

Brunswick
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LISTEN TO OUR STORY

A PANORAMA OF *American Ballads*

LADY GAY • STACKERLEE • THE DERBY RAM • PRETTY POLLY • TRUE RELIGION

Buell Kazee

Furry Lewis

Bascom Lamar Lunsford

Doc Boggs

Reverend Edward Clayburn

THE DEATH OF JOHN HENRY • ROCK ABOUT, MY SARD JANE • THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME

Uncle Dave Macon

Uncle Dave Macon

Dick Reinhart

AMERICAN FOLK MUSIC SERIES • *Edited by Alan Lomax*

BRUNSWICK ALBUM NO. B-1024



WITH SING-ALONG-BOOK

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BRUNSWICK ALBUM No. B-1024

Complete on Four Ten-inch Records

Contents

- 80089 LADY GAY
THE DERBY RAM
Both Ballads with Five String Banjo
- 80090 THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME
Ballad with Guitar
PRETTY POLLY
Ballad with Five String Banjo
- 80091 THE DEATH OF JOHN HENRY
Ballad with Five String Banjo
ROCK ABOUT, MY SARO JANE
River Song with Five String Banjo,
Fiddles and Guitar
- 80092 TRUE RELIGION
Spiritual with Guitar
STACKERLEE
Ballad with Guitar

Artists

- Buell Kazee
Bascom Lamar Lunsford
- Dick Reinhart
Doc Boggs
- Uncle Dave Macon
- Uncle Dave Macon and His
Fruit Jar Drinkers: Uncle
Dave Macon — Vocal, Five
String Banjo; Sam McGhee —
Guitar; Kirk McGhee — Fiddle;
Mitzi Todd — Fiddle.
- Reverend Edward Clayburn
Furry Lewis

Listen to our Story

*Come and listen to our story,
Come and listen to our song;
I'll tell you of a hero
Who now is dead and gone. . . .*

Generations of hardworking, double-fisted Americans were raised on ballads that began like this. Lean-faced cowboys listened, tracing designs in the dust with brown, weather-worn fingers. The towheaded kids lay on their bellies in front of the fire, watching the ripple of the flames, and listened to their grandmother singing the ballads learned from her grandmother. The mulligan bubbled unwatched in the pot while the dusty 'boes lay back in the long weeds of the jungle and listened, thinking of the long road and the girls they'd left behind. Down across the tracks in the Southern towns the Negroes listened while the long fingers walked on the guitar strings and the strong voice wove a melancholy tale.

Listen to our story. . . .

You lousy lumberjacks, you jolly sailormen, you lonesome ladies, you steel-driving men, you married women, you boys on the chain gang, you factory hands on the night shift. . . .

*Come all you good people
And listen to our song. . . .*

These ballads, made of, by and for the people, gave them the facts they were looking for. They were the stories of ordinary folks like themselves, folks who lost their girls, rode pitching bronchos, died in train wrecks, worked for low wages in cotton mills, robbed for their fancy gals—in a word, had their troubles. The lines of the ballads, mounted on their simple and sturdy tunes, gave you a look-see at these troubles. The world was full of heartbreak and of strange adventures, and the same thing might happen any day in your own neighborhood—probably did happen. These quiet, tough Americans, building a fair home in the wilderness, knew what trouble was about. The people they admired were the people who could take their troubles like men . . . who could die like men. . . .

Come and listen to our story.

THE SINGERS . . .

We give you herewith notes upon the lives of four of the singers of LISTEN TO OUR STORY. Of Doc Boggs, authentic, bitter-voiced Kentuckian; of Furry Lewis, hard-voiced and honest Negro balladeer; of Reverend

Edward Clayburn, who ministered to the Lord with his guitar, we could find no trace. . . . They made their records in the careless '20s, appearing briefly in the early studios of Brunswick and Vocalion, shouting their songs into the recording horns and then disappearing into the anonymous masses from which they had come...

The country people, the small townfolk bought their records and others like them, by the thousands, recognizing in these singers members of their own cultural family. . . . Soon other more "commercial singers" replaced these awkward country folk in the catalogues of the big companies. And in the intervening generation these records have become collectors' items. If you wish to hear such music today, you will have to go to the folklore collections or into the backwoods of the South or the "black ghettos" of certain middle western cities. . . . It is one of Decca's claims to fame that we put many of these old masters away against the time when they might again bring pleasure to listeners. Now the audience is bigger, but we hope that somehow this album and others like it will bring to light our lost singers, who are of the timeless breed of the folk artist. Today these records are collectors' gems.

BUELL KAZEE

Buell Kazee was born at the head of Burton's Fork, Magoffin County, Kentucky, in a two-room log house with a kitchen off the back. Magoffin County has been as much a center for the rippling Kentucky five-string banjo style as Athens once was for Greek philosophy; and Buell Kazee began to pick a home-made banjo at the age of five. His was a singing family; his mother had a rich stock of Elizabethan ballads and lyric songs and his father was the leader of a singing family that whiled away the long winter evenings with songs at the fireside.

Buell Kazee graduated from an old log schoolhouse at fifteen, went on to Baptist Mission, and at seventeen "felt the call to preach the gospel." He continued his ministerial work even while he attended college at Georgetown, Kentucky, and used his growing knowledge of mountain music to make a warmer appeal to his rural Kentucky audience.

He has studied voice in New York, has written a good bit of music based on Southern folk airs, and protests that the Brunswick talent scouts asked him to sing in his bad or "hillbilly" voice for his recordings. We feel, however, that his "bad" voice is a fine approximation to the classical style of Anglo-American ballad singing, and his banjo playing is as delightful as that of any American folk singer. . . . He is now pastor of the Morehead Baptist Church, Morehead, Kentucky.

BASCOM LAMAR LUNSFORD

Bascom Lamar Lunsford, known as the "Minstrel of the Appalachians"—to be reached by mail at South Turkey Creek, Leicester, North Carolina—has been a country lawyer and a newspaperman for most of his fifty odd years. As he travelled through the Great Smoky country near Asheville, North Carolina, he always took along his fiddle and (we suspect) spent more time swapping tunes in mountain cabins than he did at his own business. As a result, his personal collection of mountain songs is one of the best in the country. In recent years he has turned his knowledge of frontier folklore to fine use by running the Mountain Dance and Folk Festival, which you ought to drop in on some year during the first week of August "just about sundown" in Asheville, North Carolina.

UNCLE DAVE MACON

Uncle Dave Macon—"the Dixie Dewdrop"—"the King of the Hillbillies"—was born in the Tennessee mountains in 1870 with a five-string banjo in each fist. His devilish ditties, hoedowns, old time revival hymns, and his tricks with the banjo (which he can play behind his back, between his legs, upside down and backwards) have made him one of the most famous entertainers of the South. He has been a star of the *Grand Old Opry*, the first and still the best of the hillbilly shows, from its inception. His last letter to us, written from his white columned plantation, gives a fine picture of Uncle Dave in his ripe and vigorous seventies.

"This week, am eating on the farm real old time cornfield beans Boiled down with Side farm bacon, also eating hickory Smoked old time religion Ham with Plenty of red gravy, hoecake and corn Bread and am glad to tell you am keeping my Skillet good and Greasy. . . . I learned *Rock About My Saro Jane* hearing steamboat's colored crew singing on Front Street in Nashville, Tennessee in 1887."

DICK REINHART...

is now a successful commercial singer of hillbilly and cowboy songs, working in California. We know little more about him than that he was born in Tishomingo, Oklahoma (a good section for a ballad singer to be born in) thirty-nine years ago. When he recorded for Brunswick in the twenties, he had one of those rare ballad voices that carries you along smoothly, yet with an intensity that communicates the singer's strong feeling without ever imposing upon the listener.

THE SONGS . . .

1a) *Lady Gay*

Of all the songs in the album, this might be described as the closest to the "pure" English ballad type, both in text and melody. It dates from the middle ages, and, although the story is something of a medieval mystery, it has had and still has an extraordinary appeal to southern mountain singers. Perhaps the singers felt the proud mother *should* have been punished for sending her poor little helpless children "off to a far countree to learn their grammaree."

For a long time the ballad has been more popular in this country than in Great Britain, where it was known as *The Wife of Usher's Well*. Buell Kazee with his trained voice has set it to the accompaniment of the five-stringed banjo (an American instrument out of Africa) and makes this one of the finest ballad performances I have heard.

Listen to our story. . . .

1b) *The Derby Ram*

This tall tale of a biggish sheep comes from the British Isles, where it has been a favorite for centuries. In America it retained its popularity with hard drinkers and hale fellows—among these General George Washington, who is said to have been able to sing a score of stanzas (some proper and some not quite so proper) and to have regarded it as his favorite song. Sailors, soldiers, lumberjacks, cowboys, waggoners—all the bully boys—have helped to keep the exaggerations about the powerful and potent ram of Derby alive. Somewhere along the way—very probably in New Orleans or in the neighborhood—a Negro singer added the refrain:

*Didn't he ramble,
Didn't he ramble,
Well, he rambled all around,
In and out the town,
Didn't he ramble,
Didn't he ramble,
Well, he rambled till the butchers cut him down.*

You might say this chorus, roared out over a jug of red corn whiskey, had genuine Freudian significance.

On the other hand you might take it as a sardonic comment on the brevity of life and the inevitable visit of Old Man Death. It was in the latter sense that the song became a favorite for Negro funerals in New Orleans in the 1890's. After the grave had been covered and as the funeral cortege turned through the heavy gate of the graveyard, somebody was almost certain to "heist" this chorus. The crowd roared in support; the band swung into a ragtime tempo; and presently the black-draped procession could be seen jigging and dancing down the street, casting away from themselves the oppressive weight of death and blowing the dust of the grave out of their hearty lungs.

Here Bascom Lamar Lunsford, the banjo-picking lawyer of Asheville, North Carolina, sings a fine version of the old song in the wry, dry style of the Southern mountains.

Listen to our story. . . .

2a) The Girl I Left Behind Me

When a fellow leaves his home town, picks up his bundle or his suitcase and goes off to a new country or a new job, what has he got on his mind? There is an old song from Ireland by way of Texas that answers the question—

*If ever I get off the trail
And the Indians they don't find me,
I'll make my way straight back again
To the gal I left behind me.
That sweet little gal, that true little gal,
The gal I left behind me.*

Would his sweetheart prove true or false? That is the question that haunted many a young adventurer—even though he may have had no intention at all of returning to his hometown girl. Here was the theme of many and many an American ballad. Some of these ballads end when the hero returns to find his sweetheart dead; some end as the hero returns to bring his bride to the altar; but in most, the poor cowboy, sailor, lumberjack, miner, pioneer, receives a letter that tells him—

"The gal I'd left in old Texas had married another man."

Dick Reinhart and his guitar make a perfect ballad singing combination. The song has the lonesomeness of the prairie and of the big sky over the western plains.

2b) *Pretty Polly*

Doc Boggs, singing and picking his five string banjo in authentic mountain folk style, intones the American tragedy the way the country people of the United States have seen it; it is the same theme that Theodore Dreiser used in his great novel^{*}. The story of the poor gal, betrayed and murdered by her lover, occurs again and again in American folk balladry, just as it does in the tabloid newspapers and pulp magazines. The old time singers say this song "should be a warning to all young girls to put their trust in no man too far" . . . for . . .

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

I suspect Doc of having censored his version of *Pretty Polly* a bit out of respect for his gentle listeners of the flat country. Ordinarily the murder is described in grisly terms—

"He stabbed her to the heart and her heart's blood did flow."

Then—

"He threw some dirt over her and turned to go home,
Leaving no one behind, but the wild birds to mourn."

The ballad often prophesies a warm end for Willie—

"A debt to the Devil poor Willie must pay,
For killing pretty Polly and running away." . . .

Listen to our story. . . .

3a) *The Death of John Henry*

John Henry was a steel-driving man. Steel drivers had to be made of steel. Swinging their ten pound mauls across their shoulders, whipping them down on the drills, driving those drills into the face of the living rock, these men were the steely-muscled heroes of the early days of tunnel building in the mountains. John Henry was the king of the steel drivers, so the story goes. Nobody knows for sure whether he was white or Negro, whether he was dark or light, big or small. I have met all kinds of men who said they knew him or had a third cousin by marriage who knew him. For John Henry has become a legend for brave men. Everybody from West Virginia to Texas agrees on this much, however—John Henry proved that a man with a brave

*"An American Tragedy"

heart was better than a machine.

What happened? What are the facts? About 1870, probably, on the Big Bend Tunnel on the C & O road in West Virginia, a steel driver named John Henry was matched against the first machine—hand-labor against machine-work—

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

John Henry beat the steam drill,

But the rock was so hard
That he broke his poor heart
And he laid down his hammer and he died.

Uncle Dave's version of "John Henry" is a description of the funeral of our greatest work hero.

Listen to our story. . . .

3b) Rock About, My Saro Jane

Here is a story from the great period of river-boats on the Mississippi, the Ohio and the Tennessee. There have been collections of the songs of the Negro roustabouts who toted the freight and fed the boilers of these queens of the western rivers, but in *Rock About* I believe we have the best preserved specimen of a river-boat song yet discovered.

The whole picture is here: the reason the hand decides to ship out on the "Big Macmillan;" the chorus pointing out with great irony that "You don't have nothin' to do, man, but jes' set around and sing all day;" the description of the frequent accidents of the river when the engineers required more pressure from their boilers than they could take; and the final stanza which stamps the song as Civil-War in vintage, perhaps as even a recruiting song for the Federal gun-boats that wrested control of the Southern rivers from the Confederacy.

It is curious and interesting that this old Negro song has been preserved by Uncle Dave Macon, banjo king of "The Grand Old Opry," backwoods minstrel for the so-called "poor whites" throughout the South.

Listen to our story. . . .

4a) *True Religion*

Here the story teller is a curb-stone revivalist—an impassioned street singer, reminding the sinners that they all must die some day and meet their maker in judgment. Years ago, when this record was made, there were many such singing revivalists in America, who walked the broad thoroughfares and the narrow with their guitars, shouting out their spirituals. They sang of the *Sinking of the Titanic*, *The Galveston Storm*, *The Johnstown Flood*, *The Tupelo Hurricane*, and their moral was that God always struck down the wicked in the midst of their sin. Their voices were of brass and their lungs of iron. They could sing all day and never tire. When they needed a breath, they knew how to make their guitars sing for them. Most of these singers were blind men, whose living came from the nickels and quarters that dropped into their tin cups.

Reverend Edward W. Clayburn, one of the best of these street revival singers, has here woven a familiar spiritual into a real ballad form. In a few brief lines he etches an unforgettable death-bed scene. His is the same undying streak of people's artistry that produced "Edward" and "Sir Patrick Spens."

Listen to our story. . . .

4b) *Stackerlee*

In *Show Boat* there was a steamboat named Stack O'Lee. She was one of the fastest boats on the Mississippi in her time, one of the elegant and luxurious stern-wheelers that raced between St. Louis, Memphis and New Orleans. Where did she get her name? The answer is curious and strange. Probably this white queen of the river was christened after the roughest black man that ever prowled the back alleys of Memphis.

There are not many facts known about Stackerlee. He was a gambler, by profession. His great vanity was his hundred dollar milk-white Stetson hat with the dimples in its crown. He lost this hat to Billy Lyons in a crap game. . . . When he'd had time to reflect over this insult, he went after poor Billy with his "blue-steel" forty-one —

*Stackerlee, he went a-walkin' in that red-hot broilin' sun,
He said, "I wanta kill somebody this mornin',
Give me my smokeless forty-one."*

Billy knew that Stack was a sure-shot man, that if his six-gun popped it would spell "curtains." So he begged for mercy —

*Billy Lyons tol' Stackerlee, "Please don't take my life,
I've got six little helpless chillun
An' one po' pitiful wife."*

But Stackerlee went right ahead and "blew po' Billy down" . . . When the chief of police heard about the crime, he asked his men to go and arrest the bad man. The gentlemen of the law, however, demurred:

*The policemen took their six-guns and they laid them on the shelf.
Say, "If you want to arrest that bad man, Stackerlee,
You can do it all by yourself . . ."*

From this point of the story, ballad versions differ. Some tell how Stack was hung, some how he was electrocuted, some how he escaped from prison, some how it was impossible for a human being to kill him because he had sold his soul to the devil. Some folks believe that he's still alive. Most singers, however, will tell you how Stack, like Hercules, descended into Hell and took the place over.

*Stackerlee, he told the devil, says, "Come on, let's have some fun,
You stick me with your pitchfork,
And I'll shoot you with my forty-one."*

*Then the devil took his pitchfork and he laid it on the shelf,
Says, "I can't handle you, Stackerlee,
Go on and rule Hell by yourself."*

The version here sung by Furry Lewis, is a fragment of a long ballad that some singers can chant for an hour on end. Here the ballad turns, like so many American ballads, into a lyric blues.

Listen to our story. . . .

1a) Lady Gay

Fast accompaniment, legato singing

The musical score is written on four staves. Above the first staff is a guitar chord diagram for Gb, showing a barre on the 5th fret with the following fingerings: 1 on the 5th string, 2 on the 4th string, 3 on the 3rd string, 4 on the 2nd string, and 5 on the 1st string. The music is in a key with three flats (Bb, Eb, Ab) and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are: "There was a la - dy and a la - dy gay, — Of child - ren she had three. — She sent them a - way to the North coun - tree For to learn their gram - mar - ee. —"

*There was a lady and a lady gay,
Of children she had three.
She sent them away to the North countree
For to learn their grammaree.*

*They had not been there very long,—
Scarcely six months and a day,—
Till death, cold death, came hasting along
And stole those babes away.*

*It was just about old Christmas time,
The nights being cold and clear,
She looked and she saw her three little babes
Come running home to her.*

*She set a table both long and wide
And on it she put bread and wine.
“Come eat, come drink, my three little babes;
Come eat, come drink of mine.”*

*“We want none of your bread, mother,
Neither do we want your wine;
For yonder stands our Saviour dear,
And to Him we must resign.*

*“Green grass grows over our heads, mother;
Cold clay is under our feet.
And every tear you shed for us,
It wets our winding sheet.”*

1b) The Ram of Derby

Drawling 



As I went down to Derby, — All on a mar-ket
 day, I met the big-gest ram, sir, — That was ev-er fed on —
 Chorus
 hay; And he ram-bled — and he ram-bled — and he
 ram-bled Till them butch-ers cut him down. —

*As I went down to Derby,
 All on a market day,
 I met the biggest ram, sir,
 That was ever fed on hay;*

CHORUS:

*And he rambled and he rambled and he rambled
 Till them butchers cut him-down.*

*He had four feet to walk, sir,
 He had four feet to stand,
 And every one of his four feet,
 They covered an acre of land;*

CHORUS:

*And he rambled and he rambled and he rambled
 Till them butchers cut him down.*

*The wool on this ram's back, sir,
 It reached up to the sky,
 And the eagles built their nests there,
 For I heard the young ones cry;*

CHORUS:

*And he rambled and he rambled and he rambled
 Till them butchers cut him down.*

*The butcher that cut this ram, sir,
 Was drowned in the blood,
 The little boy that held the bowl
 Was washed away in the flood;*

CHORUS:

*And he rambled and he rambled and he rambled
 Till them butchers cut him down.*

*This old ram had a horn, sir,
 That reached up to the moon,
 And a nigger went up in January
 And he didn't get back till June;*

CHORUS:

*And he rambled and he rambled and he rambled
 Till them butchers cut him down;
 And he rambled and he rambled and he rambled
 Till them butchers cut him down.*

2a) *The Girl I Left Behind Me*

*There was a wealthy old farmer who lived in the country nearby.
He had a lovely daughter on whom I cast an eye;
She was pretty, fair, the fairest one, indeed, so very fair,
There was no other girl in the country with her I could compare.*

*I asked her if she would be willing for me to cross over the plains;
She said it would make no difference so I returned again,
She said that she would prove true to me till death should prove unkind;
We kissed, shook hands and parted; I left my girl behind.*

*Out in a western city, boys, a town we all know well,
Where everyone was friendly and to show me all around,
Where work and money was plentiful and the girls to me proved kind;
But the only object on my mind was the girl I left behind.*

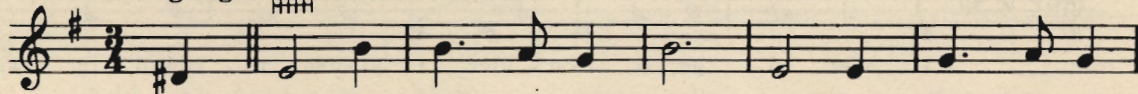
*As I was rambling around one day all down on the public square,
The mailcoach had arrived and I met the mailboy there.
He handed to me a letter that gave me to understand
That the girl I left in old Texas had married another man.*

*I turned myself all around and about, not knowing what else to do;
I read on down a piece further to see if those words proved true.
It's drinking I throw over, card playing I resign,
For the only girl that I ever loved was the girl that I left behind.*

*Come all you ramblin', gamblin' boys and listen while I tell;
Does you no good, kind friends, I am sure it will do you no harm:
If ever you court a fair young maid, just marry her while you can,
For if ever you cross over the plains, she'll marry some other man.*

Swinging

Em

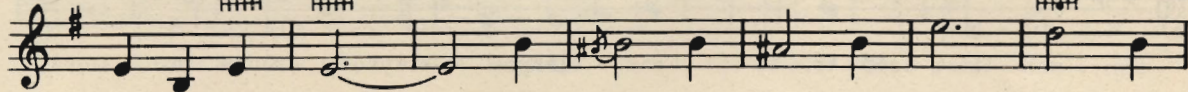


There was a wealth - y old farm - er who lived in the

B7

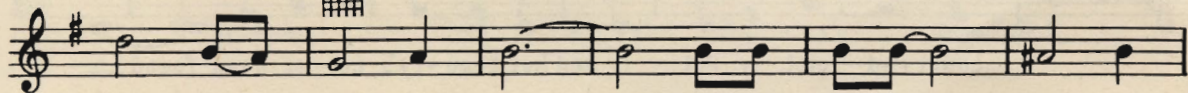
Em

Em7



coun - try near - by, — He had a love - ly daugh - ter on

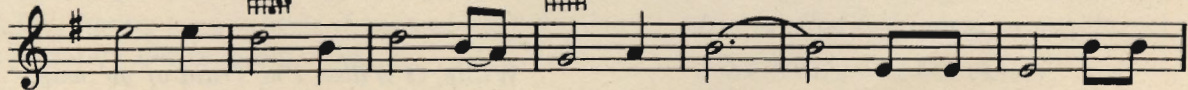
Em



whom I — cast an eye; — She was pret - ty, — fair, the

Em7

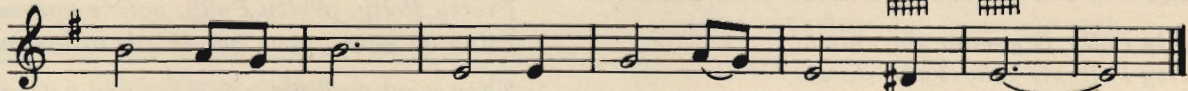
Em



fair - est one, in - deed, so — ver - y fair, — There was no oth - er

B7

Em



girl in the coun - try with her I — could com - pare. —

2b) Pretty Polly

Harshly, with increasing tempo

I used to be a ram-bler, I stayed a-round in town,

I used to be a ram-bler, I stayed a-round in town,

I court-ed pret-ty Pol-ly and her beau-ty's nev-er been found.—

*I used to be a rambler, I stayed around in town,
I used to be a rambler, I stayed around in town,
I courted pretty Polly and her beauty's never been found.*

*O where is pretty Polly, O yonder she stands,
O where is pretty Polly, O yonder she stands,
With rings on her fingers and lily white hands.*

*"Pretty Polly, pretty Polly, come take a walk with me,
Pretty Polly, pretty Polly, come take a walk with me,
When we get married, some pleasure to see."*

*He led 'er over hills an' valleys so deep,
He led 'er over hills an' valleys so deep,
At len'th pretty Polly, she begin to weep.*

"O Willie, O Willie, I'm 'fraid of yo' way,

*Willie, O Willie, I'm 'fraid of yo' way,
Yo' mind is to ramble and lead me astray."*

*"Pretty Polly, pretty Polly, you're guessun' about right,
Pretty Polly, pretty Polly, you're guessun' about right,
I dug on your grave two-thirds of last night."*

*They went on a piece farther and what did they spy?
They went on a piece farther and what did they spy?
A new dug grave and a spade lying by.*

*She threw her arms around him and 'gin for to weep,
She threw her arms around him and 'gin for to weep,
At len'th pretty Polly, she fell asleep.*

*He threw the dirt over her and turned away to go,
He threw the dirt over her and turned away to go,
Down to the river where the deep waters flow.*

3a) The Death of John Henry

Fast and Intense

The musical score is written on a single treble clef staff in a key signature of two flats (Bb and Eb). It begins with a guitar chord diagram for Bb. The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes, with accents (>) placed over several notes. The lyrics are printed below the staff, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

Peo - ple out West heard of John Hen - ry's death,
 Could - n't hard - ly stay — in bed, — Mon - day
 morn - in' on the east - bound train, "Goin' where John Hen - ry's
 dead, — Goin' where John Hen - ry's dead." —

RECITED :

Listen,

*In every heart there burns a flame
 For the love of glory or the dread of shame;
 But, oh, how happy we would be if we understood
 There's no safety but in doing good.*

SUNG :

*People out West heard of John Henry's death,
 Couldn't hardly stay in bed,
 Monday mornin' on the east-bound train,
 "Goin' where John Henry's dead,
 Goin' where John Henry's dead."*

*Carried John Henry to the graveyard,
 They looked at him good and long;
 Very last words his wife said to him:
 "My husband he is dead an' gone,
 My husband he is dead an' gone."*

*John Henry's wife wore a brand new dress;
 It was all trimmed in blue.*

Very las' words she said to him:

*"Honey, I've been good to you,
 Honey, I've been good to you."*

John Henry told the shaker,

"Lord-a, shake while I sing.

Pullin' the hammer from my shoulder;

I'm bound to hear her when she ring,

Bound to hear her when she ring."

John Henry told his captain,

"I am a Tennessee man;

Before I would see that steam drill beat me down,

Die with the hammer in my han',

Die with the hammer in my han'."

John Henry hammered in the mountain

Till the hammer caught on fire.

Very last words I heard him say:

"Cool drink of water 'fore I die,

Cool drink of water 'fore I die."

3b) Rock About, My Saro Jane

*I've got a wife an'-a five little chillun,
I b'lieve I'll make a trip on the big Macmillan,
O Saro Jane.*

CHORUS:

*O there's nothin' to do
But to set down and sing,
O rock about, my Saro Jane.
O rock about, my Saro Jane,
Ah rock about, my Saro Jane,
O there's nothin' to do
But to set down and sing,
O rock about, my Saro Jane.*

*Biler's busted an' the whistle done blowed,
The head cap'n's done fell overboa'd.
An'-a O Saro Jane.*

CHORUS

*Engine give a crack and the whistle give a squall,
The engineer gone to the Hole-in-the-Wall,
An' O Saro Jane.*

CHORUS

*Yankee build boats for to shoot dem Rebels,
My musket's loaded and I'm gonna hold her level.
O Saro Jane.*

CHORUS

Fast and Humorously

Fm **Ab6**

I've got a wife an' a five lit - tle chil - lun, I

Fm

b'lieve I'll make a trip on the big Mac-Mil-lan, O Sa - ro Jane. —

Refrain **Ab** **Db** **Ab**

O there's noth-in' to do But to set down and sing, O

Db **Eb** **Ab**

rock a - bout, my Sa - ro Jane. — O rock a - bout, my

Db

Sa - ro Jane — Ah rock a - bout, my Sa - ro

Ab **Db** **Ab**

Jane, — O there's noth - in' to do But to

Db **Eb** **Ab**

set down and sing, O rock a - bout, my Sa - ro Jane. —

4a) *Then You Will Need
That True Religion*

*Mother, take th' pillow from under my head,
Hallelu! Hallelu!
Mother, take th' pillow from under my head,
Hallelu! Hallelu!
Mother, take th' pillow from under my head,
Jesus makin' up my dyin' bed,
Then you will need that true religion,
Hallelu!*

*Hush now, mother, don't you cry,
Hallelu! Hallelu!
Hush now, mother, don't you cry,
Hallelu! Hallelu!
Hush now, mother, don't you cry,
Since you know I'm born to die,
Then you will need that true religion,
Hallelu!*

*Doctor standin' around lookin' sad,
Hallelu! Hallelu!
Doctor standin' around lookin' sad,
Hallelu! Hallelu!
Doctor standin' around lookin' sad,
"Hardest case I ever had."
Then you will need that true religion,
Hallelu!*

*Crossin' Jordan, you need not fear,
Hallelu! Hallelu!
Crossin' Jordan, you need not fear,
Hallelu! Hallelu!
Crossin' Jordan, you need not fear,
Jesus is the engineer,
Then you will need that true religion,
Hallelu!*

*Jordan River, deep and wide,
Hallelu! Hallelu!
Jordan River, deep and wide,
Hallelu!
Jordan River, deep and wide,
I have a home on the other side,
Then you will need that true religion,
Hallelu!*

*Jordan River, deep and cold,
Hallelu!
Jordan River, deep and cold,
Hallelu! Hallelu!
Jordan River, deep and cold,
I'm so glad it bless my soul,
Then you will need that true religion,
Hallelu!*

Tensely, with steadily increasing tempo

Moth - er, take th' pil-low from un - der my head, Hal - le - lu! -

- Hal - le - lu! - Moth - er, take th' pil-low from un - der my head,

Hal - le - lu! Hal - le - lu! Moth - er, take th' pil-low from un - der my head,

- Je - sus mak - in' up my dy - in' bed, - Then you'll

need that true re - li - gion, Hal - le - lu!

4b) Stackerlee

Hard and Bright

I 'mem-ber one Sep-tem - ber On one Fri - day night, ———

Stag - a - lee and Bil - ly Lyons Had a great fight.

Chorus

Cry - in', when you lose your mon - ey, Learn to lose. ———

*I 'member one September
On one Friday night,
Stagalee and Billy Lyons
Had a great fight.*

CHORUS: *Cryin' when you lose your money,
Learn to lose.*

*Billy Lyons shot six bits,
Stag he bet he passed,
Stag, he out with his forty-five,
Said, "You done shot your last."*

CHORUS

*Lord, a woman come a-runnin',
Fell down on her knee,
Cryin', "Oh, Mr. Stagalee,
Don't shoot my brother, please!"*

CHORUS

*Now you talkin' about some gambler,
Ought to see my Richard Lee,
Shot one-thousand dollars
And come out on a three.*

CHORUS

*Lord, the judge told the sheriff,
"We want him dead or alive."
"How in the world can we bring him
When he totes a forty-five."*

CHORUS

*Lord, the woman told the judge,
"My husband's name is Jack Shelf,
Wanta arrest both Stagalee—
Better go somewheres else."*

CHORUS

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