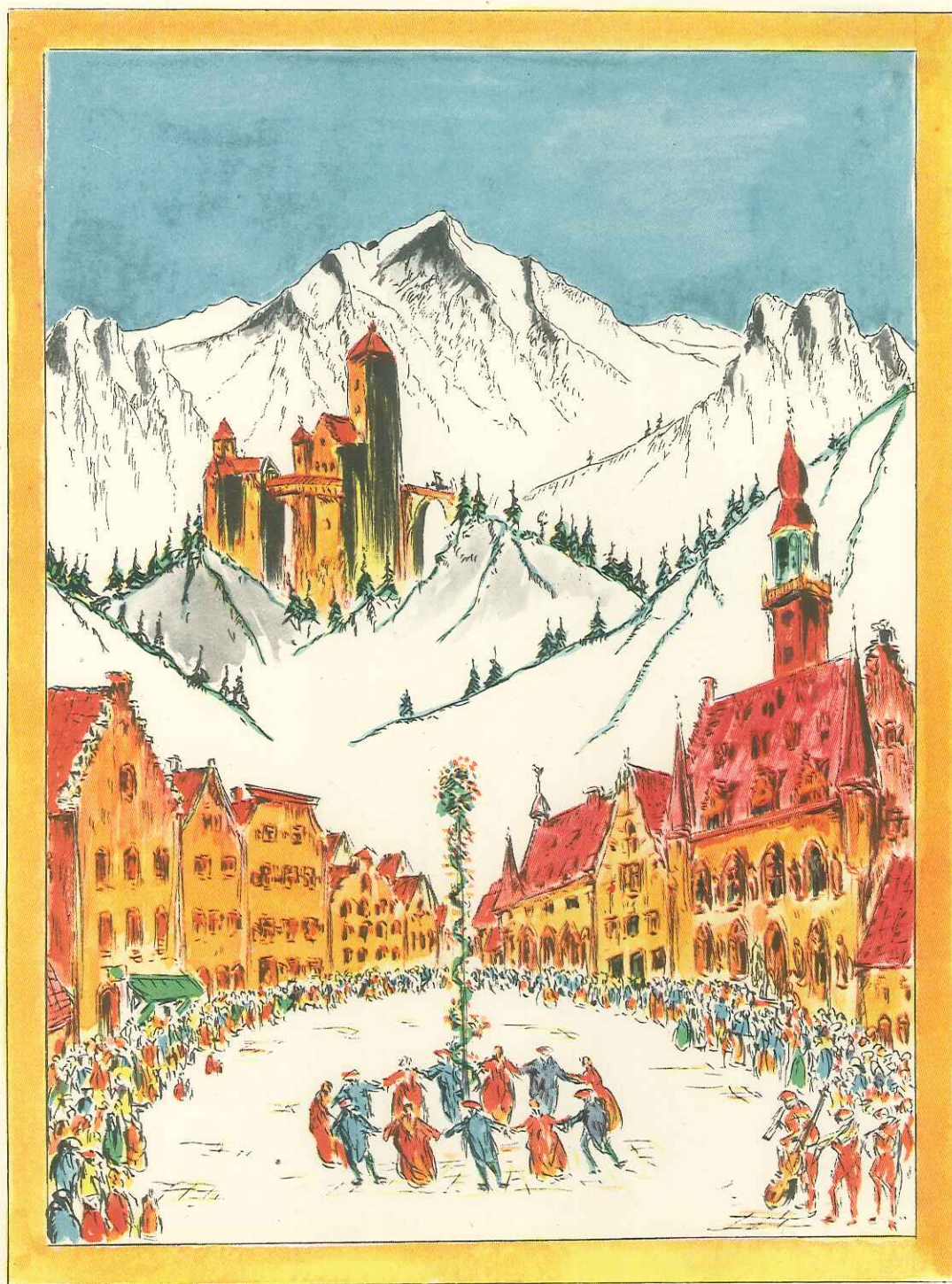


Folk Songs of Many Lands



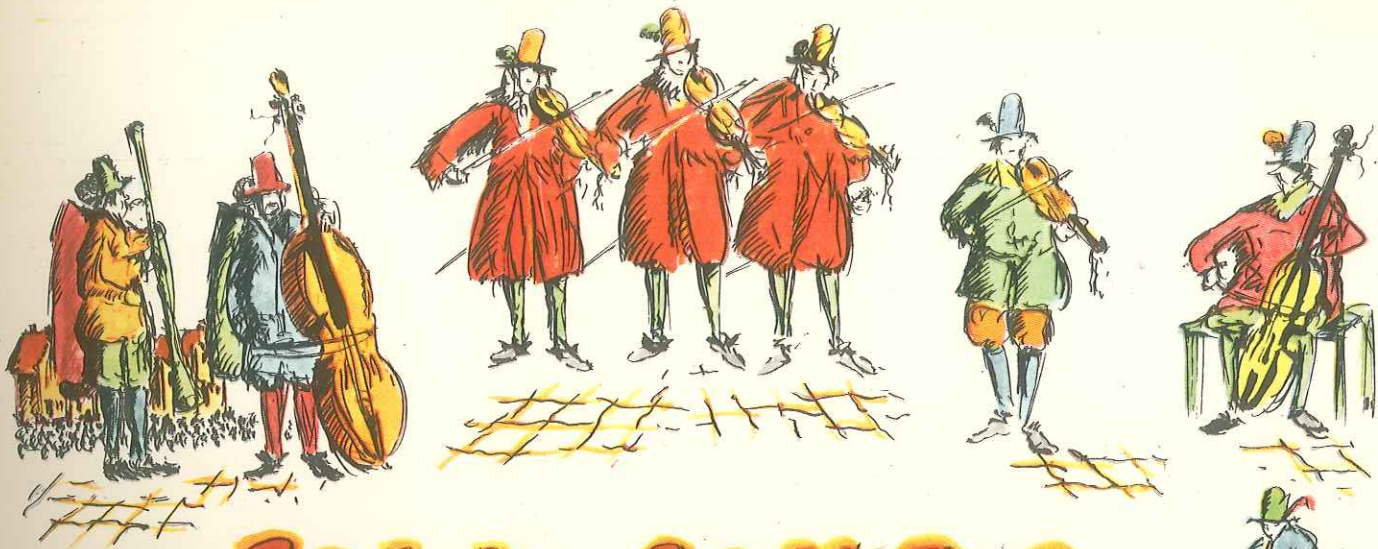
by HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON
and GRACE CASTAGNETTA

LIST OF BOOKS BY
HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

- THE FALL OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC, 1913, Houghton Mifflin Co.
THE RISE OF THE DUTCH KINGDOM, 1915, Doubleday Page & Co.
THE GOLDEN BOOK OF THE DUTCH NAVIGATORS, 1916
The Century Co.
A SHORT HISTORY OF DISCOVERY, 1917, David McKay
ANCIENT MAN, 1920, Boni and Liveright
THE STORY OF MANKIND, 1921, Boni and Liveright
THE STORY OF THE BIBLE, 1923, Boni and Liveright
THE STORY OF WILBUR THE HAT, 1925, Boni and Liveright
TOLERANCE, 1925, Boni and Liveright
AMERICA, 1927, Boni and Liveright
ADRIAEN BLOCK, 1928, Block Hall
LIFE AND TIMES OF PIETER STUYVESANT, 1928, Henry Holt
MAN THE MIRACLE MAKER, 1928, Horace Liveright
REMBRANDT VAN RIJN, 1930, Horace Liveright
VAN LOON'S GEOGRAPHY, 1932, Simon and Schuster
AN ELEPHANT UP A TREE, 1933, Simon and Schuster
AN INDISCREET ITINERARY, 1933, Harcourt, Brace
SHIPS, 1935, Simon and Schuster
AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE ALPHABET, 1935
Simon and Schuster
AIR-STORMING, 1935, Harcourt, Brace
THE SONGS WE SING, 1936, Simon and Schuster
THE ARTS, 1937, Simon and Schuster
CHRISTMAS CAROLS, 1937, Simon and Schuster

TRANSLATIONS

These books have been translated and published in the following countries: England, Holland, Germany, France, Sweden, Denmark, Finland, Norway, China, Japan, India, Russia, Spain, Italy, Poland, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Greece, Palestine, Roumania, and Brazil. There also have been translations into Urdu, Bantu, Esperanto, and Braille.



FOLK SONGS

OF MANY LANDS

BY

Grace Castagnetta

AND

Huarij Willem van Loon.

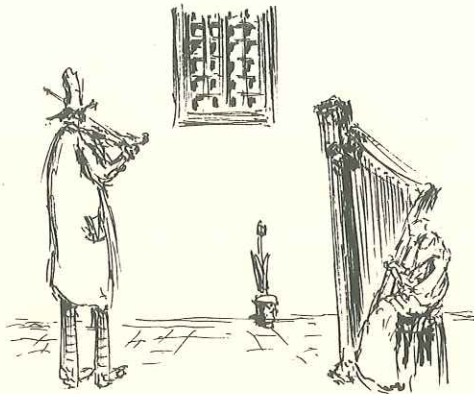


PUBLISHED BY SIMON AND SCHUSTER
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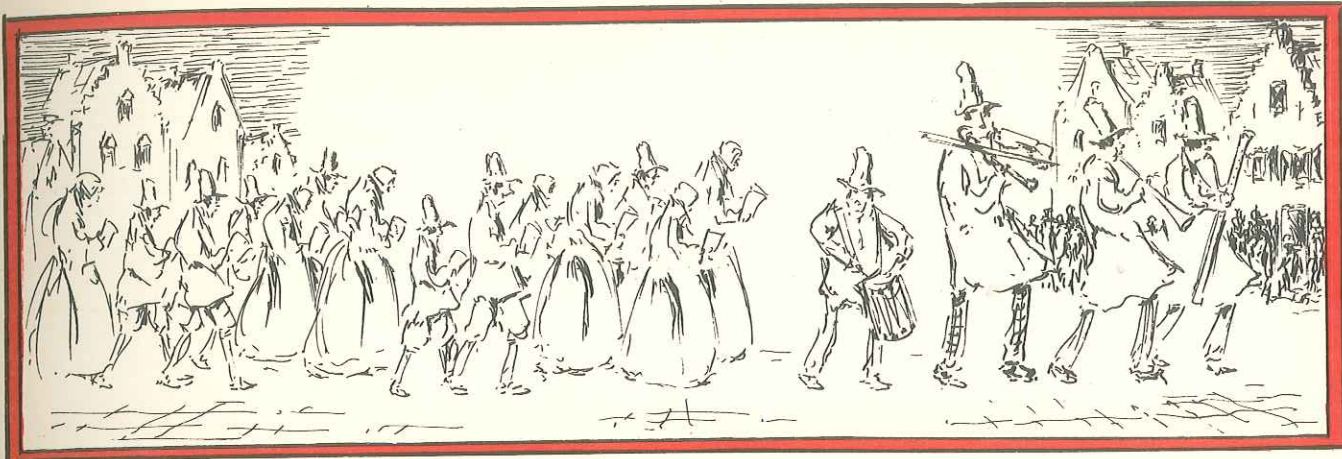


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*This book is dedicated
to
ALFRED C. HOWELL
but if that is all we say
please do not think
(even for a moment)
that there is nothing more
to be said
only, we knew that if we said
all the things we would like to have said
(being indebted to him for endless
acts of thoughtful kindness
and courteous consideration)
he would feel so utterly uncomfortable
that we decided just to say:
"This book is dedicated
to
ALFRED C. HOWELL"
and then let it go at that.*



Foreword

IN THIS little book we are giving you twenty-four folk songs.* We are sure that if you had been asked to make the choice yourself, you would have selected an entirely different group. But so would we, if we were to do it again tomorrow or next week or a year from now.

There are so many of them and it is so difficult to decide what is really a folk song and what is merely a “made tune” (a tune composed by a duly authenticated composer) and what is a mixture of both, that we finally gave up in despair. After we had spent some twenty-four years of anticipated royalties on telephone calls between Connecticut and New Jersey, our creditors held a meeting and suggested that we either make up our minds or go without any further groceries, shoes, and clothes. So we arranged for a meeting in the public library and we filled the entire loft with bundles of folk tunes and finally we decided: “These are the songs the people who sing them are most apt to sing on those occasions when they feel the need for giving expression to their emotions by means of a song,” and we took those and did not take many others, for if we had put the day of judgment off another twenty-four hours, we would have had to start all over again.

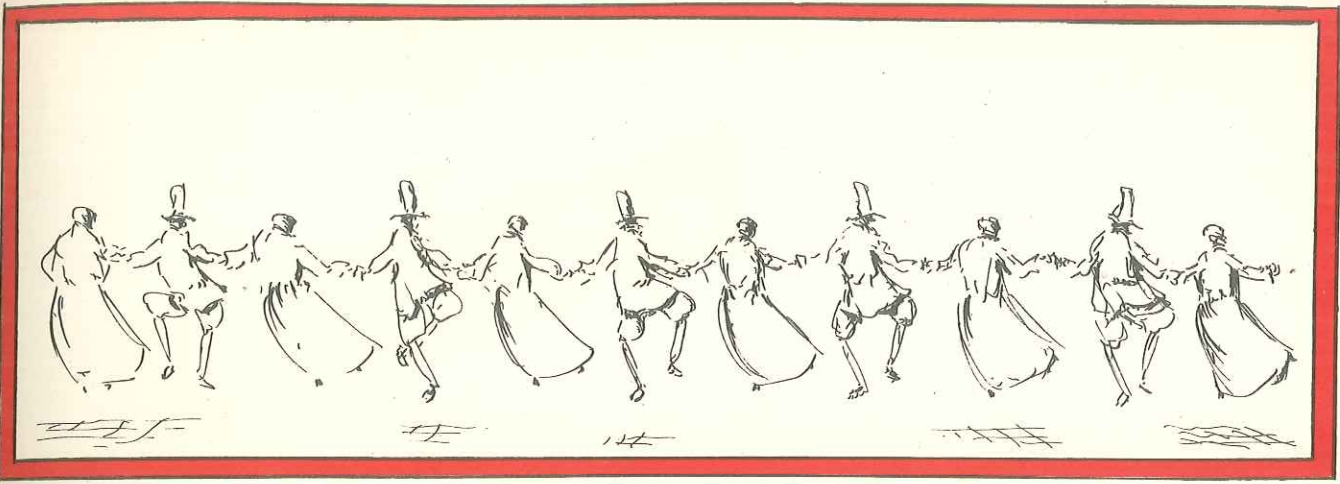
We do not claim to have been infallible in our verdict. To pick twenty-four tunes out of ten thousand times that number of candidates does not make for an easy choice! But at the moment we “tapped” them and said, “Go to your page,” those particular songs seemed to hold the best possible promise for the foundation of a thoroughly happy and congenial community of musical interests.

And that is all there is to say.

The rest is—music!

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

*For a few items of interest about each of the songs, see pages 86 to 96.



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Sumer Is Icumen In

English Round
(about 1240)

Merrily

1. Sum - er is i - cum - en in, Lhu - de sing cuc -
 1. Sum - mer is a - com - ing in, loud - ly sing cuck -

f

cu. Grow - eth sed and blow - eth med And
 oo. Grow - eth seed and blow - eth mead And

mf

springth the wood - e nu. Sing cuc - cu!
 spring - eth wood a - new. Sing cuck - oo.

f

aw - e blet - eth af - ter lomb, Louth af - ter cal - ve
Ewe — bleat - eth af - ter lamb, *Calf* bel - lows af - ter

mf

cu. Bul - luc stert - eth, buck - e vert - eth,
cow. Bul - lock rais - eth, buck too graz - eth,

mu - rie sing cuc - cu. Cuc - cu, cuc - cu. —
 mer - ry sing, cuck - oo. Cuck - oo, cuck - oo, —

p

Wel sing es thu, cuc - cu, ne swik thu nau - er nu.
 Well singst thou — cuck - oo, ne'er cease thy sing - ing now.

A Mighty Fortress Is Our God
(EIN' FESTE BURG)



A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

Martin Luther, 1529

Majestically

1. Ein' fe - ste Burg ist un - ser Gott, ein gu - te Wehr und Waf - fen; Er
1. A might - y for - tress is our God, A bul - wark nev - er fail - ing; Our

hilft uns frei aus al - ler Not, die uns jetzt hat be - trof - fen. Der
help - er He - a - mid the flood of mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing. For

alt bö - se Feind mit Ernst er es jetzt meint; Gross macnt und viel
still our an - cient foe, Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r are

List sein grau - sam Rü - stung ist; auf Erd' ist nicht sein's glei - chen.
great, And, armed with cru - el hate, On earth is not his e - qual.

broader

8.....

EIN' FESTE BURG

2. Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing;
Were not the right man on our side,
The man of God's own choosing:
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is He;
Lord Sabaoth His name,
From age to age the same,
And He must win the battle.

3. And though this world, with devils filled,
Should threaten to undo us;
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us:
The prince of darkness grim,
We tremble not for him;
His rage we can endure,
For lo! his doom is sure,
One little word shall fell him.

2. Mit unsrer Macht ist nichts getan,
Wir sind gar bald verloren;
Es streit't für uns der rechte Mann,
Den Gott selbst hat erkoren.
Fragst du, wer der ist?
Er heisst Jesus Christ,
Der Herr Zebaoth,
Und ist kein andrer Gott:
Das Feld muss er behalten.

3. Und wenn die Welt voll Teufel wär,
Und wollt uns gar verschlingen,
So fürchten wir uns nicht so sehr,
Es soll uns doch gelingen.
Der Fürst dieser Welt,
Wie saur er sich stellt,
Tut er uns doch nicht;
Das macht, er ist gericht't,
Ein Wörtlein kann ihn fällen.

The Little Sandman
(SANDMÄNNCHEN)



2. The birds that sang so sweetly
 By day have gone to rest,
 With feathers folded neatly,
 Each in its cozy nest.
 But in my little cottage,
 I sing to you, my child:
 Sleep now, sleep now,
 Oh sleep, my baby dear!

3. The Sandman now is coming,
 And surely he will peep
 To see that all good children,
 Are really fast asleep.
 And when he finds one still awake,
 Sand he'll sprinkle in its eyes:
 Sleep now, sleep now,
 Oh sleep, my baby dear!

2. Die Vögelein, die sangen
 So süß im Sonnenschein,
 Sie sind zur Ruh' gegangen
 In ihre Nestchen klein;
 Das Heimchen in den Ährengrund,
 Es thut allein sich kund:
 Schlafe, schlafe,
 Schlaf' du, mein Kindelein!

3. Sandmännchen kommt geschlichen
 Und guckt durch's Fensterlein,
 Ob irgend noch ein Liebchen
 Nicht mag zu Bette sein:
 Und wo er nur ein Kindchen fand,
 Streut' er in's Aug ihm Sand:
 Schlafe, schlafe,
 Schlaf' du, mein Kindelein!

The Little Sandman

Gently

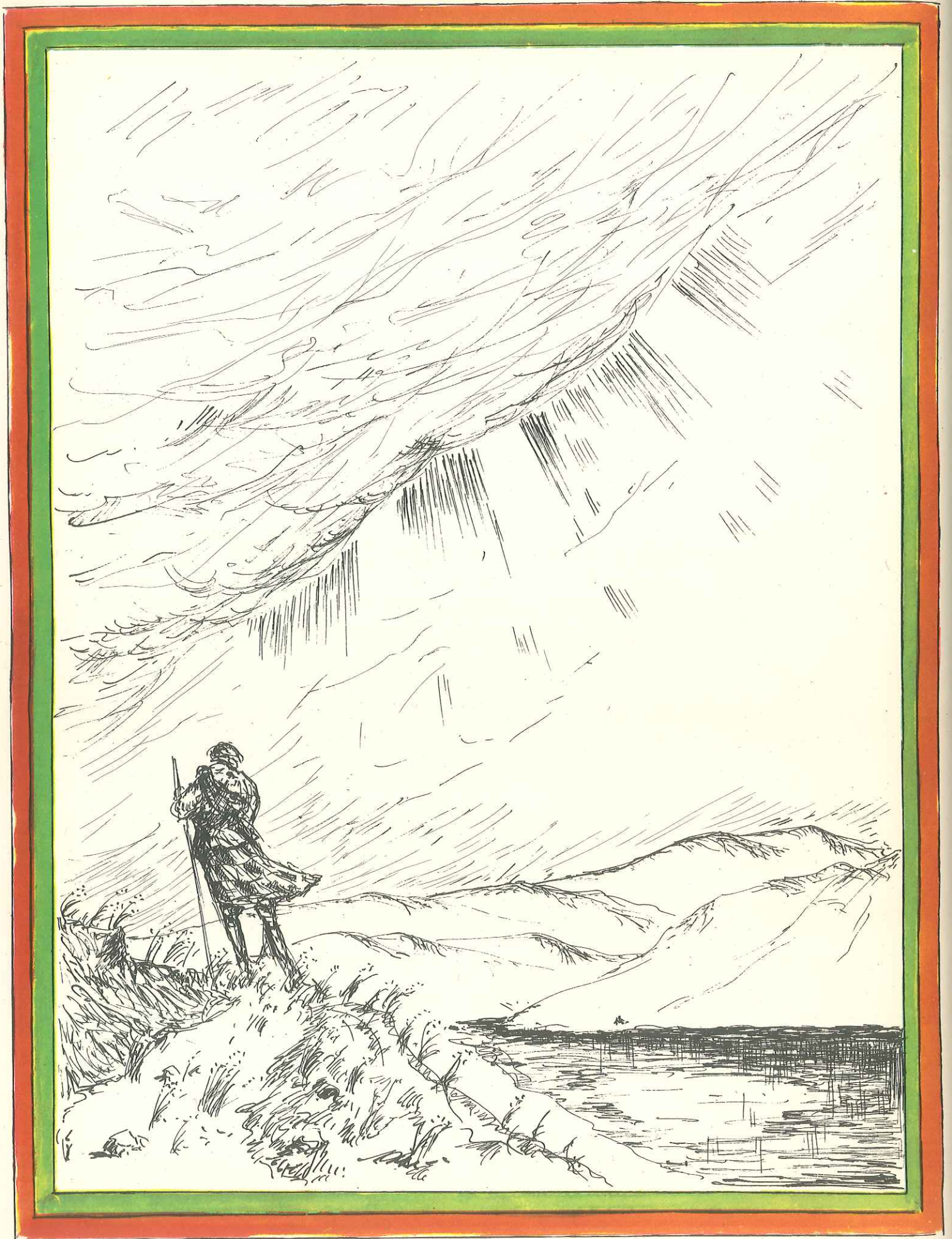
1. Die Blü - me - lein sie schla - fen schon längst im Mon den -
 1. The flow'rs have long been sleep - ing, be - neath the moon so

schein, sie nik - ken mit den Köp - fen auf ih - ren Sten - ge - lein.
 bright; Each ti - ny head is nod - ding, up - on its stem so light.

Es rüt - telt sich der Blü - ten - baum, er säu - selt wie im
 The bud - ding trees move to and fro, rust - ling mur - mur'ng sweet and

dolce

Traum: Schla - fe, schla - fe, schla - fe, schlaf du, mein Kin - de - lein!
 low: Sleep - now, sleep - now, oh - sleep my - ba - by dear!



Loch Lomond

Scotch Air

Not too fast

1. By yon bon-nie banks and by yon bon-nie braes, Where the
2. 'Twas there that we part-ed in yon shad-y glen, On the
3. The wee bird-ies sing and the wild flow-ers spring, And in

mf

sun shines bright on Loch Lo - mond, Where me and my true love were
steep, steep side o' Ben Lo - mond, Where in pur - ple hue the
sun-shine the wa - ters are sleep - in', But the bro-ken heart it kens nae

ev - er wont to gae, On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks o' Loch Lo - mond.
Hie-land hills we view, And the moon, com-ing out in the gloam - in'. Oh!
sec - ond spring a - gain, Tho' the wae-fu may cease frae their greet - in'.

REFRAIN

ye'll tak' the high road, But I'll tak' the low road, And

più mosso

The first system of the refrain features a vocal line in G major with a key signature of one flat (F major) and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are "ye'll tak' the high road, But I'll tak' the low road, And". The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand part with chords and a left-hand part with a simple bass line. The tempo marking *più mosso* is placed above the piano part.

I'll be in Scot-land a - fore ye; But me and my true love will

The second system continues the vocal line with the lyrics "I'll be in Scot-land a - fore ye; But me and my true love will". The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings such as *mf* and *f* across the system.

nev-er meet a - gain, On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks o' Loch Lo - mond!

rit.

The third system concludes the refrain with the lyrics "nev-er meet a - gain, On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks o' Loch Lo - mond!". The piano accompaniment features a *rit.* (ritardando) marking above the left-hand part.

Il était une bergère



Il était une bergère

French Round

Gracefully

1. Il é - tait un' ber - gè - re, Et ron ron ron, pe - tit
1. There was a lit - tle mai - den, Fa la la la, la la

p

pa - ta - pon, Il é - tait un' ber - gè - re, Qui
la la la, There was a lit - tle mai - den, A

mf

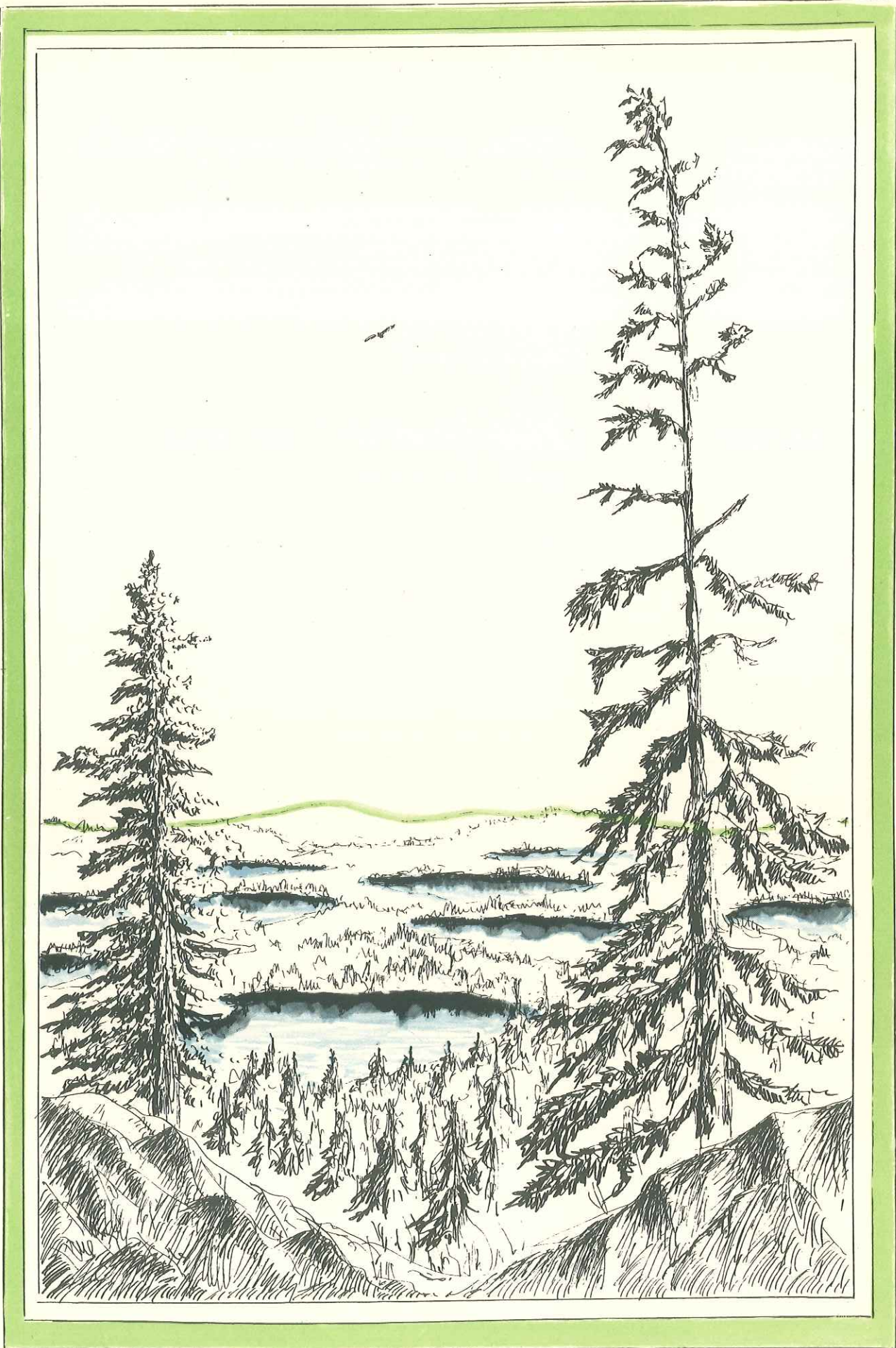
gar - dait ses mou - tons, ron ron, Qui gar - dait ses mou - tons. —
shep - herd - ess was she, fa la, A shep - herd - ess was she. —

p

IL ÉTAIT UNE BERGÈRE

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 2. A cheese she was a-making,
Fa la la la, la la la la la,
A cheese she was a-making,
Of milk so pure and white, fa la,
Of milk so pure and white. | 2. Elle fit un fromage,
Et ron ron ron, petit patapon,
Elle fit un fromage
Du lait de ses moutons, ron, ron,
Du lait de ses moutons. |
| 3. Her cat, who sat a-watching,
Fa la la la, la la la la la,
Her cat, who sat a-watching,
Had such a naughty look, fa la,
Had such a naughty look. | 3. Le chat qui la regarde,
Et ron ron ron, petit patapon,
Le chat qui la regarde
D'un petit air fripon, ron ron,
D'un petit air fripon. |
| 4. If you dare put your paw in,
Fa la la la, la la la la la,
If you dare put your paw in,
I'll get out my big stick, fa la
I'll get out my big stick. | 4. Si tu y mets la patte,
Et ron ron ron, petit patapon,
Si tu y mets la patte,
Tu auras du bâton, ron ron,
Tu auras du bâton. |
| 5. The cat did not attempt this,
Fa la la la, la la la la la,
The cat did not attempt this,
Instead, his tongue went in, fa la,
Instead, his tongue went in. | 5. Il n'y mit pas la patte,
Et ron ron ron, petit patapon,
Il n'y mit pas la patte,
Il y mit le menton, ron ron,
Il y mit le menton. |

Far from Me



Far from Me

Finnish

Slowly

Far from me my loved one went, O - ver sea and

p

The first system of music features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (D major) and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are "Far from me my loved one went, O - ver sea and". The piano accompaniment consists of a right hand with eighth-note patterns and a left hand with a simple bass line. A piano dynamic marking (*p*) is placed below the piano part.

hill, _____ Will a word from him be sent, —

8.....:

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a long horizontal line under "hill," followed by the lyrics "Will a word from him be sent, —". The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns. An 8-measure rest is indicated in the piano part.

That he loves me still? Bird on high take wing I pray,

mf

8.....:

The third system concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has the lyrics "That he loves me still? Bird on high take wing I pray,". The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns. A mezzo-forte dynamic marking (*mf*) is placed below the piano part. An 8-measure rest is indicated in the piano part.

And — e'er re - turn - ing Bring to him so

8.....

far a - way, Words of love and yearn - ing; Should the bird this

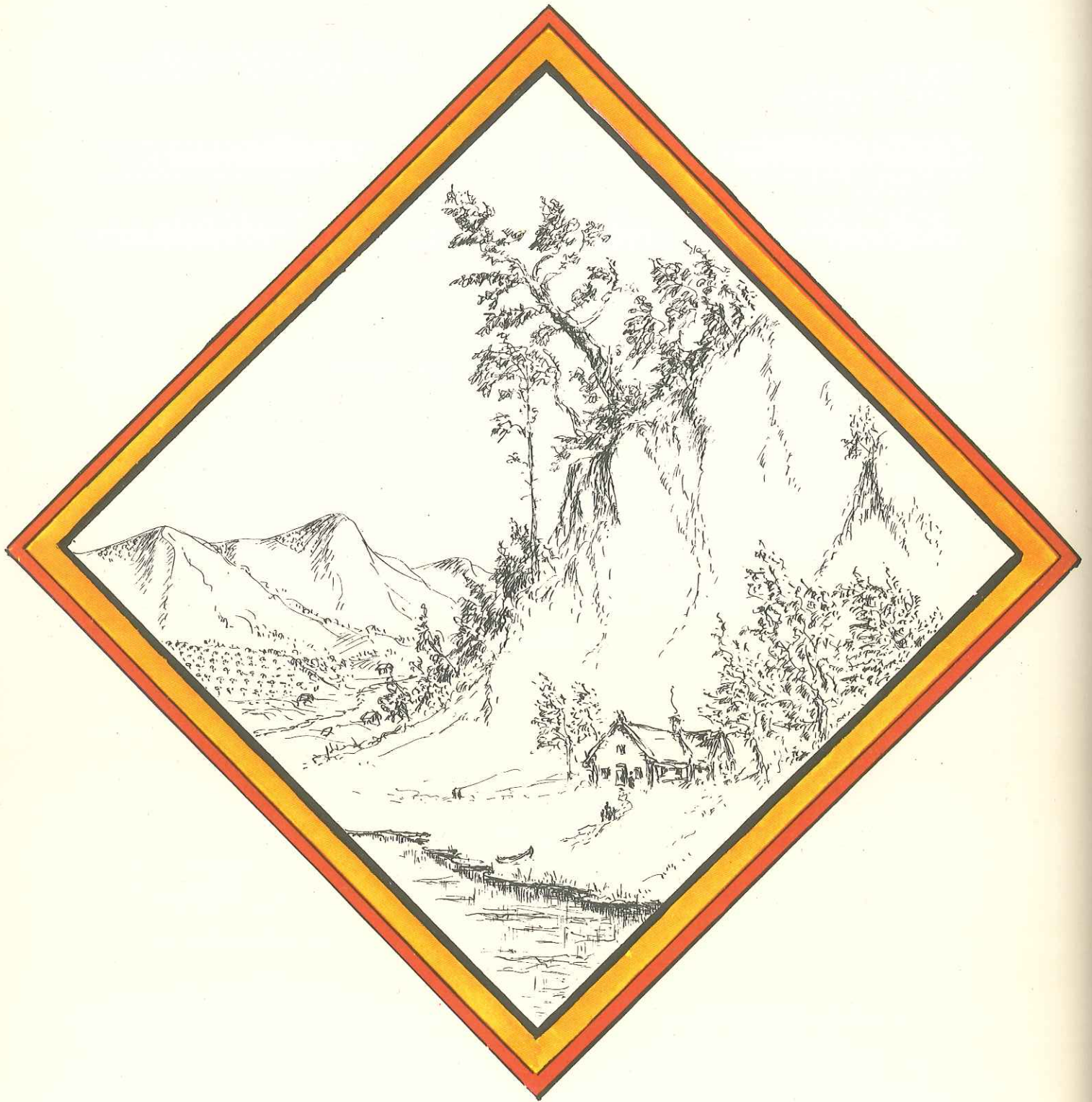
dim. e rit. *a tempo p*

8.....

mes - sage bring, And my wish ful - fill,

Hap - py could I once more sing, — And my heart be still.

Home, Sweet Home



Home, Sweet Home

John Howard Payne

Sir Henry Bishop

With much expression

1. 'Mid pleas - ures and pal - a - ces though — we may
 2. I — gaze — on the moon as I tread — the drear
 3. An - ex - ile from home, splen - dor daz - zles in

p

roam, Be it ev - er so hum - ble, there's
 wild, And — feel — that my moth - er now
 vain; Oh, — give — me my low - ly thatch'd

no — place like home. A — charm — from the
 thinks — of her child As she looks — on that
 cot - tage a - gain. The — birds — sing - ing

mf

8.....

skies seems to hal - low us there, Which
 moon from our own cot - tage door Thro' the
 gai - ly, that came at my call; Give me

seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else - where.
 wood - bine whose fra - grance shall cheer me no more.
 them and that peace of mind dear - er than all.

dim.

REFRAIN

Home! home! Sweet, sweet home! Be it

p

ev - er so hum - ble, There's no place like home.

All Through the Night



4. While the moon her watch is keeping,
All through the night;
While the weary world is sleeping,
All through the night.
O'er thy spirit gently stealing,
Visions of delight revealing,
Breathes a pure and holy feeling,
All through the night.

All Through the Night

Welsh Air

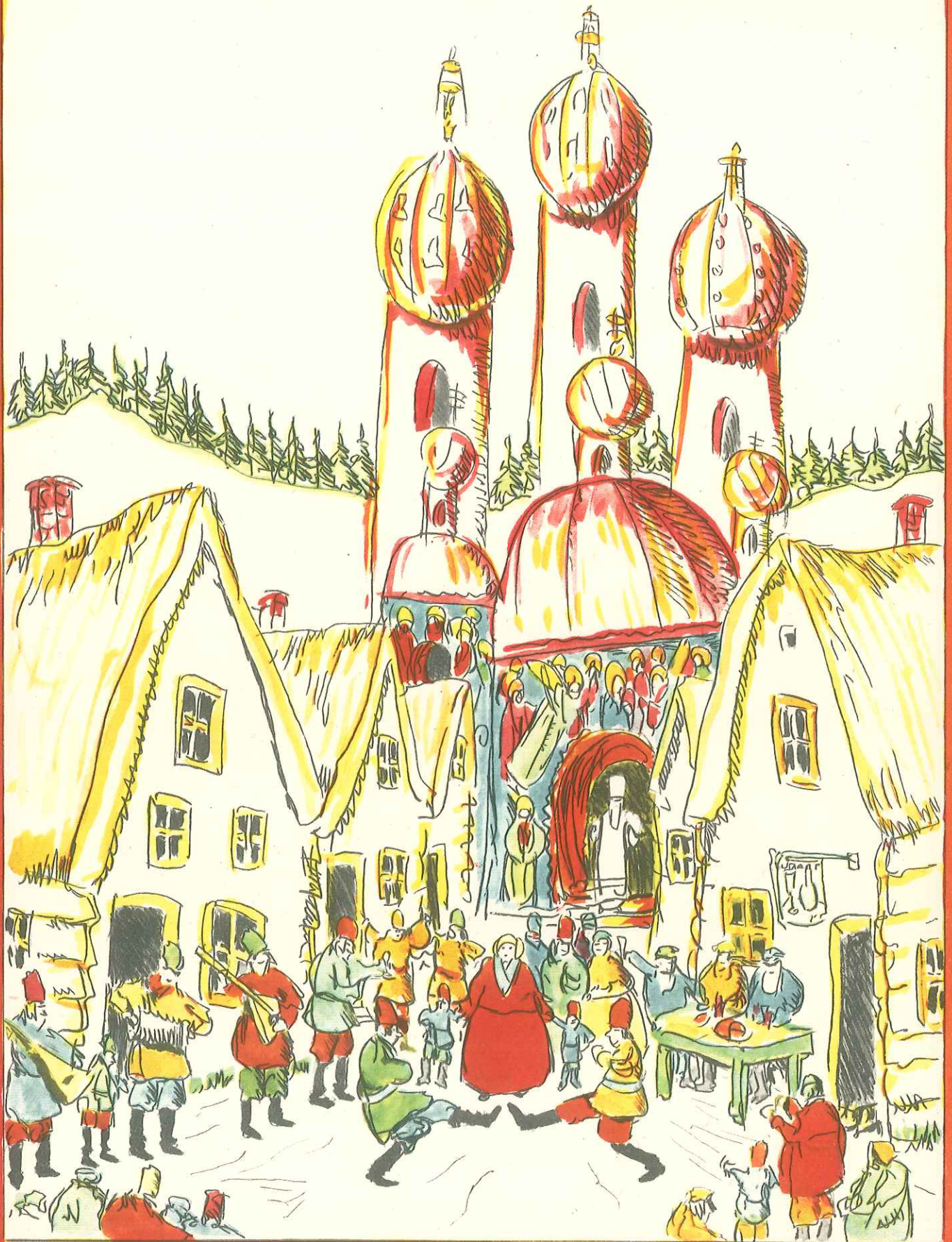
Quietly

1. Sleep, my child, and peace at-tend thee, All through the night;
2. Though I roam, a min - strel lone - ly, All through the night;
3. Hark! a sol - emn bell is ring - ing, Clear through the night;

Guard - ian an - gels God will send thee, All through the night.
My true harp shall praise thee on - ly All through the night.
Thou, my love, art heav'n - ward wing - ing, Home through the night.

Soft the drow - sy hours are creep - ing, Hill and vale in slum - ber steep - ing,
Love's young dream a - las! is o - ver, Yet my strains of love shall hov - er
Earth - ly dust from off thee shak - en, Soul im - mor - tal, thou shalt wa - ken,

Love a - lone his watch is keep - ing, All through the night.
Near the pres - ence of my lov - er, All through the night.
With thy last dim jour - ney tak - en, Home through the night.



The Scarlet Sarafan

Russian

Simply, not too fast

"Moth-er, dar-ling moth-er— mine, please let those la-bors be, —

p

This system contains the first two staves of music. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment is in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The piano part begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

Leave the Scar-let Sar-a-fan, and play a-while with me?"

This system contains the second two staves of music. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "Leave the Scar-let Sar-a-fan, and play a-while with me?". The piano accompaniment continues with a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

"Daugh-ter, oh sweet daugh-ter, sit down by my side, — List-en to your

mf

This system contains the third two staves of music. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "Daugh-ter, oh sweet daugh-ter, sit down by my side, — List-en to your". The piano accompaniment starts with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic marking. The piano part features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the left hand.

moth-er, Soon 'tis ev-en-tide Gai-ly you can sing now,

dim. *p*

This system contains the final two staves of music on the page. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics "moth-er, Soon 'tis ev-en-tide Gai-ly you can sing now,". The piano accompaniment ends with a *dim.* (diminuendo) marking in the right hand and a *p* (piano) marking in the left hand.

as the lark in May, laugh - ing, danc - ing, play - ing,

cresc.

but 'twill fade a - way. For the days will come, when

p

joy and youth must flee, And thy cheeks now firm and red, then worn and pale will

be; And thy cheeks now firm and red, then worn and pale will be.

Once too I was sing - ing, But a - las, one day,

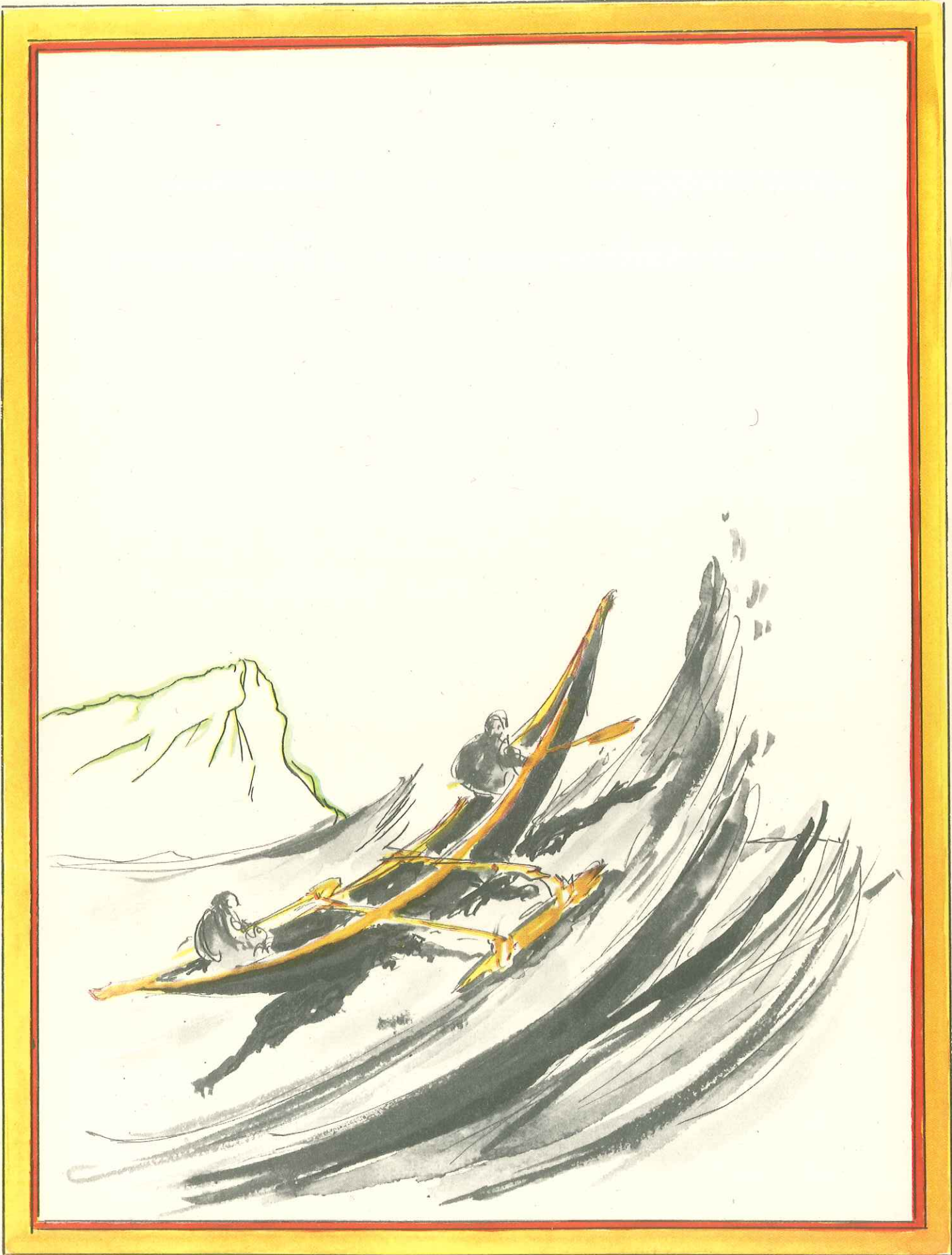
My song found its end - ing, Youth had slipped a - way.

rit.

Gaz - ing on you dear, I re - call all the hopes that time out ran, —

p

Now my mem - 'ries bid me sew the Scar - let Sar - a - fan."

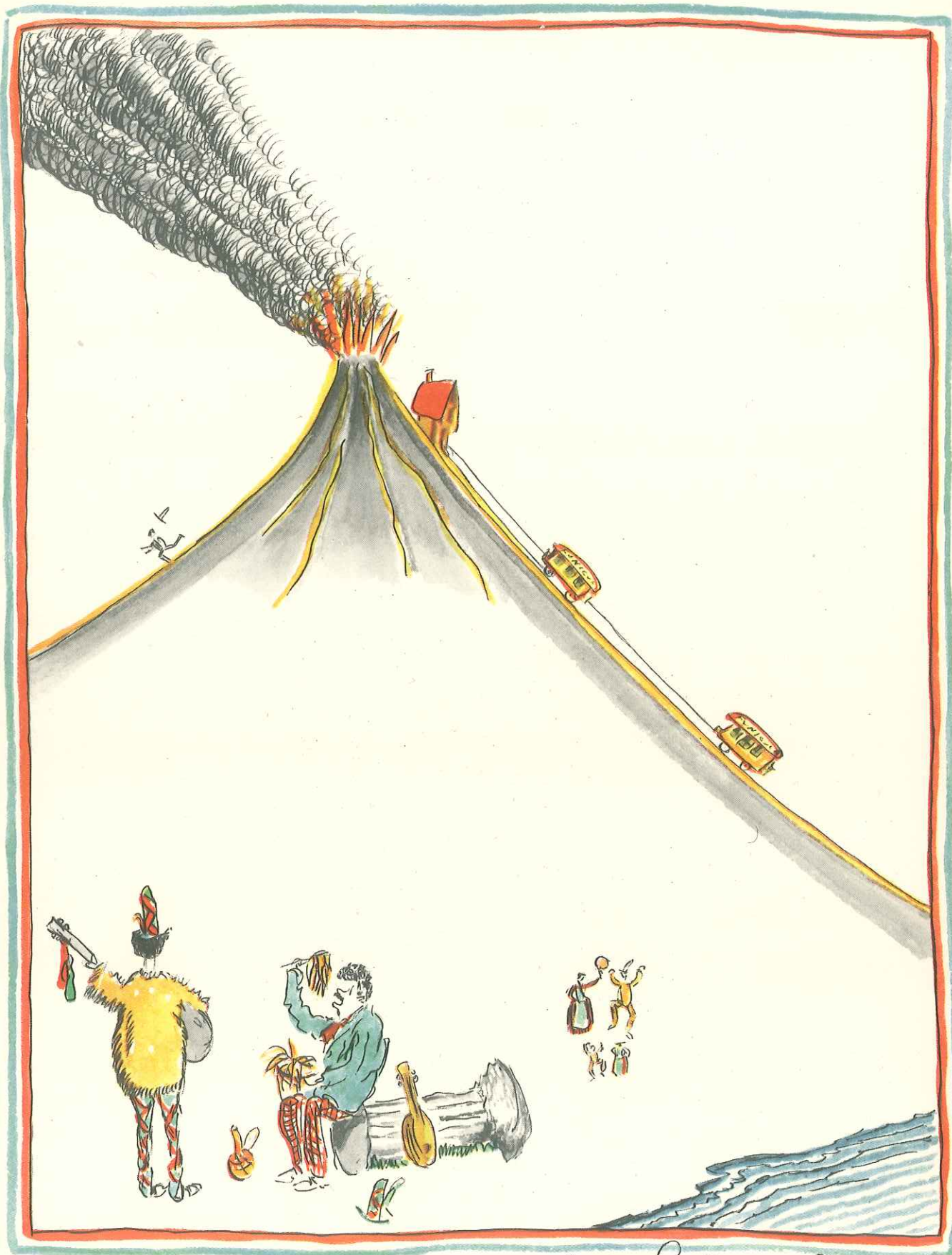


Aloha Oe

Queen Liliuokalani

Slowly, with expression

Soar-ing high, the clouds are proud-ly borne, Like birds they sweep a-cross the
sky, While I, my dear, with grief am torn, part-ing thus from you I can on-ly
sigh, Fare-well to thee, fare-well to thee, my heart shall al-ways ech-o this re-
frain, One fond em-brace, all sad-ness to e-rase, Un-til we meet a-gain.



Enrico Guglielmo, pittore

Funiculi Funicula

Luigi Denza

Lively, with marked rhythm

Sta se ra Ni - na
Some think the world is

mia io son mon ta - lo, Te lo di - ro,
made for fun and fro - lic, And so do I,

te lo di - ro, Co - la do - ve dio -
and so do I. Some think it well to

pet-tiun-cor in-gra - to Più far non può, più far non
be all mel-an-chol - ic To pine and sigh, to pine and

p *f* *subito pp* *f* *subito pp*

pùò, _____ Co - la _____ con cen te il fo - co ma se
 sigh; _____ But I, _____ I love to spend my time in

fug - gi _____ Ti la - scia star, _____ ti la - scia star, _____
 sing - ing, _____ Some joy - ous song, _____ some joy - ous song, _____

— E non _____ ti cor - re ap - press - oe non ti strug - gi, _____
 — To set _____ the air with mu - sic brave - ly ring - ing, _____

— A ri - guar - dar, _____ a ri - guar - dar. _____
 — Is far from wrong, _____ is far from wrong. _____

Les - ti, Les - ti, Via, mon-tiam su - la,
 Lis - ten, Lis - ten, Ech - oes sound a - far,

Les - ti, Les - ti, Via, mon-tiam su - la, Fu-ni - cu -
 Lis - ten, Lis - ten, Ech - oes sound a - far, Fu-ni - cu -

li, fu - ni - cu - la, fu - ni - cu - li, fu - ni - cu - la,
 li, fu - ni - cu - la, fu - ni - cu - li, fu - ni - cu - la,

Via, mon-tiam su - la, Fu-ni - cu - li, fu - ni - cu - la.
 Ech - oes sound a - far, Fu-ni - cu - li, fu - ni - cu - la.



3. "Sir, I feel not the least alarm,
No son of Erin will offer me harm;
For though they love woman and gold enstore,
Sir Knight, they love honor and virtue more!"

4. On she went, and her maiden smile,
In safety lighted her round the green isle;
And blest forever is she who relied
Upon Erin's honor and Erin's pride.

Rich and Rare Were the Gems She Wore

Thomas Moore

Irish Air

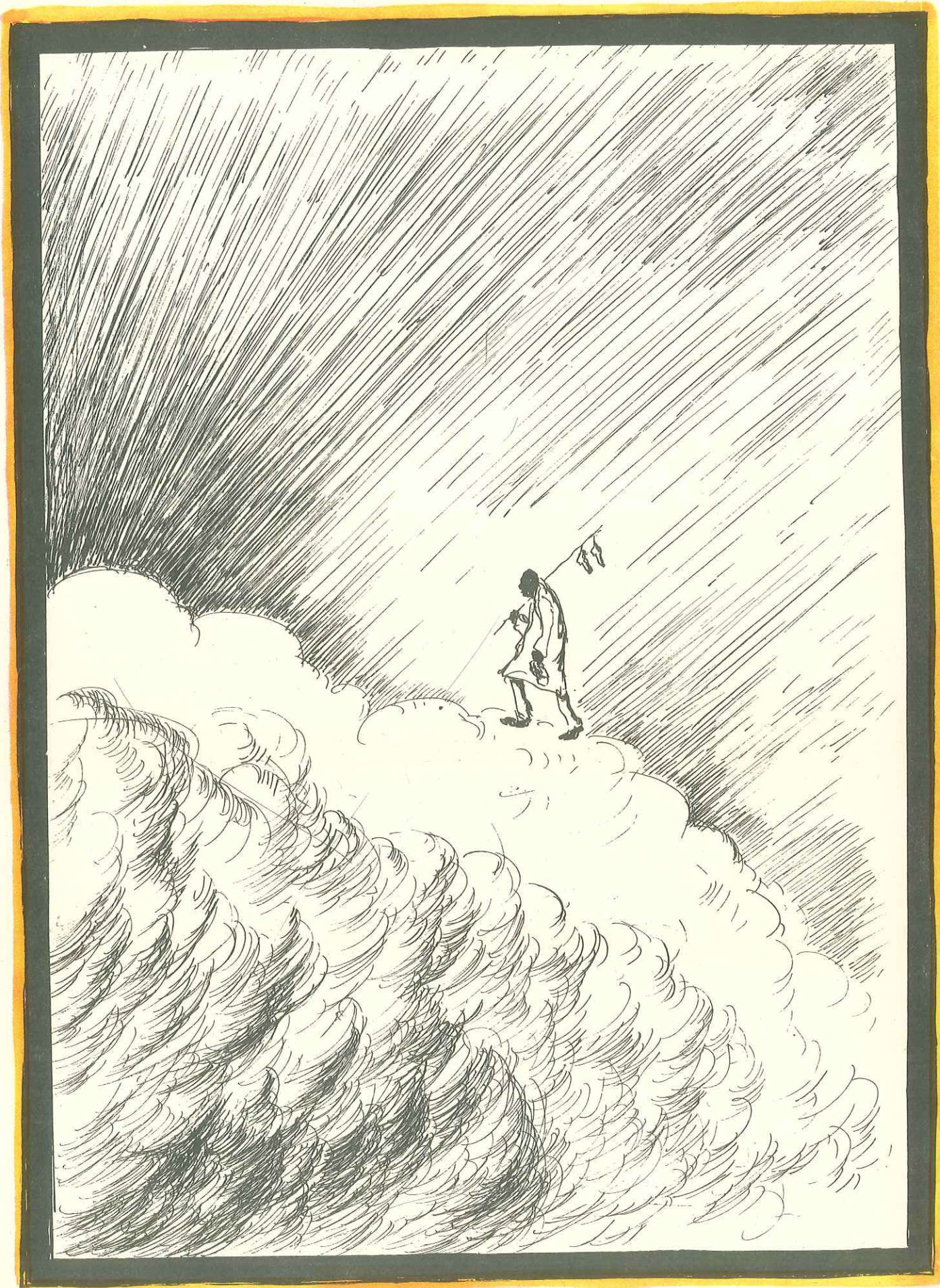
Slowly

Rich and rare were the gems she wore, And a bright gold ring on her
La - dy, dost thou not fear to stray, So lone and love - ly thro'
wand she bore; But oh, her beau - ty was far be - yond Her
this bleak way? Are E - rin's sons so good or so cold, As
spark ling gems or snow - white wand. But oh, her beau - ty was
not to be tempt-ed by wo - man or gold? Are E - rin's sons so
far be - yond cold, Her spark - ling gems or snow - white wand.
good or so cold, As not to be tempt-ed by wo - man or gold?

cresc.

dim.

dim. e rit.



Goin' to Shout All Over God's Heav'n

Negro Spiritual

With spirit, not too fast

1. I got a robe, you got a robe, All of God's child-ren got a robe;
 2. I got a shoes, you got a shoes, All of God's child-ren got a shoes;
 3. I got a harp, you got a harp, All of God's child-ren got a harp;

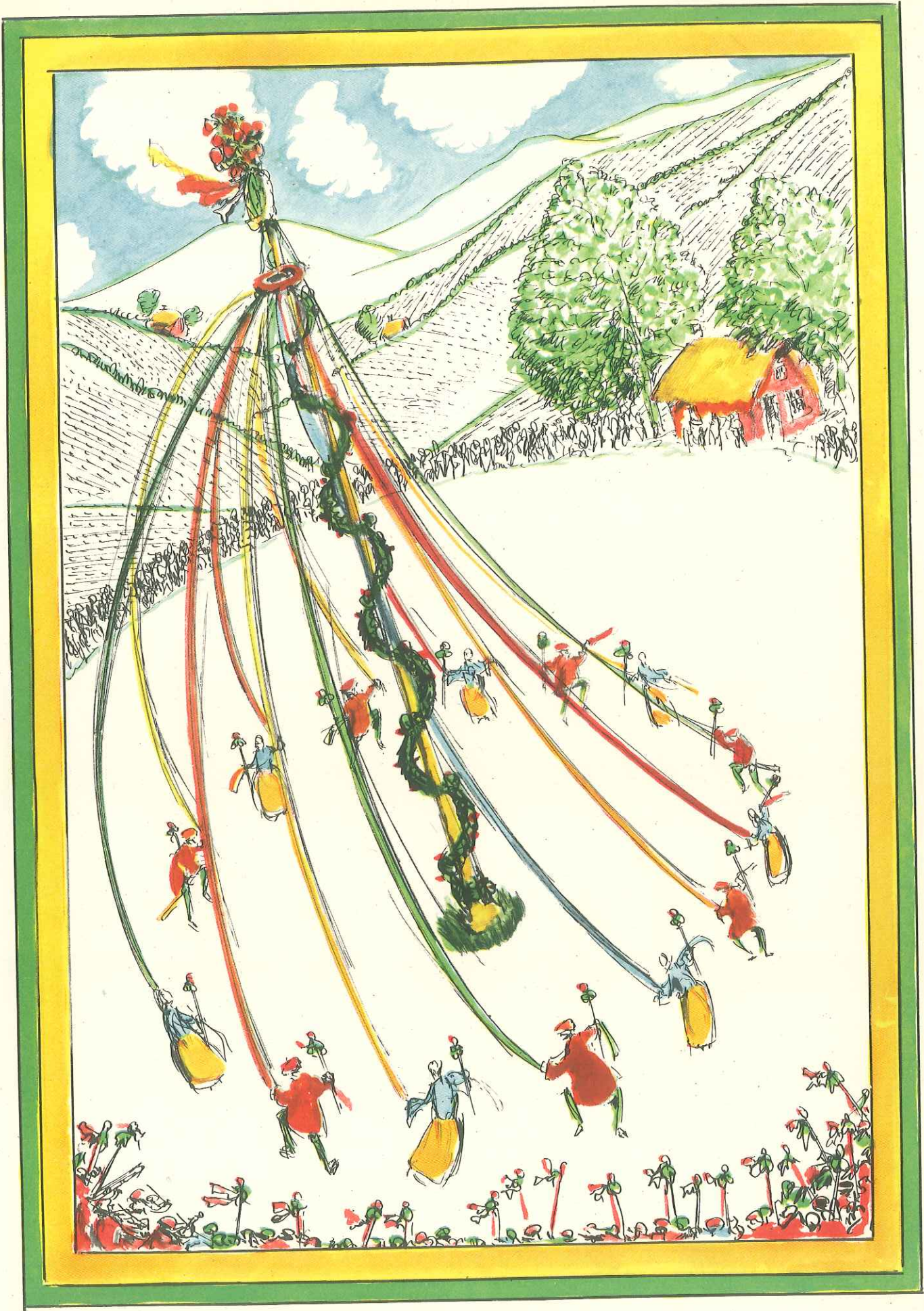
When I get to heav'n I'm goin' to put on my robe, Goin' to shout all o-ver God's heav'n.*
 When I get to heav'n I'm goin' to put on my shoes, Goin' to walk all o-ver God's heav'n.
 When I get to heav'n I'm goin' to play on my harp, Goin' to play all o-ver God's heav'n.

REFRAIN

Heav'n, heav'n, Ev'-ry-bod-y talk-in' bout heav'n ain't go-in' there,

Heav'n, heav'n, Goin' to shout all o-ver God's heav'n.
 Goin' to walk all o-ver God's heav'n.
 Goin' to play all o-ver God's heav'n.

* The last syllable of "heav'n" should be hummed.



Cornish May Song

Sir Alexander Boswell

English Morris Dance
17th Century

Briskly

1. Ye coun-try maid-ens, gath-er dew, While yet the morn-ing breez-es blow, The
2. With song and dance, in_ fest-ive band, Each hap-py lad may lead his lass, With
3. Tho' a - ges end and man-ners fade, And an-cient rev - els pass a - way, I

fair - y_ rings are_ fresh and new, Then cau-tious mark them as ye go.
mirth-ful_ smiles, and_ hand in hand, O'er ev - 'ry thresh-old free - ly pass.
hope it_ nev - er_ will be said, For - got - ten is sweet Flor - a Day.

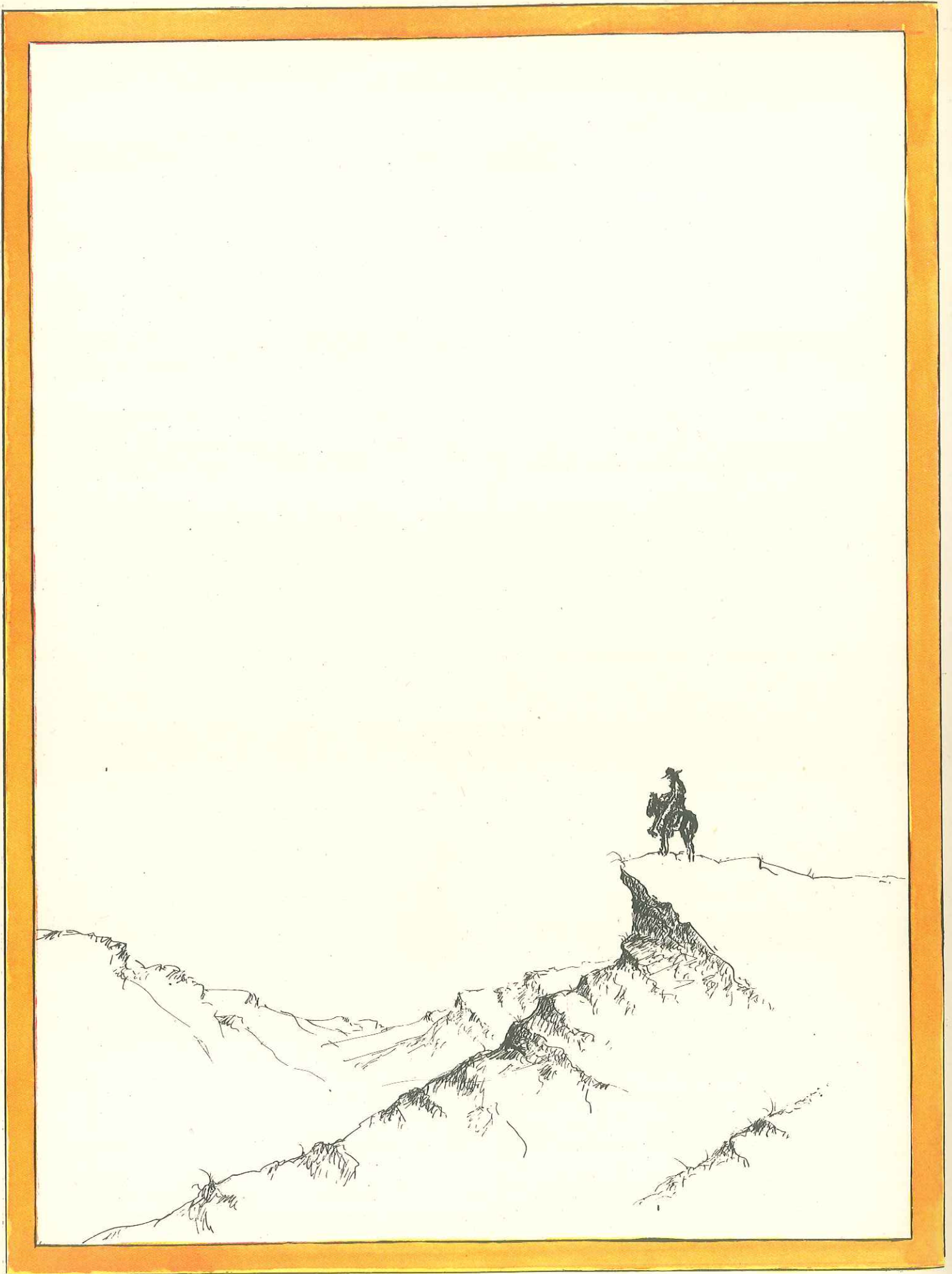
REFRAIN

A - rise, a-rise, the night is past, The sky-lark hails the dawn of day, Care

get thee hence, from this place fly, For mirth rules here, This morn of May.

rit. *a tempo*

rit. *a tempo*



Home on the Range

Cowboy Song

Slowly

1. Oh, give me a home where the buf - fa - lo roam, Where the
2. Oh, give me a land where the bright dia - mond sand, Flows
3. How oft - en at night when the heav - ens are bright, With the

mf

deer and the an - te - lope play, — Where sel - dom is heard a dis -
lei - sure - ly down the stream, — Where the grace - ful, white swan goes
lights from the glit - ter - ing stars, — Have I stood there a - mazed and

cour - ag - ing word, And the skies are not cloud - y all day. —
glid - ing a - long Like a maid in a heav - en - ly dream. —
asked as I gazed, If their glo - ry ex - ceeds that of ours. —

REFRAIN

Home, home on the range, — Where the deer and the an - te - lope

f *p*

This system contains the first two measures of the refrain. The vocal line begins with a half note 'Home', followed by a quarter note 'home', a quarter note 'on', a quarter note 'the', a half note 'range', a quarter rest, a quarter note 'Where', a quarter note 'the', a quarter note 'deer', a quarter note 'and', a quarter note 'the', a quarter note 'an - te -', and a quarter note 'lope'. The piano accompaniment features a strong *f* dynamic in the first measure, transitioning to a *p* dynamic in the second measure. The piano part consists of chords and moving lines in both hands, with a fermata over the final chord.

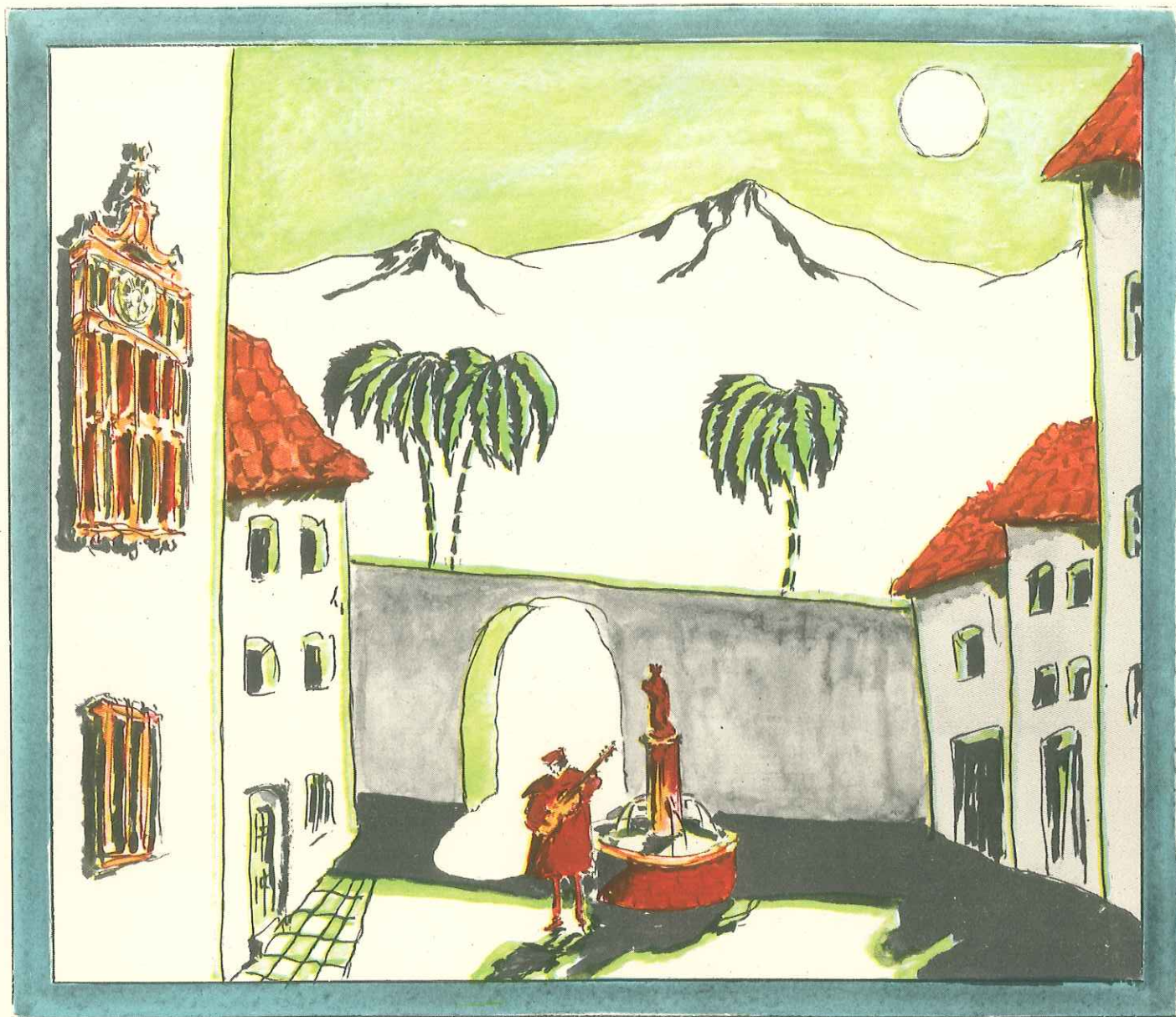
play. — Where sel - dom is heard a dis -

This system contains the next two measures of the refrain. The vocal line continues with a half note 'play.', a quarter rest, a quarter note 'Where', a quarter note 'sel -', a quarter note 'dom', a quarter note 'is', a quarter note 'heard', a quarter note 'a', and a quarter note 'dis -'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines, maintaining the *p* dynamic.

cour - ag - ing word, And the skies are not cloud - y all day. —

This system contains the final two measures of the refrain. The vocal line continues with a quarter note 'cour -', a quarter note 'ag -', a quarter note 'ing', a quarter note 'word,', a quarter note 'And', a quarter note 'the', a quarter note 'skies', a quarter note 'are', a quarter note 'not', a quarter note 'cloud -', a quarter note 'y', a quarter note 'all', a quarter note 'day.', and a quarter rest. The piano accompaniment concludes with a final chord and a fermata. A circled '8' with a dotted line follows the piano part.

Juanita



Juanita

Caroline Norton

Spanish Air

Tranquillo

1. Soft o'er the foun-tain, Ling-'ring falls the south-ern moon;
2. When in thy dream-ing, Moons like these shall shine a - gain,

p

Far o'er the moun - tain, Breaks the day too soon!
And, day - light beam - ing, Prove thy dreams are vain,

In thy dark eyes' splen - dor, Where the warm light loves to dwell,
Wilt thou not, re - lent - ing, For thine ab - sent lov - er sigh?

Wea - ry looks, yet ten - der, Speak their fond fare - well!
In thy heart con - sent - ing To a pray'r gone by?

REFRAIN

Ni - ta, Jua - ni - ta! Ask thy soul if we should part!
Ni - ta, Jua - ni - ta! Let me ling - er by thy side!

Ni - ta, Jua - ni - ta, Lean thou on my heart!
Ni - ta, Jua - ni - ta, Be my own fair bride!

p *rit. e dim.*

Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes



Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes

Ben Jonson

English Air

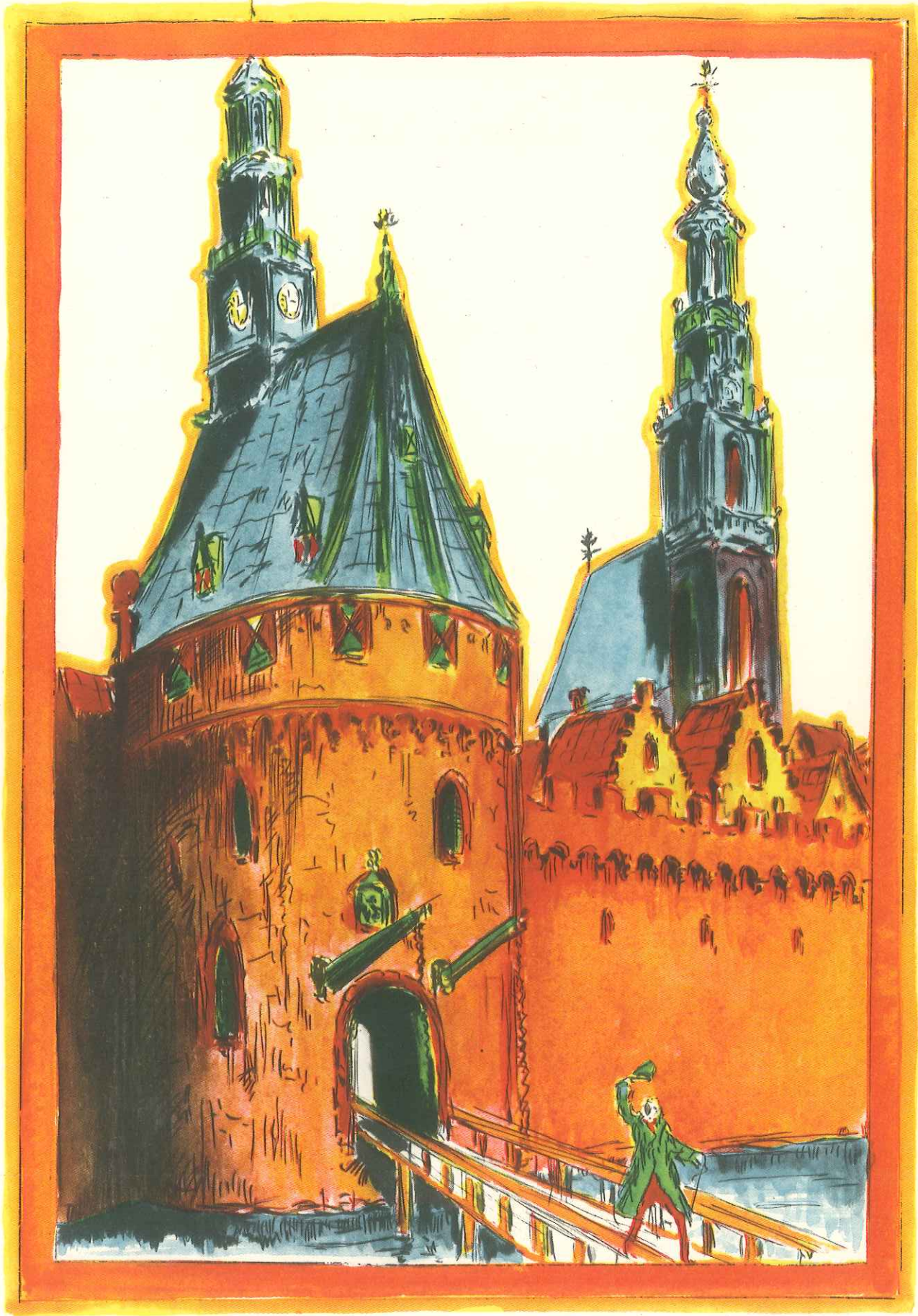
Slowly

Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, - And I - will pledge with mine, -
I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, not so - much hon - 'ring thee, -

Or leave a kiss with - in - the cup, - And I'll - not ask for wine; - The
As giv - ing it a hope that there - It could not with - ered be; - But

thirst that from the soul doth rise, Doth ask a drink di - vine; -
thou there - on did'st on - ly breathe And send'st it back to me; -

But might I of Jove's nec - tar sip, - I would not change for thine. -
Since when it grows and smells, I swear, Not of - it - self, but thee. -



Muss i denn

Swabian Folk-tune

Gaily

Muss i denn, muss i denn, zum — Städ - te - le 'naus,
Must I then, must I then, leave this dear lit - tle town,

mf

The first system of music features a vocal line in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are written below the notes. The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand part with chords and a left-hand part with a simple bass line. A dynamic marking of *mf* is placed below the piano part.

Städ - te - le 'naus, und — du, mein Schatz, bleibst hier? Wenn i
dear lit - tle town, while — you my love stay here? Some day

f *p* *mf*

The second system continues the melody. The piano part features a dynamic marking of *f* in the first measure, *p* in the second, and *mf* in the third. The vocal line concludes with a fermata over the final note.

komm', wenn i komm', wenn i wie - drum_komm', wie - drum_komm', kehr' i
soon, I'll be back, and the day I re - turn, day I re - turn, I shall

f *p*

The third system concludes the piece. The piano part has dynamic markings of *f* and *p*. The vocal line ends with a fermata over the final note.

ein, mein Schatz, bei dir. Kann i gleich nit all-weil bei dir sein, han i
 haste to— you, my dear. For al-though I can not ling-er now, and

mf

doch mein' Freud' an— dir; Wenn i komm', wenn i komm', wenn i
 must go forth quite a-lone; On the day I come back, on the

mf

wie - drum_komm', wie - drum_komm', kehr' i ein, mein_Schatz, bei dir!
 day I come back, day I come back, I shall claim you— for my own.

f

MUSS I DENN

2. Wie du weinst, wie du weinst, dass i wandere muss,
 Wandere muss,
 Wie wenn d' Lieb' jetzt wär vorbei,
 Sind au' drauss, sind au' drauss der Mädele viel,
 Mädele viel,
 Lieber Schatz, i bleib' dir treu!
 Denk du net, wenn i en Andre seh',
 So sei mein Lieb vorbei:
 Sind au' drauss, sind au' drauss der Mädele viel,
 Mädele viel,
 Lieber Schatz, i bleib' dir treu.
3. Über's Jahr, über's Jahr, wenn me Träubele schneid't,
 Träubele schneid't,
 Stell' i hier mi wied'rum ein;
 Bin i dann, bin i dann dein Schätzele noch,
 Schätzele noch,
 So soll die Hochzeit sein.
 Über's Jahr, da ist mein Zeit vorbei,
 Da gehör' ich mein und dein:
 Bin i dann, bin i dann dein Schätzele noch,
 Schätzele noch,
 So soll die Hochzeit sein!
2. How you weep, how you weep, at the thought that I must go,
 Thought that I must go,
 As if no one could stay true.
 Yet the girls in this world, all the girls in this world,
 Girls in this world,
 They but make me think of you.
 So be still, my sweet, and have no fear,
 Of all these girls by the score;
 Since I gave you my heart so many years ago,
 Many years ago,
 You're the one I still adore.
3. One more year, one more year, when the grapes are being cut,
 Grapes are being cut,
 I'll be back dearest for thee.
 And if then, and if then, I'm still thy own true love,
 Still thy own true love,
 Then married we shall be.
 Just a year, then is my duty done,
 Once more I shall be free;
 And if then, and if then, I'm still thy own true love,
 Still thy own true love,
 Then married we shall be.



The Wraggle Taggle Gypsies, O!

Old English
(Somerset Folk Tune)

Spirited

1. There were three gyp - sies a - come to my door, And down-stairs ran this a -
 2. Then she pulled off her silk fin-ished gown, And put on hose of —
 3. It was late last night, when my lord came home, En - quir - ing for his a -

mf

la - dy, O! The one — sang high, And an - oth - er sang low, And the
 leath - er, O! The rag - ged ragged rags a - bout our door, She's
 la - dy, O! The ser - vants said, on ev - 'ry hand: She's

rit. *a tempo*

rit. *a tempo*

oth - er sang — bon - ny, bon - ny Bis - cay, O!
 gone — with the wrag - gle tag - gle gyp - sies, O!
 gone — with the wrag - gle tag - gle gyp - sies, O!

INTERLUDE

THE WRAGGLE TAGGLE GYPSIES, O!

4. O saddle to me my milk-white steed,
Go and fetch me my pony, O!
That I may ride and seek my bride,
Who is gone with the wraggle taggle gypsies, O!
5. O he rode high and he rode low,
He rode through woods and copses too,
Until he came to an open field,
And there he espied his a-lady, O!
6. What makes you leave your house and land?
What makes you leave your money, O?
What makes you leave your new wedded lord,
To go with the wraggle taggle gypsies, O?
7. What care I for my house and land?
What care I for my money, O?
What care I for my new wedded lord?
I'm off with the wraggle taggle gypsies, O!
8. Last night you slept on a goose-feather bed,
With the sheet turned down so bravely, O!
And tonight you'll sleep in a cold open field,
Along with the wraggle taggle gypsies, O!
9. What care I for a goose-feather bed,
With the sheet turned down so bravely, O?
For tonight I shall sleep in a cold open field,
Along with the wraggle taggle gypsies, O!

Alone



Alone

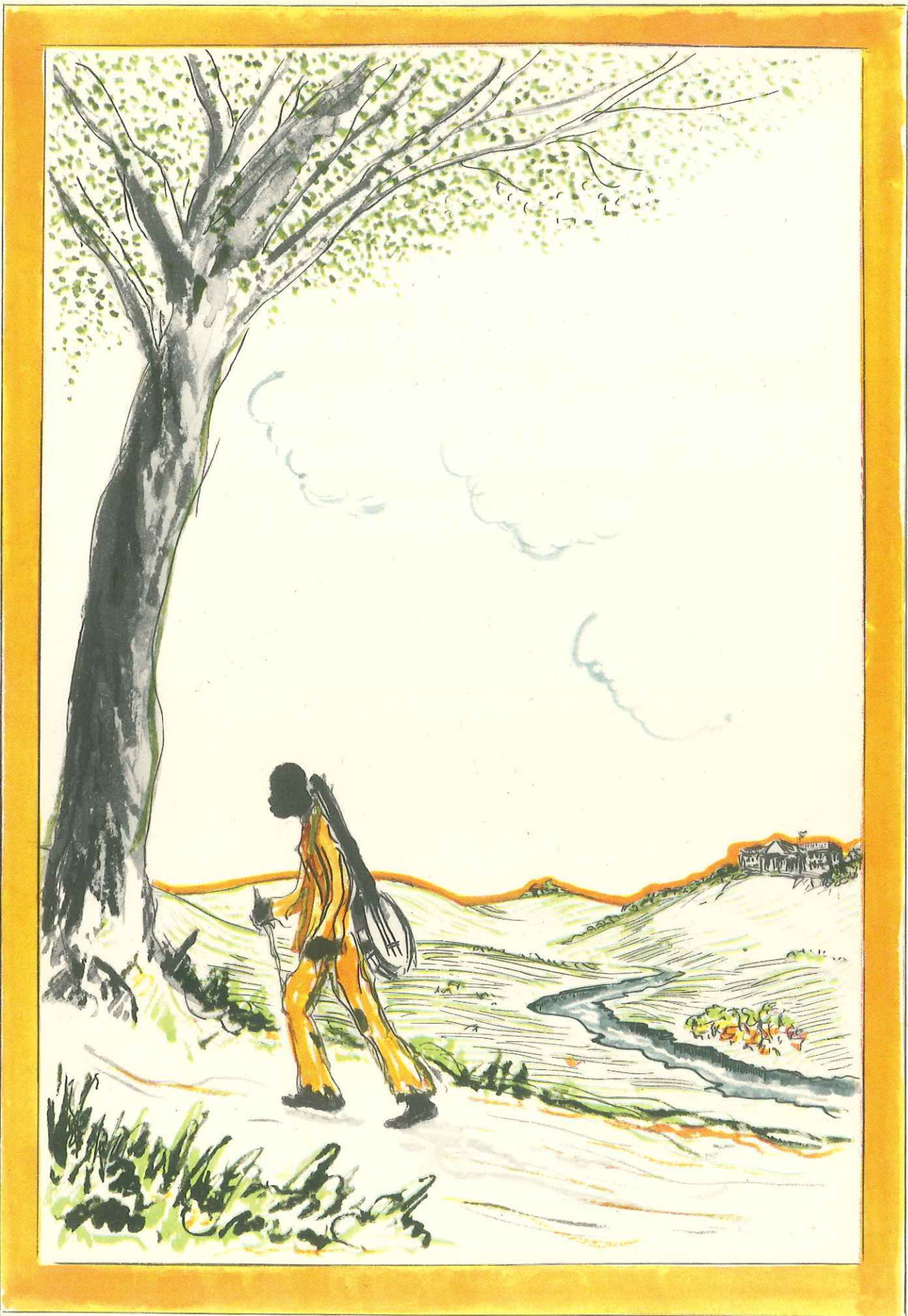
Russian

Slowly, with much expression

1. Through the night the wind is howl - ing, Trees are bent, and shake with fear,
2. Sad and drear the years be - hind me, Hope has long a - way - been swept,
3. Tears can not bring back to me the one whom I did cher - ish,

And my heart its own storm har - bors, Tho' I can - not shed a tear. —
Con - so - la - tion find I on - ly, When bit - ter tears I've wept. —
Ah, the short but hap - py hours, In my mem - ry ne'er shall per - ish.

And my heart its own storm har - bors, Tho' I can - not shed a tear. —
Con - so - la - tion find I on - ly, When bit - ter tears, I've wept. —
Ah, the short but hap - py hours, In my mem - ry ne'er shall per - ish.



Old Folks at Home

Stephen C. Foster

Stephen C. Foster

Moderately

1. 'Way down up-on de Swa-næ Riv-er, Far, far a -
2. All roun' de lit-tle farm I wan-der'd, When I was
3. One lit-tle hut a-mong de bush-es, One dat I

way, Dere's wha' my heart is turn-ing ev-er,
young, Den man-y hap-py days I squan-der'd,
love, Still sad-ly to my mem-'ry rush-es,

Dere's wha' de old folks stay. All up and down de
Man-y de songs I sung. When I was play-ing
No mat-ter where I rove. When will I see de

whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam, Still long-ing for de
 with my broth-er, Hap - py was I; Oh! take me to my
 bees a - hum-min', All 'round de comb? When will I hear de

old plan - ta - tion, And for de old folks at home.
 kind old moth - er, Dere let me live and — die.
 ban - jo tum - min', Down in my good old — home?

REFRAIN

All de world am sad and drear - y, Eb - 'ry wha' I roam;

Oh! dark-ies, how my heart grows wea-ry, Far from de old folks at home!

Ach, du lieber Augustin



Ach, du lieber Augustin

German (1798)

Moderately

Ach, du lie - ber Au - gus - tin, Au - gus - tin, Au - gus - tin,
Oh, my dear old Au - gus - tin, Au - gus - tin, Au - gus - tin,

Ach, du lie - ber Au - gus - tin, Al - les ist hin.
Oh, my dear old Au - gus - tin, Robbed I have been.

Geld ist hin, Mäd'l ist hin, All's ist hin, Au - gus - tin;
Bock ist weg, Stock ist weg, Auch ich bin in dem Dreck;
Mon - ey's gone, Girl is gone, Ev - 'ry - thing else is gone;

Ach, du lie - ber Au - gus - tin, Al - les ist hin.
Oh, my dear old Au - gus - tin, Robbed I have been.

p

mf

The musical score is written in 3/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a prominent melody in the right hand and a simple harmonic accompaniment in the left hand. The lyrics are in German and describe a man who has lost everything, including his money, his girl, and his stock, leaving him with nothing but his old friend Augustin.



Il reviendra-z-à Pâques,
 Miron ton ton ton, mirontaine,
 Il reviendra-z-à Pâques,
 Ou à la Trinité. (Etc.)

La Trinité se passe,
 Miron ton ton ton, mirontaine,
 La Trinité se passe,
 Malbrouck ne revient pas. (Etc.)

Madame à sa tour monte,
 Miron ton ton ton, mirontaine,
 Madame à sa tour monte,
 Si haut qu'elle peut monter. (Etc.)

Elle aperçoit son page,
 Miron ton ton ton, mirontaine,
 Elle aperçoit son page,
 Tout de noir habillé. (Etc.)

“Beau page, ah, mon beau page,
 Miron ton ton ton, mirontaine,
 Beau page, ah, mon beau page,
 Quell' nouvelle apportez?” (Etc.)

Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre

Allegretto

Mal - brouck s'en va - t - en guer - re, mi - ron -
 For_ he's a jol - ly good fel - low, For
 The_ bear went o - ver the moun - tain, The

p *f*

ton ton ton, mi - ron - tai - ne, Mal - brouck s'en va - t - en
 he's a jol - ly good fel - low, For_ he's a jol - ly good
 bear went o - ver the moun - tain, The_ bear went o - ver the

p

guer - re, ne sait_ quand re - vien - dra. _____ Ne_
 fel - low, which no - bod - y can de - ny, _____ Which
 moun - tain, to see_ what he could see. _____ And_

sait — quand re - vien - dra; — ne — sait — quand re - vien -
 no - bod - y can de - ny; — which — no - bod - y can de -
 all — that he could see, — and — all — that he could

dra. — Mal - brouck s'en va - t - en guer - re, mi - ron -
 ny; — For — he's a jol - ly good fel - low, for —
 see; — Was the oth - er side of the moun - tain, the —

p *f*

ton ton ton mi - ron - tai - ne, Mal - brouck s'en va - t - en
 he's a jol - ly good fel - low, for — he's a jol - ly good
 oth - er side of the moun - tain, the — oth - er side of the

guer - re, ne sait — quand re - vien - dra. —
 fel - low, which no - bod - y can de - ny. —
 moun - tain, was all — that he could see. —

Auld Lang Syne



4. And surely you'll be your pint stoup,
And surely I'll be mine,
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

5. And here's my hand, my trusty friend,
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak' a right gude-willie waught,
For auld lang syne.

Auld Lang Syne

Robert Burns

Scotch Air

Broadly

1. Should auld acquaint-ance be for-got, And nev-er brought to
2. We twa ha'e run a - bout the braes, And pu'd the gow - ans
3. We twa ha'e pad - dl'd in the burn, Frae morn - ing sun till

min'? Should auld acquaint-ance be for-got, And days o' auld lang syne?
fine; But we've wan-dered mo - nya wea - ry foot, Sin' auld — lang — syne.
dine; But — seas be-tween us braid hae roar'd, Sin' auld — lang — syne.

REFRAIN

For auld — lang — syne, my dear, For auld — lang — syne. We'll

tak' a cup o' kind - ness yet, For — auld — lang — syne.



A few little items of interest about the songs in this book, that you may see for yourself what curious personal histories these melodies have had and how old many of them are and how they are apt to go places without anybody knowing how they ever got there.

As devoted servants of the idea of "tradition," we begin our book with SUMER IS ICUMEN IN. That is as it should be, for you will find that particular piece of poetry on the first page of practically all the better-known anthologies of British verse. According to the *Oxford Book of English Verse*, it goes way back to the middle of the thirteenth century and it was then known as the *Cuckoo Song* or *Sing Cuccu*.

Since this volume is supposed to be sung by all the family, we prefer to give you here not only an understandable but also a slightly more refined edition of the old text, for the original was perhaps a little too honest or medieval (or whatever you want to call it) to be entirely fit for our present-day ears.

The tune of *Sumer Is Icumen In* is one of the oldest known examples of "part music." As for the authorship of either song or tune, we don't know anything about it. The words seem to have been written by a monk

who dwelled in a monastery near Reading, England, not Pennsylvania!

* * *

Next we have A MIGHTY FORTRESS IS OUR GOD. Here we are right in the middle of things, for what exactly is this famous hymn? Is it a folk tune or a made song or a religious anthem? Well, it is all three of those, but I think that it deserves to be ranked as Number One among the folk songs of the last four centuries because to most of the people of northern Europe it is the one melody to which they will invariably turn whenever they find themselves in so desperate a situation that only their faith in God Almighty can still save them.

Luther, who gave us this tune (although it is based upon a much older melody), wrote it in the year 1529 when it looked as if he would have to fight the whole of this world with no other ally than the good Lord. It then and there became the battle hymn of the Protestant revolution and as such, the *Mighty Fortress* will undoubtedly survive as long as the cause for which Luther fought shall count its adherents by the millions.

As for the tune, it has been very popular

Some Items of Interest about These Songs

with other composers. Johann Sebastian Bach turned it into a cantata. Meyerbeer used it for one of the most important melodies in his opera, *The Huguenots*, and Wagner based his *Kaiser March* upon it. And we ourselves have incorporated it into the hymnbooks of almost all our congregations.

* * *

THE LITTLE SANDMAN. The words are by Wilhelm von Zuccalmaglio. He wrote them in the year 1840. Brahms took them up and fitted them to an old Dutch tune, called *In Bethlehem the Lowly*. This Dutch melody in turn was the descendant of a sixteenth-century Italian choral. Beyond that, we cannot follow its career, so we had better accept it as it is, done up into this lovely musical package and without any musicological frills.

* * *

The famous "low road" in LOCH LOMOND has nothing to do with a road in the valley as opposed to a road along the top of the hills. It merely means "traveling low," and this expression corresponds roughly to our own gangster idiom, which will tell you that a man is "on the lam" when he is trying to make himself scarce and intends to keep out of sight of the police.

This statement, therefore, of the traveler in *Loch Lomond* that he intends to "take the low road" (although it will lead him through the highest and most inaccessible parts of the Scottish mountains) shows us that *Loch Lomond* originally must have been a Jacobite song and that it was probably written in or shortly after the year 1746, when Bonnie Prince Charlie had been so disastrously defeated by the English in the battle of Culloden.

After that defeat, the picturesque but misguided young man (the so-called Young Pretender), disguised as a woman and with

a price of \$150,000 on his head, had done his best to reach the coast that he might escape to France. His followers too tried to get out of reach of the victorious English, and behold! one of the loveliest of all folk songs was born.

* * *

IL ÉTAIT UNE BERGÈRE. Well, this is an old French song. Suppose we let it go at that, for there are so many old French songs, and we know next to nothing about the origin of most of them. They show us, however, that during the Middle Ages France must have been a very happy country, for the sort of people who could compose and enjoy this sort of songs had very little in common with the modern Frenchmen who have long since ceased to sing and who now merely snarl.

Incidentally, right here I would like to offer a few orchids to my youthful collaborator. She did a grand job in translating this and several other very obstreperous songs. When the question of translation came up, I said, lightly and airily, "Oh, never mind, leave all that to me! I will do it in no time. Languages and translating them into each other without any audible change of gear are my meat and butter-milk." And I did translate them most elegantly, just as I used to take watches to pieces when I was a little boy, and would put them together again. Oh, yes, I always put them together again so that they really looked as good as new, only thereafter they would never go again. My translations too were delightful and very picturesque, but unfortunately they never quite seemed to fit the notes.

Then the poor Castagnetta had to burn the midnight oil to change "shepherdesses" into "maidens" and to try and discover what the words of *The Red, Red Sarafan* really meant (we are not quite sure yet!)

and endeavor to fit them into the melody. If you don't know what real hard work is, make yourself translate *Funiculi, Funicula* and try not to skip a beat or a word in the latter half of that song where it goes "to-deedeedee — to-deedeedee — to-deedeedee — to-deedeedah." In nine cases out of ten you will get an extra "dee" or "dah" into your bowl of Neapolitan spaghetti (Miss Castagnetta's Uncle Giuseppe is having one too, while sitting on an old Roman pillar), and then, of course, all is lost and you have to begin again from the beginning.

* * *

FAR FROM ME. The Finnish song we included because it has one of the loveliest of melodies, and we were sure that it had come straight out of some dark and distant Finnish forest. Until a friend, who knew his Mendelssohn better than we did, informed us that the Finns had borrowed the melody from a famous composer whose name has since been banished from Germany because its bearer was not of strictly Aryan origin.

As the Finns are not of Aryan origin either, we supposed that they had not deemed it worth their while to bother about such a trifling detail. But just then somebody else came along and told us that it was Mendelssohn who originally had borrowed his melody from the Finns and not the other way around. Well, there was not much we could do about it! But we have got the tune, and that is all that matters, for it is one of the loveliest songs in the whole book.

* * *

HOME, SWEET HOME. John Howard Payne, according to his own testimony, was a very lonely soul. He was born in New York in the year 1791, and he became an actor and playwright. Finding the home atmosphere

a little too cramping for his brilliant attainments, he crossed the ocean and spent the next twenty years of his life in England and France, acting and writing plays and adapting other people's plays for the stage.

Then, after having unsuccessfully laid siege to the heart of the lovely Mary Shelley, he returned to his native land and made himself the champion of the Cherokee Indians, with whom he lived for several years and whom he tried to defend against the encroachments of the Washington government.

Probably in order to rid himself of so persistent and intelligent an enemy, President Tyler appointed Payne American consul in Tunis, a town which was sufficiently far removed from the territories of the Cherokees to keep this ardent champion of the Red Man's wrongs at a safe distance. In 1852, Payne died at his post in Tunis.

Today with the Cherokees gone and the Indian no longer a menace to our safety, Payne would have been completely forgotten except for this one song he wrote. That song, the ever-famous *Home, Sweet Home*, was part of his opera *Clari, or the Maid of Milan*. It was performed for the first time in May of the year 1823 at the Covent Garden Theatre in London, but as an opera it has long since been lost without leaving a trace. The Library of Congress may have a copy but our music stores won't be able to help you.

Payne never married and like his beloved friend, Charles Lamb, he never had a real home of his own. Unless it was the cabin of John Ross, the famous chief of the Cherokees, with whom Payne seems to have spent the happiest years of his life. That was ten years after he produced his opera and wrote his immortal song. My picture in the book (of the little cabin on

Some Items of Interest about These Songs

the shore of the river) is therefore antedated by quite a number of years. But that is the way I like to think of this strange American genius, who thus far has had very little recognition from his fellow citizens.

As for the tune of *Home, Sweet Home*, like the rest of the music of *Clari, or the Maid of Milan*, it was composed by a certain Henry R. Bishop, who afterwards became Sir Henry Bishop. In the earlier printed versions of this drama, it was stated that this piece of music was based upon "a Sicilian air." Unfortunately, no musicologist, not even the learned Dr. Sigmund Spaeth (who runs a detective bureau for stolen and strayed musical goods), has ever been able to lay hands on the original Sicilian air, and so we must conclude that it was either the work of Henry Bishop himself or that Sir Henry had heard the melody somewhere and then, very likely, had forgotten where he had got hold of it, and for lack of better had called it "Sicilian," as that word was apt to cover a multitude of sins, both political and musical.

Payne, like all actors, good, bad, and indifferent, dearly loved to dramatize himself, and he was very fond of giving a pathetic account of his many lonely wanderings, without a home and without a wife and without a penny in his pockets, while in every house on both sides of every street of every land happy families were loudly singing his *Home, Sweet Home*. As this attitude gradually became part of this man's character, I do not want to destroy this sad dream of the unrecognized poet in a cold, cold world, the fitting counterpart to the poor clown who can make all the world laugh while he himself must weep. But as far as we can find out, Payne always had a roof over his head, and while he was never very rich, he never was in actual need, either.

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT. Adapted from an old Welsh air called *Ar hŷd y nŷs*, or something like that. Its exact origin is uncertain. The words are sometimes attributed to Harry Boulton and the music has been accredited to David Owen. But all this is guesswork. I give it to you because I am supposed to say something about every song—and a very charming song it is.

* * *

THE SCARLET SARAFAN OR THE RED, RED SARAFAN has a lovely melody which all the world knows. The words may make sense to a pre-Stalinite Russian, but they are about as obscure to us as the late Count Leo Tolstoy in his more enlightened mood about the "Theory of Art" or the "Purpose of Life." I made a terrible botch of them, so (as usual) I left them to the poor Castagnetta on the pretext that I did not have the music and that Noodle objected so strenuously to all Russian music that it almost meant civil war every time I picked the melody out on the fiddle.

The picture I drew represents the old Russia as I knew it before the revolution. That old Russia was crazy and impossible, but completely delightful in its craziness and impossibility. R. I. P.

* * *

ALOHA OE. I had always taken it for granted that our typical Hawaiian songs were the work of those early Christian missionaries and real-estate dealers who during the first half of the nineteenth century had descended upon those blessed islands of the Pacific to bring unto the unsuspecting natives the benefits of their own religion and to instruct them in the rudiments of the civilization of New England and of the late Dr. John Calvin.

Those natives loved pleasure and were fond of singing. This was most deplorable

from the point of view of those holy men and women from across the ocean, who hated pleasure and who detested the arts. But since the natives were obstinate, they encouraged them to chant the gospel hymns of the West, slightly modified, however, to the taste of the unfortunate heathen.

This explanation had never quite satisfied me because exhaustive researches among the citizenry and peasantry of our New England backwoods had failed to reveal any ability whatsoever for any form of musical expression, and the enchanting and seductive undercurrent of all Hawaiian music must therefore (so I felt) have been based upon something a little more agreeable to the ear than the long-drawn-out wails of Messrs. Moody and Sankey.

Four years ago I was able to investigate the matter *in loco*, so to speak, and I then discovered that a German bandmaster, rather than a New England evangelist, had laid the foundations for what we are now pleased to call "Hawaiian" music.

This worthy Teuton had been sent by the King of Prussia to his dear colleague in Honolulu as a sort of living present, the way the potentates of that day used to favor each other with expensive Gobelins and Sèvres dinner sets, and he apparently had become the father of all these enchanting Hawaiian tunes.

According to the not very dependable literature of the tourist agencies, the tune was originally written by the last queen of the independent islands, Queen Liliuokalani. We don't know. But if Her Majesty was the original author of this melody, she surely got her revenge!

The Americans took her country away from her. But is there an American, I wonder, who has ever left those blessed islands who did not leave part of his heart

there, while listening to that incredible air, coming faintly from across the waters of the Pacific? Of course, I know that the whole show is phony—the band, the song, and even the Chamber of Commerce that pays for both of them. As a matter of fact, we all know that it is phony. But what a sublime combination of phonies and how all of us would love to give you the whole world of facts for a few stray bits of that sort of make-believe! *Aloha Oe!*

* * *

When Mr. Thomas Cook constructed his *ferrovia funicolare* to hoist the tired businessman and his wife to the top of Mount Vesuvius with the least amount of trouble and fatigue, the Neapolitans looked at the funny little railway cars going up and down their old crater and being a quick-witted folk, they at once baptized them FUNICULI and FUNICULA.

Ever since the whole world has been merrily funiculi-ing and funicula-ing without as a rule quite knowing what it was all about. Richard Strauss, however, knew what he was doing when he incorporated this melody into his symphonic suite, *Air Italien*.

It is a catchy song but hard on the poor translator. However, her fine Italian hand has made as much sense of it as one can make out of something that never was meant to have any sense. As far as we have been able to find out, the tune made its appearance about the same time Richard Wagner was finishing his *Parsifal*, which was during the first years of the eighties of the last century. When everybody in my native land was telling my parents what a lovely child I was. . . .

* * *

It is curious that Ireland, which has done practically nothing within the field of the

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graphic arts, should have given us so many delightful folk tunes, but such is the fact.

This particular song, RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE (which is also known as *Summer Is Coming*), was written by Thomas Moore. As he died in the year 1852, the words are of very recent origin, but Tom Moore seems to have based his poem upon a much older ballad.

The Irish, not having dwelled in what one would be tempted to call an Earthly Paradise these last six hundred years, are very apt to indulge in pleasant daydreams about the glories of their past. Whether that past was actually as perfect as they are now trying to make us believe, that is something else again which need not bother us here.

As for the story which gave rise to this lovely ballad, it was all about a beautiful damsel who during the rule of the great King Brian or O'Brien or O'Braein (as I suppose he would be today) was able to travel from one end of Ireland to the other, dressed up in her Sunday clothes and carrying no other defense against a wicked world except her own beauty and a wand, adorned with a ring of tremendous value. But such was the respect of the populace for the far-reaching arm of good King O'Brien that no attempt was made upon the lady's jewels or upon that which undoubtedly was much dearer to her than all the jewels in the whole wide world.

A charming story and one which should be incorporated into every collection of folk songs and also into the statutes of the new Irish commonwealth.

* * *

About GOIN' TO SHOUT ALL OVER GOD'S HEAV'N (GOD'S CHILDREN) I know nothing, and all I can tell you about the Maypole dance is that the words for this

CORNISH MAY SONG were written by Sir Alexander Boswell, while the tune is an old English morris dance, slightly changed for the benefit of the Welshmen who seem to be the only natural-born musicians of the British Isles.

* * *

HOME ON THE RANGE. And now we go back to America. A cowboy's existence may have been romantic but it was also very lonely. Riding their herds, these picturesque young men were apt to keep themselves awake and at the same time to assure their herds of their presence by humming tunes which they made up as they went along. Then, whenever a few dozen of these booted and spurred heroes came together in some primitive ranch house, they used to entertain each other with their latest poetical and musical effusions.

The cowboy himself is gone, but he has bequeathed upon us a rich treasure of highly interesting and melodious songs which are folk songs in the truest sense of the word, for they were of and by and for the folk who wrote them. Many of these songs, being rather of this earth earthy (like the cowboys themselves), cannot very well be reproduced in a book of this sort, but a great many others are available, and among those few have a greater appeal than the melancholy *Home on the Range*.

I wish that I could sometime give you an entire book of cowboy songs, but the trouble is that cowboy songs demand illustrations showing you horses, and try as I may (and have), the horse is about the one thing in this world I have never yet learned to draw. All during the winter and spring of 1938 we kept the furnace going with sketches of horses and cowboys which I had made in a vain effort to show you a lonely cowboy on a lonely horse in the

lonely wilderness of our glorious but lonely Southwest. Finally one day I succeeded in creating something which well disposed readers may faintly recognize as a horse, but I shall never do this again. For Watman's hot-press paper is very expensive, and life, on the whole, is too short to waste upon such a hopeless task.

* * *

The very typical Spanish song that we include—JUANITA—was written by an English woman, the Hon. Mrs. Caroline Norton, and it was set to a Spanish tune of unknown origin.

You may have heard of Caroline Norton. She was one of the three beautiful granddaughters of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the eighteenth-century playwright, who like so many famous English authors and playwrights was born in Dublin, Ireland. During the rule of George IV, these three sisters dominated London society and they were generally known as "The Three Graces." (This detail was given to me with considerable satisfaction by one Grace Castagnetta.)

Little Caroline began to scribble before she could cut her own goose-quills and she continued to write until she died in the year 1877 at the age of sixty-nine. In the year 1827 she married the Hon. George Norton and after his death she married Sir W. Stirling-Maxwell.

She must have been a woman of parts, as George Meredith incorporated her into his *Diana of the Crossways*, which is said to have been based upon the life of this beautiful and accomplished gentlewoman, who gave the English-speaking and -singing people their most popular Spanish song.

* * *

DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES is so lovely a tune that it has been often at-

tributed to Mozart, but there is nothing to prove that this talented son of the late and greatly lamented city of Salzburg was the original composer. It is much older than Mozart, for the words are by Ben Jonson, the English poet, who lived from 1573 until 1637. He called it *To Celia*, but poor Celia has been completely forgotten, whereas her eyes are still very much with us.

I have been very seriously criticized by people who were allowed to see the original pictures before publication and who told me that this was a very vulgar version of a beautiful spiritual thought, for the table shows food as well as drink and a man as much in love as the hero was supposed to be with his heroine would never have been able to think of food while thinking of his lady-love. The people who argued that way may have known their Hollywood, but they did not know their Ben Jonson, nor for that matter any other sensible artist or plain ordinary citizen. I therefore let the distracted lover have his cold chicken as well as his Steinwein. It is a very sensible way of making love!

* * *

MUSS I DENN or *Must I Then* is a folk song that belongs to the same class as *A Mighty Fortress*. For all Germans take to it instinctively whenever they bid farewell to their home town or to their native country. Even the excellent brass bands of the *Europa* and the *Bremen* are not above a cheerful rendition of *Muss i denn* whenever these majestic vessels hoist their anchors and prepare for the voyage across the ocean.

The words were strung together by a certain Heinrich Wagner in the year 1820. The melody is of ancient Swabian origin. The translation should have been entrusted to the late Jean Francois Champol-

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lion, who was the first man to decipher the ancient Egyptian hieroglyphics. It took the combined efforts of both the authors of this volume three solid weeks of very hard work to make sense of the Swabian original. Even now they are not quite certain but they hope for the best.

* * *

AS FOR THE WRAGGLE TAGGLE GYPSIES, they seem to have made their first appearance in Somerset, in England, in a ballad that probably commemorated the unfortunate love of a noble lady of that neighborhood for some amusing but scoundrelly gypsy whom she followed rather than spend the rest of her days with her lawful but dullish legal lord and master in his beautiful but dull castle.

As long as the lady (according to the words) liked so much to sit in the rain with her gypsies, I thought that I would let her have it. But then again, having spent several happy but uncomfortable summers in her native land, I probably did not exaggerate as much as you might feel inclined to think.

* * *

The Russian song ALONE is really a Ukrainian folk song. Nicholas Lysenko used it in his opera *Natalka Poltavka* and that is the way the rest of Europe learned about it, just as they learned *Home, Sweet Home* from another long-forgotten operatic score.

* * *

Stephen Foster really wrote OLD FOLKS AT HOME, though he is not always credited with the original authorship.

You will probably remember how Mozart's last days were made miserable by an Austrian nobleman who had promised the composer a couple of dollars for a requiem to which he (the nobleman) thereupon intended to put his own name as the real

"author." Indeed, that mysterious "personage in black" who used to frequent Mozart's house while the poor fellow was slowly dying of consumption and who has given rise to the absurd fairy story about a "messenger of death"—that terrible "personage in black" was none other than the nobleman's flunky come to inquire "whether the job had not yet been finished" and to insist upon a little more speed if Mozart wanted to get the rest of his pay, which he needed badly to pay for his own funeral.

Something like that happened to Stephen Foster when the head of the famous Christy Minstrels paid him four hundred dollars if he, Foster, would allow Christy to pose as the composer of *Old Folks at Home*, only Foster lived for a great many years afterwards and had no intention of dying just then.

Foster, who was undoubtedly the greatest as well as the most prolific of our folk-tune artists, was never out of debt during the first half of his life, and the four hundred dollars were therefore undoubtedly a most welcome contribution to his slender budget. Today, however, we know that it was he, Foster, and not Christy, who gave us this sad lament of the roaming colored minstrel.

This happened in the year 1851 when Foster, who was born in Pittsburgh, was twenty-five years old. He departed this life thirteen years later in New York as the result of an accident. By that time he had become widely popular and enjoyed a pleasant if modest income from the royalties on his *Ethiopian Ballads*, as he himself used to call his Negro songs. Indeed, his popularity became so great that he was finally persuaded to turn himself into a regular song factory, which turned out "Ethiopian" potboilers at a rate of speed

which interfered very seriously with the quality of several hundred of his latter-day songs, which he used to sell outright for a few dollars in cash, thereby anticipating the methods of our own Tin Pan Alley by almost half a century.

All the same, Stephen Foster at his best was very, very good indeed, and such songs as *Old Folks at Home*, *Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground*, *My Old Kentucky Home*, and *Old Black Joe* have become part of the musical heritage of every good American and are as popular today as they were eighty years ago.

As for the far-famed Suwanee River, don't waste your time trying to find it on an ordinary atlas. Stephen Foster himself had never seen it. He had only heard of it. It was a little, insignificant creek somewhere in the Florida hinterland and Foster had used it because the name happened to fit into his tune, just as Malbrouck's name had been used by the French because it came in handy and did not disturb the meter, as Napoleon or George Washington might have done.

* * *

ACH, DU LIEBER AUGUSTIN is a Viennese song, written at the moment when a plague had visited that happy city and had destroyed everything in sight. Today another plague has overtaken that old and delightful center of European culture. And to accentuate that most unfortunate catastrophe, I have surrounded our poor friend Augustin with a few fitting symbols of the things that disappeared in the spring of the year 1938. A swastika now surmounts the old imperial crown. The imperial treasure chest has been pillaged. The Nazi laundry hides the view of the beloved old church of St. Stephen's. It is a sad picture. I wonder what Augustin will sing about it three hundred years from now.

Speaking of ancient tunes with strange adventures, you are of course familiar with *We Won't Go Home till Mooooorning*. And very likely as a child you have sung about Marlborough or Malbrough or Malbrouck, who went to the wars and (quite naturally) did not come back. But what you probably did not realize about our refusal to "go home till mooooorning" and the valiant Malbrouck, who went forth to war and did not return, was that both dated back to the earliest days of the Crusades.

It seems that among the holy men who besieged Jerusalem in the thirteenth century there was a certain French knight by the name of De Mambran, who had gained great renown for his courage and his ability to slaughter the infidels. After his untimely demise, someone (whose name has been lost) composed a *Chanson de Mambran*, and all during the rest of the Crusades the pilgrims sang about Mambran, who went to the wars, just as the Northern soldiers of our Civil War used to sing about a certain John Brown, whose spirit went marching on although his body lay mouldering in the grave.

Of course, it is perfectly possible that there never was a Sieur de Mambran. Folk tunes care for rhyme and rhythm but they are not in the least interested in historical accuracy. Take our own country. The famous John Brown, whose soul goes marching on, was not at all the John Brown of Civil War fame, as everybody seems to believe, but a much older John Brown who had been a musician in a military band during the forties and about whom his fellow soldiers had made up that song, because his name came in handy for a good, lusty marching song.

As for the Sieur de Mambran, his name was kept alive in the East even after the Crusaders had been driven out of the Holy

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Land, but in the West both he and his tune were completely forgotten for almost five centuries. And then, quite suddenly and for no apparent reason, they suddenly reappeared in Paris and all over France.

By then the name De Mambran no longer meant anything to the average Frenchman. But he remembered the great Malbrouck (the French way of pronouncing Marlborough) who had been a mighty warrior and who had died in 1722, and so he substituted Malbrouck for Mambran and sent this famous English hero forth to battle with the well-known disastrous results.

We first definitely learn about the revived Malbrouck (*né* Mambran) through Marie Antoinette, who used to sing the melody as a lullaby to her small son, the unfortunate little Dauphin. After that, Malbrouck went all over the Continent, and neither the Revolution nor the Empire was able to dislocate him as the central figure in one of the most popular of all French folk songs.

Napoleon, who artistically speaking was a complete barbarian and who despised both music and musicians with an ill-concealed contempt, made an exception for this one melody, and it used to be said (although it was never proved) that he could actually carry this tune for several bars and greatly preferred it to the melodies of his famous contemporary, Ludwig van Beethoven.

This famous contemporary, by the way, was also familiar with the tune, and he incorporated it into his *Battle of Vittoria*, the worst piece of drivel ever written by a great man desperately in need of a little ready cash.

As for the final puzzle—when and where and how the song of the distinguished Sieur

de Mambran became the tune for our own drunken doggerel of *We Won't Go Home till Morning*—that too will have to remain a mystery, for nobody seems to know. But what I have just told you will undoubtedly convince you that folk tunes have often very strange adventures and that one never can tell how or under what disguises they will suddenly come back to life to gladden the hearts of millions of people who have not the slightest idea how they ever came to sing those particular melodies. (Sig Spaeth reading this told me that modern scholarship rejects the story of the Sieur de Mambran. Before this eminent authority I can only offer my apologies. But the proof was already in print, and all I can do is to express my regrets in a footnote.)

* * *

And now for the last of them—AULD LANG SYNE—or *For Old Times' Sake*, as it used to be called.

Robert Burns, who was responsible for the words, took a special delight in mystifying his friends about the authorship of this immortal song. In a letter to Mrs. Dunlap, on December 17 of the year 1788, he wrote: "Apropos, is not the Scotch phrase, *auld lang syne*, exceedingly expressive? There is an old song and tune which has often thrilled my soul. You know I am an enthusiast of old Scotch songs. I shall give you the verses on the other sheet. Light be the turf on the breast of the Heaven-inspired poet who composed this glorious fragment! There is more of the fire of native genius in it than in half a dozen of modern English Bacchanalians."

In sending a copy of it to George Thomson in September, 1793, Burns accompanied it with the following note: "The following song—the old song of the olden times, and which has never been in print,

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not even in manuscript until I took it down from an old man's singing—is enough to recommend any air.”

That there was such an old air which Burns had in mind when he wrote the song has now been established beyond any doubt, but it is equally certain that Burns was under no obligation to anyone else

for more than the title and possibly a single phrase of the song. Others claim that the melody came from a song much older than Burns', called *I Feed a Lad at Michaelmas*, but we think it is safe to let Burns have all the credit. It is almost the only “credit” he enjoyed during his short but useful life.

A Few Words About the Music

In selecting and arranging these songs, I have been careful to remember that they are to be played as well as sung. The old favorites and several new ones (which very much deserve to become favorites) have all of them been submitted to a slight overhauling. It would have been easier, of course, to leave them in their old and familiar four-part setting. But I have preferred to give them a slightly more “pianistic” treatment. As a result (so I feel convinced), the fate of the player will be a much happier one. He or she can now proceed without ever experiencing that feeling of irritation that comes from the too frequent repetition of a somewhat meager melody and which is apt to make the accompanist suggest, “let us turn the page,” long before the singers feel likewise.

GRACE CASTAGNETTA

Folk Songs of Many Lands

by

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

and

GRACE CASTAGNETTA



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