

# Modal Melodies

(American)

Parting Friends (traditional, American South)

Fare well, my friends, I'm bound for Ca-naan, I'm trav'ling through the wil-der-ness. I go a-way, be - hind to

II

leave you, Per-haps ne - ver to meet a-gain; But if we ne - ver have this plea-sure, I hope we'll meet on Ca-naan's land.

22 Wicked Polly (trad. American South)

Young peo-ple who de - light in sin, I'll tell you what has late - ly been, A wo-man who was young and fair

29 Red Iron Ore (Sea Shanty)

died in sin and deep de-spair. Come all ye bold sai-lors that fol-low the Lakes on an i-ron ore ves-sel your li-v-ing to make. I

36

shipped in Chi-ca-go, bid a - dieu to the shore, Bound a - way to Esca-na-ba for red i-ron ore. Der-ry down, down, down der-ry down.

42 My Father Gave Me a Lump of Gold (Mrs. Emma Dusenberry, Arkansas)

My fa - ther dear, so far from here, has give me good ad - vice; He told me to quit my ram - bling

54

way, And set - tle down in life. I will ramble and I'll roam and I'll call for my board, Let this wide world go as she

Poor Wayfaring Stranger (trad.)

will, For I have joined this low-down gang, and no - one cares for me. I'm just a poor way-fa-ring

76

stran - ger, A-tra-veling through this world of woe, But there's no sick-ness, toil, nor dan - ger in that bright world to which I go. I'm going

83

there to meet my fa-ther, I'm going there no more to roam, I'm just a - go - ing o-ver Jor - dan, I'm just a - go - ing o-ver home.

91 Sept Ans Sur Mer (Creole)

On a rest - é \_\_\_\_\_ six ans sur mer \_\_\_\_\_ Sans pou - voir \_\_\_\_\_ bord - er la terre.

## 96 Ox Driving Song (Louisiana)

I pop my whip, I bring the blood, I make my leaders take the mud, We grab the wheels and turn them round, one long, long pull, we're on hard ground.

## 105 Cod Liver Oil (traditional)

I'm a young mar - ried man that is ti - red in life, Ten years I've been wed to a sick - e - ly wife; She does

no - thing all day — but sit down and cry, A wish - ing to God — that she — could die.

## 122 Gerry's Rocks (Sea Shanty) [Mixolydian]

Come all ye jol - ly fel - lows, wher - e - ver you may be, I — hope you'll pay a - tten - tion and lis - ten un - to me, It's —

all a - bout some — shan - ty boys, so man - ly and so brave, 'Twas — on a jam on Ger - ry's rocks they met their wa - try grave.

## 139 Old Joe Clark (Kentucky) [Phrygian]

I would not fo to old Joe's house, tell you the rea - son why, I can't get a-round his gar - den spot, for tear - ing down all his rye.

## Spanish Johnny [Phrygian]

Round and round all, old Joe Clark, Round and round, I say, He'll fol-low me ten thou-sand miles, to hear my fid-dle play. The Old

West, the old time, the old wind sing - ing through — The red, red grass a thou - sand miles, and Span - ish

John - ny, you! — He'd sit be - side a wa - ter ditch when all his herds were in, — and ne - ver

## Fare ye well, my darlin' (Kentucky)

mind a child, buyt sing to his man - do - lin. So fare ye well, my dar - lin', so fare ye well, my dear, Don't —

grieve for my long ab - scence, while I am pre-sent here. Since it is — my mis - for - tune a sol-dier for to be, Oh,

try to live con-tent - ed and do — not grieve for me.