


# THE JOAN BAEZ SONGBOOK

\$3.95



Sixty-Six Songs  
comprising the  
repertory of  
America's best-  
loved folksinger,  
with historical-  
musical  
annotations.  
Arrangements  
for voice and  
piano by  
Elie Siegmeister,  
with complete chord  
progressions for  
the guitarist  
and capo-key  
indications  
enabling the  
beginning  
instrumentalist  
to play along  
with the  
Joan Baez  
recordings.  
Illustrations in color by  
Eric Von Schmidt.  
Introduction by  
Elie Siegmeister  
and preface by  
John M. Conly.

**RYERSON  
MUSIC  
PUBLISHERS,  
INC.**

A DIVISION OF  
VANGUARD RECORDS  
NEW YORK







Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2010



# The Joan Baez Songbook

---



PHOTO/WILLIAM CLAXTON



# THE JOAN BAEZ SONGBOOK

ARRANGEMENTS AND INTRODUCTION BY

ELIE SIEGMEISTER

PREFACE BY JOHN M. CONLY

ILLUSTRATED BY ERIC VON SCHMIDT

EDITED BY MAYNARD SOLOMON

MUSIC EDITORS:

CHRISTA LANDON & JACK LOTHROP

RYERSON MUSIC PUBLISHERS, INC., N. Y.  
A DIVISION OF VANGUARD RECORDS

## THE JOAN BAEZ SONGBOOK

FIRST PRINTING, OCTOBER, 1964  
SECOND PRINTING, DECEMBER, 1964  
THIRD PRINTING, JANUARY, 1965  
FOURTH PRINTING, JUNE, 1965  
FIFTH PRINTING, SEPTEMBER, 1965  
SIXTH PRINTING, JANUARY, 1966  
SEVENTH PRINTING, JULY, 1966  
EIGHTH PRINTING, NOVEMBER, 1966

COPYRIGHT © 1964 BY  
RYERSON MUSIC PUBLISHERS, INC.  
154 WEST 14TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10011  
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS  
CATALOG CARD NUMBER 64-24388

PRINTED IN  
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED INCLUDING THE RIGHT OF  
REPRODUCTION IN WHOLE OR IN PART IN ANY FORM  
WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION EXCEPT IN THE CASE  
OF BRIEF QUOTATIONS EMBODIED IN CRITICAL  
ARTICLES AND REVIEWS.

ALL OF THE PIANO ARRANGEMENTS OF PUBLIC DOMAIN  
SONGS ARE COPYRIGHT © 1964 BY ELIE SIEGMEISTER  
AND MAY NOT BE REPRINTED IN ANY FORM  
WITHOUT PERMISSION.  
JOAN BAEZ MAKES NO COPYRIGHT CLAIM TO THE  
AUTHORSHIP OR ARRANGEMENT OF ANY OF THE  
SONGS IN THIS BOOK.

---

### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

We have made every effort to determine the copyright status of the songs included herein. We wish to thank the publishers of the following songs for permission to reprint their copyrighted material. This book could not have been prepared without their kind cooperation.

"The Tramp On The Street." Words and music by Grady and Hazel Cole. Copyright 1940 and 1947 by Dixie Music Pub. Co. Copyright 1964 with new material by Dixie Music Pub. Co., 57 Third Avenue, New York 3, N. Y.

"The Ranger's Command." Words and music by Woody Guthrie. Copyright 1963 by Ludlow Music, Inc., New York, N. Y. Used by permission.

"We Shall Overcome." New words and music arrangement by Zilphia Horton, Frank Hamilton, Guy Carawan and Pete Seeger. Copyright 1960 and 1963 by Ludlow Music, Inc., New York, N. Y. Used by permission. Royalties derived from this composition are being contributed to the Freedom Movement under the trusteeship of the writers.

"Last Night I Had The Strangest Dream." Words and music by Ed McCurdy. Copyright 1950 and 1955 by Almanac Music, Inc., New York, N. Y. Used by permission.

"Copper Kettle" (or, "The Pale Moonlight"). Words and music by Albert F. Beddoe. Copyright 1960 and 1963 by Melody Trails, Inc., New York, N. Y. Used by permission.

"Black Is The Color." By John Jacob Niles. Copyright 1936 and 1963 by G. Schirmer, Inc., New York, N. Y. Reprinted by permission.

"Where Have All The Flowers Gone." Words and music by Peter Seeger. Inspired by a passage from Mikhail Sholokhov's novel,

"Babe I'm Gonna Leave You." Words and music by Anne H. Bredon—by assignment from Janet Smith. Copyright 1963 by Ryerson Music Publishers, Inc. Used by permission.

"And Quiet Flows the Don." Copyright 1961 by Fall River Music, Inc., New York, N. Y.

"Pretty Boy Floyd." Words and music by Woody Guthrie. Copyright 1961 by Fall River Music, Inc., New York, N. Y.

"I Never Will Marry." Words and music by Fred Hellerman. Copyright 1958 by Sanga Music, Inc., New York, N. Y.

"Ten Thousand Miles" (or, "Fare Thee Well"). Words and music by David Gude. Copyright 1960 by Sanga Music, Inc., New York, N. Y.

"What Have They Done To The Rain." Words and music by Malvina Reynolds. Copyright 1962 by Schroder Music Co. Used by permission.

"Long Black Veil." By Marijon Wilkins and Danny Dill. Copyright 1959 by Cedarwood Publishing Co., Inc., 815 16th Avenue, South, Nashville, Tenn. All rights reserved. International copyright secured.

"Donna Donna" (or "Dona, Dona"). Music by Sholom Secunda, words by Aaron Zeitlin. Copyright 1940 and 1963 by Mills Music, Inc. International copyright secured. Used by permission of the copyright owner. English lyrics used in this book by Arthur Kevers and Teddi Schwartz, copyright 1956 by Hargail Music Press. Used by permission.

"Portland Town." Words and music by Derroll Adams. Copyright 1957 by Sing Out! Inc. Copyright assigned 1964 to Ryerson Music Publishers, Inc. All rights reserved. Reprinted by permission.

"Stewball." By Robert Yellin, John Herald and Ralph Rinzler. Copyright 1961 and 1963 by Ryerson Music Publishers, Inc., New York, N. Y.

"John Riley." By Bob Gibson and Ricky Neff. Copyright 1961 by Sanga Music, Inc. and Harvard Music, Inc., New York, N. Y. Used by permission.

MUSICAL ANNOTATIONS BY KALMAN SELIG  
PRODUCTION SUPERVISOR / JULES HALFANT

DISTRIBUTED TO THE BOOK TRADE BY  
CROWN PUBLISHERS, INC.

DISTRIBUTED TO THE MUSIC TRADE BY  
CONSOLIDATED MUSIC PUBLISHERS, INC.

Town Book  
by  
John M. Goody

TO MY MOTHER AND FATHER  
WITH LOVE,  
—JOANIE





# Joan Baez

by

John M. Conly

The paramount fact about Joan Baez is beauty. She has it; she generates it; and she uses it. Lest this seem rhapsodical, be it admitted that she is a human being, with impulses, frailties, and foibles, perhaps even a little young wickedness. But the gospel is beauty.

So is the person, and not only vocally. Were it her wish, she could easily produce the same sort of visual impact as did, say, Audrey Hepburn at the same age. At close view, she seems contrived of a sort of dark sunlight. The skin was made to consort with bright colors; the dusk of the long hair is like a shadow in a canyon. The eyes are a deep topaze, very steady. The face is slender, strong, aquiline, and secret. There is a slight sardonic curl to her lips, even at rest; it is a lovely mouth but not peaceful. Even silently, it speaks of a world she may want to love, but has trouble liking.

Plainly she has no desire to appear a conventional beauty. Indeed, she dresses against any such possibility. Her admirers waggishly advert to her concert costumes as gunny sacks. They aren't, quite, but they are commonly handwoven garb, purposely shapeless, so that she seems almost a twig-legged waif, a grown-up Little Match Girl, in the spotlight. Offstage she is not in the least twiggy. She has a fine, lithe dancer's body. One has the impression that she would fence very well (as, metaphorically, against the everyday world, she does). She is vividly alert.

She is a personage, of which she is aware. Or, rather, perhaps, she may think of herself as a purpose, of which she has been given charge whether she wants it or not. She is conscious of her image. At an artist's studio, during the preparation of this book, she idly moved behind his drawing board and, half-doodling, sketched a picture (she draws very well and quickly). It was a Joan Baez. More to the point, it was a stylized Joan Baez, with tresses flowing forward over the shoulders, a young mystery. This is her image, and do not read the word in the Madison Avenue sense. It is not an image she created for any public; it is truly the image she has found, thus far, looking for Joan Baez. She offers it honestly.

She offers it, also, with love. Love and beauty are indivisible—in her singing, her living, her view of the world. There is consummate musicality in her art, but the word seems to trouble her, and she would rather call it loving.

Here we come to a dichotomy. Joan Baez is not two persons, but she has two aspects, both important. For one thing, here is a truly lucent voice, vital and lofting, with a timbre that is a resistless distillate of poignancy and pure thrill. She can sing "Copper Kettle," a boozy ditty of rustic laziness, in a way to make it search souls, almost incredibly. This is a natural gift, a built-in concord of brain and vocal cords, that will never leave her. It is plain musicality, and would work with or without loving.

Besides this, and not apart from it, is Joan Baez, 23, a young woman grown suddenly consequential to a whole sector of

today's humanity, by reason of her beauty in another way, i.e., what she does with it.

Joan Baez has no wish to be a leader, an emblem, or a spokesman, and she is none. She is rather, an object, a focus of feelings; and, actively, one who tends with tenderness. She is part of a sort of elite corps of today's young. They have emerged from childhood into a world which seems to them disorganized to the point of dreadfulness, almost beyond grasp or hope. They are not beatniks nor even Angry Young Men; they are too thoughtful and humane for that. They are at once responsible and baffled. And, in very dubious battle, they need consolidation, they need emotional focus, and they sorely need comfort—the ultimate, unbreakable comfort that is found only in beauty and simplicity.

She says of them, not excluding herself: "They have to find out who they are, what they are, before they can do anything." Their tastes distinguish them (though this can be oversimplified). They read J. D. Salinger; the poetry of Allen Ginsberg; in some cases the suspirative science-fantasy of Ray Bradbury; and William Golding's *The Lord of the Flies*. Some of them have sat through *David and Lisa* twice. And they have gravitated en masse to folk music, and their favorite is Joan Baez.

This is natural; she is — for what she is — perfection, and they are perfectionists. There is not an ounce of compromise in them. They want a better world; that is that. An odd sidelight of this (to their elders, one of whom is writing this), is that it would seem to be, this ideal world, altogether young. One has the feeling that they so distrust today's elders, for what they have done, or not done, that they do not even want to think of themselves at fifty or sixty, or perhaps as being fifty or sixty. Perhaps it would not be a bad thing for the world, at that, if some of the feelings of twenty-two could last a whole lifetime.

At that, their demands aren't exorbitant, at least Joan's aren't. When asked (offhand and unfairly) what she would do to bring about the better world, she said simply: "End war, and let the people involved with it go to some useful work." And added wryly: "Including picketers and folksingers!"

It is probably wrong to call her a folksinger. She is a singer, mainly of folk songs, because she loves them. As she sings them, however, they are (what critics call) art-songs; there is little genre flavor. To her they are at their best when most beautiful, refined and intelligible. This is a principle shared with her, almost uniquely, by Richard Dyer-Bennet. The difference is that a Dyer-Bennet evening is historical; the listener is transported, with familiar ease, to other times and climes. With Joan Baez, history happens now. The identification is brought to the listener, he needn't go after it. The translation is complete. An ethnically-minded folklorist said once of her that she can make any song sound as if it were being sung by Joan Baez. What this acid wit missed was the point. Joan Baez



remains Joan Baez. When character-identification in a song is not possible—as in the pirate chronicle, “Henry Martin”—she becomes Joan Baez, musical story-teller.

Joan Baez is of Mexican and Scottish-Irish parentage, and her father is a rather noted scientist and educator. She has lived in a number of places, mostly cities, and has been exposed to all the education she wanted. However, folk song was her own discovery, in her late teens (remember, she is precocious). Patently it filled a want in her. She has not said this, but her work shows it (as does this book): it offered her a sort of kinship with the continuing “condition humaine,” the changeless part of man’s nature; the sensitivity, humor, bravery, acceptance, and shrewdness that have sustained our kind in all ages and quarters of the world—and which we need now.

Joan Baez has purveyed this, beautifully, with her voice and her presence. Now she continues the effort with this book. It would seem highly likely that anyone who buys this book already owns at least one Joan Baez record. Anyone who doesn’t: buy one. However, do not try to imitate her singing. In the first place, you can’t. In the second place, that is not what she offers this book for. You are supposed to discover your own way into the songs, as she did. It should be a lovely adventure.



# Table of Contents

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS	4
JOAN BAEZ, by JOHN M. CONLY	7
FOLK MUSIC: THE LONG VIEW, by ELIE SIEGMEISTER	13
FOR THE GUITARIST	16
ABOUT THE CONTRIBUTORS	17
I. LYRICS AND LAMENTS	19
Wagoner's Lad	20
Man of Constant Sorrow	22 ✓
Lady Mary	24
The Water is Wide	26
Black is the Color	28
Once I Had a Sweetheart	31
I Never Will Marry	34
East Virginia	36
I Once Loved a Boy	38
Queen of Hearts	40
Fare Thee Well	42 ✓
Come All Ye Fair and Tender Maidens	44
II. CHILD BALLADS	47
Geordie	48
Henry Martin	50 ✓
Mary Hamilton	53
Silkie	56
Barbara Allen	58
The Unquiet Grave	60
The Cherry Tree Carol	62
Lady Gay	64
House Carpenter	66
Matty Groves	68
III. BROADSIDE BALLADS	71
Once I Knew a Pretty Girl	72
Silver Dagger	75 ✓
The Trees They Do Grow High	78
Jackaroe	80
Stewball	82 ✓
Rake and Rambling Boy	84 ✓
Fennario	86
John Riley	89 ✓
Willie Moore	92
Railroad Boy	94



# Table of Contents

96	The Lily of the West
101	IV. AMERICAN BALLADS AND SONGS
102	Banks of the Ohio ✓
104	Rambler Gambler
106	House of the Rising Sun
108	Ranger's Command
110	Long Black Veil ✓
113	Railroad Bill ✓
114	Pretty Boy Floyd
116	Copper Kettle
118	Wildwood Flower 1300
120	Lonesome Road
122	Old Blue ✓
125	V. HYMNS, SPIRITUALS AND LULLABIES
126	All My Trials
130	Kumbaya
132	Hallowed Be Thy Name
134	Twelve Gates to the City
138	Virgin Mary
140	We Are Crossing Jordan River
142	Somebody Got Lost in a Storm
144	We Shall Overcome
146	Hush Little Baby
148	Battle Hymn of the Republic
150	Amazing Grace
153	VI. MODERN AND COMPOSED SONGS
154	Portland Town
156	Danger Waters
159	Where Have All the Flowers Gone
162	The Tramp on the Street
164	Three Fishers
167	Donna Donna
170	What Have They Done to the Rain?
174	Annabel Lee
178	Babe I'm Gonna Leave You
180	Last Night I Had the Strangest Dream 2
182	Plaisir d'Amour
185	THE JOAN BAEZ RECORDINGS
186	INDEX OF TITLES
188	INDEX OF FIRST LINES



# Folk Music: The Long View by Elie Siegmeister

A long time ago, when I first became interested in American folk music, my friends considered it an eccentricity. I had studied conducting at the Juilliard School for several years and had come to a trusted advisor with the idea that I would make my conducting debut leading a group of singers in an evening of American folk music at Town Hall.

“American folk music,” my friend said with compassion, “Who would come to hear it?”

Nowadays one cannot set foot in a high school lunch room anywhere in these states without hearing the twanging guitar of the local Burl Ives, nor visit a cafe anywhere in Europe without being aware of an American cowboy song or a blues coming over the radio — in Swedish, Dutch, or Italian, of course.

What accounts for this astonishing growth of a new music in the short space of a single generation — or, more accurately, of the rebirth of a centuries-old music just when it was about to die out?

The answer is not simple, but among other things, in the 1930's and '40's, there were the New Deal and the anti-fascist war — movements that awakened the humane instincts of all of us. In a period when millions were deprived, disinherited, and then destroyed, there was a need for an affirmation of things basically human. It was a time when intellectual people felt drawn to a commonality with others whose lives and rights were threatened with extinction. I remember vividly the excitement of such expressions as Marc Blitzstein's *Cradle Will Rock*, Gershwin's *Porgy and Bess*, Steinbeck's *Grapes of Wrath*, the Federal Theater's *Living Newspapers*.

The discovery of folk music by a generation of young musicians and composers was more than another fad — it opened up a new meaning for American music as a whole. For now those of us who were just starting out could feel part of a rich tradition; we could feel like new branches on an old tree — and this strengthened us. The need for roots that every artist senses sooner or later was particularly strong at that time; many of us knew we could be more ourselves in an American language than in one fathered in Paris, Vienna, or Berlin.

When, therefore, I first met Aunt Molly Jackson, the time was ripe; I was enchanted by her at once. It was after one of those concerts organized by a few indigent musicians calling ourselves *The Young Composers Group*, at the New School, New York, early in 1933. The program notes proclaimed boldly that we were the start of a new American music (as all program notes of such groups do — and should do). After the concert, our relatives, who comprised the majority of the audience, came back to congratulate us; but among them was this strange, raggedy woman with a hawk-like face: she came right up to me and said “You think you are writing American music — did you ever hear any real American music?” After trading a few insults, we each became fascinated by the ideas of the other. Result: Aunt Molly asked me if I would care to write down some of the few hundred songs she had “composed,”



and I said I would.

I did.

I was but one of many composers who responded to the currents of the time. In the early '30s we all knew of the great work of Charles Ives, then something of a legendary figure, but nonetheless a mighty pioneer in the use of folk material. His "Charlie Rutlage," "General Booth Enters Heaven," his Violin and Piano Sonatas, his Concord Sonata for Piano loomed as brilliant and imaginative evocations of American life, with fragments of minstrel songs, ragtime, folk music, and jazz interwoven into their complex fabric. Henry Cowell and Charles Seeger were preaching the folk music gospel at the New School. John Lomax, Alan Lomax, Ben Botkin, and others were out in the field collecting hundreds of recordings for the Library of Congress. Virgil Thomson wrote one of the first movie scores using the folk idiom, *The Plough That Broke the Plains*. In addition to young men such as Jerome Moross, Alex North, and myself, members of the "arrived" generation of Douglas Moore and Aaron Copland were making rich use of the ballad and cowboy idiom in movie, theater, and ballet scores.

My greatest adventure with folk music came in the early forties when simultaneously I conducted concerts of the American Ballad Singers, wrote a score for the first folk musical to appear on Broadway, *Sing Out Sweet Land*, and composed *Ozark Set*.

Among the strongest folk musicians then beginning to be heard around in village cafes, anti-Nazi and pro-Spanish loyalist meetings were Josh White, Woody Guthrie, The Almanac Singers, Burl Ives, and of course, Leadbelly. After a certain amount of exposure, it was inevitable that a bit of audience appeal crept into the performances of some, but Leadbelly was solid as a rock. He neither could nor would be moved to do anything other than sing his repertory exactly as he always had sung it: deadpan, with a gravelly voice that was beautiful, and a guitar rhythm that shook the walls.

Gradually the folk music movement spread out. New performers came on the scene: Pete Seeger, Oscar Brand, Jean Ritchie, The Weavers, Tom Scott, and many others. Collections and books have come off the presses each year: after the pioneering works of Cecil Sharp and John Lomax, there appeared the Carl Sandburg book, those of Alan Lomax, Ben Botkin, Lawrence Gellert, John Jacob Niles, Olin Downes' and my own *Treasury of American Song* and dozens and dozens more.

The influence of folk music on American composers did not originate yesterday. There is more than a trace of folk rhythms and song patterns in many choruses of William Billings, a contemporary of Paul Revere and Samuel Adams. In the mid-1800's it was not only Stephen Foster, Daniel Emmett, Cool White, and other minstrel song-writers who revealed the influences of folk syncopation and melodic inflections; there

was that picaresque character, Louis Gottschalk, whose piano pieces show that the tango, rhumba, and ragtime beats date back more than a hundred years.

But the most marked change came with Ives at the turn of the century and, more than thirty years later, with the New Deal generation of Gershwin, Thomson, Copland, Blitzstein, Moore, Gould, Moross, North, and myself among others. It was not an accident that American music — like French, German, Russian, Hungarian music before it—took on distinctive character and emerged on the world scene at the very moment that the life-blood of folk music entered the art of serious composers. American sonatas, symphonies, operas, theater and ballet scores sprang to life at the same time as folk music was winning wide recognition as a native art.

In recent years this trend took another turn. The Cold War created a new phenomenon: Cold Art. The feelings of enthusiasm and faith in an ideal that moved many artists in the years 1930-45 gradually fell away, and were replaced by a deep unbelief, a corrosion of feeling, a shying away of one human being from another. Two quite contradictory effects emerged: the loss of interest in folk music by serious musicians, and the enormous growth of interest in it by the people as a whole. In the post-World War II period there arose the deep need for a human affirmation in a time of anxiety. Without a clear ideal of life, the young people of our time have turned to the universal expression that is folk music.

The elemental themes represented by the songs in this collection, ranging from old Child Ballads, newer Anglo-American ballads, mountain love songs, country and western tunes, hymns and Spirituals and topical songs of today bring the singer and listener closer to the sources of American music: the spontaneous creation of many generations of the plain people of our country.

The eagerness of vast numbers of folk music enthusiasts to sing and play these songs is evidence of a reaction against the passivity induced by ready-made entertainment. The very roughness of folk performance speaks as a bulwark against the slickness of pre-fabricated commercial art. It affirms a desire to participate actively once more in the expression of a genuine and meaningful human experience. Perhaps it is a precursor of a similar swing of the pendulum among our serious musicians who have turned this way and that, and who may once again note the musical voice of our own time and people.



# For the Guitarist

The chord progressions indicated above the music are the chords as they sound in the key in which the arrangement is written. Following these are chords in parentheses which are the chords actually played when a capo is used to avoid the more difficult bar chords.

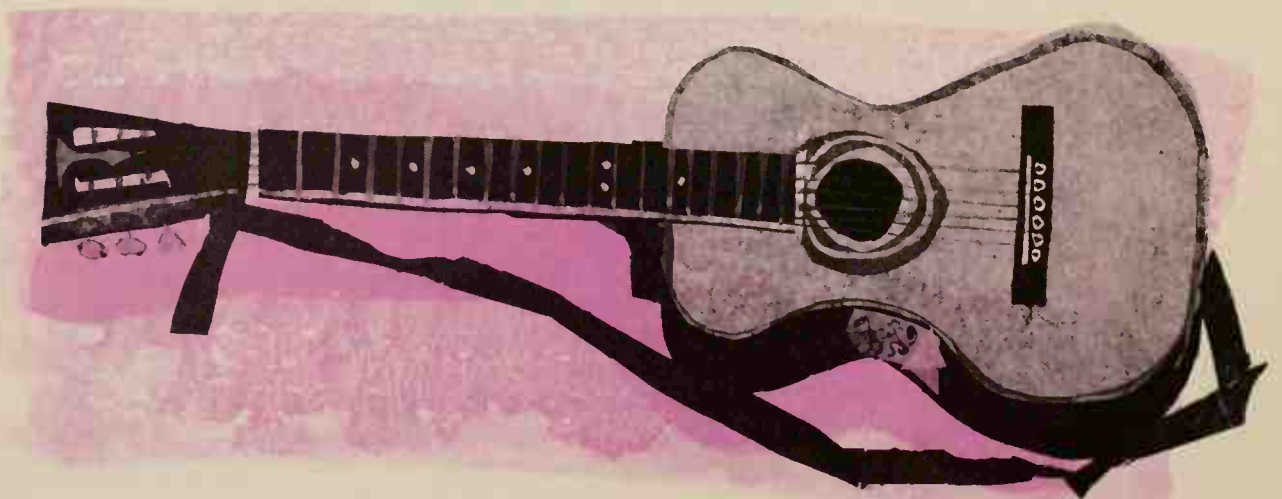
For the guitarist who wishes to play along with the Joan Baez recordings, which are often in different keys than the keys of the piano arrangements, we have supplied a legend above each song, as for example:

Key: E          Capo: 4th          Play: C

This means that Joan Baez sings this song in the key of E; that the capo is to be placed at the 4th fret; that the player is to finger the chords as if they were in C, but that they will actually sound in E.

Occasionally, the harmony of the piano arrangement differs from Joan Baez' guitar accompaniment. In these cases, Joan's harmony is indicated by a footnote, so that the pianist who wishes to observe her original chord progressions can do so.

The editors have refrained from suggesting any "picking" styles, preferring to leave that choice up to the guitarist.



# About the Contributors

Elie Siegmeister, born in New York City in 1909, is a distinguished American composer who, throughout his career, has been interested in American folk music both in its original form and as source material for musical composition in larger forms. Among his achievements in this area are the Broadway musical, "Sing Out Sweet Land"; "Ozark Set", which was performed by major symphony orchestras and recorded by Dimitri Mitropoulos; and "Western Suite", which was premiered by Arturo Toscanini and the NBC Symphony in 1945. Siegmeister has also attained distinction in the fields of absolute music and vocal works on tragic themes. His long list of compositions includes three symphonies, two string quartets, violin and piano sonatas, "A Strange Funeral in Braddock" and a full-length opera based on Sean O'Casey's "The Plough and the Stars."

Eric von Schmidt has been active as a painter, graphic artist and illustrator for almost fifteen years. He was awarded a Fulbright to Italy in 1955-6, and has given seven one-man shows of his paintings. As a folksinger, he has become a major figure in the blues revival, and has recorded for Folkways Records and Prestige Folklore. It was as a folksinger that he first met Joan Baez when she was beginning her career in Cambridge in 1958-9, and the illustrations for this book are the result of their long friendship. Von Schmidt has two daughters, Caitlin and Megan, and has recently begun to write as well as illustrate books for young people. The first two, "Come for to Sing" and "The Young Man Who Wouldn't Hoe Corn", will soon be followed by "The Ballad of Bad Ben Bilge."

John Marsland Conly was born in Manhattan to a pair of newspaper people who had started as English teachers. At the age of eleven, he recalls, he was a fairly reliable authority on the fauna of the Mesozoic Era, meaning mainly dinosaurs. At fifteen he was a promising painter. He moved briefly into the field of scholarship and taught history at the University of Rochester for one year. He could not keep away from typewriters, however, a family failing. In 1940 he went to work for the New York Herald Tribune. Since then he has been in succession a police reporter, a science columnist, music editor of The Atlantic Monthly and editor of High Fidelity. Conly is now, at the age of fifty, a free lance writer. He contributes an intermittent column to The Reporter and is working on three books at once.





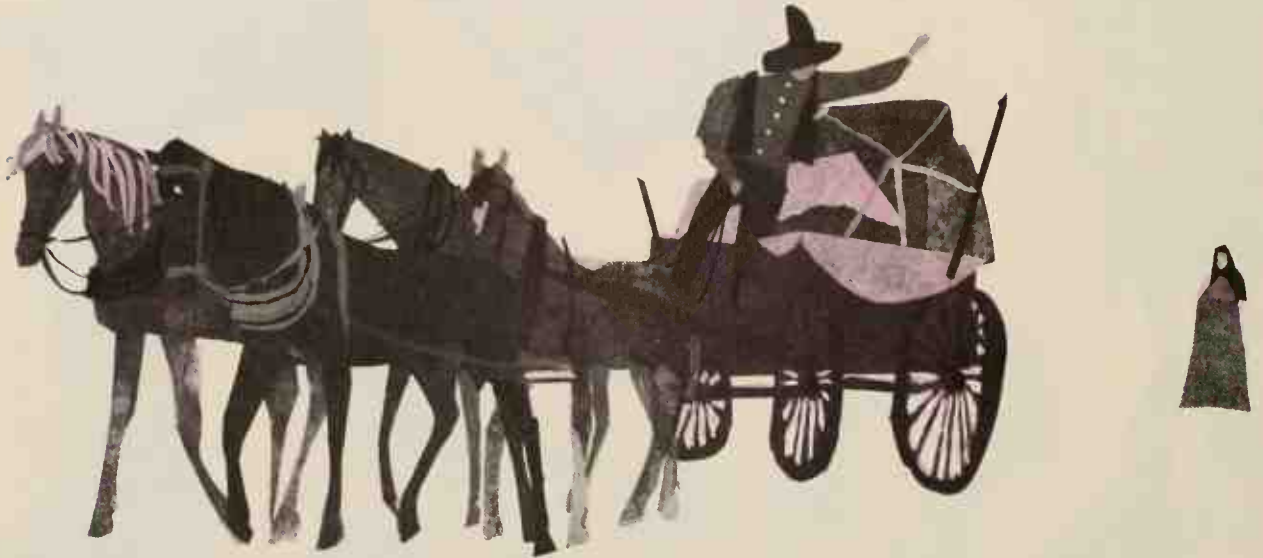
## LYRICS AND LAMENTS

*Folksongs generally can be classified into two groups; ballads (narrative folksongs) and lyrics (emotive non-narrative songs). The two species are not as distinctly separate as one might believe, however, for many lyric folksongs have derived wholly from ballads. When most of the narrative details are sheared away from ballads what remains is the emotional core, the essence to be found in many of the best lyric folksongs and laments. Other lyric pieces are simply a conglomeration of floating folk commonplace verses, lines and phrases, forming one combination here and another there. Their extreme beauty, in isolation or in combination, often compares favorably with the finest art poetry in any language.*



The verses of this lyric dialogue from the Appalachians may once have been part of a ballad, but all that remains is a comment on frustrated love. Such lines are frequently found in combination with other equally beautiful ones (see for example those of "Rambler Gambler"), though they lose little in isolation as witnessed by the five short verses of this piece. Joan Baez sings it without accompaniment.

# Wagoner's Lad



Moderately

Oh, ——— hard is the for - tune of all wom - an -

Chords: F, Bb

kind, ——— She's al - ways con - trol - led, ——— She's

Chords: F, Dm, Bb



Am Dm C Gm C F

al - ways con - fined, — Con - trolled by her par - ents —

Bb C Gm A

— un - til she's a wife, — A —

Dm Bb F Bb (F)

slave to her hus - band the rest of her life.

2. Oh, I'm just a poor girl,  
my fortune is sad,  
I've always been courted  
by the wagoner's lad,  
He's courted me daily,  
by night and by day,  
And now he is loading  
and going away.

3. Oh, my parents don't like him,  
because he is poor,  
They say he's not worthy  
of entering my door,  
He works for a living,  
his money's his own,  
And if they don't like it,  
they can leave him alone.

4. "Oh, your horses are hungry,  
go feed them some hay,  
Then sit down here by me,  
as long as you may."  
"My horses ain't hungry,  
they won't eat your hay,  
So fare thee well darlin',  
I'll be on my way."

5. "Oh, your wagon needs greasing,  
your whip is to mend,  
Then sit down here by me,  
as long as you can."  
"My wagon is greasy,  
my whip's in my hand,  
So fare thee well darlin',  
no longer to stand."

This sorrowful cry of a lonesome man has been found in various parts of the southern mountains. Its verses consist of a series of variations on a theme—a heart-rending one at that. Occasionally the first line reads "I am a maid . . ." or "I am a girl . . .," but even without the change in sex the song sings well by women.

# Man of Constant Sorrow

KEY: C CAPO: NONE PLAY: C

Moderately slow

The musical score is written in 4/4 time and consists of two systems. The first system begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written on a single staff, with lyrics underneath. The accompaniment is written on grand staff notation (treble and bass clefs). The first system includes the lyrics: "I am a man of constant sorrow, And I've seen". Above the first measure of the melody, the chord "G (G, etc.)" is indicated. Above the second measure, the chord "C" is indicated. The second system includes the lyrics: "trou - - - bles all my days. I'll bid fare -". Above the first measure of the melody, the chord "Am" is indicated. Above the second measure, the chord "Dm" is indicated. The piano part includes dynamic markings such as "mp" and "7" (likely indicating a 7th fret or a specific fingering). The score is presented on a page with a decorative, torn-edge border at the bottom.

G C

well \_\_\_\_\_ to old Ken - tuck - y, \_\_\_\_\_ The state where

Am Dm *first and others* Dm *last time* Dm

1 \_\_\_\_\_ was born and raised. \_\_\_\_\_ 2. All through this raised. \_\_\_\_\_

The musical score is arranged in two systems. The first system contains the first two lines of music, with a treble clef staff for the melody and a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) for the piano accompaniment. The second system contains the next two lines of music, also with a treble clef staff for the melody and a grand staff for the piano accompaniment. Chord symbols (G, C, Am, Dm) are placed above the melody line. The lyrics are written below the melody line. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.



2. All through this world I'm bound to ramble,  
Through sun and wind and driving rain,  
I'm bound to ride the Northern Railway,  
Perhaps I'll take the very next train.
3. Your friends may think that I'm a stranger,  
My face you'll never see no more,  
There is a promise that is given,  
I'll see you on God's golden shore.
4. I always thought I had seen trouble  
Now I know it's common run  
I'll hang my head and weep in sorrow  
Just to think on what you've done.
5. And when I'm in some lonesome hour,  
And I am feeling all alone,  
I'll weep the briny tears of sorrow  
And think of you so far a-gone.
6. Oh, I'm a man of constant sorrow, etc.

The text of this song has an Elizabethan ring to it, but it comes from the Ozark Mountains where Vance Randolph collected it from May Kennedy McCord. One would think that such an exquisite text and tune would be found more widely in tradition, but to date no other version of this lyric has turned up on either side of the Atlantic.

# Lady Mary

KEY: C# CAPO: 4TH PLAY: A

Slow

D(A) A<sup>7</sup>(E) D(A)

He came from his palace grand, \_\_\_\_\_ He

A<sup>7</sup>(E) D(A)

came to my cottage door. \_\_\_\_\_ His words were

\*G(E) D(A) \*\*G(A) A<sup>7</sup>(E) D(A)

few, but his looks \_\_\_\_\_ will linger \_\_\_\_\_ for - ev - er - more \_\_\_\_\_

\*As performed: A<sup>7</sup>(E).  
 \*\*As performed: D(A).



D<sup>7</sup> G(D) D(A)

The look in his sad dark eyes, more

G(D) D(A) A<sup>7</sup>(E)

ten-der than words could be, But I was noth-ing to

D(A) A<sup>7</sup>(E) D(A)

him, and he was the world to me.

2. There in her garden she stands,  
All dressed in fine satin and lace,  
Lady Mary so cold and so strange,  
Who finds in his heart no place.

He knew I would be his bride,  
With a kiss for a lifetime fee,  
But I was nothing to him,  
And he was the world to me.

3. And now in his palace grand,  
On a flower strewn bed he lies,  
His beautiful lids are closed,  
O'er his sad dark beautiful eyes.

And among the mourners who mourn,  
Why should I a mourner be?  
For I was nothing to him,  
And he was the world to me.

Originally part of a long Scots ballad, "Lord Jamie Douglas," all that remains are these few verses which constitute the emotional core of that ballad. Most singers know it in another form as "Waly, Waly," by which title it was known as far back as the early 18th century. It remains one of the most beautiful and evocative of all British lyric folksongs.

# The Water is Wide

KEY: F CAPO: 1ST PLAY: E

Gently

F(E) Bb(A) F(E)

The water is wide, I cannot get o'er, Neither

Dm(C#m) Gm(F#m) Am(G#m)

have I wings to fly. Give me a boat that can carry

Bb(A) C7(B7) F(E) Bb(A) F(E)

two, and both shall cross, my true love and I

2. I leaned my back against an oak,  
Thinking it was a mighty tree,  
But first it bent and then it broke,  
So did my love prove false to me.

3. I put my hand in some soft bush,  
Thinking the sweetest flower to find,  
I pricked my finger to the bone,  
And left the sweetest flower behind.

4. Oh, love is handsome and love is kind,  
Gay as a jewel when it is new,  
But love grows old and waxes cold,  
And fades away like morning dew.

5. The water is wide, I cannot get o'er, etc.



No more beautiful and simple folk lyric exists than the short verses of this piece. Known in various parts of the Southern Appalachians, its fame has been spread to the corners of the world in the fine versions of Jean Ritchie and John Jacob Niles. What many poets have taken hundreds of lines to say, the unknown folk composer of this song has been able to capsule in two short verses. The tune for this version is the work of John Jacob Niles.

# Black is the Color

KEY: E $\flat$  MINOR CAPO: NONE; GUITAR TUNED DOWN  $\frac{1}{2}$  TONE PLAY: E MINOR



Moderately slow

Em(Em+F $\sharp$ )

Black, black, black \_\_\_\_\_ is the co - lor \_\_\_\_\_ of my

D(D) Em(Em+F $\sharp$ )

true love's hair. His lips \_\_\_\_\_

Am(Am+D)

\_\_\_\_\_ are some-thing won - d'rous fair, \_\_\_\_\_ The

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The third system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The key signature is E-flat minor (one flat). The time signature is common time (C). The tempo is 'Moderately slow'. The guitar tuning is E minor, which is achieved by tuning the guitar down a half tone from standard tuning. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and chords that support the melody. There are several triplets in the piano part, particularly in the first and third systems. The lyrics are written below the vocal line, with some words connected by hyphens to indicate they span across multiple notes or measures.



Em(G then Em+F#)

pur - est eyes and the brav - est

hands, I love the

Am (Am+D)

ground where - on he stands.

Coda

Em(Em+F#)

Black, black, black is the color of my

D(D) Em (G then Em + F#)

The image shows a musical score for a song. It consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: "true love's hair." The second staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef, and the third staff is in bass clef. Chords are indicated above the first two staves: D(D) for the first measure, and Em (G then Em + F#) for the second and third measures. The music features a simple melody and accompaniment.

2. I love my love and well he knows,  
 I love the ground whereon he goes  
 And if my love no more I see,  
 My life would quickly fade away.

Black, black, black is the color of my true love's hair.



This is another lyric of frustrated love, several of its verses being traditionally found in combination with other lines. The dream verses (2 and 3) have the ring of art poetry to them, and may be a fairly recent accretion to the song.

# Once I Had a Sweetheart

KEY: B $\flat$     CAPO: 1ST    PLAY: A



Lively, lightly

B(A) B(A) A(G)

Once I had a sweet-heart, and

*mf* *p*

Detailed description: This system contains the first two lines of music. The top line is the vocal melody in treble clef, 3/4 time, with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). It begins with a whole rest, followed by a quarter rest, then a quarter note G5, a quarter note A5, and a quarter note G5. A repeat sign follows, with a quarter note G5, a quarter note A5, and a quarter note G5. The bottom two staves are the piano accompaniment. The right hand starts with a whole rest, followed by a quarter rest, then a quarter note G5, a quarter note A5, and a quarter note G5. The left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include *mf* and *p*.

E(D) B(A)

now\_ I have none, Once I had a

*p* *mf* *p*

Detailed description: This system contains the third and fourth lines of music. The vocal melody continues with a quarter note G5, a quarter note A5, and a quarter note G5. A repeat sign follows, with a quarter note G5, a quarter note A5, and a quarter note G5. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern. Dynamics include *p*, *mf*, and *p*.

\* F#m(G) E(D) B(A)

sweet-heart, and now\_ I have none, He's

*p* *mf*

Detailed description: This system contains the fifth and sixth lines of music. The vocal melody continues with a quarter note G5, a quarter note A5, and a quarter note G5. A repeat sign follows, with a quarter note G5, a quarter note A5, and a quarter note G5. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern. Dynamics include *p* and *mf*.

E(D) A(G) B(A)

gone\_ and leave me, He's gone\_ and leave me,

*p*

Detailed description: This system contains the seventh and eighth lines of music. The vocal melody continues with a quarter note G5, a quarter note A5, and a quarter note G5. A repeat sign follows, with a quarter note G5, a quarter note A5, and a quarter note G5. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern. Dynamics include *p*.

\*As performed: A(G).



B(A) *ten.*  
He's gone — and leave me to sor - row and

*ten.*

*first and others* *last rit.*

moan. 2. Last moan.

*rit.*

2. Last night in sweet slumber I dreamed I did see,  
Last night in sweet slumber I dreamed I did see,  
My own precious jewel sat smiling by me,  
My own precious jewel sat smiling by me.
3. And when I awakened I found it not so,  
And when I awakened I found it not so,  
My eyes like some fountain with tears overflow,  
My eyes like some fountain with tears overflow.
4. I'll venture through England, through France and through Spain,  
I'll venture through England, through France and through Spain,  
All my life I will venture the watery main,  
All my life I will venture the watery main.
5. Once I had a sweetheart, etc.

The refrain of this song is usually part of a British broadside ballad known in America as "Down By the Sea Shore" (Laws K 17). The verses, too, are, for the most part, widespread folk commonplaces. The unusual combination of the two, mainly the effort of Fred Hellerman, makes for an enchanting lyric on the theme of frustrated love.

# I Never Will Marry

KEY: D CAPO: NONE PLAY: D

Moderately

D(D, etc.) A A<sup>7</sup> D D<sup>7</sup>

I nev-er will mar-ry, \_\_\_\_\_ I'll be no man's

*mf*

G D

wife, \_\_\_\_\_ I in - tend to live sing - le \_\_\_\_\_

A<sup>7</sup> G D A<sup>7</sup> (D) *Fine*

All the days of my life. \_\_\_\_\_

*pp*

*Fine*

D A<sup>7</sup> D G  
 Some say that love is a gent - le thing, It on - ly has  
 A<sup>7</sup> D D<sup>7</sup> G A F<sup>#7</sup>  
 brought me pain, ——— And the on - ly boy I e - ver  
 Bm \*Em (A<sup>7</sup>) A<sup>7</sup> D *D. C. al Fine*  
 loved is gone on that mid - night train. ———

*D. C. al Fine*

\*As performed: A<sup>7</sup>.

*D. C. al Fine*

I never will marry, etc.

I never will marry, etc.

2. Your company, your company,  
 Your company unto me,  
 It makes me feel while I'm away  
 That every day is three.

3. You'll see the grass whereon you stand  
 Arise and grow again,  
 But love it is a killin' thing,  
 Did you ever feel the pain?

I never will marry, etc.

4. I wish my heart were made of glass,  
 Wherein you might behold,  
 All the wonders of my love,  
 The letters are writ in gold.

I never will marry, etc.

This lonesome song is known widely throughout the southern mountains, and is typical of the beautiful folk poetry which the mountaineers created to tell of heartbreak and sorrow, borrowing inspiration from older commonplace expressions found in British folk love songs. The tune is equally ubiquitous and adorns many other fine texts.

# East Virginia

KEY: B MINOR    CAPO: 2ND    PLAY: A MINOR

Moderately

Dm(Am)                      G(D)                      Dm(Am)

I was born \_\_\_\_\_ in East Vir - gin - ia, North Car - o -

Gm(Dm)                      Dm(Am)                      D(A)

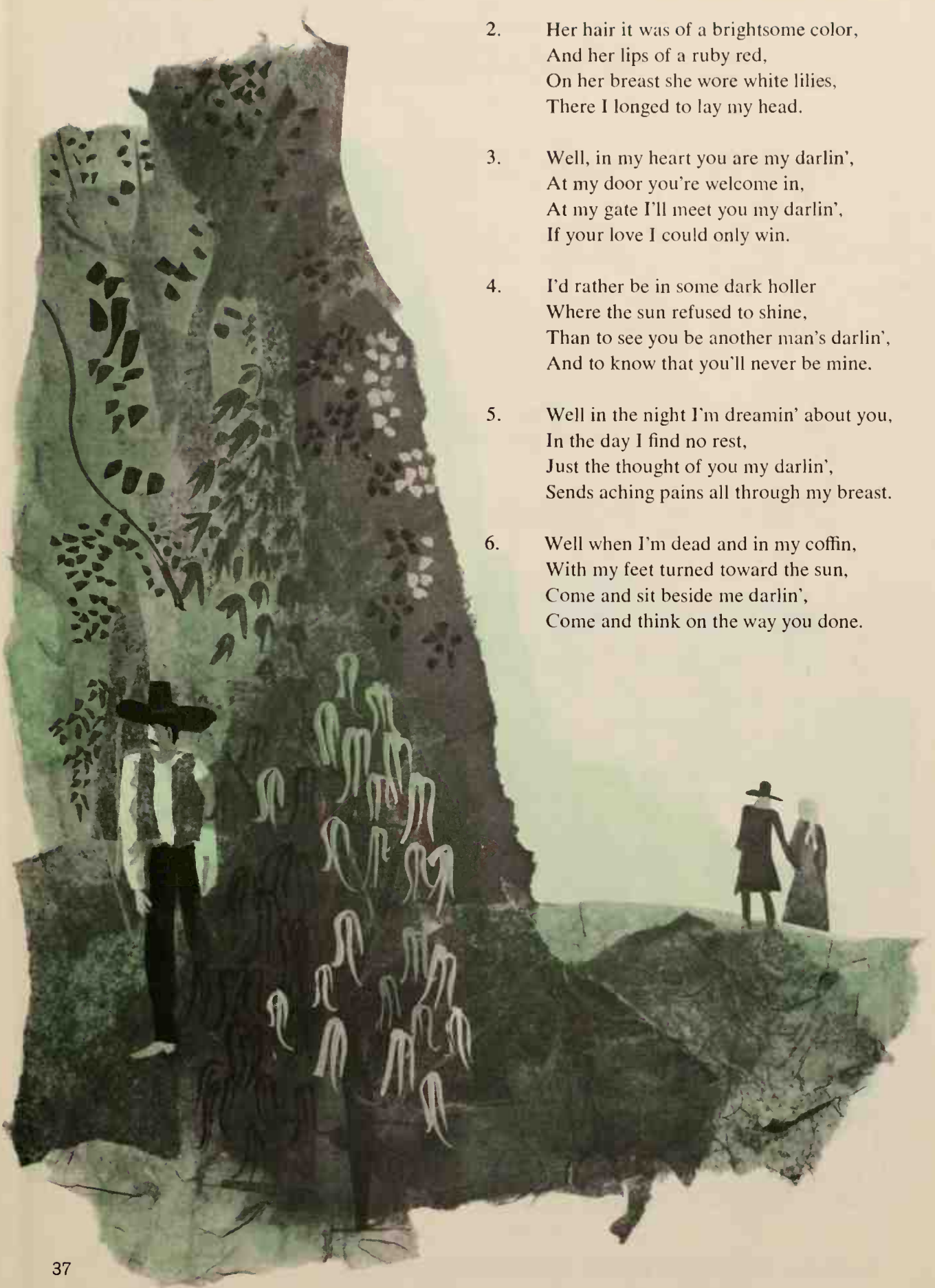
lin - - a I did roam, There I met \_\_\_\_\_

G(D)                      Dm(Am)                      A7(E)                      Dm(Am)                      (♯)

\_\_\_\_\_ a fair pret-ty maid-en, Her name and age \_\_\_\_\_ I do not know. \_\_\_\_\_



2. Her hair it was of a brightsome color,  
And her lips of a ruby red,  
On her breast she wore white lilies,  
There I longed to lay my head.
3. Well, in my heart you are my darlin',  
At my door you're welcome in,  
At my gate I'll meet you my darlin',  
If your love I could only win.
4. I'd rather be in some dark holler  
Where the sun refused to shine,  
Than to see you be another man's darlin',  
And to know that you'll never be mine.
5. Well in the night I'm dreamin' about you,  
In the day I find no rest,  
Just the thought of you my darlin',  
Sends aching pains all through my breast.
6. Well when I'm dead and in my coffin,  
With my feet turned toward the sun,  
Come and sit beside me darlin',  
Come and think on the way you done.



This song was a favorite with broadside printers in England from the 17th century, and is still sung in parts of England and Scotland. The text sometimes runs to seven or more verses, but the two given here are fully representative of the rest.

# I Once Loved a boy

KEY: E CAPO: 4TH PLAY: C

Moderately slow

The musical score is written in 3/4 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It consists of three systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a steady bass line with chords and a treble part with flowing eighth-note patterns. The lyrics are: "I once loved a boy and a bold Ir-ish boy, I would come and would go at his re-quest. And this bold bon-nie boy was my pride and my joy, — And I".

Chord progressions for the first system: F (C\*) | Am (Em\*) | \*\* Bb (Dm) | Gm (G)

Chord progressions for the second system: F (C) | Gm (Dm) | C7 (Em\*) | F (C\*)

Chord progressions for the third system: Am (Em\*) | \*\* Bb (Dm) | (G)

Performance markings include a piano (*p*) dynamic and a *Pedal simile* instruction.

(C\*) and (Em\*) chords are to be played in higher position using first three strings.  
 \*\*As performed: Gm(Dm). This and subsequent variations reflect implied harmonies of the guitar.

Am(C) Gm(Dm) C7(Em\*) F(C\*)

built him a bow - er in my breast.

2. And this girl who has taken my bold bonnie lad,  
May she make of it all that she can,  
For whether he loves me or loves me not,  
I will walk with my love now and then.



The English collector Sabine Baring-Gould found this song in tradition in 1894 and believed it to date back to the period of the Stuart Restoration. Love metaphors utilizing playing cards motifs occur in the folk-songs of many lands, but rarely as effectively as in this song.

# Queen of Hearts

KEY: F# MINOR    CAPO: 2ND    PLAY: E MINOR



2.     Had I the store in yonder mountain,  
       Where gold and silver is there for countin'  
       I could not count for thought of thee,  
       My eyes so full I could not see.
  
3.     I love my father, I love my mother,  
       I love my sister, I love my brother,  
       I love my friends and relatives, too,  
       I'll forsake them all and go with you.
  
4.     To the Queen of Hearts, etc.



Moderately

Bm(Em) F#7(B7) Bm(Em)

To the Queen of Hearts is the Ace of — Sor- row, he's

*mp*

Pedal simile

Detailed description: This system contains the first two measures of the piece. The vocal line starts with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The piano accompaniment features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The tempo is marked 'Moderately' and the dynamics are 'mp'. A 'Pedal simile' instruction is placed at the end of the system.

Em(Am) F#(B7) Bm(Em)

here to - day, he's gone — to - mor - row, — Young

Detailed description: This system contains measures 3 and 4. The vocal line continues with quarter notes D5, E5, and F5, followed by a half note G5. The piano accompaniment continues with the same melodic and harmonic structure.

F#7(B7) Bm(Em) Em(Am)

men are plen - ty but sweet - hearts — few, If my love —

Detailed description: This system contains measures 5 and 6. The vocal line has quarter notes G4, A4, and B4, followed by a half note C5. The piano accompaniment continues with the same melodic and harmonic structure.

Bm(Em) F#7(B7) Bm(Em)

leaves me, — what shall I do? —

*pp*

first and others last

Detailed description: This system contains the final two measures of the piece. The vocal line has quarter notes D5, E5, and F5, followed by a half note G5. The piano accompaniment concludes with a final chord. The dynamics are 'pp'. There are two repeat signs: one for the first ending and one for the last ending.

This is a variant text of one of the most beautiful of all lyric songs of British origin. Robert Burns knew a folk version which he revised with a sure touch, but the folk preferred their own versions, and have kept the song in living tradition for several hundred years. The music for this version is the work of David Gude of Martha's Vineyard.

# Fare Thee Well

(TEN THOUSAND MILES)

KEY: F# CAPO: 4TH PLAY: D

Rhythmic, pulsating

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of three systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a rhythmic, pulsating accompaniment with a steady eighth-note bass line and a more melodic treble line. The lyrics are: "Oh, fare thee well, I must be gone, And leave you for a while, Wher - ev - er I go I will re - turn, if I go ten thou - sand".

**System 1:** Chords: G(D), F(C), G(D). Lyrics: Oh, fare thee well, I must be gone, And

**System 2:** Chords: G(D), F(C), D7(A7), G(D). Lyrics: leave you for a while, Wher - ev - er I go I

**System 3:** Chords: Em(Bm), C(G), \*(D). Lyrics: will re - turn, if I go ten thou - sand

\*As performed: G(D).

Em(Bm) \*\*Am Em \*\*Am G(D)

miles, If I go,

C(G) G(D) Em(Bm)

if I go,

C(G) D<sup>7</sup>(A<sup>7</sup>) G(D)

if I go ten thou - sand miles.

\*\*As performed: Em(Bm) throughout this section.

2. Oh, ten thousand miles it is so far to leave me here alone,  
While I may lie, lament and cry, and you, you'll not hear my moan,  
And you'll,——no you'll, and you'll not hear my moan.
3. Oh, the crow that is so black my love will change his color white,  
If ever I should prove false to thee, the day, day will turn to night,  
Yes, the day,——oh the day, yes the day will turn to night.
4. Oh, the rivers never will run dry, or the rocks melt with the sun,  
I'll never prove false to the boy I love, 'til all, all these things be done,  
'Til all,——'til all, 'til all these things be done.

This incomparable lyric lament on false suitors is perhaps the best known of all such pieces from the Southern Appalachians. Numerous textual variants are known, sung to almost as many different tunes. Some of its verses can be traced back to British songs, while others are found only in America. Taken together they form an exquisite example of lyric folk song.

# Come All Ye Fair and Tender Maidens

KEY: F CAPO: 3RD PLAY: D

Moderately lively, flowing

F(D) Eb(C) F(D) Eb(C) F(D) Eb(C) Cm(Am)

F(D) F(D) Eb(C) F(D) Eb(C)

Come all ye fair

*Pedal simile*

F(D) Eb(C) Bb(G) \*Dm(Em) Bb(G) Gm(Em)

and ten - der maid - ens Take warn - ing

\*As performed: Gm(Em).



F(D) Eb(C) F(D) Eb(C) Gm(Em)

how ————— you court young men, —————

Eb(C) F(D) Bb(G) Gm(Em) Bb(G) \* F7(Em)

— They're like a — star ————— of a sum-mer's

Bb(G) Gm(Em) Bb(G) Gm(Em) Eb(C) Cm(Am) Eb(C)

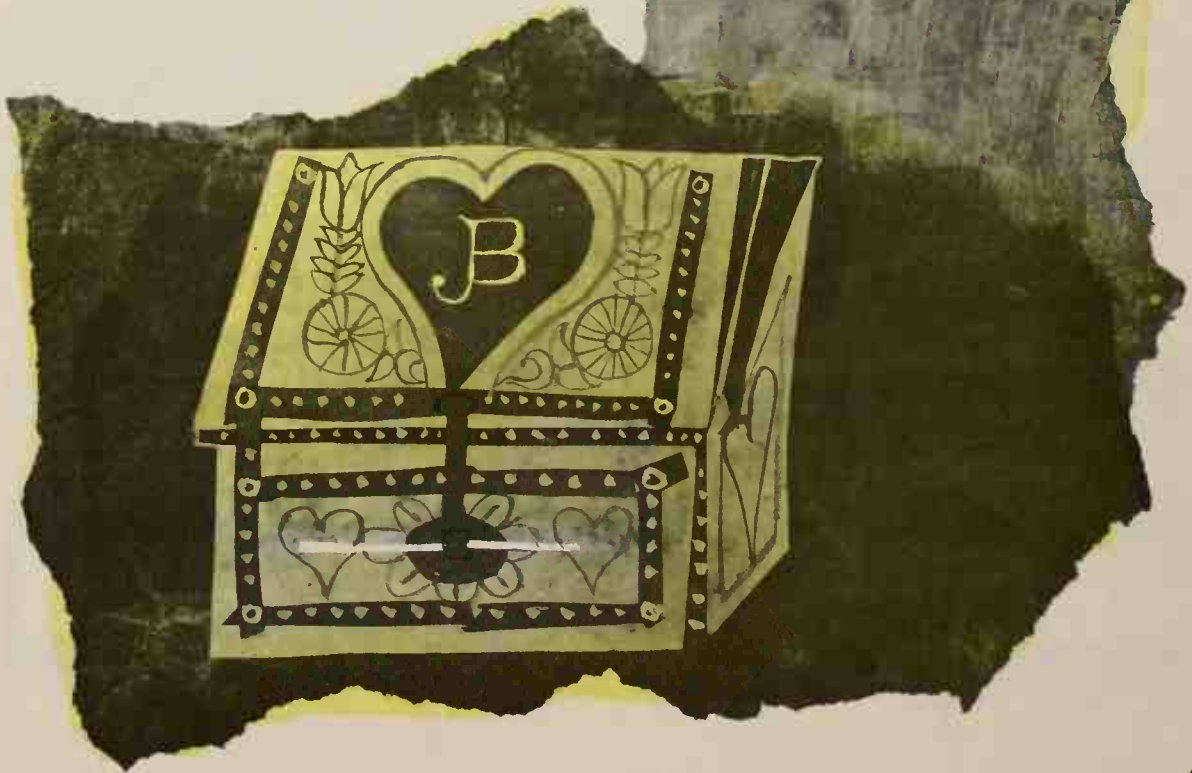
morn-ing, ————— First they'll ap-pear, ————— and then they're

		<i>first and others</i>		<i>last</i>		
F(D)	Eb(C)	F(D)	Cm(C-Am)	F(D)	Cm(C-Am)	F(D)

gone. —————

*rit.* *pp*

2. They'll tell to you some lovin' story,  
They'll swear to you their love is true,  
Straight-way they'll go and court another,  
And that's the love they had for you.
3. Oh, do you remember our days of courtin'  
When your head lay upon my breast?  
You could make me believe  
    with the fallin' of your arm  
That the sun rose in the West.
4. If I'd a known before I courted  
That love it was such a killin' thing,  
I'd a locked my heart in a box of golden  
And fastened it up with a silver pin.
5. I wish I was a little sparrow,  
And I had wings and I could fly,  
I'd fly away to my own true lover,  
And when he'd speak I would deny.
6. But I am not no little sparrow,  
I have no wings, neither can I fly,  
I'll sit right down in my grief and sorrow,  
And let my troubles pass me by.
7. Come all ye fair and tender maidens, etc.





## CHILD BALLADS

*Among the finest of all the folksongs in the English-speaking world are the 305 classic British ballads which Francis James Child of Harvard recognized as being truly traditional, and which he analyzed in great detail in his monumental five volume work, The English and Scottish Popular Ballads (1882-1898). These ballads are still identified by the numbers which he assigned to them and, though more than half a century has passed since his work was completed, only a few ballads have been recommended as additions to Child's canon, an indication of the degree to which Child's selections have become the standard by which all balladry is judged.*



An 18th century English broadside ballad has intertwined with a 17th century traditional Scottish ballad to produce one of the dramatic gems of British balladry. Poaching, even by a nobleman, was a serious crime. His high position, however, entitled him to a death befitting his station in life. Geordie's sweetheart (or wife) pleads for his life, usually to no avail, though in at least one other version he obtains his freedom thanks to the sheer force of her character.

# Geordie

KEY: F MINOR

CAPO: 1ST

PLAY: E MINOR

(CHILD NO. 209)

Moderately

Chord symbols for the first system: F#m(Em), \*C#m(D), D(C), \*\*A(Em or G), F#m(Em)

Chord symbols for the second system: \*\*A(Em or G), E(D), F#m(Em), \*\*A(Em or G), E(D)

Chord symbols for the third system: C#m(Bm), D(C), A(G), C#(B7), F#m(Em)

Lyrics: As I walked out over London bridge one misty morning early, I overheard a fair pretty maid was lamenting for her Geordie die.

\* As performed: E(D).  
 \*\* As performed: F#m(Em).

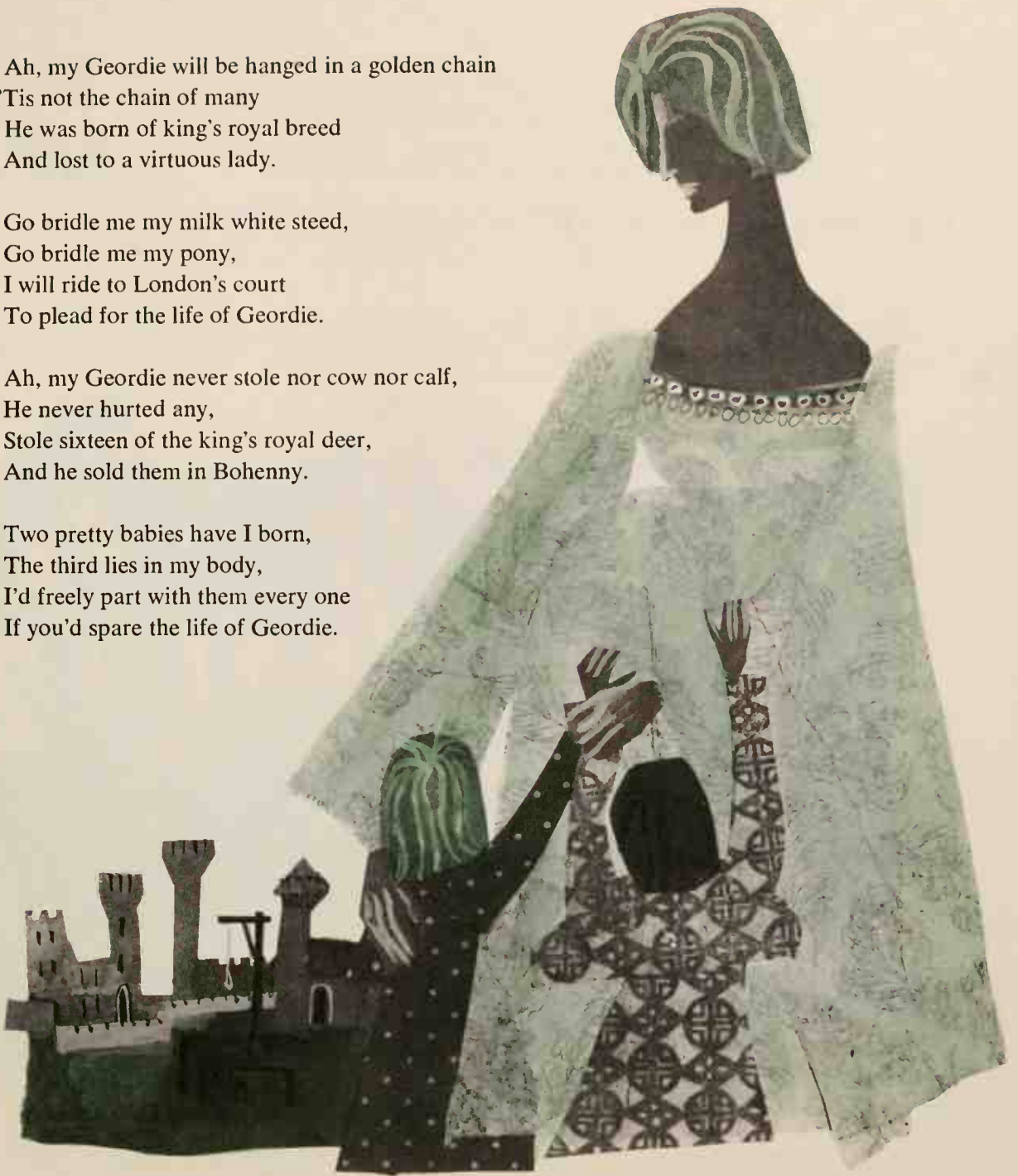


2. Ah, my Geordie will be hanged in a golden chain  
'Tis not the chain of many  
He was born of king's royal breed  
And lost to a virtuous lady.

3. Go bridle me my milk white steed,  
Go bridle me my pony,  
I will ride to London's court  
To plead for the life of Geordie.

4. Ah, my Geordie never stole nor cow nor calf,  
He never hurted any,  
Stole sixteen of the king's royal deer,  
And he sold them in Bohenny.

5. Two pretty babies have I born,  
The third lies in my body,  
I'd freely part with them every one  
If you'd spare the life of Geordie.



6. The judge looked over his left shoulder,  
He said fair maid I'm sorry  
He said fair maid you must be gone,  
For I cannot pardon Geordie.

7. Ah, my Geordie will be hanged in a golden chain,  
'Tis not the chain of many,  
Stole sixteen of the king's royal deer  
And he sold them in Bohenny.

This may well be but one half of a longer ballad in which a sinking of a merchant ship by a pirate is revenged when the King sends one of his captains to locate, defeat and capture the pirate. As given here, we have the first half of that tale; the rest of the story is dramatically told in another Child ballad, "Sir Andrew Barton" (Child No. 167). Both ballads have been collected frequently from traditional singers in America.

# Henry Martin

KEY: B MINOR

CAPO: 2ND

PLAY: A MINOR

(CHILD NO. 250)



Moderately fast

Dm (Am) A(E) Dm (Am)

There were three broth - ers in Mer - ry Scot - land, In

*mf* *with spirit*

Gm (Dm)      A (E or C)      (E)      Dm (Am)

Mer - ry Scot - land there were three, \_\_\_\_\_ And they did cast

Gm (Dm)

lots which of them — should go, — should go, — should

A (C or E)      (E)      Dm (Am)      F (C)      C (G)

go, \_\_\_\_\_ And — turn rob - ber all on the salt

Dm (Am)

sea. \_\_\_\_\_

*first and others*    *last*

2. The lot it fell first upon Henry Martin,  
The youngest of all the three,  
That he should turn robber all on the salt sea, the salt sea, the salt sea,  
For to maintain his two brothers and he.
3. They had not been sailing but a long Winter's night,  
And part of a short Winter's day,  
When he espied a stout lofty ship, lofty ship, lofty ship  
Come a-bibbing down on him straight way.
4. "Hello, hello," cried Henry Martin  
"What makes you sail so nigh?"  
"I'm a rich merchant ship bound for fair London town, London town,  
London town,  
Would you please for to let me pass by?"
5. "Oh, no, oh no," cried Henry Martin,  
"This thing it never could be,  
For I have turned robber all on the salt sea, the salt sea, the salt sea,  
For to maintain my two brothers and me."
6. "Come lower your tops'l and brail up your mizzen,  
Bring your ship under my lee  
Or I will give to you a full cannon ball, cannon ball, cannon ball,  
And all your dear bodies drown in the salt sea."
7. "Oh no, we won't lower our lofty topsail,  
Nor bring our ship under your lee  
And you shan't take from us our rich merchant goods, merchant  
goods, merchant goods,  
Nor point our bold guns to the sea.
8. And broadside and broadside and at it they went  
For fully two hours or three,  
'Til Henry Martin gave to them the death shot, the death shot,  
the death shot  
And straight to the bottom went she.
9. Bad news, bad news to old England came,  
Bad news to fair London town,  
There's been a rich vessel and she's cast away, cast away, cast away,  
And all of her merry men drowned.



# Mary Hamilton

The ballad tale told here bears resemblance to two distinct historical occurrences: one relating to a 16th century incident in the court of Mary Queen of Scots, and the other to an affair in the court of Russia's Czar Peter in the 18th century. At this late date, however, oral tradition has altered the story too greatly to pinpoint the exact incident on which the ballad might have been based. The long circumstantial version given here does not have much currency today among traditional singers; all that usually remains is a lyric lament in which Mary Hamilton makes a farewell speech without any explanation of why she is being punished.

KEY: B    CAPO: 2ND    PLAY: A

(CHILD NO. 173)



Quite moderately

D(A)

Word is to the

Bm (F#m or D)      \*A(A)      D(A)

kit - chen gone And word is to the

A7 (E)      G(D)      D(A)

hall, And word is up to Mad - am the -

Bm (F#m)      D(A)      \*\*G(E)      A7(E)      D(A)      2nd and others

Queen And that's the worst of all,

\*As performed: D(A).  
 \*\*As performed: A7(E) through measure.

*1st verse only*

G(D) D(A)

That Mar - - y Ham - il - ton's borne a \_\_\_

Bm(F#m) D(A) A7(E) D(A)

babe to the high - est Stu - art of all.

2. "Arise, arise, Mary Hamilton,  
Arise and tell to me,  
What thou hast done with thy wee babe  
I saw and heard weep by thee?"

3. "I put him in a tiny boat,  
And cast him out to sea,  
That he might sink or he might swim,  
But he'd never come back to me."

4. "Arise, arise, Mary Hamilton,  
Arise and come with me;  
There is a wedding in Glasgow town,  
This night we'll go and see."

5. She put not on her robes of black,  
Nor her robes of brown,  
But she put on her robes of white,  
To ride into Glasgow town.

6. And as she rode into Glasgow town,  
The city for to see,  
The bailiff's wife and the provost's wife  
Cried, "Ach, and alas for thee."

7. "Ah, you need not weep for me," she cried,  
"You need not weep for me;  
For had I not slain my own wee babe,  
This death I would not dee."

8. "Ah, little did my mother think  
When first she cradled me,  
The lands I was to travel in,  
And the death I was to dee."

9. "Last night I washed the Queen's feet,  
And put the gold in her hair,  
And the only reward I find for this,  
The gallows to be my share."

10. "Cast off, cast off my gown," she cried,  
"But let my petticoat be,  
And tie a napkin 'round my face;  
The gallows I would not see."

11. Then by and come the King himself,  
Looked up with a pitiful eye,  
"Come down, come down, Mary Hamilton,  
Tonight, you'll dine with me."

12. "Ah, hold your tongue, my sovereign liege,  
And let your folly be;  
For if you'd a mind to save my life,  
You'd never have shamed me here."

13. "Last night there were four Marys,  
Tonight there'll be but three,  
There was Mary Beaton, and Mary Seton,  
And Mary Carmichael, and me."

"The Great Silkie of Sule Skerry" is one of numerous tales of the 'Silkies,' or sealfolk, known to the inhabitants of the Orkney Islands and the Hebrides. These enchanted creatures dwell in the depth of the sea, occasionally doffing their seal skins to pass on land as mortal men. Legend has it that they then accept human partners, and some families on the islands actually trace their ancestry to such marriages. In more complete versions of the ballad the Silkie's forecast of the death of himself and his son (stanzas 5 and 6) eventually come to pass. The tune is by Dr. James Waters of Columbia University.

# Silkie

KEY: D

CAPO: NONE

PLAY: D

(CHILD NO. 113)

Moderately

G(D) F(C) G(D)

G(D) F(C) G(D)

An earth - ly nurse — sits and sings, And

*Pedal simile*

F(C) G(D)

Aye, she sings by li - ly — wean, And



C(G) G(D) F(C) G(D) F(C) Am(Em)

lit-tle ken I my bairn's fath - er, Far less the land

Dm(Am) G(D) \*F G (C)

— where he dwells in. —

\*As performed: G(D) to end.

2. For he came one night to her bed feet,  
And a grumbly guest, I'm sure was he,  
Saying "Here am I, thy bairn's father,  
Although I be not comely."
3. "I am a man upon the land,  
I am a silkie on the sea,  
And when I'm far and far frae land,  
My home it is in Sule Skerrie."
4. And he had ta'en a purse of gold  
And he had placed it upon her knee,  
Saying, "Give to me my little young son,  
And take thee up thy nurse's feè."
5. "And it shall come to pass on a summer's day,  
When the sun shines bright on every stane,  
I'll come and fetch my little young son,  
And teach him how to swim the faem."
6. "And ye shall marry a gunner good,  
And a right fine gunner I'm sure he'll be,  
And the very first shot that e'er he shoots  
Will kill both my young son and me."



This is without doubt the best known and most widely sung of all British traditional ballads, both in the Old World and in America. Most variants strongly resemble one another, undoubtedly due to the frequent publication of this ballad in songsters, chapbooks, penny garlands and on broadsides from the 17th century on.

# Barbara Allen

KEY: B

CAPO: 2ND

PLAY: A

(CHILD NO. 84)

Moderately

D(A) A(E) D(A)

'Twas in the mer - ry month of May, When green buds

G(D) D(A) D7(A)

all were swell - in', Sweet Wil - liam -

G(D) D(A) Bm(F#m) D(A)

on his death bed lay for the love of

Musical score for the song "Barb'ry Allen". The score is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The first two measures are in 2/4 time, with a chord of A7(E) above the first measure. The tempo changes to 4/4 for the next two measures, with a chord of D(A) above the first measure. The lyrics are: "Bar - bara Al - len." The piano accompaniment is written in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) and follows the same time signature and key signature as the vocal line.

2. He sent his servant to the town,  
To the place where she was dwellin',  
Saying, "You must come to my master dear,  
If your name be Barb'ry Allen."
3. So, slowly, slowly she got up,  
And slowly she drew nigh him,  
And the only words to him did say,  
"Young man, I think you're dyin'."
4. He turned his face unto the wall,  
And death was in him wellin',  
"Good-bye, good-bye to my friends all,  
Be good to Barb'ry Allen."
5. When he was dead and laid in grave,  
She heard the death bells knellin',  
And every stroke to her did say:  
"Hard-hearted Barb'ry Allen."
6. "Oh mother, oh mother, go dig my grave,  
Make it both long and narrow;  
Sweet William died of love for me,  
And I will die of sorrow."
7. "And father, oh father, go dig my grave,  
Make it both long and narrow,  
Sweet William died on yesterday,  
And I will die tomorrow."
8. Barb'ry Allen was buried in the old church-yard,  
Sweet William was buried beside her;  
Out of Sweet William's heart there grew a rose,  
Out of Barb'ry Allen's, a briar.
9. They grew and grew in the old church-yard,  
'Til they could grow no higher;  
At the end they formed a true lovers' knot,  
And the rose grew 'round the briar.



Aside from its exquisite poetry and music, this ballad is notable for its exhibition of the universal popular belief that excessive grief on the part of mourners disturbs the peace of the dead. Most of the verses of "The Unquiet Grave" can be found in other ballads and folk lyrics, suggesting the possibility that what we have here is only a fragment of a longer ballad still undiscovered. But in its few short verses it presents a compelling and highly dramatic vignette of love, death and grief.

# The Unquiet Grave

KEY: C

CAPO: NONE

PLAY: C

(CHILD NO. 78)

Moderately

C (C+F)

Cold

F(F, etc.) C F C G<sup>7</sup> C

blows the wind to my true love,

\*Am \*\*Em \*\*Dm G

And gently drops the rain.

\*As performed: C.  
\*\*As performed: G<sup>7</sup> throughout.



G<sup>7</sup> \*Am F C  
I've nev - er had but one true

G C F  
love, And in green - wood

G<sup>7</sup> C *last time only*  
he lies slain.

I'll do as much for my true love,  
As any young girl may,  
I'll sit and mourn all on his grave,  
For twelve months and a day.

And when twelve months and a day was passed,  
The ghost did rise and speak,  
"Why sittest thou all on my grave  
And will not let me sleep?"

"Go fetch me water from the desert,  
And blood from out the stone,  
Go fetch me milk from a fair maid's breast  
That young man never has known."

5. "My breast it is as cold as clay,  
My breath is earthly strong,  
And if you kiss my cold clay lips  
Your days they won't be long."

6. "How oft on yonder grave, sweetheart,  
Where we were wont to walk,  
The fairest flower that e'er I saw  
Has withered to a stalk."

7. "When will we meet again, sweetheart,  
When will we meet again?"  
"When the Autumn leaves that fall from the trees  
Are green and spring up again."

This is one of the most popular of English religious folk ballads. Its tale derives from the Pseudo-Matthew gospel, and in medieval times was frequently dramatized in folk plays and mystery pageants including, among others, those performed by the Grey Friars in Coventry. Fuller versions of the ballad sometimes contain predictions of Jesus' birth, death and resurrection.

# The Cherry Tree Carol

KEY: D CAPO: NONE; TUNE 6TH STRING TO D PLAY: D (CHILD NO. 54)

Moderately

The musical score is written in 3/4 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It consists of three systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part is marked *mf* and features a simple harmonic accompaniment with a bass line that often uses a walking bass pattern. The lyrics are: "When Jos - eph was an old man, An old man was he, He mar - ried Vir - gin Mar - y, The Queen of Ga - li - lee, He mar - ried Vir - gin". Chord symbols are placed above the vocal line: F(D) for the first system; C7(A), \*Dm(G), and F(D) for the second system; A7(F#) and Bb(G) for the third system.

\*As performed: B $\flat$ (G).

F(D) C7(A) F(D)

Mar - y, The Queen of Ga - li - lee.

2. Joseph and Mary walked through an orchard green,  
There were berries and cherries as thick as might be seen,  
There were berries and cherries as thick as might be seen.
  
3. And Mary spoke to Joseph, so meek and so mild,  
"Joseph gather me some cherries, for I am with child,  
Joseph gather me some cherries, for I am with child."
  
4. And Joseph flew in anger, in anger flew he,  
"Let the father of the baby gather cherries for thee,  
Let the father of the baby gather cherries for thee."
  
5. Then up spoke baby Jesus from in Mary's womb,  
"Bend down the tallest tree that my mother might have some,  
Bend down the tallest tree that my mother might have some."
  
6. And bent down the tallest branch 'til it touched Mary's hand,  
Cried she, "Oh, look thou Joseph, I have cherries by command,"  
Cried she, "Oh, look thou Joseph, I have cherries by command."







Cm (Am)      *first and others*      *last*

gram - ma - ree.

The musical score is written in 2/4 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes a fermata over the word 'ree' and a repeat sign with first and last endings. The piano accompaniment consists of a treble and bass clef with chords and melodic lines.

2. They'd not been gone but a very short time,  
Scarcely three weeks and a day,  
When death, cruel death, came harkening along  
And stole those babes away.
3. "There is a King in Heaven", she cried,  
"A King of third degree  
Send back, send back my three little babes,  
This night send them back to me."
4. She made a bed in the uppermost room,  
On it she put a white sheet,  
And over the top a golden spread  
That they much better might sleep.
5. "Take it off, take it off," cried the older one,  
"Take it off, take it off," cried he,  
"For what's to become  
of this wide wicked world  
Since sin has first begun."
6. She set a table of linen fine,  
On it she placed bread and wine,  
"Come eat, come drink, my three little babes  
Come eat, come drink of mine."
7. "We want none of your bread, mother,  
Neither do we want your wine,  
For yonder stands our Savior dear,  
To Him we must resign."
8. "Green grass is over our heads, mother,  
Cold clay is over our feet,  
And every tear you shed for us,  
It wets our winding-sheet."



Child's title for this ballad, "James Harris, or the Daemon Lover," indicates the supernatural status of the returning lover, a point which is usually rationalized or eliminated in most American versions. In this fine version, however, the demonic character of the suitor is alluded to in the dramatic closing verses. Next to "Barbara Allen," this is probably the most popular of the Child ballads performed in American tradition.

# House Carpenter

KEY: C MINOR    CAPO: 3RD    PLAY: A MINOR    (CHILD NO. 243)

Moderately

Chords: Dm(Am), C(G), Dm(Am), C(G), Dm(Am), F(C), C(G), Am(Em), \*Bb(Am), C(G or E), Dm(Am)

Lyrics: "Well met, well met, my own true love, Well met, well met," cried he, "I've just re-turned from the salt, salt sea, All for the love of thee."

Performance notes: *p*, *smoothly flowing*, *3* (triplets), *(.)* (accents)

\*As performed: Dm(Am).

2. "I could have married the king's daughter, dear,  
She would have married me,  
But I have forsaken her crowns of gold  
All for the love of thee."
3. "Well, if you could have married the king's  
daughter, dear,  
I'm sure you are to blame,  
For I am married to a house carpenter,  
I find him a nice young man."
4. "Ah, will you forsake your house carpenter,  
And go along with me,  
I'll take you where the grass grows green,  
By the banks of the salt, salt sea."
5. "Well, if I should forsake my house carpenter,  
And go along with thee,  
What have you got to maintain me on  
And keep me from poverty."
6. "Six ships, six ships all out on the sea,  
Seven more upon dry land,  
One hundred and ten all brave sailor men,  
Will be at your command."
7. She picked up her own wee babe,  
And kisses gave him three,  
Said, "Stay right here with my house carpenter,  
And keep him good company."
8. Then she putted on her rich attire,  
So glorious to behold,  
And as she trod along her way,  
She shone like the glittering gold.
9. Well they'd not been gone but about  
two weeks,  
I know it was not three,  
When this fair lady began to weep,  
She wept most bitterly.
10. "Ah, why do you weep, my fair young maid,  
Weep you for your golden store  
Or do you weep for your house carpenter,  
Who never you shall see any more."
11. "I do not weep for my house carpenter  
Or for any golden store,  
I do weep for my own wee babe  
Who never I shall see any more."
12. Well, they'd not been gone but  
about three weeks,  
I'm sure it was not four,  
Our gallant ship sprang a leak and sank,  
Never to rise any more.
13. One time 'round spun our gallant ship  
Two times 'round spun she,  
Three times around spun our gallant ship  
And sank to the bottom of the sea.
14. "What hills, what hills are those, my love,  
That rise so fair and high?"  
"Those are the hills of Heaven my love,  
But not for you and I."
15. "And what hills, what hills are those,  
my love,  
Those hills so dark and low?"  
"Those are the hills of Hell, my love,  
Where you and I must go."



This dramatic ballad traces back to at least the beginning of the 17th century in Britain, but has proven more popular in this country than in the Old World. Its tale of adultery and the gruesome revenge which follows has struck a responsive note in the New World wherever Puritan and Calvinist precepts hold sway, undoubtedly accounting for its widespread popularity in this country despite its great length.

# Matty Groves

KEY: B<sub>5</sub> MINOR    CAPO: 1ST    PLAY: A MINOR    (CHILD NO. 81)

Moderately and freely

The musical score is written in B minor with a capo on the first fret, resulting in an A minor sound. The tempo is 'Moderately and freely'. The score consists of three systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a 'p' (piano) dynamic marking in the first system. The lyrics are: 'Hi - ho, hi - ho, ho - li - day, the best day of the year, Lit-tle Mat - ty Groves to church did go some ho - ly words to hear, some ho - ly words - to hear.' The guitar chords are indicated above the vocal line: Bm(Am), Em(Dm), Bm(Am), F#(E), Bm(Am), Em(Dm), Bm(Am), F#7(E), \*G(Am), \*Em(E), F#(E), and \*\*Bm(Am). The final system includes a triplet of eighth notes in the vocal line and piano accompaniment.

\*As performed: Bm(Am), F#(E).  
 \*\*For some verses: Em(Dm) passing through Bm(Am) and F#(E) to Bm(Am).



2. He spied three ladies dressed in black,  
As they came into view,  
Lord Arlen's wife was gaily clad,  
A flower among the few, a flower among the few.
3. She tripped up to Matty Groves,  
Her eyes so low cast down,  
Saying, "Pray, oh, pray come with me stay,  
As you pass through the town, as you pass through the town."
4. "I cannot go, I dare not go,  
I fear 'twould cost my life,  
For I see by the little ring you wear,  
You are Lord Arlen's wife, you're the great Lord Arlen's wife."
5. "This may be false, this may be true,  
I can't deny it all,  
Lord Arlen's gone to consecrate  
King Henry at Whitehall, King Henry at Whitehall."
6. "Oh, pray, oh pray come with me stay,  
I'll hide thee out of sight,  
I'll serve you there beyond compare,  
And sleep with you the night, and sleep with you the night."
7. Her little page did listen well,  
To all that they did say,  
And ere the sun could rise again  
He quickly sped away, he quickly sped away.
8. And he did run the Kings' highway,  
He swam across the tide,  
He ne'er did stop until he came  
To the great Lord Arlen's side, to the great Lord Arlen's side.
9. "What news, what news, my bully boy,  
What news brings you to me,  
My castle burned, my tenants robbed,  
My lady with baby, my lady with baby?"
10. "No harm has come your house and land,"  
The little page did say,  
"But Matty Groves is bedded up  
With your fair lady gay, with your fair lady gay."
11. Lord Arlen called his merry men,  
He bade them with him go,  
He bade them ne'er a word to speak,  
And ne'er a horn to blow, and ne'er a horn to blow.

12. But among Lord Arlen's merry men  
Was one who wished no ill,  
And the bravest lad in all the crew  
Blew his horn so loud and shrill, blew his horn so loud and shrill.
13. "What's this, what's this," cried Matty Groves,  
"What's this that I do hear?  
It must be Lord Arlen's merry men,  
The ones that I do fear, the ones that I do fear."
14. "Lie down, lie down, little Matty Groves,  
And keep my back from cold,  
It's only Lord Arlen's merry men  
A-callin' the sheep to fold, a-callin' the sheep to fold."
15. Little Matty Groves he did lie down,  
He took a nap asleep,  
And when he woke Lord Arlen was  
A-standing at his feet, a-standing at his feet.
16. "How now, how now, my bully boy,  
And how do you like my sheets?  
And how do you like my fair young bride  
Who lies in your arms asleep, who lies in your arms asleep?"
17. "Ah, it's very well I like your bed,  
And it's fine I like your sheets,  
But it's best I like your fair young bride  
Who lies in my arms asleep, who lies in my arms asleep."
18. "Rise up, rise up, little Matty Groves,  
As fast as e'er you can;  
In England it shall ne'er be said  
I slew a sleeping man, I slew a sleeping man."
19. And the firstest stroke little Matty struck,  
He hurt Lord Arlen sore,  
But the nextest stroke Lord Arlen struck,  
Little Matty struck no more, little Matty struck no more.
20. "Rise up, rise up, my gay young bride,  
Draw on your pretty clothes,  
Now tell me do you like me best  
Or like you Matty Groves, or the dying Matty Groves?"
21. She picked up Matty's dying head,  
She kissed from cheek to chin,  
Said, "It's Matty Groves I'd rather have  
Than Arlen and all his kin, than Arlen and all his kin."
22. "Ah, woe is me and woe is thee,  
Why stayed you not your hand?  
For you have killed the fairest lad  
In all of England, in all of England."



## BROADSIDE BALLADS

*Almost from the inception of printing, ballad and song materials were published on one side of single sheets of paper of various sizes and sold for a few pennies by street singers and hawkers at country fairs and on the streets of towns and cities throughout Europe, and later in the New World as well. Taking their name from those song sheets which were wider than they were long, the ballads which appeared on them became known as 'broadside' ballads. The artistry of these compositions was generally of a lower order than those of the older traditional ballads, many of them being the work of hack scribes in the employ of the printers. But the ballad sheets helped to wing these songs on their way into oral circulation, in the course of which many were smoothed out and changed from journalistic dross to minor oral masterpieces.*

*The ballad scholar, Malcolm G. Laws, Jr., has classified many of the non-Child ballads found in America, and the numbers which appear after the titles are those which he has assigned to ballads given here.*

The rejected suitor who in turn rejects his false lover when she finally calls for him is a popular theme in traditional and broadside balladry, and numerous different versifications have been collected from traditional singers on both sides of the Atlantic Ocean. This is one of the best of them, uncomplicated by the introduction of other themes.

# Once I Knew a Pretty Girl

KEY: E MINOR

CAPO: NONE

PLAY: E MINOR

(LAWS P 10)



Slow and very free

1. Once I knew a pret-ty girl — I loved her as my life — I'd

glad - ly give my heart and hand — to make her — my

Chords: Gm(Em), Cm(Am), Gm(Em), Bb(G), D7(B7)

Dynamic: *pp*



\* Gm(B<sup>7</sup>)      Gm(Em)      D<sup>7</sup>(B<sup>7</sup>)      Gm(Em)

wife, Oh, \_\_\_\_\_ to make her my\_ wife.

*a tempo, moderately*

*2nd and subsequent verses.*

Gm(Em)

2. She took me by the hand,

Cm(Am)

She led me — to the door, She

*Pedal simile*

Gm(Em)      D(B<sup>7</sup>)

put her arms \_\_\_\_\_ a - round me say - ing "Please don't come no

\*As performed: D<sup>7</sup>(B<sup>7</sup>).

Gm(Em)

more, Oh,

D<sup>7</sup>(B<sup>7</sup>)                      Gm(Em)

please                      come no more."                      (◡)

3. Well, I'd not been gone but about six months,  
 When she did complain,  
 And she wrote me a letter,  
 Saying, "Please come back again,  
 Ooh, please come again."

5. So come all ye young lovers,  
 Take a warning from me,  
 And never place your affections  
 On a green growin' tree,  
 Ooh, on a green growin' tree.

4. And I wrote her an answer,  
 Just for to let her know,  
 That no young man should venture,  
 Where once he could not go,  
 Ooh, where once he could not go.

6. 'Cause the leaves they will wither,  
 Roots will decay,  
 And the beauty of a young maid,  
 Will soon fade away,  
 Ooh, soon fade away.

# Silver Dagger

Family opposition to the marriage of lovers takes many forms in traditional ballads, almost all of which end either with the lovers committing suicide or one of them being done away with by the recalcitrant parents. In this version of "The Silver Dagger," however, the ballad ends inconclusively for we are not told what course will be taken by the rejected lover.

KEY: D<sub>5</sub>

CAPO: 4TH

PLAY: A

(LAWS M 4 AND G 21)



Lively

F(A) Bb(D)

*f*

The piano introduction consists of three measures. The right hand plays a series of chords (F(A), F(A), Bb(D)) with a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes. The left hand plays a melodic line with eighth notes and quarter notes.

F(A) F(A)

Don't sing love songs, \_\_\_\_\_ you'll wake my

The vocal line begins with a rest, then sings "Don't sing love songs, \_\_\_\_\_ you'll wake my". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern as the introduction.

Bb(D) F(A)

moth-er, \_\_\_\_\_ She's sleep-ing here \_\_\_\_\_

The vocal line continues with "moth-er, \_\_\_\_\_ She's sleep-ing here \_\_\_\_\_". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

Gm(Bm)

\_\_\_\_\_ right by my side, \_\_\_\_\_ And in her

The vocal line continues with "\_\_\_\_\_ right by my side, \_\_\_\_\_ And in her". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.



*E<sub>b</sub>(G)* *Cm(Em)*

right hand \_\_\_\_\_ a sil-ver dag - ger \_\_\_\_\_

*Gm(Bm)* *E<sub>b</sub>(G)*

\_\_\_\_\_ She says that I \_\_\_\_\_ can't be your

*F(A)* *first and others* | *last*

bride. \_\_\_\_\_ 2. All men are \_\_\_\_\_

*r.h.*

2. All men are false, says my mother,  
 They'll tell you wicked, lovin' lies.  
 The very next evening, they'll court another,  
 Leave you alone to pine and sigh.

3. My daddy is a handsome devil,  
 He's got a chain five miles long,  
 And on every link a heart does dangle  
 Of another maid he's loved and wronged.

4. Go court another tender maiden,  
 And hope that she will be your wife,  
 For I've been warned, and I've decided  
 To sleep alone all of my life.

This ballad appears to have been founded on an actual occurrence. In the 17th century, young Lord Craigton was married to Elizabeth Innes, a girl several years his senior, in a child marriage intended to consolidate family fortunes. The young husband died several years later. The use of a colored ribbon as a marriage token (stanza 4) is a centuries-old tradition still found in rural folk communities. The ballad is widely known in Scotland ("Lang A-Growing"), Ireland ("The Bonny Boy"), and in England under the title given here.

# The Trees They Do Grow High

KEY: F MINOR

CAPO: 1ST

PLAY: E MINOR

(LAWS O 35)

Moderately slow

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of music. Each system includes a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features chords and a bass line with a 'sustained' marking. The key signature is F minor (one flat), and the time signature is common time (C).

**System 1:** Chords: Gm(Em), Cm(Am), Gm(Em). Lyrics: "The trees they grow high and the leaves they do grow".

**System 2:** Chords: Bb(G), Dm(Bm), Gm(Em). Lyrics: "green, Ma - ny is the time my true — love I've".

**System 3:** Chords: \*Dm(Em), Eb(C), Cm(Am), \*Eb(Em), Bb(G). Lyrics: "seen, Ma - ny an hour I've watched him all a - lone, He's".

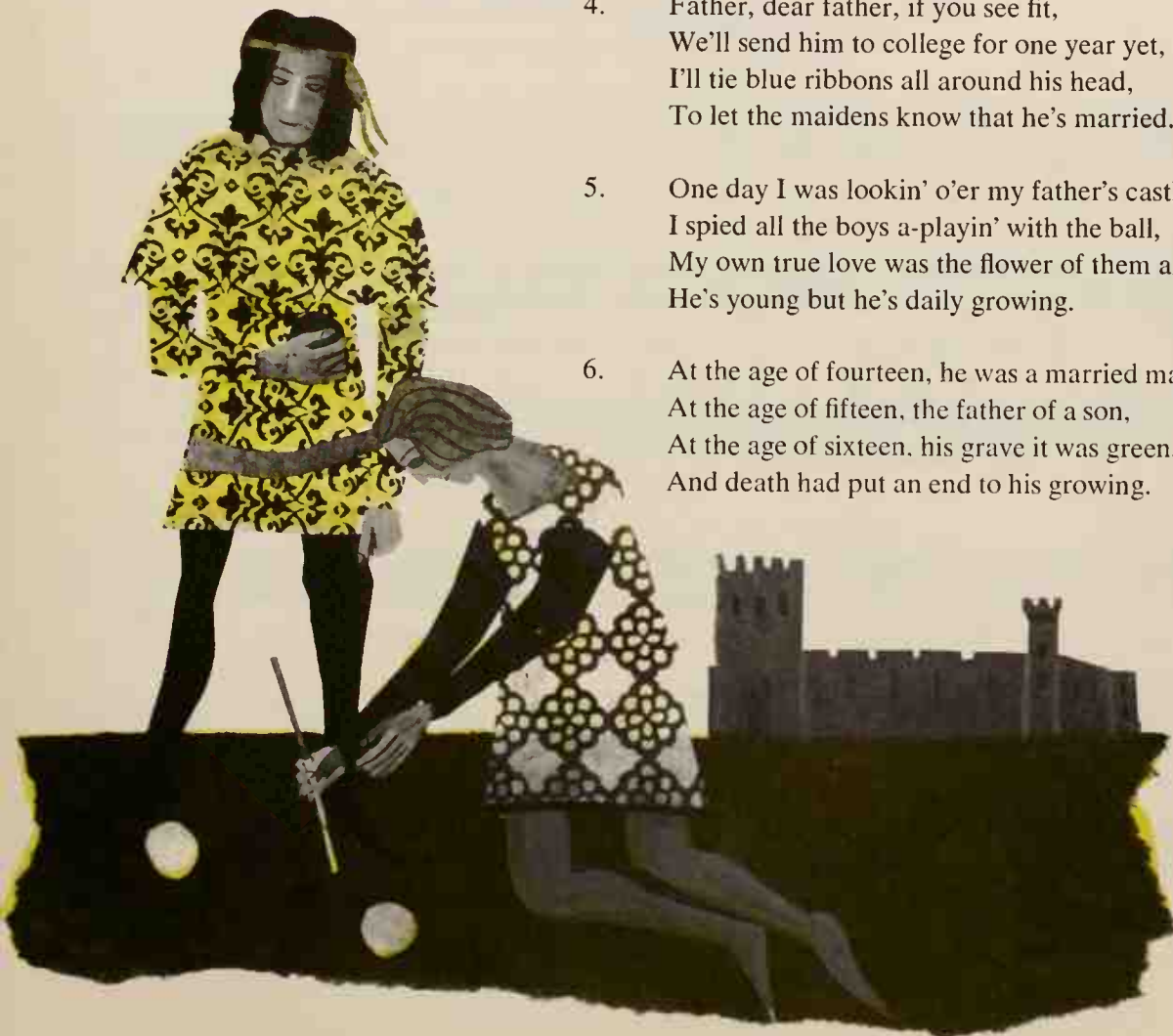
\*As performed: Gm(Em).

Dm(Bm) Cm(Am) Dm(Bm) Gm(Em) \*Cm Gm

young, but he's dai - ly — grow - ing.

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in G minor, with lyrics 'young, but he's dai - ly — grow - ing.' The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (Bb and Eb). The time signature is 4/4. The chords are indicated above the vocal line: Dm(Bm), Cm(Am), Dm(Bm), Gm(Em), \*Cm, and Gm.

2. Father, dear father, you've done me great wrong,  
 You have married me to a boy who is too young,  
 I'm twice twelve and he is but fourteen,  
 He's young but he's daily growing.
3. Daughter, dear daughter, I've done you no wrong,  
 I have married you to a great lord's son,  
 He'll make a lord for you to wait upon,  
 He's young but he's daily growing.
4. Father, dear father, if you see fit,  
 We'll send him to college for one year yet,  
 I'll tie blue ribbons all around his head,  
 To let the maidens know that he's married.
5. One day I was lookin' o'er my father's castle wall,  
 I spied all the boys a-playin' with the ball,  
 My own true love was the flower of them all,  
 He's young but he's daily growing.
6. At the age of fourteen, he was a married man,  
 At the age of fifteen, the father of a son,  
 At the age of sixteen, his grave it was green,  
 And death had put an end to his growing.



The girl who disguises herself as a soldier or sailor in order to be at the side of her lover is an age-old theme, and in English alone more than 20 different ballads on this theme have been collected from traditional singers. "Jackaroe" is one of the most popular of these to be found in America. Here, as in most ballads about a "female warrior," all ends well.

# Jackaroe

KEY: D MINOR

CAPO: 5TH

PLAY: A MINOR

(LAWS N 7)



Lively

Em(Am) G(C) B(E7)

There was a weal-thy mer - chant, In Lon-don he did dwell, \_\_\_\_\_

*p smoothly flowing*

Em(Am) G(C) C(F)

— He had a love - ly daugh - ter, The truth to you I'll



G(C) Em(Am) B(E7) Em(Am) (.)

tell, \_\_\_\_\_ Oh, the truth to you I'll tell. \_\_\_\_\_

2. She had sweethearts a-plenty and men of high degree,  
There was none but Jack the sailor her true love e'er could be,  
Oh, her true love e'er could be.
3. Now Jackie's gone a-sailing with trouble on his mind,  
To leave his native country and his darling girl behind,  
Oh, his darling girl behind.
4. She went into a tailor shop and dressed in men's array,  
And stepped on board a vessel to convey herself away,  
Oh, convey herself away.
5. "Before you step on board, sir, your name I'd like to know."  
She smiled all in her countenance, "they call me Jackaroe,  
Oh, they call me Jackaroe."
6. "Your waist is light and slender, your fingers are neat and small  
Your cheeks too red and rosy to face the cannon-ball,  
Oh, to face the cannon-ball."
7. "I know my waist is slender, my fingers neat and small,  
But it would not make me tremble to see ten thousand fall,  
Oh, to see ten thousand fall."
8. The war soon being over, they hunted all around,  
And among the dead and dying her darling boy she found,  
Oh, her darling boy she found.
9. She picked him up all in her arms and carried him to the town,  
And sent for a physician who quickly healed his wounds,  
Oh, who quickly healed his wounds.
10. This couple, they got married, so well did they agree,  
This couple they got married, so why not you and me,  
Oh, so why not you and me.

In its original Irish form, this ballad told of a race between a horse named 'Sku-ball' and a mare, 'Miss Portly,' on the Kildare race track in the early 19th century. In America the song has been most popular in the Negro south, where the winning horse is known variously as 'Stewball' or 'Kimball.' The music for this version is the work of the Greenbriar Boys.

# Stewball

KEY: C CAPO: NONE PLAY: C

(LAWS Q 22)

## Lazy rhythm

Stew - ball was a good horse, \_\_\_\_\_ He wore a high

head, \_\_\_\_\_ And the mane on his fore - top \_\_\_\_\_

(small notes optional for any verse)

Was as fine as silk - thread. \_\_\_\_\_

Chords: Bb(C), Gm(Am), Cm7(Dm), F7(G7), Bb(C)

2. I rode him in England,  
I rode him in Spain,  
And I never did lose, boys,  
I always did gain.
3. So come all you gamblers,  
Wherever you are,  
And don't bet your money  
On that little gray mare.
4. Most likely she'll stumble,  
Most likely she'll fall,  
But you never will lose, boys,  
On my noble Stewball.
5. As they were a-ridin'  
'Bout halfway around,  
That gray mare she stumbled  
And fell on the ground.
6. And away out yonder,  
Ahead of them all,  
Came a-prancin' an' dancin'  
My noble Stewball.



The original British broadside ballad from which this version is descended lists the many crimes of the narrator, including the robbery of various Lords, Dukes and Earls, for which he is eventually condemned to the gallows. In oral tradition the narrative element is pretty weak, his crimes are generalized and his burial instructions give no indication of his capture and sentencing. Its handsome tune more than makes up for the loss of details in this ballad version.

# Rake and Rambling Boy

KEY: C

CAPO: 3RD

PLAY: A

(LAWS L 12)

**Lively**

Well, I'm a rake and a rambling boy,

There's many a city I did enjoy,

And now I've married me a pretty little wife



G<sup>7</sup>(E<sup>7</sup>) C(A)

— And I love her dear - er ————— than I love my life. —————

The musical score consists of two systems. The first system is a vocal line on a treble clef staff with lyrics underneath. The second system is an instrumental accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The first system is marked with a G7(E7) chord and the second system with a C(A) chord.

2. Oh, she was pretty, both neat and gay,  
 Caused me to rob the broad highway,  
 Oh, yes I robbed it, I do declare,  
 And I got myself ten thousand there.

4. Oh, when I die, don't bury me at all,  
 Place my bones in alcohol,  
 And at my feet, place a white snow dove,  
 To tell the world that I died for love.

3. Well, I'm a rake, etc.

5. Well, I'm a rake, etc.



Cecil Sharp discovered several versions of this ballad in the Southern Appalachians on his collecting trips during the first World War, though it appears to have disappeared from American tradition since that time. It is still extremely popular in Scotland as "The Bonnie Lass o' Fyvie-O" and was earlier known in England as "Pretty Peggy of Derby."

# Fennario

KEY: E CAPO: 4TH PLAY: C

Moderately lively

F(C) Bb(F) F(C) Bb(F)

As

*p* lightly flowing

F(C) Bb(F) F(C)

we marched down to Fen - na - ri - o, As

\* Dm Am(Em)

we marched down to Fen - na - ri - o, Our

\*As performed: F(C).

\*B $\flat$ (G) F(C) \*\*Am

Cap - tain fell in love with a lad - y like a

Dm(Am) B $\flat$ (F)

dove, They called her by name, pret - ty

\*\*\*Gm F(C) F(C)

*first and others* *last*

Peg - gy, oh. 2. What oh.

*rit.*

\*As performed: C(G).  
 \*\*As performed: F(C) is retained.  
 \*\*\*As performed: B $\flat$ (F) is retained.

2. What will your mother think, pretty Peggy, oh?  
 What will your mother think, pretty Peggy, oh?  
 What will your mother think, when she hears the guineas clink,  
 And the soldiers all marching before you, oh?

3. In a carriage you will ride, pretty Peggy, oh,  
In a carriage you will ride, pretty Peggy, oh,  
In a carriage you will ride, with your true love by your side  
As fair as any maiden in the areo.

4. Come skipping down the stairs, pretty Peggy, oh,  
Come skipping down the stairs, pretty Peggy, oh,  
Come skipping down the stairs, combing back your yellow hair,  
And bid farewell to Sweet William, oh.

5. Sweet William is dead, pretty Peggy, oh,  
Sweet William is dead, pretty Peggy, oh,  
Sweet William is dead, and he died for a maid,  
The fairest maid in the areo.

6. If ever I return, pretty Peggy, oh,  
If ever I return, pretty Peggy, oh,  
If ever I return, all your cities I will burn  
Destroying all the ladies in the areo.





# John Riley

The returning soldier or sailor who disguises himself in order to test his sweetheart's fidelity has long been a favorite theme with ballad singers. Of course, everything turns out happily when she proves true and he reveals his real identity to her. To prove his identity, the 'long lost lover' usually shows her one half of a token which they broke between them at his departure.

KEY: C MINOR

CAPO: 3RD

PLAY: A MINOR

(LAWS N 42)



Lively, flowing

Dm(Am) Dm(Am)

Fair young maid

*p*

Detailed description: This system contains the first two measures of the piece. The vocal line (top staff) has a whole rest in the first measure and a half note 'Fair' in the second, followed by a quarter note 'young' and a quarter note 'maid' in the third measure. The piano accompaniment (bottom two staves) features a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand and a more complex eighth-note melody in the right hand. A piano dynamic marking 'p' is placed above the piano part. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4.

G(D) Dm(Am)

all in a gar - den,

Detailed description: This system contains the next two measures. The vocal line has a quarter note 'all', a quarter note 'in', a half note 'a', and a quarter note 'gar - den,'. The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns. The key signature and time signature remain the same.

G(D) Dm(Am)

Strange young man, pas - ser - by,

Detailed description: This system contains the next two measures. The vocal line has a quarter note 'Strange', a quarter note 'young', a half note 'man,', and a quarter note 'pas - ser - by,'. The piano accompaniment continues. The key signature and time signature remain the same.

F(C) C(G)

Said "Fair maid, will you mar - ry me?"

Detailed description: This system contains the final two measures. The vocal line has a quarter rest, a quarter note 'Said', a quarter note 'Fair', a quarter note 'maid,', a quarter note 'will', a quarter note 'you', a quarter note 'mar - ry', and a quarter note 'me?'. The piano accompaniment concludes with a final cadence. The key signature and time signature remain the same.

Gm(Dm) Dm(Am)

This then, sir, was her re - ply.

*first and others* *last*

*rit.* *pp*

2. "Oh, no, kind sir, I cannot marry thee,  
For I've a love who sails all on the seas,  
He's been gone for seven years,  
Still no man shall marry me."

4. "If he's in some battle slain,  
I will die when the moon doth wane.  
If he's drowned in the deep salt sea,  
I'll be true to his memory."

3. "What if he's in some battle slain,  
Or drowned in the deep salt sea?  
What if he's found another love,  
And he and his love both married be?"

5. "And if he's found another love,  
And he and his love both married be,  
I wish them health and happiness  
Where they dwell across the sea."

6. He picked her up all in his arms,  
And kisses gave her, one, two, three,  
Saying, "Weep no more, my own true love,  
I am your long lost John Riley."

Tragedy resulting from parental opposition to the marriage of two lovers was a favorite broadside theme. Though the text has the sound of British broadside balladry, the ballad of "Willie Moore" has been reported only in America, and rather rarely at that. One Ozark singer reported having met a Reverend William Moore who claimed the song was written about him. Such claims can usually be taken with a grain of salt.

# Willie Moore

KEY: F# CAPO: 2ND PLAY: E

Fast

F(E) \* C7(E)

Wil-lie Moore was a King

F (E, etc.) C7

aged twenty one, Court - ed a maid - en fair, — Her

F C7 F

eyes were like two dia - monds bright, Ra - ven black was her

Detailed description: This is a musical score for the song "Willie Moore". It is written in F major with a capo on the 2nd fret, resulting in a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked "Fast". The score is in 4/4 time and consists of three systems. Each system includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a prominent five-tone drone in the bass line. The first system begins with a rest for the vocal line, followed by the lyrics "Wil-lie Moore was a King". The second system contains the lyrics "aged twenty one, Court - ed a maid - en fair, — Her". The third system contains the lyrics "eyes were like two dia - monds bright, Ra - ven black was her". Chord markings include F(E), \*C7(E), F (E, etc.), C7, and F. Dynamic markings include *f* and *mf*. The score includes repeat signs and first/second endings.

\*As performed: F(E) throughout song as a drone with the five-tone melody in the bass.



<i>first and others</i>	<i>last</i>
-------------------------	-------------

hair, hmm,hmm,hmm.

2. He courted her both day and night,  
To marry him she did agree,  
But when they went to get her parents' consent,  
They said, "This could never be," hmmm, hmmm, hmmm--.
  
3. "I love Willie Moore," sweet Annie replied,  
"Better than I love my life,  
And I would rather die than weep here and cry,  
Never to be his wife," hmmm, hmmm, hmmm--.
  
4. That very same night sweet Anne disappeared,  
They searched the country 'round  
In a little stream by the cabin door,  
The body of sweet Annie was found, hmmm, hmmm, hmmm--.
  
5. Sweet Annie's parents they live all alone,  
One mourns, the other cries,  
In a little green mound in front of their door  
The body of sweet Annie now lies.
  
6. Willie Moore scarce spoke that anyone knew,  
Soon from his friends did part,  
And the last heard of him was he's in Montreal,  
Where he died of a broken heart,  
hmmm, hmmm, hmmm--.
  
7. Willie Moore was a king, etc.



Usually the villain of this piece is a 'butcher boy,' and the scene takes place in 'Jersey City.' Despite its localization in America, this ballad traces back to an amalgamation of two British broadsides: "The Squire's Daughter" and "There Is a Tavern in the Town."

# Railroad Boy

KEY: D MINOR

CAPO: 5TH

PLAY: A MINOR

(LAWS P 24)

2. "Oh, mother dear, I cannot tell,  
It's that railroad boy that I love so well,  
He's courted me my life away  
And now at home he will not stay."

3. "There is a place in London town,  
Where that railroad boy goes  
and sits him down,  
He takes a strange girl on his knee,  
And he tells to her what he won't tell me."

4. Her father, he came home from work,  
Saying, "Where's my daughter,  
she seemed so hurt."  
He went upstairs to give her hope,  
And he found her hanging by a rope.

5. He took a knife and he cut her down  
And on her bosom these words he found:

6. "Go dig my grave both wide and deep,  
Put a marble stone at my head and feet,  
And at my breast put a white snow dove,  
To tell the world that I died of love."

Moderately

Em(Am) B<sup>7</sup>(E) Em(Am) D(G)

stairs \_\_\_\_\_ to make her bed, \_\_\_\_\_ And not a

G(C) Bm(Em) Em(Am) *(5<sup>th</sup> verse ends here)*

word \_\_\_\_\_ to her moth - er said, Her moth - er

Em(Am) B<sup>7</sup>(E) Em(Am)

she \_\_\_\_\_ went up - stairs too, say - ing, "Daugh - ter, oh

\* Em(C) Bm(Em) Em(Am)

daugh - ter, \_\_\_\_\_ what's troubl - ing you?" \_\_\_\_\_

\*As performed: G(C).

Here is another familiar newspaper headline theme: "Jealous Lover Stabs Rival to Death." The broadside of yesteryear was the direct ancestor of today's newspapers, and headline stories have changed little since their earlier publication on English and Irish broadsides. This is a particularly handsome Ohio version of a ballad that should be better known.

# The Lily of the West

KEY: B $\flat$  MINOR

CAPO: 6TH

PLAY: E MINOR

(LAWS P 29)





Fast

Bm(Em)

*f*

The piano introduction consists of two systems of music. The first system features a treble clef with a melodic line of eighth notes and a bass clef with a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes. The second system continues the melodic line in the treble and the accompaniment in the bass.

Bm(Em) \* (G)

When first I came to Lou-is -

*melody* *f*

*bring out l. h.*

The first system shows the vocal line starting with a whole note rest, followed by the lyrics 'When first I came to Lou-is -'. The piano accompaniment continues with eighth notes. The second system shows the piano accompaniment with a melodic line in the treble and accompaniment in the bass, marked 'melody' and 'f'. A note in the bass is marked 'bring out l. h.'.

E(D) Bm(C) (Em)

ville, Some plea - sure there to find, A

*sf* *sf*

The first system shows the vocal line with lyrics 'ville, Some plea - sure there to find, A'. The piano accompaniment features a melodic line in the treble and accompaniment in the bass, with accents marked 'sf'.

D(G) (D) (C) (Em)

dam - sel there from Lex - ing - ton Was pleas - in' to my

The first system shows the vocal line with lyrics 'dam - sel there from Lex - ing - ton Was pleas - in' to my'. The piano accompaniment continues with eighth notes in both hands.

\*Here, and throughout, the free piano transcription will differ considerably from performance with guitar.

Bm(Em) (G) (D)

mind. Her ro - sy cheeks, her ru - by lips, Like

(Em) Bm(Em)

ar - rows pierced my breast \_ \_ \_ And the name she bore was

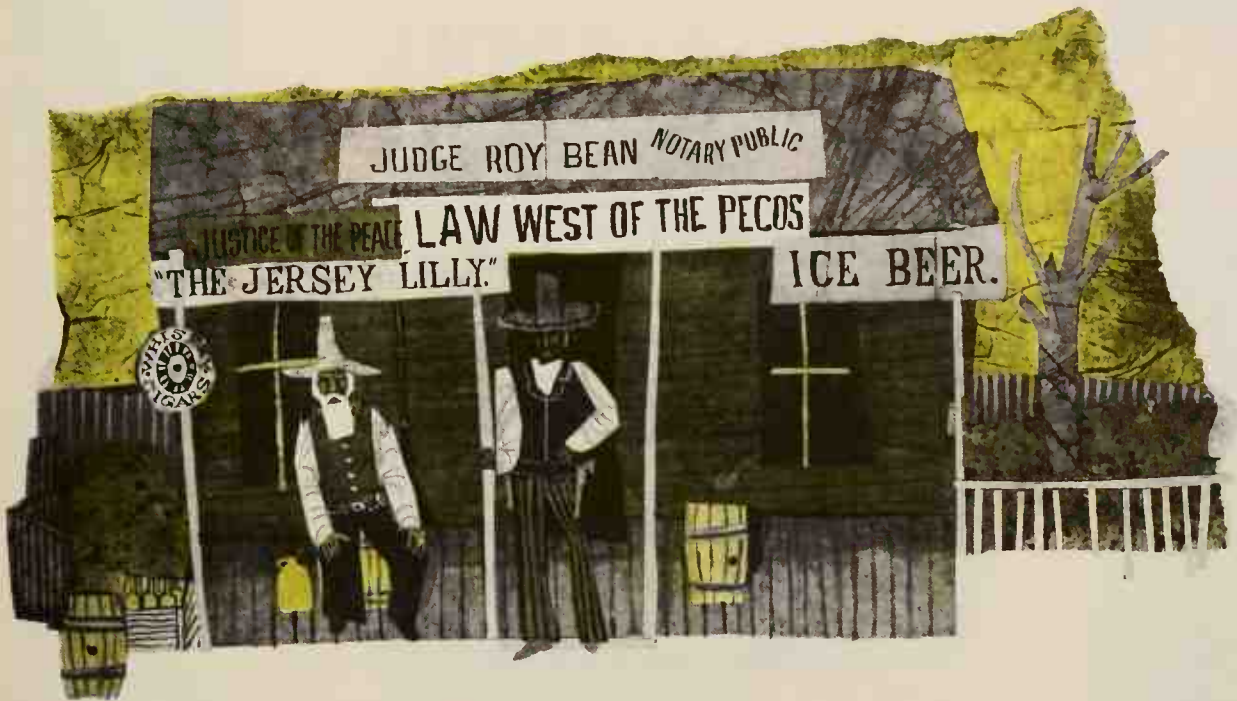
(G) E(D) D(C) (Em)

Flo - ra, The Lil - y of the

Bm(Em) *first and others* *last*

West. 2. I

2. I courted lovely Flora some pleasure there to find,  
But she turned unto another man which sore distressed my mind.  
She robbed me of my liberty, deprived me of my rest—  
Then go, my lovely Flora, the lily of the West.
3. 'Way down in yonder shady grove, a man of high degree  
Conversin' with my Flora there, it seemed so strange to me.  
And the answer that she gave to him it sore did me oppress—  
I was betrayed by Flora, the lily of the West.



4. I stepped up to my rival, my dagger in my hand,  
I seized him by the collar, and boldly bade him stand.  
Being mad to desperation I pierced him in the breast—  
Then go, my lovely Flora, the lily of the West.
5. I had to stand my trial, I had to make my plea,  
They placed me in the criminal box and then commenced on me.  
Although she swore my life away, deprived me of my rest—  
Still I love my faithless Flora, the lily of the West.







# AMERICAN BALLADS AND SONGS

*Native American folksongs and ballads result from a combination of several cultural strains meeting and coalescing under the unique conditions of American life and mores. The product is no less American when every now and then one catches a glimpse of the various strains which contributed to its being. Cowboy songs, bad men ballads, love lyrics, moonshining songs, Negro ballads, and hunting songs may be the product of a specific region, occupation, or status group, but cutting across all these levels there is something distinctly, perhaps peculiarly, recognizable in all of them which speaks for the land as a whole.*

This is an American murdered girl ballad which omits the usual pregnant sweetheart theme. Here the young man kills the girl because she rejected his proposal, with other versions indicating family opposition to the marriage as the cause for her refusal to marry. Though similar in theme to various British broadside ballads, versions of this song have been reported only in America.

# Banks of the Ohio

KEY: B CAPO: 2ND PLAY: A

Moderately

The musical score is written in G major (two sharps) and 4/4 time. It consists of three systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Moderately'. The piano accompaniment begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. Chords are indicated above the vocal line: D(A), A7(E), D(A), D7(A7), and G(D). The lyrics are: 'I asked my love to take a walk, to take a walk, just a lit - tle walk, Down be - side where the wat - ers flow,'.

**System 1:** Chords: D(A), A7(E). Lyrics: I asked my love to take a walk,

**System 2:** Chord: D(A). Lyrics: to take a walk, just a lit - tle walk,

**System 3:** Chords: D7(A7), G(D). Lyrics: Down be - side where the wat - ers flow,

D(A) A<sup>7</sup>(E) D(A)

Down by the banks \_\_\_\_\_ of the O - hi - o. \_\_\_\_\_

The image shows a musical score for the song 'Down by the Banks of the Ohio'. It consists of three staves: a vocal line at the top, a piano accompaniment in the middle, and a bass line at the bottom. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line has lyrics 'Down by the banks \_\_\_\_\_ of the O - hi - o. \_\_\_\_\_' with a fermata over the final note. The piano accompaniment features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The bass line has a fermata over the final note. The chords D(A), A<sup>7</sup>(E), and D(A) are indicated above the vocal line.

Chorus:

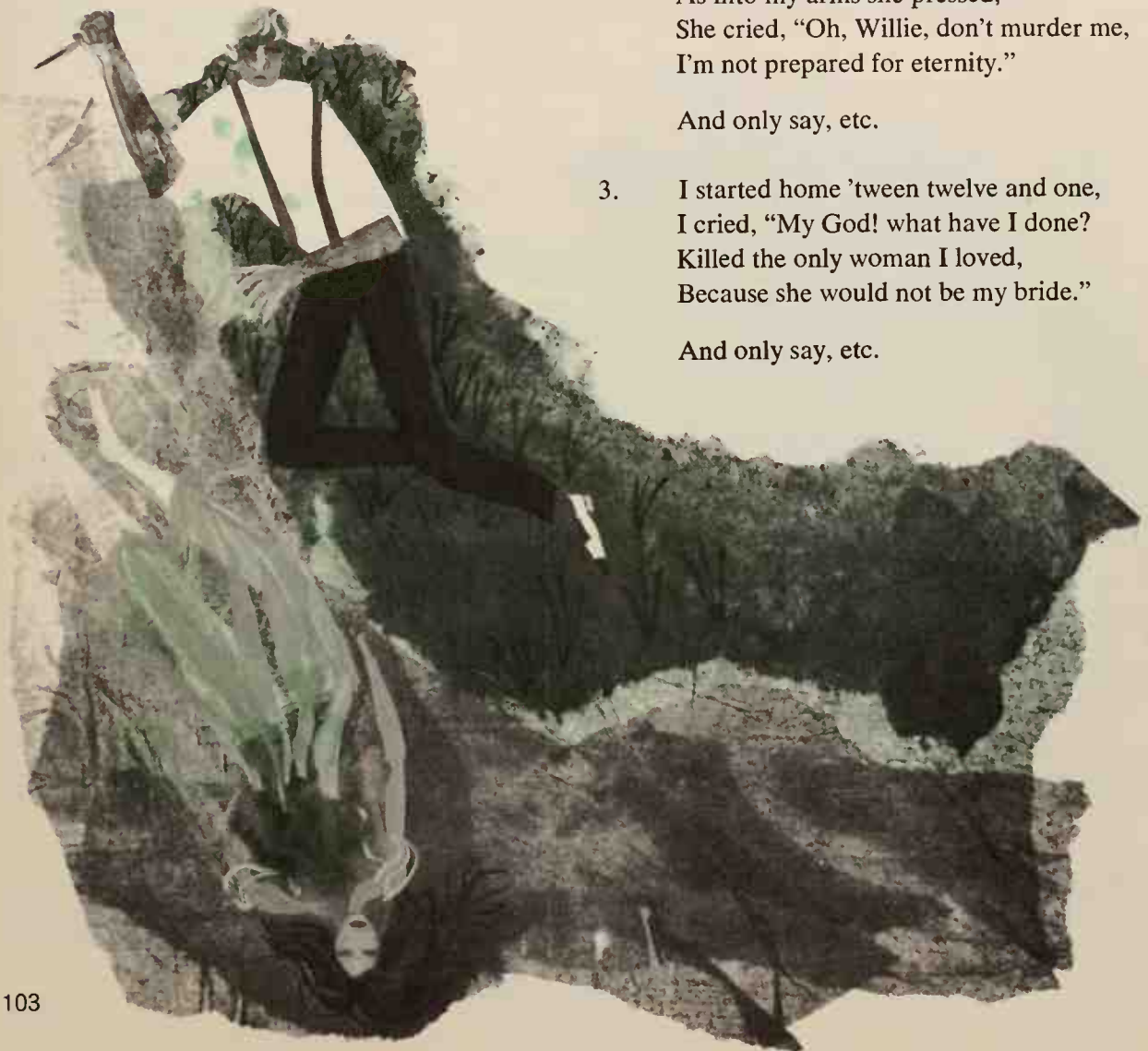
And only say that you'll be mine  
 In no other's arms entwined,  
 Down beside where the waters flow,  
 Down by the banks of the Ohio.

2. I held a knife against her breast  
 As into my arms she pressed,  
 She cried, "Oh, Willie, don't murder me,  
 I'm not prepared for eternity."

And only say, etc.

3. I started home 'tween twelve and one,  
 I cried, "My God! what have I done?  
 Killed the only woman I loved,  
 Because she would not be my bride."

And only say, etc.



This is an American version of part of a British lyric song; additional verses to the original song can be found in "The Wagoner's Lad." In its present form, the song has been collected from New England farmers, southern mountaineers, western pioneers and cowboys. Some of its verses appear as folk lyrics in other songs.

# Rambler Gambler

KEY: B CAPO: 2ND PLAY: A

Lively

B $\flat$ (A) B $\flat$ 7(A7)

I'm a ramb - ler, I'm a gamb - ler,

E $\flat$ (D) F7(E7)

I'm a long way from home, And if

B $\flat$ (A) B $\flat$ 7(A7) E $\flat$ (D)

peo - ple don't like me They can leave



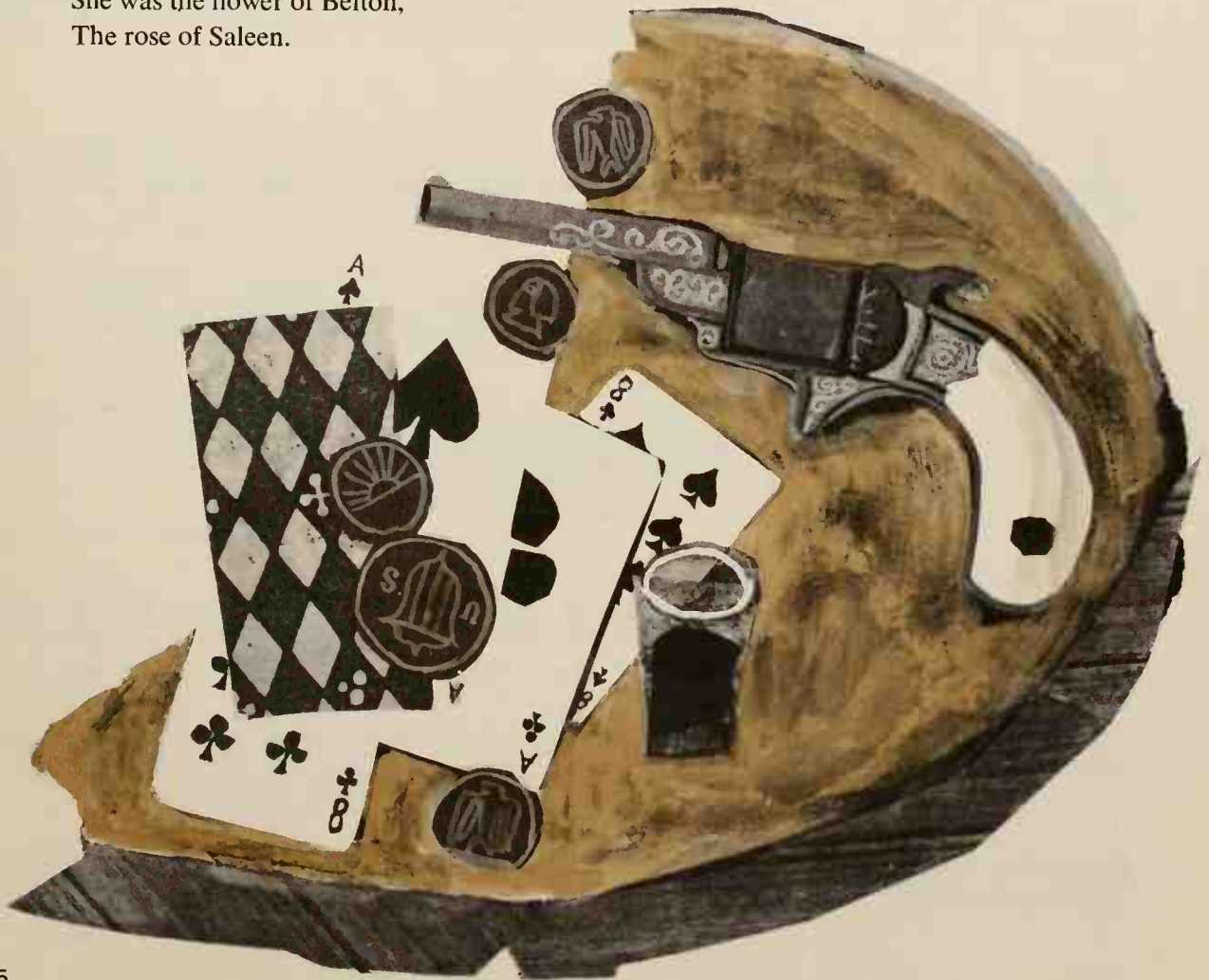
Bb(A)
*first and others*  
F<sup>7</sup>(E<sup>7</sup>)
*last*  
F<sup>7</sup>(E<sup>7</sup>)

me — a — lone. — lone.

*r. h.* *rit. r. h.*

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a piece in B-flat major. It features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part is divided into two sections: 'first and others' and 'last'. The 'first and others' section includes a right-hand part with a 'rit.' (ritardando) marking and a left-hand part. The 'last' section also includes a right-hand part with a 'rit. r. h.' marking. The lyrics 'me a lone lone' are written under the vocal line.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2. It's a dark night and it's lonesome,<br/>The moon gives no light,<br/>My pony won't travel<br/>This dark road tonight.</p>  | <p>4. But her parents didn't like me,<br/>Now she is the same,<br/>If I'm writ in your book, love,<br/>Just you blot out my name.</p> |
| <p>3. Well, I had me a little sweetheart,<br/>Her age was nineteen,<br/>She was the flower of Belton,<br/>The rose of Saleen.</p> | <p>5. I'm a rambler, I'm a gambler, etc.</p>  |





Dm A7

been \_\_\_\_\_ the ru - in \_\_\_\_\_ of ma - ny \_\_\_\_\_ a poor

Dm G7 (or Bdim7) \* Am7(A7)

girl, \_\_\_\_\_ And me, \_\_\_\_\_ oh God, \_\_\_\_\_ for

*first and others* Dm *last* Dm

one. \_\_\_\_\_ 2. If Sun. \_\_\_\_\_

\*As performed: A7 against sung Am, common in blues.

2. If I had listened to what my mother said,  
I'd have been at home today,  
But I was young and foolish, oh God,  
Let a rambler lead me astray.
3. Go tell my baby sister,  
Don't do what I have done,  
But shun that house in New Orleans,  
They call the Rising Sun.
4. I'm goin' back to New Orleans,  
My race is almost run,  
I'm goin' back to spend my life  
Beneath that Rising Sun.

This is Woody Guthrie's version of a cowboy song about which very little is known. One of Vance Randolph's Ozark singers told him it was already "an old song in 1893." The story of the pioneer woman who fought beside her menfolk is as much real history as romance. In other versions the woman is killed by Indians, after which the cowboys ride out to avenge her death.

# Ranger's Command

KEY: F# CAPO: 4TH PLAY: D

Moderately slow

G(D)

Come all \_\_\_\_\_ of you

*p* lightly

C(G)

cow-boys \_\_\_\_\_ all o-ver this land \_\_\_\_\_ I'll

D<sup>7</sup> (A<sup>7</sup>)

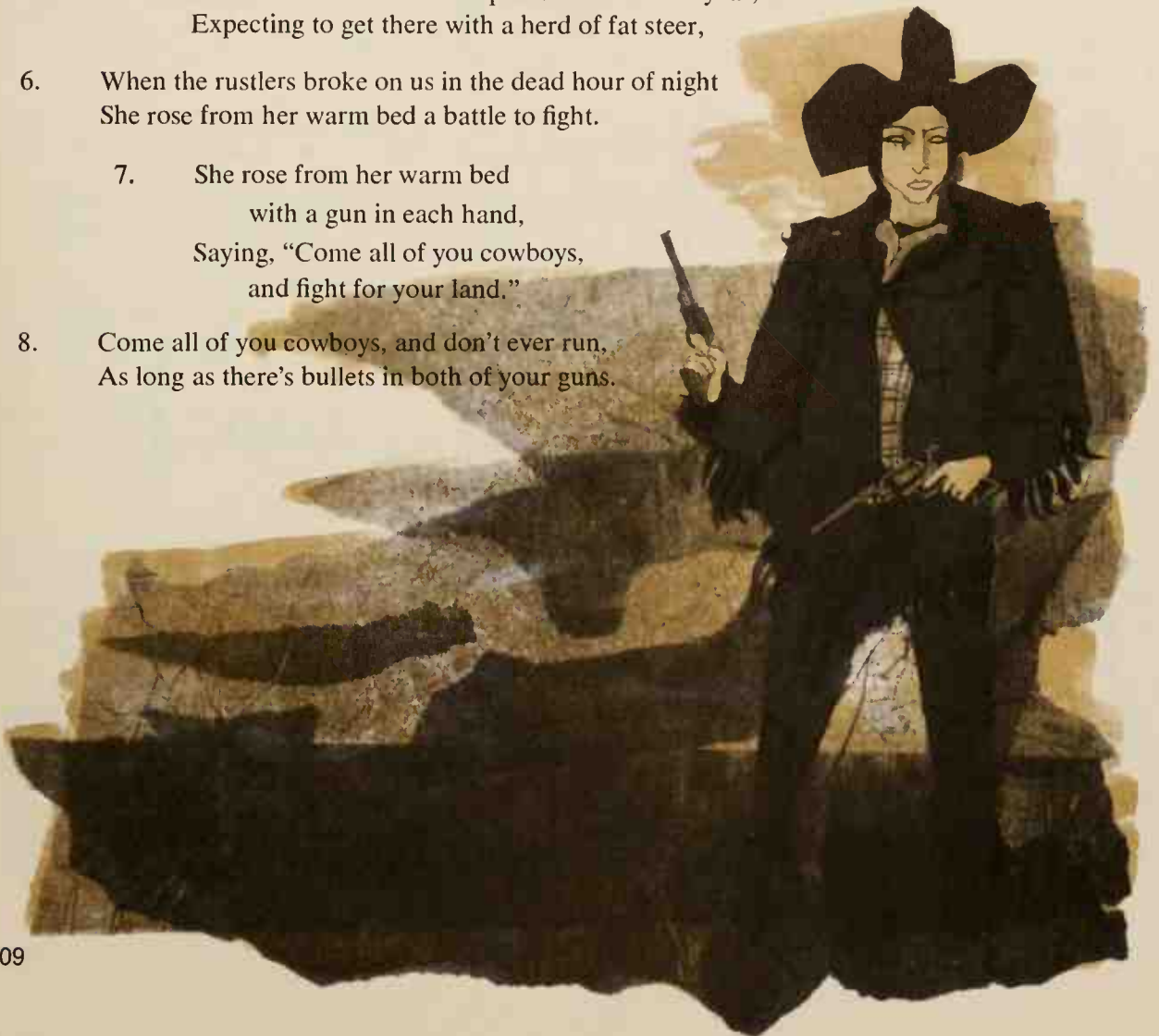
sing you \_\_\_\_\_ the law\_ of the Ran-ger's Com -



<i>first and others</i>	<i>last</i>
G (D)	G (D)

mand. \_\_\_\_\_ 2. To guns. \_\_\_\_\_

2. To hold a six-shooter and never to run  
As long as there's bullets in both of your guns.
3. I met a fair maiden whose name I don't know,  
I asked her to the round-up with me would she go,
4. She said she'd go with me to the cold round-up,  
And drink that hard liquor from a cold bitter cup.
5. We started for the round-up in the Fall of the year,  
Expecting to get there with a herd of fat steer,
6. When the rustlers broke on us in the dead hour of night  
She rose from her warm bed a battle to fight.
7. She rose from her warm bed  
with a gun in each hand,  
Saying, "Come all of you cowboys,  
and fight for your land."
8. Come all of you cowboys, and don't ever run,  
As long as there's bullets in both of your guns.



Here's a modern ballad that sounds a lot like a television drama or a movie plot, but in true ballad style it capsules all the details in a few stanzas. The accused, but innocent, man can't supply an alibi for his whereabouts at the time of a murder simply because he was in the arms of his best friend's wife. Is he to be pitied for his naiveté or to be admired for his gallantry? The ballad is the work of Marijon Wilkins and Danny Dill.

# Long Black Veil

KEY: D CAPO: NONE PLAY: D

**Lively**  
Eb(D)

**Verse**  
p

1. Ten years a - go on a  
peo - ple who saw they

*mf* *p*

Bb7(A7)

cold dark night, ——— Some - one was  
all a - greed ——— That the slay - er who

Ab(G) Eb(D)

killed 'neath the Town Hall — light. 2. The  
ran looked a lot like — me. 3. The

Refrain (for 4<sup>th</sup> and 6<sup>th</sup> verses)

*mf* Ab(G) Eb(D)

She — walks these hills — in a

Ab(G) Eb(D)

long black veil,

Ab(G) Eb(D) \* Fm7(G)

*mf* Vis - its — my grave — when the night winds

\*\* Cm(D) Eb \*\* Gm(D)

wail, — No - bod - y knows, —

\*As performed: Ab(G).  
 \*\*As performed: Eb(D) throughout.

$E_b$                        $** Fm^7(D)$                        $A_b(G)$                        $* Fm^7(G)$                        $Bb^7(A^7)$

no - bod - y sees, ——— No - bod-y knows but

$E_b(D)$                       *into 5<sup>th</sup> verse*                      *D.S.  $\frac{S}{S}$  last*

me. ——— 5. The ———

*D.S.  $\frac{S}{S}$*

3. The judge said, "Son, what is your alibi?  
If you were somewhere else, then you won't have to die."

4. I spoke not a word, though it meant my life,  
For I'd been in the arms of my best friend's wife.

She walks these hills in a long black veil,  
Visits my grave when the night winds wail,  
Nobody knows, nobody sees,  
Nobody knows, but me.

5. The scaffold is high, eternity near,  
She stands in the crowd, she sheds not a tear,

6. But sometimes at night,  
when the cold winds moan,  
In a long black veil she cries o'er my bones.

She walks these hills, etc.





# Railroad Bill

The original "Railroad Bill" is said to have been a Negro turpentine worker from Alabama at the end of the 19th century. His career of crime had its Robin Hood overtones, but he killed one too many sheriffs and they finally cut him down. To the southern Negro he became a symbol of a black man who had bucked white authority and who had been too smart to get caught. His ballad travelled out of Alabama into the southern mountains where its narrative details fell by the way until it became a popular instrumental show piece with just a few disconnected verses held over from the original ballad.

KEY: E $\flat$  CAPO: 3RD PLAY: C

Lightly, with humor

Eb(C) Eb(C) B $\flat$ (G $^7$ ) Eb(C) G $^7$ (E)  
 Rail - road Bill, Rail - road Bill, Live way up on  
 Rail-road Hill, Ride, ride, ride. *first and others* Eb(C) *last* Eb(C) \*A $\flat$  Eb

\*As performed: E $\flat$ (C) to end.



2. Railroad Bill, Railroad Bill,  
He never work' and he never will,  
Ride, ride, ride.
3. Kill me a chicken, send me the wing,  
You think I'm workin', I don't do a thing,  
Ride, ride, ride.
4. Railroad Bill, Railroad Bill,  
Live way up on Railroad Hill,  
Ride, ride, ride.

Charles "Pretty Boy" Floyd of Sallisaw, Oklahoma, was a convicted criminal at the age of twenty. His crimes included bank robbery and murder, but the folk made a hero of him. In composing this ballad, Woody Guthrie portrayed Floyd as many Oklahomans saw him—a modern day Robin Hood. The ballad contains one of Woody's most memorable lines: "Some rob you with a six-gun, some with a fountain pen."

# Pretty Boy Floyd

KEY: F CAPO: 5TH PLAY: C

Quite fast

The musical score is written in 2/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of three systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a consistent rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the bass line and chords in the treble line.

**System 1:** The vocal line begins with the lyrics "Come gath-er round me,". The piano accompaniment is marked *mf* and *rhythmic*. A chord symbol **G(C)** is placed above the first measure.

**System 2:** The vocal line continues with "chil - dren, a sto - ry I will". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

**System 3:** The vocal line concludes with "tell, of Pret - ty Boy Floyd, an out - law, Ok - la -". The piano accompaniment continues. Chord symbols **G(C)**, **C(F)**, **\*Bm(G<sup>7</sup>)**, and **D<sup>7</sup>(G<sup>7</sup>)** are placed above the vocal line at various points.

\*As performed: D<sup>7</sup>(G<sup>7</sup>).

C(F) D7(G7) G(C)

ho - ma knew him well.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2. Was in the town of Shawnee,<br/>On a Saturday afternoon,<br/>His wife beside him in the wagon,<br/>As into town they rode.</p> <p>3. A deputy sheriff approached them,<br/>In a manner rather rude,<br/>Using vulgar words of language,<br/>And his wife she overheard.</p> <p>4. Well, Pretty Boy grabbed a long chain,<br/>And the deputy grabbed a gun,<br/>And in the fight that followed,<br/>He laid that deputy down.</p> <p>5. Then he took to the trees and rivers,<br/>To live a life of shame,<br/>Every crime in Oklahoma,<br/>Was added to his name.</p> <p>6. Yes, he took to the trees and timbers<br/>On the Canadian river shore,<br/>And the outlaw found a welcome<br/>At many a farmer's door.</p> | <p>7. Yes, there's many a starving farmer,<br/>The same story told,<br/>How the outlaw paid their mortgage,<br/>And saved their little home.</p> <p>8. Others tell about the stranger,<br/>Who came to beg a meal,<br/>And underneath his napkin<br/>Left a thousand-dollar bill.</p> <p>9. It was in Oklahoma City,<br/>It was on a Christmas day,<br/>Came a whole carload of groceries,<br/>And a letter that did say:</p> <p>10. "Well, you say that I'm an outlaw,<br/>And you say that I'm a thief,<br/>Here's a Christmas dinner,<br/>For the families on relief."</p> <p>11. Well, as through this world I've rambled,<br/>I've seen lots of funny men,<br/>Some rob you with a six-gun,<br/>Some with a fountain pen.</p> <p>12. As through this world you travel,<br/>As through this world you roam,<br/>You'll never see an outlaw<br/>Drive a family from their home.</p> |
|--|--|

Here, in song, are a moonshiner's recipe and instructions for making whiskey. It was written by Albert Frank Beddoe and included by him in a little known collection of ballads from Bexar County, Texas. Its present popularity places it first on the moonshiner's hit parade.

# Copper Kettle

KEY: D CAPO: NONE PLAY D

Moderately

Chords: Eb(D) Bb(A\*) Eb(D) Bb(A\*)

Chords: Eb(D) G<sup>7</sup>(F<sup>#</sup>) Cm(Bm)

Chords: Fm(Em) Bb(A) Cm(Bm)

Lyrics: Get you a cop - per ket - tle, — Get you a cop - per coil, Cov - er with new - made corn - mash — and nev - er - more — you'll toil. — You'll just lay there — by the

(A\*) not actually played, but indicated by bass run of guitar.



<sup>\*\*</sup>(F#m) (Bm) Gm(F#m)  
 ju - ni - per — while the moon is bright,  
 Cm(Bm) Fm(Em) Cm(Bm) G(F#) Cm(Bm)  
 Watch them jugs a - fill - in' — in the pale moon - light.

\*\*As performed: Gm(F#m).

2. My Daddy he made whiskey,  
 My Granddaddy did too,  
 We ain't paid no whiskey tax  
 Since seventeen ninety-two.

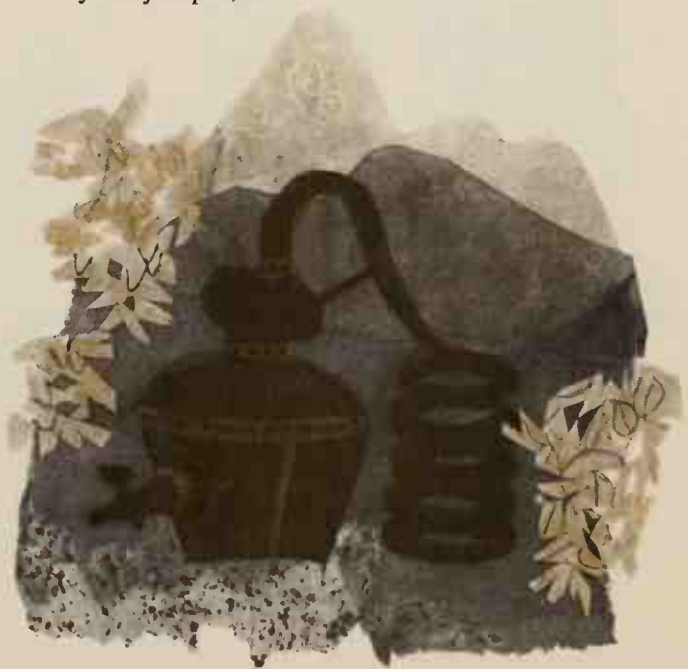
We just lay there by the juniper, etc.

3. Build you a fire with hickory,  
 Hickory and ash and oak,  
 Don't use no green or rotten wood,  
 They'll get you by the smoke

While you lay there by the juniper, etc.

4. Get you a copper kettle,  
 Get you a copper coil,  
 Cover with new-made corn mash,  
 And never more you'll toil.

You'll just lay there by the juniper, etc.



Though known widely throughout the southern mountains, little is known about the origin of this charming piece. Folklorists think it may have circulated as sheet music or in some parlor song books, but their thesis is unsupported by any known printed versions until the 1930s. The degree of variation in known texts and some curious verbal corruptions suggest it has existed in oral tradition for some time, whatever its ultimate source may have been.

# Wildwood Flower

KEY: B CAPO: 4TH PLAY: G

Lively, lightly

The musical score is presented in three systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats), and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo/style is 'Lively, lightly'. The score includes dynamic markings such as *p* (piano) and *sf* (sforzando), and various guitar chords: Bb(G), F7(D), Eb(C), and Bb(G). The lyrics are: 'I will twine with my ming - les of ra - ven black hair', 'With the ro - ses so red and the li - lies so fair', and 'The myr - tle so bright with its em - er - ald dew'.

*p* Bb(G) F7(D) Bb(G)

I will twine with my ming - les of ra - ven black hair

*p* sf

F7(D) Bb(G)

With the ro - ses so red and the li - lies so fair

*sf* *sf*

*f* Eb(C) Bb(G)

The myr - tle so bright with its em - er - ald dew

*f* *sf* *sf*

— And the pale and the lead - er and eyes look so blue.

*f* *sf*

2. I will dance, I will sing and my life shall be gay,  
I will charm every heart, in its crown I will sway,  
I woke from my dream and all idols was clay,  
And all portions of lovin' had all flown away.
3. He taught me to love him and promised to love  
And cherish me over all other above,  
My poor heart is wondering, no misery can tell,  
He left me no warning, no words of farewell.
4. He taught me to love him and called me his flower,  
That was blooming to cheer him through life's  
weary hour,  
How I long to see him and regret the dark hour,  
He's gone and neglected his frail wildwood flower.



This lover's lament traces back to a Negro "Jubilee" song, a short-line spiritual from the immediate post Civil War period. In the course of its secularization, the song has become extremely popular among white singers in the South and Midwest, as well as remaining a staple with Negro singers in the deep South.

# Lonesome Road

KEY: E CAPO: 4TH PLAY: C

Lively

F(C) \*C7 F \*C7 F

Look up and down that long, lone - some road,

\*C7 \*Dm Bb(F or Dm)

Hang down your head and cry, my Lord,

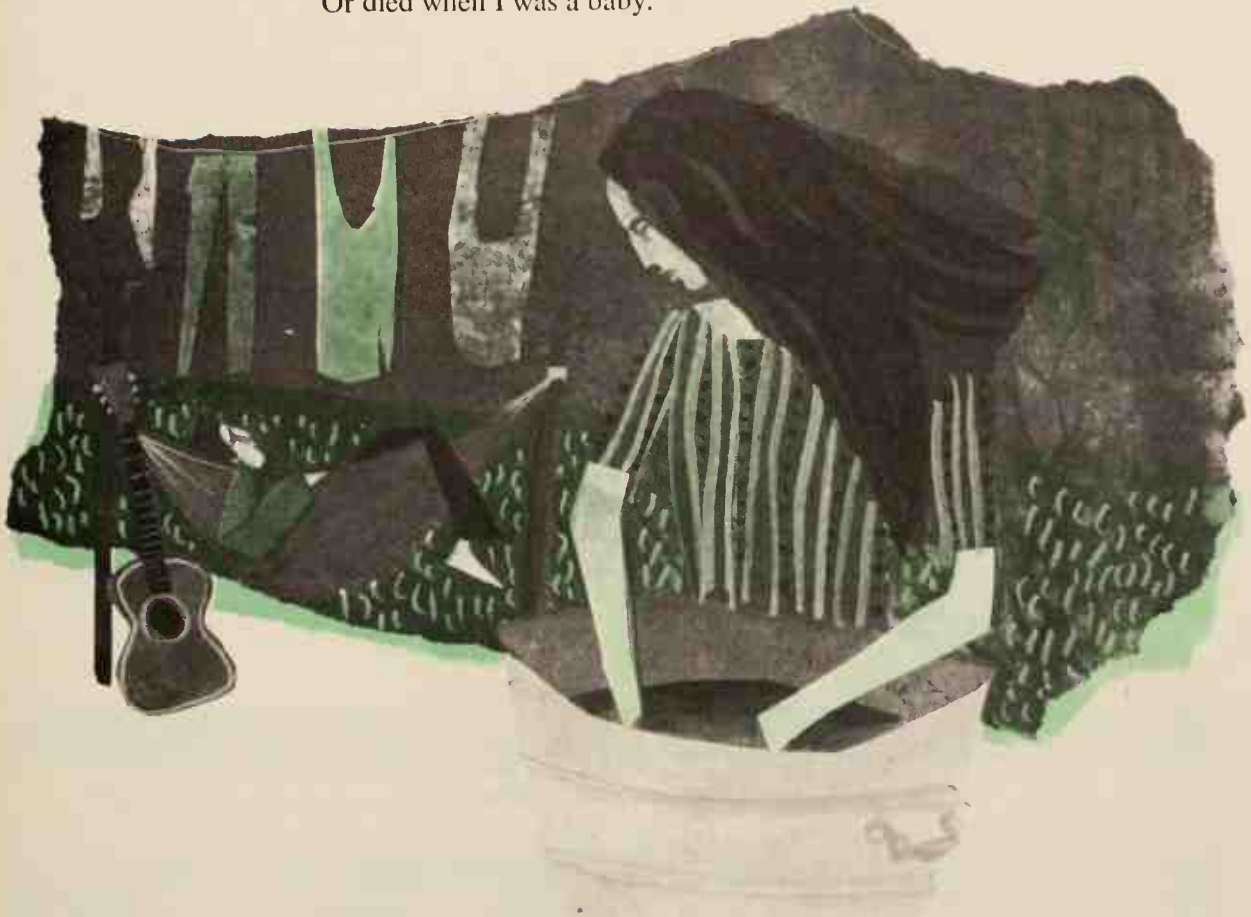
F(C) C7(G7) F(C)

Hang down your head and cry.

\*As performed: F(C) throughout.



2. They say all good friends must part some time,  
Why not you and I, my lord,  
Why not you and I?
3. Oh, I wish to the lord that I'd never been born,  
Or died when I was a baby, my lord,  
Or died when I was a baby.



4. I would not be here eatin' this cold cornbread  
Or soppin' this salty gravy, my lord,  
Or soppin' this salty gravy.
5. Oh, I wish to the lord that I'd never seen your face,  
Or heard your lyin' tongue, my lord,  
Heard your lyin' tongue.
6. You'd better look up and down that long lonesome road,  
Where all of your friends have gone, my lord,  
And you and I must go.
7. You'd better look up and down that long lonesome road,  
Hang down your head and cry, my lord,  
Hang down your head and cry.

Hill people and back country folk used to live off hunting, and a good hound dog was worth his weight in gold in helping them to track and catch food. No wonder they wrote paeans of praise in his honor, and mourned his death in song. "Old Blue" is known throughout the rural South, from Alabama to Texas, by white and Negro folk alike.

# Old Blue

KEY: D    CAPO: NONE    PLAY: D

Moderately

C(D)

Had a dog and his name was Blue,

*mf*

*p*

*Pedal simile*

Detailed description: This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a common time signature. The lyrics "Had a dog and his name was Blue," are written below the notes. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). It features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. Dynamic markings include *mf* for the piano and *p* for the bass line. A *Pedal simile* instruction is placed at the end of the piano part.

G(A)

C(D)

Had a dog and his name was Blue,

*mf*

*pp*

Detailed description: This system contains the second two staves of music. The top staff continues the vocal line with the lyrics "Had a dog and his name was Blue,". The bottom staff continues the piano accompaniment. Dynamic markings include *mf* for the piano and *pp* for the bass line.

Had a dog and his name was Blue,

*mf*

*p*

Detailed description: This system contains the final two staves of music. The top staff continues the vocal line with the lyrics "Had a dog and his name was Blue,". The bottom staff continues the piano accompaniment. Dynamic markings include *mf* for the piano and *p* for the bass line.

G<sup>7</sup>(A)      C(D)      last verse go to Goda \*

Bet - cha five dol-lars he's a good un' too.

Here,

Blue, you

G<sup>7</sup>(A)      C(D)

good dog you.

Coda for last verse

Ev - ery link I'd call his name,

*mf*

*p*

(F# 2nd time) (G 2nd time)

Here, \_\_\_\_\_ Blue, \_\_\_\_\_ you  
 Here, \_\_\_\_\_ Blue, \_\_\_\_\_ I'm a -

*mf*

G7(A) C(D) (C)

good dog \_\_\_\_\_ you. \_\_\_\_\_  
 co - min' there too. \_\_\_\_\_

*pp*

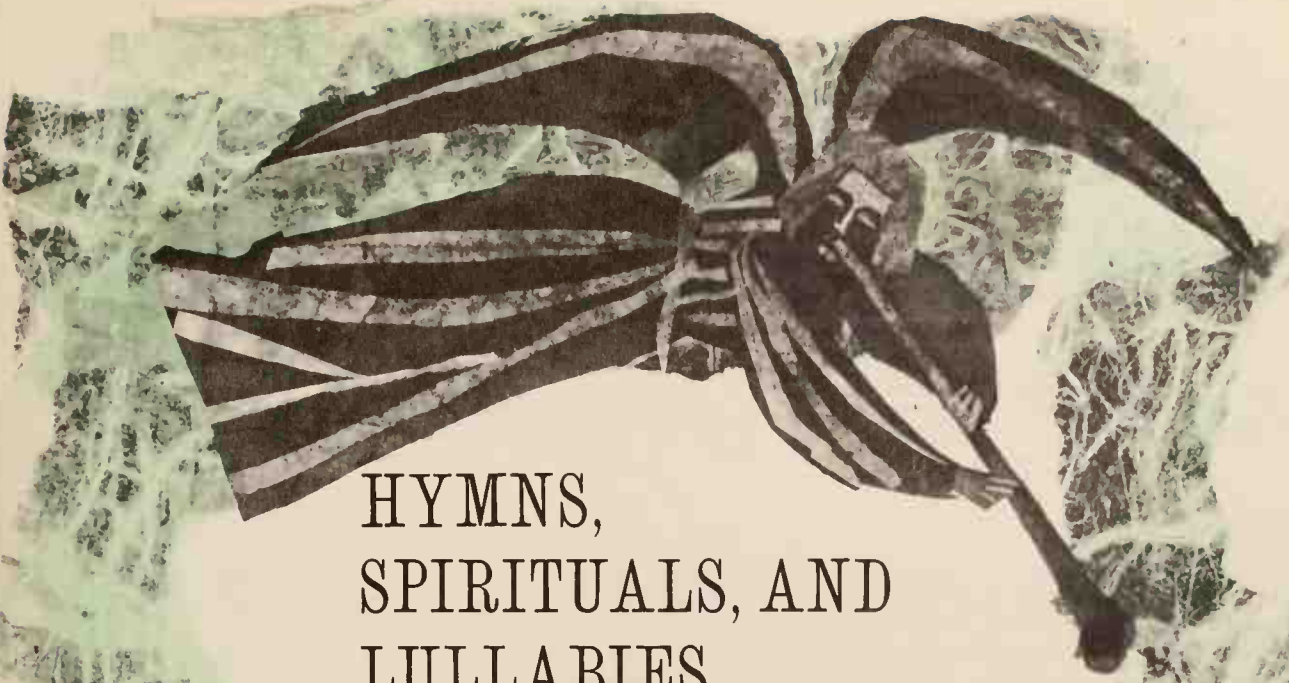
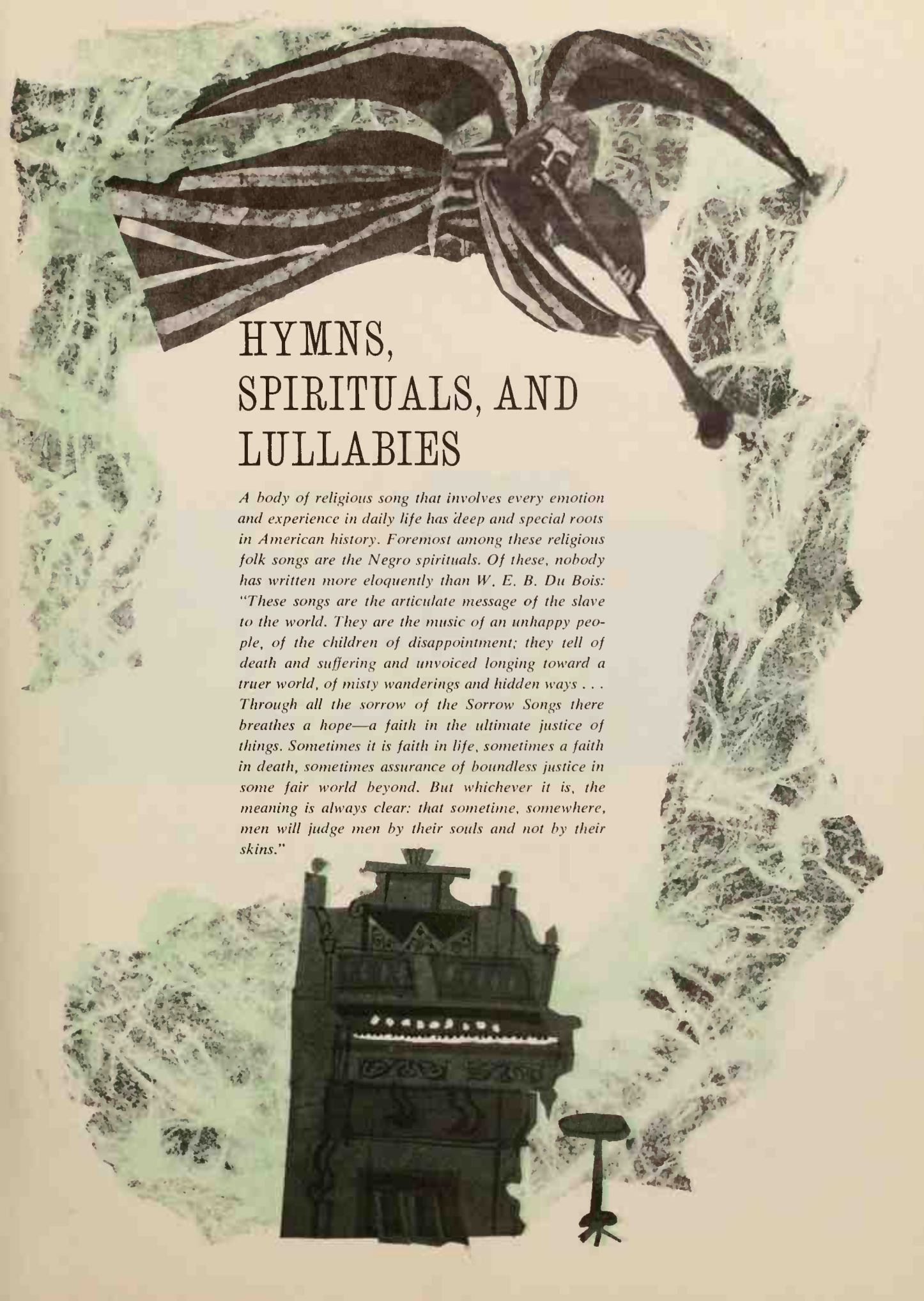
2. Shouldered my gun and I tooted my horn,  
 Gonna find a 'possum in the new-ground corn,  
 Old Blue barked and I went to see,  
 Cornered a 'possum up in a tree.

Come on Blue, you good dog, you.

3. Old Blue died, and he died so hard,  
 Shook the ground in my back yard,  
 Dug his grave with a silver spade,  
 Lowered him down with links of chain.

Every link, I did call his name,  
 Here Blue, you good dog, you,  
 Here Blue, I'm a-comin' there too.





# HYMNS, SPIRITUALS, AND LULLABIES

*A body of religious song that involves every emotion and experience in daily life has deep and special roots in American history. Foremost among these religious folk songs are the Negro spirituals. Of these, nobody has written more eloquently than W. E. B. Du Bois: "These songs are the articulate message of the slave to the world. They are the music of an unhappy people, of the children of disappointment; they tell of death and suffering and unvoiced longing toward a truer world, of misty wanderings and hidden ways . . . Through all the sorrow of the Sorrow Songs there breathes a hope—a faith in the ultimate justice of things. Sometimes it is faith in life, sometimes a faith in death, sometimes assurance of boundless justice in some fair world beyond. But whichever it is, the meaning is always clear: that sometime, somewhere, men will judge men by their souls and not by their skins."*



This spiritual-lullaby probably originated in the ante-bellum South, from where it was transported to the West Indies. It appears to have died out in this country only to be discovered in the Bahamas. From there it was reintroduced to us, eventually becoming one of the standards of the popular folk song movement.

# All My Trials

KEY: C# CAPO: 1ST PLAY: C



Flowing, with a moderate calypso beat

C (C, etc.)

*p*

*Pedal simile*

The musical score is written for guitar and piano. It features a treble clef and a common time signature (C). The guitar part is indicated by a 'C' and '(C, etc.)' above the staff. The piano part is indicated by a 'p' below the staff. The score consists of two systems of music. The first system has two staves: a treble staff with a whole rest and a bass staff with a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes. The second system also has two staves: a treble staff with a melodic line and a bass staff with a rhythmic pattern. A 'Pedal simile' instruction is placed below the bass staff of the second system. The score ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

C Gm

Hush, lit - tle ba - by, don't you cry, You

C F

know your Ma - ma was born to die.

C Am F (or Dm?)

All my tri - als, Lord,

G7 C

Soon be o - ver.

(after 3<sup>rd</sup> and 5<sup>th</sup> verses only)

C

Too late, my broth - ers, \_\_\_\_\_

This system contains the first musical system. It features a vocal line on a single treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is C major. The vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by the lyrics "Too late, my broth - ers, \_\_\_\_\_". The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand and a more melodic line in the right hand.

C F

Too late but nev-er mind, \_\_\_\_\_

This system contains the second musical system. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "Too late but nev-er mind, \_\_\_\_\_". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern, featuring a consistent eighth-note bass line and a melodic right-hand line.

C Am F(or Dm<sup>7</sup>)

All \_\_\_\_\_ my tri - als, Lord,

This system contains the third musical system. The vocal line has the lyrics "All \_\_\_\_\_ my tri - als, Lord,". The piano accompaniment continues, with the right-hand line showing some melodic variation and the left hand maintaining the eighth-note bass line.

G<sup>7</sup>

Soon \_\_\_\_\_ be

This system contains the fourth musical system. The vocal line has the lyrics "Soon \_\_\_\_\_ be". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern, ending with a final chord in the right hand.



C

*D. S.  $\text{♩}$  last time*

o - ver.

*slowing down*

*D. S.  $\text{♩}$*

2. The river of Jordan is muddy and cold,  
Well, it chills the body, but not the soul,  
All my trials, Lord, soon be over.

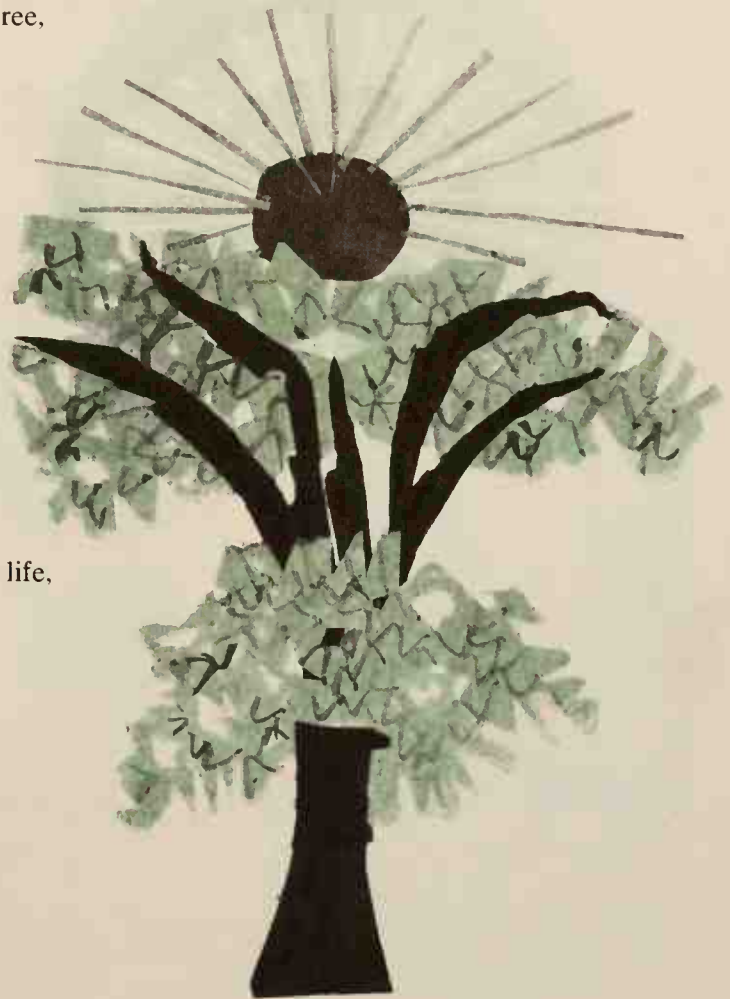
3. I've got a little book with pages three,  
And every page spells liberty,  
All my trials, Lord, soon be over.

Too late my brothers,  
Too late, but never mind  
All my trials, Lord, soon be over.

4. If living were a thing that money  
could buy,  
You know the rich would live  
and the poor would die,  
All my trials, Lord, soon be over.

5. There grows a tree in Paradise,  
And the Pilgrims call it the tree of life,  
All my trials, Lord, soon be over.

Too late, my brothers, etc.



As in the case of "All My Trials," this song had to travel to foreign lands and be brought back to us before it achieved its rightful place in our songlore. It started as a Negro gospel song, "Come By Here, Lord," was exported to the West Indies where it was rephrased in 'pidgin-English' as "Kumbaya," and returned to the United States where it is now a great favorite with city singers.

# Kumbaya

KEY: D CAPO: NONE PLAY: D

Slow

The musical score for "Kumbaya" is presented in three systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is D major (two sharps) and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked "Slow".

**System 1:** The vocal line begins with the lyrics "Kum-ba - ya, my Lord, — kum - ba - ya. — Kum - ba -". The piano accompaniment starts with a forte (*f*) dynamic. Chords above the vocal line are Eb(D), Ab(G), and Eb(D).

**System 2:** The vocal line continues with "ya, my Lord, — kum - ba - ya. — Kum - ba - ya, my Lord, —". Chords above the vocal line are Gm(F#m), Ab(G), Bb(A), and Eb(D).

**System 3:** The vocal line concludes with "— kum - ba - ya. — Oh, Lord, kum - ba - ya. —". Chords above the vocal line are Ab(G), Eb(D), and a bracketed sequence: \* Fm(A), Eb(D), Fm(A) Bb, Eb(D). The piano accompaniment ends with a fermata over the final chord.

\*As performed: Bb, Eb, Bb, (A, D, A).

Someone's singing Lord, Kumbaya (3)  
Oh, Lord, Kumbaya

Kumbaya, my Lord, Kumbaya (3)  
Oh, Lord, Kumbaya

Someone's praying Lord, Kumbaya (3)  
Oh, Lord, Kumbaya

Kumbaya, my Lord, Kumbaya (3)  
Oh, Lord, Kumbaya

Someone's sleeping Lord, Kumbaya (3)  
Oh, Lord, Kumbaya

Kumbaya, my Lord, Kumbaya (3)  
Oh, Lord, Kumbaya



Numerous composers, great and small, have tried their hand at preparing a musical setting for "The Lord's Prayer," with varying degrees of success. Perhaps the best known setting is that of Alfred Hay Malotte. But for sheer excitement none approaches this West-Indian style setting by an anonymous composer.

# Hallowed Be Thy Name

KEY: F# CAPO: 1ST PLAY: E

*Lively*

*first (and subsequent without repeat)*

F(E) *f* C7(B7) F(E) Bb(A) C7(B7)

Hal - low - èd be Thy name.

*f*

*last time*

F(E) *Fine* F(E) C7(B7) F(E)

name. Our Fath - er, which art in

*sfz* *Fine*

C7(B7) F(E) C7(B7) F(E)

Heav - en, Hal - low - èd be Thy name.

The musical score is written in 2/4 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Lively'. The score is divided into three systems. The first system covers the first line of lyrics: 'Hal - low - èd be Thy name.' The second system covers the second line: 'name. Our Fath - er, which art in'. The third system covers the third line: 'Heav - en, Hal - low - èd be Thy name.' Chord symbols are provided above the vocal line. Performance markings include 'f' (forte), 'sfz' (sforzando), and 'Fine'.



B $\flat$ (A) C $^7$ (B $^7$ ) F(E) C $^7$ (B $^7$ ) F(E) C $^7$ (B $^7$ ) D. C.

Thy King - dom come, Thy will be — done, —

D. C.

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of three staves: a vocal line at the top, a piano accompaniment on the right, and a bass line at the bottom. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The chords are indicated above the vocal line: B $\flat$ (A), C $^7$ (B $^7$ ), F(E), C $^7$ (B $^7$ ), F(E), C $^7$ (B $^7$ ), and D. C. The lyrics are 'Thy King - dom come, Thy will be — done, —'. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and chords in the right hand. The bass line has a '7' marking under the first few notes. The piece concludes with a 'D. C.' (Da Capo) instruction.

2. On Earth as it is in Heaven, (Hallowèd . . . )  
Give us this day our daily bread, (Hallowèd . . . )
3. And forgive us all our trespasses (Hallowèd . . . )  
As we forgive those who trespass against us, (Hallowèd . . . )
4. And lead us not unto the devil to be tempted, (Hallowèd . . . )  
But deliver us from all that is evil. (Hallowèd . . . )
5. For Thine is the Kingdom, the Power and the Glory (Hallowèd . . . )  
Forever, forever, forever and ever. (Hallowèd . . . )
6. Amen, Amen, Amen, Amen, (Hallowèd . . . )  
Amen, Amen, Amen, Amen,  
Hallowèd be Thy name.



This song has long been one of the favorites of Negro street singers and itinerant preachers throughout the United States. It was recorded by blind street minstrels in the early days of 'race' records, and these recordings undoubtedly affected the oral circulation of the song. The reference is to the City of Heaven mentioned in the New Testament, for which see Revelations 21 : 13, 14.

# Twelve Gates to the City

KEY: F    CAPO: 1ST    PLAY: E



Moderately

F(E) C<sup>7</sup>(B<sup>7</sup>) F(E) C<sup>7</sup>(B<sup>7</sup>) F(E)

Oh, what a

C<sup>7</sup>(B<sup>7</sup>) F(E)

beau-ti-ful cit-y, Oh, what a beau-ti-ful cit-y,

Oh, what a beau-ti-ful cit-y, well,-

B<sup>b</sup>7(A<sup>7</sup>)

Twelve gates in-to the ci-ty, Al-le-lu

F (E) C7(B7) F (E) C7(B7) F (E) *Fine*

*Fine*

C7(B7) F (E) C7(B7) F (E)

*ff*

Three gates in - to the East,

*cresc.* *ff*

*Fine*

C7(B7) F (E)

Three gates in - to the West,

C7(B7) F (E) C7(B7)

Three gates in - to the North, Three gates in - to the



B $\flat$ <sup>7</sup> (A<sup>7</sup>) F(E)

South, mak-ing that - Twelve gates in - to the ci - ty, Al - le -

B $\flat$ <sup>7</sup> (A<sup>7</sup>) F(E) C<sup>7</sup>(B<sup>7</sup>) F(E) D. S.  $\text{X}$  al Fine C<sup>7</sup>(B<sup>7</sup>)

lu

D. S.  $\text{X}$  al Fine

Well, oh what a beautiful City, etc.

2. See those children yonder,  
They all dressed in red,  
They must be the children,  
Children that Moses led,  
You know, there're Twelve Gates into the City, Allelu---

Well, oh what a beautiful City, etc.

3. When I get to Heaven,  
I'm going to sing and shout,  
There ain't nobody up there  
Who's going to put me out.  
You know, there're Twelve Gates to the City, Allelu---

Well, oh what a beautiful City, etc.

Peggy Seeger helped to make this Christmas spiritual popular, borrowing it from "American Folk Songs for Christmas" compiled by her mother, Ruth Crawford Seeger. The song dates from the end of the 19th century, and is a fine example of the folk Negro's attitude toward his religion—a religion in which he is on personal terms with his Saviour, speaking familiarly to Him and about Him, much as if He were a man down the street.

# Virgin Mary

KEY: A MINOR    CAPO: NONE    PLAY: A MINOR

Slow

Gm(Am + F#)

\*As performed: Eb(F).

	<i>first and others</i>	<i>last</i>
Dm (Em) D7 (E7) G(A)	Gm (Am)	Gm (Am)

be to the new-born King. 2. Well, —

2. "Well, Mary how you call that pretty little baby,  
Oh -, pretty little baby,  
Oh -, pretty little baby,  
Glory be to the new-born King."
3. "Well, some call Him Jesus, think I'll call Him Savior  
Oh -, I think I'll call Him Savior  
Oh -, I think I'll call Him Savior,  
Glory be to the new-born King."
4. Riding from the East there came three wise men,  
Oh -, came three wise men,  
Oh -, came three wise men,  
Glory be to the new-born King.



5. Said, "Follow that star, you'll surely find the baby,  
Oh -, surely find the baby,  
Oh -, surely find the baby,  
Glory be to the new-born King."
6. Well, the Virgin Mary had-a one son, etc.

The Negro spiritual, like the Anglo-American lyric folksong, is frequently a patchwork of commonplace phrases and lines. This song is a perfect example of such patchwork, for it contains lines and stanzas (e.g., 'Jordan River,' 'Jacob's Ladder,' 'Golden Crown,' etc.) usually found either by themselves or in combination with still other commonplace spiritual expressions. In this manner the Negro religious singer could slowly bring songs into being, adding bit by bit to standard phrases until the accretions created something entirely new.

# We Are Crossing Jordan River

KEY: E $\flat$  CAPO: 1ST PLAY: D

Lively and vigorous

D(D, etc.) G D G D

*f* We are cross - ing that Jor - dan

*f*

G D G D D $^7$

Riv - er, Want my crown, I want my crown. We are

G A $^7$  E $^7$

cross - ing that Jor - dan Riv - er, I want my crown, my gol - den

The musical score is written in E-flat major (one flat) and 4/4 time. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part consists of a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand and chords in the right hand. The vocal line includes lyrics and is marked with a forte 'f' dynamic. Chord symbols are placed above the vocal line: D(D, etc.), G, D, G, D, G, D, D $^7$ , G, A $^7$ , and E $^7$ . The score is divided into three systems, each with a vocal staff and a piano staff.



A<sup>7</sup> crown. D Jor-dan Riv-er, D<sup>7</sup> deep and wide, I got a

*cresc.* *ff*

G home on the oth-er side, Gm Oh, we are D cross - ing that Jor-dan

E<sup>7</sup> Riv - er, A<sup>7</sup> I want my crown, D G D G D G D I want my crown.

*sf*

2. Now when I get to Heaven } (2)  
 I'm gonna sit down on that golden throne }  
 Jordan River, chilly and cold,  
 Chills the body but not the soul.  
 We are crossing, etc.
3. We are climbing Jacob's ladder, } (2)  
 I want to sit down on that golden throne }  
 Jordan River, deep and wide,  
 I got a home on the other side.  
 We are crossing, etc.
4. We are crossing etc.

Versions of this song were recorded by street singers in the '20s and '30s, from which recordings the song has become popular in the present folk song movement. The metaphor of the 'storm' appears rather frequently in Negro religious song. The term should not be taken literally, for it refers to 'the storm of life.' Other spirituals utilizing this phrase make it clear that the only way out of the 'storm' is through belief in and observance of the Lord's word.

# Somebody Got Lost in a Storm

KEY: C# CAPO: FIRST PLAY: C

Moderately

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of three systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a steady bass line in the left hand and chords in the right hand. The tempo is marked 'Moderately'.

**System 1:** The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'Some - bod - y got lost in a storm,'. The piano accompaniment starts with a *p* dynamic and the instruction 'simply'. Chords above the vocal line are D(C), A<sup>7</sup>(G<sup>7</sup>), and D(C).

**System 2:** The vocal line continues with 'Some - bod - y got lost in a storm,'. Chords above the vocal line are G(F), \*D(G<sup>7</sup>), and A<sup>7</sup>(G<sup>7</sup>).

**System 3:** The vocal line continues with 'Some - bod - y got lost, some - bod - y got lost,'. Chords above the vocal line are D(C), D<sup>7</sup>(C<sup>7</sup>), G(F), and Gm<sup>7</sup>(Fm).

\*As performed: A<sup>7</sup>(G<sup>7</sup>).

D(C) A<sup>7</sup> (G<sup>7</sup>) first and others last  
 D(C) D(C) D(C)

Some-bod-y got lost in a storm, storm.

The musical score consists of three systems. The first system is a vocal line in G major (one sharp) with a 2/4 time signature. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The notes are G4, A4, B4, C5, G4, A4, B4, C5, G4, A4, B4, C5, G4, A4, B4, C5. The lyrics are 'Some-bod-y got lost in a storm, storm.' The second system is a piano accompaniment with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The right hand plays a melody of eighth notes: G4, A4, B4, C5, G4, A4, B4, C5, G4, A4, B4, C5, G4, A4, B4, C5. The left hand plays a bass line of eighth notes: G3, A3, B3, C4, G3, A3, B3, C4, G3, A3, B3, C4, G3, A3, B3, C4. The third system is a repeat of the first system, with a double bar line and repeat dots at the beginning and end.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 2. Poor sinner got lost in a storm, etc. | 4. Don't ever get lost in a storm, etc. |
| 3. Somebody got lost in a storm, etc.    | 5. Somebody got lost in a storm, etc.   |



Numerous songs have been borrowed from the church and with a few verbal changes have been put to use as Wobbly songs, union songs, picket-line songs, and most recently as integration songs. This is one of the best of such songs, which saw service earlier in union halls and is now widely sung by whites and Negroes in the civil rights movement. Zilphia Horton first heard it at the Highlander Folk School in Tennessee in 1947 from members of the Food and Tobacco Workers Union, who based it on one of the stanzas of a hymn which began "We will overcome." From then on numerous verses have been 'zipped in' as needed.

# We Shall Overcome

KEY: B CAPO: 2ND PLAY: A

Solemn

C(A) F(D) C(A) \*(F#m) C(A) F(D) C(A) Am(F#m)

We shall o - ver - come, — We shall o - ver - come, —

C(A) F(D) \*\*G(D) Am(A) Dm(B7) G(E) Dm(B7) G(E)

We shall o - ver - come some day. — Oh, —

F(D) C(A) C7 F(D) C(A) Am(F#m)

deep in my heart I do be - lieve that

\*As performed: Am(F#m).

\*\*As performed: F, C, D, G, D(D, A, B7, E, B7).



C(A) F(D) C(A) G(E) C(A) F(D) C(A)

we shall o - ver - come some day.

The musical score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written on a single treble clef staff with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The lyrics are: "we shall o - ver - come some day." The piano accompaniment is written on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The chords indicated above the staff are C(A), F(D), C(A), G(E), C(A), F(D), and C(A). The melody features a prominent eighth-note pattern in the vocal line and a steady bass line in the piano accompaniment.

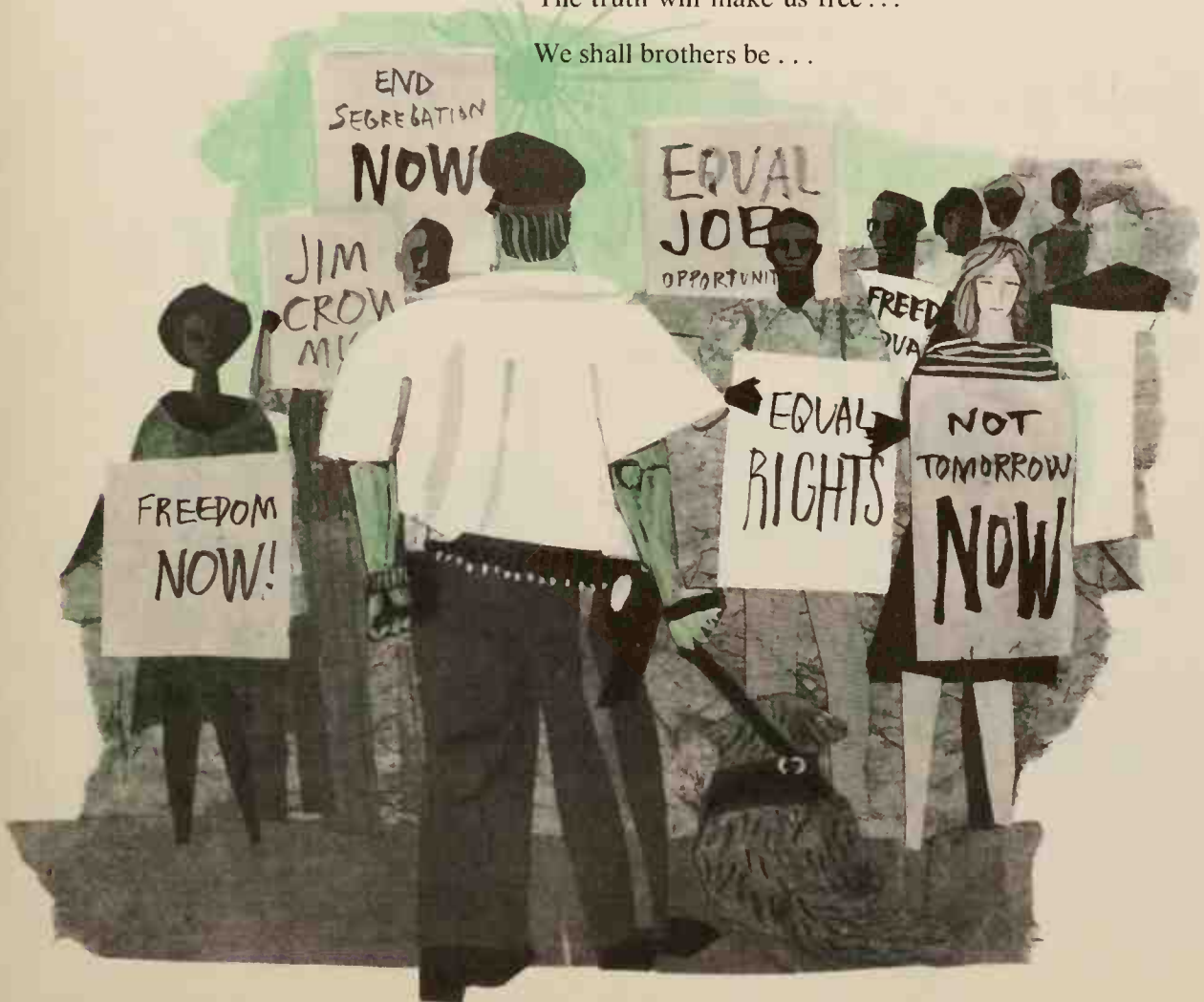
2. We'll walk hand in hand, we'll walk hand in hand,  
 We'll walk hand in hand, some day.  
 Oh, deep in my heart I do believe,  
 That we shall overcome some day.
3. We are not afraid, we are not afraid,  
 We are not afraid, today.  
 Oh, deep in my heart I do believe  
 That we shall overcome some day.
4. We shall overcome, etc.

*(Additional verses)*

We shall live in peace . . .

The truth will make us free . . .

We shall brothers be . . .



This charming cradle song has been collected mainly in the South but has become what may be the best known lullaby in America. Cecil Sharp collected it in Virginia and North Carolina in the fall of 1918, and the song has since been recorded from Alabama to Texas. Most recently it has been found as the text of ball-bouncing and skip-rope games, and a Rock and Roll version has even been recorded commercially.

# Hush Little Baby

KEY: C CAPO: NONE PLAY: C

Moderately

The musical score is written in C major and 4/4 time. It consists of three systems of music. Each system includes a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment with treble and bass staves. The tempo is marked 'Moderately'. The key signature has one flat (Bb), which is a common notation for C major in guitar tablature. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, slurs, and dynamic markings like 'p' (piano). Chord symbols are placed above the vocal line: F(C), C(G), C7(G7), F(C), F(C), C7(G7), F(C), and F(C). The lyrics are: 'Hush lit - tle ba - by, don't say a word, Pa - pa's going to buy you a mock - ing bird. - If that mock - ing bird don't sing, - Pa - pa's going to buy you a dia - mond ring. - ba - by in town. -'. The final system includes a first ending and a last ending, both marked with 'F(C)'.

F(C) C(G) C7(G7)  
Hush lit - tle ba - by, don't say a word, Pa - pa's going to buy you a

F(C) F(C) C7(G7)  
mock - ing bird. - If that mock - ing bird don't sing, -

*first and others* *last*  
F(C) F(C)  
Pa - pa's going to buy you a dia - mond ring. - ba - by in town. -



2. If that diamond ring is brass,  
Papa's going to buy you a looking-glass.  
If that looking-glass gets broke,  
Papa's going to buy you a billy-goat.
3. If that billy-goat don't pull,  
Papa's going to buy you a cart and bull.  
If that cart and bull turn over,  
Papa's going to buy you a dog named Rover.
4. If that dog named Rover don't bark,  
Papa's going to buy you a horse and cart,  
If that horse and cart fall down,  
You'll still be the sweetest little baby in town.



Julia Ward Howe was sitting in her hotel room in Washington listening to soldiers singing "John Brown's Body" as they marched to the front in December of 1861. As she watched and listened, a poem shaped itself in her mind and she rapidly put it down on a scrap of paper. It was later published in the Atlantic Monthly, and has since become one of America's most stirring songs.

# Battle Hymn of the Republic

KEY: F# CAPO: 2ND PLAY: E

With majesty

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It consists of three systems of music. Each system includes a vocal line on a single treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

**System 1:** The vocal line begins with a Bb(E) chord. The lyrics are "Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the". The piano accompaniment starts with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic.

**System 2:** The vocal line continues with an Eb(A) chord. The lyrics are "com - ing of the Lord, He is tram - pling out the vin - tage where the".

**System 3:** The vocal line features three chords: Bb(E), F7(B7), and Bb(E). The lyrics are "grapes of wrath are stored, He has loosed the fate - ful light - ning of His".



\* $(C\sharp m)$       \*\* $Cm(A)$        $Bb(E)$   $F^7(B^7)$   $Bb(E)$

ter - ri - ble swift sword, His truth is march - ing on.

$Eb(A)$        $Bb(E)$

Glo - ry, glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - ja! Glo - ry, glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - ja!

$Gm(C\sharp m)$       \*\* $Cm(A)$        $F(B^7)$        $Bb(E)$

Glo - ry, glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - ja! His truth is march - ing on.

\*As performed:  $Gm(C\sharp m)$ .  
 \*\*As performed:  $Eb(A)$ .

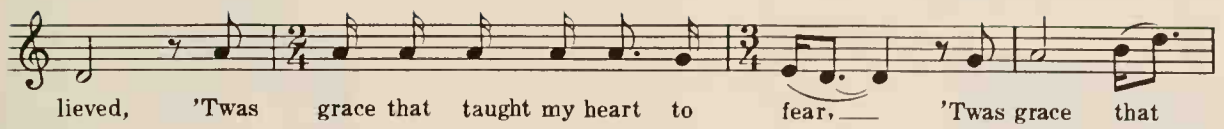
2. In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,  
 With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me.  
 As He died to make man holy let us die to make men free,  
 His truth is marching on.  
 Glory, glory, etc.

The text of this white Protestant hymn was written by John Newton (1725-1807) and has frequently been published in shape note and other hymnals since the early years of the 19th century. The tune is anonymous but is related to several Scottish secular melodies tracing from the 18th century. When sung in Negro churches across the country, it is usually performed to a tune which is closely related to the white melody but is sung more slowly and embellished in "Old Hundred" style. This version was collected by John Cohen in Kentucky. Joan Baez sings it without accompaniment.

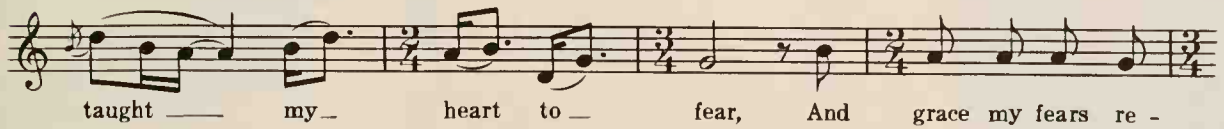
# Amazing Grace

Fairly slow, freely

A - maz - ing grace, \_\_\_\_\_ how sweet the sound \_\_\_\_\_ To  
 save a wretch like me, \_\_\_\_\_ To save a \_\_\_\_\_ wretch \_\_\_\_\_ like \_\_\_\_\_ me...  
 \_\_\_\_\_ I once was lost but now I'm found, \_\_\_\_\_ I  
 once was \_\_\_\_\_ lost \_\_\_\_\_ but \_\_\_\_\_ now \_\_\_\_\_ I'm \_\_\_\_\_ found, Was  
 (similar dynamics throughout ad lib.)  
 blind but now I see, \_\_\_\_\_ Was blind \_\_\_\_\_ but now I \_\_\_\_\_  
 see. That pre - cious day that grace ap - peared, \_\_\_\_\_ That  
 pre - cious day \_\_\_\_\_ that \_\_\_\_\_ grace ap - peared, The  
 hour I first be - lieved, \_\_\_\_\_ The hour \_\_\_\_\_ I \_\_\_\_\_ first \_\_\_\_\_ be -



lieved, 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, 'Twas grace that



taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re -




lieved, And grace my fears re - lieved.



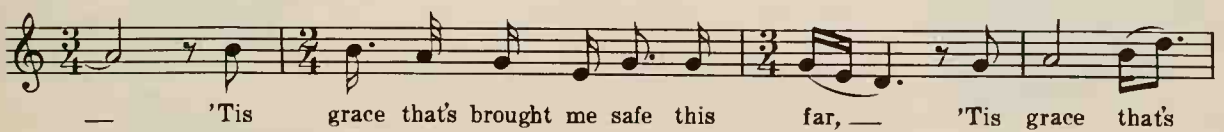
Through ma - ny dan - gers, toils and snares, Through -



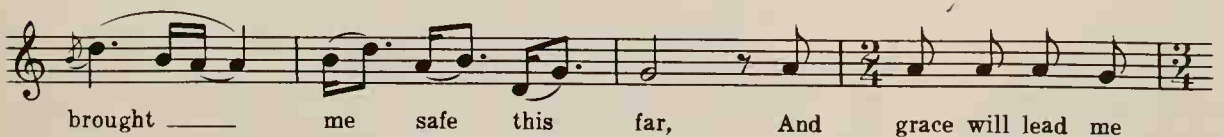
ma - ny dan - gers, toils and snares, I have al - rea - dy



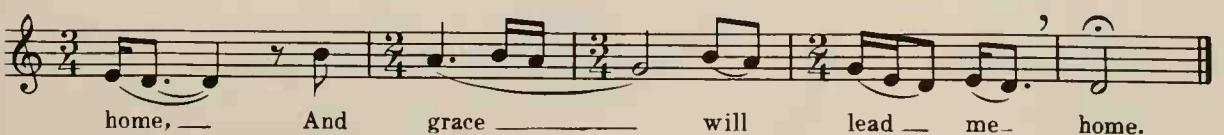
come, I have al - rea - dy come.



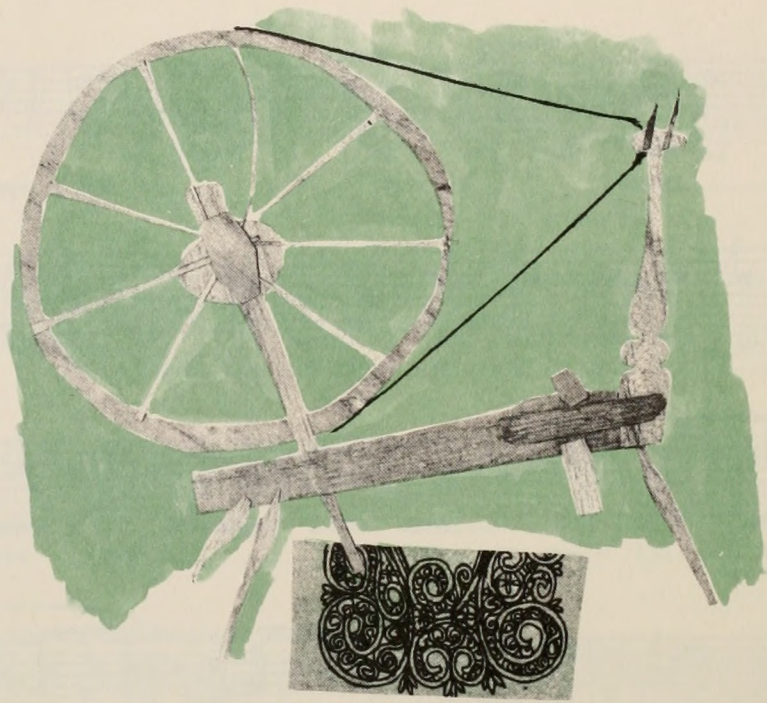
'Tis grace that's brought me safe this far, 'Tis grace that's



brought me safe this far, And grace will lead me



home, And grace will lead me home.





# MODERN AND COMPOSED SONGS

*For almost a century, the folklorists have debated the origins of folk song, with some believing that folk music is created collectively and others taking up the cudgels for individual authorship. Both are right, of course, for folk music is created both individually and communally. Here are some striking examples of modern and/or composed songs which have been accepted and welcomed by the community, and which are perhaps in process of becoming folk songs.*



In a few short verses we have the story of a life—birth, marriage, children, war and death. This vignette is the work of Jack Elliott's old side-kick, Derroll Adams, folk singer and song writer from Portland, Oregon, who today makes his home in Belgium.

# Portland Town

KEY: F MINOR CAPO: 1ST PLAY: E MINOR

Moderately slow

The musical score is written in F minor with a capo on the 1st fret, resulting in an E minor sound. The tempo is 'Moderately slow' and the time signature is 4/4. The score consists of three systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and a more active treble line. Chord changes are indicated above the vocal line.

**System 1:** Chords: Gm(Em), F(D), Gm(Em). Lyrics: "I was born in Port - land town. I was"

**System 2:** Chords: Gm(Em), \* Dm(D), Gm(Em), F(D). Lyrics: "born in Port - land town, Yes I was, yes I"

**System 3:** Chords: Gm(Em), Ab(F), Gm(Em). Lyrics: "was, Yes, I was."

Additional markings include "Pedal simile" under the piano accompaniment in the second system and a fermata over the final chord in the third system.

\*As performed: F(D).

2. I was born in Portland town,  
Got married in Portland town,  
Yes I did, yes I did,  
Yes, I did.
3. Got married in Portland town,  
Had children one, two, three,  
Yes I did, yes I did,  
Yes, I did.



4. They sent them away to war,  
Ain't got no kids no more,  
No I ain't, no I ain't,  
No, I ain't.
5. I was born in Portland town,  
I was born in Portland town,  
Yes I was, yes I was,  
Yes, I was.

This song is typical of the exciting 'Highlife' music heard in the cafes of Ghana. It shows the influence of American jazz and Latin American rhythms on West African native musics, indicating a direction in musical diffusion which ethnomusicologists are first beginning to notice after years of studying the movement in the reverse direction, from Africa to America. Its poetry, too, is worthy of notice for it exhibits a fluidity of words and metaphors based on ordinary speech patterns which strike home directly, if sometimes savagely.

# Danger Waters

KEY: E $\flat$     CAPO: 1ST    PLAY: D



And I holler, "Why?" etc.

2. First we go in a room,  
Make me Momma no know,  
Make me lie on a sofa,  
Make me have-a me labor.

And I holler, "Why?" etc.

3. Give me back me shillin',  
Give me back me shillin',  
You can stand on your own feet now,  
Give me back me shillin'.

And I holler, "Why?" etc.

4. Hold me tight, hold me tight,  
Danger waters coming, baby, hold me tight,  
Hold me tight, hold me tight,  
Danger waters coming, baby, hold me.

And I holler, "Why?" etc. (2)



Moderately  
Chorus \*

Chorus \*  
Eb(D) Eb7(D7) \*\* Ab(G)

And I hol - ler, "Why?" — — — — — And I hol - ler, "Why?" — — — — —

— And I hol - ler, "Why?" — — — — — The tor - toise boy — no mon a - mi... — — — — —

Eb(D) Bb7(A7) Eb(D) (.)

Verse (1st, 2nd and 3rd)

1. First he give me one, — — — — — Then he give me two, — — — — — And he give me

Eb(D) Eb7(D7) Ab(G)

three and I hol - ler, "Lord-y, have mer - cy!" (2.) make me have a me lab - - or.

Eb(D) Bb7(A7) Eb(D) Bb7(A7) Eb(D)

1st verse 2nd and 3rd verse

\*To be sung before each verse and after 4th verse.  
\*\*Small notes for 4th and final chorus.

(4th verse only)

*E $\flat$ (D)*

4. Hold me tight, hold me tight,

The first system of music features a vocal line in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower two staves. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The vocal line consists of four measures with lyrics: "4. Hold me tight, hold me tight,". The piano accompaniment includes a right-hand part with eighth-note chords and a left-hand part with a simple bass line. A chord symbol *E $\flat$ (D)* is placed above the first measure.

*B $\flat$ (A)*

Dan-ger wat-ers com-in', ba-by, Hold me tight.

The second system continues the music. The vocal line has four measures with lyrics: "Dan-ger wat-ers com-in', ba-by, Hold me tight.". The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns. A chord symbol *B $\flat$ (A)* is placed above the second measure.

Hold me tight, hold me tight,

The third system continues the music. The vocal line has four measures with lyrics: "Hold me tight, hold me tight,". The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns.

*E $\flat$ (D)* *D. C. chorus*

Dan-ger wat-ers com-in', ba-by, hold me.

*D. C. chorus*

The fourth system concludes the piece. The vocal line has four measures with lyrics: "Dan-ger wat-ers com-in', ba-by, hold me.". The piano accompaniment concludes with a final chord. A chord symbol *E $\flat$ (D)* is placed above the first measure, and the instruction *D. C. chorus* appears at the end of the system.

# Where Have All the Flowers Gone?

Pete Seeger got the idea for this song from a verse of an old song quoted by Mikhail Sholokhov in "And Quiet Flows the Don." The original words in translation are: "Where are the geese? They've gone to the reeds. And where are the reeds? They've been gathered by the girls. And where are the girls? They've taken husbands. And where are the Cossacks? They've gone to war." Similar circular-question songs are found in the works of folk and art composers and poets in many parts of the world.

KEY: B

CAPO: 2ND

PLAY: A



Moderately

C(A) Am(F#m) Dm(Bm) G7(E7) C(A)

Where have all \_ the

*mf* *p*

Detailed description: This system contains the first two measures of the piece. The vocal line starts with a whole rest in the first measure, followed by a half note G4 in the second measure. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand and a more melodic line in the right hand. Dynamics are marked *mf* and *p*. Chord symbols are placed above the staff.

Am(F#m) Dm(Bm) G(E)

flow-ers gone, Long time pass - ing,

*Pedal simile*

Detailed description: This system contains the next three measures. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'flow-ers gone, Long time pass - ing,'. The piano accompaniment maintains its rhythmic pattern. A 'Pedal simile' instruction is placed below the piano part. Chord symbols are placed above the staff.

C(A) Am(F#m) Dm(Bm)

Where have all \_ the flow-ers gone, Long time a -

Detailed description: This system contains the next three measures. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'Where have all \_ the flow-ers gone, Long time a -'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern. Chord symbols are placed above the staff.

G7(E7) C(A) Am(F#m)

go, Where have all \_ the flow-ers gone,

Detailed description: This system contains the final three measures of the piece. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics 'go, Where have all \_ the flow-ers gone,'. The piano accompaniment concludes with the same rhythmic pattern. Chord symbols are placed above the staff.



The image shows a musical score for the song "When Will They Ever Learn?". It consists of two systems of music. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with the lyrics "Young girls picked them ev - ery one, When will they". The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand and a more melodic line in the right hand. The second system continues the vocal line with "ev - er learn, \_\_\_\_\_ When will they ev - er learn?". The piano accompaniment continues with similar patterns, ending with a final chord. Chord symbols are placed above the vocal line: Dm(Bm), G7(E7), F(D), \*Dm(D), C(A), Dm(Bm), G7(E7), and C(A). A note at the bottom left states: "As performed: Guitar retains F(D)." There are some handwritten annotations in the piano part, including a circled 'p' and some arrows.

2. Where have all the young girls gone, long time passing,  
Where have all the young girls gone, long time ago,  
Where have all the young girls gone, gone to young men every one,  
When will they ever learn, when will they ever learn?
3. Where have all the young men gone, long time passing,  
Where have all the young men gone, long time ago,  
Where have all the young men gone, they are all in uniform,  
When will they ever learn, when will they ever learn?
4. Where have all the soldiers gone, long time passing  
Where have all the soldiers gone, long time ago,  
Where have all the soldiers gone, gone to graveyards every one  
When will they ever learn, when will they ever learn?
5. Where have all the graveyards gone, long time passing,  
Where have all the graveyards gone, long time ago,  
Where have all the graveyards gone, covered with flowers every one  
When will they ever learn, when will they ever learn?
6. Where have all the flowers gone, etc.

Early in the history of recorded hillbilly music, white mountain musicians and singers began to create their own religious songs based largely on biblical narrative. Their influence has continued to this day. One of the best of these modern gospel songs is this composition by Grady and Hazel Cole, based on the Dives and Lazarus story and the death of Christ. The last verse is a recent addition to the song.

# The Tramp on the Street

KEY: C# CAPO: 1ST PLAY: C

Moderately lively

Chords: Eb(C) Eb7(C7)

On - ly a - tramp was Laz' - rus that

Chords: Ab(F) (F-F#\*) Bb7(G\*)

begged, He lay down

Chord: Eb(C)

by the rich man's gate,

(F\*) and (G\*) played by sliding in barre position from (F).

Eb(C) Eb7 (C7)  
 He begged for crumbs from the rich man to  
 eat, But they left him to die  
 like a tramp on the street.

He was somebody's darlin', he was some mother's son,  
 Once he was fair, and once he was young,  
 Some mother she rocked him, her little darlin' to sleep,  
 But they left him to die like a tramp in the street.

2. Jesus who died on Calvary's Tree,  
 Shed His life-blood for you and for me,  
 They pierced His side, His hands and His feet  
 And they left Him to die like a tramp on the street.

He was Mary's own darlin', he was God's chosen Son,  
 Once He was fair and once He was young,  
 Mary she rocked Him, her little darlin' to sleep,  
 But they left Him to die like a tramp on the street.

3. When the battles are over and the victory's won  
 Everyone mourns for the poor man's son,  
 Red, White and Blue and victory's sweet,  
 And they left him to die like a tramp on the street.

The hardships and heartbreaks of people who earn their living off the sea have never been as starkly and dramatically described as in this poem by the 19th century English clergyman and novelist, Charles Kingsley. The music was composed by the English musician, singer and music teacher, John Hullah.

# Three Fishers

KEY: A CAPO: 2ND PLAY: G

Moderately

Bb(G) Gm(Em) Dm(Bm) Gm(Em) Bb(G)

Three fish - ers went sail - ing out

*mf*

F7(D) Bb(G) F7(D) Bb(G) Gm(Em) Dm(Bm)

in - to the west, Out in - to the west as the sun went down, Each

Cm(Am) Gm(Em) Dm(Bm) Cm(Am)

thought on the wom - an that loved him the best, And the



Gm (Em) D<sup>7</sup>(B<sup>7</sup>)

child - ren stood watch - ing them out of the town. For

*rit.*

Slower

\* Gm (G) (Em) \*\* Cm (C) F (D) B $\flat$  (G) Gm (Em)

men must work and wom - en must weep, For there's lit - tle to earn and

E $\flat$  (C) F (D) B $\flat$  (G)

man - y to keep, And the har - bor bar be

Gm (Em) F (D) B $\flat$  (G) Gm (Em)

moan - ing.

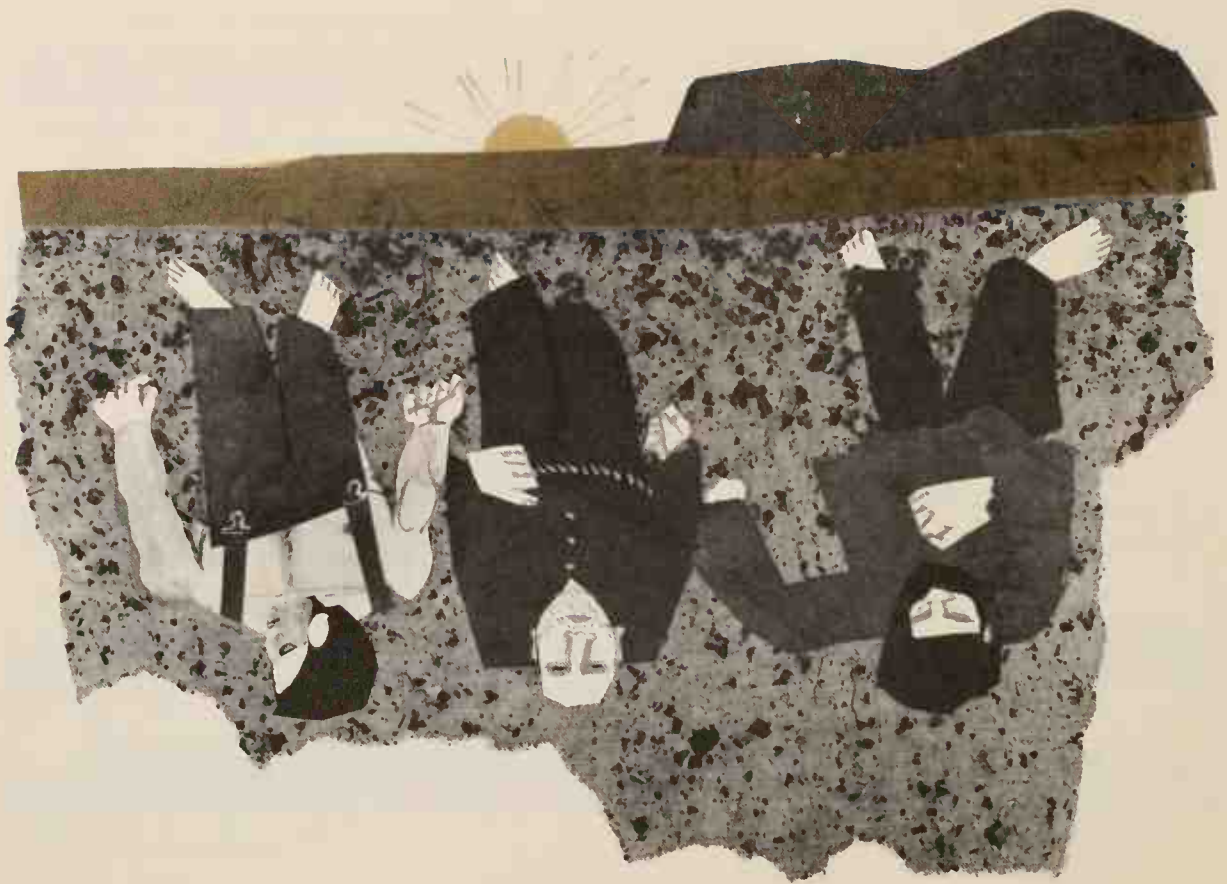
*first and others* Dm (Bm) Gm (Em) *tempo I.*

*last* Gm (Em)

2. Three

*tempo I.*

\* As performed: B $\flat$ (G).  
 \*\* As performed: E $\flat$ (C).



2. Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,  
They trimmed the lamps as the sun went down,  
And they looked at the squall and they looked at the shower,  
And the night-wrack came rolling in ragged and brown.

For men must work and women must weep,  
'Though storms be sudden and the waters be deep  
And the harbor bar be moaning.

3. Three corpses lay out on the shining sand,  
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,  
And the women were weeping and wringing their hands,  
For those who would never come back to the town.

For men must work and women must weep,  
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep  
And good-bye to that bar and its moaning.

# Donna Donna

This song, composed for the Yiddish musical theatre by Sholom Secunda, has long been a favorite with Jewish folk singers. Several translations have been attempted by various singers, but none tell the tale so well as this one by Arthur Keves and Teddi Schwartz.

KEY: B MINOR CAPO: 2ND PLAY: A MINOR

Moderately

Em(Am) B7(E)

Em(Am) \*Am(E) Em(Am) \*Am(E) Em(Am) Am(Dm)

On a wag - on bound for mar - ket, There's a calf with a

C(F or Am) B(E) Em(Am) \*Am(E) Em(Am) \*Am(E) Em(Am) Am(Dm)

mourn-ful eye, High a - bove him there's a swal - low wing - ing swift - ly—

\*As performed: B(E).

B<sup>7</sup>(E) Em(Am) D(G) G(C) Em(Am) D(G)

through the sky. How the winds are laugh-ing, They laugh with all their

G(C) Em(Am) D(G) G(C) B<sup>7</sup>(E) Em(Am)

might, Laugh and laugh the whole day through, and

B<sup>7</sup>(E) Em(Am) B<sup>7</sup>(E) Em(Am)

half the summer's night. Don-na, don-na, don - na, don - na.

D(G) G(C) Em(Am) B<sup>7</sup>(E)

Don-na, don - na, don - na, don. Don-na, don - na, don - na,





A number of topical song writers have commented on the dangers of fall-out and the death and sickness which rides with radioactive winds and rain. Malvina Reynolds is one of the few to successfully capture the feeling of the potential tragedy by her simple story of a little boy and the grass around him which disappears in "the gentle rain that falls for years."

# What Have They Done to the Rain?

KEY: B    CAPO: NONE; GUITAR TUNED DOWN 1/2 TONE    PLAY: C





B $\flat$ (C) Cm(Dm) \*Dm(G)

Just a lit-tle boy stand-ing in the rain, ——— The

(Em) F $^7$ (G $^7$ ) B $\flat$ (C)

gent - le rain that falls for years, ——— And the

Gm(Am) Dm(Em)

grass is gone, the boy dis - ap - pears, And

E $\flat$ (F) B $\flat$ (C)

rain keeps fall - ing like help - less tears, And

\*As performed: F(G).



Cm(Dm) F(G) *first time* *last time*

what have they done to the rain? \_\_\_\_\_

2. Just a little breeze out of the sky,  
 The leaves nod their heads as the breeze blows by,  
 Just a little breeze with some smoke in its eye,  
 What have they done to the rain?

Just a little boy standing in the rain,  
 The gentle rain that falls for years, etc.



In a short life of only 40 years, Edgar Allan Poe secured a prominent place for himself as a literary critic, an idealistic and romantic poet, and one of the most powerful and compelling mystery and fantasy tale tellers. Of his poetic creations, perhaps only "The Raven" is better known than his tragic love poem, "Annabel Lee." The musical setting given here was composed by Don Dilworth.

# Annabel Lee

KEY: G# MINOR CAPO: NONE PLAY: G# MINOR (BARRE)

Fairly lively

Chord changes: Gm (G#m), Gm (G#m), D7 (D#7), Gm (G#m), \*Dm (F#), Eb (E), Ab (A), Bb (B), Ebm (Em), Gb (G).

Vocal lyrics: It was ma - ny and ma - ny a year a - go in a King - dom by the sea, That a maid - en there

Piano markings: *p* gently flowing, Pedal simile

\*As performed: F(F#).

Ch(C) Db(D) \*\*Ab(Em) Ebm(Em)

lived whom you may know by the name of

Bb(B7) Ebm(Em) Bb(B)

An - na - bel Lee, And this maid - en she

Eb(E) Cm(C#m) Fm(F#m) Eb(E) Bb7(B7)

lived with no oth - er thought than to love and be loved by

*first and second verses only*

Eb(E) D. S.

me. 2. For -

D. S.

\*\*As performed: Ebm(Em).

*third and subsequent verses*

me, To shut her up in a se - pul -

Chords: Eb(E), Bb(B), Eb(E), Cm(C#m)

*third, fourth and fifth verses*

cher in this King - dom by the sea.

Chords: Fm(F#m), Eb(E), Bb7(B7), Eb(E)

*last verse*

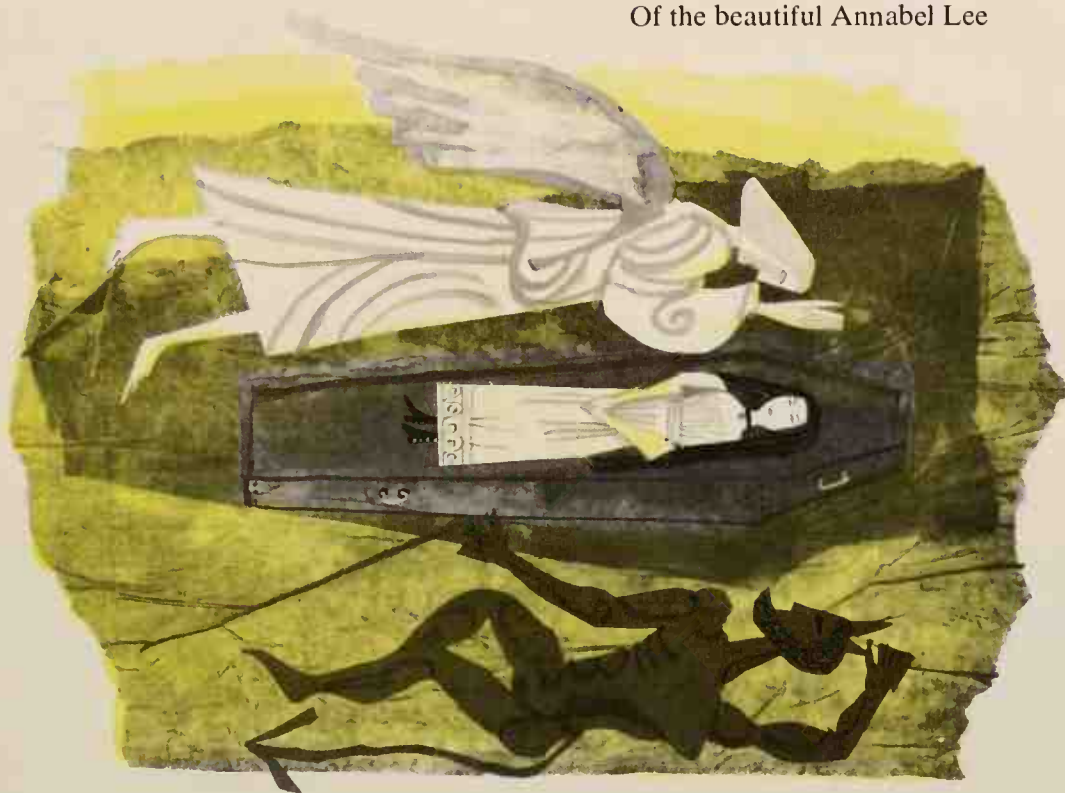
4. And the sea.

Chords: Bb(E)

*D. S.*



2. For I was a child and she was a child,  
In this kingdom by the sea:  
But we loved with a love that was more than love—  
I and my Annabel Lee:  
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven  
Coveted her and me.
3. And this is the reason that, long ago,  
In this kingdom by the sea )  
A wind blew out of a cloud,  
Chilling my Annabel Lee:  
So that her high-born kinsmen came  
And bore her away from me,  
To shut her up in a sepulcher  
In this kingdom by the sea.
4. And the angels, not half so happy in heaven,  
Went envying her and me—  
Yes—that was the reason (as all men know,  
In this kingdom by the sea)  
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,  
Chilling my Annabel Lee  
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,  
Killing my Annabel Lee
5. But our love it was stronger by far than the love  
Of those who were older than we—  
Of many far wiser than we—  
Of many far wiser than we.  
And neither the angels in heaven above,  
Nor the demons down under the sea,  
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee



6. And the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;  
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;  
And all through the night, I lie down by the side  
Of my darling, my life and my bride,  
In her sepulcher there by the sea,  
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

One of the favorite themes in blues is that of 'traveling on,' moving from one place to another, finding new loves and new experiences. This restlessness is rarely expressed so well in modern urban blues as in this song by Anne Bredon of San Francisco.

# Babe I'm Gonna Leave You

KEY: B $\flat$  MINOR    CAPO: 1ST    PLAY: A MINOR

Flowing

Bm(Am)      Em(Dm\*)      Bm(Am)

Babe \_\_\_\_\_ I'm gon-na leave you, -

*pp*      *Pedal simile*

*rubato*      *rit.*      *a tempo*  
*pp* G(F)

Tell you when I'm gon - na leave you, - leave you when ol'

*rubato*      *rit.*      *a tempo*  
*pp*

\*Em(F)      F#7(E7)      Bm(Am)      G(F)

summer-time, summer comes a - roll - ing, - leave you when ol'

*pp*

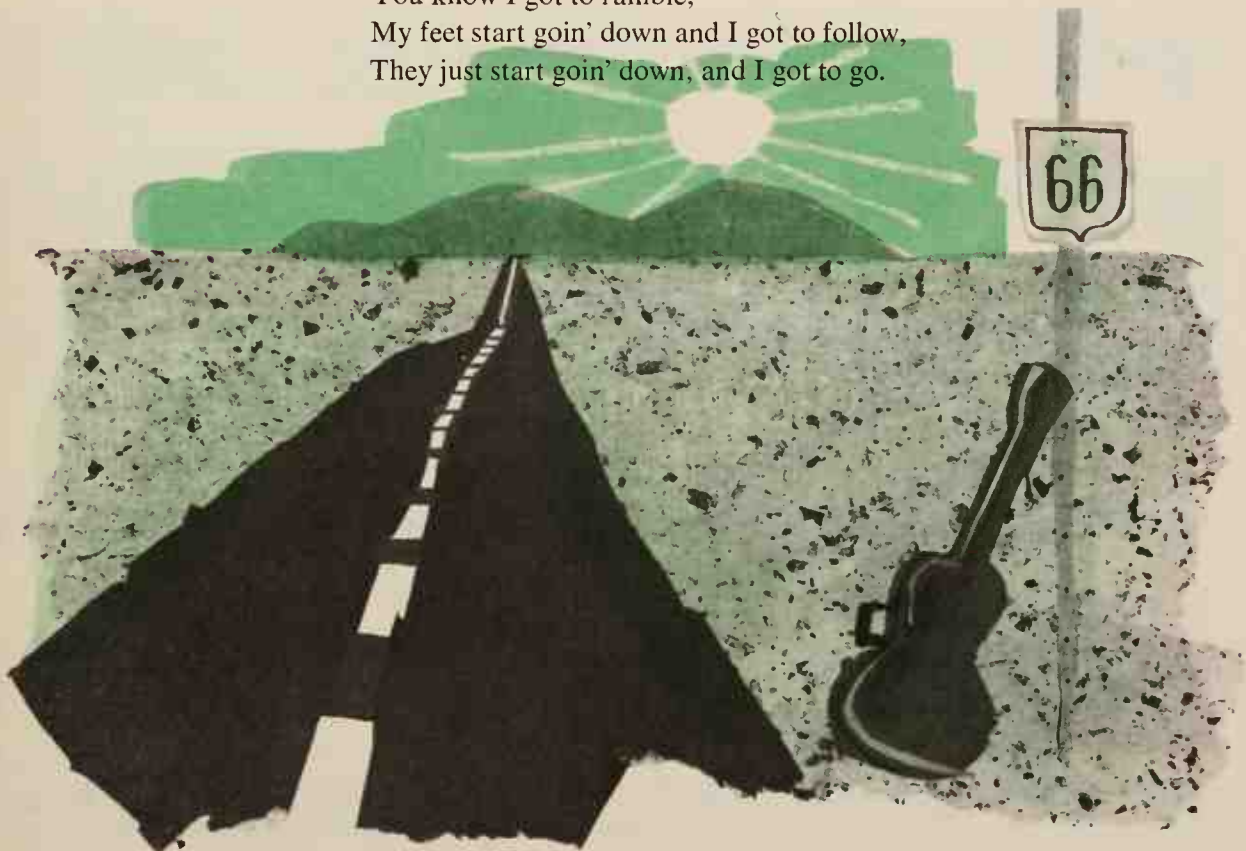
(Dm\*) for guitar: May be played by holding Am fingering and sliding up to the 7th and 8th frets, while continuing to play on middle strings.  
\*As performed: G(F).

$F\sharp m^7(E^7)$        $Bm(Am)$        $Em(Dm^*)$        $Bm(Am)$

sum - mer    comes a - long.

\*\*As performed:  $F\sharp^7(E^7)$  against sung  $F\sharp m$ , common in blues.

2.    Babe, that highway's a-callin',  
       That old highway's a-callin',  
       Callin' me to travel on, travel on out Westward,  
       Callin' me to travel on alone.
  
3.    Babe, I'd like to stay here,  
       You know I'd really like to stay here,  
       My feet start goin' down, goin' down that highway,  
       My feet start goin' down, goin' down alone.
  
4.    Babe, I got to ramble,  
       You know I got to ramble,  
       My feet start goin' down and I got to follow,  
       They just start goin' down, and I got to go.



Man's yearning for peace is perhaps nowhere better expressed in song than in Ed McCurdy's masterpiece, "Strangest Dream," written in 1950 and now the unofficial anthem of non-political peace groups throughout the English-speaking world.

# Last Night I Had the Strangest Dream

KEY: C CAPO: NONE PLAY: C

Simply, with dignity

The musical score is written in 3/4 time and consists of three systems. Each system includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a steady bass line in the left hand and chords in the right hand. The lyrics are: "Last night I had the strangest dream I ever had before, I dreamed the world had all agreed, to put an end to war." The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, slurs, and dynamic markings like *mp* and *Fine*. Chord symbols are placed above the vocal line: C (C, etc.), C7, F, C, G7, C, Am, \*Dm(G7), G7, and C.

\*As performed: G7.



F                    \*\*Dm(F)                    C                    G7

I dreamed there was a night - y\_ room, And the room was

C                    C7                    F                    C

filled with men, \_\_\_\_\_ And the pap - er\_ they were sign - ing\_

Am                    \* C(G7)                    G7                    C                    *D. C. al Fine*

said they'd nev - er \_\_\_\_\_ fight\_ a - gain. \_\_\_\_\_

\*\*As performed: F.

*D. C. al Fine*

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2. And when the paper was all signed,<br/>And a million copies made,<br/>They all joined hands and circled 'round,<br/>And grateful prayers were made.</p> | <p>3. Last night I had the strangest dream,<br/>I ever had before,<br/>I dreamed the world had all agreed<br/>To put an end to war.</p> |
|---|---|

And the people on the streets below  
Were dancing 'round and 'round,  
With swords and guns and uniforms  
All scattered on the ground.

This song is the best known composition of Martini il Tedesco, a German-born operatic composer who made his name and fame in his adopted country, France, during the 18th and 19th centuries. The version given here eliminates the developmental sections of the original song, thereby transforming it from a 'through-composed' art song into a strophic folk-like song. The authorship of this English translation is unknown.

# Plaisir d'Amour

KEY: F CAPO: 1ST PLAY: E

Slow, but flowing

The musical score is arranged in three systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (F major), and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo/style is 'Slow, but flowing'. The piano part features a consistent eighth-note accompaniment in the bass line and chords in the treble. Dynamics include piano (*p*) and *Pedal simile*.

**System 1:**

- Chords: F(E), C7(B7), F(E)
- Vocal 1: Plai - sir
- Vocal 2: The joys
- Lyrics: d'a - - - mour / of - - - love

**System 2:**

- Chords: Bb(A), F(E), C7(B7)
- Vocal 1: ne du - re
- Vocal 2: are but a
- Lyrics: qu'un - - - mo - ment, / mo - ment long,

**System 3:**

- Chords: Bdim(A#dim), C7(B7-A bass), F(E-G# bass)
- Vocal 1: Cha - grin
- Vocal 2: The pain
- Lyrics: d'a - - - mour du - re / of love en -

Gm (A or F#m)      F(E)      C7(B7)      F(E)      (C)

tou - te la vie.  
dures the whole life long.



3. Your eyes kissed mine, I saw the love in them shine,  
You brought me heaven right then when your eyes kissed mine.
4. My love loves me, and all the wonders I see,  
A rainbow shines in my window, my love loves me.
5. And now he's gone, like a dream that fades into dawn,  
But the words stay locked in my heartstrings, "My love loves me."
6. Plaisir d'amour, etc.

# The Joan Baez Recordings

---

**JOAN BAEZ**

Silver Dagger / East Virginia / Fare Thee Well / House of the Rising Sun / All My Trials / Wildwood Flower / Donna Donna / John Riley / Rake and Rambling Boy / Little Moses / Mary Hamilton / Henry Martin / El Preso Numero Nueve.

VANGUARD VRS-9078 (Monophonic) and VSD-2077 (Stereophonic)

---

**JOAN BAEZ, VOL. 2**

Wagoner's Lad / The Trees They Do Grow High / The Lily of the West / Silkie / Engine 143 / Once I Knew a Pretty Girl / Lonesome Road / Banks of the Ohio / Pal of Mine / Barbara Allen / The Cherry Tree Carol / Old Blue / Railroad Boy / Plaisir d'Amour.

VANGUARD VRS-9094 (Monophonic) and VSD-2097 (Stereophonic)

---

**JOAN BAEZ IN CONCERT**

Babe, I'm Gonna Leave You / Geordie / Copper Kettle / Kumbaya / What Have They Done to the Rain / Black is the Color of My True Love's Hair / Danger Waters / Gospel Ship / House Carpenter / Pretty Boy Floyd / Lady Mary / Até Amanhã / Matty Groves.

VANGUARD VRS-9112 (Monophonic) and VSD-2122 (Stereophonic)

---

**JOAN BAEZ IN CONCERT,  
PART 2**

Once I Had a Sweetheart / Jackaroe / Don't Think Twice, It's All Right / We Shall Overcome / Portland Town / Queen of Hearts / Manhã de Carnaval / Te Ador / Long Black Veil / Railroad Bill / Rambler-Gambler / Fennario / 'Nu Bello Cardillo / Three Fishers / Hush Little Baby / Battle Hymn of the Republic.

VANGUARD VRS-9113 (Monophonic) and VSD-2123 (Stereophonic)

---

**JOAN BAEZ / 5**

There but for Fortune / Stewball / No, No, No, It Ain't Me, Babe / The Death of Queen Jane / Bachianas Brasileiras No. 5 (Villa-Lobos) / Go 'Way From My Window / I Still Miss Someone / When You Hear Them Cuckoos Hollerin' / Birmingham Sunday / We'll Go No More A-Roving / O Congaceiro / The Unquiet Grave.

VANGUARD VRS-9160 (Monophonic) and VSD-79160 (Stereophonic)



# The Joan Baez Recordings

---

---

## **FOLK FESTIVAL AT NEWPORT, 1959, VOL. 2**

Virgin Mary / We Are Crossing Jordan River / with Bob Gibson.

VANGUARD VRS-9063 (Monophonic) and VSD-2054 (Stereophonic)

---

## **NEWPORT BROADSIDE 1963**

With God On Our Side / with Bob Dylan.

VANGUARD VRS-9144 (Monophonic) and VSD-79144 (Stereophonic)

---

## **EVENING CONCERTS AT NEWPORT, 1963, VOL. 1**

Oh, Freedom / Wagoner's Lad / Te Ador / Até Amanhã.

VANGUARD VRS-9148 (Monophonic) and VSD-79148 (Stereophonic)

# Index of Titles

ALL MY TRIALS	126
AMAZING GRACE	150
ANNABEL LEE	174
BABE I'M GONNA LEAVE YOU	178
BANKS OF THE OHIO	102
BARBARA ALLEN	58
BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC	148
BLACK IS THE COLOR	28
CHERRY TREE CAROL, THE	62
COME ALL YE FAIR AND TENDER MAIDENS	44
COPPER KETTLE	116
DANGER WATERS	156
DONNA DONNA	167
EAST VIRGINIA	36
FARE THEE WELL	42
FENNARIO	86
GEORDIE	48
HALLOWED BE THY NAME	132
HENRY MARTIN	50
HOUSE CARPENTER	66
HOUSE OF THE RISING SUN	106
HUSH LITTLE BABY	146
I NEVER WILL MARRY	34
I ONCE LOVED A BOY	38
JACKAROE	80
JOHN RILEY	89
KUMBAYA	130
LADY GAY	64
LADY MARY	24
LAST NIGHT I HAD THE STRANGEST DREAM	180
LILY OF THE WEST, THE	96
LONESOME ROAD	120
LONG BLACK VEIL	110
MAN OF CONSTANT SORROW	22

# Index of Titles

53	MARY HAMILTON
68	MATTY GROVES
122	OLD BLUE
31	ONCE I HAD A SWEETHEART
72	ONCE I KNEW A PRETTY GIRL
see COPPER KETTLE	PALE MOONLIGHT, THE
182	PLAISIR D'AMOUR
154	PORTLAND TOWN
114	PRETTY BOY FLOYD
40	QUEEN OF HEARTS
113	RAILROAD BILL
94	RAILROAD BOY
84	RAKE AND RAMBLING BOY
104	RAMBLER GAMBLER
108	RANGER'S COMMAND
56	SILKIE
75	SILVER DAGGER
142	SOMEBODY GOT LOST IN A STORM
82	STEWBALL
see FARE THEE WELL	TEN THOUSAND MILES
164	THREE FISHERS
162	TRAMP ON THE STREET, THE
78	TREES THEY DO GROW HIGH, THE
134	TWELVE GATES TO THE CITY
60	UNQUIET GRAVE, THE
138	VIRGIN MARY
20	WAGONER'S LAD
26	WATER IS WIDE, THE
140	WE ARE CROSSING JORDAN RIVER
144	WE SHALL OVERCOME
170	WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO THE RAIN?
159	WHERE HAVE ALL THE FLOWERS GONE
118	WILDWOOD FLOWER
92	WILLIE MOORE







# THE JOAN BAEZ SONGBOOK

This is a book of the songs Joan Baez sings on her Vanguard recordings and at her concerts. Here are sixty-six of the most haunting and beautiful folk songs and songs in the folk vein. Many of these songs have never before appeared in print. Others have never before appeared in the version published here. The texts are full. The vocal lines and arrangements for piano and guitar have been kept as close as is possible to the way Joan Baez performs them. They have an aptness and basic simplicity which brings them within everyone's reach.

---

## CONTENTS

---

### LYRICS AND LAMENTS

Wagoner's Lad • Man of Constant Sorrow • Lady Mary • The Water is Wide • Black is the Color • Once I Had a Sweetheart • I Never Will Marry • East Virginia • I Once Loved a Boy • Queen of Hearts • Fare Thee Well • Come All Ye Fair and Tender Maidens

---

### CHILD BALLADS

Geordie • Henry Martin • Mary Hamilton • Silkie • Barbara Allen • The Unquiet Grave • The Cherry Tree Carol • Lady Gay • House Carpenter • Matty Groves

---

### BROADSIDE BALLADS

Once I Knew a Pretty Girl • Silver Dagger • The Trees They Do Grow High • Jackaroe • Stewball • Rake and Rambling Boy • Fennario • John Riley • Willie Moore • Railroad Boy • The Lily of the West

---

### AMERICAN BALLADS AND SONGS

Banks of the Ohio • Rambler Gambler • House of the Rising Sun • Ranger's Command • Long Black Veil • Railroad Bill • Pretty Boy Floyd • Copper Kettle • Wildwood Flower • Lonesome Road • Old Blue

---

### HYMNS, SPIRITUALS AND LULLABIES

All My Trials • Kumbaya • Hallowed Be Thy Name • Twelve Gates to the City • Virgin Mary • We Are Crossing Jordan River • Somebody Got Lost in a Storm • We Shall Overcome • Hush Little Baby • Battle Hymn of the Republic • Amazing Grace

---

### MODERN AND COMPOSED SONGS

Portland Town • Danger Waters • Where Have All the Flowers Gone • The Tramp on the Street • Three Fishers • Donna Donna • What Have They Done to the Rain • Annabel Lee • Babe I'm Gonna Leave You • Last Night I Had the Strangest Dream • Plaisir d'Amour

---

### MUSICAL ARRANGEMENTS AND INTRODUCTION BY ELIE SIEGMEISTER

---

PREFACE BY JOHN M. ONLY

---

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ERIC VON SCHMIDT

---