

Singing the Child Ballads

Rosaleen Gregory

Child #233: Andrew Lammie (The Trumpeter of Fyvie)

A dark little domestic tragedy, sung *a cappella*, words and tune from Stephen Sedley's *The Seeds of Love* (Essex Music Limited, in association with the English Folk Dance and Song Society, 1967), where it is claimed that the events of this ballad happened in the seventeenth century, Andrew Lammie being Lord Fyvie's trumpeter, with whom his daughter falls in love, with tragic consequences. The *Seeds of Love* text is quite a lot shorter than any of Child's three versions (reprinted from Jamieson, Buchan, and Motherwell). It is nonetheless based on Child's first two versions, but collated with two fairly early broadsides and an oral version. The tune is a variant of one sung by the Stewart family of Blairgowrie, Perthshire.

Child #239: Lord Saltoun and Auchanachie

I first heard this sung, beautifully and memorably, by Paddy Tutty at the Half Moon Club in Edmonton. I use the same tune as Paddy's version, which she says is from the singing of Nic Jones. It is on her 2000 Prairie Druid CD *The Roving Jewel*, where she calls it "Annachie Gordon". Child had two versions, the first taken from Maidment's *North Country Garland* and Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, the second printed by Christie in *Traditional Ballad Airs* but probably taken from the Murison manuscript. I have based my text on Child's A version, which is very similar to what Paddy sings, but with a few minor differences. *A cappella*.

Child #243: James Harris (The Daemon Lover)

This is probably the first ballad I ever sang – at least it was certainly my favourite for many years. There are multiple versions in Child, and the ballad's origins have been the subject of much scholarly debate. It is possible, but not certain, that they all derive, directly or indirectly, from a seventeenth-century broadside by Laurence Price, "A Warning for Married Women", which is in the Pepys Collection in Cambridge. A shorter broadside version, much closer to what is usually sung, is contained in the eighteenth-century *Rambler's Garland*. The ballad was later collected from oral tradition in Scotland by Scott, Kinloch, Buchan, and Motherwell.

While at Keele University in the Sixties I created my own composite text. I like to keep the „a“ in „daemon“ because I have always seen the protagonist in the ballad as closer to a Greek daemon (a supernatural being between gods and humans) than a devil, which is what the word „demon“ makes us think of. The dictionary recognizes this distinction, and Child keeps the „a“ in his spelling, even if it is unlikely the creator(s) of the ballad had Greek spirits in mind. It's true the ballad speaks of heaven and hell—but so does "Thomas the Rhymer", where the Queen of Elfland recognizes the Christian dilemma between the paths of righteousness and wickedness, but insists on a third option, the path to "fair Elfland". I'm simply indicating the way this particular story resonates with me, emphasizing the powerful and seductive nature of the supernatural being who appears to the luckless carpenter's wife. To call him a „demon“ destroys the moral ambiguity/ambivalence which swirls through this ballad like mist, clouding the carpenter's wife's vision so that only when she misses her little son does she finally realize that she has made a terrible choice—and now it's too late.

I have never been able to choose between the two tunes I know, so here they both are – the first is found in *The Seeds of Love* and is from Motherwell, 1827; the second is in the *Joan Baez Songbook* (Ryerson Music Publishers, Inc., N.Y., 1964). Sometimes *a cappella* and sometimes with guitar.

Child #250: Henry Martyn

Child #250: Henry Martyn

Of the multiple examples of this popular ballad out there, the one in the *Joan Baez Songbook* seems as good as any, though I've known the song at least since I bought my *Burl Ives Songbook* in November 1959. The original source appears to have been a Catnach broadside, but Motherwell, Kidson, and Barling-Gould each noted versions from oral tradition. Actually, although the ballad is so prevalent, neither the text nor the tune seem to vary much – or maybe I don't know about the ones that do. Guitar accompaniment.

The Trumpeter of Fyvie



www.canfolkmusic.ca/songs/issue42_2/Trumpeter_of_Fyvie.mp3

Anon

Voice

At Fy-vie's gates there grows a flower, It grows both broad and bon-ny, A
 daisy in the midst of it, Its name is And - rew_ Lam mie.

At Fyvie's gates there grows a flower
 It grows both broad and bonny
 A daisy in the midst of it
 Its name is Andrew Lammie

O gin that flower were in my breast
 For the love I bear the laddie
 So blithe and merry I would be
 And kiss my Andrew Lammie

Love, I must go to Edinburgh
 Love, I must go and leave thee
 She sighed full sore and said no more
 But o gin I were with ye

I shall be true and trusty too
 As I am Tiftie's Annie
 That I'll kiss neither lad nor loon
 Till you return to Fyvie

I'll buy you a wedding gown
 My love, I'll buy it bonny:
 But I'll be dead ere you come back
 My bonny Andrew Lammie

I'll buy you brave bridal shoes
 My love, I'll buy them bonny:
 But my bridal bed ere then'll be made
 In the green churchyard of Fyvie

Love dwines away, love pines away
 And love decays my body

And love crept in at my bed-foot
 And took possession of me

Her father beat her cruelly
 So also did her mother
 Her sister sore did scoff at her
 But woe be to her brother

For her brother struck her wondrous sore
 Till his strokes they were not canny
 And he's broke her back in yon hall-door
 For liking Andrew Lammie

O make my bed and lay me down
 And turn my face to Fyvie
 It's there I'll lie until I die
 For loving Andrew Lammie

Syne he's come back from Edinburgh
 To the bonny house of Fyvie
 And aye he's turned his face north-east
 To look for Tiftie's Annie

I have a love in Edinburgh
 So have I into Leith, man
 I have a love into Montrose
 So have I in Dalkeith, man

And east and west where'er I go
 My love she's always with me
 For east and west where'er I go
 My love she dwells in Fyvie

O Andrew's gone to the high house-top
 Of the bonny house of Fyvie
 And he's blown his horn both loud and shrill
 O'er the lowland leas of Fyvie

It's many a time I've walked all night
 And never yet felt weary
 But now I must walk all alone
 For I'll never more see my deary

Lord Saltoun and Auchanachie



www.canfolkmusic.ca/songs/issue42_2/Lord_Saultown_and_Auchanachie.mp3

Anon

Voice

Auch - an - ach - ie Gord - on, he's bon - ny and he's braw, He would
 tempt an - y wom an that ev - er him saw, He would tempt an - y wo man, so has he tempt ed me, And I'll
 die if I don't get my love Auch - an - ach - ie.

“Auchanachie Gordon he's bonny and he's braw,
 He would tempt any woman that ever him saw;
 He would tempt any woman, so has he tempted me,
 And I'll die if I don't get my love Auchanachie”.

In came her father, and he's standing on the floor,
 Says, “Jeanie, ye're trying the tricks of a whore;
 Ye're caring for them that cares little for thee;
 Ye must marry Saltoun, and leave Auchanachie.

“For Auchanachie Gordon, he is but a man;
 And although he be pretty, where lies his free land?
 Saltoun's lands lie broad, and his towers they stand high,
 Ye must marry Saltoun, and leave Auchanachie”.

“With Auchanachie Gordon I would beg my bread
 Before that with Saltoun I'd wear gowd on my head,
 Wear gowd on my head, or gowns fringed to the knee;
 And I'll die if I don't get my love Auchanachie.

“O you that are my parents, to church you may me bring,
But unto Lord Saltoun I’ll never bear a son;
For son or for daughter, I’ll never bow my knee,
And I’ll die if I don’t get my love Auchanachie”.

When Jeanie she was married, from church she was brought hame,
When she and her maidens sae merry should hae been,
When she and her maidens sae merry should hae been,
She’s called for a chamber, to weep there her lane.

“Come to your bed, Jeanie, my honey and my sweet,
For to stie you my mistress I do not think it meet;”
“Mistress or Jeanie, it’s all one to me,
For it’s in your bed, Saltoun, I never will be.”

Then out spake her father, and he spoke with renown;
“Some of you that are her maidens, ye’ll loosen aff her gown;
Some of you that are her maidens, ye’ll loosen aff her gown,
And I’ll mend this marriage wi’ ten thousand crowns.”

Then ane of her maidens she loosed aff her gown,
But bonny Jeanie Gordon, she fell in a swoon;
She fell in a swoon, so low down by their knee;
Says, “Look on, I’m dying for my love Auchanachie!”

That very same day that Jeanie did die,
Hame came Auchanachie, hame frae the sea;
Her father and mither, they met him at the gate;
He said, “Where is Jeanie, that she’s not here yet?”

Then forth came her maidens, all wringing of their hands,
Saying, “Alas for your staying sae lang frae the land!
Sae lang frae the land, and sae lang on the flood!
They’ve wedded your Jeanie, and now she is dead.”

“Some of you that are her maidens, take me by the hand,
And show me the chamber that Jeanie died in;”
He kissed her cold lips, which were colder than stane,
And he’s died in the chamber that Jeanie died in.

The Demon Lover



www.canfolkmusic.ca/songs/issue42_2/Demon_Lover.mp3

Anon

Voice

Oh, where've you been my — first true love, These seven long years and
 more? I've — come to seek my form - er — vows, You grant - ed — me be - fore.

Chords: C, F6, C, Am, G, F, Am, C, Am, G7, F6, C

House Carpenter



www.canfolkmusic.ca/songs/issue42_2/House_Carpenter.mp3

Anon

Voice

Oh, where've you been, my first true love, These seven long years and
 more? — I've come to seek my — for - mer vows, You promised me be - fore.

Chords: Dm, C, Dm, C, Dm, F, C, Am, Dm, C, Dm

Oh where've you been, my first true love,
 These seven long years and more?
 I've come to seek my former vows
 You promised me before.

Away with your former vows, she said,
 For they will breed but strife;
 Away with your former vows, she said,
 For I am become a wife.

Oh I could have married a king's daughter fair,
 And she would have married me;
 I would never have crossed to fair Ireland's shore
 If 'twere not for the love of thee.

Oh if you could have married a king's daughter fair,
 You've only yourself to blame;
 For I, I am married to a house carpenter,

And I think he's a nice young man.

Oh will you forsake your house carpenter
 And sail away with me?
 I'll take you where the white lilies grow
 On the banks of Italy.

She's putted on her fine attire
 So glorious to behold,
 And as she walked along her way
 She shone like the glittering gold.

They had not been sailing but about three weeks,
 I'm sure it was not four,
 When this young woman she began to weep
 And her weeping never ceased any more.

Oh do you weep for your gear, he said,

Or do you weep for your store,
 Or do you weep for your little young son
 You never will see any more?

I do not weep for my glittering gear,
 Nor do I weep for my store;
 But I do weep for my little young son
 I never shall see any more.

Oh hold your tongue of weeping, he said,
 Let all your follies be;
 I'll show you where the white lilies grow
 On the banks of Italy.

Oh when a hills are those, she said,
 The sun shines sweetly on?
 Oh those are the hills of heaven, my love,

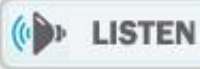
Where you shall never go.

And when a mountain is that, she cried,
 All dreary with frost and snow?
 Oh that is the mountain of hell, he said,
 Where you and I shall go.

But hold your tongue of weeping, my love,
 Let all your follies be;
 I'll show you where the white lilies grow
 On the banks at the bottom of the sea.

And he's struck the topmast with his hand,
 The foremast with his knee;
 And he's broke that gallant ship in twain
 And sunk her at the bottom of the sea.

Henry Martin



www.canfolkmusic.ca/songs/issue42_2/Henry_Martin.mp3

Anon

Voice

There were three broth-ers in Mer-ry Scot-land, In Mer-ry Scot-
 land there were three. _____ And they did cast lots which of them should go, _____ should
 go, _____ should go, _____ And tum robber all on the salt sea. _____

There were three brothers in merry Scotland,
 In merry Scotland there were three;
 And they did cast lots which of them should go, should go, should go,
 And turn robber all on the salt sea.

The lot it fell first upon Henry Martin,
 The youngest of all the three,
 That he should turn robber all on the salt sea, the salt sea, the salt sea,
 For to maintain his two brothers and he.

They had not been sailing but a long winter's night,
And part of a short winter's day,
When he did espy a stout lofty ship, lofty ship, lofty ship
Come a-bibbing down on him straightway.

"Hello, hello," cried Henry Martin,
"What makes you to sail so nigh?"
"I'm a rich merchant ship bound for fair London town, London town, London town,
Would you please for to let me pass by?"

"Oh no, oh no," cried Henry Martin,
"This thing it never can be,
For I have turned robber all on the salt sea, the salt sea, the salt sea,
For to maintain my two brothers and me.

"Come lower your tops"l and brail up your mizzen,
And bring your ship under my lee,
Or I will give to you a full cannon ball, cannon ball, cannon ball,
And all your dear bodies drown in the salt sea."

"Oh no, we won't lower our lofty topsail,
Nor bring our ship under your lee;
And you shan't take from us our rich merchant goods, merchant goods, merchant goods,
Nor point our bold guns to the sea."

So broadside and broadside and at it they went,
For fully two hours or three,
Till Henry Martin gave to them the death shot, the death shot, the death shot,
And straight to the bottom went she.

Bad news, bad news to old England came,
Bad news to fair London town;
There's been a rich vessel and she's cast away, cast away, cast away,
And all of her merry men drowned.

