During a field trip to the coast of Maine in July, 1956, I drove inland for a one-day side trip to Saponac following a lead on a lumber-woods songstress. Her name was Martha Benson; she was a student at Michigan State University, where I taught a course in American Folklore. Martha was not enrolled in that course, but a friend, who shall remain nameless, turned in a magnificent collection of lumber-jack songs, supposedly sung to her by Martha, whose Maine habitat she described in great detail - an isolated tarpaper dwelling in the forests remote from civilization.

So on July 15 I made a long swing down Route 1 to Bangor and north again, since there was no direct east-west highway, and eventually reached the dirt road that led to a clearing in the woods marked by two ramshackle dwellings. On one stood a shingle with the letters SAPONAC traced with a knife. I hollered, and eventually routed an elderly man sleeping on a sofa, the postmaster of this fading township, who directed me to the Bensons. And a little further up the desolate road, back in the woods, I did locate the Bensons, just as my student had described them, in a primitive dwelling, without electricity, plumbing, neighbors - one of the loneliest spots in the United States.

While driving, and reflecting a little, I suddenly realized that these song texts were much too good to be true, from a neophyte student collector at any rate. They obviously had been copied from one of the Maine collections, by Eckstorm and Smyth, or Roland Palmer Gray. Martha Benson, a shy, pleasant girl with a strong Maine accent, immediately confirmed my suspicions. She knew only
two college songs. Her father, a bluff, hearty man who had worked in the woods and on the river drives, offered, however, to take me to the nearest town, Lowell, to interview some of the older woodsmen who used to sing songs in camp.

The first lead proved abortive; the old woodsman said he had forgotten all the songs he once knew. Before reaching the second house, I suggested to Mr. Benson that we enter, sit down, and start talking before taking no for an answer. Our prospect, John Porter, in his late sixties, was watching a ball game on television. After some polite exchange, he finally turned off the game, gave us his attention, thought of a few songs, and suggested we see his son Don, who lived a mile down the road.

Don was a frightening sight, with a gaping socket in one eye, lost several years before in an auto accident, and ragged attire and heavy beard to match his disfigurement. But he greeted us cordially, and began singing in rich, full tones. Forty years of age, and basically a good-looking, sturdy young man, Don had become morose since his accident and had turned recluse. Later I was told he had not sung in years, until the occasion of our surprise visit.

We all ended up back at John Porter's house, with father and son singing harmoniously, and the family gathered around appreciatively. By a curious irony, the day that had begun so disastrously ended with a splendid recording on my Ampex of some of the very woods songs copied from the book.

The four songs from Lorry 'Pompey' Grant were recorded in Columbia Falls, Maine, during the fieldwork on the coast.

Richard M. Dorson

1. 'Emery Mace (The Champion of Moose Hill)'

G. Malcolm Laws in his Native American Balladry (Philadelphia, 1964) lists this piece as dH 37, under 'Native Ballads of Doubtful Currency in Tradition' (p. 273). His only source is Eckstorm and Smyth, who in Minstrels of Maine (Boston and New York, 1927) print an eight-stanza manuscript text close to the present one (pp. 126-128). The present text has been printed in R. M. Dorson's Buying the Wind (Chicago, 1964), without the music (pp. 99-102).

This ballad is the composition of Larry Gorman, the lumberjack folk poet whose story is fully presented by Edward D. Ives in Larry
Gorman, the Man Who Made the Songs (Bloomington, Indiana, 1964).
See pages 95-97 for a text with music sung by Alden Mace, and page 191 for a note on known texts.

IU ATM Archives Tape Library (ATL) No. 3024.1.

Dorson: This is July the 12th, 1956, and I am in Columbia Falls, in the home of Mr. Lorry Grant, who was born here 82 years ago and has spent his life in the woods as a lumberjack, and as a hunter, and knows lots of hunting stories and old songs. And you were just telling me about a song made up about Emery Mace. Who was Emery Mace, Mr. Grant?

Grant: Emery Mace was a man born... right there. He was born right up there in... where that tannery was... he lived right there.

Dorson: What tannery was that?
Grant: That was the Amherst Tannery.

Dorson: Well, it's about, oh... let's see... Amherst is about 75 miles from here.

Grant: That was the Amherst Tannery, that wasn't Beddington Tannery. There was two tanneries right near together. The Amherst Tannery and Beddington Tannery's right near together.

Dorson: How far away was that from here?
Grant: Well, yes, I was trying to think. I was tryin' to get his name.

Dorson: Who made up that song about Emery Mace?
Grant: Well, I used to know him just as well as I know you. But y' know I forget names.

Dorson: Yes, well, how does that song go?
Grant: Well... eh...

1. You people all, both great and small,
   I pray you lend an ear.
   My name and occupation
   You presently will hear.
   My name it is bold Emery Mace,
   I practice the fistic skill,
   That fatal night when I got tight
   Got knocked out on Moose Hill.
That fatal day I chanced to stray to Moose Hill for a spree.

It was the plan of every man to prove my destiny. I saw it in the faces and I saw it on the bill, That if I got tight I'd have to fight that night upon Moose Hill. (Mr. Grant actually sings 'say'.)

I let them run and have their fun, I hop'd right in with them. Now, was Missus Giles, she was all smiles, I
saw her wink at them. While N'en he jumped and

grabbed me and tried to hold me still, while

Mis-sus Giles a club she piles upon me at Moose Hill.

4. The first blow that she struck me
   Fell fair upon my head.
   For twenty minutes I laid there
   An' thought that I was dead.
   The ladies to revive me,
   They did try all their skill,
   But they thought that I must surely die
   That night upon Moose Hill.

5. I did not die, I'll tell you why,
   My skull was only cracked.
   It's little you know the awful blow
   That lady gave poor Mac.
   It would have killed a tiger
   Or slain the wild gorill'.
   But you know that Mac had better luck
   Than to get murdered on Moose Hill.

6. My brother Fred stood at my head
   So mournful he did cry.
   Poor little lad, he felt so bad,
   He thought that I would die.
   For he knew that he alone would be
   To pay the funeral bill,
   For he knew that Mac had had hard luck
   And was penniless on Moose Hill.

(7.) I did not die, I'll tell why ...

No...
7. I've fought them all both great and small,
    For the best I did not care.
I never fought them with a club,
    I always fought them fair.
I beat the Amherst Champion,
    Fred Titus I nearly killed.
But I lost the belt by a single welt
    From a lady on Moose Hill.

8. It's now I'm done, my race is run,
    My fighting days are o'er.
I must confess my mind's oppress,
    I'll mount the stage no more.
It's from the ring I'll gently spring,
    But it's sad against my will
That Helen bold the belt shall hold
    As Champion of Moose Hill.

Dorson: That's very good. Now was... that actually...
Grant: That was actually done, sir. That fellow was right there that made that song up. Right there when they was fightin'. Right there on Moose Hill, to that big dance. I've been right there. I went there, a-purpose, a-going on to Moose Hill, one night, with my father.
Dorson: Did you ever see Emery Mace?
Grant: No... no... no..., but they used to say he was an awful cut-up.
Dorson: An awful what?
Grant: An awful critter to fight when he was in drinking.
Dorson: Was he a strong man?
Grant: Ohooo, yes, they said he was a lion. Yes, sir. He licked the Amherst Champion. Well, you oughta see, the Amherst Champion. I've seen him. God, he was an awful man. He was a man that... well, weighed right 'round 200, 'n' his leg was as big as... big as your body.
Dorson: Oh!
Grant: Good Lord, even a... I seen 'im on the river up here.
Dorson: And Emery Mace licked him?
Grant: Yes, sir... he liked to killed him. Yeah!

2. 'Christyne Leroy'

An abbreviated variant of a little known ballad, this text represents the only known appearance of the song in New England. G. Malcolm
Laws cites four variants from three sources in Native American Balladry, where he lists it as H 31 (p. 244). An additional variant is found in Louise Pound's Folk Song of Nebraska and the Central West: A Syllabus (Lincoln, Nebraska Academy of Sciences Publications, IX, 3, 1914, p. 38). The song has been collected in Wisconsin (via Kentucky), Iowa, Nebraska, Missouri, and Arkansas — a group of states which form a geographic cluster in the midwest. Thus it is likely that this variant is an import from that area.

IU ATM ATL No. 3024.6.

Dorson: Sure, what are they about? All right.

Grant: 1. Oh, brother, I never be better,
   It is useless to tell me so now.
   For my broken heart only is waiting
   A resting place under the snow.
   I was . . .

   How do we go?

   How happy our home was with joy
   Till the serpent crept into our Eden
   In the fair form of Christyne Leroy.

2. I was dreaming again of our bridal
   One year ago only tonight,
   When I stood 'neath the gas lights above me
   In my jewels and garments so white.
   How she came with the face of an angel
   And wished me a lifetime of joy,
   And my heart sank within at the meaning
   In the dark eyes of Christyne Leroy.

(1.) How happy our home was with joy
   Till the serpent crept into our Eden
   In the fair form of Christyne Leroy.

Dorson: 'Now brother be kind . . .'

Grant: 3. Now brother be kind to your darling,
   Her poor heart it is stricken and faint
   At the thought of the wills of a demon
   In the beautiful face of a saint.
   When I sleep 'neath the snow drifts of winter,
   Where no grief nor no pain can destroy,
   You can tell them they murdered me, brother,
   God forgive him and Christyne Leroy.
Dorson: Whom did you hear that song from?
Grant: Who? Two Black boys ... oh, on the river with me, Black boys. Blacks their name was, they was from down east somewhere, yeah.
Dorson: Oh!
Grant: I never seen 'em again after that drive.

3. 'John L. Sullivan and Jim Corbett'

Corbett defeated the popular Sullivan in 1892, in the first heavyweight championship fight waged under the Marquis of Queensbury rules, which require gloves instead of bare fists. This ballad is quite accurate in its description of the fight and details surrounding it; see Alexander Johnson, Ten — And Out! (New York, 1927, pp. 92-98) for a description. The song has apparently not been collected previously.

IU ATM ATL No 3024.2.

Dorson: What's that song about Sullivan and Corbett? That you just sang?
Grant: Hmmmm?
Dorson: That song about Sullivan and Corbett. How does that go?
Grant:

1.

\[
\begin{align*}
&\text{Come, lovers of the manly art an' listen to my lay.} \\
&\text{I'll sing about two comely lads who met in fistic fray, the bold John L. of Boston, the champion of his day, and}
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
&\text{Bos-} \\
&\text{ton, the cham-pion of his day, and}
\end{align*}
\]
sprightly Jimmy Co'-bett of fair Cal-i-for-nia Bay.

2.

They met way down in New Or-leans Sep-tem-ber the sev-enth night, and thou-sands of the sport-ing blood were there to see the fight. The bet-ting was on Sul-li-van, by man- y to be found. Some said that he would fin-ish Jim be-fore the sec-ond round.

3. These two men shook hands in the ring
   And Sullivan he led out.
   But Jimmy was too smart for him
   And nimbly dodged about.
   Two more blows from Sullivan's right
   The head of Jim did miss.
   'Twas then the crowd looked on amazed
   And some began to hiss.
4. Round after round the Frisco Lad
    Came up with smiles so gay.
    Every time that John L. banged at him
    He nimbly ducked away.
    Right and left his anvil blows
    Upon our Champion fall.
    First blood for Jimmy Corbett
    His friends so loud did call.

   (5.) At length . . . (end of the tape)

5. At length came the last round of them all,
    John L. was much distressed,
    Although his firm admirers
    All thought he’d fought his best,
    When a blow from dauntless Jimmy sent him
    Reeling to the floor.
    When time was called he knew it not,
    His champion days were o'er.

6. Then up stepped Jimmy Corbett
    And took him by the hand,
    For he knew that he had conquered
    The first fighter of our land.
    Says he, 'I will acknowledge that
    I am a beaten man.
    But I'm glad the championship was won
    By an American man.'

Dorson: How long ago did you hear that, Mr. Grant?
Grant: Ohooo, ohooo, years ago, son, when I was young.
Dorson: You used to know a lot of songs?
Grant: Wha?
Dorson: You used to know . . .
Grant: Ohooo . . . lots . . . God, I could sing all day and all night once.
Dorson: Where did you hear them, in the woods?
Grant: Woods, everywhere, yes. You run into some great singers
    in the woods, these big camps in the woods . . . (unintelligible)
    . . . everywhere. I always . . . in the woods in the wintertime,'
    ya know, yes, ya learn lot of 'em there . . . then I could sing
    songs, heard sung once or twice.
Dorson: Well, you don't sing so much anymore?
Grant: Oh, no, don't you see, I hain't got no wind.
Dorson: Oh.
Grant: Once, I could sinnnnnnng, yessir.
Dorson: And these teeth bother you, you say?
Grant: Yes, these teeth. These teeth ain't like my teeth, that I
grewed up with, you know.
Dorson: No . . .

4. 'The Jam on Gerry's Rock' (sung by Lorry Grant)

Best known of all lumberjack songs, this piece is listed as C 1
in G. Malcolm Laws' Native American Balladry (p. 143). The unsolved
problems concerning its origin are discussed at length by Fanny H.
Eckstorm and Mary W. Smyth in 'The Pursuit of a Ballad Myth,' in
Minstrelsy of Maine (pp. 176-198). Grant's performance has been
printed in R. M. Dorson's Buying the Wind, without music (pp. 103-
105). Porter's longer variant is more typical, in terms of stanzaic
detail arrangement, than Grant's.

IU ATM ATL No. 3024.3.

Dorson: Now, you know another song about Gerry's Rock. How does
that go, Mr. Grant?
Grant: Gerry's Rock?
Dorson: Yes. The one you were just singing to me. Starts off, 'It
being on a Sabbath morning.'
Grant: 'It being on Sabbath morning.'
Dorson: Yes.
Grant: 'As you shall understand.'
Dorson: You want to sing that?
Grant: (Laughter) I will if I can get the tune.
Dorson: Yes, sure.
Grant: 1. It being on Sunday morning
As you shall understand,
I don't know as I can sing it.

Six young Canadian shanty boys
Did volunteer and go
To break the jam on Gerry's Rock
With the foreman John Monroe.

2. They had not rolled off many logs
When the boss to them did say,
'I'll have you lads be on your guard
For the jam will soon give way.'
He had not more than spoke these words
When the jam did haul and go  
And carried away the six French lads  
And the foreman John Monroe.

Will that record the tune?
Dorson: Yes, it's recording it. Okay, go on.
Grant: What was it starts next, I forgot that song.
Dorson: 'To search for their dead bodies.'
Grant: 'To search for their dead bod...'

No, there's some words, comes in there or oughta come in there to make that song come right.
Dorson: Oh, 'He had not more than spoke these words,' was that it?
Grant: No.

He had not more than spoke these words  
When the jam did haul and go  
And carried away those six French lads  
And the foreman John Monroe.

3. When the sad news at the camp  
The comrades came to hear,  
To search for their dead bodies  
To the river did prepare.  
To search for their dead bodies  
Through sorrow, grief, and woe,  
Lay bruised and mangled on the beach  
Was the head of John Monroe.

Now what we got?
Dorson: 'There was one fair form.'
Grant: 4. There was one fair form among them,  
A girl from Saginaw town,  
Whose screams and cries did rend the skies,  
For her own true love was drowned.

Dorson: There was more to it, but that was...
Grant: Oh, I think there was more words to it. But that's all I can seem to get.
Dorson: Where did that actually happen?
Grant: Why, it happened here on the Penobscott or Andrews-Corbin River.
Dorson: Oh.
Grant: Yeah, they used to drive, you know, there, on them big rivers.  
Them big rivers in the northern part of the state of Maine.
Dorson: Yes, and ... what was the actual rock, where the jam took place?
Grant: Well, it's in, in, there somewhere, I was never on that
river. Up there but it's in 'round Grand Stone, what they call, used to call Grand Stone. That's an awful piece of falls, rough water on the river there. But was right in that vicinity somewhere where that happened.

Dorson: I see.

5. 'The Jam on Gerry's Rock' (sung by Don Porter)

IU ATM ATL No. 3018.17.

Dorson: This is July the 15th, 1956, and I am inland. I went to Saponac this morning to visit Martha Benson, a student at Michigan State University. And she and her father have very kindly brought me over to Lowell, where I am now in the home of Mr. John Porter, a veteran woodsman. And his son Donny is here. And they're going to sing some songs and tell some old local traditions and wood yarns. And Don is first going to sing the song of 'The Jam on Gerry's Rock.' Where did you first hear that, Don?

Don Porter: Oh, I couldn't say for sure ... since I was ten years old.

Dorson: Thirty years ago.

Don Porter: Different from any that I have heard.

Dorson: How does it go?

Don Porter: Well ...

1.

Parlando rubato \( \text{\textcopyright} \text{circa 104} \)

\[
\text{Oh, come all of you bold} \quad \text{shan-ty boys and}
\]

\[
\text{lis-ten while I re-late}, \quad \text{con-cern-ing a young}
\]

\[
\text{riv-er man and his un-time-ly fate, con-}
\]
cerning a young river man so manly, true, and brave. 'Twas on the jam at Gerry's Rock he met a watery grave.

2.

'Twas on a Sunday morning as you will quickly hear. The logs were piled up mountain high, we could not keep them clear. Our fore-man said, 'Turn out, brave boys, with hearts devoid of fear. We'll break the jam on Gerry's Rock and for Ingham's town we'll steer.'
3. Now some of them were willing,
   While others they were not,
   For to work on jams on Sunday
   They did not think they ought.
   But six of our Canadian boys
   Did volunteer to go
   And break the jam on Gerry's Rock
   With a foreman named Monroe.

4. They had not rolled off many a log
   When they heard his clear voice say,
   'I'd have you on your guard, boys,
   The jam will soon give way.'
   These words were scarcely spoken
   When an ash did break and go.
   It carried off those six brave youths
   And the foreman Jack Monroe.

5. When the rest of our brave shanty-boys
   The sad news came to hear,
   In search of their dead comrades
   To the river they did steer.
   Some of the mangled bodies
   A-floating down did go,
   While crushed and bleeding near the banks
   Was that of young Monroe.

6. They took him from his watery grave,
   Brushed back his raven hair.
   There was one fair form among them
   Whose sad cries rent the air.
   There was one fair girl among them,
   A maid from Saginaw town,
   Whose moans and cries rose to the skies
   For a true lover who'd gone down.

7. Now Clara was a noble girl,
   A riverman's true friend.
   She with her widowed mother dear
   Lived at the river's bend.
   The wages of her own true love
   The boss to her did pay,
   The shanty-boys for her made out
   A generous purse next day.
8. They buried him with sorrow deep,
'Twas on the first of May.
Come all of you bold shanty-boys
And for your comrade pray.
Engraved upon our hemlock tree
That by the grave did grow
Was the name and date of the sad fate
Of the shanty-boy, Monroe.

9. Fair Clara did not long survive,
Her heart broke with her grief.
And scarcely two months afterwards
Death came to her relief.
And when this time had passed away
And she was called to go,
Her last request was granted
To be laid by young Monroe.

10. Come all you bold shanty-boys
I'll have you call and see
Those two mounds by the riverside
Where grows their hemlock tree.
The shanty-boys cleared off the woods
For the lovers there laid low.
'Twas the handsome Clara Verner
And her true love, Jack Monroe.

That's it.
Dorson: That's just a lovely version. Thank you ever so much.

6. 'Jack Haggerty (The Flat River Girl)'

This song, listed in G. Malcolm Laws' Native American Balladry
as C 25, under 'Ballads of Lumberjacks' (p. 159), has been collected
from Maine to Wisconsin. The version printed here is shorter than
most; lines from a number of verses are recombined and compressed
into four stanzas. In the shortening, verses describing Jack Haggerty
and his courtship of the Flat River girl are lost. As in other Maine
versions, the line 'I'll go to Muskegon' is localized to 'I'll go to West
Heagen.' See Eloise H. Linscott, Folk Songs of Old New England
(New York, 1939; London, 1962; pp. 214-216) and Horace P. Beck,

Geraldine J. Chickering has traced the ballad to its Greenville,
Michigan, origin in 'The Origin of a Ballad,' Modern Language Notes,
A synopsis of her article is given by Laws in *Native American Balladry* (pp. 58-59).

IU ATM ATL No. 3018.19.

Dorson: You say you know 'The Flat River Girl,' Don.
Don Porter: Yeah.
Dorson: Well...
Don Porter: It's 'Jack Haggerty'...
Dorson: 'Jack Haggerty' is the way you know it. Well, how does that go?
Don Porter:

1. I'm a true-hearted riverman,
   From Greenville I came,
   Who once courted a damsel,
   She went back on my name.
   She was a blacksmith's daughter,
   By the Flat River side.
   I sometime intended
   To make her my bride.

2. One day on Flat River
   A letter I received,
   Saying, 'To you those false promises
   I will now relieve.
   I wed to another,
   I will long time delay,
   And the next time you see me,
   I'll ne'er be a maid.'

3. Her old mother, Dame Tucker,
   I owe all the blame.
   She turned her against me,
   Went back on my name.
   She cast off the riggin'
   That God would soon tie,
   And she left me to wander
   Till the day that I die.

4. Now I'll shoulder my peavey,
   I'll go to the west.
   I'll go to West Heagen
   And have a long rest.
   I'll go to West Heagen
   Some rest for to find,
And I'll leave my old sweetheart
On Flat River behind.

Now that's all I know of that.

Dorson: Oh! That's very nice. Did you learn songs from your father and your uncles?

Don Porter: Yes. My father and my uncles was... so... they was... my family was more or less musical. What I mean... back a few generations, why, there was... they had studied music. But of course none of us ever had... we only just pick it up here and there, and we could always more or less carry a tune, at least. So it's been kind of a fancy or somethin' in our... our family for years and years.

Dorson: What took you to thirty-eight states?

Don Porter: Well, I was with the army. I was with the army war show for about nine months. I traveled. I was with Bert Parks and... oh, I was with several celebrities. I've pulled duty in Madison Square Garden, Penn Station, and... oh, practically everywhere. In all the big cities I've directed traffic, and in stadiums I've handled crowds. And in Soldier's Field in Chicago I've... we had an average count of 90,000 a night for two weeks there.

Dorson: But you were born here at Lowell?

Don Porter: I was born here in this town. Yes.

Dorson: And much of your time you have spent in...

Don Porter: Oh, yes. All my time prior to... well... prior to twenty years old. I am forty years old now. Prior to twenty years old was spent in Lowell... prior to twenty-five years old.

Dorson: And this is where you heard most of these songs?

Don Porter: Oh, yes. In the woods. I've always... my father always lumbered, and I always was in the woods from the time I was seven years old and on.

7. 'Old Vinn'

Locally composed by an uncle of the informant, this song has never before been collected. Its subject is the hazardous occupation of log driving on a river (although the references to rowing and sailing are somewhat confusing). There are a number of ballads describing drownings occurring during the breaking of log jams (see G. Malcolm Laws, Native American Balladry, C 1 to C 10, pp. 147-152); but no direct parallels to this narrative exist.

IU ATM ATL No. 3019.1.
Dorson: Now John Porter is going to sing, or recite, a song which was actually locally composed here, wasn’t it, Mr. Porter?

John Porter: That’s right.

Dorson: Who made it up? Who made up . . .


Dorson: He made it up about people . . .

John Porter: His crew . . . his crew that went that day.

Dorson: How does that go?

John Porter:

1.

\[
\text{On the eighth day of April the crew started out. They started for Greenfield to have a long row. But when they got over there the water looked white, and they said, 'I guess we will go home the same night.'}
\]

2.

\[
\text{Oh, stay a little longer, this triangle tub,}
\]
we will go home when we get driving enough. Let's try and hang to it till the drive it gets in and then we shall sail to the heights of Old Vinn.

Dorson: And then something about Mylo B. Stevens.

John Porter:

Oh, My-lo B. Ste-vens, the head of our gang, he went down the stream in a cat-a-mar-an. And here's to Milt Myrick, he is a good man, he is a good driv-er when he's on dry land. One day he left home tay(?)like-wise he fell in, and
Ham-blin he dragged him on shore a-gain.

What's next?
Dorson: Something about King George.
John Porter: Yes.

4. I mention King George, who thought he was bold,
But when he got over there his blood it run cold.
The water looked white and his blood it run thin,
And he says, 'I will sail for the heights of Old Vinn.'

5. Oh, stay a little longer this . . . (unintelligible)
We will go home when we get driving enough.
Let's try and hang to her till the drive it gets in,
And then we will sail to the heights of Old Vinn.

Dorson: And then there's a verse about Old Vinn Curt.
John Porter: Old what?
Dorson: Oh, Old Brinn Curt.
John Porter: I can't think.
Dorson: You say somebody made up a last verse to that?
John Porter: Yeah.
Dorson: How does that go?

6. Here's to Lazy Horace, who shirks in his time
When the weather looks cloudy and looks like a storm.
In the tent you will find him, a-rhyming this song.

Dorson: Thank you, Mr. John Porter.

8. 'The Lumberman's Alphabet'

This favorite woods song, which has its counterpart in alphabet songs of other occupations, turns up in practically every collection of lumberjack folksongs. See Phillips Barry, The Maine Woods Songster (Cambridge, 1939, pp. 50-51), 'The Woodsman's Alphabet'; Earl C. Beck, Songs of the Michigan Lumberjacks (Ann Arbor, 1942, pp. 22-25), 'Alphabet Song' (2); William M. Doerflinger, Shantymen
and Shantyboys (New York, 1951, pp. 207-209), 'The Lumberman's Alphabet' (2); Fanny H. Eckstorm and Mary W. Smyth, Minstrelsy of Maine (pp. 30-32), 'The Lumberman's Alphabet' (2); Roland P. Gray, Songs of the Lumberjacks (Cambridge, 1924, pp. 10-14), 'The Alphabet Song' (3); Franz Rickaby, Ballads and Songs of the Shanty-Boy (Cambridge, 1926, pp. 35-38), 'The Shanty-man's Alphabet' (2).

IU ATM ATL Nos. 3019.6 and 3019.7.

Dorson: Now earlier you were telling us, Mr. John Porter, about conditions in the woods in the old days, and the hardships of the men on the drive. I wonder if you just would say a word about that, how hard and how long you worked.

John Porter: Well, we used to work from twelve to seventeen hours a day. We... we received two dollars and fifty cents per day, and a day was called a day from... as I say, twelve to seventeen hours. We got two dollars and a half a day. We was fed four times a day. We had what we call breakfast, and first lunch at 9 o'clock. At 2 o'clock we had second lunch, and for supper around 9 or 10 o'clock at night, we called that supper. We broke ice water and at night we slept in tents. We cooked in... on outdoors in bakers and open fire.

And when it came bed-time, we slept under spreads twenty feet long and seven feet the other way to cover us up. And you couldn't get up in the night. If you did, you'd have to set by the fire the rest of the night, because the men was so close and piled in like sardines. There was no way that you could get back into bed. We slept with our shoes under our head to keep them from freezing, and then, when we got up in the morning, we'd have to thaw 'em out by the open fire and kick 'em on. I would say that that was hardship.

Dorson: Yes. They rugged men then.
John Porter: They were.
Dorson: Now this song, 'The Lumberman's Alphabet,' describes something of the conditions there, doesn't it? 'A' is for such-and-such.
John Porter: Yeah.
Dorson: Could you give a little of that, just as you remember?
John Porter: You tell me the letters.
Dorson: 'A'... 'A' is the first. What was 'A' for?
John Porter: 1.
'B' is for boys that could use them also.

'C' is for choppers so ready to begin, and

'D' is the danger we always stand in.

2.

Oh, 'E' is for echo that through the woods ring, and

'F' is for foreman that headed our gang.

'G' is for grindstone so merry-go-round, and

'H' is for handle so smoothly was borne.

3. 'I' is for iron we knock us a pine,
   And 'J' is for (unintelligible name) that's always behind.
   'K' is for keen as our axes did keep,
   And 'L' is for lice that over us creep.

(4.) 'L' ...
Dorson: 'M'.
John Porter:

4. 'M' is for moss we keep in our camp,
And 'N' is for needles we mend with our pants.
'O' is for owl that hooteth by night,
And 'P' is for pine we always fall right.

What's the other . . .
Don Porter: 'Q'.

John Porter: 'U' is for uses we put our teams in.

Don Porter: 'Q', I said!
Dorson: 'Q' you left out.
John Porter: Oh, 'Q'.
Dorson: Yes.

John Porter: 'Q' is for quarrels we never allow.

Don Porter: Go ahead.
Dorson: "'Q' is for quarrels." Can you sing it?
John Porter: If I could think of the letters I can.
Don Porter: 'Q'.
Dorson: Yes, "'Q' is for quarrels."

John Porter: . . . we never allow,
And 'V' is . . .

Don Porter: 'U'.
John Porter: 'U' . . .
Dorson: 'P', 'Q' . . . well, how does it end up? What's the last rhyme on it?

John Porter: There's three more letters I cannot . . .

Dorson: Yes. 'U', 'V', 'W', 'X', 'Y', 'Z'.

John Porter: . . . I cannot bring in rhyme,
But if you want any more of this song
You may . . .

I forget how that ends.

Dorson: Well, never mind that. There was a little anecdote you were telling us earlier about the fellow who was sweeping off the eddy and fell in.

John Porter: Oh, that . . . that was Pat and John.

Dorson: Oh, what happened there?

John Porter: Well, Pat . . . he was foreman . . . he was a big tall Irishman about six foot eight. Had a nose on him four inches by eight. And he could throw his voice quite clearly. And he was in
the bow of the boat... and John was in the stern and I was pullin' stern oar and we had some good oarsmen, and we were sweepin' this eddy. We had a small piece of raftin' rigging hooked on to the boom, which wasn't a very solid head, and we was lifting her pretty well and that broke and Pat, he capsized right out over the side of the boat.

Well, he was gone for a couple of minutes, but he come up and grabbed the side of the boat and the first thing he did was he thought of his watch. And he took his watch out to shake the water out of it and when he did... John stuttered somewhat... he says, 'J-j-just how long was you gone, Patty?'

Dorson: Thanks, Mr. John Porter.

John Porter:

REFRAIN

Oh, 'R' is...

Miss Benson: 'Q'.

Dorson: ' 'R' is for river.'

John Porter:

5.

'R' is for rivers where our logs will flow.
"S" is for sleds, so stout and so strong, and

"T" is for team that hauls them along.

REFRAIN: And so merry, so merry are we, no mortal on earth is as happy as we. To my der-ry, oh der-ry, oh, der-ry down, give the shanty-man rum and there's nothing goes wrong.

The next three letters I cannot bring in rhyme, but 'Double-U's' for woods we leave in the spring. And if you want any more of this song you may sing, "To my
Although no variants of this colorful song seem to have found their way into print, a number of Maine woodsmen's songs deal with its theme. 'The Lumberman in Town,' collected by Fanny H. Eckstorm and Mary W. Smyth (Minstrelsy of Maine, p. 96ff.), resembles this piece. Larry Gorman's 'The Hoboes of Maine' represents another parallel; see Minstrelsy of Maine (pp. 140-144), and Edward D. Ives' Larry Gorman, The Man Who Made the Songs (pp. 119-121).

IU ATM ATL No 3019.12.

Dorson: Mr. John Porter is now going to sing 'The Woodsman's Lament.' Where did you first hear this, Mr. Porter?
John Porter: Well, I would say... I'm 68 years old... I'd say 60 years ago.
Dorson: And do you say that somebody made it up?
John Porter: Yes, it was made up by a woodsman. I didn't know at the time, but I...
Dorson: In what camp was that?
John Porter: Well, it would be in the northern part of the state. Probably Murphy's camp. I would almost say... that used to be a big lumberman at that time.
Dorson: How does it go?
John Porter:

1.

Oh, they're coming to the city as on ev'ry rail-road train. For the lumber-jacks have
broken camp in the logging swamps of Maine.

Dressed in all styles and colors, all the red, the gray, and brown. It's better than the circus when the woods-men come to town.

2.

They're a mer-ry, shift-y, laugh-ing crowd, they whistle and they sing. The kids call them 'swamp an-gels' or 'the hum-ming-birds of spring.'

Cloth-iers see them com-ing, clerks they smile but nev-er frown to the jin-gle of their dol-lars when the
woods-men come to town.

3. Gilt-edge saloons are patronized
   With proud and lofty air,
   And when filled up with tanglefoot
   There's music on the square.
   Oft jilted by some fair one all their
   Sorrows they must drown,
   And it's better than the circus when
   The woodsmen come to town.

4. Oftimes they get a little too gay,
   'Tis then they take a ride
   Up the street to City Hall,
   Policeman by their side.
   The judge he looks them over with
   A stern and critical frown.
   There's a hustle in the courthouse when
   The woodsmen come to town.

5. They're sentenced with a fine to pay,
   Their bills they cannot meet.
   And they're taken to a boarding house
   That sets back from the street.
   They're dressed all in a tiger's suit,
   They look just like a clown,
   And the rooms they are all occupied when
   The woodsmen come to town.

Dorson: Oh, that's a corker.

NOTES ON THE SONG MELODIES

Through the use of various signs not customarily found in the musical scores of composed music (and by the exercise of considerable diligence) orally transmitted melodies may be notated in almost infinite detail. For our purpose here, however, it seemed best to present transcriptions that would require only the usual skills of the music reader. Although the transcriptions represent the recorded melodies with reasonable accuracy, many possible refinements of pitch and rhythm have not been indicated.
The following markings which may not be familiar to the reader have been utilized:

**Parlando rubato**
A free rhythmic style showing very little regularity of metrical organization.

The actual initial pitch of the song, sounding an octave lower. An upward-pointing arrow, when present, indicates that the pitch is as much as a quarter tone sharp, and a downward-pointing arrow, as much as a quarter tone flat.

A break in the flow of the song, probably caused by uncertainty on the part of the singer.

A hold or fermata. The superimposed number indicates the approximate number of beats the pitch is held by the singer.

Metrical changes have been made when they seemed necessary to clearly define the rhythmic outline of the phrase. (A song phrase is here defined by the verbal phrase, which in this style usually contains four verbal accents or, on occasion, three.) Folk singers frequently sustain the final pitch of a phrase, a silence following this pitch, or both. This practice is so frequent that it may almost be considered a characteristic of folk singing. When this lengthening of the cadence would require a change in meter if accurately notated, it has been ignored, and the cadential pitch and/or the following silence curtailed in such a manner as to fit into the common meter of the song.

In the two songs sung by Lorry Grant that are transcribed there is considerable fluctuation between compound and simple division of the beat, i.e. between a division of the beat into three or two parts, as in $\frac{3}{4}$ and $\frac{2}{4}$ meters. This constant fluctuation is indicated in 'Emery Mace' by the (\(\frac{3}{4}\)) following the $\frac{6}{8}$ metrical signature. At times the division seems intermediate between simple and compound. When this ambiguity exists I have selected the division which seemed the most logical. Ambiguity in pitch also occurs in these two songs, in the 'A' in 'Emery Mace' and in the 'F' in 'John L. Sullivan and Jim Corbett.' On occasion these pitches are intermediate between 'A' and 'A flat' and 'F' and 'F sharp'. Again, a selection of one pitch or the other has been made on the basis of the musical organization of the phrase.
At least two stanzas of each song have been transcribed in order that the reader may gain some idea of the type of variation that occurs from stanza to stanza. In the third stanza of 'Old Vinn' the singer, Mr. John Porter, becomes confused and apparently combines two textual stanzas. Simultaneously, he wanders off melodically, and by the time the penultimate phrase is reached he is singing the tune to which he later performs 'The Lumberman's Alphabet' rather than that which he has used in 'Old Vinn.' With the fourth stanza he returns to the original tune. The same informant is unable at first try to remember past the fourth stanza of the 'Lumberman's Alphabet.' He continues the song later in the interview at a different pitch level and adds a refrain. His memory again appears faulty, since it is unlikely that the refrain would usually have been sung in the form it takes here.

The tunes of 'Emery Mace' and 'Old Vinn' are in styles which are probably older than those of the other four tunes. The tune of 'Emery Mace' exhibits some of the characteristics of the mixolydian mode, that of 'Old Vinn' what is probably the most frequently heard pentatonic mode in the Anglo-American tradition. The remaining four are clearly in the major mode. The tune of 'John L. Sullivan and Jim Corbett' contains a probable modulation to the dominant key. Of the six melodies transcribed, the tune of 'The Woodsman's Lament,' with its raised lower neighbors, large leap from the sixth up to the fourth degree, and a hold on the final pitch of the penultimate phrase, seems the most recent in style, that of an American popular song of the 1880's or 1890's.

John Porter's confused performance of the third stanza of 'Old Vinn,' in which he moves from the original melody to that of 'The Lumberman's Alphabet,' produces a melodic stanza in which the leading tone seventh degree is added to the pentatonic mode of the original tune. This occasional lapse of memory, resulting in the combining of two tunes, is possibly one of the mechanisms by which the modal and rhythmic content of folk tunes is constantly 're-created.'

It is interesting to note that the elder Porter sings in a rather straightforward manner, while his son utilizes the parlando rubato style in his performance of 'The Jam on Gerry's Rock.' The latter style of ballad singing is considered by many to be the older tradition of the two.

George List