See "Tune Family 1" at the end of the Irish tune title index on my website for the many variant versions and their titles and a reference to a study of the variants of the tune, and file T1.HTM for six versions of the tune in ABC notation.

Bruce's website address is <www.erols.com/olsonw>. From it you can move to the ABC Home Page to learn how to read this musical script. ABC is a language designed in 1991 to notate tunes in an ascii format. It was designed primarily for folk and traditional tunes of Western European origin which can be written on one stave in standard classical notation. Its designers claim that with a little practice, one can learn to play a tune directly from the ABC notation without having to process and print it out. To go directly to ABC:

<http://www.gre.ac.uk/~c.walshaw/abc/index.html>

I have since discovered that a tune for "Black Sloven" is given by Irwin Silber for the anonymous Tory song, "The British Light Infantry" (153-54).

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**X:**

X:1
T:A New Song For young Mothers, & Nurses
S:Single sheet song, c 1720, Folger Shakespeare Lib.
Q:120
L:1/4
M:9/4
K:C

(c3/2 B/)AAEAAEAi(c3/2 B/)AAEAB2Bic3/2 B/A(AE)A(AE)AI
g2dd2cB2G: i c3/2 d/eg2eg2e i c3/2 d/ e(gf)ed2di 
c3/2 d/ egggeggeiB3/2 c/d(de)dB2BiJ

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**Sweet Meat Has Sour Sauce**

*Or, The Slave Trader in the Dumps*

Words William Cowper ca. 1788

Melody GWL ca. 1985

While I'm at it, here's some lagniappe..

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A trader I am to the African shore,
But since that my trading is like to be o'er,
I'll sing you a song that you ne'er heard before,
Which nobody can deny, deny,
Which nobody can deny.

When I first heard the news it gave me a shock,
Much like what they call an electrical knock,
And now I am going to sell off my stock,

'Tis a curious assortment of dainty regales
To tickle the negroes with when the ship sails,
Fine chains for the neck, and a cat with nine tails,
Here's supple-jack plenty, and store of rattan,
As close as a hoop round a bucket or can,

Here's padlocks and bolts, and screws for the thumbs,
That squeeze them so lovingly till the blood comes,
They sweeten the temper like comfits or plums,

When a negro his head from his victuals withdraws,
And clenches his teeth and thrusts out his paws,
Here's a notable engine to open his jaws,
Thus going to market, we kindly prepare
A pretty black cargo of African ware,
For what they must meet with when they get there,

'Twould do your heart good to see 'em below
Lie flat on their backs all the way as we go,
Like sprats on a gridiron, scores in a row,