snub nosed, round and sleek. They wax indignant when ghosts or witches are mentioned, or if any one makes the statement that some of their ancestors had Indian blood. They ride in touring cars and carry a case of beer on a hunting or fishing excursion. They go to the mountains periodically, but not to revive old memories, but to shoot up the old farm, to talk loudly and boastfully. They are of today, of the order of the leaf that vanishes in the Martinmas gale. They have lost the simplicity, the gentility of their fathers, these alleged successes of "Industrial America." God bless the old order of things; God grant that it will outlast the new.

And the same changing order of things exists in the much vaunted Cumberlands. When the writer was first in Eastern Kentucky, in 1902—before J. B. Marcum, the last prominent man to be slain in a feud,

was left for dead in front of the Breathitt County Court House at Jackson—and in 1903 the coal mines were just creeping in, with their foreign element, their company stores and attendant train of modernization of the primitive—the big lumber companies were opening up, altering the old-time simple modes of living. Big mining towns now flourish in the most out-of-the-way valleys, railroads penetrate everywhere, old customs are being put to the test, will simplicity outlast the thirst for ease and prosperity?

There are signs that the old order is returning in the Pennsylvania wilds. The lumber railways which honeycombed the Black Forest area are all but gone; the White Deer and Loganton narrow-guage has been removed from Sugar Valley; what is left of the picturesque days, the leaven of simplicity will come to its own again, for it will grow stronger and more enduring quicker than the next crop of timber will become marketable.

Likewise in Kentucky there is a chance that the primitive strength and romantic chivalry will outlast the era of coal mines, saw mills and railways. The true mountaineer, be he Kentuckian, Carolinian or Pennsylvanian, is the salt of the earth, for it is he who has guarded the fountains of human simplicity, sincerity and romance. The coal mines of Kentucky and Tennessee will last longer than the lumber industry of Pennsylvania, which is about ended, though in reality lumbering fostered to a certain extent romantic spirits.

The lumbermen were conspicuous in their dress, their devil-may-care manner. Walter Wykoff, in "The Workers," gave a most excellent portrayal of the Pennsylvania "woodsy" of twenty-five years ago. Especially was this so among the raftsmen on the Allegheny and Susquehanna, and the days when the logs were floated to the "booms," Lock Haven and Williamsport, on the West Branch. The coal mining towns, which fortunately do not exist in the heart of the true Pennsylvania wilderness, for Central Pennsylvania and the Black Forest lie just between the "hard" and "soft" coal belts, are entirely de-Pennsylvaniaized. Foreigners, "the almighty dollar," gross materialism, an utter absence of that beauty so necessary to ennobling emotions, which Vachell Lindsay describes so splendidly in his book, "Adventures in Preaching the Gospel of Beauty," have robbed the mining regions of their pristine loveliness. Nothing lovely remains but the laurel and the grass on the treeless hills! The survival of the big game almost to the present day in mountainous Pennsylvania has added an element of romantic lore about which old and young love to hear. Overpopulation in the Southern Appalachians drove it out almost before the memory of man, yet Daniel Boone, looking into Kentucky, declared that in his life he had never beheld such vast herds of bison.

The wolf and the panther in Pennsylvania have a considerable folk-lore of their own, though they are hardly now extinct in the Commonwealth. Every winter the papers in Centre, Lycoming, Potter or Som-

erset Counties tell of the howling of wolves or the tracks of panthers seen.

The younger generation of Pennsylvania mountaineers should be taught the dignity of his existence, that as he is very worth while, he should, if possible, remain in the mountains to perpetuate his type. He is needed, for through his innate simplicity he is an inspiring anthithesis to the men and women who in the towns are dollar mad, pleasure mad, automobile mad, living a *tarantelle* existence without stopping to observe the beauty and the spirituality of Nature, as God made it, the mountaineer is a reserve fund against luxury and decadence.

The mountain man, by his imperturbability to suffering, his Indian-like patience, his kindliness to the sick and poor, all noble attributes showing his acknowledgement of his responsibility to his fellow creatures, the finest social doctrine, is necessary in this complex age; we need him to return to for the torch of right living. Patriotic to the core, his ancestors were sharpshooters under Morgan and Loudon or "Bucktails" with Kane and Roy Stone, he stands out pre-eminent with the first Americans. And through his simple language, folk-tales, folk-songs and proverbs, he is securely knitted, not only to his forefathers in the Pennsylvania frontier and to the Indian aborigines, but to grand old simple folk across the seas, whose blood flows in his veins, the people of Ossien, of Percy's "Reliques," or Moreland or David Teniers.

Pennsylvanians, show pride for your mountain people; get to know them, but do not seek to change them by your example; try to become like them. Read all you will, listen all you will to the valiant souls who through pride of state have exalted the mountain dwellers of Kentucky and other states, by book and oratory, and then love your own Highlands more. Read and study the southern mountaineers in a spirit of comparison with those in Union, Snyder, Centre, Lycoming, Clinton, Tioga, Potter, McKean, Forest, Cameron, Elk and Clearfield Counties, and not as if you were hearing of exotic types, finer and different from anything near at hand. You have just as much picturesqueness and color on top of your mountain above your home town of Jersey Shore, or Lock Haven or Bellefonte as ever lived and loved in far-off Kentucky, Tennessee or North Carolina. No one could be anything but a Pennsylvanian who has ever seen the Kalbfleish mountains white with snow! And your own mountaineers possess a stock of folk-lore waiting for you to gather which is inexhaustible. It is unfortunate that the writer did not begin writing down the old folk-songs as he heard them twenty years ago. After these years the task had many unsurmountable difficulties. Many of the old song-singers are dead; the few that remain are feeble, younger generations possess oftimes garbled versions "in their heads." The writer's memory falters to write down verses heard a score of years ago! Kind friends have been a great and constant aid in this im-

perfectly conceived and tardily carried-out plan, yet they have made it what it is—the good part of it.

In the memories of John C. French, of Roulette, Potter County, and John H. Chatham, of McElhattan, Clinton County, run many of the old-time ballads and woodsmen's songs. They have written out a number in their entirety and fragments of others, all of which are gratefully acknowledged by the compiler, and will be held priceless treasures by discerning generations of Pennsylvanians yet unborn when the Renaissance of Pennsylvania literature sets in.

The people of the Pennsylvania Highlands being for the most part, as previously stated, of English, Scotch-Irish, Huguenot, Dutch and German origin, the origin of the old songs is easily explained. They were sung by the ancestors of the present generations in dim, far-off periods in England, Scotland, the North of Ireland, and some, perhaps, in France or on the Rhine. Some of the best are lost, at least as far as Pennsylvania is concerned, others exist in fragmentary form, a few lines or at most a few stanzas; others still are remembered by only their names. The first settlers sang them, their descendants repeated them in original form, or else varied them to suit local conditions, giving them, if necessary, a Pennsylvania setting. The same was done with many legends of European origin which were told as if they had happened in Pennsylvania. Thus the Pennsylvania version of the famous famous ballad "Barbara Allen" begins, "In Reading town, when I was young", whereas in Bishop Percy's

"Reliques" it commences, "In Scarlet towne, where I was born." "Katie Maury," a ballad well known in the West Branch Valley, is little more than a modernized version of "The Baffled Knight." "The Logger's Boast," a ballad popular with the raftsmen on the West Branch, was brought to Pennsylvania from Maine, where it was composed sixty-odd years ago. Even in the brief period of its existence it has secured several variations, all of which have enjoyed great popularity.

Though some ballads were changed to suit local conditions, the principal cause of the changes was because the reciters forgot the exact wording and had to improvise. Some composers heard popular ballads, the celebrated lay of Sinnemahone, for example, and then ground out a supposedly original piece like "Keating Town," more ribald and less witty than the original. And "Sinnemahone" itself has several direct variants, one beginning, "I went to church at Sinnemahone; outside a dog was chewing a bone."

A few ballads were "Dutch" dialect pieces, like John Dyce's favorite "Goat Hill," which he said he learned about 1850 from an old one-legged Dutchman named Davie Shaffer, who used to sing it at the farmers' vendues. The West Branch canal created its chain of ballads. John Dyce would sing, "I hired on a Shawny boat, a dollar-forty-nine. If you don't work for this 'cap', you'll never get your 'time'."

The old-time fiddlers possessed a wide assortment of "pieces." Among them were "The Camptown

Races," "Arkansas Traveller," "Biddy Martin," "The Scolding Wife," "Listen to the Mocking Bird," "Old Dan Tucker," "Old Zep Coon" and a host of others. "Listen to the Mocking Bird" was immensely popular, the best singers all rendered it, the fiddlers never could get done playing it. And it was equally popular in Kentucky. When the writer was last at Jackson, Breathitt County, in 1903, a dance was held in S. S. Taulbee's Hotel, at which "Listen to the Mocking Bird" was encored over and over again until the fiddler demurred from playing it again.

The different songs were popular in different localities in the Pennsylvania Highlands. For instance, Charles W. Dickinson, born 1842, gives the following list as typical of McKean County:

Annie Laurie, Byron in the Highlands, John Monroe, James Bird, Lake Erie, Dinah Green, Mary Blaine, Joe Bowers, Nelly Grey, Old Ironsides, Kitty Wells, General Wolfe, Dearest William, The Old Log Cabin in the Lane, Canada's "Lumber Camp Song," The Irishman's Shanty, Tim Finnegan's Wake, Billy McCue.

Old-time ballad or song singers of the Pennsylvania mountains are now few and far between. John H. Chatham says that Clarence Walton was the last of the really great ones—his most popular piece was called "the Leather Bottell," said to date from the sixteenth century. John Q. Dyce sang well, as did John H. Chatham's cousin, also named John H. Chatham, but differentiated from the famed "Bard of the West

Branch" by the sobriquets of "Mason John" and "Chat."

After the Civil War, Montgomery Kearns was known from Sinnemahoning to Sunbury for his singing of "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," "We'll Drink from the Same Canteen," and "John Anderson, My Jo John." Kearns is now an old man in Kansas, and is said to be homesick for the roar of Kearns' Run at night.

In the homes many women sank the old ballads, among the favorites being "Barbara Allen," or, as most of the Pennsylvania women called it, "Barbara Ellen," "Wait for the Wagon," "Oh, Susannah," "Robin Adair," "Vilikens and Dinah," and "Nellie Gray."

Some Methodist hymns have achieved almost the popularity and permanency of folk-songs in the Pennsylvania mountains. Prof. James M. Black's "When the Roll is Called Up Yonder," composed in 1893, seems a part and parcel of every backwoods meeting house or fireside where primitive souls cluster.

A few songs composed in recent years, appearing originally in local newspapers, bid fair to live in the "song and story" of our highlands, notably Major William Gray Murdock's stirring "America Arise." But the list of popular pieces is a long one, yet an incomplete one if an attempt would be made to reproduce all either in synopsis or title.

This collection is in no way complete, or even representative of the musical phase of the folk-lore of

the Pennsylvania wilds. In the following pages will be found those pieces which it were possible to collect at this late date, transcribed as carefully as could be done from more or less inaccurate relators. The collection is arranged so that as other songs are collected or recalled, they will be printed and bound with this first sheaf. It is the compiler's hope that through this small and imperfect collection interest will be directed to these old songs and that a number of careful investigators will go up into our mountains—they will be well repaid, even in the picturesque life they will come in contact with, if nothing more, but they will be delinquent if they fail to recover some old ballads that will add to the glory and charm of our highland literature. There are hundreds of old songs yet to be garnered, hundreds of legends still unrecorded, hundreds of quaint proverbs to be had for the asking. To bring out the finest side of our early generations, our neighbors in the cloudland, is a duty which no cultivated person living along the entire chain of the Allegheny Range in Pennsylvania can shirk. The time to do it is now, for the glory of the Keystone State, past, present and future, and place the romance and melody of our highlands in imperishable form, side by side where they belong with the valuable archives collected in the Southern Appalachians.

In our mountains, the writer thinks, there exists most fully developed cycle of folk-tales and Indian legends in the entire United States, and as extensive a selection of ballads and proverbs. Will these mines be

left unworked, and shall our literary workers continue to flock to Kentucky for their inspiration and their literary food? The local color and the vista of picturesque possibilities uncovered by a careful study of the ballads herein collected may send some of our investigators scanning our own mountain tops instead of travelling afar. The richest treasure is always nearest at hand, but the veins must be worked by scores of "miners" and in harmony and sympathy. If nothing more is done than to have preserved the few songs in the present volume, it would seem like a shame to leave such a patriotic task incomplete; the present compiler will do all he can; he calls for volunteers, helpers, seekers like himself for all that pertains to Pennsylvania beautiful, Pennsylvania glorious, Pennsylvania spiritual. Forget for awhile the burned-over hills, the polluted streams, the blasted-off mountain crags, the poisoned game, the miserable herded Indians on their tiny Warren County Reservation, but the Pennsylvania that is beneath the debauched exterior, the eternal soul of it that shines through it and over it, and the day will surely come when the spirit of the great state will rule its body, the material part, and the Bards and the Hunters and the Borderers, and the Indians, and the Witches will outrank Big Business and Wrangling Political Leaders as the pattern and the mould.

The writer will be thankful to receive corrections or suggestions concerning any of the ballads in the following pages, and also hopes that enough additional

songs will be sent in so as to warrant the publishing of a postscript, or an addenda, *soon.*

HENRY W. SHOEMAKER.

"RESTLESS OAKS, MAY 10, 1919.

Songs of the Civil War Period

Extracts from an Address by General Sherwood, of Ohio, Delivered in the House of Representatives, Washington, D. C., in Memory of Hon. Joshua C. Talbott, of Maryland. Reprinted from Congressional Record, February 16, 1919.

I REMEMBER one battle of the Civil War—the battle of Franklin, Tenn.—on the 30th of November, 1864, when there were, all told, about 85,000 men engaged, and there were more generals, more major generals, and lieutenant generals killed in that battle of five hours than in all the great "world's war," where 17,000,000 were engaged. That is a startling statement, but I believe it to be true. This, because modern warfare is mostly at long range. The peculiarities of our Civil War pertain to no other war in all history. It was the only war in all history where the soldiers on the march and around the bivouac fires at night sang patriotic songs of their own composition. That was true both of the North and the South, and the literature of that war is among the best in the English language. In a time like that, and amid the intense feeling which prevailed both North and South, patriotic inspiration rose above the level plane of prose into the higher altitude of inspired song. Hence it is true that with the excepton of Lincoln's Gettysburg oration, that wonderful story by Edward Everett Hale—A Man Without a Country—one or two ora-

tions by Robert G. Ingersoll, and one by Henry Ward Beecher, the literature of the war is its lyric poetry. On the southern side it is equally true, with the exception of one or two state papers by Jefferson Davis, some orders to his soldiers by Stonewall Jackson, and General Robert E. Lee's farewell to his army, the literature of the South was its poetry. We had during the Revolutionary War of seven years not a single patriotic song written, during that whole period, and none by soldiers. The same in the Mexican War, and the same in the War of 1812; but in our Civil War there were over fifty patriotic soldier songs written in the North, and nearly as many in the Southah. Among the most notable of those songs on the part of the North was Julia Ward Howe's great lyric poem, "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." "Sheridan's Ride," by Thomas Buchanan Reade, is probably the most powerful dramatic poem of the war.

And the most dramatic lyric of the South was "Maryland, My Maryland," written by James R. Randall, of Maryland. I remember an incident in connection with that song. I was made the field officer of the day in East Tennessee upon our arrival under General Burnside, and I was selected that night, as the field officer of the day, to locate the picket line around our army at the bend of the Holstein River, twenty miles south of Knoxville. I was just locating the left of the line along a road that ran by the river, and was about to return to camp, when I heard a fine soprano voice singing:

The despot's heel is on thy shore, Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door, Maryland!
Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle queen of yore,
Oh, Maryland, my Maryland.

I had not heard the voice of a woman in song for over a year. I looked down in the thicket, and there I saw through my field glass a girl at a piano singing, and an officer standing behind her, and I saw, by the turn of his collar, that he was a Confederate officer. Just then one of my pickets fired a shot; then I heard the clang of sabres and the clanking of hoofs, and a band of Confederate scouts rode out into the darkness. I never knew who wrote that song until at Salisbury, N. C., after the war. It was printed on a piece of brown paper and signed by James R. Randall, of Maryland.

Another song that was sung in the South after the war was written by Father Ryan, of Mobile, who was chaplain of an Alabama regiment—"The Conquered Banner." He wrote that song at Knoxville, Tenn., in a single hour the day after Lee surrendered. All the emotions of his heart, all of human sympathy and human sorrow was expressed in that wonderful song. Here is a couplet from it that I remember:

"Furl that banner, for it's weary;
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary.
Furl it, fold it, it is best,
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's no one left to lave it
In the blood which heroes gave it.
Furl it, hide it, let it rest!"

One of the most poetic and beautiful songs of the war was written by Marie La Costa, of Virginia, entitlde "Somebody's Darling." It was sung all over the North during the war without its southern origin being known. It seems as if it might be called the universal mother cry of all war-cursed nations.

There was another peculiarity of our war. None of the ante-bellum poets, except Whittier, wrote a patriotic war song during the whole war. All the patriotic songs were written by men who were obscure before the war. And another peculiarity of our war is that not a single patriotic song has been written of national import in all the fifty years since the war. And here at the close of this great war, a world war for democracy, with the most alluring shibboleth that was ever put before an army, we find not a single poem has been written that will live in history, during this whole war.

As to my departed friend, let me say he did his duty well. His record here, for twenty-three years, shows him standing as a member devoted to the best ideals. He had the courage of his convictions. He stood true to his convictions with absolute fidelity during his whole career. I am proud to do honor to his memory. In September, 1867, at Columbus, Miss., a band of splendid southern women, only two years after the war, decorated the graves of Union and Confederate

soldiers alike. This act, so patriotic, so courageous at that time, inspired one of the grandest poems of the after-war period, written by a gifted Mississippi poet, Francis Miles Finch. I recollect a couplet:

"No more shall the war clouds sever,
Nor the winding rivers be red.
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead.
Under the sod and dew,
Waiting the judgment day,
Under the lilies the Blue,
Under the roses the Gray."

In that quiet cemetery at Cockeyville, in that old grave-yard at the rear of the church, lie the last remains of our departed friend, and his memory will be kept green by those who loved him best. With every coming spring kind hands will strew flowers over his grave, and above the grass under which he sleeps the snowy magnolia will diffuse a sweeter balm, and the wild passion flower, winding its sweet tendrils among the waving branches, will gather tears beneath the stars and shed them in the sunlight.

English Folk-Songs

The England of today, curiously enough, is not the best place in which to hear the ancient English folk-songs. England has been merely their nominal home or habitat, and they passed into desuetude, apparently beyond all hope of any real revival, with the passing of many another feature of Merrie England. Let the battlefields of Flanders be the best witness to that. There the men of Devon or Warwick, the sons of the fens, dales, and wolds, are almost wholly strangers to the ditties of long ago, and are quite content to sing little else than the catchy balderdash or trivialities of the music hall. Yet England always has her bards and minstrels. Kings and nobles kept their court singers; while strollers, or *jongleurs,* as they were called, went called, went about the villages and towns singing the unwritten folk-songs or ballads which still please with their simplicity and freshness. It was Sir Philip Sidney who confessed that the ballad of Chevy Chase stirred him like the sound of a trumpet. But it was not until the publication of Allan Ramsay's "Evergreen and Tea-Table Miscellany," and of Bishop Percy's "Reliques," in the eighteenth century, that a serious effort was made to recover English folk-songs from the custody of the people, who for ages had handed down these folk-tunes and verses by the precarious medium of oral tradition.

The folk-songs of England were associated with the avocations of daily life, when they were not deal-

ing with the great religious fetes like that familiar perennial, "God rest you, merry, merry gentlemen," which is still sung in the poorer quarters of some northern towns at Christmastide. The songs were redolent of the green countryside, and had nothing in common with those hymns or chants, filled with the egotism of national prowess or of conquest in battle, by which many nations love to proclaim their greatness. Thus, in that sense, the English folk-songs are not national at all. They are domestic and intimate, and that is perhaps the reason why these old ditties did not vanish altogether with the coming of the spinning jenny and the changing of England from an agricultural into an industrial nation.

England ceased to be their heir, only to hand them involuntarily to her daughters beyond the seas. The branches of the race that stretched out beyond the waters for new homes took up the guardianship. The songs were conveyed within the hearts of the religious refugees of the Mayflower; they went with the cavaliers who peopled the sunnier, gentler climes of the South; they retired into the trans-Atlantic ranges of the Appalachians with the isolated Kentucky mountaineers and small farmers; and they took refuge in that sea-girt Devon, Newfoundland.

Hundreds of the folk-songs of the past have doubtless been lost to us because systematic collection and classification was never undertaken. The age that

could produce such fine work as "Sumer is Icumen In" must have been prolific of good melody, and there are many others, like "It Was a Lover and His Lass;" "O Mistress Mine," "The Three Ravens," and "A Poor Soul Sat Sighing," which show the fine quality of early work. But the songs have never had a revival except in the dilettante limits of chamber music recitals or fashionable drawing rooms, and it is more than likely that if one desired to hear among the people a once popular ballad like "Bold Brennan," the valiant and charitable highwayman, he would have a better chance of hearing it by some western campfire than by the fireplace of an English inn.

England has always been credited with being an unmusical country. But the term is purely relative. The folk-songs had little chance of survival, not because of the people's failure to appreciate them musically, but because they were replaced by the musical products of the towns. The peasant, provided with songs from the outside, lost the spontaneous impulse to provide further for his own needs. But it is not too late to collate this precious legacy of song, from whatever part of the world it is to be found. Just as Edward MacDowell wrote his "Indian" suite composed of the original American melodies, so the composer is needed who can incorporate these English treasures of the past in some popular and appealing national form. —*From Christian Science Monitor.*

1—THE MAN THAT I LOOK OUT FOR

Camp Song in the Oil Fields About 1876—Collected by John C. French

My name is Joe Norton, and I have a brother Ike;
I came from Potter County, and from the town of Pike.
Now I'll tell you why I came so far to roam,
And left my poor old mother so far away from home.
I used to court a gal—her name was Sally Black—
I asked her to marry me—she said it was a "whack";
Said she, "Joe Norton, before you hitch for life,
You ought to get a little house to keep your little wife."
Said I, "Oh, Sally, dearest Sally! Sally, for your sake,
I'll go to Bradford City and try to raise a stake."
Said she, "Joe Norton, you're just the man to win!
So here's a kiss to bind the bargain"—and she hove a dozen in.
(Soon I arrived at this great, busy town of derricks)—Spoken—
And got a job of drilling—put in my biggest licks—
I worked both late and early, in rain as well as snow,
I was working for my Sally—'twas all the same to Joe.
At length of time I got a letter from my dear brother Ike—.
It came from Potter county, and from the town of Pike.
It brought the darndest news that ever you did hear;
It said that Sally was married to a butcher, and the butcher had red hair.
More than that the letter said—'twas enough to make me swear—
It said that Sally had a baby, and the baby had red hair!
Whether 'twas a boy or girl, the letter never said;
It only said that Sally had a baby, and the baby's hair was
(Spoken slowly) Inclined—to—be—red.

L'ENVOI

The gay boys are gone, with the swift-flowing tide,
Like sportive birds on the shore,
And may "Happy Days" crown each toast
That the lumberjacks pour.

2—FRIENDSHIP ON INDIAN RUN

By John D. Wells

(Sung at the break-up of Camp at Clara, Potter County, 1912. Collected by John C. French.)

Just seeing you, Bill, in the bar-room hedged in by companions, tonight,
All dressed in pernickity fashion, with front so expansive and white,
I swear it's not strange that I wonder, if actually, you are the one
I logged with, back in the nineties, in the region of Indian Run.
You haven't forgotten, I'm certain, the shack on the brow of the hill—
Yentzer's four-o'clock, we called it, where lumber jacks fell, with a will,
On chickery, sowbelly and 'lasses, and fodder too plain to indite—
'Twould illy compare with the viands you ordered for dinner tonight!
And the friends of our days in the timber! You surely remember them, Bill—
The Swede, and the twins from the Portage, and "Frenchy" from old Crandall Hill!
And Larson, the silent Norwegen—oh, surely, you're not ashamed
To speak of the Dane to your fellows—the chap who was twisted and maimed!
Your pardon, old man, it was brutal! I oughtn't to speak as I did.
But, Billy, I only was thinking of you, and the crash on the skid!
And the Dane, who sprang up like a panther, and you'd have been laid on the shelf,
If the Dane hadn't pulled you from under, and taken the blow to himself!
Ah! Billy, the friends who are warmest, are not the companions like these;
But men like the Dane, who are sleeping tonight 'neath the old hemlock trees!
Away from the gold and the glitter—away from the frivol and fun—
Who taught us the meaning of friendship, when we logged on Indian Run.

3—As in New York State they formerly styled Cattaraugus a "Leek County," so in Pennsylvania, Potter County was dubbed, and other counties poked their humorous squibs at Potter's affairs.

In 1862 the second run of Bucktails (149th Pa. Vols.) went forward, and the sage of Tioga County sharpened his quill.—*John C. French.*

THE LEEK HOOK

By Nessmuk

A brave young raftman dwelt among the Potter County pines;
He had no fruit trees 'round his hut, nor any flowers nor vines;
Yet he had a gallant heart, for when the war began,
He swore that he could lick "Old Jeff" or any other man!
So he sold his yoke of steers, likewise his yellow dog,
And left his double-bitted ax a-sticking in the log;
He donned his brightest scarlet shirt, and "now," said he,
"I shall just take a hike to Brindleville and have a chat with Sal."
When gentle Sally saw him come, she dropped her gathered leeks,
Her waterfall came tumbling down, the roses left her cheeks;
"Oh, John," she cried, "you're all dressed up, and I know what it's for;
You've 'listed for a volunteer; you're going to the war!"
"Oh, Sally, dry your tears," said John, "and do not be afraid,
But bear thee up as gallantly as should a Potter County maid!
And give to me some trifling thing—some token ere I go—
That I may wear it as a badge in presence of the foe!"
Then stooped that lovely, blushing maid, and from her tiny heel,
Unstrapped a wondrous instrument—a shining spur of steel!

And, "Wear thou this," the damsel said, "for it shall be thy shield—
A talisman against all harm upon the battlefield!"
Oh, many a field in Dixie-land and many a Southland stream
Hath seen that fearless volunteer—that leek-hook's awful gleam!
And soon the Johnnies learned to say, "There comes that cussed Yank
Who wears a bayonet on his heel, and strikes us on the flank!"

The lumberjacks caught his swing and continued. (This part is paraphrased according to history.)

Nessmuk by Improvision

And wheresoe'er that leek-hook flashed, by mountain, lake or plain,
'Twas there the fiercest fighting was, the biggest heaps of slain!
"For I hold it true," said John, "that any man of nerve
Can kill most Rebs, to go upon an individual curve."

Later Additions to the story

At Malvern Hill, at Gettysburg, and at the Seven Pines,
That leek-hook flashed like living fire, along the Rebel lines.
And so, far three long years he fought, o'er many a weary mile,
Killing six general officers and scores of rank and file!

A'bientot—(The Veteran's Chorus)

All honor to the shining blade that digs the flagrant root;
Yet makes a fearful weapon, on a Potter County foot!
All honor to our soldier and his heroic wife!
For, who shall doubt, they married and live a happy life!
All honor to the people, too, who claim this for their bounty:
"We all were raised on lusty leeks, and live in Potter County!"

The above is about right. You will detect errors in metre, etc. The lumberjacks, by changing pronuncia-

tion, emphasis or slurring, overcame much in their noisy tunes—married became mar-ri-ed, etc.

This reincarnated Achilles was true enough in 1861-5, and amused many good people.

4—Our pioneers from Northern New York brought their songs of Colonial days to Potter County. One of them follows:

THE MASSACRE AT BUTCHER'S HALL

Come, hearken to a bloody tale,
Of how the soldiery
Did murder men in Boston,
As you full soon shall see.
It came to pass on March the fifth of seventeen-seventy,
A regiment, the twenty-ninth, provoked a sad affray!

(The first four lines shows the form as it was usually written.)

In King Street, by the Butcher's Hall, the soldiers on us fell;
Likewise before their barracks (it is the truth I tell),
And such a dreadful carnage in Boston ne'er was known;
They killed Samuel Maverick—he gave a piteous groan.

John Clark, he was wounded, on him they did fire;
James Caldwell and Crispus Attucks* lay bleeding in the mire;
Their regiment, the twenty-ninth, killed Monk and Samuel Gray,
While Patrick Carr lay cold in death and could not flee away.

Followed many stanzas giving history of and enlarging upon "the violation of the rights of Englishmen" and expressive of "Colonial Protest." I cannot reproduce the remainder.—*John C. French.*

*A famous negro soldier of the Revolution.

5—TALE OF "OUR WANDERING BOY TONIGHT"
(As Sung by One of Them)

Lumber Camp Song—Black Forest, 1880-1905. Collected by John C. French

It was on Monday morning in 1855—
I thought myself quite lucky
To find myself alive; sing lo, le lo, le lo, le lo—
To find myself alive.

I hitched up my horses, my business to pursue,
And went to hauling logs,
As I used for to do; sing lo, le lo, le lo, le lo—
As I used for to do.

But, instead of hauling five loads,
I only hauled four—
I got so "tight" at Lawrenceville
I couldn't haul no more; sing lo, le lo, le lo, le lo—
I couldn't haul no more.

I met an old acquaintance—
His name I dare not tell—
Who said that there was to be a ball,
So I saddled up Old Bill,
And scarcely drew a long breath
Till I arrived at Lawrenceville; sing lo, etc.

My father came trailing after,
As I've often heard them say—
'Though he must have had a pilot,
Or he couldn't found the way; sing lo, etc.

He came peeping through the key-holes,
Where he could spy a light,
Till his hair grew all white
With the frosty dews of night; sing lo, etc.

Now I remember the last circumstance;
Four of us young fellows
Got on the floor to dance—
The fiddler was so jolly; sing lo, etc.

And his arm, it was so strong
That he played the Belles of Ireland
Full four hours long; sing lo, etc.

We'll return to the plow, boys!
To whistle and to sing;
But we never will return
To the lumber woods again; sing lo, etc.

(The above is crude and filled with many errors.)

6—Except for the errors and omissions, this is an old doggerel, sung in the early 60's and late 50's, in our lumber camps by men from the Addison dead water, Painted Post (Post Town), and Lawrenceville, who came west, in winter, to work in the woods.

OCTOGENARIAN MEMORIES

About 1855-1860

(Probably from Some Old New England Poem)—Collected by John C. French

A song for the early times in Pennsy, our green old forest home—
A song for that gladsome life, whose pleasant memories freshly yet,
Of constant strife, across the bosom come!
A song for the free and gladsome life, in those early days, we led,
With a teeming soil beneath our feet, and a smiling heaven o'erhead:
Oh, the waves of life danced merrily, and had a joyous flow,
In the days when we were pioneers, fifty years ago!
The hunt, the shot, the glorious chase—the captured elk and deer—
The camp, the big, bright fire—the rich and wholesome cheer—
The sweet, sound sleep, at dead of night, by campfire blazing high,
Unbroken by the wolf's long howl, and panther springing by—
Oh, merrily passed the time, despite our wily Indian foe,

In the days when we were pioneers—fifty years ago!
We felt that we were fellow men, we felt we were a band,
Sustained here in the wilderness, by heaven's upholding hand;
And when the solemn Sabbath same, we gathered in the wood
And lifted up our hearts in prayer—to God, the only Good!
Our temples then were earth and sky—no others did we know,
In the days when we were pioneers, fifty years ago!

7—(This is nearly right, as 'twas sung about 1860, when

"The bluebird climbed to heaven
On the ladder of his song,"

Of the early days on the Allegheny River, by old folk, reviving their first experiences here.)

AN OLD TIMER'S PLAINT

Sung by Gid Martin, About 1900

Black Forest Lumber Camp Song—Collected by John C. French

Some folks say there's no such thing as good or evil luck;
Success depends on labor, backed by energy and pluck—
Just put your shoulder to the wheel and lift with all your might,
From early in the morning till stars come out at night!
They may be right; but—

For fifty years I've buckled down and nearly broke my back
A-tugging; still that pesky wheel is sticking in the track!
I haven't got it moved an inch from where it first was stuck;
The more I lift, the deeper down it settles in the muck!
My kind of luck; yet—

I have a friend who never works—I see him every day:
He's neatly dressed, and always seems contented, blythe and gay.

He's always talking politics—believes in standing pat—
He's quite a fan, and always knows when Baker comes to bat.
Now, think of that! Well—

You never can make me believe it all depends on work!
Success, sometimes, will pounce upon the consummated shirk;
And so I'm taking little stock in all the silly truck
About th's tugging at the wheel—the wheel that's always stuck!
I know it's luck! Yes, sir!

8—SUNG BY HOMESICK SOUTHERN DARKEY SWAMPER AT A PENNSYLVANIA LUMBER CAMP—1894

Collected by John C. French

Once a 'possum hung a-swinging
With his tail around a limb,
And a jaybird stopped his singing
Just to take a peep at him;
Then the raccoon winked his eyebrow
At the beauty of the scene,
And a buzzard raised an anthem
With the chorus in between:

Cho.—Carolina, Carolina, with the corn and cane,
I'se a-coming, I'se a-coming—
I'se a-coming back again!

You may sing about the bacon and the bread so lily white
But we never feel forsaken when the 'possum am in sight;
When the 'coon comes in the cornfield and the moon comes in the sky,
We will play upon the banjo while the happy moments fly.
Chorus as above.

When the cotton crop is making, and the sweet comes in the cane,
Far away my heart am breaking—I am going back again—
Make my grave beneath the gum tree, by the river broad and free;
Let the mocking bird at even sing his latest song to me.
Chorus same as above.

9—GRANDMA'S SONG
Memories of 1846

I crept to the window to hear the band play,
While the troops, with their music, were marching down the way;
I peeked through the blind, so cautiously then,
Lest the neighbors should say I was looking at the men.

Refrain:
Oh, I heard the drums beat, and the music so sweet,
As they marched down the way to the foot of the street!
Oh, the troops were the finest I ever did see,
And the Captain, with his whiskers, cast a sly glance at me!

We met at the ball; I, of course, thought it right
To appear as though we ne'er had met, before that night.
He knew me at once, I perceived by his glance,
And I hung down my head when he asked me to dance.
Refrain as above.

This old song had a quaint, pretty air. It was sung to harp or dulcimer, or guitar. Sometimes the singer danced to castenets as she sang, or danced after the refrain as the interlude was played.

Often the prelude to this song was the minuet. The change in time and the confession of the demure lady were very effective and pretty—a Priscilla flirtation. —*John C. French.*

10—GO UP WEST

Oh, where is the girl who will go up West with me,
And live in some deserted spot? How happy we will be!
We will build a little cottage, with the ground for the floor,
A deer skin for the window, and a slab for the door.

Chorus—Will you go up West, will you go up West,
Oh! will you go up West with me?
I care not for riches, nor beautiful form,
But I want her to be righteous, and never raise a storm.

Her hair and her eyes, both black they must be.
Now, if you know of such a girl, just speak to her for me.

She must not be afraid if a-hunting I should go,
To chase the wild deer, or the wild buffalo,
And if I should be reaping, and it looks like rain,
She must not be afra'd to help get in the grain.

Come, all you pretty fair maidens, and list to what I say;
One year from this present time I am going far away,
And if I do not find such a girl to be my wife,
I am going to live a bachelor the rest of my life.

Potter County: As sung by Walter Rea Grimes, of Card Creek, Roulette, who has lived in Pennsylvania, except that trip out west, most of his life, and thinks he first heard it about thirty years ago.

11—LORILLA;
Or, Down in That Lonely Valley

Down in that lonely valley,
  Where the violets fade and bloom,
There lies my sweet Lorilla,
  Lies mouldering in the tomb.

She died not broken-hearted,
  Nor by disease she fell,
But in one moment parted,
  From the ones she loved so well.

One night the moon shone brightly,
  The stars were shining, too,
With footsteps lightly attended,
  Her jealous lover drew.

He says, "Come, love, let's wander
  Amidst those woods so gay,
And wondering we will ponder
  Upon our wedding day."

Deep, deep into the forest,
  He led his love so dear.
She says, "Love, 'tis for you only,
  That I am wandering here.

"My way seems sad and dreary,
And I'm afraid to stay;
From wandering I am weary,
And would retrace my way."

"Retrace your steps, no never!
No more these wilds you'll roam.
So bid farewell forever
To parents, friends and home."

Down on her knees before him,
She pleaded for her life,
Deep, deep into her bosom
He plunged that fatal knife.

"Farewell, kind, loving parents!
You ne'er shall see me more;
Long, long you'll wait my coming
At the little cottage door.

"Dear Willie, I'll forgive you,
With my last dying breath.
"I never did deceive you."
And she closed her eyes in death.

The willows waved above her,
Shrill was the bugle sound,
When strangers came and found her,
Cold and lifeless on the ground.

They took her to her parents,
That her fate in death might see,
And now she lies a-sleeping
Beneath that willow tree.

As sung by Mrs. Marcus Card, who learned it from her mother, Mrs. Andrew Wilson, of Clarion, Pa. This must be one of the "lonesome songs," judging by the air to which it is sung.

"I asked the second time about the line, to make sure, "And wondering we will ponder." Perhaps it should be *wandering*. . . ."

12—JEANETTE AND JEANOT

You are going far away, far away from poor Jeanette,
There's no one left to love me now,
And you, too, may forget.
But my heart, it will be with you
Wherever you may go.
Can ycu look me in the face and say
The same to me, Jeanot?

When you wear your jacket red
And your beautiful cockade,
Oh! I fear you will forget
All the promises you've made.
With your gun upon your shoulder
And your bayonet by your side,
You'll be taking some fair lady
And be making her your bride.
(Last two lines repeated.)

If I were King of France, or what's better—Pope of Rome,
There'd be no fighting men abroad,
No weeping maids at home;
All the world would be at peace,
And if kings would show their might,
Why, let those who make the quarrels
Be the only ones to fight.

Potter and McKean Counties.

13—JEANNETTE AND JEANNOT

You are going far away, far away from poor Jeannette.
There's no one left to love me now, and you, too, may forget;
But my heart will be with you, wherever you may go.
Can you look me in the face and say the same to me, Jeannot?

When you wear the jacket red, and the beautiful cockade,
I fear you will forget all the promises you made.
With your gun upon your shoulder, and your bayonet by your side,
You'll be taking some fair lady and be making her your bride.

Or, when glory leads the way, you'll be madly rushing on,
Never thinking, if they kill you, that my happiness is gone;
If you win the day, perhaps a General you'll be,
Though I'm proud to think of that, what will become of me?

Oh! if I were Queen of France, or, still better, Pope of Rome,
I'd have no fighting men abroad, or weeping maids at home;
All the world should be at peace, and if kings must show their might,
I'd let them that made the quarrels be the only men to fight.

Clinton County Version: Sung by John Q. Dyce (1830-1904). His favorite song. H. W. S.

14—BILLY GRIMES, THE DROVER

Tomorrow morn I'm sweet sixteen,
And Billy Grimes, the drover,
Has popped the question to me, Ma,
He wants to be my lover.
Tomorrow morn he wants me, Ma,
To be up bright and early,
And take a pleasant walk with him
Across the fields of barley.

You shall not go, my daughter, dear;
There is no use in talking;
You shall not go with Billy Grimes
Across the fields a-walking.
I've better things in store for you
Than a dirty, ugly drover.
I wonder where your pride has gone
To think of such a lover!"

Old Grimes is dead, that poor old man,
And Billy is the only
Surviving heir to properties grand,
At least so they've tol' me—
And horses, cattle, flocks of sheep,
And all the county nearly,
And ten thousand pounds or more,
And he says he loves me dearly.

I did not hear, my daughter, dear,
Your last remark quite clearly;
But Billy is a clever lad,
No doubt he loves you dearly.
So do not fail, tomorrow morn,
To be up bright and early,
And take a pleasant walk with him
Across the fields of barley.

This is a song sung in New York State years ago. In inquiring of my neighbor, Mr. Card, about this song, with the hope of getting it more complete, I learned that his mother, who was raised in Roulette, knew it and sang it, but he could only supply a line or two. My uncles' songs were songs with jokes for the most part. A favorite was "Rosin the Beau," which wound up with "Drink out of a big-bellied bottle, the health of old Rosin the Beau." Another good one was something like this:

If I had but a thousand a year, Gaffer Green,
If I had but a thousand a year,
What sights I should see, what a man I would be,
If I had but a thousand a year. J. C. F.

(Billy Grimes was also often sung by John Q. Dyce, Clinton County.) H. W. S.

15—WE'VE DRUNK FROM THE SAME CANTEEN

By Major Charles G. Halpine ("Private Myles O'Reilly"), 47th N. Y. Vols., Civil War

Sung by Montgomery Kearns, Clinton County

There are bonds of all sorts in this world of ours,
Fetters of friendship and ties of flowers,
And true lovers' knots I ween;
The boys and the girls are bound by a kiss,
But there's never a bond, old friend, like this:
We've drunk from the same canteen!

The same canteen, my soldier friend,
  The same canteen;
There's never a bond like this:
  We have drunk from the same canteen!

It was sometimes water and sometimes milk,
Sometimes apple-jack fine as silk;
  But whatever the tipple has been,
We shared it together in bane or bliss,
And I warn you, friend, when I think of this:
  We have drunk from the same canteen.

We shared our blankets and tents together,
And marched and fought in all kinds of weather,
  And hungry and full we've been;
Had days of battle and days of rest,
But this memory I cling to and love the best:
  We've drunk from the same canteen.

For when wounded I lay on the outer slope,
With my blood flowing fast and but little hope
  On which my faint spirit might lean,
Oh! then, I remember, you crawled to my side,
And, bleeding so fast it seemed both must have died,
  We have drunk from the same canteen!

16—THE ATLANTIC CABLE

Come, listen all, unto my song!
(It is no silly fable,)
'Tis all about the mighty cord
They call, The Atlantic Cable:
Bold Cyrus Field, he said, said he:
"I have a pretty notion
That I can run a telegraph
Across th' Atlantic ocean."
Then all the people laughed,
And said they'd "like to see him do it"—
He might "get half-seas-over,
But he never could go through it!"

But Cyrus was a valiant man—
A fellow of decision—
And heeded not their mocking words,
Their laughter and derision.

Twice did his bravest efforts fail,
But still his mind was stable;
He wasn't the man to break his heart
Because he broke his cable.
"Once more, my gallant lads," he cried,
"Three times—you know the fable!
I'll make it thirty," muttered he,
"Or I will lay this cable."
Once more they tried—hurrah! hurrah!
What means this great commotion?
The Lord be praised! The cable's laid
Across th' Atlantic ocean.
Loud ring all the bells;
For flashing through
Six hundred leagues of water,
Old Mother England's benison
Salutes her eldest daughter.

O'er all the land the tidings sped,
And soon in every nation,
They heard about the telegraph
With profoundest admiration.

Long live all the noble souls
Who helped our gallant Cyrus,
And may their courage, faith and zeal
With emulation fire us;
And may we honor, evermore,
The manly, bold and stable—
And tell our sons, to make them brave,
How Cyrus laid the cable!

Addenda

To carry out his foolish plan,
He never would be able—
"He might as well go hang himself
With his Atlantic cable."

This had some vogue as a chantey in Pennsylvania hills, 1857-1861, and then 1866-1876; adopted from a poem read at banquet to Cyrus W. Field, New York.

Then the following, etc.:

"Sing who will of Orphean lyre—
Ours the wonder-working wire!
Think you not a feat sublime?
Intellect has conquered Time:
Boston speaks at twelve o'clock—
Natchez reads, ere noon, the shock!
Think the thought and speak the word;
It is caught as soon as heard,
Borne o'er mountains, lakes and seas
To the far antipodes.
Sing, who will, of Orphean lyre—
Ours the wonder-working wire."

In lumber camps, where hundreds of men lived together, with few books, such historical poems were chanted, with endless variations and additions, and many learned most of them. I write these from memory of camp chants in 1881-1882, although they were sung in several ways, yet telling the essential facts—*John C. French.*

17—JOHN HOPPER'S HILL

(In McKean County It Was Changed to John Godding's Hill, Near Port Alleghany

I

Oh! boys, if you listen while I do relate,
I will sing you a song about **some Magistrate!**
And I hope I'll say nothing that you will take ill,
And I'll sing you a song about John Hopper's Hill—

Refrain:

Derry, down, down, oh! down, derry down!

II

Last week, at Green Bay, I got into a fight;
To skip the police, I was forced to light out.
My pockets were empty, the truth I will tell,
And it's poverty that drove me to John Hopper's Hill.
Refrain as in No. I.

III

I took a trip on the ocean to **some** far-off shore,
A trip on the ocean to some **far-off shore.**
I got led astray and **came out** at Clark's mill,
On that galvantic (sic) road to John Hopper's Hill.
Refrain as in No. I.

(Perhaps the word "galvantic" was originally **gallivantic.** Lester Clark sang it as written above.)

IV

My limbs, they were tired; my feet, they were sore;
At Williams' Corners I met with McGuire.
The **word** (2) that was spoken, my heart it did fill,
And he said, "You're quite welcome to John Hopper's Hill."
Refrain as in No. I.

(No. 2 "word" in the fourth verse refers to the **Lodge** sign or hail to a brother in Woodmen of America or some other Lodge of some secret order.)

V

I went to the Hill, and I asked for a job.
John Hopper, he gave me a wink and a nod.
My two eyes were black; he knew I'm a pill,
So he said, "You can find work on John Hopper's Hill."
Refrain as in No. I.

VI

I went to the house for a lunch that day;
I went to the barn and laid down on the hay.
With home-made tobacco my pipe I did fill,
And I smoked away troubles on John Hopper's Hill.
Refrain as in No. I.

VII

I got up the next morning the grass to mow down,
With a brag-man, they called "Charley Brown."
He is big and as strong as a common saw-mill,
And he was the brag-man on John Hopper's Hill.
Refrain as in No. I.

VIII

Charley Brown, he struck a two-forty gait;
John Hopper, he worked us both early and late;
I **swore** I'd keep up, or myself I would kill,
With that "Hog Island Hoosier" on John Hopper's Hill.
Refrain as in No. I.

IX

Now the work is all over, the harvest is done,
And for **discharge** I look very soon,
And yet, I don't know but it's **safe** for me still,
So I'll hang to my **anchor** on John Hopper's Hill.
Refrain as in No. I.

(Mrs. M. R. Card sent this old song, or "A Lumberjack's Odyssey," which many sang during 1885 to 1900, and later.)

This was considered to be the *sine qua non* of humor by the men in many lumber camps. Emphasis on "some Magistrate" made it complimentary to John Hopper's system.

In verse III the first line is repeated in subtly, conveying the idea of "half seas over" for a jag of booze. (A hypothetical voyage.) The last line of verse III may have originally been, viz: "On that gallivantic road to John Hopper's Hill."

The refrain, no doubt, conveyed the idea of an ad-hominem on lumberjack morals, or conviviality; or

self-advice to "beware of the adventures of pay-day." Unxious tones in "Derry, down," etc., made to his moral ego, as a hunter speaks to a favorite dog, that is too anxious to flush the game—and which the hunter also loves to see done.

The whole thing is so crude that it is fascinating, like a dewy bracken along the road, instead of a clipped lawn as songs should be to please a lyric artist. —*John C. French.*

18—FAIR FANNIE MOORE

Look to yonder cottage, forsaken and forlorn;
Its walks are neglected, with green overgrown;
Look, and you'll see some red stains on the floor.
Alas! it was the blood of the fair Fannie Moore.

Fair Fannie all blooming; two lovers they came,
Who offered fair Fannie their wealth and their fame;
Their wealth and their riches, they failed to allure
The heart or the hand of the fair Fannie Moore.

The first was young Randall, haughty and proud,
Who offered fair Fannie his wealth and his vows;
His wealth and his riches, they failed to allure
The heart or the hand of the fair Fannie Moore.

The next was young Henry, of lowly degree.
He won her fond heart, and in rapture was he.
Then quickly to the altar he quickly did secure,
The heart and the hand of the fair Fannie Moore.

As Fannie was sitting in her cottage one day,
As business had called her fair husband away,
Young Randall, the haughty he entered the door,
And clasped in his arms the fair Fannie Moore.

"Oh, Fannie, oh, Fannie, reflect on your fate;
Reflect, oh, reflect, before it is too late,
For this very night I'm determined to secure
The heart or the hand of that fair Fannie Moore."

"Oh, spare me, oh, spare me!" fair Fannie, she cried.
"Oh, spare, oh, spare me, for mercy's sake!" she cried.
"Then go ye, then go ye into the land of rest,"
And he buried his knife into her snow-white breast.

Young Randall the haughty was taken and tried;
Fair Fannie, blooming in beauty, she died;
Young Randall was hung on a tree by the door
For shedding the blood of the fair Fannie Moore.

Young Henry, the shepherd, went distracted and wild.
He wandered away from his own native isle,
Until he was carried away from his door,
To rest by the side of the fair Fannie Moore.

Potter County. Sung by Albert Burton, an old resident of Roulette.

19—LADY LEROY

Bright Phoebus was shining all on the broad main,
The birds they were singing, all nature serene;
I espied a fair couple on Ireland's shore,
A-viewing the ocean, while the billows did roar.

The one was a lady, both beauteous and fair,
The other a Captain, persuading his dear,
Persuading his jewel to cross the wide sea
In a ship he commanded, called "Lady Leroy."

"Oh, no!" cried this fair maid; "this never can be.
My father has vessels, full twenty and three,
And should he o'ertake us, our lives he'd destroy,
So I dare not venture in the Lady Leroy.

"Oh, then, "cried the Captain, "I'm surely undone.
I wish that my mother had ne'er borne a son.
May sweet peace go with you, for wretched am I,
For the love of pretty Polly I am doomed for to die.

Then she dressed herself up in a suit of men's clothes,
And disguised unto her old father she goes.
She purchased a vessel, and paid full demand,
But little did he think 'twas his own daughter's hand.

Then to her lover—and to him she did say,
"Make haste and get ready, no time for delay."
They hoisted their topsails, their colors let fly,
And they swear by their Maker they will conquer or die.

They had not sailed more than a week or ten days,
Before from the southeast there blew a fair breeze.
They espied a fine vessel, which was to their joy,
They hailed her and found her the Lady Leroy.

"Turn back, oh, turn back, to the Ireland shore,
Or this very instant a broadside I'll pour."
Then broadside from broadside these vessels did pour,
And like loud peals of thunder their cannon did roar.

They had not fought more than an hour and a half
When this pretty fair maid gained her victory at last,
"Now, go tell my father it is to his shame,
I have conquered his vessel, I have conquered his fame."

They sailed into Boston, that city of fame,
With two as fine vessels as e'er crossed the main,
The one was the Essex, the other Leroy;
Success to pretty Polly, she's the source of all joy.

Potter County. The favorite song of William S. Brine, aged veteran of the Civil War, and one much sung in this part of the country in earlier days. Copied from a scrap book.

20—A SOLDIER'S POOR LITTLE BOY

The snow was fastly falling,
  And so loud the wind did roar,
When a poor little boy quite frozen
  Came up to a rich lady's door.

He spied her at her window so high;
  It filled his heart with joy,
Crying, "For mercy's sake, pity on me take;
  I'm a soldier's poor little boy.

"My mother died when I was young,
  My father went to the war,
And many a battle he has fought;
  He was covered with bruises and scars.

"And many a mile on his knapsack
  He has carried me with care;
But now I am left quite parentless;
  I'm a soldier's poor little boy.

"The snow is fastly falling,
  And so loudly howls the storm,
And if you don't protect me,
  I shall perish before it is morn.

"And that would grieve your noble heart,
  Your peace of mind destroy,
To find next morning dead out yonder
  A soldier's poor little boy."

Then that lady arose from her window so high,
  And she opened the door unto him,
Crying, "Come in, come in, you unfortunate child,
  You never more shall roam.

"For my own dear son in battle was slain,
  My life, my love, my joy,
And as long as I live a shelter I will give
  To a soldier's poor little boy."

Potter County.

21—YOUNG CHARLOTTE

Young Charlotte lived on a mountain side,
  In a wild and lonely spot;
There were no dwellings for three miles wide,
  Except the father's cot.
And yet on many a winter night,
  Young swains were gathered there;
For the father kept a social board,
  And she was very fair.

One New Year's eve, as the sun went down,
Far looked her wistful eye,
Out from the frosty window pane,
As the many sleighs dashed by.
At the village fifteen miles away
Was to be a ball that night,
And though the air was piercing cold,
Her heart was warm and light.

How brightly beamed her laughing eye
As a well-known voice she heard,
And dashing up to the cottage door
Her lover's sleigh appeared.
"Oh, daughter, dear," the mother cried,
"This blanket round you fold,
For 'tis a dreadful night abroad,
You will catch your death of cold."

"Oh, nay, oh, nay," young Charlotte cried,
As she laughed like a gypsy queen.
"To ride in blankets muffled up
I never would be seen.
My silken cloak is quite enough;
You know 'tis lined throughout,
And there is my silken scarf to twine
My head and neck about."

Her bonnet and her gloves were on,
She jumped into the sleigh,
And swift they sped down the mountain side
And over the hills away.
With muffled beat so silently,
Five miles at length were passed,
When Charles, with few and shivering words,
The silence broke at last.

"Such a dreadful night I never saw,
My reins I scarce can hold."
Young Charlotte faintly then replied,
"I am exceeding cold."
He cracked his whip, he urged his steed,
Much faster than before;
And thus five other dreary miles
In silence were passed o'er.

Spoke Charles, "How fast the freezing ice
  Is gathering on my brow."
And Charlotte still more faintly said,
  "I'm growing warmer now."
Thus on they rode through the frosty air
  And the blistering cold starlight,
Until at last the village lamps
  And the ballroom came in sight.

They reached the door, and Charles sprang out,
  And held his hand to her.
"Why sit you like a monument,
  That hath no power to stir?"
He called her once, he called her twice,
  She answered not a word;
He asked her for her hand again,
  But still she never stirred.

He took her hand in his; 'twas cold
  And hard as any stone;
He tore the mantle from her face,
  And the cold stars o'er it shone.
Then quickly to the lighted hall
  Her lifeless form he bore.
Young Charlotte's eyes had closed for aye,
  Her voice was heard no more.

And there he sat down by her side,
  While bitter tears did flow,
And cried, "My own, my charming bride,
  You never more shall know."
He twined his arms around her neck,
  He kissed her marble brow;
And his thoughts flew back to where she said,
  "I'm growing warmer now."

Potter County. An old song much sung in this part of the country, procured through the kindness of Miss Madie Burt, Roulette. Also popular in Clarion County in old days, according to Mrs. M. R. Card.

22—THREE LEAVES OF SHAMROCK

When leaving dear old Ireland, in the merry month of June,
The birds were sweetly singing, all nature seemed in tune;
An Irish girl accosted me, with a sad tear in her eye,
And as she said these words to me, she bitterly did cry:
"Kind sir, I ask a favor; then grant it to me, please;
It is not much I ask of you, but 'twill set my heart at ease
Take these to my brother Ned, who's far across the sea,
And don't forget to tell him, sir, that they were sent by me."

Chorus:

Three leaves of shamrock, the Irishman's shamrock,
From his own darling sister, and her blessing, too, she gave
Take them to my brother, for I have no one other,
And these are the flowers from our Angel Mother's grave.

"Tell him, since he went away, how bitter was our lot;
The landlord came one winter day and turned us from our cot,
Our troubles were so many, and our friends so very few,
And, brother, dear, our mother used to often sigh for you.
Come home again, my darling boy, she used to often say;
Alas! one day she sickened and soon was laid away.
Her grave I watered with my tears; that's where these flowers grew,
And, brother, dear, they're all I have, and these I sent to you."

Northern Pennsylvania. Popular in lumber and railroad construction camps forty years ago.—*J. C. F.*

23—KITTY OF COLERAINE

As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping,
With a pitcher of milk from the fair of Coleraine,
When she saw me she stumbled, the pitcher it tumbled;
And all the sweet buttermilk water'd the plain.

"Oh, what shall I do now? 'Twas looking at you, now,
"Sure, sure, such a pitcher I'll ne'er meet again.
'Twas the pride of my dairy. Oh, Barney McLeary,
You're sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine."

I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her,
That such a misfortune should give her such pain.
A kiss then I gave her, before I did leave her,
She vow'd for such pleasure she'd break it again.

'Twas haymaking season. I can't tell the reason—
Misfortune will never come single, that's plain—
For very soon after poor Kitty's disaster,
The devil a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.

Potter County. Fifty years ago this was most popular.—*J. C. F.*

24—THE TRAINMAN'S SONG

'Twas at the railway station,
In pursuit of my vocation,
I beheld a pretty damsel
Selling birch and bitter beer.
I heard some one call her Jessie—
'Twas Mister Fondulessy,
Who sold the Herald and the Star—
I boldly stepped up to her,
And asked if she would meet me
When 'twas her Sunday hours.
"Oh, kind sir," said she,
"Most happy I should be,
But I have no Sunday hour!
One Sunday out of nine
"Is all the day that's mine."
Then she had to leave me,
Just to draw a glass of wine.

Spoken Part—She did not inform me that on other Sundays she walked out with:

Song Continued:

A tinker and a tailor,
And a soldier and a sailor,
  And a swell, who talked about his Pa and Ma;
A butcher and a baker,
And a quiet-looking Quaker,
  All courted pretty Jessie at the railway bar.

Well ,at last I met her!
With a smile she took my arm—
I admired her every charm—
But, judge of my surprise,
When I heard an urchin say:

Spoken—"Well, Bill, I swear, if there don't go Jessie with another guy; I've seen her with: (Chorus as before.)

Of course, my confidence was shaken,
But I thought the lad mistaken,
And didn't like to ask her if 'twas true.
I proposed, and she accepted—
In a manner unaffected.
I bought a wedding dress,
Fit for an Empress,
I saw the porter give it her
While serving at the bar.
But on our wedding day,
Miss Jessie ran away
With the man who sold the Herald and Star.

Spoken—And the only consolation I had was, she'd taken in, besides myself: (Chorus as before):

Heard by John C. French, Erie R. R., in Northern Pennsylvania, 1879. "This is all that I recall of the Trainmen's chantey, which was long, but the gist of it is stated. Railway men should be remembered in the book of ballads and chanteys."—*J. C. F.*

25—LISTEN TO THE MOCKING BIRD

By Alice Hawthorn

I'm dreaming now of Hallie, sweet Hallie, sweet Hallie;
I'm dreaming now of Hallie,
For the thought of her is one that never dies.
She's sleeping in the valley, the valley, the valley;
She's sleeping in the valley,
And the mocking bird is singing where she lies.

Chorus:

Listen to the mocking bird, listen to the mocking bird,
The mocking bird still singing o'er her grave;
Listen to the mocking bird, listen to the mocking bird,
Still singing where the weeping willows wave.

Ah, well I yet remember, remember, remember,
Ah, well I yet remember,
When we gathered in the cotton side by side;
'Twas in the mild September, September, September,
'Twas in the mild September,
And the mocking bird was singing far and wide.

Chorus:

I feel like one forsaken, forsaken, forsaken;
I feel like one forsaken,
Since my Hallie * * * *

* * * * * * * * *

Clinton, Potter, McKean and Tioga Counties. Very popular.

26—OH! SUSANNA!
By S. D. Foster

I came from Alabama wid my banjo on my knee,
I'm gwine to Louisiana, my true love for to see.
It rained all night the day I left, the weather it was dry,
The sun so hot I froze to death—Susanna, don't you cry.

Cho.—Oh! Susanna, oh, don't you cry for me;
I've come from Alabama, with my banjo on my knee.

I had a dream de odder night, when eberyt'ing was still;
I thought I saw Susanna a-coming down de hill.
The buckwheat cake war in her mouth, the tear was in her eye.
Says I'm coming from de South, Susanna, don't you cry.
Chorus.

I soon will be in New Orleans, and den I'll look all 'round,
And when I find Susanna, I'll fall upon the ground.
But if I do not find her, dis darkey'll surely die,
And when I'm dead and buried, Susanna, don't you cry.
Chorus.

I jumped abroard de telegraph, and trabbeled down de riber;
De 'lectric fluid magn'fied, and killed five hundred nigger.
De bull-gine bust, de horse run off, I really thought I'd die;
I shut my eyes to hold my breath, Susanna, don't you cry.

(Many verses, like above, have been improvised by the minstrels and added to "Susanna" for encores.)—*J. C. French.*

27—O, DEAR! WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?

O, dear! What can the matter be?
Dear, dear! What can the matter be?
O, dear! What can the matter be?
Johnny's so long at the fair!
He promised to bring me a ring that would please me,
And then for a kiss, O he vow'd he would tease me;
He promised to bring me a bunch of blue ribbons
To tie up my bonnie brown hair.

Clinton, Potter, McKean and Tioga Counties. Taken from an old song book.

28—THE LOGGER'S BOAST
(Original Form)

Sung by Maine Lumbermen on West Branch of Susquehanna, 1850-1875—Sung by John Q. Dyce, 1900—Collected by H. W. S.

Come, all ye sons of freedom, throughout the State of Maine;
Come, all ye gallant lumbermen, and listen to my strain;
On the banks of the Penobscot, where the rapid waters flow,
O, we'll all range the wild woods over, and a-lumbering will go;
And a-lumbering we'll go, so a-lumbering we'll go.
O, we'll range the wild woods over, while a-lumbering we go.

When the white frost gilds the valley, the cold congeals the flood;
When many men have naught to do but earn their families bread;
When the swollen streams are frozen, and the hills are clad with snow,
O, we'll range the wild woods over, and a-lumbering we will go;
And a-lumbering we'll go, so a-lumbering we'll go.

When you pass through the dense city, and pity all you meet,
To hear their teeth chattering as they hurry down the street;
In the red frost-proof flannel we're incased from top to toe,
While we range the wild woods over, and a-lumbering we go;
And a-lumbering we'll go, so a-lumbering we'll go.

You may boast of your gay parties, your pleasures, and your plays,
And pity us poor lumbermen while dashing in your sleighs;
We want no better pastime than to chase the buck and doe.
O, we'll range the wild woods over, and a-lumbering we will go.
And a-lumbering we'll go, so a-lumbering we'll go.

The music of our burnished axe shall make the woods resound,
And many a lofty ancient pine will tumble to the ground;
At night, ho! round our good camp-fire we will sing while rude winds blow;
O, we'll range the wild woods over, while a-lumbering we go;
And a-lumbering we'll go, so a-lumbering we'll go.

When winter's snows are melted, and the ice-bound streams are free,
We'll run our logs to market, then haste our friends to see.
How kindly true hearts welcome us, our wives and children, too,
We will spend with these the summer, and once more a-lumbering go.
And a-lumbering we'll go, so a-lumbering we will go.
We will spend with these the summer, and once more a-lumbering go.

And when upon the long-hid soil the white pines disappear.
We will cut the other forest trees, and sow whereon we clear;
Our grain shall wave o'er valleys rich, our herds bedot the hills,
When our feet no more are hurried on to tend the driving mills;
Then no more a-lumbering go, so no more a-lumbering go,
When our feet no more are hurried on to tend the driving mills.

When our youthful days are ended, we will cease from winter toils,
And each one through the summer warm will till the virgin soils;
We've enough to eat, to drink, to wear, content through life to go,
Then we'll tell our wild adventures o'er, and no more a-lumbering go;
And no more a-lumbering go, so no more a-lumbering go.
O,we'll tell our wild adventures o'er, and no more a-lumbering go.

29—THE JAM AT GERRY'S ROCK
(Second Version of "The Canadian Shanty Boys")

Come, all you bold shanty boys,
And list while I relate
Concerning a young shanty boy
And his untimely fate:
Concerning a young riverman,
So manly, true and brave—
'Twas on the jam at Gerry's Rock
He met a watery grave.

It was on Sunday morning,
As you will quickly hear,
Our logs were piled up mountain high,
We could not keep them clear;
Our foreman said: "Turn out, brave boys,
With hearts devoid of fear;
We'll break the jam on Gerry's Rock,
And for Eganstown we'll steer!"

Now, some of them were willing,
While others they were not;
For to work on jams on Sunday
They did not think we ought;
But six of our Canadian boys
D'd volunteer to go
And break the jam on Gerry's Rock,
With the foreman, young Monroe.

They had not rolled off many logs
When they heard his clear voice say:
"I'd have you boys be on your guard,
For the jam will soon give way."
These words were scarcely spoken
When the mass did break and go,
And it carried off those six brave youths,
And their foreman, Jack Monroe.

When the rest of our brave shanty boys
The sad news come to hear,
In search of their dead comrades
To the river they did steer;
Some of the mangled bodies
A-floating down did go,
While crushed and bleeding near the bank
Was that of young Monroe.

They took him from his watery grave,
Brushed back his raven hair;
There was one fair girl among them,
Whose sad cries rent the air—
There was one fair form among them,
A maid from Saginaw town,
Whose moans and cries rose to the skies,
For her true love who'd gone down.

Fair Clara was a noble girl,
The river-man's true friend;
She, with her widowed mother, dear,
Lived at the river's bend.
The wages of her own true love
The "boss" to her did pay,
And the shanty boys for her made up
A generous purse next day.

They buried him with sorrow deep;
'Twas on the first of May;
"Come, all of you, bold shanty boys,
And for your comrade pray!"
Engraved upon a hemlock tree
That by the grave did grow,
Was the name and date of the sad, sad fate
Of the shanty boy, Monroe.

Fair Clara did not long survive;
And scarcely two months afterward
Death came to her relief,
And when this time had passed away,
And she was called to go,
Her last request was granted, to
Be laid by young Monroe.

Come, all of you, brave shanty boys,
I would have you call and see
Those green mounds by the river side,
Where grows the hemlock tree.
The santy boys cleared off the wood
By the lovers there laid low—
'Twas the handsome Clara Vernon
And her true love, Jack Monroe.

Potter County. This is an extremely popular song among the woodsmen, and has been sung on both Fishing Creek and Card Creek, in Roulette Township, in the lumber camps, 1900-1912.

30—THE CANADIAN SHANTY BOYS

(First Variation of "The Logger's Boast")

(Collected by A. R. Sholter, Weikert, Union County, 1918, who heard it from up-river lumbermen of West Branch of Susquehanna River about 1903.)

Come, all of you, bold shanty boys,
And list while I relate
Concerning a young shanty boy
And his untimely fate.
Concerning a young river lad,
So manly, true and brave.
'Twas on the jam at Gerry's Rock
He met a watery grave.

It was on Sunday morning,
As you will quickly hear;
Our logs were piled up mountains high,
For we could not keep them clear.
Our foreman said: "Turn out, brave boys,
With hearts devoid of fear;
We'll break the jam on Gerry's Rock,
And for Eganstown we'll steer."

Now some of them were willing,
While others, they were not;
For to work on jams on Sunday,
They did not think they ought.
But six of our Canadian boys
Did volunteer to go
And break the jam on Gerry's Rock.
With the foreman, young Monroe.

They had not rolled a many a log
'Till they heard his clear voice say,
"I'd have you boys be on your guard,
For the jam will soon give way."
These words were scarcely spoken,
When the mass did break and go,
And it carried off those six brave youths,
With the foreman, Jack Monroe.

When the rest of our brave shanty boys
This sad news came to hear,
In search of their dead comrades
To the river they did steer.
Some of the mangled bodies
A-floating down did go,
But, crushed and bleeding, near the bank
Was that of young Monroe.

They took him from his watery grave,
Brushed back his raven hair.
There was one fair maid among them
Whose sad cries rent the air.
There was one fair girl among them,
A maid from Saginaw town,
Whose moans and cries rose to the skies,
For her true love who'd gone down.

Fair Clara was a handsome girl,
The riverman's true friend.
She, with her widowed mother, dear,
Lived at the river's bend.
The wages of her own true love
The boss to her did pay,
And the shanty boys for her made up
A generous purse next day.

We buried him with sorrow deep,
'Twas on the first of May.
Come, all of you, bold shanty boys,
And for your comrade pray.
Engraved upon a hemlock tree
That by the grave did grow
Was the name and date of the sad, sad fate
Of the shanty boy, Monroe.

Fair Clara did not long survive.
Her heart broke with her grief,
And scarcely three months afterwards
Death came to her relief.
And when all this had passed away,
And she was called to go,
Her last request was granted,
To be laid by young Monroe.

Come, all of you, brave shanty boys;
I would have you call and see
Those green mounds by the river side,
Where grows the hemlock tree.
The shanty boys cleared off the wood
By the lovers there laid low.
'Twas the handsome Clara Vernon
And her true love, Jack Monroe.

31—THE JOLLY LUMBERMEN

(Second Variation. "The Logger's Boast")

Sung by Leary Miller, Lick Run, Clinton County—Collected by H. W. S., January, 1901.

Come, all you jolly lumbermen,
And listen to my song;
But do not get uneasy,
For I won't detain you long.
Concerning some jolly lumbermen
Who once agred to go
And spend a winter recently
On Colley's Run, i-o'h!

We landed in Lock Haven
The year of seventy-three.
A minister of the Gospel
One evening said to me,
Are you the party of lumbermen
That once agreed to go
And spend a winter pleasantly
On Colley's Run, i-oh?

Oh, yes, we'll go to Colley's Run,
To that we will agree,
Provided you pay good wages,
Our passage to and fro.
Then we'll agree to accompany you
On Colley's Run, i-oh!

Oh, yes, we'll pay good wages,
Your passage to and fro,
Provided you will sign papers
To stay the winter through.
But, mind you, if you get homesick,
And back you swear you'll go,
You'll have to pay your own passage down
From Colley's Run, i-oh!

'Twas by that tarnal agreement
That we agreed to go,
Full five and twenty in number,
All able-bodied men.
The road, it was a pleasant one,
By trail we had to go,
Till we landed at McFarling's tavern,
Full seventeen miles below.

But there our joys were ended,
Our troubles, they began.
The captain and the foreman
Came following up the Run.
They led us in every direction,
Through some places I did not know,
Among the pines which grew so tall
On Colley's Run, i-oh!

Our hearts were clad with iron,
  Our soles were shod with steel,
But the usages of that winter
  Would scarcely make a shield.
For our grub the dogs would laugh at,
  And our beds were wet with snow;
God grant there is no worse hell on earth
  Than Colley's Run, i-oh!

But now the spring has come again,
  And the ice-bound streams are free.
We'll float our logs to Williamsport,
  Our friends will haste to see.
Our sweethearts, they will welcome us
  And bid others not to go
To that God-forsaken gehooley of a place,
  Of Colley's Run, i-oh!

32—THE EX-RANGER'S SONG

(Third Variation of "The Logger's Boast")

Time, 1848-'60—Lumber Camp Minstrels—Collected in Black Forest by John C. French

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Come, all ye homeless rangers, come listen unto me!
A story I will tell you, as true as Truth can be.
'Twas at the age of sixteen, I joined a jolly band
And trailed from Lake Ontario down to the Rio Grande.
Our Colonel there informed us—perhaps he thought it right—
"Before we reach our station," said he, "you'll have to fight!"
I saw Commanches coming, and heard them give the yell;
My feelings at that moment no mortal tongue can tell;
I thought of my poor mother, who in tears to me did say:
"To you they all are strangers; with me you better stay!"
But I thought that she was childish, or else she did not know;
My mind was bent on rambling—and rambling I did go!
I heard the bugle sounding, our Captain gave command—

"To arms! To arms!" he shouted, "and by your horses stand!"
I saw the smoke ascending—it almost reached the sky—
And thought, at that sad moment, my time had come to die.
I saw their glittering lances, and arrows round me sailed;
My heart, it sank within me, my courage almost failed.
We fought for full nine hours before the strife was o'er;
The dead, and likewise wounded, I never saw before!
Five hundred splend'd rangers as ever saw the West
Lie buried 'side their comrades—sweet be their peaceful rest!
Perhaps you have a mother! Likewise a sister, too—
Perhaps you have a sweetheart to weep and mourn for you.
If this be your condition, and you are bound to roam,
I'll tell you by experience, you better stay at home!
I am a homeless ranger, as I have said before.
My mother and my sister are on this earth no more.
The reason why I ramble, now you can plainly see,
I have no wife or sweetheart to weep and mourn for me.

33—HARRY BELL

Come, all kind friends and parents,
Come, brothers, one and all.
I'd have you pay attention—
'Twill make your blood sure cold;
'Tis of a poor, unfortunate boy,
Who's known both far and near;
His parents reared him tenderly,
Not many miles from here.

'Twas in the County of Sovereign,
The Township of Dehere;
There stood a little shingle mill
That had run for about a year.
'Twas there that fatal deed was done,
Caused many to weep and wail,
'Twas there that poor boy lost his life,
And his name was Harry Bell.

'Twas the tenth day of April,
In the year of seventy-nine,
He went to work as usual—
No harm did he design—
He took hold of the lever,
Threw the carriage into gear;
It threw him back upon the saw,
And sawed him so severe.
It sawed him through the shoulder blade,
And half way down the back.
And threw him out upon the floor,
And the carrige it came back.
He started for the shanty,
Though his strength was failing fast.
He shouted: "Boys, I'm wounded,
I fear it is my last."

No father had poor Harry
To mourn beside his bed.
No tender, loving mother
To soothe his aching head.
All day and night he suffered,
Till death came and eased his pain.
The last words of poor Harry were:
"I never shall speak again."

This is a song learned and written in his scrap book by a young school teacher, Andrew McCormack. He heard it sung in Burtville, Roulette Township. The scene of incident—the Muskoka district in Canada.

This is of Canada, but often sung here by Canadian lumberjacks. I employed fifty of them in 1892. Many married here, and a few remain here as farmers to the present time.—*John C. French.*

34—THE RIVER DRIVER'S BURIAL

They drew him from his watery bed,
And shrouded him with kindly care;
At ev'n his humble bier was spread,
And o'er it rose the voice of pray'r;
His only pall night's sable damp,
The stars of heav'n his funeral lamp.

They bore away that youthful form,
And laid it in the humid grave,
That yestermorn with life was warm,
And launched upon the dancing wave,
With jocund voice and hopes as bright
As stirr'd beneath that morning's light.

His oar with nervous arm he plied,
Nor shrank from dangers gath'ring fast,
Struggling against that treacherous tide,
His stout heart braves it to the last;
Till, spent his strength, and dim his eye,
His oar and skiff float idly by.

Far distant lies the home he left,
And side by side an aged pair,
Unconscious of their hopes bereft,
Breathe now his cherished name in pray'r;
Their eyes with watchfulness grow dim;
Oh! vainly will they wait for him!

A fair young maid, with pensive face,
Looks forth upon the silent night,
Her heart sweet memories doth trace,
Till future years glow in their light.
Alas! for life's all changeful scene,
How soon must perish that fond dream
For him on whom her thoughts doth pore;
His hopes and schemes of earth all o'er.

Clinton County. Sung by John Q. Dyce, 1900. Collected by H. W. S.

35—HIAWATHA'S WOOING

Then come with me, in my little canoe,
While the sea is calm and the sky is blue;
For should we linger another day,
Storms may arise and love decay:
Then come with me and be my love!
For thee, the jungle depths I'll rove,
I'll gather the honeycomb, bright as gold,
And chase the elk to his secret fold;
Oh, I'll follow the buffalo over the plain,
The *tiger's cub I'll bind with a chain,
And the wild gazelle, with its silvery feet,
I'll give to thee for a playmate, sweet!

Sung by Indian ballad-singers, Cornplanter Reservation, Warren County. (Collected by John C. French.)

This ballad may be of Celtic origin. It suggests "The Braes o' Balquidder," and there is a peculiar swing to the air and tempo that suggests the Spanish songs. I first heard it in 1882, on the Seneca Reservation; but my father said that his grandfather sang it forty years before. John Gideon Martin came from Ireland before the revolution here, served as a soldier and scout on secret Indian service, 1776 to 1780, and then as agent for the Susquehanna Company in New Connecticut (North Pennsylvania) until 1800. I don't know when he learned it, nor where. I named it, as above, long before I heard that my ancestors knew it.—*John C. French.*

*The Indians called the panther, "tiger"; see Tiger Tail P. O., Tenn., etc.—H. W. S

36—ALL IS VANITY, SAITH THE PREACHER

"On one occasion, at Welcombs, snow lying deep on the ground, the clergyman was reading the second lesson, when a man opened the church door and shouted in, 'I've got 'un!' and immediately withdrew. At once up rose all the men in the congregation and followed him, and within a couple of hours brought into the village inn a fine old fox, dug out and murdered in cold blood."—*Devonshire Characters and Strange Events, by S. Baring-Gould.*

(Words copied from Meginness' "Otzinachson," 1857, sung by John Q. Dyce, Clinton County, 1900. Collected by H. W. S.)

There is a place called Sinnemahone,
Of which but little good is known:
For sinning, ill must be its fame,
Since **Sin** begins its very name.
So well indeed its fame is known,
That people think they should begin
To drop the useless word **Mahone**,
And call the country simply, **Sin!**
But to my tale—some years agone,
The Presbytery—having heard
Of the sad state of Sin—resolved
To send some one to preach the Word,
And Mr. Thompson was bid to see then
To the conversion of the heathen.
I shall not linger long to tell
Of all that on the way befell;
How he was lost among the bushes,
And floundered through the reeds and rushes;
Or how, when hungry, down he sat
To corn-cobs fried in 'possum fat!
How his black coat's unusual hue
Caused a grim hunter to pursue
And cock his gun to blow him through,
Believing, as I've heard him swear,

Our missionary was a bear.
" 'Tis true," he said, "I never counted
On seeing such a thing as a bear
Upon a good stout pony mounted;
But yet I can with safety swear
That such a very wondrous sight
We might expect by day or night,
Rather than, in our hills, to note
A parson with a rale black coat!"
The news soon spread around the land,
That Parson Thompson, on next Sunday,
Would in the schoolhouse take his stand,
And preach to them at least for one day.
The Sunday came, and with it came
All of the ragged population;
Men, women, children, dogs, to hear
The tidings of salvation.
The women came in linsey-woolsey,
And tall wool hats increased their stature;
The men in shirts and leather leggins;
The brats and dogs in dress of nature!
The men who seldom stop at trifles,
Brought tomahawks and knives and rifles,
Service began—the parson wondered
To hear the singing that they made.
Some "Yankee Doodle"—some "Old Hundred"—
The hounds, astonished, howled and thund'red,
Until the forest shook with dread.
The singing o'er, the prayer was said,
But scarcely had the text been read,
When, panting with fatigue and fear,
Rushed past the door a hunted deer.
Prayer, hymn and text were all forgot,
And for the sermon mattered not—
Forth dashed the dogs—not one was mute—
Men, women, children followed suit.
The men prepared the deer to slaughter,
The girls to head it to the water.
None staid but lame old Billy Tench,
Who sat unwilling on his bench.
Not for the sake of hymn or prayer,
Did Billy keep his station there,
But, as he said, with rueful phiz—
"For a damned spell of roomatiz!"

The Parson groaned with inward pain,
And lifting up his hands amain,
Cried, dolefully, "'tis all in vain!"
Up starting nimbly from his bench,
"'Tis not in vain," cried Billy Tench,
"When my good hound, old Never-Fail,
Once gets his nose upon the trail,
There's not a spike buck anywhere,
Can get away from him, I'll swear."

37—TEN CENTS AT THE GATE

(The song which broke up Wayne Campmeeting, Clinton County, as composed and sung by John Q. Dyce, 1888. A modern Lilli Burlero!)

I

There's a land that is fairer than day,
Which by faith we can see it afar.
'Tis the angel that waits o'er the way,
Gathers in the ten cents at the bar.

Chorus—In that sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore;
In that sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

II

Do the poor ever enter that gate,
Or where do the pious poor go?
If they have not ten cents, must they wait
Till they get it, or go down below?
Chorus.

III

Even clerical robes are not free.
Brother Torrence, they say, paid his dime,
But a happier man for paying his fee,
He has left for a healthier clime.
Chorus.

IV

An experience now you have tried;
A profit, I think, to you all.
The ladies, of course, you kept out,
But the rowdies climbed over the wall.
Chorus.

38—THE TWO ORPHANS

The evening bright stars they were shining,
And the moonbeams shown clear o'er the land,
The great city lay in peace and in quietness,
With the hour of midnight at hand.
Then hark! do you hear that cry, "Fire"?
How dismally those bells they do sound!
'Tis Brooklyn's theatre burning,
Alas! burning down to the ground.

Cho.—So, we ne'er shall forget the "Two Orphans."
Bad luck seems to be in its wake.
I fear it was brought to the city
The lives of our dear ones to take.

The doors they were open at seven,
And the curtains were rolled up at eight,
And those that had seats they were happy;
Outside they were mad, that were late.
The play it did go on very smoothly,
Till sparks from the scenes they did fall.
'Twas then that men, women and children,
Oh! God, save our lives, they did call.

Oh, God! what a sight in the morning!
Behold! what a sight met our eyes!
The dead they were lying in all shapes;
None there that could be recognized.
Poor mothers stood 'round a-weeping
For sons that were out all that night.
Oh, God! let their souls rest in heaven,
Among the innocent and bright.

What means this large gathering of people,
All out on this cold winter day?
What means that long line of hearses,
With their dark plumes and feathery array?
Far out to the cemetery of Greenwood,
Where the wind makes the lone willows sigh,
'Tis there where the funeral is going,
The poor unknown dead there to lie.

As sung by Dan Elliott, of Roulette, Pa.

Extract from a letter from * * * *:

This song is an old acquaintance which I was surprised to find still fresh in the memory of people living so far away from New York. I do not know who perpetrated this song on the public. The time is execrable, a lively waltz time. The date was the first week of December, 1876, firmly fixed in my mind by the passing of my father. He came home ill, bringing the paper with news of disaster, went to bed very ill, and passed away on December 13th. We saw the many fresh made graves as we were in Greenwood at the time of my father's funeral, and the ruins of the theatre. Mrs. Marcus Card, of Clarion County, also knows the song, and when I sang it for her the tears rolled down her cheeks. It seems to have made a great impression on the country people.—* * * *

39—PARAPHRASE OF HIAWATHA'S WOOING

Translated from English into Ojibway, and again rendered into English.

Sung by Chibiabus, according to an Ojibway family at the place Longfellow wrote his great poem. The legend they also helped him to understand.

Collected by John C. French.

Then come with me in my little canoe,
While the lake is calm and the sky is blue;
For should we linger for another day,
Storms may come and love decay;
Then come with me and be my squaw!
For thee, the forest trails I'll know,
I'll gather the honeycomb, bright as gold,
And track the elk to his secret fold;

Oh, I'll chase the red deer over the plain,
The panther's cub I'll bind with a thong,
And the spotted fawn, with its silvery feet,
I'll give thee for a playmate, sweet!

This was the real meaning of the Ojibway words I heard within vision of the Pictured Rocks in Michigan as paraphrased for me by a hermit near them, who knew the language well, for his wife had been an Ojibway woman, and he had lived among her people for more than twenty-five years, as teacher at first, and priest afterward.—*John C. French.*

Probably this is closer to the original Seneca interpretation than the wording of the Cornplanter version. —*H. W. S.*

40—Probable Original Version of "COME WITH ME IN MY LITTLE CANOE" ("The Passionate Shepherd to His Love")

By Christopher Marlow, Attributed to W. Shakespeare.

Come with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.

There we will sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Slippers lin'd choicely for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps, and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

41—THE BRAES O' BALQUHITHER

Let us go, lassie, to the braes o' Balquhither,
Where the bloe-berries grow 'mong bonny hieland heather,
Where the deer and the roe, lightly bounding together,
Sport the long summer day on the braes o' Balquhither.

I will twine thee a bow'r, by the clear siller fountains,
And I'll cover it o'er wi' the flow'rs o' the mountains;
I will range thro' the wilds, and the deep glens sae dreary,
And return wi' their spoils to the bow'r o' my dearie.

When the rude wintry win' idly raves round our dwelling,
And the roar of the linn on night breeze is swelling,
So merrily we'll sing as the storm rattles o'er us,
Till the dear sheeling ring wi' the light lilting chorus.

Now the summer is in prime wi' the flow'rs richly blooming
And the wild mountain thyme a' the moorland perfuming!
To our dear native scenes let us journey together,
Where glad innocence reigns 'mong the braes o' Balquhither.

Potter County. This very ancient ballad was furnished by Mr. Myron Hill, 70 years old. It was sung to my grandfather when a child, soon after the war of the Revolution, by veterans of that war, and he sang it to me in 1876, in memory of our family soldiers of 100 years before.—*John C. French.*

42—LUMBERMEN'S DRINKING SONG

Sung by John Q. Dyce, Clinton County, 1900—Collected by H. W. S.

'Tis when we do go into the woods,
  Drink round, brave boys; drink round, brave boys!
'Tis when we do go into the woods,
  Jolly, brave boys are we;
'Tis when we do go into the woods,
  We look for timber, and that what is good,
Heigh ho! drink round, brave boys,
  And jolly, brave boys are we.

Now when the choppers begin to chop,
  Drink round, brave boys; drink round, brave boys!
When the choppers begin to chop,
  Jolly, brave boys are we;
And when the choppers begin to chop,
  They take the sound and leave the rot,
Heigh ho! drink round, brave boys; drink round, brave boys!
  And jolly, brave boys are we.

And when the *swampers begin to clear,
  Drink round, brave boys; drink round, brave boys!
And when the swampers begin to clear,
  Jolly, brave boys are we;
And when the swampers begin to clear,
  They show the teamsters where to steer,
Heigh ho! drink round, brave boys; drink round, brave boys!
  And jolly, brave boys are we.

And when we get them on to the sled,
  Drink round, brave boys; drink round, brave boys!
And when we get them on to the sled,
  Jolly, brave boys are we;
And when we get them on to the sled,
  Haw! back, Bright! it goes ahead.
Heigh ho! drink round, brave boys; drink round, brave boys!
  And jolly, brave boys are we.

Then, when we get them on to the stream,
  Drink round, brave boys; drink round, brave boys!

Then, when we get them on to the stream,
Jolly, brave boys are we;
So, when we get them on to the stream,
We'll knock out the fid† and roll them in,
Heigh ho! drink round, brave boys; drink round, brave boys!
Jolly, brave boys are we.

And when we get them down to the boom,‡
Drink round, brave boys; drink round, brave boys!
And when we get them down to the boom,
Jolly, brave boys are we;
And when we get them down to the boom,
We'll call at the tavern for brandy and rum,
Heigh ho! drink round, brave boys; drink round, brave boys!
Jolly, brave boys are we.

So, when we get them down to the mill,
'Tis drink round, brave boys; drink round, brave boys!
So, when we get them down to the mill,
Jolly, brave boys are we;
And when we get them down to the mill,
We'll call for the liquor, and drink our fill.
Heigh ho! drink round, brave boys; drink round, brave boys!
Jolly, brave boys are we.

The storekeeper, he takes us by the hand,
Drink round, brave boys; drink round, brave boys!
The storekeeper, he takes us by the hand,
And "jolly, brave boys are we;"
The storekeeper, he takes us by the hand,
Saying, "Sirs, I have goods at your command,"
But, heigh ho! drink round, brave boys;
The money will foot up a "spree."
Drink round, brave boys; drink round, brave boys!
And jolly, brave boys are we.

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*The Swampers clear the path for the teamsters to trail out the logs.

†Fid, the key log which held a skidway of logs to gether on the bank of a stream.

‡The boom, a string of logs, chained together at the ends and placed across a stream or river to hold the logs or rafts while being sorted or held ready for use.

43—BRAVE WOLFE

Cheer up, my young men, all,
Let nothing fright you;
Though oft objections rise,
Let it delight you.

Let not your fancy move,
Whene'er it comes to trial;
Nor let your courage fail
At the first denial.

I sat down by my love,
Thinking that I wooed her;
I sat down by my love,
But sure not to delude her.

But when I go to speak,
My tongue it doth so quiver,
I dare not speak my mind
Whenever I am with her.

Love, here's a ring of gold,
'Tis long that I have kept it.
My dear, now for my sake,
I pray you to accept it.

When you the posy read,
Pray, think upon the giver.
My dear, remember me,
Or I'm undone forever.

Then Wolfe he took his leave
Of his most lovely jewel;
Although it seemed to be
To him an act most cruel.

Although it's for a space
I'm forced to leave my love,
My dear, where'er I rove,
I'll ne'er forget my dove.

So then this valiant youth
Embarked on the ocean,
To free America,
From faction's dire commotion.

He landed at Quebec,
  Being all brave and hearty;
The city to attack,
  With his most gallant party.

Then Wolfe drew up his men,
  In rank and file so pretty,
On Abraham's lofty heights,
  Before this noble city.

A distance from the town,
  The noble French did meet them,
In double numbers there,
  Resolved for to beat them.

A Parley—Wolfe and Montcalm Together

Montcalm and this brave youth,
  Together they are walking;
So well they do agree,
  Like brothers they are talking.

Then each one to his post,
  As they do now retire,
Or then their numerous hosts
  Began their dreadful fire.

Then instant from his horse
  Fell this noble hero.
May we lament his loss
  In words of deepest sorrow.

The French are seen to break;
  Their columns are all flying;
Then Wolfe he seems to wake,
  Though in the act of dying.

And lifted up his head,
  (The drums did sound and rattle),
And to his army said:
  "I pray, how goes the battle?"

His aide-de-camp replied:
"Brave gen'ral, 'tis in our favor,
Quebec and all her pride,
'Tis nothing now can save her.

"She falls into our hands,
With all her wealth and treasure."
"Oh, then," brave Wolfe replied,
"I quit the world with pleasure."

Collected by Myron Hill, Roulette, Potter County.

44—ANSWER TO THE GYPSIES' WARNING

Lady, do not heed the warning.
Trust me, thou shalt find me true;
Constant as the light of morning
I will ever be to you.
Lady, I will not deceive you,
Fill thy guileless heart with woe,
Trust me, lady, and believe me,
Sorrow thou shall never know.

Lady, every joy would perish,
Pleasure, all would wither fast,
If no heart could love and cherish
In this world of storm and blast.
E'en the stars that shine above thee,
Shine the brightest in the night;
So would he who fondly loves thee,
In the darkness be thy light.

Down beside the flowing river,
Where the dark green willows wave,
Where the leafy branches quiver,
There a gentle maiden's grave.
In the morn a lonely stranger
Comes and lingers many hours.
Lady, he's no heartless stranger,
For he strews the grave with flowers.

Lady, do not heed this warning,
  Say thy soft white hand is mine;
For I seek no fairer laurel
  Than the constant love of thine.
When the silver moon is shining,
  Then you'll slumber on my breast;
Tender words thy soul shall lighten,
  Lull thy spirit into rest.

Potter County. Collected by John C. French.

45—DEATH SONG

Indian Chief, While Tied to the Stake and Ready to Be Tortured

Remember the arrows I shot from my bow.
Remember the chiefs that my hatchet laid low.
Begin, you tormentors; your threats are in vain,
For the son of Alknomah will never complain.

I will go to the land where my fathers have gone,
And their ghosts will rejoice in the fame of their son.
Why so long will you wait till I shrink from my pain?
But the son of Alknomah will never complain.

This brave Indian chief, he was tortured to death.
In the midst of the flames he resigned up his breath.
Death came like a friend and relieved him from pain,
But the son of Alknomah did never complain.

The above death song of the Indian chief was sung to me by my father when a boy, more than seventy-five years ago. I have never seen it in print. Perhaps it may be of interest as a relic from the almost forgotten days of long ago.—*E. R. Maine.*

Collected by Myron Hill, Roulette, Potter County.

46—MARY OF THE WILD MOOR

It was on one cold winter's night,
As the wind blew across the wild moor,
When Mary came wandering home with her babe.
Till she came home to her own father's door;
"Oh, father! dear father!" she cried,
Come down and open the door,
Or the child in my arms will perish and die,
By the wind that blows across the wild moor."

"Oh, why did I leave this dear spot,
Where once I was happy and free?
But now doomed to roam, without friends or home,
And no one to take pity on me!"
The old man was deaf to her cries—
Not a sound of her voice reached his ear—
But the watch dog did howl, and the village bell toll'd,
And the wind blew across the wild moor.

But how must the old man have felt,
When he came to the door in the morn!
Poor Mary was dead, but the child was alive,
Closely pressed in its dead mother's arms.
Half frantic he tore his gray hair,
And the tears down his cheeks they did pour,
Saying: "This cold winter's night she perished and died
By the wind that blew across the wild moor."

The old man in grief pined away,
And the child to its mother went soon,
And no one, they say, has lived there to this day,
And the cottage to ruin has gone.
The villagers point out the spot
Where the willows droop over the door,
Saying: "There Mary died, once a gay village bride,
By the wind that blew across the wild moor."

Potter County. Collected by John C. French.

47—OLD IRONSIDES

Old Ironsides at anchor lay
  In the harbor of Mahone;
A dead calm rested on the bay—
  The waves to sleep had gone—
When little Jack, the Captain's son,
  In gallant hardihood,
Climbed mast and spar,
  And on the maintruck rose and stood;
No hold had he, above, below—
  Alone he stood in air!
At that far height none dared to go—
  No aid could reach him there.

We gazed in horror, all aghast—
  All eyes were turned on high,
As there we watched the quivering mast,
  Between the sea and sky!
The Captain came on deck and gasped,
  "Oh, God, Thy will be done!"
Then quickly a rifle grasped
  And aimed it at his son.
"Jump, boy, far out into the wave;
  Jump, or I fire," he said.
"That only chance, your life to save!
  Jump! Jump!" And he obeyed.

He sank, he rose, he lived, he moved!
  And for the ship struck out;
On board, we hailed the lad, beloved,
  With many a manly shout.
The father drew a breath of joy,
  Folded those wet arms 'round his neck,
Drew to his heart the daring boy—
  And fainted on the deck.

Potter County. (As I remember the old song of my boy days. It may not be exactly right.—*John C. French.*)

48—FIELDS OF LABOR

If you cannot, on the ocean,
Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows—
Laughing at the storm you meet—
You can stand among the sailors,
Anchored safe within the bay;
You can "lend a hand" to help them
As they launch the boats away.

If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain, steep and high,
You can stand within the valley,
While the multitudes go by—
You can chant in happy measures
As they slowly pass along;
'Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

Do not, then, stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do:
Fortune is a lazy goddess—
She will never come to you!
Go, toil in any vineyard;
Do not fear to do and dare:
If you want a field of labor,
You can find one anywhere.

(This is an old public school song for the morning exercises.)

49—Below is a song of philosophy *a la* the wandering lumberjack:

TRAMPING CHANT

Oh! the firefly is brilliant,
But he hasn't any mind;
He wanders through creation
With his headlight on behind.

Refrain—Then cast your bread upon the water,
And you'll see just what returns,
Another time—oh, well, no matter;
He who travels, sometimes learns.

Potter County.

50—THE MELODY OF RAIN

When the humid showers gather
  Over all the starry spheres,
And the melancholy darkness
  Gently weeps in rainy tears,
'Tis a joy to press the pillow
  Of a cottage chamber bed,
And listen to the patter
  Of the soft rain overhead.

Every tinkle on the shingles
  Has an echo in the heart,
And a thousand dreamy fancies
  Into busy being start,
And a thousand recollections
  Weave their bright hues into woof
As I listen to the patter
  Of the soft rain on the roof.

There is naught in art's bravura
  That can work with such a spell
In the spirit's pure, deep fountains,
  Whence the holy passions swell,
As that melody of nature—
  That subdued, subduing strain
That is played upon the shingles
  By the patter of the rain.

Potter County. This is an old time school song of 1876 and earlier. Sometimes it is sung to the air of "Nellie Gray," and by some to a similar air, in which the last two lines of each verse were repeated as refrain.—*John C. French.*

51—KITTY CLYDE

Who does not know sweet Kitty Clyde?
She lives at the foot of the hill,
In a sly little nook
By the babbling brook,
That carries her father's old mill.
Oh! who does not love Kitty Clyde?
The rosy-cheeked, sunny-eyed lass,
With a sweet dimpled chin,
That looks roguish as sin,
And ever a smile as you pass.

Cho.—Dear Kitty, sweet Kitty!
My own sweet Kitty Clyde.
Oh! how I do wish that I were a fish,
To be caught by sweet Kitty Clyde.

With a basket to put her fish in,
Every morn with a line and a hook,
This sweet little lass,
Through the tall, wavy grass,
Steals along by the clear running brook;
She throws her line into the stream,
And trips it along the brookside.
Oh, how I do wish
That I were a fish,
To be caught by sweet Kitty Clyde.

Sung in Potter County. Copied from old newspaper. The aged sister of Lewis Dorman, the panther hunter, still fishes every bright day in the waters of Pine Creek, near Woodward, Centre County, and is called by the older residents "Kitty Clyde."—*H. W. S.*

52—OLD ROSIN THE BEAU

I've traveled the wide world over,
And now to another I'll go.
I know that good quarters are waiting
To welcome old Rosin the Beau.

Refrain—To welcome old Rosin the Beau,
To welcome old Rosin the Beau.
I know that good quarters are waiting
To welcome old Rosin the Beau.

When I'm dead and laid out on the counter,
A voice you will hear from below,
Singing out "whiskey and water"
To drink to old Rosin the Beau.
Refrain—To drink, etc.

And when I am dead, I reckon,
The ladies will want to, I know,
Just lift off the lid of my coffin,
And look at old Rosin the Beau.

You must get a dozen good fellows,
And stand them all round in a row,
And drink out of half-gallon bottles,
To the name of old Rosin the Beau.

Get four or five jovial young fellows,
And let them all staggering go
And dig a deep hole in the meadow,
And in it toss Rosin the Beau.

Then get you a couple of tombstones,
Place one at my head and my toe,
And do not fail it to scrath on
The name of old Rosin the Beau.

I feel the grim tyrant approaching,
That cruel, implacable foe,
Who spares neither age nor condition,
Nor even old Rosin the Beau.

Potter County. Copied from an old song book owned by Jack Goodall, of Roulette. My uncle, who used to sing this and accompany with fiddle, did not use liquor of any kind. I think he liked the tune.

* * * *

53—BILLY BOY

Oh, where have you been, Billy boy, Billy boy?
Oh, where have you been, charming Billy?
I have been to seek a wife, she's the joy of my life;
She's a young thing, and cannot leave her mother.

Did she bid you to come in, Billy boy, Billy boy?
Did she bid you to come in, charming Billy?
Yes, she bade me to come in, there's a dimple in her chin.
She's a young thing, and cannot leave her mother.

Did she set for you a chair, Billy boy, Billy boy?
Did she set for you a chair, charming Billy?
Yes, she sat for me a chair, she has ringlets in her hair.
She's a young thing, and cannot leave her mother.

Can she make a cherry pie, Billy boy, Billy boy?
Can she make a cherry pie, charming Billy?
She can make a cherry pie, quick as a cat can wink her eye.
She's a young thing, and cannot leave her mother.

How old is she, Billy boy, Billy boy?
How old is she, charming Billy?
She's three times six, four times seven, twenty-eight and eleven.
She's a young thing, and cannot leave her mother.

Potter County. Copied from an old song book.

54—THE CAPTAIN WITH HIS WHISKERS

(Another Version)

As they marched thro' the town, with their banners so gay,
I ran to the window to hear the band play;
I peep'd thro' the blinds very cautiously then,
Lest the neighbors should say I was looking at the men.
Oh! I heard the drums beat, and the music so sweet,
But my eyes at the time caught a much greater treat;
The troop was the finest I ever did see,
And the captain with his whiskers took a sly glance at me.

When we met at the ball, I of course thought 'twas right
To pretend that we never had met before that night;
But he knew me at once, I preceived by his glance,
And I hung down my head when he asked me to dance.
Oh! he sat by my side at the end of the set,
And the sweet words he spoke I never shall forget;
For my heart was enlisted, and could not get free.
As the captain with his whiskers took a sly glance at me.

But he marched from the town, and I see him no more,
Yet I think of him oft, and the whiskers he wore;
I dream all the night, and I talk all the day,
Of the love of a captain who went far away.
I remember with superabundant delight
When we met in the street, and we danced all the night,
And keep in my mind how my heart jumped with glee
As the captain with his whiskers took a sly glance at me.

Potter County. Copied from an old song book owned by Jack Goodall.

"I thought you might be interested to see all the verses of this old song, snatches of which my mother used to sing, and heard in New York when a girl. I think it nicely illustrates the strange mixture of prudery and coarseness of those earlier days.

* * * *"

"This is better than first version sent. Mr. Goodall has a very old book of songs and the music scores of a great many already sent you. Perhaps he will lend it, if you wish to copy.—*J. C. F.*"

55—WHERE THE RIVER SHANNON FLOWS

There's a pretty spot in Ireland
I always claim for my land,
Where the fairies and the blarney
Will never, never die.

It's the land of the shil-lal-ah,
My heart goes back there daily,
To the girl I left behind me
When we kissed and said good-bye.

Sure, no letter I'll be mailing,
For soon will I be sailing,
And I'll bless the ship that takes me
To my dear old Erin's shore.

There I'll settle down forever,
I'll leave the old sod never,
And I'll whisper to my sweetheart,
"Come and take my name as-thore."

Cho.—Where dear old Shannon's flowing
Where the three-leaved shamrocks grow,
Where my heart is I am going,
To my little Irish rose.

And the moment that I meet her,
With a hug and kiss I'll greet her,
For there's not a colleen sweeter,
Where the river Shannon flows.

Popular in Potter and McKean Counties. Collected by John C. French.

56—SONG OF SUGAR VALLEY

By Rev. Charles N. Wolfe

Oh, Sugar Valley, land of the Sugar Maple!
As thy name indeed indicates—
In days of yore thy share of sweets
Did yield the palate of thy youths to please.

Thou art more long than wide,
  But thy fields are not so lean,
And thy crops none can decide—
  For they are not so mean.

Thy youths love to sit at grandpa's feet,
  And their hearts with rapture swell
As he tells how with sickle thy harvests were reaped,
  And the steaming maple syrup smelt.

Thy streams, oh, sweet Sugar Valley,
  With the finny tribes did abound,
And on their banks many fishermen rallied,
  While at the trout's jump their hearts did bound.

Thy majestic mountains to the heart
  A thousand charms yield,
As they lift their heads up far
  Towards Him who almighty power wields.

Their slopes many weary hunters have trod,
  In search of pheasant, deer and bear;
And when sly Bruin started his trot
  The noble Nimrod did badly scare.

On their tops years ago many spotted fawns
  Like lambs played in their haunts.
These the greedy hunters invaded,
  And their number greatly decimated.

As we look to yon mountains, once hunters galore,
  Recall the few fleet-footed deer there roam,
Our hearts the change deeply deplore,
  And wish for the happy hunting days of yore.

The grist of the school mill
  Is none of the most ill;
For within her dingy halls
  To noble professions many were called.

One to India's distant shores,
  To benighted heathens Christ to teach.
In the homeland more than half a score
  The unsearchable riches of Christ to preach.

Doctors, lawyers, professors and inventors,
And others who gained prominence by faithful endeavor,
Leaving their impress upon the hearts of such
That come under their majestic touch.

Dear old Sugar Valley, with thy rocks and rills,
My heart pure and undefiled loves thee still—
And may the ris'ng youth maintain
Thy good and precious name.

And when the angels shall gather God's elect
From the North, South, East and West,
May thy sons and daughters laid to rest
Be received into the land of the blest.

Sung by Clem Herlacher, McCall's Dam. Collected by A. D. Karstetter, Loganton. In the measure of "The Aged Bard's Lament."—*H. W. S.*

57—THE SULPHUR SPRING AT LOGANTON, CLINTON COUNTY

By Col. W. H. Kister

A tribute of praise to thy waters I bring.
A beauteous fountain! O sparkling spring!
And no theme, I protest,
Be it earnest or jest,
Is more dear to my heart than thyself, Sulphur Spring!

The sun as it glances the leafy boughs through,
And kisses thy crest into silvery hue,
Seems to linger there gladly,
And steal away sadly,
When at evening it sinks 'neath the mountain from view.

The bird and the bee both pause in their flight
On the spray that o'erbends thy fair wave to alight;
And the whispering breeze,
As it sighs through the trees,
Sings the tale of thy charms from morning till night.

The traveler, weary and footstore, espies
With delight thy crystalline rill, and hies
To the strengthening draught,
Which is speedily quaffed,
While his heart with grateful pulsations replies.

And the fond lover, too, in the soft, dewy hours
Of eve, decks his love, here, with beautiful flowers,
And sweet vows are spoken,
That shall ne'er be broken,
Whose incense shall hallow life's sunshine and showers.

Flow on, then, sweet fountain, thy mission fulfilling,
Thy gospel of sweetness and sunshine instilling;
In thy depths, to my view,
With their diamond hue,
Thou holdest the choicest of nature's distilling.

Sung by Clem Herlacher, McCall's Dam. Collected by A. D. Karstetter. This was the spring where James Logan, "The Mingo Chief," often refreshed himself. —*H. W. S.*

58—BONNY BARBARA ALLEN
(Sometimes Called "Barbara Ellen")

In Reading town, when I was young,
There was a fair maid dwellin',
Made every youth cry, "well away!"
Her name was Barbara Allen.

All in the merry month of May,
When green buds they were swellin',
Young Johnny Grove on his death-bed lay,
For love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his man unto her then,
To the town where she was dwellin';
"You must come to my master dear,
If your name be Barbara Allen.

"For death is printed on his face,
And o'er his heart is stealin';
Then haste away to comfort him,
Oh, lovely Barbara Allen.

"Though death be printed on his face,
And o'er his heart is stealin',
Yet little better shall he be
For Bonny Barbara Allen."

So, slowly, slowly, she came up,
And slowly she came nigh him;
And all she said, when there she came,
"Young man, I think you're dying."

He turned his face unto her straight,
With deadly sorrow sighing;
"Oh, lovely maid, come pity me,
I'm on my death-bed lying."

"If on your death-bed you do lie,
What needs the tale you're tellin';
I cannot keep you from your death;
Farewell," said Barbara Allen.

He turned his face unto the wall,
As deadly pangs he fell in:
"Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye to all,
Good-bye to Barbara Allen."

As she was walking o'er the fields,
She heard a bell a-knellin';
And every stroke did seem to say,
"Hard-hearted Barbara Allen."

She turned her body round about,
And spied the funeral coming:
"Lay down, lay down the corpse," she said,
"That I may look upon him."

With scornful eye she did look down,
Her cheeks with laughter swellin';
Whilst all her friends cried out aloud,
"Hardhearted Barbara Allen."

When he was gone, and laid in grave,
Her heart was struck with sorrow.
"Oh, mother, mother, make my bed,
For I shall die tomorrow.

"Hard-hearted creature him to slight
He who loved me so dearly:
Oh, that I had been more kind to him,
When he was alive and near me!"

She, on her death-bed as she lay,
Begged to be buried by him;
And sore repented of the days
That she did ere deny him.

"Farewell," she said, "ye friends of mine.
All shun the fault I fell in:
Henceforth take warning by the fall
Of cruel Barbara Allen."

Sung by Walter S. Chatham, 1777-1855, Wayne Township, Clinton County. Recited by his grandson, John H. Chatham, born 1847, famous Bard of Central Pennsylvania.

59—KATIE MAURY

Young men, draw near unto me,
And listen to my story.
I'll tell you of a plan I took
To fool Miss Kate Maury.

I went unto her father's house,
Just like a clever fellow;
I told her that the plums were ripe,
And they were getting mellow.

And if she would go with me
Down into yonder bower,
"And if your father won't come by
We'll spend a happy hour."

I did not have to ask her twice,
She put on her best bonnet.
My heart was beating very fast,
As 'cross the fields we ran it.

"It's now we're here alone,
And no one knows the matter.
It's you must die or else comply,
For I've no time to flatter."

Kate seemed quite pleased, my hand she squeezed.
"There's but one thing I fear, sir;
Is that my father may come this way,
And he would find us here, sir.

"But if you'll climb the highest tree
That rises in this bower,
And if my father keeps away,
We'll spend the happy hour."

Kate stood at the foot of the tree
Until I had ascended:
"It's you may get down the way you got up,
For now your fun is ended.

"You look just like an owl," she said;
"Your company I shun, sir.
You may eat your plums and suck the stones,
For I am going to run, sir."

Away Kate heeled it over the plain,
And left me here distracted.
I ripped, I swore, my shirt I tore,
To think how I had acted.

But when I came to think it o'er,
How cunning she had fooled me,
I took fair Katie for my wife,
And ever since she's ruled me.

My song grows tough, I've sung enough.
I've nothing more worth rhyming,
But every time Kate smiles on me,
She makes me think of climbing.

(Probably a modern version of "The Baffled Knight" in Pepy's Collection.)

Sung by John Hatfield, stonecutter, in Wayne Township, Clinton County, about 1857. Collected by John H. Chatham.

60—THE CRUISE IN THE LOWLANDS LOW

Sometimes Called "The North Country"

Our good ship sailed from the north countree—
She went by the name of "Green Williow Tree."

Chorus—As she sailed in the lowlands, lowlands—
As she sailed in the lowlands low.

We had been out but two days or three
When we espied a Turk's ship a-lee.
Chorus.

Up jumped the cabin boy: "What will you give me
If I sink that pirate a-lee?"
Chorus.

"Oh," said our Captain, "I'll give you golden store,
And my only daughter you shall wed, as soon as we reach the shore,
If you'll sink her in the lowlands low."
Chorus.

The boy had an instrument, made for the use,
Four and twenty holes to make at one push.
Chorus.

He bent upon his breast, and away swam he,
Swam to the "Merry Golden Tree."
Chorus.

Some were playing cards, and some throwing dice,
When he let in the water and put out their lights.
Chorus.

Some took their hats and some took their caps,
To shut out the salt water gaps.
Chorus.

The boy bent his breast and away swam he,
Swam to till he came to the "Green Willow Tree."
Chorus.

"Captain, oh, Captain, take me aboard,
And be unto me as good as your word,
For I sunk her in the lowlands low."
Chorus.

"No," said the Captain, "I'll not take you aboard,
Nor be unto you as good as my word.
You may sink with them in the lowlands low!"
Chorus.

The boy bent his breast and down sank he,
Sank by the side of the "Green Willow Tree."
Chorus.

We took that Captain to the larboard side
And threw him overboard in the lowland tide.
Chorus.

He sank by the side of the "Green Willow Tree,"
And he drowned like the Turk's revelry.
Chorus.

We weighed the anchor on our starboard side,
And sailed away with a fair wind and tide—
Chorus.

Away and away our good ship did plough,
As we sailed from the lowlands low!
Chorus.

This sea ballad I heard in Black Forest in 1874, sung by John A. Watts, a deep sea sailor before the mast, and I now write it from memory for the first time, and there may be slight errors in the words used to express the tale of poetic justice and gusto of the men "who went down to the sea in ships."

JOHN C. FRENCH.

Reported by John H. Chatham as having been sung in Clinton County sixty years ago.—*H. W. S.*

61—CAMP BARBER'S SONG, BLACK FOREST

In Allegheny City, not far from this spot,
A barber he opened a neat little shop.
He bought him a razor full of notches and rust,
To shave the poor devils who came there for trust;
Sing lather and shave, lather and shave,
Lather and shave and fiddle dum dum.

There happened an Irishman passing that way,
Whose beard had been growing for many a long day;
He walked in the door and he laid down his hod.
Won't you trust me a shave for the love of the Lord?
Sing lather and shave, etc.

Sit down in that chair, don't be making such a din,
For with movin' your head, I'll be cuttin' your chin:
It's not cut, but it's sore with that razor you've got,
Sure it wouldn't cut butter unless it was hot.
Sing lather and shave, etc.

Potter County. This was sung by an uncle in the fifties. There may be other verses, but I never heard any. My uncle passed away in '65, but my mother used to sing to me many of the songs he liked. It may not be classed as a true "folk-song," but was sung by the common people. I remember when a child seeing blind men and cripples peddling songs or ballads at a cent apiece on small leaflets, without written music for them. * * * *

62—THE LABORS OF TRUE LOVERS

As I went a-walking up Strawberry Lane—
First Refrain:
Every rose grows merry and fine—
I chanced for to meet a pretty, fair maid—
Second Refrain:
Savory tree, Rosemary and Thyme,
She wanted to be a true lover of mine.

"You'll have for to make me a cambric shirt—
First Refrain:
"And every stitch must be finicle work—
Second Refrain:
"Before you can be a true lover of mine.

"You'll have for to wash it in a deep well—
First Refrain:
"Where water never was, nor rain ever fell—
Second Refrain:
"Before you can be a true lover of mine.

"You'll have for to dry it on a great thorn—
First Refrain:
"That never was green since Adam was born—
Second Refrain:
"Before you can be a true lover of mine.

She Replies:
"Now, since you have been so hard with me—
First Refrain:
"Perhaps I shall be as hard upon thee—
Second Refrain:
"Before you can be a true lover of mine.

"You'll have for to buy me an acre of land—
First Refrain:
"Lying between the salt sea and the sand—
Second Refrain:
"And then you shall be a true lover of mine.

"You'll have for to plow it with a ram's horn—
First Refrain:
"And plant it all over with one grain of corn—
Second Refrain:
"And then you shall be a true lover of mine.

"You'll have for to thresh it in an eggshell—
First Refrain:
"And take it to market in one thim-ble—
Second Refrain:
"And then you can be a true lover of mine."

Nursery ballad of 1860 and earlier. Black Forest, of English origin. Collected by John C. French.

63—WILL THE WEAVER

Oh! dear mother, now I've married,
I do wish I'd longer tarried,
For my wife doth vow and swear
That she will the breeches wear.

Oh! my son, go home and love her,
And no more of her faults discover;
But if she does in the least rebel,
Take a stick and beat her well.

As he went home a neighbor met him,
And said something for to fret him.
"Neighbor, neighbor, I'll tell you now
Who I saw at your house just now.

"There I saw that Will the Weaver
And your wife stand close together
At the threshold of the door.
They went in and I saw no more."

Then he went home like one in wonder.
At the door he knocked like thunder.
"Who comes there?" the weaver cried.
" 'Tis my husband—you must hide."

Then the door she opened wide,
And her husband went inside.
She began to make a moan,
"I'm by myself and all alone."

"You are out a-taking your pleasure,
Spending all your golden treasure,
Leaving me, poor wife, at home,
All by myself to make my moan."

"Oh! my dear wife, be not in a passion,
I'd have you follow my direction.
Draw me some beer, for I am dry."
Like a kind wife, she did comply.

While she was gone 'twas his endeavor
For to find out this Will the Weaver.
He hunts the chamber round and round,
But not a soul could there be found.

Then he came out like one amazed,
And up the chimney then he gazed.
There he espied that wretched soul,
Sitting across the chimney pole.

"Ha, ha!" chucks he, " 'tis now I've found you,
I will neither hang nor drown you,
But I will cover you with smoke."
This he thought, but little spoke.

Then he built up a roaring fire,
Much against his wife's desire.
She cries out: "As I'm your wife,
Take him down, and spare his life."

So off the chimney pole he took him,
And so merrily he shook him,
Crying out at every stroke,
"Come here no more to stop my smoke."

Was ever any chimney sweeper
Half as black as Will the Weaver?
Hands and face and clothes likewise,
He sent him home in this disguise.

Potter County. Probably derived from the old Scottish ballad of "Gil Morrice."

64—SWINGING IN THE LANE

How oft we talked of childhood's joys—
  Of tricks we used to play
Upon each other while at school,
  To pass the time away!
But, oh! how often have I longed
  For those bright days again,
When little rosy Nell and I
  Went swinging in the lane.

Chorus—But yet I'd give this world to be
  With rosy Nell again.
I never, never will forget
  Our swinging in the lane.

The boys and girls would often go
A-fishing in the brooks,
With spools of thread for fishing lines
And bended pins for hooks;
They sometimes wished me with them,
But they always wished in vain;
I'd rather be with rosy Nell
A-swinging in the lane. (Cho.)

But soon a cloud of sorrow came—
A strange young man from town
Was introduced to rosy Nell
By Aunt Jemima Brown.
She stayed away from school next day,
The truth to me was plain—
She'd gone with that old city chap
A-swinging in the lane. (Cho.)

Now, all young men with tender hearts,
Pray, take advice from me;
Don't be so quick to fall in love
With every girl you see;
For if you do, you soon will find
You've only loved in vain.
She'll go off with some other chap,
A-swinging in the lane. (Cho.)

Potter County. "Copied from an old printed ballad in the possession of Marcus Card, of Roulette. I first heard this song about '71 or 2. It was well liked in Pennsylvania by many and a favorite with John French, a Civil War Veteran. * * * *"

65—LITTLE NELL OF NARRAGANSET BAY

Full well do I remember my boyhood's happy hours,
The cottage and the garden where bloomed the fairest flowers.
The bright and sparkling water, o'er which we used to sail,
With hearts so gay, for miles away, before the gentle gale.
I had a dear companion, but she's not with me now,
The lily of the valley is waving o'er her brow,
And I am sad and lonely, and mourning all the day
For bright-eyed, laughing little Nell of Narraganset Bay.

I loved the little beauty: my boat it was my pride,
And with her close beside me, what joy the foam to ride.
She'd laugh with tone so merry, to see the waves go by,
As wildly blew the north wind, and murky was the sky,
Though lightnings flashed around us, and all was dark and drear,
We loved to brave old ocean, and never knew of fear.
The Arrow bounded onward and darted through the spray,
With bright-eyed, laughing little Nell of Narraganset Bay.

One day from us she wandered, and soon within the boat
The cord was quickly loosened, and with the tide afloat.
The treacherous bark flew lightly and swift before the wind
With home and friends and all so dear were many miles behind.
Next day her form all lifeless was washed upon the beach.
I stood and gazed upon it, bereft of sense and speech.
'Tis years since thus we parted, but here I weep today
For bright-eyed, laughing little Nell of Narraganset Bay.

Potter and McKean Counties. "Taken from a written version in Andrew McCormick's scrap book. This song was very popular in Northern Pennsylvania and New York. It was in my first school singing book. John French used to sing it at the close of the Civil War. (Mr. McCormick is from Roulette.)

* * * *"

66—NELLIE GRAY

There's a low, green valley on the old Kentucky shore,
Where I've wiled many happy hours away,
A-sitting and a-singing, by the little cottage door,
Where lived my darling Nellie Gray.

Cho.—Oh, my poor Nellie Gray, they have taken you away,
And I'll never see my darling any more;
I'm sitting by the river, and I'm weeping all the day,
For you've gone from the old Kentucky shore.

When the moon has climbed the mountain, and the stars
are shining, too,
Then I'd take my darling Nellie Gray,
And we'd float down the river in the little red canoe,
While my banjo sweetly I would play.

One night I went to see her, but she's gone, the neighbors
say;
The white man has bound her with his chain.
They have taken her to Georgia, there to wear her life
away,
As she toils in the cotton and the cane.

My canoe is under water, and my banjo is unstrung,
I'm tired of living any more;
My eyes they shall look downward, and my song shall be
unsung,
While I stay on the old Kentucky shore.

My eyes are getting blinded, and I cannot see my way.
Hark! there's somebody knocking at the door;
Oh! I hear the angels calling, and I see my Nellie Gray.
Farewell to the old Kentucky shore.

Oh! my darling Nellie Gray, up in heaven there, they say,
That they'll never take you from me any more.
I am coming, coming, coming, as the angels clear the way.
Farewell to the old Kentucky shore.

Potter, McKean and Tioga Counties. Words taken from clipping of old newspaper.

67—KITTY WELLS

You ask what makes this darkey weep,
Why he like others am not gay?
What makes the tear flow down his cheek,
From early morn till close of day?
My story, darkies, you shall hear,
For in my memory fresh it dwells;
'Twill cause you all to drop a tear,
On the grave of my sweet Kitty Wells.

Cho.—While the birds were singing in the morning,
And the myrtle and the ivy were in bloom,
And the sun on the hill was a-dawning,
It was then we laid her in the tomb.

I never shall forget the day
That we together roamed the dells;
I kissed her cheek and named the day
That I should marry Kitty Wells.
But death came in my cabin door,
And took from me my joy and pride,
And when I found she was no more,
Then I laid my banjo down and cried.—Cho.

I often wish that I was dead,
And laid beside her in the tomb;
The sorrow that bows down my head,
Is silent in the midnight gloom.
The springtime has no charms for me,
Though flowers are blooming in the dells,
For that bright form I do not see,
'Tis the form of my sweet Kitty Wells.—Cho.

Potter and McKean Counties. "Copied from an old printed ballad in the possession of Marcus Card. It was a favorite song of my mother's, as well as Mr. Dickinson. * * * *"

68—MAGGIE MAY

The spring had come, the flowers in bloom,
The birds sung out their lay;
Down by a little running brook
I first saw Maggie May.
She had a roguish, jet-black eye,
Was singing all the day;
And how I loved her none can tell,
My little Maggie May!

Chorus—My little witching Maggie,
Maggie, singing all the day;
Oh! how I love her none can tell,
My little Maggie May!

Though years rolled on, yet still I loved,
With heart so light and gay,
And never will this heart deceive
My own dear Maggie May,
When others thought that life was gone,
And death would take away,
Still by my side did linger one,
And that was Maggie May.

May heaven protect me for her sake;
I pray, both night and day,
That I, ere long, may call her mine,
My own dear Maggie May!
For she is all the world to me,
Although I'm far away,
I oft-times think of the running brook,
And my little Maggie May.

Potter County. "Copied from an old ballad owned by Marcus Card, of Roulette. It was a great favorite with many in my childhood days. * * * *"

69—MARY BLANE

Moderato, 2-4 Time

I once did love a yellow gal,
I'll tell you what's her name;
She came from old Virginia,
And they call her Mary Blane.

Chorus—Den farewell, den farewell, den farewell,
Mary Blane!
Oh, do take care yourself, my dear!
I'm coming back again.

They've sung of charming Lucy Neale,
They've sung of Pretty Jane,
But I will sing of one more fair—
My own sweet Mary Blane.—(Chorus as above.)

Potter County. This is all I can get of this fine old song.—*John C. French.*

70—THE MISTLETOE BOUGH

(Recalled by Mrs. Marcus Card, Potter County)

The mistletoe hung in the castle hall,
And the holly branch shone from the old oak walls;
The baron's retainers were blythe and gay,
Keeping their Christmas holiday:
And the baron beheld with a father's pride,
His beautiful daughter, a fair young bride,
And she with her bright eyes seemed to be
The star of that goodly company.
Oh, the mistletoe bough! Oh, the mistletoe bough!

"I'm weary of dancing now," she cried.
"Here tarry a moment, I'll hide, I'll hide;
And, Lovell, be sure to be first to trace
The clue to my secret hiding place."
And away she ran, and her friends began
Each tower to search, each nook to scan,
And Lord Lovell cried, "Where didst thou hide?
I'm lonely without thee, my fair young bride."
Oh, the mistletoe bough! Oh, the mistletoe bough!

They sought her that night, they sought her next day,
They sought her in vain when a week passed away.
The highest, the lowest, the loneliest spot
Lord Lovell sought wildly, but he found her not.
When Lovell appeared, the children cried:
"See that old man weep for his fair young bride."
Oh, the mistletoe bough! Oh, the mistletoe bough!
(This stanza seems to lack two lines.)

At length an old chest that had long lain hid,
Was found in that castle—they raised the lid:
A skeleton form lay mouldering there,
In bridal dress—a lady fair.
Oh! sad was her fate; in sportive jest
She hid from her lord in the old oak chest;
It closed with a spring, and a dreadful doom:
The bride lay clasped in her living tomb.
Oh, the mistletoe bough! Oh, the mistletoe bough!

71—WOOING AND DEATH OF JOHN RANDAL

(Formerly Called Lord Randal)

An Old English Ballad

Refrain: Mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm sick at my stomach,
And fain would lie down.

Oh, where have you been, John Randal, my son?
Oh, where have you been, my loving sweet one?
Reply:
A-courting; a-courting.—(Refrain, Mother, etc.)

What had you for supper, John Randall, my son?
What had you for supper, my loving, sweet one?
Reply:
Speckled eels fried in butter.—(Refrain.)
(He ate rattlesnakes, self-bitten)

What do you will to your father, John Randal, my son?
What do you will to your father, my loving, sweet one?
Reply:
Farm, crops and cattle.—(Refrain.)

What do you will to your mother, John Randal, my son?
What do you will to your mother, my loving, sweet one?
Reply:
House, beds and bedding.—(Refrain.)

What do you will to your brother, John Randal, my son?
What do you will to your brother, my loving, sweet one?
Reply:
Horse, bridle and saddle.—(Refrain.)

What do you will to your sister, John Randal, my son?
What do you will to your sister, my loving, sweet one?
Reply:
A rope for to hang her.—(Refrain.)
(She and his fiancee conspired to poison him.)

What do you will to Pretty Polly, John Randal, my son?
What do you will to Pretty Polly, my loving, sweet one?
Reply:
The curse of her Maker.—(Refrain.)
(His criminal sweetheart who poisoned him conspired with his sister.)

This is the version our earliest pioneers sang in Potter County, and a form of it has been given in the *"Folk-Lore Journal."* The latter verses about his funeral are less ideal; and the one added—bequest for his baby to be—is in bad taste, and had no place in the original as sung in Northern Pennsylvania—*John C. French.*

72—LORD LOVEL

Lord Lovel, he stood at his castle gate,
A-combing his milk-white steed,
When up stepped Lady Nancy Belle
To wish her lover God-speed.

"Oh! where are you going, Lord Lovel," she said,
"Oh! where are you going?" said she.
"I am going, my Lady Nancy Belle,
Strange countries for to see."

"When will you be back, Lord Lovel?" she said.
"When will you be back?" said she.
"In a year or two, or three at most,
I'll return to my Lady Nancy."

He had not been gone a year and a day,
Strange countries for to see,
When languishing thoughts came into his head;
Lady Nancy he would see.

He got on his steed and rode quite well
Till he came to London Town;
And there he heard St. Francis' bells,
And the people all mourning around.

"Oh! what is the matter?" Lord Lovel he said;
"Oh! what is the matter?" said he.
"The Lord's Lady's dead," a woman replied,
"And some call her Lady Nancy."

He ordered the grave to be opened wide,
The shroud to be turned down,
And there he kissed her clay-cold lips
Till the tears they came trickling down.

Lady Nancy she died as it might be today,
Lord Lovel, he died on the morrow;
Lady Nancy, she died out of pure, pure grief,
Lord Lovel, he died out of sorrow.

Lady Nancy was buried on the salt sea sand,
Lord Lovel on the quire,
And out of Lady Nancy's grave there sprang a red rose,
And out of Lord Lovel's a briar.

They grew so high, they grew so tall,
They reached the mountain top.
And there the red rose and the briar bush met,
And tied in a true lover's knot.

Taken from an aged Potter County woman's written copy.

John C. French says: "The phrase, 'salt sea sand,' I believe, reverts to an ancient practice of covering the coffin with a few feet of clean, white sand, and in some English towns, filling the graves with it, rounding off the graves with the white sand in which vegetation did not grow for a few years, except in flower pots. The quire or quirer was the burial vault beneath the entrance steps or portal of the church or choir-gallery."

73—SPRINGFIELD MOUNTAIN

On Springfield Mountain there did dwell
A nice young man; I knew him well.
  Ry ton ra lour, ry tu ra lay.
  Ry ton ra lour, ry tu ra lay.

On Monday morning he did go
Down to the meadow for to mow.
  Ry ton ra lour, etc.

He scarce had mowed one-half the field
When a pesky sarpent bit him on the heel.

He took his scythe and struck a blow,
Which laid that pesky sarpent low.

He took the sarpent in his hand,
And he posted off to Molly Brand.

"Oh, Johnny, dear, why did you go
Down to the meadow for to mow?"

"Oh! Molly, dear, I thought you knowed,
'Twas father's field, and it had to be mowed."

Now, Johnny he did up and died,
And Molly she sat down and cried.

Now, all young men, a warning take,
Beware of the bite of a great big snake.

Northern Pennsylvania, McKean, Potter and Tioga Counties. Collected by John C. French.

74—THE MILLER OF THE DEE

There dwelt a miller, hale and bold,
  Beside the river Dee.
Hard he toiled and sang all day;
  No lark more blythe than he.
And this the burden of his song
  Forever used to be:

"I envy no man; no, not I,
And no man envies me."
"Thou'st wrong, my friend," said old King Hal,
"As wrong as wrong can be;
For could my heart be light as thine,
I'd gladly change with thee;
But tell me now, what makes thee sing,
With voice so loud and free,
While I am sad, though I am king,
Beside the river Dee?"
The miller smiled and doffed his cap.
"I earn my bread," quoth he;
"I love my wife, I love my friend,
I love my children three;
I owe no man I cannot pay,
I thank the river Dee
That turns the mill that grinds the corn
To feed my babes and me."
"Farewell!" said Hal, and sighed the while,
"Farewell and happy be!
Thy mealy cap is worth my crown—
Thy mill, my kingdom's fee;
But say no more, if thou'd be true,
That no man envies thee.
Such men as thou art England's boast,
Oh, miller of the Dee!"

Old English folk-song, sung in Potter County, Pa.

75—MY LITTLE KERRY COW

'Tis in Connacht and in Munster, you may travel far and wide,
And be askin' all the folk you meet, along the country side,
But you'll never find the likes of her, till now,
Where she's grazing in the Leinster fields—my little Kerry cow!

If herself went to the cattle fair, she'd put all other cows to shame,
And the greatest poets would assemble there, to sing about her fame;
Young girls would be askin' leave to stroke her satin coat,
They would be fondling and caressing her, and calling her a "Dote."

If the King of Spain gets news of her, he'll fill his purse
with gold
And set sail to ask the English King where she is to be
sold;
But the King of Spain may come to me, a crown upon his
brow!
'Tis he may keep his golden purse—and I, my Kerry cow.

If the Ulster men should hear of her, they'll come with
swords and pikes;
'Tis civil war—there'll be no less, if they should see her
likes!
And in the papers you will read of the bloody fight there's
been—
And the Orangemen they're buryin' in the fields of Leinster
green!

Perhaps the Priest will tell her fame to the holy Pope of
Rome,
And the Cardinals' College send for her, to leave her Irish
home;
But 'twould break her heart itself to cross the Irish sea—
'Twould be better if they send a blessing for my Kerry cow
and me.

There's red cows that's contrary, and white cows that's
quare and wild,
But my Kerry cow is biddable, and gentle as a child.
You could raise up kings and heroes on the lovely milk she
yields,
For she's fit to foster generals to lead our battlefields.

In the hist'ries they'll be making, they've a right to put
her name—
With the horse of Troy and Odin's hounds and other beasts
of fame,
And artists will be painting her, beneath the hawthorn
bough,
Where she's grazing on the good green grass—my little
Kerry cow!

Ballad of the Irish Farmer, sung in Northern Pennsylvania by our Irish people.

Written by John C. French from memory, Roulette April 12, 1918.

76—McCARTY'S MARE
An Irish Song of Fifty Years Ago

We started for the fair,
With spirits light and hearty,
Behind McCarty's mare;
Sure, 'twas a lively party.

Chorus—Off she wint, off she wint!
Begobs, I wasn't worth a cint.
The sate was just as hard as flint,
Behind McCarty's mare.

Me dacent coat was torn in two,
Me hat was left behind me;
As along the road she flew,
I thought the dust would blind me.
Chorus as above.

"Hold her in," Mike Murphy cried;
"Stop her," cried McClare;
The divil himself was in the wheels,
Behind McCarty's mare!
Chorus as above.

Then round a bend we tore,
Till in the ditch we lay!
We grumbled and we swore;
And the mare, she ran away!
Chorus as above.

Potter County. Collected by John C. French.

Lushbaugh is a small settlement on the First Fork of the Sinnemahoning Creek, in Cameron County, Pa., (1919).

77—THE LUSHBAUGH GIRLS
Air—"The Bowery Girls"

Oh! Lushbaugh girls, are you coming out tonight?
Coming out tonight, coming out tonight!
Oh, Lushbaugh girls, are you coming out tonight,
To dance by the light of the moon?

We'll dance all night, dance all night,
Dance all night, till broad daylight—
We'll dance all night, till broad daylight!
And go home with the girls in the morning.

* * * * * * * * *

L'Envoi (returning to camp on the mountain)

I danced with the girl with a hole in her stocking,
A hole in her stocking, a hole in her stocking—
I danced with the girl with a hole in her stocking,
And her heel kept rocking, her heel kept rocking!
She was the prettiest girl in the room.

Sung by shanty-men in 1878, at the pine lumber camps of Francis DuLois, in Potter and Cameron Counties, Pennsylvania.

With Andre Le Compte, I went to one of the *Frenchville boys' dances, near the mouth of Lushbaugh Run, in autumn of 1878, and heard this and other dancing songs. George Hay played the dulcimer and Emile Cowdin lead with his violin.—*John C. French.*

*Frenchville is in Clearfield County, on West Branch of Susquehanna River, and was settled principally by natives of Picardy about 1810. The French language is still used there, though when the writer drove into the town with a small French flag in the whip-socket of his buggy, on Bastile Day, 1912, no one could tell what flag it was, or the day that was being observed.—H. W. S.

78—MINNEHAHA (A LAMENT)

Air—"An Indian Chant"

On the banks of the Minnehaha, my love,
On the banks of the Minneha-ha!
We'll buy a little farm, and we'll live together there,
On the banks of the Minnehaha.

Refrain—(Repeat the whole of first verse.)

One night my Nella sat a-sewing,
As Death came knocking at the door—
That's the very night that my poor Nella died,
On the banks of the Minnehaha!

Refrain—On the banks of the Minnehaha, my love—
On the banks of the Minneha-ha!
That's the night that my poor Nella died,
On the banks of the Minneha-ha.

They put my Nella in a coffin,
And she looked just as pretty as a doll;
Oh, they buried her deep—deep among the rocks—
On the banks of the Minnehaha!

Refrain—(First two lines of verse 1 and last two lines of verse 3.)

Elemental in words, rhythm and air. Collected from Walter Rea Grimes by John C. French.

(Paraphrase of an old Indian's song.)

Potter County.

79—BILLY BOY
(Another Version)

Oh, where have you been, Billy boy, Billy boy?
Oh, where have you been, charming Billy?
I have been to see my wife, she's the joy of my life,
She's a young thing, and cannot leave her mother.

Did she bid you to come in, Billy boy, Billy boy?
Did she bid you to come in, charming Billy?
Yes, she bade me to come in, there's a dimple in her chin
She's a young thing, and cannot leave her mother.

Can she make a cherry pie, Billy boy, Billy boy?
Can she make a cherry pie, charming Billy?
She can make a cherry pie, quick's a cat can wink her eye.
She's a young thing, and cannot leave her mother.

"This was a nursery song sung to me by an Irish girl. There are other verses, such as: "Can she bake a batch of bread," etc., and some rather coarse verses contributed by men as fancy dictated. You might learn of some if you are interested in the song. It has been sung a good bit in Pennsylvania. John C. French said a half-brother sang it, though not just as I give it here. The same girl sang a curious nursery song also which I have never heard any one else sing. It begins:

" 'Grandfather's dead, and he lies in his grave.'

"* * * *"

80—ROLL ON, SILVER MOON

As I strayed from my cot at the close of the day,
'Twas about the beginning of June,
(Or, To muse on the beauties of June,)
'Neath the jasmine shade I espied a fair maid,
And she sadly complained to the moon.

Refrain:

Roll on, silver moon; guide the traveler on his way,
While the nightingale's song is in tune.
But never, never more with my true love I'll stray
By the sweet silver light of the moon.

Like the hart on the mountain, my lover was brave,
So handsome, so manly, so clever,
So kind and sincere, and he loved me so dear,
Oh! Edwin, thy equal was never.

But, alas! he is dead, and gone to death's bed,
Cut down like a rose in full bloom;
And alone he doth sleep, while poor Jane's left to weep
By the sweet silver light of the moon.

His lone grave I'll seek out, until morning appears,
And weep o'er my lover so brave;
I'll embrace the cold sod, and wash with my tears,
All the flowers that bloom o'er his grave.

Ah, me! ne'er again may my bosom rejoice.
For my lost love I fain would meet soon,
And fond lovers will weep o'er the grave where we sleep
By thy soft silver light, gentle moon.

Potter County. "This ballad was sung by my mother in her girlhood. She was born in 1837.

"* * * *"

81—THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME

I'm lonesome since I crossed the hill,
And o'er the moor and valley;
Such heavy thoughts my heart do fill,
Since parting with my Sally.
I see no more the fine and gay,
For each does but remind me
How swift the hours did pass away
With the girl I've left behind me.

Oh! ne'er shall I forget the night,
The stars were bright above me,
And gently lent their silvery light,
When first she vowed she loved me.
But now I'm bound to Brighton Camp;
Kind Heaven, may favor find me,
And send me safely back again
To the girl I've left behind me.

The bee shall taste honey no more,
The dove become a ranger,
The dashing waves shall cease to roar,
Ere she's to me a stranger;
The vow we've registered above
Shall ever cheer and bind me
In constancy to her I love,
The girl I've left behind me.

My mind her form shall still retain,
In sleeping or in waking,
Until I see my love again
For whom my heart is breaking.
If ever I should see the day
When Mars shall have resigned me,
Forevermore I'll gladly stay
With the girl I've left behind me.

(This song was originally known as "Brighton Camp," and dates back to 1760.)

Clinton and Lycoming Counties. Collected by Miss Sarah Phillips, McElhattan, Clinton County, 1918.

82—BLUE BONNETS OVER THE BORDER

By Sir Walter Scott

Many a banner spread flutters above your head,
Many a crest that is famous in story;
Mount and make ready, then, sons of the mountain glen,
Fight for your queen and old Scottish glory.

Chorus:
March! March! Ettrick and Teviotdale.
Why, my lads, dinna ye march forward in order?
March! March! Eskdale and Liddesdale,
All the blue bonnets and over the border.

Come from the hills where your hirsels are grazing,
Come from the glen of the buck and the rose.
Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing,
Come with the buckle, the lance and the bow.

Trumpets are sounding, war steeds are bounding,
Stand to your arms and march in good order;
England shall many day tell of the bloody fray,
When the blue bonnets came over the border.

Sung in Clinton County sixty years ago. Collected by Miss Sarah Phillips, McElhattan, Clinton County, 1918.

83—ALFARATA, THE MAID OF JUNIATA

Wild roves an Indian girl—
Bright Alfarata—
Where sweep the waters of
The blue Juniata,
Swift as an antelope, through
The forest going;
Bright are her jetty locks,
In wavy tresses flowing.

Brave is the warrior, bold—
The love of Alfarata—
Proud waves his snowy plume
Along the Juniata;
Firm and true his arrows are,
In their painted quiver,
Swift glides his bark canoe,
Down the rapid river.

Gone are the forests green,
Along that pretty river;
Gone are the birch canoe
And the painted quiver;
Gone is now, that warrior bold—
Gone is Alfarata—
Still flow the waters of
The blue Juniata.

(One of the most popular songs with the Pennsylvania Mountain people. This version collected by John C. French.

84—THE BLUE JUNIATA

Mrs. M. D. Sullivan

Wild roved an Indian girl,
Bright Alfarata,
Where sweep the waters
Of the Blue Juniata.
Swift as an antelope
Through the forest going,
Loose were her jetty locks,
In wavy tresses flowing.

Gay was the mountain song
Of bright Alfarata,
Where sweep the waters
Of the blue Juniata.
"Strong and true my arrows are,
In my painted quiver.
Swift goes my light canoe
Adown the rapid river.

"Bold is my warrior good,
The love of Alfarata.
Proud waves his snowy plume
Along the Juniata.
Soft and low he speaks to me,
And then his war-cry sounding,
Rings his voice in thunder loud,
From height to height resounding."

So sang the Indian girl,
Bright Alfarata,
Where sweep the waters
Of the Blue Juniata.
Fleeting years have borne away
The voice of Alfarata.
Still sweeps the river on,
The blue Juniata.

(Said to have been inspired by a canal-boat journey through the Juniata Valley between Harrisburg and Pittsburg.)

This is more complete than the one I sent you, though second and third verses appear to be mixed, or at least not as I saw them quoted, or as they were sung hereabouts—*John C. French, Potter County.*

85—LULIANA, THE MAID OF SUSQUEHANNA

There is a little cabin as humble as can be,
And it stands upon the banks of Susquehanna,
Where the wild flowers do bloom, and the humming birds do sing;
Dwells the idol of my heart, Luliana.

Refrain:

For she's mild as the eve and as gentle as a dove,
And more graceful than the flowers of Susquehanna;
She is my ideal of an angel on the earth;
She's the idol of my heart—is Luliana.

If I were a fish I would swim by her side,
As she floats down the bold Susquehanna;
Or if I were the wind I would whistle through the sails,
And sport mid the curls of Luliana.

If I were anyone else but myself,
'Tis I would always be beside her.
I would think of her by day, and dream of her by night,
Till I won the heart of Luliana.

(Possibly an offshoot of Alfarata.)

Sung by Dan Elliott, of Roulette, Potter County.

NOTE:—Daniel W. Elliott was born 1853, near source of Oswayo, in Potter County, Pennsylvania, the son of a Civil War soldier who died in the Confederate prison at Andersonville. He learned the old song from his grandmother.—*H. W. S.*

86—JUANITA (Waneta)

Soft o'er the fountain, ling'ring falls the southern moon,
Far o'er the mountain breaks the day too soon,
In thy dark eyes' splendor, where the warm light loves to dwell,
Weary looks, yet tender, speak their fond farewell.
Nita! Juanita!
Ask thy soul if we should part!
Nita! Juanita!
Lean thou on my heart.

When in thy dreaming, moons like this shall shine again,
And daylight beaming, prove thy dreams are vain,
  Wilt thou not, relenting, for thine absent lover sigh,
  In thy heart consenting to a prayer gone by?
    Nita! Juanita!
Let me linger by thy side!
    Nita! Juanita!
Be my own fair bride!

Potter County. This is an old-time song furnished by Myron Hall, of Roulette, 70 years old. We do not know its origin or history—*John C. French.*

87—LORD THOMAS

Lord Thomas he was a bold forester,
  And the keeper of all king's deer.
Fair Eleanor she was a gay lady,
  And Lord Thomas he loved her dear.

"Come riddle, come riddle, dear mother," says he;
  "Come riddle us both as one.
Had I better marry fair Eleanor,
  Or bring the brown girl home?

"The brown girl she has house and lands,
  Fair Eleanor she has none."
"Then, of course, I would advise you by my blessings
  To bring the brown girl home."

Lord Thomas he called his merry men all,
  And dressed them all in white;
And every city that he went through,
  They took him to be some knight.

And when he arrived at fair Eleanor's bower,
  So loud did he rap and ring,
There were none so ready as fair Eleanor herself
  To rise and let him in.

"What news, what news?" fair Eleanor cries;
"What news do you bring unto me?"
"I have come to invite you to my wedding,
"Which is very sad news to me."

"Sad news, sad news," fair Eleanor cries,
Sad news do you bring unto me;
For I intended to be your bride myself,
And now but a guest I'll be."

Fair Eleanor called her merry maids all,
And dressed them all in green,
And every city that she rode through,
They took her to be some queen.

And when she arrived at Thomas' bower,
So loud did she rap and ring,
There were none so ready as Lord Thomas himself
To rise and let her in.

"Is this your bride?" fair Eleanor cried,
"She is most famous **brown.**
You might have had as **fair** a lady
As ever the sun shone on."

"Despise her not," Lord Thomas he cries,
"Despise her not unto me.
For better do I like your little finger
Than her and her whole body."

The brown girl has a knife in her hand,
It being both keen and sharp.
She stabs fair Eleanor in the side,
Which wounds her to the heart.

"What makes you look so pale?" he cries;
"What makes you look so pale?
Your cheeks were once a cherry red,
But now the sweet color has failed."

"Are you blind, are you blind?" fair Eleanor cries,
"Or can't you very well see
That your bride has stabbed me in my side,
And the blod runs down by me?"

Lord Thomas he has a sword in his hand,
  It being both keen and long,
He cut his own dear bride's head off,
  And threw it against the wall.

"Go, dig my grave," Lord Thomas cries;
  "Go dig it both wide and deep,
And place fair Eleanor at my side,
  And the brown girl at my feet."

He placed the sword upon the grass,
  The point benear his heart.
Were there ever three lovers so soon to meet,
  As ever so soon to part?

From fair Eleanor's breast there grew a rose,
  From Lord Thomas' a briar shot.
They climbed and climbed to the mountain top,
  And there tied in a true lover's knot.

Sung by Dan Elliott, who learned it from his grandmother, who lived in Potter County.—*J. C. F.*

88—CHARLIE AND SALLIE

As I walked out one Monday morn,
  One Monday morning early,
It was there I spied a pretty fair maid,
  Lamenting for her Charlie.

"Charlie he's done famous deeds,
  The deeds that's crime to many,
For he stole sixteen of the king's fair steeds
  And sold them in Bohemia.

"Go saddle me the milk-white steed,
  For the brown he's not so speedy,
That I may go to the king's high court,
  And there plead for the life of Charlie."

The king looks over his right shoulder,
  And thus he says to Sally:
"My pretty fair maiden, you've come too late,
  For he's condemned already."

The king looks over his left shoulder,
And thus he says to Charlie:
"By your own confession you must die,
May the Lord have mercy on ye."

As Charlie he marched down the hall,
Where he took leave of many,
But when he took leave of his own true love,
It grieved him the worst of any.

Now, Charles is to be hung with a golden cord,
A cord that ne'er hung any,
For his father was a noble lord,
And he was loved by a royal lady.

This song was sung by Dan Elliott, who learned it from his grandmother, who lived in Potter County.

(This illustrates the saying, "Over the left shoulder.")

I heard also the following added verse:

Charlie was wed in silken robes—
Such robes there are not many—
Because he was of a high degree,
And loved by a royal lady.

Which clearly emphasizes the king's joke.—*John C. French.*

89—JAMES BIRD

Ye sons of Fredom, listen to me,
And ye daughters, too, give ear;
You a sad and mournful story
As ever was told shall hear.
Hull, you know, his troops surrendered,
And defenseless left the West,
We our forces quick assembled,
The invaders to resist.

Tender were the words of parting;
Mothers wrung their hands and cried;
Maidens wept their swains in secret,
Fathers strove their tears to hide.
With the troops that marched to Erie
To protect our west frontiers—
Captain Thomas the commander—
Were our Kingston Volunteers.

There was one among our number,
Tall and graceful in his mien,
Firm his step, his look undaunted,
Scarce a nobler youth was seen.
One sweet kiss he snatched from Mary,
Craved his mother's prayer once more,
Pressed his father's hand and left them
For Lake Erie's distant shore.

Mary tried to say, "Farewell, James,"
Waved her hand, but nothing spoke;
"Good-bye, Bird; may heaven protect you!"
From the rest at parting broke.
Soon they came where gallant Perry
Had assembled all his fleet,
There where gallant Bird enlisted,
Hoping soon the foe to meet.

Where is Bird? The battle rages;
Is he in the fight, or no?
Now the cannon's roar tremendous;
Dare he meet the hostile foe?
See! Behold him there with Perry!
In the selfsame ship they fight;
Though his messmates fall around him,
Nothing can his soul affright.

But, behold! a ball has struck him;
See the crimson current flow!
"Leave the deck!" exclaimed brave Perry;
"No," cried Bird, "I will not go!
Here on deck I took my station,
Ne'er will Bird his colors fly;
I'll stand by you, noble captain,
Till we conquer or we die."

Still he fought, all faint and bleeding,
Till the stars and stripes arose,
Vict'ry having crowned our efforts,
All triumphant o'er our foes.
Then did Bird receive a pension?
Was he to his friends restored?
No! nor to his bosom clasped he
The sweet maid his heart adored.

But there came most dismal tidings
From Lake Erie's distant shore.
Better far if Bird had perished
'Midst the battle's awful roar.
"Dearest parents," read the letter,
"This will bring sad news to you.
Do not mourn your first beloved,
Though this brings his last adieu.

"Read this letter, brother, sister;
'Tis the last you'll have from me.
I must suffer for deserting
From the brig Niagara."
Sad and gloomy was the morning
Bird was ordered out to die;
Where's the breast not dead to pity
But for him would heave a sigh?

See him march and bear his fetters!
Harsh they clank upon his ear;
But his step is firm and manly,
For his heart ne'er harbors fear.
Oh! he fought so brave at Erie,
Freely bled and nobly dared;
Let his courage plead for mercy,
Let his precious life be spared.

See! He kneels upon his coffin,
Sure his death can do no good!
Spare him! Hark! O God, they've shot him;
See his bosom stream with blood.
Farewell, Bird; farewell forever.
Home and friends you'll see no more,
And your mangled corpse lies buried
On Lake Erie's distant shore.

Potter County.—*J. C. F.*

90—THE LITTLE OLD LOG CABIN IN THE LANE

I am getting old and feeble now, I cannot work no more.
I have laid the rusty-bladed hoe to rest;
Old massa and old missus, they are sleeping side by side,
And their spirits now are roaming with the blest.
Things are changed about the place, the darkies all am gone,
And I cannot hear them singing in the cane;
And the only friend that's left me is that little boy of mine
In that little old log cabin in the lane.

There was a happy time to me, not many years ago,
When the darkies used to gather round my door.
They used to sing and dance at night, and play the old banjo,
But alas! they cannot do it any more.
The hinges all are rusty now, the door is tumbling down,
And the roof lets in the sunshine and the rain,
And the only friend that's left me is that little boy of mine,
In that little old log cabin in the lane.

O, daddy, don't you be so sad and melancholy now;
For you there's many happy days in store;
Although you're old and feeble, your boy is young and strong,
And will love and cherish you forever more.
I'll try and do the best I can and make you happy now;
I'll comfort and protect you from all pain,
And the angels they will bless us in our happy little home
In the little old log cabin in the lane.

O child! I am contented, but the day will quickly come
When I'll have to leave this earth forever more;
The angels they will take me from my humble little cot,
And waft me to that bright celestial shore.
But don't despair, let come what may, you will be happy yet,
If from sorrow and bad feeling you refrain,
For the angels sure will bless us in our happy little home
In that little old log cabin in the lane.

"Copied from a back number of the Toledo Blade. This song was very popular in my childhood days, and well known in Pennsylvania. I learned it about 1870.
"* * * *"

"Popular in Clinton County forty years ago."—*W. J. Phillips.*

91—BALLAD OF WYOMING MASSACRE

By Uriah Terry, About 1780

Kind Heaven, assist the trembling Muse,
While she attempts to tell
Of poor Wyoming's overthrow,
By savage sons of hell.

One hundred whites, in painted hue,
Whom Butler there did lead,
Supported by a barb'rous crew
Of the fierce savage breed.

The last of June the siege began,
And several days it held,
While many a brave and valiant man
Lay slaughtered on the field.

Our troops marched out from Forty Fort,
The third day of July;
Three hundred strong, they marched along,
The fate of war to try.

But, oh, alas! three hundred men
Is much too small a band
To meet eight hundred men complete,
And make a glorious stand.

Four miles they marched from the Fort
Their enemy to meet.
Too far indeed did Butler lead
To kep a safe retreat.

And now the fatal hour is come—
They bravely charge the foe,
And they with ire returned the fire
Which proved our overthrow.

Some minutes they sustained the fire,
But ere they were aware
They were encompassed all around,
Which proved a fatal snare.

And then they did attempt to fly,
But all was now in vain;
Their little host—by far the most—
Was by those Indians slain.

And as they fly, for quarters cry;
Oh, hear, indulgent Heav'n!
Hard to relate—their dreadful fate,
No quarters must be given.

With bitter cries and mournful sighs
They seek some safe retreat,
Run here and there, they know not where,
Till awful death they meet.

Their piercing cries salute the skies—
Mercy is all their cry:
"Our souls prepare God's grace to share,
We instantly must die."

Some men yet found are flying round
Sagacious to get clear;
In vain to fly, their foes too nigh!
They front them flank and rear.

And now the foe hath won the day,
Methinks their words are these:
"Ye cursed, rebel, Yankee race,
Will this your Congress please?

"Your pardons crave, you them shall have;
Behold them in our hands;
We'll all agree to set you free
By dashing out your brains.

"And as for you, enlisted crew,
We'll raise your honors higher:
Pray turn your eye, where you must lie,
In yonder burning fire."

Then naked in those flames they're cast,
Too dreadful 'tis to tell,
Where they must fry, and burn, and die,
While cursed Indians yell.

Nor son nor sire these tigers spare—
The youth, and hoary head,
Were, by those monsters, murdered there,
And numbered with the dead.

Methinks I hear some sprightly youth
His mournful state condole;
"O, that my tender parents knew
The anguish of my soul.

"But, oh! there's none to save my life,
Or heed my dreadful fear;
I see the tomahawk and knife
And the more glittering spear.

"When, years ago, I dandled was
Upon my parents' knees,
I little thought I should be brought
To feel such pangs as these.

"I hoped for many a joyful day,
I hoped for riches' store—
These golden dreams are fled away;
I straight shall be no more.

"Farewell, fond mother; late I was
Locked up in your embrace;
Your heart would ache, and even break,
If you should know my case.

"Farewell, indulgent parents dear,
I must resign my breath;
I now must die, and here must lie,
In the cold arms of death.

"For, oh, the fatal hour is come—
I see the bloody knife.
The Lord have mercy on my soul!"
And quick resigned his life.

A doleful theme; yet, pensive Muse,
Pursue the doleful theme;
It is no fancy to delude,
Nor transitory dream.

The Forty Fort was the resort
For mother and for child,
To save them from the cruel rage
Of the fierce savage wild.

Now, when the news of this defeat
Had sounded in our ears,
You well may know our dreadful woe
And our foreboding fears.

A doleful sound is whispered round,
The sun now hides his head;
The nightly gloom forbodes our doom,
We all shall soon be dead.

How can we bear the dreadful spear,
The tomahawk and knife?
And if we run, the awful gun
Will rob us of our life.

But Heaven! Kind Heaven! Propitious power!
His hand we must adore;
He did assuage the savage rage,
That they should kill no more.

The gloomy night now gone and past,
The sun returns again.
The little birds from every bush
Seem to lament the slain.

With aching hearts and trembling hands
We walked here and there,
Till through the northern pines we saw
A flag approaching near.

Some men were chose to meet this flag,
Our colonel was the chief,
Who soon returned, and in his mouth
He brought an olive leaf.

This olive leaf was granted life,
But then we must no more
Pretend to fight with Britain's king
Until the wars are o'er.

And now poor Westmoreland is lost,
Our forts are all resigned,
Our buildings they are all on fire—
What shelter can we find?

They did agree in black and white,
If we'd lay down our arms,
That all who pleased might quietly
Remain upon their farms.

But, oh! they've robbed us of our all,
They've taken all our life,
And we'll rejoice and bless the Lord
If this may end the strife.

And now I've told my mournful tale,
I hope you'll all agree
To help our cause and break the jaws
Of cruel tyranny.

Sung by John and Matthew McHenry and other deer hunters in the North Mountain. (Published in Miner's History of Wyoming, 1843.)

92—SONG OF OLD POTTER

Centennial Year, 1904

By Belle Haskell

Sing, O muse of the mountains,
In rhythm rugged and vibrant!
Sing to the music of streamlets,
That leaping down from hillsides
Into the valleys sequestered—
Valleys where freedom was cradled—
Made them rejoice by their presence.
Sing of a pioneer people,
Strong in the courage of freedom,
With hearts by hardships undaunted;

Sturdy of limb as the oak trees
Clothing the verdurous mountain;
Lovers of nature untrammeled,
Seeking this land of rich promise,
Its health-giving air and the water
That flowed from emerald chalice,
Deep hidden in forests unbroken.
Land of the hemlock and the pine!
Along whose far-flung border line
The Susquehanna's waters roll
O'er rock-strewn bed and sunken shoal;
Whose verdant hills with smiling plain,
Rich with the gold of bearded grain,
Beneath the blue of bending sky,
Steeped in the wine of summer lie!

A hundred times since thy career
Was first begun, O Potter dear,
The winter's cold has locked thy rills,
The May has whitened all thy hills,
The summer's promise been fulfilled,
And wild grapes' purple blood distilled.
Now at the century mark you stand,
Our hill-girt home! Our native land!
A people rude, with ways uncouth,
Full of the lusty fire of youth,
The silence of thy forests broke,
With blows resounding, stroke on stroke,
The giant monarchs of the wood,
That through long ages firm had stood,
Shuddered from foot to leafy crown
And overthrown, came crashing down.
In maple grove or beechen glade,
Where dancing sunbeams lightly played,
Close by some sparkling mountain stream,
Was hewed the log and shaped the beam
For structure rude whose walls were reared
Of hoary hemlocks, seamed and seared.
Whose chimney, built of stone and clay,
Stood a lone sentinel, gaunt and gray.

Behind the rustic cabin loomed
The somber hills, where shadows gloomed;
Before it in the sunshine lay
The half-cleared fields in rough array—

With blackened stumps, half hid from view
By blackberry vines that rampant grew
Where'er the ruthless woodsman strayed
With lighted brand or shining blade.
Where high-heaped logs had lately burned,
And night to lurid day had turned,
The soil was stirred with crude plowshare,
The seed was sown with watchful care—
The hardy rye, the corn, the wheat—
For summer passed with footsteps fleet,
And short the season to mature
Aught that could not the frosts endure.
Each cabin home was kingdom small,
Where love and peace reigned over all.
The birds, the bees, the swaying trees,
Respondent to each passing breeze;
The winds that blew o'er ferny beds,
And bowed the fragrant clover-heads,
Were handmaids of the pioneer,
And brought him health and simple cheer.

Reliant, sturdy, strong and bold—
The conquering pioneers of old!
Their memory in our hearts we hold,
Prized far above the richest gold.
Enshrined it lies in setting rare—
Honor and love for those who dare—
Richer gems can ne'er be found
To set their sacred memory 'round.
The dim, sweet silence of the wood;
The majesty of hills that stood
With heads high-lifted in the air;
The loneliness of woodlands bare—
When sunlight fell with ghastly gleam
On fields deserted, frozen stream—
All sank within the settler's heart,
And he became as one apart.

Sing of the sons of old Potter,
Who sprang at the call of their country;
From valleys remote and from hamlets,
They answered the call of the bugle
That woke the slumbering echoes
And startled the deer in the woodland.
Bravely they shouldered their muskets—

Fought where the battle was thickest,
Fell on the sward of the Southland,
Dead! Yet living forever.
When, like the sweeping of a lyre,
Secession touched his heart with fire,
Gone was the man of silent moods,
Reared in the shadow of the woods,
And in his place a patriot stood,
His only thought his country's good.
"His country!" By those words he meant
Home, happiness and freedom blent.
Like a sudden flash of flame,
The news of Sumter northward came,
And every loyal heart and hand
Was at its country's quick command.
When April days to June had grown,
And ruddy campfires brightly shone,
Within the Old Domain's confine
Our hill-born heroes stood in line.
Four times the sweet June roses shed
Their blood-red petals o'er the dead,
Before returned the living few
Of those who wore the army blue.
High on the sacred scroll of fame
They wrote their much-loved Potter's name.
Laurel, then, each lowly bed!
Crown the living and the dead!

Though labeled "Song," this is an epic of a county for 100 years, from pioneer to patriots, an Iliad of the time with the heroes unnamed. They were many.

On July 4, 1904, Miss Belle Haskell, a daughter of Edwin Haskell, then owner of the *Potter County* Journal, read this beautiful review of a century, and the school children sang it for some years.—*J. C. F.*

93—AMERICA'S CALL

A Song That Will Live

By Major William G. Murdock, U. S. A., Chief of Draft for Pennsylvania, World War—For the Flag-Raising at the Milton Manufacturing Company, on April 13, 1917

America! Arise! Awake!
Humanity calls for thee to take
The lead in fighting for her sake!

The ruthless Kaiser claims the seas
Hold none except his enemies!
Rise up and bring him to his knees!

In seventy-six our fathers fought
For freedom which a monarch sought
To steal from them by might and haught!
Full well they fought, and well they died,
Till liberty rose up and cried,
"This land's my own! My very pride!"

And later on, when foreign might
Claimed upon the seas the right
To drive our commerce from its sight,
We proved we still knew how to fight!

Then on the plains of Mexico
We well remembered the Alamo!

Americans! All! Remember still
The Union stands, and ever will!
And thoughts of Grant and Lee shall fill
Each heart with patriotic thrill!

Then Cuba called, but called in vain
Until the sinking of the Maine
Brought out our patriotism again,
And we freed her from the bonds of Spain!

Poor Belgium cried! We heeded not;
We feared that awful melting-pot,
Where madness reigns, and Christ's forgot!

Today we are ourselves again!
Our rights we will, we must maintain!
To falter now we do disdain!

Ours the duty to cleanse the stain
That's caused humanity to writhe in pain!

94—DOWN IN A COAL MINE

I am a jovial collier lad, and blithe as blithe can be,
For let the times be good or bad, they're all the same to me;
'Tis little of the world I know, and care less for its ways,
For where the dog-star never glows, I wear away my days.

Chorus:

Down in a coal mine, underneath the ground,
Where a gleam of sunshine never can be found;
Digging dusky diamonds all the season round,
Down in a coal mine, underneath the ground.

My hands are horny, hard and black, with working in the vein,
And like the clothes upon my back, my speech is rough and plain;
Well, if I stumble with my tongue, I've one excuse to say,
'Tis not the collier's heart that's wrong, 'tis the head that goes astray.

At every shift, be 't soon or late, I haste my bread to earn,
And anxiously my kindred wait and watch for my return,
For death, that levels all alike, whate'er their rank may be,
Amid the fire and damp may strike, and fling his darts at me.

How little do the great ones care, who sit at home secure,
What hidden dangers colliers dare, what hardships they endure.
The very fires their mansions boast, to cheer themselves and wives,
Mayhaps were kindled at the cost of jovial colliers' lives.

Then cheer up, lads, and make the most of every joy you
can;
But let your mirth be always such as best becomes a man.
However fortune turns about, we'll still be jovial souls.
What would our country be without the lads that look for
coals?

(Potter County. Copied from an old song book owned by Jack Goodall, of Roulette.)

FRAGMENTS

95—YOUNG SANDY

(Fragment collected by John H. Chatham, "Bard of Central Pennsylvania," who heard it from his father, John H. Chatham, Sr., born 1808, who in turn heard it from his grandmother, born in Armagh, Ireland, about 1765.)

The moon had climbed the highest hill
That rises o'er the source of Dee;
And from its eastern summit shed
Its light o'er spar and tree.

96—KEATING TOWN

Collected by H. W. S. (Sung by John Q. Dyce.)

Whoever comes to this curst place,
Stavation waits him here.
This is not fit for man or beast,
Or birds of prey, I swear.

97—CANAL BOAT SONG

(Sung by John Q. Dyce)

I hired on a Shawny boat,* a dollar-forty-nine,
If you don't work for this cap, you'll never get your time.

I went down in the cabin to draw a pint of cider.
There I saw a bedbug scrapping with a spider.

Chorus—Backing, backing, then you needs the backing.
When you want to have a fight, then you needs the backing.

*A Shawny boat was a canal boat without a cabin.

98—GOAT HILL

Pennsylvania Dutch dialect song, sung by Davie Shaffer, Clinton County, 1850. Sung by John Q. Dyce, 1900:

They had a cattle show
On Goat Hill, on Goat Hill,
They had a cattle show
And I did like to go,
For noddings but girls dey show
On Goat Hill, on Goat Hill.
The girls dare was fat as hogs,
Und dey were lyin' among der logs,
Und dey would kiss like cats und dogs,
On Goat Hill, on Goat Hill.
I kissed one Fanny Reed
On Goat Hill, on Goat Hill.
I kissed one Katie Tweed,
On Goat Hill, on Goat Hill.
I kissed one Jenny Knopp,
On Goat Hill, on Goat Hill,
I kissed one Jenny Knopp,
And here I'd better stop,
For I kissed dem all, effery one,
On Goat Hill, on Goat Hill.

99—THE YANKEE COMBINATION

(Sung by John Q. Dyce, 1900. Collected by H. W. S.)

First Verse and Chorus

Of all the mighty nations in the East and in the West,
This Yankee Combination is the greatest and the best.
Oh, come along, come without delay,
Come from every nation, come from every way.
Our land is broad enough, do not have alarm,
For Uncle Sam is rich enough to buy us all a farm.

* * * *

Of all the rushing water powers which course along our hills
Are only used for washing sheep and running Yankee mills.
Oh, come along, come without delay,
Come from every nation, come from every way,
Our land is broad enough, do not have alarm,
For Uncle Sam is rich enough to buy us all a farm.

100—Fragment given to H. W. S. by John H. Chatham, 1918:

Once around went our gallant ship,
And twice around went she.
Three times around went our gallant ship,
And she sank to the bottom of the sea, the sea, the sea.

101—Fragment given to H. W. S. by John H. Chatham, 1918:

Singing row, we will row, o'er the waters so blue,
Like a feather we'll float in our gum-tree canoe.

102—Mr. Chatham tells of another old song where the ghost of drowned lover appears to girl at night. It is possibly a variation of "Sweet William's Ghost," from Allan Ramsay's "Tea Table Miscellany."

103—CONSTANCY

Oh! lovely Delia, virtuous, fair;
  Believe me now your only dear.
I'd not exchange my happy state
  For all the wealth of all the great.

Fragment from Potter County, from John C. French.

104—ROVING JOE

Wherever you may wander,
  And taste the nation's bounty,
You'll find there is no place on earth
  Like good old Potter County.

Fragment submitted by Ed. Irvin, formerly of Potter County, 1918. A prime favorite in the Black Forest lumber camps. Who will supply the remaining stanzas?—*H. W. S.*

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