CHILD BALLADS TRADITIONAL IN THE UNITED STATES

Edited by
Bertrand H. Bronson

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" 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.

---

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
0, 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. Bron-
son'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 tra-
dition 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.

---

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 onomatopoetic 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
The 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).

---

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 preceding note, A3.

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 Robertson 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.

---

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)

Bl  
[(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 nine­  
teenth 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  
ing to tell him of danger, and in earlier forms of Young  
Beichan, Bichan, Brechin, or Bekie, the Turkish Lady re­  
ceived 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.

---

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.

---

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 himself 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.
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.

---

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 a pl' 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
   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, Har-
vard, 1929), pages 175 and 586.

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

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Child Number</th>
<th>AAFS Number</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The Devil's Nine Questions</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>L1 A7*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The False Knight Upon the Road</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>L21 B4*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sweet William</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>L12 B8*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Two Sisters</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>L7 A5*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edward</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>L12 A4*, L57 A2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wild Boar</td>
<td>18</td>
<td>L57 A3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bangum and the Boar</td>
<td></td>
<td>L57 A4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Bishop of Canterbury</td>
<td>45</td>
<td>L57 A5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Two Brothers</td>
<td>49</td>
<td>L7 A3*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord Bateman</td>
<td>53</td>
<td>L12 A1*, L57 B1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lloyd Bateman</td>
<td></td>
<td>L57 B2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Cherry-Tree Carol</td>
<td>54</td>
<td>L14 A2*, L57 B3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lazarus</td>
<td>56</td>
<td>L57 B4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord Thomas and Fair Ellender</td>
<td>73</td>
<td>L7 B1*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord Lovel</td>
<td>75</td>
<td>L55 A3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Three Babes</td>
<td>79</td>
<td>L7 B3*, L58 A1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barbara Allen</td>
<td>84</td>
<td>L1 A4*, L14 A1*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>L51 A (incomplete)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30 Versions and Variants of Barbara Allen (some incomplete)</td>
<td></td>
<td>L54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bolakins</td>
<td>93</td>
<td>L7 B2*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Andrew Batann</td>
<td>167 and 250</td>
<td>L58 A2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Title</td>
<td>Child Number</td>
<td>AAFS Number</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-----------------------------------</td>
<td>--------------</td>
<td>-------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Death of Queen Jane</td>
<td>170</td>
<td>L21 B6*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Four Marys</td>
<td>173</td>
<td>L7 A4*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Gypsy Davy</td>
<td>200</td>
<td>L1 A3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The King's Love-Letter</td>
<td>208</td>
<td>L58 A3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The House Carpenter</td>
<td></td>
<td>L1 A1*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Well Met, My Old True Love</td>
<td>243</td>
<td>L58 A4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Ship Carpenter</td>
<td></td>
<td>L58 A5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>There Was an Old and Wealthy Man</td>
<td>272</td>
<td>L58 B1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Our Goodman</td>
<td>274</td>
<td>L12 B8*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Farmer's Curst Wife</td>
<td></td>
<td>L1 A2*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old Woman Under the Hill</td>
<td>278</td>
<td>L51 A (incomplete)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Devil and the Farmer's Wife</td>
<td></td>
<td>L58 B2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Oxford Merchant</td>
<td>283</td>
<td>L58 B3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Golden Willow Tree</td>
<td>286</td>
<td>L7 A1*, L58 B4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Ship Set Sail for North America</td>
<td></td>
<td>L58 B5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Mermaid</td>
<td>289</td>
<td>L58 B6</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>