



# WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA DULCIMER COLLECTIVE

## 2023 – 1st Quarter Newsletter

The Western North Carolina Dulcimer Collective is a member-supported group of players of mountain and hammered dulcimers, and those who enjoy listening to dulcimers and/or playing other traditional instruments with them. The group meets once per month to share tunes and information. Dues are \$5.00 per year payable to WNCDC – Mail checks to Carl Cochrane, 3239 Heritage Circle, Hendersonville, NC 28739-3553.

### DULCIMER CLUB NEWS

This quarter's tunes are a bit easier than last quarter. I hope I didn't scare anyone away! Don't forget that our tunes can be played on just the melody string of either tuning if you want. It might help when learning them, and is actually appropriate for bagpipe tunes.

#### MONTHLY TUNES:

January 8<sup>th</sup>: *Morag of Dunvegan*. A bagpipe tune for Burns Night, Jan 25<sup>th</sup>. Played often in Scotland, including at Dunvegan Castle on the Isle of Skye.

February 12<sup>th</sup>: *My Passion Is As Mustard Strong*. For Valentine's Day? I really did plan to find a happy love song. At least in this one there's no murder involved! It was known during the Revolutionary War. The 1732 John Gay poem of unrequited love was "*New Song of Old Similes*". The verses didn't all fit, but are on the website.

March 12<sup>th</sup>: *Bold Dickie*. This ballad is an American variant (F) of Child Ballad #188, "*Archie o Cawfield*". It appeared originally in "Scot's Minstrelsy" in 1791. Lots of verses, as is usual in Child Ballads, but no murders in this song, either!

#### SONG REVIEW SCHEDULE

January:	Juba This and Juba That Kathleen O'Moore The Keys of Heaven	(4 <sup>th</sup> Quarter, 2012) (1 <sup>st</sup> Quarter, 2009) (2 <sup>nd</sup> Quarter, 2007)
February:	Kind Miss Kind Sir Las Mañanitas del Rey David	(3 <sup>rd</sup> Quarter, 1997) (2 <sup>nd</sup> Quarter, 1990) (3 <sup>rd</sup> Quarter, 2002)
March:	Lavender's Blue Le Carillon de Vendome The Leaving of Liverpool	(1 <sup>st</sup> Quarter, 2009) (1 <sup>st</sup> Quarter, 2010) (2 <sup>nd</sup> Quarter, 2002)

## Morag of Dunvegan

*Dunvegan is in the north end of the Isle of Skye in northwest Scotland. Morag is a common Scottish woman's name. The tune is popular there on pipes and other instruments, with lyrics added some time later. The A and B parts are often found swapped in recordings and sheet music.*

## My Passion Is As Mustard Strong

1. My passion is as mustard strong;  
I sit all sober sad;  
Drunk as a piper all day long,  
Or like a March-hare mad.
2. Round as a hoop the bumpers flow;  
I drink, yet can't forget her;  
For though as drunk as David's sow  
I love her still the better.
3. Pert as a pear-monger I'd be,  
If Molly were but kind;  
Cool as a cucumber could see  
The rest of womankind.
4. Like a stuck pig I gaping stare,  
And eye her o'er and o'er;  
Lean as a rake, with sighs and care,  
Sleek as a mouse before.
5. Plump as a partridge was I known,  
And soft as silk my skin;  
My cheeks as fat as butter grown,  
But as a goat now thin!
6. I melancholy as a cat,  
Am kept awake to weep;  
But she, insensible of that,  
Sound as a top can sleep.
7. Hard is her heart as flint or stone,  
She laughs to see me pale;  
And merry as a grig is grown,  
And brisk as bottled ale.
8. The god of Love at her approach  
Is busy as a bee;  
Hearts sound as any bell or roach,  
Are smit and sigh like me.
9. Ah me! as thick as hops or hail  
The fine men crowd about her;  
But soon as dead as a door-nail  
Shall I be, if without her.
11. As fine as five-pence is her mien,  
No drum was ever tighter;  
Her glance is as the razor keen,  
And not the sun is brighter
12. As soft as pap her kisses are,  
Methinks I taste them yet;  
Brown as a berry is her hair,  
Her eyes as black as jet.
13. As smooth as glass, as white as curds  
Her pretty hand invites;  
Sharp as her needle are her words,  
Her wit like pepper bites.

14. Brisk as a body-louse she trips,  
Clean as a penny drest;  
Sweet as a rose her breath and lips,  
Round as the globe her breast.

15. Full as an egg was I with glee,  
And happy as a king;  
Good Lord! how all men envied me!  
She loved like any thing.

16. But false as hell, she, like the wind,  
Chang'd, as her sex must do;  
Though seeming as the turtle kind,  
And like the gospel true.

19. You'll know me truer than a die,  
And wish me better sped;  
Flat as a flounder when I lie,  
And as a herring dead.

20. Sure as a gun she'll drop a tear  
And sigh, perhaps, and wish,  
When I am rotten as a pear,  
And mute as any fish.

*From a 1732 poem by John Gay called, "New Song of Old Similes". Music from "Children In The Wood", a tragic ballad from 1595, whose lyrics tell the tale of "The Norfolk gent his will and Testament and how he Commytted the Keepinge of his children to his owne brother who delte moste wickedly with them and howe God plagued him for it."*

## Bold Dickie

1. As I walked out one morning in May,  
Just before the break of day,  
I heard three brothers making their moan,  
I listen'd a while to what they did say.
2. 'We have a brother in prison,' said they,  
'Oh, in prison lieth he,  
If we had ten men just like ourselves  
The prisoner we should soon set free.'
3. 'Oh, no, oh, no, Bold Dickie,' said he.  
'No, no, no, that never could be;  
For forty men is full little enough  
And I for to ride in their companie.'
4. 'Ten to hold the horses in,  
Ten to guard the city about,  
And ten for to stand at the prison door,  
And ten to fetch poor Archer out.'
5. They mounted their horses  
and so rode they,  
Who but they so merrilie?  
They rode till they came  
to a broad riverside  
And there they alighted so manfullie.
6. They mounted their horses  
and so swam they,  
Who but they so manfullie!  
They swam till they came  
to the other side  
And there they alighted so drippinglie.

7. They mounted their horses  
and so rode they,  
Who but they so gallantlie!  
They rode till they came  
to that prison door  
And there they alighted so manfullie.
8. 'Poor Archer, poor Archer,'  
Bold Dickie says he,  
'Oh, look you not so mournfullie  
For I've forty men in my companie  
And I have come to set you free.'
9. 'Oh, no, no, no,' poor Archer says he,  
'Oh, no, oh, no, that never can be,  
For I have forty weight  
of good Spanish iron  
Betwixt my ankle and my knee.'
10. Bold Dickie broke lock,  
Bold Dickie broke everything  
he could see.  
He took poor Archer under one arm  
And he carried him out so manfullie.
11. They mounted their horses  
and so rode they,  
Who but they so merrilie!  
They rode till they came  
to that broad river,  
And there they alighted so manfullie.
12. "Bold Dickie, Bold Dickie,"  
poor Archer says he,  
"Take my love home to my wife  
and children three,  
For my horse grows lame,  
he cannot swim,  
And here I see that I must dee."
13. They shifted horses and so swam they,  
Who but they so daringlie!  
They swam till they came  
to the other side,  
And there they alighted so shiveringlie.
14. 'Bold Dickie, Bold Dickie,'  
poor Archer says he,  
'Look you yonder there and see,  
For the High Sheriff he is a-coming  
With a hundred men in his companie.'
15. 'Bold Dickie, Bold Dickie,'  
High Sheriff says he,  
'You are the worst rascal that ever I see;  
Go bring me back the iron you stole  
And I will set the prisoner free.'
16. 'Oh, no, no, no,' Bold Dickie says he,  
'Oh, no, no, that never can be;  
For the iron will do to shoe the horses  
The blacksmith rides in our companie.'
17. 'Bold Dickie, Bold Dickie,'  
High Sheriff says he,  
'You are the worst scoundrel  
that I ever see.'  
'I thank you for nothing,'  
Bold Dickie says he,  
'And you are a big fool for following me.'

*This ballad is an American variant (F) of Child Ballad #188 (Archie o Cawfield). It appeared in "Scot's Minstrelsy" in 1791.*

Mountain Dulcimer: D-A-dd and D-A-AA

M.D. Arr: Steve Smith

	D		Bm			F#m		A		D		G			Em		A	
	F# - F#		F# E D			F# - A		A - -		D - D		D B D			B - A		A - -	
D	0	0	2	2	2	2	2	4		4	4	5	5	5	3	3	1	
A	0	0	1	1	1	2	2	4		5	5	6	6	6	4	4	2	
dd	2	-	2	2	1	0	2	-	4	-	7	-	7	5	-	4	-	
D	4	4	5	5	5	6+	6+	4		0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	
A	3	3	3	3	3	5	5	4		7	7	8	8	8	6	6	4	
AA	5	-	5	5	4	3	5	-	7	-	10	-	10	8	-	7	-	

	D		Bm			G		A		Bm		G			A		D	
	F# - F#		F# E F#			B - A		A - -		B - D		B A F#			E - -		D - -	
	0	0	2	2	2	3	3	4		5	5	3	3	3	1		0	
	0	0	1	1	1	3	3	4		5	5	3	3	3	0		0	
	2	-	2	2	1	2	5	-	4	-	5	-	7	5	4	2	1	-
	4	4	5	5	5	7	7	8		7	7	7	7	7	4		0	
	3	3	3	3	3	6	6	0		5	5	6	6	6	0		0	
	5	-	5	5	4	5	8	-	7	-	8	-	10	4	-	3	-	

	D		G			D		D		Bm			G		A			
	D - -		D - B			A - D		D - -		F# - F#		F# E F#			B - A		A - -	
	0		5	5	0	0	0		0	0	2	2	2	3	3	4		
	0		6	6	0	0	0		0	0	1	1	1	3	3	4		
	7	-	7	-	4	-	0	-	2	-	2	1	2	5	-	4	-	
	0		0	0	0	0	0		4	4	5	5	5	7	7	8		
	7	-	8	8	5	0	0		3	3	3	3	3	6	6	0		
	10	-	10	-	7	-	3	-	5	-	5	4	5	8	-	7	-	

	Bm		G			D		Bm		F#m			A		D			
	D - -		D - B			A - D		D - -		F# - F#		A - F#			E - -		D - -	
	5		5	5	0	0	0		2	2	2	2	1		0			
	5		6	6	0	0	0		1	1	2	2	0		0			
	7	-	7	-	4	-	0	-	2	-	4	-	1	-	0	-		
	9		10	10	0	0	0		5	5	6+	6+	4		0			
	8		8	8	0	0	0		3	3	5	5	0		0			
	10	-	10	-	7	-	3	-	5	-	7	-	4	-	3	-		

⇒ FEBRUARY '23 ⇐ *My Passion Is As Mustard Strong*

Mountain Dulcimer: D-A-dd and D-A-AA

M.D. Arr: Steve Smith

	A		D				Bm					
	My		pass- ion		is		as		mus- tard		strong;	I
Notes	E -		F# E		D - -		E		F# E D		- -	F#
D	1		0		0		0		2		2	2
A	0		0		0		0		1		1	1
dd	1 -		2		1		0 - -		2		1	0 - -
D	4		4		4		4		5		5	5
A	2		3		3		3		3		3	3
AA	4 -		5		4		3 - -		5		4	3 - -

	G		D				A					
	sit all		so-		ber		sad;		Drunk			
	G B		A - -		F#		E - - -		F# -			
	3		3		0		1		1			
	3		3		0		0		0			
	3		5		4 - -		2		1 - - -		2	-
	7		7		0		4		4			
	6		6		0		2		2			
	6		8		7 - -		5		4 - - -		5	-

	G		D									
	as a pi-		per		all day		long,		Or			
	G B		A - -		G		A F# D		- -		A	
	3		3		3		0		0		0	0
	3		3		3		0		0		0	0
	3		5		4 - -		3		4		2	0 - -
	7		7		7		0		0		0	0
	6		6		7		0		0		0	0
	6		8		7 - -		6		7		5	3 - -

	G		A				D					
	like a		March-		hare		mad.					
	B D		F# -		E -		D - - -					
	0		0		1		1		0			
	6		6		0		0		0			
	5		7		2 - -		1 -		0		-	-
	7		7		4		4		0			
	6		6		2		2		0			
	8		10		5 - -		4 -		3		-	-

⇒ MARCH '23 ⇐

*Bold Dickie*

Mountain Dulcimer: D-A-dd and D-A-AA

M.D. Arr: Steve Smith

		D				D							
		As				I walked out one				morn- ing in May,			
Notes		A -	A - - - A	- A	- - - G	F# - - - E	F# - D	- - - - -					
D	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0				
A	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0				
dd	4 -	4 - - - 4	- 4	- - - 3	-	2 - - - 1	2 - 0	- - - - -					
D	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0				
A	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0				
AA	7 -	7 - - - 7	- 7	- - - 6	-	5 - - - 4	5 - 3	- - - - -					

		Bm				G				A				
		Just				be- fore				the break of day, I				
Notes		D - - - B	- E	- - - D	-	C# - B	- C# - A	- - - A	-					
D	5	5	5	5	5	4	4	4	4	4				
A	5	5	6	6	6	4	4	4	4	4				
dd	7 - - - 5	- 8	- - - 7	-	6+ - 5	- 6+ - 4	- - - 4	-						
D	9	9	10	10	8	8	8	8	8	8				
A	8	8	8	8	7	7	7	7	7	7				
AA	10 - - - 8	- 11	- - - 10	-	9 - 8	- 9 - 7	- - - 7	-						

		G				D				D				G			
		heard				three				broth- ers				mak- ing their moan, I			
Notes		B - C#	- D	- F#	- - - E	F# - F#	- D	- G	- - - A	-							
D	5	5	5	0	0	0	0	0	3	3							
A	6	6	6	0	0	0	0	0	3	3							
dd	5 - 6+	- 7	- 2	- - - 1	-	2 - 2	- 0	- 3	- - - 4	-							
D	10	10	10	0	0	0	0	0	7	7							
A	8	8	8	0	0	0	0	0	6	6							
AA	8 - 9	- 10	- 5	- - - 4	-	5 - 5	- 3	- 6	- - - 7	-							

		G				D				D			
		list- en'd				a while				to what they did say.			
Notes		B - C#	- D	- F#	- - - G	F# - F#	- E	- F#	- - -				
D	5	5	5	0	0	0	0	0	0				
A	6	6	6	0	0	0	0	0	0				
dd	5 - 6+	- 7	- 2	- - - 3	-	2 - 2	- 1	- 2	- - -				
D	7	7	7	0	0	0	0	0	0				
A	6	6	6	0	0	0	0	0	0				
AA	8 - 9	- 10	- 5	- - - 6	-	5 - 5	- 4	- 5	- - -				



Western North Carolina  
Dulcimer Collective  
c/o Steve Smith  
607 East Blue Ridge Road  
East Flat Rock, NC 28726

## MEETING DATES

January 8, 2023  
February 12, 2023  
March 12, 2023

## MEETING LOCATION/TIME

Second Sunday of each month from 2:30-5:00 at  
The Folk Art Center Upstairs Gallery, Blue Ridge Parkway, Asheville

The Folk Art Center is located on the Blue Ridge Parkway at Milepost 382, about 1/2 mile North of US 70, just East of Asheville. Take I-40 Exit 55 to Highway 70, then left to the Parkway, or take I-240 Exit 7 and go East on Highway 70 to the Parkway. The Club meets in the upstairs gallery, across from the top of the ramp as you enter the Folk Art Center.

Handicapped Access is available: From Highway 70, go West from the Parkway just past the VA Medical Center to Riceville Road. Go to the Folk Art Center Service Entrance. A ramp leads to a second floor entrance next to where we set up.