

ESTATOOE

A QUARTERLY NEWSLETTER OF THE YANCEY HISTORY ASSOCIATION
Volume V, Number 2 June, 1990

ESTATOOE (ēs-tä-tō-ē): Also spelled Estootowie in early records. A Cherokee Indian place name, shortened to Estatoe/Estatoah, from which the Toe/Towe River designation is derived.

Officers of the Association (1990)

President: James Byrd
Vice-President and Program Chair: Lloyd Bailey
Treasurer: Linda Deyton
Secretary: Theresa Blankenship
Director: Lawrence King

Correspondence with the Association:

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Burnsville, N.C., 28714
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Minutes of the Previous Meeting:

The Spring Meeting of the Association was held at the Yancey County Library in Burnsville on February 10, 1990, at 7 p.m. The subject was "Events in Toe River Valley History, 1700's-1900's," presented by Lloyd Bailey. Twenty-four such events were discussed, and newspaper articles relating to some of them were reproduced in the Newsletter (Volume V, Number 1). (Members of the Association who do not receive the newsletter at meetings may get a copy at the Yancey Library.)

The business meeting included a report on the museum project and the excavation of the Native American site at Cane River; recent books concerning our area; the election of officers of the Association for 1990 (as listed above); and the reminder to members that the annual membership fee (\$5) is due.

New Publications:

A list of "Corrections and Additions - 1990" to Cemeteries of Unicoi County, Tennessee is now available from that county's Historical Society in Erwin (37650).

Donald McCourry, who has produced a number of books on life and lore of the Toe River Valley (available in local libraries) now has two more available: Mountain Folks (\$30) and The North Carolina Johnson Boys (\$25). Order from him at Rt. 2, Box 99, Marion, N.C., 28752.

Future Programs:

"A Photographic Journey through Old Yancey," by Jody Higgins (on Sept. 8, at 7 p.m.)

"A History of Medicine in Yancey County," by Dr. Melvin Webb (date to be decided). Part II.

The Current Program:

"Folk Music and Musicians in the Toe River Valley," performed and discussed by Mr. Bruce Greene.

Doc Hoppas, Bard Of Brushy Creek,

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Is Famous Among Hill People

The house loomed large in the darkness, evidently two wings at right angles to each other with a porch running the length of both buildings.

Doc Hoppas, the singer and story teller whom we had come to see, sat on a straight chair at the head of the porch with his wife and daughter beside him. The moonlight played across his face as he sang, the banjo held easily on his lap, all his thought on the delight of the song. We took the chairs that some of the earlier comers offered us and the song went on without interruption.

"That's the 'Fum Rock Ranch' he is singing," a voice whispered. "He

made it himself, all of it, the words and the tune."

The notes died away and for a moment there was no sound but the murmur of the wind in the woods and then he swung into the rollicking "Cindy," his own words to an old refrain. Then a man's voice broke into a pause in the music, asking: "Doc, could you tell us another time about old Uncle Jim going over the Chalk?"

Marvelous Story Teller

Everyone sits up with interest as Doc lets the banjo slide to his knees and leans back to rest a moment. Then he launches into the tale and we are carried away even as he is by the adventures of Uncle Jim. This is not amateur story telling but the gifted word painting of an artist. He carries the story along in a leisurely manner but without the inclusion of unnecessary detail, approaches the climax with masterful ease, never losing sight of the main point and then stops at exactly the right time. He has a sense of proportion and drama, this maker of songs and stories. We see as clearly as though they passed before us the convivial Uncle Jim and his crew, Will, waylaid by the young man who is on his way down the mountain to take dinner with

his girl. They insist that he escort them back up the mountain the way he had come because they are unfit to walk so much corn liquor and whisky. Mabel, the whole day's journey with their drunken antics. He tells the story of a girl who was taken who had him hitched into the woods by the side a little or to teach the ox how to work and had many adventures before he got out of the yoke again. Now Doc is ready to sing some more. "Kitty Wells," this time, his own composition, with different words and music than the Victrola record version. Some one wants to hear "Fifty Fara Ago" and Doc obliges with a delightful rollicking song about the coming of the patent stove.

Two or three of the audience are calling for the story of the wedding party, so Doc tells of the wedding. Doc has talked and sung so long that he is getting hoarse but the "Burnt Mountain" is a favorite and he tells it. The story is the climax of the evening. We go with Doc and some of the young bloods to a wedding over at a cabin on the outskirts of the Burnt Mountain. They want to prime their spirits by face a long sold walk with corn liquor. They cannot find any when they want to. So they start out dry, consoling themselves that undoubtedly there will be plenty at the wedding. But when they get there the tables are loaded with food but no liquor. Although they know the host has quantities of it somewhere they find a barrel at last, tap it uninvited with a stray and then commence to react in unexpected ways. Such a wild many wedding celebration it is with the guests stamping about in the snow outside around the house trying to sober up. And then comes the time when across the mountain accompanied by the bride and groom. It is a grand tale all the way to its hilarious climax.

BALLAD SINGER

ALSO IS NOTED

STORY TELLER

Home Under Pines Near Penland Is Rendezvous Of Travelers

By MURIEL EARLEY SHEPARD

SPRUCE PINE, June 13. (Special) Log of a recent delightful visit to the home of Doc Hoppas, the ballad singer of Brushy creek, in Mitchell county.

We had just found our way in the darkness up the old mine railroad from Penland in search of Mr. Hoppas' cabin, half hidden from the moonbeams by the whispering pines which sweep their odorous boughs almost to the doorstep.

The sprightly notes of a banjo floated over the boxwoods by the house and down the warm dark of the lawn. The porch was already full of people as we climbed the steps. They perched along the railing. They sat in chairs along the house wall and even upon the floor.

"The Little Moqui"

Now for one last song. Doc sings "The Little Moqui." He can not tell you the exact history of the song but it sounds like one of the old ballads. It is the tale of an Englishman who sails away to the West Indies, leaving his haughty English sweetheart to wait for him. In the south he meets a little Moqui maiden who wants him to stay with her always, but he remains true to his first love only to find upon his return to England that she has forgotten him. Then he sails back to the south again to find his little Moqui and all is well.

The party is breaking up, straggling away into the glorious scented mountain moonlight. Down the steep and wavering dinky line a couple of miles away lies the Toe river and the little village of Penland. Up the road from the Hoppas' house about a mile away is Estatoe and the state highway to Asheville. Doc Hoppas has always lived in the Brushy Creek country. He was born at Estatoe and from there came to his home farm. Although he has not traveled far to see the world, the world seeks him out. Most of the guests at Appalachian School find their way down to Penland, across the river by the railway trestle and up the valley where the old dinky line winds under the trees, crossing and re-crossing the branch on its way to the Hoot Owl mines for that is the way to Doc's house from the Penland side. Many of the cross ties have fallen in at the trestles and the traveler skips with bated breath across yawning rectangles where the water gurgles in the dark below. An abandoned spar car stands on the rails and if the party started for Doc's is energetic they will push it ahead of them to leave at a high point on the track for a thrilling ride back down the valley at the end of the evening. And it is a thrilling ride.

A Risky Ride

The bottom of the car has long since gone but ties piled on the frame will work quite as well with a piece

of fence rail for a brake stick and as Doc said to a timid guest descending whether to risk the ride or not: "Somebody's neck will get broke yet. The proper thing seems to be to throw the brake stick away as soon as you get going good."

And get going the old car does, rearing under the shadowy trees down the dark rails, tearing across the aged trestles where one is almost afraid to walk and then the last spurt under the open sky when it snoots over the long Toe river trestle and comes to rest, unexpectedly on the Penland side.

A Perfect Host

There are always people coming down from Estatoe and up from Penland, strangers and home folks, and always they ask for songs and stories. He is the perfect host, never too busy, never too tired. In the winter, the listeners gather in the tidy living room by the big fireplace, the rosy little grandson plays on the hearth and the poet singer tells of the old days, warm summer nights and rattlesnake dens and new slashing in the woods and hard drinking court weeks and the winter and the cold, and everything but the word pictures slip away. In one corner stands a wide bed with immaculate white cover smoothed tight, opposite it a corner cupboard with glass doors and by the window a loom. Mrs. Hoppas weaves for the Fireside Industries and with her married daughter, who lives with them, finds time after the house-keeping and gardening are done to piece wonderful quilts. This house is brave with shrubs and flowering plants. Everything speaks of intelligent thrifty care, and of the love of the soil and growing things.

Dual Character Stories

The Hoppas stories have a double interest for the native listeners who know the characters. One time Doc was telling a story about a man well known in the country to a little group of men on election day and the hero of the amusing tale was one of the listeners.

"How much?" asked Doc turning to the subject of his story, "would you give if I wouldn't tell this story any more?"

"All I've got!" answered the man, but he didn't mind really. Doc's stories are too funny and kind to hurt. He sees the humor in an incident, elaborates it a little and enjoys it so much himself that he has to pass it on.

As for the songs, sometimes he hears one that he likes. He catches what he wants of it, adds to it, changes it to please himself better, gives it a new tune maybe, or perhaps keeps the tune and composes new words, and presently he is singing a song that is distinctly his own, perhaps with a title already well known. Such a one is "Kitty Wells," so is "Cindy The song, "Lulu Well," is all his own. Or perhaps he reads a book that he enjoys. He studies it over in his mind and then a song comes from it that is his impress of the book. That is how he came to write "The Rim Rock Ranch," the meditative refrain of the cowboy going over the canyon's rim for the last time. The song, "Fifty Years Ago," was composed for a summer pageant given at the Appalachian School at Penland on Conley ridge.

The performance took place under the trees in front of Ridgeway hall with the long double porches of the building thronged with spectators. The early part of the program was given over to historical sketches, Maypole dances by the children and a one-act play featuring the mountain people of the area.

Then Doc took a chair and his guitar and sat in the center of the cleared space to play his newest song. The audience liked it and clapped for more. He sang again and again before the crowd with the same delightful ease and lack of self-consciousness that marks his singing at home. His voice is clear, penetrating and strong with the indefinable quality characteristic of the mountains.

Began While Young

Doc learned to play the violin and banjo when he was a little boy 10 or 12 years old. His first banjo was his own handiwork. He took an old wooden box, circular like a cheese box that was used for axle grease, and used the rim for the foundation. Then he covered the top, made his own stem, stretched waxed shoe threads on it and he had his banjo. That night he learned to play. The next day he was making his own tunes and he has been making them for 30 years.

He has a natural talent for creation. The bobbins his wife uses in her weaving are filled on a clever little machine he invented and forged in his shop and he also fashioned the machine that made the bobbins themselves, a steel lathe which clamps to a sewing machine. He is very modest about his mechanical accomplishments. The method of bobbin winding in practice did not seem practical and so he created a way that was, but a great deal of careful thought and work went into the execution, and the result is a useful, practical little machine that fills a household need in homes where weaving is done.

The whole Hoppas family is musical. The son and daughter play the violin, the mother the guitar. Doc plays either the violin or banjo, and how he loves them. He has the face of a poet, long, thin and sensitive with deep set eyes full of laughter, and the lines about his mouth

are the pleasant lines of smiles. He is the true ballad singer and raconteur and his songs and stories are not for money, only for the joy of singing and telling tales.

Bard Of Brushy Creek



Doc Hoppas, who lives on Brushy Creek in Mitchell county, has a wide reputation among mountain people as a ballad singer and teller of stories. The photo shows him playing the banjo. He also plays the violin.

WOMAN PLANS FAIR EXHIBIT BY HILL PEOPLE

Little Log House to Display Work of Carolina Mountaineers

BY MALCOLM MC DOWELL

A little woman, a shy little woman, with a tiny log mountain house, is one of the human interest features of the world's fair. This diminutive person is Lucy Morgan, a native of the hills of North Carolina, who brought back to the hill people their old art of hand weaving, restoring the almost forgotten loom.

The little log house—so small that it was brought to the exposition grounds from the Carolina mountains on an auto truck—has just been tucked away on the lake shore in the rear of Larry Heyworth's Rutledge tavern. Miss Morgan is on her way back to Penland, high up in the country of the Great Smoky mountains, to bring here some of the hill people and their products for the exhibit.

Penland is not on the map. It is probably eighteen miles from Mount Mitchell as the crow flies, sixty to seventy miles by auto. You can drive your car into Penland but you can't get out of the place without backing. It is a community in Mitchell county, the home place of the sixty-three mountain women known to thousands of outsiders as the Penland weavers and potters.

TUNES FROM "HOOT OWL HOLLER"



Hoedowns and log-cabin dances from the North Carolina mountains will be heard by world's fair visitors through the skill of "Doc" Hoppes, shown with the faithful fiddle he plays in his native "Hoot Owl Holler." He is a descendant of a brother of President Buchanan. His fiddling will feature a hill country craft exhibit situated in the rear of the Rutledge tavern.

over

Women Did the Work.

Two or three generations ago the ancestors of these women sheared their own sheep, spun their wool and wove clothing for their families, carpets for their floors, household linens and the lovely old colonial coverlets.

But factory-made cloth came in and replaced their old homespuns and eleven years ago there was not a woman in the settlement around Penland who knew how to put up a warp, beam it, thread it and weave it into cloth.

Ninety-eight-year-old Aunt Susan had done it in her younger days, but her eyes grew too dim for the work.

Lucy Morgan came into the picture. She was connected with the Appalachian school at Penland. She went out into the world and learned hand weaving and brought back to Penland two hand looms. In a remarkably short time the mountain women became interested; cloth was woven and brought money to the settlement.

Outsiders and organizations began to help Miss Morgan and the weaving grew into a community industry. Its fame spread. The men took up pewter and iron work and people outside have made the Penfield products popular with collectors and artistic folk.

Those Who Helped.

Mrs. E. L. Hensley, 414 Diversey parkway, Chicago educator, became interested. She interested Miss Morgan in the world fair. Edward F. Worst, director of manual training in Chicago's public schools, did much to bring the Penland project to the exposition. Cooperating with Miss Morgan and Mrs. Hensley are Mrs. Bruce Strong, Mrs. Frank Thels, Mrs. Romaine Renner and Mrs. T. J. Morse of St. Chrysostom's church.

The log cabin is so small that the display will have to be placed on the porch. Some of the Penfield women and men will be here. One is Daniel Boone, fifth generation from the Daniel Boone of history. The young fellow is a blacksmith and does rather unusual wrought iron work.

Another is Doc Hoppes, banjo picker and fiddler, who lives up Hoot Owl hollow and who is a direct descendant of the brother of President Buchanan.

English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians

Collected by
Cecil J. Sharp

Comprising two hundred and seventy-three
Songs and Ballads with nine hundred and
sixty-eight Tunes

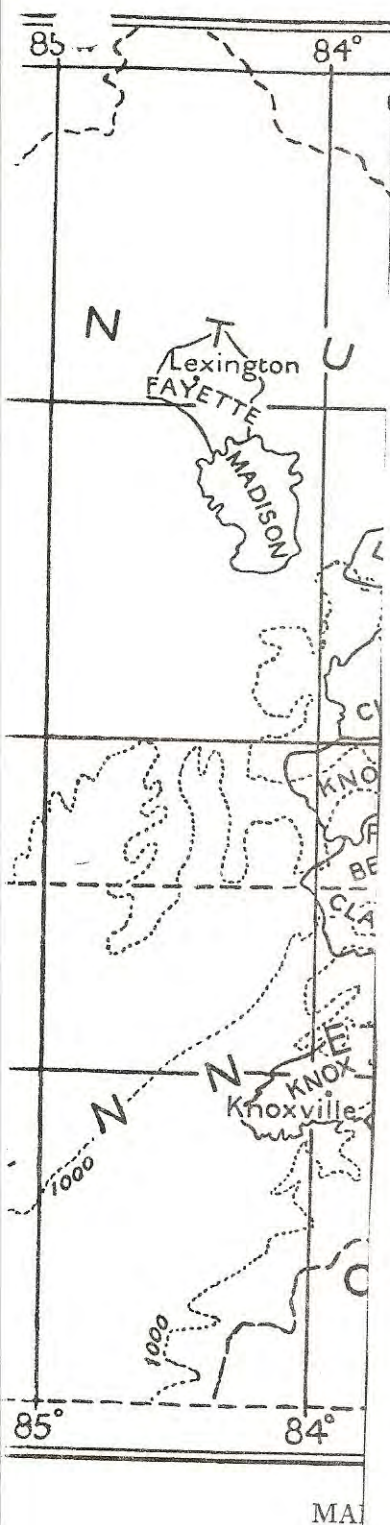
Including thirty-nine Tunes
contributed by
Olive Dame Campbell

Edited by
Maud Karpeles

Vol. I

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INTRODUCTION TO THE FIRST EDITION, 1917

THE effort that has been made to collect and preserve in permanent form the folk-songs of England during the last twenty or thirty years has resulted in the salvage of many thousands of beautiful songs. It was pardonable, therefore, if those who, like myself, had assisted in the task had come to believe that the major part of the work had been completed. So far as the collection in England itself was concerned, this belief was no doubt well founded. Nevertheless, in arriving at this very consolatory conclusion, one important, albeit not very obvious consideration had been overlooked, namely, the possibility that one or other of those English communities that lie scattered in various parts of the world might provide as good a field for the collector as England itself, and yield as bountiful and rich a harvest. The investigation which my colleague Mrs. Campbell began, and in which later on I came to bear a hand, has proved that at least one such community does in fact exist in the Southern Appalachian Mountains of North America. The region is an extensive one, covering some 110,000 square miles, and is considerably larger than England, Wales, and Scotland combined. It includes about one-third of the total area of the States of North and South Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky, Alabama, and Georgia. The total population exceeds five millions, or, excluding city dwellers, about three millions.

THE COUNTRY AND ITS INHABITANTS. The reader will, I think, be in a better position to appreciate and assess the value of the songs and ballads which form the major part of this volume if, by way of preface, I give some account of the way in which they were collected and record the impression which the inhabitants of this unique country made upon me. But I must bid him remember that I claim to speak with authority only with respect to that part of the mountain district into which I penetrated, and that the statements and opinions which are now to follow must be accepted subject to this qualification.

I spent nine weeks only in the mountains, accompanied throughout by Miss Maud Karpeles, who took down, usually in shorthand, the words of the songs we heard, while I noted the tunes. Mr. John C. Campbell, Director of the Southern Highland Division of the Russell Sage Foundation, went with us on our first expedition and afterwards directed our journeyings and, in general, gave us the benefit of his very full knowledge of the country and its people. Our usual procedure was to stay at one or other of the Presbyterian Missionary Settlements and to make it our centre for a week or ten days while we visited the singers who lived within a walking radius. In this way we successively visited White Rock, Allanstand, Alleghany and Carmen, Big Laurel and Hot Springs, in North Carolina, and thus succeeded in exploring

They know their Bible intimately and subscribe to an austere creed, charged with Calvinism and the unrelenting doctrines of determinism or fatalism. The majority we met were Baptists, but we met Methodists also, a few Presbyterians, and some who are attached to what is known as the 'Holiness' sect, with whom, however, we had but little truck, as their creed forbids the singing of secular songs.

They have an easy unaffected bearing and the unselfconscious manners of the well-bred. I have received salutations upon introduction or on bidding farewell, dignified and restrained, such as a courtier might make to his Sovereign. Our work naturally led to the making of many acquaintances, and, in not a few cases, to the formation of friendships of a more intimate nature, but on no single occasion did we receive anything but courteous and friendly treatment. Strangers that we met in the course of our long walks would usually bow, doff the hat, and extend the hand, saying, 'My name is —; what is yours?' an introduction which often led to a pleasant talk and sometimes to singing and the noting of interesting ballads. In their general characteristics they reminded me of the English peasant, with whom my work in England for the past fifteen years or more has brought me into close contact. There are differences, however. The mountaineer is freer in his manner, more alert, and less inarticulate than his British prototype, and bears no trace of the obsequiousness of manner which, since the Enclosure Acts robbed him of his economic independence and made of him a hired labourer, has unhappily characterized the English villager. The difference is seen in the way the mountaineer, as I have already said, upon meeting a stranger, removes his hat, offers his hand and enters into conversation, where the English labourer would touch his cap, or pull his forelock, and pass on.

A few of those we met were able to read and write, but the majority were illiterate. They are, however, good talkers, using an abundant vocabulary racy and often picturesquely. Although uneducated, in the sense in which that term is usually understood, they possess that elemental wisdom, abundant knowledge, and intuitive understanding which those only who live in constant touch with Nature and face to face with reality seem to be able to acquire. It is to be hoped that the schools which are beginning to be established in some districts, chiefly in the vicinity of the Missionary Settlements, will succeed in giving them what they lack without infecting their ideals, or depriving them of the charm of manner and the many engaging qualities which so happily distinguish them.

Physically, they are strong and of good stature, though usually spare in figure. Their features are clean-cut and often handsome; while their complexions testify to wholesome, out-of-door habits. They carry themselves superbly, and it was a never-failing delight to note their swinging, easy gait and the sureness with which they would negotiate the foot-logs over the creeks,

the major portion of what is known as the Laurel Country. Afterwards we spent ten days at Rocky Fork, Tenn., and a similar period at Charlottesvile, Va. I should add that had it not been for the generous hospitality extended to us by the heads of the Missionary Settlements at which we sojourned, it would have been quite impossible to prosecute our work.

The present inhabitants of the Laurel Country are the direct descendants of the original settlers who were emigrants from England and, I suspect, the lowlands of Scotland. I was able to ascertain with some degree of certainty that the settlement of this particular section began about three or four generations ago, i.e. in the latter part of the eighteenth century or early years of the nineteenth. How many years prior to this the original emigration from England had taken place, I am unable to say; but it is fairly safe, I think, to conclude that the present-day residents of this section of the mountains are the descendants of those who left the shores of Britain some time in the eighteenth century.

The region is from its inaccessibility a very secluded one. There are but few roads—most of them little better than mountain tracks—and practically no railroads. Indeed, so remote and shut off from outside influence were, until quite recently, these sequestered mountain valleys that the inhabitants have for a hundred years or more been completely isolated and cut off from all traffic with the rest of the world. Their speech is English, not American, and, from the number of expressions they use which have long been obsolete elsewhere, and the old-fashioned way in which they pronounce many of their words, it is clear that they are talking the language of a past day, though exactly of what period I am not competent to decide. One peculiarity is perhaps worth the noting, namely the pronunciation of the impersonal pronoun with an aspirate—'hit'—a practice that seems to be universal.

Economically they are independent. As there are practically no available markets, little or no surplus produce is grown, each family extracting from its holding just what is needed to support life, and no more. They have very little money, barter in kind being the customary form of exchange.

Many set the standard of bodily and material comfort perilously low, in order, presumably, that they may have the more leisure and so extract the maximum enjoyment out of life. The majority live in log-cabins, more or less water-tight, usually, but not always, lighted with windows; but some have built larger and more comfortable homesteads.

They are a leisurely, cheery people in their quiet way, in whom the social instinct is very highly developed. They dispense hospitality with an open-handed generosity and are extremely interested in and friendly toward strangers, communicative and unsuspicious. 'But surely you will tarry with us for the night?' was said to us on more than one occasion when, after paying an afternoon's visit, we rose to say good-bye.

the crossing of which caused us many anxious moments. The children usually go about barefooted, and on occasion their elders too, at any rate in the summer time. Like all primitive peoples, or those who live under primitive conditions, they attain to physical maturity at a very early age, especially the women, with whom marriage at thirteen, or even younger, is not unknown.

I have been told that in past days there were blood-feuds—a species of vendetta—which were pursued for generations between members of certain families or clans; but, whenever circumstances connected with these were related to me, I was always given to understand that this barbarous custom had long since been discontinued. I have heard, too, that there is a good deal of illicit distilling of corn spirit by 'moonshiners', as they are called, in defiance of the State excise laws; but of this, again, I personally saw nothing and heard but little. Nor did I see any consumption of alcohol in the houses I visited. On the other hand, the chewing or snuffing of tobacco is a common habit amongst young and old; but, curiously enough, no one smokes.¹ Indeed, many looked askance at my pipe, and I rarely succeeded in extracting more than a half-hearted assent to my request for permission to light it.

That the illiterate may nevertheless reach a high level of culture will surprise those only who imagine that education and cultivation are convertible terms. The reason, I take it, why these mountain people, albeit unlettered, have acquired so many of the essentials of culture is partly to be attributed to the large amount of leisure they enjoy, without which, of course, no cultural development is possible, but chiefly to the fact that they have one and all entered at birth into the full enjoyment of their racial heritage. Their language, wisdom, manners, and the many graces of life that are theirs, are merely racial attributes which have been gradually acquired and accumulated in past centuries and handed down generation by generation, each generation adding its quatum to that which it received. It must be remembered, also, that in their everyday lives they are immune from that continuous grinding, mental pressure, due to the attempt to 'make a living', from which nearly all of us in the modern world suffer. Here no one is 'on the make'; commercial competition and social rivalries are unknown. In this respect, at any rate, they have the advantage over those who habitually spend the greater part of every day in preparing to live, in acquiring the technique of life, rather than in its enjoyment.

I have dwelt at considerable length upon this aspect of the mountain life because it was the first which struck me and further, because, without a realization of this background, it will be difficult for the reader to follow intelligently what I have to say. But before I leave this part of my subject I must, in self-justification, add that I am aware that the outsider does not

¹ The custom with regard to smoking varies in the different districts. In parts of Kentucky women habitually smoke clay-pipes.—M. K.

always see the whole of the game, and that I am fully conscious that there is another and less lovely side of the picture which in my appreciation I have ignored. I have deliberately done so because that side has, I believe, already been emphasized, perhaps with unnecessary insistence, by other observers.

THE SINGERS AND THEIR SONGS. My sole purpose in visiting this country was to collect the traditional songs and ballads which I had heard from Mrs. Campbell, and knew from other sources, were still being sung there. I naturally expected to find conditions very similar to those which I had encountered in England when engaged on the same quest. But of this I was soon to be agreeably disillusioned. (Instead, for instance, of having to confine my attention to the aged, as in England, where no one under the age of seventy ordinarily possesses the folk-song tradition, I discovered that I could get what I wanted from pretty nearly every one I met, young and old. In fact, I found myself for the first time in my life in a community in which singing was as common and almost as universal a practice as speaking.) With us, of course, singing is an entertainment, something done by others for our delectation, the cult and close preserve of a professional caste of specialists. The fact has been forgotten that singing is the one form of artistic expression that can be practised without any preliminary study or special training; that every normal human being can sing just as every one can talk; and that it is, consequently, just as ridiculous to restrict the practice of singing to a chosen few as it would be to limit the art of speaking to orators, professors of elocution, and other specialists. In an ideal society every child in his earliest years would as a matter of course develop this inborn capacity and learn to sing the songs of his forefathers in the same natural and unconscious way in which he now learns his mother tongue and the elementary literature of the nation to which he belongs.

And it was precisely this ideal state of things that I found existing in the mountain communities. So closely, indeed, is the practice of this particular art interwoven with the ordinary avocations of everyday life that singers, unable to recall a song I had asked for, would often make some such remark as, 'Oh, if only I were driving the cows home I could sing it at once!' On one occasion, too, I remember that a small boy tried to edge himself into my cabin in which a man was singing to me and, when I asked him what he wanted, he said, 'I always like to go where there is sweet music.' Of course, I let him in and, later on, when my singer failed to remember a song I had asked for, my little visitor came to the rescue and straightway sang the ballad from beginning to end in the true traditional manner, and in a way which would have shamed many a professional vocalist (see No. 18B). I have no doubt but that this delightful habit of making beautiful music at all times and in all places largely compensates for any deficiencies in the matter of reading and writing.

But, of course, the cultural value of singing must depend upon the kind of songs that are sung. Happily, in this matter the hillsman is not called upon to exercise any choice, for the only music, or, at any rate, the only secular music, that he hears and has, therefore, any opportunity of learning is that which his British forefathers brought with them from their native country and has since survived by oral tradition.

When, by chance, the text of a modern street-song succeeds in penetrating into the mountains it is at once mated to a traditional tune (e.g. No. 99) and sometimes still further purified by being moulded into the form of a traditional ballad (see No. 87). But this happens but rarely, for, strange as it may seem, these mountain valleys are in fact far less affected by modern musical influences than the most remote and secluded English village, where there is always a parsonage or manor-house, or both, to link it to the outside world.

We found little or no difficulty in persuading those we visited to sing to us. To prove our interest in the subject and to arouse their memories, we would ourselves sometimes sing folk-songs that I had collected in England, choosing, for preference, those with which they were unacquainted. Very often they misunderstood our requirements and would give us hymns instead of the secular songs and ballads which we wanted; but that was before we had learned to ask for 'love-songs', which is their name for these ditties. It was evident, too, that it was often assumed that strangers like ourselves could have but one object and that to 'improve', and their relief was obvious when they found that we came not to give but to receive.

It is no exaggeration to say that some of the hours I passed sitting on the porch (i.e. verandah) of a log-cabin, talking and listening to songs were amongst the pleasantest I have ever spent. Very often we would call upon some of our friends early in the morning and remain till dusk, sharing the mid-day meal with the family, and I would go away in the evening with the feeling that I had never before been in a more musical atmosphere, nor benefited more greatly by the exchange of musical confidences.

The singers displayed much interest in watching me take down their music in my note-book, and when at the conclusion of a song I hummed over the tune to test the accuracy of my transcription they were as delighted as though I had successfully performed a conjuring trick.

The mountain singers sing in very much the same way as English folk-singers, in the same straightforward, direct manner, without any conscious effort at expression, and with the even tone and clarity of enunciation with which all folk-song collectors are familiar. Perhaps, however, they are less unselfconscious and sing rather more freely and with somewhat less restraint than the English peasant; I certainly never saw any one of them close the eyes when he sang nor assume that rigid, passive expression to which collectors in England have so often called attention.

They have one vocal peculiarity, however, which I have never noticed amongst English folk-singers, namely, the habit of dwelling arbitrarily upon certain notes of the melody, generally the weaker accents. This practice, which is almost universal, by disguising the rhythm and breaking up the monotonous regularity of the phrases, produces an effect of improvisation and freedom from rule which is very pleasing. The effect is most characteristic in $\sharp$ tunes, as, for example, No. 19 G, in which in the course of the tune pauses are made on each of the three notes of the subsidiary triplets.

The wonderful charm, fascinating and well-nigh magical, which the folk-singer produces upon those who are fortunate enough to hear him is to be attributed very largely to his method of singing, and this, it should be understood, is quite as traditional as the song itself. The genuine folk-singer is never conscious of his audience—indeed, as often as not, he has none—and he never, therefore, strives after effect, nor endeavours in this or in any other way to attract the attention, much less the admiration of his hearers. So far as I have been able to comprehend his mental attitude, I gather that, when singing a ballad, for instance, he is merely relating a story in a peculiarly effective way which he has learned from his elders, his conscious attention being wholly concentrated upon what he is singing and not upon the effect which he himself is producing. This is more true, perhaps, of the English than of the American singers, some of whom I found were able mentally to separate the tune from the text—which English singers can rarely do—and even in some cases to discuss the musical points of the former with considerable intelligence.

I came across but one singer who sang to an instrumental accompaniment, the guitar, and that was in Charlottesville, Va. (No. 12 B). Mrs. Campbell, however, tells me that in Kentucky, where I have not yet collected, singers occasionally play an instrument called the dulcimer,¹ a shallow, wooden box, with four sound-holes, in shape somewhat like a flat, elongated violin, over which are strung three (sometimes four) metal strings, the two (or three) lower of which are tonic-drones, the melody being played upon the remaining and uppermost string, which is fretted. As the strings are plucked with the fingers and not struck with a hammer, the instrument would, I suppose, be more correctly called a psaltery.

The only instrumental music I heard were jig tunes played on the fiddle. I took down several of these from the two fiddlers, Mr. Reuben Hensley and Mr. Michael Wallin, who were good enough to play to me. Wherever possible they used the open strings as drones, tuning the strings—which, by the way, were of metal—in a particular way for each air they were about to perform. I have not included any of these in this collection, but I hope, later on, to publish some of them when I have had further opportunities of examining this peculiar and unusual method of performance.²

¹ See Preface, p. xviii.—M. K.

² See Preface, p. xviii.—M. K.

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Many of the singers whose songs are recorded in the following pages had very large repertoires. Mrs. Reuben Hensley, with the assistance of her husband and her daughter Emma, sang me thirty-five songs; while Mrs. Sands of Allamstand gave me twenty-five; Mr. Jeff Stockton of Flag Pond, Tenn., seventeen; Mr. N. B. Chisholm of Woodbridge, Va., twenty-four; Mrs. Tom Rice of Big Laurel, twenty-six; and Mrs. Jane Gentry of Hot Springs, no less than sixty-four. Attention has often been called to the wonderful and retentive memories of folk-singers in England, and I can vouch for it that these American singers are, in this respect, in no way inferior to their English contemporaries.

None of the singers whom I visited possessed any printed song-sheets, but some of them produced written copies, usually made by children, which they called 'ballets', a term which the English singer reserves for the printed broadside.

It will be seen that in many cases we give several variants or different versions of the same song and that we have made no attempt to discriminate between these. The fact that no two singers ever sing the same song in identically the same way is familiar to all collectors, and may be interpreted in either of two ways. The upholder of the individualistic theory of origin contends that these variants are merely incorrect renderings of some original, individual composition which, never having been written down, has orally survived in various corrupt forms. On the other hand, there are those—and I count myself amongst them—who maintain that in these minute differences lie the germs of development; that the changes made by individual singers are akin to the 'sports' in the flower or animal worlds, which, if perpetuated, lead to further ideal development and, perhaps, ultimately to the birth of new varieties and species. There is no doubt that if this problem is ever to be solved it will be through the examination and analysis of genuine, authentic variants, such as we have done our best faithfully to record; and we make no apology, therefore, for printing so many of them.

For very much the same reason, in addition to the variants derived from different singers, we have in many cases recorded the changes made by the individual singer in the successive repetitions of the tune in the course of his song. These are often of great interest and significance and sometimes show an inventiveness on the part of the singer that is nothing less than amazing as, for example, in Mr. Jeff Stockton's version of 'Fair Margaret' (No. 20 A). THE BALLADS. The distinction between the ballad and the song is more or less arbitrary and is not easy to define with precision. Broadly speaking, however, the ballad is a narrative song, romantic in character and, above all, impersonal, that is to say, the singer is merely the narrator of events with which he personally has no connexion and for which he has no responsibility. The song, on the other hand, is a far more emotional and passionate utterance,

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and is usually the record of a personal experience—very frequently of an amatory nature. The ballads have, probably, the longer history behind them; at any rate, they attracted the attention of collectors earlier than the songs—the reason, perhaps, why the ballads have suffered, far more than the songs, from the unscrupulous editing of literary meddlers.

The ballad air is necessarily of a straightforward type, as it is sung indifferently to verses often varying very widely in emotional character. Nevertheless, many of the ballad tunes are very lovely, as the musician who studies the contents of this volume will readily perceive. Such airs, for instance, as Nos. 4, 18, 22, 23, 33, 35, 41, 45, and 49¹ make really beautiful music and are fully capable of standing alone, divorced from their texts, and of being played or sung as absolute music. The most perfect type of ballad, however, is that in which the tune, whilst serving its purpose as an ideal vehicle for the words, is of comparatively little value when divorced from its text. 'The False Knight upon the Road' (No. 2) is a good instance of this and, in my opinion, a splendid example of the genuine ballad at its highest pitch.

It is greatly to be deplored that the literature of the ballad has, in the past, attracted so much more attention than the music. Properly speaking, the two elements should never be dissociated; the music and the text are one and indivisible, and to sever one from the other is to remove the gem from its setting. Early poetry, to which category the traditional ballad belongs, was always sung or chanted; it was addressed to the ear, not the eye. While language appeals primarily to the intelligence, its sound acts upon and arouses the emotions, the more especially when the words have been artfully chosen, thrown into metrical rhythm and wedded to beautiful music. Of all human creations, language is perhaps the most distinctive and characteristic; its development has proceeded step by step with the progress of mankind from the savage to the cultivated being of the present day; and in the course of this evolution the ballad has played by no means an insignificant part.

THE SONGS. The song-melodies differ in many respects from those of the ballads. Structurally, many of them are built upon larger and more elaborate lines, while emotionally, for reasons already given, they are far more intense and more heavily charged with sentiment. Several of the mountain song-tunes are, in my opinion, very characteristic and beautiful; Nos. 88, 106, 109, 110, 111, 115, 118, and 122,² for instance, will challenge the very finest of the folk-tunes that have been found in England. Some of them too, while conforming in type to the regular English folk-tune, are yet in a measure so different that they may fairly be considered a fresh contribution to the subject.

¹ From the later collection Nos. 10 J, 18 H, 34 D, and 64 D might be added to this list.—M. K.
² See also Nos. 126, 140 C, and 145 E collected at a later date.—M. K.

The literature of the traditional song does not, as a whole, compare favourably with that of the ballad. Many of the lines printed in this volume are corrupt and unintelligible, while some of them are the merest doggerel. Nevertheless, a few of the verses are very beautiful, not merely by contrast but intrinsically. Stanzas, for example, such as

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

and

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

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

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

contain all the essentials of genuine poetry and, in their feeling, in their artlessness, in the directness and simplicity of their verbal expression and the absence of circumlocution, reach a high level of imaginative and poetic expression.

One curious hiatus in the repertoires of the mountain-singers struck me very forcibly, viz. the total absence of songs of a ritual nature, e.g. Harvest-Home songs, Carols (with one notable exception, No. 15), May-day songs and others of religious origin, such as those associated with the Morris and Sword-dance ceremonies. The reason for this, I take it, is because ritual observances belong to, and are bound up so closely with, the soil of a country that they do not readily survive transplantation; and partly, too, because the mountain people for the most part live in isolated dwellings and at considerable distances from one another and do not congregate in villages as in older and more settled countries like England, a condition that would inevitably lead to the discontinuance of seasonal and other communal festivals. This latter reason may also account for the decadence of dancing¹ amongst the mountaineers, although I have no doubt that religious scruples have also been a contributory cause—I noticed that in reply to my inquiries on this subject the euphemism 'playing games' was always substituted for 'dancing' by my informants.

SCALES AND MODES.² Very nearly all these Appalachian tunes are cast in

¹ See Preface, p. xviii.—M. K.

² See also Preface, pp. xix-xx.—M. K.

'gapped' scales, that is to say, scales containing only five, or sometimes six, notes to the octave, instead of the seven with which we are familiar, a 'hiatus' or 'gap' occurring where a note is omitted.

To trace the history of this particular scale is to venture upon controversial ground. Personally, I believe that it was the first form of scale evolved by the folk which was in any way comparable with our modern major or minor scale. Originally, as may be gathered from the music of primitive tribes, the singer was content to chant his song in monotone, varied by occasional excursions to the sounds immediately above or below his single tone, or by a leap to the fourth below. Eventually, however, he succeeded in converting the whole octave, but, even so, he was satisfied with fewer intermediate sounds than the seven which comprise the modern diatonic scale. Indeed, there are many nations at the present day which have not yet advanced beyond the two-gapped or pentatonic scale, such as, for instance, the Gaels of Highland Scotland; and, when we realize the almost infinite melodic possibilities of the 5-note scale, as exemplified in Celtic folk-music and, for that matter, in the tunes printed in this volume, we can readily understand that singers felt no urgent necessity to increase the number of notes in the octave. A further development in this direction was, however, eventually achieved by the folk-singer, though, for a long while, as was but natural, the two medial notes, required to complete the scale, were introduced speculatively and with hesitation. There are many instances in Irish folk-music, for example, in which the pitch or intonation of these added sounds is varied in the course of one and the same tune. This experimental and transitional period, however, eventually came to a close and the final stage was reached, so far as the folk-singer was concerned, when the diatonic scale, i.e. the 7-note scale represented by the white notes of the pianoforte, became definitely settled. And this is the scale which is commonly used by the English folk-singer of the present day. But even then, and for a long period after, the mediate sounds remained 'weak' and were employed only as auxiliary notes or connecting links, rather than structural or cadential notes, so that the gaps, though covered up, were not concealed. And it was left to the art-musician to take the final step and evolve the 7-note scale of which every note could be used with equal freedom and certainty.

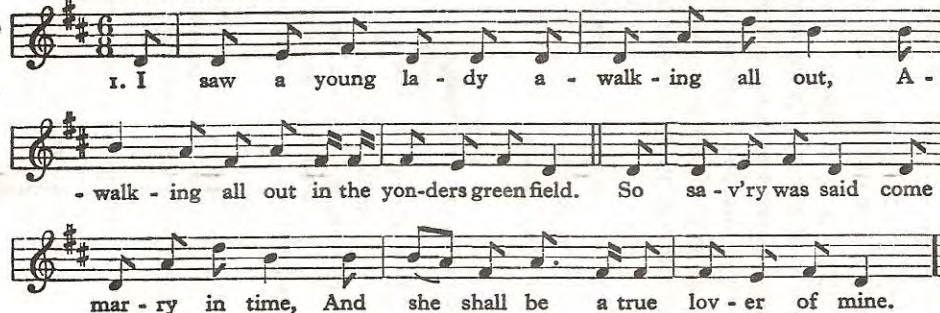
Of the tunes in this volume, some are pentatonic; others belong to the transitional period and are hesitatingly hexatonic, or even heptatonic; while a few are frankly in the major mode, i.e. diatonic 7-note tunes in which no indication of a pentatonic origin can be traced. For the benefit of those interested in this technical question, particulars concerning scale and mode are given at the head of every tune in the text. The names and characteristics of the 7-note diatonic modes need no explanation; but with regard to the pentatonic modes, which are but rarely employed by art-musicians, it may be

The Elfin Knight

B

Sung by Mrs. POLLY MITCHELL
at Burnsville, N.C., Sept. 22, 1918

Pentatonic. Mode 3.



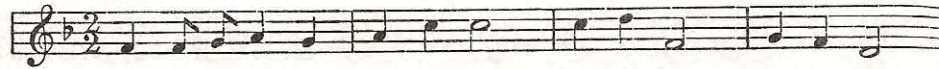
- 2 So tell that young lady to buy me a new cambric shirt,
And make it without needles or yet needles' work.
So sav'ry, etc.
- 3 So tell that young lady to wash it all out,
And wash it all out in yonders well,
Where never was water nor rain never fell.
- 4 So tell that young lady to deemens her work,
And bring on my new cambric shirt.
- 5 I saw a young man a-walking all out,
A-walking all out in the yonders green field,
So sav'ry was said come marry in time,
And he shall be a true lover of mine.
- 6 So tell that young man to buy me an acre of land,
Betwixt the sea and the sun.
So sav'ry, etc.
And he shall be, etc.
- 7 So tell that young man to sow it all down,
And sow it all down in pepper and corn.
- 8 So tell that young man to plough it all in,
And plough it all in with that little ram's horn.
- 9 So tell that young man to haul it all in,
And haul it all in on a chee-chicken feather.
- 10 So tell that young man to crib it all in,
And crib it all in a little mouse's hole.
- 11 So tell that young man to thresh it all out,
And thrash it all out in the corner of the house,
On the peril of his life to not lose a grain.
- 12 Go tell that young man to deemens his work
For to bring on the pepper and corn.

The Two Sisters

E

Hexatonic (no 4th).

Sung by Mrs. CLERCY DEETON
at Mine Fork, Burnsville, N. C., Sept. 19, 1918



1. Two lit-tle sis-ters side and side, Sing I dum, sing I day.



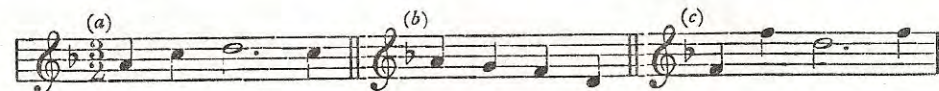
Two lit-tle sis-ters side and side, The boys are bound for me.



Two lit-tle sis-ters side and side, The old-est one for John-ny cried.



I'll be kind to my true love If he'll be kind to me.



2 Johnny bought the old one a beaver hat,
The youngest one thought hard of that.

3 Johnny bought the young one a gay gold ring,
He never bought the old one a single thing.

4 Two little sisters a-going down stream;
The oldest one put the young one in.

5 She floated on down to the miller's dam;
The miller brought her safe and sound.

6 The miller was hung on the gallows so high;
The oldest one was hung close by.

The Two Sisters

H

Sung by Mrs. EFFIE MITCHELL
at Burnsville, N. C., Sept. 27, 1918

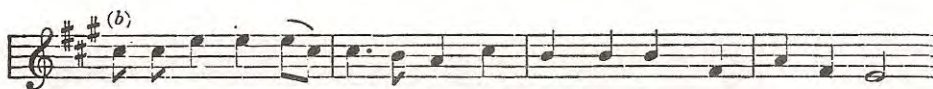
Hexatonic (no 7th).



1. There was an old man lived in the West, Bow down, bow down, There



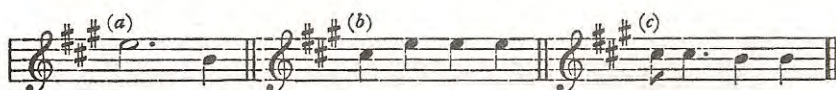
was an old man lived in the West, Come bow un - to me, There



was an old man lived in the West, He liked the young - est sis - ter best.



True, true, true to my love, My love is true to me.



- 2 He gave the youngest a gilbern hat;
The oldest sister didn't much like that.
- 3 He gave the youngest a gay gold ring;
The oldest sister didn't much like that.
- 4 It's come, dear sister, and let's take a walk
All down yon green river-side.
- 5 The oldest sister pushed the youngest in.
She first did float and then did sink.
- 6 Pull me out, pull me out, I'll give you my cloak.
I won't pull you out unless you give me your love.
- 7 She swum on down to the miller's gate
.
- 8 The miller cast about his hook,
And caught her in her petticoat.
- 9 He robbed her of her gay gold ring,
And then he pushed her in again.
- 10 This old miller was hung at the gate,
And the oldest sister was burned at the stake.

The Two Sisters

M

Hexatonic (no 7th).

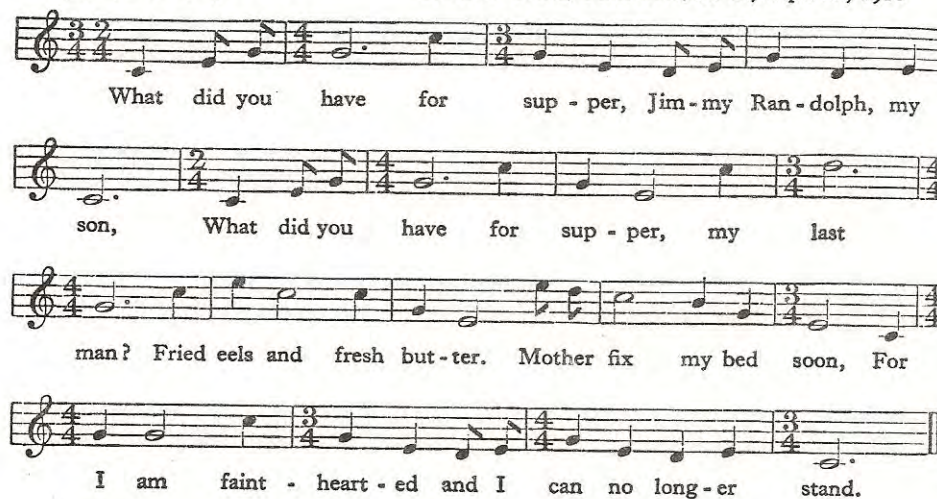
Sung by Mrs. DELIE HUGHES
at Cane River, Burnsville, N. C., Oct. 9, 1918


O come, dear sis - ter, and let's take a walk,
Bow un - to me, O come, dear sis - ter, and
let's take a walk, All on the green riv - er - side. True, true,
true to my love, And my love is true to me.

Lord Randa]

44

(No 4th or 6th.)

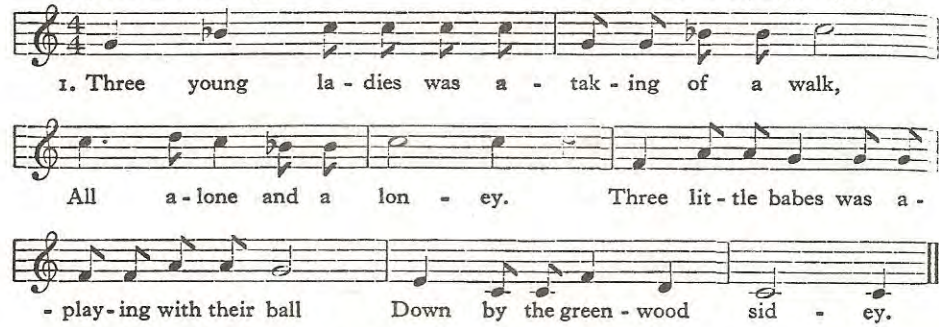
Sung by Mrs. SINA BOONE
at Shoal Creek, Burnsville, N. C., Sept. 28, 1918


What did you have for sup - per, Jim-my Ran-dolph, my
son, What did you have for sup - per, my last
man? Fried eels and fresh but-ter. Mother fix my bed soon, For
I am faint - heart - ed and I can no long-er stand.

L

62

Heptatonic. Mixolydian.

Sung by Mrs. JULIE BOONE
at Micaville, N. C., Sept. 25, 1918


1. Three young la - dies was a - tak - ing of a walk,
All a - lone and a lon - ey. Three lit - tle babes was a -
- play - ing with their ball Down by the green - wood sid - ey.

- 2 One was Peter, the other was Paul,
The other was as naked as the hour it was born.
- 3 O babe, O babe, if you was mine,
Dress you up in silk so fine.
- 4 You took your knife out of your pocket,
Primmed¹ me of my little sweet life.
- 5 You buried me under the marble stone,
Then you turned as fair maid home.
- 6 Seven long years a-ringing of a bell,
Seven long years you'll prim¹ us in hell.

¹ These words were very indistinctly pronounced. They might have been, and probably were, 'twinned' (deprived) in the fourth stanza (see *Child*, versions B and E), and 'twin' (part with) in the sixth stanza.

The Cruel Mother

K

Sung by Mrs. VIRGINIA BENNETT
at Burnsville, N. C., Sept. 13, 1918

Hexatonic (no 3rd).

1. On Mon-day morn - ing going to school And Fri-day eve - ning com - ing
home: The la - dies all a - roll - ing a ball, And the gents a - throw - ing a stone.

2 He wrestled him up and he wrestled him down,
Till he wrestled him to the ground.

3 What will you tell to my father dear
When he calls for his son John?
I'll tell that I left you in the Mackintaw woods
A-learning your hounds to run.

4 What will you tell to your mother dear
When she calls for her son John?
I'll tell that I left you in the old school-house
With a long, long lesson to learn.

75

76

The Two Brothers

5 What will you tell to your sister Susan dear
When she calls for her brother John?
I'll tell that I left you in the cold grave-yard,
No more for her to see.

6 She took her banjo in her arms,
Her harp strung to her back.
She harped till she harped the fowls from the air
And the fishes from the sea.

7 She harped till she harped brother John from his grave.
Sister, what do you want with me?
One sweet kiss from your sweet ruby lips,
This world's not long for me.

Young Hunting

L

Sung by Mrs. VIRGINIA BENNETT
at Burnsville, N. C., Sept. 13, 1918

Hexatonic (no 6th).

Get down, get . down, lov-ing Hen-ry, she said, And stay all night with

me. And your bed shall be made of the pur - est yel-low gold, And the

pil - low of i - vo - ry.

M

Sung by Mrs. LAUREL JONES
at Burnsville, N. C., Sept. 17, 1918

Hexatonic (no 6th).

As she was sit - ting in her par-lour door, La - ment-ing what she had

done, She saw a bird and might-y fine bird, All a -

- mong the leaves so green, All a-mong the leaves so green. .

N

Sung by Mrs. CLERCY DEETON
at Mine Fork, Burnsville, N. C., Sept. 19, 1918

Hexatonic (no 6th).

1. Come in, come in, my old true love, And stay all night with

me, For I have a bed and a ve - ry fine bed, I'll

give it up to thee, I'll give it up to thee.

Young Hunting

- 2 I can't come in, nor I won't come in
And stay all night with thee,
For I have a wife in the old Scotland
This night a-looking for me.
- 3 She took her knife all in her hand,
She pierced him near his heart,
She cried out all over this town:
There's a dead man in my house.
- 4 She was sitting in her parlour door,
Lamenting what she'd done,
She saw a bird and a very pretty bird
All among the leaves so green.
- 5 I'll go and get my bow and arrow,
My arrow and my string;
I'll shoot through your tender little heart
All among the leaves so green.
- 6 While you're gone for your bow and arrow,
Your arrow and your string,
I'll fly away to the heavens above
Where I'll never no more be seen.

C c

Sung by Mrs. EF CHRISOM
at Cane Branch, Burnsville, N. C., Oct. 3, 1918

Pentatonic. Mode 1.*

O mo - ther, O mo - ther, come roll us down, Come roll us down as
one, Whe-ther I shall mar-ry fair El - li - nor, Or
bring the brown girl home, Whe - ther I shall mar - ry fair
El - li - nor, Or bring the brown girl home.

* If G be tonic:—Mode 3.

2 He took her by her lily-white hand,
He led her to the hall;
There were four and twenty gay ladies there,
And she was the flower of them all.

3 Lord Thomas, Lord Thomas, are you blind,
Or can't you not well see?
O don't you see my own heart's blood
Come trinkling to my knee?

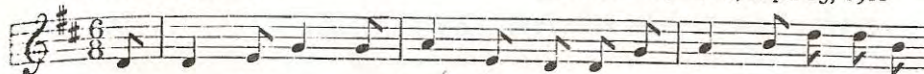
4 Go bury the brown girl at my head,
Fair Ellender by my side.
If we all had lived to have seen that day,
Fair Ellender'd a-been my bride.

Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor

Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor

D d

Pentatonic. Mode 1. *

Sung by Mrs. VIRGINIA BENNETT
at Burnsville, N. C., Sept. 13, 1918

O mo - ther, dear, come rede your rid - dle, Come rede your rid - dle as

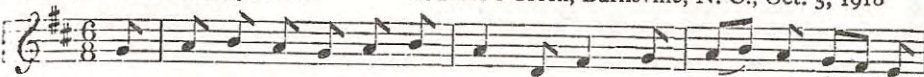


one; Shall I go mar-ry fair El - len der, Or bring the brown girl home?

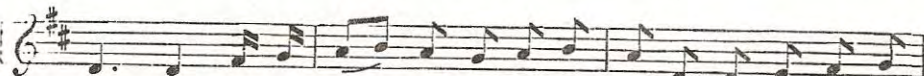
* If G be tonic:—Mode 3.

E e

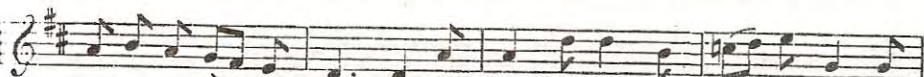
Heptatonic. Mixolydian.

Sung by Mrs. MARY BLANKENSHIP
at Price's Creek, Burnsville, N. C., Oct. 5, 1918

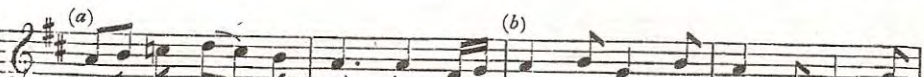
Lord Thom - as, Lord Thom - as, is this your wife? I think she's ve - ry



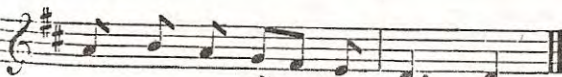
brown, . When you might have mar-ried as fair a young la - dy as



e - ver the sun shined on. . . He took the brown girl by the hand, And



led her through the hall. . . He took his sword, cut off her head, And



kicked it a - gainst the wall. . .



P

Pentatonic. Mode 3.

Sung by Mrs. VIRGINIA BENNETT
at Burnsville, N. C., Sept. 13, 1918

Sweet Wil - liam a - rose one morn - ing in May, And
dressed him-self in blue. Pray tell us this long, long love, said they, Be -
tween La - dy Mar - gret and you.

Q

Pentatonic. Mode 4.

Sung by Mrs. JULIE BOONE
at Micaville, N. C., Sept. 25, 1918

Sweet Wil-liam a - rose, . . and he put on his clothes And dressed him -
self in blue. I want to know be-twixt La-dy Mar-gret and
you. No harm, no harm I know.

145

L

Hexatonic (no 7th).

Sung by Mrs. SINA BOONE
at Shoal Creek, Burnsville, N. C., Sept. 28, 1918

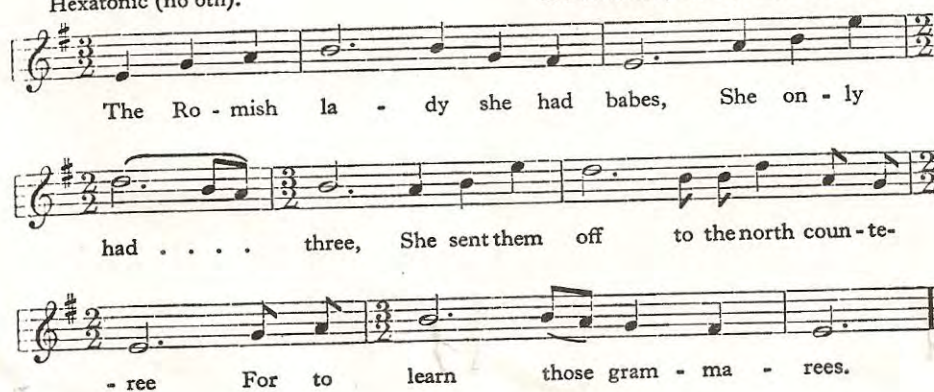
1. Lord Lov-erstands by his dest cas-tle gate A-comb-ing his milk - white
horse, And out comes La - dy Nan-cy Bell To wish her lov-er good
speed, speed, speed, To wish . . her lov - er good speed.

Lord Level (not Lover)

- 1 Lord Lover stands by his des (sic) castle gate
A-combing his milk-white horse,
And out comes Lady Nancy Bell
To wish her lover good speed, speed, speed,
To wish her lover good speed.
- 2 Some people called her Nancy Bell,
Some called her Lady Nancy.
He ordered the lid to be opened wide
And the winding sheet laid back.
- 3 They grew and they grew to the top of the church,
They could not grow much higher.
They twittered and they tied in a true love's knot
For all true lovers to admire.

O

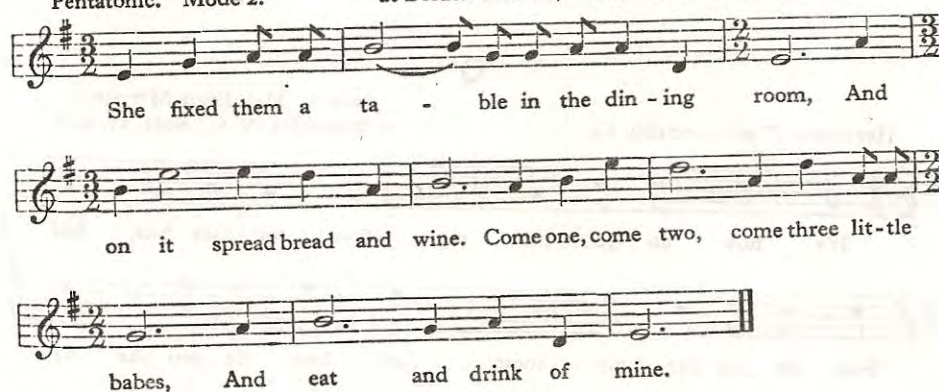
Hexatonic (no 6th).

Sung by Mrs. EFFIE MITCHELL
at Burnsville, N. C., Sept. 12, 1918


The Ro-mish la-dy she had babes, She on-ly
had . . . three, She sent them off to the north coun-te-
-ree For to learn those gram-ma-rees.

P

Pentatonic. Mode 2.

Sung by Mrs. LUCY PENLAND
at Bolden's Creek, Burnsville, N. C., Sept. 10, 1918


She fixed them a ta-ble in the din-ing room, And
on it spread bread and wine. Come one, come two, come three lit-tle
babes, And eat and drink of mine.

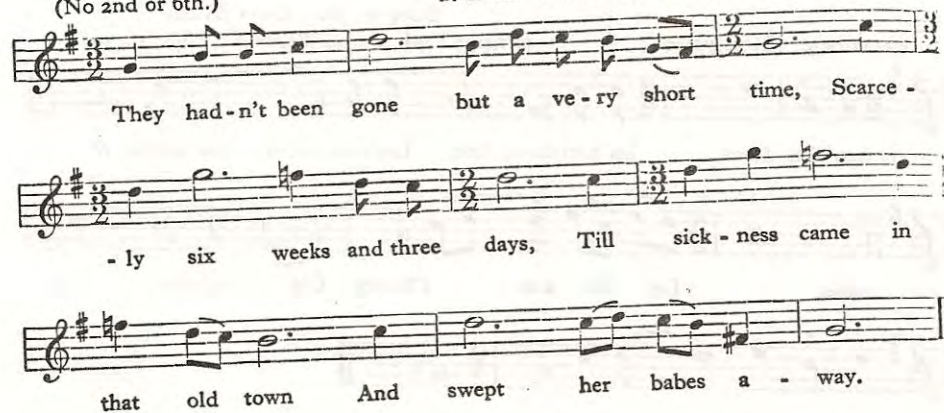
159

The Wife of Usher's Well

Q

Sung by Mr. SAM RATHBONE
at Shoal Creek, Burnsville, N. C., Oct. 1, 1918

(No 2nd or 6th.)



They had-n't been gone but a ve-ry short time, Scarce-
-ly six weeks and three days, Till sick-ness came in
that old town And swept her babes a-way.

Q

Hexatonic (Tonic probably C).

Sung by Mrs. EFFIE MITCHELL
at Burnsville, N. C., Sept. 27, 1918

(a)

It's how do you like my fine fea - ther bed, And
how do you like my sheet, And how do you like my
pret - ty lit - tle Miss That lies in your arms and sleeps?

182

F

Heptatonic. Mixolydian.

Sung by Mrs. ANNA BAILEY
at Mine Fork, Burnsville, N. C., Sept. 19, 1918

1. Lay him down, lay him down fine, Lay him down, that corpse of
mine. Let me kiss . . . Charles Col - lin's lips, I'm
sure that he'll nev - er kiss mine.

2 To-day read over Charles Collin's corpse,
To-morrow read over mine.

3 Haul me over to fair London town
All in fair Ellender's bown.

The Maid Freed from the Gallows

H

Hexatonic (no 6th).

Sung by MRS. EFFIE MITCHELL
at Burnsville, N. C., Sept. 12, 1918

O jail-or, won't you slack that rope? Pray slack it for a -

- while, I think I see my own mo - ther A -

- bout one hun-dred miles.

I

Hexatonic (no 6th).

Sung by MRS. LAUREL JONES
at Burnsville, N. C., Sept. 17, 1918

O fa - ther, have you brought me a - ny gold,

Sil - ver to pay my fee? I have stol - en a

lit - tle sil - ver cup, And it's hang - ed I must be.

J

Hexatonic (no 6th).

Sung by MRS. SINA BOONE
at Shoal Creek, Burnsville, N. C., Sept. 28, 1918

Lord Josh-u-ay, she cried, Let's wait a - while and see, For I think I

hear my dear true love Come wan-d'ring o - ver the sea.

214

The Maid Freed from the Gallows

My dear true love, Have you a - ny gold for me, Or
 sil - ver . . to buy me free, Or have you come to
 see me hung On yon - ders gal - lows tree?
 I've got some gold for you And sil - ver to buy you free, For I have
 come to mar - ry you And take you homewith me.

J

Sung by Mrs. DELIE HUGHES

at Cane River, Burnsville, N. C., Oct. 5, 1918

Hexatonic. Mixolydian.

The squire come home late in the night, En - quir - ing for his
 la - dy. She an - swered him with a quick re - ply: She's
 gone with the gip - sy Da - vy. Rat - tle tat - tle ding, tat - tle
 ding, tat - tle, ding, ding, Rat - tle tat - tle ding die ai - sy,
 Rat - tle tat - tle ding, sing lid - dle ding a ding, Sing
 lid - dle did - dle ding die ai - sy.

239

The Gypsy Laddie

Geordie

F

Sung by MRS. JULIE BOONE
at Micaville, N. C., Oct. 3, 1918

Pentatonic. Mode 4.
(1st verse)

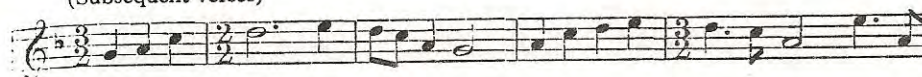


She rode up in the Court-house yard Lawyer's mo-ney plen - ty. Fee your -



- selves if it takes it all To save the life of my Geor - gie.

(Subsequent verses)



2 It's rise up George, and plead for yourself,
For I cannot plead any longer.
Your own confession's hang-ed you,
The Lord have mercy on me.

3 It's I've not robbed no store-houses,
Nor done any murder,
But I stole sixteen of the king's fair steeds,
And I stole them in I-O-Bandy.

4 The own free cash was paid in my hand,
It all be paid in style-ee,
The own free cash was paid in my hand
To save the life of my Georgie.

M

Hexatonic (no 3rd).

Sung by Mrs. VIRGINIA BENNETT
at Burnsville, N. C., Sept. 13, 1918

1. Well met, well met, my own true love, Well met, well met, said



he. I've just re-turned from the salt, salt sea, And it's all for the sake of



thee, It's all for the sake of thee. I've just re-turned from the



salt, salt sea, And it's all for the sake of thee.

- 2 I could have married a king's daughter fair,
I'm sure she would have married me,
But I refused those golden crowns,
And it's all for the sake of thee.
- 3 If you could have married a king's daughter fair,
I'm sure you are to blame,
For I am married to a house-carpenter,
And I think he's a nice young man.

The Daemon Lover

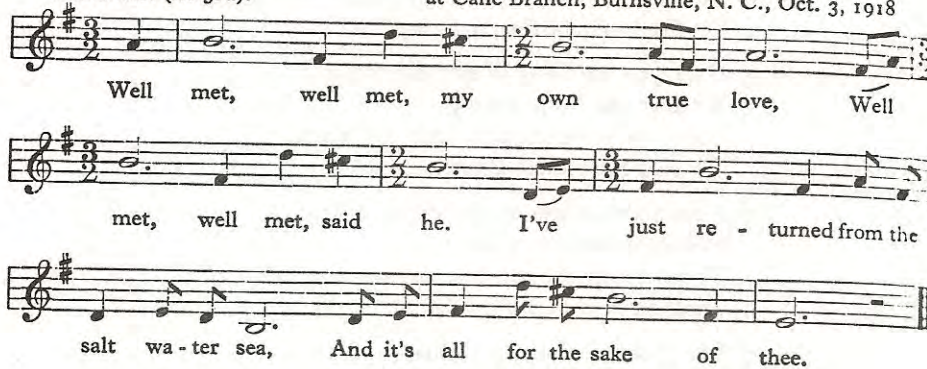
- 4 I pray you leave your house-carpenter
And go away with me ;
I'll take you down where the grass grows green
On the banks of the Aloe Dee.
- 5 Have you anything to support me on
To keep me from slavery ?
Have you anything to supply my wants
To keep me from slavery ?
- 6 I have three ships on the ocean wide,
Sailing towards dry land ;
Three hundred and sixty sailor men
Shall be at your command.
- 7 She took her babe up in her arms,
And kisses gave it three,
Saying : Stay at home with your papa dear,
And keep him company.
- 8 She dressed herself in silk so fine,
Most beautiful to behold.
As she marched down by the brine water side,
Bright shined those glittering golds.
- 9 She had not been on the sea two weeks,
I'm sure it was not three,
Till she lay on deck of her true lover's boat
And wept most bitterly.
- 10 Are you weeping for your silver and gold,
Or is it for your store,
Or is it for your house-carpenter
You never shall see any more ?
- 11 I'm not weeping for my silver and gold,
Neither for my store ;
'Tis all for the love of my darling little babe
I never shall see any more.
- 12 She had not been on sea but three weeks,
I'm sure it was not four,
Till a leak sprung in her true lover's boat,
And sank it to rise no more.
- 13 Accursed, accursed be all sea-men,
Accursed for ever more.
They've robbed me of my darling little babe,
I never shall see any more.

The Daemon Lover

256

N

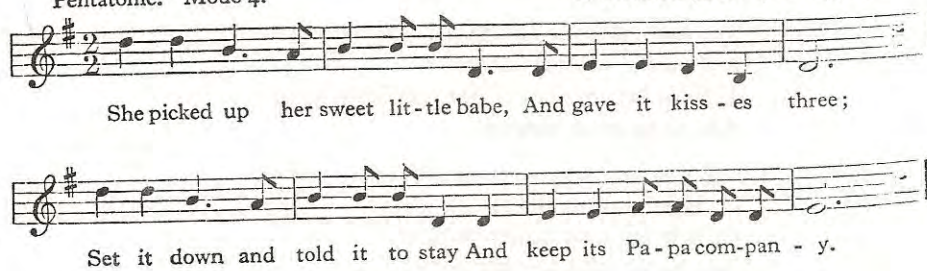
Hexatonic (no 3rd).

Sung by Mrs. EF CHRISOM
at Cane Branch, Burnsville, N. C., Oct. 3, 1918


Well met, well met, my own true love, Well
met, well met, said he. I've just re - turned from the
salt wa - ter sea, And it's all for the sake of thee.

V

Pentatonic. Mode 4.

Sung by Mrs. JULIE BORNE
at Micaville, N. C., Oct. 3, 1918


She picked up her sweet lit-tle babe, And gave it kiss - es three;
Set it down and told it to stay And keep its Pa-pacom-pan - y.

258

The Daemon Lover

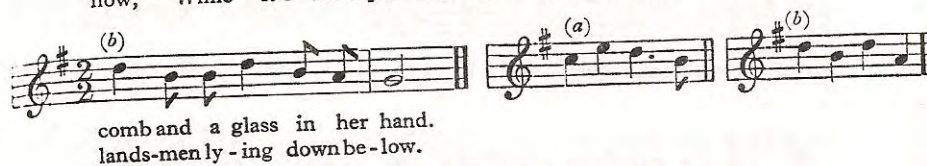
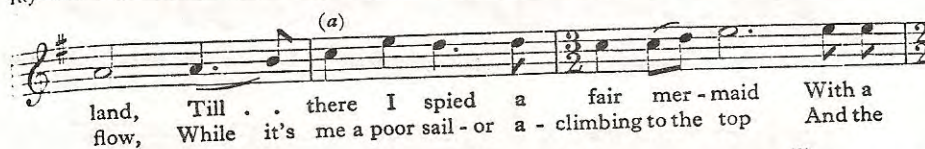
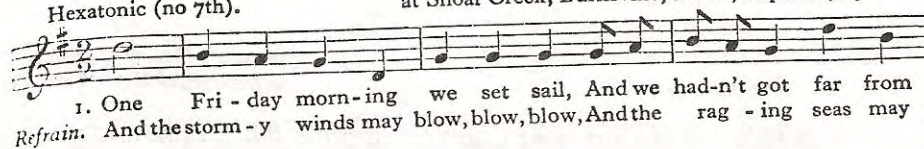
The Mermaid

293

C

Sung by Mrs. SINA BOONE
at Shoal Creek, Burnsville, N. C., Sept. 28, 1918

Hexatonic (no 7th).



- 2 Then it's up said the captain of our gallant ship,
And a well-looking boy was he;
I've a father and a mother in my native land,
And this night they're weeping for me.
And the stormy winds, etc.
- 3 It's up said the captain of our gallant ship,
And a well-looking man was he;
I've a wife and a child in my own native land,
And this night a widow may be.
- 4 Then three times around went our gallant ship,
And three times around went she;
And the third time that she sailed round,
She sank to the bottom of the sea.

The Brown Girl

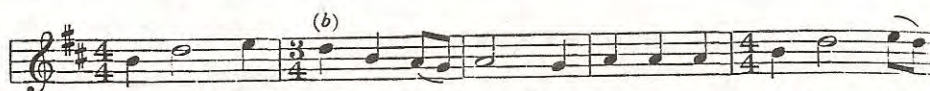
I

Sung by Mrs. VIRGINIA BENNETT
at Burnsville, N. C., Sept. 13, 1918

Hexatonic (no 3rd).



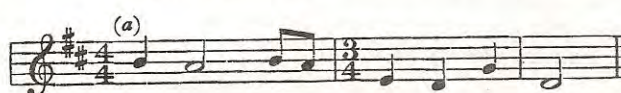
1. A young I-rish la-dy from Lon-don she came, A beau-ti-ful



crea-ture, fair Sal-ly by name; Her rich-es was more than the



king did pos-sess, Her beau-ty was more than her wealth at the last.



- 2 There was a young squire who lived right near,
A-courting this lady to make her his dear.
But she was so wealthy, so lofty and high,
That on this young man she would scarce cast an eye.
- 3 O Sally, O Sally, O Sally, said he,
I fear that your beauty my ruin will be
Unless that your hatred is turned into love,
I fear that your beauty my ruin will prove.
- 4 No hatred for you, sir, nor any other man,
But to say that I love you is more than I can.
So quit your intentions and mend your discourse,
For I never will wed you unless I am forced.
- 5 He said no more to her, but quickly turned home,
Saying: You shall be sorry for what you have done.
For what's past and gone I'll never forgive,
But when you've been buried I will dance on your grave.
- 6 Before six weeks had scarce come and passed,
This beautiful creature lay sick at the last.
She sent for this young man she once did deny.
She was pierced to the heart and she knew not for why.

The Brown Girl

- 7 He came to her softly, walked to her bedside.
Have you a pain in your head or a pain in your side?
O no, sir, dear young man, the rights you've not guessed,
The pain is a-piercing all in my left breast.
- 8 O Sally, O Sally, O Sally, said he,
O don't you remember that you once slighted me?
I courted for love, you slighted with scorn,
Now I'll reward you for what you have done.
- 9 For what's passed and done, sir, I hope you'll forgive,
And grant me some longer in this wide world to live.
That I'll ne'er do, Sally, while I do draw breath,
But I'll dance on your grave when you're laid in the earth.
- 10 Farewell father and mother, all foes and all friends,
Farewell dear young man, God make you amends.
I'd freely forgive you although you won't me.
Ten thousand times over my folly I see.

The Trooper and the Maid

C

Sung by Mrs. EFFIE MITCHELL
at Burnsville, N. C., Sept. 29, 1918

Pentatonic. Mode 2.



2. She took him by the bri - dle rein, She led him to the sta - ble.



Here's oats and corn for your horse, young man. To feed your horse we're a - ble.

- 1 I knew a soldier by his horse
Although I love him dearly.
- 2 She took him by the bridle rein,
She led him to the stable.
Here's oats and corn for your horse, young man,
To feed your horse we're able.
- 3 She took him by the lily-white hand,
She led him to the table.
Here's cakes and wines for you, young man,
To eat and drink we're able.
- 4 She pulled off her lily-white gown
And fold it on the table;
He pulled off his bugle-clothes
And jumped into bed with the lady.
- 5 They hadn't been there but three hours long
Till he heard a bugle blowing,
Saying: O my love, I must go,
But surely you are ruined.
- 6 O when shall we meet again,
Or when shall we get married.
When conk-shells turn to silver bells,
O then, my love, we'll marry.

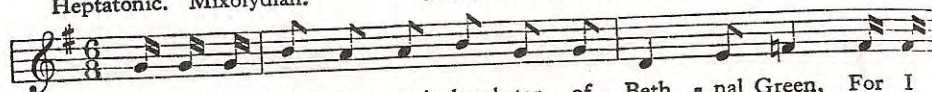
No. 46

The Blind Beggar's Daughter

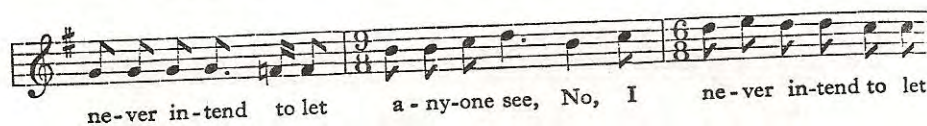
Sung by Mrs. EF. CHRISOM

at Cane Branch, Burnsville, N. C., Oct. 3, 1918

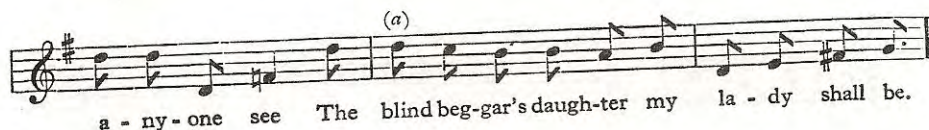
Heptatonic. Mixolydian.



4. If you're the blind beg-gar's daugh-ter of Beth - nal Green, For I



ne-ver in-tend to let a - ny-one see, No, I ne-ver in-tend to let



a - ny - one see The blind beg-gar's daugh-ter my la - dy shall be.



1 There was a blind beggar, he lost his sight,
He had a daughter both beauty and bright.
Shall I seek for my fortune, kind father, said she.

2 O who be your father, come tell unto me.

3 My father is every day to be seen.

4 If you're the blind beggar's daughter of Bethnal Green,
For I never intend to let any one see,
No, I never intend to let any one see
The blind beggar's daughter my lady shall be.

I

Pentatonic. Mode 4.

Sung by Mrs. SINA BOONE
at Shoal Creek, Burnsville, N. C., Sept. 28, 1918

(a) (b) (c)

In Sea-port Town there lived a mer-chant, Who had two
sons and a daugh-ter dear, And a-mong them all was the ser-vant
boy . . Who was the daugh-ter's dear-est dear.

(a)

In Seanort Town

316

G

Hexatonic (no 6th).

Sung by Mrs. JULIE BOONE
at Micaville, N. C., Sept. 20, 1918

I knew the lit-tle young sol-dier, Just late-ly come from war, He's
court-ing the rich-est la-dy With hon-our and great store. But she
liked the lit-tle sol-dier, Be-cause he was so bold.

H

Hexatonic (no 4th) (Tonic G).

Sung by Mrs. MARY J. BLANKENSHIPP
at Price's Creek, Burnsville, N. C., Oct. 5, 1918

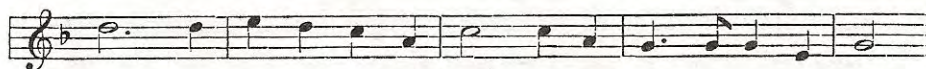
Now they were mar-ried, re-turn-ing home a-gain, They
met the la-dy's fa-ther and se-ven o-ther men. O
run, cried the la-dy, for fear you will be slain. . . Fear
no-thing, my love, said the sol-dier a-gain.

C

Pentatonic. Mode 4.

Sung by Mrs. VIRGINIA BENNET
at Burnsville, N. C., Sept. 13, 1918

Old wo - man, I'd go drown my - self If I could find the



way. Old man, I'll go and lead you For fear you run a - stray.



And sing tee - ry o dree dum, And sing like the flow - er dum.

The Rich Old Lady

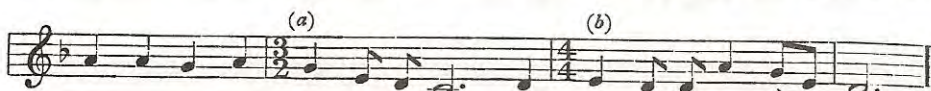
Edwin in the Lowlands Low

E

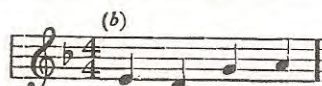
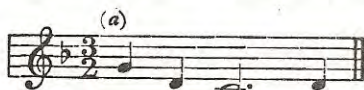
Pentatonic. Mode 4.

Sung by Mrs. SINA BOONE
at Shoal Creek, Burnsville, N. C., Sept. 28, 1918

1. Young Em - ma she's a pret - ty fair maid, And she loves the dri - ver boy, Who



drove the maid some gold for to gain, Way down in the low - lands low.



- 2 My father keeps a boarding-house
All on yon riverside.
Go you, go there and venture in,
And there all night abide.
- 3 Be sure don't tell them nothing,
Or let my parents know
That your name is young Edna
Who drove in the lowlands low.
- 4 Young Edna fell to drinking
Till time to go to bed;
But little did he think that sword that night
Would part his body and head.
- 5 Young Emma went to bed that night,
She dreamed a frightful dream;
She dreamed that her true love had gone away
To never return again.
- 6 She rose up early next morning,
And to her parents did go,
Enquiring for her driver boy
Who drove in the lowlands low.
- 7 O daughter, dear daughter,
What makes you treat me so,
To leave your dear old mother
And with a drunkard go?

I

Sung by Mrs. JOHN ALLEN at Bolden's Creek,
Burnsville, N. C., Oct. 7, 1918

Hexatonic (no 5th).



My fa-ther keeps a pub-lic house On yon-der's ri-ver-side. . .



When you go there en-ter in And there this night a-bide.

356

Edwin in the Lowlands Low

Edwin in the Lowlands Low

p. 357

J

Sung by Mrs. MARY BLANKENSHIPP
at Price's Creek, Burnsville, N. C., October 5, 1918

Hexatonic (no 3rd).



Young E-mi-ly was a pret-ty fair maid, She loved the dri-ver boy Who

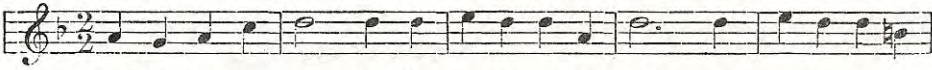


drove the stage the gold for to gain Down in the low-lands low.

Q

Sung by Mrs. EF. CHRISOM
at Cane Branch, Burnsville, N. C., Oct. 3, 1918

Hexatonic (no 3rd).



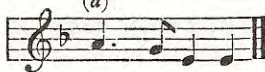
Jack he's gone a-sail-ing With trou-ble on his mind, A leav-ing of his



coun-try, His dar-ling dear be-hind. Go lay the lil I



(a) you, Go lay the lil I you.



(a)

394

Jack Went A-Sailing

840
A1

LW0-4844
R60-Side A

The little Mohse
Sung by Doc W. Hoppes with banjo.
astatoe, N. C., John A. Lomax,
July, 1936.

)
Prepared by WPA Project
OT 165-2-26-7. W.P. 540

840
A2

LW0-4844
R60-Side A

The old ship o' Zion
Sung by Doc W. Hoppes with banjo.
astatoe, N. C., John A. Lomax,
July, 1936.

)
Prepared by WPA Project
P 165-2-26-7. W.P. 540

Card file (American Folklore Center, Library of Congress).
Copies of the recordings have been obtained (with the permission
of Mr. Hoppes' descendants) for the Tri-County Libraries.
One of them ("The Old Ship of Zion") will be played as part
of the current program of the Yancey History Association.

853
B1

LWO-4844
R61-Side A

42

Possum up a 'simmon stump
Sung by Doc hoppes with banjo.
Estatoe, N. C., John A. Lomax,
July, 1936.

)
Prepared by WPA Project
O.P. 165-2-26-7, W.P. 540

853
B2

LWO-4844
R61-Side A

Old smoky
Sung by Doc hoppes with banjo.
Estatoe, N. C., John A. Lomax,
July, 1936.

)
Prepared by WPA Project
O.P. 165-2-26-7, W.P. 540

853
B3

LWO-4844
R61-Side A

walking in the parlor
Sung by Doc hoppes with banjo.
Estatoe, N. C., John A. Lomax,
July, 1936.

)
Prepared by WPA Project
O.P. 165-2-26-7, W.P. 540

856
A1

LW0-4844
R61-Side A

43

A memorial to Edward Lewis
Sung by Doc Hoppes with banjo.
Estatoe, N. C., John A. Lomax,
July, 1936.

)
Prepared by WPA Project
O.P. 165-2-26-7, W.P. 540

856
A2

NOT ON LC tape
LW0-3896

A train song
Sung by Doc Hoppes with banjo. LW0-4844
Estatoe, N. C., John A. Lomax, R61-Side A
July, 1936.

With imitation of train.

)
Prepared by WPA Project
O.P. 165-2-26-7, W.P. 540

856
A3

LW0-4844
R61-Side A

Lulu Fall
Sung by Doc Hoppes with banjo.
Estatoe, N. C., John A. Lomax,
July, 1936.

)
Prepared by WPA Project
O.P. 165-2-26-7, W.P. 540