

BALLADS

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Etta Milton Redford Loved to Sing

Collected by her Duaghter

Mabel Redford Osbourn

SONGS ETTA REDFORD LOVED TO SING

For sometime I have been writing down the ballads that my mother, Henrietta Milton Redford, used to sing. She learned them "by heart", and sung for herself and for others, and later for her children. She said that she sang them to entertain her company, as young folks now do with guitars and records.

It was my hope that some of my sisters and I might get together and record the number I have assembled in the interest of getting the melodies saved for posterity, so to speak; however, since it did not work out that way, I decided to go ahead on my own. The title and one or two stanzas of each with chorus was taped.

I am sure that there are other songs which I have not recalled. Some of the old ballads have crumbled away and the songs lost, and some are only fragments. There are quite a few numbers in the collection which none of us knows. The little research I did on the songs I found to be quite interesting.

Mother copied most of these ballads in 1895 and 1896. The originals are in the library of my sister, June Redford Reid, of Stanton, Texas. The taping was done July 8 - 25, 1965, with a few songs added in 1969.

Mabel Redford Osbourn

ETTA REDFORD

Henrietta Elizabeth Milton was born to Frank and Katy (Pound) Milton, October 16, 1875, in the Chicasaw Nation, Indian Territory (Oklahoma). The parents and two sons, Tom and Dick, were traveling to a destination near Valley Spring in Llano County, Texas from Czark, Arkansas, arriving there in 1878. Two more daughters, Naomi and Maggie, were born after the family reached their destination. Frank had served in the 34th Arkansas Infantry, Brooks Regiment during the Civil War.

Etta spent all her life in the area of Valley Spring. On November 12, 1895, she was married to Samuel Newton Redford, a marriage which lasted over fifty years. On July 20, 1957, she was buried beside her husband and little daughter in Valley Spring Cemetery.

Etta had a beautiful lilting voice. The happy reminiscences of her children are of her lovely singing of many types of songs as she went about her household tasks during the day, but they seemed to be captivated most by old ballads in the following collection.

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~~Cowboy's Song (Trail to Mexico)~~
Lula Wall
My Buried Frineds Can I Forget
Coffee Grows on White Oak Trees
Come All Ye Wild Rovers
Fragments
List of Songs unknown

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THE DRUNKARD

I saw a man the other day
Standing by the grog shop door
His eyes were sunk, his lips were pale
I viewed him o'er and o'er.

His infant child stood by his side
And begging, I heard him say,
"Oh Papa, Mama's sick at home
And sister cries for bread."

He staggered in to the grogshop door,
Where oft he had been before,
And to the landlord, trembling said,
"Please give me one glass more."

I passed the house the other day,
A crows stood around the door;
I asked the reason, one replied,
"The drunkard is no more."

I saw the crows go slowly on,
No wife, no children there,
They had gone on awhile before
And left this world of care.

POOR LITTLE BESSIE
(The Drunkard's Child)

Out in the lonely night sadly I roam
I have no mother, no friends, or no home;
Nobody care for me, no one would cry
Even if poor little Bessie should die.
Barefooted and tired I've wandered all day
Asking for work, but I'm too small they say;
All the day long I've been begging for bread--
Father's a drunkard and Mother is dead.

Chorus:

Mother, Oh why did you leave me alone,
With no one to love me, no friends and no home?
Dark is the night and the storm rages wild,
God pity Bessie, the drunkard's lone child.

We were so happy 'til Father drank rum,
Then all of our sorrows and troubles begun;
Mother grew weak and she wept every day,
Sister and I were too hungry to play.
Slowly she faded 'til on one summer night
We found that sweet face all silent and white,
And with large tears slowly dropping, I said,
"Father's a drunkard and Mother is dead."

Oh, if some Temperance man only could find
Poor wretched Father and speak very kind;
If they could stop him from drinking, why then
We could be very happy again.
If it isn't too late, men of Temperance, please try,
For poor little Bessie will soon starve and die,
On the damp ground I must now lay my head--
Father's a drunkard and Mother is dead.

September (16), 1895
Valley Spring, Texas

BOSTON BURGLAR

I was raised in Boston City, my boys,
A place you all know well;
Brought up by honest parents, the truth to you I'll tell.
Brought up by honest parents, my boys, most kind and tenderly,
'Til I became a roving lad which proved my destiny.

My liberty was taken and I was sent to jail.
My friends found that it was in vain to get me out on bail
The judge he read the sentence, the clerk he wrote it down.
He said, "Young man, for seven long years you're bound for Charleston
(Town."

I felt sorry for my old father, who was pleading at the bar;
Likewise my aged mother, a-tearing her old gray hair,
A-tearing her old gray hair, my boys, and as the tears rolled down,
She said, "My son, what have you done, that you're bound for Charleston
(Town?"

They put me on an eastbound train, one cold December day
And every place that we'd stop at, I'd hear the people say,
"There goes the Boston Burglar; with irons he's bound down,
For some dark, desperate deed he's done, he's bound for Charleston
(Town."

There is a girl in Boston City, my boys, a girl you all know well.
If ever I gain my liberty, I long with her to dwell.
I long with her to dwell, my boys, I long with her to dwell.
I'll leave off all bad company, and also drinking ale.

"THE TWO ORPHANS"

The evening bright stars they were shining,
The moon shone bright o'er our land,
The city was quiet and peaceful,
The hour of midnight at hand;

When hark! do you hear the cry FIRE!
How dismal the bells they do sound.
The Brooklyn Theater was burning,
Alas, burning fast to the ground.

Cho. We never shall forget "The Two Orphans"
Bad luck seemed to go in their way;
It seems they were brought to our city
The lives of our dear ones to take.

The doors they were opened at seven,
The curtains were rolled back at eight,
And those that had seats they were happy,
Outside they were mad that were late.

Our play went on very smoothly
'Til spaks from the scenery did fly;
'Twas then that men, women and children,
"Oh, God, save our lives!" they did cry.

Next morning among those black ruins,
Oh God, what a sight met our eyes!
The dead they were lying in all shapes,
Some there that none could recognize.

There were fathers and mothers a*weeping
For some who'd been out all night.
Oh, God, may their souls rest in heaven
Along with the innocent and bright.

What means this large gathering of people
On such a cold and dreary day?
What means this long train of white horses
All dressed in their funeral array?

It's off to the cemetery of Greenwood
Where the wind makes the lone willows sigh;
'Tis there that the funeral is going,
The dead and unknown there to lie.

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THE ORPHAN

No home, no home!" said a little girl
At the door of a princely hall,
As she trembling sank on the marble step
And leaned on the palace wall.

Her dress was thin and her feet were bare,
And the snow had covered her head,
"Oh, give me a home," she trembling said,
"A home and a bit of bread."

"My father, alas, I never knew,"
As a tear trickled down so bright,
"And my mother sleeps in a new-made grave,
T8s an orphan that begs tonight."

'Twas dark and cold and the snow still fell,
But the rich man shut his door;
As his proud face turned he scornfully said,
"No room nor bread for the poor."

"I must freeze," she said as she sank on the step
And strove to wrap her feet
With her tattered dress all covered with snow,
Yes, covered with snow and cold.

The rich man sleeps on his velvet couch
And dreams of his silver and gold,
While the little girl on her bed of snow
And murmurs, "So cold, so cold!"

The snow still fell and the midnight dawn
Rolled out like a funeral bell, with
The orphan wrapped in her winding sheet,
The drifting snow still fell.

The daylight dawned and the little girl
Was still at the rich man's door,
But her soul had flad to world's on high
Where there's room and bread for the poor.

THE WACO GIRL

All around the Waco town, the town I used to dwell
'Twas just below the Waco town I owned a flour mill.

I fell in love with a Waco girl, she had the rolling eyes,
I told her we would marry, if to me she would never deny.

I went into her sister's house at eight o'clock that ^{one} night
I told her we would take a walk and view the meadow bright.

We walked along and we talked along 'til we came to level ground
I picked a piece of hedgewood up and knocked the poor girl down.

She fell upon her bending knees, "Oh, Lord have mercy!" she cried,
"Oh, Willie! Oh, Willie, don't murder me here for I'm not prepared to die!"

No heed, no heed, not a word did I heed, but I beat her all the more,
Until the ground around her lay all in a bloody gore.

I took her by her long brown hair, and I drug her on the ground;
I drug her to the deep water's edge and threw her in to drown.

I went into my father's house at twelve o'clock that night
My mother being weary woke up all in a fright.

She said, "My son, what have you done to bloody your hands and clothes?"
The answer that I gave her was a bleeding at the nose.

I cllled for a lantern to light me off to bed;
I called for a handkerchief to bind my weary head.

I rooled and I tumbled, no comfort could I find;
The flames that upheld me into my eyes did shine.

Weeks and months had come and gone and the Waco girl not found.
She'd passed on down the stream that flows to the Waco town.

~~Her~~ sister swore against me; she swore my life away.
She said that I was the very young lad that had taken her sister away.

A policeman came and got me and locked me in the Waco jail;
No one to entertain me, no one to go my bail.

SAM BASS

Sam Bass was born in Indiana
It was his native home;
And at the age of seventeen
Young Sam began to roam.
He first came out to Texas
A cowboy for to be
A kinder hearted fellow
You scarcely ever see.

Sam used to deal in race stock
One called the Denton Mare
He matched her in scrub races
And took her to the fair
He always drank good whiskey
Wherever he might be
He always coined the money
And spent it very free.

Sam had four brave companions
Four bold and daring lads
These were Jefferson ,Jackson, Joel Collins and Old Dad,
Four bold and daring cowboys, as the country ever knew
They whipped the Texas Rangers, and ran the Boys in Blue.

They left the Collins cow ranch
In the pleasant month of May
With a herd of Texas cattle
The Black Hills for to see.
Sold out at Custer City
And then got on a spree
A harder set of cowboys
You scarcely ever see.

On their return to Texas
They robbed the U. P. train
They busted up in couples
And started out again
Joe Collins and his partner
Were overtaken soon
With all their hard money
They had to meet their doom

Sam had another companion
Called "Arkansas 1" for short
He was shot by a Texas Ranger
By the name of Thomas Floyd
Yes, Tom is a big six-footer
And thinks he's on the fight
But you can tell by his racket
He's a dead-beat on the sly.

Sam he came back to Texas
All right side up with care;
Rode into the town of Denton
With all his friends to share
Sam's life was short in Texas
Three robberies he did do--
He robbed the passengers,
Mail and Express car, too.

Sam met his fate at Round Rock,
July the twenty-first
They pierced poor Sam with rifle balls
And emptied out his purse
Yes, Sam he's dead and buried
And mounding in the clay
Jackson's in the bushes
Trying to get away.

Jim Murphy borrowed Sam's good gold
And this he would not pay
But telegraphed to Major Jones
And gave poor same away
Jim Murphy acted a rascal
As sure as you are born
Oh, what a scorching Jim will get
When Gabriel blows his horn!

SHORES AT EVENING

They stood on the shores at evening
Under the moonlight glow
A youth in his pride of manhood
A girl with golden hair

His face now pale with passion
Now flushed with the sunset glow
As he bent with an eager listening
To a voice so soft and low

"I never thought you loved me,"
With an innocent look of surprise
And under her long eyelashes
Drooped a pair of soft brown eyes.

"For I'm to be married next winter,"
"Goodby" and she offered him her hand,
And gathering her robes around her,
She left him alone on the sand.

Now he goes in a crowd of passers,
Always bitter and cold,
A man too soon grown weary,
A man too soon grown old.

Now she leans from her carriage window
With a beautiful haunting face
An elegant stately woman
Robed in her silk and lace.

"For I was only flirting,
Only palyng a part,
Only a man's life ruined,
Only a broken heart.

"I never thought you loved me,
Never thought you really would czre,"
And readily her head drooped under
A crown of golden hair.

JACK AND JOE

Three years ago when Jack and Joe set sail across the foam,
They vowed a fortune each would earn before returning home.
In just one year Jack gained his wealth and sailed for home that day,
Just as the boys shook hands to part, poor Joe could only say,

Chorus:

Give my love to Nellie, Jack, kill her once for me
The fairest girl in all this world, I'm sure you'll say 'tis she
Treat her kindly, Jack old boy, tell her that I'm well,
Those parting words were, "Don't forget to give my love to Nell."

Two years had passed when Joe at last gained wealth enough for life
Across the foam he sailed for home to make sweet Nell his wife.
But soon he learned that Jack and Nell one year ago had wed
He sighs and frets and now regrets that he had ever said:

Chorus: Give my love to Nellie, Jack etc.

They changed to meet upon the street, says Joe, "You selfish elf!
The very next girl I learn to love, I'll kiss her for myself."
But all is fair in love, they say, and since you've gone and wed
I'll not be angry with you, Jack, and once again he said:

Chorus:

Give my love to Nellie, Jack, kiss her once for me
The fairest girl in all this world I'm sure you'll say 'tis she
Treat her kindly, Jack, old boy, tell her that I'm well
Those parting words were "Don't forget to give my love to Nell."

PRETTY PEGGY

Chorus: Come a-tripping down the stairs, Pretty Peggy, O!
Come a-tripping down the stairs, pretty Peggy, O!
Come a-tripping down the stairs, combing out your yellow hairs
And take a last farewell of sweet William, O!

Will you marry me, pretty Peggy, O!
Will you marry me, pretty Peggy, O!
If you will marry me a lady you shall be
And the grandest lady in the whole country.

The soldiers shall honor pretty Peggy, O!
The soldiers shall honor pretty Peggy, O.
The soldiers shall stand with their hats in their hands
And bow to the captain's lady, O!

What will your mammy think, pretty Peggy, O!
What will your mammy think, pretty Peggy, O!
My mammy she will think when she hears a guinea clink
That I am wedded to a soldier, O!

We're a-marching down by the water side,
We're a-marching down by the water side,
Our captain being young, just scarcely twenty-one
When he died for the love of pretty Peggy, O!

Chorus: Come a-tripping down the stairs, pretty Peggy, O!
Come a-tripping down the stairs, pretty Peggy, O!
Come a-tripping down the stairs combing out your yellow hairs
And take a last farewell of sweet William, O!

I'LL REMEMBER YOU LOVE IN MY PRAYERS

When the curtains of night are pinned back by the stars
And the beautiful moonlights the sky
And the dewdrops of heaven are kissing the rose
It is then that my memory flies.

As if on the wings of some beautiful dove
In hast with the message to bear
I'll send you a kiss of affection and say
"I'll remember you , Love, in my prayer."

I've loved you too fondly to ever forget
The love you have spoken for me
And the kiss of affection still burns on my lips
When you told me how true you would be
Oh, I know what if fortune be fickle or friend
As time on my memory wears
But I know that I'll love you wherever you roam
And remember you, love, in my prayers.

When the heavenly angels are guarding the good
As God has ordained them to do
In answer to the prayers I have offered to Him
I know there's one guarding you, too.
Oh, may his bright spirit uphold you through life
And guide you up heaven's bright stairs
And lead you to the one who has loved you so true,
And remember you, love, in my prayers

Chorus:

Go where you will on the land or on sea,
I'll shar all your sorrow and cares,
And at night when I kneel by my bedside to pray
I'll remember you, love, in my prayers.

(This was one of Mother's favorite songs; she liked the composition, she said, as well as the pretty music. It was also Mark and Velma's favorite. I like it very much also.)

AFTER THE BALL WAS OVER

Chorus: After the ball was over
After the break of dawn
After the dancers were leaving
When all the stars were gone,
Many a heart was aching
If you could read them all
Many a ~~heart~~ **hope** had vanished after the ball

One day a little girl climbed upon her uncle's knee
Tell me a story, do uncle please
Why are you single, why live alone?
Have you no children, have you no home?
I once had a sweet heart, my love, my own,
Where she is now, pet, soon you shall know.

Bright lights were shining in the gran ball room
Softly the music playing sweet tunes
Then came my sweetheart, my love, my own,
"I wish some water, leave me alone."
When I returned, pet, there stood a man,
Kissing my sweetheart as lovers can.
Down fell the glass, pet, broken that's all,
Just like my heart was after the ball.

She tried to tell me, tried to explain
I would not listen, pleadings were vain

(
(
Long years have passed I have never wed
True to my lost love though she is dead

(
(
Chorus: After the ball was over
After the break of dawn
After the dancers were leaving
When all the stars were gone,
Many a heart was aching
If you ~~could~~ **could** read them all
Many a ~~heart~~ **hope** had vanished after the ball.

BARBARA ALLEN

'Twas in the pleasant month of May
When all the trees were budding
Sweet William on his death bed lay
For the love of Barbara Allen

He sent his servant to the town
To where she was a dwelling
Saying, " Master's sick and sent for you,
If you be Barbara Allen."

Slowly, slowly she got up
And slowly she went nigh him
She drew the curtain from the bed,
"Young man, I think you're dying."

Oh, I am sick and very sick,
And death is on my dwelling
But never better will I be
If I can't get Barbara Allen.

Oh, don't you remember one summer day
While sitting in the tavern
You drank your wine with the ladies all
But slighted Barbara Allen.

Oh, yes I remember one summer day
While sitting in the tavern
I drank my wine with the ladies all
But I love Barbara Allen.

Oh, yes you are sick and very sick
And death is on you dwelling
But never better will you be
For you can't get Barbara Allen.

He turned his pale face to the wall
And bursted out to crying,
"Adieu, Adieu, to the ladies all
Adieu to Barbara Allen."

Then slowly, slowly she got up
And slowly she went from him
She had not gone three miles from town
Til she heard the death bell tolling.

She looked to the east and she looked to the west
And she saw the cold corpse coming
Oh, bring him here, oh, bring him here
That I may look upon him/

Barbara Allen (cont.)

Oh Mother, Mother make my shroud
And make it long and narrow
Sweet William died for me today
I'll die for him tomorrow.

Oh, Father, Father, dig my grave
And dig it long and narrow
Sweet William died for me today
I'll die for him tomorrow.

Sweet William died on Saturday
And Barbara died on Sunday
And the good old mother, for the love of both,
She died on Easter Monday.

Sweet William was buried in the new churchyard
And Barbara in the other
From Sweet William's grave sprang a deep red rose
From Barbara's grew a brier.

They grew and they grew to a great extent
Til they could not grow any higher;
They lapped and they tangled in a love-bow knot
The rose ran round the brier.

TOO LATE

So you've come back again you say
The old, old love is growing yet
You've tried through all these many years
Have tried though vainly to forget
 So you have come to me once more
Since time at last has made you free
To offer once again the heart
Whose earthly hopes were bound in me.

Come close and let me see you now
Your chestnut hair is touched with snow,
Yet 'tis the same, the dear old face
I loved so fondly years ago
 The same that on a summer's day
Bent o'er and kissed my cheek and brow.
Those happy days of trust and love--
Ah, well, its all over now.

No, no, you cannot take my hand
God never gives us back our youth
The love and trust you questioned then
Were yours, dear friend, in perfect truth
 E'er woman's will and woman's tongue
Sowed doubt and anguish in my breast
You left me and my heart is dead
No sound can e'er disturb its rest.

Forgive, you need not speak the word
You never meant to do me wrong
God sent this anguish to my heart
To teach me to be brave and strong.
 Farewell, I think I love you yet
As friends love freinds, God bless you dear,
And lead you through live's dakrning wave
To where the sky is always clear.

(ONE of Mother's favorite ballads, and I like it, too.
She said that she appreciated the composition of a song as
well as a pretty tune or time, and she considered the com-
position of this song good.)

ARCHIBALD YELL

Ye friends of Arkansas, remember poor Yell
He was a brave colonel and for you he fell
On the fields of Buena Vista he lay down his life
Farewell, my brave brother, how short was your strife.

I regret your departure, I hope you're at rest
Perhaps some kind angel has whispered its best
"God save all such heroes," again and again,
"Who've fought for their country and for it was slain."

Yell joined in the army, he died in the fray
His years were well stricken, and his hair turning gray
He wore a wild visage, his stature was tall
We'll mourn with his children, we'll mourn for his fall.

How bright was the tinsel, how crowded the field
How dreadful the Spaniards with lances and shield!
How high was the mountain upon which they stood,
So deep was the valley that flowed with their blood!

And now in conclusion (my piece is concise)
I hope that all brave men will take this advice,
And fly to the standard the rumor to quell
And die, boys, when you die, like bold Archibald Yell.

(An Arkansas hero in the United States - Mexican War, 1845)

CURLY HEADED BOY

(A song of the Civil War)

'Twas just before the last fierce charge
 Two soldiers drew their rein
 Their parting was by the touch of the hand
 They never might meet again
 One had blue eyes and curly hair
 Just nineteen a month ago
 With the red on his cheek, down on his chin
 He was only a boy you know.

The other was a tall dark daring man
 Whose fate in this world was dim
 He only trusted the more to Charles
 He was all in this world to him
 They'd ridden together in many a raid
 And marched for many a mile
 But never til now had met their doom
 With a calm and a peaceful smile

The tall dark man was the first to speak,
 Saying, "Charlie, my hour has come.
 We'll ride into the fight together
 But you'll ride back alone
 Oh, it's a little more trouble for me you'll take
 When I am dead and gone.

"I have a face upon my breast upon
 I'll wear it into the fight
 It's a girl with ~~light~~ blue eyes *dark*
 And hair like the morning light
 Oh, it's little do I care for the trial of life
 She's promised to be my wife.

"Just write to her, Charlie, when I am gone
 Send back her fair, fond face
 Just tell her where her lover died
 And where's his resting place
 Oh, until she crosses over there
 And it won't be long I'll win (Iween?)

Curly Headed Boy (cont.)

Tears stood in the eyes of the blue-eyed boy
And his heart grew cool with pain.
"You ride back and I am left
You can do as much for me
For I have a mother to hear the news
Write to her tenderly."

Just at that time the orders came
And innocent hand touched hand
They rode up to the crest of the hill
Where the Yankees with shot and shell
Poured down their showers in toil and rank
The shed them as they fell

And now to take the awful height
The height they could not gain
Those that were spared from the doom of death
Rode swiftly back again
But among them that lay on the battle field
Was the boy with curly hair
And the tall man that rode by his side
Laying dying by him there.

"Oh, there's no one to write to my blue-eyed girl,"
Were the words her lover said,
"And the mother's a-waiting at home for her boy,
She learns that he is dead
Oh, her heart will be broken when I am gone,
But I'll meet her soon," he said.

SONS OF IOWA

(A song of the Civil War which Grandpa Milton did not like to hear. There are several inequalities in the song, since the South was so greatly outnumbered during the war, and certainly in almost every battle.)

Come all ye sons of Iowa and listen to my song
And if you'll pay attention, I won't detain you long
It's of a gallant charge we made at PRAIRIE GROVE*
Against the Southern forces, our equal numbers strove.

Our commanders being brave, they led us with good will
Although we were outnumbered, we charged them up the hill
With volley after volley, we made our shots to tell
And many a brave lieutenant colonel and sergeant major fell.

Through fields of blood we waded, our cannon loud did roar
And many a valiant soldier lay bleeding in his gore
Many a mangled soldier lay on the field that day
Who was dead or dying in the 19th Iowa.

Next morning we were sorry to see the Southern wives
hunting their dead husbands with melancholy cries
And sisters finding brothers, they wrung their hands and cried
Say, "Here, dear bloody brother, for the sunny South you've died."

And now the battle's over, the soldiers free from toil,
We'll bury our dead beneath the Southern soil
We'll place them in good order as if on dress parade
And place a stone at each man's head to mark where he was laid.

*The battle of PRAIRIE GROVE, 10 miles southwest of Fayetteville, Arkansas, in a valley 4x6 miles, on Sunday, December 7, 1862. With Major General T. C. Hindman in command of 12,000 Confederate troops and Generals James G. Blunt and F. G. Heron with between 14,000 and 16,000 Federals. Confederates won the battle, but were ordered to retire. Hindman's report: 164 killed, 817 wounded 336 missing. Federals 400 killed, 1500 wounded, 275 taken prisoners)

(From a documented paper by Charles W. Walker, Fayetteville, Arkansas, a participant in the struggle.)

BINGEN ON THE RHINE - Caroline Elizabeth Norton

A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers
 There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears;
 But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebbed away,
 And bent with pitying glances to hear what he might say.

The dying soldier faltered, and he took that comrade's hand,
 And he said, "I never more shall see my own, my native land.
 Take a message and a token to some distant friends of mine,
 For I was born at Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my brothers and companions when they meet and crowd around
 And hear my mournful story, in pleasant vineyard ground,
 That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day was done
 Full many a corse lay ghastly pale beneath the setting sun;
 And, mid the dead and dying, were some grown old in wars--
 The death-wounds on their gallant breasts, the last of many scars.
 And some were young and suddenly beheld life's morn decline
 And one had come from Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my mother that her other son ^{will} ~~shall~~ comfort her old age;
 For I was still a truant bird, that thought his home a cage.
 For my father was a soldier, and even as a child,
 My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild;
 And when he died and left to divide his scanty hoard,
 I let them take whate'er they would, but kept my father's sword.
 And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to shine,
 On the cottage wall at Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,
 When troops come marching home again with glad and gallant tread;
 But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,
 For her brother was a soldier too, and not afraid to die;
 And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name,
 To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame.
 And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's sword and mine),
 For the honor of old Bingen, dear Bingen on the Rhine.

"There's another, not a sister, in the happy days gone by
 You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye.
 Too innocent for coquetry, too fond for idle scorning,
 O friend! I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning!
 Tell her that the last night of my life (for ere the moon be risen,
 My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison)
 I dreamed I stood with her, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
 On the vine-clad hills of Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine.

"I saw the blue Rhine sweep along; I hear, or seemed to hear,
 The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear;
 And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
 The echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and still

And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed with friendly talk
 Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remembered walk.
 And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine
 But we'll meet no more at Bingen, loved Bingen on the Rhine.

His trembling voice grew faint and hoarse, his grasp was childish weak
 His eyes put on a dying look. He sighed and ceased to speak.
 His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled,
 'The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land was dead!
 And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down
 On the red sand of the battle field, with bloody corpses strewn.
 Yes, calmly on the dreadful scene her pale light seemed to shine,
 As it shone on distant Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine.

(Taken from CROWN JEWELS, a favorite book of Mother's)

19

COTTAGE BY THE SEA

Just one year ago today, love, I became your happy bride,
 Changed a mansion for a cottage, to dwell by the ocean's side
 You told me I would be happy, but no happiness I see
 For tonight I am a widow in the cottage by the sea.

From my cottage by the seaside, I can see my mountain home,
 I can see those hills and valleys where so oft I used to roam.
 It was there that I first met him, Oh, how happy then were we
 But tonight I am a widow in the cottage by the sea.

Oh, my poor and aged father, how in sorrow he would wail;
 And my poor and aged mother, how with tears her eyes would swell;
 And my one and only brother, how he would weep for my,
 If he only knew his sister was a widow by the sea.

Chorus: Alone, alone by the seaside he left me,
 And no other's bride I'll be,
 For in bridal robes he decked me
 In the cottage by the sea.

SADIE RAY

Near a cool and shady woodland
Where a rippling streamlet flowed
Dwelt a maiden fair and lovely
But 'twas in the long ago.

Chorus: Oft I've kissed her and caressed her
As we danced the hours away
Oft I've told her that I loved her
But she's dead, my Sadie Ray

In the eve, the golden sunset
Ushered in the moon and stars
Arm in arm we walked together
To the gate of chestnut bars

There we talked of future pleasure
There we named our wedding day
But alas 'tis long in coming
For she's dead, my Sadie Ray

In my dreams I see her smiling
Far above the clear blue sky
She is kneeling to the angels
Who in groups are standing by

Then again I hear her calling
"Come, my darling, come I say
There is room here for another
Come and kiss your Sadie Ray."

Chorus: Oft I've kissed her and caressed her
As we danced the hours away
Oft I've told her that I loved her
But she's dead, my Sadie Ray

MABEL CLAIR

Along the green lane in the Maytime
I gathered the violets blue
Echoing yet with the bee song
Cool with the morning dew

Chorus: I gathered them for sweet Mabel
Beautiful Mabel Clair
To clasp in her dainty fingers
To braid in her shining hair.

Again when the summer was fairest
For the love of her brown, brown eyes
I gathered the royal flowers
Bright as the sunset skies.

But now comes the dreary November
Making me to mourn and weep
For closing her brown eyes gently
~~Beautiful Mabel Clair~~ Mabel has gone to sleep.

Chorus: For closing her brown eyes gently
Beautiful Mabel Clair
No more shall I gather the roses
To braid in her shining hair.

GRAVE LILY

Know ye the spot where the sycamore grows
And the tall rushes gracefully wave
There rests gentle Lily, the pride of the vale
And the myrtle weeps over her grave.

She prayed us to lay her where man never trod
And proud garden flowers ne'er grew
Where the gray rocks still echo the whippoorwill's song
And the sound of the brook's song of woe.

The moon as she rises, looks over the plain
And kisses the grave with her beams
Where the violets so silently look up to God
And the starlight in gentleness beams.

Then rest, Lily rest, undisturbed be thy sleep
A heart that is true beats for thee;
I will seek thy lone grave but to sigh and to weep,
For the one that was dearest to me.

Chorus: Then rest, Lily dear, be hushed every sound
Save when the brook murmurs and the wind sighs round
'Tis the grave of one, the pride of the vale,
'Tis the couch of my dear Lily Dale.

-----November 3rd 1894
Copied March 6, 1895

I SAT ALONE AT A MIDNIGHT HOUR

I sat alone at a midnight hour
And watched the starry skies
And dreamed I heard my mother say,
"I wish my boy was nigh
I know not where he is tonight,
~~Perhaps in deserts wild,~~ He's crossed the troubled main
But this I know, if life holds out
He'll wander back again.

"He's coming home, Oh, joyful thought!
My boy no more will roam,
A letter here says Mother dear,
'I'm coming, coming home.'
"No father there to guide him now
No brother with his cheer,
No mother there to soothe his brow,
No sister with her tear."

Alas, dear friends, 'tis but a dream
My mother's here no more
She left this world of sin and pain
For Canaan's peaceful shore.

DOWN ON THE FARM

When a boy I used to dwell
In the home I loved so well
Far away among the clover and the bee;
And the morning glory vine
'Round the cabin porch did twine,
And the robin redbreast sang among the trees.
There were brothers young and gay
And a father old and gray
And a mother dear to keep us from all harm.
There I spent life's golden hours
Running wild among the flowers
In my boyhood's happy home down on the farm.

Chorus: Many a weary year has passed
Since I saw the old home last
And memory still steals o'er me like a charm
Every old familiar place,
Every kind and loving face
In my boyhood's happy home down on the farm.

And today as I draw near
To the home I love so dear
A stranger comes to greet me at the door.
Things about the place are changed
And the faces all seem strange,
Not a loved one comes to greet me as of yore.
For my mother dear is laid 'neath the elm tree's pleasant shade
Where the summer sun shines o'er her bright and warm,
And at the old fireplace
There I see a stranger's face
In my father's old armchair down on the farm.

Chorus: Many a weary year has passed
Since I saw the old home last
And memory still steals o'er me like a charm
Every old familiar place,
Every kind and loving face
In my boyhood's happy home down on the farm.

THE LASS OF MOHEE

As I was out rambling for pleasure one day
In sweet imagination I was carried away
And for amusement I sat down on the grass
And no one came near me but a fair Indian lass.

Oh, come and sit down by the side of me
For I am a stranger and none of your land
But if you'll consent to be married to me
I'll teach you the language of the lass of Mohee.

Oh, no, my pretty Mohee, that never can be
For I have a sweetheart in my own country
And I'll never deny her for all your property
For her heart is prue as the lass of Mohee.

The sun was a-setting all on the salt sea
Together we rambled, together we roved
Together we rambled, together we strode
Til we came to a cottage in a coconut grove.

The first time I saw her she was over on the strand
The next time I saw her she waved her right hand
Saying "When you get back to the girl that you love,
Just think of the Mohee in the coconut grove."

And now I am landed back on the shore
Where friends and relations can see me once more
I look all around me, but none can I see
That'll do to compare with the Lass of Mohee.

(from the old ballad copied by Mother about 1896)

VILLAGE CHURCHYARD

In a gray old village churchyard
I can see a grassy mound
There is where my mother's sleeping
In the cold and silent ground.

I was young yet I remember
That sad night when Mother died
I sat watching, waiting, weeping
'Til she called me to her side,

Whispering, "Darling, I must leave you
Angel voices bid me come.
Pray to God we'll meet in heaven,
Where sad partings never come."

Gently waves the weeping willow
Feathered warblers sing their songs
But my heart is sad and lonely
Since dear Mother's dead and gone.

Oft I've wandered to the churchyard
Tenderly I've nursed the flowers
There beside poor Mother's grave
I've spent many lonely hours

Looking at the sky above me
Wondering if it will be long
'Til the angels come to take me
To the place where Mother's gone.

HARP ON A WILLOW TREE

(A song of the Crusades)

I'll hang my harp on a willow tree
I'm off to the wars again
My peaceful home has no charm for me
The battle field no fame
Since the lady I loved will soon be a bride
With a diadem on her brow
Oh, why did she flatter my boyish pride
She's going to leave me now. (Repeat)

She led me away from my warlike life
And gave me a silken suit
I thought no more of my master's sword
As I played on my master's lute
She seemed to think me a boy above
The pages of low degree.
Ho, if I had loved her with a boyish love
It would have been better for me. (Repeat)

I'll hide in my breast every selfish care
I'll flush my pale cheeks with wine
And smiles await the bridal pair
I'll hasten to give them wine
I'll laugh, I'll sing, though my heart may bleed,
I'll walk in the festive train
And if I survive it, I'll mount my steed
I'm off to the wars again. (Repeat)

One golden tress of her hair I'll twine
With the helmet's sable plume
And on the fields of Palestine
I'll seek an early doom
And if by a Saracen's hand I fall
With the noble and the brave
A tear from the lady I loved is all
I ask for the warrior's grave.

Repeat: A tear from the lady I loved is all
I ask for the warrior's grave.

TEN THOUSAND MILES AWAY

(A Gallant Barque)

A lovely brig, a gallant barque and in a lovely breeze
A little crew and a captain, too, to carry me over the seas
To carry me over the seas, my boys, to my true love so gay
She's taken a trip in a government ship 10,000 miles away.

Chorus:

Then blow ye winds high O, a-roving I will go
I'll stay no more on this wild shore so let your music play
I'll start with the morning train to cross the raging main
I'm on a move to my own true love 10,000 miles away.

My true love she is beautiful, my true love she is young
Her eyes are bright as the stars in the night and silvery
 sounds her tongue
And silvery sounds her tongue, my boys, and while I sing this lay
She's doing grand in a distant land 10,000 miles away.

The night was dark and dismal when last she left this strand
She bade goodby with a tearful eye and waved her lily hand
She waved her lily hand, my boys, and when she crossed the bay
She said, "Kind sir, remember me when I am far away."

The sun may shine on New York Bay, the moon be bright and clear
The ocean brine may turn to wine, but I'll never forget my dear
I'll never forget my dear, my boys, and as I sing this lay
I'll never part from my own true heart 10,000 miles away

Septmeber 6, 1895

JOHN RILEY

I walked out one pretty fair morning
All for to view the meadow fair
'Twas there I espied a charming creature
She looked like a lily fair

I stepped up saying, "O fair lady,
Would you be a seaman's wife? "
Oh, no, kind sir, I'd rather tarry
And live a sweet and a single life.

Oh, kind miss I beg to differ
From all others you -----
IT's you are young and very handsome
And to marry you is my desire.

Sir, if the truth I must plainly tell you
It's been about a year ago
I was promised to one John Riley
Who has caused me all my overthrow.

I stepped up saying, "Oh, fair lady,"
And kisses gave her two or three
"I am the man you call John Riley
Who's caused you all your misery."

September 10, 1895

DRUMMER BOY OF WATERLOO

When battle roused each warlike band
And carnage (?) loud her trumpet blew
Young Edward left his native home
A drummer boy for Waterloo

His mother when his lips she pressed
And bade her noble boy adieu
With wringing hands and aching breast
Beheld a march for Waterloo

He who knew no infant fear
His napsack o'er his shoulder threw
And cries, "Dear Mother, dry those tears
'Til I return from Waterloo."

He went about the set of sun
Their armed foes they did subdue
The flash of death, the murder's gun
Laid him low at Waterloo.

"Oh, comrades, comrades," Edward cried,
While mildly meamed his eye of blue
"Go tell my mother Edward died
A soldier's death at Waterloo."

They placed his head upon his drum
Beneath the moon's bright mourning hue
When night had stilled the battle hum
They dug his grave at Waterloo.

They fired three shots across his grave
In token of the fallen brave
The echo rang from shore to shore
Farewell, farewell forevermore.

Written October 11, 1891

Copied March 6, 1896

DEATH OF LILY DALE

'Twas a calm still night when the moon's pale light
Shone soft o'er hill and dale
When sad-hearted friends stood around the deathbed
Of my moor lost Lily Dale

Chorus:

Oh, Lily, sweet Lily, dear Lily Dale
Now the wild rose blossoms o'er her little green grave
'Neath the trees in the flow'ry vale.

Her cheeks which once glowed with the rose tint of health
By the hand of disease had turned pale
The death damp was on the pure white brow
Of my poor lost Lily Dale

"I go," she said, "To the land of rest
And e'er my strength shall fail,
I will tell you where near my own loved home
You must lay poor Lily Dale.

"'Neath the chestnut tree where the wild flowers bloom
And the stream ripples forth through the vale
Where the wild birds warble their songs in spring,
There lay poor Lily Dale."

(We sing this to the same tune as No. 351 in the Cayce Book,
THE GOOD OLD SONGS.)

Written July -----

Copied Mar. 6, 1896

RED RIVER SHORE

At the foot of yon mountain where the fountain doth flow
Sweet music entertained me and the south wind did blow
I espied a fair maiden and it's her I adore
And the one that I'll marry is on the Red River Shore

Her hard-hearted father these comforts did hear
And he thought he'd deprive her of her dearest dear
He sent him away where loud cannons did roar
And he left his own truelove on the Red River Shore.

She wrote him a litter and she wrote it most kind
And in this herelletter the same you would find
"Come back my little darling, for it's you I adore,
And the one that I'll marry's on the Red River Shore."

He perused this kind letter and he perused it most sad
None in the whole country could make his heart glad.
He waved his broadsword and away he did go
To see his own truelove on the Red River Shore.

Her hard-hearted father these comforts did hear,
And he thought he'd deprive her of her dearest dear,
He raised him a little army full twenty or more
To fight the young soldier on the Red River Shore.

He drew his broadsword and he waved it around
One half he did kill and the rest he did wound
No use, my little army, and this you will know
To fight the young soldier on the Red River Shore.

How sad is the fortune of all women kind
They're always controlled, they're always confined
Controlled by their ~~husbands~~* until they are wives
And slaves for their husbands the rest of their lives.

(This song is now recorded as a cowboy ballad by the
New Christy Minstrels.)

* Parents

TEXAS RANGERS

Come all ye Texas Rangers wherever you may be
I'll tell you of some troubles that happened unto me
My name is nothing extra, to you I will not tell
But here's to all good rangers, I'm sure I wish you well.

When at the age of sixteen I joined the jolly band
We marched from San Antonio unto the Rio Grande
Our captain he informed us, perhaps he thought it right
Before we reached the station that we would have to fight.

 blue smoke rising
We saw the Indians co it seemed to reach the sky
I felt at that moment my time had come to die
----- our captain gave command,
"To arms! To arms!" he shouted, "And by your horses stand."

We saw the Indians coming, we heard them give their yell
My feelings at that moment no tongue can ever tell
We saw their glittering lances, their arrows 'round us hailed
My heart sank within me, my courage almost failed.

I thought of my old mother who in tears to me did say
"To you they are all strangers, with me you'd better stay."
I thought her old and childish and that she did not know,
For I was bent on roaming and I was bound to go.

We fought them full five hours before the fight giave o'er
Three hundred noble soldiers lay weltering in their gore
Three hundred noble soldiers as ever trod the west
Were buried by their comrades forever there to rest.

Perhaps you have a mother, likewise a sister, too
And maybeso a sweetheart fo weep and mourn for you
If this should be your portion and you are bound to roam
I advise you from experience -- you'd better stay at home.

YOUNG CHARLOTTE

Young Charlotte lived on a mountain side in a wild and lonely spot
There were no dwellings for three miles wide except her father's cot
And yet on many a winter's night young men were gathered there
For her father kept a social board and she was very fair.

One New Year's Eve as the sun went down far looked her wistful eye
Out from the frosty window pane as the merry sleighs dashed by
In a village about fifteen miles away there was to be a ball that night
And though the air was piercing cold, her heart was warm and light.

Now brightly beamed her laughing eye, as a well-known voice she heard
And dashing up to the cottage door, her lover's sleigh appeared
"Oh, daughter dear," her mother cried, "This blanket round you fold
For it's such a dreadful night outside, you'll catch your death of cold."

"Oh, nay! Oh, nay!" young Charlotte cried, as she laughed like a gypsy queen
"For wrapped in blankets muffled up, I never would be seen.
My silken cloak is quite enough, you know it's lined throughout,
And here's my silken scarf to twine my neck and head about."

Her bonnet and her gloves were on, she jumped into the sleigh
And fast they sped o'er the mountainside, and o'er the hills away

With muffled beat so silently, five miles at length were passed
When Charles with a few and shivering words the silence broke at last.

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

Said Charles, "How fast the shivering ice is gathering on my brow."
And Charlotte then more faintly cried, "I'm growing warmer now."
Thus on they rode through frosty air and the glittering cold starlight.
Until at last the village lamps and the ballroom came in sight.

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

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

(And there he sat down by her side, while the bitter tears did flow
And cried, "My own, my charming bride, 'tis you may never know."
He twined his arms around her neck; he kissed her marble brow
His thoughts flew back to where she said, "I'm growing warmer now.")*

*Note: The old ballad, being almost totally destroyed, I made above from
a copy June Reid had in her Union file. The last stanza, as I recall,
is not exactly as Mother sang it.

TIME ENOUGH YET

I courted as long as the siege of old Troy
To gain a fair widow my time did employ
I often would ask her our marriage to set
She always would answer, "There's time enough yet."

Time enough yet, time enough yet
She always would answer "There's time enough yet!"

At last I decided to be her notion was wrong
The more I hated being laughed at so long
She burst out laughing at seeing me fret
Still humming her tune, "There's time enough yet!"

Time enough yet, time enough yet
Still humming her tune "There's time enough yet!"

I resolved in my mind to be laughed at no more
I flew in a passion, jumped out at the door
Declaring on her the better to get
Determined on her my eyes never to set.

Time enough yet, time enough yet!
Determined on her my eyes never to set.

Next morning so early her maid came in haste
Begging of me to forget what had passed
She said her young mistress did nothing but fret
I told her I'd think on it time enough yet.

Time enough yet, time enough yet!
I told her I'd think on it time enough yet!

The next was a letter as long as your arm
Declaring by it she intended no harm
She wrote in her letter our marriage to set
I wrote her an answer, "There's time enough yet!"

Time enough yet, time enough yet!
I wrote her an answer "There's time enough yet."

Come all you young maidens whose sweethearts have plenty
You'd better get married before you are twenty
For if you don't, you're sure to regret
The very first time you say, "Time enough yet!"

Time enough yet, time enough,
The very first time you say, "Time enough yet!"

PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE

I've traveled about a bit of my time
And troubles I've seen a few
But found it better in every clime
To paddle my own canoe

My wants are small, but I care not at all
If my debts are paid when due
I drive away strife in this ocean of life
While I paddle my own canoe.

Chorus: Then love your neighbor as your self
As the world you go traveling through
But never sit down with a tear or a frown
But paddle your own canoe.

I have no wife to bother my life
No lover to prove untrue
But the whole day long with a laugh and a song
I paddle my own canoe.
I rise with the lark and from daylight til dark
I do what I have to do
I'm careless of wealth if only I've health
To paddle my own canoe.

It's all very well to depend on a friend
That is, if you've proved him true
But you'll find it better by far in the end
To paddle your own canoe.
To borrow is dearer than by far than to buy
A maxim of old still true
You never will sigh if you only will try
To paddle your own canoe

If a hurricane rise in the midday skies
And the sun is lost to view
Move steadily by with a steadfast eye
And paddle your own canoe.
The daisies that grow in the bright green fields
Are blooming so sweet for you,
So never sit down with a tear or a frown
But paddle your own canoe.

THE BRIDGE

I stood on the bridge at midnight, as the clock was striking the hour
And the moon rose over the city, behind the dark church tower

I saw her bright reflection in the waters under me
Like a golden goblet falling and sinking into the sea.

And far in the hazy distance of that lovely night in June
The blaze of the flaming furnace gleamed redder than the moon.

Among the long black rafters the wavering shadows lay;
And the current that came from the ocean seemed to lift and bear them away;

As sweeping and eddying through them, rode the belated tide;
And, streaming into the moonlight, the seaweed floated wide.

And like those waters rushing among the wooden piers,
A flood of thought came o'er me that filled my eyes with tears.

And like those waters rushing among the wooden piers,

How often, Oh how often, in the days that had gone by,
I had stood on that bridge at midnight, and gazed on that wave and sky!

How often, O how often, I had wished that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom o'er the ocean wild and wide!

But now it has fallen from me, it is buried in the sea;
And only the sorrow of others throws its shadows over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river on its bridge with wooden piers,
Like the odor of brine from the ocean comes the thought of other years.

And I think how many thousands of care-encumbered men,
Each bearing his burden of sorrow, have crossed the bridge since then.

I see the long procession, still passing to and fro,
The young heart hot and restless and the old subdued and slow!

I see the long procession, still passing to and fro,

And forever and forever, as long as the river flows
As long as the heart has passion, as long as life has woes;

The moon and its broken reflection and its shadows shall appear,
As the symbol of love in heaven, and its wavering image there.

-- Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

THE LAZY MAN

Come, my friends, and listen to my song
Concerning a young man who won't hoe his corn
The reason why to you I'll tell
I'm sure this young man was always well.

He goes to the fence and he peeps in
The Careless weeds are up to his chin
The Careless weeds they grow so high
They cause this young man for to sigh

In July his corn was knee high
In September he'd laid it by
In October there came a frost
And all this young man's corn was lost.

He goes to his nearest neighbor's house
A-courting for you may suppose
In the discourse that they brought on
She asked him if he'd hoed his corn.

Oh, yes, my dear, I've laid it by
To strive invain I never would try
Never would try for it's all in vain
I'm sure I will not raise a grain.

Oh, why, sir, then do you wish to wed?
I'm sure we would not have any bread.
Single I am, and single I remain,
For a lazy man I won't maintain!

California Joe (cont.)

"If Joe were living, Darling," he said to me last night,
"He would care for you, dear Maggie, when God puts out my light."
We found the old man sleeping, "Hush, Maggie, let him rest."
The sun was slowly sinking in the far-off golden west.

Although we talked in whispers, he opened wide his eyes
"A dream! A dream!" he murmured, "Alas, a dream of lies."
She drifted like a shadow to where the old man lay
"You had anoth a dream, dear uncle, andother dream today?"

Oh yes, I saw an angel as pure as mountain snow,
And near her at my bedside stood California Joe."
"I'm sure I'm not an angel, dear uncle that you know
These arms that hold my hands up to my face are not like snow.

"Now listen while I tell you, for I have news to cheer
Your Hazel Eyes is happy for Joe is truly here."
(
(

"For three long months she hunted and trapped and nursed me too
And I believe it, Joe, she's safe along with you."
(Another lapse)The sun was slowly sinking when (Maggie (Wife) and I
Went riding through the valley with the tear drops in her eye.

"One year ago today, Joe, I see the mossy grave,
We laid him neath the daisies, my uncle true and brave.
And comrades every springtimeare sure to find me there,
There's something in the valley that's always fresh and fair."

-----standing by the stream
-----sweet happy dream.

The End

HER DOG AND HER GUN

There was a young lady of wealth and renown
Who was courted by a squire of Nelford's fine town
And to get married it was their intent
If friends and relations would give their consent.

The day was appointed for the wedding day
They called on the farmer to give her away
"Oh, no!" says the farmer, "If the truth I must tell,
I cannot give her up for I love her too well."

Instead of getting married she was taken to her bed
The thoughts of the farmer so ran in her head
The thoughts of the farmer so ran in her mind
The way for to get him she quickly did find.

Next morning so early pretty Polly arose
And dressed herself up in a suit of men clothes
Coat, weskit, and trousers pretty Polly put on
And out she went a-hunting with her dog and her gun.

She hunted all around where the farmer did dwell
She thought to herself that she loved him full well
She shot several times but nothing did she kill
Till this jolly, brisk young farmer came a-whistling up the hill.

"I thought you'd have been at the wedding," she cried,
"To wait on the squire and give him his bride!"
"Oh, no!" said the farmer, "If the truth I must tell,
I cannot give her up, for I love her too well."

The lady being pleased with the farmer so bold
She gave him her glove that was bordered with gold
She told him she found it as she came along
While she was she was a-hunting with her dog and her gun.

The lady went home with her heart full of love
And told around she had lost her fine glove
"The man that will find it and bring it to me,
The man who will find it his bride I will be."

The farmer on hearing of the late news
Straightway to the lady he goes,
Saying "Madam, I have found and brought your glove
With hopes in my heart you will grant me your love."

"My love's already granted," the lady replied,
"I love the bright smile of the farmer," she cried.
"I'll be mistress of my dairy and milker of my cow,
While my jolly brisk young farmer goes a-whistling to his plow."

And now that she has him she tells of her fun
How she hunted the farmer with her dog and her gun
And now that she has him so safe in her snare
She will ever be happy, I will vow and declare.

CALIFORNIA JOE

Now mates, I don't like stories, nor am I going to act
A part around these campfires, that is a truthful fact;
So light your pipes and listen, I'll tell you, let me see--
I believe it was in '59 from that to '63.

You all have heard of Bridger -- I used to run with Jim --
And many a long day's scouting I've done 'long side of him.
Well, once near old Fort Reno a trapper used to dwell
We called him Old Pap Reynolds, the scouts all knew him well.

One night in the spring of '50 we camped on Powder River
We killed a calf of buffalo and cooked a lot of liver
While eating quite contented we heard three shots or four
Putting out the fire and listening, we heard a dozen more.

We knew that OldMan Reynolds had moved his traps up her;
So picking up our rifles and flinging on our gear,
We mounted quick as lightning -- to save was our desire.
Too late, the pained heathen had set the house on fire.

We tried our horses quickly and waded up the stream,
And close beside the waters I heard a muffled scream
And there among the bushes a little girl did lie,
I picked her up and whispered, "I'll save you or I'll die."

Lord, what a ride! Old Bridger had covered my retreat.
Sometimes the child would whisper in a voice low and sweet,
"Poor Papa God will take him to Mama up above
There's no one left to love me, there's no one left to love."

The little one was thirteen, and I was twenty-two
I said, "I'll be your father and love you just as true."
She nestled to my bosom, her hazel so bright,
Looked up and made me happy, though close pursued that night.

One month had passed, and Mag ie (we called her Hazel Eyes)
In truth was going to leave me, was going to say good-by.
Her uncle, Mad Jack Reynolds, reported longs ince dead,
Had come to claim my angel, his brother's child, he said,.

What could I say? We parted. Mad Jack was growing old.
I handed him a banknote and all I had in gold.
They went away at suns@t, I rode a mile or two.
We parted saying, "We'll meet again. May God watch over you."

(Lapse of time here)

By a laughing, dancing brooklet a little cabin stood
And weary with a long day's scouting I spied it in the wood
A pretty valley stretched beyond, the mountain rose above
And near its willowy banks I heard the cooing of a dove.

It was the greatest pleasure, the brook was plainly seen
Like a long thread of silver clothed in a lovely green
The rippling of the water, the gooing of the dove,
'Twas like a painted picture, some untold tale of love.

While drinking at the fountain and resting in the saddle
I heard the gentle ripple like the dipping of a paddle
On turning to the water a strange sight met my view
A lady with a rifle in a little barque canoe.

She stoo up in the center with the rifle to her eye
I thought just for a moment my time had come to die
I doffed my hat and told her, if it was just the same
To drop her little shooter for I was not her game.

She dropped the deadly weapon and leaped from the canoe
Said she, "I beg your pardon, I thought you were a Souix!
Your long hair and your buckskin looked warriorlike and rough
My bead was spoiled by sunshine, or I'd have killed you sure enough."

"Perhaps 'twould have been better that you dropped me then," said I
"For surely such an angel would bear me to the sky."
She blushed and dropped her eyelids; her cheeks were crimson red,
One half shy glance she gave me, and then hung down her head.

I took her little hand in myn, she wondered what it meant
And yet she drew it not away, but rather seemed content.
-----, her eyes looked up in mine,
She seemed in doubt, then whispered, "'Tis such a long, long time."

Strong arms were thrown around me. "I'll save your or I'll die!"
I clasped her to my bosom, my long lost Hazel Eyes
The rapture of the moment was almost heaven to me
I kassed her mid her tear drops, her merriment and glee.

Her heart 'gainst mine was beating when sobbingly she said,
"My dear, my brave preserver, they told me you were dead.
The one who claimed me from you, my uncle brave and true,
Who's sick in yonder cabin, had talked so much of you.

California Joe (cont.)

"If Joe were living, Darling," he said to me last night,
"He would care for you, dear Maggie, when God puts out my light."
We found the old man sleeping, "Hush, Maggie, let him rest."
The sun was slowly sinking in the far-off golden west.

Although we talked in whispers, he opened wide his eyes
"A dream! A dream!" he murmured, "Alas, a dream of lies."
She drifted like a shadow to where the old man lay
"You had anoth a dream, dear uncle, and other dream today?"

Oh yes, I saw an angel as pure as mountain snow,
And near her at my bedside stood California Joe."
"I'm sure I'm not an angel, dear uncle that you know
These arms that hold my hands up to my face are not like snow.

"Now listen while I tell you, for I have news to cheer
Your Hazel Eyes is happy for Joe is truly here."

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"For three long months she hunted and trapped and nursed me too
And I believe it, Joe, she's safe along with you."
(Another lapse) The sun was slowly sinking when (Maggie (Wife) and I
Went riding through the valley with the tear drops in her eye.

"One year ago today, Joe, I see the mossy grave,
We laid him neath the daisies, my uncle true and brave.
And comrades every springtime are sure to find me there,
There's something in the valley that's always fresh and fair."

_____ standing by the stream
----- sweet happy dream.

The End

KITTY WELLS

You ask what makes this darkey weep
Why he like others am not gay
What makes the teat roll down his cheek
From early dawn till close of day.
My story, Darkies, you shall hear
For in my memory fresh it dwells
It will cause you all to shed a tear
O'er the grave of my sweet Kitty Wells.

Oh, I never shall forget the day
When we together in the dell
I kissed her cheek and named the day
When I would marry Kitty Wells
But death came in my cabin door
And took from me my joy, my pride
And when I found she was no more
I laid my banjo down and cried.

I sometimes wish that I were dead
And laid beside her in the tomb
The sorrows that bow down my head
Are silent in the midnight gloom
The springtime has no charm for me
The flowers are blooming in the dell
But that bright form I cannot see
The form of my sweet Kitty Wells.

Chorus:

All the birds were singing in the morning
And the myrtle and the ivy were in bloom
The sun o'er the hill top was dawning
It was then we laid her in the tomb.

COWBOY'S SONG

I made up my mind in an early day
To leave this country while it was gay
No more in Texas to roam for awhile
But to travel west for a many a mile

It was in the year of Eighty-three
That A. J. Stamford hired me
He said, "Young man, you are the kind."
And I liked him so very fine.

It was early in that year
That I went on trail with a herd of steers
And left my darling little girl behind
Who's often told me her heart was mine.

When I embraced her in my arms
She seemed to me ten thousand charms
Her face so fair and her kiss so sweet
Saying, "Darling, we'll marry next time we meet."

Oh, then it was a long and a toilsome go
As the herd moved out for New Mexico
The music sweet with the cowboys' song
For New Mexico and the herd moved on.

When I reached New Mexico
I longed for her but I could not go
I wrote a letter to my dear
But nothing from her could I hear

When I returned to my native home
I called for the darling of my soul
They told me she'd married a richer life
Now poor cowboy, seek another wife.

I cursed the gold and the silver, too
I cursed those girls who don't prove true
There's many a heart more true than I
But they don't go where the bullets fly

Now the girl is married that I adore
I'll never stay at home anymore
I'll go on trail till the day I die
And I'll cut my way where the bullets fly.

Now pray young men do stay at home
And don't be forever on the roam
(I'll go away to some unknown land
And there I'll join a cowboy band.)?

THE GALLANT LITTLE SHIP

Three times around went the gallant ship
Three times around went she
Three times around went the gallant little ship
And she sank to the bottom of the sea, the sea, the sea
~~Three times around went the gallant li~~
And she sank to the bottom of the sea!

The first that came in was the captain of the ship
A fine looking fellow was he
Saying, "We poor sailors are tossed to and fro
And the land me are all down below, below, below
And the land men are all down below.

Three times around went the gallant little ship
Three times around went she
Three times around wnet the gallant little ship
And she sank to the bottom of the sea, the sea, the sea,
And she sank to the bottom of the sea.

(This old ballad is lost, and I cannot recall other stanzas.)

YES OR NO

(Title Missing)

Last Valentine's day -----
And brought me a -----
"Here take this," he cried, "You -----
I designed to say no, but mistlþok and said yes - La-de-da!
Fol-doll, fol-doldie-folday!

One evening of late as we met in the grove
He pressed my hand hard and a sigh breathed his love,
He tenderly asked me to grant me a kiss
I designed to say no, but mistook and said yes - La-de-da
Fol-doll, fol-doldie, fol-day!

He flew into raptures no tongue can express
"Ye gods," he cried "Flora, woudst (thou make me blest?)
To church I will go for a con-----* * * "
To prevent being teased, I was forced to say yes - La-de-da!
Fol-doll, fol-doldie, fol-day!

I ne'er was so pleased with a ----- (in my life?)
I ne'er was so happy as since I've been a wife
Come all ye fair damsels, take -----
You'll all be old maids if you(do not say yes?) La-de-da!
Fol-doll, fol-doldie, fol-day!

THE SHIP THAT NEVER RETURNED

On a summer's day when the waves were rippled
By a soft and gentle breeze
Did a ship set sail with a cargo laden
For a port beyond the seas.

There were fond farewells and loving signals
While her form was yet discerned
Though they knew it not 'twas a solemn parting
For the ship that never returned.

Said a feeble lad to his anxious mother
I must cross the wide, wide sea,
They say perchance in a foreign climate
There is health and strength for me.

With a gleam of hope and amaze of danger
From her heart her youngest yearned
Though she sent him forth with a smile and blessing
On the ship that never returned

"Only one trip," said an honest seaman
As he kissed his weeping wife,
"Only one more bag of the golden treasure
And we'll settle down for life."

"We will buy us then a cozy cottage
And enjoy the rest we've earned,"
But alas, poor man, he sailed commander
On the ship that never returned.

Chorus:

Did she ever return? No, she never returned
~~And for years and years~~ And her fate is yet unlearned
Though for years and years there were loved ones waiting
For the ship that never returned.

September 6, 1895

THE BRAES OF BALQUITHER*

Let us go, lassie go, to the braes of Balquither,
Where the blay - - - - - of the bonnie highland hither
Where the - - - - - the ray lightly bounding together
Supports (?) the long summer day on the braes of Balquither.

I will twine thee a bower by the clear calling² fountain
And I'll cover it o'er wi' the flowers o'er the mountain
I will range through wilds and the deep glen so dreary
And reutrn wi' the spoils to the bower of my dearie.

When the rude wintry winds idly rave 'round our dwelling
And the roar of the byrne on the night breeze is swelling
So merrily we sing as the storm rattles o'er us
Til the dear shelting³ ring wi' the light liltng chorus.

Now the summer is in prime wi' flowers richly blooming
And the wild mountain thyme the moorland perfuming
To our dear native scene let us journey together
Where innocents reign 'mong the braes of Balquither.

Biblio: F. Watson - The Braes of Balquidder (or Balquither) 1914

1. Balquither - BALQUIDDER in Encl. Brit. - farm or backland
country; also village and parish of Balquidder in Perthshire
in Scotland near the east end of Loch Voil.

BRAE * SLOping hillside, river bank

BLAY *

BURNE - (stream, river? blizzard?)

2. This word appears to be "cillie" or "cillis" in the old ballad

3. SHELTING - (whelter, shelt'ring?)

Mother copied this ballad August 3, 1895. The only change I made
in her version was the spelling of the word BRAES, which she had
written as BRAIZE.

ERIN'S GREEN SHORE*

One evening so late as I did ramble
Down by yon clear rippling stream
I sat myself down in a bed of primroses
And so quickly I fell in a dream

And as I dreamed I beheld a fair damsel
And green was the mantle she wore
All bound round with shamrocks and primroses
That grew along Erin's green shore.

So quickly I addressed this fair damsel
"My jewel, come tell em your name.
It is in this country that you are a stranger
Or I would not -----name."

"Yes, it's in this country I am a stranger
Know not my friends from my foes,
But as you have proved a friend unto me
My secret to you I'll unfond.

"I'm the daughter of Daniel O'Connell
From England I've lately come o'er
I have come (to search for my brethren)
That slumber along Erin's green shore.

Her cheeks were like two blooming roses
Her teeth like - - - - -
Her eyes - - - - -
Or the stars - - - - -

In a transport of joy I awaken
And - - - - -
For the fair damsel had fled
- - - - -

May the angels of Heaven
- - - - -
May the S - - - - -
- - - - -

*Mother copied this song as Aron's Green Shore, however I believe I am correct in writing it Erin. Not having the closing words to the ballad is very frustrating.

Encl. Brit.: Daniel O'Connell, Irish reformer, still called "The Liberator"; Descendant of Celtic chieftains, adopted by an uncle, married to his cousin, Mary O'Connell, father or 3 daughters and 4 sons. Educated in France. Spent a lifetime fighting for land and property reforms for Irish Catholics, who had suffered so much injustice during Protestant reigns.

LITTLE GERMAN HOME ACROSS THE SEA

I would runa about and play all day and drive the cows and sheep
Until I was just as tired as I could be
And when my evening prayers were said I laid me down to sleep
In my little German home across the sea.

ChorusL Wherever I may roam I'll never forget my home
Oh, my home, my home, it is so dear unto me
For many, many times a day my thoughts do fly away
To my little German home across the sea.

I never shall forget the day I left my father's land
To sail across the ocean's stormy main
My friends they gathered 'round me and they took me by the hand
And they wished me safe passage back again.

My father and my mother both stood by me and they took me by the hand
And they said , "My boy, God bless you," unto me
But now they both are dead and gone on earth no more I'll see
In my little German home across the sea.

* * * * *

THE DYING WIFE

Raise my pillow, husband dearest, faint and fainter comes my breath
And those shadows falling slowly must, I know, be those of death
Sit down close beside me, darling, let me clasp your warm strong hand
Yours that ever has sustained me to the borders of this land.

I've had visions and been dreaming o'er the past of joy and pain
Year by year I've wandered backward till I was a child again
Dreams of thee and all the earth cords firmly turned about my heart
Oh, the bitter burning anguish when I first knew we must part.

But 'tis past and God has promised - - - - -
He is more than friend or - - - - -
There's no shadow on the portal - - - - -
Christ has promised life immortal - - - - -

Bring my boys unto my bedside - - - - -
But they're sleeping do not wake them - - - - -
Teach them to be kind and gentle - - - - -
Lead them gently in life's pathway - - - - -

SWEET BIRDS

The birds are returning the sweet mood of spring
O'er woodland and meadow I hear
And down by the vale where they joyfully sing
The silver brook sparkles so clear
 But I sit here and weep in the twilight so deep
 For a loved one far over the sea
 Oh, fly to him singing that beautiful song
 And ask him to come back to me.

- - - - - thinking of me
And promises made long ago
- - - - - how happy I'd be
- - - - -
 Then why do I sit here and weep in the twilight so deep
 For a loved one far over the sea
 Oh, fly to him singing that beautiful song
 And ask him to come back to me.

He told me when parting he loved none but me
He called me his darling, his pride
He said when he returned from over the sea
He'd make me his own happy bride
 Then why do I sit here and weep in the twilight so deep
 For a loved one far over the sea?
 Oh, fly to him singing that beautiful song
 And ask him to come back to me.

Chorus: Sweet Birds, sweet birds
 Oh, tell me my lover's true
 Sweet birds, sweet birds
 Then I'll be as happy as you.

Note: This song came out 40 years (or so) ago under the title of
 "Sweet Fern". It was recorded by the A. P. Carter family
 (A. P., Miss Maybelle and Miss Sarah). Hill often sang it,
keeping time on a pan or pail as he sang.

BILLY BOY

Where have you been, Billy Boy, Billy Boy,
Oh, where have you been charming Billy?

I have been to seek me a wife
She's the comfort of my life
She's a young thing, too young to leave her mammy.

Did she ask you to come in, Billy Boy, Billy Boy,
Did she ask you to come in, charming Billy?

Yes, she asked me to come in
With a dimple in her chin
She's a young thing, too young to leave her mammy.

Did she set you a chair, Billy Boy, Billy Boy,
Did she set you a chair, charming Billy?

Yes, she set me a chair
With the ringlets in her hair,
She's a young thing, too young to leave her mammy.

Can she bake a cherry pie, Billy Boy, Billy Boy,
Can she bake a cherry pie, charming Billy?

She can bake a cherry pie
Quick as a cat can wink its eye
She's a young thing, too young to leave her mammy.

How old is she, Billy Boy, Billy Boy,
How old is she, Charming Billy?

Twice six, twice seven,
Twice twenty and eleven
She's a young thing, too young to leave her Mammy!

LULA WALL

One evening just at dark
We first met within the park
She was sitting by the fountain all alone
As I passed I tipped my hat
Then we began to chat
She allowed me to escort her home.

Its every little while, she'd greet me with a smile
And ask me to her happy home to call
It may be jealousy, but there's no one else but me
Who can gaze upon that beauty, Lula Wall.

If she only would be mine
I would build a house so fine
And around it I would build a fence so tall
And I would jealous be that no one else but me
Should gaze upon that beauty, Lula Wall.

Such a form I've never seen, she's as pretty as a queen
And as perfect as an angel from above
If she's only be my wife, I'd be happy all my life
With that aggravating beauty, Lula Wall.

MY BURIED FRIENDS

My buried friends can I forget
And shall the grave eternal sever?
They linger in my memory yet,
And in my heart they live forever
For --- told me once with - - - -
And never did their love deceive me
But often in the conflict here
They rallied quickly to ~~receive~~ relieve me.

I fain would weep, but what of tears?
For tears of mine would ne'er recall them
Nor would I wish that (growling?) cares
No care of mine would e'er befall them
They rest in realms of light and love
They dwell upon the mount of glory
They bask in beams of bliss above
And shout to tell their happy story.

I heard them bid the world adieu
I saw them on the rolling billow
Their far-off home appeared in view
While yet they pressed a dying pillow
I heard the parting pilgrims tell
While passing Jordan's river
Adieu to earth, for all is well
Now all is well forever.

Ah, how I long to join their wing
And join their fields of blooming flowers
Come, holy Watcher, come and bring
And bring a mourner to your blissful bower
I'll speed with rapture on my way
Nor would I pause at Jordan's river
With a song I'd enter endless day
And live with my loved friends forever.

COFFE GROWS ON WHITE OAK TREES

(A singing, dancing party game)

Coffe grows on white oak trees
And the river flows with brandy, O!
Go choose the one that you love best
And I'll take sugar in my coffee, O!

Four in the middle and you can't get 'em out
Four in the middle and you can't get 'em out
Four in the middle and you can't get 'em out
Swing your partner 'round.

Six in the middle and you can't get 'em out

Eight in the middle and the time rolls on, etc.
Swing your partner 'round.

THE MOCKING BIRD

Listen to the mocking bird
Listen to the mocking bird
The mockingbird is singing where she lies
Listen to the mockingbird
Listen to the mockingbird
The mocking bird is singing where she lies.

I'm dremaing now of Hallie
Sweet Hallie, sweet Hallie
I'm dreaming now of Hallie
The mocking bird is singing o'er her grave.

Listen to the mocking bird
Listen to the mockingbird
The mocking bird is singing where she lies
Listen to the mockingbird
Listen to the mockingbird
The mocking bird is singing where she lies.

PRETTY POLLY*

Pretty Polly, pretty Polly, would you think me unkind
If I should sit by you and tell you my mind?
My mind is to marry and never to roam
* * * * *

*Not on JeanEtta's List

GATHERING UP THE FRAGMENTS ----

BLUE EYED MARY

Verse 1

Come tell me, blue-eyed stranger
Say whither dost thou roam
O'er this wide world a ranger
Hast thou no friends or home?

They called me BlueEyed Mary
When friends and fortune smiled
But Ah! when fortune varied
I - - - - -

SWINGING IN THE LANE

Verse 3

Oh come young of tender hearts
Pray take advice from eme
Don't be so apt to fall in love
With every girl you see
For if you do you'll soon find out
That you have loved in vain
She'll go off with another chap
A-swinging in the lane.

September 9, 1895

TEN THOUSAND MILES AWAY

Verse 4 ?

Last night I got a letter, it was from Sister dear
She spoke of our dear mother, I wish that you were here.
They say that they have laid her within her silent grave
On the banks of a lonely river ten thousand miles away.

I wish I were a sparrow, I'd fly so far away
To the banks of a lonely river, ten thousand miles away.

March 5, 1896

I'LL CHASE THE ANTELOPE

I'll chase the antelope over the plain
And the tiger's cub I'll bind by the chain
And the wild gazelle with its silvery feet
I'll give thee for a playmate sweet

Then come with me in my little canoe
Where the seas are calm and the skies are blue
Oh, come with me for I long to go
To the land where the mango apples grow.

(*his lilting song we liked very much. It is regrettable that the rest of the ballad is lost.)

THE HAT ME FATHER WORE

I'm Paddy Miles, and Irish boy, I've come across the sea
For singing or for dancing I think that I'll please ye
I can sing or dance with anyone as in the says of yore
On Patrick's Day I loved to wear the hat me father wore.

- - - - - the best you ever seen
- - - - - years in the little Isle so green
- - - - - it descended with galore
- - - - - hat me father wore.

- - - - - -Good luck to you I say
- - - - - I hope for me you'll pray
- - - - - in a place called Baltimore
- - - - - land with the hat me father wore.

- - - - - ing the boys and girls to see
- - - - - style you'll gladly welcome me
- - - - - old Ireland to cheer me more and more
- - - - - heart feel glad / the hat me father wore.

- - - - - 1895

(This is a very charming song. Too bad we do not have all the words.)

WILD ROVERS*

Come all you wild rovers and listen to me
I'll tell you a story of the saddest afee
As a man of experience, good favor to win
Love has been the ruin of many a man.

At the starting out, boys, if you want to be smart
Don't place your affections on a smiling sweetheart
They'll dance in before you your affections to win
Love has been the ruin of many a man.

It's when you are married, you're not your own man
You roam this world over, you go in a band
You've lost your sweet liberty, sweet hour of life
By selling your freedom to buy you a sife.

You can't step aside, boys, to speak to a friend
'Less your wife will come around you, saying "What do you mean?"
She'll threat and she'll scorn you, Oh, then she will cry,
"Pray let me persudde you this life to deny."

It's when you are single, you are your own man
Be drunk or sober, be just as you will
Court Mollie, court Polly
It's all the same still.

And now we fill up our glasses with bonny best rum
We'll drink to the fullness, the best that is known
Good luck to the single, I wish them success,
Likewise to the married, I wish them no less.

*Not on JeanEtt's List

Among the ballads there are some familiar church and school song like Old Kentucky Home, Old Folks at Home, Church in the Wildwood, Last Rose of Summer, Maggie, which of course I will pass over.

There a number of ballads which we do not know at all, which is to say that Willetta and I do not, for I have literally, almost, picked our brains in resurrecting these old songs. Here is a list of what else is left of the collection. Some are only scraps, and some of them are unidentifiable.

Twenty Years Ago (a very lengthy song)
Greenland, a religious song and Sweet Peggy Gordon, written Sept. 4, 1895, in the beautiful handwriting of our beloved Uncle Dick Milton, Mother's brother, whom we have known only by hearsay.

A Flower From My Mother's Grave	Pilgrim of Sorrow
Will You Love Me When I'm Old	Barney McCoy
One Sunday Evening	One Year Ago Today
I'm Going Home	You Are False
The Gambler	Forgive
Adieu False Heart	Little Willie
Parted Lovers	Anna
Home and Mother	Joe Hardy
Will You Love Me When I'm Old	Goodby, Darling
Dismal Dark and Dreary Day	My Texas Home
Take This Letter To My Mother	Step Stones
Shiloh (another version of the battle of Shiloh)	Roll on Dark Stream

Also among the tattered ballads were two songs: "Blighted Hopes" and "Lonesome Grove" (written on both sides of paper) by Mary Redford for Miss Etta Milton with no date, but of course it was written before November 5, 1895 when Mother was married.
