

Dutch Jollification Song / Edward Bold / St. Peter at the Gate

Dutch Jollification Song

AFS 1006 A1

[Note: This song is comprised of made up words and has not been transcribed.]

Edward Bold

AFS 1006 A2

Father, cruel father, you shall die a public show, For taking gold from young Edward Bold,
Who plowed the lowlands low.

Father, cruel father, you shall die a public show, For taking gold from young Edward Bold,
Who plowed the lowlands low.

[Note; Nye discusses song with John A. Lomax and repeats verse twice.]

St. Peter at the Gate

AFS 1006 A3

St. Peter stood at the Golden Gate, With a golden mane and an air sedate. When up to the
top of the golden stair, A man and his wife they did appear. The man was short but thick
and stout, They applied for admission, but looked about. Before St. Peter so great and
good, They finally came and a there they stood.

Library of Congress

The woman was tall and lank so thin, With a scraggy [beardlet?] under her chin. The man was short and thick and stout, His stomach was built so it rounded out. His face was pleasant and all the while, He wore a kindly and genial smile. The choirs in the distance the echoes woke, And the man kept still while the woman spoke.

“Oh Thou who guards the gate” says she, “We two hither beseeching thee. To let us enter the heavenly land, And play our harps with the angel band. Of me, St. Peter there is no doubt, There's nothing from heaven to bar me out. I've been to meetings three times a week, And almost always I'd rise and speak.”

“I've told the sinners about the day, When they'd repent of their evil way. I've told my neighbors, I've told them all, About Adam and Eve and the primal fall. I've shown them what they'd have to do, If they'd pass in with the chosen [few?]. I've marked their path and duty clear, Laid out the plan for their whole career.”