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Long-Playing Record L57

CHILD BALLADS TRADITIONAL IN THE UNITED STATES

Edited by

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Preface

All the songs on this and the following long-playing record (L58) are members, circulating within recent decades in various parts of the United States, of the classic and authoritative canon of traditional narrative-songs of English and Scottish growth now universally known as the "Child Ballads," after the great nineteenth-century scholar who first assembled and edited them: Professor Francis James Child of Harvard University. Child had a vast and historic knowledge of balladry, defying barriers of language and ranging familiarly through the centuries. After the most strenuous efforts, prolonged for decades, to recover every record of value, he concluded that only a handful were still traditionally alive. What would have been his delighted amazement to learn -- a fact that has been discovered only in our own century and which is spectacularly demonstrated in the Archive of Folk Song -- is that scores of his chosen ballads are even today being sung in strictly traditional forms, not learned from print, across the length and breadth of this country, in variants literally innumerable! The aim of the present selection is to display some of the Archive's riches, a representative cross-section from the hundreds of Child variants collected by many interested field workers and now safely garnered in the Library of Congress.

References for Study: Professor Child set forth his ballad canon in the monumental English and Scottish Popular Ballads (Boston, Houghton, Mifflin, 1882-1898, 10 parts in 5 volumes; reprinted in 3 volumes, New York, Folklore Press, 1956). Mention should also be made of the useful one-volume abridgement of the complete work, the "Student's Cambridge Edition," prepared by Helen Child Sargent and George Lyman Kittredge (Boston, Houghton, Mifflin, 1904).

The music of the ballads, a subject receiving scant attention in Child's time, was first extensively collected and published by the British scholar, Cecil J. Sharp, whose English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians (London, Oxford, 1932, 2 volumes; reprinted 1952) contains more than 350 American tunes for 45 of the Child ballads. A full compendium of the extant melodies, B.H. Bronson's The Traditional Tunes of the Child Ballads with Their Texts (Princeton), is currently in preparation. The first volume, printing close to 1,000 tunes for ballads 1-53, was published in 1959.

The number of important books and articles on traditional balladry, particularly the Child ballads, is much more extensive than can be suggested here. An effective key to much of it, however, is the "Critical, Bibliographical Study of the Traditional Ballads of America," which forms the major part of Tristram P. Coffin's book, The British Ballad in North America (Philadelphia, American Folklore Society, 1950).

For those interested in reading more about Child's life and lifework, the eighth chapter of Sigurd Hustvedt's Ballad Books and Ballad Men (Cambridge, Harvard, 1930) is heartily recommended.

THE TWO SISTERS
(Child No. 10)

A1

[(c) Sung by Jean Ritchie of Viper, Kentucky, 1946. Recorded by Artus Moser.]

"The Two Sisters" has been very popular among Scandinavians and English-speaking people for many generations. It tells a tragic story of sisterly jealousy and murder; but when it first appeared in print, about the middle of the seventeenth century, it had already been refashioned for burlesque uses; and, judging by its widespread employment in this country at "play-parties" as a dancing-song during the last hundred years or so, it has not been taken with complete seriousness in later times.

In a less sceptical era, the song seems to have contained a strong infusion of the supernatural, involving a primitive belief that a departed spirit may take up residence in other physical forms, -- in birds, animals, or plants, or even retain the power of utterance through some more enduring part of its former human domicile, as bones or hair. So here, the body of the drowned sister, transformed into a tree, could be fashioned into a musical instrument which revealed the guilt of the murderess at the latter's wedding. In a more fanciful version, from eighteenth-century Scotland, a harper comes by the miller's dam, looks upon the drowned beauty with compassion and strings his harp with three locks of her yellow hair, which thereupon reveal the secret --

For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ.

Miss Ritchie's version is a good example of the ballad as commonly sung in the southern half of the United States. The repeating lines and full refrain reduce the burden of memory and enable the singers to give most of the attention to the dance. The refrain, though irrelevant, has been associated with the ballad for at least a century, and certainly alleviates the sombre cast of the narrative -- an effect which is furthered by the gay and lilting tune.

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1. There lived an old lord by the Northern Sea
Bow down
There lived an old lord by the Northern Sea
Bow your bend to me
There lived an old lord by the Northern Sea
And he had daughters, one, two, three
I'll be true to my love
If my love will be true to me.

2. A young man came a-courting there,
Bow down
A young man came a-courting there,
Bow your bend to me
A young man came a-courting there,
And he took choice of the youngest fair,
I'll be true to my love
If my love will be true to me.
3. He gave the youngest a gay gold ring,
Bow down
He gave the youngest a gay gold ring,
Bow your bend to me
He gave the youngest a gay gold ring,
The oldest not a single thing,
I'll be true to my love
If my love will be true to me.
4. O sister, o sister, let us walk out,
Bow down
O sister, o sister, let us walk out,
Bow your bend to me
O sister, o sister, let us walk out,
To where the ships go sailing about,
I'll be true to my love
If my love will be true to me.
5. As they walked by the salty brim,
Bow down
As they walked by the salty brim,
Bow your bend to me
As they walked by the salty brim,
The oldest pushed the youngest in,
I'll be true to my love
If my love will be true to me.
6. O sister, o sister, lend me your hand,
Bow down
O sister, o sister, lend me your hand,
Bow your bend to me
O sister, o sister, lend me your hand,
And I will give you my house and land,
I'll be true to my love
If my love will be true to me.
7. I'll neither lend you hand nor glove,
Bow down
I'll neither lend you hand nor glove,
Bow your bend to me
I'll neither lend you hand nor glove,
But I will have your own true love,
I'll be true to my love
If my love will be true to me.

8. Down she sank and away she swam,
Bow down
Down she sank and away she swam,
Bow your bend to me
O, down she sank and away she swam,
Into the miller's pond she ran,
I'll be true to my love
If my love will be true to me.
9. O miller, o miller, go draw your dam,
Bow down
O miller, o miller, go draw your dam,
Bow your bend to me
O miller, o miller, go draw your dam,
Here's either a mermaid or a swan,
I'll be true to my love
If my love will be true to me.
10. He robbed her of her gay gold ring,
Bow down
He robbed her of her gay gold ring,
Bow your bend to me
He robbed her of her gay gold ring,
And then he pushed her in again,
I'll be true to my love
If my love will be true to me.

EDWARD
(Child No. 13)

A2

[(a) Sung by Mrs. Crockett Ward at Galax, Virginia, 1941.
Recorded by Alan Lomax.]

This famous ballad cannot be traced farther back than the copy transmitted to Percy by Sir David Dalrymple and published in the Reliques in 1765; but the unique artistry of that copy, in contrast to the later traditional forms wherever found, argues for an almost inspired rehandling of the traditional matter behind it. The dramatic suspense and final climactic disclosure of the mother's guilt are unmatched in the whole range of balladry. Cf. Archer Taylor's Edward and Sven i Rosengard; University of Chicago Press, 1931, and B.H. Bronson's "Edward, Edward. A Scottish Ballad," on pages 1-13, with a footnote on pages 159-161 of the Southern Folklore Quarterly; vol. IV, 1940, for detailed analysis.

Mrs. Ward's version is typical of the Appalachian tradition for this ballad, in the straightforward resolution of the narrative, once the central fact has been admitted. The periphrastic expression for "never" in the last stanza is

commonplace in the folk-idiom, yet here it is not trusted to convey its message uninterpreted. What the meaning of "galligary" or "gallogray" may be escapes this commentator but it is probably an innocent corruption of some familiar word or compound -- such as "gallant gray." The singer obviously relies on its dependability as a word above challenge. The late Phillips Barry tried to rescue from triviality the cause of the fratricide by assuming a metaphorical reference to a girl, probably a sister; but this interpretation, while barely possible, is far from necessary.

All but one or two of the known traditional tunes for this ballad are from American singers; all are of the present century.

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1. How come that blood all over your coat,
My son, come tell unto me.
It is the blood that galligary hawk ('v)
That flies across the field.
2. That galligary hawk's blood was never so red
My son, come tell unto me.
It is the blood that galligary hound ('v)
That hunts the woods with me.
3. That galligary hound's blood was never so red,
My son, come tell unto me.
It is the blood that galligary mare ('v)
I used to ride so gay.
4. That galligary mare's blood was never so red
My son, come tell unto me.
It is the blood my own dear brother ('v)
That used to go with me.
5. What'd you and him fall out about,
My son, come tell unto me.
'Bout cutting down yon hazelnut tree
What caused it for to be.
6. What'll you do when your daddy comes home,
My son, come tell unto me.
I'll set my foot in yander ship
I'll sail across the sea.
7. What'll you do with your pretty little wife,
My son, come tell unto me.
She'll set her foot in yander ship
And sail along with me.

8. What'll you do with your children three,
 My son, come tell unto me.
 I'll leave them here along with you
 To bear you company.
 I'll leave them here along with you
 To bear you company.
9. When ya comin' back,
 My son, come tell unto me.
 When the sun and the moon sets in the north hills
 I'm sure that'll never be.
 When the sun and the moon sets in the north hills
 I'm sure that'll never be.

SIR LIONEL
 (Child No. 18)

A3

[(b) "Wild Boar." Sung by Samuel Harmon near Maryville, Tennessee, 1939. Recorded by Herbert Halpert.]

This is the most interesting version of the ballad of "Sir Lionel" that has been discovered in this country. Mr. Harmon learned it from hearing his father sing it but its track has not been followed further. In its outlines it is quite like Child's C text, "The Jovial Hunter of Bromsgrove," collected in Worcestershire about 1845. All the other traditional American variants take a different tack, and appear to derive from a jolly song, "Sir Eglamore," launched apparently by Samuel Rowlands in the first quarter of the seventeenth century. The latter song is a consciously comic account of a knight's encounter with a dragon, which is further simplified in traditional singing to a ludicrous fight between "Bangum" and a boar, without any subsidiary characters or complications, but with an onomatopoeic refrain. Cf. the following version.

Harmon's version, in spite of its naiveté, preserves remarkable traces of ancient romance in the shadowy and unexplained appearance of the "witch-wife" and the "pretty girl." In older copies, the latter has been treed by fear of the wild boar which is owned by the witch and which has vanquished the lady's lord and all other comers. A mutilated form of the ballad, based on old romance materials, survives in Percy's famous folio MS, ca. 1640. Enough is left to show that the knight endures more than one encounter, is wounded, but rescues the lady, slays the boar and its owner, a giant (or a "wild woman" in later copies). All ends happily. A

song along these lines also survived in England until after the First World War, when it was found along the Thames by A. Williams (Folk Songs of the Upper Thames; London, Duckworth, 1923; p. 118).

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1. Abram Bailey he'd three sons
Blow your horn, Center.
And he is to the wildwood gone
Just like a jovial hunter.
2. As he marched down the greenwood side
Blow your horn, Center.
A pretty girl there he spied
As he was a jovial hunter.
3. There is a wild boar all in these woods
Blow your horn, Center.
He slew the lord and his forty men
As you are the jovial hunter.
4. How can I this wild boar see?
Blow your horn, Center.
Wind up your horn and he'll come to you
As you are the jovial hunter.
5. He wound his horn unto his mouth
Blow your horn, Center.
He blew East, North, West, and South
As he was a jovial hunter.
6. The wild boar heared him unto his den
Blow your horn, Center.
He made the oak and ash down far to bend
As he was a jovial hunter.
7. They fit three hours by the day
Blow your horn, Center.
And at length he this wild boar slay
As he was a jovial hunter.
8. As he marched by the mouth of the wild boar's den
Blow your horn, Center.
He saw the bones of five hundred men
As he was a jovial hunter.
9. He meets the old witch-wife on the bridge
Blow your horn, Center.
Begone, you rogue, you've killed my pig
As you are the jovial hunter.

10. They is three things I crave of thee
Blow your horn, Center.
Your hawk, your hound, and your gay ladie
As you are the jovial hunter.
11. These three things you'll not have of me
Blow your horn, Center.
Neither hawk, nor hound, nor gay ladie
As you are the jovial hunter.
12. He split the old witch-wife to the chin
Blow your horn, Center.
And on his way he went agin,
Just like a jovial hunter.

A4

[(a) "Bangum and the Boar." Sung by G.D. Vowell at Harlan, Kentucky, 1937. Recorded by Alan and Elizabeth Lomax.]

See the preceeding note, A3.

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1. There's a wild boar in these woods,
Down a dillum down a dillum
There's a wild boar in these woods,
Down a dillum, cuddly down
Caddy-o squam.
2. He'll eat your meat and he'll drink your blood,
Down a dillum down a dillum
He'll eat your meat and he'll drink your blood,
And drag your bones around through the woods
Down a dillum, cuddly down
Caddy-o squam.
3. Old Bangum drew with his wooden knife
Down a dillum down a dillum
Old Bangum drew with his wooden knife
He swore he'd take this wild boar's life,
Down a dillum, cuddly down
Caddy-o squam.
4. How is a body to find him?
Down a dillum down a dillum
How is a body to find him?
Down a dillum cuddly down
Caddy-o squam.

5. Just clap your horn to your mouth
Down a dillum down a dillum
Just clap your horn to your mouth
And blow a blast both North and South
Down a dillum, cuddly down
Caddy-o squam.
6. Old Bangum clapped his horn to his mouth
Down a dillum down a dillum
Old Bangum clapped his horn to his mouth
And he blew a blast both North and South
Down a dillum, cuddly down
Caddy-o squam.
7. The wild boar came with such a dash
Down a dillum down a dillum
The wild boar came with such a dash
That he cut his way through oak and ash
Down a dillum, cuddly down
Caddy-o squam.
8. They fought four hours of the day
Down a dillum down a dillum
They fought four hours of the day
And at last the wild boar went away
Down a dillum, cuddly down
Caddy-o squam.
9. Old Bangum followed him to the mouth of his den
Down a dillum down a dillum
Old Bangum followed him to the mouth of his den
And he saw the bones of a thousand men
Down a dillum, cuddly down
Caddy-o squam.
10. He rolled a stone in the mouth of the wild boar's den
Down a dillum down a dillum
He rolled a stone in the mouth of the wild boar's den
To save the life of a thousand men
Down a dillum, cuddly down
Caddy-o squam.

KING JOHN AND THE BISHOP
(Child No. 45)

A5

[(a) "The Bishop of Canterbury." Sung by Warde H. Ford at
Central Valley, California, 1938. Recorded by Sidney Robert-
son Cowell.]

Half-a-dozen of the ballads in Child's collection turn on the setting riddles to be answered either on pain of heavy forfeit or in hope of high reward. The story suggested in the present one exists in many shapes, both oriental and occidental, and can be followed back to the early Middle Ages. The English ballad has been long a favorite and has been well preserved, thanks partly to its appearance in printed broadsides from the seventeenth century onward. But it is not common in the United States. The fine copy here recorded probably went West from the loggers of the Maine Woods to Wisconsin, whence it was brought to California by the present singer when he came to work on the great Shasta Dam. He learned it and other Child ballads from his mother, in Crandon, Wisconsin.

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1. A story, a story, a story anon
I'll tell unto thee concerning King John
He had a great mind for to make himself merry
So he called for the Bishop of Canterbury
Lolli-doll-lay, Lolli-doll-luddy-tri-ol-de-dum-day.
2. Good morning, good morning, the old king did say
I've called you to ask you questions three
And if you don't answer them all right
Your head shall be taken from your body quite.
Lolli-doll-lay, Lolli-doll-luddy-tri-ol-de-dum-day.
3. My first question is, and that without doubt
How long I'll be travelling this whole world about
And the next question is when I sit in state
With my gold crown upon my pate
And all the nobility join in great mirth
You must tell to one penny just what I am worth.
Lolli-doll-lay, Lolli-doll-luddy-tri-ol-de-dum-day.
4. And the last question is and when I do wink
You must tell to me presently what I do think
Lolli-doll-lay, Lolli-doll-luddy-tri-ol-de-dum-day.
5. As the old bishop was returning home
He met his young shepherd and him all alone
Good morning, good morning, the young man did say,
What news do you bring from the old King today?
Lolli-doll-lay, Lolli-doll-luddy-tri-ol-de-dum-day.

6. O very bad news, the old bishop did say,
The King has asked me questions three
And if I don't answer them all right
My head shall be taken from my body quite.
Lolli-doll-lay, Lolli-doll-luddy-tri-ol-de-dum-day.
7. Well, I'm sorry a man of such learning as thee
Can't go back and answer the king's questions three
But if you will lend me a suit of apparel
I'll go to King John and settle the quarrel.
Lolli-doll-lay, Lolli-doll-luddy-tri-ol-de-dum-day.
8. A suit of apparel I freely will give
And ten thousand pounds as sure as you live
And now the young shepherd has gone to King John
To settle the quarrel that he had begun.
Lolli-doll-lay, Lolli-doll-luddy-tri-ol-de-dum-day.
9. Good morning, good morning, the young shepherd did say,
I've called to answer your questions three
Your first question is and that without doubt
How long you'll be travelling this whole world about
If you start with the sun and you travel the same
In twenty-four hours you'll come back again.
Lolli-doll-lay, Lolli-doll-luddy-tri-ol-de-dum-day.
10. The next question is when you sit in state
With your gold crown upon your pate
And all the nobility join in great (mirth)
I'm to tell to one penny just what you are worth.
Lolli-doll-lay, Lolli-doll-luddy-tri-ol-de-dum-day.
11. For thirty gold pieces our dear Lord was sold
By those old Jews so brazen and bold
And for twenty-nine pieces I think you'll just do
For I'm sure he was one piece better than you.
Lolli-doll-lay, Lolli-doll-luddy-tri-ol-de-dum-day.
12. The last question is and when you do wink
I'm to tell to you presently what you do think
And that I will do if 't will make your heart merry
You think I'm the Bishop of Canterbury.
Lolli-doll-lay, Lolli-doll-luddy-tri-ol-de-dum-day.
13. And that I am not as is very well known
I am his young shepherd and him all alone
Go tell the old bishop, go tell him for me
That his young shepherd has outwitted me.
Lolli-doll-lay, Lolli-doll-luddy-tri-ol-de-dum-day.

YOUNG BEICHAN
(Child No. 53)

B1

[(b) "Lord Bateman." Sung by Aunt Molly Jackson of Clay County, Kentucky at New York, N.Y., 1935. Recorded by Alan Lomax and Mary Elizabeth Barnicle.]

This ballad, a counterpart with the roles reversed of the very early medieval romance of "Hind Horn," plays variations on a theme far-flung and favorite in the Middle Ages. Many heroes are said to have had comparable adventures in the East, and the legend has even been attached to the father of St. Thomas à Becket. The best forms of the ballad are eighteenth-century Scottish; but in the middle of the nineteenth century it was adopted into the repertory of the English music-hall as a comic Cockney song, where it had considerable vogue. Adorned with rough cuts by Cruikshank, it also circulated in print (1839). Hind Horn had a magic ring to tell him of danger, and in earlier forms of Young Beichan, Bichan, Brechin, or Bekie, the Turkish Lady received supernatural warning of her lover's imminent defection; but in the nineteenth-century simple longing is sufficient motivation for her voyage, and luck guides her to the right destination.

For the most part, the musical tradition so far as it is now known, is strong and relatively consistent, full of interest and grave charm.

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1. (Lord) Bateman lived in old England bower
He had moneys of high degree
He could not rest nor be contented
Till he had taken a voyage across the sea.
2. He sailed east and he sailed the west long
He sailed and he came to the Turkish shore
And there the Turks put him in prison
His home he expected to see no more.
3. These Turks they had one lovely daughter
She thought herself of a high degree
Saying what would you give to a Turkish lady
From these iron bands to be set free.
4. Kind miss, I have fine houses in London
And I have money of a high degree
I'll give my land and all my living
From these iron bands to be set free.

5. She stole the keys from her father's prison
And vowed Lord Bateman she would free
She took him to her father's houses
And glasses of wine she drew him three.
6. She took him to her nicest parlor
Drew him a glass of the strongest wine
And now she vowed and she vowed unto him
What would I give if you was mine.
7. If seven long years you'll make a vow, sir,
Let the date be thirty-three
If you'll marry no other woman
No other man can marry me.
8. For seven long years they made a vow then
The date was thirty-three
She gathered up her gay fine clothing
And vowed Lord Bateman she would see.
9. She sailed east and she sailed west then
She sailed till she came to the Bateman shore
Then she rode up unto fine houses
Who lived there she did not know.
10. Is this Lord Bateman's castle?
Or is Lord Bateman not at home?
Yes, he's here and all his company
He has today his bride brought home.
11. Go tell him to bring me a loaf of bread, sir
And draw me a glass of the strongest wine
And ask him if he don't remember
Who freed him from his prison fine.
12. Lord Bateman rose from where he was sitting
His face was shining white like snow
Saying if I had my Turkish lady
With her dear love I'm bound to go.
13. If that is my Turkish lady
She's crossed the roaring sea for me
If it's her I must go with her
I can never stay with thee.
14. Oh ma'am, oh ma'am, I married your daughter
I'm sure she's none of the worse by me
I brought her on a horse and saddle
I'll send her back in coaches three.

B2

[(c) "Lloyd Bateman." Sung by Mrs. Mary Sullivan at Shafter, California, 1940. Recorded by Charles L. Todd and Robert Sonkin.]

See the preceding note, B1.

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1. There was a gentleman on the coast of Georgia
And he was a gentleman of a high degree
He never, never could rest contented
Till he had taken a voyage at sea.
2. He sailed east and he sailed west
He sailed till he came to the Turkish shore
And there he was caught and put in prison
No hopes of freedom any more.
3. This jailor had but an only daughter
As fair a one as ever you see
She stole the keys from her father's harbor
And says Lloyd Bateman I'll set free.
4. Have you houses and have you land
And have you a living of high degree
That you would give to a fair young lady
If out of prison would set you free.
5. I have houses and I have land
And I have a living of high degree
That I would give to a fair young lady
Who out of prison would set me free.
6. She taken him down to her father's cellar
And there she gave him wine so strong
And every drink she gave unto him
She wished Lloyd Bateman was her own.
7. She taken him down to her father's harbor
And there she bargained a ship for him
Saying fare you well to the land of living
I fear I'll never see you again.
8. Seven long years I'll make this promise
Seven long years and here's my hand
If you will marry no other lady
It's I will marry no other man.

9. Seven long years and I'll make that promise
Seven long years and here's my hand
It's I'm to marry no other lady
And you're to marry no other man.
10. Seven long years had come and over
Seven long years one, two, and three
When she packed up her golden jewelry
And says Lloyd Bateman I'll go see.
11. She sailed till she came to Lloyd Bateman's castle
And there she knocked, she made it ring
Lloyd Bateman sent his porter running
To see who's there that would come in.
12. Is this, is this Lloyd Bateman's castle
And is Lloyd Bateman hisself within?
This is, this is Lloyd Bateman's castle
He just has brought his new bride in.
13. (Go) tell him to send me a slice of bread
And a bottle of his wine so strong
And ask him if he remembers the lady
That set him free from prison strong.
14. For seven long years I've been your porter
For seven long years, one, two, and three
And at your door stands the fairest lady
That ever my two eyes did see.
15. She wears a ring on her little finger
And on another one, two, and three
She wears more gold upon her clothing
Than to buy your bride and company.
16. She said for you to send her a slice of bread
And a bottle of your wine so strong
And to ask you if you remembered the lady
That set you free from prison strong.
17. Lloyd Bateman rose up from his table
And bursted into pieces of three
Saying fare you well to the land of living
That's my dear Susie's came to me.
18. It was today that I married your daughter
But she is none the worse off by me
She came here upon a horse and saddle
And shall go 'way in a coach of three.

19. He taken her by her lily white hand
He led her from hall to hall
He changed her name from Susie Bates
Lloyd Bateman's wife's what she was called.

THE CHERRY-TREE CAROL
(Child No. 54)

B3

[(a) Sung by Mrs. Lee Skeens at Wooten, Kentucky, 1937.
Recorded by Alan Lomax and Elizabeth Lomax.]

The popular idea of Joseph's jealousy is very ancient and is found in the gospel of Pseudo-Matthew in early Christian times. Although the English carol has not been recorded before the eighteenth century, it is not likely to have been invented as such at so late a date; we may reasonably suppose medieval antecedents. It has at any rate been much beloved in recent times and is the best known, probably, of traditional carols -- a distinction to which its tender charm well entitles it.

The tunes, wherever known, seem all to be members of a single class.

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1. Joseph was a young man and a young man was he
And he courted Virgin Mary, the Queen of Galilee.
2. Mary and Joseph was a-walking one day
Joseph spoke to Mary, there's ampl' o' cherry, cherries
enough to behold.
3. Mary spoke to Joseph so meek and so mild
Pray gather me cherries, Joseph, for I am with child.
4. Joseph flew in angry, in angry he flew
Joseph flew in angry, in angry he flew
Let the father of your baby gather cherries for you.
5. Jesus cried and he spoke and these words he did say
Bow you low down, cherry tree, let your mother have
some.
6. The cherry tree bent way low down, low down to the
ground
And Mary gathered cherries while Joseph stood around.
7. Joseph took Mary all on his right knee
Cries, Oh Lord have mercy, what haven I a-done.

8. Joseph took Mary all on his left knee
Pray tell me, Little Baby, when your birthday shall
be?
9. On the fifth day of January my birthday shall be
When the stars are all in the elements they done
tremble with fear.

DIVES AND LAZARUS
(Child No. 56)

B4

[(a) "Lazarus." Sung by Aunt Molly Jackson of Clay County, Kentucky at New York, N.Y., 1939. Recorded by Alan Lomax.]

This improving but horrendous ballad seems to have got into the category of Christmas carols in the nineteenth century, for reasons unexplained, and is found in the collections of Sylvester and Husk. At the same time it seems to have travelled with the itinerant Baptist singing-masters through the Southern and Southwestern States, in their shaped-note hymnals. Cf. George Pullen Jackson's Down-East Spirituals and Others (New York, J.J. Augustin, 1943, 1953), page 27; there from Arthur Kyle Davis' Traditional Ballads of Virginia (Cambridge, Harvard, 1929), pages 175 and 566.

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1. There was a man in olden times
The scripture doth inform us
Whose pomp and grandeur and whose crimes
Was great and very numer's.
For begging Lazarus at his gates
To help himself unable
He was begging 'umbly for the crumbs
That fell from his rich table.
But not a crumb would he bestow
Or pity his condition
The dogs took pity and licked his sores
More ready to defend him.

2. Poor Lazarus died at the rich man's gate
To Heaven he ascended
He rested in the bosom of Abraham
Where all his troubles ended.
The rich man died, was buried too,
But o his awful station!
With Heaven and Hell both placed in view
He waked up in damnation.
Saying I pray thee, Father Abraham,
Send Lazarus with cold water.
For I'm tormented in these flames
With a tormenting torture.
3. Rich Dives, poor Lazarus cannot come to you
There is a gulf between (us)
Now you must burn on in those flames
As though you had not seen us.
Our hell-fired brothers in yonders world
Send Lazarus back to tell them
The wicked brother screams in Hell
With no one to defend him.
If Lazarus went to yonders world
Your brothers would not believe him
They would answer him with cruel words
And say he had deceived them.
Forever you must burn in Hell
And forever be tormented
And your other five brothers will end in Hell
If they have not repented.

APPENDIX

AN INDEX TO THE CHILD BALLADS AVAILABLE ON
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS LONG-PLAYING RECORDS

*Selections marked with asterisk are also available on 78 rpm records

<u>Title</u>	<u>Child Number</u>	<u>AAFS Number</u>
The Devil's Nine Questions	1	L1 A7*
The False Knight Upon the Road	3	L21 B4*
Sweet William	7	L12 B8*
The Two Sisters	10	L7 A5*
Edward	13	L12 A4*, L57 A2
Wild Boar)	18	L57 A3
Bangum and the Boar)		L57 A4
The Bishop of Canterbury	45	L57 A5
The Two Brothers	49	L7 A3*
Lord Bateman)	53	L12 A1*, L57 B1
Lloyd Bateman)		L57 B2
The Cherry-Tree Carol	54	L14 A2*, L57 B3
Lazarus	56	L57 B4
Lord Thomas and Fair Ellender	73	L7 B1*
Lord Level	75	L55 A3
The Three Babes	79	L7 B3*, L58 A1
Barbara Allen	84	L1 A4*, L14 A1* L51 A (incomplete)
30 Versions and Variants of Barbara Allen (some incomplete)		L54
Bolakins	93	L7 B2*
Andrew Batann	167 and 250	L58 A2

<u>Title</u>	<u>Child Number</u>	<u>AAFS Number</u>
The Death of Queen Jane	170	L21 B6*
The Four Marys	173	L7 A4*
The Gypsy Davy	200	L1 A3
The King's Love-Letter	208	L58 A3
The House Carpenter)		L1 A1*
Well Met, My Old True Love)	243	L58 A4
The Ship Carpenter)		L58 A5
There Was an Old and Wealthy Man	272	L58 B1
Our Goodman	274	L12 B8*
The Farmer's Curst Wife)		L1 A2*
Old Woman Under the Hill)	278	L51 A (incomplete)
The Devil and the Farmer's Wife)		L58 B2
The Oxford Merchant	283	L58 B3
The Golden Willow Tree)		L7 A1*, L58 B4
A Ship Set Sail for North America)	286	L58 B5
The Mermaid	289	L58 B6