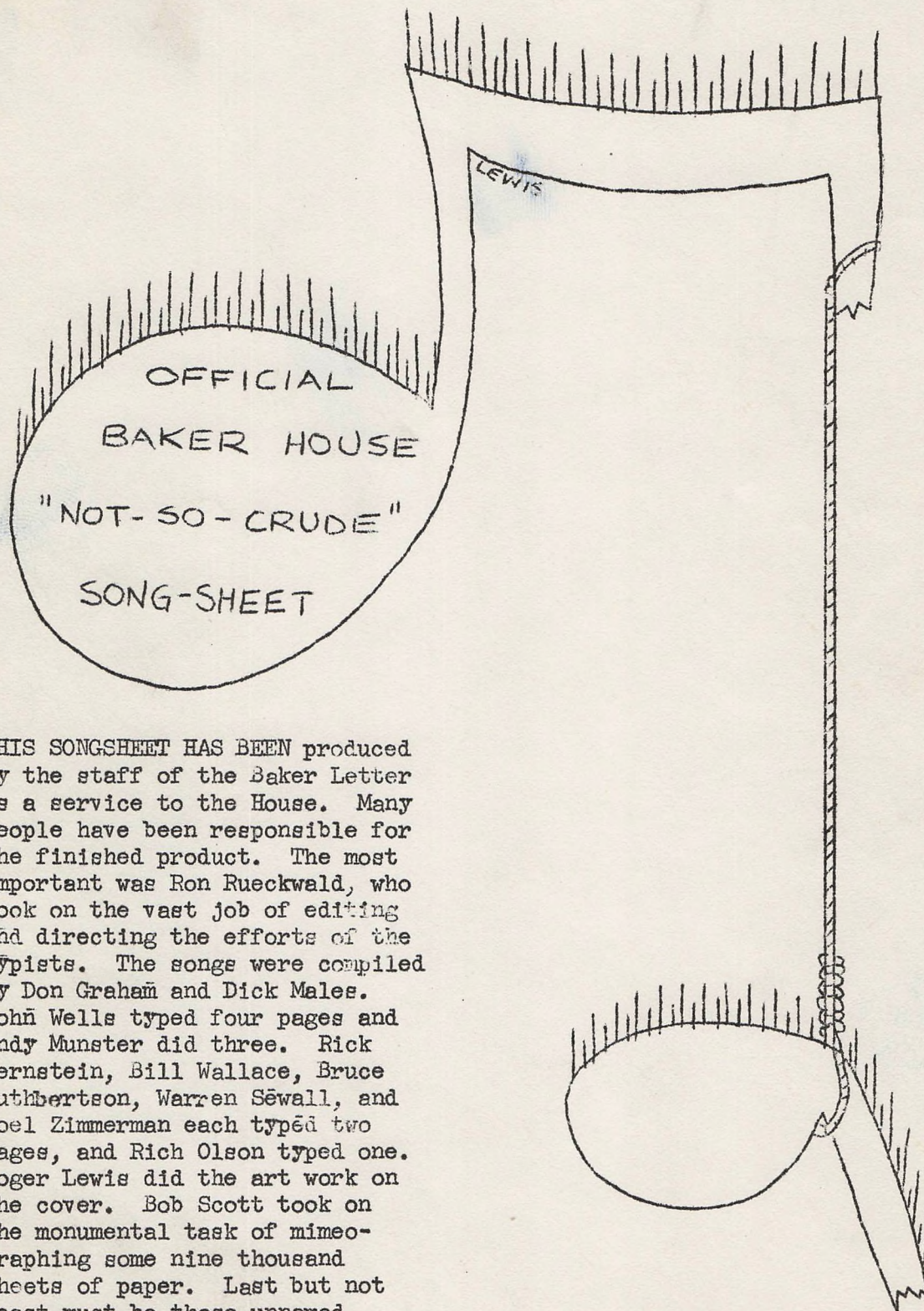




THIS SONGSHEET HAS BEEN produced by the staff of the Baker Letter as a service to the House. Many people have been responsible for the finished product. The most important was Ron Rueckwald, who took on the vast job of editing and directing the efforts of the typists. The songs were compiled by Don Graham and Dick Males. John Wells typed four pages and Andy Munster did three. Rick Bernstein, Bill Wallace, Bruce Cuthbertson, Warren Sewall, and Joel Zimmerman each typed two pages, and Rich Olson typed one. Roger Lewis did the art work on the cover. Bob Scott took on the monumental task of mimeographing some nine thousand sheets of paper. Last but not least must be those unnamed souls who donated their time to collating and stapling these pages. I join them in hoping that you enjoy our "not-so-crude" songsheet.

Your Friendly Editor,
Robert S. Fabry
17 April 1961

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BLUE TAIL FLY

When I was young, I use' to wait on Massa an' hand him his plate,
An' pass the bottle when he got dry, and brush away the blue tail fly.

Jimmie crack corn, and I don' care, (3)
My Massa's gone away.

And when he'd ride in the afternoon, I'd follow after with a hickory broom,
The pony being rather shy, when bitten by the blue tail fly.

One day he ride around the farm, the flies so numerous they did swarm,
One chance to bite him on the thigh, the devil take the blue tail fly.

The pony run, he jump, he pitch, he threw, my Massa in the ditch;
He died an' the jury wondered why--the verdict was the blue tail fly.

They laid him under a simmon tree, his epitaph is there to see:
"Beneath this stone I'm forced to lie--victim of the blue tail fly.

JOHN HENRY

When John Henry was a little baby,
Sittin' on his mammy's knee,
He took a piece of steel in his right
hand,
Said, "Steel'll be the death of me,
Lord, Lord,
Steel'll be the death of me."

Now, some say he was born in Texas
Some say he was born in Maine,
But I say he was born in North Carolina,
He was a steel-driving man.

John Henry had a little woman,
The dress that she wore was green,
She used to make a trip to the mountain
every day,
Just to hear John Henry's hammer ring.

John Henry had a little woman,
Her name was Polly Ann,
When John Henry took sick, and couldn't
work one day,
Polly Ann drove steel like a man.

Well, the captain said to John Henry,
"Goin' to bring that steam drill around,
Goin' to bring that steam drill out on
the job,
Goin' to whop that steel on down."

Well, John Henry said to his captain,
"A man ain't nothin' but a man,
But before I'll let that steam drill
beat me down,
I'll die with my hammer in my hand."

John Henry said to his shaker,
"Shaker, why don't you sing?
I'm throwin' nine pounds from my hips
on down,
Just listen to that cold steel ring."

John Henry said to his turner,
"Turner you'd better pray,
Cause if my hammer miss that little
piece of steel,
Tomorrow be your buryin' day."

Well, the captain said to John Henry,
"I believe this mountain's cavin' in."
John Henry laughed at his captain and
he said,
"Ain't nothin' but my hammer suckin' wind.

The man that invented that steam drill
Must have thought he was mighty fine,
But John Henry he drove fourteen feet,
And the steam drill only made nine.

John Henry was hammerin' on the mountain,
His hammer was strikin' fire,
He hammered so hard he broke his poor
heart,
And he laid down his hammer and he died.

They took John Henry from the mountain,
And they buried him down in the sand,
And every locomotive comes roarin' by,
Says, "There lies a steel drivin' man,
Lord, Lord,
There lies a steel drivin' man."

TOM DOOLEY

Hang down your head, Tom Dooley,
Hang down your head and cry,
Hang down your head, Tom Dooley,
Poor boy, you're bound to die.

I met her on the mountain,
There I took her life;
Met her on the mountain,
And stabbed her with my knife.

Well, this time tomorrow,
Reckon where I'll be--

If it hadn't-a been for Grayson
I'd-a been in Tennessee.

Well, this time tomorrow,
Reckon where I'll be--
Down in some lonesome valley,
Hangin' from a white oak tree.

Hand me down my banjo,
I'll pick it on my knee;
This time tomorrow,
It'll be no good to me.

THE FOX

The fox went out on a starry night, prayed for the moon to give him light,
He'd many a mile to go that night, afore he reached the town, oh,
Town, oh, town, oh, he'd many a mile to go that night
Afore he reached the town, oh.

He ran till he came to a great big pen, where the ducks and geese were put
therein,
A couple of you will grease my chin, afore I leave this town, oh...

He grabbed the gray goose by the neck, throwed a duck across his back,
Didn't mind their quack-quack-quack, with their legs all dangling down, oh...

Then old mother flipper-flopper jumped out of bed, out of the window she
cocked her head,
Cryin' John, John the gray goose is gone, the fox is on the town, oh...

Then John he went to the top of the hill, blowed his horn both loud and shrill
The fox he said I better flee with my kill or they'll soon be on my trail, oh...

He ran till he came to his cozy den; there were his little ones eight, nine,
ten.
They said, "Daddy, you'd better go back again, 'cause it must be a might fine
town, ooh..."

Then the fox and his wife without any strife, cut up the goose with a fork
and a knife.
They never had such a supper in their life, and the little ones chewed on the
the bones, oh...

A-ROVING

In Amsterdam there lived a maid
Mark well what I do say,
In Amsterdam there lived a maid
And she was mistress of her trade,
I'll go no more with you a-roving
with you, fair maid.

A-roving, a-roving,
For roving's been my ru-i-in,
I'll go no more a-roving
with you, fair maid.

Her cheeks are like the rosebuds red,
There's a wealth of hair upon her head.

I took this fair maid for a walk,
And we had such a loving talk.

I put my arm around her waist,
So slim and trim and tightly laced.

I took this fair maid on my knee,
She said, "Young man, you're rather free."

THE MIDNIGHT SPECIAL

Yonder come Miss Rosie,
How in de worl' do you know?
Well I knows her by her apron
And the dress she wo',
Umbreller on her shoulder,
Piece o' paper in her han',
Well she's gonna tell the gov'ner,
Please, turn a-loose my man.

Let de midnight special
Shine its light on me;
Let de midnight special
Shine its ever-lovin' light on me.

When you wake up in de mornin',
When de ding-dong ring,
Go marchin' to de table,
See de same damn thing:
Knife and fork are on de table,
Nothin' in my pan;
Ever say anything about it
Have trouble wid de man

If you ever go to Houston,
Boy, you better walk right,
And you better not squabble,
And you better not fight,
De sheriff will arrest you,
And his boys'll take you down,
And you can bet your bottom dollar
You're penitentiary boun'.

Well, jumpin' little Judy
She was a mighty fine girl,
Well, Judy brought jumpin'
Into de whole roun' worl',
Well, she brought it in de mornin',
Just a while 'fo' day,
And she brought me de news
Dat my wife was dead,
Dat started me to grievin',
Hoopin', hollerin' an' cryin',
Then I begin to worry
'Bout my great long time.

MOUNTAIN DEW

Well, you and me know that old holler tree
Where you lay down a dollar or two,
And if you'll hush up your mug they'll
slip you a jug
Of that good old mountain dew.

They call it that good old mountain
dew,
And them that refuse it are few;
You may go 'round the bend, but
you'll come back again
For that good old mountain dew.

The preacher came by with a tear in his
eye,
He said that his wife had the flu;
We told him he ought just to give her
a quart
Of that good old mountain dew.

Way up on the hill there's an old
whiskey still,
Run by a hard-workin' crew;
You can tell by the whiff, you can tell
by the smell
When they're makin' that good old
mountain dew.

Now, my cousin Green, he is genteel
and clean
He lets out but hardly a mew,
But you can hear him a mile when he's
had but a vial
Of that good old mountain dew.

My brother George, he is not very large,
He measures just four foot two,
But he thinks he's a giant when they
give him a pint
Of that good old mountain dew.

My brother Bill has a still on the hill
Where he runs off a gallon or two,
And the buzzards in the sky get so drunk
they can't fly
On that good old mountain dew.

Throw away all our pills, it will cure
all your ills
Of Pagan, or Christian, or Jew;
Off with your coat and wet down your throat
With that good old mountain dew.

My Auntie Jane had some brand new perfume
It had such a sweet-smelling pu;
Imagine her surprise when she had it
analyzed,
It was that good old mountain dew.

Mr. Roosevelt told me just how he felt
The day that the dry law went through;
If your likker's too red, it will swell
up your head,
Better stick to that good old mountain
dew.

LOGGER LOVER

As I sat down one evening
'Twas in a small cafe,
A forty-year old waitress,
These words to me did say.

"I see you are a logger,
And not just a common bum,
For no one but a logger
Stirs coffee with his thumb.

"I had a logger lover;
There's none like him today.
If you poured whiskey on it,
He'd eat a bale of hay.

"He never shaved the whiskers
From off his horny hide,
But hammered in the bristles
And bit them off inside.

"My lover came to see me
'Twas on a winter's day
He held me in a fond embrace
That broke three vertebrae.

"He kissed me when we parted
So hard it broke my jaw.

I could not speak to tell him
He forgot his mackinaw.

"I saw my logger lover
Go striding off through the snow;
A-goin' gaily homeward
At forty-eight below.

"The weather tried to freeze him;
It tried its level best.
At a hundred degrees below zero,
He buttoned up his vest.

"It froze clear down to China
It froze to the stars above.
At a thousand degrees below zero,
It froze my logger love.

"They tried in vain to thaw him,
But would you believe it sir,
They made him into axe blades
To chop the Douglas Fir.

"And so I lost my lover,
And to this cafe I've come,
And here I wait 'till someone
Stirs coffee with his thumb."

ALL MY TRIALS

Hush, little baby, don't you cry,
You know your mother's bound to die.

All my trials, Lord, soon be over,
Too late, my brothers,
Too late, but never mind,
All my trials, Lord, soon be over.

The River of Jordan runs chilly and cold,
It chills the body but saves the soul.

I had a little book that was given to me,
And every leaf spelled victory.

If religion were a thing that money
could buy,
The rich would live and the poor would die.

Look out, sister, how you step on the
cross,
Your right foot's slipping and you'll
soon be lost.

RIDDLE SONG

I gave my love a cherry that has no stone,
I gave my love a chicken that has no bone,
I gave my love a story that has no end,
I gave my love a baby with no cryen.

How can there be a cherry that has no stone?
How can there be a chicken that has no bone?
How can there be a story that has no end?
How can there be a baby with no cryen?

A cherry when it's blooming, it has no stone,
A chicken when it's pippin', it has no bone,
The story of our love, it has no end,
A baby when it's sleeping, there's no cryen.

CLEMENTINE

In a cavern, in a canyon, excavating for a mine,
Dwelt a miner, forty-niner, and his daughter Clementine.

Oh my darling, oh my darling, oh my darling Clementine,
You are lost and gone forever, dreadful sorry, Clementine.

Light she was, and like a fairy, and her shoes were number nine,
Herring boxes without topses, sandels were for Clementine.

Drove she ducklings to the water every morning just at nine.
Hit her foot against a splinter, fell into the foaming brine.

Ruby lips above the water, blowing bubbles soft and fine,
Alas for me! I was no swimmer, so I lost my Clementine.

In a churchyard near the canyon, where the myrtle doth entwine,
There grow roses and other poses, fertilized by Clementine.

Then the miner, forty-niner, soon began to peak and pine;
Thoughtt he "oughter jine" his daughter, now's he with his Clementine.

In my dreams she still doth haunt me, robed in garments soaked with brine;
Though in life I used to hug her, now she's dead I draw the line.

Now ye Boy Scouts, heed the warning to this tragic tale of mine:
Artificial respiration would have saved my Clementine.

How I missed her, How I missed her, how I missed my Clementine.
Till I kissed her little sister, and forgot my Clementine.

FOGGY, FOGGY DEW

When I was a bachelor, I lived all alone,
I worked at the weaver's trade;
And the only, only thing I did that was wrong,
Was too woo a fair young maid.
I wooed her in the winter time
And in the summer too;
And the only, only thing I did that was wrong,
Was to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

One night she knelt close by my side,
When I was fast asleep
She threw her arms around my neck,
And then began to weep.
She wept, she cried, she tore her hair,-
Ah me, what could I do?
So all night long I held her in my arms,
Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

Again I am a bachelor, I live with my son,
We work at the weaver's trade;
And every single time I looked into his eyes
He reminds me of the fair young maid.
He reminds me of the wintertime
And of the summer too;
And the many, many times that I held her in my arms,
Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

Landlord, fill the flowing bowl, until it doth run over,
Landlord, fill the flowing bowl, until it doth run over,
For tonight we'll merry, merry be, for tonight we'll merry, merry be,
For tonight we'll merry, merry be, tommorrow we'll be sober.

The man who drinks good whiskey pure, and goes to bed right mellow
Lives as he ought to live, and dies a jolly good fellow.

The man who drinks cold water pure and goes to bed quite sober,
Falls as the leaves do fall so early in October.

The man who drinks just what he likes, and getteth half-seas over,
Lives till he dies perhaps and then lies down in clover.

The little girl who gets a kiss and runs to tell he mother
Does a very foolish thing, and seldom gets another.

The little girl who gets a kiss and asks for another,
Gets just what she's asking for and soon becomes a mother.

The little boy who gets a kiss and runs and tells his brother,
Does a very useful thing, and brother gets another.

The man who skis with a mighty schuss, and ~~takes~~ the trails wide open,
Skis till he hits a tree, and all his bones are broken.

The man who schusses Tuckerman's at ninety miles an hour,
Has a pretty funeral, and lots of pretty flowers.

The man who skis with well-bent knees, and plenty of verlager,
Skis as he ought to ski, and lives to drink his lager.

The man who swings a mighty ax and chops just like a beaver,
Hnngs all the trees in sight, to the ringing cry of "Timber!"
Timber, timber,
Hangs all the trees in sight, hangs all the trees in sight,
Hangs all the trees in sight, to the ringing cry of "Timber!"

LONESOME TRAVELLER

I am a lonely and a lonesome traveler (3)
I been a-traveling on.

This old world is in a sad condition (3)

I've travelled with the rich, travelled with the poor (3)

I've travelled in the mountains, travelled down in the valleys (3)

I've travelled cold, and then I've travelled hungry (3)

One of these days, I'm goin' to stop all my traveling (3)
Stop all my traveling on.

I'm goin' to keep right on a-traveling on the road to freedom (3)
Goin' to keep right on a traveling on.

COMIN' 'ROUND THE MOUNTAIN

She'll be comin' 'round the mountain, when she comes.
 She'll be comin' 'round the mountain, when she comes.
 She'll be comin' 'round the mountain, blowin' steam off like a fountain,
 She'll be comin' 'round the mountain, when she comes.

She'll be ridin' six white horses, when she comes, (etc.)

She'll be wearin' pink pajamas, when she comes, (etc.)

O, we'll all go out to meet her when she comes. (repeat)
 Oh, we'll all go out to meet her, and we'll all be glad to see her,
 Oh, we'll all go out to meet her, when she comes.

Oh, we'll kill the old red rooster, 'cause he don't crow like he useter.

Oh, we'll all have chicken and dumplins, 'cause we all have chickens to dump
 in.

MY BONNIE

My Bonnie lies over the ocean, my Bonnie lies over the sea,
 My Bonnie lies over the ocean, oh, bring back my Bonnie to me.
 Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bonnie to me, to me,
 Bring back, bring back, oh, bring back my Bonnie to me.

Oh, blow, ye winds, over the ocean, and blow, ye winds, over the sea,
 And blow, ye winds, over the ocean, and bring back my Bonnie to me.

Last night as I lay on my pillow, last night as I lay on my bed,
 Last night as I lay on my pillow, I dreamed that my Bonnie was dead.

The winds have blown over the ocean, the winds have blown over the sea,
 The winds have blown over the ocean, and brought back my Bonnie to me.

My Bonnie's complexion was lovely, her face, it was beauteous to see;
 One day she got caught in a rainstorm, oh, bring back my Bonnie to me.

My Bonnie leaned over the gas tank, the height of its contents to see;
 I lighted a match to assist her, oh, bring back my Bonnie to me.

My mother's an applie-pie maker, my father, he fiddles for 'tin,
 My sister scrubs floors for a livin', oh boy, how the money rolls in.

Last night as I lay on my pillow, last night as I lay on my bed,
 I stuck my feet out of the window, next morning the neighbors were dead.
 Bring back, bring back, oh, bring back my neighbors to me, to me, etc.

My breakfast lies over the ocean, my luncheon lies over the rail;
 My supper lies in great commotion, will someone please bring me a pail?
 Please bring, please bring, oh, please bring a pail to me, etc.

Who knows what I had for breakfast, who knows what I had for tea?
 Who knows what I had for supper, just look out the window and see!
 Clams, clams, clams, clams, oh, clams and ice cream don't agree with me!
 Clams, clams, clams, clams, oh, clams and ice cream don't agree!

JOHN B. SAILS

Oh, we came on the sloop John B., my gran'father and me,
 Round Nassau town we did roam,
 Drinkin' all night, we got in a fight,
 I feel so break-up, I want to go home.

So hoist up the John B. sails, see how the mains'l's set,
 Send for the cap'n ashore, lemme go home!
 Lemme go home! Lemme go home!
 I feel so break-up, I want to go home.

The first mate he got drunk, break up the people's trunk,
 Constable come aboard and take him away,
 Mr. Johnstone, please let me alone,
 I feel so break-up, I want to go home.

The poor cook he got fits, throw'way all the grits,
 Then he took and eat up all o' my corn,
 Lemme go home, I want to go home,
 This is the worst trip, since I been born!

SO LONG, IT'S BEEN GOOD TO KNOW YOU

I've sung this song, but I'll sing it again,
 Of the place where I lived on the wild windy plains,
 In the month called April, the county call'd Gray,
 And here's what all of the people there say, Well its--

So long, it's been good to know you, (3)
 This dusty old dust is a-getting my home,
 And I got to be drifting along.

The dusty storm hit, and it hit like thunder,
 It dusted us over and it covered us under,
 It blocked out the traffic and blocked out the sun,
 And straight for home all the people did run, Singing--

We talked of the end of the world, and then
 We'd sing a song, and then sing it again,
 We'd sit for an hour and not say a word,
 And once in a while these words would be heard, Well its--

The sweethearts sat in the dark and they sparked,
 They hugged and kissed in the dusty old dark;
 They sighed, they cried, and they hugged and they kissed,
 But instead of marriage they talked liked this, Honey,--

I walked down the street to the grocery store,
 It was crowded with people, both rich and both poor,
 I asked the man how his butter was sold,
 He said, "One pound of butter for two pounds of gold." I said--

The telephone rang, and it jumped off the wall.
 That was the preacher, a-making his call;
 He said, "Mind friends, this may be the end;
 You've got your last chance at salvation from sin."
 Well, the church it was jammed, and the church it was packed,
 And that dusty old storm, it blowed so black,
 The preacher could not read a word of his text,
 So he folded his specs, and he took up collection, He said--

DARK AS THE DUNGEON

Come all you young fellows so brave and so fine,
 And seek not your fortune 'way down in the mine.
 It will grow in your heart and sleep in your soul,
 Till the stream of your blood runs as black as the coal.

For it's dark as the dungeon and damp as the dew,
 Where the dangers are double and the pleasures are few,
 Where the rain never falls and the sun never shines;
 Oh, it's dark as the dungeon 'way down in the mines.

It's many a man I have known in my day,
 Who has lived just to labor his poor life away,
 Like a fiend with his dope and a drunkard his wine,
 A man will have lust for the lure of the mine.

Now I hope when I'm gone and the ages may roll,
 That my body may balcken and turn into coal,
 And I'll look form the door of my heavenly home,
 And pity the miner a-diggin' my bones.

OH, SUSANNA

I come from Alabama with my banjo on my knee,
 I'se gwan sto Lou'sianna, my true lub for to see.
 It rained all night de day I left, de wedder it was dry;
 The sun so hot, I froze to def; Susanna, don't you cry.

Oh, Susanna, do not cry for me,
 I come from Alabama, wid my banjo on my knee.

I had a dream de udder night, when ebryting was still;
 I thought I saw Susanna dear, a coming down de hill.
 The buckwheat cake was in her mouf, de tear was in her eye,
 Says I, I'se coming from de souf, Susanna don't you cry.

I soon will be in New Orleans, and den I'll look all 'round,
 And when I find Susanna, I'll fall upon de ground.
 But if I do not find her, then I'll surely dië,
 And when I'm dead and buried, Susanna, don't you cry.

POLLY-WOLLY-DOODLE

Oh, I went down South for to see my Sal,
 Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day;
 My Sally am a spunkky gal,
 Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day.
 Fare thee well, fare thee well,
 Fare thee well, my fairy fay,
 For I'm going to Louisiana, for to see
 my Susyanna,
 Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day.

Oh, my Sal, she am a maiden fair,
 Wlih curly eyes and laughing hair.

Oh, a grasshppper sittin' on a railroad trac
 A-pickin' his teef wid a carpet tack.

Oh, I went to bed, but it wasn't no use,
 My feet stuck out for a chicken roost.

Behind de barn, down on my knees,
 I thought I heard that chicken sneeze.

He sneezed so hard wid do'hoopin'-tough,
 He sneezed his head an' his tail right off.

LOLLY-TOO-DUM

As I went out one morning to take the pleasant air,
 Lolly-too-dum, too-dum, lolly-too-dum day,
 As I went out one morning to take the pleasant air,
 I overheard a mother a-scolding her daughter fair,
 Lolly-too-dum, too-dum, lolly-too-dum day.

You better go wash them dishes, and hush your flattering tongue,
 You know you want to get married and that you are too young.

Oh, pity my condition just as you would your own,
 For fourteen long years I've been living all alone.

Supposing I was willing where would you get your man?
 Why, Lordy mercy Mammy, I'd marry handsome Sam.

Supposing he should slight you like you done him before?
 Why, Lordy mercy, Mammy, I'd marry forty more.

There's peaddlers and there's tinkers and boys from the plow,
 Oh Lordy mercy, Mammy, the fit comes on me now.

Now, my daughter's married and well fer to do,
 Gather 'round young fellers, I'm on the market too.

Lordy mercy Mammy and who would marry you,
 Ain't no man alive wants a wife as old as you.

There's doctors and there's lawyers and men of high degree,
 And some of them will marry and one will marry me.

Now, we both are married and well fer to be.
 Ah ha ha, you pretty young girls that feeling's off of me.

GO TELL AUNT RHODY

Go tell Aunt Rhody (3)	She only had one feather (3)
That the old gray goose is dead.	A-stickin' in hee head.

The one she's been savin' (3)	The old gander's mournin' (3)
To make a feather bed.	Decause his wife is dead.

She drowned in the millpond (3)	The goslin's are cryin' (3)
A-standin' on her head.	Because their mammy's dead.

HUSH, LI'L BABY

Hush, li'l baby, don't say a word,	If that billygoat don't pull,
Mamma gonna buy you a mockin' bird.	Mamma gonna buy you a cart and bull.

If that mockin' bird don't sing,	If that cart and bull turn over,
Mamma gonna buy you a diamond ring.	Mamma gonna buy you a dog named Rover.

If that diamond ring turn brass,	If that dog named Rover don't bark,
Mamma gonna buy you a lookin' glass.	Mamma gonna buy you a horse and cart.

If that lookin' glass get broke,	If that horse and cart fall down,
Mamma gonna buy you a billygoat.	You'll be the sweetest li'l baby in town.

WORRIED MAN BLUES

It takes a worried man to sing a worried song, (3)
I'm worried now, but I won't be worried long.

I went across the river, and I lay down to sleep, (3)
When I awoke, there were shackles on my feet.

Twenty-nine links of chain around my leg, (3)
And on each link, an initial of my name.

I asked the judge, now what might be my fine, (3)
Twenty-one years on the R. C. Mountain Line.

Twenty-one years to pay my awful crime, (3)
Twenty-one years, and I've still got ninety-nine.

The train pulled in, sixteen coaches long, (3)
The girl I love is on that train and gone.

I looked down the track as far as I could see, (3)
Little bitty hand was waving after me.

If anyone should ask you, now who made up this song, (3)
Tell him it was I, and I sing it all day long.

HARD, AIN'T IT HARD

There is a house in this old town, and that's where my true love lays around,
And he takes other women down on his knee, and he tells them what he
never will tell me.

Chorus

It's hard, and it's hard, ain't it hard, to love one that never did love you,
It's hard, and it's hard, ain't it hard, to love one that never could be true.

First time I saw my true love, he was walkin' by my door,
Last time I seen his false-hearted smile, he was dead on the bar-room floor.

Who's goin' to kiss your ruby lips, and who's goin' to hold you to their breast,
And who's goin' to talk your future over, while I am ramblin' in the west?

Don't go to drinkin' and gamblin', don't go there your sorrows to drown,
That hard-liquor place is a low-down disgrace, it's the meanest damn place
in this town.

SHENANDOAH

Oh, Shenandoah, I long to hear you,
Away, you rolling river,
Oh, Shenandoah, I long to hear you,
Away, we're bound away,
Across the wide Missouri.

The white man loved the Indian maiden,
With notions his canoe was laden.

Oh, Shenandoah, I love your daughter.
For her I've crossed the rolling water.

Missouri, she's a mighty river,
The Indians camp along her borders.

Oh, Shenandoah, I'm bound to leave you,
Oh, Shenandoah, I'll not deceive you.

PUTTIN' ON THE STYLE

Young man in a carriage, driving like he's mad,
With a pair of horses he borrowed from his dad;
He cracks his whip so lively, just to see his lady smile,
But she knows he's only puttin' on the style.

Puttin' on the agony, puttin' on the style,
That's what all the young folks are doin' all the while,
And as I look around me, I'm very apt to smile,
To see so many people puttin' on the style.

Sweet sixteen goes to church, just to see the boys,
Laughs and giggles at every little noise;
She turns this way a little, then turns that way a while,
But everybody knows she's only puttin' on the style.

Young man in a restaurant smokes a dirty pipe,
Looking like a pumpkin that's only halfway ripe;
Smoking, drinking, chewing, and thinking all the while,
That there is nothing equal to puttin' on the style.

Young man just from college makes a great display
With a big jawbreaker that he can hardly say.
It can't be found in Webster's, and won't be for a while,
But everybody knows he's only puttin' on the style.

Preacher in the pulpit, shouts with all his might,
"Glory, hallelujah!" puts the people in a fright;
You'd think that it was Satan coming up and down the aisle,
But it's just the preacher, puttin' on the style.

WALTZING MATILDA

Once a jolly swagman camped by a billabong
Under the shade of a coolibah tree,
And he sang as he watched and waited till his billy boiled,
"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me!"
Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda,
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me!
And he sang as he watched and waited till his billy boiled,
"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me!"

Down came a jumbuck to drink at the billabong,
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee,
And he sang as he stowed that jumbuck in his tucker bag,

Up rode the squatter, mounted on his thoroughbred,
Down came the troopers, one, two three;
"Where's that jolly jumbuck you've got in your tucker bag?"

Up jumped the swagman, sprang into the billabong.
"You'll never catch me alive," said he,
And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that billabong,

swagman: a tramp with a bundle
billabong: a water hole in the dried-up bed of a river
billy: a tin can used as a kettle
coolibah: eucalyptus tree

KISSES SWEETER THAN WINE

When I was a young man and never been kissed,
 I got to thinkin' over what I had missed,
 I got me a girl, I kissed her and then,
 Oh Lord, I kissed her again.

Oh, kisses sweeter than wine (2)

I asked her to marry and be my sweet wife,
 And we would be so happy all of our life.
 I begged and I pleaded like a natural man, and then,
 Oh Lord, she gave me her hand.

I worked mighty hard, and so did my wife,
 Working hand in hand to make a good life,
 With corn in the field and wheat in the bins, and then,
 Oh Lord, I was the father of twins.

Our children numbered just about four,
 They all had sweethearts, a-knockin' at the door,
 They all got married, and they didn't hesitate, I was,
 Oh Lord, the grandfather of eight.

Now we are old, and ready to go,
 We get to thinking what happened a long time ago,
 We had a lot of kids, trouble and pain, but
 Oh Lord, we'd do it again.

FOLLOW THE DRINKIN' GOURD

Follow, follow, follow,
 Follow the drinkin' gourd!
 Follow the drinkin' gourd!
 For the old man is a-waitin' for to carry you to freedom,
 If you follow the drinkin' gourd.

When the sun comes back and the first quail calls,
 Follow the drinkin' gourd!
 For the old man is a-waitin' for to carry you to freedom,
 If you follow the drinkin' gourd.

The river ends between two hills,
 Follow the drinkin' gourd!
 There's another river on the other side,
 If you follow the drinkin' gourd.

The river bank makes a very good road;
 The dead trees show you the way;
 Left foot, peg-foot, traveling on,
 Following the drinkin' gourd.

Where the great big river meets the little river,
 Follow the drinkin' gourd!
 For the sailor boy's a-waitin' for to carry you to freedom,
 If you follow the drinkin' gourd.

CAMPTOWN RACES

De Camptown ladies sing dis song, doo-dah, doo-dah!
De Camptown race-track five miles long, oh, doo-dah-day!
I come down dah wid my hat caved in, doo-dah, doo-dah!
I go back home wid a pocket full of tin, oh, doo-dah-day!

Gwine to run all night, gwine to run all day!
I'll bet my money on de bobtail nag, somebody bet on de bay.

De long tail filly and de big black hoss, doo-dah, etc.
Dey fly de track and dey both cut across.
De blind hoss sticken in a big mud hole,
Can't touch bottom wid a ten-foot pole.

Old mulley cow come onto de track,
De bobtail fling her ober his back,
Den fly along like a railroad car,
Runnin' a race wid a shootin' star.

See dem flyin' on a ten-mile heat,
Round de race-track den repeat,
I win my money on de bobtail nag,
I keep my money in an old towbag.

SMOKY MOUNTAIN

Out on ol' Smoky, ol' Smoky so low,
I lost my true lover, by courting too slow.

Oh courtin's a pleasure, and partin's a grief,
A false-hearted lover is wuss than a thief.

A thief he will rob you, and take all yew hev,
But a false-hearted lover will lead yew to the grave.

The grave it will take yew and turn yew to dust;
There ain't one boy in a million a poor girl can trust.

They'll hug yew and kiss yew, and tell yew more lies,
Than the spikes in a railroad, or the stars in the skies.

They'll tell yew they love yew, to give yew heart's ease,
And then when your back's turned, they'll court whom they please.

It's rainin', it's hailin', it's a dark stormy night;
Your horses caint travel, 'cause the stars give no light.

Put up your horses, and feed them some hay;
Come set hyar beside me, fer's long's yew kin stay.

My horses ain't hungry, they won't eat your hay;
My wagon's all loaded, I'll feed on my way.

Your folks, they don't like me, they say I'm too poor,
They say I'm not worthy to enter your door.

They say I drink whiskey; my money is my own.
If the old folks don't like me, they can leave me alone.

OVER

As sure as the dewdrops fall on the green corn.
Last night he war with me, tonight he is gorn.

-15-

I'll go back to old Smoky, ol' Smoky so high,
Where the wild birds and turtle doves kin hear my sad cry.

GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK

My grandfather's clōck was too large for the shelf,
So it stood ninety years on the floor
It was taller by half than the old man himself,
Though it weighed not a pennyweight more.
It was bought on the morn of the day that he was born,
And was always his treasure and pride;

But it stopped short never to go again,
When the old man died.
Ninety years without slumbering, tick, tock, tick, tock,
It stopped short - never to go again,
When the old man died.

In watching its pendulum swing to and fro,
Many hours had he spent while a boy;
And in childhood and manhood the clock seemed to know,
And to share both his grief and his joy.
For it struck twenty-four when he entered at the door,
With a blooming and beautiful bride;

My grandfather said that of those he could hire,
Not a servant so faithful he found;
For it wasted no time and had but one desire,
At the close of each week to be wound.
And it kept in its place, not a frown upon its face,
And its hands never hung by its side.

It rang an alarm in the dead of the night,
An alarm that for years had been dumb;
And we knew that his spirit was pluming its flight,
That his hour of departure had come.
Still the clock kept the time with a soft and muffled chime,
As we silently stood by his side.

GREENSLEEVES

Alas, my love, you do me wrong
To cast me off discourteously;
And I have loved you so long,
Delighting in thy company.

Greensleeves was my delight
Greensleeves was all my joy.
Greensleeves was my heart of gold,
And who but my lady Greensleeves

I have been ready at your hand,
To grant whatever you would crave;
I have waged both life and land,
Your good-will for to have.

My men were all clothed in green,
And they did ever wait on thee;
All this was gallant to be seen;
And yet thou wouldst not love me.

Thou couldst desire no earthly thing
But still thou hadst it readily.
Thy music still to play and sing;
And yet thou wouldst not love me.

Well, I will pray to God on high,
That thou my constancy mayst see,
And that yet once before I die,
Thou wilt vouchsafe to love me.

THE SHIP TITANIC

Oh, they built the ship Titanic, to sail the ocean blue,
And they thought they had a ship that the water would never leak through,
But the Lord's almighty hand knew this ship would never stand.

It was sad when that great ship went down.
Oh, it was sad, Lord, sad; oh, it was sad, Lord, sad;
It was sad when that great ship went down, to the bottom of the --
Husbands and wives, little children lost their lives,
It was sad when that great ship went down.

Oh, they sailed from England, and were almost to the shore,
When the rich refused to associate with the pore,
So they put them down below, where they were the first to go.

The boat was full of sin, and the sides about to burst,
When the captain shouted, "A-women and children first!"
Oh, the captain tried to wire, but the lines were all on fire.

Oh, they swung the lifeboats out o'er the deep and raging sea,
When the band struck up with, "A-nearer My God to Thee."
Little children wept and cried, as the waves swept o'er the side.

E-RI-E CANAL

We were forty miles from Albany,
Forget it I never shall;
What a terrible storm we had that night
on the E-ri-e Canal.

Oh the E-ri-e was a-rising,
And the gin was getting low,
And I scarcely think we'll get a drink
'Till we get to Buffalo,
'Till we get to Buffalo.

We were loaded down with barley,
We were chuck up full of rye,
And the captain, he looked down at me
With his goddam wicked eye.

Our captain, he came up on deck,
With a spy glass in his hand,
And the fog, it was so darned thick
That he couldn't spy land.

Two days out from Syracuse
The vessel struck a shoal,
And we like to all been foundered
On a chunk of Lackawanna coal.

We hollered to the captain
On the towpath, treadin' dirt;
He pumped on board and stopped the leak
With his old red flannel shirt.

Our cook, she was a grand old gal,
She had a ragged dress;
We hoisted her upon the pole
As a signal of distress.

The winds begin to whistle
And the waves begin to roll
And we had to reef our royals
On the raging canawl.

When we got to Syracuse,
The off-mule he was dead,
The nigh mule got blind staggers,
And we cracked him on the head.

Oh, the girls are in the Police Gazette
The crew are all in jail;
And I'm the only son of a gun
That's left to tell the tail

ERIE CANAL

I've got a mule, her name is Sal,
Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal.
She's a good old worker and a good old pal,
Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal.
We've hauled some barges in our day,
Filled with lumber, coal, and hay,
And we know every inch of the way
From Albany to Buffalo.

Low bridge, everybody down!
Low bridge, for we're coming to a town;
And you'll always know your neighbor, you'll always know your pal,
If you ever navigated on the Erie Canal.

Git up there, Sal, we passed a lock,
Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal,
And we'll make Rome 'fore six o'clock,
Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal.
Just one more trip and back we'll go,
Through the rain and sleet and snow,
'Cause we know every inch of the way
From Albany to Buffalo.

THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN

There is a tavern in the town, in the town,
And there my true love sits him down, sits him down,
And drinks his wine as merry as can be,
And never, never thinks of me.
Fare thee well, for I must leave thee, do not let this parting
grieve thee,
And remember that the best of friends must part, must part.
Adieu, adieu kind friends, yes, adieu,
I can no longer stay with you, stay with you,
I'll hang my heart on the weeping willow tree,
And may the world go well with thee.

He left me for a damsel dark, damsel dark,
Each Friday night they used to spark, used to spark,
And now my love who once was true to me,
Takes this dark damsel on his knee.

And now I see him nevermore, nevermore;
He never knocks upon my door, on my door;
Oh, woe is me, he pinned a little note,
And these were all the words he wrote:

Oh, dig my grave both wide and deep, wide and deep;
Put tombstones at my head and feet, head and feet
And on my brest you may carve a turtle dove,
To signify I died for love.

DELIA

Delia, Delia, where you been so long?
Everybody been talkin' 'bout my Delia's dead and gone.

Delia's gone (one more round), (4)

Tony shot his Delia, on a winter's night;
Very first time he shot her, she bowed her head and died.

Called for the doctor, doctor came dressed in white,
Did everything a doctor could, but he couldn't save Delia's life.

Called for the doctor, doctor came too late,
Called for the minister, to lay out Delia straight.

Come all you gamblers, men who like to bet,
Come now and witness my own poor Delia's death.

Rubber-tired buggy, rubber-tired hack,
They taken Delia to the cemetery, ain't never goin' to bring her back.

Repeat 1

LITTLE BROWN JUG

My wife and I live all alone,
In a little brown hut we call our own;
She loves gin, and I love rum,
Tell you what, don't we have fun?

Ha, Ha, Ha, you and me,
Little brown jug, don't I love thee?
Ha, Ha, Ha, you and me,
Little brown jug, don't I love thee?

'Tis you that makes my friends, my foes,
'Tis you that makes me wear old clothes,
But here you are so near my nose,
So tip her up and down she goes.

When I go toiling on my farm,
Little brown jug under my arm,
Set her beneath some shady tree,
Little brown jug, don't I love thee?

I lay in the shade of a tree,
Little brown jug in the shade of me,
I raised her up and gave a pull,
Little brown jug was about half full.

Crossed the creek on a hollow log,
Me and the wife and the little brown dog;

The wife and the dog fell in kerplunk,
But I held on to the little brown jug,

One day when I went out to my barn,
Little brown jug under my arm,
Tripped my toe and down I fell,
Broke that little jug all to ----.

If I had a cow that gave such milk,
I'd dress her in the finest silk,
Feed her on the choicest hay,
And milk her forty times a day.

I bought a cow from farmer Jones,
And she was nothing but skin and bones;
I fed her up as fine as silk,
She jumped the fence and strained her milk.

When I die don't bury me at all,
Just pickle my bones in alcohol;
Put a bottle o' booze at my head and feet,
And then I know that I will keep!

The rose is red, my nose is too,
The violet's blue, and so are you.
And I guess before I stop,
I'd better take another drop!

WORKIN' ON THE RAILROAD

Oh, I was born in Mobile town, a-workin' on the levee;
All day I roll de cotton down, a-workin' on the levee.
I used to have a dog named Bill, a-workin' on the levee;
He ran away, but I'm here still, a-workin' on the levee.

I've been workin' on the railroad, all the livelong day;
I've been workin' on the railroad, just to pass the time away,
Don'tcha hear the whistle blowing, rise up so early in the morn,
Don'tcha hear the captain shoutin', "Dinah, blow your horn."

Dinah won'tcha blow, Dinah won'tcha blow, Dinah won'tcha blow your ho-o-orn?
Dinah won'tcha blow, Dinah won'tcha blow, Dinah won'tcha blow your horn?

Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah, someone's in the kitchen I know-o-o-ow,
Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah, strummin' on the old banjo.

Fee, fie, fiddl-e-i-o-fee, fie, fiddl-e-i-o-o-o-o,
Fee, fie, fiddl-e-i-o, strummin' on the old banjo.

I love Dinah Lee, I love Dinah Lee-ee-ee-ee,
I love Dinah Lee, but Dinah, she don't love me.

Someone's makin' love to Dinah, someone's makin' love I know-o-o-ow,
Someone's makin' love to Dinah, 'cause I can't hear the old banjo.

GOODNIGHT IRENE

Irene goodnight, Irene goodnight,
Goodnight Irene, goodnight Irene,
I'll see you in my dreams.

.. Last Saturday night I got married,
Me and my wife settled down.
Now me and my wife are parted,
Think I'll take a little stroll 'round town.

Sometimes I live in the country,
Sometimes I live in the town,
Sometimes I take a great notion,
To jump into the river and drown.

You caused me to weep, you caused me to moan,
You caused me to leave my home,
But the very last words I heard you say
Were, "Please sing me one more song."

Stop your rambling, stop your gambling,
Stop staying out late at night;
Go home to your wife and your family,
Stay there by the fireside bright.

JAMAICA FAREWELL

Down the way where the nights are gay,
And the sun shines daily on the mountain tops,
I took a trip on a sailing ship,
And when we reached Jamaica, we made a stop.

But I'm sad to say, I'm on my way,
Won't be back for many a day.
My heart is down; my head is turning around;
I had to leave a little girl in Kingston town.

Down at the market, you can hear
Ladies cry out, as on their heads they bear,
Acki, rice, salt-fish are nice,
And the rum is fine any time of year.

Sounds of laughter everywhere,
And the dancing girls sway to and fro,
I declare that my heart is there,
Though I've been from Maine to Mexico.

AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And auld lang syne?

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll take a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne!

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
And surely I'll be mine,
And we'll take a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne!

We twa hae run about the braes
And pou'd the gowans fine,
But we've wandered monie a weary fit
Sin' auld lang syne.

We two hae paidl'd in the burn
Frae morning sun till dine,
But seas between us braid hae roared
Sin' auld lang syne.

Robert Burns



* THE ONE, THE ONLY SUPER DUPER EXTRA CRUDE
BAKER HOUSE SONG BOOK
This edition compiled and edited by
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