THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

DEPARTMENT OF SOCIOLOGY

1126 BAST 59TH STREET

CHICAGO · ILLINOIS 60637

August 13, 1975*

Dear Cousins, Sisters, and Aunts,

Last week Priscilla and I were in Minneapolis and enjoyed, among other things, some new and some old songs and poems. I had brought along my dictaphone to do some work, but found it came in handy for recording some Hardenbergh lore. Attached are two pages which are probably familiar to you. On the other hand, how many of you have already learned these well enough to get along without the dictated version?

Getting these down led me to ask Granny about an earlier effort 10 years or more before. Several sessions in Intervale led to a record which Granny now has. She also managed to type out the words to several songs. We were delighted to get a copy to bring home, at least I was. Priscilla has been covering her ears for several days, but I have enjoyed improving my rendition of Abdullah Bulbul Ameer.

The next time that some of the Hardenbergh clan gathers we should have a poetry and singing contest to see who can remember the most and sing the best. I can't remember anything, but Priscilla usually does.

Love.

Terry (m 04)

TNC:bi

*Dictated July 25

"Mrs. Hardenbergh - The/PPC Mineapoles west July 75 (Dictated)

THE HIBERNIAN PICNIC

Now today is the seventeenth of June. In Boston they call it Bunker Hill day, the seventeenth of June; but we called it the day of the Hibermian picnic. Well, so on the seventeenth of June I was going along to the picnic along south Gloucester Avenue and I met the Caseys. Well, what do you suppose? They had their lunch put up in the baby coach. I had my lunch all put up nice in the pasteboard boxes so we could throw it away after I ate me lunch, y'know. And the children were all dressed up in their best muslin dresses and their sashes and everything. Well, we went along on to the Hibernian picnic. Oh, we had an elegant time to the picnic. There was swings for the children, there was darts for the boys, and, well of course, there was a wee bit of a dot of liquor along for the boys, that's always one of the things to the Hibernian Picnic. But come time to go home and I couldn't find Mr. Murphy, that's me husband. couldn't find him anywhere, and finally I found him all doubled up in a bunch under a tree and I had to come away without him.

Well, we was comin' along home South Gloucester Avenue, and along come the Caseys, and what do you think? Mr. Casey was in the baby coach. And, of course, his arms and his legs was so long they dragged along in gravel behind, but Mrs. Casey, she says to me, "When we goes to the picnic we takes our lunch in the baby coach so we can bring our husbands home. Where is your husband, Mrs. Murphy?"

Mrs. H.:

My grandparents lived in Salem, Massachusetts and every now and then I went to visit my grandparents in Salem. One year I went to visit my grandparents long enough to go to school in Salem. Those Salem girls, in recess in school, "Margaret, I'll give you half of my apple if you'll say work." How did I say work if I came from New Haven? Just the way say it in New York, I said "woik," just like "Woild, joinal." Well, I was always interested in words anyway. I remember when I lived in New Haven--I left there when I was nine and a half years old so I was only about second grade, I guess--I used to go past a building which had a sign in the window saying commercial accounts, and I couldn't see why they put an "r" in the middle of comical?" My idea of comical was funny; I suppose I learned it from - it was a comical word for funny I suppose learned from the Irish maids.

TNC: You had an Irish maid in New Haven?

Mrs. H.: Oh, yes, two of them. One of them was Jenny and she had red hair and I thought that was a crazy idea, it wasn't red, it was orange.

TNC: What was Jenny's last name?

Mrs. H.: Jenny lived and came to my wedding and gave me a beautiful little New Haven souvenir with "New Haven" written on the piece of china, you know. I could look it up in my wedding present

book, she was Mrs. somebody of course by that time. That was wonderful that she was still alive.

TNC: What was the other one's name, do you remember that?

Mrs. H.: Katie and Jenny. I think they were sisters, but what their Irish name was I don't know.

TNC: O.K. do you think we could try and put that in, too? We sort of half know that; there's the girl in Boston where the wind is and in New York she doesn't want to close on Christmas and in Boston. . .

Mrs. H.: Boston's all long words. Miss Penelope Socrates

Miss Penelope Socrates so Boston made of four

Awoke on Christmas morning and viewed the landscape o'er

"What is it inflates my she asked with dignity
"'Tis Ibsen in the original, oh joy beyond degree."

Miss Mary Cadwalader Rittenhouse of Philadelphia Town Awoke as much as they ever do there and saw the snow come down "I'm glad it's Christmas," you might have heard her say "So my family is one year older than it was last Christmas day."

'Twas Christmas in giddy Gotham and Miss Irene de Jones awoke at

And yawned and stretched her lazy bones
"I'm sorry it is Christmas" her pa at home will say
For change his clothes, he won't make a single cent all day.

Windily dawned the Christmas in the city by the lake And Miss Arabel Wabash breezes instantly awake "What's that down my stockin? Well, in two jiffs I'll know" It was a grand piano right down out of the toe.

```
lat'side
             Hords of sougs on the "Concordians" record.
There was a man went up and down. To seek his dinner thro! the town.

There was a man went up and down. To seek his dinner thro! the town.

What wretch is he who wife forsakes. The best of jam and waffles makes?

What wretch is he who wife forsakes. The best of jam and waffles makes?

What finds his purse to count his pence, And finds he has but just 6 cents.
         The finds at last a right cheap place, And enters in with modest face.
            The bill of fare he glances throi, To see what his 6 cents will do.
The cheapest viand of them all, Isl2 and a half cents for 2 fish balls.
          The waiter to him he dath call. And sently whisners. "One fish ball".
   The waiter rouge it thro' the hadl, The guests all stare at "One fish bal
    The guest then says quite ill at ease! A piece of bread sir, if you please?
The waiter roars it thro! the hall. HEDONT SERVE BREAD with ONE FISH BALL.
To go would have bread with his fish ball. Must set it first or not at all.
    子玩为Who would fish ball with fixins ent. Must get some friend to stand a trent.
                                                          ("Carmina Collegiana" Ditson Co. 1868
Spanish Cavalier (with auto harp)

A spanish cavalier stood in his retreat, and on his guitar sang a tune,
The music so sweet would oft-times repeat;

dea
    The music so sweet would oft-times repeat?

The blessing of my country and you, dear. Say, darling, say when I'm far
             Sometimes you may think of me, dear.
     2 3 Sometimes you may think of me, dear.

2 2 Eright sunny days will soon fade away. Remember what I say and be true.
 30 gortuguese & Greeks
     There is the Pontiage the Oldsmobile & the Chevrolet & the Ford;
Sit Those are the cars that you & I can buy the cars that everybody can afford
   But the vercedes & the Cadillac &the Roll-Royce Racing freaks, why
         They're all owned by the Argentines & the Portuguese & the Greeks.
             There is a little flat where you hang your hat athe mystery I'll explain
          The janitor is Irish, the hall-boy is accounthe elevator laddie is a Dane
         But the only-gents who collect the rents at the end of each 4 weeks, why
           Thats all done by the Argentines & the Portuguese & the Greeks.
Thats all done by the Argentines & the Fortuguese & the Greeks, ... There are the Argentines, the Armenians & the Portuguese & the Greeks, ...
   They dont learm our language, they dont learm our ways, and as for talking
 (D) Sup for May Country Tis of Thees, why the ones who know the words are
    How well I remember the days of 49 when the old hoss stuck in the mire
And Squire Bill Jones come a whise's down the road sayin' By Gosh, Cy.
   So I called to miwife for to fetch we rubber boots, we I kissed my gal.
    For to run with theold machine, For to run with the dld machine, by Goeh
                                                                  Squire Bill 'n I went a whizen flown the r'd
    How well I remember the days of 65 when the country balls transfer the half the first the stars by the best they can't find the first they can't find a food old days the meath the stars in etrical days beneath the etrical days beneath the stars in etrical days beneath the etrical days beneath the etrical days beneath the etrical days beneath th
                                                                                                                                                          Þند
     necit
                     truday
        Mwas a Friday night when we set sail + we'd almost come to the land
                                caftand spieda pretty mermaid with a conil-ray glass in
     Exthen up stake The captain of our galiant ship ra wellspoken main
       Is gie mouned a wife in Salemtouri, but Tonight she a widownier
```

3 Then up spake the cook of our gallant cook &a red hot cook was he. "O.I'd ruther stick to my kittles & my pots than to sink to the bottom CHORUS 4. Then 3 times round went our gallant ship & 3 times round went she & she sank to the bottom of the Alc CHORUS - O the ocean waves may roll & the stormy winds may blow, while we popr sailors go skipping to the tops, and the land lubbers lie down below below, below, and the land lubbers lie down below. Three Yong men Mamed Brown There is a story told in a college old of 3 young men named Brown. One freshmen Fred a gay life led, each night held paint the town. His accounts went home, old Brown came down & seized him by the ear, . #400 dollars for Scap and stamps is a little too much , I fear ". CHO! - So its all over now, and they!ve gone far away, and the wild winds woan with a sad sobbing tone, and its all over now. Tom took his best girl to the feetball game, she was Bostonese, refined. She thout Tom pious and so did her Ma & Pa who sat behind. do more hetll take her to feetball games altho! he loved her well, for the other side kicked a goal from the field and Tommy he said---- down with Yale". CHORUS . The sanior John went to call on the girl for whom his fond heart bled. "O, be my owniest own" said he, but she only shook her head, "Dont may that · you will my sisterbe, "John wearily drearily said. "Im engaged to your uncle, young man "said she, so I'll be your aunt instead". CHORUS. The 4 4 year -old girls (not a song) Miss penelope Socrates, a Boston maid of 4 awoke on Xmas morning & viewed the landscape cer. "What is't inflates my bas de-bleu"? She asked with dignitee-A Miss Mary Cadwallader Bittenhouse of Philadelphia town awoke as much as they ever do there &saw the snow come down. "I'm glad that it is Amass, you might have heard her say, "for my family is one year older than it was last Xmas Day." Twas Xmas in giddy Gotham & Miss Irene de Jones awoke at noon & yawned & squimed & stretched her lazy bones. "I'm sorry it is Xmas, for Pa at home will stay, for 'Change is closed and he wont make a single cent all day Windily dawner

Breezy was inst

I'll know". & sho

Christmas Shoppers

Xmas time, fall

Is Jordan & Mar Windily dawned the Kmas in the city by the Lake & Miss Arabel Wabash Breezy was instantly awake: -- "Whats that in my stocking? well in 2 jiffs I'll know", &she pulled a grand piano from right down out of the tos. Xmas time, fall in line, take a trolley car; transfer please; git off my k Is Jordan & Marshes far? Who's that pair over there? Here's a woman in distress, will you be so kind as to help her find the poket in her dress. for there'll be busy shoppers bustling, tired shoppers hustling, Highland shoppers shopping from the neights. O isnt it quite comical to see how ee conomical shoppers are when shopping Xmas night. Isut that a dear silk? Show me now some near-silk; I'll take a yard or 2 of that I think, & now I went some flannel soap--you know the kind I mem I hope-my husband's flannel mouth I want to shrink, and now I want some rubber hose, you know the kind I mean are those that make the men all rubber in the street. Have I seen everything in the stoer? Cant you show me something more? I think I'll take the thing you showed me first.O, isnt iv. a pigy-as a came thro' the city, I forgot to bring along my purse. Busy shofters bustling tired shoppers hustling shofters quality Everything in sight. So chain your chain took your locket pocket pickers pick your pocket pocket pickers pick your 5 hoppers are out tomakt.

J

z

Havent sweet!

O'KAP

Ť

and that fleet

3

Human Fly.

When I was sweet 16, I was known as the bareback queen, I rode a horse around the course of the International Circus. But it didn't exactly please, so I took to the high trateze, I surely tho't if I stuck to that, I'd end my days in the work'us. But at last I struck my gait, the success of it was great, I started out as the "Human Fly" to walk across the ceiling. And I was such a crusher that the haughty King of Prussia and the naughty Czar of Russia for love of me did sigh. And whenever I went touring, thay found me so alluring, that I caught the town in my little gown as I walked the ceiling upside down as the wonderful human fly, as the Wonderful Human Fly.

Purple Monkey (C.M.H. joins in.)

Willie had a pourple monkey upon a yellow stick, and when he licked the paint off, of course it made him sick. And in his dying agonics, he hugged it to his breast, and then his soul departed to the land where there is rest. No more he'll bang his sister with his little wooden gun. No more He'll pull the pussycat's tail just to hear her yowl for fun. Now Pussy's tail stands upright & the gun is laid aside & the little purple monkey hasnt jumped since Willie died.

33rd of May(C.M.HIS)

O, we know our boy was dying by the color of his breath, and the flowers were all drooping in the mud; and the Dr. said the only way to save our boy from death was to stop the circulation of his blood. But our darking passed away on the 33rd of May; allour efforts were in vain his life to save. Now I'm going to the berbershop to grant his last request & to plant a bunch of spinach on his grave.

Concordian record---- 2nd side

2 little girls in blue

An old man gazed on a photograph in a locket held had for years.

His nephew then asked him the reason why that locket had caused him track. The old amn said "Iwill tell to you a story that's sad but true, Your father & I at school one day met 2 little girls in blue, 2 little girls in blue, lad, 2 little girls in blue, they were sisters, we were brothers, we learned to love them true; & one little girl in blue, lad, who won you father's heart, became your mother, I married the other, but now we have drifted apart.

After the Ball: --

Jan 181 1 41

A little maiden climbed an old mans knees, begged for a story, "Do, uncle please; Why are you lonely, why live alone? have you no babies? have you no home?" I had a sweetheart long years ago; where she is now, pet, so you will know. That s why i'm lonely, no home at all. I believed her faithless, after the ball. After the ball is over, after the break of down after the music leaving, after the stars are gone; many a heart is aching fould you but read them all, many a heart that is breaking, after the bold Bright lights were snining in the grand ballroom, sweetly the music playing soft tunes; here came my sweetheart, my love, my own: "I want so water, leave me alone". When I returned, pet, there stood a man kissing my sweetheart, as loves can; down fell the glass, pet, broken that is allong years have passed, pet, I have never wed, true to my lost love, tho she is dead. She tried to tell me, tried to explain, I would not listen, pleadings were vain. One day a letter came from that man, he was her brother, so the letter ran. Thats why I'm single, no home at all, I be-lieved her faithless after the ball.

H

About the year of one B.C.a gallant ship put out to sea to catch a whale
About the year of one B.C.a gallant ship put out to sea to catch a whale
But salt onits tail, put salt on the tail of a whale. But just about a
gut salt onits tail, put salt on the tail of a whale. But just about a
gut salt onits tail, put salt on the tail of a whale. But just about a
gut on his working pants, his pants, his overalls. And down in
put on his working pants, his pants, his overalls. And down in
to the hold they went, & over the pumps their backs they bent, they the
to the hold they went, & over the pumps their backs they bent, they to
to the hold they went, & over the pumps their backs they bent, they to
to the hold they couldn't sit down, the decks were too wet to sit down.
Then up speaks Mike O'Flarity, There's a Jonah on this boat, "says he.

Then up speaks Mike O'Flarity, There's a Jonah on this boat, "says he.

So up they ran from Mike to Dan to capture the Jonah man. There in the
hiddle of the deck, hir mibs a-smiling sat, arolling a paper cigarot in
hiddle of the deck, hir mibs a-smiling sat, arolling a paper cigarot in
hiddle of the deck, hir mibs a-smiling sat, arolling a paper cigarot
hiddle of the deck, hir mibs a-smiling sat, arolling a paper cigarot
hiddle of the deck, hir mibs a-smiling sat, arolling a paper cigarot
hiddle of the deck, hir mibs a-smiling sat, arolling a paper cigarot
hiddle of the deck, hir mibs a-smiling sat, arolling a paper cigarot
hiddle of the deck, hir mibs a-smiling sat, arolling a paper cigarot
hiddle of the deck, hir mibs a-smiling sat, arolling a paper cigarot
hiddle of the deck, hir mibs a-smiling sat, arolling a paper cigarot
hiddle of the deck, hir mibs a-smiling sat, arolling a paper cigarot
hiddle of the deck, hir mibs a-smiling sat, arolling a paper cigarot
hiddle of the deck, hir mibs a-smiling sat, arolling a paper cigarot
hiddle of the deck, hir mibs a-smiling sat, arolling a paper cigarot
hiddle of the deck, hir mibs a-smiling sat, arolling a paper cigarot
hiddle of the deck,

And he loved the bailiff's daughter dear who lived at Islington.

but she was coy & never would on him her love bestow, till he was sent from Islington, because he loved her so.

When 7 long years and passed away, she put on mean attire, and forth she went from Islington, her true love to inquire. And as she went along the highway, the weather being hot & dry, she set her down upon a green book when her true love came riding by. Then up she jumped with a color so red, & caught hold of his bridel rein. "One penny, one penny, kind sir, she said, "will ease me of much pain". "Before I give you a penny, fair maid, pray tell me if you know the bailiff's daughter of Islington."

She's dead, sir, long ago. " "If she be dead, then take my horse, my saddle & bridle also, and I will into some far countree where no man shall me

Pharises & Sadduces

They to the church together went, each on a sacred mission bent.

The preacher preached most sarnestly on Pharises & Sadduces.

Then church was o'er they all came out, all thinking what they'd heard about Said he to her, "It seems to me .we're Pharises & Sadduces". She turned on him her deep blue eyes, filled with a look of mild surprize, whereat he hastened to aver; he was her truest worshipper. Said he to her, "Yes don't you see, you're fairest of the fair I see, but you don't care a rap for me so that, is why I'm sad you see."

know. " "O stay, O stay, thou goodly youth; she standeth by thy side; she

Did you ever see a colored passon he duck 'em right in to da ribber, how day, when de cld colored passon he duck 'em right in to da ribber, how dey shibber, yes de old colored passon he duck 'em right in, to de icy cold ribber for to save dere sin, in da ribber, how dey shibber, Hallelujak to cold ribber for to save dere sin, in da ribber, how dey shibber, Hallelujak to cold colored passon he just ducked 10, dey was sitt'n down a sitt'n dry, and slong come da women a den come de men, all sizes sid da big feet, a along come one, he bigger n all de rost; says bulled and the same of the cold me fest, I'se mighty heavy hellewhite for all de rost; says bulled and the cold me fest, I'se mighty heavy hellewhite for the same all and the description of the description.

Hallhysh. " So de old Colored parson he grat dect even + hedreck him way under, i-duck him so fan he went eledn outa sight a what do you specie did a hather ? Dut com descended los mitors around Said de brosson:

1. The sons of the prophets were hardy and bold and quite unaccustomed to then but the bravest of all at least so Ive been told

Was abdullah Bul bul Ameer.

- 2. If you wantd a man to encourage the van or to harass a fee in the rear Or to storm a redoubt, you had only to shout For Abdullah bul bul ameer.
- 3. There were heroes in plenty and men known to fear in the army then led by

 But mone of more fame than a man by the name

 Of Ivan Petrofski Skivar.
- 4. He could imitate Irving tell fortunes with cards, and play on the Spanish In fact quite the cream of the Muscovite team, was Ivan Petrofski Skivar.
- 5. One day this bold Eussian had shouldered his gun, and with his most cynical was looking for fun when he happened to run, Onto Abdullah bul bul Ameer.
- 6. Young man, said Bulbul, is existence so dull, that you're anxious to end your for, infidel, know, you have trod on the toe, of Abdullah Bulbul Ameer.
- 7. So take your last look upon sunshine and brook, and send your regrets to the Bad form it would be to add R.S.V.P., Mr. Ivan petrofski Skivar.
- 8. Said the Russian, My friend, your remarks in the end, will avail you but little
 For youh! I never survive to repeat them alive, Mr. Abdullah Bulbul Ameer.

 80, invite all your harem to come to your wake and get drunk on your wine and
 you beer.

 By which I imply you are going to die, Mr. Abdullah Bulbul Ameer.
- 9. Then the brave marmaduke drew his trusty skibouk, crying, Allah, il Allah,
 And on slaughter intent, he fereciously went, for Ivan Petrofski Skivar.
- 10. Buy just as the knife was extracting his life, ih fact he was shouting
 Hurra,
 When he felt himself ftuck by that wily Kalmuck, Mr. Ivan Petrofski Skivar.
- 11. The Sultan rode up the disturbance to quell and to give to the victor affine the cheer.

 He arrived just in time to bid hasty farewell to Abdullah Bulbul Ameer.
 12 and 13.
 - (very slowly)
 On a stone by the bank where the Danube doth roll inscibed in characters
 clear,
 Is, "Stranger, remember to pray for the soul of Abdullah Bulbul Ameer.
 - And a Muscovite maiden her sad vigil keeps, in her home by the cold northern And the name that

she murmure most per oft as she about is Juan Petrouski iskuar