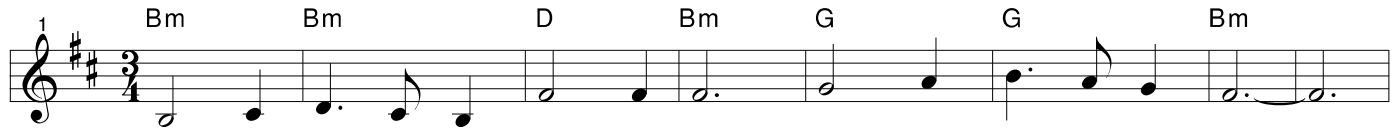


Vem Kan Segla Förutan Vind? (Who Can Sail without a Wind?)

O, Jimmie, can't you tarry here with me, Not leave me alone, distracted in pain.

But since death is the dagger that has cut us asunder, And wide is the gulf, love, between you and I...

— From "The Lost Jimmie Whalen," as collected by Rickaby from Will Daugherty of Charlevoix, Michigan



Vem kan se - gla fö - ru - tan vind? Vem kan ro u - tan å - ror?
 Who can sail — with - out a wind? Who can row with-out oars? —



Vem kan skil - jas från vän - nen sin U - tan att fäl - la tå - rar?
 Who can leave — a part - ing friend With - out shed - ding tears? —

Swedish:

Vem kan segla förutan vind?

Vem kan ro utan åror?

Vem kan skiljas från vännen sin

Utan att fälla tårar?

Jag kan segla förutan vind,

Jag kan ro utan åror.

Men ej skiljas från vännen min

Utan att fälla tårar.

English:

Who can sail without a wind?

Who can row without oars?

Who can leave a parting friend

Without shedding tears?

I can sail without the wind,

I can row without oars,

But I can't leave a parting friend

Without shedding tears.

At right: A broadside from the Bodleian collection, showing a version of the best-known of all revenant ballads, "The Unquiet Grave." The earliest printed version dates from 1831 or earlier, and the song was certainly in existence before that. The image of the swan (like the art in many broadsides) is not really relevant to the song, but may have been suggested by the legend that the swan only sings when it is about to die.



The Weeping Lover.

R. HEPPEL, Printer, 113, Colerhill-st, Birmingham

COLD blows the wind over my true love,
 Cold falls the drops of rain,
 I never, never had but one true love,
 And in Flanders he was slain!
 I'll do as much for my true love,
 As any young girl may,
 I'll sit and weep down by his grave,
 For twelve months and a day!
 These twelve months and a day being gone,
 This young man he arose,
 Crying why do you weep by my grave,
 That I can't take my repose?
 One kiss, one kiss from your lilly-white lips,
 One kiss is all I crave,
 One kiss, one kiss from your lilly-white lips,
 Then return back to your grave.
 My lips are as cold as any clay,
 My breath is heavy and strong,
 And if you have a kiss from my white lips,
 Your days will not be long.
 Don't you remember the garden grove,
 Where we have often walk'd,
 Pluck the finest flower among them all,
 It will wither to a stalk.
 Go fetch me a nut from a dungeon deep,
 Or water from a stone,
 Or white milk from a maiden's breast,
 For maidens they have none.
 How can I get a nut from a dungeon deep,
 Or water from a stone,
 Or white milk from a maiden's breast,
 If maidens have got none.
 Weep not for me, my own true love,
 Weep not for me, I pray,
 For I must leave you in this wide world,
 And return unto my grave. See 354.