



WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA DULCIMER COLLECTIVE

2025 – 4th 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

MONTHLY TUNES:

October 12th: *The Danville Girl*. Said to be a favorite of hobos in the US in the 1900's. There are several versions in circulation.

November 9th: *The Jug of Punch*. A popular Irish drinking song possibly from the 18th century. It may be inspired by Irish laborers in England being given a jug of punch as a reward for their hard work, or a parody of a popular English drinking song.

December 14th: *The Keeper of the Eddystone Light*. An English folksong said to be among the most-parodied songs of all time. Versions include “The Keeper of the London Zoo,” “The Keeper of the Asteroid Light” and others.

Holiday Extra: *The Gloucestershire Wassail*. An English Christmas carol from the county of Gloucestershire in England, dating back to at least the 18th century. The house-visiting wassail traditionally occurs on Twelfth Night (January 5th). People go door-to-door, singing and offering a drink from the wassail bowl in exchange for gifts.

SONG REVIEW SCHEDULE

October:	The Quaker's Courtship	(2 nd Quarter, 2002)
	Queensland Matilda	(2 nd Quarter, 2002)
	Railroad Bill	(3 rd Quarter, 2016)
November:	A Railroader For Me	(2 nd Quarter, 1993)
	The Rakes of Mallow	(1 st Quarter, 2002)
	Rattlesnake	(4 th Quarter, 2016)
December:	Red Light Saloon	(4 th Quarter, 2016)
	Reel of Tullochgorum	(1 st Quarter, 2017)
	Love Came Down at Christmas	(4 th Quarter, 2011)

The Danville Girl

1. My pocketbook was empty,
My heart was full of pain,
Ten thousand miles away from home,
Bumming a railroad train.

I was standing on the platform,
Smoking a cheap cigar,
Waiting for that next freight train
To carry an empty car

2. When I got off at Danville,
Got stuck on a Danville girl,
You can bet your life she was out of sight,
She wore those Danville curls.

She took me into her kitchen,
She treated me nice and fine,
She got me in the notion
Of bummin' all the time.

3. She wore her hat
on the back of her head,
Like high-tone people do,
But the very next train
come down the track,
I bid that girl adieu.

I pulled my cap down over my eyes,
Walked down to the railroad tracks,
There I caught the next freight train,
Never to come back.

*Said to be a favorite of hobos in the 1900's.
There are several versions in circulation.*

The Jug of Punch

1. As I was sitting with my jug and spoon
On one fine morn in the month of June,
A birdie sang in an ivy bunch
And the song he sang was
"The Jug of Punch".

Too-ra-loo-ra-loo, Too-ra-loo-ra-lay,
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo, Too-ra-loo-ra-lay,
A birdie sang in an ivy bunch
And the song he sang was
"The Jug of Punch".

2. What more diversion can a man desire?
Than be sitting down by a snug turf fire;
A pretty maid seated on the bench,
And on the table a jug o' punch.

Too-ra-loo-ra-loo, Too-ra-loo-ra-lay,
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo, Too-ra-loo-ra-lay,
A pretty maid seated on the bench,
And on the table a jug o' punch.

3. If I get drunk well the money's me own,
And them don't like me
they can leave me alone.
I'll tune my fiddle and I'll rosin my bow;
And I'll be welcome where e're I go.

Too-ra-loo-ra-loo, Too-ra-loo-ra-lay,
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo, Too-ra-loo-ra-lay,
I'll tune my fiddle and I'll rosin my bow;
And I'll be welcome where e're I go.

4. And when I'm dead
and laid in my grave
No costly tombstone will I crave.
Just bury me in my native peat
With a jug of punch at my head and feet.

Too-ra-loo-ra-loo, Too-ra-loo-ra-lay,
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo, Too-ra-loo-ra-lay,
Just bury me in my native peat
With a jug of punch at my head and feet.

A popular Irish drinking song which some claim dates to the 18th century. A written version in a collection of Irish songs was published in 1873, but it's believed to have been in circulation long before that. It may be inspired by Irish laborers in England being given a jug of punch as a reward for their hard work.

The Gloucestershire Wassail

(Chorus)
Wassail! wassail! all over the town,
Our toast it is white
and our ale it is brown;
Our bowl it is made
of the white maple tree;
With the wassailing bowl,
we'll drink to thee.

1. So here is to Cherry
and to his right cheek
Pray God send our master
a good piece of beef
And a good piece of beef
that may we all see
With the wassailing bowl,
we'll drink to thee.

2. So here is to Dobbin,
and to his right eye,
May God send our master
a good Christmas pie;
A good Christmas pie that may we all see,
With our wassailing bowl
we'll drink to thee.

3. So here is to Broad Mary
and to her broad horn
May God send our master
a good crop of corn
And a good crop of corn
that may we all see
With the wassailing bowl,
we'll drink to thee.

4. And here is to Fillpail
and to her left ear
Pray God send our master
a happy New Year
And a happy New Year as e'er he did see
With the wassailing bowl,
we'll drink to thee.

5. And here is to Colly,
and to her long tail,
God send our master he never may fail

A bowl of strong beer:
I pray you draw near,
And our jolly wassail
it's then you shall hear.

6. Come butler, come fill us
a bowl of the best
Then we hope that your soul
in heaven may rest
But if you do draw us a bowl of the small
Then down shall go butler, bowl and all.

7. Then here's to the maid
in the lily white smock
Who tripped to the door
and slipped back the lock
Who tripped to the door
and pulled back the pin
For to let these jolly wassailers in.

An English Christmas carol from the county of Gloucestershire in England, dating back to at least the 18th century. The house-visiting wassail traditionally occurs on Twelfth Night (January 5th). People go door-to-door, singing and offering a drink from the wassail bowl in exchange for gifts.

The Keeper of the Eddystone Light

1. Oh, my father was the keeper of the
Eddystone light,
He slept with a mermaid one fine night.
Out of this union there came three:
A porpoise and a porgy and the
other was me!

Chorus
Yo ho ho, the wind blows free,
Oh, for the life on the rolling sea.

2. One night, as I was
a-trimming the glim,
Singing a verse from the evening hymn,
I heard a voice cry out an "Ahoy!"
And there was my mother,
sitting on a buoy.

3. "Oh, what has become of
my children three,"
My mother then inquired of me.
One's on exhibit as a talking fish,
The other was served in a chafing dish.

4. The phosphorus flashed
in her seaweed hair.
I looked again, and
my mother wasn't there
But her voice came angrily
out of the night
"To Hell with the keeper of
the Eddystone Light!"

An English folksong said to be among the most-parodied songs of all time. Versions include "The Keeper of the London Zoo" and "The Keeper of the Asteroid Light".

The Danville Girl

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

M.D. Arr: Steve Smith

	D					G					D													
	My pock- et book was emp- ty, my heart was full of pain,																							
Notes	D	F#	-	F#	E	-	D	F#	-	-	D	-	D	B	-	D	E	-	D	F#	-	-		
D	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	3	3	3	3	3	0	0	0	0	
A	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	
dd	0	2	-	2	1	-	0	2	-	-	0	0	0	-	0	1	-	0	1	-	0	2	-	-
D	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	3	3	3	3	3	0	0	0	0	
A	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	
AA	3	5	-	5	4	-	3	5	-	-	3	-	3	1	-	3	4	-	3	5	-	-	-	

	D							A					D											
	Ten thous- and miles a- way from home, bum- ming a rail- road train.																							
Notes	-	-	A	D	-	D	D	-	E	F#	-	F#	F#	-	-	E	E	F#	E	-	C#	D	-	-
D	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	0	0
A	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0
dd	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	2	1	-	0	0	0	0
D	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	4	4	4	4	4	0	0	0
A	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
AA	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	4	5	4	4	2	0	0	0

	D				D7			G				D												
	I was stand- ing on the plat- form, smo- king a cheap ci- gar,																							
Notes	-	-	A	D	-	F#	B	-	A	A	-	F#	-	-	B	B	D	E	-	D	F#	-	-	-
D	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
A	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
dd	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
D	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	3	3	3	3	3	0	0	0
A	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	0	0
AA	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	3	4	-	3	5	-	-

	D							A					D										
	Wait- ing for that next freight train to car- ry an emp- ty car.																						
Notes	D	-	D	D	-	E	F#	-	F#	F#	-	D	E	E	F#	E	-	C#	D	-	-	-	-
D	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	0
A	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
dd	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	2	1	-	0	0	-	-	-	-
D	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	4	4	4	4	4	0	0	0	0	0
A	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	4	5	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
AA	3	-	3	3	-	4	5	-	5	5	-	3	4	4	5	4	-	2	3	-	-	-	-

⇒ CHRISTMAS '25 ⇐

The Gloucestershire Wassail

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

M.D. Arr: Steve Smith

	D			G			D						
	Was-	sail,	was-	sail,	all	o-	ver	the	town!	Our			
Notes	A -	D - - -	D -	D -	E -	F# -	G -	F# -	E -	F# -	A -	A -	
D	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	
A	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	0	0	0	
dd	-	0	- - -	0 -	0 -	1 -	2 -	3 -	2 -	1 -	2 -	4 -	4 -
D	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	5	5	0	0	0	
A	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	
AA	0 -	3 - - -	3 -	3 -	4 -	5 -	6 -	5 -	4 -	5 -	7 -	7 -	

	Em			A			D			A					
	toast	it	is	white	and	our	ale	it	is	brown;	Our				
G	-	E -	E -	E -	F# -	G -	F#	E	D	E	F# -	E - - -	G -		
1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	1		
1	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0		
3	-	1 -	1 -	1	-	2 -	3 -	2	1	0	1	2 -	1	- - -	3 -
5	5	5	5	4	4	4	0	0	0	0	0	4	4		
4	4	4	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0		
6	-	4 -	4 -	4	-	5 -	6 -	5	4	3	4	5 -	4	- - -	6 -

	D			A			D			A								
	bowl	it	is	made	of	the	white	map-	le	tree;	With	the						
F#	E	D	E	F#	G	A	- - -	A	G	F#	-	D	-	F# -	E - - -	D	E	
0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	0	0	0	1	1					
0	0	0	0	0	0	2	2	2	0	0	0	0	0					
2	1	0	1	2	3	4	- - -	4	3	2	-	0	-	2 -	1	- - -	0	1
0	0	0	0	0	0	4	4	4	0	0	0	4	4					
0	0	0	0	0	0	4	4	4	0	0	0	0	0					
5	4	3	4	5	6	7	- - -	7	6	5	-	3	-	5 -	4	- - -	3	4

	D			G			Em			A			D		
	was-	sail-	ing	bowl,	we'll	drink	to	thee.							
F#	- - -	E	F#	G	- - -	F# -	E -	D -	C# -	D - - -					
0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	0						
0	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	2	0						
2	- - -	1	2	3	- - -	2 -	1	0	-	0	- - -				
0	0	0	0	5	5	1	1	1	0	0					
0	0	0	0	4	4	1	1	0	0	0					
5	- - -	4	5	6	- - -	5 -	4	3	-	2	-	3	- - -		



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

MEETING DATES

October 12, 2025
November 9, 2025
December 14, 2025

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.