

Kentucky Folk-Songs

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reference to the red seal of a bond to rehabilitate his old phrase. When two distinct things are appropriate in one setting, and inappropriate in another, nobody can doubt seriously what has happened. Narcissus by a fountain side grows by nature; when we find him stuck into a glass with a handful of buttercups we do not suppose that he grew *there*.

May I add that after repeated readings of the play spread over many years I feel more and more convinced that the whole of it is due to one hand alone? Its author, like many young poets, could write prettily enough of love and made a brave show in the first two acts; when he came to deal with battles of Cressy and the like he failed lamentably. But the voice sounds to me the same throughout, and if it be the same, it cannot be Shakespeare's. The reference also at the end of the second act to Lucrece,

whose ransacked treasury hath tasked
The vain endeavour of so many pens

seems to me to point to Shakespeare's poem among others, but this is of course not conclusive in itself.

Finally here are some conjectures on the text. I ii 22 'parle' for 'parly.' II i 186 'escadrons' for 'squadrons.' III v 28 'swarms' for 'snares.' v i 174 'lofty' for 'fifty.'

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KENTUCKY FOLK-SONGS.

For two hundred years and more, the sequestered valleys of the Cumberland Mountains of Kentucky have by their very isolation preserved the folk-lore of the Old World. Borne westward across the Atlantic on the tide of Colonial emigration to Virginia and the Carolinas, it has radiated thence by oral transmission through the 'gaps' and 'breaks' of the Alleghany ranges into the Kentucky Highlands, its present seat. My pastime for some years has been to gather the 'song-ballads' of this region: over three hundred are now in the collection, most of which have never been printed or even committed to manuscript records until now.

Thirty-one, or fifty-two, if variants of the same ballad be counted, are indigenous to England, Scotland, or Ireland, as is proved by abundant evidence, external and internal. Nineteen are identical with versions printed by Bishop Percy, Scott, Professor Child, and other students of British folk-song. These are: 'Barbara Allen's Cruelty,' 'Lady Isabel

and the Elf Knight,' 'Earl Brand,' 'The Twa Sisters,' 'The Twa Brothers,' 'Young Hunting,' 'The Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard,' 'The Wife Wrapt in Wether's Skin,' 'The Golden Vanitee,' 'Lord Thomas,' 'The Demon Lover,' 'Lord Lovel,' 'Sweet William and Lady Margaret,' 'Edward,' 'Lord Randal,' 'The Jew's Daughter,' 'The Cruel Mother,' 'Lord Bateman' (Beichan), and 'The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington.' Two others may be added, 'Irish Molly O' and 'William Reilley,' which can be seen in the original version in Brooke and Rolleston's *Treasury of Irish Poetry*.

Seventeen more of these Cumberland Mountain songs, though not to my knowledge preserved in collections like the above, contain British place-names or other unmistakable evidence of their original composition in the Mother Country. Such signs are the mention of London, London Bridge, St Pancras, Katherine Street, Newgate, Nottingham, Sheffield, Edinboro, Wexford, and Dublin. And then, too, the occurrence therein of obsolete words and phrases, as 'dinna,' 'good speed,' 'riddle my sport,' 'a month and a day,' 'come her wi',' 'laughen' for 'laughed,' 'hangen' for 'hanged,' 'bailiff,' 'post-town,' 'dever,' from *devoir* (sb.), to woo, the Northumbrian plural verb for singular, shillings, pounds, and guineas, 'cordelee,' for 'corde-du-laine,' 'denter,' meadow, and 'toise,' prop. My purpose, however, is not to discuss these.. They are mentioned simply because the fact of their existence proves that a strong bond of folk-literature unites the Cumberland Mountain folk of to-day with their European progenitors centuries ago, and thus justifies and explains the analogy now to be exhibited. My purpose is to present two Eastern Kentucky 'song-ballads,' here printed for the first time¹, which have an obvious connection with two well-known literary themes: 'The Red Red Rose,' of Burns, and the 'Glove and Lions' story, as told by Leigh Hunt, Schiller, Browning, and others.

In 'Cold Winter's Night' are two stanzas which lie closely parallel to the love-song of the Scottish poet. Below appears the Kentucky ballad in full, with the lines in point italicized:

As I walked out one cold winter night,
And drinking good old wine,
A-thinking of that pretty little girl,
That stole this heart of mine—

*And she looks like some pink rose
That blooms in the month of June,
And now she's like some instrument
Been newly put in tune.*

¹ Since writing this some months ago, I have published the second one, on this side of the water, in *Modern Language Notes*, 26, 113 f.

I asked your mamma for you, my love ;
 She said you were too young.
 I wish I'd never seen your face,
 Or had died when I was young.

Oh, who will shoe your little feet,
 And who will glove your hand,
 Oh, who will kiss your ruby lips,
 While I'm in a foreign land ?

Your papa, my dear, will shoe your feet,
 And your mamma will glove your hand ;
 And I will kiss your ruby lips,
 When I return again.

*Fare you well, my own true love,
 Fare you well, for awhile ;
 If I go away, I'll come again,
 If I go ten thousand mile.*

If ever I prove false to you,
 The elements shall mourn ;
 If ever I false prove to you,
 The sea would rage and burn.

The second analogue lies between another Kentucky folk-song and the Glove and the Lions story, told by Poullain de St Croix in his *Essais Historiques sur Paris*, and afterward made popular in the poems of Schiller, Leigh Hunt, and Browning. The Cumberland Mountain version locates the event in 'Carolina,' though a variant, perhaps an older one, says 'Carlisle':

Down in Carolina lived a lady,
 And she was beautiful and gay ;
 She was determd (*sic*) to live a lady,
 And no young man should her betray,

Unless he was a man of honor,
 A man of honor and of high degree ;
 At length there came two lovely sailors,
 They came this lady for to see.

One he was a bold lieutenant,
 A man of honor and of high degree ;
 The other was a brave sea-captain,
 Belonging to a ship named Colonel Call¹.

Then up spoke this fair young lady,
 Saying, 'I can be but one man's bride' ;
 Saying, 'You come here to-morrow morning,
 And this here question we'll decide.'

Then she called for coach and horses
 To be ready at her command ;
 They rode away, they rode so lovely,
 They rode till they came to the lion's den.

¹ Compare the following from 'The Faithful Lover,' in *Folk Songs from Somerset*, LVI :
 The one had a captain's commission
 Under command of Colonel Carr :
 The other was a lieutenant
 On board the Tiger man of war.

There they stopped and there they halted,
While these young men stood ghastly round ;
She fell senseless, she fell senseless,
She fell senseless to the ground.

To herself she did recover,
She threw her fan in the lion's den,
Saying, 'Which of you to gain a lady
Will fetch to me my fan again ?'

Then up spake this bold lieutenant,
Saying, 'Madam, of this I do not approve ;
Madam, I'm a man of honor ;
I will not lose my life for love.'

Then up spake this brave sea-captain
Who was there a-standing nigh.
Saying, 'Madam, I'm a man of honor,
I will receive your fan, or die.'

Then down in the cave he boldly entered,
While these lions looked fierce and wild ;
He ripped, he raved around amongst them
And returned safe with her fan.

When she saw her love a-coming,
Unto him no harm was done,
She threw herself all in his arms, saying,
'Here is the prize that you have won.'

Then up spake this bold lieutenant,
Just like a man that was troubled in mind,
Saying, 'In these woods I'll always wander,
And not a girl I'll ever find.'

Are these two Kentucky ballads an echo of the literary form, which has filtered into the popular consciousness through school-readers, 'speakers,' and other such media? Or, are they but variants of the very folk-originals seized upon by Burns, Leigh Hunt, and the rest, as the basis of their work? Those deeply versed in ballad-lore—*quorum non ego*—with access to manuscript collections and broadsides across the water, could perhaps definitely answer the question. The third, fourth and fifth stanzas of 'Cold Winter's Night' are obviously akin to 'The Lass of Lochroyan' (No. 76 in Child); while numerous versions of 'The Lion's Den,' recently current in England, have lately been cited by Professor H. M. Belden, of the University of Missouri, in *The Sewanee Review*, April, 1911, p. 218, and by Professor G. L. Kittredge, of Harvard University, in *Modern Language Notes*, 26, 167. As regards the general relation of the popular or vulgar ballad to the literary type, Professor A. H. Tolman, of the University of Chicago, in a casual letter has recently called my attention to the fact that Scott modelled 'Lochinvar' on 'Katharine Jaffray' (No. 221 in Child), that he built his 'Jock of Hazeldean' upon one stanza of 'John of Hazelgreen' (No. 293 in Child), and that elsewhere his borrowings from folk-songs are more or less

easily discernible; also that Burns, as is well known, was, like Scott, very familiar with the ballads, the best version of 'Tam Lin' (No. 39 in Child) being communicated by him.

My personal inclination is therefore toward the second alternative. Should this be some day fully proved, these crude American ballads will deserve recognition among the literary sources of the authors concerned. But whether echo or source, they offer more than a stimulus to the curious student of folk-lore.

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'UNDERNEATH THIS SABLE HERSE,' ETC.

In his note to this epitaph which he prints from Lansdowne MS. 777 Mr Goodwin (*William Browne: The Muses Library*, 1894) says that the lines are also contained 'in the middle-seventeenth century MS. in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, and are there signed "William Browne." They appear to have been first printed in Osborne's traditional *Memoirs in the Reign of King James* 1658, and were also included in the *Poems* of Pembroke and Ruddier, 1661.' In all these, I gather from the note—I have not seen Osborne's volume—the epitaph has two sextains, 'Underneath this sable herse,' etc. being followed immediately by 'Marble tombs let no man raise,' etc. In Aubrey's *Natural History of Wiltshire* on the other hand, and Whalley's *Jonson* 1756, only the first is given. 'The epitaph' Mr Goodwin says very justly 'is certainly more effective as a single sextain'; and Mr Hazlitt suggests that 'whoever composed the original sextain, the addition is the work of another pen, namely Lord Pembroke's.' Still it must be remembered that Browne has occasionally marred his work by not knowing when to stay his hand, and the epitaph as it appears in the Lansdowne and Dublin MSS. reflects him at his best and at his worst.

I venture to suggest that what has happened is that two distinct epitaphs—both by Browne—have been accidentally run together, as often happened when poems were circulated in MS. It is generally considered that what appears as the fourth stanza of Catullus' 'Ille mi par esse deo videtur,' that beginning 'Otium, Catulle, tibi molestum est,' cannot belong to the translation of Sappho's poem but has been wrongly attached to it. Professor Mackail mentions an instance in the Anthology where two epigrams in Callimachus have been given as one