

Folk Songs + Ballads.

Anderson Co.

Mildred Roberts
Classic

Anderson Co.

Folk Lore

(Mildred Roberts-241)

The following songs, superstitions etc. are very old and are known by the majority of older residents.

TRUE LOVER OF MINE.

"As you go up through yonder's town,
Rose Merry in time,
Give my respects to that young girl,
Tell her she may be a lover of mine.

Tell her she must make me a cambric shirt,
Rose Merry in time,
Without a seam or needle work,
And she shall be a true lover of mine.

She must wash it in yonder's well,
Rose Merry in time,
Where water never run or rain never fell,
And she shall be a true lover of mine.

She must ~~hand~~ ^{hang} it on yonder's thorn,
Rose Merry in time,
That has n't budded since Adam was born,
And she shall be a true lover of mine.

As you go up through yonder's town,
Rose Merry in time,
Give my respects to that young man,
Tell him he shall be a true lover of mine.

Rose Merry

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Folk Songs & Ballads 2. Anderson Co.

Mildred Roberts

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Folk Lore.

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Classified

Tell him he must buy five acres of land,

Rose Merry in time,

Between the Salt Sea and the Salt Sea Land,

And he shall be a true lover of mine.

Plough it all over with a muley cow's horn,

Rose Merry in time,

And sow it all over with one grain of corn,

And he shall be a true lover of mine.

Lay it off with a strap of leather,

Rose Merry in time,

And gather it all in on a pea fowl's feather,

And he shall be a true lover of mine.

Thrash it out against yonder's wall,

Rose Merry in time,

And not let a grain fall,

And he shall be a true lover of mine.

Then he must take it to yonder's mill,

Rose Merry in time,

And every grain, a barrel shall fill,

And he shall be a true lover of mine.

And when he has done this noble work,

Rose Merry in time,

He may come to me for his cambrie shirt,

And he shall be a true lover of mine. }"

(Mrs Arthur Springate.)

Folk Song + Ballads, 2 A

Anderson Co.)

Folklore.

(Mildred Roberts-241)

BIRD SONG .

Said the black bird to the crow,
"What makes ~~white~~ folks hate us so?
Ever since old Adam was born
It's been our trait to pluck up corn."

Classic

Said the owl with his head so white,
"It's all of a dark and lonesome night,
Young men go courting I've heard them say,
'Court all night and sleep all day.'

Said the Tom-Tit as he run,
"I wish I had a bottle of rum,
Two pretty ladies to drink with me
Oh how happy I would be."

Said the woodpecker on the tree,
"I once loved a pretty ladee,
She proved fickle and from me fled,
And ever since my head's been red."

Said the partridge as she flew,
"I'll go and hunt me a sweetheart too,
He to whistle and I to sing,
That's enough to charm a king."

(Mrs Annie M. Hanks.)

Anderson Co.

Folk Songs. + *Ballads* (Mildred Roberts-242).(1).

The following songs were popular years ago, and if they appeared in print these people did not see them.

Dairy Down.

Classic

Come all you good people,

I'll have you down near.

A comical ditty you shortly shall hear.

The boys about here

Are beginning to advance

By courting the girls

And learning to dance,

Dairy down, dio oh dairy down.

Just go to the meeting

Or any such place

They stop and they'll stare you

Right full in the face.

Just speak one word

And you'll hear it again

There's many a boy set up for a man

Dairy down, dio oh dairy down.

There's the girls, they're ten times as bad

When the boys ain't around

They always look mad.

High combs they do wear,

And tuck up their hair

And then at the boys

Like owls they do stare

Dairy Down, dio oh dairy down.

They'll take out their snuff box,
 They'll turn down the top
 They'll give it a tap
 And pass it around.
 They'll pass it to one, they'll pass it to two,
 Saying miss, won't you have some,
 Oh Madam won't you
 Dairy down, dio oh dairy down.

Classic

Mrs. Aileen Searcy.

Old Ireland.

Farewell to Old Ireland,
 The place I was borned in
 The county of Lambert
 Near Irishman's Call.
 It was down in old Ireland,
 Bound down as a slave,
 It was in my own country
 I did misbehave.
 My parents they cautioned me
 When I was young,
 To leave off drinking
 Bad company shun.
 My son you are young
 It will lead you astray,
 You'll remember my words
 When I'm cold in the clay.

WATERMILL
 BOND
 MADE IN U.S.A.

Though I heeded not the warning

Or to them gave ear,

Still I followed on

With my career.

Was robbing by night,

While planning by day,

To maintain little Mollie

And dress her so gay.

I still followed on

With my wild career

Until the hands of bold justice

Unto me drew near.

And then I was tried

For bold robbery

Nine years I was sentenced

Across the still sea.

My father ⁱⁿ was parting

His gray locks he tore,

My son we are parting

To meet never more.

Likewise your old mother's

Distracted and gray

It won't be long till

We are laid in the clay.

Classic

Says the captain to the boatmen,

"Our boats we must stir".

Now come the hard task

To part with me dear.

If I was on yon ship

Pretty Mollie by me,

Bound down in strong irons,

I would think myself free.

I often have wondered

How women loved men

And I often have wondered

How men could love them.

They'll cause you misfortune

They'll cause your downfall,

They'll cause you to labor

Behind a stone wall.

Once my poor cheeks

Was red as a rose,

Now they are as pale

As the lily that grows.

The paleness that's on them

Was brought there by sin,

So you see what I have come to

By the loving of them.

Mrs. Sally Morehead.

Anderson County

Folkways.

(Mildred Roberts-242) (7)

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Clay County

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Robt. Holcomb

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