

The Dear Companion

Informant/Performer:
Mrs. Rosie Hensley
Carmen, NC, 1916

Source:
Olive Dame Campbell, and Cecil J. Sharp
English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians
New York: G.P. Putnam's Sons, 1917

I once did have a dear companion;
In - deed, I thought his love my own,
Un - til a black - eyed girl be - trayed me,
And then he cares no more for me.

2. Just go and leave me if you wish to,
It will never trouble me,
For in your heart you love another
And in my grave I'd rather die. [be.]
3. Last night while you were sweetly sleeping
Dreaming of some sweet repose,
While me a poor girl, broken hearted,
Listen to the wind that blows.
4. When I see your babe a-laughing
It makes me think of your sweet face,
But when I see your babe a-crying
It makes me think of my disgrace.

Background Information

The forsaken lover lyrics of the South form a beautiful and tangled maze of tunes, stanzas, commonplaces, and images. Among the complex relationships, certain songs assert a core of identity and are easily recognizable, yet blur at their edges into other songs with identifiable cores of identity. "Dear Companion" or "Fond Affection" is especially well-known in the midland U.S. and has been reported from Scotland.