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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

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 'Copyrited 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

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

From *Steve Goldfield*. 16 Jan 2000

Third Part: (No words that I know)

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

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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.

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.

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

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

18 If you see that girl of mine,

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

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.

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.

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

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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'!

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.

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

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

It 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

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.

H:DATA/MULIST/OTSONGS 17/08/04 16:45

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

H:DATA/MULIST/OTSONGS 17/08/04 16:45

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
If 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

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...

H:DATA/MULI ST/OTSONGS 17/08/04 16:45

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-----

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:

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:

H:DATA/MULI ST/OTSONGS 17/08/04 16:45

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.

H:DATA/MULIST/OTSONGS 17/08/04 16:45

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

H:DATA/MULIST/OTSONGS 17/08/04 16:45

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

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 starry crown
Good Lord show me the way

Oh Sinners lets go down

Lets go down, come on down
Oh Sinners 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

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

H:DATA/MULIST/OTSONGS 17/08/04 16:45

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

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

H:DATA/MULIST/OTSONGS 17/08/04 16:45

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 gown.
*(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

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 _ _ _ | 5⁷ _ _ _ | 1 _ _ _ | 1 _ _ _ |(1 _ _ _ | 1 _ _ _ |)

1 _ _ _ | 1 _ _ _ | 4⁷ _ _ _ | 4⁷ _ _ _ |

1 _ _ _ | 1 _ _ _ | 1 _ _ _ | 1 _ _ _ |

4⁷ _ _ _ | 4⁷ _ _ _ | 4⁷ _ _ _ | 4⁷ _ _ _ |

1 _ _ _ | 1 _ _ _ | 1 _ _ _ | 1 _ _ _ |

5⁷ _ _ _ | 5⁷ _ _ _ | 4⁷ _ _ _ | 4⁷ _ _ _ |

1 _ _ _ | 1 _ _ _

Refrain

1 _ _ _ | 5⁷ _ _ _ | 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

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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

I da 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.

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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

From Brad Leftwich. Round Peak
Clawhammer Banjo Book. Key of A

I 'm gonna marry that pretty little girl

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

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 tipple 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
(sometimesI'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

H:DATA/MULIST/OTSONGS 17/08/04 16:45

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 masn, 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
If 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
If 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.

H:DATA/MULIST/OTSONGS 17/08/04 16:45

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 kettle on, Molly put the
kettle on**

Molly put the kettle 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 kettle (sic) on, Molly put
the kettle on**

Molly put the kettle 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 kettle (sic) on, Molly put
the kettle on**

Molly put the kettle 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-oovin' 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 mule's 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^m _ 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 wont 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 cant fool me
When its peach picking time in Georgia, its 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.

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.*

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

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 (2x)

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

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 rollling 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

It's who'll rock the cradle when I'm gone

It's I'll rock the cradle, I'll sing the song

I'll rock the cradle when you're gone

It's I'll rock the cradle when you're gone

It'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

It's all I can do, It'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

[INSTRUMENTAL 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.

H:DATA/MULIST/OTSONGS 17/08/04 16:45
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 weren't 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

H:DATA/MULIST/OTSONGS 17/08/04 16:45

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

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

H:DATA/MULIST/OTSONGS 17/08/04 16:45

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

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 afraid 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

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From: *Brad Leftwich* in book *Round Peak Style Clawhammer banjo*

Five cents in my pocket change, two
dollars in my bill
If I had ten dollars more, I'd climb old
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

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

From *Dad Crockett*, written out in *Old Time String Band Songbook (New Lost City Ramblers)*.

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

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

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

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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.)

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"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

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 Kazee 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 2nd 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

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