

Country Dance and Song

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EDITORS Anthony G. Barrand, Ph. D.
 Frederick M. Breunig

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The senior editor regrets the late appearance of issue number 11. We have combined it with number 12 to save mailing costs.

Cover photo: Memorial to Col. James Fisk, Jr., in Brattleboro, Vermont. See article "The Search for More Songs from the Hills of Vermont," page 5. Photo by Stephen B. Green.

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THE SEARCH FOR MORE SONGS FROM THE HILLS OF VERMONT:

Songs and Ballads of the Atwood Family of West Dover, Vermont.¹

Margaret C. MacArthur²

In January, 1976, Margaret MacArthur gave a lecture at Marlboro College on "The Folk Songs of Vermont." The presentation was part of a short "Winterim" term devoted to the folklore and culture of New England. I recorded the talk and transcribed the part relating to Margaret's own collecting experiences with Fred Atwood. The repertoire of James Atwood, Fred's father, had been the basis of Songs from the Hills of Vermont, published by Edith Sturgis and Robert Hughes in 1919. The search for the unpublished songs of that collection had led Margaret to meet and record Fred Atwood. It seemed like such a good detective story that I asked Margaret to help edit the transcription for publication. This task was finally completed during the Fall of 1980 in consultation with Dr. Linda Morley of New England College, Henniker, New Hampshire. We tried to retain the character of the verbal report, especially because Maisy Goodale Crowther, Mrs. Sturgis' granddaughter, was in the audience and added important information. The two speakers were Margaret herself (MCM) and Mrs. Crowther (MGC). Margaret played a number of field recordings of Fred Atwood's singing and we have included six of his songs which Mrs. Sturgis did not publish in the collection culled from the repertoire of his father. Musical transcriptions were done by John Roberts and the texts were noted by Margaret. Lists of the songs collected from the Atwood Family by Edith Sturgis and by Margaret MacArthur have been included after the six song notations.

—A. G. Barrand, Editor

MCM: In the late 1940's, while still living in Newfane, I bought a book, that I'd seen in a Schirmer's catalog, called, *Songs from the Hills of Vermont*, published in 1919, collected by Edith Sturgis, music arranged by Robert Hughes. I learned many of the thirteen songs, and read and re-read the foreword, for some reason assuming that these particular hills were in northern Vermont. Years later (must have been 1960) at a party, I mentioned this book to a Dover resident, Stephen Greene of the Stephen Greene Press. He told me those were songs from Dover. I was just thunderstruck because, as I look out of my kitchen window in Marlboro, I see White, Rice, and Cooper's Hills in Dover. So I rushed home and re-read the foreword where Sturgis wrote that she had collected some fifty songs from Mr. and Mrs. James Atwood. I thought, "Well, where are the rest of them?" Since Edith Sturgis' house was still used by her descendants as a summer home, I phoned on a holiday weekend and spoke to her daughter, Susan Goodale, who said, "Come over and we'll look in mother's desk." When I arrived, she opened the desk, which must have remained closed since Edith Sturgis died in the 20's. There we found words to 34 unpublished songs, all neatly typed. There were also a few tunes written on scraps of music manuscript paper. Mrs. Goodale gave me permission to bring it all back to Marlboro to make copies, and we later took the originals back to West Dover.

The next Fall, Mrs. Goodale called me to ask if I would sing some of the Atwood songs at a Sturgis family reunion because a lot of the family would never have heard them. They have

what they call a "playhouse" behind the big house in West Dover; it's like a little tiny theater, a perfect place to sing songs. For the concert, I had learned the Atwood words to "Barbara Allen" from the manuscript papers and set them to a common tune. After I had finished the concert, a Sturgis granddaughter of high-school age came up and said, "Well, you sang the wrong tune to Barbara Allen." And I said, "Of course, as the tune was missing, but how do you know?" And she said, "Oh, I have this." And she held forth a little notebook that she'd found in her grandmother's attic in Boston. It was Robert Hughes' working notes with the tunes to a lot of these songs, which he must have set down some time before 1919. And then, on September 16, 1962, it seemed like full circle indeed to have this get back to West Dover. You see, it's been like a mystery story, a puzzle; things widely scattered getting pulled back together. Many years later, the circle closed further when Mrs. Goodale's daughter, Maisy Goodale Crowther, another Sturgis granddaughter, moved to Ames Hill close to us here in Marlboro. Two weeks ago, I went to see Maisy to ask her about Edith Sturgis' relationship to James Atwood. Maisy then called her mother to get more information for this talk. Maisy is here today, and I'm going to ask her to tell you how her grandmother got to know James Atwood.

MGC: My mother tells me that my grandmother, then Edith Barnes, came to West Dover, just for the summers, as a child with her family, right after the Civil War, about 1885. The house is on the Handle Road, which is now the Green Mountain/Mount Snow/Haystack ski development, but at that time, of course, it was very primitive. In 1905, after she grew up and married Warren Sturgis, they came back to West Dover, but the house had been squatted in by some farmers and was in quite a state of disrepair. They decided they'd better take over the house and come up every summer from Massachusetts. They heard about James Atwood because he was a mason by trade and built chimneys and that kind of thing. So they got in touch with him and he came up and started working on the house.

As my mother remembers, when he took his lunch or whenever he felt like it, he would just start singing, and through a lot of the work he did he just couldn't help singing. Verse after verse would come out and finally, I guess, some quiet summer afternoon, my grandmother decided she'd ask him if he would mind singing for them a little bit. So this was the description my mother brought to me.

He would sing verse after verse, chair tipped back, blue eyes fixed on space, pausing once in a while before continuing, his voice true and strong. Mother was surprised that he just remembered the words. They were not written down, but his father had been a singer, too. Mother (i.e. Edith Sturgis) offered to write them down for him and did so. His second wife, Mary Atwood, prompted at times. So he did a lot of work on the house and their friendship grew. "Plump Mary," his second wife, was proud of him and helpful. She had been Mrs. Moon, a widow with one son, Clarence. James was not fond of Clarence, said he was "brittle," even washed too much.

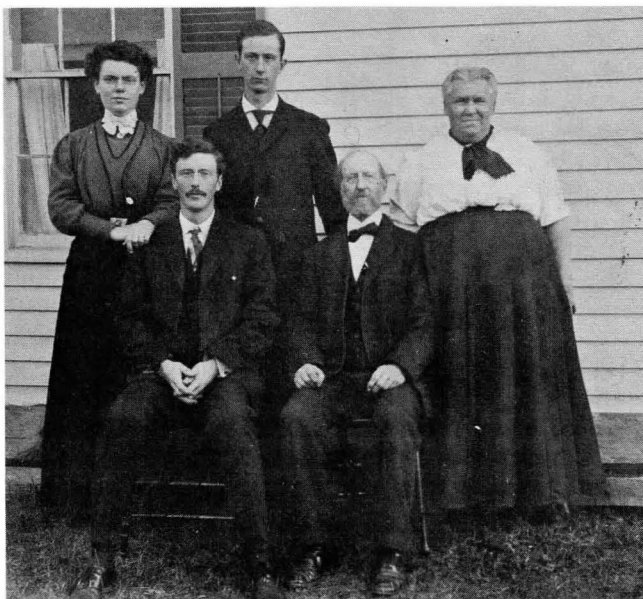
And then you had asked the question whether my grandmother had known anyone else writing songs down at the same time or was interested in doing it, because there was a sort of folk movement in the early 1900's. There doesn't seem to be any connection at all with any other work being done. This was just out of the blue, but since there was nobody else to write them down the accompaniment, my grandmother invited the music teacher from

Groton school, Mr. Robert Hughes, to come up and write them down. That was how the accompaniments came to be written with the songs.

MCM: Thanks, Maisy! Well, the Sturgis family had mentioned Clarence Moon to me back then. So I went over to West Dover to find his address and to talk to Hazel Howard, who was the postmistress. She knew all these people and knew a lot of stories about them. She told me that James Atwood had two sons with his first wife, and that one of them, Fred, lived in Mansfield, Connecticut. So, I wrote to him, sending a list of all the songs from the Sturgis Manuscript. He wrote back, checking off from the list which of the songs he knew. He also wrote: "I hope to be in Brattleboro in May or June and hope to see you."

You see, he used to come to Brattleboro every couple of years to visit his brother who lived in Springfield, Vermont. They would each take the bus to Brattleboro and meet and then they would get on the bus to return home, one to the south and the other to the north. They were very poor people and also they just didn't seem to want to go all the way and visit the other one. I invited him to visit us on the next trip and he wrote back:

July 10th., 1964. Dear Mrs. MacArthur, Received your letter. I do not have a phone as I am alone and do not have much need for it. I am planning on a trip to Vermont to see my brother and hope to be in Brattleboro on Wednesday, July 15th. and will be pleased to come to your home and hope to go to Dover and Wardsboro. I will be at or near the drugstore on Main St. and High St. on Brooks Block. I will be wearing a light colored straw hat and will have a small suitcase and will have a letter in my hand and will try to be there around 2 P.M. and hope that time will be to your convenience. I am quite tall and I guess you can find me allright. I'll be looking for you to meet me. Sincerely, Fred Atwood.



The Atwoods, circa 1910: Ernest (Fred's brother) and James, seated; Carrie (Fred's sister), Fred and Mary, standing.

Photo courtesy Margaret MacArthur.

Enclosed with the letter was a little map of where he would be. This is probably very much of an earlier time, the way people used to meet a hundred years ago. I think James Atwood and Fred Atwood were really of an older time than we are now and to have known somebody who hearkens back a hundred years is quite a privilege. These people were of that era and they just happened to live on into our century in an isolated part of Vermont.

I arrived early at the corner of High and Main Streets to find that Fred had been waiting for several hours. During the three days Fred stayed with us in Marlboro, he sang sixty songs for me, which I taped. After he went home, he wrote poems to us, and this, I think, is also characteristic of that earlier time, that they wrote poems about everything that happened. He wrote one very beautiful one about visiting and singing at our house:

Lines written on my recent visit to Vermont by Fred Atwood

On a sidewalk gently waiting on a hot and sultry day
Waiting for some friend to take me to their home some miles away.
Soon they came. The homeward journey led through miles of shade so still
Till they came through winding roadways to a house upon a hill
They was home, the trip is ended for them and their children four
Up the steps we soon was going leading to that farm house door.
There within I found a welcome from the time of entrance there
From the hallway I was ushered to a soft and easy chair.
Some songs were sung of prestige old with words of long ago,
To be set in notes of present days, so that their tune we know.
Just beyond, through winding woodlands, there a beauteous lake is found,
Sparkling in the dancing sunlight casting glories all around.
From here we passed o'er Hogback's crest with a range of Beauty wide
And when the scenic picture fades we went down the other side.
Now through the streets of Wilmington to West Dover we did go
To visit all those dear old scenes I knew so long ago.
Now those scenes that spreads before us, hill and field and sparkling stream
Leaves a vision, ne'er forgotten, like an ever cherished dream,
Now live on, endure for ever, scenes which meet a mortal eye
Fadeth not through times swift passing, memories sweet shall never die.

So this to me is very touching, to have both his first letter and this poem. He wrote poems to my daughter, Megan, and over the years we had quite a correspondence, including quite a number of poems. I went to visit him several times when he was in a rest home, but when he died I didn't know about it. When I found out, I went to his house in Connecticut. His ex-wife, from whom he'd separated in 1927, lived next door. This is very strange, but I saw her and asked if I could go over to his house because I knew he had notebooks in which he had written his songs. He had brought them with him to our house and you could tell that some of them he had written down when he was a little kid and some when he was an old man and getting shaky. I wanted to secure these notebooks and asked her if I could go into his house, and she said, "Oh, sure, it was just standing open." The doors were all open the windows were all out and the roof was caved in and the water had gotten to the notebooks. Some of them were ruined beyond use.

His ex-wife told me that his brother had died shortly before he, Fred, had died. Fred had insisted on going home from the nursing home and while he was home, he died. During the few days between when his brother died and he died, he had written an obituary verse for his brother and it was on the table and this was not ruined by the rain. This is a very old Vermont way of doing things, too. Obituary verse was very common in New England and there we have an example of it in very recent times, ten years ago.

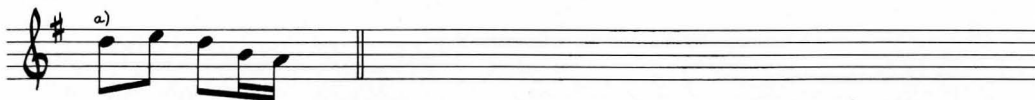
Now I'll play you some of the tapes of his singing so you can hear what he sounds like. I think the way he sings them is the way they were sung a hundred years ago, and maybe even two hundred years ago.

Barbara Allen Child 84

Robert Hughes' transcription indicated that James Atwood repeated the last line, and then repeated the last two lines. Fred sang it without the repeats and included the New York verse which had not appeared in James' version taken down by Sturgis and Hughes.



Variation:



'Twas in the merry month of May
When all the fields were blooming,
A young man on his death-bed lay
For the love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his little 'prentice boy
To the place where she was dwelling,
Saying, "Master says you must come here
If your name be Barbara Allen."

So slowly she put on her clothes,
So slowly she went to him,
And all she said when she came there,
"Young man, I think you're dying."

"For death is sprinkled on your face,
And sorrow in your dwelling,
Much better off should I be there
If her name was Barbara Allen."

"Don't you remember the other day
Back at the drinking station,
You drank a health to the maids all round
And slighted Barbara Allen?"

He turned his face unto the wall,
His back unto the maiden.
"Adieu, adieu to my friends all,
And woe to Barbara Allen."

She had not gone three miles from town,
 She heard the church bell tolling,
 And every toll it seemed to roll,
 "Oh, cruel Barbara Allen."

She looked east and she came west
 And saw a funeral coming,
 Saying, "Set ye down ye corpse of clay
 That I may look upon him."

"For cruel is my name," said she,
 "And cruel is my nature.
 I might have saved this young man's life
 By doing my endeavor."

The fairest young man in all New York
 Died for John Allen's daughter.
 The fairest young lady in this town
 Will soon follow after.

"Go dig my grave both long and deep,
 Go dig it straight and narrow:
 This young man died for me today,
 I'll die for him tomorrow."

The young man was buried
 And she was buried beside him,
 And out of his grave grew a bright rose red
 And out of hers grew a briar.

They grew up to the mountain top
 Where they could grow no higher,
 They tied in a true lovers knot
 And withered away together.

William Ismael

The lines, "A tragedy that happened in England nearly two hundred years ago" appear below the title in Mrs. Sturgis' copy of James Atwood's text. Fred, delighted to be reminded of the song, sang it to a tune identical to that in Robert Hughes' notebook, as taken from James. This is a rare American version of "William Guiseman" which was evidently based upon "William Grismond's Downfal," (sic) a broadside of 1650. See the notes to Child #57, p. 16 of Volume II of the 1965 Dover edition.



Variations:



Come all you wicked young men, come hear what I can tell,
My name is William Ismael, in London I did dwell.
I've lately done some murder and that was known full well,
And it's for my offence I must die.

It was of a farmer's daughter, who lived to me near by,
I promised for to marry her, I cannot tell you why.
I often called to see her, my mind to satisfy,
And it's for my offence I must die.

With flattering words I enticed her into the field of doom,
And when we both together into that field did come,
We walked around together and then we both sat down,
And it's for my offence I must die.

She was the fairest maiden I e'er saw in my life,
And if I had not murdered her she would have been my wife.
I cut her throat, I killed her, she loved me as her life.
And it's for my offence I must die.

Three days she lay uncovered before that she was found,
Until some people searched all o'er the briary ground.
Three days she lay uncovered, all with her bloody wound.
And it's for my offence I must die.

And when I heard that she was found, to the water I did go,
And shipped myself on board to clear myself so.
But God He would not suffer me to flee the country so.
And it's for my offence I must die.

"Here is some wicked young man," the Captain he did say,
"Who has shipped himself on board that we can't sail away."
"So I'll return on shore again, here I'll no longer stay."
And it's for my offence I must die.

It was near west of Stratford that I was caught at last,
And into Stratford prison directly I was cast,
And carried up to London to answer what was past.
And it's for my offence I must die.

Now all you wicked people, a warning take by me,
My sins have grown so heinous that they can't pardoned be,
And now for your example hang on the gallows tree.
And it's for my offence I must die.

Jim Fisk

Laws F 18

Fred sang only a few songs of local interest. This one about a noted Vermont son was written in 1874 by William Scanlon. It became popular throughout the state and was sung in 1886 by prisoners in the Windham County jail in Newfane, Vermont.

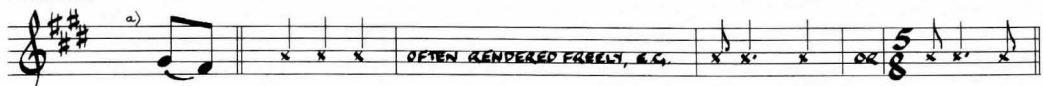
Jim Fisk, born in Bennington in 1834, moved to Brattleboro in his mid-teens. He peddled first with a pack on his back, then with a one- then with a two-, and finally, with a four-horse wagon. Further progress took him to Boston, and then to New York where he joined Jay Gould to gain control of the Erie Railroad.

Although his corrupt dealings caused panic in American finances, he was beloved by many for his flamboyant, friendly character and his generosity towards the needy. After his murder in 1872 by Edward Stokes, a business competitor and a rival for the love of Josie Mansfield, Fisk was given a hero's funeral in Brattleboro. An imposing marble monument adorned with the images of four young women representing various types of commerce, was erected over the grave by the citizens of Brattleboro. Fred said that he usually sang, "Why hadn't the rich," rather than his father's "Damn it, the rich."

(Fred sang the extra four lines of the last three verses to the second part of the music).



Variation:



Also note: second half of tune not always repeated

If you'll listen a while, I'll sing you a song
Of this glorious land of the free,
And the difference between the rich and the poor
In a trial by jury you'll see.
If you've plenty of money, you can hold up your head
And walk out from your own prison door.
But they'll hang you up high, if you've no friend at all,
Let the rich go but hang up the poor.

I think of a man, now dead in his grave,
A good man as ever was born.
Jim Fisk he was called and his money he spent
To the poor and the outcast forlorn.
We all know he loved both women and wine
But his heart was quite right I am sure,
He lived like a prince in his palace so fine
But he never went back on the poor.
If a man was in trouble, Fisk helped him along
To drive the grim wolf from his door.
He strove to do right though he may have done wrong,
But he never went back on the poor.

Jim Fisk was a man wore his heart on his sleeve,
No matter what people might say,
He did all his deeds both the good and the bad
By the broad open light of the day.
With his grand six in hand at the beach at Long Branch
He cut a big dash to be sure,
But Chicago's great fire showed the world that Jim Fisk
With his money remembered the poor.
When a telegram came that the homeless that night
Were starving to death slow but sure
Was the lightning express manned by noble Jim Fisk
To feed all the hungry and poor.

Now what do you think of the trial of that Stokes
Who murdered this friend of the poor?
If such men get free, is there anyone safe
To step from outside their own door?
Is there one law for the rich and one for the poor?
It seems so, at least so I say,
If you hang up the poor why hadn't the rich
Ought to swing up the very same way?
Don't show any favor to friend or to foe
To beggar or prince at the door,
The big millionaire they must hang up also,
But never go back on the poor.

Renardine, [Ranodine, Reynardine, Rinordine]

Laws P 15

This is obviously a favorite Atwood song since both James and Fred sang complete versions. Fred sang the repeat chorus only on the last two verses. When I asked him what the song meant, he answered in a far off voice, "I don't know . . . Ranadine."



Note: Fred Atwood only sang refrain on the last three verses

One evening as I rambled two miles below Pomeroy
I met a farmer's daughter all on the mountains high.
I said, "My pretty fair maiden, your beauty shines most clear,
Upon these lonely mountains I'm glad to meet you here."
She said, "Young man, be civil, my company forsake.
For to my great opinion I fear you are a rake,
And if my parents this should know, my life they would destroy,
For keeping of your company all on the mountains high."
This pretty little thing, she fell into a maze,
With eyes as bright as amber, upon me she did gaze.
Her ruby lips and pearly cheeks, they lost their former dye,
And then she fell into my arms, all on the mountains high.
I had but kissed her once or twice, when she came to again.
Then modestly she said to me, "Pray, Sir, what is your name?"
"If you go to yonder forest, my castle you will find,
'Tis wrote in ancient history, my name is Renardine."

He said, "My dearest maiden, don't let your parents know,
 For if you do they'll cause my ruin and fatal overthrow.
 But when you come to look for me, perhaps you'll not me find,
 But I'll be in my castle, call for Renardine."

Now all ye pretty fair maidens, take my advice from me,
 Be sure you quit night walking and shun bad company
 For if you do you'll surely rue until the day you die.
 Beware of meeting Renardine all on the mountains high.

Bonnie Black Bess

Laws L 9

This ballad was sung by James and Fred and by Ernest Atwood, Fred's son. Fred introduced the song by saying, "He was a highway robber. That was punishment by death, and they got him and put him in prison and he was going to be hanged. He made the last request to ride around the prison yard with his horse. The third time around his horse jumped the wall and escaped. And... Is'pose that was in London, must be, London to Yorkshire. Horse would jump fences and swim rivers. It was twelve hours to get there, but it hurt the horse, and then he had to kill him."



Often the quarter note on the first (and/or last) beat of the bar was abbreviated, with a slight pause on the second, generally accented, beat (shown by comma)

When blindness did guide me, I left my abode.
 When friends proved ungrateful, I took to the road
 For to plunder the wealthy and relieve the distressed,
 I bought you to aid me, my bonnie Black Bess.

Oh, how noble you stood, when a carriage I stopped,
 The gold and the jewels from its inmates I took.
 No poor man did I plunder or ever yet oppress,
 No widows or orphans, my bonnie Black Bess.

O'er hills and o'er valleys, through glens I rode you,
 From London to Yorkshire like lightning you flew.
 No toll bars could stop you and rivers you did breast,
 In twelve hours you reached it, my bonnie Black Bess.

Hark! The blood-hounds are howling and the bugles loud sound,
 And the likes of your noble they never can crown.
 But to part with you now, it does me so oppress,
 Yet farewell forever, my bonnie Black Bess.

As ages roll downward, and I'm dead and gone,
 This tale shall be told from the father to the son.
 And some they will pity while others will confess
 'Twas through friendship I shot you, my bonnie Black Bess.

And no-one will say that ingratitude dwelt
 In the breast of Dick Turpin, 'twas a vice he ne'er felt.
 But I die like a man and soon be at rest
 So farewell forever, my bonnie Black Bess

(Fred Atwood sang these verses in the order 1,3,4,2,5,6)

Raspberry Lane

Laws K 43

At first, Fred refused to sing "Rawsberry Lane", as he pronounced it, and said, "I shouldn't think my father'd sing that one." However, he approved of his father's text after reading Mrs. Sturgis' copy of it, which convinces me that James had removed or rewritten what he considered to be bawdy lines from the song.





Once as I was walking through Raspberry Lane,
I chanced for to meet with the Mistress of Fame.
For the Oak and the Aloe are a pretty plant and tree
And are now growing green in North Amerikee.

Chorus:

It is home, dearie, home, and home it shall be
To the Oak and the Aloe in our own country
It was near midnight, and what could he want more.
When she showed him the way to the old tavern door.
He called for a candle to light him to bed,
And likewise a napkin to bind about his head

Chorus:

But early next morning, this sailor grew bold,
And into her apron threw a handful of gold.
The gold it did glitter, which dazzled her eye,
She said, "Won't you marry me?" "Oh no," said he, "Not I."

Chorus:

So keep yourself single until the next spring
To hear the larks whistle and the nightingales sing.
My ship is now waiting and in it I must go
To my own dear home and the friends I know.

Chorus:

Now here's luck to the sailors who roam o'er the sea,
Don't wed a foreign lady, but keep yourself free.
With your sky blue jacket and wide tarpaulin on,
And range the salt seas as often I have done.

Chorus:

The preceding Atwood family songs appear on recordings made by Margaret MacArthur. "Renardine," "Raspberry Lane," and "William Ismael" are on *On the Mountains High*, Living Folk

Records, F-100; "Bonnie Black Bess" can be found on *Old Songs*, Philo Records 1001; "Barbara Allen," and "Jim Fiske" will be on a new MacArthur Family album due to be released by Front Hall Records during 1981.

Transcriber's note:

Mr. Atwood, a fine traditional singer, sang in a clear direct style. He tended not to adhere to metronomic rhythm: often bars were abbreviated, in that he might, for example, with fewer syllables to incorporate in a four-beat bar, sing it in three, and so on. But especially, beats were shortened or lengthened to fit his rendering of the words, giving the effect of a "phrase pulse" rather than of any strict beat.

John Roberts

List of songs from Fred Atwood collected by Margaret MacArthur

Almost There
Answer To the Gypsy's Warning
Barbara Allen
The Bird Song
The Black Hills
Bonnie Black Bess
The Boston Burglar
Botany Bay
The Bound Boy
Brave Grant
The Butcher Boy
The Cordwood Song
The Day is Spent and Gone
Down by the Weeping Willow
(Jealous Lover—Isabella)
Fitzpatrick—poem
Gathering up the Shells on the Seashore
Greenland Whaler
The Gypsy's Warning
Hard Times
Henry Green
I know not why I love her
If I had the wings of an Angel
In the Township of Danville
Jim Fisk
Johnny Bull
Just before the Battle, Mother
Just Plain Folks

Kate and her Horns
Little Brown Cot on the Hill
Lone Soul
Lord Bateman
Lord Thomas (and Fair Eleanor)
The Magnolia Tree
Mattie Groves
My Bonnie lies Over the Ocean
My Kitty
Old Grimes
Old Mr. Grumble
Raspberry Lane
Renardine
Rolling Stone
Rosalie the Prairie Flower
Sailor Boy
School Days
Shining Dagger
Soldier, Poor but Honest
The Soldier's Return
Spanish Ladies
When Johnny came from Sea (Green Beds)
When the Roses Were in Blossom
White Man, Let me go.
William Ismael
Willie on the Dark Blue Sea
Yellow Rose of Texas
Young Charlotte

List of songs from James and Mary Atwood contained in the Sturgis Manuscripts (Titles also collected from Fred Atwood are marked *)

Barbara Allen *
 The Bird's Hunting Song *
 Bonnie Black Bess *
 Botany Bay (Fragment) *
 The Butcher Boy *
 Daily Growing
 The Daughter's Request
 Early News
 The Emigrant's Last Farewell
 Fanny Grey
 The Frog in the Spring
 The Grumbler *
 The Half Hitch
 Hard Times *
 Henry Green *
 The Hermit's Son
 I know not why I love her *
 In the Township of Danville
 Johnny Bull
 Johnny Sands
 Kate and her Horns *
 The Little Matthew Grove *

Lord Bateman *
 Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor *
 The Magnolia Tree *
 Mary of the Wild Moor *
 The Old Maid's Song (The Spinster's Lament)
 The Only Son *
 The Poor and Honest Lodger
 Raspberry Lane *
 Reynardine *
 The Rolling Stone *
 The Shining Dagger *
 The Soldier's Return *
 The Spinster's Lament
 Spinster Song
 The Warranty Deed
 When Johnny came from Sea *
 When the Roses were in Bloom *
 William Ismael *
 Willy and Mary *
 Willy's on the Dark Blue Sea *
 Woodman's Alphabet
 Young Charlotte on the Mountainside *

Footnotes:

1. The title is based upon Edith Sturgis' book, *Songs from the Hills of Vermont*, published by Schirmer, New York, 1919 as one in a series of small collections of American folk songs.
2. Margaret MacArthur is widely known as a singer, a player of the Appalachian dulcimer and the lap or "barn" harp, as she calls it, and as a collector and student of traditional music. She lives in Marlboro, Vermont, is the trustee of many of Helen Hartness Flanders' private papers and maintains a busy schedule of performances throughout the United States and abroad. Many readers will know her from her work on the staff at Pinewoods Camp in past years.

SONGS FROM THE HILLS

OF

VERMONT

Sung by
JAMES and MARY ATWOOD
and
AUNT JENNY KNAPP



Texts Collected and Edited
by
EDITH B. STURGIS

Tunes Collected and Piano Accompaniments Arranged
With Historical Notes
by
ROBERT HUGHES



Price, \$2.00

(In U. S. A.)

G. SCHIRMER, INC., NEW YORK

SONGS FROM THE HILLS OF VERMONT

Edited by Edith B. Sturgis from the singing of James
and Mary Atwood and Aunt Jenny Knapp of
Dover, Vermont.

Edited By
Anthony G. Barrand, Ph.D.

In 1919, G. Shirmer, Inc. published set #10 in their American Folk Song Series, price \$2.00. It was entitled, *Songs From The Hills Of Vermont*, the material having been collected by Edith B. Sturgis from James and Mary Atwood of West Dover and from "Aunt Jenny" Knapp, about whom nothing is said in the notes beyond the fact that she was an "intimate friend" of the Atwoods and had "spent the summer with them" (p.v). The tunes were notated by Robert Hughes who also provided accompaniments, arranged for the piano and prepared historical notes on the songs with considerable help from George L. Kitteridge of Harvard. Mrs. Sturgis was not a "collector" in any sense which would imply that she sought out traditional singers to preserve the repertoire. Her family had a summer home in West Dover and she had hired James Atwood because of his reputation as a mason. She heard him singing and asked if she could write down the texts. She persuaded (hired?) Robert Hughes to come up from Groton School in Massachusetts, close to the Sturgis' permanent home, to notate the tunes.

Thirteen songs were selected for publication with indication being given in the preface that over fifty titles were noted by Sturgis and Hughes from the three singers. Most of the material, evidently, was from the singing of James Atwood. In 1960, Margaret MacArthur of Marlboro, Vermont, began an attempt to find the rest of the songs. Mrs. Sturgis' daughter, Susan Goodale, was kind enough to invite Margaret to visit the house in West Dover and, on opening a long-closed desk, they found a folder containing texts for thirty-four unpublished songs, all neatly typed. Some time later, while singing at one of the Sturgis' family gatherings, Mrs. MacArthur obtained more of the original materials, including a book containing Robert Hughes' working notes and tune transcriptions.

Schirmer, Inc. have no plans to reprint their edition of *Songs from the Hills of Vermont*, but the Sturgis family have given their permission for us to publish songs from the manuscripts in the possession of Margaret MacArthur. For historical reasons, it seems to make the most sense to print the same songs used in the original publication insofar as they are available through the MacArthur collection. The songs are here given in the order in which they were originally published and I have indicated their original page numbers. Notes have been kept to a minimum since all of the songs can be found in standard collections or indexes.

Daily Growing

(Laws 035)

A good version of one of the best-loved ballads in the English language. Neither the text nor the tune contain any surprises. Robert Hughes suggested in his original notes that theirs was the first recording of the song in the United States. It was sung to Sturgis by James Atwood. (Sturgis pp. 3-6)



1. The trees they are tall and the leaves they are green.
Many a time my true love I've seen;
My bonnie lad's a long time a-growing.
2. "Oh, father, oh, father, you've done me great harm,
You've married me to a boy that's too young!
For I am twice twelve and he's but fourteen,
He's young but he's daily growing."
3. "My daughter, my daughter, I've done you no harm,
I've married you to the rich lord's son,
And he will make a lord for you to wait upon:
He's young but he's daily growing."
4. "Oh, father, oh, father, if you see fit,
I'll send him to college for one year yet.
I'll bind a blue ribbon all about his hat,
To let the maids know he is married."
5. As I looked down from my father's castle wall,
There I saw the boys a-playing with their ball.
My own true love was the flow'r of them all,
He's young, but he's daily growing.

6. I made him a shirt of the finest of lawn,
And sewed it all with my own lovely hand,
And with every stitch the tears came flowing down:
He's young, but he's daily growing.
7. At the age of fourteen he was a married man;
At the age of fifteen, the father of a son;
At the age of sixteen his grave it was green,
And that put an end to his growing!

Posey Boy

Larry Older of the Catskills, known to members of the Country Dance and Song Society through his work on the staff at Pinewoods Camp, sings a version of this under the title of "The Swapping Song." Sharp collected three versions in Kentucky, all called "The Foolish Boy" (*English Folksongs of the Southern Appalachians*, Oxford Univ. Press, 1932, vol. II, pp. 307-309). Aunt Jenny Knapp was the singer. (Sturgis pp. 7-9)

MY FATHER HE DIED AND I DIDN'T KNOW HOW HE LEFT ME SIX HORSES TO
 DRIVE TO THE PLOUGH WITH A WIM WAM WADDLE O STICK STOCK STRADDLE O
 POSEY BOY POSEY BOY RIDING ON A BROOM

1. My father he died and I didn't know how.
He left me six horses to drive to the plough.

Chorus:

With a wim-wam-waddle, O stick-stock-straddle,
O Posey Boy, Posey Boy, riding on a broom.

2. I sold my horses and bought me a cow.
I wanted to make a fortune, but I didn't know how.

Chorus:

3. I sold my cow and bought me a calf.

I wanted to make a fortune but I lost the better half.

Chorus:

4. I sold my calf and bought me a pig,

It didn't cost much 'cause it wasn't very big.

Chorus:

5. I sold my pig and bought me a cat,

The pretty little creature in the chimney corner sat.

Chorus:

6. I sold my cat and bought me a mouse,

Set fire to its tail and burned down the house.

Chorus:

The Spinster's Lament (The Old Maid's Song)

James Atwood's version of "The Old Maid's Song" is remarkably like "Don't let me die an old maid" which became widely known during the folk revival of the 1960's. (Sturgis pp. 10-13)

COME ALL YE PRETTY MAIDENS SOME OLD AND SOME YOUNGER WHO NOW HAVE YOUR SWEETHEARTS BUT

I MUST WAIT LONGER SOME SIXTEEN SOME EIGHTEEN AND SOME LATELY MARRIED AND

SO ON A-GOING SUCH THINGS THEY ARE CARRIED A LINMAN A TIMMAN A TINKER A

TAILOR A RIDDLER A PEDLER A PLOUGHMAN A SAILOR COME GENTLE COME SIMPLE COME

FOOLISH COME WITTY DONT LET ME DIE AN OLD MAID BUT TAKE ME OUT OF PITY

1. Come all ye pretty maidens, some old and some younger
Who now have your sweethearts, but I must wait longer,
Some sixteen, some eighteen, and some lately married,
And so on a-going, such things they are carried.

Chorus:

A linman, a tinman, a tinker, a tailor,
A fiddler, a peddler, a ploughman, a sailor;
Come gentle, come simple, come foolish, come witty,
Don't let me die an old maid, but take me out of pity!

2. I have a sister Susan; tho' pale and mis-shapen,
Before she was sixteen years old she was taken,
Before she was eighteen a son and a daughter,
And I'm six-and-thirty and never had an offer.

Chorus:

3. I have a sister Sally; tho' younger than I am,
She has so many sweethearts, she's forced to deny 'em;
I never was guilty of denying of many,
The Lord knows my heart, I would take up with any!

Chorus:

4. I never will scold and I'll never be jealous,
I'll give my husband money to spend at the ale-house,
And while he's there spending I'll be home a-saving,
I'll let the world judge if I'm not worth the having.

Chorus:

5. I've often heard said by my father and mother
That going to one wedding leads to another.
If that be the case, I will go without bidding,
I'll let you all judge if I don't want a wedding.

Chorus:

The Banks of the Dee

Aunt Jenny Knapp's text is very similar to the original written by Scottish poet John Tait in 1775. The tune was best known in the 18th century as "Langolee" and was usually accompanied by bawdy texts displaying very little subtlety. Hughes remarked that the song had not been recorded in the United States before. It does, however, have a vigorous history in this country and was often parodied during the Revolutionary period. Carolyn Rabson gives an example in her *Songbook of the American*

Revolution, NEO Press, 1974. It begins, "Twas winter and blue Tory noses were freezing . . ." Morris dancers will recognize the tune as occurring in the Fieldtown tradition. (Sturgis pp. 14-17).

IT WAS SUMMER AND SOFTLY THE BREEZES WERE BLOWING AND SWEETLY THE
NIGHTINGALE SANG IN THE TREE AT THE FOOT OF THE HILL WHERE THE RIVER WAS
FLOWING I SAT MYSELF DOWN ON THE BANKS OF THE DEE FLOW ON LOVELY DEE FLOW
ON THOU BLEST RIVER THY SUNNY GREEN BANKS SHALL BE DEAR TO ME EVER 'T WAS
THERE I FIRST WON THE AFFECTION AND FAVOR OF JIMMY THE GLORY AND PRIDE OF THE DEE

1. It was summer and softly the breezes were blowing,
And sweetly the nightingale sang in the tree.
At the foot of the hill where the river was flowing,
I sat myself down on the banks of the Dee.
Flow on, lovely Dee! Flow on, thou blest river!
Thy sunny green banks shall be dear to me ever!
'Twas there I first won the affection and favor
Of Jimmy, the glory and pride of the Dee.
2. And now he's gone from me and left me thus mourning,
To quell the wild spaniard, so valiant is he.
As yet there's no hope of his speedy returning
To wander again on the banks of the Dee.
He's gone, hapless youth, o'er the wild rolling billows,
The kindest and dearest of all the gay fellows;
He's left me to mourn him among the green willows,
The loneliest maid on the banks of the Dee.

3. Yet time and my prayers may perhaps soon restore him,
 Blest thought! might restore my dear Jimmy to me.
 And when he returns, with what care I'll watch o'er him,
 He never shall leave the sweet banks of the Dee.
 The Dee then shall flow, all its beauty displaying,
 The lambs on its banks shall again be seen playing,
 While I with my Jimmy am carelessly straying
 And tasting again all the joys of the Dee.

The Frog in the Spring

Mrs. Sturgis collected twelve verses from Mary Atwood but published only six, specifically, numbers 1,2,4,6,10, and 11. In the manuscripts currently held by Margaret MacArthur, the verses are typed onto a number of different sheets, so they are printed here in an order which makes sense of the story. (Sturgis pp. 18-21).

THERE WAS A FROG LIVED IN A SPRING SING SONG PADDY WONCHA KY-ME-O HE

HAD SUCH A COLD THAT HE COULDN'T SING SING SONG PADDY WONCHA KY-ME-O

KY-MO KA-RO DEL-TO KA-RO KYMO KA-RO KY - MO STRIM STRUM POP-A-DIDDLE

THERE BY THE RIG-DUM RIG-DUM BOTTOM IN THE KY-ME-O

1. There was a frog lived in the spring
 Refrain: Sing-song paddy woncha ky-me-o
 He had such a cold that he couldn't sing
 Refrain: Sing-song paddy woncha ky-me-o

Chorus:

Ky-mo, ka-ro, del-to, ka-ro,

Ky-mo, ka-ro, Ky-mo,

Strim-strum pop-a-diddle, there by the rig-dum,

Rig-dum bottom in the Ky-me-o.

2. They took him out and put him on the ground,
And he jumped up and bounded around.
3. When he came to Mouse's Hall,
There he did both strut and bawl.
4. "O, Missis Mouse, are you within?"
"O, yes, kind sir, I sit and spin."
5. "Madam, I have come to woo,
Marriage I must have with you."
6. "There has been here a fine young man
And I will have him if I can."
7. "What will the wedding supper be?"
"A fried mosquito and a roasted flea."
8. "Then we'll have the big black snake
To pass around the wedding cake."
9. "And I know a fat green bug,
Who will tote on his back a whiskey jug."
10. He took the mouse where he did dwell.
'Twas in the bottom of the well.
11. She waded in up to her chin
And wished she was a maid again.
12. The frog went hopping over the brook.
A lily-white duck she gobbled him up.

The Soldier's Return

(Laws M3)

Under the title of "Charming Beauty Bright," this song has been widely collected in the southern states but rarely in the North-East. James Atwood sang this for Edith Sturgis. If Helen Hartness Flanders found another in Vermont, she does not seem to have published it. (Sturgis pp. 22-25).



'Twas ONCE THAT I COURTED A CHARMING LADY BRIGHT AND ON HER I



FIX - ED MY OWN HEART'S DE - LIGHT I COURTED HER FOR LOVE HER

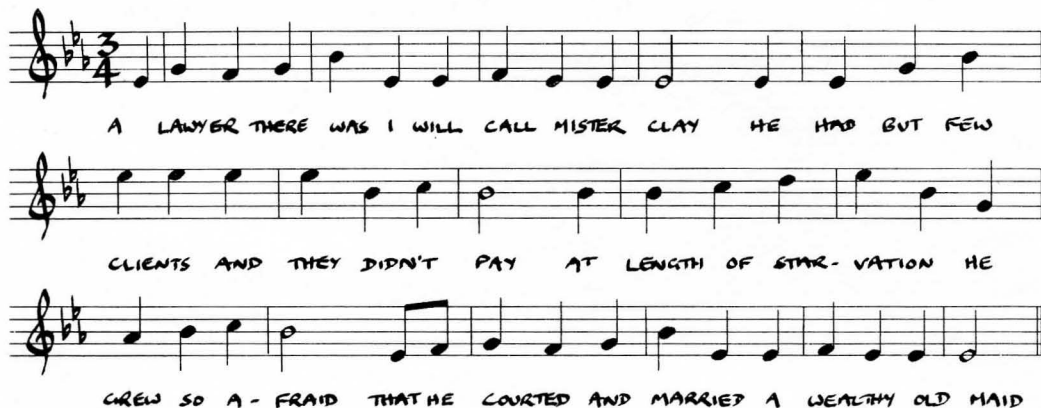


LOVE I DID OB - TAIN I'M SURE I HAVE NO REASON IN LOVE TO COM - PLAIN

1. 'Twas once that I courted a charming lady bright,
And on her I fixed my own heart's delight.
I courted her for love, her love I did obtain:
I'm sure I have no reason in love to complain.
2. Her father proved cruel, so cruel unto me,
He scarce would allow me to keep her company.
He locked her up so high, he kept her so severe,
I scarcely had sight of my own dearest dear.
3. 'Twas then I resolved a soldier for to go,
To see whether I could forget my love or no.
But when I came there, the army was so bright,
It caused me to think of my own heart's delight.
4. 'Twas seven long years that I served my King,
And seven long years I returned home again,
My heart so full of woe, my eyes so full of tears;
How happy would I be for to meet with my dear!
5. 'Twas then I resolved to her father's house to go,
To see if my true love was yet alive or no.
But when her mother saw me, she said to me and cried,
"My daughter loved you dearly, and for love she died."

The Warranty Deed

This comic song is also known as "The Wealthy Old Maid" and it is typical of pieces which are found in the repertoires of practically all singers within the Anglo-American tradition. These songs were passed over by collectors for many years in their avid search for the ballads. Robert Hughes noticed the lack of information about what must have been a fairly popular song in the not too distant past; he wrote, "I have been unable to find The Warranty Deed . . . in print." (p.viii). It is interesting that Mrs. Sturgis included the song in her collection. Perhaps it was one of James Atwood's favorites. Vance Randolph has a version with a few more verses in his *Ozark Folk Songs* (vol. III, pp. 221-2). (Sturgis pp. 26-29).

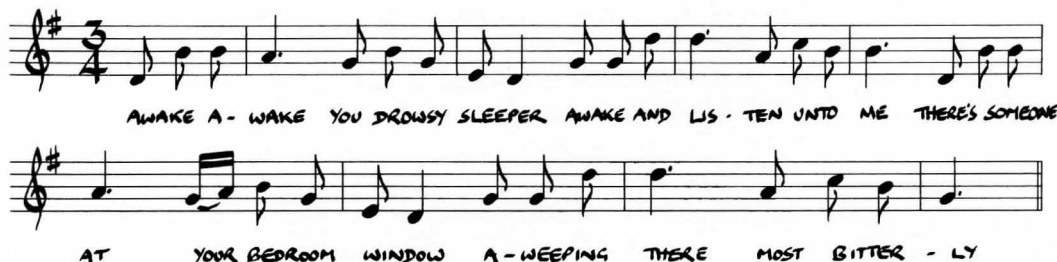


1. A lawyer there was I will call Mister Clay;
He had but few clients and they didn't pay.
At length of starvation he grew so afraid
That he courted and married a wealthy old maid.
2. At the wedding the bridegroom made one sad mistake;
'Twas not in omitting the cards nor the cake.
The ring was well chosen, the parson well feed,
But the groom didn't apply for a warranty deed.
3. That night in her chamber the bride she arose
And began to prepare to retire to repose.
Her husband sat by her admiring her charms
That gave him such pleasure to clasp in his arms.
4. Her husband he saw with amazement and grief
A curious performance of hers with her teeth;
She took them all out with her fingers and thumbs;
Said she, "I'm accustomed to sleep in my gums."
5. She went to the mirror to take down her hair,
And when she had done so her cranium was bare.
"You must not be frightened to see my poor head;
I will put on my cap when I get into bed."

6. The groom had been sitting in stupid amaze
To see such strange doings before his own gaze;
He quickly jumped up and ran out the door,
And poor Missis Clay never saw his face more.

The Shining Dagger (Laws M4)

For all its popularity elsewhere in North America, Mrs. Flanders did not publish any version of this song she may have found in Vermont. James Atwood sang it for Mrs. Sturgis. (Sturgis pp. 30-31).

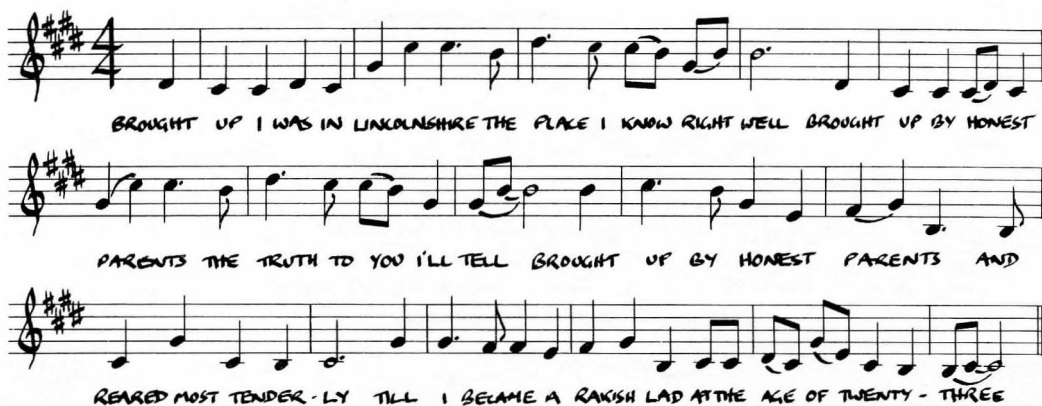


1. "Awake, awake, you drowsy sleeper.
Awake and listen unto me!
There's someone at your bedroom window,
A-weeping there most bitterly."
2. Mary raised her head from her drowsy pillow
To see who calling her might be.
Whom did she spy but her own true lover
A-weeping there most bitterly.
3. He said, "Mary dear, go ask your father
If you my wedded bride may be.
If he says 'No', love, return and tell me,
And I no more will trouble thee,"
4. "It is no use to ask my father,
For he is on his bed of rest
And by his side is a shining dagger
To pierce the heart that I love best."
5. He said, "Mary dear, go ask your mother
If you my wedded bride might be.
If she says 'No,' love, return and tell me,
And I no more will trouble thee."

6. "It is no use to ask my mother,
She too intends to set us free.
So go, my dear, and court some other,
And I no more will trouble thee."
7. Then did he seize his own bright dagger
And pierced it through his aching heart.
"Adieu, adieu, my darling Mary,
Adieu, adieu, we now must part."
8. Then Mary seized the blood-stained dagger
And pierced it through her lily breast.
"Adieu, adieu, both father and mother,
My love and I are now at rest."
9. "Oh, I can climb the tallest tree, love,
And I can reach the highest nest,
And I can pluck the sweetest rose, love,
But not the heart that I love best."

Botany Bay (Laws L16A)

Mrs. Flanders found another version in Lower Waterford, Vermont (*Green Mountain Songster*, pp. 253-4). It is much more common in Britain, however, than in the United States, so James Atwood's performance is of interest. (Sturgis pp. 32-35).

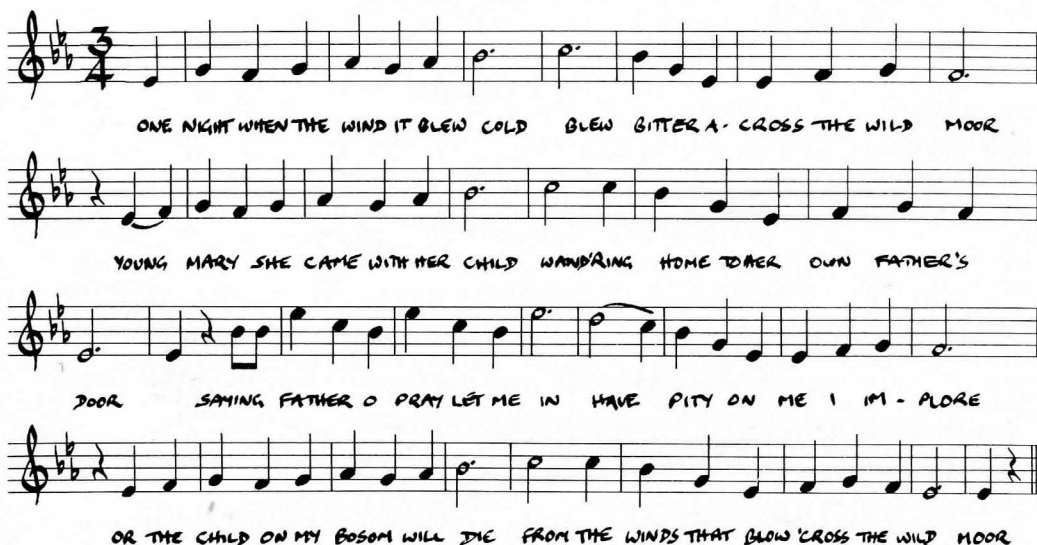


1. Brought up I was in Lincolnshire, the place I know right well,
Brought up by honest parents the truth to you I'll tell;
Brought up by honest parents and reared most tenderly,
Till I became a rakish lad at the age of twenty-three.

2. My character was taken and I was sent to jail;
My friends they found it was in vain to get me out on bail;
The jury found me guilty and the judge to me did say,
"The jury's found you guilty, my lad, and we'll roll you in Botany Bay."
3. There stood my aged father, saw me arraigned at the bar,
Likewise my tender mother a-tearing of her hair,
A-tearing of her old gray locks; these words I heard her say:
"O son, dear son, what have you done, that you're rolling in Botany Bay?"
4. As we sailed down the river, the twenty-ninth of May,
On ev'ry ship that we passed by I could hear the sailors say,
"There goes a load of clever lads; they're rolling into Botany Bay,
There goes a load of clever lads; they're rolling into Botany Bay."
5. There is a lass in Lincolnshire, the place I know right well,
And if ever I gain my liberty, alone with her I'll dwell;
I'll shun all evil company and bid adieu to New South Wales,
I'll shun all evil company and bid adieu to New South Wales.
6. Now all you brisk and lively lads, take warning now by me
And shun all evil company or you will rue the day;
You'll rue the transportation, my boys, if they roll you into Botany Bay,
You'll rue the transportation, my boys, if they roll you into Botany Bay."

Mary of the Wild Moor (Laws P21)

Mary Atwood sang this short version of the popular "tear-jerker." (Sturgis pp. 36-39).



ONE NIGHT WHEN THE WIND IT BLEW COLD BLEW BITTER A-CROSS THE WILD MOOR

YOUNG MARY SHE CAME WITH HER CHILD WAND'RING HOME TO HER OWN FATHER'S

DOOR SAYING FATHER O PRAY LET ME IN HAVE PITY ON ME I IM-PLORE

OR THE CHILD ON MY BOSOM WILL DIE FROM THE WINDS THAT BLOW 'CROSS THE WILD MOOR

1. One night when the wind it blew cold,
 Blew bitter across the wild moor,
 Young Mary she came with her child,
 Wand'ring home to her father's door,
 Saying, "Father, O pray ley me in!
 Have pity on me, I implore;
 Or the child on my bosom will die,
 From the winds that blow 'cross the wild moor!"

2. "O, why did I leave my own cot,
 Where once I was happy and free?
 Doomed to roam without friends or a home,
 O, father, have pity on me!"
 But her father was deaf to her cry:
 Not a voice nor a sound reached his ear.
 But the watchdog did howl and the village bell tolled
 From the winds that blew 'cross the wild moor.

3. O what must the father have felt
 When he came to the door in the morn?
 There he found Mary dead and her child
 Fondly clasped in its dead mother's arms.
 The villagers point out the spot
 Where a willow droops over the door,
 Saying, "There Mary perished and died
 From the winds that blew 'cross the wild moor."

The Birds' Courting Song

Burl Ives popularized this as "The Leather-Wing Bat." Wherever it is collected, the text remains pretty much the same. John and Alan Lomax (*Folk Song U.S.A.*, Duell, Sloan, and Pearce, 1947) and Norman Cazden (*Abelard Folk Song Book*, Abelard-Schuman, 1958) suggest that it is a survival of Chaucer's "Parliament of Fowles." James Atwood sang it for Mrs. Sturgis. (Sturgis pp. 40-45).

HI SAID THE BLACKBIRD SITTING ON A CHAIR ONCE I COURTED A LADY FAIR

SHE PROVED FICKLE AND TURNED HER BACK AND EVER SINCE THEN I'VE DRESSED IN BLACK



1. "Hi! said the blackbird, sitting on a chair,
 "Once I courted a lady fair,
 She proved fickle and turned her back,
 And ever since then I've dressed in black."

Chorus:

Tow-dy, ow-dy, dil-do-dum,
 Tow-dy, ow-dy, dil-do-day,
 Tow-dy, ow-dy, dil-do-dum,
 Tol-lol-li-dy, dil-do-day.

2. "Hi!" said the little leather winged bat,
 "I will tell you the reason that,
 The reason that I fly in the night
 Is because I've lost my heart's delight."

Chorus:

3. "Hi!" said the little mourning dove,
 "I'll tell you how to regain your love:
 Court her night and court her day,
 Never give her time to say, 'O nay!'"

Chorus:

4. "Hi!" said the woodpecker, sitting on a fence,
 Once I courted a handsome wench;
 She got scary and from me fled,
 And ever since then my head's been red."

Chorus:

5. "Hi! said the bluejay, as she flew,
 "If I was a young man I'd have two.
 If one proved faithless and chanced for to go,
 I'd have a new string to my bow."

Chorus:

The Little Pig

Mrs. Sturgis printed a version of the English nursery rhyme known as "Little Betty Pringle She Had a Pig" (cf. *Oxford Dictionary of Nursery Rhymes*, Iona and Peter Opie, 1951, p. 73) with no indication given as to who sang it for her. The piece was not in the Sturgis papers obtained by Margaret MacArthur so it has not been reprinted here. Sharp collected a version in North Carolina which has the same tune and refrain under the title of "The Old Woman and the Little Piggie." (*English Folk Songs of the Southern Appalachians*, C. Sharp and M. Karpeles, Oxford Univ. Press, 1932. Margaret MacArthur has become intrigued by the similarity of these versions and is currently following up some hints in the Flanders papers which indicate that Sharp collected a number of songs from a Vermont woman who had recently settled in the South. (Sturgis pp. 46-49).

The Half-Hitch (Laws N23)

In the preface to *Songs from the Hills of Vermont*, Mrs. Sturgis wrote:

In most of the songs we have adhered strictly to the original script; but in a few of the oldest ballads we have thought it best to make some slight alterations to render the text suitable for present-day publication. (p. vi)

The typed manuscripts in the possession of Margaret MacArthur are evidently already edited and revised since they do not differ from the published texts. We do not know what the "original scripts" looked like since no handwritten documents which could be described as "field notes" have come to light. We might, however, hazard a guess that the "Half-Hitch" was one of the ones subjected to alteration. The song seems to have been found exclusively in the North-East and the texts of the different versions differ hardly at all. Missing from the James Atwood text is the verse:

He jumped into bed, his back to his bride.
She rolled and she tumbled from side unto side.
She rolled and she tumbled. The bed it did squeak.
He said unto her, "Why can't you lie still?"
Spoken: "I want a light to unpin my clothes."

Was it missing or was it removed? (Sturgis pp. 50-57).

The image shows three staves of musical notation for the song 'The Half-Hitch'. Each staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), and a common time signature (C). The melody is written on a five-line staff. Below each staff is a line of lyrics. The lyrics are: 'A NOBLE RICH MAN IN PLYMOUTH DID DWELL HE HAD BUT ONE DAUGHTER A BEAUTIFUL GIRL A HANDSOME YOUNG FARMER WITH RICHES SUPPLIED HE COURTED THIS FAIR MAID TO MAKE HER HIS BRIDE'.

A NOBLE RICH MAN IN PLYMOUTH DID DWELL HE HAD BUT ONE
DAUGHTER A BEAUTIFUL GIRL A HANDSOME YOUNG FARMER WITH
RICHES SUPPLIED HE COURTED THIS FAIR MAID TO MAKE HER HIS BRIDE

1. A noble rich man in Plymouth did dwell,
He had but one daughter, a beautiful girl.
A handsome farmer with riches supplied
He courted this fair maid to make her his bride.
2. He courted her long and gained her love,
And then she intended this young man to prove;
When he asked her to marry, she quickly replied
And told him right off she would not be his bride.
3. He vowed then that home he quickly would steer
And by a sad oath to her he did swear
How he'd wed the first woman that e'er he did see,
If she was as mean as a beggar could be.
4. She ordered her servants this man to delay.
Her jewels and rings she laid them away.
She put on the worst of old rags she could find:
She looked like a tea-pot before and behind.
5. She rubbed both her hands on the old chimney back,
And then blacked her face from corner to crack;
Then around to the road she flew like a witch,
With her petticoat hoisted all on the half-hitch.
6. The young man came riding and when he did see her,
He cried out, "Alas!" for his oath he did fear.
But being so faithful to keep his words true,
He soon overtook her, saying, "Pray, who are you?"
Spoken: "I am a woman."
7. This answer did suit him as well as the rest,
It lay very heavy and hard on his breast:
"How can I bear for to make her my bride?"
But still he did ask her behind him to ride.
Spoken: "Your horse'll throw me, I know."
8. "No," he replied, "my horse he will not."
So then she climbed up, and behind him she got.
He wished himself well from his promises free,
But he turned to her, saying, "Will you have me?"
Spoken: "Yes, I will!"

9. "My heart it doth fail me, I dare not go home,
My parents will think I am sorely undone.
I will leave you here with my neighbor to tarry,
Within a few days with you I will marry."

Spoken: "You won't, I know."

10. He told her he would and home he did go;
He soon told his father and mother also
Of his woeful case and how he had sworn.
His parents said to him, "For that do not mourn."

11. "Oh, ne'er break your vows, but bring home the girl,
We'll soon snug her up and she'll do very well."
They asked his old spark to the wedding to come,
Her servants replied that she was not at home.

12. They invited her maidens to wait on her there,
And then for the wedding they all did prepare;
Published they were and invited the guests,
And then they intended the bride for to dress.

Spoken: "I'll just be married in my old clothes."

13. When they were married they sat down to eat,
With her fingers she hauled out the cabbage and meat.
As she stood a-stooping, some called her his bride,
Saying, "Pray go along and sit by his side."

Spoken: "I'll sit in the chimney corner as I'm used to."

14. She burned all her fingers in the pudding, I fag,
Then licked them and wiped them off on her rags;
They gave her a candle, what could she want more?
And showed her the way to the chamber door.

Spoken: "Husband, when you hear my shoes go 'clung'
you may come along."

15. Upstairs then she went and kept stepping about,
His mother said to him, "What think is the rout?"
He cried out, "Dear mother, pray don't say a word,
For ne'er any comfort can this world afford!"

16. A little while later her shoes they went "clung"
They gave him a candle and bade him go along.

Upstairs then he went and quickly he found
As handsome a lady as e'er stepped the ground

17. All dressed in the richest of clothes to behold,
She was finer and fairer than pictures of gold;
He greatly rejoiced at this end to his fears,
For he married the lady he'd courted for years.
18. Downstairs then they went and a frolic they had,
Which made both their hearts feel merry and glad;
They looked like two flowers which pleased the eye,
With many full glasses all wished them great joy.



James and Mary Atwood (standing) and Aunt Jenny Knapp. Photo from the frontispiece of the original publication.

FIDDLE MUSIC IN THE HELEN HARTNESS FLANDERS BALLAD COLLECTION Stephen Green¹

Helen Hartness Flanders began her search for New England ballads in 1930 as part of a survey proposed by the Committee for the Conservation of Vermont Traditions and Ideals, of which she was a member. Mrs. Flanders would not be considered a folklorist in the modern sense of the word. She did possess, however, a strong background in both poetry and in music. Her skills in these areas, as well as a familiarity with her native state of Vermont, undoubtedly must have contributed to her candidacy for the job of collecting and working with ballad materials.

Initially, the consensus of opinion among the Committee's members was that little in the way of traditional music would be uncovered in Vermont. But the chairman, Professor Arthur Wallace Peach of Norwich University, had done some "prospecting" on his own and felt relatively certain that interesting and valuable songs still lived in the memories of elderly Vermonters. If this was indeed the case, it seemed evident that an important facet of New England's cultural heritage would cease to exist very shortly since the younger generations had virtually no interest in learning or preserving this type of music.

Mrs. Flanders accepted the challenge of collecting these songs, and after one year of fieldwork it was clear that Professor Peach's intuition had been correct. Enough material was gathered to constitute publishing the songs in book form (*Vermont Folk-Songs & Ballads*, Brattleboro, Vermont, 1931).

For the next three decades, Helen Flanders continued her search, specifically for those songs which had been passed down by word of mouth. Early in the project, she established a regular column in several regional newspapers. She encouraged readers to send in any songs or song fragments they might remember and promised to print those which were submitted. This method of obtaining material proved to be very successful and opened up many avenues of investigation. From time to time, Mrs. Flanders was aided in the field by assistants, notably Elizabeth Flanders Ballard, George Brown, Alan Lomax, and Marguerite Olney. At first, the fieldwork was conducted using a dictaphone machine which recorded the songs on cylinders. Often, in instances where the dictaphone was unavailable or where its use was inconvenient, words and melodies had to be notated by hand. Later, as disc cutting equipment became more available for home use, Mrs. Flanders invested in a unit that made disc recordings. It produced better quality recordings than the dictaphone but, unfortunately, it could not always be depended upon to function properly. Most of the recorded material in the Flanders Collection was made using the disc format.

As the collection expanded, Helen Flanders began corresponding with folksong collectors in other parts of the country, offering and soliciting information about the material she was finding. In addition, she authored numerous articles and lectured widely about her activi-

ties. In this way, she effectively spread the news of her project and gained, even as she worked, the respect of scholars in the field.

The year 1934 saw the publication of a second volume entitled *A Garland Of Green Mountain Song* (Boston, Massachusetts) containing twenty-four songs with piano settings by Helen Norfleet. In 1937, Mrs. Flanders and Miss Norfleet again collaborated and published *Country Songs Of Vermont* (New York, New York). *The New Green Mountain Songster* appeared in 1939, published by the Yale University Press and incorporating the combined efforts of Helen Flanders, Elizabeth Flanders Ballard, Phillips Barry, and George Brown.

By 1940, the amount of collected material had become so substantial that it was deemed necessary to establish it in a permanent archive. Middlebury College was finally chosen as the location. Mrs. Flanders' friend and colleague, Marguerite Olney, accompanied the collection to its new home where she assumed the position of curator.

During the next twenty years or so, Helen Hartness Flanders expanded her fieldwork activities to include all of the New England states. Middlebury College released a long playing record containing examples of ballad singing from the collection, and at least six more books were published. These were highly acclaimed, and it seemed as if Mrs. Flanders' contribution to the study of Anglo-American folksong was receiving the attention it deserved.

It is surprising, then, when one learns that the collection in its present state (it resides in the Special Collections room of the Middlebury College library) is sadly in need of both organization and preservation. Accomplishing these things is no small task since the collection holds an estimated 8,000 to 9,000 items. In addition to the actual discs and cylinders, there is a vast assortment of transcriptions, correspondence, rare broadsides, copybooks, manuscripts, memorabilia, journals, and books, the latter dealing with all aspects of folklore and traditional music. To organize such a collection properly, to ensure the protection of fragile and irreplaceable materials, and to make utilization of the collection possible for interested persons will necessarily require the help of experts in at least three disciplines, namely, folklore, archival technique, and library science. Fortunately, steps are being taken at the present time to acquire such help.

Helen Hartness Flanders is generally referred to as a collector of New England Ballads. Certainly she was, but the implication is that she collected ballads exclusively. No doubt this reflects the large percentage of ballad-type material which appears in her published books, but a closer examination of the collection at Middlebury reveals that she had both the foresight and the broad-mindedness to gather other types of material as well, including a substantial number of religious songs, children's songs, and instrumental pieces.

Several years ago, my attention was drawn to two fiddlers, Elmer Barton and L. O. Weeks, whose playing was featured on a record of American fiddle tunes issued by the Library of Congress. Both men were from Vermont, and the selections were credited as having come from the Flanders Ballad Collection. I became interested in tracking down other recordings of Barton and Weeks and was also curious to know whether the Flanders Collection contained further examples of New England fiddling from the same period (1940's).

I first visited the collection at Middlebury in January, 1980. It was apparent at the outset that no thorough catalog of the fiddle tunes had been prepared. In fact, locating the items that were listed proved to be partly dependent on luck. Recently, the Library of Congress

has prepared open reel tapes from the original discs and cylinders, making Mrs. Flanders' recorded material available to the public for the first time. As I listened through these tapes in search of fiddle music, I was intrigued by the number of unusual tunes I encountered and also by several renditions I considered particularly exciting.

Does this statement betray a certain degree of surprise that New England fiddling could be unusual and/or exciting? This sentiment, it seems to me, is quite common today, especially among those who are well-versed in America's regional fiddling styles. Perhaps there has been a degree of predictability in the New England repertoire for too long. Tunes such as "Miss MacLeod's Reel," "Devil's Dream," "Irish Washerwoman," "Hull's Victory," "Yankee Doodle," "Chorus Jig," "Money Musk," and "Fishers Hornpipe" seem to hold little interest for the fiddler who has discovered the vast frontier of Southern and Midwestern tunes. There is also a great surge of interest in French Canadian and Cape Breton fiddling, but the old "Yankee style," as un-flashy as it is, does not seem to be drawing much attention.

The fiddle music in the Flanders Collection is not likely to effect a drastic change in the general attitude toward New England fiddling, but it will undoubtedly surprise some people to hear Elmer Barton playing "Rocky Mountain Goat" as he learned it "off the radio from the Oklahoma Cowboys." Barton also plays an intriguing version of an Irish Reel commonly known as "The Star of Munster." Ed Larkin's "Flowers of Michigan" is a splendid dance tune perfect for the contra revival. A mysterious informant simply referred to as "Mr. Fitzgerald" plays several well-executed tunes, most of which remain unidentified at the moment. So, although the collection does contain much in the way of standard New England fare, there are many other tunes worth investigating.

Beginning in January, 1980, I undertook the preparation of an indexed guide to the fiddle music in the Flanders Collection. The list that follows is derived from that guide and includes all the tunes that I have located to date. Since the collection is still in the process of being catalogued, other items as yet undiscovered may appear from time to time in the future.

I would like to acknowledge the unflagging enthusiasm and assistance of Mr. Dale Cockrell (Department of Music, Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vermont) and Ms. Jennifer Quinn (Technical Services, Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vermont). Without their help and guidance, this work could not have been accomplished. I wish also to thank Mrs. Margaret MacArthur and Dr. Anthony Barrand, both of Marlboro, Vermont, for suggestions and for access to information about some of the musicians.

The preparation of the above-mentioned guide is part of a larger on-going project entitled, *Portland Fancy: Recollections of an Old Tradition*. This project involves documenting oldtime community dancing and dance music in Vermont, and is being funded by a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts, Washington, D.C.

1. Stephen Green was a member of a successful Vermont-based string band, The Arwen Mountain String Band, and has been a stage coordinator at Smithsonian festivals in Washington for a number of years. He currently lives in Brattleboro, Vermont, and is pursuing a degree at Marlboro College.

**ALPHABETICAL LISTING OF TITLES OF TUNES
IN
THE HELEN HARTNESS FLANDERS BALLAD COLLECTION**
[Initials refer to the fiddler from whom the tune was collected]

- | | |
|--|--|
| Arkansas Traveller [EB, CB, FG, LW] | Favorite Medley, Introducing Ben Bolt [WA] |
| Bartlett Quickstep (fife) [JH] | Fishers Hornpipe [WA, B&S, WW, LW, BW] |
| Beau(x) of Oak Hill [EB, F, LW] | Flee as a Bird Over the Mountain (fife) [JH] |
| Beer Barrel Polka [WW] | Flowers of Edinburgh [WA, EB] |
| Big Eared Mule [LG] | Flowers of Michigan [EL] |
| Black Cat Quadrille [EL] | Forest Rangers [TR] |
| Blane and Logan (fife) [JH] | French Four [LW] |
| Blue Bells of Scotland [WW] | Garry Owen [WA] |
| Bonaparte Crossing the Alps [EB] | German Circle (explanation of dance) [FG] |
| Bonaparte's March [WA, LW] | Girl I Left Behind Me, The [EL, WA, CB, GB,
FG, JH, WW] |
| Boston Fancy [LW] | Going Up and Down Grade [LG] |
| Bowery Boys [LW] | Go to the Devil and Shake Yourself [WA] |
| Breakdown, An Old [EB] | Green Mountain Ranger [LG] |
| Bully for You (fife) [JH] | Green Mountain Volunteers [EL] |
| Bummer's Reel, The [EB] | Green Ribbon (?) [UF] |
| Buy a Broom [WA] | Gypsy's Hornpipe [LW] |
| Caledonia March [LW] | Haste to the Wedding [WA, WW] |
| California Reel [LW] | Heel and Toe Polka [WW] |
| Campbells Are Coming, The [WA, CB] | Highland Fling [WA, RM] |
| Captain Jinks [GB] | Home Sweet Home [FG] |
| Carpenters Reel [LG] | Honest John [GB, FG] |
| Casey Jones [LG] | Honolulu Baby [GB] |
| Champion Quadrille [LG] | Hornpipe [LW] |
| Chase the Squirrel [LW] | Hull's Victory [EB, WA, EL, LW] |
| Chicken Reel [WW] | Ingleside [B&S] |
| Chorus Jig [WA, EL, RM, HW, LW] | In the Good Old Summertime [H&W] |
| Cluster of Pearls, A [WA] | Irish Breakdown, An [DD] |
| Cochy Bondhu (?) [WA] | Irish Fiddle Tunes [EB] |
| College Hornpipe [WA, HW] | Irish Washerwoman [CB, WW] |
| Come Under My Plaidie [WA] | Jackson's Jig [WA] |
| Continental (fife) [JH] | Jenny Lind Polka [CB, WW] |
| Daniel O'Connell's Welcome to Parliament [LW] | Jimmy and Nancy [HA] |
| Darling Nellie Gray [B&S] | Jubilo [WW] |
| Devil's Dream [EB, WA, B&S, LG,
HW, LW, BW] | Kerry Dance, The [WA] |
| Doll Jig [LG] | Kerry Girls, The [WA] |
| Double Scotch Reel [GB] | Kinloch of Kinloch [WA] |
| Drops of Brandy [WA] | Kitty O'Neill Jig [WA] |
| Durang's Hornpipe [WA, HW, LW, BW] | Lady Walpole's Reel [WA, FG] |
| Fair Margaret [HA] | Lamplighter's Hornpipe [WA, LW] |
| Fairy Dance, The [WW] | Land of Sweet Erin [WA] |
| Fairy Reel, The [WA] | |

Lannigan's Ball [LW]
 Lardners Reel [GT]
 Larry O'Gaff [WA, CB, FG]
 Liverpool Hornpipe [GT]
 Logie O'Buchan [WA]
 Lord Thomas [HA]
 Mantle so Green [HA]
 McGregor's Hornpipe [WA]
 Merry Men Home from War (fife) [JH]
 Military Schottische [HA]
 Miss MacLeod's Reel [WA, CB, FG, JS,
 GT, HW, WW]
 Money Musk [WA, EL]
 Morning Glory Reel [JS]
 Morning Star [EB]
 My Love is But a Lassie Yet [WA, EB, HW]
 Off She Goes [WA]
 Oh Lassie Art Thou Sleeping Yet [WA]
 Old Ben Lomand [WA]
 Old Crow, The [F]
 Old Hoedown [LG]
 Old Irish Jig that is So Old that It's Forgotten
 Its Own Name [WA]
 Old Rosin the Beau [WA]
 On the Road to Boston [WA, EB]
 Opera Reel [WA]
 Over the Water to Charley [WA]
 Oyster River [WA]
 Paddy Whack (see "Scotch Highland
 Fling") [WA]
 Peelers Jacket [WA]
 Peter Amberly [HA]
 Petronella [LW]
 Pigeon on the Gatepost [TR]
 Plain Quadrille, A [DD]
 Plain Quadrille, A [DD]
 Plain Quadrille, A [RM]
 Plain Quadrille, A [HW]
 Polka Runaway [GT]
 Pop Goes the Weasel [EL, WA, EB, FG, HW]
 Portland Fancy (#1) [WA, B&S, F, HW,
 WW, LW]
 Portland Fancy (#2) [HW]
 Prairies are Dug and the Frost is All
 Over, The [WA]
 Pretty Lass, The [WA]
 Prince Eugene (fife) [JH]
 Rafferty's Reel [JS]
 Rakes of Mallow [WA]
 Reuben, Reuben [EL]
 Ricketts Hornpipe [WA, GT, BW]
 Rock-a-bye Baby [UF]
 Rocky Mountain Goat [EB]
 Rogue's March, The (fife) [JH]
 Rory O'More [WA]
 Roving Sailor, The [WA]
 Roy's Wife [WA, LW]
 Sailors Hornpipe [DD,BW]
 Saint Patrick's Day in the Morning [WA,
 CB, LW]
 Schottische [EB]
 Scotch Highland Fling (see "Paddy
 Whack") [WA]
 Scotch Hornpipe [WW]
 Scotch Hornpipe [WW]
 Scotch Reel, A [CB]
 Scotch Reel, A [CB]
 Smash the Windows [WA]
 Soldiers Joy [WA, CB, EB, GB, FG, LG, WW]
 Soldiers Return, The [WA]
 Soldier with a Wooden Leg [EB]
 Spanking Jack [LW]
 Speed the Plough [LW]
 State of Maine (fife) [JH]
 Steamboat Quickstep [WA,LW]
 Swallowtail Jig [WA]
 Swamp Hornet Reel (?) [WW]
 Sweet Bunch of Daisies [H&W]
 Tatter Jack (fife) [JH]
 Tempest, The [HA, B&S]
 Top of Cork Road [WA]
 Turkey in the Straw [WA, EB, GB, HW]
 Twin Sisters [WA, LW]
 Unidentified (27 tunes from 9 fiddlers)
 [EB (10), EL (3), F (3), FG (1)
 GT (4), HW (3), LW (1), UF (1), WA (1)]
 Virginia Reel [CB]
 Wabash Cannonball [GB]
 Wake Up Susan [EB]

When Johnny Comes Marching Home [WW]
 When You and I Were Young Maggie [GT]
 White Cockade [WA, CB, B&S, JH, LW]
 Wild Goose Chase [WA]
 Wild Irishman (fife) [JH]
 Wrecker's Daughter, The (fife) [JH, HW]
 Wreck of 97, The (LG)
 Yankee Doodle [CB, B&S, EL]
 Young Charlotte [HA]

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF FIDDLERS RECORDED BY HELEN HARTNESS FLANDERS

Fiddler's name (Number of tunes recorded)	[Initials used in the title index]
1. Ashford, Henry; Groton, Vt. (8)	[HA]
2. Ayer, Will E.; Fitchburg, Mass. (67)	[WA]
3. Barton, Cyrus H.; Cornish, N.H. (12)	[CB]
4. Barton, Elmer; Quechee, Vt. (30)	[EB]
5. Bedell, George; Vershire, Vt. (8)	[GB]
6. Buck & Smith; Bethel, Vt. (9)	[B&S]
7. Dragon, Daniel; Ripton, Vt. (4)	[DD]
8. Fitzgerald, Mr.; ? (6)	[F]
9. Gibbons, Mr. & Mrs. Frank; Surrey, Me. (12)	[FG]
10. Girard, Lucien; Burlington, Vt. (11)	[LG]
11. Hadley, John; Leominster, Mass. (14)	[JH]
12. Hubbard, Mrs. & Wilson, Mr. (2)	[H&W]
13. Larkin, Edwin; Chelsea, Vt. (14)*	[EL]
14. McKeage, Robert; Colebrook N.H. (4)	[RM]
15. Rattery, Tim; Walpole, N.H. (2)	[TR]
16. Stewart, John; Dorset, Vt. (3)	[JS]
17. Thomas, Grant; Waterville, Vt. (10)	[GT]
18. Unidentified Fiddlers (3)	[UF]
19. Wass, Harry Seymour; Addison, Me. (15)	[HW]
20. Webster, William; Perryville, R.I. (18)	[WW]
21. Weeks, L. O.; Springfield, Vt. (29)	[LW]
22. Wilson, Bill; Pike, N.H. (4)	[B]

Flowers of Michigan

* The tunes attributed to Ed Larkin were recorded in two separate locations. One set is from a solo fiddler (Ed Larkin) and another from a dance which is being *called* by Ed Larkin although the music is provided by a band. The fiddler in the band is clearly not the same man as on the solo recordings. Harold "Chuck" Luce, who used to play for Ed Larkin, was at American Dance and Music Week at Pinewoods Camp in the summer of 1980. Fred Breunig played Harold some of the tapes copied from the Flanders collection. On hearing one tune, "The Flowers of

Michigan," Harold said, "That's me playing fiddle!" This particular tune became a great hit at Camp and, with Harold's permission, we are pleased to be able to print his version of it. John Roberts transcribed the tune and prepared the photo-ready copy.

FLOWERS OF MICHIGAN

As played by Harold Luce of Chelsea, Vermont



HOW DID YOU THINK IT WAS?

The Political Background to the Folk Revival, 1903–1912¹

Roy Dommett²

Most people have an idyllic impression of the early days of the revival when in reality it was a very turbulent period. Some may be aware that Cecil Sharp (1859–1924) gave his first public lecture on Folk Song on November 26, 1903, and that he crusaded to get Folk Song and then Dance accepted by the Board of Education for use in schools. However, the personalities were closely bound up with the burning issues of the time, especially Votes for Women. They were portrayed in the six episode BBC series "Shoulder to Shoulder" in 1974.

Mary Neal (1860–1944) worked with Emmeline Pethick (1867–1954), who had been born in Weston Super Mare and brought up a Quaker at the Methodist West London Mission from 1890. Miss Neal came from a Manchester manufacturing family. The Mission seemed restrictive and not providing the help needed so they founded the Esperance Girls Club in 1895. It is difficult now to imagine how restricted were the lives of the leisured middle classes in the last decade of the 19th century. The very idea that women should leave their homes and live in the comparative freedom of a community, in order to carry out rather subversive principles of social sharing, was a bombshell to the large mass of conservative, low-church and non-conformist opinion. Both accepted the gospel of socialism as it was preached then by Kier Hardie.

It is also difficult to imagine the conditions of the poorer classes in London: no canned entertainment, no travel, no access to the country, only the public house and the life of the street. Overburdened motherhood, overcrowded homes, drunkenness, dirt, starvation and brutality were the common experience and gave little chance of happiness. The girls of the Club had the high spirits of the young and the recklessness of the repressed. They were out for any excitement that was to be had; they could not tolerate anything less vivid than the life of the street.

Esperance

Neal and her friends were pro-Boers, believing, with good reason, that international financiers wanted the Transvaal gold mines and were using British lives and money to get them. They were involved in many rowdy public meetings. The Esperance Club became well known for its "national dancing" and Emmeline met Frederick Lawrence at a club display in 1899. Neal made all the wedding arrangements at Canning Town Hall in October, 1901. Lloyd George came. Herbert MacIlwaine became musical director of the Esperance Club following Emmeline Pethick-Lawrence's wedding.

Miss Neal founded the Esperance Club and Social Guild for girls with Emmeline as president, a senior boys club under W. G. Pearse, a junior club under Lady Katherine Thynne (later Lady Cromer), and "Maison Esperance," a dressmaking establishment in Wigmore Street with wages of 15 shillings per week, nearly double current rates, and a forty-five hour working week providing work all the year round. The name with its

associations of progress to a better state of affairs was suggested by the battlecry of Henry IV: "Now, Esperance! Percy! and set on!" It was not the custom in the trade to have holidays, but Neal bought in conjunction with a Jewish Girls' Club a house in Littlehampton and named it "The Green Lady Hostel" from a reference in the poems of Fiona MacLeod. The Lawrences built a guest house for London children next to their own in Holmwood, near Dorking, Surrey, calling it "The Sundial."



"Maid of the Mill," the Esperance Club poses for posterity. Photo courtesy Vaughan Williams Library.

MacIlwaine found that the girls did not enjoy singing the available art music and, having read the review of *Folk Songs from Somerset* and tried the songs out, they wrote to Sharp to ask if there were any dances as well. He was only able to give Neal William Kimber's name and a vague address from six years earlier. Neal sought Kimber out and invited him and another to London. On his first visit he brought his cousin and on subsequent visits a different dancer each time. The Esperance Club gave a public performance at Christmas, 1905, which Miss Margaret Dean Smith (one-time English Folk Dance & Song librarian and Britannica Year Book indexer) remembers.

Christabel Pankhurst (1880–1958) formed the Women's Social and political Union (WSPU) on October 10, 1903. Her mother, Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst called on Emmeline Pethick-Lawrence in February 1906, saying that Kier Hardie, whom Mrs. Pankhurst was

campaigning for at Merthyr Tydfil, had told her that in her she should find a practical and useful colleague who could develop in London the WSPU founded in Manchester. She went away disappointed, but when approached by Annie Kenney (1882-1960), the militant mill-worker, and asked to be treasurer, she and Neal went to a meeting at Sylvia Pankhurst's lodgings in Park Walk. They there formed the London Committee.

Arrests

A campaign of active intervention in by-elections against government candidates was started and the first arrests occurred, including Annie Kenney on June 19. The Pethick-Lawrence's flat at 4 Clement's Inn became the centre of operations for the next few years and Fredrick who was the editor of several Socialist publications including the "Labour Record," became editor of "Votes for Women." Parliament reassembled on October 23, 1906, and Emmeline Pethick-Lawrence was arrested with the deputation to the House. She was sentenced to two months but nearly had a nervous breakdown and was released after two days so her husband took her away to Italy. Her husband took on her job and acted as adviser to women arrested.

Public opinion, which had at first been outraged, began to change and three distinguished women writers, Elizabeth Robins, Evelyn Sharp and Beatrice Harreden wrote articles defending the actions. A delegate conference in September formed a national committee with Mrs. Pankhurst as chairman, Mrs. Pethick-Lawrence as Treasurer, Mrs. Tuke as Secretary, Christabel Pankhurst and Mary Neal and, to represent the outside world, Miss Elizabeth Robins, the novelist and playwright who had made her name as an Ibsen actress.

Evelyn Sharp was Cecil Sharp's youngest sister and she knew well Max Beerbohm, Thomas Hardy and Laurence Housman. She played hockey and went to the gym of the Chelsea Polytechnic. After the death of her father in November 1903, she became a full-time journalist for the Manchester *Guardian*. She was reporting the annual conference of the National Union of Women Workers when the session on women's suffrage fell on the day Mrs. Pethick-Lawrence appeared in court on the charge of obstruction outside the House of Commons. She joined the WSPU and became assistant editor in 1912 after the Pankhursts ditched the Pethick-Lawrences. Evelyn did not join in the militant activities at first because of a promise to her mother but eventually she got fourteen days for breaking windows at the War Office in a militant demonstration in Parliament Square on November 11, 1911, and another fourteen days for refusing to disperse from outside the House of Parliament in 1913. Unlike most others who had refused to pay taxes without representation, she did not pay up at the start of the war and was made a bankrupt. She danced with the Karpeles sisters and the embryo English Folk Dance Society (EFDS) and went with the EFDS team to the Basque Festival at Bayonne.

Mrs. Mabel Tuke had lived in South Africa and met Mrs. Pethick-Lawrence when returning to England after her husband's death in 1906. Some months later she wrote to Emmeline and spoke of her loneliness and asked to find something to fill her empty life. She came to stay with Emmeline. Anyone less like a militant could not be imagined. Charming and pathetic she touched the hardest of male hearts. Mrs. Tuke collected the Abingdon dances for Neal from the Hemmings family which were published by Neal and she remained an active worker for the Esperance Club to the war.

MacIlwaine and Sharp collected the Bidford dances at Redditch in 1906. Because of the popularity of the Morris they published a book of instruction in July 1907, with a dedication to the Esperance Club.



The Esperance girls dancing (Trunkles?). Photo courtesy Vaughan Williams Library.

From October 1907, the suffragette campaign intensified. The first stone throwing was on June 30, 1908. When Mrs. Pankhurst was released from prison in March 1908, there was a massed meeting at the Albert Hall. The government candidates were defeated at Peckham and Northwest Manchester (Winston Churchill's district) due to Suffragette action. Rallies were large: 250,000 at Hyde Park (6/21/08), 20,000 at Clapham Common (7/15/08), 30,000 at Nottingham Forest (7/18/08), 150,000 at Manchester (7/19/08), and 100,000 at Leeds (7/26/08). On July 29, Lloyd George was very effectively heckled at the International Peace Conference in Queens Hall. The colours purple, white and green were adopted to signify justice, purity and hope. But the WSPU was not the main suffrage movement. By the end of 1906, it had lost the working class women and by the end of 1907, the Independent Labour Party. Militancy in 1905 seemed an inspired idea but each act had to be more violent and it only attracted interest, not support. On July 2, 1909, Miss Wallace Dunlop was sent to prison for a month and started the first hunger strike. She was released after four days. It soon became the general tactic. On September 24, the government instituted forcible feeding.

Lady Constance Lytton (1869–1923) was the second daughter of a Viceroy of India. Her godmother died in 1905 leaving some money which Constance decided should do something useful. By chance she heard of a piece of social work that "contained an element of spontaneous joy" which contrasted with the "oppressive jackets" of ordinary philanthro-

pists. She made the acquaintance of Neal and attended the Esperance Club. She was asked to the annual holiday in 1908 at the Green Lady Hostel of friends and comrades of the Esperance Club as a special guest along with the Kenney sisters. It was several days before she discovered she was among suffragettes, but one wet Sunday the Club begged Jessie Kenney to tell them of her experience, having just been released from prison.

There was a sensational government defeat at Newcastle in September and a mass meeting was held in Trafalgar Square. On the 31st of October most of the committee was arrested and Lytton no longer held back. She was imprisoned for stone throwing, but being a lady of title she was examined before being forcibly fed and found to have a weak heart and was released. Knowing she had received preferential treatment she disguised herself, cutting her hair short, and threw another stone under the name of Jane Warton through the window of the prison governor. She was forcibly fed after four days; with her weak heart she collapsed. A week or two after release she had a heart attack which left her with a paralysed right arm. She had been a fine pianist.

Cecil Sharp went to Winster in mid-1908 but did not start to collect the dances effectively till he got William Wells of Bampton to come over to Stow in August 1909. This started a two-year intensive collecting period. MacIlwaine left Neal in 1908 because of the Votes for Women campaign, publicly pleading ill health, but they remained friends and Mary Neal adopted his son Anthony when he died. MacIlwaine was replaced as musical director by Olive Carey.

Sharp last lectured with Esperance dancers in 1909. That year the Board of Education syllabus of physical exercise recognised morris dancing. Between May 9 and 25, 1909, the suffragettes organized a "Women's Exhibition" at the Princes' Skating Rink, Knightsbridge. There were daily morris dancing displays by Neal's girls. Also in that year at the Stratford Shakespearean Festival Cecil Sharp judged the folk dance and song competitions. Cecil Sharp was a theoretical Socialist of the Fabian sort and had sympathy with many progressive movements although conscious of social position. He had been able to dedicate the first volume of Folk Songs from Somerset to the Princess of Wales, later Queen Mary, and had given musical instructions to the royal children 1904-07. He did support political functions and when he had a men's side in 1911 he had them dance at a Fabian Society Soiree; it was teetotal and served ice cream!

Mary Neal ran a major dance event at the Kensington Town Hall the night before King Edward died and Sharp sent the first letter of complaint to the press, the *Daily News* (4/29/10), about Sam Bennett, the Ilmington morris he ran, the decadence of the Abingdon morris, lack of standards and why it was acceptable for women to dance the morris. Mary Neal ran the vacation school at Stratford in 1910, but Sharp took it over in 1911. There had been classes at the Chelsea Polytechnic and Sharp contacted them which led to the founding of the EFDS in December 1911.

The Liberals' struggle with the Lords led to an election in 1910. A truce existed till November while a bill for suffrage was in parliament. On November 19, 1910, a procession from a protest meeting at Caxton Hall to the House was met with great brutality by the police. It became known as "Black Friday." For five hours Parliament Square was the scene of battle; 117 were arrested, fifty were laid up with injuries received, two died later from

heart attacks. All cases were dismissed to avoid the happenings being discussed in court. A memo was sent to the Home Office by the WSPU about the violence, the methods of torture, the acts of indecency, and the after-effects. The memo was widely reprinted.

When the government put the bill off yet again, the committee decided on March 1, 1912, to end passive resistance, and at 5:45 p.m. window smashing started at shops. Mrs. Tuke and others went to Downing Street and broke windows there, getting two months imprisonment. On release there started a conspiracy trial. Mrs. Tuke was acquitted, but others got nine months. In October the Pankhursts disbanded the committee, drove out the Pethnick-Lawrences and started a new policy of even greater destruction.

It is not surprising that Sharp with his ideals and hopes did not want to be associated in any way with the later lunacies, but then few people were and certainly not Neal. Many people at the time, except for the hard core of the EFDS, considered that Sharp behaved rather shabbily towards Neal, her efforts and achievements, in order to establish the artistic value of the Folk tradition. It should be remembered that the revival was made possible because of what both of them did.

1. This article was first published in *Morris Matters* 3(3), Summer 1980, pp. 4-9. It is reprinted here by permission of the author and the publishers, Windsor Morris, 24 Alexandria Rd., Windsor, England.

2. Many members of the Country Dance and Song Society will remember Roy and his family from three weeks at Pinewoods Camp in the Summer of 1980. Roy's erudition, teaching, and mischief coupled with his wife, Marguerite's warm and gentle presence and his sons' irrepressible energy made for unforgettable days at camp for anyone lucky enough to be there. Britain's foremost scholar on the traditional dance, Roy is almost unique in his interest in both the tradition and the revival. His influence in clarifying the nature of tradition and in stimulating revival dance groups is so extensive as to be practically impossible to document. The *Handbook of Morris Dancing*, published by the Morris Ring and edited by Lionel Bacon could not have been made into such a definitive collection without Roy's work on the Cotswold Morris. He has conducted several workshops in this country with teams and dance organizations and his book on *Garland Dances and the Lancs and Cheshire Morris* was compiled originally for a weekend sponsored by the School for Traditional Dance and Song in Marlboro, Vermont.

RURAL SQUARE DANCES IN EAST TENNESSEE: A Personal Account of Visits to Four Communities

Jon Sundell¹

Last March, while leading a folklore field trip through the Southern Appalachian Mountains, I took my students to a Saturday night square dance at Woodhill Community Center twenty miles to the northeast of Knoxville, Tennessee. As we emerged from the dense woods and suddenly came upon the parking lot of the center, we saw groups of teenagers clustered outside on the steps and the cars, inside in the hall and the refreshment room. Little kids and adults of all ages were also milling about here and there. Inside the main room, the band on stage was playing "Rolling on the River" with a heavy beat, and the crowd was on the dance floor doing the twist. After observing what so far looked like a high school rock dance with some older people thrown in, one of my bewildered students asked, "Is this folklore?" In a half-thoughtful, half-whimsical attempt to put the scene in perspective, I replied, "This is what it looks like from the inside instead of the outside."

Outsiders to rural Southern culture have tended to "revive" square dancing in a relatively pure, old form (though never as pure as it may appear, for they inevitably make many subtle changes), isolating it from electrical instruments and more modern dance forms that have evolved over the past fifty years. They frequently end up with a combination of traditional style dances which, taken all together are so complex and varied that they would boggle the mind and strain the spirit of an old timer. This is true of Western Club Square dancing, but also of much of the "country dance" revival.

In contrast, the typical rural east Tennessee Square dance event, while appearing modern to our eyes, is, in fact, more traditional in spirit, for it puts together in a simple, sociable format dances which have been part of the cultural background of the dancers. In these dance events, the traditional mountain style big circle dance (referred to locally as the "square dance") is repeated about every thirty minutes, while in between are slow round dances and fast tunes for free-style buck dancing, boogie, twist, or whatever else fits a particular dance. Although country people can obviously see the difference in style between the square dance and the more modern dances they do, they are both part of their dancing history, some more recent than others. Although miles away in form, the twist is more "traditional" to them and their personal experience than a New England contra or an English country dance. More importantly, the different dance forms complement each other socially, providing a relaxed atmosphere that enables people to enjoy themselves to the fullest.

Other elements of the setting help provide the desired atmosphere. The band may play either bluegrass or electric country-western instruments, or both, so that they can provide familiar music for listening or dancing. Soon after the beginning of the dance, the brighter white lights are turned off and the room is lit by softer colored lights, providing a cozy romantic effect. There are never more than about 60% of the people on the dance floor. The others, standing around or seated in the chairs which are always provided, are watching, talking, joking, or listening to the music.

The big circle dance is the only Southern mountain dance to have maintained any wide circulation through the last fifty years. It always begins and ends with figures in a big circle, while the bulk of the dance is done in small circles of four people patterned as one large circle around the room. The most active role in the small circle figures is generally carried out by the "odd" couples, who are designated in the first three dances presented here by the lead dancer counting off around the ring before the dance starts. After each small circle figure, both couples swing their opposite, then their own partner, and the odd couple moves on the next to repeat the figure once or to dance a new one.

About two or three times in the evening, the big circle square dance is replaced by a simple Paul Jones mixer, so that new dancers can join in without knowing the figures which are never taught before the dance. In the Paul Jones, everybody promenades until, at a call or a toot of the whistle from the caller, one of them drops back, and, at the next signal from the caller, swings the person he meets and then promenades. Swinging in this dance, as in the big circle, is generally done in one of two ways, both in social dance position: either the dance couple moves forward and back in a zigzag direction, moving an unpredictable number of beats between 2 and 8 in any one direction, and using either a smooth (preferred by older people) or clogging step; or the couple dances around in a clockwise turn using a clogging step. Each swing generally lasts at least a full verse of music. The "Buck Dancing" on fast free-style tunes is done in a variety of styles from old-fashioned flat foot dancing with the feet parallel to and very close to the floor, to a Charleston or buck-and-wing style with toes pointed but not tapped and the feel still kept low, to high-kick modern clogging done with taps by the younger and some of the middle-aged people. Frequently, one sees other dancers doing a boogie, jitterbug (which actually uses a buck dance step), or twist to the same tune. The variety of approaches on these free style tunes makes them great fun to watch, and serves as a testimony to the amazing process of folk tradition.

In visiting four dances in rural east Tennessee carried on by local country people, I found this same basic format and considerable similarity in atmosphere and attitudes. However, there were also notable differences within these similarities. Many influences came together to shape each event: geographical location, the hall itself, the caller, dancers, and the musicians, all of which were in turn shaped by their separate histories. Folklore evolves to suit specific circumstances or situations, and square dancing is no exception. It was refreshing to see how one relatively simple dance form could inspire such vitality and lend itself so well to different events.

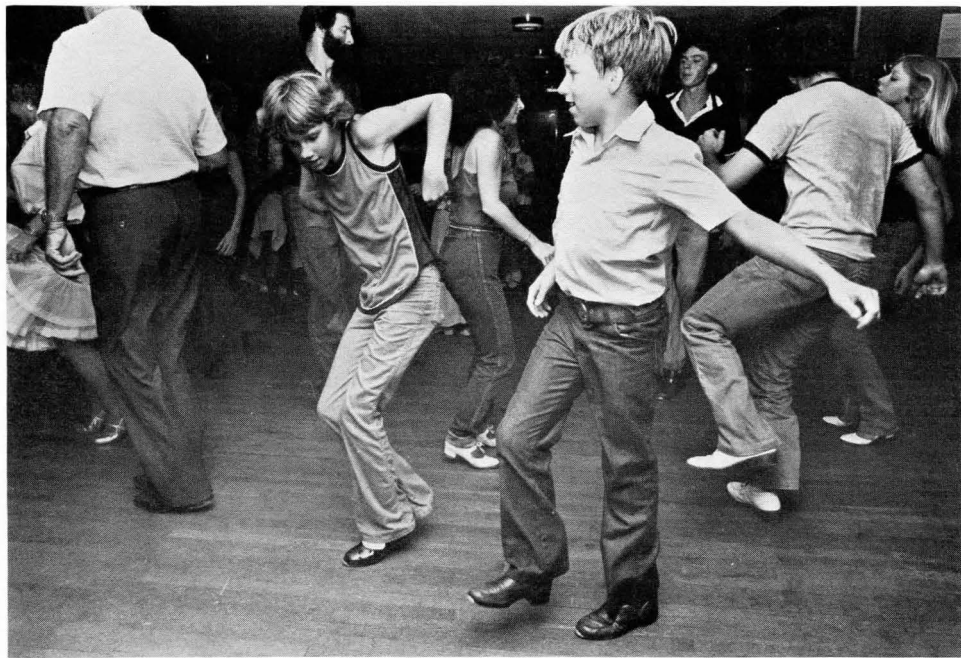
Square Dancing in Binfield, Tennessee

Binfield is a small community on the outskirts of Maryville, a prosperous town that blends the rural flavor of the nearby Smoky Mountains with a certain urbanity deriving in part from Maryville College which draws students from all over the eastern United States, and in part from the proximity of both the large Alcoa Aluminum Plant employing thousands of workers at a respectable salary and the city of Knoxville and its airport. Because of these varying influences, the crowd at Binfield is composed of country people a little more "middle class" than other dances I visited. People in their forties and up, who form the large majority of dancers here, generally dress in polyester outfits, while younger people wear blue jeans and some boys wore colored T-shirts. Although about 15-20% of

the dancers come from various other places within a thirty mile radius, the bulk of the dancers are from Binfield and Maryville. The dance is relatively small with about twenty to thirty couples on the floor at a time, and about the same number of onlookers. For these reasons, the Binfield dance felt more like a local community event than any of the other dances I visited.

Ed Hall, the caller at Binfield, started the dance in 1970 as a means of raising money to pay for the community center in which it is held. The dance has gone on steadily for most of the time since then, every Friday night from 8:30 until 11:45. The crowd seems to include many more middle-aged people than it did originally, but not many elderly people (over sixty years of age) attend. A new wing was added to the building a few years before, making it into an ample dance space.

Mr. Hall has been surrounded by dancing all his life. He and his five sisters and three brothers frequently attended dances at people's houses and on occasion at the nearby Allegheny Springs Hotel, the biggest dance being held during the annual fox hunt. During that time Ed's father played the violin; his mother, the guitar; his brother, the banjo; and Ed himself, the mandolin. He stopped dancing and playing at age sixteen when his father died. It was not until fifteen years later, when his own son became interested in clogging, that Ed began dancing again. Ed and his son have a performing clogging team which travels



Buck dancing at Binfield. Photo by Richard H. Connors

throughout Tennessee to perform for varied types of audiences. Ed's clogging style is quite modern, employing high kicks and jumps and some fancy stops, swinging his arms a lot and rotating his body to the left and right.

Mr. Hall manages the Binfield square dance in a fatherly way that seems typical of the close-knit community event. When he started the dance in 1970, he "let them know right away that there would be no drinking. If there's anyone getting drunk, I just take them downstairs and talk to them. I tell them to leave and come back when they're sober. Dancing and drinking don't mix." If a person has a drink or two in the parking lot, as occurs at most rural Southern events, but he "still acts decent," that's okay. But if "a person gets to staggering around, and hugging the girls too close, we can't have that." Mr. Hall sees that new people coming into the dance get some help in starting out. Either he dances with them himself when he can, or he gets one of the regular attenders to dance with them.

The core of the dance music is ably provided by Walter Hargis, a 71-year-old fiddler from Knoxville who has been a familiar figure at square dances in the Knoxville area for twenty-five years. Mr. Hargis, who in his earlier years won a number of fiddling contests and cut several records, plays in a clean, strong style that is often termed "old-time competition fiddling" (smooth, but simpler and more rhythmic than bluegrass fiddling). His repertoire includes over two hundred square dance tunes ranging from general country or bluegrass standards (such as "Cindy," "Old Joe Clark," "Red Wing," "Golden Slippers," and "Bile Them Cabbage Down") to tunes that have remained part of a specifically old-time repertoire (such as "Soldier's Joy," "Leather Britches," "Shoot that Turkey Buzzard," and "Sally Johnson").

The music in between square dances is usually a sequence of round dances: one slow, one fast, and one slow. The slow songs are sung by Steve Hurst who plays electric guitar and is backed up by a bass and drums. All young men in their late teens and early twenties, they perform modern country songs from the sixties and seventies. The fast free-style tune may be either a square dance tune or a country-rock number; in the latter case, the dancers will do a variety of different couple dances including a somewhat reserved twist done by all ages. The slow numbers are usually danced with a typical side-to-side two-step, but sometimes one also sees a more modern Arthur Murray Waltz which involves a dip of the body at the beginning of every one or two measures and a more gliding step throughout.

An experienced caller, Mr. Hall's resonant voice maintains a balance between simple phrasing and emphatic intonation. In his square dance, he generally calls the following small circle figures: four leaf clover; lace the shoe; cowboy loop (same as mountaineer loop); duck for the oyster (roll the barrel is done at the end); odd gent out and circle three (the odd gent's partner is popped through an arch as in "Pop goes the weasel"); butterfly whirl; two ladies pass through (similar to Georgia rang tang). A mountain style do-si-do is used before moving on to the the next couple. At the end of the dance Mr. Hall uses one or two of the following: promenade mixer, as described earlier in the Paul Jones; grand right and left, then meet your partner with an elbow swing and keep on swinging around the ring; big basket; or London bridge and a grand promenade where dancers cast off singly, then in couples, then in two couple groups. He often uses the London bridge and grand promenade just before the break, bringing the dance to a dramatic close with some of the couples showing off their clogging as they cast off down the sides.

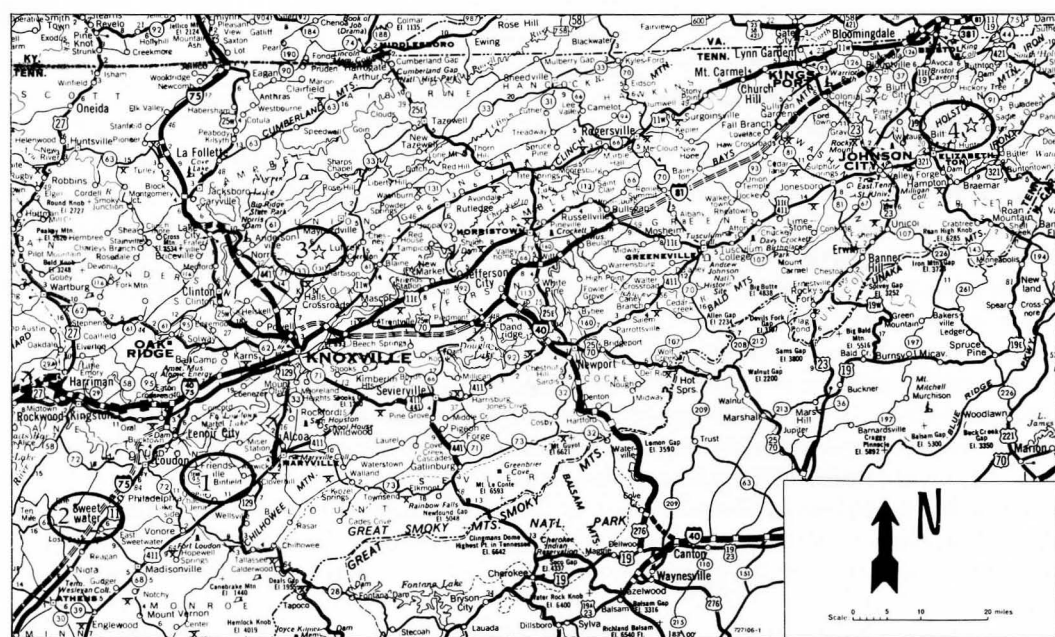
Sweetwater, Tennessee is located to the south of Knoxville (as is Binfield, but it is further south and west). The territory is more rural than Binfield, but further from the mountains, and is an area of good pasture land and gently rolling hills. A dozen or two of the dancers who go to Binfield on Friday night attend the dance at Sweetwater on Saturday. But many of the other dancers here have a little more "earthy" look. A half dozen or more of the men over forty wear either green or brown work outfits with Western style shirts and buckle belts. A few of the older people dance in an old country style rocking their bodies and hands back and forth playfully as they flat foot dance. There are also more children here, many of whom dance in some of the square dances and also in a buck dance contest. There is a more open atmosphere here than at Binfield; people are friendlier, quicker to laugh and smile, and change partners more frequently. Part of this openness may come from a larger crowd in a larger public place: a public theatre building called the Sequoia Arts Center located in a shopping strip. An air of excitement is also generated by Fred Phipps, the caller, who was the most personable and outgoing of all the callers I encountered. He went out of his way to see that I was comfortable and came over to speak to me on several occasions, always with a mellow but twinkling smile on his face, as if he found life incessantly amusing or happy or both. In commenting on the "up" spirit of the crowd in Sweetwater, Mr. Phipps said, "It just won't ever do to let a crowd know you feel bad. They'll sense it in a minute . . . you can pick it up or let it drag."

Mr. Phipps's fondness for people is reflected in the jobs in which he has worked over the years. He was a field representative for the Department of Agriculture for twenty-five years, a schoolteacher of eighth graders for several years, and now he sells Ford automobiles. Along the way he has raised cattle in his spare time and worked as an auctioneer and horse trader. "I like trading things . . . I like trading with people . . . I like people," he said, as if half-consciously putting together the associated ideas in his own mind.

Mr. Phipps used to call at Maggie Valley, North Carolina, six nights a week and at the "Top of the World." Both places attract a large number of tourists as well as locals, a factor which may partially account for his outgoing style. He has also called many one-night dances throughout the Tennessee area. Among these have been quite a few benefits, including one at Greenback for a lady who had a kidney transplant where \$5,000 was raised in a single evening. "'Course we had cakewalks and things was auctioned. Highway patrol stopped to see what was going on, you know they just put up a road block. They'd stop a trucker, and he'd give 'em five or ten dollars. . . ."

Mr. Phipps calls in a clear, resonant voice that is "measured out" slowly, but nevertheless exciting because of the emphasis he gives in his phrasing and the odd patter he gives with certain calls. He also throws in some humorous remarks along the way, as when the men raise their arms over the women's heads to form a small basket. "Now watch those hairdo's, boys. They cost a dollar and a quarter." Here is the way the calls for one of his square dances sounded:

All hands up and circle south; pour a little moonshine in your mouth.
Now go back on the other track
Back right out and swing that corner lady
Now your own sweet baby.



Map of East Tennessee showing Binfield (1) and Sweetwater (2). Approximate locations of Woodhill (3) and Slagle's Pasture (4) shown by stars.

Odd couple move to the right and couple up four in the middle of the floor.

Eight hands over. Ladies bow, gents know how.

Swing that corner lady.

Right foot up, left foot down, swing that pretty gal (partner) all around.

Odd couple move on down the line, couple up four in the middle of the floor.

Lady round the lady and the gent don't go (figure 8);
now you gents do that do-si-do (back to back).

Swing on the corner like swinging on a gate; now your partner before it's too late.

On you go and couple up four.

Birdie in the cage—odd lady in and six hands round.

Bird fly out, crow fly in, six hands around, and gone again.

Old crow out and couple up four.

Now you swing mine and I'll swing yours. I like yours, but gimme mine.

On you go and couple up four.
Odd man out and circle three, shoot that corner girl through to me.
Even man out and circle three, shoot that pretty girl through to me—
(that ought to be your partner.)

Odd couple move on down the line and couple up four.
Odd couple do that cowboy loop even couple shut it tight.
Do si those ladies all the way 'round, swing that corner when she comes
around.

Up that oak and down that pine, you swing yours and I'll swing mine.
On you go and couple up four in the middle of the floor.
Odd couple lace the shoe; even couple you lace it too.
Swing that corner girl.
Now grab your partner and give her a whirl, move on down to the next
boy and girl.

Right hands over, left hands back.
Swing that pretty gal behind you.
Up that oak and down that pine, you swing yours and I'll swing mine.
Promenade all round the hill. Gents stay at home; ladies move up
three—one, two three—and swing, promenade. Move up three more.
(keep going like this till dancers reach original partners).
Everybody move right up to your partner and swing her, swing her
high, swing her sweet, take her home and give her a seat.
Get you a partner for the next square dance." (Music continues and
people buck dance or jitterbug for about three more minutes.)

The "down-home" tone of this dance is also set by the band, a family of four Carter brothers (Harvey, Louis, Joe, and Duane) with three or four other musicians (generally Jimmy Cole, Jack Watson, Bill Marshall, and Jerry Brown). On the square dances and buck dance tunes, the band has a semi-bluegrass sound. Harvey Carter leads out on the 5-string banjo, swapping off with the lead guitarist and occasionally the fiddle. They play such old hillbilly standards as "Goin Down That Road Feelin' Bad," "Old Joe Clark," "John Henry," and "Black Mountain Rag." On the slow tunes, Harvey switches to guitar and sits down on a stool to sing lead. He sings in a smooth, sweet, unassuming style that draws one's attention into the heart of the song rather than to the singer. Harvey sings many Hank Williams tunes, such as "Wedding Bells," "I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry," and "Today I Started Loving You Again," as well as some from Merle Haggard's and Porter Wagoner's repertoire. Most of his songs are old country standards from twenty or thirty years back.

Woodhill Community Center

Woodhill Community Center is located about twenty miles to the northeast of Knoxville, just outside of Union County. The land is hillier than at Sweetwater, with narrower valleys and more forests. As one dancer put it, "It's rougher country, and the people are rougher, and the dancing is rougher." Although, as at all the dances, there is a mixture of ages from

youngsters to old people, there are a greater number of teenagers here than at any other dance. It was unclear whether the pace of the evening is set to suit them, or they are there because they like the fast pace. For whatever reason, the music and the calls move to a faster, more driving beat than elsewhere, and the atmosphere is more intense. On the fast tunes between the square dances, there is often a lot of free-style rock dancing mixed in with the jitterbug and buck dancing (referred to at Woodhill as "flat footing" although it is not as low or flat-footed as the better-known Virginia flat-foot style). The slow dances are sensual, the younger dancers wrapped around each other as close as they can get. Dress is less formal than at the other dances, and toward the end of the evening beads of sweat cover the faces of the younger dancers and pour down onto their colored T-shirts and half-opened button-down shirts, or onto the towel which many of them have wrapped around their necks.

On the slow round dance tunes and the faster rock tunes, the band is led by Al Morlock, a forty-eight-year-old veteran of professional country and western music who played full time for eight years with major singers such as Patsy Kline, Roy Clark, and Cecil Campbell. He sports a goatee and sings with a dramatic flair. The bulk of his repertoire is drawn from recent country and western songs of the late sixties popularized by singers such as Ray Price, Mel Tellis, Conway Twitty, Patsy Kline, and Marty Robbins.

Woodhill's caller is forty-year-old Carroll Allen, who "had never danced a lick" when he was young. He began calling fifteen years ago and called for years at Indian Cave, a tourist spot in Grainger County, just South of Union County. When he started calling at Woodhill a few years ago, many of the dancers from Indian Cave, which had then closed down, followed him. He has also learned to buck dance since he has been calling, and he generally "cuts a shine" on stage at the end of a square dance, as well as out on the floor during a fast free-style number. He keeps his feet low to the ground and points his toe slightly in a style similar to the Charleston.

Each of the three sets of the evening begins dramatically as the curtains on the small stage open to the high-gear music of a fiddle tune played by Walter Hargis, rivalled by a strong lead guitar bass, and drums. Carroll Allen rhythmically calls the dancers on the floor by chanting four times, "Everybody get you a partner, everybody get you a partner," then:

"Here Rattler, Here,
Here Rattler, Here,
Called old Rattler from the barn,
Here, Rattler here."

The music stops to excited shouts and the dancers who have come onto the floor are counted off odd and even. Then the music starts up again, and the dance begins. Mr. Allen calls the whole dance in a fast-driving rhythmic patter that fits tightly to the beat of the music. He frequently repeats his call two or three times in a row in this style, keeping an almost continuous flow of words going. Mr. Hargis has to play faster here than at Binfield, and the caller is more particular about his tunes, preferring "Sally Johnson," "Sally Goodin," "Katy Hill," and "Leather Britches," because he patterns his calling rhythm so closely to the insistent melody and beat of these tunes. The calls to a typical square dance sound like this:

All hands up and circle left, all hands up and circle left
All the way round and halfway back, make your feet go whickety whack.

Swing that girl, now get your corner, swing that corner girl now.
Now you swing yours and give me mine, you swing yours and give me mine, odd couple travel on down the line, odd couple travel on down the line.

Odd couple do that four leaf clover, back to back and elbows over, now the evens roll it out, now the evens roll it out.

Swing that girl with a run-down shoe, corner swing and corner swing.
Now up that oak and down that pine, you swing yours and I'll swing mine.

Odd couple travel on down that line, odd couple travel on down that line.

Odd couple do that cowboy loop, odd couple do that cowboy loop.
Now the evens loop it too, now the evens loop it too.

Swing that girl with a run-down shoe, corner swing, and a corner swing.

Now you swing yours and I'll swing mine, you swing yours and I'll swing mine.

Odd couple travel on down that line, odd couple travel on down that line.

Odd couple dive for the oyster, now the evens dig for the clam.

Do si that lady all the way 'round, swing that corner when she comes round, corner swing and corner swing.

You swing yours and I'll swing mine, odd couple travel on down the line, odd couple travel on down the line.

(Repeat dive for the oyster figure, do si do, and travel on.)

Birdie in the cage and the odd lady in, birdie out and the old crow in, old crow out and gone again.

(corner and partner swing, travel on.)

Repeat four leaf clover, swing, and move on.)

Swing the ladies through the eight so they swing south.

You swing too and they swing south. (Georgia rang-tang figure)

Now take that lady by the hand, you promenade.

Now give her a wink and a great big smile, step right up and swing her a while.

Partner swing, partner swing, now promenade, promenade.

Gents go through and ladies move up three, three, three now.

Swing 'em now, swing 'em now. Promenade till you get straight, promenade till you get straight.

Gents go through, and ladies move up four, four, four, now swing 'em now, swing 'em now. (Repeat this, moving up five, then up to your partner.)



Buck dance contest at Slagle's Pasture. Photo by Richard H. Connors.

Slagle's Pasture

Slagle's Pasture is located in an open field about three miles from Elizabethton, in the eastern corner of Tennessee, bordering Virginia. It was built in 1972 by Clayton Slagle as a place to hold an annual fiddler's convention, which still takes place the last weekend of July, and a bluegrass festival which occurs every May. Two years ago Hugh Miller began calling square dances there and ever since then a square dance has been held every Saturday night. However, probably because of the influence of the Fiddler's Convention and festival, this dance is unique in that seven or eight bands play each night, about four of which get paid. As a result, more people seem to come here to just listen than at other places. Many of the bands include members of the same family. Most of the bands are bluegrass or country-and-western, but a few are gospel or old-time, like the Roane Mountain Hilltoppers that usually plays for the square dances. The order of tunes and dances in between big circles is much less structured here because of the many bands that play. A country-and-western band may play nearly all slow tunes, and then a bluegrass band may play three buck dancing tunes in a row (there are no fast rock 'n' roll tunes here). A sign in the front of the hall beside the stage reading "Dance on red light only" insures that no one will dance during gospel tunes.

Slagle's Pasture has the most relaxed and informal country atmosphere of any dance I visited. There is a very even spread of ages from young children to old people, and a number of

the younger boys and girls dance together. Dress is informal: a lot of jeans and T-shirts. The style of dancing is simpler and looser, partially because many people simply are unsure of what to do with their feet, and partially because many who are sure use an unassuming flat-foot step as they rock their bodies from side to side. In fact, Robert Datsun, the lead dancer in the big circle dances this way.

The hall at Slagle's is very informal. A tin roof covering the 60' x 120' space is supported by rough 4 x 4 beams, and the sides of the hall are left mostly open (during the winter portable plywood walls enclose the space and several wood stoves are used for heat). Behind the 40' x 60' dance floor are rows of benches made of cinder blocks and 2" x 10" planks and folding chairs are set up on the other side of the hall. Church pews line one side wall while old van seats line the back. In the warm-up house next to the main hall, picking sessions often go on for several hours, as they do in several other buildings around the grounds.

Hugh Miller, the caller, comes from a family that has been involved with dancing and dance music for several generations. His grandmother played fiddle and his grandfather played banjo at many square dances until his grandfather's banjo string was shot off at a dance one night at which point they decided the atmosphere was too rough. Mr. Miller and his wife used to dance three nights a week in Virginia near their home: at the Starlight Ballroom in Hamlin, Keene Mountain Recreation Hall in Wise, and the Fireman's Jamboree in Marion. All of these dances followed the present format of alternating an old time big circle dance with various round dances. When Mr. Miller had a heart attack five years ago and the doctor advised him not to dance any longer, he took up calling instead, first at the nearby Wagon Wheel, and then later at Slagle's Pasture.

Mr. Miller, who does not see himself as a professional caller, has a straight forward, low-keyed style. He uses a limited number of calls delivered with few patter rhymes, concentrating on making them clear and seeing that the dancers are following the figures. "I try to watch my people when I give a call to see that they're all together." The spirit of the dance is light; almost everyone has a happy-go-lucky smile on his face, especially toward the end of the dance. This was the only dance I encountered that did not number off odd and even couples for the sake of progression. Here the dancers merely promenade after doing each figure and then look for a new couple after that.

The figures used by Mr. Miller in the two-couple part of the dance are right- and left-hand star, birdie in the cage, and eight hands across. For closing figures in big circle formation, he uses the promenade mixer, London bridge and a grand promenade; and grapevine twist (thread the needle). Unlike the other callers I encountered, he does not leave time to buck dance at the end of the dance.



The atmosphere of each of these square dances is quite different, and yet they all succeed wonderfully in building around the traditional mountain circle dance, an event that is exciting and extremely sociable. To an outsider, especially if he remains uninvolved, these dances may

seem to be easy and repetitious (revivalists often tend to forget how slowly traditional ways change. During a guest set I called at Slagle's Pasture, I asked the dancers to walk through "take a little peek," a new figure for them, and only half of them would even try it). However, the repetition allows people to relax completely, and therefore, to open up to others and have a good time. People do not go to a dance to learn, but rather to socialize: to talk to people, to flirt, to listen to music.

Eugene Irwin, a big, good-looking young man at Sweetwater, gave the following description of the social atmosphere at a rural square dance. Although it is particularly true of Sweetwater, it describes the other dances as well:

"I don't care where you are, wherever there's a square dance, you'll find more friendlier people—I'm talkin' about friendlier family-wise. I went to a dance in North Carolina, didn't know a soul. Before I left I knew a lot of people. This crowd right here, you'll find everybody lies, talks, jokes, cuts up, acts the fool. You have a ball wherever there's a square dance—work all week and you go to a square dance like this and it relaxes you."

Jon Sundell has played a variety of roles in the dissemination of folklore over the past twenty years; he has been a collector, festival organizer, music and folklore teacher, church music director, square dance caller, and performer of traditional songs and tales. Raised in New York he moved south in 1971, first to Knoxville, Tennessee, where he founded the Knoxville Country Dancers, and later to Atlanta, Georgia, where he now resides. During the last few years, Jon has begun traveling extensively throughout the northeast to perform at coffee houses, schools, and colleges, and to call dances for various C.D.S.S. centers.