



# American Favorite Ballads, Vol. 1 Lyrics

Pete Seeger SFW40150



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## 1. John Henry 4:34

John Henry was a little baby  
Sitting on his papa's knee,  
And he picked up a hammer and a little piece of steel  
Cried: "A hammer gonna be the death of me."  
(Lord, Lord!) (x4)

The Captain said to John Henry,  
"I'm gonna bring that steam drill around.  
I'm gonna bring that steam drill out on the job.  
I'm gonna whup that steel on down." (Lord, Lord!)  
(4x)

John Henry told his captain,  
"Lord, a man ain't nothing but a man.

But before I'd let your steam drill beat me down,  
I'd die with a hammer in my hand!" (Lord, Lord!)  
(4x)

John Henry said to his shaker,  
"Shaker why don't you sing?  
And because I'm swinging thirty pounds from my  
hips on down  
Just listen to that cold steel sing!" (Lord, Lord!) (4x)

Now the captain said to John Henry,  
"I believe that mountain's caving in."  
John Henry said right back to his captain,  
"Ain't nothing but my hammer sucking wind." (Lord,  
Lord!) (4x)

Now the man that invented the steam drill,  
He thought he was mighty fine.  
But John Henry drove fifteen feet.

The steam drill only made nine. (Lord, Lord!) (4x)

John Henry hammered in the mountain.



His hammer was striking fire.  
But he worked so hard it broke his poor heart.  
And he laid down his hammer, and he died. (Lord,  
Lord!) (4x)

John Henry had a little woman.  
Her name was Polly Anne.  
John Henry took sick and had to go to bed.  
Polly Anne drove steel like a man. (Lord, Lord!) (4x)

So every Monday morning  
When the blue birds begin to sing,  
You can hear John Henry a mile or more.  
You can hear John Henry's hammer ring. (Lord,  
Lord!) (4x)

## 2. Shenandoah 1:53

Oh Shenandoah, I love your daughter,  
Wey hey, you rolling river.  
Oh Shenandoah, I love your daughter.  
Away, we're bound away, 'cross the wide Missouri.

Oh Shenandoah, I long to see you,  
Way hey, you rolling river.  
Oh Shenandoah, I'll not deceive you.  
Away, we're bound away, 'cross the wide Missouri.

For seven years, I've been a rover,  
Wey hey, you rolling river.  
For seven years, I've been a rover.  
Away, we're bound away, 'cross the wide Missouri.

## 3. Blue Tailed Fly (Jimmie Crack Corn) 2:37

When I was young, I used to wait  
On my master and serve him his plate,  
And pass the bottle when he got dry,  
And brush away the Blue Tail Fly.

CHORUS:  
Jimmy cracked corn, and I don't care. (3x)  
My master's gone away.

And when he'd ride in the afternoon,  
I'd follow with a hickory broom.  
The pony being rather shy  
When bitten by the Blue Tail Fly.  
(CHORUS)

One day he rode around the farm.

The flies so numerous, they did swarm.  
Once chanced to bite him on the thigh.  
The devil take a Blue Tail Fly.

(CHORUS)

The pony jump, he toss, he pitch.  
He threw my master in the ditch.  
He died, and the jury wondered why.  
The verdict was the Blue Tail Fly.

(CHORUS)

He lies beneath a 'simmon tree.  
His epitaph is there to see.  
"Beneath this stone, I'm forced to lie.

The victim of the Blue Tail Fly."

(CHORUS)

4. Black Girl 2:34

"Black girl, black girl, don't lie to me.  
Tell me where did you sleep last night?"  
"In the pines, in the pines, where the sun never  
shines.  
I shivered the whole night through."

"My husband was a railroad man.  
Died a mile and a half from town.  
His head was found in the driver's wheel,  
And his body, it never was found."

## 5. Skip to My Lou 1:29

Lost my partner; what'll I do? (3x)  
Skip to my Lou my darling.

CHORUS:  
Gone again, skip to my Lou. (3x)  
Skip to my Lou my darling.

I'll get another one prettier than you. (3x)  
Skip to my Lou my darling.

(CHORUS)

Little red wagon painted blue. (3x)  
Skip to my Lou my darling.

(CHORUS)

Flies in the buttermilk two by two. (3x)



Skip to my Lou my darling.

(CHORUS)

Flies in the sugar bowl, "Shoo fly shoo!" (3x)  
Skip to my Lou my darling.

(CHORUS)

Learn more verses, but this'll have to do (3x)  
Skip to my Lou my darling.

### 6. Big Rock Candy Mountain 3:15

One evening as the sun went down  
And the jungle fires were burning,  
Down the track came a hobo hiking.  
He said, "Boys I'm not turning.  
I'm headed for a land that's far away.  
Beside that crystal fountain,  
I'll see you all this coming fall  
In the Big Rock Candy Mountain."

In the Big Rock Candy Mountain, it's a land that's  
fair and bright.  
The handouts grow on bushes, and you sleep out  
every night.  
The box-cars all are empty, and the sun shines every  
day.  
I'm bound to go  
Where there ain't no snow  
And the wind don't blow  
In the Big Rock Candy Mountain.

CHORUS:

Oh the buzzing of the bees in the cigarette trees  
By the soda-water fountain  
Where lemonade springs, where the blue-bird sings  
In the Big Rock Candy Mountain.

In the Big Rock Candy Mountain you never change  
socks.  
Little streams of alky-hol comes trickling down the  
rocks.  
Oh the shacks all have to tip their hats, and the  
railroad bulls are blind.  
There's a lake of stew  
And ginger ale too.  
And you paddle all around it  
In a big canoe  
In the Big Rock Candy Mountain.

(CHORUS)

In the Big Rock Candy Mountain, all the cops have  
wooden legs.  
The bull-dogs all have rubber teeth, and the hens lay  
soft-boiled eggs.  
The box-cars all are empty, and the sun shines every  
day.  
I'm bound to go  
Where there ain't no snow  
Where the sleet don't fall  
And the wind don't blow  
In the Big Rock Candy Mountain.

(CHORUS)

In the Big Rock Candy Mountain, all the jails are  
made of tin.  
You can slip right out again as soon as they put you  
in.  
There ain't no short handle shovels, no axes, saws nor  
picks.  
I'm bound to stay  
Where you sleep all day  
Where they hung the jerk  
That invented work  
In the Big Rock Candy Mountain.

(CHORUS)

### 7. Clementine 3:07

In a cavern, in a canyon, excavating for a mine,  
Lived 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 nines.  
Herring boxes without topses, sandals were for  
Clementine

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

Ruby lips above the water, blowing bubbles soft and  
fine.  
But alas I was no swimmer, so I lost my Clementine.



There's a churchyard, on the hillside, where the  
flowers grow and twine.  
There grow roses, 'mongst the posies, fertilized by  
Clementine.

### 8. Yankee Doodle 1:41

Yankee Doodle went to town  
Riding on a pony.  
Stuck a feather in his hat  
And called it macaroni.

CHORUS:

Yankee Doodle, keep it up,  
Yankee Doodle dandy.  
Mind the music and the step  
And with the girls be handy.

### 9. Home on the Range 1:54

Oh give me a home where the buffalo roam  
Where the deer and the antelope play,  
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word  
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

CHORUS:

Home, home on the range  
Where the deer and the antelope play  
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word  
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

How often at night when the heavens are bright  
With the lights of the glittering stars,  
I stood there amazed, and I asked as I gazed:  
Does their glory exceeds that above?

(CHORUS)

### 10. John Brown's Body 2:59

John Brown's body lies a-molderin' in the grave, (3x)  
But his soul goes marching on.

CHORUS:

Glory, glory hallelujah, (3x)  
But His soul goes marching on.

The stars above in Heaven are a-lookin' kindly down  
(3x)

On the grave of old John Brown.

(CHORUS)

He captured Harper's Ferry with his nineteen men so  
true.  
He frightened Old Virginia till she trembled through  
and through.  
They hanged him for a traitor, themselves the traitor's  
crew.  
But his soul goes marching on.

(CHORUS)

Well, he's gone to be a soldier in the army of the  
Lord. (3x)  
But His soul goes marching on.

(CHORUS)

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the  
Lord.  
He's trampling out the vintage where the grapes of  
wrath are stored.  
He's loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift  
sword.  
His truth is marching on.

(CHORUS)

### 11. Goodnight Irene 3:43

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

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

I asked your mother for you.  
She told me you was too young.  
I wished to God I'd never seen your face.  
I'm sorry you were ever born.

You caused me to weep.  
You caused me to morn.  
But the very last words I heard her say  
Was, "Please sing me one more song."

### 12. Swing Low Sweet Chariot 2:38

Swing low, sweet chariot, coming for to carry me  
home.



Swing low, sweet chariot, coming for to carry me home.

I looked over Jordan and what did I see, coming for to carry me home.  
A band of angels coming after me, coming for to carry me home.

If you get there before I do, coming for to carry me home,  
Tell all my friends, I'm coming there too, coming for to carry me home

### 13. Oh, Susanna 1:17

I come from Alabama with my banjo on my knee.  
I'm going to Louisiana, my true love for to see.  
It rained all night the day I left, the weather it was dry.  
The sun so hot, I froze to death. Susanna don't you cry

Oh, Susanna, don't you cry for me.  
I come from Alabama with my banjo on my knee.

I had a dream the other night when everything was still.  
I dreamed I saw Susanna a-coming down the hill.  
A red rose was in her cheek; a tear was in her eye.  
I said to her, "Susanna girl, Susanna, don't you cry."

### 14. Wayfaring Stranger 1:14

I'm just a poor wayfaring stranger,  
A-traveling through this world of woe.  
But there's no sickness, toil or danger  
In that bright world to which I go.

I'm going there to see my father.  
I'm going there no more to roam.  
I'm just a-going over Jordan.  
I'm just a-going over home.

### 15. Oh, Mary Don't You Weep 2:35

If I could, I surely would  
Stand on the rock where Moses stood.

REFRAIN:  
Pharaoh's army got drowned,  
Oh Mary, don't you weep.

Mary wore three links of chain.

Every link was Freedom's name.

(REFRAIN)

One of these nights about twelve o'clock  
This old world is gonna reel and rock.

(REFRAIN)

Moses stood on the Red Sea shore  
Smotin' the water with a two by four.

(REFRAIN)

### 16. Down in the Valley 3:47

Down in the valley, valley so low  
Hang your head over, hear the wind blow.  
Hear the wind blow love; hear the wind blow.  
Hang your head over; hear the wind blow.

Roses love sunshine; violets love dew.  
Angels in Heaven, know I love you  
Know I love you dear, know I love you.  
Angels in Heaven know I love you.

Build me a castle forty feet high,  
So I can see him as he rides by.  
As he rides by love, as he rides by,  
So I can see him as he rides by.

Write me a letter, send it by mail.  
Send it in care of Birmingham jail,  
Birmingham jail love, Birmingham jail.  
Send it in care of Birmingham jail,

Down in the valley, valley so low  
Hang your head over; hear the wind blow.  
Hear the wind blow love; hear the wind blow.  
Hang your head over; hear the wind blow.

### 17. Wabash Cannonball 3:05

I stood on the Atlantic Ocean, on the wide Pacific shore.  
Heard the queen of the flowing mountains to the south-bell by the door.  
She's long tall and handsome; she's loved by one and all.  
She's a modern combination called the Wabash Cannon Ball.

CHORUS:



Listen to the jingle, rumble and the roar.  
Riding through the woodlands to the hills and by the shore.  
Hear the mighty rush of the engine; hear the lonesome hobo squall.  
Riding through the jungles on the Wabash Cannon Ball.

Now the eastern states are dandies, so the western people say.  
From New York to St. Louis with Chicago by the way,  
From the hills of Minnesota where the rippling waters fall,  
No chances can be taken on the Wabash Cannon Ball.

(CHORUS)

Now here's to Danny Claxton, may his name forever stand.  
Will he be remembered through the parts of all our land?  
When his earthly race is over, and the curtain round him falls,  
We'll carry him on to victory on the Wabash Cannon Ball.

### 18. On Top of Old Smoky 2:18

On top of Old Smoky, all covered with snow  
I lost my true lover from courting too slow.  
For courting is pleasure, but parting is grief.  
And a false hearted lover is worse than a thief.

Say a thief will just rob you and take what you have.  
But a false-hearted lover will lead you to the grave.  
And the grave will decay you and turn you to dust.  
Not one boy in a hundred a poor girl can trust.

They'll hug you and kiss you and tell you more lies  
Than the cross-ties on the railroad or the stars in the skies.

So come all you young maidens, and listen to me:  
Never place your affection on a green willow tree.

For the leaves they will wither, and the roots they will die.

You'll all be forsaken and never know why.  
On top of Old Smoky, all covered with snow  
I lost my true lover from courting too slow.

### 19. Frankie and Johnny 4:31

Frankie and Johnnie were lovers.  
Oh my good Lord they could love!  
Swore they'd be true to each other  
Just as true as the stars above.  
He was her man, but he was doing her wrong.

Frankie she was a good woman  
As everybody knows.  
Spent a hundred dollars  
Just to buy her man some clothes.  
He was her man, but he was doing her wrong.

Frankie went down to the corner  
Just for a bucket of beer.  
Said: "Mister Bartender,  
Has my loving Johnny been here?  
He was my man, but he's a-doing me wrong."

"Now I don't want to tell you no stories,  
And I don't want to tell you no lies.  
I saw your man about an hour ago  
With a gal named Nellie Bligh.  
He was your man, but he's a-doing you wrong."

Frankie she went down to the hotel.  
Didn't go there for fun.  
Underneath her kimono

She carried a forty-four gun.  
He was her man, but he was doing her wrong.

Frankie looked over the transom  
To see what she could spy.  
There sat Johnny on the sofa  
Just loving up Nellie Bligh.  
He was her man, but he was doing her wrong.

Now the first time that Frankie shot Johnny  
He let out a awful yell.  
Second time she shot him  
There was a new man's face in hell.  
He was her man, but he was doing her wrong.

"Oh roll me over easy.  
Roll me over slow.  
Roll me over on the right side,  
For the left side hurts me so."  
He was her man, but he was doing her wrong.

Sixteen rubber-tired carriages,  
Sixteen rubber-tired hacks,  
They take poor Johnny to the graveyard.



They ain't gonna bring him back.  
He was her man, but he was doing her wrong.

Frankie looked out on the jailhouse  
To see what she could see.  
All she could hear was her two-string beau  
Crying "Nearer my God to Thee."  
He was her man, but he was doing her wrong.

Frankie said to the sheriff,  
"What do you reckon they'll do?"  
Sheriff he said, "Frankie,  
It's the electric chair for you."  
He was her man, but he was doing her wrong.

This story has no moral.  
This story has no end.  
This story only goes to show  
That there ain't no good in men!  
He was her man, but he was doing her wrong.

### 20. I Ride an Old Paint 3:30

I ride an old paint, and I lead an old dan.  
I'm going to Montana to throw the houlihan.  
They feed them in the coolies; they water in the draw.  
Their tails are all matted; their backs are all raw.

#### CHORUS:

Ride around little dogies, ride around them slow  
For Fiery and Snuffy are raring to go.

Old Bill Jones had a daughter and a son.  
Son went to college, and the daughter went wrong.  
His wife got killed in a pool-room fight.  
Still he keeps singing from morning to night.

#### (CHORUS)

When I die, take my saddle from the wall  
Put it on my pony, lead him out of his stall.  
Tie my bones to his back, turn our faces to the west,  
And we'll ride the prairie that we love the best.

#### (CHORUS)

### 21. Wreck of the Old 97 1:55

Oh they handed him his orders at Monroe, Virginia  
Saying, "Pete, you're way behind time.  
This is not '38,' it is 'Old 97'  
You must set her into Spencer on time."

He looked round his cab at his black, greasy fireman  
Saying, "Shovel on a little more coal!  
And when we cross that White Oak Mountain,  
You can watch 'Old 97' roll."

It's a mighty rough road from Lynchburg to Danville,  
And Lima's on a three-mile grade.  
It was on that grade that he lost his airbrake.  
You can see what a jump she made.

He was going round the bend making ninety 90 miles  
an hour.  
The whistle broke into a scream.  
And they found him in the wreck with his hand on  
the throttle  
And scalded to death by the steam.

Come ladies, you must take warning.  
From this time never more,  
Never speak harsh words to your true loving  
husbands.  
They may leave you never to return.

### 22. Wagoner's Lad 1:25

"My horses ain't hungry; they won't eat your hay.  
So fair you well Polly; I'm going away.  
Your parents don't like me; they say I'm too poor.

They say I'm not worthy to enter your door."

"My parents don't like you; you're poor I am told.  
But it's your love I'm wanting not silver or gold."  
"Then come with me Polly; we'll ride till we come  
To some little cabin. We'll call it our home."

Sparking is pleasure, but parting is grief.  
And a false hearted lover is worse than a thief.  
A thief will just rob you and take what you have.  
But a false hearted lover will lead you to the grave.

### 23. Old Dan Tucker 2:20

Now old Dan Tucker was a fine old man,  
Washed his face in a frying pan,  
Combed his hair with a wagon wheel,  
And died with a toothache in his heel.

#### CHORUS:

Get out the way old Dan Tucker.  
You're too late to get your supper.  
Get out the way old Dan Tucker.  
You're too late to get your supper.



Now old Dan Tucker is come to town  
Riding on a Billy goat --- leading a hound.  
Hound dog bark, and the Billy goat jump.  
Landed Dan Tucker on top of the stump.

(CHORUS)

Now old Dan Tucker he got drunk.  
Fell in the fire and kicked up a chunk.

Red hot coal got in his shoe,  
And oh my lawd how the ashes flew.

(CHORUS)

Now old Dan Tucker is come to town,  
Swinging the ladies round and round  
First to the right and then to the left,  
Then to the girl that he loves best.

(CHORUS)

#### 24. I've Been Working on the Railroad 1:27

I've been working on the railroad  
All the livelong day.  
I've been working on the railroad  
Just to pass the time away.  
Can't you hear the whistle blowing?  
Rise up so early in the morn.  
Can't you hear the captain shouting,  
"Dinah, blow your horn."

Dinah, won't you blow (2x)  
Dinah, won't you blow your horn.  
Dinah, won't you blow (2x)  
Dinah, won't you blow your horn.

Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah.  
Someone's in the kitchen I know.  
Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah  
Strumming on the old banjo.

Fee, fi, fiddle-i-o (3x)

Strumming on the old banjo.

#### 25. Cielito Lindo 2:37

De la Sierra Morena cielito lindo, vienen bajando  
Un par de ojitos negros, cielito lindo, de contrabando.

CHORUS:

Ay, ay, ay ay!  
Canta y no llores.  
Porque cantando se allegan, cielito lindo, los  
corazones.

TRANSLATION:

From the Sierra Morena arrives descending  
A pair of black eyes, of contraband

Ay ay ay ay,  
Sing and don't cry.  
Because singing gladdens the heart.

#### 26. America the Beautiful 1:40

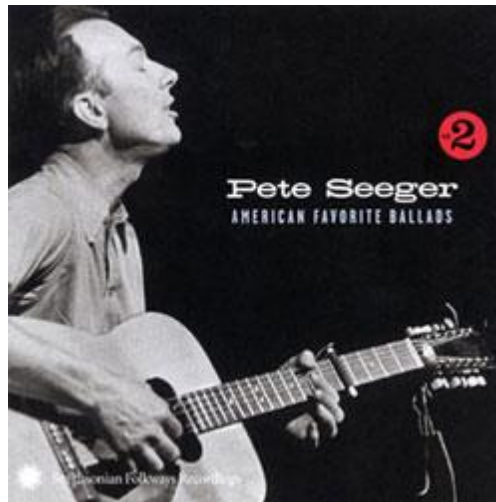
Oh beautiful, for spacious skies  
For amber waves of grain  
For purple mountain's majesty  
Above the fruited plain.  
America, America,  
God shed His grace on thee  
And crown thy good with brotherhood  
From sea to shining sea.





## American Favorite Ballads, Vol. 2 Lyrics

Pete Seeger SFW40151



\*All Lyrics Appear With Permission of Publishers

### 1. Barbara Allen 2:53

In Scarlet Town where I was born  
There was a fair maid dwelling.  
Made many a youth cry well-a-day.  
Her name was Barbara Allen.

It was in the merry month of May  
When green buds they were swelling,  
Sweet William came from the west country,  
And he courted Barbara Allen.

He sent his servant unto her  
To the place where she was dwelling.  
Said, "My master's sick, bids me call for you,  
If your name be Barbara Allen."

Well, slowly, slowly got she up,  
And slowly went she nigh him.  
But all she said as she passed his bed,  
"Young man, I think you're dying."

Then lightly tripped she down the stairs.  
She heard those church bells tolling;  
And each bell seemed to say as it toiled,  
"Hard-hearted Barbara Allen."

AOh Mother, Mother go make my bed,  
And make it long and narrow.  
Sweet William died for me today.  
I'll die for him tomorrow."

They buried Barbara in the old churchyard.  
They buried Sweet William beside her.  
Out of his grave grew a red, red rose,  
And out of hers a briar.

### 2. Young Man Who Wouldn't Hoe Corn 1:37

I'll sing you a song it's not very long.  
About a young man who wouldn't hoe corn.  
Strange to say, I cannot tell.



This young man was always well.

He planted his corn in the month of June  
And by July it was knee-high.  
First of September come a big frost,  
And all this young man's corn was lost.

He went to the fence and there peeked in.  
The weeds and the grass come up to his chin.  
The weeds and the grass they grew so high,  
It caused this young man for to sigh.

He went down to his neighbor's door  
Where he had often been before.  
Saying, "Pretty little miss, will you marry me?  
Pretty little miss, what do you say?"

"Here you are a-wantful for to wed,  
And cannot make your own cornbread.  
Single I am, and single I'll remain.  
A lazy man I'll not maintain."

Well, he went down to a pretty little widder.  
And I hope by heck that he don't get her.  
She gave him the mitten sure as you're born  
All because he wouldn't hoe corn.

### 3. Midnight Special 3:07

One day, one day Sir  
I was walking along,  
And I heard that Special  
Singing a lonesome song.

CHORUS:  
Let the Midnight Special  
Shine her light on me.  
Let the Midnight Special  
Shine her ever-loving light on me.

Yonder come little Rosie.  
How in the world do you know?  
I can tell her by her apron  
And the dress she wore.

Umbrella on her shoulder,  
Piece of paper in her hand,

She goes a-marching to the captain,  
Says, "I want my man."

(CHORUS)

If you go down to Houston,  
Boy, you better walk right.  
You better not stagger,  
And you better not fight.

Sheriff Benson will arrest you.  
He'll take you down.  
And if the jury finds you guilty,  
You're penitentiary bound.

(CHORUS)

Now you wake up in the morning.  
You hear the ding-dong ring.  
You go a-marching to the table.  
You see the same damn thing.

Knife and fork are on the table,  
And nothing in my pan.  
You say anything about it,  
You're in trouble with the man.

(CHORUS)

Now old Huddie Ledbetter,  
He was a mighty fine man.  
Huddie taught this song  
To the whole wide land.

But now he's done with all his grieving,  
Whooping, hollering and a-crying.  
He's done with all his studying  
About his great long time.

(CHORUS)

### 4. House of the Rising Sun 2:38

There is a house in New Orleans  
They call the Rising Sun.  
It's been the ruin of many a poor girl,  
And me, oh God, am one



My mother, she's a tailor.  
She sews those new blue jeans.  
My husband, he's a gambling man  
Drinks down in New Orleans.

My husband, he's a gambler.  
He goes from town to town.

The only time he's satisfied  
Is when he drinks his liquor down.

Go tell my baby sister  
Never do like I have done.  
Shun that house in New Orleans  
They call the Rising Sun.

One foot on the platform.  
The other's on the train.  
I'm going down to New Orleans  
To wear the ball and chain.

Going back to New Orleans.  
My race is almost run.  
I'm going to spend the rest of my life  
Beneath that rising sun.

5. Careless Love 3:07  
Love, oh love, oh careless love, (3x)  
You see what love has done to me.

I love my mama and papa too. (3x)  
I'd leave them both to go with you.

What, oh what will Mama say, (3x)  
When she learns I've gone astray?

Once I wore my apron low. (3x)  
I couldn't scarcely keep you from my door.

Now my apron strings don't pin. (3x)  
You pass my door and you don't come in.

Don't you marry a railroad man. (2x)  
A railroad man will kill you if he can,  
And he'll drink your blood, drink it like wine

## 6. Oh, What a Beautiful City 3:30

Oh, what a beautiful city. (3x)  
Twelve gates to the city, Hallelujah!

CHORUS:  
Three gates in the north, three gates in the south,  
Three gates in the west, three gates in the  
east. There's twelve gates to the city, Hallelujah!  
My God done just what he said. There's twelve  
gates to the city, Hallelujah!  
He healed the sick and he raised the dead.  
There's twelve gates to the city, Hallelujah!

(CHORUS)

When I get to heaven, going to sing and shout.  
There's twelve gates to the city, Hallelujah!  
Ain't nobody there going to put me out.  
There's twelve gates to the city, Hallelujah!

(CHORUS)

Who are those people dressed in red?  
There's twelve gates to the city, Hallelujah! It  
Must be the children that Moses led There's  
twelve gates to the city, Hallelujah (CHORUS)

## 7. Poor Boy 2:15

Who's gonna shoe your pretty little foot?  
Who's gonna glove your hand?  
Who's gonna kiss your red ruby lips?  
Who's gonna be your man?

Papa will shoe my pretty little foot.  
Mama will glove my hand.  
Sister's gonna kiss my red ruby lips.  
I don't need no man.

I don't need no man, poor boy.  
I don't need no man.  
Sister's gonna kiss my red ruby lips.  
I don't need no man.

Longest train I ever did see  
Was sixteen coaches long.  
The only girl I ever did love  
Was on that train and gone.



### 8. Sally Ann 1:30

Did you ever see a muskrat, Sally Ann?  
Dragging his slick tail through the sand,  
Picking a banjo, Sally Ann?  
I'm gonna marry you, Sally Ann.

I'm gonna marry you, Sally Ann. (4x)

Make my living in sandy land. (3x)  
I'm gonna marry you, Sally Ann.

### 9. Riddle Song 2:28

I gave my love a cherry that had no stone.  
I gave my love a chicken that had no bone.  
I gave my love a story that had no end.  
I gave my love a baby that's no crying.

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 that's no crying?

A cherry when it's blooming, it has no stone.  
A chicken when it's pippin', it has no bone.  
The story that I love you, it has no end.  
A baby when it's sleeping, it's no crying.

### 10. Go Tell Aunt Rhody 3:14

Go tell Aunt Rhody (3x)  
That the old grey goose is dead.

The one she's been saving (3x)  
To make a feather bed.

Old gander's weeping (3x)  
Because his wife is dead.

And the goslings are mourning (3x)  
Because their mother's dead.

She died in the mill pond (3x)  
Standing on her head.

Go tell Aunt Rhody that the old gray goose is  
dead.

### 11. Water is Wide 3:37

The water is wide; I cannot get over.  
Neither have I wings to fly.  
Give me a boat that can carry two.  
And both shall row, my love and I.

A ship there is, and she sails the sea.  
She's loaded deep as deep can be.  
But not so deep as the love I'm in.  
And I know not how I sink or swim.

I leaned my back up against some young oak,  
Thinking he was a trusty tree.  
But first he bended, and then he broke.  
And thus did my false love to me.

I put my hand into some soft bush,  
Thinking the sweetest flower to find.  
I pricked my finger to the bone,  
And left the sweetest flower alone.

Oh, love is handsome, and love is fine,  
Gay as a jewel when first it is new.  
But love grows old and waxes cold,  
And fades away like the summer dew.

### 12. The Fox 2:05

The fox went out on a chilly night,  
Prayed for the moon to give him light.  
For he'd many a mile to go that night  
Before he reached the town-o.  
Town-o, town-o  
He'd many a mile to go that night  
Before he reached the town-o.

He ran till he came to a great big bin.  
The ducks and the geese were put therein.  
Said, "Couple of you will grease my chin  
Before I leave this town-o."  
Town-o, town-o  
"Couple of you will grease my chin  
Before I leave this town-o."

He grabbed the grey goose by the neck.



Slung the little one over his back.  
He didn't mind their "quack, quack, quack,"  
And the legs all dangling down-o.  
Down-o, Down-o  
He didn't mind their "quack, quack, quack,"  
And the legs all dangling down-o.

Old mother pitter-patter jumped out of bed.  
Out of the window, she cocked her head.  
Crying, "John, John, the grey goose is gone,  
And the fox is on the town-o."  
Town-o, town-o.  
"John, John, the grey goose is gone,  
And the fox is on the town-o."

John, he went to the top of the hill,  
Blew his horn both loud and shrill.  
The fox, he said, "Better flee with my kill.  
He'll soon be on my trail-o."  
Trail-o, trail-o.

"Better flee with my kill.  
He'll soon be on my trail-o."

He ran till he came to his cozy den.  
There were the little ones, eight, nine, ten.

They said, "Daddy, better go back again,  
'Cause it must be a mighty fine town-o.  
Town-o, town-o.  
"Daddy, better go back again,  
'Cause it must be a mighty fine town-o.

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

### 13. The Keeper and the Doe 2:12

The keeper did a-hunting go.  
Under his cloak he carried a bow,  
All for to shoot the merry little doe  
Among the leaves so green-o.

The first doe, she did cross the plain.  
The keeper fetched her back again.  
Where she is now, she may remain  
Among the leaves so green-o.

The next doe she did cross the brook.  
The keeper fetched her back with his crook.  
Where she is now, you may go and look  
Among the leaves so green-o.

The next doe, she ran over the plain.  
But he with his hounds did turn her again.  
There he did hunt in a merry, merry vein  
Among the leaves so green-o.

### 14. Pretty Polly 3:41

I courted pretty Polly the live-long night (2x)  
And left her next morning before it was light.

"Pretty Polly, pretty Polly, go away with me (2x)  
Before we get married some pleasure to see.

He led her over hills and the valley so deep (2x)  
Until pretty Polly, she commenced to weep.

He led her a little farther and what did they spy (2x)  
But a new-dug grave with a spade lying by.

"Oh Willy, oh Willy, I'm afraid of your way. (2x)  
I'm afraid you will lead my poor body astray."

"Pretty Polly, pretty Polly, you guessed just  
about right. (2x)  
I dug on your grave biggest part of last night."

She throw'd her arms around him and trembled  
with fear. (2x)  
"How can you kill a girl that was to you so  
dear?"

He stabbed her to the heart, her heart's blood it  
did flow, (2x)  
Into the grave pretty Polly did go.



He throw'd a little dirt over her and started for  
home L2x)  
Leaving nothing behind but the wild birds to  
moan.

### 15. Jesse James 4:33

Jesse James was a lad. He killed many a man.  
He robbed the Glendale train.  
He took from the rich, and he gave to the poor.

He'd a hand and a heart and a brain.

Oh Jesse had a wife to mourn for his life  
Three children, they were brave;  
But that dirty little coward that shot Mr.  
Howard,  
He laid poor Jesse in his grave.

It was on a Saturday night, and the moon was  
shining bright,  
They robbed the Glendale train.  
With the agent on his knees, he delivered up the  
keys  
To these outlaws Frank and Jesse James.

The people held their breath when they heard of  
Jesse's death.  
They wondered how he ever came to fall.  
Robert Ford, it was a fact, shot Jesse in the back  
While Jesse hung a picture on the wall.

Oh Jesse was a man, a friend of the poor.  
He'd never rob a mother or a child.  
He took from the rich, and he gave to the poor.  
So they shot Jesse James on the sly.

Well, this song was made up by Billy Gashade  
As soon as the news did arrive.  
He said there was no man with the law in his  
hand  
Who could take Jesse James when alive.

### 16. Stagolee 2:16

Stagolee was a bad man  
Everybody knows,  
Spent one hundred dollars

Just to buy him a suit of clothes;

CHORUS:  
He was a bad man  
That mean old Stagolee.

Stagolee shot Billy de Lyons  
What do you think about that,  
Shot him down in cold blood  
Because he stole his Stetson hat;

CHORUS:

Billy de Lyons said, Stagolee  
Please don't take my life,  
I've got two little babes  
And a darling, loving wife;

CHORUS:  
What do I care about your wife  
Your two little darling babes,  
You done stole my Stetson hat  
I'm bound to take your life;

CHORUS:

The judge said, Stagolee,  
What you doing in here,  
You done shot Mr. Billy de Lyons  
You going to doe in the electric chair;

CHORUS:

Twelve o'clock they killed him  
Head reached up high,  
Last thing that poor boy said  
My six-shooter never lied.

CHORUS:

### 17. Black is the Color of My True Loves Hair 2:29

Black, black, black is the color of my true love's  
hair,  
Her face is something wondrous fair;  
The purest eyes and the daintiest hands.  
I love the ground on which she stands.



I know my love and well she knows,  
I'll follow her where'er she goes;  
I'll write her a letter containing these lines  
I'll suffer death a thousand times.

I'll go to trouble some to morn, to weep,  
But satisfied I'll never be;  
If she on earth no more would stay  
My life would quickly fade away.

### 18. Camptown Races 1:31

Gwine to run all night, gwine to run all day,  
I bet my money on a bob-tailed nag, somebody  
bet  
on the bay.

Oh, the Camptown lady sing this song, doo-da,  
doo-da,  
Camptown race track's eight miles long, Oh, dee  
doo da day.

Oh, the long tailed Lilly and the big black horse,  
Come to a mud hole and they all cut across.

I went down South with my hat caved in,  
I come back North with a pocket full of tin.

### 19. Blow the Man Down 2:02

CHORUS

Oh, blow the man down bullies, blow the man  
down,  
To me way! hey! - Blow the man down!  
Blow the man down, bullies, blow him away,  
Give me some time to blow the man down.

As I was a-walking down Paradise Street,  
To me way! hey! - Blow the man down!  
A pretty young damsel I chanced for to meet,  
Give me some time to blow the man down.

(CHORUS)

She hailed me with her flipper, I took her in tow,  
To me way! hey! - Blow the man down!

Yard-arm to yard-arm, away we did go,  
Give me some time to blow the man down.

(CHORUS)

As soon as that packet was clear of the bar,  
To me way! hey! - Blow the man down!  
The mate knocked me down with the end of a  
spar,  
Give me some time to blow the man down.

(CHORUS)

It's yard-arm to yard-arm, away you will sprawl,  
Way! hey! - Blow the man down!  
For kicking Jack Rogers commands the Black  
Ball  
Give me some time to blow the man down.

### 20. Froggie Went A Courtin' 2:53

Froggie went a-courtin' and he did ride,  
Ah-ha, ah-hah.  
Froggie went a-courtin' and he did ride,  
A sword and pistol by his side,  
Ah-hah, ah-hah.

Well, he rode down to Miss Mousie's door..  
Where he'd often been before Y

He took Miss Mousie on his knee.  
Said, "Miss Mousie will you marry me?"...

I'll have to ask my Uncle Rat...  
To see what he do say to that...

Without my Uncle Rat's consent...  
I would not marry the president...

Well, Uncle Rat laughed and shook his fat  
sides...  
To think his niece would be a bride..

Well, Uncle Rat rode off to town..  
To buy his niece a wedding gown..

Well, where will the wedding supper be..  
Way down yonder in the holler tree..





And what will the wedding supper be..  
A fried mosquito and a roasted flea..

Well, first to come in were two little ants..  
Fixin' around to have a dance..

And next to come was a bumblebee..  
Balancing a fiddle on his knee..

And next to come was a big tom cat..  
He swallowed the frog and the mouse and the rat...

And last come in was a big old snake..  
He chased the party in the lake..

### **21. I Had a Rooster (Barnyard Song) 3:51**

I had a rooster and the rooster pleased me,  
I fed my rooster on a green berry tree;  
The little rooster went cockadoodle-do-de  
Doodle-de-doodle-de-doodle-de-day.

I had a cat and the cat pleased me.  
I fed my cat on a green berry tree;  
The little cat goes meouw, meouw, meouw,  
The little rooster goes cockadoodle-do-de  
Doodle-de-doodle-de-doodle-de-day.

I had a duck, etc.  
I had a pig, etc.  
I had a cow, etc.  
I had a lion, etc.  
I had a baby, etc.

### **22. Putting on the Style 2:46**

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  
Putting on the style.

#### **CHORUS:**

Putting on the agony  
Putting on the style;  
That's what all the young folks  
Are doing all the while.  
And as I look around me

I'm very apt to smile,  
To see so many people  
Putting 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  
Putting on the style.

#### **CHORUS**

Young man in a restaurant,  
Smokes a dirty pipe,  
Looking like a pumpkin  
That's only half-way ripe.  
Smoking, drinking, chewing  
And thinking all the while  
That there's nothing equal  
To putting on the style.

#### **CHORUS:**

Young man just from college,  
Makes a big display,  
With a great big jawbreak  
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  
Putting on the style.

#### **CHORUS:**

Preacher in the pulpit,  
Shouting with all his might;  
Glory, Hallelujah!





Put the people in a fright.

You might think it's Satan  
Coming up and down the aisle,  
But it's only preacher  
Putting on the style.

CHORUS:

### 23. Farmer's Curst Wife 2:53

There was an old man lived over the hills  
If he ain't moved out he's living there still.

Come a fah-dee-ing ding, da dee-ing etc.

Well, the devil come up to him one day

Said one of your family I'm gonna take away.

Please don't take my eldest son  
There's work on the farm and it's got to be done.

O, it's not your eldest son I crave  
It's your scolding wife I'm going to take away.

Well, the old man jumped up with a start  
Saying you can take her with all my heart.

The devil picked her up upon his back  
He looked like an eagle scared off the wrack.

He carried her on about a mile down the road  
Saying olld woman, you're a helluva load.

He carried her down to the gates of hell  
Saying poke up the fire. we'll scorch her well.

There were two little devils with ball and chain  
Up with here foot and she kicked out their  
brains.

Nine little devils went climbing up the wall  
Saying take her back Daddy, she'll murder us all.

I get up next morning, I peeked out of the crack  
I seen the old devil dragging her back.

He said here's your wife, both sound and well  
If I had kept her there longer, she'd have torn up  
hell.

This only goes to show you what a woman can  
do

She can whup out the devil and her husband too.

It shows one advantage women have over men  
They can go down to hell and come back again.

### 24. Alabama Bound 2:19

I'm Alabama bound, (2x)  
And if the train don't stop and turn around,  
I'm Alabama bound.

Oh, don't you leave me here. (2x)  
But if you must go anyhow, leave me a dime for  
beer.  
I'm Alabama bound, etc.

Oh, don't you be like me (2x)  
Drink your good sherry wine, and let the  
whiskey be.  
I'm Alabama bound, etc

### 26. Dink's Song 2:40

If I had wings like Noah's dove,  
I'd fly up the river to the one I love,  
Fare thee well, oh honey, fare thee well.

That gal I love, she's long and tall.  
She moves her body like a cannonball.

One of these days, and it won't be long,  
You call my name, and I'll be gone.

One of these nights, was a drizzling rain,  
All around my heart was an aching pain.

If I had wings, like Noah's dove,  
I'd fly up the river, to the one I love



# American Favorite Ballads, Vol. 3 Lyrics

Pete Seeger SFW40152



\*All Lyrics Appear With Permission of Publishers

## 1. Gypsy Davy 5:03

Black Jack Davy come a -riding along  
Singing so loud, and gaily,  
He sang so loud the wildwoods rung;  
He charmed the heart of a lady.

Chorus: Come a raddle-raddle lingo-lingo ling,  
Raddle-raddle lingo, Davy (repeat)

How old are you, my pretty little miss?  
How old are you, my honey?  
She answered him with a tee-hee-hee,  
I'll be sixteen next Sunday.  
Come, go with me, my pretty little miss;  
Go with me, my honey.  
I'll take you across the deep blue sea;  
You'll never want for money.

Chorus

Won't you pull off those high-heeled shoes  
Made of Spanish leather?  
Won't you put on some low-heeled shoes?  
We'll ride off together.

Chorus

She soon pulled off those high-heeled shoes  
Made of Spanish leather.  
She put on those low-heeled shoes.  
They rode off together.

Chorus

It was late at night when the Lord came home  
Inquiring for his lady.  
The servants said on every hand  
"She's gone with the Gypsy Davy. "



Chorus

“Go saddle me my buckskin mare;  
The gray is not so speedy.  
I'll ride all day, and I'll ride all night  
Till I overtake my lady.”

Chorus

He rode till he came to the deep, below.  
The stream was deep and muddy.  
The tears come a-trickling down his cheeks,  
For there he spied his lady.

Chorus

“How can you leave your house and land?  
How can you leave your baby?  
How can you leave your husband dear,  
To go with Gypsy Davy?”

Chorus

“Very well can I leave my house and land;  
Very well can I leave my baby.  
Much better can I leave my husband dear  
To go with Gypsy Davy.”

Chorus

“I won't come back to you, my love;  
I won't come back my husband.  
No, I wouldn't give a kiss from David's lips  
For all your land and money.”

“Last night I lay on a goose-feather bed  
Beside my husband and baby.  
Tonight I lay on the cold, cold ground  
Beside the Gypsy Davy.”

She soon run through her gay clothing,  
Her velvet shoes and stockings,  
Her golden rings on her finger was gone,  
And the gold plate off her bosom.

Chorus

“Once I had a house and land,

A feather-bed and money, but now I have come  
to an old straw pad,  
With nothing but Gypsy Davy.”

## 2. Deep Blue Sea 2:16

### 3. New River Train 3:00

Chorus: I'm riding on that New River Train. (2x)  
It's the same old train that brought me here.  
It's soon gonna carry me again.  
Oh, darling, you can't love but one. (2x)  
Oh, you can't love but one, and have any fun.  
Darling, you can't love two. (2x)  
You can't love two, and still to me be true.  
Darling, you can't love three. (2x)  
You can't love three, and still be true to me.  
Darling, you can't love four. (2x)  
You can't love four, and love me anymore.  
Darling, you can't love five. (2x)  
You can't love five: get your honey from my  
beehive.  
Darling you can't love six. (2x)  
You can't love six, and do any tricks.  
Oh, darling, you can't love seven. (2x)  
You can't love seven and expect to go to heaven.  
Darling, you can't love eight. (2x)  
You can't love eight, and get through the Pearly  
Gates.

Oh, darling you can't love nine. (2x)  
You can't love nine, and still be mine.  
Oh, riding on that New River Train, (2x)  
The same old train that brought me here, soon  
gonna carry me again.

### 4. St. James Hospital 2:58

### 5. E-ri-e Canal (The Erie Was Rising) 3:21

### 6. St. Louis Blues 2:22

I hate to see, that evening sun go down,  
I hate to see, that evening sun go down,  
Cause my baby, she done left this town.

Well, I'm feeling tomorrow, just like I feel  
today,



Well, I'm feeling tomorrow, just like I feel today,  
Gonna pack my troubles, and make my getaway.

St. Louis woman, with all her diamond rings,  
Took that man around, by her apron strings,  
Weren't for powder, and for store bought hair,  
That gal of mine could not have gone nowhere.

Got the St. Louis blues, just as blue as I can be,  
That gal got a heart, like a rock cast in the sea,  
Else she wouldn't have gone so far from me.

Oh, Mississippi river, long, deep, and wide,  
I got to find my sweet gal on the other side.  
Take me back to St. Louis, take me back to St. Louis,  
Take me back to St. Louis, where I can lose those St. Louis blues.

### 7. Boll Weevil 3:56

### 8. The Girl I Left Behind 1:11

### 9. When First I Came to This Land 2:40

When I first came to this land, I was not a wealthy man,  
So I got myself a shack, and I did what I could.  
And I called my shack Break My Back,  
But the land was sweet and good, and I did what I could.

2nd verse cow: Called my cow, no milk now.

3rd verse duck: Called my duck, out of luck.

7

4th verse wife: Called my wife, run for your life.

5th verse son: Called my son, my work's done.

### 10. The Titanic 3:47

### 11. El-a-noy 1:46

Way down upon the Wabash, such land was never known;

If Adam had passed over it, the soil he'd surely own.  
He'd think it was the garden he'd played in as a boy,  
And straight pronounce it Eden in the State of Elanoy.

chorus:

Then move your fam'ly westward,  
Good health you will enjoy,  
And rise to wealth and honor in  
The state of Elanoy.

'Twas here the queen of Sheba came, with Solomon of old.  
With bullock's load of spices, pomegranates and fine gold;  
And when she saw this lovely land her heart was filled with joy  
Straightway she said "I'd like to be a queen in Elanoy."

She's bounded by the Wabash, the Ohio and the Lakes.

She's crawfish in the swampy lands, the milk-sick and the shakes.

But these are slight diversions and take not from the joy

Of living in this garden land, the state of Elanoy.

Away up in the northward, right on the borderline  
A great commercial city, Chicago, you will find.  
Her men are all like Abelard, her women like Heloise  
All honest virtuous people, for they live in Elanoy.

Last chorus:

Then move your family westward,  
Bring all your girls and boys  
And cross at Shawnee Ferry to  
The State of Elanoy.

### 12. Lady of Carlisle 3:23

Down in Carlisle there lived a lady.  
Being both beautiful and gay,  
She was determined to live a lady;  
No man on earth could her betray,  
Unless it were a man of honor,  
A man of honor and high degree.



Then there approached two loving soldiers  
This fair lady for to see,  
One being a brave lieutenant,  
A brave lieutenant and a man of war,  
The other being a brave sea-captain,  
Captain of the ship that's come from far.

Then up spoke this fair young lady,  
"I can be but one man's bride;  
If you will return tomorrow morning,  
On this case we will decide."

She ordered her a span of horses,  
A span of horses at her command,  
And they rode down the hill together,  
Till they came to the lions' den.

And there they stopped and there they halted,  
While the two stood gazing around;  
And for the space of a half an hour,  
This young lady lies speechless on the ground.

Then after a while she did recover:  
She throw'd her fan to the lion's den;  
Said, "Which of you to gain a lady  
Will return my fan again?"

Then up spoke the brave lieutenant,  
In a voice both loud and high,  
"I know I am a dear lover of women,  
But I will not risk my life for love."  
Then up spoke the brave sea-captain,  
In a voice both loud and clear,  
"I know I am a dear lover of women;  
I will return your fan or die."

Then into the lions' den he boldly entered,  
The lions being both wild and fierce;  
He walked around and in among them,  
Then returned her fan again.

And when she saw her true love a-coming,  
Seeing no harm had come to him,  
She throw'd her head upon his bosom,  
Saying, "Here's the prize that you have won."

### 13. My Good Man 2:39

Well, the other night when I got home, drunk as  
I could be,  
I spied a horse in the stable where my horse  
ought to be.

I says to my wife, my pretty little wife, explain  
this thing to me,  
What's this horse doing in the stable, where my  
horse ought to be.

You blind fool, you drunken old fool, can't you  
never see,  
That's nothing but an old milk cow, my granny  
gave to me.

I traveled this wide world over, ten thousand  
miles or more,  
And a saddle on a milk cow's back, I never did  
see before.

The second night, I got home, drunk as I could  
be,  
I spied a hat on the hat rack, where my hat ought  
to be.

I says to my wife, my pretty little wife, explain  
this thing to me,  
What's this hat doing here on the hatrack where  
my hat ought to be.

You blind fool, you drunken old fool, can't you  
never see,  
That's nothing but an old chamber pot my  
granny gave to me.

I've traveled this wide world over, ten thousand  
miles or more,  
And a J. B. Stetson chamber pot, I never did see  
before.

I got home the third night, drunk as I could be,  
I spied some pants upon the chair where my  
pants ought to be.

I says to my wife, my pretty little wife, explain  
this thing to me,  
What's these pants doing here upon the chair  
where my pants ought to be.



You blind fool, you drunken old fool, can't you  
never see,  
That's nothing but an old dish rag, my granny  
gave to me.

I've traveled this wide world over, ten thousand  
miles or more,  
And zippers on a dishrag I never did see before.

I got home the fourth night, drunk as I could be,  
I spied a head on the pillow, where my head  
ought to be.  
I says to my wife, my pretty little wife, explain  
this thing to me,  
What's this head doing here on the pillow, where  
my head ought to be.

You blind fool, you drunken fool, can't you  
plainly see,  
That's nothing but an old cabbage head, my  
granny gave to me.  
I've traveled this wide world over, ten thousand  
miles or more,  
And a mustache on a cabbage head I never did  
see before.

Well, the fifth night, I got home, drunk as I  
could...

- 14. Golden Vanity 3:56**
- 15. Ain't it a Shame 1:47**
- 16. Swanee River 3:01**

Way down upon the Swanee River, far, far  
away,  
There's where my heart is turning ever,  
That's where the old folks stay.

All the world is sad and dreary,  
Everywhere I roam,

Old brother, how my heart grows weary,  
Far from the old folks at home.

All up and down the whole creation,  
Sadly I roam,  
Still longing for the old plantation,

And for the old folks at home.

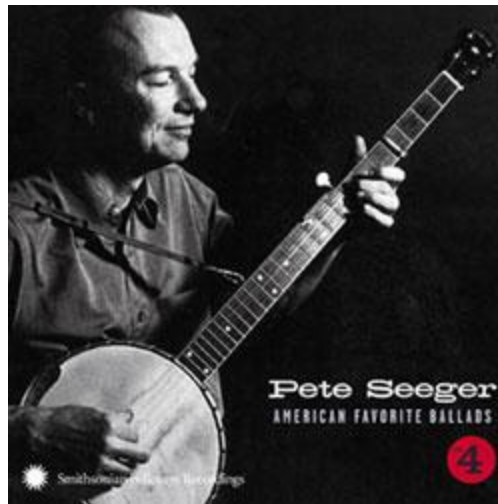
When will I see the bees a'humming,  
All round the comb,  
When will I hear the banjos strumming  
Down in my good old home.

- 17. Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child 4:31**
- 18. The Boys from County Mayo (Shamrock) 2:21**
- 19. No Irish Need Apply 1:56**
- 20. Paddy Works on the Railroad 2:26**
- 21. Arkansas Traveler 2:39**
- 22. When I Was Single 1:17**
- 23. Wond'rous Love 1:37**
- 24. Ground Hog 3:47**
- 25. Old Blue 2:18**
- 26. She'll Be Comin' Round the Mountain 1:51**
- 27. Erie Canal (My Gal Sal) 2:38**



# 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 agra,  
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**



# American Favorite Ballads, Vol. 5 Lyrics

Pete Seeger SFW40154



\*All Lyrics Appear With Permission of Publishers

## 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  
 unwound;  
 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.