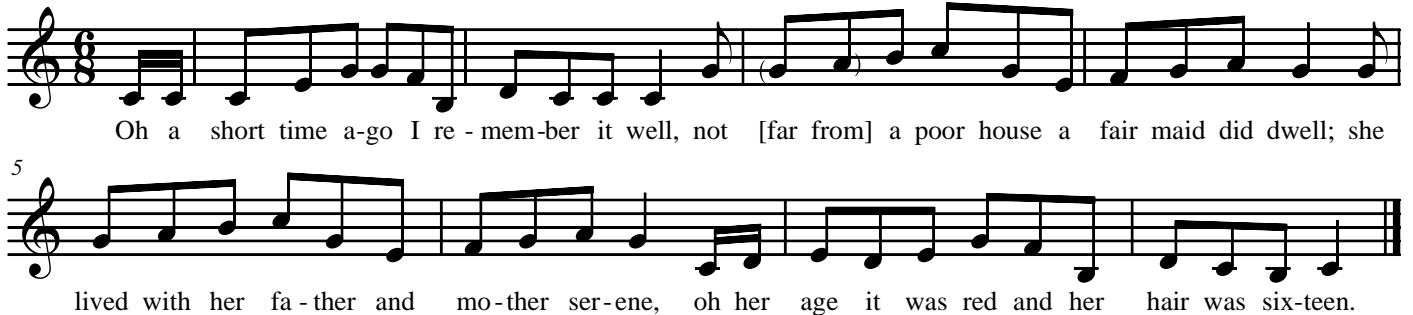


Crazy Song

As sung by
Noble B. Brown

Originally in B
11-17-1946 Millsville, WI



Oh a short time a-go I re - mem - ber it well, not [far from] a poor house a fair maid did dwell; she
5
lived with her fa - ther and mo - ther ser - ene, oh her age it was red and her hair was six - teen.

Verse 1.

Oh a short time ago I remember it well,
Not [far from] a poor house a fair maid did dwell;
She lived with her father and mother serene,
Oh her age it was red and her hair was sixteen.

Verse 4.

The young man then looked at the beautiful maid,
And angrily opened the knife of his blade;
He carved the throat of this maiden so fair,
And dragged her about by the head of the hair.

Verse 2.

Not far from this maiden a young man did dwell,
He was humpbacked in both feet and bowlegged as well;
Said: "[Will] ye fly with me maid by the light of yon star,
For ye are the eye of me apple you are."

Verse 5.

But just at this moment the old man appeared,
He gazed on the horror with eyes in his tears;
He knelt by the form of the cold corpse he kissed,
And rushed with his throat at the murderer's fist.

Verse 3.

The fair maiden gazed at the man in surprise,
Saying: "Papa will tear out your nails with his eyes;
Then leave me alone my fair name don't disgrace,"
And quickly she buried her hands in her face.

Verse 6.

The old man then ordered the villan to bolt,
He drew a horse-pistol he'd raised from a colt;
He chased him around the room it is true,
He shouted I fly and he flew up the flue.

Critical Commentary

HST notes:

In the Professional Papers series:

Noble Brown

Learned in bunker camps as a boy. The tune is a stock lumberjack tune [re Little Brown Bulls De Noyer's version].

K.G.