

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

DEPARTMENT OF SOCIOLOGY

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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. G.)
Terry

TNC:bj
*Dictated July 25

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 Hibernian 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. I 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 ^a ~~at~~ Boston ^{made} ~~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
noon

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.

3 Then up spake the cook of our gallant cook & a red hot cook was he,
"O, I'd rather stick to my kettles & my pots than to sink to the bottom
of the sea"

CHORUS

4. Then 3 times round went our gallant ship & 3 times round went she
" " " " " " " " & she sank to the bottom of the sea

CHORUS

O the ocean waves may roll & the stormy winds may blow, while we poor
sailors go skipping to the tops, and the land lubbers lie down below
below, below, and the land lubbers lie down below.

Three Young men Named 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 he'd paint the town.
His accounts went home, old Brown came down & seized him by the ear,
"400 dollars for Soap and stamps is a little too much, I fear".

CHORUS: - So its all over now, and they've gone far away, and the wild winds moan
with a sad sobbing tone, and its all over now.

Tom took his best girl to the football game, she was Bostonese, refined,
She tho't Tom pious and so did her Ma & Pa who sat behind. No more he'll
take her to football 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 senior 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 say that
you will my sister be," John wearily drearily said, "Im engaged to your
uncle, young man" said she, so I'll be your aunt instead".

CHORUS.

The 4 4year-old girls(not a song)

Miss penelope Socrates, a Boston maid of 4 awoke on Xmas morning &
viewed the landscape oer. "What is't inflates my bas"de-bleu?"
~~She asked with dignitee-~~ "Tis Ibsen in the original, O joy beyond degree!"

She asked with dignitee-
Miss Mary Cadwallader Rittenhouse of Philadelphia town awoke as much
as they ever do there & saw the snow come down. "I'm glad that it is
Xmas", 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 dawned the Xmas in the city by the Lake & Miss Arabel Wabash
Breezy was instantly awake:--"Whats that in my stocking? Wll in 2 jiffs
I'll know", & she pulled a grand piano from right down out of the toe.

Christmas Shoppers

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 pcket in her dress.
for there'll be busy shoppers bustling, tired shoppers hustling, Highland
shoppers shopping from the heights. O isnt it quite comical to see how ee
conomical shoppers are when shopping Xmas night.

Isnt that a dear silk? Show me now some near-silk; I'll take a yard or 2
of that I think, & now I want some flannel soap--you know the kind I mean
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 rub-
ber 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 it
a pity--as - came thro' the city, I forgot to bring along my purse.

Busy shoppers bustling, tired shoppers hustling, shoppers
grabbing Everything in sight. So chain your chain
& lock your lockets & pocket pickers pick your pocket
Shoppers are out tonight.

A snow me now some kingerie. Havent you an N.T.G?
Aunt that fluffy petticoat just sweet!

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 trapeze, -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, they 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 purple monkey upon a yellow stick, and when he licked the paint off, of course it made him sick. And in his dying agonies, 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 hasn't jumped since Willie died.

33rd of May (C.M.H.'S)

O, we knew 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 darling passed away on the 33rd of May; all our efforts were in vain his life to save. Now I'm going to the barbershop 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 he'd had for years. His nephew then asked him the reason why that locket had caused him *tears*. The old man said "I will 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 your father's heart, became your mother, I married the other, but now we have drifted apart.

After the Ball:--

A little maiden climbed an old man's 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, soon 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 dawn after the music leaving, after the stars are gone; many a heart is aching Could you but read them all, many a heart that is breaking, after the ball Bright lights were shining 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 lovers can; down fell the glass, pet, broken that is all just as my heart was, after the ball (CHORUS). Long 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. That's why I'm single, no home at all, I believed her faithless after the ball. (Chorus.)

4 1/2

1. The sons of the prophets were hardy and bold and quite unaccustomed to ~~men~~ ^{fear}
but the bravest of all at least so I've been told
Was Abdullah Bul bul Ameer.
2. If you wantd a man to encourage the van or to harass a foe 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 none of more fame than a man by the name the czar
Of Ivan Petrofski Skivar.
4. He could imitate Irving, tell fortunes with cards, and play on the Spanish guitar,
In fact quite the cream of the Muscovite team, was Ivan Petrofski Skivar.
5. One day this bold Russian had shouldered his gun, and with his most cynical sneer,
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 career?
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 Csar;
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 I fear,
For youh'l never survive to repeat them alive, Mr. Abdullah Bulbul Ameer.
- 8a. 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, Allah,
And on slaughter intent, he ferociously went, for Ivan Petrofski Skivar.
10. Buy just as the knife was extracting his life, in 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 ~~and~~ 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 inscribed 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 star,

she murmurs most off oft *as she weeps to*
Ivan Petrovski Skivar