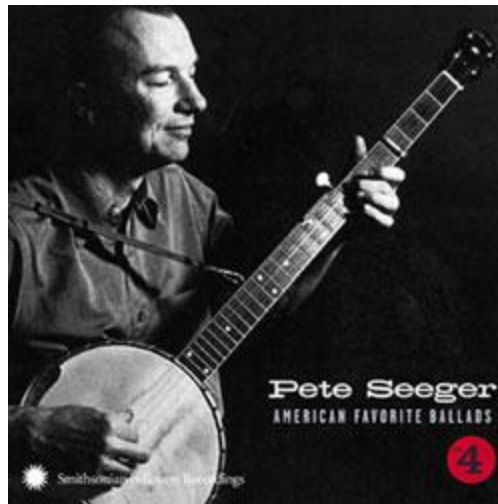




American Favorite Ballads, Vol. 4 Lyrics

Pete Seeger SFW40153



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1. The Banks of Ohio 3:32

I asked my love to take a walk,
Just to walk a little way,
And as we walked and as we talked
Of our golden wedding day.

Chorus:

Then only say that you'll be mine,
In no other arms you'll find.
Down beside where the waters flow,
On the banks of the Ohio.

I drew a sword across her breast,
Gently in my arms she pressed,
Crying, "Willie, Oh Willie, don't you murder
me,
For I'm unprepared for eternity!"

Chorus:

I took her by her lily-white hand,
I led her down where the waters stand.
I picked her up and pitched her in,
And watched her as she floated down.

Chorus:

I started back home twixt twelve and one,
Crying, "My God! What have I done -
I've murdered the only woman I love
Because she would not be my bride."

Chorus:



2. You are My Sunshine 1:46

J. H. Davis-C. Mitchell

You are my sunshine, my only sunshine,
You make me happy when skies are gray.
You'll never know, dear, how much I love you,
Please don't take my sunshine away.

The other night, dear, as I lay sleeping,
I dreamt I held you in my arms.
When I awoke, dear, I was mistaken,
And I hung my head and cried.

(Repeat first verse)

3. Hallelujah, I'm a Bum 1:40

H. McClintock

Oh, springtime has come
We're just out of jail
Without any money
Without any bail.

Chorus:

Hallelujah, I'm a bum,
Hallelujah, bum again,
Hallelujah, give us a handout
To revive us again.

I went to a door
And asked for some bread,
The lady said, "Bum, bum,
The baker is dead."

Chorus:

Well, I went to a house
And I knocked on the door
The lady said, "Bum, bum,
You been here before."

Chorus:

Oh, why don't you work
Like other men do?
How can I work
When the skies are so blue?

Chorus:

Oh, springtime has come
We're just out of jail,
Without any money,
Without any bail.

Chorus:

4. The Foggy Dew 1:59

I once was a bachelor, I lived all alone
I worked by the weaver's trade
The only only thing I did that was wrong
Was to woo a fair young maid.

I wooed her in the summertime

Part of the winter too
And the only only thing I ever did that was
wrong
Was to keep her from the foggy foggy dew.

It was all lately in the night

When I was fast asleep
She came and knelt close by my bed
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.

Now I am a bachelor, I live with my son
We work at the weaver's trade
And every every time I look into his eyes
It reminds me of the fair young maid.

It reminds me of the summertime

Part of the winter too
And the many many times I held her in my arms
Just to keep her from the foggy foggy dew.

5. Molly Malone 2:22

In Dublin's fair city
Where girls are so pretty
'Twas there I first met sweet Molly Malone
She wheeled a wheelbarrow



Through streets long and narrow
Crying cockles and mussels, alive, alive-o

Chorus:
Alive, alive-o
Alive, alive-o
Crying cockles and mussels
Alive, alive-o

She was a fishmonger
And sure 'twas no wonder
For her father and mother were fishmongers too
And they wheeled a wheelbarrow
Through streets long and narrow
Crying cockles and mussels alive, alive-o.

Chorus:

She died of a fever
Of which none could relieve her
And thus I lost my Molly Malone
Now her ghost wheels a barrow
Through streets long and narrow
Crying cockles and mussels alive, alive-o.

Chorus:

6. Old Maid's Song 1:40

I had a sister Sally, she was younger than I am
She had so many sweethearts, she had to deny them
But as for my own part, I never had any
And if you knew my heart, I'd be thankful for any

Chorus:
Come a landsman, a pinsman, a tinker or a tailor
A fiddler, or a dancer, a pall boy or a sailor
A gentleman or a poor man, a fool, or a witty
Don't you let me die an old maid, but take me out of pity

I had a sister Susan, she was ugly and misshapen
Before she was sixteen years old, she was taken
Before she was eighteen, a son and a daughter
And here am I at four and forty, and never had an offer

Chorus:

7. Oh, How He Lied 1:43

He told her he loved her but oh, how he lied,
Oh, how he lied; oh, how he lied,
He told her he loved her but oh, how he lied,
Oh, how he li-i-i-ied.

They were to be married, but she up and died...

He went to the funeral, but just for the ride...

She went to heaven and flip-flop she flied...

He went the other way and frizzled and fried...

She looked down from heaven and laughed till she cried...

8. Where the Old Allegheny and Monogahela Flow 2:44

I live in that city that is built amongst the hills,
Where smoke is always pouring from the big rolling mills;
And steamboats on the rivers go towing to and fro,
Where the old Allegheny and Monongahela flow.

9. Leatherwing Bat 3:11

Hi, said the little leatherwing bat
I'll tell you the reason that
The reason that I fly by night
Is 'cause I've lost my heart's delight

Chorus:
How-do-dow a little oh day
How-do-dow a little oh day
How-do-dow a little oh day
Hey lee, lee li lee oh.

Hi, said the woodpecker, settin' on a fence,
Once I courted a handsome wench,



But she got saucy and from me fled
Ever since then, my head's been red.

Chorus:

Hi, said the little bird so blue,
If I'd a been a young man, I'd a had two
So if yone got saucy and wanted to go
I'd have me a new string to my bow.

Chorus:

Hi, said the owl with head so white,
A lonesome day and a lonesome night,
I thought I heard some pretty girls say
Court all night and sleep all day.

Chorus:

Hi, said the lonesome turtle dove,
I'll show you how to gain her love,
Keep her up both night and day,
Never give her time to say go away.

Chorus (Twice):

10. Johnnie Has Gone for a Soldier 2:29

Here I sit on Buttermilk Hill,
Here I sit and cry my fill,
And my tears could turn a mill,
Johnny has gone for a soldier.

Chorus:

Shule, Shule, Shule agrah,
Me oh my, I loved him so,
But only time will heal my woe,
Johnny has gone for a soldier.

I'll sell my rock, I'll sell my reel
To buy my love a sword and shield,
But now he lies murdered on the field,
Johnny has gone for a soldier.

Chorus: (Twice)

11. Farther Along 2:34

Tempted and tried, we're oft made to wonder,
Why it should be thus all the day long;
While there are others living about us
Never molested, though in the wrong.

Chorus:

Farther along, we'll know all about it.
Farther along, we'll understand why,
Cheer up my brothers, live in the sunshine
We'll understand it all by and by.

When death has come and taken our loved ones,
Leaving our home life so lonesome and drear,
While there are others living about us
Never molested, year after year.

Chorus:

12. Go Down Moses 2:57

When Israel was in Egypt land
Let my people go.
Oppressed so hard they could not stand
Let my people go.

Chorus:

Go down, Moses
Way down in Egypt land
Tell old Pharaoh to let my people go

Thus saith our Lord, bold Moses said...
If not I'll strike your first born dead...

Chorus:

God told Moses what to do...
To let those Hebrew children through...

Chorus:

13. All My Trials 3:07

Hush little baby don't you cry,
You know your mother's bound to die.
All my trials. Lord, soon be over.

Chorus:

Too late, my brothers,



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

If religion was a thing that money could buy,
The rich would live and the poor would die.
All my trials. Lord, soon be over.

Chorus:

I had a little Book t'was given to me,
And every leaf spelled, Victory.
All my trials. Lord, soon be over.

Chorus:

Well, the tallest tree in Paradise,
Don't you know, it's the Tree of Life?
All my trials. Lord, soon be over.

(Repeat first verse and Chorus)

14. Monsieur Banjo 2:13

Look at the dandy, oh there Michie Banjo,
Doesn't he put on airs?
Hat cocked on one side, Michie Banjo,
Walkin' a-stick in his hand.
Hat cocked on one side, Michie Banjo,
Walkin' a-stick in his hand.
Look at the dandy, oh there Michie Banjo,
Doesn't he put on airs?

Look at the dandy, oh there Michie Banjo,
Doesn't he put on airs?
Boots that go crack crack, Michie Banjo,
Yellow gloves, my eye, Michie Banjo,
Boots that go crack crack, Michie Banjo,
Yellow gloves, my eye, Michie Banjo,
Look at the dandy, oh there Michie Banjo,
Doesn't he put on airs?

Look at the dandy, oh there Michie Banjo,
Doesn't he put on airs?
Great big diamond ring, Michie Banjo,
Silver watch and chain, Michie Banjo,
Great big diamond ring, Michie Banjo,
Silver watch and chain.
Look at the dandy, oh there Michie Banjo,

Doesn't he put on airs?
Doesn't he put on airs, Michie Banjo,
Doesn't he put on airs?

15. No More Auction Block 1:58

No more auction block for me,
No more, no more.
No more auction block for me,
Many thousand gone.

No more peck of corn for me...
No more peck of corn for me...

No more driver's lash for me...
No more driver's lash for me...

No more auction block for me...
No more auction block for me...

16. Hole in the Bucket 2:22

There's a hole in the bucket, dear Liza, dear
Liza.
There's a hole in the bucket, dear Liza, there's a
hole.

Then fix it, dear Willy...

With what shall I fix it...

With straw...

But how shall I cut it...

With a knife...

But the knife needs sharpening...

Then sharpen it...

With what shall I sharpen it...

With a stone...

But the stone needs water...

Then fetch it...



With what shall I fetch it...

In a bucket...

There's a hole in the bucket...

**17. What Shall We Do with a Drunken Sailor
2:18**

What shall we do with a drunken sailor,
What shall we do with a drunken sailor,
What shall we do with a drunken sailor,
Early in the morning.

Chorus:

Way, hey up she rises,
Way, hey up she rises,
Way, hey up she rises,
Early in the morning.

Put him in the long boat till he's sober...

Chorus:

Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on
him...

Chorus:

Tie him to the top of his yardarm under...

Chorus:

Shave his belly with a rusty razor...

Chorus:

18. Army Life 2:08

Gitz Rice

Well, the coffee that they give you
They say is mighty fine;
It's good for cuts and bruises
And it tastes like iodine.

Chorus:

I don't want no more of Army life,
Gee, but I want to go home.

The biscuits that they give you

They say are mighty fine,
One rolled off the table
And it killed a pal of mine.

Chorus:

The chickens that they give you
They say are mighty fine.
One rolled off the table
And started marking time.

Chorus:

Well, the girls in the PX
They say are mighty fine;
Most are over ninety
And the rest are under nine.

Chorus:

Oh, they treat us all like monkeys
And make us stand in line.
Give you fifty dollars
And take back forty-nine.

Chorus:

19. Blue Mountain Lake 2:47

Come all you bold fellers, where'er you may be,
Come set down a-while and listen to me;
The truth I will tell you without a mistake
Of the rackets we had about Blue Mountain
Lake.

Derry, down, down, down, derry down.

There's the Sullivan brothers and Big Jimmy
Lou,
Old Mose Gilbert and Dandy Pat too,
As fine lot of fellers as ever you seen,
And we all worked for Griffith on township
nineteen.

Derry, down, down, down, derry, down.

(x2)

Bill Mitchell, you know, he kept our shanty,
And as mean a damn man as you ever did see,



He'd lay round the shanty from morning till
night,
And, if a man said a word, he was ready to fight.
Derry, down, down, down, derry down.
(x2)

One morning 'fore daylight Jim Lou, he got mad,
Knocked hell out of Mitchell and the boys was
all glad,
His wife, she just stood there, and, the truth I
will tell,
She was tickled to death to see Mitchell catch
hell.
Derry, down, down, down, derry down.
(x2)

Old Griffith he stood here, the crabby old Drake,
And a hand in the racket, we thought he would
take,
But a couple of the boys come and took him
away
"Becripes," said old Griffith, "I've nothing to
say."
Derry, down, down, down, derry down.
(x2)

You can talk of your fashions and styles to be
seen,
But there's none like Nellie the cook of nineteen,
She's short, thick and stout, without a mistake,
And we all call her Nellie, the belle of Long
Lake,
Derry, down, down, down, derry down.
(x2)

Well, my song's about over, adieu to you all,
Christmas is coming and I'm going to Glens
Falls,
And, when I get there, I'll go out on a spree,
'Cause when I get drunk, boys, the devil's in me,
Derry, down, down, down, derry down.
(x2)

20. Lady Margaret 2:56

Lady Margaret sitting in her high hall door
Combing her long yellow hair.
She saw sweet William and his new made bride

Riding from the church so near.

She throw'd down her ivory comb
She throw'd back her long yellow hair.
Said, "I'll go down to bid him farewell
Never more go there."

It was all lately in the night,
When they were fast asleep.
Little Margaret appeared all dressed in white,
Standing at their bed feet.

"Well, how do you like your pillow," said she,
"How do you like your sheet?
And how do you like that gay young lady
Lying in your arms asleep?"

"Very well do I like my pillow," says he,
"Very well do I like my sheet.
But better do I like that fair young lady
Standing at my bed feet."

Once he kissed her lily-white hand,
Twice he kissed her cheek.
Three times he kissed her cold corpsy lips
Fell in her arms asleep.

O, is little Margaret in her room
Or is she in the hall?
No little Margaret's in her coal-black coffin
Face turned to the wall.

21. John Hardy 3:36

John Hardy was a desperate little man
He carried two guns every day,
He shot down a man on the West Virginia line,
You ought've seen John Hardy getting away.
Poor boy, seen John Hardy getting away.

John Hardy traveled to the Freestone Bridge
There, he thought he was free,
But up stepped the marshall, took him by the
arm,
Says, "Johnny come along with me."
Poor boy, "Johnny come along with me."

John Hardy had a mo and pa,



Sent for them to go his bail,
But no bail's allowed on a murdering charge
So they laid John Hardy back in jail.
Poor boy, laid John Hardy back in jail.

John Hardy had a little girl
The dress that she wore was blue,
She come skipping to that old jail hall
Says, "Johnny I been true to you."
Poor boy, "Johnny I been true to you."

John Hardy stood in his jail cell
The tears running down each eye,
Said I been the death of many a poor man
And now I am ready to die.
Poor boy, now I am ready to die.

I been to the east, I been to the west
I've traveled the wide world 'round,
I been to the river and I been baptized
You can take me to my hanging ground.
Poor boy, take me to my hanging ground.

Well, they hung John Hardy on the following
morn
They strung him way up in the sky,
The last words I heard that poor boy say,

"My six-shooter never told a lie."
Poor boy, "My six-shooter never told a lie."
(Twice)

22. Johnson 2:54

Johnson he was riding along fast as he could
ride,
When he thought he heard a woman, he heard a
woman cry.

Johnson getting off his horse, searching the
woods all around,
When he came upon a woman with her hair
pinned to the ground.

"Woman, dearest woman, who brought you here
for to span,
Who that brought you here this morning with
your hair pinned to the ground?"

"It were three bold and struggling men with
swords keen in hand,
Who that brought me here this morning with my
hair pinned to the ground."

Well, Johnson being a man of his own, being a
man and bold,
He taken off his overcoat to cover her from the
cold.

Johnson getting on his horse, the woman getting
on behind,
Then they rode down that lonesome highway
their fortunes for to find.

They were riding all alone fast as they could
ride,
When she threw her fingers to her lips and gave
three shivering cries.

Out sprung three bold and struggling men with
swords keen in hand
Who that commanded Johnson, commanded him
to stand.

I will stop, then said Johnson, I'll stop, then said
he,
For I never was in all my life afraid of any three.

Johnson killing two of them, not watching the
woman behind;
While he was at the other one, she stabbed him
from behind.

The day was free and a market day, the people
all passing by,
Who that saw this awful murdering, saw poor
Johnson die.

23. John Riley 2:24

As I went walking one Sunday morning,
To breathe the sweet and pleasant air,
Who should I spy but a fair young maiden,
Whose cheek was like the lily fair.

I stepped up to her, so quickly saying,



Would you like to be a sailor's wife?
Oh, no, kind sir, I'd rather tarry,
And to live single all my life.

What makes you differ from another's wishes
I'm sure you're useful and handsome too.
Set sail with me to Pennsylvania,
Adieu to England for evermore.

The truth, kind sir, I'll plainly tell you,
I could have been married three years ago,
To one John Riley who left this country,
He is the cause of all my woe.

I'll not go with you to Pennsylvania,
Neither go with you to that distant shore,
For my heart is with Riley,
I can't forget him although I may never see him
no more.

Now when he saw she loved him truly,
He gave her kisses one, two, and three,
Saying I am Riley your long lost lover,
Who's been the cause of your misery.

If you be he and your name is Riley,
I will go with you to a distant shore,
We will set sail to Pennsylvania,
Adieu young friends for evermore.

24. Washer lad (Four Pence a Day)

The ore is waiting in the tubs;
The snow's upon the fell.
Can 'e folk asleep and yet--
But lead is reet to sell.

Come, me little washer lad,
Come, let's away.
We're bound down to slavery
For four pence a day.

'Tis early in the mornin'
We rise at five o'clock;
And the little slaves come through the door
And knock, knock, knock.

Come, me little washer lad,

Come, let's away.
It's very hard to work
For four pence a day.

Me daddy was a miner,
And lived down in the town;
'Twas hard work and poverty
That always kept him down.

He aimed for me to go to school,
But brass he couldn't pay:
So I had to go to the washin' rack
For four pence a day.

Four pence a day, me lad,
For workin' like a horse;
And never a pleasant word from
Me gruffy looking boss.

His conscience it may fail,
And his heart it may give way;
Then he'll raise us our wages
To nine pence a day.

25. Talking Blues

Chris Bouchillion

Now you want to go to heaven
Let me tell you what to do,
Gotta grease your feet in a little mutton stew,
You just slide out of the devil's hand
And ooze over in the promised land.

Take it easy, boys
Go greasy.

Now there ain't no use in me working so hard
I got a gal in the rich folks' yard
They kill a chicken, she sends me the head
She thinks I'm working, I'm a laying up in bed
Having a good time,
I'm dreaming about her
Dreaming about two other women, too.

I was down in the hen-house on my knees
Thought I heard a chicken sneeze
'Twas only the rooster, though, saying his
prayers,
Giving out thanks to the hens upstairs.



Well the rooster was preaching
Hens a singing
'Course, little young pullets doing the
best they could.

Now, ma's in the kitchen greasing her feet,
Paw's in the backroom squeezing the yeast,
Sister's in the bedroom squeezing the hops,
Brother's at the window just watching for the
cops,

Making home brew.
Getting drunk
Fooling around.

I was standing in the corner by the mantel piece
Standing in the corner by a bucket of grease
I stuck my foot in that bucket of grease
Went slipping and a-sliding down the mantel
piece

I was hunting
Cigarette stubs, matches,
Yesterday's beer bottles.

26. Lolly Too Dum 3:37

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

Now you go wash them dishes
And hush your silly tongue...
You know you want to marry
And that you are too young...

Oh pity my condition ma,
Just like you would your own...
For 14 long years
I have lived all alone...

Why, supposing I'd let you marry,
Just where would you get your man...
Why, Lord sakes, mama,
I could marry that handsome Sam...

Why, supposing he should slight you
Like you done him before...
Why, Lord sakes, mama
I could marry 40 more...

There's peddlers and tinkers
And boys from the plow...
Why, Lord sakes, mama,
I could marry 40 now...

Well now my daughter's married
And well for to do...
Six daughters married
Now I'm in the market, too...

Why, Lord sakes, mama
Who would marry you?...
There's no one in the wide world
Would want a wife as old as you...

Why, there's doctors and lawyers,
And men of all degree...
And some of them will marry,
And some will marry me...

Well, now I am married
And well for to be...
Ha ha, jolly girls,
That fit is off of me...

27. T.B. Blues 4:04

Jimmie Rodgers

Well my gal's trying to make a fool out of me
My gal's trying to make a fool out of me
She's trying to make me believe I ain't got that
old T. B.

Chorus:

I got the T. B. Blues
When it rained down sorrow, it rained all over
me
When it rained down sorrow, it rained all over
me
Cause my body rattles like a freight on that old
S. P.
I got the T. B. Blues.



Ooh TB, TB, TB, TB, you robber
TB, TB, took my life away
Oh I never can remember just when you came in
me to stay.

Well, I'm fighting like a lion, but I know I'm
bound to lose
Well, I'm fighting like a lion, but I know I'm
bound to lose
'Cause there never was a body whipped these old
T.B. Blues.

Chorus:

28. Summertime 3:45