

WORKS PROGRESS ADMINISTRATION OF VIRGINIA  
HISTORICAL INVENTORY

COUNTY: Prince William

CLASS : Folk Song

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FOLK SONG

This write-up is a part of the Virginia W. P. A. Historical Inventory Project sponsored by the Virginia Conservation Commission under the direction of its Division of History. Credit to both the Commission and W. P. A. is requested for publication, in whole or in part. Unless otherwise stated, this information has not been checked for accuracy by the sponsor.

Research made by

Susan R. Morton,  
Haymarket, Virginia.

October 5, 1937.

1. SUBJECT:

Polk Song.

2. LOCATION:

Heard in the Bull Run Mountains, Prince William County.

3. DATE:

4. OWNERS:

5. DESCRIPTION:

6. HISTORICAL SIGNIFICANCE:

"His Father's Only Son"

He was his Father's only son,  
It was for love he was undone,  
He was but eighteen years of age,  
When first in love he did engage.

His Father oft to him did say,  
My only son do me obey,  
You know she is of low degree,  
And come of a poor family.

Why then after her do you go?  
She sure will be your over-throw,  
To his Father he made this reply,  
"Well, what do riches signify?"

"When Lazarus died, we read also,  
He to Abraham's bosom did go,  
I'd rather my own love have  
And always live within a cave!"

Now he was twenty years of age,  
And a Preacher did engage,  
He said he had a call to preach  
The very Gospel for to teach.

But his Father never would be still,  
But daily set forth their will,  
He went to see his love one night  
In hopes to see her face so bright.

Her Father to him did say,  
"Kind Sir forever keep away,



My daughter is as good as you,  
Forever bid my house adieu".

Under her chamber she did take,  
A solitary moan to make,  
She used to moan and oftimes cry  
"I cannot live so I must die!"

For many a doctor did they send,  
And much pains for her did spend,  
For all Prescriptions were in vain  
For still in love she did remain.

"Farewell my brother and sister dear,  
See that you both live in God's fear,  
Farewell to my tru and loving mate,  
No longer for you can I wait".

She bid the world and all adieu,  
And every creature that she knew,  
Next day to her burying did he go,  
Drest in mourning from tip to toe.

And afterwards distracted run,  
And so forever was undone,  
Come all old people far and near,  
These melancholy lines to hear.

Never matches try to break,  
And always keep them for God's sake,  
He has been a mourner this twentieth year,  
And never can enjoy his dear.

7. ART:

8. SOURCES OF INFORMATION:

Informant:

WORKS PROGRESS ADMINISTRATION OF VIRGINIA  
HISTORICAL INVENTORY

COUNTY: Prince William

CLASS : Songs

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OLD SONGS AND DITTIES

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Research made by  
Susan R. Morton,  
Haymarket, Virginia.

October 15, 1936.



1. SUBJECT:

Old Songs and Ditties.

2. LOCATION:

These were gathered during my visits to sites in the Bull Run Mountains. Some have come from negro cabins and others from typical mountainshomes, well off the beaten track, and practically all were heard from old people who learned them from hearing them sung by mother or father.

3. DATE:

4. OWNERS:

5. DESCRIPTION:

These old songs and ditties on paper look far different from the impression one gets on hearing them in their native setting. Most of the people are English or Scotch-Irish stock with here and there some German mixture, often traceable to the Messian soldiers who lingered here and made their homes.

My wife, she made a pumpkin pie  
And in them she put fat,  
She put it on the cupboard shelf  
And in it crept a rat.

(This goes on in several verses to tell the sad tale of the pies,  
sung in monotone, with much repetition)

Pretty Miss Pink, I once did think  
That you and I would marry  
But now I've come to let you know  
That we can no longer tarry.  
I put my knapsacks on my back  
My musket on my shoulder  
And off to Hopewell I will go  
To be a gallant soldier.

If I had a scolding wife  
I'd whip her sure as you were born  
I'd take her down the street  
And I'd sell her for the corn.  
Corn on Canal, corn on Canal!  
If it hadn't been for Liza Jane  
There wouldn't be no Hell.

One morning while I was brewing  
My thoughts each other thought pursuing  
First malt and hops, then Lolly Pops,  
Thinks I, I'll go a wooing  
O yes I will, indeed I will, tol de rol, tol de rol etc.



Chance in my brew house brought her  
 His' Pops, I love your daughter,  
 And fell inclined to tell my mind  
 And cut my longing shorter,  
 O yes I do, indeed I do, tol do rol, etc.

My Molly dear now came in  
 While love my heart inflaming  
 Her mother said, "The lad's afraid  
 His haste you will be blaming"  
 O yes, he is, indeed he is, tol de rol etc.

Cried Moll "You stupid, silly cub  
 Think I'd marry such a scrub?  
 Shame you", and with her fist  
 She sous'd me in the mash tub  
 Oh yes she did, indeed she did tol de rol, etc.

How is you white folks, one and all?  
 I'm glad to see you well,  
 I've come to live with you this Fall  
 It is the truth I tell,  
 With heart and soul, I'll try to please  
 It is my only joy  
 I'll tell you of one Nancy Tease,  
 She'd call me handsome boy.

Oh Nancy, Oh Nancy!  
 She was my soul's delight,  
 Her voice was like the whip-poor-will  
 Her eyes, they sparkled bright.

Miss Nancy, she was very gay,  
 And sprithly as the coon,  
 She caught a weasel fast asleep.  
 A ridin' on the moon.

And when the day was drawing near  
 The stars did go to rest,  
 She slept awake all night with fear,  
 Her mind was decompressed.

Oh Nancy, Oh Nancy! etc.

I go to the rock to hide my face  
 The rock cries out, "no hiding please",  
 No hiding place down here,  
 No hiding place down here"  
 Don't go to the rock to hide your face,  
 The Lord will see you any place,  
 No hiding place down here.

7. ART:

8. SOURCES OF INFORMATION:

In the homes of the Bull Run Mountains.