

- AAAA Other Sources, 7**  
**Aint No Ash Will Burn, 8**  
**All Go Hungry Hash House, 9**  
**Angel Band, 17**  
**Angelina Baker, 18**  
**Annabelle, 21**  
**Are You Washed In The Blood Of The  
Lamb,, 22**  
**Baby-O, 24**  
**Barlow Knife, 25**  
**Been All Around This World, 26**  
**Big Eyed Rabbit, 28**  
**Biscuits, 29**  
**Black Eyed Susie, 31**  
**Black Rat Swing, 33**  
**Blue Eyed Girl, 35**  
**Blue Moon of Kentucky, 40**  
**Blue Ridge Cabin Home, 43**  
**Boots and Saddle, 46**  
**Breaking up Christmas, 49**  
**Chased Old Satan through the Door,  
50**  
**Cider (Stillhouse), 52**  
**Cluck Old Hen, 53**  
**Coo Coo The, 55**  
**Cotton Eyed Joe, 56**  
**Cripple Creek, 58, 59**  
**Cumberland Gap, 60**  
**Dance All Night, 63**  
**Dance Boatman Dance, 65**  
**Darling Corey, 67**  
**Darling Nelly Gray, 68**  
**De Boatman Dance, 44**  
**Dead Head and Suckers, 70**  
**Dear Someone, 72**  
**Didn't He Ramble, 75**

- Dixie Darling, 77**  
**Don't Let Your Deal Go Down, 80**  
**Don't You Hear Jerusalem Moan, 89**  
**Doney, 78**  
**Down In the River to Pray, 86**  
**Down In The Willow Garden, 82**  
**Down South Blues, 84**  
**Ducks on the millpond, 88**  
**East Virginia, 93**  
**Eyes of Texas The, 94**  
**Fall On My Knees, 97**  
**Falling In Love, 95**  
**Fly Around My Pretty Little Miss, 36,  
104**  
**Fortune, 105**  
**Forty Four Gun, 106**  
**Free A Little Bird, 108**  
**Freight Train, 110**  
**Gate to go through, 111**  
**Ginseng Blues, 113**  
**Golden Slippers, 115**  
**Got A Little Home To Go To, 117**  
**Great Titanic The, 118**  
**Gum Tree Canoe, 120**  
**Handsome Molly, 122**  
**Happy Land, 123**  
**Hard Times, 125**  
**Hell Amongst the Yearlings, 127**  
**Hog Eye, 128**  
**Hook and Line, 130**  
**Hop Along Peter, 132, 133**  
**Hop High Ladies, 134**  
**House Carpenter The, 135**  
**How Can I Miss You, When You won't  
Go Away?, 137**  
**How Long, 144**  
**Howling At The Moon, 139**  
**Hungry Hash House, 145**

- I Am a Man of Constant Sorrow, 147**
- I Know You're Married, 156**
- I Wish I Was A Mole In The Ground, 163**
- I'll Fly Away, 157**
- I'm an Old Cow Hand, 161**
- I've Got No Honey Babe Now, 154**
- Ida Red, 151**
- If the River Was Whisky (Hesitation Blues), 152**
- I'll Rise When the Rooster Crows, 273**
- I'm a Getting Ready To Go, 159**
- John Brown's Dream, 165**
- John The Revelator, 168**
- Johnson Boys, 166**
- June Apple, 170**
- Keep on the Sunny Side, 171**
- Kitty And The Baby, 173**
- Leaving Home, 176**
- Let Me Fall, 178**
- Little Black Train, 179**
- Little Glass Of Wine, 181**
- Little Maggie, 183**
- Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane, 185**
- Little Sadie, 188, 190, 192**
- Little Satchel, 194**
- Little Stream Of Whiskey (The Dyin' Hobo), 196**
- Liza Jane, 198**
- Lonesome Road Blues, 199**
- Lost John, 200**
- Madeleine, 201**
- Maggie Walker, 202**
- MILWAUKEE BLUES, 204**
- Miss the Mississippi, 206**
- Molly Put the Kettle On, 208**
- Mountaineers Love Song, 209**
- Moving Day, 210**

- My Home Among The Hills, 212**
- New River Train, 216**
- North Country, 213**
- Oh my little Darling, 219**
- Old And Only In The Way, 221**
- Old Grey Cat on the Tennessee Farm,  
224**
- Old Jimmy Sutton, 230**
- Old Joe Bone, 231**
- Old Joe Clark, 233**
- Old Molly Hair, 238**
- On A Cold Winter's Night, 242**
- One More Dollar, 245**
- Peach Picking Time in Georgia, 247**
- Police, 250**
- Polly Put The Kettle On, 251**
- Preacher and the Bear The, 252**
- Prettiest Little Girl in the County, 257**
- Pretty Polly, 260**
- Pull For The Shore, 263**
- Ragged But Right, 265**
- Red River Valley, 267**
- Red Rocking Chair, 268**
- Riley the Furniture Man, 269**
- River Of Jordan, 271**
- Rockingham Cindy, 275**
- Roll her on the Ground, 276**
- Ruben (Old Time Ruben), 279**
- Rye Straw, 281**
- Saddle Up The Grey, 282**
- Sail away ladies, 288**
- Sail Away Ladies, 285**
- Sal Let Me Chaw Your Rosin Some, 289**
- Sally Ann, 291**
- Sandy Boys, 293**
- Say, Darling Say, 295**
- Setting in the Chimney Jamb, 297**
- Shady Grove, 298**

- Short Life of Trouble, 302**
- Shortening Bread, 300**
- Shove That Pig's Foot A little Further  
In The Fire, 303**
- Sitting on Top of the World, 304**
- Smoke! Smoke! Smoke That Cigarette!,  
305**
- Soldiers Joy, 309, 336**
- Sourwood Mountain, 313**
- Stay All Night, 314**
- Storms are on the Ocean The, 315**
- Sugar Hill, 323**
- Sugar in the Gourd, 317**
- Susananna Gal, 318**
- Sweet Sunny South, 318, 320**
- Tanner's Boarding House, 326**
- Tear My Stillhouse Down, 329**
- Tell Her To Come Back Home, 331**
- The Bravest Cowboy, 47**
- The L & N Don't Stop Here Anymore,  
174**
- THE ROSEVILLE FAIR, 277**
- Took my Girl A Walking, 333**
- Train on the Island, 339**
- Tumblin Gap, 61**
- Wagon Yard, 348**
- Wagoner's Lad The, 341**
- Walking in my Sleep, 343**
- Watermelon on the Vine, 344**
- We'll Die In The Pig Pen Fighting, 350**
- When I Had But Fifty Cents, 334**
- White House Blues, 351**
- Whoa Mule, 354**
- Why Should I Be Lonely, 355**
- Wildwood Flower, 356**
- Will The Circle Be Unbroken?, 358**
- Wolves a Howlin', 361**
- Yellow Rose of Texas, 362**

Peter Budd's Old Time Song Book - Transcribed, annotated and compiled by Peter Budd

**You Aint Talkin to Me, 365**

**YOU'VE GOT TO STOP DRINKING  
SHINE, 363**

## **AAAA Other Sources**

There is an excellent website at <http://www.bluegrassmessengers.com/fiddle.html> which has multiple versions of many Old Time songs, and tunes with words, replete with lots of discography, historical information. Much of it is directly from named recording artists. A great resource 6 June 2004.

The Fiddlers Companion <http://www.ibiblio.org/fiddlers/index.html> has some useful information on Old Time songs and tunes, buried amongst a load of celticabilia

**Aint No Ash Will Burn.** Walt Aldridge.

Muscle Shoals Alabama From singing of *Joe Newberry and Suzy Crate with the Piedmont Hepcats*, on NPR radio, who learnt it from *Carl Jones*, Chapel Hill. Key E

Chorus:

*Love is a precious thing, I'm told  
Burns just like West Virginia gold  
But when the fire dies down it's cold  
There ain't no ash will burn*

I have seen snow that fell in May  
And I have seen rain on cloudless days  
Some things always bound to change  
There ain't no ash will burn

Chorus

You say this life is not your life  
Well I can't be something that I'm not  
We can't stoke a fire that we ain't got  
There ain't no ash will burn

Chorus

In every life there comes a time  
When there are no more tears to cry  
You must leave something dear behind  
There ain't no ash will burn

Chorus

There is one lesson I have learnt.....  
(pause)  
There ain't no ash will burn

## **All Go Hungry Hash House**

The following is my attempted transcription of Pop Stoneman's 1928 recording on Edison, reissued on County. I would very much appreciate any help people can give me with problematic areas indicated by question marks. I'm having most trouble with the second stanza, the second line of which escapes me entirely - sounds something like 'The coffee rises on that turkey you could spell' which is absurd; I have listened to it a dozen times and am getting nowhere. Thanks.

Paul Stewart  
Darwin, Australia.

There's a hotel in the city as we climb the golden stair  
And they serve the hash upon the second floor  
There's a graveyard in the cellar, a doctor's office in the parlour  
And the undertaker keeps his shop next door

[Touch me not ?] was on the teacups, skeleton crossbones on the plates

[The ? rises on that turkey you could spell??]

Oh the biscuits they are named and I 'm going to have them framed  
At that all-go-round hash house where I dwell

Oh the doughnuts they are wooden and we have limburger pudding  
We kneel in prayer before we go to grub  
If you chance to get a breeze of that ambolonia (?) cheese  
You'd have swore somebody had hit you with a club

That hotel where I stay it is turning my hair grey  
For the landlord is always full of beer  
Oh the beds the bugs have rented and the air was sweetly scented  
By an old-fashioned tan yard in the rear

Oh [the salt fish ?] they are marked, if you touch them they will bark  
They are relics sent from ? on the Rhine  
All the boarders have the croup, caused from drinking frozen soup  
At that all-go-hungry hash house where I dine

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They have india rubber pickles, extra sizes for the cripple  
And a dinner bell and gong they can't afford  
When they open up the gate, we come tripping on roller skates  
At that all-go-hungry hash house where I board

There's a woman called a duchess, brings her coffee in on crutches  
And her cake looks like the sponge is petrified  
Oh the pies they're old and grey, they were tackled by a jay  
Who went right out and committed suicide

The molasses are made of paint, if you smell them you will faint  
They were yellow and dished up in a gourd  
Oh the eggs are made to match, if you touch them they will hatch  
At that all-go-hungry hash house where I board

Suggestion from Allin Ham, bologna (baloney) and cheese

From Lyle Iofgren

That's pretty good, actually -- here are the words as transcribed by

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Uncle Willie (Willard Johnson). I haven't taken the time to go back and listen to the original this morning to see if I agree with what he heard, but he's usually very accurate:

## **All Go Hungry Hash House**

Ernest Stoneman -- Edison

Transcribed by Willard Johnson, 4/18/1977

There's a hotel in the city  
As we climb the golden stairs,  
And they serve the hash upon the second floor.  
There's a graveyard in the cellar,  
Doctor's office in the parlor,  
And the undertaker keeps his shop next door.

"Touch-me-not" was on the teacups,  
Skeleton and crossbones on the plates,  
"Carve me right" is on turkey you could spell.  
Oh, the biscuits they are named,  
And I 'm going to have them framed  
At that all-go-hungry hash house where I dwell.

Oh, the doughnuts, they are wooden,  
And we have limburger puddin' ;  
We kneel in prayer before we go to grub.  
If you chance to get a breeze  
Of that ham, baloney or cheese,  
You'd have swore somebody'd hit you with a club.

That hotel where I stay,  
It is turning my hair grey,  
For the landlord is always full of beer.  
Oh, the beds the bugs have rented,  
And the air was sweetly scented

By an old-fashioned tanyard in the rear.

Oh the sausage, they are marked,  
If you touch them, they will bark;  
They are relics sent from Bingen-on-the-Rhine.  
All the boarders have the croup,  
Caused from drinking frozen soup  
At that all-go-hungry hash house where I dine.

They have India-rubber pickles,  
Exercises for the cripples,  
And a dinner bell and gong they can't afford.  
When they open up the gate  
We come skipping on roller skates  
At that all-go-hungry hash house where I board.

There's a woman called the Duchess,  
Brings the coffee in on crutches,  
And the cake looks like a sponge that's petrified.

Oh, the pies are old and grey,  
They were tackled by a jay  
Who went right out and committed suicide.

The molasses are made of paint,  
If you smell them you will faint;  
They were yellow and dished up in a gourd.  
Oh the eggs are made to mash,  
If you touch them, they will hatch,  
At that all-go-hungry hash house where I board.

Many thanks to all for your assistance - it is much appreciated. Thanks also to Ed Muller who emailed me corrected lyrics from an insert to a Pop Stoneman reissue on Rounder. The corrections mostly align with those in the transcription posted by Lyle, except for the mysterious second line in stanza 2. It suggests 'Copyrighted on that turkey you could sell'. Listening to it again, I think 'Carve me right' is correct particularly because, to my ears, he is definitely singing 'spell' not 'sell'. When you know what they are supposed to be, words like 'sausages' and 'exercises'

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come through loud and clear. Thanks again.

Pa

## **Angel Band**

From Mudcat Café. From the Sacred Harp tradition.

My latest sun is sinking fast, my race is nearly run.

My strongest trials now are past, my triumph is begun.

Chorus; Oh, come, Angel Band, come and around me stand.

Oh bear me away on your snowy wings to my immortal home,

Oh bear me away on your snowy wings to my immortal home.

I know I 'm near the holy ranks of friends and kindred dear.

I brush the dew on Jordan's banks, the crossing must be near.

I 've almost gained my heavenly home, my spirit loudly sings.

The holy ones, behold they come, I hear the noise of wings.

Oh bear my longing heart to him who bled and died for me.

Whose blood now cleanses from all sin, and gives me victory.

## **Angelina Baker**

From *Dwight Diller* on Elzics Farewell. Key of D

Angelina Baker, lived near the village green  
The way I always loved her, beats all you've ever seen  
Her father was a baker, they called him Uncle Sam  
I never can forget her, no matter where I am

*Chorus:*

*Angelina Baker, age of 43*

*I gave her candy by the peck, but she wont marry me*

*Angelina Baker, left me here alone*

*Left me hear to weep a tear and play on the old jaw bone*

Said she couldn't do hard work, because she was not stout  
Baked her biscuits every day, poured her coffee out

*Chorus*

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Sixteen horses in my team, the old grey went before  
Almost broke Angelina's heart, to hear the wagons roll  
Angelina Baker, Angeline I know  
Wish I'd married Angeline, twenty years ago

*Chorus*

Bought Angeline a brand new dress, neither black nor brown  
It was the colour of a stormy cloud, before the rain pour down  
Sixteen horses in my team, the leader he was blind  
I came close to dying when they sold my Angeline

*Chorus*

**Angelina Baker.      Alternative words**

Angelina Baker, age of 23

Prettiest little girl in the whole wide world, but she won't marry me

Angelina Baker, age of 33

I got down on bended knee, the day she married me

Angelina Baker, age of 43

Chidren playing round her feet, and a banjo on her knee

Angelina Baker, prettiest little girl alive

She says that she's twenty three, but I know she's forty five.

## **Annabelle Gillian Welch**

From Gillian Welch Revival CD Acony

Key Am.

Chords Verse: Am, F, E7; Am

Chorus; F, C, G7, Am

We lease twenty acres and one Ginny  
mule  
From the Alabama Trust  
For half of the cotton and a third of the  
corn  
We get a handful of dust

Chorus

We cannot have all things to please us  
No matter how we try  
Until we've all gone to Jesus  
We can only wonder why

I had a daughter called her Annabelle

She's the apple of my eye  
Tried to give her something like I never  
had  
Didn't want to ever hear her cry

Chorus

When I'm dead and buried  
I'll take a hard life of tears  
From every day I've ever known  
Anna's in the churchyard she got no life  
at all  
She only got these words on a  
stone

Chorus

## **Are You Washed In The Blood Of The Lamb,**

Words & Music: Elisha A. Hoffman, *Spiritual Songs for Gospel Meetings and the Sunday School* (Cleveland, Ohio: Barker & Smellie, 1878) (MIDI, score).

**Have you been to Jesus for the cleansing power?**

**Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?**

**Are you fully trusting in His grace this hour?**

**Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?**

### **Refrain**

**Are you washed in the blood,**

**In the soul cleansing blood of the Lamb?**

**Are your garments spotless? Are they white as snow?**

**Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?**

**Are you walking daily by the Savior's side?**

**Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?**

**Do you rest each moment in the Crucified?**

## **Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?**

### **Refrain**

**When the Bridegroom cometh will your robes be white?**

**Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?**

**Will your soul be ready for the mansions bright,**

**And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?**

### **Refrain**

**Lay aside the garments that are stained with sin,**

**And be washed in the blood of the Lamb;**

**There's a fountain flowing for the soul unclean,**

**O be washed in the blood of the Lamb!**

### **Refrain**

## **Baby-O**

From *Brad Leftwich*. Round Peak Style Clawhammer Banjo Book. Words from *Tommy Jarrell*. Key A.

**The baby this and the baby that,  
The baby killed my old tomcat**

***Chorus: What're you gonna do with the baby?  
What're you gonna do with the baby-o?***

**Wrap him up in the table cloth  
We'll put him up in the stable loft**

**Wrap him up in calico  
We'll smack his bottom and let him go**

**The baby laughed the baby cried  
I stuck my finger in the baby's eye.**

## **Barlow Knife**

Third Part: (No words that I know)

From *Steve Goldfield*. 16 Jan 2000

Buckhorn handle and a Barlow blade  
Best damned knife that ever was made

I 've been working all my life  
And all I 've got is a Barlow knife

From *Jack Aldrich* Jan 2000

First Part:  
Worked in the cotten mill all my life  
Nothin' to show but a Barlow knife.

Second Part:  
Barlow knife and a Barlow blade  
Best ol' knife that ever was made.



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Going up on the mountain, there I'll take my stand

Going up on the mountain, there I'll take my stand

Pistol in my pocket, and a rifle in my hand

Oh Lord I've been all around this world.

Hang me etc/ Instrumental

Mama and Papa, and little sister makes three

Mama and Papa, and little sister makes three

You know they've come to see me, hanging from the gallows tree

Oh Lord I've been all around this world.

Working on that new railroad, with mud up to my knees

Working on that new railroad, with mud up to my knees

Working for big John Henry, You know he's so hard to please

Oh Lord I've been all around this world.

Instrumental/ Going up on the mountain etc/ Hang me etc END

.

## **Big Eyed Rabbit**

From *Brad Leftwich*. Round Peak Style Clawhammer Banjo Book. Words from *Tommy Jarrell*. Key A

Yonder comes a rabbit, skipping through the sand

Shoot that rabbit, he don't mind

Fry him in my pan, Lord I'll fry him in my pan

*Chorus 1. Big-eyed rabbit's gone, gone, the big-eyed rabbit's gone*

Yonder comes a rabbit, just hard as he can run

It's yonder comes another one

Gonna shoot him with a double barrel gun, shoot him with a double barrel gun

Yonder comes my darling, it's how do you know?

I know her by her pretty blue eyes

Shining bright like gold, shining bright like gold

*Chorus 2. Rocking in a weary land, I'm rocking in a weary land.*

## **Biscuits**

Newsgroup 16 July 2002 How Many Biscuits. Mostly from Carl Baron who got it from:

<http://www.geocities.com/trailzzzone/mslyric.html>

Also Lyle Lofgren and Nancy Mamlin.

**How many biscuits can you eat this morning**

**How many biscuits can you eat this evening**

**How many biscuits can you eat  
Forty-nine more and a ham of meat  
This morning this evening right now**

**I love my wife and I love my babies  
this morning**

**I love my wife and I love my babies  
this evening**

**I love my wife and I love my babies**

**Love my biscuits sopped in gravy  
This morning this evening right now**

**Make my coffee good and strong this morning**

**Make my coffee good and strong this evening**

**Make my coffee good and strong  
Keep on bringing those biscuits on  
This morning this evening right now**

**Ain't no use in me working so hard this morning**

**Ain't no use in me working so hard this evening**

**Ain't no use in me working so hard  
Cause I got a gal in the boss man's  
yard (OR WHITE FOLKS YARD)  
This morning this evening right now**

**They kill a chicken, she brings me the  
head this morning**

**They kill a chicken, she brings me the  
head this evening**

**They kill a chicken, she brings me the  
head**

**She thinks I'm working, I'm lying in  
bed**

**This morning this evening right now**

**There's an old hen sittin' in a chimney  
jam this morning**

**There's an old hen sittin' in a chimney  
jam this evening**

**There's an old hen sittin' in a chimney  
jam**

**Keep on throwin' those biscuits down  
(OR If that aint a hot place I'll be  
D...)**

## **Black Eyed Suzie**

From Skillet Lickers (Vetco); pitch is a little sharp of G

Love my liquor, love my cotty  
Love my sweetheart, ask anybody

*Chorus:*

*Huh, huh, my little black eyed Suzie*

*Uh, huh, my little black eyed Suzie*

The gals and the boys went huckleberry  
picking  
We all got drunk, and Suzie got a licking  
*Chorus*

Some got drunk and some got boozy  
I went home with little black eyed Suzie  
*Chorus*

Love my Lady, love my daddy  
Love my biscuits, sopped in gravy  
*Chorus*

All I want in this creation  
Is a pretty little girl, and a big plantation  
*Chorus*

All I want to make me happy  
Is two little boys to call me pappy  
One named Tom and the one Davy  
One loves ???(ham) and the other loves  
gravy  
*Chorus*

Some got drunk and some got boozy  
I went home with little black eyed Suzie

end

## **Black Eyed Suzie** continued

From *JPNestor and Norman Edmonds*. On: Round the Heart of Old Galax, Volume 3, County 535. Actual pitch is ~B, so ?probably being played in C or perhaps D?

?May get drunk, and you may get boozy  
Who came home with little black eyed  
Suzie

.....walk around little black eyed Suzie

repeat first verse indistinctly

Maybe a month, maybe two  
But I'm going home with little black eyed  
Suzie

May get drunk, may get boozy

Better stay a way from little black eyed  
Suzie

May get drunk, and you may get boozy  
But I'm going home with little black eyed  
Suzie

..... Walk around little black eyed Suzie

## **Black Rat Swing**

From Little Son Joe and Memphis Minnie  
Key C on recording.

*Chorus:*

Yes, you is one black Rat  
Someday I'll find your trail  
Yes, you is one black Rat  
Someday I'll find your trail  
Then I'll hide my shoe,  
Somewhere near your shirt tail

Yes, I've taken you down town  
Paid your doctor bills  
Now I'm in a little trouble  
And you're trying to get me killed

*Chorus*

Says, he sneaked in my kitchen  
Eat up all the bread  
Soon as I left home  
Start to cutting up in my bed

*Chorus*

Yes, he is one black Rat  
Someday I'll find his trail  
Yes, he is one black Rat  
Someday I'll find his trail  
Then I'll hide my shoe,  
Somewhere near his shirt tail

*Break, Yea beat it out*

He must ?dance in the basement  
Was seen in my bedroom  
?Trapping for the youngsters  
I'm gonna catch him someday soon



## Blue Eyed Girl

From: *rwardvis* 19.10.98 on newsgroup rec.music.country.old-time. **Susananna Gal**, has a similar tune, but in the Tommy Jarrell setting has a quite separate set of words: see separate words under Susananna Girl

*Chorus:*

*Fly around, my blue-eyed gal*

*Fly around my daisy;*

*Fly around my blue-eyed gal*

*Dam' near drive me crazy. \**

The higher up on the cherry tree

The riper grows the cherry

More you hug and kiss the gals

Sooner you will marry.

*Chorus*

Blue-eyed gal won't marry me

Brown-eyed gal won't have me;

If I can't have the gal I want

Single I will tarry.

*Chorus*

Eighteen horses in my team

Leader he is blind;

Everywhere I drive that team

Pretty gal on my mind.

*Chorus*

Possum up in a 'simmon tree

Raccoon on the ground;

Possum up in a 'simmon tree

Shakin' 'simmons down.

\*Methodists sang "Almost drives me crazy."

## **Fly Around My Pretty Little Miss**

Key of D.

*Chorus*

*Fly around my pretty little miss*

*Fly around my daisy*

*Fly around my pretty little miss*

*You almost drive me crazy*

1. The higher up on the cherry tree  
The riper grows the cherries  
The more you hug and kiss the girls  
The sooner they will marry.

*Chorus etc throughout.*

2. Coffee grows on white oak trees  
The river flows with brandy  
If I had my pretty little miss  
I'd feed her sugar candy

3. Going to get some weevily wheat  
I'm going to get some barley

Going to get some weevily wheat  
And bake a cake for Charlie

4. 16 horses in my team  
The leader he is blind  
I'm going down that rocky road  
To see that gal of mine.

5. How'd you make you living now?  
Susan-anna gal  
Drinking whiskey and playing cards  
Susan-anna gal

6. I'm going to the Western Country  
Leavin you behind  
I'm going to the Western Country  
Leavin you behind

7. I wish I was in the Western Country

Settin in a big armchair  
One arm around my whiskey jug  
The other round my dear

8. I went up on the mountain top  
and I gave my horn a blow  
Thought I heard my darling say  
Yonder comes my beau

9. Once I had a pretty little gal,  
I brought her from the South;  
Feet as big as Running Boards,  
And she would not shut her mouth

10. Don't Ever Marry a Old Man,  
I'll tell you the reason why  
Spits his old tobacco juice  
And never zips his fly

11. Cheeks as red as a blooming rose,  
Eyes of the prettiest brown,  
I'm goin' to see my pretty little miss,  
Before the sun goes down.

12. When I was in the field at work,  
I sat down and cried,  
Studyin' 'bout my blue-eyed girl,  
I thought to God I'd died.

13. There's a ring that's on my true  
love's hand,  
It shines as bright as gold,  
I'm goin' to see my pretty little miss,  
Even if it rains or snows.

14. Fare you well my blue-eyed girl,

Fare you well my darlin',  
Fare you well my blue eyed girl,  
I 'm going back to Harlan.

I wish that you would tell her  
To be true to her soldier boy  
And have no other feller.

15. Her head was like a coffee pot  
Her nose was like a spout  
Her mouth was like a fireplace  
With the ashes all raked out.

19 Goin' back to see that girl,  
Well, I hope that she won't mind me,  
Then I 'll stop and stay all day  
With the girl I left behind me.

16 Up and down Sycamore Ridge  
Runnin' through the weeds,  
Lookin' for that pretty little girl  
That wears them silver beads.

20. If you see that gal of mine,  
Tell her if you can,  
Before she goes to make up dough,  
To wash her dirty (nasty) hands.

17 Goin' down to Georgie,  
From there to New Orleans,  
Lookin' for my pretty little girl,  
I hope I find her, please.

21. How old are you my pretty little miss  
How old are you my honey?  
If I don't die of a broken heart  
I 'll be sixteen next Sunday

18 If you see that girl of mine,

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22. Will you marry me, my pretty little  
miss

Will you marry me, good lookin'?

I 'll marry you, but I won't do

Your washin' or your cookin'!

16-19 from Uncle Willie's Wordbooks for the Tenneva  
Ramblers' "Going To Georgia," Victor 21645

8-15 and 20-22 from newsgroup 7 September 2001

23-24 from Blue Eyed Gal

23. Blue-eyed gal won't marry me

Brown-eyed gal won't have me;

If I can't have the gal I want

Single I will tarry.

24. Possum up in a 'simmon tree

Raccoon on the ground;

Possum up in a 'simmon tree

Shakin' 'simmons down.

1-3 from:From Old time string band songbook; from Samantha  
Bumgarner.

4-5 From Susananna Girl .Tommy Jarrell

6-7 From Rafe Stefanini. Song title Western Country, on  
newsgroup 7 September 2001.

## Blue Moon of Kentucky Bill Monroe

From *The Kentucky Colonels* 1965-1967 Rounder 0070. Key of G

Blue Moon	Blue Moon		
Blue Moon	Blue Moon		
G	C		
Blue Moon	Blue Moon	shine down on me	
Blue Moon	Blue Moon	shine down on me	
G	D		G

I said blue moon of Kentucky keep on shining

G C

Shine on the one that's gone and left me blue

G D

I said blue moon of Kentucky keep on shining

G C

Shine on the one that's gone and proved untrue

G D G

I t was on a moonlight night, The stars were shining bright

C

G

They whispered on high, your love has said goodbye.....

C

G

D

*(two beat pause)*

I said blue moon of Kentucky keep on shining

G

C

Shine on the one that's gone and left me blue

G

D

G

*Instrumental break.*

Then repeat ie

I said blue moon of Kentucky keep on shining

Shine on the one that's gone and left me blue

I said blue moon of Kentucky keep on shining

Shine on the one that's gone and proved untrue

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It was on a moonlight night, The stars were shining bright  
They whispered on high, your love has said goodbye.....

*(two beat pause)*

I said blue moon of Kentucky keep on shining  
Shine on the one that's gone and left me blue

Blue Moon

Blue Moon

Blue Moon

Blue Moon

Blue Moon

Blue Moon

shine down on me

Blue Moon

Blue Moon

shine down on me

END

## **Blue Ridge Cabin Home**

(Certain-Stacey/Golden West Melodies, BMI)

**There's a well-beaten path on this old  
mountain side**

**Where I wandered when I was a lad  
And I wandered alone to the place I  
called home**

**In those Blue Ridge hills far away**

*chorus:*

*Oh I love those hills of old Virginia  
From those Blue Ridge hills I did roam  
When I die won't you bury me on the  
mountain*

*Far away near my Blue Ridge mountain  
home*

**How my thoughts wander back to that  
ramshackle shack**

**In those Blue Ridge hills far away  
Where my mother and dad are laid  
there to rest**

**They are sleeping in peace together  
there**

*chorus*

**I return to that old cabin home with a  
sigh**

**I've a longing for days gone by  
When I die won't you bury me on that  
old mountain side**

**Make my resting place upon the hills so  
high**

*chorus*

## **De Boatman Dance**

(Daniel Decatur Emmett) From Mudcat Cafe

De boatman dance, de boatman sing, de boatman up to eb' rything.

And when de boatman get on shore, he spends his cash and works for more.

cho: Dance, de boatman dance! O dance, de boatman dance.

O dance all night till broad daylight

And go home wid de gals in de morning.

Hi ho de boatman row, Floatin' down de ribber on de Ohio!

Hi ho, de boat man row, up an' down de ribber on de Ohio!

De boatman is athrifty man

Da is none can do as de boatman can ;  
I neber see a pretty girl in all my life  
But dat she be some boatman's wife.

De oyster boat should keep to de shore,  
De fishin' smack should venture more.  
De schooner sails before de wind,  
De steamboat leaves a streak behind.

I went on board de odder day  
To see what de boatman had to say;  
An dar I let my passion loose  
An' dey cram me in de calaboose.

I've come dis time, I 'll come no more,  
Let me loose, I 'll go ashore;  
For dey whole hoss, an' dey a bully crew  
Wid a hoosier mate an' a captain too.

When you go to de boatman's ball,  
Dance wid my wife or not at all;  
Sky-blue jacket an' tarpaulin hat,  
Look out, my boys, for de nine tail cat.

When de boatman blows his horn,  
Look out, old man, your hog is gone;  
He steal my sheep, he cotch my shoat,  
Den put 'em in bag and tote 'em to boat.

## **Boots and Saddle**

From Riley Puckett. County 411. Waiting for the Evening Mail.  
Key on LP F. (The chorus has a different tune to the verse)

Take me back, to my boots and saddle  
Oo oo oo, oo oo oo, Eoo oo ooooo  
Let me see that general store  
Let me ride the range once more  
Give me, my boots, and saddle

Let me ramble along the prairie  
Oo oo oo, oo oo oo, Eoo oo ooooo  
Let me greet each blazing morn  
On the range where I was born  
Give me, my boots, and saddle

*(chorus)*

*I've a hankering to be, with a banjo on my  
knee*

*Strumming a pretty western tune*

*There's a girl in Cherokee, she's waiting  
there for me  
Underneath the Texas moon*

So, take me back, to my boots and saddle  
Oo oo oo, oo oo oo, Eoo oo ooooo  
Roping steers on the old Bar-X  
With my buddies Slim and Tex  
Give me, my boots, and saddle  
*Chorus*

So, take me back, to my boots and saddle  
Oo oo oo, oo oo oo, Eoo oo ooooo  
Roping steers on the old Bar-X  
With my buddies Slim and Tex  
Give me, my boots, and saddle

## **The Bravest Cowboy**

From *Brad Leftwich*. Round Peak Style Clawhammer Banjo. Words from Tommy Jarrell, Except the third verse from his sister, Julie Lyons. Key D

I am the bravest cowboy that ever trod the west  
I've been all over the Rockies, got bullets in breast (round the Rockies)

In eighteen-hundred and sixty-three I joined the immigrant band  
We marched from San Antonio, down by the Rio Grande

I saw the Indians coming, we heard them give their yell  
My feeling at that moment, no tongue could ever tell

I went out on the prairie, I learned to throw the line  
I learned to pocket money, but I did not dress much fine

I rambled on to Texas, where I learned to rob and steal  
And when I robbed that cowboy, how happy I did feel

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I wore a wide-brim white hat, my saddle too was fine  
And when I courted a pretty girl, you bet I called her mine

I courted her for beauty, for love it was in vain  
Till they carried me down to Dallas, to wear a ball and chain

## **Breaking up Christmas**

From *Brad Leftwich*. Round Peak Style Clawhammer Banjo. Words from Tommy Jarrell.  
Key A . Tommy claimed to have made the second and third verses.

Hooray Jake, Hooray John  
Breaking up Christmas all night long

Way back yonder, along time ago  
The old folks danced the do-si-do

Santa Claus come, done and gone  
Breaking up Christmas right along



I met old Satan down the lane, and I hit him in the head with a walking cane,  
And I 'm gonna wear that starry crown, over there.

I chased old Satan round the stump, and I gave him a kick for every jump,  
And I 'm gonna wear that starry crown, over there.

I met old Satan through the door, and I hit him on the head with a two by four,  
And I 'm going to wear that starry crown, over there.

\*\*Linguistic Note. In the chorus *Lid* is pronounced *led*. From The Woodie Brothers. Ephraim Woodie, guitar and vocal, Lawton Woodie, harmonica and vocal. May 1929 1931. Charlotte NC. Vi 23579 (69375-2). Reissued 1997, on Music from the Lost Provinces. Old Time String Bands from Ashe County. NC and Vicinity 1927-1931. Old Hat CD 1001

## Cider (Stillhouse)

From : *Tom, Brad and Alice*. Key of D.

You be the horse and I 'll be the rider  
Down to the stillhouse to get a little  
cider

*chorus*

*Cider, cider, a little more cider  
Down to the stillhouse to get a little  
cider*

Hickory horse and a white oak saddle  
And a pretty little gal ridin' a-straddle  
*Chorus*

Sal went down to get a little cider  
Little white dog run along 'side her

*chorus*

We rode down to the foot of the hill  
I f we hadn't come back we'd a-been  
there still

*Chorus*

Sal went down with me along 'side her  
Down to the stillhouse to get a little  
cider

*Chorus*

*Chorus*

*Structure:*

*AA Bverse B Bchorus B AA*

## **Cluck Old Hen**

From Mudcat Café

Cluck old hen, cluck and sing  
Ain't laid an egg since 'way last spring.

Cluck old hen, cluck and squall  
Ain't laid an egg since 'way last fall.

My old hen's a good old hen  
She lays eggs for the railroad men.

Sometimes one, sometimes two  
Sometimes enough for the whole damn  
crew.

Sometimes nine, sometimes ten  
That's enough eggs for the railroad men.

My old hen, she won't do  
She lays eggs and taters too.

The old hen, she's raised on a farm  
Now she's in the new ground, diggin' up  
corn.

The first time she cackled, she cackled a  
lot  
Next time she cackled, cackled in the  
pot.

From: *Vester Jones*. Folkways 3811

The old hen cackled, she cackled in the  
lot  
The next time she cackled, she cackled in  
the pot

The old hen cackled, she cackled for corn  
The old hen cackled, now the chickens all  
gone

That old hen, she's raised on a farm  
Now she's on new ground, digging up corn

From *Brad Leftwich*. Round Peak Style Clawhammer Banjo.  
Words from Tommy Jarrell. Key A

Cluck old hen, cluck I said  
Cluck old hen your widdies all dead

Cluck old hen, cluck for corn  
Cluck old hen your widdies all gone

My old hen's a good old hen  
She lays eggs for railroad men  
Sometimes one, sometimes two

Sometimes enough for the whole dang  
crew

I had an old he, she had a wooden leg  
The best dang hen that ever laid an egg  
She laid more eggs than the hens around  
the barn

Another little drink wouldn't do me no  
harm

## **Coo Coo The**

From: Old Time String Band Songbook. From *Clarence Ashley*

Gonna build me log cabin On the mountain so high  
So I can see Willie as he goes on by

Jack of Diamonds Jack of Diamonds I know you of old  
You robbed my poor pockets of my silver and gold

Oh, the Coo Coo she's a pretty bird don't I wish she was mine  
She'd never drink water she'd always drink wine

I've played cards in England I've played cards in Spain  
I'll bet you five dollars I'll beat you next game

Oh, the Coo Coo she's a pretty bird she wobbles as she flies  
She never hollers coo coo 'til the fourth day of July

## **Cotton Eyed Joe**

From *Brad Leftwich*. Round Peak Style Clawhammer Banjo. Words from Tommy Jarrell. Key A

Eighteen, nineteen, twenty years ago  
Daddy had a man called Cotton-Eyed Joe

*Chorus: where'd you come from, where'd you go?  
Where'd you come from, Cotton-Eyed Joe?*

He made him a fiddle and he made him a bow  
And he made a little tune called Cotton-Eyed Joe

Cornstalk fiddle and a shoestring bow  
And he played that tune called Cotton-Eyed Joe

You can hang up your fiddle and hang up your bow  
Old Joe's gone where the good folks go.

**Cotton Eyed Joe** From *Volo Bogtrotters*. Volo Bogtrotters Marimac 9024. Key of G

*Structure: Sing verse on first A, then A instrumental, sing chorus on first B, then instrumental B, then AABB between every verse/chorus*

Don't you remember, don't you ?go?,  
Daddy ?wuh? a man called Cotton -Eyed  
Joe

*Chorus: where'd you come from, where'd  
you go?*

*Where'd you come from, Cotton-Eyed  
Joe?*

Had not been for the Cotton-Eyed Joe  
I'd have been married, some 40 years ago

I fell down stubbed my toe

Call for the doctor, Cotton-Eyed Joe

Cornstalk fiddle and a shoestring bow,  
Played a little tune called Cotton-Eyed  
Joe

Wanted to go to meeting, but I didn't get  
to go,  
Had to stay home with the Cotton-Eyed  
Joe

*Finish with a sung chorus, then stop (ie no  
second B part)*

## **Cripple Creek**

From: *Skillet Lickers*. Vetco LP

Going up Cripple Creek, going in a run  
Going up Cripple Creek, have a little fun

Roll my breeches to my knees  
Going up Cripple Creek when I please

Going up Cripple Creek, going in a run  
Going up Cripple Creek, have a little fun

Going up Cripple Creek, going in a whirl  
Going up Cripple Creek to see my girl

Going up Cripple Creek, rain and sand  
Going up Cripple Creek, to see my man

Roll my breeches to my knees  
Going up Cripple Creek when I please

## **Cripple Creek**

From *Brad Leftwich*. Round Peak Style Clawhammer Banjo.  
Words from Tommy Jarrell. Key A

Roll my breeches to my knees  
Wade old Cripple Creek where I please

Oh me, oh my  
Gonna wade old Cripple Creek till I die

Going up Cripple Creek, going in a run  
Going up Cripple Creek, to have a little  
fun

Going up Cripple Creek, going all right  
Going up Cripple Creek, Saturday night

Going up Cripple Creek, going in a whirl  
Going up Cripple Creek to see my girl

Gals up Cripple Creek, a-laying in the  
shade  
Getting all the money that a poor boy's  
made

Gals up Cripple Creek, about half grown  
They jump on the boys like a dog on a  
bone

## **Cumberland Gap**

From *Gid Tanner and Skillet Lickers*. On Hear those Southern Fiddle and Guitar Records. Rounder LP.

*Chorus:*

*Me and my wife and my wife's pap  
Walked all the way to Cumberland Gap*

Sal got mad, give her a slap  
Said she's going to Cumberland Gap

*Chorus*

Way down yonder sitting on a log  
Finger on a trigger and eye on a hog

*Chorus*

Hack broke down and we're going to fall  
Down came my wife, hack and all

*Chorus*

She brought a horse, the darn thing  
balked

Then we had to get out and walk

*Chorus*

**Tumblin Gap** From Brad Leftwich Round Peak

Clawhammer Banjo Book. Key E or D. According to Brad Leftwich on newsgroup, round peak banjo players liked E for this but this makes fiddle player play in BEBE, rather than the safer ADAD!

I'm going back to Tumblin Gap  
To see my granny and my grandpap

I'll save my money and I'll buy me a farm  
And raise sweet taters as long as your  
arm  
Long as your arm, long as your arm  
I'll raise sweet taters as long as your arm

Old Aunt Kate, Old Aunt Sal  
Old maid's sure got a pretty little gal  
Pretty little gal, pretty little gal  
Old maid's sure got a pretty little gal

Old Aunt Kate if you don't care  
Leave my demijohn sitting right there  
And if it ain't there when I get back  
I'll raise hell (or "sand") in Tumblin Gap

I'll lay down and take a little nap  
Wake up sober in the Tumblin Gap  
Tumblin Gap, Tumblin Gap  
Wake up sober in the Tumblin Gap

Now when I die, don't bury me at all  
Just pickle my bones in alcohol  
Lay my hands on top of my chest  
And tell them pretty gal's I've gone to  
rest

## **Cumberland Gap**

From Iron Mountain String Band

It ain't too far to Cumberland Gap  
Sixteen miles up there and back

*Chorus:*

Cumberland Gap it aint my home  
Goin' leave old Cumberland alone

Lay down boys, take a little ease  
Have a little battle with the chiggers and  
fleas

Drove my mule to Cumberland Gap  
She went up there and she won't come  
back

First white man in the Cumberland Gap

(three wise men in.....)

Me and Dad, my old Grandpap

Lay down boys, take a little nap  
You'll all wake up in Cumberland Gap

Daniel Boone on the Pinnacle Rock  
Shootin' down the Injun's with his old  
flintlock

**Dance All Night** From: *Highwoods*

*String Band*

Dance all night with a bottle in my hand,  
Bottle in my hand, with a bottle in my  
hand

Dance all night with a bottle in my hand,  
Jes for a day? give the fiddler a dram  
(Or Just for a damn)

I left that jawbone sitting on the fence  
I ain't seen nothing of the jawbone since  
Walk jawbone, kitty get along  
In comes Sally with the big boots on

Who's been here since I been gone?  
Pretty little girl with the red dress on  
She took it off, and I put it on  
In comes Sally with the big boots on

Dance all night with a bottle in my hand,  
Bottle in my hand with a bottle in my  
hand

Dance all night with a bottle in my hand,  
Jes for a day? give the fiddler a dram  
(Or Just for a damn)

## **Dance All Night**

From *Skillet Lickers* on Vetco LP

Dance all night with a bottle in your hand,  
Bottle in your hand, with a bottle in your  
hand

Dance all night with a bottle in your hand,  
?Jes fo day? give the fiddler a dram

Dance all night with the fiddler's gal  
Swing around the corner with the other  
fella's gal

Swing that Calico Sally Ann

We don't give a dam, we'll catch it if we  
can

Dance all night with a bottle in your hand,

Bottle in your hand, with a bottle in your  
hand

Dance all night with a bottle in your hand,  
Good God almighty give the fiddler a  
dram

Repeat second verse

Repeat third verse

From: *Carter Brothers and Son*

...Good God mighty give the fiddler a  
dram

..no other intelligible words.....that seems about right for Carter  
Bros

## **Dance Boatman Dance**

A combination of the original Dan Emmett, and from unknown singer with Brian Grimm at Galax 1999

Hi ho, the boatman row, Floatin' down the river on the Ohio!

Hi ho, the boatman row, Floatin' down the river on the Ohio!

Boatman dance, boatman sing, boatman up to everything.

And when de boatman gets on shore, he's gonna get drunk and drink some more

(Or "he spends his cash and works for more").

Dance, boatman dance,      dance, boatman dance.

O dance all night till broad daylight

And go home with the girls in the morning light

Dance, boatman dance,      dance, boatman dance.

O dance all night till broad daylight

And go home with the girls in the morning light

Peter Budd's Old Time Song Book – Transcribed, annotated and compiled by Peter Budd  
From *unknown singer with Brian Grimm* at Galax 1999; singing continuous throughout the three parts

*To A music:*

Hi, Ho the boatman goes, goin' up the river on? The Ohio  
Hi, Ho the boatman goes, goin' up the river on? The Ohio

*To B music:*

Boatman dance, boatman sing, boatman he does anything  
When the boatman reach the shore, he's gonna get drunk and drink some more

*To C music:*

Said....Dance boatman dance, dance boatman dance  
Stay up all night till the broad daylight  
Goin' home with the girls in the boat tonight

Dance boatman dance, dance boatman dance  
Stay up all night till the broad daylight  
Goin' home with the girls in the boat tonight

## **Darling Corey**

From: *Tom Brad and Alice*

*Chorus:*

*Dig a hole dig a hole in the meadow*

*Dig a hole in the cold cold ground*

*Dig a hole dig a hole in the meadow*

*Gonna lay darling Corey down*

Well the last time I saw darling Corey

Was on the banks of the deep blue sea

Two pistols around her body

And a banjo on her knee

*Chorus*

Wake up wake up darling Corey

What makes you sleep so late

Them burglars all are a-coming

They're waitin' outside your gate

*Chorus*

Wake up wake up darling Corey

And go get me my gun

I ain't no man for trouble

But I'll die before I run

*Chorus*

Wake up wake up darling Corey

What makes you sleep so sound

Them highway robbers are a-coming

Gonna tear your playhouse down

*Chorus*

## **Darling Nellie Grey**

(B.R. Hanby) From *Brad Leftwich* in Round Peak Style Clawhammer Banjo Book. Key A

There's a low green valley on the old Kentucky shore  
Where I've whiled many happy hours away,  
A-sitting and a-singing by the little cottage door,  
Where lived my darling Nellie Grey.

*Chorus: Oh my darling Nellie Grey, they have taken you away  
And I'll never get to see you any more.  
I'm a-sitting by the river and I'm weeping all the day  
For you've gone from the old Kentucky shore.*

When the moon had climbed the mountain and the stars were shining too  
Then I'd take my darling Nellie Grey  
And we'd float down the river in my little red canoe  
While my banjo sweetly I would play

One night I went to see her but she's gone the neighbors say,  
The white man bound her with his chain,  
They have taken her to Georgia for to wear her life away,  
As she toils in the cotton and the cane.

My canoe is under water and my banjo is unstrung  
And I 'm tired of living anymore;  
My eyes shall look downward and my songs shall be unsung  
While I stay on the old Kentucky shore.

My eyes are getting blinded and I cannot see my way,  
Hark! there's someone knocking at my door;  
I hear the angels calling and I see my Nellie Grey  
Farewell to the old Kentucky shore.

*Final chorus: Oh, my darling Nellie Gray, up in heaven there they say  
That they'll never take you from me any more;  
I 'm a-coming, I am coming as the angels clear the way  
Farewell to the old Kentucky shore.*

## Dead Head and Suckers

From Crockett Ward

*Chorus:*

*Oh its Deadheads and Suckers, how can you live*

*A*

*How can you live, darling, how can you live*

*D*

*Deadheads and Suckers, how can you live*

*A*

*When there's good men dying every day*

*D*

*E*

*A*

Oh I'm going round the mountain, I'm bound to leave you now

Bound to leave you now, darlin', bound to leave you now

Oh I'm going round the mountain, I'm bound to leave you now

And darlin', I don't know what to do

Light in the grave- yard that outshines the sun,

Outshines the sun, darlin', outshines the sun,  
Light in the grave- yard that outshines the sun,  
And darlin' I don't know what to do.

High Sheriff and po- lice running after me  
Running after me, running after me  
High Sheriff and po- lice running after me  
And Lordy, I don't know what to do

Mighty happy meeting, and don't you want to go  
Don't you want to go, don't you want to go  
Mighty happy meeting, and don't you want to go  
Yes, We'll all go

## Dear Someone

From Gillian Welch. Written by David Rawlings and Gillian Welch. (© Irving Music / Say Uncle Music / Bug Music / Cracklin Music.) From "Time the Revelator", Acony 0103 Key on CD Eb, probably being played in C capoed 3

**C**

I wanna go all over the world,

**G7**

And start living free.

I know that there's somebody who,

**C**

Is waiting for me.

I'll build a boat, steady and true.

**Fm**

As soon as it's done,

**F**            **?F#**    **C**            **A7**

I'm gonna sail along in a dream,

**D7**    **G7**    **C**

Of my dear someone.

One little star, smilin' tonight.

Knows where you are.

Stay, little star, steady and bright,

To guide me afar.

Rush, little wind, over the deep,

For now I've begun.

Hurry and take me straight into the  
arms,

Of my dear someone.

Hurry and take me into the arms,

Of my dear someone.

C is almost too high for me...

Peter Budd's Old Time Song Book – Transcribed, annotated and compiled by Peter Budd

**Topic author:** waxdart

**Subject:** Gillian Welch - Dear Someone

**Posted on:** October 06 2001 7:58:38 PM

**Message:**

"Dear Someone" -- Gillian Welch & David Rawlings  
From "Time (The Revelator)"

Suggestions/Corrections welcome. There's a hinkey chord or two in there that I'm not quite sure about.

Intro:

-----6-----6-----  
-----  
-7-----7-----7-----7-----  
-8--8--8--8--8--8--8--8--  
-----  
-----

Eb  
I want to go all over the world  
Bb  
and start living free

I know that there's somebody who  
Eb  
is waiting for me.

Eb  
I'll build a boat, steady and true  
Abm  
as soon as it's done  
Ab Adim Eb Cm  
I'm gonna sail along in a dream  
F Bb Eb  
of my dear someone.

Eb  
One little star, smiling tonight  
Bb  
knows where you are.

Stay, little star, steady and bright  
Eb  
to guide me afar.

Eb  
Brush, little wind, over the deep  
Abm  
for now I've begun.  
Ab Adim Eb Cm  
Hurry and take me straight into the arms  
F Bb Cm  
of my dear someone.

Ab Adim Eb Gdim  
Hurry and take me into the arms  
F Bb Ebmaj7  
of my dear someone.

--John.

## Replies:

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**Topic author:** rhum55pitt

**Replied on:** October 07 2001 4:44:48 PM

**Message:**

Knowing Gillian and David this is probbally capoed somewhere. any ideas where? Also whats does hinkey mean???

---

**Topic author:** waxdart

**Replied on:** October 07 2001 6:47:40 PM

**Message:**

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Seemed to me that it made sense to be capoed on the 6th (making it played in A) or possibly the 3rd (making it C), but the diminished chords don't sound right to my ears that way. Your mileage may vary, of course.

'Hinkey' is, in this case, a little suspect. ;)

For the curious, transposed to C (capo 3rd fret):

C/G  
I want to go all over the world  
G  
and start living free

I know that there's somebody who  
C/G  
is waiting for me.

C/G  
I'll build a boat, steady and true  
Fm  
as soon as it's done  
F F#dim C Am  
I'm gonna sail along in a dream  
D G C/G  
of my dear someone.

C/G  
One little star, smiling tonight  
G  
knows where you are.

Stay, little star, steady and bright  
C/G  
to guide me afar.

C/G  
Brush, little wind, over the deep  
Fm  
for now I've begun.

F F#dim C Am  
Hurry and take me straight into the arms  
D G Am  
of my dear someone.

F F#dim C Gdim  
Hurry and take me into the arms  
D G Cmaj7  
of my dear someone.

Chords that might give one trouble:

Fm F#dim Gdim or Adim Ebmaj7  
1-----2-----3-----  
1-----1-----2-----11---4-----8-----  
1-----2-----3-----9-----5-----7-----  
3-----1-----2-----11---4-----8-----  
3-----10-----6-----  
1-----5-----

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## **Didn't He Ramble**

(Will Handy) From *Charlie Poole*

My mother raised three grown sons,  
Buster, Bill and I,  
Buster was the black sheep of our little  
family;  
Mother tried to break him of his rough  
and rowdy ways,  
Finally had to get a judge to give him  
ninety days.

*Chorus:*

*And didn't he ramble, ramble?  
He rambled all around, in and out of town,  
Oh! didn't he ramble, ramble,  
He rambled till the butchers cut him  
down*

He rambled in a gambling game, he  
gambled on the green,  
The gamblers there showed him a trick  
that he had never seen.  
He lost his roll and jewelry, he like to lost  
his life,  
He lost the car that carried him there,  
and somebody stole his wife.

**Didn't He Ramble** continued

*Chorus*

He rambled in a swell hotel, his appetite  
was stout,  
And when he refused to pay the bill, the  
landlord kicked him out.

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He reached a brick to smack him with,  
and when he went to stop,  
The landlord kicked him over the fence,  
right in a barrel of slop.  
Chorus.

## **Dixie Darling**

From Carter Family Song Texts. Web site

**Way down below the Mason-Dixon line  
There's where the honeysuckle are entwined  
There's where the southern winds are  
blowin'  
There's where the daisies' growin'  
Girls up north in their gay finery  
Whirling around in society  
Singing the song of my dixie darling  
Where I long to be**

**My dixie darlin'  
Listen to the song I sing  
Beneath the silv'ry moon  
With my banjo right in tune  
My heart's forever true  
I love no one but you  
My dixie darling  
My dixie queen**

**Goin' down south, gonna have a good time  
See my girl down in old Caroline  
Drink my booze and do as I please  
For all the girls I long to squeeze  
Singing the song of my dixie darling  
That's where I Long to be going  
That's where the jellyroll's rolling  
With my dixie queen**

**My dixie darlin'  
Listen to the song I sing  
Beneath the silv'ry moon  
With my banjo right in tune  
My heart's forever true  
I love no one but you  
My dixie darling  
My dixie queen**

## **Doney**

From: *Tom Brad and Alice*. HollyDing based on *Charles Long* on Great Big Yam Potatoes

*Tom Brad and Alice*

*Charles Long*

Fare you well, my Doney  
Fare you well I say  
Fare you well my Doney  
Come another day.

Lips just like a cherry  
Cheeks just like a rose  
How I love my Doney  
God Almighty knows

Eyes just like a cherry  
  
God in Heaven knows

Wish I had a mailbox  
Put my Doney I n  
Take her out and Kiss her  
Put her back again

Wish I had a bandbox

You may ride the grey mare

I will ride the Roan

When you see my Doney

Tell her I'm setting at home

When you go a courtin'

Leave my Doney alone

Preacher in the pulpit

Bible in his hand

Said he wouldn't preach no more

Till he got another dram

## **Don't Let Your Deal Go Down**

From Charlie Poole. Also recorded by Riley Puckett and John Carson among others

Now I've been all around this whole wide world

Down to Memphis Tennessee  
Any Old Place I hang my hat  
Looks like home to me

Now I left my little girl crying  
Standing in the door  
Threw her arms around my neck  
Saying 'Honey don't you go'

Now I've been all around this whole wide world

Done most everything  
I've played cards with the King and Queen

Discard the ace and ten

*Chorus:*

*Oh it's don't let your deal go down  
Don't let your deal go down  
Don't let your deal go down  
Before my last gold dollar is gone*

Now where did you get them high top shoes?

Dress you wear so fine?

Got my shoes from a railroad man

And my dress from a driver in the mine

*Chorus*

**Don't Let Your Deal Go Down cont'd**

Who's gonna shoe your pretty white  
feet?

Who's gonna glove your hand?

Who's gonna kiss your lily white cheeks?

Who's gonna be your man?

Now papa may shoe my pretty white feet

Mama can glove my hand

She can kiss my lily white cheeks

Till you come back again

*Chorus*

**Down In The Willow Garden** From  
Bluegrass Lyrics.com

Down in the willow garden where me and  
my love did meet  
There we sat a-courting my love fell off  
to sleep  
I had a bottle of burgundy wine which my  
true love did not know  
And there I poisoned that dear little girl  
down by the banks below

I drew my saber through her which was a  
bloody knife  
I threw her in the river which was an  
awful sight  
My father often told me that money  
would set me free  
If I would murder that dear little miss

whose name was Rose Connelly

Now he sits by his old cabin door a wiping  
his tear-brimmed eyes  
Mourning for his only son out on the  
scaffold high  
My race is run beneath the sun the devil  
is waiting for me  
For I did murder that dear little girl  
whose name was Rose Connelly

## The Willow Garden

Down in the willow garden, me and my love  
did meet

And as we sat a-courting, my love fell off  
to sleep

I had a bottle of burgundy wine; my love,  
she did not know

And so I poisoned that dear little girl  
along the banks below

Along the banks below

I drew my saber through her; it was a  
bloody night

I threw her in the river, which was a  
dreadful sight

My father often told me that money  
would set me free

And so I murdered that dear little girl

whose name was Rose Connelly

Whose name was Rose Connelly

My father sits at his cabin door wiping  
his tear-dimmed eyes

His only son soon should walk to yonder  
scaffold high

My race is run beneath the sun; the  
scaffold now waits for me

For I did murder that dear little girl

whose name was Rose Connelly

Whose name was Rose Connelly

Whose name was Rose Connelly

## Down South Blues

From Earl White (Dock Boggs). Key A. Fiddle AEAE

Well, I'm going to the station  
Gonna catch the fastest train that goes  
Cos I'm going down South  
Where the weather, it suits my clothes

Well, I'm going to the country  
Gonna take my ninety nine pair of shoes  
Cos I'm broken hearted  
I've got these, down South blues

Well my Mama she told me  
And my Papa, he told me too  
Don't you go out rambling  
Let those girls, make a fool out of you  
END

Structure when Earl played it:

High, low, high

Verse 1

High

Verse 2

High, low

Verse 3

High, Low

END

## Down South Blues

From Doc Boggs on, Music of South West Virginia Co 3523 CD

I'm going to the station  
Gonna catch the fastest train that goes  
I'm a going back South  
Where the weather, suits my clothes

Oh, Love like water  
It turned off and on  
When you think you've got em  
Oh, They all turned off and gone

I was raised in a country  
Where the snow it never fell  
I'm a going back South  
If I don't do so well

I'm a going back South  
If I wear a ninety nine pair of shoes  
Cos I'm broken hearted  
I've got those, down South blues

Oh my daddy told me  
And my mama, told me too  
Don't you go off Honey  
Let the men, make a fool out of you

Structure when Earl played it:

High, low, high

Verse 1

High

Verse 2

High, low

Verse 3

High, Low

## Down In the River to Pray

From Alison Krauss on O Brother Where Art Thou CD.  
Key E

As I went down in the river to pray  
Studying about that good old way  
And who shall wear the **starry crown**  
Good Lord show me the way

Oh **Sisters** lets go down  
Lets go down, come on down  
Oh **Sisters** lets go down  
Down in the river to pray

As I went down in the river to pray  
Studying about that good old way  
And who shall wear the **robe and crown**  
Good Lord show me the way

Oh **Brothers** lets go down  
Lets go down, come on down  
**Come on Brothers** lets go down  
Down in the river to pray

As I went down in the river to pray  
Studying about that good old way  
And who shall wear the **starry crown**  
Good Lord show me the way

Oh **Fathers** lets go down  
Lets go down, come on down  
Oh **Fathers** lets go down  
Down in the river to pray

As I went down in the river to pray

**Studying about that good old way**  
**And who shall wear the robe and crown**  
**Good Lord show me the way**

**Lets go down, come on down**  
**Oh Sinners lets go down**  
**Down in the river to pray**

**Oh Mothers lets go down**  
**Come on down, Don't you wanna go**  
**down**  
**Come on Mothers lets go down**  
**Down in the river to pray**

**As I went down in the river to pray**  
**Studying about that good old way**  
**And who shall wear the robe and crown**  
**Good Lord show me the way**

**As I went down in the river to pray**  
**Studying about that good old way**  
**And who shall wear the starry crown**  
**Good Lord show me the way**

**Oh Sinners lets go down**

## **Ducks on the millpond**

From: *Tommy Jarrell*, June Apple, Heritage CD038

All I want in God's creation,  
Is a pretty little wife and a big plantation

Ducks on the Millpond, geese in the ocean  
All them pretty girls, just in a notion

Rain come wet me, sun come dry me  
Stand back pretty girl, don't you come a nigh me

Also

Ducks on the millpond, geese in the clover  
Tell them pretty girls to come on over

## **Don't You Hear Jerusalem Moan**

From *Gid Tanner and Skillet Lickers* on Kickapoo Medicine Show Rounder LP

Well, a Methodist preacher, you can tell him where he go

Don't you hear Jerusalem moan?

Don't never let a chicken get big enough to crow

Don't you hear Jerusalem moan?

*Chorus:*

*Don't you hear Jerusalem moan?*

*Don't you hear Jerusalem moan?*

*Thank God, there's a heaven and a-ringing in my soul*

*and my soul's got free*

*Don't' you hear Jerusalem moan?*

Well, a hard shell preacher you can tell him how he do

Don't you hear Jerusalem moan?

Well he chews his own 'bacco and he drinks his own brew

Don't you hear Jerusalem moan?

Well, a Baptist preacher, you can tell him by his coat  
Don't you hear Jerusalem moan?  
Have a bottle in his pocket, that he can't hardly tote  
Don't you hear Jerusalem moan?

Well, a Campbellite preacher, his soul is saved  
Don't you hear Jerusalem moan?  
Well, he has to be baptised every other day  
Don't you hear Jerusalem moan?

**Don't You Hear Jerusalem Moan** From *Volo Bogtrotters*. Volo Bogtrotters Marimac 9024. From Delbar Tarpley, the last (unintelligible) Clear Creek verse is from Gary Harrison. Key of G. Chorus after every verse

There's a Methodist preacher, you can tell him by his tone,  
Don't you hear Jerusalem moan?  
Never grubbed at a chicken, or picked at a bone  
Don't you hear Jerusalem moan?

*Chorus: Don't you hear Jerusalem moan?  
Don't you hear Jerusalem moan?  
Thank God, I get to heaven with the ringing when my soul starts singing  
Don't' you hear Jerusalem moan?*

There's a Baptist preacher, you can tell him by his coat  
Don't you hear Jerusalem moan?  
Got a bottle in his pocket and he can't hardly walk  
Don't you hear Jerusalem moan?

There's a hard shell preacher, you can tell him by his shoes

Don't you hear Jerusalem moan?

Never chaws his own tobacco, or drinks his own booze

Don't you hear Jerusalem moan?

*Chorus and break*

There's a holy roller preacher, he can show you how to shout

Don't you hear Jerusalem moan?

He gets the ball a-rolling and he kicks the lights out

Don't you hear Jerusalem moan?

There's a Presbyterian preacher, and he lives in town

Don't you hear Jerusalem moan?

His neck's so stiff he can hardly look around

Don't you hear Jerusalem moan?

There's a Clear Creek preacher, with a ?dollar? in his hand

Don't you hear Jerusalem moan?

And old dirty Willard is a mighty bad man,

Don't you hear Jerusalem moan?

## East Virginia

From *Wandering Ramblers* on Marimac 9033

*Chorus:*

*I was born, in East Virginia,*

G

*North Carolina, I did go*

C

G

*There I met, the fairest maiden,*

C

G

*Her name and age, I did not know*

G

D

G

Her hair, was dark and curly,

And her cheeks, were rosy red

On her breast, she wore a lily,

Where I longed, to lay my head

*Chorus*

Go quick, and ask your mama,

Bride of mine, you'll ever be

If she says no, come back and tell me,

And I will wait, till you get free

*Chorus and Instrumental Break*

At my gate I long to see you,

At my door you're welcome in

You are the girl I long to marry,

You are the girl I long to win

*Chorus*

I'll go back from East Virginia

North Carolina, ain't my home

I'll go back, all broken hearted

And leave old North Carolina alone.

*Chorus*

**Eyes of Texas The** From *?Bob Wills?* Key G.

The eyes of Texas are upon you,  
All the livelong day.

The eyes of Texas are upon you,  
You cannot get away.

Do not think you can escape them,  
From night till early in the morn.

The eyes of Texas are upon you,  
Till Gabriel blows his horn.

## **Falling In Love**

(Wayland D. Holyfield-Robert Lee McDill/PolyGram International, ASCAP)

From: *Tom Brad and Alice.*

Thought by now I was too smart  
I thought I was through with giving my heart  
It's only a game that tears you apart  
Falling in love

My poor soul was about to mend  
But honey then you smiled at me and then  
Lord help me here I go again  
Falling in love

*Chorus:*

Falling in love falling in love  
When'll I learn I'll bet I get burned  
Falling in love

Falling in love falling in love

When'll I learn I'll bet I get burned

Falling in love

Looking back through the bridges I burned

Each heartbreak was a page I turned

Never forget the lessons I learned

Falling in love

I was all through until we met

Never going to love again and yet

Funny how soon we all forget

Falling in love

repeat chorus

When'll I learn I'll bet I get burned

Falling in love

## **Fall On My Knees**

From *Brad Leftwich*. Round Peak Style Clawhammer Banjo. Words from Tommy Jarrell. Key D

Oh I fall on my knees, and I pray to thee  
To come and stand around with me, little girl  
Stand around with me

Lookup, look down, that lonesome old road  
And it's hang down your pretty head and cry, little girl  
Hand down your little head and cry

There's more than one, Lord there's more than two  
No other little woman like you, little girl  
No other little woman like you

I wish to the lord, that I'd never been born,  
Or died when I was young, little girl  
Died when I was young

## **Fall On My Knees** continued

I never would have kissed, your rosy red cheeks  
Or heard your lying tongue, little girl  
Heard your lying tongue

You told me more lies, than the stars in the sky  
And you'll never get to heaven when you die, little girl  
You'll never get to heaven when you die

My suitcase is packed, and my trunk it's done gone  
It's goodbye little woman, I'm gone, I'm gone  
Goodbye, little woman, I'm gone

**Fall On My Knees** From Bluegrass Messenger site. Source Tommy Jarrell

Well I fall on my knees and I pray to the Lord,  
That you will stay by me little girl,  
That you will stay by me.

Look up, look down, that long lonesome road,  
Hang down your pretty head and cry little girl,  
Hang down your head and cry.

Well my suitcase is packed and I 'm never comin' back,  
Goodbye little woman I 'm gone, I 'm gone,  
Goodbye little woman I 'm gone.

I wish to the Lord that I 'd never been born,  
Or died when I was young little girl,  
Or died when I was young.

Then I 'd never have kissed your red ruby lips,  
Or heard your lying tongue little girl,  
Or died when I was young.

You told me one, you told me two,  
You told me ten thousand lies little girl,  
You told me ten thousand lies.

You've told me more lies than there's stars in the skies,  
You'll never get to heaven when you die little girl,  
You'll never get to heaven when you die.

AND

I pawned you my watch and I pawned you my chain,  
And I pawned you my gold diamond ring, little girl,  
I pawned you my gold diamond ring.

## **Fall On My Knees** continued

I never would have kissed, your rosy red cheeks  
Or heard your lying tongue, little girl  
Heard your lying tongue

You told me more lies, than the stars in the sky  
And you'll never get to heaven when you die, little girl  
You'll never get to heaven when you die

My suitcase is packed, and my trunk it's done gone  
It's goodbye little woman, I'm gone, I'm gone  
Goodbye, little woman, I'm gone

**Fall On My Knees** From Bluegrass Messenger site. Source Tommy Jarrell

Well I fall on my knees and I pray to the Lord,  
That you will stay by me little girl,  
That you will stay by me.

Look up, look down, that long lonesome road,  
Hang down your pretty head and cry little girl,  
Hang down your head and cry.

Well my suitcase is packed and I 'm never comin' back,  
Goodbye little woman I 'm gone, I 'm gone,  
Goodbye little woman I 'm gone.

I wish to the Lord that I 'd never been born,  
Or died when I was young little girl,  
Or died when I was young.

Then I 'd never have kissed your red ruby lips,  
Or heard your lying tongue little girl,  
Or died when I was young.

You told me one, you told me two,  
You told me ten thousand lies little girl,  
You told me ten thousand lies.

You've told me more lies than there's stars in the skies,  
You'll never get to heaven when you die little girl,  
You'll never get to heaven when you die.

AND

I pawned you my watch and I pawned you my chain,  
And I pawned you my gold diamond ring, little girl,  
I pawned you my gold diamond ring.

## **Fly Around My Pretty Little Miss**

From Frank Blevins and His Tar Heel Rattlers. Old Hat CD1001. Key on CD is ~G~, so presumably being played in G

Ax2,Bx1

Fly around my pretty little Miss, Fly around my daisy  
Fly Around my pretty little Miss, Almost drives me crazy

Ax2,Bx1

I ?went? up to see my girl, Standing in the door  
Shoes and stocking in her hand, Bare feet on the floor. *Straight into*

Fly around my pretty little Miss, Fly around my daisy  
Fly Around my pretty little Miss, Almost drives me crazy

Ax2, Bx1, Ax1

When I was a little boy, Fifteen inches high  
Hugged and kissed those pretty little girls, Made my momma cry.

Ax2, Bx1

Fly around my pretty little Miss, Fly around my daisy  
Fly Around my pretty little Miss, Almost drives me crazy

Ax2, Bx1, Ax2

END

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## **Fortune**

From *Brad Leftwich*. Round Peak Style Clawhammer Banjo Book. Words from Tommy Jarrell. Key D

Once I had a fortune, all locked up in my trunk  
I lost it all a gambling (or “in a poker game”), one night when I got drunk

Wish I had a pretty little horse, corn to feed him on  
And a pretty little wife to stay at home and feed him when I 'm gone

## Forty Four Gun

From *Wandering Ramblers*. Marimac 9033. Key on Cassette C/Bb double tonic, no thirds in C chord. Tune only has one part, but is played both high and low. From *Lily May Ledford*, Powell County, Kentucky, and *Clarence Hay Ashford*, Kentucky.

Don't you remember on that rocky  
mountain side

When we lay down to rest  
You promised to be my blue eyed boy  
While the sun sank in the west

### *High instrumental*

Now hand me down my old grey hat  
It's a hanging there on the nail  
Before this time tomorrow morn  
I'll be gone on that long, long, trail

### *Low instrumental*

Now if you see me standing on my porch  
With a for--ty four in my hand  
Just tell them all I've killed myself  
Because you've gone to some foreign land

### *High instrumental*

Don't you remember on that rocky  
mountain side  
When we lay down to rest  
You promised to be my blue eyed boy  
While the sun sank in the west

### *Low instrumental*

**Forty Four Gun** continued

I wish to the lord I 'd never been born  
Died when I was young  
I never would have seen those two blue  
eyes  
Or heard that lying tongue

*High instrumental*

I never will listen what another man says  
Let his hair be black or brown  
Unless that he's on some scaffold high  
Saying darling I wish to come down

*Straight into*

Don't you remember on that rocky  
mountain side  
When we lay down to rest  
You promised to be my blue eyed boy

While the sun sank in the west

*High instrumental.*

*End*

## **Free A Little Bird**

From Dykes Magic City Trio. Old Homestead LP. Key on LP F; presumably being played in G, because all Dykes tunes seem to be tuned down at least a tone from standard.

Oh, I'm as free a little bird as I can be, I can be  
I'm as free a little bird as I can be  
Gonna build my nest in a weeping willow tree  
Where the bad boys cannot bother me

*Break x2*

Oh, I'll never build my nest on the ground, on the ground  
I'll never build my nest on the ground  
I'll build my nest on a weeping willow tree  
Where the bad boys cannot tear me down

*Break x 1*

*Repeat verse 1*

**Free A Little Bird** continued

*Break x 3*

Oh, I'll never steal a honey from a tree, from a tree

I'll never steal a honey from a tree

But I'll steal a kiss from my sweet darling's lips

And fly away across the sea        (*straight into*)

I'm as free a little bird as I can be, I can be

I'm as free a little bird as I can be

Gonna build my nest in a weeping willow tree

Where the bad boys cannot bother me

End

**Freight Train.** Written by Elizabeth Cotton

*Chorus:*

Freight train, freight train, going so fast

Freight train, freight train, going so fast

Please don't tell what train I'm on

So they won't know where I've gone

When I am dead and in my grave

No more good times here I'll crave

Place the stones at my head and feet

And tell them all that I'm gone to sleep

When I die, lord, bury me deep

Way down on old Chestnut Street

So I can hear old Number Nine

As she comes rolling by

Peter Budd's Old Time Song Book – Transcribed, annotated and compiled by Peter Budd

## **Gate to go through (Open The Gate)**

From: *Tom, Brad and Alice*

Open up the gate and walk on through  
He's a fine old dog and he won't bite you

Open up the gate and open it wide  
Walk on through to the other side

How in the world do the people all know  
That I like sugar in my coffee-o



## **Ginseng Blues**

### **Kentucky Ramblers**

**Ain't a-gonna dig no ginseng,  
Well I ain't a-gonna hunt no crow, (?)  
Ain't gonna do a doggone thing  
But love my dear sweet Mama,  
O, you can't read my mind.  
When you think I'm loving you, Mama,  
I'm quitting you all the time.  
(Yodel)**

**My home ain't here,  
It's down in Caroline,  
I got two chillun down in Georgia,  
But they sho' ain't mine, sweet Mama,  
O, you can't read my mind (etc.)**

**I got a girl in Georgia,**

**One in Dixie, too.**

**If you treat me mean, sweet Mama,**

**Turn my back on you, good baby,**

**O, you can't read my mind (etc).**

**Ain't gonna work no tippie,**

**Ain't gonna load no coal,**

**Put my head out the window,**

**Watch the drivers roll, sweet Mama,**

**O, you can't read my mind (etc).**

## Golden Slippers

From Mudcat Café /Digital Tradition(James A. Bland) The tune appears to be in the key of F on: Dykes Magic City Trio on Old Homestead LP OHCS 191. Early String Bands Vol1; but as with most of the bands tunes they are probably tuned a tone down, which means they are playing it in G. The Dykes Magic City Trio words are a subset similar to these

Oh, my golden slippers are laid away,  
'Cause I don't 'spect to wear 'em till my wedding day  
And my long tail coat that I love so well,  
I will wear up in the chariot in the morn.  
And my long white robe that I bought last June  
I 'm gonna get changed 'cause it fits too soon,  
And the old grey horse that I used to drive,  
I will hitch him to the chariot in the morn.

*cho: Oh, them golden slippers, oh, them golden slippers,  
Golden slippers I 'm gonna wear, because they look so neat.  
Oh, them golden slippers, oh, them golden slippers,  
Golden slippers I 'm a- gonna wear, to walk the golden street.*

## **Golden Slippers** continued

Oh, my ol' banjo hangs on the wall,  
'Cause it ain't been tuned since' way last fall,  
But the folks all say we'll have a good time,  
When we ride up in the chariot in the morn.  
There's old Brother Ben an' his sister Luce,  
They will telegraph the news to Uncle Bacco Juice  
What a great camp meetin' there will be that day  
When we ride up in the chariot in the morn.

So, it's good-bye, children, I will have to go,  
Where the rain don't fall and the wind don't blow  
And your Ulster coats, why, you will not need,  
When you ride up in the chariot in the morn;  
But your golden slippers must be nice and clean  
And your age must be just sweet sixteen,  
And your white kid gloves you will have to wear:  
When you ride up in the chariot in the morn.

## Got A Little Home To Go To

From: Tom, Brad and Alice. From Collins Family Oklahoma.  
Key G; fiddle in GDAD

Saddle old Mike I tell you  
I 'm goin' away to leave you  
I 'm goin' back to Texas  
To eat cornbread and molasses

*chorus:*

*Got a little home to go to  
Got a little home to go to  
Got a little home to go to  
I 've got a little home to go to*

Rabbit where's your mammy  
Tell me where's your mammy  
I ain't got time to tell you  
I 'm goin' to Alabammy

*repeat chorus*

Saddle old Mike I tell you  
I 'm goin' away to leave you  
I 'm goin' back to Arkansas  
To eat cornbread and possum jaw

*repeat chorus*

Rabbit where's your mammy  
Tell me where's your mammy  
I ain't got time to tell you  
The greyhound's right behind me

*repeat chorus (twice)*

Structure: 2A, 2B, Asung, Ainstr, Bchorus, Binstr. etc

## **Great Titanic The**

From: *Tom, Brad and Alice*

On one Sunday morning just about twelve o'clock  
The great ship Titanic lord began to reel and rock  
People on board began to cry saying my Lord I'm bound to die  
Wasn't it sad when that great ship went down

*chorus:*

*Awful sad when the great boat went down  
Husbands and wives little children lost their lives  
Wasn't it sad when the great boat went down*

Builders they kept building declared what they would do  
Gonna build a boat that the waters couldn't break through  
God with mighty power in hand showed to the world it could not stand  
Wasn't it sad when that great boat went down

**The Great Titanic** continued

*repeat chorus*

Ship was leaving England just pulling for the shore  
The rich they declared that they would not ride with the poor  
So they put the poor below they's the first ones had to go  
Wasn't it sad when that great ship went down

*repeat chorus*

*repeat chorus*

## Gum Tree Canoe

From: *Tom, Brad and Alice*

On the Tom Big Bee River so bright I was born  
In a hut made of husks of the tall yellow corn  
It was there that I first met my Julah so true  
And I rowed her around in the gum tree canoe

*chorus*

*Sing row away row o'er the waters so blue  
Like a feather we'll float in my gum tree canoe  
Sing row away row o'er the waters so blue  
Like a feather we'll float in my gum tree canoe*

All day in the fields of soft cotton I'd hoe  
And think of my Julah and sing as I go  
I'd catch her a bird with a wing of true blue  
And at night row her around in the gum tree canoe

**Gum Tree Canoe** continued

*repeat chorus*

With my hand on my banjo and my toe on the oar  
I would sing her a song to the river's soft roar  
While the bright stars shone down on my Julah so true  
And they danced in her eyes in the gum tree canoe

*repeat chorus*

One day the old river took us so far away  
That we couldn't get back so we thought we'd just stay  
We spied a tall ship with a flag of true blue  
And she took us in tow in the gum tree canoe

*repeat chorus*

## Handsome Molly

From *Grayson and Whitter*. Key of G

Wish I was in London,  
Or some other seaport town;  
I'd set my foot in a steamboat,  
I'd sail the ocean 'round.

While sailing around the ocean,  
While sailing around the sea,  
I'd think of handsome Molly  
Wherever she might be.  
*(Course I would!)*

She rode to church a-Sunday,  
She passed me on by;  
I saw her mind was changing  
By the roving of her eye.  
*(Handsome Molly! Oh you little Molly!)*

Don't you remember, Molly,  
When you gave me your right hand?  
You said if you ever marry  
That I'd be the man.

Now you've broke your promise,  
Go home with who you please,  
While my poor heart is aching  
You're lying at your ease.

Hair was black as a raven,  
Her eyes was black as coal,  
Her cheeks was like lilies  
Out in the morning grown.  
*(Prettiest woman in the world!  
Handsome Molly!  
Little Molly darling!)*

## Happy Land

From: *Tom, Brad and Alice*

There is a happy land  
Far far away  
Where saints in glory stand  
Bright bright as day

chorus:

Oh to hear the angels sing  
Glory to the Lord our King  
Loud let His praises ring  
**Happy Land** continued

Praise praise for aye

Come to that happy land  
Come come away

Why will ye doubting stand  
Why still delay

chorus:

Oh we shall happy be  
When from sin and sorrow free  
Lord we shall live with Thee  
Blest blest for aye

Bright in that happy land  
Beams every eye  
Kept by the Father's hand  
Love cannot die

chorus:

Oh then to glory run  
Be a crown and kingdom won

**Happy Land** continued

And bright above the sun

We reign for aye

There is a happy land

Far far away

Where saints in glory stand

Bright bright as day

repeat first chorus

repeat first chorus

## Hard Times      Stephen Foster

The Songs of Stephen Foster. Pub W.Paxton and Co Ltd. Music Lib. MA 209 (Sheet). 74173B

Key: F

1. Let us pause in life's pleasures and count it's ma-ny tears,  
While we all sup sorrow with the poor:  
There's a song that will lin-ger forever in our ears,  
Oh! Hard Times come a-gain no more.

### *Chorus:*

*'Tis the song, the sigh of the wea-ry;  
"Hard Times, Hard Times come again no more;  
Many days you have linger'd a-round my cabin door,  
Oh! Hard Times come a-gain no more.*

2. While we seek mirth and beauty and music light and gay,  
There are frail forms faint-ing at the door:  
Though their voi-ces are silent, their plead-ing looks will say,  
Oh! Hard Times come a-gain no more.

## **Hard Times** continued

3. There's a pale drooping mai-den who toils her life a-way,  
With a worn heart whose bet-ter days are o'er:  
Though her voice would be mer-ry, 'tis sigh-ing all the day,  
Oh! Hard Times come a-gain no more.
  
4. 'Tis a sigh that is waft-ed across the troubled wave,  
'Tis a wail that is heard up-on the shore;  
'Tis a dirge that is murmured a -round the lone-ly grave,  
Oh! Hard Times come again no more.

## **Hell Amongst the Yearlings**

*Seven foot Dilly and the Dill Pickles*

Dilly. Break out your dinner boys

DP. Ma- an I done eat so much now I'm  
bout to bust

Dilly. Well Just bring your chairs and lets  
go out in the yard where it's cool, and  
have some music. What do you say?

DP. Fine

Dilly. Alright, let's play Hell amongst the  
Yearlings

DP Bust Down

## Hog Eye

From: *Popes Arkansas Mountaineers*. Key of A?

Chicken in the bread tray, pecking that dough (or kicking up dough)

Sally will your dog bit, no sir no

(then straight into)

*Chorus 1: Sallys in the garden, sifting, sifting*  
*Sally's in the garden, sifting sand*

Sally's in the garden, sifting, sifting

Sally's in the garden sifting sand

*Chorus 1: Sally's in the garden sifting, sifting*  
*Sally's upstairs with the hogeye man*

Sally's in the garden, sifting, sifting

Sally's in the garden sifting sand

*Chorus 1. Sally's in the garden sifting, sifting*  
*Sally's upstairs with the hogeye man*

## **Hog Eye** continued

Sally will your dog bite, no sir, no

Daddy cut his biter off a long time ago

*Chorus 2      Sally's in the garden sifting sand  
                  Sally's upstairs with a hog-eyed man*

## Hook and Line

From *Dykes Magic City Trio*. Old Homestead LP. ?Key of G Like most ? or all of Dykes tunes it appears to be being played with instruments tuned down a tone, so that it comes out in F. I suspect fiddle is tuned GDAD, or rather FCGC

Gimme the hook, gimme the line  
Gimme that girl called Caroline

Shout Lula, shout, shout  
What in the world you shouting about

I took my hook, and I gave it a flip  
I caught that pretty girl by the lip

Shout Lulu, shout, shout

Shout little Lulu, shout, shout

Shout little Lula, shout, shout  
Shout little Lula, shout, shout

Shout little Lula, shout your best  
Your grandmother's, gone to rest.

6 January 2003. Pete LaBerge.

I was just listening to the Dykes version and love the verse:

Took my hook and give it a flip  
Caught that pretty gal by the lip.

BTW, can anyone expound on the square dance calling on several of their tunes. Did they play for dances regularly?

Was it John Dykes calling? Great calls and tunes for dancing! A few of my favorites are -

Partners to their places  
Like horses to their traces.

Bird hop out and crow hop in  
Hold your horses, gone again. Yeeee-ahhhh

And the cryptic - Swing your opposite partner.

Happy New

All jump up and when you come down  
Swing your honey 'round and 'round.

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Two old maids sittin' in the sand,  
each one wishin' the other was a man.

Honor your partners, don't you holler.  
Pay the fiddler and kiss the caller.

Take your lady to a nice soft chair,  
set her down and leave her there.  
PJ

## Hop Along Peter

From Old Time String Band Songbook. From *Fisher Hendley and his Aristocratic Pigs*. Key of G. Recorded by Highwoods String Band.

Old Uncle Peter, He got tight  
Started up to heaven on a stormy night  
The road being rough and him not well  
He lost his way and went to.....

### *Chorus*

*Hopalong Peter, where you going?*

*Hopalong Peter, where you going?*

*Hopalong Peter, won't you bear in mind*

*I ain't coming back till the gooseberry time*

Old mother Hubbard and her dog were Dutch  
A bow legged rooster and hobbled on a crutch  
Hen chewed tobacco and the duck drank wine  
The goose played the fiddle on the pumpkin vine

## **Hop Along Peter** continued

### *Chorus*

Down in the barnyard playing seven up  
The old tom cat and the little yellow pup  
The old mother Hubbard, she's a picking out the fleas  
The rooster in the cream jar up to his knees

### *Chorus*

I've got a sweet gal this here town  
If she weighs an ounce she weighs seven hundred  
Every time my sweet girl turns once around  
The heel of her shoe makes a hole in the ground

### *Chorus*

## **Hop High Ladies**

From: *Kenny Hall* on Good Friends Good Music, Boys of the Lough TRA 384. Key G

Do you love fried chicken Uncle Joe, Uncle Joe  
Do you love fried chicken Uncle Joe, Uncle Joe  
Do you love fried chicken Uncle Joe, Uncle Joe  
Don't mind that weather, when the wind don't blow

If you want to go to heaven, I'll tell you what to do  
Just grease your belly in a mutton stew  
Get fried up on devilled ham  
And slide right up to the promised land

**House Carpenter The** From Mudcat Cafe

'Well met, well met, my own true love  
And very well met,' said he.

'I have just returned from the salt, salt  
sea,  
And it's all for the sake of thee. '

'I could have married a queen's daughter,  
And she would have married me,  
But I refused a crown of gold,  
And it's all for the sake of thee.'

'If you could have married a queen's  
daughter,  
Then she should have married thee,  
For me, young man, you have come too  
late,  
For I've married a house carpenter.'

'If you will leave your house carpenter  
And go along with me,  
I will take you down where the grass  
grows green  
On the banks of the River Dee.'

'If I were to leave my house carpenter  
And go along with thee,  
What have you got to maintain a wife  
Or to keep her from slavery?'

'I have seven ships at sea  
And seven more in port,  
And a hundred and twenty-four jolly, jolly  
boys,  
And they all will wait on thee.'

She called then her two pretty babes

And she kissed them most tenderly,  
Saying, 'Stay at home, my two pretty  
babes'  
And bear your own father company.'

She had not sailed on sea two weeks,  
I'm sure not sailed on three,  
Till here she sat in her new husband's  
cabin,  
Weeping most bitterly.

'Oh, do you weep for gold?' he said,  
'Or do you weep for fear?  
Or do you weep for your house carpenter  
That you left when you came here?'

'I do not weep for gold,' she said,  
'Nor do I weep for fear,  
But I do weep for my two pretty babes  
That I left when I came here.'

She had not sailed on sea three weeks,  
I'm sure not sailed on four,  
Till overboard her fair body she threw \_  
And her weeping was heard no more.

Her curse did attend a sea sailor's life,  
Her curse did attend a sailor's life,  
For the robbing of a house carpenter,  
And stealing away his wife.

## How Can I Miss You, When You won't Go Away?

From Dan Hicks and His Hot Licks. Original Recordings. ERIC BN 26464 Key of A

I've talked to your Mother, and I've talked to your Dad

A D

They say they've tried but it's all in vain

A D

I've begged and I've pleaded, I've even got mad

A D B7

Now we must face it, you give me a pain

E7 A

*Chorus: Oh, How can I miss you when you wont go away*

G D

*Keep on telling you, day after day*

G D

*But you wont listen, you always stay and stay*

G D B7

## **How Can I Miss You, When You won't Go Away?** Continued

*How can I miss you, when you wont go away*

E7

A

D

Your never ending presence, really cramps my style

I dreamed, that it wont always be the same

At first I was attracted, but after a while

Have you ever heard of, a hard to get dame

*Chorus*

Out of three billion people, why must it be me

Oh why, oh why wont you cut me loose

Just do me a favour, and listen to my plea

I'm not the only chicken on the roost

*Chorus*

**Howling At The Moon** comp Peter Rowan. From Peter Rowan on Down Home. CD Lismor. He plays it in E.

She put on her red dress, she let her long hair down  
She put on her red dress, she let her long hair down  
She said goodbye to her husband, she went out to paint the town.  
She went out to paint the town.

Daddy oh dear daddy, why's mamma been gone so long  
Daddy oh dear daddy, why's mamma been gone so long  
Hush little darling don't you cry, Mamma's learning right from wrong  
She's learning right from wrong

Break

Mommy oh dear Mommy, please don't stay out all night  
Mommy oh dear Mommy, please don't stay out all night  
Me and daddy's lonely for you, and we want to hold you tight  
Yea we want to hold you tight

Don't you cry little darling, your mama be home real soon

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Don't you cry my darling, mama be coming home real soon  
She's painting the town tonight, she's howling at the moon  
She's howling at the moon.

Break

She went down to the honky tonk, she had two things on her mind  
She went down to the honky tonk, she had two things on her mind  
One was the man she left at home, the other one was the one she hoped to find  
Oh the one she hoped to find

She put on her red dress, she let her long hair down  
She put on her red dress, she let her long hair down  
She said goodbye to her husband, she went out to paint the town.  
She's howling at the moon.

END

## Howling at the Moon

Intro (on refrain)

E..\_|E \_ \_ \_ | B7 \_ \_ \_ | E \_ \_ \_ | E \_ \_ \_ |(E \_ \_ \_ | E \_ \_ \_ |)

E \_ \_ \_ | E \_ \_ \_ | A7 \_ \_ \_ | A7 \_ \_ \_ |

E \_ \_ \_ | E \_ \_ \_ | E \_ \_ \_ | E \_ \_ \_ |

A7 \_ \_ \_ | A7 \_ \_ \_ | A7 \_ \_ \_ | A7 \_ \_ \_ |

E \_ \_ \_ | E \_ \_ \_ | E \_ \_ \_ | E \_ \_ \_ |

B7 \_ \_ \_ | B7 \_ \_ \_ | A7 \_ \_ \_ | A7 \_ \_ \_ |

E \_ \_ \_ | E \_ \_ \_

Refrain

E \_ \_ \_ | B7 \_ \_ \_ | E \_ \_ \_ | E \_ \_ \_ ||

## Howling At The Moon

Intro (on refrain)

1..\_|1 \_ \_ \_ | 5<sup>7</sup> \_ \_ \_ | 1 \_ \_ \_ | 1 \_ \_ \_ |(1 \_ \_ \_ | 1 \_ \_ \_ |)

1 \_ \_ \_ | 1 \_ \_ \_ | 4<sup>7</sup> \_ \_ \_ | 4<sup>7</sup> \_ \_ \_ |

1 \_ \_ \_ | 1 \_ \_ \_ | 1 \_ \_ \_ | 1 \_ \_ \_ |

4<sup>7</sup> \_ \_ \_ | 4<sup>7</sup> \_ \_ \_ | 4<sup>7</sup> \_ \_ \_ | 4<sup>7</sup> \_ \_ \_ |

1 \_ \_ \_ | 1 \_ \_ \_ | 1 \_ \_ \_ | 1 \_ \_ \_ |

5<sup>7</sup> \_ \_ \_ | 5<sup>7</sup> \_ \_ \_ | 4<sup>7</sup> \_ \_ \_ | 4<sup>7</sup> \_ \_ \_ |

1 \_ \_ \_ | 1 \_ \_ \_

Refrain

1 \_ \_ \_ | 5<sup>7</sup> \_ \_ \_ | 1 \_ \_ \_ | 1 \_ \_ \_ ||



## How Long

From *Volo Bogtrotters*. Volo Bogtrotters Marimac 9024. Key

of D. From Cofer Brothers

Structure. AAB. Sing verse on A1, instrumental A2, sing

chorus on B, then instrumental AAB between verses

I got a girl, she's long and tall  
Sleeps in the kitchen with her feet in the  
hall

Chorus: How long, baby how long

I got a girl, all dressed in red  
When she dies, gonna kill me dead

I got a girl, all dressed in blue

When she dies, gonna take me too

I got a girl all dressed in white  
When she goes, gonna be alright

There ain't no use in me working so hard  
I got a girl in the rich folks yard  
She kills chickens and sends me the head  
Thinks I'm working when I'm sleeping in  
bed

I got a wife and a bulldog too  
Wife don't love me but the bulldog do..

## **Hungry Hash House**

**From: Charlie Poole**

I'm a boarder and I dwell, in that second-class hotel  
If I stay here long, I think I'll be insane;  
For I lay here on my bunk and I cannot get my trunk  
For board I owe would break a millionaire.

Oh they feed on chicken pie, if you eat it you will die  
Beef you cannot cut it with a sword;  
Oh, the undertakers hang around, for there's work to be found  
In that awful hungry hash house where I board.

Oh, they carried me upstairs one night, I had neither gun nor knife  
Something they had never done before;  
Oh, the fleas held me down while the chinchies crept around  
In that awful hungry hash house where I board.

Oh, the beefsteak it was rare and the butter had red hair

Peter Budd's Old Time Song Book - Transcribed, annotated and compiled by Peter Budd

And the baby had its feet both in the soup;

Oh, the eggs they would not match, if you touched one it would hatch

In that awful hungry hash house where I board.

Repeat last verse

## **I Am a Man of Constant Sorrow**

From O Brother Where Art Thou. Key on both of the sung tracks is F. (which is OK for me, G is too high).

The choral refrain is in no other version I've heard and seems to have been invented for O Brother. The way they change I to He makes it sound quite absurd, to my ears.

Refrain        In constant sorrow, all through his days

I am a man of constant sorrow

I've seen trouble all my days

I bid farewell to old Kentucky

The place where I was born and raised

Refrain        The place where he was born and raised

For six long years I've been in trouble

No pleasure here on earth I've found

For in this world I'm bound to ramble

I have no friends to help me now

Refrain        He has no friends to help him now

It's fare thee well, my own true lover

I never expect to see you again  
For I'm bound to ride, that Northern Railroad  
Perhaps I'll die upon this train

Refrain: Perhaps He'll die upon this train

You can bury me in some deep valley  
For many years where I may lay  
Then you may learn to love another  
While I am sleeping in my grave

Refrain: While he is sleeping in his grave

Maybe your friends think I'm just a stranger  
My face you never will see no more  
But there is one promise that is given  
I'll meet you on God's golden shore

Refrain He'll meet you on Gods golden shore.

Roots (the following information is taken from the History In Song site.)

The earliest known appearance of this song is under the title "Farewell Song" in a 1913 songbook by Richard Burnett, a blind Kentucky-born musician. When he was asked in an interview whether he wrote, he said "No, I think I got the ballet [sic] from somebody -- I dunno. It may be my song... "

Burnett's lyrics are:

I am a man of constant sorrow  
I've seen trouble all of my days  
I'll bid farewell to old Kentucky  
The place where I was born and raised

Oh, six long year I've been blind, friends  
My pleasures here on earth are done  
In this world I have to ramble  
For I have no parents to help me now

So fare you well my own true lover

I fear I never see you again  
For I'm bound to ride the Northern railroad  
Perhaps I'll die upon the train

Oh, you may bury me in some deep valley  
For many year there I may lay  
Oh, when you're dreaming while you're slumbering  
While I am sleeping in the clay

Oh, fare you well to my native country  
The place where I have loved so well  
For I have all kinds of trouble  
In this vain world no tongue can tell

Dear friends, although I may be a stranger  
My face you may never see no more  
But there's a promise that is given  
Where we can meet on that beautiful shore

## **Ida Red**

From *Brad Leftwich*. Round Peak Style Clawhammer Banjo.  
Words from Tommy Jarrell. Key A  
Tommy claims to have made the verse about Santa Claus

Up the road and down the road  
All my people live down the road

I da Red, she ain't no fool  
She can ride astraddle of a humpback  
mule

I da Red, she comes to town  
Riding a billy goat and leading a hound

Down the road and across the creek  
See old Santa Claus a-washing his feet

I da Red, I da Blue  
I got stuck on I da, too

I da Red, I da Green  
Prettiest little gal I've ever seen

I da Red, I da Green  
Prettiest little gal I've ever seen

## **If the River Was Whisky (Hesitation Blues)**

From *Charlie Poole*

If the river was whisky and I was a duck,  
I'd dive to the bottom and never come up

*Chorus*

*Oh tell me how long, have I got to wait?*

*Can I get you now, or I must I hesitate?*

If the river was whiskey, and the branch was wine  
You could see me bathing just any old time

*Chorus*

I was born in England, raised in France

I ordered a suit of clothes and they wouldn't send the pants

*Chorus*

**If the River Was Whisky (Hesitation Blues)** continued

I was born in Alabama, raised in Tennessee  
If you don't like my peaches, don't shake my tree

*Chorus*

I looked down the road, just as far as I can see  
A man had my woman and the blues had me

*Chorus*

I ain't no doctor , but a doctor's son  
I can do the doct'rin' till the doctor comes

*Chorus*

Got the hesitating stockings, the hesitating shoes  
Believe to my soul I've got the hesitating blues

*Chorus*

## **I've Got No Honey Babe Now**

From *Lukehinite* on newsgroup 19990303. From *Frank Blevins and Tarheel Rattlers*

Here we go a-courtin' ,didn' t know how      or: Used to go a courtin, didn' t know how  
Now I wanna(or won' t) be marryin'  
Got me no honey babe now

Now I will be marryin' , goin' across the sea  
Now don' t have my children along  
No honey babe for me

Used to be a single man, a-flirtin' around town  
Now I am a married man  
I carry my baby 'round

Rather be a sailor, away out on the sea  
Than to be a married man  
A baby on my knee.

## **I've Got No Honey Babe Now** continued

1999/03/04 from David Mount

I hear "Honeybabe" about the same as Major HiNite, with a couple of exceptions. So take your pick, or invent your own.

The first line sounds more to me like "Used to go a courtin," which also makes a little more sense. 'Course there's no reason it has to make sense.

For the almost indecipherable second verse I come up with something completely different (but again, I could just be trying to force it to make sense):

I was gettin [or "gonna be"] married

Gonna go straight ["draw straight"? "draw the shade"? who knows . . .]

I don't have that gal no more

No honeybabe's my maid [or "mate"].

## **I Know You're Married**

(Don Reno-Mack Magaha/Ft. Knox Music, Inc., BMI-Trio Music Co., Inc., BMI)

From: *Tom, Brad and Alice*

The day I met you my heart spoke to me  
It said to love you through eternity  
Not knowing that you were another's bride  
I vowed I'd always be close by your side

*chorus:*

*You know I love you and I always will  
I know you're married but I love you still*

You broke a heart dear that would die for you  
I'd give this world dear to belong to you  
The game is over and I know I've lost  
My broken heart will have to pay the cost

repeat chorus twice

## I'll Fly Away

Traditional. From Gillian Welch, on *O Brother Where Art Thou* soundtrack. **Key D**

**D**  
Some bright morning, when this life is  
o'er

**G**            **D**  
I'll fly away

**D**  
To that home on God's celestial shore

**A**            **D**  
I'll fly away

*Chorus:*

**D**  
I'll fly away, oh Glory

**G**            **D**  
I'll fly away (in the morning)

**D**  
When I die Halleluiah bye and bye

**A**            **D**  
I'll fly away

When the shadows of this life have gone  
I'll fly away

Like a bird from these prison walls I'll fly  
I'll fly away

*Chorus*

*Big mandolin solo*

Oh how glad, and happy when we meet  
I'll fly away

No more cold iron shackles on my feet  
I'll fly away

*Chorus*

*Another big mandolin solo*

*Chorus*

Just a few more weary days and then  
I'll fly away  
To a land where joys will never end  
I'll fly away

*Final chorus*

I'll fly away, oh Glory

I'll fly away (in the morning)

When I die Halleluiah bye and bye

I'll fly away

**I'll fly away**

**END**

## **I'm a Getting Ready To Go**

From: *Riley Puckett* Key: appears to be in C#, so probably in C with capo.

I had a dream the other day, I 'm a getting ready to go,  
The devil came and he took me away, I 'm a getting ready to go,  
I always heard that place was hot, Asked him if it was or not,  
He wouldnt say yes or no or what, I 'm a getting ready to go.

*Chorus*    *Sweet home,            Loving heaven heaven,*  
              *Sweet home,            Hear me moaning low,*  
              *Sweet home,            Loving heaven heaven,*  
              *Hold the gate wide open,            Cos I 'm a getting ready to go.*

He took me down to old Hades, I 'm a getting ready to go,  
I fell in the brimstone up to my knees, I 'm a getting ready to go,  
You ought to have seen all the little devils prance, When I showed them a brand new  
dance,  
When a pitchfork struck me right in the pants, I 'm a getting ready to go.

**I'm a getting ready to go** continued

*Chorus: Sweet home.....*

I asked when I 'd get out again, I 'm a getting ready to go,  
He looked at me with a devilish grin, I 'm a getting ready to go,  
The way he laughed I thought I 'd croak, He said now I 'll tell you a joke,  
When you go out you'll go in smoke, I 'm a getting ready to go.

*Chorus: Sweet home.....*

Now that awful dream I had, I 'm a getting ready to go,  
It left me feeling mighty bad, I 'm a getting ready to go,  
I took my bible and a mouthful of cheese, I fell right down on my sinful knees,  
I got more religion than a dog's got fleas, I 'm a getting ready to go.

*Chorus: Sweet home.....*

## I'm an Old Cow Hand

From *Dan Hick and his Hot Licks*. Pitch on record ~D. Last verse courtesy of *Dave Howard* on newsgroup

1. I'm an old cowhand,                      from the Rio Grande  
    D                      G              A                      D  
But my legs aint bowed,                      and my cheeks aint tanned  
D                      G              A                      D  
I'm a cowboy who never saw a cow              (or cowpoke)  
D      Bm                      F#  
Never roped a steer, cos I don't know how  
F#      Bm                      F#  
And I sure aint fixing              to start in now  
    Bm                      F#

*Refrain:*

*Yippee eye oh kye ay              Yippee eye oh kye ay*  
*Em              A      D              Em              A      D*

2. I'm an old cowhand, from the Rio Grande,  
And I learned to ride, before I learned to stand  
I'm a riding fool who is up to date  
And I know every trail in the lone star state  
Cos I ride them all, in my ford V8

*Yippee eye oh kye ay*  
*Yippee eye oh kye ay*

3. I'm an old cowhand, from the Rio Grande  
And I come to town, just to hear the band  
I know all the songs that the cowboys know

About the big corral where the dogies go  
Because I learnt them all from my radio

*Yippee eye oh kye ay*  
*Yippee eye oh kye ay*

4. I'm an old cowhand, from the Rio Grande  
And I ride the range, round the borderland  
Where the buffalo roam, around the zoo  
And the Indians run up a rug or two  
And the old Bar-X is a barbeque

*Yippee eye oh kye ay*  
*Yippee eye oh kye ay*

## **I Wish I Was A Mole In The Ground**

From *Bascom Lamar Lunsford. Anthology of American Folk Music*

I wish I was a mole in the ground.  
Yes, I wish I was a mole in the ground:  
If I 'se a mole in the ground, I'd root that  
mountain down,  
And I wish I was a mole in the ground.

Well, Kimpy wants a nine-dollar shawl.  
Yes, Kimpy wants a nine-dollar shawl;  
When I come over the hill with a forty-  
dollar bill,  
'Tis "Baby, where you been so long?"

I've been in the pen so long.  
Yes, I've been in the pen so long;  
I've been in the pen with the rough and  
rowdy men.

'Tis "Baby, where you been so long?"

Oh, I don't like a railroad man.  
No, I don't like a railroad man;  
A railroad man will kill you when he can,  
And drink up your blood like wine.

Oh, I wish I was a lizard in the spring.  
Yes, I wish I was a lizard in the spring;  
If I 'se a lizard in the spring, I'd hear my  
darling sing,  
And I wish I was a lizard in the spring.

Oh, Kimpy, let your hair roll down.  
Kimpy let your hair roll down;  
Let your hair roll down and your bangs  
curl around,  
Oh, Kimpy, let your hair roll down.

Peter Budd's Old Time Song Book - Transcribed, annotated and compiled by Peter Budd

I wish I was a mole in the ground.

Yes, I wish I was a mole in the ground:

If I 'se a mole in the ground, I 'd root  
that mountain down,

And I wish I was a mole in the ground.

**John Brown's Dream**

I 'm gonna marry that pretty little girl

From Brad Leftwich. Round Peak

Clawhammer Banjo Book. Key of A

John Brown dreamed

John Brown dreamed the Devil was dead

Soon be time

Soon be time to cook and eat again

Come on Lula, come on Lula

Come on Lula with your hog and your  
bread

Boating up Cindy, Cindy, Cindy

Boating up Cindy, how do you do?

I 'm gonna marry, I 'm gonna marry

## Johnson Boys

From **Iron Mountain String Band**. Key of D. Fiddle ADAE  
**Miles Krassen's** book, *Old Time Fiddle Tunes For Banjo*, has similar but not identical words – though I prefer his *Hop up pretty girls to jump up*.

**Glen Smith** on Folkways FS3811, *Trad Music from Grayson and Carroll Countis Va.*, has great banjo but no lyrics.

**Brad Leftwich and Dan Gellert** have good twin fiddle version on *A Moment in Time* cassette Marimac.

Have you heard the many stories  
Told by young by young and old with joy  
Of the many deeds of daring  
That was done by the Johnson Boys

*Chorus:*

Jump up pretty girls don't be afraid  
Jump up pretty girls don't be afraid  
Jump up pretty girls don't be afraid  
Jump up pretty girls don't be afraid

Johnson boys, they're the fellers  
They know how to court the maids  
They know how to hug and kiss them  
Jump up pretty girls don't be afraid

They were men of skill and courage  
And they travelled near and far  
And they joined their country's service  
In that awful civil war

They were scouts in the rebel army  
And they travelled far and wide  
When them Yankees saw them coming  
They threw down their guns and hide

## Johnson Boys

From the Hillbillies, County LP CO 405

Key D, Fiddle ADAE.

2A, 2B instrumental

Sing verse on A, straight into Chorus on B

1B (or 2B) instrumental

2A, 2B instrumental. Etc

Johnson boys went a courtin'  
The reason why they didn't stay  
The reason why they didn't stay  
They had no money for to pay their way

### *Chorus*

They had no money for to pay their way  
They had no money for to pay their way

Johnson boys went a huntin'  
Took two dogs that went astray  
The reason why they didn't bay  
They had no money for to pay their way

### Chorus

Johnson boys left the blueridge  
Travelling in a Chevrolet  
The reason why they didn't stay  
They had no money for to pay their way

### Chorus

Johnson boys came to New York  
To have a big time and see the white  
whale  
The reason why they didn't stay  
They had no money for to pay their way

### Chorus

## John The Revelator

From Joe Newberry and the Piedmont Hepcats on ?WNC radio  
Key E

*Chorus:*

Tell me who's that writing?

John the Revelator

Tell me who's that writing?

John the Revelator

Tell me what's he writing?

John the Revelator

Wrote the book of the seven seals

Wrote the book of the seven seals

Well God came down in the cool of the  
day

Called Adam by his name

But Adam refused to answer

Because he was naked and ashamed

*Chorus*

Christ had twelve Apostles

Three he led away

He said go down yonder in the garden  
with me

And watch for me while I pray

*Chorus*

Well Christ appeared to Mary and Martha

On the road down by the sea

He said go tell my disciples

To meet me in Galilee

*Chorus*

Wrote the book

Wrote the book

Wrote the Book

Wrote the Book

Wrote the Book

Wrote the Book

Wrote the Book

Wrote the Book

Wrote the Book of the seven seals.



## June Apple

From: *Tommy Jarrell* on June Apple. key A major (no G chords)

I wish I was a June apple  
Hanging on that tree  
Every time my true love passed  
She'd take a little bite of me

Going across the mountain  
I'm going in the spring  
It's when I get on the other side  
I'm gonna hear my woman sing

Can't you hear that banjo sing  
I wish that girl was mine  
Don't you hear that banjo sing  
I wish that girl was mine

Charlie he's a nice young man

Charlie he's a dandy  
Charlie he's a nice young man  
Feeds the girls on candy.

Over the river to feed my sheep  
Over the river Charlie  
It's over the river to feed my sheep  
Feed them on barley

I wish I had some sticks and poles  
To build my chimney higher  
Cos every time it rains and snows  
It puts out all my fire

## **Keep on the Sunny Side**

From *The Carter Family*

Key C. Actual pitch on recording B

**There's a dark and a troubled side of  
life**

**There's a bright and a sunny side too  
Though we meet with darkness and  
strife**

**The sunny side we also may view**

***Chorus:***

***Keep on the sunny side, always on the  
sunny side***

***Keep on the sunny side of life***

***It will help us every day, it will  
brighten all our way***

***If we keep on the sunny side of life***

**The storm and it's fury broke make you  
dazed**

**Crushing hopes that we cherish so dear  
Clouds and storms will in time pass  
away**

**The sun again will shine bright and  
clear**

***Chorus:***

**Let us greet with a song of holy faith  
Tho' the moment be cloudy or fair  
Let us trust in our saviour away  
To keep us everyone in his care**

***Chorus:***

**End**

## **KEEP ON THE SUNNY SIDE**

From Mudcat Café. (A.P. Carter and Gary Garrett)

There's a dark & a troubled side of life  
There's a bright, there's a sunny side,  
too  
Tho' we meet with the darkness and  
strife  
The sunny side we also may view

*cho: Keep on the sunny side, always on  
the sunny side,  
Keep on the sunny side of life  
It will help us ev'ry day, it will brighten  
all the way  
If we'll keep on the sunny side of life*

The storm and its fury broke today,  
Crushing hopes that we cherish so dear;  
Clouds and storms will, in time, pass away  
The sun again will shine bright and clear.

Let us greet with the song of hope each  
day  
Tho' the moment be cloudy or fair  
Let us trust in our Saviour away  
Who keepeth everyone in His care

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## **Kitty And The Baby**

From Lowe Stokes and His Pot Lickers.

**I went down to see my lady,                      Nobody home but Kitty and the baby**  
**Kitty was drunk, baby was sober,              Kitty went mad and knocked the baby over**  
**Kitty said,                      baby dear,                      Come along here, lets play around here**  
**Baby said, you old mean thing,              The way you treat me is a shame.**  
**Baby crawled up, sweet little smile,      Come on here, lets play awhile**  
**Baby got up, hammer in his hand,          Knocked that cat to the promised land.**

Fiddle does not play during singing, the sung melody differs from both A and B parts.. Structure is:  
High part (8,12,16 bars), Sing (4 bars), High part(8,12,16 bars), Low part 8, 12,16 bars);  
Virtually all on a C chord, with half a bar of optional G in first half of bar 4 of A and B.

## **The L & N Don't Stop Here Anymore**

From Mudcat Café. (Jean Ritchie)

Michelle Shocked Key Em

**Oh, when I was a curly-headed baby  
My daddy set me down upon his knee  
Said, Son, you go to school and learn your letters  
Don't be no dusty miner like me**

**For I was born and raised at the mouth of the Hazard Holler  
Coal cars roaring and a tumbling past my door  
Now they're standing rusty, rolling empty  
And the L & N don't stop here any more**

**I used to think my daddy was a black man  
With scrip enough to buy the company store  
But now he goes downtown with empty pockets  
And his face as white as a February snow**

**Last night I dreamt I went down to the office**

Peter Budd's Old Time Song Book - Transcribed, annotated and compiled by Peter Budd

**To get my payday like I done before**

**Them old cudsy vines had covered up the doorway**

**And there was trees and grass, well agrowing right thru the floor**

**I never thought I'd live to love the coal dust**

**Never thought I'd pray to hear the tippie roar**

**But, Lord, how I wish that grass could change to money**

**Them greenbacks fill my pockets once more**

**@train @mining**

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**recorded by Guy Carawan**

## Leaving Home

(Charlie Poole) A Charlie Poole rewrite of an older song

Frankie and Johnny were sweethearts; they had a quarrel one day,  
Johnny vowed he'd leave her; said he was going away,  
Never coming home, going away to roam.

Frankie she begged and pleaded, my own Johnny, please stay,  
Now, oh, my honey, I've done you wrong, but please don't go away;  
Then Johnny sighed while Frankie cried,

*chorus: Oh, I'm going away, I'm a-going to stay, and never coming home  
Gonna miss me, honey, in the days to come,  
When the winter winds begin to blow, the ground is covered up with snow,  
And when you think of me  
Gonna wish me back, your loving man,  
Gonna miss me honey in the day, day, days to come.*

Frankie done said to her Johnny, "Say man your hour has come"

Underneath her silk kimono, she drew a 44 gun

These love affairs, are hard to bear

Johnny he fled down the stairway, my love Frankie, don't shoot,

Frankie aimed the 44, five times with a rooty-toot-toot,

And Johnny fell, and Frankie yelled,

*chorus:*

Send for your rubber-tired hearses, send for your rubber-tired hacks,

Carry little Johnny to the graveyard, I shot him in the back

With a great big gun, as he went to run

Send for a thousand policemen, take me right away,

Lock me down in the dungeon cell and throw the key away,

For Johnny's dead, because he said...

*chorus:*

## Let Me Fall

*From Brad Leftwich. Round Peak Style Clawhammer Banjo Book. Words from Tommy Jarrell. Key A*

If I get drunk, if I get drunk  
Just let me fall, little darling, on the  
ground

Oh Me, oh my  
Let me fall, let me fall, let me fall

Weep and moan, weep and moan  
Carry me home, little darling, carry me  
home

On the ground, on the ground  
Just let me fall, little darling on the  
ground

Lay me down, lay me down

Lay me down, little darling, on the ground

Old hard road, old hard road  
Kill me dead, kill me dead, kill me dead

Tie my shoes, tie my shoes  
If I get drunk little girl, tie my shoes

## Little Black Train

11 Jul 2000 Kerry Blech

Here is what I hear from the Emry Arthur 78:

### The Little Black Train is Coming

When Adam sinned in Eden before the  
birth of Seth

His little sin brought forth a son, they  
called him "Conquering Death"

Then the Maker shall forsake you and  
send disease or war

Wheter prepared or unprepared,  
bringing you to the judgement bar

### Chorus

There's a little black train a-comin', get  
all your business right

Better set your house in order, for the  
train may come tonight

God said to Hezekiah in a message from  
on high

Go set your house in order, for thou  
shalt surely die

He turned to the wall, and weeping, Oh,  
see the king in tears,

He got his business fixed all right, God  
spared him 15 years

### Chorus

Go tell the ballroom lady, all filled with  
the worldly pride

That death's black train is coming,  
prepare to take a ride

Oh, the little black train and the engine,  
and the little baggage car

With your idle thoughts and wicked  
deeds will stop at the judgement bar

Chorus

The poor young man in the darkness  
cared not for the Gospel Light  
Till suddenly the whistle blew, from a  
little black train in sight  
Oh Death, it would not spare him, also  
his wicked plight  
Before he got his business fixed the  
train rolled in that night.

Chorus

The rich old fool in his great house said,  
"I have no future fears

My barns are over-running, I 'll live for  
many a year."

But while he stood there planning the  
God of power and might

Said "Rich old fool, the judgement  
comes, your soul must be there  
tonight."

Chorus

Sorry for any slips, I 'm fried and  
"fresh" back from Fiddle Tunes.  
Kerry

## Little Glass Of Wine

(Carter Stanley/Peer International, BMI)

From: *Tom, Brad and Alice*

Oh Molly dear let's go get married  
Our love is so great how can you slight me  
I'll work for you both late and early  
At our wedding my bride you'll be

Oh Willie dear let's both consider  
We're both too young to be married now  
When we're married we're bound  
together  
Let's stay single just one more year

He went to the ball where she was  
dancing  
A jealous thought came through his mind  
I'll kill that girl my own true lover  
Before let another man beat my time

He went to the bar and he called her to  
him  
Said Willie dear what do you want with  
me  
Come and drink wine with the one that  
loves you  
More than anyone else you know said he

While they were at the bar a-drinking  
That same old thought came through his  
mind  
He'd kill that girl his own true lover  
He gave her poison in a glass of wine

She laid her head over on his shoulder  
Said Willie dear please take me home  
That glass of wine that I've just dranken  
Has gone to my head and done me wrong

He laid his head over on the pillow  
Let me read you the law let me tell you  
my mind  
Oh Molly dear I 'm sorry to tell you  
We both drank poison in a glass of wine

They folded their arms around each  
other  
They cast their eyes into the sky  
Oh God oh God ain't this a pity  
That both true lovers are bound to die

## Little Maggie

From *Old Time String Band Songbook*. And Brad Leftwich.  
*Round Peak Clawhammer Banjo Book*.

Over yonder stands little Maggie  
With a dram glass in her hand  
She's drinking down her troubles  
And a courting some other man

Oh, how can I ever stand it?  
Just to see them two blue eyes  
A shining in the moonlight  
Like two diamonds in the sky

Well pretty flowers made for blooming  
Pretty stars were made to shine  
Pretty women were made for loving  
Little Maggie was made for mine

I'm a going down to the station with a  
suitcase in my hand

I'm a going to leave this country

I'm a going to some far distant land

Go away, go away little Maggie

Gos and do the best you can

I'll get me another woman

You can get you another man

## Little Maggie continued

From *Brad Leftwich*. *Round Peak Style Clawhammer Banjo*.  
Words from Tommy Jarrell. Key A; has similar verses.

Oh it's yonder stands little Maggie, got a  
dram glass in her hand  
She's drinkin' to drown her troubles, and  
courting some other man.

Oh, how can I ever stand it, jto see them  
two blue eyes  
Shining like some diamonds, pretty  
diamonds in the sky.

Come and go with me to the depot, got a  
suitcase in my hand  
Lord, I'm going away and leave you, you  
can hunt you another man  
(sometimes .....I'm going to some far  
distant land)

Oh the last time I saw little Maggie, she  
was sitting on the banks of the sea  
Had the whiskey bottles all stacked  
around her, and a banjo on her knee

Pretty flowers they're made for  
blooming, pretty stars they're made to  
shine  
Pretty girls they're made for loving, and  
little Maggie she's made for mine.

Oh, I'd rather be off in some dark hollow,  
where the sun don't never shine  
Than to think that you love some other,  
won't be no little darling of mine

Go away, go away little Maggie, go and  
leave me as fast as you can  
Gonna hunt me another woman, like you  
got you another man

## **Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane**

From Newsgroup 15 April 2002

as recorded by Fiddlin' John Carson

**Now I'm getting old and feeble  
And I cannot work no more  
That rusted bladed hoe I've laid to  
rest  
Old master and old missus  
They are sleeping side by side  
Their spirits now are roaming with the  
blessed  
Things have changed about the place  
now  
And the darkies they have gone  
I used to hear them singing in the cane  
But the only friend that's left here  
Is that good old dog of mine  
And the little old log cabin in the lane  
The chimney's falling down**

**And the roof's all caved in  
Lets in the sunshine and the rain  
But there're angels watching over me  
When I lay down to sleep  
In my little old log cabin in the lane**

**Now the footpath is growed up  
That led us round the hill  
The fences are all going to decay,  
The pond it's done dried up where we  
once did go to mill  
Things have turned its course another  
way  
Well I ain't got long to stay here  
What little time I've got  
I'll try and rest contented while  
remain  
Until death shall call this dog and me  
to find a better home**

**Than our little old log cabin in the  
lane.**

**The chimney's falling down  
And the roof's all caved in  
Lets in the sunshine and the rain  
But there're angels watching over me  
When I lay down to sleep  
In my little old log cabin in the lane**



## **Little Sadie**

(AKA Bad Lee Brown, East St. Louis Blues, Late One Night,  
Penitentiary Blues) From Colm Daly

Went out one night to make my rounds,  
Met little Sadie and I blowed her down.  
I run right home and I went to bed,  
A forty-four smokeless under my head.

I began to think what a deed I 'd done,  
Grabbed my hat and away'd I run;  
Made a good run, just a little too slow,  
They overtook me in Jericho.

Standin' on the corner, ringin' a bell  
Up stepped the sheriff from Thomasville;  
Says, "Young man, is your name Lee Brown?  
Remember the night you blowed Sadie down?"

"Yes, Oh yes, my name is Lee

I murdered little Sadie in the first degree,  
First degree and the second degree,  
Got any papers, you can read 'em to me."

Took me downtown and dressed me in black,  
Put me on the train and they sent me back.  
Had no one to go my bail,  
Crammed me back into the county jail.

Judge and the jury they took their stand,  
Judge had his papers in his right hand,  
Forty-one days, forty one nights,  
Forty-one years to wear the ball and the stripes.

## **Little Sadie**

From Freighthoppers. Where'd You Come From, Where'd You Go. Rounder CD 0403. From Doc Watson. Key A. AEAE. Relaxed reggae feel

I went out last night, to make a little round,  
I met little Sadie and I shot her down.  
Then went back home, got into bed,  
A forty-four pistol under my head.

I got up next morning, 'bout half past nine  
The coaches and the buggies all waiting in line  
The pimps and the gamblers, standing around  
They're gonna carry little Sadie to her burying ground

Break

I got to thinking about what a deed I 'd done,  
I grabbed my hat and away I run;  
I made a good run, but a little too slow,  
They overtook me in Jericho.

I was standin' on a corner, reading a bill

When up stepped the sheriff from Thomasville;

Said, "Young man, aint your name Brown?

Remember the night you shot Sadie down?"

Break

And I said "Yes sir, but my name is Lee

And I shot little Sadie in the first degree,

First degree or the second degree,

If you got any papers, won't you read 'em to me."

And then they took me downtown, and dressed me in black,

They put me on a train and started me back.

All the way back to that Thomasville jail

And I had no money for to go my bail,

Break

Then the judge and the jury they took the stand,

The judge had the papers in his right hand,

Forty-one days, and forty one nights,

Forty-one years to wear the ball and the stripes. (repeat first verse)

## **Little Sadie**

From Tommy Jarrell. Rainbow Sign County CD 2725. Key A AEAE

I was out, a making my rounds  
I met little Sadie and I shot her down  
Shot her down, shot her down  
I met little Sadie and I shot her down

I went on home, I went to bed  
A forty four pistol under my bed  
Under my bed, under my bed  
A forty four pistol under my bed

Got up next morning, about half past nine  
The hacks and the hearse were getting to form in line  
Reporters and the cameras all crowding around  
To carry little Sadie to the burying ground

I was a little slow in making my go

The sheriff overtaken me in Jericho

Jericho, Jericho

The sheriff overtaken me in Jericho

Standing on the corner, didn't mean any harm

Police come up and they got me by the arm

Got me by the arm, got me by the arm

Police come up and they got me by the arm

Say Young man, is your name Brown

Are you the man shot Sadie down

Shot her down, you shot her down

Shot little Sadie, you shot her down

Yes sir, yes sir my name is Lee

And I shot little Sadie in the first degree

First degree, first degree

I shot little Sadie in the first degree

END

## **Little Satchel**

From *Wandering Ramblers*, Marimac 9033. Key of E and *Dirk Powell*, I f I Go Ten Thousand Miles. Key of E

Under my bed, you can set your little satchel  
On my head come lay your little hand  
I f you will be, my own true lover  
I will be your loving little man

Run to the house, and ask your papa  
Bride of mine, you'll ever be  
I f he says no, come back and tell me  
And I 'll wait till you get free

When you get free, well then we'll get married  
Look how happy, we will be  
Oh we'll go, to Alabama (California DP)  
Any place you wanna go  
Or we'll go, to California (Lousiana DP)  
Settle down and live at home

I wish I had, the wings of an angel  
Over these prison walls I would fly  
Fly on back, to the arms of my darling  
Stay at home and there I would die

You can see, I'm no little angel  
And I have no wings to fly (neither have I wings.. DP)  
I'll go back, all broken hearted  
Weep and mourn and then I'll die

Under my bed, you can set your little satchel  
On my head come lay your little hand  
If you will be, my own true lover  
I will be your loving little man  
End

## **Little Stream Of Whiskey (The Dyin' Hobo**

From Brad Leftwich, Mount Airy 1992, and Rhythm Rats 'I believe I'll go back home'.

Key C

Beside a Western water tank, one dark and dreary day  
Within an open boxcar a dyin' hobo lay  
His partner stood beside him with sad and lowered head  
Listenin' to the last words, the dying hobo said.

I'm going to a better place, where everything is right  
Where the handouts grow on bushes, you can stay out every night  
You don't have to work at all, nor even change your socks  
And a little stream of whisky, comes trickling down the rocks.

My sweetheart back in Danville, no more her face I'll view  
For I have caught a fast train, and I am going through  
Tell her not to weep for me, nor tears to her eyes lurk  
For I am going to a place, where I don't have to work.

Peter Budd's Old Time Song Book – Transcribed, annotated and compiled by Peter Budd

So long old friend and partner, I hate to say goodbye  
But I know my train is coming, I can hear it drawing nigh  
Tell that old conductor, just tell him where to stop  
Where the little stream of whisky, comes trickling down the rock

Hark I hear the whistle now, I'll catch her on the fly  
Goodbye old pal, goodbye old pal, it's not so hard to die  
The hobo stopped, his head fell back, he'd sung his last refrain  
His partner swiped his shoes and socks and caught the east bound train.

Instrumental break between each sung verse.

## **Liza Jane**

From *Carter Brothers and Son*. Altered from version from Kerry Blech on newsgroup. Actual pitch on CD between G# and A. AEAE. Sing on A (high) part. The Da da daa bit starts on the last bars of an A, and then 4 bars of B, then straight back into A. Structure irregular, generally 2A,2B, but lots of 1A1B,2A1B etc etc

**I asked that gal to be my wife  
And you reckon what she said?  
Don't get away with your foolish joke  
Get it out of your devilish head**

**Da da laa      laa laa laa** (*end of A part*)

**Da da laa      laa lee laa** (*on B part*)

**Da da laa      laa laa laa** (*on B part*)

**Somebody stole my old coon dog  
And I wish they'd bring him back  
He'd run that old sow over the fence  
And the little un's through the cracks**

**If I had a scolding wife  
I wish I rather was dead  
I'd take her down for to New Orleans  
And trade her all for corn**

**If I had a coonie dog  
(I would as sure as you're born)  
I'd take her all to New Orleans  
And I'd trade her all for corn**

## **Lonesome Road Blues (Going Down The Road Feeling Bad)**

From *Brad Leftwich*. Round Peak Style Clawhammer Banjo Book. Words from Tommy Jarrell. Key A;

I'm going down this long, lonesome road  
Yes, I'm going down this long, lonesome road

Going down this long, lonesome road  
Lord I ain't gonna be treated this-a-way

Oh I'm way down in jail on my knees  
Lord I'm way down in jail on my knees  
Oh I'm way down in jail on my knees  
Lord they feed me on cornbread and peas

Oh it's mama won't buy me no shoes  
No mama won't buy me no shoes  
No mama won't buy me no shoes  
Lord I ain't gonna be treated this-a-way

Oh, that sweet talking don't do my baby  
no good

No, sweet talking don't do my baby no  
good

Oh, sweet talking don't do my baby no  
good

I'd go back and see her if I could

Oh, I'm going where the chilly winds don't  
blow

Oh, I'm going where the climate suits my  
clothes

I'm going where the chilly winds don't  
blow

And I ain't gonna be treated this away

## Lost John

From Tom, Brad and Alice. We'll Die in the Pig Pen  
Fighting. Copper Creek. CCCD 0196. Key G. GDAE. "words  
come mostly from the Delmore Brothers".

Funniest thing ever I seen  
Was Lost John going through Bowling  
Green  
No Hat on his head, no shoes on his feet  
Begging the women for his bread and  
meat.

### *Chorus*

John, he's long gone, lordy he's lost John  
He's long gone to Mexico

Lost John sitting on the railroad track  
Waiting for the freight train to come  
back

Freight train came, never made no stop  
You ought to see Lost John getting on  
top.

I had a dog and his name was Will  
He run lost John to the top of the hill  
Ain't caught Lost John and he never will  
The old dog he's a running still

John was barefoot when he left his home  
He outrun a message on the telephone  
Along came a passenger skipping and a  
flying  
Missed the cowcatcher but he caught the  
blind

## **Madeleine. Balfa Brothers**

**Oh Madeleine, t'as couché dehors  
Oh Madeleine, dehors dans le grand  
brouillard  
Oh Madeleine, quo'-faire, toi, tu viens  
pas?  
Oh ma Madeleine, moi je connais tu vas  
me faire mourir**

**Oh Madeleine, t'as couché dehors  
Oh Madeleine, dehors dans le grand  
brouillard  
Oh Madeleine, quo'-faire toi tu fais  
ca?  
Oh ma Madeleine, moi je connais tu vas  
pleurer.**

**Oh Madeleine, you slept outside  
Oh Madeleine, outside in a big fog  
  
Oh Madeleine, why don't you come  
back?  
Oh Madeleine, I know you're gonna  
make me die**

**Oh Madeleine, you slept outside  
Oh Madeleine, outside in a big fog  
  
Oh Madeleine, why do you do that?  
  
Oh Madeleine, I know you're going to  
cry**

**Maggie Walker** Clint price and Fred Howard

From Wildcats. Marimac 9015. Key of E

My parents raised me tenderly, they had no trials with me  
My mind being set on wandering, with them I couldn't agree  
They pleaded and they begged me, not to go away  
But I set out in this wide world, for there I could not stay

*Break*

I set out that morning, strange places for to see  
I met little Maggie Walker and, she fell in love with me  
She was so sweet and tender, so pretty and so fair  
There never was a sight in this whole world  
With her I could compare

I asked if ??????????, if I crossed over the plain  
She said it made no difference, so long as I returned again  
She said that she'd prove true to me, till death she proved unkind

**Maggie Walker** continued

We kissed, shook hands and parted, and I left that girl behind

I went out a wandering, till I came to a western town  
Work and the money were plentiful, to the salt works I was bound  
The work and the money were plentiful, and the girls all kind to me  
But the only object of my heart was the girl in Tennessee

I went out one morning, till I came to the public square  
The mail train being on arrival, I met the carrier there  
He gave to me letter, that gave me to understand  
That the girl I left in Tennessee, had married another man

I read on down a little further, to see if these words were true  
I turned all around and about there, I didn't know what to do  
I turned all a round and about there, that company I resigned  
For the only girl I'd ever loved was the girl I'd left behind  
For the only girl I'd ever loved was the girl I'd left behind

## MILWAUKEE BLUES

From Charlie Poole. Key on LP -C#. D is too high for me to sing. Only has 15 bars! Bar 8 and 14 are 6/4

C

One Tuesday morning and it looked like rain

G(7)

Round the curve come a passenger train

C

F

On the blind sat old Bill Jones

C

G

C

He's a good old hobo and he's tryin' to get home

Chorus:

C

F

C

Tryin' to get home, he's tryin' to get home

C

G(7)

C

He's a good old hobo and he's tryin' to get home

Way down in Georgia on a tramp

Roads are gettin' muddy and my legs are gettin' damp

**I got to catch a freight train to leave this town  
'Cause they don't allow no hobos a-hangin' around.**

**I left Atlanta one morning 'fore day  
The brakeman said, "You'll have to pay."  
Got no money but I pawned my shoes  
I want to go west, got the Milwaukee blues**

**Old Bill Jones said before he died,  
"Fix the roads so the folks can ride  
When they ride they will ride the rods  
Put all their trust in the hands of God.**

**Old Bill Jones said before he died  
There's two more roads that he'd like to ride  
Fireman said what can it be?  
Southern Pacific and the Santa Fee.**

From Charlie Poole

The blind is an enclosed box behind the coal car where crews sleep

## **Miss the Mississippi. (Halley)**

From *Jimmy Rogers*, with Hoyt Slim Bryant on guitar, clarinet and two violins, piano. Key E flat.

Intro verse

I'm growing tired of the big city's lights  
Tired of the glamour and tired of the sights  
In all my dreams I am roaming once more  
Back to my home on the old river shore

Chorus:

I am sad and weary, far away from home  
Miss the Mississippi and you, dear  
Days are dark and dreary, every where I roam  
Miss the Mississippi and you

Rolling the wide world over, always alone and blue, blue  
Nothing seems to cheer me under heaven's dome  
Miss the Mississippi and you

**Miss the Mississippi** continued

Odel ay ee oh de layee

Dee o layee oh de layee

Odel ayee oh del ayee oh

De leedle ay ee

Memories are bringing, happy days of yore

Miss the Mississippi and you

Mockingbirds are singing, round the cabin door

Miss the Mississippi and you

Rolling the wide world over, always alone and blue, so blue

Longing for my homeland, muddy water

Miss the Mississippi and you

Odel ay ee oh de layee

Dee o layee oh de layee

Missi-ssipi an- d yo- u

The intro verse has a different melody to rest of the song

## **Molly Put the Kettle On**

From Skillet Lickers Volume ?4 on Document CD. Key D

**Molly put the kittle on, Molly put the kittle on**

**Molly put the kittle on, All take tea.**

Into low part

(Spoken on low part -

I love tea

I love tea, don't you?

I don't drink it myself

Rather have a (plate/taste/drink) of licker

No, I don't take tea, Ha, Ha. Back into high part

**Swing Sal, Swing Sue**

**Swing that girl with the run down shoe.**

Into high part

Spoken: Go back Gid, wake up!

**Swing Ma, Swing Pa**

**Swing that girl from Arkansas**

**Take a chew tobaccer, promenade all**

**Pull that calico from the wall**

Into high part

**Molly put the kittle (sic) on, Molly put the kittle on**

**Molly put the kittle on, All take tea.**

Spoken: I aint got that drink yet

**Swing Sal, Swing Sue**

**Swing that girl with the run down shoe.**

**Back into high part**

**Molly put the kittle (sic) on, Molly put the kittle on**

**Molly put the kittle on, All take tea.**

**4 bars A part, then END**

Structure appears random: eg 2A, 3B, 2A, sing, 4B, 2A, 2B, 2A.

Singing (to 4 bars of high (A) part music) generally follows 2 A fiddled parts (8 bars), but the sung and fiddled tune melody is different, and fiddles generally fall silent during singing.

Low B part is played 2,3,4 or whatever times at whim.

## **Mountaineers Love Song**

From: *Highwoods String Band.* Dance All Night. Rounder LP

*Chorus:*

*Oh, Miss Liza's a poor girl*

*Oh Miss Liza Jane*

*Oh, Miss Liza's a poor girl*

*Riding on that train*

I went up on the mountain, to give my  
horn a blow

I thought I heard my Liza say, Yonder  
comes my Beau

I took old Dick and Dinah, and hitched  
them to the train

To fetch a load of 'lasses, to sweet my  
Liza Jane

I asked her if she loved me, she said she  
loved me some

She threw her arms around my neck, I  
thought my time had come

Riding on a steamboat, Riding on a train  
And if I ever marry, gonna marry my Liza  
Jane.

## Moving Day

From *Charlie Poole*. Chords from Mudcat

C

The landlord said this morning to me

G7 C

Give me your key, this lot ain't free

C

I can't get no rent out of you

G7 C C7

Pack up your bags and skidoo, you

F C

I've been waiting till my Bill comes home

C D7

He's my honey from the honeycomb

D7 G

He'll have money, for he told me so this morning

C D

*CHORUS: Because it's moving day, moving day*

G

*Rip the carpet up off of the floor*

*[1/2 barre + 5*

*Load your oilstove and out the door*

C F

*Because it's moving day, pack up your bed quilts and get away*

F

*If you spend every cent you can live out in a tent*

G C

*It's moo-oo-ooovin' day*

Second verse from *Mudcat: Delaware Water Gap*;

**Moving Day** continued

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Bill come back all covered with snow  
I said, "Hello. Let's have some dough.  
Here's the landlord waitin' for rent."  
Bill says, "I ain't got a cent. No."  
Try and catch me, mister landlord man,  
I'll be leavin' just as soon as I can  
I'm goin' back to Dixieland this mornin',  
because it's ...

**My Home Among The Hills** (A. P.

Carter/Peer International, BMI)

From: *Tom, Brad and Alice*

Oh my home among the hills of old  
Virginia I love still  
And it stands near a lonesome pine  
How I long to go back to that vine-  
covered shack  
Where I left that old mother of mine

I can still see her there in that old  
rocking chair  
In my home among the hills  
And I seem to hear her say why did you  
go away  
From your home among the hills

Oh the pine tree stands alone near my old  
Virginia home

And that silver-haired mother of mine  
I can see her smiling face in that old  
familiar place  
In my home among the hills

Oh I'm leaving here today I'm going back  
to stay  
In my home among the hills  
Oh how happy we would be 'neath that  
lonesome pine tree  
In my home among the hills

## North Country

From *Wandering Ramblers*. Marimac 9033. Key A, but easier in G. Fiddle AEAE/GDGD

She's gone, She's gone; She's gone, said he

D A D E

She's gone away to the north coun- try

D A E A

Well he gave her all, that a young girl could need

D E D A

All the things that make for a good life to lead

D E D A

She's gone, She's gone; She's gone, said he

She's gone away to the north coun- try

Well, she tried and tried, for to make it her home

But with each passing day, she felt her heart turn to stone

She's gone, She's gone; She's gone, said he  
She's gone away to the north coun- try

I ts goodbye, goodbye, goodbye, said she  
This life aint mine, I cant make it be

She's gone, She's gone; She's gone, said he  
She's gone away to the north coun- try

Verse:

D - - | E - - | D - - | A - -

D - - | E - - | D - - A - - straight into chorus

Chorus

D - - | A - - | D - - | E - -

D - - | A - - | E - - | A - - straight into verse

Chorus starts E F# E F# C# Verse starts E F# E F# B

I can't sing it high in A, and struggle in G



## **New River Train**

**I'm riding on that New River Train  
I'm riding on that New River Train  
That same old train that brought me  
here  
Is gonna carry me away again**

**Darling you can't love one  
Darling you can't love one  
You can't love one and have any fun  
Oh darling you can't love one**

**Darling you can't love two  
Darling you can't love two  
You can't love two and your little heart  
be true  
Oh darling you can't love two**

**Darling you can't love three  
Darling you can't love three  
You can't love three and still love me  
Oh darling you can't love three**

**Darling you can't love four  
Darling you can't love four  
You can't love four and love me  
anymore  
Oh darling you can't love four**

## **New River Train**

Played by Jerry Garcia with the Black Mountain Boys in March 1964.

Now darling you can't love one  
Darling you can't love one  
You can't love one and have any fun  
Darling you can't love one

Riding on that New River train  
Riding on that New River train  
Same old train that brought me here  
Is going to carry me away again

Darling you can't love two  
Darling you can't love two  
You can't love two and still be true  
Darling you can't love two

Riding on that New River train

Riding on that New River train  
Same old train that brought me here  
Is going to carry me away again

Darling you can't love three  
Darling you can't love four  
You can't love seven and still go to  
heaven  
Darling you can't love nine

Riding on that New River train  
Riding on that New River train  
Same old train that brought me here  
Is going to carry me away again

The final verse above is a compilation of several different verses:

Darling you can't love three

Darling you can't love three

You can't love three and still love me

Darling you can't love three

Darling you can't love four

Darling you can't love four

You can't love four and love any more

Darling you can't love four

Darling you can't love five

Darling you can't love five

You can't love five and get money from  
my hive

Darling you can't love five

Darling you can't love six

Darling you can't love six

You can't love six, for that kind of love  
don't mix

Darling you can't love six

Darling you can't love seven

Darling you can't love seven

You can't love seven and still go to  
heaven

Darling you can't love seven

## **Oh my little Darling**

From: Clifftop 1999 tape 3. Key A

Well, oh my little Darling, now don't you weep and cry  
Some sweet day a coming, gonna marry you and I

Oh my little darling, now don't you weep and moan  
Some sweet day a coming, gonna carry my baby home

Well, up and down the railroad, by the county line  
Pretty little girl a laughing, my wife she's always crying

Well, oh my little darling, don't you weep and cry  
Some sweet day a coming, gonna marry you and I

Well, Jimmy tow the wagon, Jimmy hold the line  
Bust my sides a laughing, to see them horses trying

Oh my little Darling, Now don't you weep and cry

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Some sweet day a coming, gonna marry you and I

Up and down the railroad, by the county line

Pretty little girl a laughing, my wife she's always crying.

## Old And Only In The Way

From Mudcat from *Charlie Poole*

D G D

When you walk along the street, how often times you'll meet

D E A

Some poor old man who's getting old and gray

D G D

With age is back is bent, in his pockets not a cent

D A7 D

And for shelter he has no place to stay

G D

His relations by the score, they'll turn him from the door

D E A

They'll see him on the street and pass him by

D G D

If you ask them why they do, they'll turn and say to you

D A D

"He is poor, he's gray, he's only in the way."

cho:

Now let us cheer them on, for they won't be with us long  
Don't quarrel with them because they're old and gray  
Just remember while you're young that to you old age will come  
When you'll be old and gray, and only in the way.

There was a time, I hear, when youth was not so queer  
But since that time there's been an awful change  
Young men with strength and might to their parents they bring strife  
If it happens every day that's nothing strange

In shackles they did toil, their children they did spoil  
As sure for death oft times they do pray  
He and his faithful wife were toiling all their life  
To find they're old and only in the way

Now my message, I am sure, is for rich as well as poor  
Take a rich man when he's growing old  
His relations 'round him stand, and take him by the hand  
They all want him to die, they want his gold

Through life he did enjoy all the things that gold can buy  
But all his gold, his life it could not save  
After all he's like the poor when his journey's nearly o'er  
He finds he's old and only in the way

## Old Grey Cat on the Tennessee Farm

From Highwoods String Band. Fire on the Mountain Rounder 0023. Key on LP Eb

There are a lot of inaccurate words in this!

*Instrumental A x1*

Verse (A) 1. Just talk to the man, that can if you will ?

Farm in the valley of the Tennessee hill

*Instrumental Ax1*

*Chorus to B music*

*Big cat spit in the little cat's eye, little cat, little cat don't you cry*

*Instrumental B x1*

*I'll get a jug of liquor and we'll all take a dram, I'm a-gonna tell you pretty Polly Ann*

*Instrumental B x1*

2. Cattle in the Ranch, pig in the pen,

Sheep in the pasture, and weed in the bin?

Break

3. Wagon in the shed, ?porter? in the yard  
Meat in the smoke house, a big tub of lard

4. Fruit in the cellar, cheese on the board  
Big sack of coffee, sugar in the gourd

5. Horses in the stable, money's in the pocket  
Babies' in the cradle, and the ?partridge on the ?locket

*Chorus and end*

The instrumental breaks are simply AABB.

But when singing, the verse and chorus are spaced out with extra A and B parts, so overall you get 3 x A followed by 4 x B.

1 x A instrumental

1 x A verse/ 1 x A instrumental/ 1 x B chorus first 2 lines/ 1 x B instrumental/ 1 x B chorus second two lines/ 1 x B instrumental

**Uncle Dave's words.**

**> Just talk to the man that carries  
the will(?)**

>

> **Far in the valley of the Tennessee hills.**

>

Here's luck to the man who can if he will  
Prosper in the valley of the Tennessee hills.

>

> **Chorus:**

> **Big cat spit in the little cat's (Uncle Dave say "kitten's") eye,**

> **Little cat, little cat, don't you cry.**

> **I do love liquor and we'll all take a dram,**

> **I'm gonna tell ya, pretty Polly Ann.**

>

> **Cattle on the ranch, pig in the pen,**

> **Sheep in the pasture and wheat in the \_\_\_\_?**

Cattle on the pasture, hogs in the pen,  
Sheep on the ranch and wheat in the bin

>

>

> **Wagon in the shed, porter(?) in the yard,**

> **Meat in the smokehouse, big chunk of lard.**

>

**Corn in the crib and porter in the  
yard,  
Meat in the smokehouse, a big tin of  
lard**

>

> **Fruit in the cellar, cheese on the  
board,  
> Big sack of coffee and sugar in the  
gourd.**

>

**Fruit in the cellar and cheese on the  
board,**

>

> **Horse in the stable, money in the  
pocket,**

> **Baby in the cradle, pretty little  
locket(?).**

**Horses in the stable and money in his  
pocket,  
Baby's in the cradle and a pretty  
woman to rock it.**

**Carl**

> **Mike Sollins**

>

> **Just talk to the man that carries  
the will(?)**

> **Far in the valley of the Tennessee  
hills.**

**Here's to the man who can if he will  
Prosper in the valley of the Tenn. hills.**

**or sometimes I sing "make a living on a farm in the Tn. hills"**

**(My ancestors never could - had to make do with raising & selling red mules and liquified corn!)**

- >
- >
- > Chorus:
- > Big cat spit in the little cat's eye,
- > Little cat, little cat, don't you cry.
- > I do love liquor and we'll all take a dram,
- > I'm gonna tell ya, pretty Polly Ann.

- >
- >
- > Cattle on the ranch, pig in the pen,

**> Sheep in the pasture and wheat in the \_\_\_\_?**

**Sheep in the pasture & wheat in the BIN.**

- >
- >
- > Wagon in the shed, porter(?) in the yard,
- > Meat in the smokehouse, big chunk of lard.

**I think the above is right. (the drinking in the wagon yard scenario ) but it might be a "big TUB of lard."**

>

>

> **Fruit in the cellar, cheese on the board,**

> **Big sack of coffee and sugar in the gourd.**

>

> **Horse in the stable, money in the pocket,**

> **Baby in the cradle, pretty little locket(?).**

**Horse's in the stable, money's in his pocket**

**Baby's in the cradle with a pretty gal to rock it.**

## **Old Jimmy Sutton**

From *Brad Leftwich*. Round Peak Clawhammer Banjo. Key of A. Words from Tommy Jarrell, sung on the low part

Sheep, sheep, sheep and mutton  
If you can't dance that you can't dance nothing  
And a baa!  
Baa! Old Jimmy Sutton

We'll kill us a sheep and eat the mutton  
And save the tail for old Jimmy Sutton  
And a baa!  
Baa!. Old Jimmy Sutton

## Old Joe Bone

**From:** *Carter Brothers and Son.* Key ~A on Document  
DOCD 8009. Mississippi String Bands Vol 1 1928-1935, and on  
County COCD 3513. Mississippi String Bands Vol 1

### Verse1

My wife died in Tennessee  
But sent her jawbone back to me  
Laid that jawbone on that fence  
And I ain't been back for to see it since

### Chorus

*Walk Jawbone (or Joe bone)*  
*Ginny come along*  
*And in steps Sally with the bootees on.*

### V2

Da da da la daa  
Dee da da dada daa  
Da da laa de diddle diddle der dee on

(walk) Jawbone walk, jawbone talk  
Jawbone eat with a knife and fork  
I laid that jawbone on that fence  
And I ain't back for to see it since

*Walk jawbone, (or Joe Bone)*  
*Ginny come along*  
*And in steps Sally with the red dress on*

Da da la da da  
Dee lada dada laa  
Da da lada diddle diddle doo dee oh  
Daa da laa da  
Dee diddle diddle daa  
In steps Sally with the blue dress on

From newsgroup discussion, theres a  
problematic line in **Pope's Arkansas**

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**Mountaineers** version which goes: (Lyle  
Lofgren 19990608)

Jawbone walks in the mire, too  
High's my head and higher, too.

Walk Jawbone, and walk away  
Walk jawbone both night and day

## Old Joe Clark

From: *Joe Newberry and Tar Heel Hotshots*. Mount Airy 1992

Old Joe Clark's a preacher man  
He preached all over the .....  
The only ?song? he ever knew  
Was ?hallowed...../

I went round to Old Joe's house  
And sat down at his table  
I eat so much of the hog eyed meat  
The grease ran out of my navel

Chorus:

Fare you well, Old Joe Clark  
Goodbye Betty Brown  
Fare you well, Old Joe Clark  
I'm bound to leave this town

I went down to Old Joe's house  
And found him sick in bed  
I put my fingers down his throat  
And pulled out a chicken head

From: *Uncle Charlie Osborne*. 100 Years Farther On.  
JA0064C

Old Joe Clark, he got sick  
And what do you reckon ailed him  
Drunk six quarts of possum soup  
And then his stomach failed him

Fare you well Old Joe Clark  
Goodbye little Betsy Brown  
Fare you well, Old Joe Clark  
I'm going to leave this town

**Old Joe Clark** continued

I went down to Joe Clark's house  
He invited me in for supper  
Stubbed my toe on the table leg  
And stuck my nose in the butter

From *Pete Seeger* book. How to play the five string banjo

Old Joe Clark the preacher's son  
Preached all over the plain  
The only text he ever knew  
Was "high, low, jack and the game"

Old Joe Clark had a mule  
His name was Morgan Brown  
And every tooth in that mules head  
Was sixteen inches round

Old Joe Clark had a yellow cat

She would neither sing nor pray  
She stuck her head in the buttermilk jar  
And washed her sins away

Old Joe Clark had a house  
Fifteen stories high  
And every story in that house  
Was filled with chicken pie

I went down to old Joe's house  
He invited me in to supper  
I stumped my toe on the table leg  
And stuck my nose in the butter

**Old Joe Clark** continued

Now I wouldn't marry a widder

Tell you the reason why

She'd have so many children

They'd make those biscuits fly

Sixteen horses in my team

The leaders they are blind

And every time the sun goes down

There's a pretty girl on my mind

Eighteen miles of mountain road

And fifteen miles of sand

If I ever travel this road again

I'll be a married man

I wish I had a sweetheart

I'd put her on a shelf

And every time she'd smile at me

I'd get up there myself

Well, I wouldn't marry that old maid

I'll tell you the reason why

Her neck's so long and stringy, boys

I fear she'd never die

And I wouldn't marry an old

schoolteacher

Tell you the reason why

She blows her nose in old cornbread

And call it pumpkin pie

***Old Joe Clark continued***

From: *Da Costa Woltz Southern Broadcasters*

I went to see my honey babe

She's standing in the door

Shoes and stockings in her hand  
And her feet all over the floor

Fare you well, Old Joe Clark  
Goodbye Betsy Brown  
Fare you well, Old Joe Clark  
I'm bound to leave this town

Never marry an old maid, boys  
I'll tell you the reason why  
Her neck's so long and stringy, boys  
I'm afraid she'll never die

Old Joe Clark's a .....?(grand old  
rogue)  
I'll tell you the reason why  
Dashed through my field the other day  
And throwed down all my rye

*I also remember a verse about*

Old Joe Clark's a .....?(grand old  
rogue)

Old Joe Clark will steal  
?

*From Back Home In The Blue Ridge*

I don't like old Joe Clark  
I'll tell you the reason why  
Ran through my field the other day  
Flattened all my Rye

Chorus: Fare you well Old Joe Clark  
Goodbye Betty Brown  
Fare you well Old Joe Clark  
I'm going to leave this town

I used to live on a mountainside

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Now I live in town

Working in that big hotel

Courting Betty Brown

Old Joe Clark's a fine old man

So is Betty Brown

Old Joe Clarks a fine old man

.....down

## Old Molly Hair

From Old Time String Band Songbook; from *Fiddling Powers and Family*

Old Molly Hair, what you doing there  
Running down the road just as hard as I  
can tear

Run down one, run down two

Run down one, and give it to you

Step back step back, daddy shot a bear  
Shot him in the eye and he never touched  
a hair

Old Molly Hair, what you doing there  
Sitting on the hillside, eating on a bear

Jump up, jump up, yonder comes a bear  
Coming down the hillside as hard as he  
can tear

Look back, look back daddy shot a bear

Shot him in the eye and he never touched  
a hair

Old Molly Hair, if you don't care  
Leave my liquor jug setting right there  
Old Molly Hair, she took a spell  
Kicked my liquor jug all to ----

Step back step back, daddy shot a bear  
Shot him in the eye and he never touched  
a hair

Old Molly Hair, what you doing there  
Running through the briar patch as hard  
as I can tear

I'd rather be here than to be back there  
Big ball of cuckleberries tangled in my  
hair

Step back step back, daddy shot a bear

Shot him in the eye and he never touched  
a hair

From *Brad Leftwich*. Round Peak Style Clawhammer Banjo.  
Words from Tommy Jarrell. Key D

Old Molly Hair, what'ya doing there  
Sitting on the hillside, shooting at a bear

Old Molly Hair, what'ya doing there  
Running through the cotton patch as hard  
as I can tear

From *Mudcat*

Old Molly Hair, What're you doin' there?  
Sittin on a haystack , Shootin' at a bear.  
Shot at one Shot at two  
Shot at another one, An' give it to you.

Old Molly Hair, What're you doin' there?

Sittin on a butter dish, Pickin' out a hair.  
Picked out one, Picked out two  
Picked out another one , An' give it to  
you.

Old Molly Hair, What're you doin' there?  
Sittin in a corner, Smokin' a segar.  
I lit one, I lit two  
I lit another one, An' give it to you.

## Old Paint

From Newsgroup 7 Jan 2002

Farewell, dear ladies, I 'm leavin'  
Cheyenne,  
Farewell, dear ladies, I 'm a-leavin'  
Cheyenne,  
Goodbye, my little Doney, my pony won't  
stand.

### CHORUS:

Paint, old Paint, I 'm leavin' Cheyenne.  
Goodbye, old Paint, I 'm a-leavin'  
Cheyenne.  
Paint's a good pony, and she paces when  
she can.

In the middle of the ocean there grows a  
great tree,  
And I 'll never prove false to the girl who  
loves me.

### (CHORUS)

We'll set down the blanket on the green  
and grassy ground,  
And the horses and the cattle are grazin'  
all around.

### (CHORUS)

My feet's in the stirrups, my bridle's in  
my hand.  
Goodbye, my little Annie, I 'm leavin'  
Cheyenne.

(CHORUS)

Farewell, dear ladies, I 'm leavin'

Cheyenne.

Farewell, dear ladies, I 'm a-leavin'

Cheyenne.

Goodbye, my little Doney, my pony won't  
stand.

(CHORUS)

## **On A Cold Winter's Night**

From Mudcat

C F

On a cold winter's night, not a star was in sight

C G7

And the north wind kept howlin' down the line

C F

With his sweetheart so dear stood a brave engineer

C G7 C

With his orders to pull old Number Nine

G7 C

He kissed her goodbye with a tear in her eye

C G7

For the joy in his heart he could not hide

C F

And the whole world seemed bright when she told him that night

C G7 C

That tomorrow she'd be his blushing bride

As the train rolled along and the wheels hummed a song  
And the black smoke came pouring down the stack  
His headlight that gleamed seemed so bright as he dreamed  
Of tomorrow when he'd be coming back

Round the corner of the hill his brave heart stood still  
A headlight was shining in his face  
He whispered a prayer as he threw on the air  
For he knew that would be his final race

In the wreck he was found laying there on the ground  
And he asked them to raise his weary head  
And his breath slowly went; it was a message he sent  
To a maiden who thought that she'd be wed

"There's a little white home that I bought for our own  
Where I knew we'd be happy bye and bye  
Oh I leave it to you for I know you'll be true , Till we meet at the Golden Gates, Goodbye

## One More Dollar

Composer Gillian Welch. Revival. Played on CD in F capo 5 (in C) or 3 (in D). Intro – one line of chorus

C G C

A long time ago I left my home

F C

For a job in the fruit trees

C G C

But I missed those hills with the windy pines

F C

For their song seemed to suit me

C G C

So I sent my wages to my home

F C

And said we'd soon be together

C G C

For the next good crop would pay my way

F C

And I would come home forever

CHORUS:

Am G F G C

One more dime to show for my day

Am G F G C

One more dollar and I'm on my way

Am G F G C

When I reach those hills, boys, I'll never roam

Am G F G C

One more dollar and I'm going home

No work said the boss at the bunk house door,

There's a freeze on the branches,

So when the dice came out at the bar

downtown,

I rolled and I took my chances

(CHORUS)

A long time ago I left my home

Just a boy passing twenty

Could you spare a coin and a Christian prayer

For my luck has turned against me

(CHORUS)

One more dollar, boys I'm going home

## One More Dollar

Composer Gillian Welch. Revival Key on CD F, played capoed 3 (in D) or 5 (in C)

A long time ago I left my home  
For a job in the fruit trees  
But I missed those hills with the windy  
pines  
For their song seemed to suit me

So I sent my wages to my home  
Said we'd soon be together  
For the next good crop would pay my way  
And I would come home forever

One more dime to show for my day  
One more dollar and I'm on my way  
When I reach those hills, boys  
I'll never roam  
One more dollar and I'm going home

No work said the boss at the bunk house  
door

There's a freeze on the branches  
So when the dice came out at the bar  
downtown  
I rolled and I took my chances

One more dime to show for my day  
One more dollar and I'm on my way  
When I reach those hills, boys  
I'll never roam  
One more dollar and I'm going home

A long time ago I left my home  
Just a boy passing twenty  
Could you spare a coin and a Christian  
prayer  
For my luck has turned against me

One more dime to show for my day  
One more dollar and I 'm on my way  
When I reach those hills, boys  
I 'll never roam  
One more dollar and I 'm going home  
One more dollar  
Boys I 'm going home

Chorus:

6<sup>m</sup> \_ 5 \_ | 4 \_ \_ \_ | 5 \_ \_ \_ | 1 \_ \_ \_x4

Verse

1 \_ \_ \_ | 1 \_ \_ \_ | 5 \_ \_ \_ | 1 \_ \_ \_

4 \_ \_ \_ | 4 \_ \_ \_ | 1 \_ \_ \_ | 1 \_ \_ \_

1 \_ \_ \_ | 1 \_ \_ \_ | 5 \_ \_ \_ | 1 \_ \_ \_

4 \_ \_ \_ | 4 \_ \_ \_ | 1 \_ \_ \_ | 1 \_ \_ \_ ||

Verse

**Peach Picking Time in Georgia** (Rodgers-McMichen). From: *Jimmy Rodgers* 1932 mx BS

58970-2a Vi 23781. Vocal with Hoyt "Slim" Bryant, guitar; Clayton McMichen fiddle; Oddie McWinders banjo. Reissued on Rounder C-1062. Key on Rounder tape C#; presumably being played in D. Chords are inaccurate.

intro: G E7 D B7 G A D D DD AA DD

(yodel)

When its peach picking time in Georgia, apple picking time in Tennessee

D D7 G D

Cotton picking time in Mississippi, everybody picks on me

A Bm Bm7 E7 A

b f# bass note

When its round up time in Texas, cowboys make whoopee

D G F#7

Down in old Alabama, well, its girl picking time to me.

G E7 D B7 G A D

**Reefrain:** Bee oh de lay ee oh, Dee oh de lay ee oh, Dee oh de lay eeee

D A D

There's the bluegrass down in Kentucky, Virginia's where they do the swing

Carolina now I'm coming, To you, to spend the spring

Arkansas I hear you calling, I know I'll see you soon  
There's where I'll do a little picking, Underneath the Ozark Moon

Now when hard times overtake you, I hope they don't get me  
For I've got a sweetie waiting, For me down in Tennessee  
I know I'm going to see her, I hope it won't be long  
There's where we'll pick a little cabin, And call it our mountain home

\*So while the old folks are picking cotton, I'll pick a wedding ring  
We'll go to town, and pick a little gown, for the wedding in the spring  
I hope the preacher knows his business, I know he can't fool me  
When it's peach picking time in Georgia, it's gal picking time to me

\*or (more truthfully)..... When the picanninies pick the cotton.....

## Police

Police come, I didn't want to go this morning (2x)

Police come, I didn't want to go

Shot him in the head with my 44 this morning

Two little children lying in the bed, this morning (2x)

Two little children lying in the bed

One rolled over to the other and said, it's morning

Bullfrog jumped from bank to bank, this morning (2x)

Bullfrog jumped from bank to bank

Skinned his whole back from shank to shank, this morning

I know something I ain't gonna tell is morning (2x)

I know something I ain't gonna tell

I want to go to heaven in a coconut shell this morning

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Great big fellow laying on a log this morning (2x)

Great big fellow laying on a log

Finger on the trigger and his eye on a hog, this morning

Down went the trigger and bang went the gun this morning (2x)

Down went the trigger and bang went the gun

Wish I had a wagon to haul him home this morning

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## **Polly Put The Kettle On**

From *Brad Leftwich*. Round Peak Style Clawhammer Banjo.

Words from Tommy Jarrell. Key D

Polly put the kettle on, Jenny blow the  
dinner horn

Polly put the kettle on, we'll all take tea

## Preacher and the Bear The

Verses 1-4 and the chorus from **Bill Mansfield**. 3 June 1989. Folk Song Competition Mount Airy (banjo and harmonica key of C); he then just stopped..... The final verse and explanatory chorus is from the Digital Tradition website at [www.mudcat.org](http://www.mudcat.org).

1. Well the preacher went out a huntin' one day,

C

It was on a Sunday Morn.

F

And even tho it was against his religion,

C

He took his gun along.

D7

G

He caught himself some very nice quail,

C

And one little measly hare.

F

C

He was on his way returning home,

F

C

When out jumped a great big bear.

G

C

2. Well the bear walked up to the preacher,  
To see what he could see.  
That man of God was scared to death,  
And run up a nearby tree.  
The bear sat down on the ground to wait, And the preacher sat down on the limb.  
He raised his eye to the Lord in the skies,  
These words he said to him.

**Chorus:**

*Oh Lord; you delivered Daniel from the lions den,*

F

C

*And you saved, old Jonah, from the belly of the whale and then,*

C

D7

G

*Well the Hebrew children from the fiery furnace,*

C

**The Preacher and the Bear** continued

*So the good book do declare.*

*F*

*C*

*Oh Lord if you can't help me,*

*C*

*For God's sake don't you help that bear.*

*G*

*C*

3. Well the preacher stayed up in that tree,  
It must have been all night.  
Said Lord if you don't help me,

There's gonna be a terrible fight.  
Was just about then, the limb let go,  
And the preacher came tumbling down.  
Was a sight to see that man start running,  
Before he hit the ground.

**The Preacher and the Bear** continued

4. Well he hit the ground with a terrible  
crash,

And set out on the run.

Said if that bear grabs a hold of me,  
It aint gonna be much fun.

Well the bear stayed, right after that  
man,  
Didn't want him to get away,  
And as they went running out of sight,  
That preacher was heard to say.

**Chorus:**

5. They fought all the way to the river,  
It was a terrible fight  
That bear just kept a-hanging on,  
But the Preacher was a-doing all right  
He dragged that beast right down in the  
water

**Background:**

Composed or copyrighted in 1903 by George W. Fairman. 1905 Victor  
recording by Arthur Collins was very popular, as was a Sousa's Band

It was three times in and out  
Then the bear got up and he limped away  
And the Preacher began to shout

*Last Chorus:*

*Oh, Lord, you delivered Daniel from the  
lion's den  
And saved Old Jonah from the belly of  
the whale, Amen,  
And oh Lord, it may not seem like much  
from way up there,  
But the hardest thing I ever done was  
baptize that grizzly bear.*

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version in 1906. Riley Puckett's 1925 Columbia recording was followed by versions by John McGhee (1927), Honeyboy and Sassafrass (1930), the Prairie Ramblers (1936) and Puckett again in 1939. The famous Golden Gate Quartet made an acapella version for RCA at their first session in 1937. Jerry Reed had a charted hit with "The Preacher And The Bear" in 1970 as a single (RCA 9904) that stayed on the charts for 11 weeks, reaching No. 16. The recording by John McGhee has been reissued on an LP, Old Homestead OHCS-141 "West Virginia Hills" (Old Homestead Records, Box 100, Brighton, MI 48116). The second version is by Hylo Brown, found on Rural Rhythm 176, "Folk Songs Of Rural America" (Uncle Jim's, Box A, Arcadia, CA 91066). Max Wiseman had a version and Yvonne Reuge who sang it at the 1970 Tenio Old Time Music Festival. DP

## **Prettiest Little Girl in the County**

From originally unissued September 1924 recording of *Gid Tanner and Riley Puckett*. Co 140002. On Rounder LP 1023. Kickapoo Medicine Show. Actual pitch on LP is ~F# so presumably being played in G; (unlike full *Skillet Lickers* recording which seems to be in A) Three parts. Sing on Low part

Cornstalk fiddle and pea vine bow  
Gwine take Sal to the party

Swing em like you love 'em  
The boys are not above 'em

Prettiest little girl in the County-o  
Mammy and daddy told me so  
I can get her if I want to  
I can get her if I want her

Little more sugar in the coffee-o  
Swing Sal to the party

Swing em like you love 'em  
The boys are not above 'em

## **Prettiest Little Girl in the County**

From *The Skillet Lickers* Volume 2. DOCD 8057. 14 6004-3 Co 15315-D. April 1928. Pitch a little flat of A; so presumably being played in A with fiddles GDAE or AEAE; (unlike the unissued 1924 recording of *Gid Tanner and Riley Puckett* which is probably in G)

Prettiest little girl in the County-o  
Mammy and daddy wrote me so  
I can get her if I want her  
I can get her if I want her

Cornstalk fiddle and pea vine bow  
Going to take Sal to the party-o

Prettiest little girl in the County-o  
?Up to the glass in the parasol?  
I can get her if I want her  
I can get her if I want her

Swing em like you love 'em  
The boys are not above 'em  
Prettiest little girl in the County.  
I can get her if I want her  
Little more sugar in coffee-o  
Girls dressed up in calico  
?Goodness loves her cally-o?  
I can get her if I want to go

*Spoken:*

*Swing six, three in a bunch  
Promenade all, take a chew tobaccer  
Go left, calicos on the wall  
Swing your opposite lady*

Little more sugar in the coffee  
Girls dressed up in calico  
Huh

*Spoken:*

*Swing that girl with the red dress on*

Prettiest little girl in the County-o  
Mammy and daddy told me so  
I can get her if I want her  
I can get her if I want her

*Spoken:*

*I hope I get that red ear of corn*



## Pretty Polly

From *Brad Leftwich*. Round Peak Style Clawhammer Banjo. Words from Tommy Jarrell. Key A

Pretty Polly, pretty Polly, come along with me (2x)  
Before we get married some pleasure to see

She climbed up behind him and away they did go (2x)  
Over hills and mountains, and valleys so low

Oh they went up a little farther, and what did they spy (2x)  
A new dug grave, and a spade lying by

Oh Willie, oh Wille, I'm afraid of your way (2x)  
I'm afraid that you'll lead my poor body astray

Oh Polly, pretty Polly, your guess is about right (2x)  
I dug on your grave the biggest part of last night

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He stabbed her to the heart and her life blood did flow (2x)  
And into the grave, Pretty Polly did go

He threw some dirt over her, and turned to go home (2x)  
While the wild birds and the turtledoves were left to mourn

*From Mudcat*

I courted Pretty Polly the live-long night  
I courted Pretty Polly the live-long night  
Then left her next morning before it was light.

O Polly, pretty Polly, come away with me,  
O Polly, pretty Polly, come away with me,  
Before we get married some pleasure to see.

He led her over the fields and the valleys so wide (2x)  
Until pretty Polly, she fell by his side.

Oh Willie, oh Willie, I 'm scared of your ways (2x)

I 'm afraid you will lead my poor body astray.

Pretty Polly, pretty Polly, you're guessing just right (2x)

I dug on your grave the best part of last night.

She threw her arms around him and trembled with fear (2x)

How can you kill the poor girl that loves you so dear.

There's no time to talk and there's no time to stand (2x)

Then he drew his knife all in his right hand.

He stabbed her to the heart and her heart's blood did flow, (2x)

And into the grave pretty Polly did go.

Then he threw a little dirt over her and started for home L2x)

Leaving no one behind but the wild birds to mourn.

**Pull For The Shore** (Philip Paul Bliss)

From: *Tom, Brad and Alice*

Light in the darkness sailor day is at hand  
See o'er the foaming billows fair heaven's land  
Drear was the voyage sailor now almost o'er  
Safe within the lifeboat sailor pull for the shore

chorus:

Pull for the shore sailor pull for the shore  
Heed not the rolling waves but bend to the oar  
Trust in the lifeboat sailor cling to self no more  
Leave the poor old stranded wreck and pull for the shore

Trust in the lifeboat sailor all else will fail  
Stronger the surges dash and fiercer the gale  
Heed not the stormy winds though loudly they roar

Peter Budd's Old Time Song Book – Transcribed, annotated and compiled by Peter Budd

Watch the bright and morning star and pull for the shore

repeat chorus

Bright gleams the morning sailor uplift the eye

Clouds and darkness disappearing glory is nigh

Safe in the lifeboat sailor sing forever more

Glory glory hallelujah pull for the shore

repeat chorus

repeat chorus

## **Ragged But Right** **(Riley Pucket)**

I come here to tell you people I 'm ragged but right  
I 'm a thief and a gambler, I get drunk every night  
I get a porterhouse steak three times a day for my board  
That's more than any loafer in this town can afford

A big electric fan to keep me cool while I sleep  
A little baby girl plays around at my feet  
I 'm a ramblin gambler and I 'm drunk every night  
I tell you boys I 'm ragged but right

CHO: I go everywhere, I don't pay no fare  
I can ride a freight train just anywhere  
If I win or lose, I don't get no blues  
Oh it's gambling and rolling for me  
**Ragged But Right** continued

I hopped on a freight train in North Caroline  
Rode down to atlanta and bought me some shine  
Went into a card game with 39 cents  
Came out with enough for another month's rent

Well you may think I 'm bragging but don't get me wrong  
I can't run for office while I 'm singing this song  
I 'm a thief and a gambler and I 'm drunk every night  
I tell you boys I 'm ragged but right.

## Red River Valley

Key is F in the Dudley Bayford book

From this valley they say you are going  
We will miss your bright eyes and sweet  
smile  
For they say you are taking the sunshine  
That has brightened our path for a while

Come and sit by my side if you love me  
Do not hasten to bid me adieu  
But remember the Red River Valley  
And the cowboy who loved you so true

Won't you think of the valley you're  
leaving  
Oh how lonely, how sad it will be?  
Oh think of the fond heart you're  
breaking

And the grief you are causing to me

As you go to your home by the ocean  
May you never forget those sweet hours  
That we spent in the Red River Valley  
And the love we exchanged mid the  
flowers

by James Kerrigen in 1896

## Red Rocking Chair

From Old Time String Band Songbook; from *Charlie Monroe*

Ain't got no use for your red rocking  
chair

Ain't got no sugar baby now

I ain't got no honey baby now

Who'll rock the cradle, who'll sing the  
song

Who'll rock the cradle when I'm gone

I t's who'll rock the cradle when I'm gone

I t's I'll rock the cradle, I'll sing the song

I'll rock the cradle when you're gone

I t's I'll rock the cradle when you're gone

I t's all I can do, it's all I can say

Gonna send you to your mama next payday

Gonna send you to your mama next payday

I t's all I can do, I t's all I can say

I can't get along this -a -way

I can't get along this -a -way

Ain't got no use for your red rocking  
chair

I ain't got no sugar baby now

Lord, I ain't got no sugar baby now

## Riley the Furniture Man

From *Volo Bogtrotters*. Volo Bogtrotters Marimac 9024. Key of D. Some of words sounds like they are singing phonetically what they couldn't understand from the original Georgia Crackers recording.....

When I 's poor, no man, we're all so bad  
Riley from Virginia, got everything I had  
Riley's been here, got my furniture and gone

*(Then straight into)*

Well Riley came to my house, and these are the words he said  
Throw that ?cracker driver? out, and load that poster bed  
Riley's been here, got my furniture and gone

*Instrumental break*

Cos it makes no difference to the rich man, with all his fancy clothes  
If you don't pay Mr Riley, you've got no place to go  
Riley's been here, got my furniture and gone

*(Then straight into)*

See Riley's he's a rich man, on poor folks like me  
Every Sunday morning, Riley gives to charity

Riley's been here, got my furniture and gone

*Instrumental break*

Well Riley came to my house, and these are the words he said

Throw that ?cracker driver? out, and load that poster bed

Riley's been here, got my furniture and gone

*(Then straight into)*

Cos it makes no difference to the rich man, with all his fancy clothes

If you don't pay Mr Riley, you've got no place to go

Riley's been here, got my furniture and gone

*Instrumental break*

When I was bore low man, all so bad

Riley from Virginia, got everything I had

Riley's been here, got my furniture and gone

*Instrumental - just three lines; and finish by singing:*

Riley's been here, got my furniture and gone.   END

## **River Of Jordan** (Carter Family)

[Instrumental Break]

I 'm going down to the river of Jordan  
Oh, yes

I 'm going down to the river of Jordan  
Some of these days (hallelujah)

I 'm going down to the river of Jordan  
I 'm going down to the river of Jordan  
Some of these days

I 'm going to eat at the welcome table  
Oh, yes

I 'm going to eat at the welcome table  
Some of these days (hallelujah)

I 'm going to eat at the welcome table  
I 'm going to eat at the welcome table  
Some of these days

[Instrumental Break]

I 'm going to sing in the heavenly choir  
Oh, yes

I 'm going to sing in the heavenly choir  
Some of these days (hallelujah)

I 'm going to sing in the heavenly choir  
I 'm going to sing in the heavenly choir  
Some of these days

I 'm going to put on the silvery slippers  
Oh, yes

I 'm going to put on the silvery slippers  
Some of these days (hallelujah)

I 'm going to put on the silvery slippers  
I 'm going to put on the silvery slippers  
Some of these days

[I NSTRUMENTAL BREAK]

I 'm going to sit down by my Jesus  
Oh, yes

I 'm going to sit down by my Jesus  
Some of these days (hallelujah)  
I 'm going to sit down by my Jesus  
I 'm going to sit down by my Jesus  
Some of these days

## **I'll Rise When the Rooster Crows**

From L Barnett on Newsgroup May 29 2001As recorded 10/2/1928 by the Binkley Brothers Dixie Clodhoppers on the CD "Nashville: the Early String Bands Vol. I", County CD-3521.

### **Chorus:**

**I'll rise when the rooster crows**

**I'll rise when the rooster crows**

**I'm going back south where the sun shines hot**

**Oh down where the sugar cane grows**

### **Verses:**

**If the golden shoes you hear so much about**

**Was worn down here you'd soon wear 'em out**

**We're gonna take up 'em yonder for to put on my robes**

**Gonna put on my golden shoes**

**Don't let old Satan try to fool you**

**For the gates'll be closed and you can't get through**

**With a long white robe and the white socks too**

**Gonna put on my golden shoes**

**When Gabriel comes for to blow his horn  
Well you needn't pull back for you gotta go on  
So prepare yourself for the judgment day  
For you can't take money and buy your way**

**We'll have cider all the fall  
For I said I's going to the ball  
Where the duck chews tobacco and the goose drinks wine  
The old hen cackle while the rooster keeps the time**

**Whatcha gonna do when the women all dead?  
Gonna sit in the corner with a hung down head  
Well if I had to marry I wouldn't marry for riches  
I'd marry a big fat gal who couldn't wear the britches**

## **Rockingham Cindy**

From *Brad Leftwich*. Round Peak Style Clawhammer Banjo. Words from Tommy Jarrell. Key D

Never loved old Cindy, don't expect I ever shall  
Never loved old Cindy, but I love old Cindy's gal

*Chorus:*

*I t's come along home, Cindy, Cindy  
Knock along home Cindy, Cindy*

Where'd you get your whisky, where'd you get your dram  
Where'd you get your whisky at? Way down in Rockingham

Where'd you get your whisky, where'd you get your dram  
Where'd you get your whisky at? (spoken) well it don't make a damn.....

## **Roll her on the Ground**

From *Skillet Lickers*

*Chorus:*

*Roll 'em boys, roll em*

*Roll 'em on the ground*

*Shoot 7 and 11*

*Roll 'em all around*

When she sees me coming,  
She toss her head and smile  
When she sees me leaving,  
She hangs her head and cries

*Chorus*

Every time I go down that road,  
If I don't look rough and rowdy

Every time I see that girl  
She always tells me howdy

I went to see my girl last night  
Her love I was a-seeking  
I missed her mouth and kissed her nose,  
And the gosh durned thing was leaking

I met a possum on the road  
Asked him where he's gwine  
Ain't got time to tell you now  
Little black dog's behind

**THE ROSEVILLE FAIR** (Bill Staines)

Oh, the night was clear, and the stars  
were shining  
And the moon came up so quiet in the sky.  
And the people gathered 'round and the  
band was a' tuning.  
I can hear them now playing "Coming Thru  
the Rye."

And we danced all night to the fiddle and  
the banjo.  
Their drifting tunes seemed to fill the  
air.  
So long ago, but I still remember  
When we fell in love at the Roseville Fair.

You were dressed in blue, and you looked  
so lovely,

Just a gentle flower of a small town girl.  
You took my hand, and we stepped to the  
music.  
And with a single smile, you became my  
world.

We courted well, and we courted dearly,  
And we'd rock for hours in the front  
porch chair  
Then a year went by from the time that I  
met you  
And I made you mine at the Roseville Fair

So here's a song for all of the lovers,  
And here's a tune that they can share  
May they dance all night to the fiddle and  
the banjo  
The way we did at the Roseville Fair.

Peter Budd's Old Time Song Book - Transcribed, annotated and compiled by Peter Budd  
By Bill Staines, copyright 1979

## **Ruben (Old Time Ruben)**

From Brad Leftwich Round Peak Clawhammer Banjo Book.

You ought to been uptown, when old Ruben's train come down  
You could hear the whistle blow a hundred miles

Old Ruben had a train, run from England to Spain  
But he couldn't get no letter from his home

If you don't believe I'm gone, watch this train that I crawl on  
Lord I'm nine hundred miles away from home

I'm nine hundred miles away from my wife and my child  
Lord I wish I was nine hundred more

If this train runs right, we'll get home about daylight  
Lord I'm nine hundred miles away from home

**Ruben** continued

Old Ruben went to town and the police knocked him down  
You could hear that boy holler a hundred miles

Old Ruben got killed on that C and O line  
And his poor body has never been found

They found his head in the driver's wheel  
About a mile and a half from town

## **Rye Straw**

From *Gid Tanner and Skillet Lickers*. On Hear those Southern Fiddle and Guitar Records. Rounder LP

Dog eat a catfish, dog eat a minnow  
Dog eat a catfish, big enough for dinner

Dog in a ryepatch, dog in a holler  
Bring him here little boy, give you half a  
dollar

From *Brad Leftwich*. Round Peak Style  
Clawhammer Banjo. Words from Tommy  
Jarrell. Key A

Dog ate a rye straw, dog ate a nettle  
Dog ate a rye straw, sharp as any needle

## **Saddle Up The Grey**

From Carter Brothers and Son. Key probably G; Pitch on CO3513 CD and DOCD 8009 is G or a little flat of G. Molsky plays in GDAD  
*(on high part)*

### **1. Saddle up the grey, and better get away**

**Ain't gonna get no dinner here today**

**?Dole out the jugs, and put out the lights**

**Ain't gonna be no dinner here today**

### **2. Da, da da etc *(on high part)***

*(on low part)*

### **3. an unintelligible line**

**another unintelligible line**

**Roll around the jug and put out the lights**

**Ain't gonna be no super here tonight. *(straight into, on the high part)***

**Saddle up the grey, better get away**

**Ain't gonna be no dinner here today**

**Leaving on a goat and riding on a sheep**

## **Ain't gonna get back till the middle of the week**

*(straight into, on the low part)*

## **Roll around the jug and put out the light**

## **Ain't gonna get no supper here tonight**

Also listened to several workshop renditions by Bruce Molsky, and to the RedHots, but they were'nt much help with the words. Molsky sings "roll up the rug", but it sounds like "roll around the jug" to me. Both Molsky and RedHots seem to do something with a horse rather than a goat, but it's not clear what!

Pitch of Carter Brothers and Son Recordings. 11 September 2000

		CO3513CD	DOCD8009	presumed actual key?	
Feb 24 1928	Liza Jane		between G# and A	A	AEAE
Feb 24 1928	Give the Fiddler a Dram		between G# and A	A	AEAE
Feb 24 1928	Old Joe Bone	A	A	A	AEAE
Feb24 1928	Saddle Up the Grey	a little flat of G	G	G	GDAD
Nov 22 1928	Leather Breeches		F#	G	GDAE
Nov 22 1928	Nancy Rowland	a little flat of F#	a little flat of F#	G	GDAE
Nov 22 1928	Cotton Eyed Joe	F#	F#	G	GDAD
Nov 22 1928	Miss Brown	a little flat of F#	a little flat of F#	G	GDAD
Nov 22 1928	Jenny on the Railroad	between G and G#	between G and G#	A	GDAE
Nov 22 1928	Gimme Chaw Tobacco		F#	G	GDAE

So it looks to me like the Feb24 recordings are in pitch or half a semitone flat; while the Nov 22 ones are between a semitone and a semitone and a half flat. Discussion on newsgroup Sept 2000 suggests that Saddle up, Miss Brown, and Cotton Eyed Joe are being played in GDAD. Paul Mitchell also suggested that Liza Jane was in GDAD, but I'm pretty convinced it's in AEAE

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**From Lyle Lofgren** on Newsgroup 29 May 2001

Saddle up the grey,  
And you better get away,  
You ain't a-gonna get no dinner here today.  
Roll around the jug and put out the light,  
There ain't a-gonna be no dinner here tonight.

(One verse of Yaddle-daddle. I don't think it matters if you get every daddle correct here).

(Some more yaddle-daddles, with the only coherent portion being  
"..ain't a-gonna be no...")

Roll around the jug and put out the light,  
There ain't a-gonna be no supper here tonight.  
Saddle up the grey, and you better get away,  
There ain't a-gonna be no dinner here today.

Leadin' of a goat and a-ridin' of a sheep,  
I ain't a-gonna get back till the middle of the week.  
Roll around the jug and put out the light,  
Ain't gonna get no supper here tonight.

**From Duc de Savoie.** on Newsgroup 29 May 2001

Lyle's take on the words is pretty close to the way I know them. Nobody can ever understand the Carter Bros. & Son recordings. I hear:

Saddle up the gray, better get away  
Ain't gonna get no supper here today.  
Fill up the jug and blow out the light,  
Ain't gonna get no dinner here tonight.

Riding of the goat, leading of the sheep,  
Won't be back 'fore the middle of the week.

And: La de da de da, &c.

## **Sail Away Ladies**

From Mudcat café, Recorded by Uncle Dave Macon

Ain't no use to sit and cry  
Sail away, ladies, sail away.  
You'll be an angel by an' by,  
Sail away, ladies, sail away,

cho: Don't you rock 'im die-dy-0,  
Don't you rock 'im die-dy-0,  
Don't you rock 'im die-dy-0,  
Don't you rock 'im die-dy-0.

I've got a home in Tennessee,  
That's the place I wanna be,

If ever I get my new house done,  
I'll give the old one to my son,

Come along, boys, and go with me,  
We'll go down to Tennessee,

Ever I get my new house done,  
Love you, pretty girls, one by one.

Hush, little baby, don't you cry,  
You'll be an angel by and by.

## **Sail away Ladies**

From Volo Bogtrotters. Key D

If I ever get my new house done  
Sail away ladies, Sail away  
I'll give my old one to my son  
Sail away ladies, Sail away

Chorus:

Don't you rock em, Daddy O  
Don't you rock em, Daddy O  
Don't you rock em, Daddy O  
(Instrumental line)

I'll chew my tobacco and spit that juice  
Sail away ladies, Sail away  
I love my daughter, but it aint no use  
Sail away ladies, Sail away

Chorus

I got a letter from Shiloh town  
Sail away ladies, Sail away  
Reads Saint Louis is burning down  
Sail away ladies, Sail away

Chorus

Now children don't you grieve and cry  
Sail away ladies, Sail away  
We'll all get to heaven, by and by  
Sail away ladies, Sail away

Chorus

1st Verse.

## Sail Away Ladies Structure.

Key D

Intro – instrumental chorus x2

Sung verse, then straight into

Sung chorus

Instrumental chorus

Sung verse

Sung chorus

Instrumental chorus

Instrumental verse break x 2

Instrumental chorus break x 2

Sung verse etc

## Sail away ladies

From Jenes Cottrell; Carl Baron on newsgroup 17 february 2003.  
This tune is in C (open C) GCGCE

### Sail Away Ladies from Jenes Cottrell

Me and my gal went to town  
Sail away ladies, sail away  
She went to buy a ten dollar gown  
Sail away ladies, sail away

She looked at the green, she looked at the  
red  
Sail away ladies, sail away  
I'll take them both that's what she said  
Sail away ladies, sail away

She tried one on, she looked so neat  
Sail away ladies, sail away  
Then she found another man to meet  
Sail away ladies, sail away

Now old gal I guess we're through

Sail away ladies, sail away  
You're my girl and another man's too  
Sail away ladies, sail away

Now old gal you've done me wrong  
Sail away ladies, sail away  
When I leave I'm a long time gone  
Sail away ladies, sail away

Now old gal, look what you've done  
Sail away ladies, sail away  
You put an end to all our fun  
Sail away ladies, sail away

I went upstairs to pack my trunk  
Sail away ladies, sail away  
Hunt up a bar and I'm gonna get drunk  
Sail away ladies, sail away

**Sal Let Me Chaw Your Rosin Some.**

From: *Skillet Lickers*. Played in G, fiddle possibly tuned GDAD

Spoken:

Err Riley, Lets go down to see old Sal.  
See if she wants to give us a load of that  
rosin to chew on this morning

Riley.....that sweet gum tree and  
find out.

All right. We'll go down and play her a  
little tune called Sal let me chaw your  
rosin some.

Lets go boys.

Jump up Jinny, jump up Joe, You never  
get to heaven till you jump Jim Crow.

Cabbage in the garden, Peas in the gum,  
Sal let me chaw your rosin some

Hogs in the garden sifting sand, Sally's in  
love with the hog-eyed man

Along comes Jinny and along comes Joe,  
Along comes Jinny with her apron on.

Cabbage in the garden, Peas in the gum,  
Sal let me chaw your rosin some

Hogs in the garden sifting sand, Sally's in  
love with the hog-eyed man

Jump up Jinny, jump up Joe, You never  
get to heaven (un)less you jump Jim Crow.  
END



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**Sally Ann** From *Brad Leftwich*. Round Peak

Style Clawhammer Banjo. Words from Tommy Jarrell. Key D.  
Tommy learnt the 'how in the world can I swing...!', and 'who in  
the world in the doggone...' verses from Hiram Moody of  
Lambsburg Va

Ride the buggy, yes I am

Ride in the buggy, Sally Ann

Sally Ann

Sally Ann

I'm going to the wedding, yes I am

I'm a-going to the wedding old Sally Ann

*To B music:*

Greenback dollar

Greenback dollar, good as gold

Sift your meal and save your bran

The old cow needs it Sally Ann

*To C music:*

How in the world can I swing Susan

Susan's done and gone

She's done and gone (or "she's gone  
away")

Susan's gone away

Sally's in the garden sifting sand  
Susan's in bed with the hog-eye man  
I'm going home with Sally Ann  
I'm going homw with Sally Ann

*To C music:*

Who in the world in the doggone nation's  
Throwing them rocks at me?  
All of them rocks, all them rocks  
All of them rocks at me.

From *Jim Collier and Lanelle Davis*. Other  
verses/ variants

*To B music:*

Greenback dollar, good as gold  
Greenback dollar, I've been told

*To C music:*

How in the world can I hold court  
When Susan's gone away  
She's gone away  
Susan's gone away

## **Sandy Boys**

From *Maxine G* on newsgroup . "I got these words from Gerry Milnes. Both the verse and the chorus are sung to the B-part of the tune. The words don't really scan with the more commonly played version of the tune. There's a more melodic version which does fit with the words. Unfortunately, I can't think of a recording of that version."

Squirrely he's a pretty thing  
He carries a bushy tail  
Eats up all the mossy's corn  
And hearts it on the rail

Chorus:

Do come along, sandy boys  
Do come along, oh do  
Do come along, sandy boys  
Waiting for the booger-boo

Somebody stole my old black dog

I wish they'd bring him back  
He runs the big hogs over the fence  
And the little ones through the cracks

Mama she lies sick in the bed  
Papa's gone to town  
Charlie wears the high-top boots  
And I wish that he'd come round

Sixteen miles away from here  
Chickens crowin' for day  
Somebody's upstairs with my true love  
And he better be gettin' away

Never told her of her faults  
Dang me if I do  
But every time the baby cries  
I think of the booger-boo

**Sandy Boys** continued

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From: *Steve Goldfield* 19980417. "The original Hammons versions, Dwight Diller's version, and Ron Mullenex's version all fit the lyrics, which the latter two sing. I have about six verses that Gordon Banks put together from Diller and Mullenex. The only one I can remember is:...(below)...Also, these verses go with the A part and the chorus with the B part."

Raccoon's got a long bushy tail.  
Possum's tail is bare.  
Rabbit's got no tail at all  
Just a little bit a bunch of hair.

*chorus*

Hey, hey, sandy boys,  
Hey, hey, oh do.  
Hey, hey, sandy boys.  
Beware of the bugger boo.

**From Rich Hartness:**

Sixteen miles away from home,

Chicken's crowin' 'fore day.  
Somebody's in the bed with my true love,  
And they better be gettin' away.

Do get along my Sandy boys, (girls)  
Do get along I say.  
Do get along my Sandy boys, (girls)  
it's time I 's gettin' away.

Raccoon's tail's a ring around,  
possum's tail is bare.  
Rabbit ain't got no tail at all,  
just a little old bunch of hair.

Do get along my...

## **Say, Darling Say**

From *Wildcats*. Marimac 9015. Key on tape is C#, so probably in D, possibly C; note that other tracks on the cassette are in the 'proper pitch', eg Grub Springs in A, so the C# is not a pitch slip thing.

Oh little darling, if you were mine, wouldn't you love to starch and iron

Say Darling Say

Starch and iron would be your trade, and I'd get drunk and lie in the shade

Say Darling Say

*Break*

Hush little darling don't say a word, Poppa's going to buy you a mocking bird

Say Darling Say

If that mocking bird don't sing, Poppa's going to buy you a diamond ring

Say Darling Say

*Break*

If that diamond ring turn to brass, Poppa's gonna buy you a looking glass

Say Darling Say

If that looking glass gets broke, Poppa's gonna buy you a billy goat

Say Darling Say

If that billy goat won't pull, Poppa's going to buy you a cart and bull

Say Darling Say

If that cart and bull falls over, Poppa's going to buy you a dog named Rover

Say Darling Say

If that dog named Rover won't bark, Poppa's gonna buy you a horse and cart

Say Darling Say

If that horse and cart fall down, still be the prettiest girl in town

Say Darling Say

*Repeat first verse ie*

Oh little darling, if you were mine, wouldn't you love to starch and iron

Say Darling Say

Starch and iron would be your trade, and I'd get drunk and lie in the shade

Say Darling Say       END

## Setting in the Chimney Jamb

From *Gid Tanner and Skillet Lickers*. On Hear tose Southern Fiddle and Guitar Records. Rounder LP

Well, there aint no use me working so hard this morning

Well, there aint no use me working so hard this morning

Well, there aint no use me working so hard

I got a woman in the white folk's yard

This morning, this evening, right now.

Well she brought me a egg, and she brought me a ham (x3)

I f she don't bring a chicken, well I don't give a -----

Well, an old hen sitting in a chimney jamb (x3)

I f that ain't a hot place I'll be dogged

Well, she killed a chicken and saved me a wing (x3)

Thinks I'm working and I ain't doing a thing

## **Shady Grove**

?from Mudcat?

Shady grove my little love  
Shady grove I say  
Shady grove my little love  
Bound for shady grove

Wish I was in shady grove  
Sittin in a rockin chair  
And if those blues would bother me  
I'd rock away from there

Had a banjo made of gold  
Every string would shine  
The only song that it would play  
Wish that girl was mine

When I was in shady grove  
Heard them pretty birds sing

The next time I go to shady grove  
Take along a diamond ring

When you go to catch a fish  
Fish with a hook and line  
When you go to court a girl  
Never look behind

When I was a little boy  
All I wanted was a knife  
Now I am a great big boy  
I'm lookin for a wife

## **Shady Grove** continued

From *Volo Bogtrotters*. Volo Bogtrotters. Marimac 9024. Key

A major

Structure. Both verse and chorus are sung on the low B part.

Go straight from verse into chorus without any break

Last time I saw Shady Grove, she was  
standing in the door  
Shoes and stockings in her hand, little  
bare feet on the floor

*Straight into*

*Chorus:*

*Shady Grove my true love, Shady Grove I  
say*

*Shady Grove, my true love, I'm bound to  
go away*

When I was a little bitty boy, I bought  
me a Barlow knife

Now I am an old grey man, I want me a  
little wife

Chorus and break

Wished I was an apple, hanging on a tree  
Every time Shady Grove walked by, she'd  
take a little bite of me

Wish I had a needle and thread, as fine  
as I could sew

I'd stitch that girl to my coat tails, and  
down the road I'd go

Higher up the cherry tree, the sweeter  
grow the cherries  
The more you kiss and hug the girls, the  
sooner they will marry

## Shortening Bread

From Tom, Brad and Alice?

Cold hogs' head and short'nin' bread

Gonna kill them babies gonna kill 'em dead

*chorus:*

*My mama makes short'nin' short'nin'*

*My mama makes short'nin' bread*

*Oh my mama makes short'nin' short'nin'*

*My mama makes short'nin' bread*

Call for the doctor the doctor said

Feed them babies on short'nin' bread

*chorus*

Spied me a pretty boy and said

How'd you like a little short'nin' bread

*chorus*

Slipped in the kitchen and lifted up the lid  
Stole me a mess of that short'nin' bread

*chorus*

Caught me with the skillet caught me with the lid  
Caught me a-stealin' that short'nin' bread

*chorus*

A year for the skillet a year for the lid  
I 'm a-doin' time for eatin' short'nin' bread

*chorus*

## Short Life of Trouble

From Iron Mountain String Band

Remember what you told me  
Not many weeks ago  
You promised that you'd marry me  
A-standing in your papa's door

*Chorus:*

*A short life of trouble  
A few more words to part  
A short life of trouble, dear girl  
For a boy with a broken heart*

Now you've broken your promise  
Go marry whom you please  
I'd give my gold and half this world  
If you would marry me

Now you've broken your promise  
Go on with whom you may  
This old world's so big and wide  
I'm gonna ramble back someday

## **Shove That Pig's Foot A little Further In The Fire**

**From: Joel Shimberg (Fiddlinshim@cs.com)**

**Newsgroups: rec.music.country.old-time**

**Date: 2004-05-30 18:57:30 PST**

**Shove that pig's foot into the fire, Do it now miss Liza."**

**Shove that pig's foot into the fire, Do it now miss Liza."**

Mike Seeger sang that when I asked him if he knew the tune (what a silly question!) a long time ago. I'd be interested in learning more.

**From: Kerry and Sheila Blech (blechfam@comcast.net)**

**Newsgroups: rec.music.country.old-time**

**Date: 2004-05-31 16:48:15 PST**

I've never heard any lyrics to it (in tradition). Bascom Lamar Lunsford, who was a close associate of, and patron of, Marcus Martin, was documented extensively, with hundreds of songs, tunes, lyrics and lyric fragments in the Library of Congress archives, and other places, never sang anything akin to it, so I suspect it (the melody we know from Martin's playing) never had lyrics. Martin is also the only fiddler I've ever heard play it, except for those who learned it from Martin's recordings, and on down the line.

Best,  
kerry

## Sitting on Top of the World

From: Tara Nevins. Mule to Ride. Sugar Hill 1999. SHCD 3892.

Key A

Straight into chorus from every verse, fiddle plays low during singing.

It was in the spring, she went away

A

My darling left me, she's gone astray

A                    D                    A

Now she's gone, but I don't worry

A    F#m

Because I'm sitting on top of the world

A                    E                    A

Mississippi river, so deep and wide

My darling living, on the other side

Now she's gone.....

Don't like my peaches, don't shake my  
tree

Get out of my orchard, let the peaches  
be

My baby called me, on the telephone  
She said darling, won't you come on home

Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust  
Show me a woman, that a man can trust

It was in the spring, she went away  
My darling left me, she's gone astray  
Now she's gone, but I don't worry  
Because I'm sitting on top of the world

## **Smoke! Smoke! Smoke That Cigarette!**

(Merle Travis) From Mudcat Cafe

cho: Smoke! Smoke! Smoke that cigarette!  
Puff, Puff, Puff and if you smoke yourself to death  
Tell Saint Peter at the Golden Gate  
That you hate to make him wait  
But you've just got to have another cigarette.

Now I 'm a feller with a heart of gold,  
And the ways of a gentleman, I 've been told,  
The kind of a guy that wouldn't even harm a flea--  
But if me and a certain character met,  
The guy that invented the cigarette,  
I 'd murder that son of a gun in the first degree--  
Not 'cause I don't smoke myself,

And I don't reckon they'll harm your health  
I've smoked all my life and ain't dead yet  
But nicotine slaves are all the same,  
At a pettin' party or a poker game,  
Everything must stop while they smoke that cigarette.

In a game of chance the other night  
Old Dame Fortune was a-doin' me right,  
The Kings and Queens just kept on comin' around--  
I played 'em hard and bet 'em high,  
But my bluff didn't work on a certain guy,  
He kept on raisin' and layin' the money down  
He'd raise me and I'd raise him,  
I sweated blood gotta sink or swim,  
He finally called and didn't raise the bet--

I said "Aces full, pal,--how 'bout you?"

He said "I 'll tell you in a minute or two,

Right now I 've just got to have a cigarette."

The other night I had a date

With the cutest little girl in the forty eight states

A high-bred, uptown, fancy little dame--

She said she loved me and it seemed to me

That things were 'bout like they oughta be,

So hand in hand we strolled down lover's lane--

She was oh, so far from a cake of ice,

Our smoochin' party was a-goin nice,

So help me Hannah, I think I 'd a been there yet--

But I give her a kiss and a little squeeze

And she said "Tex excuse me please,

I 've just got to have another cigarette."

## **Soldiers Joy**

From Newsgroup 7 Jan 2001. Steve Gold field and others.

Tommy Jarrell called it "Love Somebody" and sang something like:

Love somebody, yes I do.

Love somebody, yes I do.

Love somebody, yes I do.

Love somebody, but it ain't you.

I am my mama's darling boy

I am my mama's darling boy

I am my mama's darling boy

Sing a little song called "Soldier's Joy"

and the chorus

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15 cents for the morphine

25 cents for the beer

15 cents for the morphine

Now get me out of here.

Grasshopper sittin' on a sweet potato vine

Grasshopper sittin' on a sweet potato vine

Long comes a frog and says he's mine

15 cents for the morphine, 15 cents for the beer

15 cents for the morphine, gonna carry me way from here

Oh, my Soldier's Joy

I am my mama's darling child

I am my mama's darling child

I am my mama's darling child

And I don't care for you.

How I heard it (Skillet Lickers) was:

25 cents for the morphine, 15 cents a beer  
25 cents for the morphine, gonna take me away from here

then there's:

Love somebody, yes I do  
And I want somebody for to love me too.  
Love somebody, yes I do  
Oh that soldiers joy.

or as Joe Thompson sings it:

Love somebody yes I do,  
For the bible tells me so!

Court all night, sleep all day  
Court all night, sleep all day  
Court all night, sleep all day  
That's the soldier's joy they say

I am my mother's pride and joy  
I am my mother's pride and joy  
I am my mother's pride and joy  
Play a little tune called solidier's joy

15 cents for the morphine  
25 cents for the beers  
15 cents for the morphine  
Gonna roll right out of here

Newsgroup 16 April 2002; from Skillet Lickers

Chicken in the bread tray scratchin' out dough  
Granny, will your dog bite? No, chile, no.  
Ladies in the center, gents catch air.  
Hold her Newt, don't let her rear.

## **Sourwood Mountain**

From *Brad Leftwich*. Round Peak Style Clawhammer Banjo. Words from Tommy Jarrell. Key A

Chicken crowing on Sourwood mountain

Hey, ho tum-a-diddle-um-a-day

So many pretty girls that you can't count them

Hey, ho tum-a-diddle-um-a-day

Big dog bark, little one'll bite you

Hey, ho tum-a-diddle-um-a-day

Big gal kiss, little one'll fight you

Hey, ho tum-a-diddle-um-a-day

## **Stay All Night**

From *Brad Leftwich*. Round Peak Style Clawhammer Banjo.

Words from Tommy Jarrell. Key A

Stay all night and don't go home (3x)

Stay with me till morning

River's up and I can't get across (3x)

Stay with me till morning

I give five dollars for an old blind horse  
(2x)

He sat down and I couldn't get across

Stay with me till morning

I kicked and I spurred, I couldn't get him  
in (2x)

I give five dollars to take him back again

Stay with me till morning

## Storms are on the Ocean The

From *Carter Family*

1. I'm a-going a- way to leave you love

C                      F              C

I'm a -going a- way for a while

C                      G7              C

But I'll return to you some - time

C              F              C

If I go ten thousand miles

C                      G7              C

*Chorus:*

*The storms are on the O- cean*

F                      C

*The heavens may cease to be*

G7                      C

*This world may lose its motion, love*

F                      C

*If I prove false to thee*

G7                      C

2. Oh, who will dress your pretty little feet

Oh, who will glove your hand

Oh, who will kiss your rosy red cheeks

When I'm in the far off land

*Chorus*

3. Oh, Papa will dress my pretty little feet

And mama will glove my hand

You can kiss my rosy red cheeks

When you return again

*Chorus*

4. Oh have you seen those mournful doves

Flying from pine to pine

A - mourning for their own true loves

Just like I mourn for mine

*Chorus*

5. I'll never go back on the ocean, love

I'll never go back on the sea

I'll never go back on the blue-eyed girl

'Til she goes back on me

Chorus

## **Sugar in the Gourd**

From *Gid Tanner and Skillet Lickers*. On Hear those Southern Fiddle and Guitar Records. Rounder LP

I met her on the road, and she danced on a board  
Tuned up my fiddle and give her sugar in the gourd  
Sugar in the gourd and I can't get it out  
And the way to get the sugar out, roll the gourd about

## **Susananna Gal**

From *Brad Leftwich*. Round Peak Style Clawhammer Banjo. Key D. From a recording of Charlie Lowe.

How do you make your living now, Susananna?

How do you make your living now, Susananna gal?

Rock into a notion now, Susananna

Rock into a notion now, Susananna, gal

I'll hitch old Logan in the lead and Morgan in behind

I'm going down that rocky road, gonna see that gal of mine

I'm going to the western country now, Susananna

I'm going to the western country now, Susananna, gal

Sixteen horses in my team as I go riding by

If I don't get to old Susananna, Lord, I'll know the reason why

**Susananna Gal** continued

Can't stay here if you can't shuck corn, Susananna

Can't stay here if you can't shuck corn, Susananna, gal

How do you make your living now, Susananna?

Drinking whiskey and playing cards, Susananna gal.

## **Sweet Sunny South**

Composite from Charlie Poole and Brad Leftwich in Round Peak Style Clawhammer Banjo book. Key A

Take me home to a place, where I first saw the light  
To my sweet sunny south, take me home  
Where the mockingbirds sing me to sleep every night  
Oh, why was I tempted to roam

Oh I think with regret of the dear home I left  
Of the warm hearts that sheltered me there  
And the wife and the dear ones on whom I'm bereft  
And sight of the old place again

Take me home to a place where my little ones sleep  
And old Massa lies buried nearby  
O'er the graves of the loved ones I long there to weep  
And among them to rest and to die

**Sweet Sunny South** continued

Take me home to the place where the orange trees grow  
To my cot in the evergreen shade  
Where the flowers on the river's green margin's they grow  
They are sweet on the banks where we played

The path to our cottage, they say has grown green  
The place is quite lonely around  
And I know that the smiles and the forms I have seen  
Now lies in the cold mossy ground

Take me home to a place where my little ones sleep  
And old Massa lies buried nearby  
Oe'r the graves of the loved ones I long there to weep  
And among them to rest and to die

**Sweet Sunny South** continued

Take me back, let me see what is left that I know  
Can it be that the old house is gone?  
Dear friends of my childhood indeed must be few  
And I must face death alone

But yet I return to the place of my birth  
Where the children have played around the door  
Where they gather wild blossoms that grow round the path  
They will echo our footsteps no more

## **Sugar Hill**

From *Crocket Ward and his Boys*.

If you want to get your eye knocked out  
If you want to get your fill  
If you want to get your head cut off  
Then go to Sugar Hill

Jaybird on the mountain top  
Redbird on the ground  
Blackbird in the sugar tree  
A'shaking that sugar down

?Big Mary? Got mighty sick  
And what do you reckon ailed her  
[She] drink three pints of sugar top  
And then her stomach failed her

Ten Cents in my pocket book

And don't you hear it jingle  
I 'm gonna court them pretty gals  
As long as I stay single

Jaybird pulled a big plough  
??and the borrar one a jew??  
Your legs so slim and slender  
I 'm fraid they'll break it too

Yonder comes my old true love  
And how do you reckon I know  
Tell her by her shoo fly dress  
That comes from sugar stores?

**Sugar Hill** continued

Peter Budd's Old Time Song Book – Transcribed, annotated and compiled by Peter Budd

From: *Brad Leftwich* in book *Round Peak Style Clawhammer*  
banjo

From *Dad Crockett*, written out in *Old Time String Band*  
Songbook (New Lost City Ramblers).

Five cents in my pocket change, two  
dollars in my bill  
If I had ten dollars more, I'd climb old  
Sugar hill

If you want to get your eye knocked out  
If you want to get your fill  
If you want to get your eye knocked out  
Go to Sugar Hill

Jaybird and the sparrowhawk, they had a  
little fight together  
They fought all around the briar patch  
and they never jerked a feather

I'm getting lonesome for my gal  
I want a drink of Rye  
I'm a going to Sugar Hill  
Or know the reason why

If I had no horse to ride, I'd be found a  
walking  
Up and down old Toenail Gap to hear that  
girl a-talking

Possum on a railfence  
Looking at the sun  
Hound dog coming down the road  
Possum better run

Possum up a simmon tree  
Raccoon on the ground

Peter Budd's Old Time Song Book - Transcribed, annotated and compiled by Peter Budd

Possum up a simmon tree

Shaking simmons down

Get your banjo off the wall

Grab your fiddle Bill

Hitch the horses to the sleigh

We're going to Sugar Hill

## Tanner's Boarding House

Wed, 31 May 2000 01:35:27 GMT lofgr004@maroon.tc.umn.edu (Lyle Lofgren), University of Minnesota, Twin Cities Campus  
I notice that you've got all kinds of responses, with the exception of the words. Here's Uncle Willie's transcription of the recording. Although he sometimes made some errors, I find him to be 95% or so accurate. In listening to the recording and comparing these words, I can't improve on them:

INSTR.)

I 'm just a country fellow from way out in the sticks;  
I have a lot of trouble, I get a lot of kicks;  
I raise my cotton and corn, I never owned a Ford;  
I run the boardin' house where the folks don't pay no board.

CHORUS:

My boardin' house, my boardin' house, it sits up on the hill;  
Now come along and join us all, and you're welcome if you will;  
Eat corn bread and 'taters, too, and drink out of a gourd;  
My boardin' house, my boardin' house, where the folks don't pay no board.

"Great Goodness! ha ha ha ha ha!"

There is a lot of people, sometimes they make me blue;  
They stay with me all the summer, and spend the winter, too;  
They brag about how well they live when they are up in town,  
But when my grocery bill comes due, they never are around.

"Great Goodness! ha ha ha ha ha!"

(I NSTR.)

CHORUS

(I NSTR.)

Hunt and fish all day 'til they're out of breath;  
Come home to supper, perished 'most to death;  
Eat my ham and middlin's too, they certainly have suffish;  
And rush right on off to bed, and never wash a dish.

(I NSTR.)

Peter Budd's Old Time Song Book - Transcribed, annotated and compiled by Peter Budd

"Great Goodness! ha ha ha ha ha!"

CHORUS

"By Jesus, I 'm gone!"

## **Tear My Stillhouse Down**

From Gillian Welch. Revival

Put no stone at my head, no flowers on my tomb  
No gold plated sign in a marble pillared room  
The one thing I want when they lay me in the ground  
When I die tear my stillhouse down

Oh tear my stillhouse down, let it go to rust  
Don't leave no trace of the hiding place  
Where I made that evil stuff  
For all my time and money no profit did I see  
That old copper kettle was the death of me

When I was a child way back in the hills  
I laughed at the men who tended those stills  
But that old mountain shine, it caught me somehow  
When I die tear my stillhouse down

Oh tear my stillhouse down, let it go to rust

Don't leave no trace of the hiding place

Where I made that evil stuff

For all my time and money no profit did I see

That old copper kettle was the death of me

Oh tell all your children that Hell ain't no dream

'Cause Satan he lives in my whisky machine

And in my time of dying I know where I'm bound

So when I die tear my stillhouse down

Oh tear my stillhouse down, let it go to rust

Don't leave no trace of the hiding place

Where I made that evil stuff

For all my time and money no profit did I see

That old copper kettle was the death of me

## **Tell Her To Come Back Home**

From *Uncle Dave Macon and his Fruit Jar Drinkers*. On Rounder 1033. Tennessee Strings.  
Same tune as Cindy. Key of G on record

*(Sing on First A)*

Feeling sad and lonesome, I'll tell you the reason why  
Just last Monday morning, my Doney said goodbye

*(Straight into chorus on B part)*

*Oh my love, oh my love,*

*Oh my love, tell her to come back home*

*A2,B2 instrumental between every verse*

When we were married, Bought her everything she need  
She got so awful greedy, she wanted everything she seed

*Oh my love, oh my love, Oh my love, tell her to come back home*

Peter Budd's Old Time Song Book - Transcribed, annotated and compiled by Peter Budd

Coffee grows on white oak trees, the river flows with brandy  
The hillside's lined with ginger cake, my Doney's sweet as candy

*Oh my love, oh my love, Oh my love, tell her to come back home*

I will ride the old grey horse, you may ride the roan  
If you see my Doney, tell her I'm sitting at home

*Oh my love, oh my love, Oh my love, tell her to come back home*

## **Took my Girl A Walking**

From *Charlie Poole*

I took my girl a-walkin', it was on one Saturday night  
I took my girl a-walkin', and the moon was shining bright  
I asked if she'd marry me, and this is what she said,  
She said she wouldn't marry me, if the rest of the world were dead

*Chorus:*

*I ain't got nobody, I'm just as blue as can be  
I ain't got nobody, to make a big fuss of me  
If I don't get somebody, I'll go back to the farm  
Milk the cows and chickens, and don't give a golly gosh darn.*

I took my girl a-walkin', it was on one Saturday night  
I took my girl a-walkin', and the moon was shining bright  
I asked if she'd kiss me, and this is what she said,  
She said she wouldn't kiss me, so I kissed her instead

*Chorus*

## **When I had but Fifty Cents**

From *Binkley Brothers Dixie Clodhoppers*. On Marimac cassette. Key on Cassette is C

I took my girl to a fancy ball, it was a social hop

We stayed all night until the break of daylight

Just waiting for the music to stop.

We went in- to a rest- a- raunt, the finest on the street

She said she wasn't hung-ery but this is what she eat

A dozen rolls, a plate of slaw, a chicken and a roast

A pair of doves with apple sauce, a soft shell crab on toast

A big barbecue with crackers too, her appetite was immense

When she called for pie, I thought I'd die, for I had just fifty cents

You 'bet I wasn't hung-ery, I didn't care to eat

I've got money in my clothes to bet she cant be beat

I thought if she ate that way all the time

She'd surely break a bank

She said she wasn't thirsty, but this is what she drank

A glass of ale, a gin cocktail, it made me shake with fear  
A ginger pop with rum on top, and then a schooner of beer  
A whisky skin, a glass of gin, she should have had more sense  
When she called for more, I fell on the floor, for I had but fifty cents

You 'bet I wasn't hung-ery, I didn't care to eat  
Expecting every moment, to be kicked out in the street  
She said she'd bring her friends around  
Someday, and we'd have fun  
I showed the man my fifty cents, and this is what he done

He mashed my nose, he tore my clothes, he hit me on my jaw  
He grabbed me by my collar and slammed me out the door  
He caught me where my clothes were lose, he kicked me through the fence  
Take my advice, don't try it twice when you've got but fifty cents

## **Soldiers Joy**

From: *Skillet Lickers* on Hell Broke loose in Georgia. County.....

Rock the cradle Lucy, rock the cradle high  
Rock the cradle Lucy, don't let that baby cry

Rock the cradle Lucy, rock the cradle long  
Rock the cradle Lucy, keep that baby warm

The *Cofar Brothers* on Georgia fiddle bands volume 2 has slight variant to first verse:

Rock the cradle Lucy, don't you close your eyes  
Rock the cradle Lucy, don't let that baby cry

From *Taylor's Kentucky Boys*. On Wink the Other Eye

Love somebody, yes I do, love somebody, yes I do  
Love somebody, yes I do, love somebody and I won't tell who

**Soldiers Joy** continued

Chicken in the bread tray scratching up dough  
Granny will your dog bite, no sir no

Grasshopper sitting on a sweet potato vine  
Grasshopper sitting on a sweet potato vine  
Grasshopper sitting on a sweet potato vine  
Along comes a chicken and says you're mine

I'm gonna get a drink, don't you want to go  
?  
25 cents for the whisky?

From *Brad Leftwich*. Round Peak Style Clawhammer Banjo. Words from Tommy Jarrell. Key A

I love somebody, yes I do (3x)  
And I bet you five dollars you can't guess who

I'm gonna get a drink, don't you want to go? (3x)

## Hold on soldiers joy

Grasshopper sitting on a sweet potato vine (3x)

Along comes a chicken, says you are mine

Twenty-five cents for the morphine

Fifteen cents for the beer

Twenty five cents for the morphine

Gonna carry me away from here

## **Train on the Island**

From *J.P.Nestor*. From Anthology of American Folk Music

Train on the island, since I heard it squeal  
Go tell my true love, I can't roll the wheel  
I can't roll the wheel, love, it's I can't roll the wheel.

Thought he heard it blow love,      He thought he heard it blow

Train on the island, since I heard it blow  
Go tell my true love, sick and I can't go  
Sick, and I can't go, and I can't roll the wheel

Train on the island, since I've heard it squeal  
Go tell my true love, how happy I do feel

Thought he heard it blow, love,      Thought he heard it blow

**Train on the Island** continued

Train on the island, since I've heard it blow

Go tell my true love, long as I can go

Long as I can go

Lord, he thought he heard it blow

Train on the island, since I've heard it blow

Go tell my true love, sick and I can't go

Sick, and I can't go, love, sick and I can't go

Thought he heard it blow, love,      Thought he heard it blow

From *Brad Leftwich*. Round Peak Style Clawhammer Banjo. Words from Tommy Jarrell. Key A

Train on the island, can't you hear it blow?

Go and tell that pretty little gal I ain't coming back no more (2x)

## **Wagoner's Lad The**

From *Buell Kazez Anthology of American Folk Music*

The heart is the fortune of all womankind  
They're always controlled, they're always confined  
Controlled by their parents until there are wives  
Then slaves to their husbands the rest of their lives

I've been a poor girl, my fortune is sad  
I've always been courted by the wagoner's lad  
He courted me daily by night and by day  
And now he is loaded and going away

Your parents don't like me because I am poor  
They say I'm not worthy of entering your door  
I work for my living, my money's my own  
And if they don't like me they can leave me alone

## **The Wagoner's Lad** continued

Your horses are hungry, go feed them some hay  
Come sit down beside me as long as you stay  
My horses ain't hungry, they won't eat your hay  
So fare you well, darling, I 'll be on my way

Your wagon needs greasing, your whip is to mend  
Come sit down here by me as long as you can  
My wagon is greasy, my whip's in my hand  
So fare you well, darling, no longer to stand

## **Walking in my Sleep**

From *Brad Leftwich*. Round Peak Style Clawhammer Banjo. Words from Tommy Jarrell. Key G

When you see that gal of mine, just tell her if you can  
When she goes to make up bread, to wash them dirty hands

*Chorus:*

*Walking in my sleep, babe, I'm walking in my sleep  
Up and down that Dixie line, just walking in my sleep*

When you see that gal of mine, tell her if you please  
When she goes to make up dough, roll up those dirty sleeves

Pain in my finger, there's a pain in my toe  
Pain in my anklebone, I ain't gonna work no more

## **Watermelon on the Vine**

From *Gid Tanner and Skillet Lickers*. On Hear those Southern Fiddle and Guitar Records. Rounder LP

1. See that watermelon, smiling through the fence  
I really wish that watermelon was mine  
But the white folks are foolish and the niggers have a lot of sense  
Or they wouldn't leave it hanging on the vine

*Chorus:*

*Hambone is sweet, chicken am good*

*Rabbit is so very, very fine*

*But give me, oh give me, oh how I wish you would*

*That watermelon hanging on that vine*

2. You can talk about your apples, your peaches and your peas  
'Simmons a-growing on the tree  
But bless your heart my honey for you're the gal for me  
Or they wouldn't leave it hanging on the vine

## **Watermelon On The Vine** continued

3. I went to get that melon, it was on one Sunday night  
Stars they had just begun to shine  
But when I left that old man's field I left there on a run  
But I never left it hanging on that vine

## **When Sorrows Encompass Me Round**

When sorrows encompass me 'round  
And many distresses I see  
Astonished I cry can a mortal be found  
Surrounded with troubles like me

Few seasons of peace I enjoy  
And they are succeeded by pain  
If e'er a few moments of praise I employ  
I have hours and days to complain

Oh when will my sorrows subside  
Oh when will my sufferings cease  
Oh when to the bosom of Christ be  
conveyed  
To the mansions of glory and bliss

May I be prepared for that day

When Jesus shall bid me remove  
That I may in rapture go shouting away  
To the arms of my heavenly love

My spirit to glory convey  
My body laid low in the ground  
I wish not a tear at my grave to be shed  
But all join in praising around

No sorrow be vented that day  
When Jesus hath called me home  
With singing and shouting let each  
brother say  
He's gone from the evil to come

Immersed in the ocean of love  
My soul like an angel shall sing  
Till Christ shall descend with a shout  
from above

And make all creation to ring

Our bodies in dust shall obey

And swifter than thought shall arise

Then change in a moment go shouting  
away

To mansions of love in the skies

## Wagon Yard

From Lowe Stokes and his North Georgians. Vocal by Arthur Tanner. On County LP 504 Mountain Songs. Key on LP is A  
Capo on 2<sup>nd</sup> fret to get into A

I am a jolly farmer, last night I came to town

G C G

To bring a bale of cotton, I'd worked the whole year round

G A7 D

I put my team in the wagon yard, and bought me a bottle of gin

G C G

I went out to see the electric lights, and watch the cars come in

C G D G

I met a dude out on the street, the clock was striking nine

He says, come on old hayseed, take a drink its mine

I must have bought a dozen drinks, cos it hit my pocket book hard

I wish I'd bought me a half a pint and stayed in the wagon yard

(Instrumental)

Listen to me farmers, I'm here to talk with sense

If you want to see them electric lights, just look right over the fence  
Don't monkey with them city doves, you'll find they're slick as lard  
Just go and get you a half a pint, and stay in the wagon yard.  
(Instrumental)

I'm a deacon in a horse shed church, down near Possum Trot  
If the sisters find about my spree, they're bound to make things hot  
I went out on a party, I led the pace that kills  
When I woke up that gang had gone and left me all the bills

I found them over on the corner, near Soul Salvation Hall  
That drunken bunch were out there singing, Jesus paid it all  
They put me up in a driver's box, Lord my pillow was hard  
I wish I'd had me a half a pint, and stayed in the wagon yard

## **We'll Die In The Pig Pen Fighting**

From Tom Brad and Alice. We'll Die In The Pig Pen Fighting. CCCD 0196.

Alice Gerrard wrote first verse. The other two are from Thomas Talley's book *Negro Folk Rhymes* (1922). Tune is what Norman Edmonds called Angeline the Baker (not related to usual tune)

Key D. Fiddle ADAE

**Barrow says to the old sow**

**I tell you what I know**

**I see old farmer coming**

**And I don't want to go**

**I don't want to go,**

**I don't want to go**

**Old sow says to the barrow**

**I tell you what lets do**

**Let's get old farmer's broad-axe**

**He'll die in the pig pen too**

**Die in the pig pen too,**

**Die in the pig pen too**

**We'll die in the pig pen fighting**

**Die, die in the war**

**We'll die in the pig pen fighting**

**Die with a biting jaw.**

**Die with a biting jaw.**

**Die with a biting jaw.**

## **White House Blues**

*From Charlie Poole.*

**1. McKinley hollered, McKinley squalled  
Doc said to "McKinley, I can't find  
that ball"  
From Buffalo to Washington**

**2. Roosevelt in the White House, he's  
doin' his best  
McKinley in the graveyard, he's takin'  
his rest  
He's gone a long old time**

**3. Hush up little children, now don't  
you fret  
You'll draw a pension at your papa's  
death  
From Buffalo to Washington**

**4. Roosevelt in the White House,  
drinkin' out of a silver cup  
McKinley in the graveyard, he never  
wakes up  
He's gone a long, long time**

**5. Ain't but one thing that grieves my  
mind  
That is to die and leave my poor wife  
behind  
I'm gone a long old time**

**6. Look here little children, now don't  
you fret  
You'll draw a pension at your papa's  
death  
From Buffalo to Washington**

**7. Standing at the station, just lookin'  
at the time  
See if I could run it by half-past nine  
From Buffalo to Washington**

**8. Hey the train, she's just on time  
She run a thousand miles from eight  
o'clock till nine  
From Buffalo to Washington**

**9. Yonder comes the train, she's  
coming down the line  
Blowing at every station, Mr McKinley's  
a-dyin'  
It's hard times, hard times**

**10. Look a-here, you rascal, you see  
what you've done  
You've shot my husband with that Iver  
Johnson gun  
Carry me back to Washington**

**11. Doc on the horse, he tore down  
through main  
Said to that horse, "You've got to  
outrun this train  
From Buffalo to Washington"**

**12. Doctor came a-running, taked off  
his specs  
Said "Mr. McKinley, better cash in  
your checks  
You're bound to die, bound to die"**



## Whoa Mule

From Easy Street, Money in Both Pockets CD. Who credit tune from Benton Flippen Mount Airy N.Ca (recorded source unknown; it is not on Old Times, New Times CD) and words from Randy Wilson, Corbin Ky. As I have transcribed them there is a certain lack of logic in the lyrics. Key D; ADAE, sing on low (B) part. Also recorded by Pilot Mountain Bobcats

Saddled up my old grey mule, took her  
down town  
Before I had time to strike up a trade, a  
buzzard tied her down.

### Chorus

Whoa mule, whoa;      whoa mule I say  
I aint got time to kiss you now. My mule  
just ran away

Jaybird died of whooping cough, Bluebird  
died of colic

Along came a toad with a fiddle on his  
back, and all went to the frolic

### Chorus

Peter was a little boy, Peter was not  
stout  
Peter got the whooping cough and Peter  
petered out

### Instrumental

### Chorus

End

## **Why Should I Be Lonely**

(Jimmie Rodgers-Estell Lovell/Peer International, BMI)

From: *Tom, Brad and Alice*

The moonlight tonight is shining so bright  
Everything seems to make me feel lonely  
Brings to my mind that sweet happy time  
And the days when your love was my own

Chorus:

Why should I feel lonely why should I  
feel blue  
When another has taken away from me  
the best friend that I ever knew  
She's taken the sunshine with her leaving  
the clouds for me

Why should I feel lonely when there's  
nobody lonely for me

Violets so blue are calling for you  
And the roses' sweet scent is unfolding  
I feel your soft kiss and the love that I  
miss

Every night when your picture I hold

repeat chorus

Why should I feel lonely when there's  
nobody lonely for me

## **Wildwood Flower**

?source?

I will twine and will mingle my waving black hair  
With the roses so red and the lilies so fair  
The myrtle so green of an emerald hue  
The pale emanita and violets of blue

Oh he promised to love me, he promised to love  
To cherish me always all others above  
I woke from my dream and my idol was clay  
My passion for loving had vanished away

Oh he taught me to love him, he called me his flower  
A blossom to cheer him through life's weary hour  
But now he has gone and left him alone  
The wild flowers to weep and the wild birds to moan

I 'll dance and I 'll sing and my life shall be gay

**Wildwood Flower** continued

I 'll charm every heart in the crowd I survey  
Though my heart now is breaking, he shall never know  
How his name makes me tremble, my pale cheeks to glow

I 'll dance and I 'll sing and my life shall be gay  
I 'll banish this weeping, drive troubles away  
I 'll live yet to see him, regret this dark hour  
When he won and neglected his frail wildwood flower

## **Will The Circle Be Unbroken?**

From Mudcat Café

**cho: Will the circle be unbroken,  
By and by, Lord, bye and bye?  
There's a better home a-waiting  
In the sky, Lord, in the sky.**

**I was standing by the window  
On one cold and cloudy day;  
And I saw the hearse come rolling  
For to carry my mother away.**

**Lord, I told the undertaker,  
"Undertaker, please drive slow;  
For this body you are hauling,  
Lord, I hate to see her go"**

**I followed close behind her,  
tried to hold up and be brave**

**But I could not hide my sorrow  
When they laid her in the grave.**

**Went back home, Lord, my home was  
lonesome  
Since my mother, she was gone;  
All my brothers, sisters crying  
What a home so sad and lone.**

**Now my mother, she's crossed over  
Where so many have gone before.  
And I know, Lord, I will meet her  
Just waiting at glory's door.**

This is the popular version:

(some of the lyrics have been attributed to A.P. Carter & Jimmy Ibbotson) From Distant Voice Lyric Page

I was standing by my window on a cold  
and cloudy day,  
when I saw the hearse come rollin' for  
to carry my mother away.

Refrain:

Will the circle be unbroken  
by and by Lord, by and by?

There's a better home a-waitin'  
in the sky Lord, in the sky.

I told the undertaker, "Undertaker,  
please drive slow,

for this body you are haulin', Lord, I  
hate to see her go." (refrain)

Well I followed close behind her, tried  
to hold up and be brave.

But I could not hide my sorrow when  
they laid her in the grave. (refrain)

I went back home an found it lonely,  
'cause my mother now was gone.

All my brothers and sisters crying in  
our home so sad and alone. (refrain)

Oh, we sang the songs of childhood,  
hymns of faith that made us strong;  
all the ones that mother taught us,  
hear the angels sing along. (refrain)

**I was singing with my family. I was  
singing with my friends.**

**We all can sing together, 'cause the  
circle never ends. (refrain)**

**One by one their seats were emptied.**

**One by one they went away.**

**Now my family, they are parted. We  
will meet again someday? (refrain)**

**I was born down in the valley, where  
the sun refused to shine.**

**But I'm climbin' to the highland, gonna  
make that mountain mine! (refrain)**

## **Wolves a Howlin'**

Paul

Fri, 07 Jan 2000 18:42:56 GMT

From Kenny Jackson

Can't you hear them wolves a-howlin  
all around my poor little darlin  
four on the hillside, six in the holler  
they're gonna get her, bet you a dollar

Can't you hear them wolves a-howlin  
all around my poor little darlin  
can't you see them blue clouds flyin  
poor little darlin, hollerin and cryin

From Paul Mitchell:

I think that John Brown or John Hatcher sings the following stanza:

Can't you hear them wolves a-howlin  
Poor little Mary home a cryin

## **Yellow Rose of Texas**

From *Brad Leftwich*, Round Peak Clawhammer Banjo, key D?

The yellow rose of Texas, I'm going back to see  
There ain't no other cowboy, knows her but me

She's the sweetest rose of color this cowboy ever knew  
Her eyes are bright like diamonds and sparkle like the dew

I'm going back to Texas, I'm now on my way  
When I get back to Texas, In Texas I'll stay

When I get back to Austin, how happy I will be  
With the yellow rose of Texas a-sitting on my knee

## **YOU'VE GOT TO STOP DRINKING**

### **SHINE**

**Gid Tanner, vocal w/ banjo, 12/6/1930**

**Co 15716D (W151062-2)**

From Lyle Lofgren on OT newsgroup 4 June 2004.

**(Spoken): "All right boys, the state says cut out that shine. That's what you oughta do."**

**1. The state has cut this whiskey out,  
But they let you have a little wine;  
Most everybody's gettin' on a drunk  
And they must be drinkin' that shine.**

### **CHORUS:**

**God don't like it, I know (3)  
Scandal and a shame.**

**God don't like it, I know (3)  
Scandal and a shame.**

**2. Some men won't pay their honest debts,  
Let their bills get far behind;  
Draw their money every week  
And drink it all up in shine.**

### **CHO.**

**3. This old world's gwine-a be lost,  
Keep on like it's goin' ;  
God's folk cannot have a church  
When the people are drinkin' that shine.**

**CHO. (with "It's scandal and a shame"  
1st time through)**

**4. (They) say the yellow corn**

**Makes the very best kind;  
Better go to makin' it up in bread  
And stop that makin' that shine.**

**CHO. (with "It's a scandal and a  
shame" both times)**

**4. If you are a soldier of the cross,  
Make it up in your mind;  
Serve the Lord with all-a your might  
And stop that drinkin' that shine.**

**CHO. (with "It's scandal and a shame"  
both times)**

## **You Aint Talkin to Me**

Highwoods String Band. No 3 Special. Rounder LP 0074

(from *Charlie Poole*, but the *Highwoods* version has modernised some of the words, so it's less awkward. Mac Benford wrote the third (bear) verse. Key Eb, so presumably being played in D.

I went up to a ladies house, to beg a bite to eat  
She fed me on some pork and beans, and pie and coffee sweet  
She said now Bill, I sure did feed you good  
Will you step out in my backyard, And chop a stack of wood

*Oh, you aint talkin to me, you aint talkin to me*

*I may be crazy all like that, but I got good sense you see*

*You aint talkin to me, you aint talkin to me*

*You fed me good, But I cant chop wood, you aint talkin to me*

Oh me and my wife, had ups and downs, All through our married life,  
She said to me one day Bill, Lets stop this solemn strife,  
We went out on the lake, one evening just about dusk,  
She says now Bill we'll drown ourselves, no-one will weep for us,

*Chorus: Oh, you aint talkin to me*

etc

*When the lake runs dry its time to die, you aint talkin to me*

Now hunting with my buddy Jake, on a bright and sunny day  
I run into a big old bear, and he would not go away  
Jake says he's awful big, we'll need some help its clear  
I'll run back and get the boys, and you just keep him here

*Chorus: Oh, you aint talkin to me*

*Etc*

*You hold the gun, I'd rather run, you aint talkin to me etc*

Peter Budd's Old Time Song Book – Transcribed, annotated and compiled by Peter Budd

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