

10: 'Text' and Entextualisation: Quotes, Texts and Sources

Text

Literary Text: Annabel Lee (E.A. Poe)

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and *she* was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea,
But we loved with a love that was more than love—
I and my Annabel Lee—
With a love that the wingèd seraphs of Heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her highborn kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in Heaven,
Went envying her and me—
Yes!—that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we—
And neither the angels in Heaven above
Nor the demons down under the sea
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;

For the moon never beams, without bringing me
dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In her sepulchre there by the sea—
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

<http://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems-and-poets/poems/detail/44885>

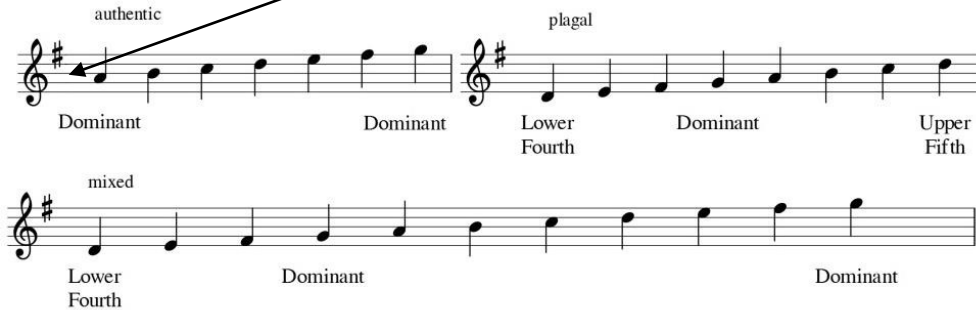
'Text'

'Entextualization highlights how ... recycling [of texts] involves two related processes: decontextualization – taking discourse material out of its context – and recontextualization – integrating and modifying this material so that it fits in a new context' (Lepänen et al. 2013: 7)

Considerations on the Song Schematic

In the *authentic* range, the dominant G is missing.

A note on music



Versions of Tam Lin's transmutations (degree of details)

Fairport Convention

15. For I'll ride on the white steed, the nearest to the town
For I was an earthly knight, they give me that renown
16. Oh, they will turn me in your arms to a newt or a snake
But hold me tight and fear not, I am your baby's father
17. And they will turn me in your arms into a lion bold
But hold me tight and fear not and you will love your child
18. And they will turn me in your arms into a naked knight
But cloak me in your mantle and keep me out of sight"
19. In the middle of the night she heard the bridle ring
She heeded what he did say and young Tam Lin did win
20. Then up spoke the Fairy Queen, an angry queen was she
"Woe betide her ill-far'd face, an ill death may she die"

Mike Waterson

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|--|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none">18. "Oh, tonight it is the Halloween
When the Elven Court shall ride
If you would your true lover save
By the old mill-bridge you must hide, you must
hide
By the old mill bridge you must hide."19. "And it's first there'll come this black horse
And it's then there'll come the brown
And they're both raced by the white
You must throw your arms up around my neck
And I will not you afright, and afright
No, I will not you afright." | <ol style="list-style-type: none">20. "And they'll change me then, and it's all in your
arms
Into many's the beast so wild
You must hold me tight, you must fear me not
I'm the father of your child,
Oh you know that I'm the father of your child."21. And the woods grew dark, and the woods grew
dim
Tam o' the Lyn was gone.
She picked up her lily-white feet
And to the mill-bridge run, now she run
Aye, and to the mill-bridge run. |
|--|---|

22. She looked high, and she looked low
She encompassed all around
But she nothing saw, she nothing heard
She heard no mortal sound, no sound
No, she heard no mortal sound.
23. Till about the dead hour of the night
She heard them bridles ring
It chilled her heart, it's given her a start
More than any mortal thing, any thing
More than any mortal thing.
24. Then it's first there come this black horse,
And it's then there come the brown
They both raced by the white
And she's thrown her arms up 'round his neck
And he didn't her afright, and afright
No, he didn't her afright.
25. And the thunder roared across the sky
And the stars they burned as bright as day
And the Queen of the Elvens give a stunning cry,
Saying, "Young Tam-a-Lyn is away, is away
Aye, Young Tam-a-Lyn is away."
26. And they changed him then
—it were all in her arms
To a lion roaring so wild
But she held him tight and she feared him not
He was the father of her child, oh she knew he
was
The father of her child.
27. Soon they changed him again
—it were all in her arms
To a big black hissing snake
But she held him tight and she feared him not
He was one of God's own make, oh she knew
that he
Was one of God's own make.

28. And they changed him again
—it were all in her arms
To a big black dog to bite
But she held him tight and she feared him not
He didn't her afright, and afright
No, he didn't her afright.
29. So they changed him again
—it were all in her arms
To a white-hot bar of iron
But she held him tight and she feared him not
He'd done to her no harm, no harm
No, he'd done to her no harm.
30. Then they changed him again
—it were all in her arms
To a mother-naked man
And she threwed her cloak up around his
shoulders,
Saying, "Tam o' the Lyn, we've won, oh, we've
won,"
Saying, "Tam o' the Lyn, we've won."
31. Then the Queen of the Elvens,
how she cursed young Tam-a-lyn
Oh, well she cursed him good
She said, "I should have torn out your eyes young
Tam-a-Lyn
I should have put in two eyes of wood, of wood
I should have put in two eyes of wood."

<https://mainlynorfolk.info/sandy.denny/songs/tamlin.html>

The Language of the Popular/Folk Ballad

... the formulas not only denote the same action or narrative idea in different ballad types, but that they also share a common range of supra-narrative functions whereby they establish the same connotations in different ballad types. The formulas are seen not as a mark of the oral-formulaic re-creation of the ballads but as an essential part of the grammar of balladry which has been generated as the result of many generations of singers facing the problem of finding appropriate expression for recurrent ideas. (Atkinson 1997: 261–2)

Little Musgrave

It fell upon a holiday as many is in the year
Musgrave to the church did go to see fine ladies there.
Four and twenty were dressed in velvet red four twenty and in velvet pale
And then came Lord Barnard's wife, the fairest of them all.

She cast an eye on the little Musgrave as bright as the summer sun.
Said Musgrave onto himself 'This lady's heart I've won.'
'I have loved you, fair lady, for long and many's the day.'
'And I have loved you, little Musgrave, and never a word did say.

'I have a bower at Bucklesfordberry, it is my heart's delight.
I'll take you back there with me, if you lie in my arms tonight.'
But standing by was a little footpage from the lady's coach he ran:
'Though I am a lady's page, I am Lord Barnard's man.'

'My Lord Barnard will hear of this, oh whether I sink or swim.'
Everywhere the bridge was broke he'd enter the water and swim.
'Oh, my Lord Barnard, my Lord Barnard, you are a man of life.
Little Musgrave is at Bucklesfordberry asleep with your wedded wife.'

'If 'tis true, my little footpage, this tale you tell to me,
All the gold in Bucklesfordberry I'll gladly give to you.
But if 'tis a lie, my little footpage, this tale you tell to me,
From the highest tree in Bucklesfordberry hanged you shall be.'

'Go saddle for me the milkwhite steed, go saddle for me the grey
And sound not your horns', he said, 'Lest our coming you'll betray.'
But there was a man in Lord Barnard's train who loved the little Musgrave
He blew his horn both loud and shrill, 'away Musgrave away.'

'Methinks I hear the morning cock, methinks I hear the jay,
Methinks I hear Lord Barnard's men coming o'er the lea.'
'Be still, be still, my little Musgrave, and hug me from the cold,
'Tis nothing but a shepherd lad a-bringing his flock to the fold'

He's turned around and kissed her twice, and then they fell asleep,
When they awoke, Lord Barnard's men where standing at their feet.

'And how do you like my feathered bed, and how do you like my sheets,
And how do you like my wedded wife that lies in your arms asleep?'
'And it's well I like your feathered bed, and well I like your sheets,
But best I like your wedded wife that lies in my arms asleep.'

‘Rise up, rise up, little Musgrave, and your clothes put on,
For it’ll not be said in Bucklesfordberry that I slew a naked man.
There are two swords by my side and dear they cost my purse,
And you shall have the best of them and I shall have the worse.’

Well the first stroke that little Musgrave struck, it hurt Lord Barnard sore.
And the next stroke that Lord Barnard struck, little Musgrave struck no more.
And up then spoke the fair lady from her bed whereon she lay,
‘Although you’re dead my little Musgrave, still for you I will pray.

‘How do you like his cheeks,’ he said, ‘and how do you like his chin,
And how do you like his dead little body, now there’s no life within?’
‘It’s well I like his cheeks,’ she said, ‘and well I like his chin,
And it’s more I like his dead little body, than all your kith and kin?’

He’s taken out his gallant sword to strike his mortal blow
And through and through the lady’s heart the cold steel it did go.

‘A grave, a grave’, Lord Barnard cried, ‘to put these lovers in.
Put the lady on the upper hand for he came from noble kin.’
‘It’s I have killed the finest knight that ever rode a steed.
And I have killed the fairest lady that ever did woman’s deed.’

Child 79

Schemata and FSMs

- Earl Richard**
- 1 It’s of a brisk young shepherd maid,
Kept sheep one summer’s day,
And by there came a fair young man
Who stole her heart away.
Line, twine, the willow and the dew.
 - 2 ‘You’ve stolen all my heart, young sir,
Yourself you are to blame,
But if your vows are made in truth,
Pray tell to me your name.
Line, twine, the willow and the dew.
 - 3 Oh some do call me Jack, fair maid,
And others call me John,
But when I’m in the King’s own court,
They call me Sweet William,

- The Knight and the Shepherd’s Daughter**
- 1 It’s of a shepherd’s daughter
Keeping sheep on yonder hill,
A roving blade came riding by
And vowed he’d have his will
 - 2 ‘Then if you have your will of me,
Pray tell to me your name;
That when my baby it is born
I may put it the same.’
 - 3a ‘Oh some do call me Jack, fair maid,
And some do call me John;
But when I’m in the king’s fair court
They call me sweet William’
 - 3b Then he mounted on his milk white steed
And away from her did ride.
She picked her petticoats under her arm
And ran close by his side.

4 'Then I'll gang to the King,' she said,
 'He'll do a fair maid right,
 To woo and mock a shepherd maid,
 It ill becomes a knight.'

5 Now the King's called up his merry men all,
 By one by two by three,
 Earl Richard used to lead them all,
 But far behind came he.

6 And he's brought up all fifty pounds,
 Brought up all in a glove.
 'Take this take this, fair maid, and go,
 And seek some other love.

7 'Oh I want none of thy red gold,
 Nor any of thy fee,
 But I will have thy body fair
 The King has given me.'

8 Earl Richard frowned, Earl Richard sighed,
 An angry man was he,
 'If I'm to wed a shepherd maid,
 You'll rue it bitterly.'

8c 'The dog shall eat the wheat and flour,
 and thou shalt eat the bran,
 I'll make thee rue the very day,
 and hour thou were born.

8d 'I care not for thy threats, my love,
 nor all your words of ill,
 you've vowed to wed the shepherd maid,
 kept sheep upon the hill.'

3c She ran till she came to the riverside
 And she fell on her breast and swam,
 She swam till she came to the other side
 And she picked up he clothes and ran.

3d She ran till she came to the king's fair court
 And she loudly rang the ring;
 There's was none so ready as the king himself
 To let this fair maid in.

4a 'What do you want of me, fair maid,
 What do you want of me?'
 There is a man in your fair court
 And he has robbéd me.'

4b 'What has he robbed you of, fair maid,
 Of your gold or of your fee.'
 'He's robbed me of my maidenhead,
 The chief of my body.'

4c 'Then if he be a married man,
 Oh hanged he shall be,
 and if he be a single man,
 His body I'll give to thee'

5 So the king he's called his merry merry men,
 By one by two by three.
 Young William, he came last of all,
 When first he used to be.

6 He pulled out a handful of gold
 And wrapped it in a glove.
 'Take this, take this, my pretty fair maid,
 And seek for another to love.'

7a 'I neither want any of your gold
 Nor any of your fee,
 But I will have your body
 As the king has willed me.'

7b Then he mounted on his milk white steed
 And she upon another,
 They rode along the king's highway
 Like a sister and a brother.

7c They rode till they came to the next fair town
 And he bought her a gay gold ring.
 They rode till they came to the next fair town
 And he gave her a gay wedding

8a 'Oh I wish I'd been drinking barrel water
 while I've been drinking wine,
 That ever a shepherd's daughter should
 Have been a bride of mine.

8b 'I wish I'd been drinking of white wine
 When I've been drinking red,
 that ever a shepherd's daughter should
 have brought me to my wedding bed.'

How folk song language ends up in contemporary song writing

If you sung all these ‘come all ye’ songs all the time like I did, you’d be writing, ‘Come gather round people where ever you roam, admit that the waters around you have grown /(...)’

You’d have written that too. There’s nothing secret about it. You just do it subliminally and unconsciously, because that’s all enough, and that’s all you know. That was all that was dear to me. They were the only kinds of songs that made sense. (Bob Dylan, 2015 MusiCares Person of the Year acceptance speech)

<http://www.rollingstone.com/music/news/read-bob-dylans-complete-riveting-musicares-speech-20150209#ixzz3fPxKy0Jn>

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