

The Two Brothers 4

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O brother, can you toss the stone
Or can you play the ball?
I am too little, I am too young
Go, brother, leave me alone

His brother took his little penknife,
He hung it by his side,
He put it deeply deathly wound
As it hung by his side.

O brother, take my holland shirt,
And rip it from gore to gore;
You tie it around my bleeding wound
And still it'll bleed no more.

His brother took his holland shirt
And ripped it from gore to gore;
He tied it around his bleeding wound,
But still it bled the more.

O brother, take me on your back,
Carry me to Chesley Town;
You dig me a deep and large, wide grave
And lay me there so sound.

You put my bible at my head,
My solberd (psalter?) at my feet,
My little bow and arrow by my side,
And sounder I will sleep.

His brother took him on his back,
He carried him to Chesley Town;
He dug him a deep and large, wide grave
And laid him there so sound.

He put his bible at his head,
His solberd at his feet,
His little bow and arrow at his side,
So sounder he will sleep.

O brother, as you go home at night

And my mother asks for me,
You'll tell her I'm along with some schoolboys,
So merry I'll come home.

And if my true love asks for me,
The truth to her you'll tell;
You'll tell her I'm dead and in grave laid
And buried in Chesley Town.

With my bible at my head,
My solberd at my feet,
My little bow and arrow at my side,
And sounder I will sleep.

And as his brother went home at night,
His mother asked for him.
He told he's along with some schoolboys,
So merry he'll come home.

And then his true love asked for him ;
The truth to her he told.
He told he was dead and in grave laid
And buried in Chesley Town,

With his Bible at his head,
His solberd at his feet,
His little bow and arrow at his side,
So sounder he will sleep.

And then his true love put on small hoppers
And tied them with silver strings.
She went hopping all over her true lover's grave
A twelve-months and a day.

She hopped the red fish out of the sea,
The small birds out of their nests ;
She hopped her true love out of his grave,
So he can't see no rest.

Go home, go home, you rambling reed;
Don't weep nor mourn for me;
For if you do for twelve long years,
No more you'll see of me.

Child #49

From English Folk Songs in the Southern Appalachians, Sharp
Collected from Mrs. Margaret Dunagan, KY, 1917

Note: I like the hoppers. Probably a folk-processing of "harp"
and "harped" RG