

**A FOLK SONG  
CHAPBOOK**

**COLLECTED BY  
MARION KINGSTON**

### **Editor's note:**

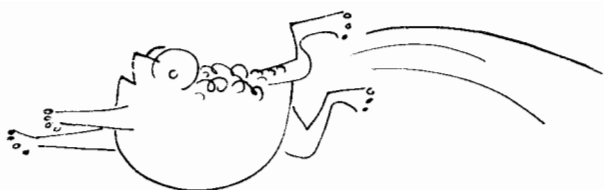
Each folk song and rhyme in this chapbook has been collected from oral tradition, and although I have undoubtedly overlooked some printed sources, I have made every effort to include here only previously unpublished versions. A garbled half-stanza has been omitted from "True Blue Bill"; otherwise nothing has been reworded or abridged. Hence the collection may be of interest both to the general reader and to the scholar. I have tried to select songs that would be good to read even when, regrettably, separated from their tunes. Whenever possible I have included the singer's own comment on the song.

I should like to thank heartily all the friends who have provided the songs and rhymes from which this issue has been assembled. I am especially grateful to Miss Marjorie Kimmerle of the Department of English at the University of Colorado for her generosity in making available to me her wonderfully rich collection. Material drawn from the Kimmerle collection is indicated in the notes by a **K**.

**Marion Kingston**

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## TARPEN AND TOAD

As I was going down the road  
I met the tarpen and the toad.  
Every time the toad would jump  
The tarpen would dart behind the stump.

**Chorus:** So close the kitchen  
Old folks, young folks,  
Oho! Virginia true.

As I went out on yonder hill  
There I spide my Uncle Bill  
Sitting on a tater hill  
Eating up a Whipper Will.

## LITTLE HOBBY HORSE

Little hobby horse as white as milk,  
Saddled with the gold and bridled with the silk.  
Pigs in the parlor making up the beds,  
Cats before the fire combing their heads,  
Misses in the dairy making cheese,  
Cows in the meadow making hay,  
Horses in the barn thrashing out corn,  
Did you ever see such a little one since I was born?

# 2

## UNCLE JAKES

As I went down to Uncle Jakes  
To see old Auntie baking cakes  
A little bit of dough  
And that was flour  
A little bit of milk  
And that was sour.

Collected by Helen Crabb from her aunt, Miss Margaret Francisco, an old lady who learned this and the two preceding songs in Staunton, Virginia. **K.**

## FUDGE, FUDGE

Fudge, fudge,  
Call the judge,  
Mama's got a new-born baby.  
It's not a girl,  
It's not a boy,  
It's just a new-born baby.  
What'll we do?  
What'll we do?  
    Wrap it up in tissue paper,  
    Send it down the elevator,  
    First floor miss [jumper misses on purpose],  
    Second floor miss [again],  
    Third floor and out the door [jumper runs out].

Jump-rope game collected by Alice Ingwerson in grade school, Illinois. **K.**

## THE PUMPKIN SONG

Said the pumpkin to himself  
As he lay in the cellar,  
"Oh, I wish I had stayed away,  
For there's nothing going on  
That would interest a feller  
If he lived here a year and a day.  
Oh the apples and the turnips  
Are as still as they can be,  
The potatoes might as well be dead,  
For although they have their eyes  
I am sure they cannot see  
Or hear a single word that's said."  
Just then there came a sound  
As of soft wind sighing  
And an odor soon completely filled the air  
As the onion changed position  
In his corner lying  
Beside the dark cellar stair.  
By and by there came a Giant  
Who took the pumpkin off  
And left the others there alone.  
The pumpkin wondered then  
As his heart within him quaked  
What would happen, but to us 'tis no surprise.  
For they cut him into pieces  
And they stewed and they baked  
Till they had a row of pumpkin pies.

Collected by James R. Bails in Evergreen, Colorado. "My mother learned this song from her grandmother in the early 1900's. My great-grandmother remembered it as an old family lullaby, so it would be possible to state that the song is at least 100 years old. My great-great-grandmother came from North Carolina and she and her husband homesteaded in Eastern Illinois." K.

# 4

## WILLIAM A-TREMBLETOE

William A-Trembletoe  
He's a good fisherman,  
Catch his hens,  
Put them in pens,  
Some lay eggs,  
Some none.  
Wire briar  
Nimber lock  
Three old geese  
In a flock,  
One flew east,  
One flew west,  
One flew over the cuckoo's nest.  
O-U-T spells out,  
You old dirty dish rag you.

Counting-out rhyme collected from Edith Buchanan, North Carolina.

## THE PURPLE HEN

La gallina purpurado  
Puso un huevo en el arado.  
Puso uno, puso duo, puso tres.  
Tapa, cocho.

### Translated:

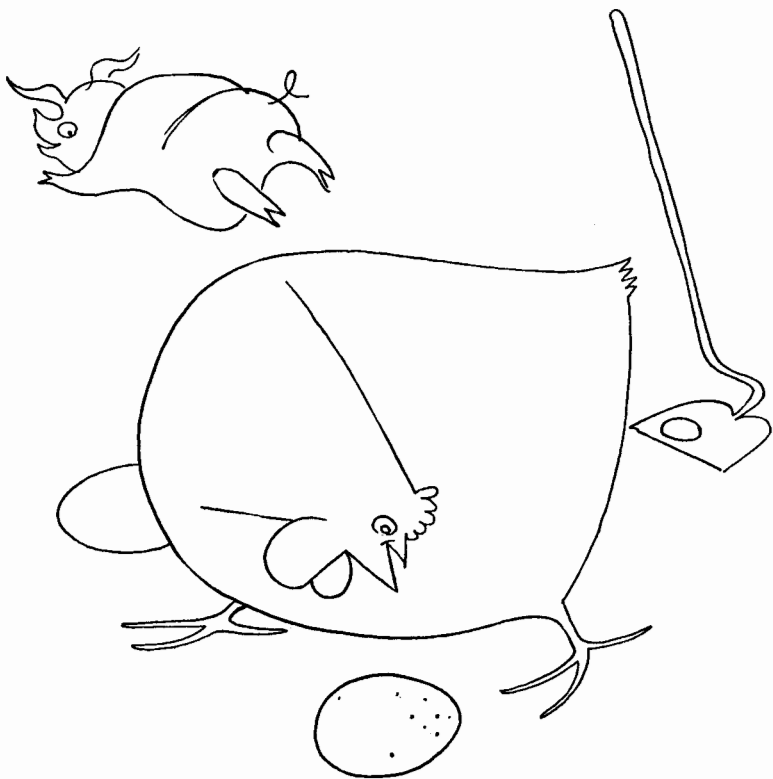
The purple hen  
Laid an egg on the hoe.  
She laid one, she laid two, she laid three.  
Hide, hog.

Counting-out rhyme collected by Dolores Brown from Angela Salazar, aged five, from southern Texas. It is played like "One potato, two potato."

**HEIGH-HO SILVER**

Heigh-ho Silver everywhere  
Tonto's lost his underwear.  
Tonto says, "Me no care,  
Lone Ranger buy me brand new pair."

Collected by Alice Ingwersen in grade school, Illinois. **K.**



# 6

## GRASSHOPPER SONG

There once was a grasshopper lived in a pine tree,  
Silver-voiced as a frog in June.

He was not pleased with his situation;  
Thought he would like to go to the moon.

Oh-heigh-oh, "Why did I come here?-oh!  
With a hop and a skip and a flop and a flip,  
"Way up to the moon I will go!"

Up he went like a streak of lightning.  
Down he came like a thunderbolt.  
There he spied a man with a lantern  
Riding on a pea-green colt.

Oh-heigh-oh, "Why did I come here? -oh!  
With a hop and a skip and a flop and a flip,  
Way back to the earth I will go!"

Up he went like a fiery rocket.  
Down he came like a shooting star.  
And whom should he meet but a gay little goshawk,  
Flying over the earth so far.

Oh-heigh-oh, poor little grasshopper-oh!  
With a snap and a tweak of the bonny bird's beak,  
And that was the end of him, oh!

Collected by Nancy Nelson from Kent L. Sanborn, Longmont, Colorado. "Mr. Sanborn remembers that his grandmother sang it to him when he was very small. The Sanborns are New Englanders of English descent." K.

## THE OLD WOMAN

There was an old woman all skin and bones,  
Oo-oo-oo.

Her name was Smith, but they called her Jones,  
Oo-oo-oo.

This woman went to church one day,  
Oo-oo-oo.

To hear the parson preach and pray.  
Oo-oo-oo.

When she got up and near the door,  
Oo-oo-oo.

She found a dead man on the floor.  
Oo-oo-oo.

The woman to the parson said,  
Oo-oo-oo.

"Will I look like that when I am dead?"  
Oo-oo-oo.

The parson to the woman said,  
Oo-oo-oo.

"Yes, you'll look like that when you are dead."  
Oo-oo-oo.

The woman to the parson said,  
(Scream here).

**SNAKE BAKED A HOECAKE**

Snake baked a hoecake,  
 And left a frog to mind it,  
 The frog went to sleep  
 And the lizard came and stoled it.  
 Bring back my hoecake  
 You long-tailed lizard you.

The rain came and wet me,  
 The sun came and dried me.  
 Stand back, pretty gal,  
 Don't you come a-nigh me.

**OLD MOLLY HARE**

Old Molly Hare,  
 What you doin' there?  
 Goin' through the cotton patch  
 Hard as you can tear.

The above two collected from Edith Buchanan, North Carolina.

**LONELY WOODPECKER**

There was a lonely woodpecker  
 A-sittin' on a hill,  
 Pecked against a granite rock  
 And broke his little bill.

Collected by Richard Fluke, El Centro, California. K.

## DO, MAMA, DO

Mama, buy me a china doll.  
 Mama, buy me a china doll.  
 Mama, buy me a china doll.  
 Do, Mama, do.

What will I buy it with?  
 What will I buy it with?  
 What will I buy it with?  
 Do, Mama, do.

Sell papa's feather bed.  
 Sell papa's feather bed.  
 Sell papa's feather bed.  
 Do, Mama, do.

Where will papa sleep?  
 Where will papa sleep?  
 Where will papa sleep?  
 Do, Mama, do.

Sleep in the piggie's bed.  
 Sleep in the piggie's bed.  
 Sleep in the piggie's bed.  
 Do, Mama, do.

Yes, my child, I'll buy you a doll.  
 Yes, my child, I'll buy you a doll.  
 Yes, my child, I'll buy you a doll.  
 Do, Mama, do.

# 10

## MOUSE WENT A-COURTIN'

There once was a mouse who lived on a hill  
Ah ha, ah ha,  
There once was a mouse who lived on a hill  
And he hustled and bustled like Buffalo Bill,  
Ah ha, ah ha.

One day he thought he'd go for a ride  
Ah ha, ah ha,  
One day he thought he'd go for a ride  
With his sword and his pistol by his side,  
Ah ha, ah ha.

He rode up to Miss Mousie's door  
Ah ha, ah ha,  
He rode up to Miss Mousie's door  
And knocked and knocked till his fists got sore,  
Ah ha, ah ha.

He set Miss Mousie on his knee  
Ah ha, ah ha,  
He set Miss Mousie on his knee  
And he asked her, "Will you marry me?"  
Ah ha, ah ha.

"Oh, no!" she said, "I can't do that,"  
Ah ha, ah ha,  
"Oh, no!" she said, "I can't do that  
Until I ask my brother rat."  
Ah ha, ah ha.

Her brother rat has gone to town  
Ah ha, ah ha,  
Her brother rat has gone to town  
To buy Miss Mousie a wedding gown,  
Ah ha, ah ha.

The wedding was held in the old oak tree  
Ah ha, ah ha,  
The wedding was held in the old oak tree  
With corn and cabbage and black-eyed peas,  
Ah ha, ah ha.

The first to come was Mr. Chick  
Ah ha, ah ha,  
The first to come was Mr. Chick  
And he ate so much that he got sick,  
Ah ha, ah ha.

The second to come was Dr. Fly  
Ah ha, ah ha,  
The second to come was Dr. Fly  
And he said that Mr. Chick might die,  
Ah ha, ah ha.

The last to come was Mr. Snake  
Ah ha, ah ha,  
The last to come was Mr. Snake  
And he wrapped his tail around the cake,  
Ah ha, ah ha.

And after that they sailed for France  
Ah ha, ah ha,  
And after that they sailed for France  
And that was the end of their romance,  
Ah ha, ah ha.

# 12

They had six kids that looked like rats  
Ah ha, ah ha,  
They had six kids that looked like rats  
Tall, short, skinny, and fat,  
Ah ha, ah ha.

And that is all, there ain't no more  
Ah ha, ah ha,  
And that is all, there ain't no more  
If I told you more you might get sore,  
Ah ha, ah ha.

## THE PRUNE SONG

No matter how young a prune may be,  
He's always full of wrinkles.  
A baby prune's just like his Dad,  
But he's not wrinkled quite so bad.  
We have wrinkles on our face  
Pruney has them everyplace.  
Nooooooooo matter how young a prune may be,  
He's always getting stewed!

These two songs collected from Janis Benson Cripe, Beloit, Wisconsin.

## AS I BE DID

My love, him went and did me dirt;  
 I had not know him were a flirt.  
 And you, my friend, may God forbid  
 That you be done as I be did.

Collected from R. Morrison, Texas. K.

## PAPER OF PINS

I'll give to you a paper of pins  
 To pin your petticoat round your shins  
 If you'll marry, marry, marry, marry,  
 If you'll marry me.

You'll give to me a paper of pins  
 To pin my petticoat round my shins;  
 I won't marry, marry, marry, marry,  
 I won't marry you.

I'll give to you a blue silk gown  
 To make you pretty when you go to town,  
 If you'll marry, marry, marry, marry,  
 If you'll marry me.

You'll give to me a blue silk gown  
 To make me pretty when I go to town;  
 I won't marry, marry, marry, marry,  
 I won't marry you.

I'll give to you a little black nigger  
 To make your bed and to cook your dinner  
 If you'll marry, marry, marry, marry,  
 If you'll marry me.

You'll give to me a little black nigger  
 To make my bed and to cook my dinner;  
 I won't marry, marry, marry, marry,  
 I won't marry you.

I'll give to you the keys to my heart  
 That we may love and never part  
 If you'll marry, marry, marry, marry,  
 If you'll marry me.

You'll give to me the keys to your heart  
 That we may love and never part;  
 I won't marry, marry, marry, marry,  
 I won't marry you.

I'll give to you the keys to my chest  
 And all the money that I possess  
 If you'll marry, marry, marry, marry,  
 If you'll marry me.

You'll give to me the keys to your chest  
 And all the money that you possess—  
 Then I'll marry, marry, marry, marry,  
 Then I'll marry you.

Ha ha ha, you think you're funny;  
 You don't want me, but you want my money.  
 I won't marry, marry, marry, marry,  
 I won't marry you.

## I CAME TO A RIVER

Oh I came to a river and I couldn't get across,  
 So I paid ten dollars for an old grey horse,  
 And the horse wouldn't go so I traded for a hoe,  
 And the hoe wouldn't dig so I traded for a pig,  
 And the pig wouldn't squeal so I traded for a wheel,  
 And the wheel wouldn't run so I traded for a gun,  
 And the gun wouldn't shoot so I traded for a boot,  
 And the boot wouldn't wear so I traded for a bear,  
 And the bear wouldn't holler so I traded for a dollar,  
 And the dollar wouldn't pass so I threw it on the  
 grass.

With my hands in my pockets and my pockets in my  
 pants,  
 I was watching little fishies do the hoochie-coochie  
 dance.

Collected by Pam Brown from her mother. K.

## GUNK GUNK

"Gunk Gunk," said the little Mr. Bullfrog;  
 "Gunk Gunk," said the other froggie too.  
 "Gunk Gunk," said the both of them together  
 And their eyes they winked, WOO WOO!

And they kissed each other (smack smack)  
 Just as little froggies do,  
 And he said, "Goodbye," and she said, "Oh my,  
 Gunk Gunk, I'm going too."

Collected from Alison and Sarah-Lindsay Walsh, Beloit,  
 Wisconsin.



### THREE MEN THEY WENT A-HUNTING

Three men they went a-hunting

Something for to find.

They came upon a haystack,

And that they left behind.

Englishman said, "Haystack."

Scotchman, he said, "Nay."

"Arra gawan," says Pat, "it's a Methodist Church  
With the steeple blown away!"

**Chorus:** What do you think of that, now?

Will you get onto that, now?

That is a positive fact, now.

Folla de rolla de ay.

Still they went a-hunting  
 Something for to find.  
 They came upon a scarecrow  
 And that they left behind.  
 Englishman said, "Scarecrow."  
 Scotchman, he said, "Nay."  
 "Arra gawan," says Pat, "it's an old maid  
 With her petticoats blown away!"

Still they went a-hunting  
 Something for to find.  
 They came upon an elephant,  
 And that they left behind.  
 Englishman said, "Elephant."  
 Scotchman, he said, "Nay."  
 "Arra gawan," says Pat, "it's a donkey  
 With his tail the other way!"

Still they went a-hunting  
 Something for to find.  
 They came upon a hedgehog,  
 And that they left behind.  
 Englishman said, "Hedgehog."  
 Scotchman, he said, "Nay."  
 "Arra gawan," says Pat, "it's a pincushion,  
 With the pins stuck in wrong way!"

Collected by Helen McKell. "My grandfather used to entertain his large flock of grandchildren with this." K.

## THE INSULT

I've swum the Colorado where she runs close down to  
     hell;  
 I've braced the faro layout in Cheyenne;  
 I've fought for muddy water with a bunch of howlin'  
     swine  
 And swallowed hot tamales and cayenne;  
 I've rode a pitchin' bronco till the sky was  
     underneath;  
 I've tackled every desert in the land;  
 I've sampled XX whiskey till I couldn't hardly see  
 An' dallied with the quicksands of the Grande;  
 I've argued with the marshals of a half a dozen  
     burgs;  
 I've been dragged free and fancy by a cow;  
 I've had three years campaignin' with the fightin',  
     bitin' Ninth,  
 An' I never lost my temper till right now.  
 I've had yellor fever and been shot plum full of  
     holes;  
 I've grabbed an army mule down by the tail;  
 But I've never been so snortin', really highfalutin'  
     mad  
 As when you went and gives me ginger ale.

Collected by Helen Crabb, Midland, Texas. "My father has been an independent in the oil business since oil was first 'struck' in West Texas. During those years many of the more colorful characters of the early oil boom in West Texas were at one time or another partners of my father. I remember one of my father's partners singing this song for me every time he was at our house." K.

**TRUE BLUE BILL**

I grew up in the mountains, out where snakes have  
 legs,  
 Where hoot-owls speak in English and roosters lay  
 square eggs.  
 I shaved my beard and mustache the morning I was  
 borned,  
 And then, that night, beat up my old man and I  
 drank his rye and corn.

**Chorus:** Now, I'm a truthful fellow.  
 They call me True Blue Bill.  
 I never spoke a false word,  
 And I guess I never will.

One time when I was shipwrecked, on an island in the  
 sea,  
 By cannibals I was captured and tied up to a tree.  
 They took me to the tum tum and they got rather  
 rough,  
 But they said I would not make good steak because  
 I was too tough.

I used to be a flyer, up in my air-o-plane,  
 I flew over to Paris and started home again.  
 When I got halfway over, the doggone motor balked.  
 I left the durn thing set up there and I got out and  
 walked.

Collected by William E. Elam from Coleman Murrell, Competition, Missouri, 1943. "This song represents some of the brag of the hill-billies of the Missouri Ozarks. Many of the young men learn such songs and sing them with gusto, often adapting the song to their own situations and sometimes even changing the names to their own." **K.**

## TYIN' KNOTS IN THE DEVIL'S TAIL

Way up yonder in the Sierra peaks,  
Where the mountain pines grow tall,  
Sandy Sam and Rusty Jiggs  
Had a roundup camp last fall.

They had their ponies and branding irons  
And maybe a dog or two.  
They'd throw their brand on any ol' dogie  
What roamed within their view.

So any ol' dogie with floppy ears  
What couldn't hold up by day  
Would get her old hide scorched and her ol' ears  
cropped  
In the most artistic way.

Said Sandy Sam to Rusty Jiggs,  
And he threw his cigo down—  
"B'golly I'm tired of punchin' cows,  
So I reckon I'll go to town."

They jumped on their ponies and struck a lope—  
It wasn't much of a ride.  
Then was the days when the old cowpunchers  
Could wet their dry insides.

They started in at Kentucky Bar,  
'Way up at the head of the row,  
And they ended up at the depot house,  
Just forty-two drinks below.

Well, they got on their ponies and lit out for camp  
A-carrying that awful load,  
And whom should they meet but the devil hisself  
A-walkin' up the road.

Says the devil to them: "You cowpunchin' skunks,  
Now, you better hunt your holes,  
For I've come up from hell's rimrock  
To gather in your souls."

"The devil be damned," said Sandy Sam.  
"Now, I know I'm awful tight,  
But no devil ever killed an old cowpuncher  
Without one hell of a fight!"

So he took his lasso and he built him a loop  
And he threw it straight and true.  
He caught the devil right around the horns,  
And he got him anchored to.

Now Rusty Jiggs was a right old man,  
Who cut line curls so neat.  
He pitched 'er out and he built him a loop  
And he roped the devil's hind feet.

They stretched him out and they tailed him down,  
And they got their irons red-hot.  
They cut a swallow-fork in each ear,  
And they scorched him up a lot.

They took him up in the high Sierras  
And they tied him to a big black oak.  
They called him a dirty ol' son-of-a-gun—  
Tied knots in his tail for a joke.

So if you're ever in the Sierra Nevadas  
 And hear a hell of a wail,  
 You'll know it's the damned ol' devil himself,  
 A-cussin' them knots in his tail.

Collected by James M. Neal from Johnny Rose, Villegreen,  
 Colorado. **K.**

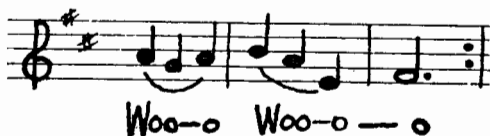
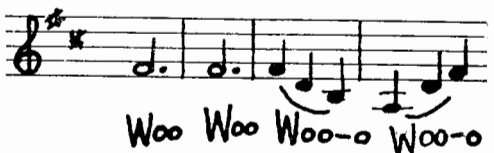
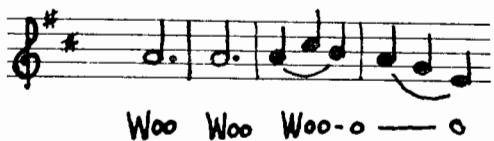
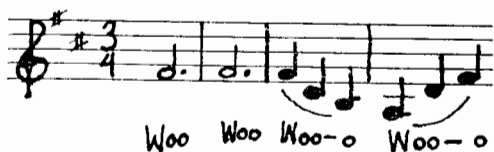
### WHEN THE OLD BOSS DIES

When the old boss dies  
 We'll all have fun  
 We'll put him in the wagon  
 Set the mules on a run  
 Sing a tee yi yippy  
 Yippy yay, yippy yay  
 Sing a tee yi yippy yippy yay.

We'll wrap him in his blanket  
 And roll him in his hole.  
 May the worms get his body  
 And the Devil get his soul  
 Sing a tee yi yippy  
 Yippy yay, yippy yay  
 Sing a tee yi yippy yippy yay.

Collected by Elaine Mullenax, in Colorado. **K.**

## COWBOY LULLABY



Collected by Mabel McKinney from her mother in Lovell, Okla.  
 "This song was sung by my cowboy grandfather both to calm  
 the cows at night on trips and to his baby daughter." K.

## SALLY GOOD'UN

I killed my old dog and I made him into puddin'  
 Wrapped him all up and sent him down to Sally  
 Good'un.

I asked her for a kiss and she said she surely  
 wouldn't

That there's muh gal, Yes, that's my Sally Good'un.

I killed my old cat and I sent her the liver  
 She jest got mad and she threw it in the river.  
 But, that's my gal, she's as sweet as cherry puddin'  
 I can jest see her doin' it, sweet Sally Good'un.

Collected by William E. Eldon, Carson, Iowa, 1936. "Out of all the tunes that Dad really appreciated, I believe that the one called 'Sally Good'un' was his favorite. When he wasn't singing the words to it, he was whistling it, and often, when he was in the house, playing it on his 'juice harp.' Anyway, while I cannot put down all the verses as he sang them, I shall try to give an idea of the words to this old fiddle tune." K.

## FIVE OLD LADIES

Chorus: Oh dear, what a calamity,  
 Five old ladies locked in a lavatory,  
 They were there from Monday till Saturday,  
 Nobody knew they were there.

They hadn't been drinking any strong liquor;  
 They'd all been to tea with the wife of the Vicar;  
 They all went together, they thought it was quicker,  
 And nobody knew they were there.

The first one's name was Penelope Porter.  
She was the deacon of Manchester's daughter;  
She went there to pass some overdue water,  
And nobody knew she was there.

The second one's name was old Mrs. Bickers.  
She found a stray piece of wool at the Vicar's;  
She pulled and she pulled and unravelled her  
knickers,  
And nobody knew she was there.

The third one's name was old Mrs. Humphrey.  
She often went there, she thought it was comfy;  
She suddenly found she could not get her bum free,  
And nobody knew she was there.

The fourth one's name was old Mrs. Hewitt.  
Goodness knows how long she'd waited to do it;  
She rolled up her skirt and shouted, "Go to it!"  
And nobody knew she was there.

The fifth one's name was old Mrs. Draper.  
She sat there, she cut such a caper  
Then suddenly shouted, "There's no bloody paper!"  
And nobody knew she was there.

Collected from Yorkshire by way of British Columbia.

# 26

## A TULAGI SONG

tune: The Girl I Left Behind Me

The liquor was spilled on the barroom floor  
And Tulagi was closed for the night,  
When out of his hole crept a little brown mouse  
And sat on his haunches in the pale moonlight.

He lapped up the liquor on the barroom floor  
And back on his haunches he sat;  
For the rest of the night you could hear him roar,  
"Bring on the God-damned cat."

Collected by Elaine Mullenax, Boulder, Colorado. K.

## WOAD

tune: Men of Harlech

What's the use of wearing braces  
Hats and spats and shoes with laces  
Coats and vests you buy in places  
Down on Brompton Road.

What's the use of shirts of cotton  
Studs that always get forgotten  
These affairs are simply rotten  
Better far is woad.

Woad's the thing to show men  
 Woad to scare your foemen  
 Boil it to a brilliant blue and rub it on your back  
 and your abdomen.

Ancient Briton never hit on  
 Anything as good as woad to fit on  
 Necks and knees and where you sit on,  
 Tailors, you be blowed.

Romans come across the channel  
 All dressed up in tin and flannel  
 Half a pint of woad per man'll  
 Dress us more than these.

Saxon you can waste your stitches  
 Building beds for bugs in britches  
 We have woad to clothe us which is  
 Not a nest for fleas.

Roman keep your armour  
 Saxon your pajama  
 Hairy coats are made for goats, gorillas, yaks,  
 retriever dogs and llamas.

Tramp up Snowdon with your woad on  
 Never mind if we be rained or blowed on  
 Never need a button sewed on  
 Go it, ancient B's!

Collected from Laura Knipe, who learned it at Bryn Mawr. K.

**STAY WITH GOD**

The game was played on Sunday  
 In heaven's own back yard.  
 With Jesus playing fullback  
 And Moses playing guard.  
 And the angels in the bleachers  
 How they'd scream, how they'd yell,  
 When Jesus made a touchdown  
 And beat the boys from Hell.

Stay with God, stay with God;  
 Jesus on the one-yard line,  
 Moses doing mighty fine.  
 Stay with God, stay with God;  
 Rock 'em, sock 'em,  
 Jesus block 'em.  
 Stay with God.

Collected from Dick Smith, University of New Hampshire. **K.**

**CHRISTIANITY HITS THE SPOT**

tune: Pepsi-Cola

Christianity hits the spot,  
 Twelve apostles, that's a lot,  
 Holy Ghost and the Virgin too,  
 Absolution is the thing for you.  
 Holy, Holy, Holy!

Collected by Janis Benson Cripe, Beloit, Wisconsin.

## GUTTER SONG

As I was walking down the street  
 As drunk as I could be,  
 I thought I spied a lamp-post  
 A-comin' straight at me.  
 I ducked to the side of it  
 And bumped into a tree,  
 So let that be a lesson, boys,  
 And never be like me.

**Chorus:** Halleluja, halleluja,  
 Put your nickel on the drum,  
 Save your soul, you drunken bum.  
 Halleluja, halleluja,  
 Put your nickel on the drum and be saved.

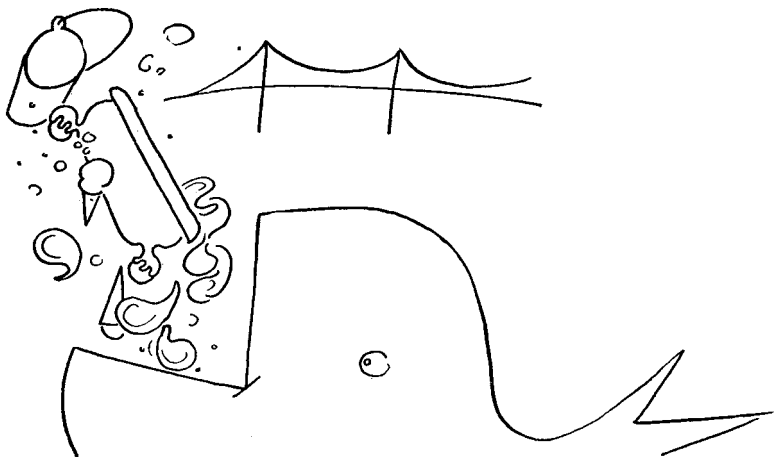
As I lay in the gutter  
 All guzzled up with beer,  
 With pretzels in my hair  
 I knew my end was near.  
 When along came a holy man  
 And saved me from the hearse.  
 So everybody strain a **gut**  
 And sing another verse.

Old Mrs. Johnson took in washing  
 All that she could scrub;  
 She busted many a button  
 Over the wash tub.  
 She wore her fingers down to stubs  
 And sometimes shed a tear  
 To buy her drunken husband  
 Another glass of beer.

**THE FRISCO WHALE**

tune: Dixie

In Frisco Bay there lives a whale,  
They feed her porkchops by the pail,  
By the pill-box, by the bathtub,  
By the washtub, by the schooner.  
Her name is Sarah, and she's a peach,  
But don't leave food within her reach,  
Or nursemaids, or babies,  
Or chocolate ice-cream sodas.  
She loves to eat, and when she smiles  
You can just see teeth for miles and miles,  
And spare ribs, and tonsils,  
And things too fierce to mention.  
Now what would you do in a case like that?  
Now what would you do but step on your hat,  
Or your mother, or your toothbrush,  
Or anything else that's helpless?



**MUSIC IN THE TEAPOT**

tune: Bell-Bottom Trousers

Johnny was a chemist's son,  
 But Johnny is no more,  
 For what he thought was  $H_2O$   
 Was  $H_2SO_4$ .

**Chorus:** There's music in the teapot,  
 There's music in the spout,  
 There's music in my mother-in-law,  
 But I can't get it out.

Little drops of sulfur  
 And  $KClO_3$   
 Will add acceleration  
 To your velocity.

Down by the river the old man lived,  
 No cover for his bed,  
 So he took a sheet of water  
 And pulled it over his head.

Dr. Jones fell in the well,  
 But he should have known,  
 Doctors should attend the sick  
 And leave the well alone.

A butterfly has wings of gold,  
 The firefly wings of flame,  
 The bedbug has no wings at all  
 But he gets there just the same.

I want to see my Mary Jane  
A pleasure I was seeking,  
I missed her lips and kissed her nose,  
But the gosh-darn thing was leaking.

Now Bill he kissed her on the cheek,  
They thought it simple frolic.  
But Bill was sick in bed next day;  
They called it painter's colic.

She lived down by the sewer,  
Down by the sewer she died,  
And at the coroner's inquest  
They called it sewer-side.

Mary had a little lamb;  
She killed it very dead.  
Now Mary takes the lamb to school  
Between two slabs of bread.

Mary had a little dress  
It was so light and airy,  
It didn't show the dirt at all,  
But my! how it showed Mary.

Mary had a little lamb,  
Its feet were black as soot,  
And everywhere that Mary went  
His sooty foot he put.

## THAT GOOD OLD MOUNTAIN DEW

Uncle Mort, he is sawed off and short,  
 He measures just four foot two,  
 But he thinks he's a giant if you give him a piant  
 Of that good old mountain dew.

**Chorus:** Oh they call it that good old mountain dew,  
 And them that refuse it are few.  
 Oh I'll shut up my mug  
 If you'll fill up my jug  
 With that good old mountain dew.

Aunt Maroon has some brand new perfume  
 It has such a sweet-smelling pew.  
 To her surprise when she had it analysed  
 It was nothing but good old mountain dew.

Uncle Bill has a still on the hill  
 Where he brews up a gallon or two.  
 Oh the birds in the sky get so high they can't fly  
 On that good old mountain dew.

There's an old hollow tree down the road there from  
 me  
 Where you lay down a dollar or two,  
 And you go round the bend then you come back again  
 For that good old mountain dew.

Oh the preacher came by in his white shirt and tie  
 Said his wife she was down with the flu  
 And he thought that he ought just to give her a  
 snort  
 Of that good old mountain dew.

The above three songs learned by Marion Kingston, Boulder,  
 Colorado, 1955.

# 34

## LITTLE WILLY

tune: Darling Nellie Gray

He has gone away and left us, our darling blue-haired  
boy,  
And we'll never see our Willy any more.  
For he died and went away on the ninety-third of  
May,  
And he never died so suddenly before.

**Chorus:** No more upon the mat will Willy tease the  
cat,  
No more between his teeth he'll bite her  
tail.  
No more against the red-hot stove her  
dainty nose he'll press,  
For our darling little Willy's kicked the pail.

Oh we filled him up with glue and we tried to bring  
him to,  
But we only brought him eight or nine or more.  
We stood him on the chair but he didn't like it there,  
So he stood right up and died upon the floor.

We could tell that he was dying by the color of his  
breath,  
We could see the blossom nipping in the bud.  
And the doctor said the only way to save our darling  
child  
Was to stop the circulation of his blood.

We soaked his little hand in a bucket of hot sand  
But all our little efforts were in vain.  
We laid him on his side where he blew his nose and  
died,  
Then he stood up, blew his nose, and died again.



### MY CROSS-EYED GAL

Oh, she done gone away, kicked the bucket yesterday,  
 My cross-eyed gal who lives upon the hill.  
 She said goodbye to me as I held her on my knee,  
 And said we'd meet at the golden shore.  
 But I took it as a joke, never thought that she would  
     croak,  
 'Cause she never died so suddenly before.

Oh, I'll fill her last request as we lay her here to rest,  
 And plant a bunch of onions on her grave,  
 So that when I'm passing by I can pucker up and cry,  
 'Cause the whole darn thing just simply makes me  
     rave.

We suspected her demise from the color of her eyes,  
 But our efforts to revive her were in vain.  
 She looked up at me and smiled then turned up her  
     nose and died  
 Then looked up and sneezed and smiled and died  
     again.

Oh, she done gone away, kicked the bucket yester-  
     day,  
 My cross-eyed gal who lives upon the hill.  
 She said goodbye to me as I held her on my knee,  
 And I never seen my cross-eyed gal amore.

Collected by Elaine Mullenax from Bob Fulton, a Colorado boy who learned it from a Coast Guard buddy from Tennessee. **K.**

## THE TROOPER AND THE MAID

A trooper lad cam' ower thon lea,  
 O ridin' he was weary.  
 A trooper lad cam' here last nicht  
 An' the mune was shinin' clearly.

**Chorus:** Bonnie lassie I'll lie near ye yet,  
 Bonnie lassie I'll lie near ye—  
 An' I'll gar a' your ribbons reel  
 In the mornin' or I leave ye.

She's taen his horse by the bridle rein  
 And led him til the stable  
 She's treated him to corn an' hay,  
 As muckle as he was able.

She's taen the trooper by the hand  
 And she's led him til her chamber.  
 She's treated him to breid an' wine,  
 An' the wine it bein' like amber.

She's made the bed baith lang an' wide,  
 She's shaped it like a lady.  
 She's kilted up her petticoats,  
 Says, Trooper are ye ready?

They hadnae been in bed an oor,  
 An oor but scarce the quarter,  
 When the drums cam beatin' up the street  
 An' ilka beat grew sharper.

'Ts will ye no come back again,  
 Will ye no come back an' see me?  
 When heather grows on yonder knowes  
 It's I'll come back an' see ye.

She's kilted her wee coaties tae her knees  
 An' she's followed him doon tae Stirlin.  
 But she's grown sae fou that she cuidna bou  
 An' he's left her in Dunfermline.

**Chorus:** Bonnie lassie I'll lie near ye yet  
 Bonnie lassie I'll lie near ye—  
 An' I'll gar a' your ribbons reel  
 In the mornin' or I leave ye.

Child ballad 299. Collected in Turriff, Aberdeenshire, in 1952.

## LAMENT

'S muladach 's muladach tha mi.

**Chorus:** Hi ri liu horo e ho ra  
 Liu hi ri le ho ra ilu oro.

Direadh na beinne is ga tearnadh  
 'G iarraidh nan each 's nach mi 'n t-aitear  
 'G iarraidh a chruidh 's nach mi 'n t-aireach  
 Ge goirt leam sud cha'n e chraidh mi.

Ach a luchd a dh'oirt am bata  
 Bha m'athair oirre 's mo thuir bhrathrain  
 Leannan ciunn beul a mhanrain  
 Beul a mhire 's a chiul ghaire  
 Chaidh ghearan thu nochd air m'anradh  
 Ged shuidhinn air tulchan laimh riut.

**Translation:**

Sad and sorrowful am I  
 ascending the mountain and descending it,  
 seeking the horses and I not the grieve,  
 seeking the cattle and I not the herd.  
 Although that pains me it is not what has tortured  
 me  
 but the cargo that the boat spilt;  
 my father was in her and my three brothers,  
 (and) the gentle lover, mouth of melodious conversa-  
 tion,  
 mouth of merriment and laughter;  
 you do not complain of my distress tonight,  
 even though I should sit on a hummock beside you.

Collected in 1950 by James Ross from Duncan Beaton, Uig, Skye, who died in the autumn of 1954.

The two songs above were secured for this issue by Tom Schaefer, Beloit, Wisconsin, from Stewart F. Sanderson, Secretary-Archivist of the School of Scottish Studies, Edinburgh.