The following songs, superstitions etc. are very old and are known by the majority of older residents.

**TRUE LOVER OF MINE.**

"As you go up through yonder's town,
Rose Merry in time,
Give my respects to that young girl,
Tell her she may be a lover of mine.

Tell her she must make me a cambric shirt,
Rose Merry in time,
Without a seam or needle work,
And she shall be a true lover of mine.

She must wash it in yonder's well,
Rose Merry in time,
Where water never run or rain never fell,
And she shall be a true lover of mine.

She must hang it on yonder's thorn,
Rose Merry in time,
That has n't budded since Adam was born,
And she shall be a true lover of mine.

As you go up through yonder's town,
Rose Merry in time,
Give my respects to that young man,
Tell him he shall be a true lover of mine.
Tell him he must buy five acres of land,
Rose Merry in time,
Between the Salt Sea and the Salt Sea land,
And he shall be a true lover of mine.

Plough it all over with a muley cow's horn,
Rose Merry in time,
And sow it all over with one grain of corn,
And he shall be a true lover of mine.

Lay it off with a strap of leather,
Rose Merry in time,
And gather it all in on a pea fowl's feather,
And he shall be a true lover of mine.

Trash it out against yonder's wall,
Rose Merry in time,
And not let a grain fall,
And he shall be a true lover of mine.

Then he must take it to yonder's mill,
Rose Merry in time,
And every grain, a barrel shall fill,
And he shall be a true lover of mine.

And when he has done this noble work,
Rose Merry in time,
He may come to me for his cambric shirt,
And he shall be a true lover of mine.

(Mrs Arthur Springate.)
Bird Song

Said the black bird to the crow,
"What makes folks hate us so?
Ever since old Adam was born
It's been our trait to pluck up corn."

Said the owl with his head so white,
"It's all of a dark and lonesome night.
Young men go courting I've heard them say,
'Court all night and sleep all day.'

Said the Tom-Tit as he run,
"I wish I had a bottle of rum,
Two pretty ladies to drink with me
Oh how happy I would be."

Said the woodpecker on the tree,
"I once loved a pretty lady,
She proved fickle and from me fled,
And ever since my head's been red."

Said the partridge as she flew,
"I'll go and hunt me a sweetheart too,
He to whistle and I to sing,
That's enough to charm a king."

(Mrs Annie M. Banks.)
The following songs were popular years ago, and if they appeared in print these people did not see them.

**Dairy Down.**

Come all you good people,
   I'll have you down near.
A comical ditty you shortly shall hear.

The boys about here
Are beginning to advance
By courting the girls
And learning to dance,
   Dairy down, dio oh dairy down.

Just go to the meeting
   Or any such place
They stop and they'll stare you
   Right full in the face.
Just speak one word
   And you'll hear it again
There's many a boy set up for a man
   Dairy down, dio oh diary down.

There's the girls, they're ten times as bad
   When the boys ain't around
They always look mad.
   High combs they do wear,
   And tuck up their hair
   And then at the boys
   Like owls they do stare
   Dairy Down, dio oh dairy down.
They'll take out their snuff box,
They'll turn down the top
They'll give it a tap
And pass it around.
They'll pass it to one, they'll pass it to two,
Saying miss, won't you have some,
Oh Madam won't you
Dairy down, dio oh dairy down.

Mrs. Aileen Searcy.

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Old Ireland.

Farewell to Old Ireland,
The place I was borned in
The county of Lambert
Near Irishman's Call.
It was down in old Ireland,
Bound down as a slave,
It was in my own country
I did misbehave.

My parents they cautioned me
When I was young,
To leave off drinking
Bad company shun.
My son you are young
It will lead you astray,
You'll remember my words
when I'm cold in the clay.
Though I heeded not the warning
Or to them gave ear,
Still I followed on
With my career.
Was robbing by night,
While planning by day,
To maintain little Mollie
And dress her so gay.

I still followed on
With my wild career
Until the hands of bold justice
Unto me drew near.
And then I was tried
For bold robbery
Nine years I was sentenced
Across the still sea.

My father was parting
His gray locks he tore,
My son we are parting
To meet never more.
Likewise your old mother's
Distracted and gray
It won't be long till
We are laid in the clay.
Says the captain to the boatmen,
"Our boats we must stir".
Now come the hard task
To part with me dear.
If I was on yon ship
Pretty Mollie by me,
Bound down in strong irons,
I would think myself free.
I often have wondered
How women loved men
And I often have wondered
How men could love them.
They'll cause you misfortune
They'll cause your downfall,
They'll cause you to labor
Behind a stone wall.
Once my poor cheeks
Was red as a rose,
Now they are as pale
As the lily that grows.
The paleness that's on them
Was brought there by sin,
So you see what I have come to
By the loving of them.

Mrs. Sally Morehead.
Anderson County  Folkways  (Mildred Roberts-242) (7)

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