



American Favorite Ballads, Vol. 5 Lyrics

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1. Trail to Mexico 2:45

I made up my mind to change my way
And quit my crowd that was so gay,
And leave the girl who promised me her hand
And head down south to the Rio Grande.

'Twas in the spring of '53
When A.J. Stinson hired me;
He said, "Young feller, I want you to go
And drive this herd down to Mexico."

Oh, it was a long and toilsome go
As we rode on to Mexico,
With laughter light and cowboy song,
To Mexico as we rolled along.

When I arrived in that distant land
I wanted to see my love but I could not stand,
So I wrote a letter, a letter to my dear
But not a word from her could I hear.

When I returned to my native land
They said she'd married a richer man,
They said she'd married a richer life
Therefore, wild cowboy, seek another wife.

Oh, it's curse your gold, and your silver too,
Confound the girls who won't prove true.
I'll head out West where the bullets fly
And stay on the trail till the day I die.

2. Red River Valley 2:05

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 pathways a while.

Chorus:
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 boy who has loved you so true.

For a long, long time I've been waiting
For those sweet words you never would say,
But now everybody has told me
That you are going away.

Chorus

3. Old Joe Clark 3:56

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."

Chorus 1:

Round and round, old Joe Clark,
Round and round, I say,
Round and round, old Joe Clark,
I'm gone away.

Old Joe Clark had a mule,
His name was Tommy Brown,
And every tooth in that mule's head
Was sixteen inches around.

Chorus 2:

Fare thee well, Old Joe Clark,
Fare thee well, I say,
Fare thee well, Old Joe Clark,
I'm gone away.

Old Joe Clark had a yeller cat,
She'd neither sing or pray,
She stuck her head in the buttermilk jar
And washed her sins away.

Chorus 2

Old Joe Clark had a house
Sixteen stories high,
And every story in that house
Was full of chicken pie.

Chorus 1

I went down to Old Joe's house,

He invited me to supper,
I stumped my toe on the table leg
And stuck my nose in the butter.

Chorus 2

Now I wouldn't marry a wider,
Tell you the reason why,
She'd have so many children
She'd make those biscuits fly.

Chorus 2

Eighteen miles of mountain road
fifteen miles of sand,
If ever I travel this road again,
I'll be a married man.

Chorus 2

Sixteen horses in my team,
The leaders, they are blind,
Every time the sun goes down,
Pretty girl on my mind.

Chorus 2

Rock, rock, Old Joe Clark,
Rock, rock I say,
Rock, rock, Old Joe Clark,
I'm gone away.

4. St. James Infirmary 2:30

It was down in old Joe's barroom,
In a corner by the square,
The drinks were served as usual,
And a goodly crowd was there.

On my left stood Joe McKinney,
His eyes bloodshot and red,
He said, "You can set 'em up, bartender,"
And these were the words he said:

"I was down by St. James Infirmary,
I saw my sweetheart there;
She was laying out on a cold white table



So cold, so white, so bare.”

“I went up to the doctor,
She’s mighty low, he said;
I went back to my baby,
Good God, she’s laying there dead.”

“Let her go, let her go, God bless her,
Wherever she may be;
You can search this whole wide world over
But there’ll never be another for me.”

“Now when I die, just bury me
In my long black coat and silk hat;
Place a twenty-dollar gold piece on my watch-
chain
To show the good Lord I’m standin’ pat.”

“And now my story’s over,
You can pass around another shot of booze
And if anybody should ask you,
I’ve got those gambler’s blues.”

5. Greer County Bachelor 2:32

My name is Tom Hight, an old bachelor I am,
You’ll find me out West in the county of fame,
You’ll find me out West on an elegant plan
A-starving to death on my government claim.

Chorus:

Hurrah for Greer County! The land of the free,
The land of the bedbug, grasshopper, and flea;
I’ll sing of its praises, I’ll tell of its fame,
While starving to death on my government
claim.

My clothes they are ragged, my language is
rough;
My bread is corndodgers, both solid and tough;
And yet I am happy and live at my ease,
On sorghum, molasses, and bacon and cheese.

My house it is built of the national soil,
Its walls are erected according to Hoyle,
Its roof has no pitch, but is level and plain,
I always get wet if it happens to rain.

Chorus

How happy am I when I crawl into bed!
A rattlesnake hisses a tune at my head,
A gay little centipede, quite without fear
Crawls over my pillow and into my ear.

Now all you claim holders, I hope you will stay,
Chew your hardtack till you’re toothless and
gray;
But for myself, I’ll no longer remain
To starve like a dog on my government claim.

Hurrah to Greer County, where blizzards arise
Where the sun never sinks, the flea never dies
I’ll sing of its praises, I’ll tell of its fame,
While starving to death on my government
claim.

Good-bye to Greer County, good-bye to the
West,
I’ll travel back East to the girl I love best,
I’ll travel back East and marry me a wife,
Call quits on corndodgers the rest of my life.

6. Ox Driver’s Song 1:52

I pop my whip, I bring the blood,
I make those leaders take the mud,
I grab the wheels and I turn them around
One long pull and we’re on hard ground.

Refrain:

To my ral to my ral to my rideo
To my ral to my ral to my rideo
To my rideo, heh, rodeo
To my ral to my ral to my rideo

It was in the month of October, O,
I hitched my team in order, O,
To drive to the Hills of Saludio
To my ral to my ral to my rideo.

Refrain

When I got there the Hills were steep,



Would make a tender person weep,
To hear me cuss and pop my whip
To see them oxen pull and slip.

Refrain

When I get home I'll have revenge,
I'll leave my family among my friends
I'll bid adieu to the whip and line
And drive no more in the winter time.

Refrain

7. Buffalo Gals 2:18

As I was walking down the street,
Down the street, down the street,
A pretty little girl I chanced to meet
And we danced by the light of the moon.

Chorus:
Buffalo gal, won't you come out tonight?
Come out tonight, come out tonight,
Buffalo gal, won't you come out tonight
And dance by the light of the moon?

I danced with a gal with a hole in her stocking,
And her heel kept a-knockin' and her toes kept a
rocking,
I danced with a gal with a hole in her stocking,
And we danced by the light of the moon.

Chorus (3x)

8. Joe Bowers 2:56

My name it is Joe Bowers, I've got a brother
Ike,
I'm just here from Missouri, and all the way
from Pike;
I'll tell you why I left there and why I came to
roam,
And leave my aged parents so far away from
home.

I used to court a girl there, her name was Sally
Black,
I asked her if she'd marry, she said it was a
whack;
She says to me, "Joe Bowers, before we've
hitched for life,
You ought to get a little home to keep your little
wife."

Says I, "My dearest Sally, oh Sally, for your
sake,
I'll go to California and try and raise a stake."
Says she to me, "Joe Bowers, you're just the one
to win."
She gave me a kiss to seal the bargain and
threwed a dozen in.

I'll never forget my feelings when I bid adieu to
all.
Sal she cotched me around the neck, and I began
to bawl.
When I began they all commenced, you never
heard the like,
How they took on and cried and cried the day I
left old Pike.

When I got to this country, I had nary a red;
I had such wolfish feelings, I wished myself
most dead.
But the thoughts of my dear Sally soon made
this feeling git,
And whispered hope to Bowers Lord, I wish I
had 'em yet.

At last I went to mining, put in my biggest licks,
Come down upon the boulders just like a
thousand bricks;
I worked both late and early, in rain, in sun and
snow,
I was working for my Sally, 'twas all the same
to Joe.

One day I got a letter from my dear brother Ike,
It came from old Missouri all the way from Pike.
It taught me the darndest news that ever you did
hear,
My heart it is a-breaking, so please excuse this
tear.



It said my Sal was false to me, that her love for me had fled,
That she had gotten married to a butcher whose hair was red;
It told me more than that; it's enough to make me swear,
That Sal had had a baby and the baby had red hair.

Now I told you everything about this sad sad affair,
About Sally's marrying the butcher and the baby had red hair;
But whether it was a boy or girl the letter never said,
It only said the baby's hair was inclined to be red.

9. Texian Boys 1:27

Come all you Missouri girls, and listen to my noise,
Don't you go trust those Texian boys;
'Cause if you do, your fortune will be
Johnny-cake and venison and sassafras tea,
Johnny-cake and venison and sassafras tea.

They'll take you out to some live-oak hill,
Leave you to starve against your will,
Leave you alone out there on the plain,
'Cause that is the way with the Texians,
That is the way with the Texians.

They'll take you to a house with a hewed-log wall,
But it ain't got no windows at all;
Clapboard roof and a puncheon floor,
That's the way all Texas o'er,
That's the way all Texas o'er.

When they come a courtin' I'll tell you what they wear,
An old leather coat all patched and bare,
An old straw hat more brim than crown,
A pair of dirty socks they wore the winter round,
A pair of dirty socks they wore the winter round.

Oh, brandy is brandy any way you mix it,
But a Texian is a Texian any way you fix it,
When other good folks have all gone to bed
The devil is a-workin in the Texian's head.

10. My Sweetheart is a Mule in the Mines 0:25

My sweetheart's the mule in the mines,
I drive her without any lines,
On the bumper I sit and I chew and I spit
All over my sweetheart's behind.

11. Johnny Gray 1:55

There once was a little feller,
His name was Johnny Gray;
He was born a-way out west in Pennsylvania.

Chorus:
Blow ye winds of morning,
Blow ye winds hi ho,
Blow ye winds of morning,
Blow, blow, blow.

Johnny fell in love
All with a nice young girl;
The name of her most positive was Louisa
Isreana Curl.

Chorus

Johnny asked her father
Her father he said no;
Consequently she was sent beyond the Ohio.

Chorus

Well, Johnny went west-a-trading
For furs and other things;
Consequently he was scalped by herds of
Indians.

Chorus:

When Miss Louisa heard of it
She straightaway went to bed;
She never did get up until she died.



Chorus

12. Cowboy Yodel 0:51

13. Sioux Indians 3:38

I'll sing you a song, though it may be a sad one,
Of trials and troubles and where first begun.
I left my dear family, my friends and my home,
To cross the wide mountains and deserts to roam,
To cross the wide mountains, and deserts to roam.

We heard of Sioux Indians, all out on the plain,
A-killing poor drivers and burning their train,
A-killing poor drivers with arrow and bow,
When captured by Indians no mercy they'd show...

We traveled three weeks till we come to the Platte,
We pitched out our tents at the head of the flat;
We spread down our blankets on the green,
grassy ground,
While our horses and oxen were grazing all around...

While taking refreshment we heard a loud yell,
The whoop of Sioux Indians coming out of the dell;
We sprang to our rifles with a flash in each eye.
"Boys," says our brave leader, "We'll fight till we die."...

They made a bold dash and came near to our train,
The arrows fell around us like hail and like rain;
We fought them with courage, we spoke not a word,
Till the end of the battle was all that was heard...

We shot their bold chief at the head of the band,
He died like a warrior with a gun in his hand.
When they saw their bold chief lying dead in his gore,

They whooped and they yelled, and we saw them no more...

We traveled by day, guarded camp during night,
Till Oregon's mountains looked high in their might;
Now at Pocahontas beside a clear stream,
Our journey is ended in the land of our dream...

14. Ida Red 1:57

Ida Red, Ida Red,
I'm in love with Ida Red.

Ida Red, Ida Blue,
I'm in love with Ida, too.

Ida Red, Ida Green,
Prettiest gal you've ever seen.

Ida Red is about half-grown,
Jumps on a man like a dog on a bone.

Ida Red, Ida Red,
I'm in love with Ida Red.

Ida Red is big and plump,
84 inches around the rump.

Ida Red, Ida Red,
I'm in love with Ida Red.

15. Holler 1:18

Go down! Go down! you little red, red rising sun
And don't you never (Great God Almighty!)
Never bring day, oh, never bring day.

Well, I wish, I wish to God
I had never (Great God Almighty!)
Never been born.

For then, for then I would not
Have known (Great God Almighty!)
About this cruel world.

**16. Cumberland Gap 1:22**

Lay down boys, take a little nap,
We're all going down to Cumberland Gap.
Cumberland Gap, Cumberland Gap,
We're all goin' down to the Cumberland Gap.

Me and my wife, my wife Pat,
We all live down to Cumberland Gap.
Cumberland Gap, Cumberland Gap,
We all live down to Cumberland Gap.

I got a gal in Cumberland Gap,
She's got a baby calls me pap.
Cumberland Gap, Cumberland Gap,
We're all going down to Cumberland Gap.

Cumberland Gap it ain't very far,
It's just three miles from Middlesboro.
Cumberland Gap, Cumberland Gap,
We're all going down to Cumberland Gap.

17. Wake Up Jacob 0:18

Wake up, Jacob, day's a-breaking
Peas in the pot and hoe-cake's a-baking,
Early in the morning, almost day.
If you don't come soon
I'm going to throw it all away.
Wake up!

18. Sweet Betsy From Pike 3:30

Oh, don't you remember sweet Betsy from Pike,
She crossed the wide mountains with her lover
Ike.
And one yoke of oxen and a big yellow dog,
A tall Shanghai rooster, and one spotted hog.

Chorus (2x)
Hoodle dang fol di die do,
Hoodle dang fol di day.

Out on the prairie one bright starry night
They broke out the whiskey and Betsy got tight,

She sang and she shouted and danced o'er the
plain,
Made a great show for the whole wagon train.

Chorus

They soon reached the desert where Betsy give
out,
And down in the sand she lay rolling about.
Ike in great terror looked on in surprise,
Saying, "Betsy, get up, you'll get sand in your
eyes."

Chorus

The wagon tipped over with a terrible crash,
And out on the prairie rolled all sorts of trash.
A few little baby things done up with care,
They looked rather suspicious, but it was all on
the square.

Chorus

The Shanghai run off and the cattle all died,
The last piece of bacon that morning was fried.
Poor Ike got discouraged and Betsy got mad,
The dog wagged his tail and looked wonderfully
sad.

Chorus

One morning they climbed up a very high hill,
And with great wonder looked down into old
Placerville.

Ike shouted and said as he cast his eyes down,
"Sweet Betsy, my love, we've come to
Hangtown."

Chorus

Long Ike and Sweet Betsy attended a dance.
Ike wore a pair of his Pike County pants.
Sweet Betsy was covered in ribbons and rings,
Said Ike "You're an angel, but where are your
wings?"

Chorus



Long Ike and sweet Betsy got married, of course,
 But Ike, getting jealous, obtained a divorce.
 And Betsy, well satisfied, said with a shout,
 "Goodbye, you big lummo, I'm glad you backed out."

Chorus

19. Buffalo Skinners 2:44

'Twas in the town of Jacksboro
 In the spring of seventy-three,
 A man by the name of Crego
 Came stepping up to me,
 Saying, "How do you do, young fellers,
 And how would you like to go,
 And spend one summer pleasantly
 On the range of the buffalo?"

It's me being out of employment,
 To old Crego I did say,
 "This going out on the buffalo range
 Depends upon the pay.
 But if you pay good wages,
 And transportation too,
 I think sir, I will go with you
 To the range of the buffalo."

Well, it's now we've crossed Pease River, boys,
 Our troubles they have begun,
 First old stinker that I cut, Christ,
 How I cut my thumb!
 While skinning the doggone old buffalo,
 Our lives they had no show,
 For the Indians watched to pick us off,
 While skinning the buffalo.

The season being near over,
 Old Crego he did say,
 The crowd had been extravagant,
 Was in debt to him that day.
 We coaxed him and we argued,
 But still it was no go --
 We left his damned old bones to bleach
 On the range of the buffalo.

It's now we've crossed Pease River

And homeward we are bound,
 No more in that hell-fired country
 Will ever we be found.
 Going back to our wives and sweethearts,
 Tell others not to go,
 For God's forsaken the buffalo range,
 And the damned old buffalo.

20. Whiskey, Rye Whiskey 2:14

Chorus:
 Rye whisky, rye whisky, rye whisky, I cry,
 If you don't give me rye whisky, I surely will die.

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

Chorus

Way up on Clinch Mountain I wander alone
 I'm as drunk as the devil, just leave me alone.

Chorus

I'll eat when I'm hungry, I'll drink when I'm dry
 If a tree don't fall on me, I'll live till I die.

Chorus (2x)

21. Stewball 4:51

Way out in (uh huh) California (uh huh)
 Where old Stewball (uh huh) was born (was born)
 All the jockeys (uh huh), they say that (uh huh)
 he blew there (uh huh) in a storm (in a storm)

Well, you bet on Stewball, and you might win
 You bet on Stewball, and you might win.

Now, old Stewball was a red horse
 Old Molly was blue
 I put 'em on the racetrack, oh Molly, she flew,
 she flew

If you bet on Stewball...



Young lady, and young gentlemen,
If you want to have fun (have fun),
Come on and go down to the racetracks
Gonna see them ponies run, ponies run.

If you bet on Stewball...

There's a big bell, for to bang on
For them horses to run (to run)
Young lady, and young gentlemen,
From Ball to Barcomb (??)

If you bet on Stewball...

Way out in Kentucky
Where old Stewball come from (come from)
It got stamped and put in the paper
That she blew down in a storm.

If you bet on Stewball...

Well his bridle was silver, and his saddle was
gold
And the price on his blanket has never been told
(been told)

If you bet on Stewball...

When the horses was saddled
And the word was give on go,
Old Stewball, he shot out like an arrow from a
bow (from a bow)

If you bet on Stewball...

Well, the old folks they hollered
And the young folks they bawled
But the little children they just look-a-look
At the marvel, Stewball.

If you bet on Stewball...

Well old Stewball was a-scrambling
Up that nine mile high hill;
Well that jockey looked behind him,
And he spied old Wild Bill, Wild Bill.

Now you bet on Stewball...

Old Molly was a-climbin'
That great big long lane (long lane)
And she said to her rider,
Can't you slack that left rein?

Now you bet on Stewball....

Now the races they ended,
And the judges played the band (played the
band),
And old Stewball
Beat Molly back to the grandstand.

Now you bet on Stewball... (x3)

22. Whoopie Ti-Yi Yo, Get Along Little Dogies 1:28

It's early one morning, I was riding for pleasure;
I spied a cowpuncher a-riding along
His hat was throwed back and his spurs was a
jinglin'
And as he was riding he was singing this song:

Chorus:

Whoopie-ti-yi-yo, get along little dogies,
It's your misfortune't ain't none of my own.
Get along, get along, get along little dogies,
You know that Wyoming will be your new
home.

It's early in the spring we round up the dogies,
Mark 'em and brand 'em and bob off their tails;
Round up our horses, load up the chuck wagon,
Then throw the dogies up on the trail.

Chorus

23. Strawberry Roan 5:01

I was lopin' around town just a-spendin' my
time,
Out of a job, and not making a dime,
When a stranger steps up and he says, "I suppose
You're a bronc rider by the looks of your
clothes."



"You guesses me right, I'm a good one," I claim,
 "You happen to have any bad ones to tame?"
 Says he, "I've got one and a bad one to buck;
 At throwin' good riders he's had lots of luck."

I gets all excited and ask s what he pays
 To ride that old pony for a couple of days.
 He offers a slow buck. Says I, "I'm your man,
 For the bronc never lived that I couldn't fan."

Chorus:
 Well, it's oh, that strawberry roan,
 Oh, that strawberry roan!
 He's the worst buckin' bronco that ever was
 hold
 He's never been rode, and he's twenty years old,
 That renegade strawberry roan.

"No, the bronc never lived, he never drew breath
 That I couldn't ride till he starved plumb to
 death."
 Says he, "Get your saddle, I'll give you a
 chance."
 So I got in the buckboard and rode to his ranch.

I stayed until morning, and right after chuck,
 I went out to see if that bronco could buck.
 Well down in the horse corrals standing alone,
 Was this little cavayo, a strawberry roan.
 His legs is all spotty and he has pigeon toes
 Little pig eyes and a big roman nose,
 Little pin ears that touch at the tip
 And a double square iron stamped on his hip.

Chorus

Ewe-necked and old and a long lower jaw,
 I can see with a one eye, he was a regular
 outlaw.
 Well I put on my spurs, I was sure feelin' fine,
 Pulled down my hat and I picked up my twine.

I throwed that loop on him, and well I knew then
 E'err he got rode, I'd sure earn the ten.
 I got the blinds on, it sure was a fight;
 Next comes my saddle and I screws it down
 tight.

Then I crawls on him and raises the blind,
 I was riding his middle to watch him unwind.
 Well, he went right to work, and I guess he
 unbound;
 He quit spending much of his time on the ground

Chorus

He went up toward the east, he come down
 toward the west,
 To stay in his middle, I'm doing my best.
 He sure was frogwalkin' and weaving behind;
 My head went a-snapping and then I went blind

But I'll tell you, no fooling, this bronco could
 step,
 But I was still in his middle, and building a rep.
 With a phenomenal jump he goes up on high,
 And I'm sitting on nothing way up in the sky.

And then I turned over and came back to earth,
 Sat there a-cussin' the day of this birth,
 And I knows that the ponies I ain't able to ride,
 Some of them living--they haven't all died.
 But I'll bet all my money that there's no man
 alive,
 Can stay with that bronc when he makes his high
 dive.

Chorus

24. Jay Gould's Daughter 2:37

On a Monday morning it begin to rain
 'Round the curve come a passenger train;
 On the blinds was hobo John,
 He's a good old hobo but he's dead and gone.
 (repeat)

Jay Gould's daughter said before she died
 Papa fix the blinds so the bums can't ride;
 If ride they must, they got to ride the rod,
 Let them put their trust in the hands of God.
 (repeat)

Jay Gould's daughter said, before she died,
 Two more trains I'd like to ride;
 Jay Gould said daughter what can they be,



There's the Southern Pacific and the Santa Fee.
(repeat)

Jay Gould's daughter said, before she died
There's two more drinks I'd like to try;
Jay Gould said daughter what can they be,
A glass of water and a cup of tea.
(repeat)

Charlie Snyder was a good engineer
Told his fireman not to fear;
Said pour on your water, boys, shovel on your
coal,
Stick your head out the window, see the drivers
roll.
(repeat)

25. Play Party 1:22

I sent my brown jug down town (3x)
So early in the morning.

It came back with a waltz-around...
so early in the morning.

Railroad, steamboat, river and canoe,
Lost my true love what shall I do.

Let her go, go, go, let her go, go, go
Now she's gone on the raging canal.

Now she's gone, gone, gone...
Now she's gone on the raging canal.

(Repeat song)

26. I Never Will Marry 2:02

One morning I rambled down by the sea shore
The wind it did whistle and the water did roar
I spied a fair damsel make a pitiful cry
It sounded so lonesome in the water nearby.
My love gone and left me, the one I adore,
I fear I shall never see him anymore.

Chorus:
I never will marry, I'll be no man's wife

I expect to live single all the days of my life

Shells in the ocean shall be my death-bed
The fish in deep waters swim over my head

Chorus

Shells in the ocean shall be my death-bed
The fish in deep waters swim over my head

27. Riflemen of Bennington 2:14

Why come ye hither, Redcoats, your minds what
madness fills?

In our forests there is danger, and there's danger
in our hills.

Oh hear ye not the singing of the bugle loud and
free?

Full soon you'll know the ringing of the rifle
from the tree.

Chorus:

For the rifle, for the rifle.

In our hands will prove no trifle. (2x)

Have ye no graves at home across the briny
water,

That hither ye must come like bullocks to the
slaughter?

When ye meet our mountain boys and their
leader, Johnny Stark,

Lads who make but little noise, lads who always
hit the mark!

Chorus

Ye ride a goodly steed, ye may know another
master;

Ye forward come with speed, but ye'll learn to
back much faster,

If we the work must do, then the sooner 'tis
begun,

If flint and trigger do but hold, the quicker 'twill
be done!

Chorus (2x)



28. Kingdom Coming (Year of Jublio) 2:36

Say, brothers, have you seen the master,
With the mustache on his face,
Go along the road some time this morning,
Like he gwine to leave the place?
He seen the smoke way up the river
Where the Lincoln gunboats lay,
He took his hat and left very sudden,
And I spec' he's run away!

Chorus:

The master run, ha, ha!
And we will stay, ho, ho!
It must be now the kingdom's coming
And the year of Jubilo.

He is six foot one way, two foot the other,
And he weighed three hundred pound,
His coat so big he couldn't pay the tailor,
And it won't go half way 'round.
He drill so much they call him captain,
And he get so dreadful tanned,
I spec' he try an' fool them Yankees
For to think he's contraband.

Chorus

Now folks all feel so lonesome living
In the loghouse on the lawn,
They move their things to master's parlor,
For to keep it while he's gone.
There's wine and cider in the kitchen,
And you and me'll have some;
I s'pose they'll all be confiscated
When the Lincoln soldiers come.

Chorus

The overseer he make us trouble,
And he drive us 'round a spell;
So we locked him up in the smokehouse cellar,
With the key thrown down the well.
The whip is lost, the handcuff broken
But the master'll have his pay;
He's old enough, big enough, ought to know
better
Than to try and run away.

Chorus (2x)

29. Cumberland Mountain Bear Chase 3:35

Oh, Blue, where are you?
Oh, Blue?

Away, away, bound for the mountain, bound for
the mountain, bound for the mountain
Over the hill, the fields and the fountain,
Away to the chase, away
Over, over, see him, see him,
Over, over, catch him, catch him
Over the mountain, the hills and the fountain
Away to the chase, away.

Now it's set just right for the race,
The old hound dogs are ready for the chase,
The bear is a-bounding, the horns are sounding,
Over the trail that leads to the mountain
Over the mountain, the hills and the fountain,
Away to the chase, away.

Well, listen to the hound dogs, here they bay
Sounding high, over the way
All night long, till the break of dawn,
Merrily the chase goes on
Over the mountain, the hills and the fountain,
Away to the chase, away.

Away, oh bound for the mountain, bound for the
mountain, bound for the mountain
Over the hill, the fields and the fountain,
Away to the chase, away.