FSI-39
STEREO

Folk Songs and Ballads sung by

JOE HICKERSON

with a gathering of friends

Lynn Hickerson

Ed Trickett

John and Ginny Dildine

Sara Grey

Barry O'Neill

Lyn Burnstine

Sandy and Caroline Paton

photo by John R. Dildine

FOLK-LEGACY RECORDS, INC. SHARON, CONNECTICUT

FG 39

All best wishes -
Joe Hickerson

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Those of us who are deeply involved with folk music have been waiting for this record for a long time. We have all been learning good songs from Joe Hickerson for years. In fact, Joe is almost legendary among us for his ability to consistently come up with a fine song that we have not heard before, or a beautiful variant that gives new life to an old song that was close to becoming old hat.

Michael Cooney has written that Joe Hickerson is his favorite singer of folk songs. This is high praise from a performer whose critical judgment is most discriminating, but it is not unwarranted. Quite simply, Joe just *knows* how to sing a folk song. He is a master of understatement; his singing is direct and unpretentious, as is that of the best of our traditional singers. He never resorts to dramatic gimmicks to impress an audience; he never allows himself to intrude upon the song, but gives it to us straight and strong.

Since June of 1963 Joe has been on the staff of the Library of Congress Archive of Folk Song in Washington, D. C. He has written many articles, reviews, and bibliographies for folklore and ethno-musicology journals. He was instrumental in the founding of the Folklore Society of Greater Washington, as he had been previously in founding similar organizations at Oberlin and at Indiana University, where he did his graduate work in folklore.

For this recording, we assembled a group of Joe's friends to join in on choruses and to lend additional instrumentation to Joe's own, highly individual guitar style. He is such a superb song-leader that it seemed a shame to produce a record of him without including some of the fine group music that always happens when Joe is around. He has a way of opening up a song for a whole group of people, making it available for all to share. His song-gathering has long been remarkably eclectic, so there are always songs for every taste, beautiful lyric songs, unusual versions of great ballads and, sometimes, just plain silly songs for fun. Each of these is represented here, and you are all invited to join in.

SIDE 1:

DONEY GAL (4:04)
BLIND FIDDLER (1:48)
BRING BACK MY JOHNNY TO ME (2:28)
LATHER AND SHAVE (3:11)
WOAD (2:09)
I'M ON MY WAY (3:32)
TRAIN ON THE ISLAND (5:25)

SIDE 2:

HARD TIMES (3:14)
HANG ON THE BELL, NELLIE (2:53)
THE THINNEST MAN (1:28)
GOOD FISH CHOWDER (2:20)
THE DEVIL AND THE SCHOOLCHILD (2:00)
LAST NIGHT AS I LAY ON MY BED (2:30)
OFF TO SEA ONCE MORE (4:53)
GOING DOWN THE VALLEY (3:17)

JOE HICKERSON

with a gathering of friends

Recorded and edited
by Sandy Paton

Notes by Joe Hickerson

FSI-39

FOLK-LEGACY RECORDS, INC.

SHARON, CONNECTICUT 06069

INTRODUCTION

In 1964, Joe Hickerson was one of several of us who launched the Folklore Society of Greater Washington. It was perhaps the most variegated assembly of human beings possible to imagine, or, at the least, possible to assemble, and just how far the organization would have gone without Joe's previous experience with organizing the Oberlin College and Indiana Folk Song Clubs, his solid training in folklore scholarship, and his whimsical sense of humor is hard to say. Anyway, the point to be made is that we first came to admire him for his diplomatic and intellectual skills, rather than for his qualities as a singer.

Our perception of those latter qualities stole upon us slowly. It began with observations to the effect of "My, he knows a lot of songs." Later, we began to notice that at parties and at FSGW functions, professional folk musicians followed him around with open notebooks. Perhaps, we speculated, this attention from the professionals explained the number of songs Joe had sung and refashioned that had gone into popular circulation — songs like "Bonny Hieland Laddie," "Where Have All the Flowers Gone," and more recently, "Bright Morning Stars Are Rising."

Even with our awareness of these things, it took a long time for Joe's music to escape the shadow of his other accomplishments: his position in the Library of Congress Archive of Folk Song, most notably, but also his name on the by-line of folk concert reviews in the *Washington Star*, and under the titles of scholarly articles, reviews and bibliographies in the journals of folklore and ethnomusicology. We found attainments of this order difficult to reconcile with our conventions of what a "folksinger" ought to be. Paradoxically, had we been farther away from Joe and unable to see his many sides, we might have noticed only how his voice touched us directly and immediately — just as it will touch all who meet him here on this record album for the first time.

Our proximity could not, of course, remain forever an obstacle to singing like Joe's. Ultimately our nearness has given us the most acute appreciation of him. His gift, as we now began to discern it, is to sense in the voices of old men, recorded on antique field equipment, the cutting edge of a song — and having sensed the presence of something valuable, to bring it forth with the keenest, most skillful sensitivity to its essential shape. We had not seen that earlier partly because Joe's many abilities confused our image of him, but more significantly because we have all grown accustomed to performers who try to make us believe that the suffering or joy in the lyrics represents the singer's own feelings, that the history of the songs constitutes the singer's own heritage, that the singer's own muscles are capable of the work, sport, combat, or whatever, the song narrates. Joe never tries to convince us of any

such thing — only that he has found another good song, that it is as much our property as his, and that we are all invited to savor it, sing the chorus if it has one, and share it with all those who have called the song their own.

Gerald E. Parsons

AUTOINTRODUCTION

Here are some random thoughts by way of introduction to this recording, assuming you are interested in matters concerning myself, my singing, and perhaps the nature and endurance of the friends assembled on the occasion of making this recording.

First, a chronology of my residences and concomitant activities will put into perspective the people and places mentioned later in this booklet, and may even provide diachronic evidence toward a theory of the schizophrenic tendencies of a singer-cum-scholar (or, in other contexts, scholar-cum-singer).

1935-39: I was born and initially raised in Lake Forest, Illinois, then Ridgewood, Haworth, and Ocean Grove, New Jersey. My brother Jay was a year older and almost immediately musical on the piano. My mother was of some musical ability and taste, often playing piano and singing with us from books of folksongs as were available to progressive schoolteachers in the late 1930's and '40's. My father was an educator, first teacher and principal, then Director of Training Schools and Chairman of the Education Department at the New Haven State Teachers College (now Southern Connecticut College).

1939-53: I was more completely raised in East Haven, Hamden, and New Haven, Connecticut. I sang in church choirs from the 5th grade until my voice changed. Around 1949 my mother obtained a small plastic ukulele, on the pretense that she would rekindle her talents on the instruments once nurtured in college. I immediately succumbed to its tempting noises and was soon twanging away at such folky pop songs of 1950 as "Tzena, Tzena, Tzena" and "Goodnight Irene." It was then that my parents produced an age-old Mexican guitar that had belonged to my grandmother from Texas. I made feeble attempts to mash down its high-action rusty strings, at least enough to persuade my parents to invest in a year or so of guitar lessons (on an easy-action, F-hole Gibson, thankfully) with a guitar teacher who began by advising me to reverse the strings to left-hand order, to match my naturally developed propensity for strumming with the left hand. I learned some basic chords and runs from the teacher, and gained a sensitivity for chords and harmony from my choir experience and from playing with my brother. My first repertory was top-20 songs, especially those songs of off-beat character which I later discovered were derived from folksongs. My parents also had an occasional folksong album

by Carl Sandburg, Burl Ives and the like which won my admiration and emulation, and by late high school I had a small repertory of songs which people could sing along with, and which included a number of early folksong-revival pieces.

1953-57: I engrossed myself as a physics major in the liberal arts program at Oberlin College, liberally interspersing extra-curricular activities with curricular. Freshman year I was introduced to some hard-core folksong-revival songs, *The People's Song Book*, and Pete Seeger, who made his first major non-Weavers appearance outside New York at Oberlin in February 1954. Sophmore year was of great significance: several folksongers had gravitated to Gray Gables and Pyle Inn Co-ops, and I sopped up countless Seeger, Guthrie, Leadbelly, Ives, and Dyer-Bennet songs in this milieu and from the record collection of my good friend Steve Taller. Steve had a folk music program on WOBC ("The Voice and Choice of Oberlin College") and was campus agent for the Folkways, Stinson, and Elektra record companies. Steve passed on to me the agency and the radio program when he graduated, and I began to acquire records at an increasing rate, as newer companies like Riverside and Prestige entered the folk field. During my senior year I was elected first President of the Oberlin Folk Song Club and helped organize the first Oberlin Folk Festival in May 1957. (I first met Sandy Paton at the second one in 1958.) During these four years, my singing was done informally, usually in dormitory lounges and in living rooms.

Performing <u>at</u> people was not immediately appealing, but singing <u>with</u> them was, as was the idea of teaching and spreading certain aspects of folk music. So, in 1957, I joined with 7 other square-jawed, enthusiastic Oberlin students for a splendid summer of teaching and singing at a succession of children's camps and a few resorts from Pennsylvania and upstate New York to the rocky coast of Maine. (For documentation of this enjoyable venture see Ricky Sherover's article, "The Folksmiths: Eight Students Who Had Some Singing to Do," *SING OUT!*, vol. 8, no. 1, Spring 1968, pp. 17-21, and Folkways record no. FA 2407, *We've Got Some Singing to Do: Folksongs with the Folksmiths*.)

1957-63: I entered graduate school at Indiana University in Bloomington to work toward a degree in Folklore. While there I amassed 86 credit hours in Folklore, Anthropology, and Ethnomusicology, was Folklore Archivist for 3 years, compiled a 1300-item annotated bibliography of North American Indian music for a Master's thesis, and began gathering a collection of versions and variants of "Our Goodman" (Child 274) which now numbers around 500. I also continued to learn and sing folksongs and to sell records (adding Prestige, Folk-Lyric, Arhoolie, and Folk-Legacy to the catalog), and conducted a folk music radio program over WFIU-FM. I performed at a succession of Bloomington coffee houses: The Quiet Answer, The Countrepoint, and The Phase III. For a while, I sang in com-

bination with others: with The Settlers (Bruce Buckley, Ellen Stekert, and sometimes Bob Black), with Ellen Stekert, and with Ricky Sherover. Especially memorable were the summers of 1959 and 1960 when I was a folk music counselor at Camp Woodland in Phoenicia, N. Y.

1963-: A job offer at the Library of Congress Archive of Folk Song has been the deciding factor in my place of employment and area of residence since June 1963. Around the context of archival, bibliographic, and reference work, my soul has been sustained with a moderate amount of singing and with helping to develop the Folklore Society of Greater Washington. In spite of the star-performance syndrome of the folksong boom of the 1960's, and the penchant for stand-up hymn, sea, and pub singing in the ever-developing folksong revival of the '70's, my preference continues to be for situations involving sit-down singing in groups of people such as are to be found at weekend retreats like the FSGW Getaway or in after-hours singing at the Fox Hollow Folk Festival and the Ark Coffee House. It is in these situations that I meet with and sing with such people as those who have joined me here on this recording.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Especial thanks go to my wife Lynn, with whose love and partnership I breathe and sing and breathe again. I have been grateful countless times to our Accokeek neighbors and friends, John and Ginny Dildine, whose banjo and puppetry have sparkled many events I have been involved with; and to Debbie and Connie Dildine who provided yeoman service sitting with (and on?) our son Michael during the weekend of recording. More thanks go to Ed Trickett, whose music always sounds so right to me, by itself or in unending combinations; would that there was not so much in between our visits. My thanks also go to Sara Grey for her natural harmonies and for doing all that traveling to bring us back an unceasing supply of good songs; and to Barry O'Neill, a prolific colleague in this non-business of folksong finding and singing, and a great friend. And finally my eternal gratitude goes to Lee Haggerty and to Sandy and Caroline Paton, whose hospitality/engineering/singing would make any 5-days visit a supreme pleasure.

This record is dedicated to these people and to everyone else with whom I have, or someday will, learn and share songs.

J.C.H.

THE SONGS

Side I; Band 1. DONEY GAL

Our recording begins with a late-night song, the kind that demands a gentle choral response with harmonious combinations of voices and instruments. I've always been fond of these sit-down, easy-chorus songs, especially for when the stand-up singing is over, and voices and instruments have been lowered to more contemplative levels. "Doney Gal" is one we frequently turn to for the communal *Gemütlichkeit* which has characterized some of the more relaxed moments of the folksong revival. I learned it under such circumstances, during a visit with Robin Christenson in New York City about 10 years ago. We were swapping songs and I was trying to fit in with the matchless harmonies of Robin and the Kossoy sisters (Ellen and Irene, now Mrs. Robin Christenson and Mrs. Tony Saletan, respectively), when Robin sang "Doney Gal," which I believe he had recently heard Alan Lomax sing. We ended up singing the song all weekend — in Robin's apartment, in the subway, walking to and from the Floradora Restaurant in Jackson Heights, and finally in the marble-lined lobby of the apartment house, where the reverberations of our harmonies had us transfixed until an elevator suddenly opened and a man walked out with a look of considerable puzzlement at our suddenly-ceased singing and look of embarrassment. (Robin and some Boston-area children sing "Doney Gal" on Folkways FC 7625, *You Can Sing It Yourself, Vol. 2.*)

As those who have tried to sing the verses of "Doney Gal" with me will testify, I never sing them quite the same way twice. My rationalization might be that the song itself is extremely lyric, and that the original source and subsequent printings have been in continual variance with each other. As far as the evidence accessible to me indicates, "Doney Gal" in one of those folksongs which comes from a single tradition and from a single source. John A. Lomax collected it from Mrs. Louise Henson of San Antonio, Texas, in 1936 and 1937 (Archive of Folk Song recordings AFS 542 B2 and AFS 887 B2/888 A1, titled "Rain or Shine"). Mrs. Henson's 1936 effort was fragmentary; her 1937 recording included the introductory passage of different melody and text which some like to sing, and the three basic verses which were later printed in John A. and Alan Lomax's *Our Singing Country* (New York, 1941, pp. 250-251) and B. A. Botkin's *A Treasury of Western Folklore* (New York, 1951, p. 756). Mrs. Henson also recorded in 1937 the story that she had heard her uncle sing the song many years before in Oklahoma, and that he called his horse "Doney Gal, his sweetheart."

Additional verses for "Doney Gal" abound in other Lomax books (their *Cowboy Songs*, New York, 1938, pp. 8-11, and Alan's *Folk Songs of North America*, New York, 1960, pp. 377-378) and in various Lomax manuscripts and papers (see the overlong texts quoted in

Austin E. and Alta S. Fife's *Cowboy and Western Songs: A Comprehensive Anthology*, New York, 1969, pp. 231-233), which may be Lomax's attempts at poetic expansion of the song, or actual exemplification (without documentation) of the Fife's statement that "the song is sung in variant forms." In addition to Mrs. Henson's recordings, the Lomax redactions, and the Fife's remark, the only instance of anything like this song which I have seen is a fleeting couplet in Howard W. Odum and Guy B. Johnson's *Negro Workaday Songs* (Chapel Hill, 1926; New York, 1969, p. 129): "Rain or shine, sleet or snow, when I gits done dis time, won't work no mo'."

A cowboy's life is a weary thing;
Rope and brand and ride and sing.
Rain or shine, sleet or snow,
Me and my Doney Gal are bound to go.
Rain or shine, sleet or snow,
Me and my Doney Gal are bound to go.

We're up and gone at the break of day,
Drivin' them dogies on their lonesome way.
The cowboy's work is never done,
We're up and gone from sun to sun.

We yell at the rain, laugh at the hail,
Drivin' them dogies on their lonesome trail.
We'll yell at the rain, sleet and snow,
When we reach the little town of San Antonio.

(Repeat first verse)

Side I; Band 2. BLIND FIDDLER

Mike Smith came to Indiana University to study for a Master's degree in Fine Arts. He looked me up at the suggestion of a mutual friend, Doug Kinsey, because of his interest in folksongs and the banjo. Mike had a gentleness of nature that carried over into his singing, banjo playing, and selection of songs. He learned "Blind Fiddler" from a Pete Seeger Folkways LP, FH 5251, *American Industrial Ballads*, and after Mike left I.U., I couldn't bear not hearing the song anymore, so I had to learn it myself. That's what has happened with many of the songs I have learned; I delight in hearing them sung by friends, but never think of committing them to memory myself until I suddenly find that the particular friends or myself have moved away. Then I desperately learn the songs to keep the friends close, as much as to hear the songs again.

"Blind Fiddler" appears infrequently enough to increase its appeal to me. Pete Seeger's source was Mrs. Emma Dusenberry, the wonderful blind singer from Mena, Arkansas, whose rendition appeared in the January 1949 issue of *People's Songs* (vol. 3, no. 12, p. 7). Four verses and a chorus also appear in H. M. Belden's

Ballads and Songs Collected by the Missouri Folk-Lore Society (Columbia, Mo., 1940, p. 446). Perhaps its stark beauty and realism compelled Eric Anderson to compose a Kentucky coal-mining song with the same title and along the same melodic and textual lines (*Broadside*, New York, no. 54, January 20, 1965, p. 1). In turn, the folk form may have derived from an earlier lyric lament, such as "The Rebel Soldier," which Cecil J. Sharp and Maud Karpeles collected in Kentucky and Virginia in 1917 and 1918 (*English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians*, London and New York, 1932, pp. 212-215).

I lost my sight in a blacksmith's shop,
In the year of Fifty-Six,
While dusting off a T-planch,
Which was out of fix.
It bounded from my tongs
And there concealed my doom.
I am a blind fiddler and
Far from my home.

I went to San Francisco,
I went to Doctor Lane;
He operated on one of my eyes;
Nothing could he gain.
He said I'd never see again;
It was no use to mourn.
I am a blind fiddler and
Far from my home.

I have a wife and five little children
Depending now on me;
To share in all my troubles,
Whatever they may be.
I hope they are contented,
While I'm compelled to roam.
I am a blind fiddler and
Far from my home.

Side I; Band 3. BRING BACK MY JOHNNY TO ME

I learned this song from Prestige International LP 13042, *The Best of Isla Cameron*, one of the few of the Prestige "Best of" series which lived up to its name. This haunting strain was collected as recently as 1951 from Mrs. Cecilia Kelly Costello, a 65-year-old Birmingham, England, woman of Irish extraction. "My Johnny" appears with six other songs from Mrs. Costello's repertory in the *Journal of the English Folk Dance and Song Society* (vol. 7, no. 2, Dec. 1953, pp. 96-105).

One wonders how "My Johnny" relates to "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean," whose first-known appearance with standard melody and text was in the second edition of William H. Hill's *Student's*

Songs (Cambridge, Mass., 1881, p. 9). In any event, the two songs appear as a delightful example of the contrasting products of folk and popular traditions.

He's gone, I am now sad and lonely;
He's left me to plow the salt sea.
I know that he thinks of me only,
And will soon be returning to me.
Some say that my love is returning
To his own native country and me.
Blow gently the winds of the ocean,
And bring back my Johnny to me.

He's gone his fortunes to better;
I know that he's gone for my sake.
And I'll soon be receiving a letter,
Or else my poor heart it would break.

Last night as I lay on my pillow,
My bosom it heaved with a sigh;
As I thought on each angry billow,
While watching the clouds in the sky.

Side I; Band 4. LATHER AND SHAVE

Guthrie T. Meade, Jr., when he sings, is one of my favorite singers. I have known Gus as a fellow graduate student in folklore, a researcher with many interests in common with mine, an organizer of great fiddling parties, and a host on many overnight visits. It was Gus who introduced me to some of the more ethereal realms of folk music, such as early hillbilly recordings, computerized cataloging, and "Lather and Shave."

"The Love of God Shave," as it is sometimes called, is an Irish-American ditty which Gus learned in his native Louisville from a friend, Bill Thorne, who had learned it from some people from New York City, who in turn had learned it at a camp in the Catskill Mountains. The camp turned out to be Camp Woodland in Phoenicia, New York, which for over twenty years had been unique in its active collection and appreciation of the local folk culture, especially through the efforts of Norman Studer, Herbert Haufrecht, and Norman Cazden. Later, when I was on the staff of Camp Woodland, I would delight in accompanying local square dance musicians, or listening to local singers like Grant Rogers and Ernie Sager, or learning Catskill folksongs from Norman Cazden's tapes and from his published collection, *The Abelard Folk Song Book* (New York, 1959). Gus's "Lather and Shave" stemmed from the version sung by George Edwards, the most prolific of the traditional Catskill singers. Edwards' rendition is mentioned in the *Abelard* book (p. 117), and was printed in full in *The World is a Neighborhood 1944* (published by Camp Woodland, 1945),

and in part in Haufrecht and Cazden's article, "Music of the Catskills," *New York Folklore Quarterly*, vol. 4, no. 1, Spring 1948, pp. 32-46.

"Lather and Shave" appears as no. Q15 in G. Malcolm Laws, Jr.'s *American Balladry from British Broadsides* (Philadelphia, American Folklore Society, 1957, p. 280). Cazden notes its appearance on an 1858 broadside; I find its earliest printing in a collection to be in *Tony Pastor's Comic and Eccentric Songster* (New York, 1862, pp. 71-72).

Well into this city, not far from this spot,
A barber, he opened a snug little shop;
He was skilled at his science and his smile it was sweet,
And he pulled everybody right off of the street, with his
Lather and shave, frizzle dum bum.

One hard, bad custom he wanted to stop,
That no one for credit should come to his shop;
So he got him a razor full of notches and rust,
To shave the poor devils who'd come in for trust, with his
Lather and shave, frizzle dum bum.

One day poor Paddy was a-walkin' thereby,
And his b'ard had been growin' for many a long day;
He goes in the shop and he sets down his hod,
Says, "Will you trust me a shave for the pure love of God,
with your
Lather and shave, frizzle dum bum."

"Why sure," says the barber, "set down in that chair;
I'll be mowin' your b'ard right down to a hair."
And he spreads out the lather on Paddy's poor chin,
And with his "trust" razor the shaving begins, with your
Lather and shave, frizzle dum bum.

"Oh murder!" cries Paddy, "Pray what are you doin'?
Leave off of your tricks, or my jaw you will ruin!
Well, how would you like to be shaved with a saw,
With the power to pull every tooth from your jaw? With your
Lather and shave, frizzle dum bum."

"Set still," says the barber, "and quit all your doin';
You're movin' your b'ard, I'll be cuttin' your chin."
"Not cuttin', but sawin', with that razor you've got;
Why, it wouldn't cut butter if it wasn't made hot!, with
your
Lather and shave, frizzle dum bum."

"Oh murder!" cries Paddy, "I'll not have any more!"
And with that, he bolted right out of the door.
"You can lather and shave all your friends till they're sick,
But jethers, I'd rather be shaved with a brick!, with your
Lather and shave, frizzle dum bum."

Next day, poor Paddy was a-walkin' thereby,
And a donkey in the backyard set up a terrible cry.
"Oh listen," says Paddy, "Oh listen and be brave,
He's givin' some poor devil the 'Love of God' shave!, with his
Lather and shave, frizzle dum bum."

Side I; Band 5. WOAD

I learned this attempt at ancient salesmanship from Bob and Bobby Keppel. The latter was Bobby Russell when she and I sang in Gilbert & Sullivan chorus lines at Oberlin. After she married C. Robert Keppel, for many years a mainstay of folksong-revival activity in the Boston area, we exchanged bits of song by correspondence and occasional visits. In 1958, they presented me with their slightly differing but fiercely independent versions of "Woad," and directed me to Dick and Ruth Best's *Song Fest* (New York, 1955, p. 99) for further subtle divergences. Also that year, Anne Shaver of Oberlin sent me a text she had learned while at school in England the previous year, with a note saying her source believed that the song had originated some years before at Bedford, a British boys' school. There was no question about the tune, however: "Men of Harlech." I guess I have made a few trifling textual changes of my own; the only one I can recall as conscious creation in the final phrase, "W-O-A-D Woad."

For those unacquainted with the mysteries of ancient colouration, Woad refers to a brassicaceous plant (*Isatis tinctoria*) and to the bluish-purple dye derived therefrom, which was used by ancient Britons at the time of Julius Caesar for ritualistic purposes. Lynn, who has recently become interested in herb cultivation, has planted some Woad seeds in our garden; we'll soon see if it works!

What's the use of wearing braces,
Hats and spats and boots with laces,
Vests and pants you buy in places
Down on Brompton Road?
What's the use of shirts of cotton,
Studs that always get forgotten?
These affairs are simply rotten;
Better far is Woad.
Woad's the stuff to show men!
Woad to scare your foe, men!
Boil it to a brilliant blue
Then rub it on your back and your abdomen.

Ancient Briton never hit on
Anything as fine as Woad to fit on
Necks or legs or where you sit on.
Tailors, you'll be blowed.

Romans crossed the English Channel,
All dressed up in tin and flannel.
Half a pint of Woad per man'll
Clothe us more than these.
Saxons, you can save your stitches,
For making beds for bugs in britches.
We have Woad to clothe us which is
Not a nest for fleas.
Romans, save your armours,
Saxons, your pajarmers.
Hairy coats were made for goats,
Gorillas, yaks, retriever dogs and llamas.
March on Snowdon with your Woad on;
Never mind if you get rained or snowed on;
Never need a button sewed on;
W-O-A-D Woad!

Side I; Band 6. I'M ON MY WAY

I began singing "I'm On My Way" when I first started learning Pete Seeger group-singing songs around 1953. Pete's version is in a major key; he had learned it from Arthur Stern in 1941 while with the Almanac Singers (see *People's Song Book*, New York, 1948, p. 10). I sang this version all through Oberlin and into the summer of the Folksmiths (1957), after which it languished as newly-learned songs supplanted older ones in the singing part of my mind. During my 1960 sojourn at Camp Woodland, the song leaped back into my active repertory when, one night, a group of us counselors went to see the only movie in the area we hadn't seen yet, "Elmer Gantry." For a few exciting moments "I'm On My Way" crashed onto our senses in full minor mode from a Negro congregation in the movie. That cemented the tune in my mind, but I had to see the film a second time to weed out the congregation's verses from Burt Lancaster's droning of the chorus. I have since heard Mahalia Jackson and other black gospel singers use a minor melody for the song, but never with the impact of that first hearing.

The earliest examples of "I'm On My Way" that I have found are dated 1919 and 1925 and appear in Newman I White's *American Negro Folk-Songs* (Cambridge, Mass., 1928; Hatboro, Penna., 1965, pp. 118, 124-125). It does not appear in standard spiritual collections, but was recently included in Byron Arnold's *Folksongs of Alabama* (University, Ala., 1950, p. 159). Perhaps the song arose in Negro gospel tradition; there's an excellent recording by the Pace Jubilee Singers entitled "I'll Journey On" dated 1927 (Victor 20947 [38676-2]).

I'm on my way (I'm on my way),
Up to Canaan's Land (Up to Canaan's Land);
I'm on my way (I'm on my way),
Up to Canaan's Land (Up to Canaan's Land);
I'm on my way (I'm on my way),
Up to Canaan's Land (Up to Canaan's Land);
I'm on my way,
Glory Hallelujah, Lord, I'm on my way.

It's a mighty hard road,
But I'm on my way.

Won't you take-a my hand;
Come and go with me.

Well, if you won't go,
Don't you hinder me.

Take another step higher (higher, higher);
Fight the devil and pray.

Every step of the way,
Satan lies a-waitin'.
Every step of the way,
Satan lies a-waitin'.
Drive the devil away;
Get thee behind me, Satan.

(Repeat first verse)

Side I; Band 7. TRAIN ON THE ISLAND

I have played the 5-string banjo only a little, but I've always enjoyed its sound. In fact, banjo tunes are among my favorite examples of American folk music, especially when played relatively softly on mellow instruments in the more melodic varieties of frailing, clawhammer, or downpicking. I can listen for hours to the music of Wade Ward, Kyle Creed, Fred Cockerham, and Rufus Crisp, on the one hand, and to Art Rosenbaum, Pat Dunford, Pete Hoover, and Reed Martin, on the other. Occasionally, I have attempted to complement some of these banjo sounds on the guitar, using a development of what we used to call the "Peggy Seeger strum" (her modification of Elizabeth Cotton-picking without pinching).

I first became acquainted with "Train on the Island" through Art Rosenbaum and Pat Dunford. I later learned more about the song when I visited Mr. and Mrs. Fields Ward for the Library of Congress in 1964 and 1965, recording songs and reminiscences and marvelling at the warmth and dignity of this musical family. Fields had several scrapbooks documenting the musical activities

of his family, his uncle Wade Ward, his good friend and mentor, Uncle Ec Dunford, and the Bogtrotters string band, which featured Dunford and the Wards. There were also several notebooks with song texts written down by his father, Davy Crockett Ward. Here resided a set of verses for "Train on the Island," and Fields sang it for me with perfect regard for the older style of mountain music from the area in which he was born and raised, Grayson and Carroll Counties, Virginia.

Fields' "Train on the Island" was in fact the Ward Family/Bogtrotters setting of the "Train on the Island" words to part of the tune of "June Apple." Other performers in the area of Galax, Va., use a different tune for "Train on the Island," while the "June Apple" tune is known to many instrumentalists of the area. On our recording, Sara Grey's banjo and my guitar include the other strain of "June Apple" at the opening and closing and in between some of the verses.

"Train on the Island" was recorded in October 1937 by Fields Ward with the Bogtrotters for John A. Lomax (AFS 1364 A1); a more recent recording by Fields Ward and Wade Ward and Glen Smith appears on Folkways FS 3832, *Bluegrass* (sic) *from the Blue Ridge*. "June Apple" was recorded in November 1940 by Fields Ward and Crockett Ward for John A. and Ruby T. Lomax (AFS 4084 B6). Wade Ward plays "June Apple" on County 701, *Clawhammer Banjo*, and on Prestige Int 25004, *Banjo Songs, Ballads, and Reels from the Southern Mountains*. (See also *SING OUT!*, vol. 18, no. 4, October-November 1968, pp. 2-3.)

Train on the island;
Listen to it squeal.
Go and tell my true love
How happy I do feel.

Train on the island;
Hear the whistle blow.
Go and tell my true love
I'm sick and I can't go.

Bring me a drink of water;
Bring it in a cup.
Me and my gal we fell out,
We ain't never gonna make up.

Train on the island,
Heading to the West.
Me and my gal we fell out;
Perhaps it's for the best.

Show me the crow that flies so high;
Show me the one that falls.
If I don't get the gal I love,
I don't want none at all.

Went up on the mountain;
Went out on the plain;
Went up on the other side
To hear my darlin' sing.

Yonder comes my true love;
How do you reckon I know?
I can tell her by her apron strings,
Tied up in a double bow.

Make me a banjo out of a gourd;
String it up with twine.
The only tune that I can play is
"Wish That Gal Were Mine."

(Repeat first verse)

Side II; Band 1. HARD TIMES

There is a long and broad tradition of songs cataloging the foibles and vagaries of various segments of society. One strain of this tradition is the "Hard Times" family, some members of which are of a general nature, such as the one I sing, while others have developed into criticisms of specific locales, such as the jail, mill, or mine. The "Hard Times" group goes back at least to the 18th century and was known in England as well as in America (see, for example, "The Hard Times of Old England," on Folk-Legacy FSB-19, *Bob and Ron Copper*, and "The Rigs of the Time" on Folk-Legacy FSI-35, *Michael Cooney*). Archie Green, folklorist at the University of Illinois, is doing a study of the "Hard Times" family, and his preliminary remarks can be found in the notes for Mike Seeger's "Hard Times in These Mines" on Folkways FH 5273, *Tipple, Loom, and Rail.*

I learned "Hard Times" from the singing of Lillie (Mrs. Pete) Steele on Folkways FS 3828, *Pete Steele: Banjo Tunes and Songs*, which was recorded and edited by my former roommate, Ed Kahn. Mrs. Steele sings it unaccompanied on the recording. I've heard Pete Steele play it on the banjo, but with slightly different phrasing from Mrs. Steele's singing, which yields interesting results when they combine. There are a number of additional verses describing other occupations, and Mrs. Steele includes a verse each about the Methodists and the Baptists on the Folkways recording.

Come all you good people, I'll sing you a song;
I'll sing you the truth, and I know I ain't wrong.
From father to mother, from sister to brother,
They've got in the habit of cheatin' each other,
And it's hard times.
For cheatin' has gotten so much in the fashion,
I'm sure it'll spread all over the nation,
And it's hard times.

The baker he bakes all the bread that you eat.
Likewise there's the butcher who cuts up the meat.
They push down the scales, they tip them way down,
And they'll swear it's good weight though they lie to ten pounds,
And it's hard times.

The blacksmith makes a livin' by the sweat of his brow;
Likewise there's the farmer who follows the plow.
They sell you cold iron and swear it's good steel,
Then they charge you two dollars a bushel for meal,
And it's hard times.

And there's the young girls, so nice and so sweet;
They roach up their hair so nice and so neat.
They sit in their chairs so neat and so straight,
To make the young gentlemen think they look great,
And it's hard times.

And there's the young men, they'll eat and they'll go;
With ruffles and buffles they make a great show.
They go to some town; they drink up the wine,
And I'm sure that many the gallows will find,
And it's hard times.

And now to conclude and to finish my song.
I've sung you the truth and I know I ain't wrong.
And if you ain't ready when the good Lord does call,
The Lord will depart and the Devil take all,
And it's hard times.
And if you ain't ready when the good Lord does call,
The Lord will depart and the Devil take all,
And it's hard times.

Side II; Band 2. HANG ON THE BELL, NELLIE

Mike Smith brought this bit of tomfoolery to Bloomington, and we all sang it with him until he left, after which we had to fend with it for ourselves. It's a song suitable for such occasions as foot-stomping group-rowdy and informal bluegrassing (Paul Prestopino, Danny Kalb and I once tried this during a concert in Madison, Wisc. some 10 years ago). Mike had learned the

song in his native Omaha from a girl visiting from Alaska; she had learned it from someone from the Boston area.

Some of you may have run across "Nellie" swinging to an entirely different tune, as on a Raphael Boguslav LP (Monitor MF 359) entitled, after the song, *Curfew Must Not Ring Tonight*, or, with a rewritten final verse, on Kapp KL-1262, *Mighty Day on Campus*, by the Chad Mitchell Trio. Several people, including John Cohen, Bob Keppel, and Jerome Wenker, have told me that "Nellie" was sung with this tune in the Boston area in the early 1950's at folksong gatherings. How the tune changed in the next ten years from Boston to Alaska to Mike Smith remains a mystery, but I, for one, am glad the transformation took place.

Until recently I had thought that "Nellie" originated years ago as a parody of "Curfew Must Not Ring To-Night," a once overly-popular poem written on April 5, 1867, by Rose Hartwick Thorpe, aged 16, of Litchfield, Michigan (it was not published until 1870, when it appeared in an issue of the Detroit *Commercial Examiner*). For further information on Miss Thorpe and her literary effort (?), see George Wharton James' informative pamphlet *Rose Hartwick Thorpe and the Story of "Curfew Must Not Ring To-Night"* (Pasadena, Calif., The Radiant Life Press, 1916).

My thoughts of an early origin of the "Nellie" parody waned, however, since I could only document it as far back as a 1948 sheet music printing in London, with composition credited to Tommie Connor, Clive Erard, and Ross Parker, and with a tune corresponding to the Boston-Boguslav-Mitchell versions. Recently, Dick Greenhaus sent me (via Lani Herrmann) a crucial lead: "Hang on the Bell, Nellie" had been recorded by, and perhaps written for, Beatrice Kay, an English songstress of the 1940's and '50's, who specialized in the songs of the Gay and Naughty Nineties and their ilk. Armed with this lead, I located a 1949 catalog which listed a Columbia 78 rpm recording no. 38528 entitled "Hang on the Bell, Nellie," sung by Beatrice Kay and credited to Connor, Erard, and Parker (reissued in 1960 on Harmony LP no. HL-7253).

The theme had certainly been parodied before, however. There was a clappered heroine named Maryland Calvert in a "Drama in Four Acts" by David Belasco entitled *The Heart of Maryland*, which was first performed on October 9, 1895, in Washington, D. C. John Held, Jr., did a characteristic woodcut of the crucial scene in the play (see *The Works of John Held, Jr.*, New York, 1931, p. 98, and the cover of the Boguslav LP).

The "Oh, No!" and "Stop!" on our recording are brought to you through the courtesy of Ginny Dildine and Barry O'Neill, respectively.

The scene is in a jailhouse; if the curfew rings tonight,
The guy in number 13 cell will go out like a light.
She knew her dad was innocent, and so our little Nell
Tied her tender torso to the clapper of the bell.

Hang on the bell, Nellie, hang on the bell!
Your poor father's locked in the old prison cell.
As you swing to the left and you swing to the right,
Remember that curfew must never ring tonight.

It all began when Nellie said "Oh, No!" to handsome Jack.
She struggled as he tried to kiss her down by the railroad track.
Daddy came a-running as the train sped down the line.
Jack stepped back across the track and paid the price of crime.

They arrested dear old daddy and they took him before the law.
The coppers said that Handsome Jack weren't handsome anymore.
Nell she came and pleaded but the jury did not care.
They did not have a sofa so they sent him to the chair.

They tugged upon the bell-rope but there was no ting-a-ling.
They could not get the job done, no, the curfew would not ring.
Upstairs poor Nell was swingin' as below they tugged and heaved,
And suddenly a voice cries "Stop! The geezer's been reprieved."

This is the bedtime story that the warden loves to tell.
The convicts listen to the tale of plucky little Nell,
And how she saved her dad that night when the curfew would not ring;
And tears stream down their faces as in harmony they sing.

Side II; Band 3. THE THINNEST MAN

Fred Schmidt came to Indiana University to study choral conducting and other formal music matters, but we knew him for his tight treasurership of the Indiana University Folksong Club, his unabashed enthusiasm for railroadiana (he was first President of the Smoky Valley Railway and Historical Society), and his singing of folksongs. He played guitar and sang songs from his native Kansas, some learned from his two uncles in Junction City, both of whom played guitar and sang songs of an earlier era.

Fred heard "The Thinnest Man" as a boy in Salina, Kansas, from a blind street singer, and later learned it from Ira Ford's

Traditional Music in America (New York, 1940; Hatboro, Penna., 1965, pp. 381-382). I have since found versions with additional lines in two other publications: as "The Thin Man," credited to Frank Dumont, in *Tom Warfield's "Helen's Babies" Songster* (New York, 1881, p. 24), and as "The Thinnest Man" in the *Rocky Mountain Collection*, published by the Intermountain Folkmusic Council (Salt Lake City, 1962, p. 17).

Oh, the thinnest man I ever saw
Lived over in Hoboken;
If I ever told you how thin he was,
You'd think that I was jokin'.
He was as thin as a postage stamp,
Or the skin of a new potater.
For exercise he'd take a ride
Through the holes of a nutmeg grater.

Oh me, oh my!
He was the thinnest man.
Thin as the soup in a boarding house,
Or the skin of a soft-shelled clam.

He'd never go out on a stormy night,
He'd never go our alone;
For fear that some poor hungry dog
Would take him for a bone.
While sitting by the fire one night,
The lamp was a-burnin' dimly,
A bedbug grabbed him by the hair
And yanked him up the chimley.

Oh me, oh my!
He almost lost his breath;
Fell through a hole in the seat of his pants
And choked himself to death.

Side II; Band 4. GOOD FISH CHOWDER

Greg Hildebrand was another folksinger I greatly enjoyed while in Bloomington. He came from Harvard with lots of newly written songs and parodies from the Boston area, and he was a talented songwriter himself. For "Good Fish Chowder" he combined portions of "Jerry Mulligan," a poem by John Ciardi (*The Man Who Sang the Sillies*, Philadelphia and New York, 1961, pp. 22-23), with the tune of "Winnipeg Whore" as sung by Oscar Brand. A felicitous wedding of text and tune, I trow.

Jerry Mulligan came to see me;
Dropped his cap in the chowder pot.
Put it on as he was leaving;
Said, "My word, it's getting hot."
Said, "My word, it's getting hot."

Good fish chowder, good clam chowder;
Makes you want to cry for more.
Fills you up from your top to your toenails;
Makes you hear the ocean's roar;
Makes you hear the ocean's roar.

Five fat shrimp behind his earlobes;
Four fat squid with forty toes;
Six fat oysters, eight fat scallops,
Hanging from his hair and nose;
Hanging from his hair and nose.

He turned to me as he was leaving;
Said "Goodbye," and he shook my hand;
Just as a wave ran down his shirtsleeve;
Left me holding a ton of sand;
Left me holding a ton of sand.

Good clam chowder, good fish chowder.
Has anybody seen my shoe?
Nancy dropped it in the chowder?
But I was saving it for the stew;
I was saving it for the stew.

Side II; Band 5. THE DEVIL AND THE SCHOOL CHILD

Child ballad number 3 is not extremely widespread, but it is intriguing whenever found. Ballad dialogues between the innocent and the Devil come in many forms, but the encounter with the child in this ballad perhaps strikes closest to home for many singers and listeners. This version was originally collected by Leonard W. Roberts from Jim Couch and is contained in Roberts' book, *Up Cutshin and Down Greasy: Folkways of a Kentucky Mountain Family* (Lexington, 1959, pp. 157-159). My unconscious alterations of text and tune over the past ten years are surprising to me, but not dismaying. They may or may not be improvements — I could never be the judge of that. As with all songs I like, I am just content to be able to remember something of it each time I sing it.

"Where are you goin'?" says the proud porter gay;
All alone by the wayside lone.
"I'm a-goin' off to school," says the child gentleman,
And the game feller's walkin' all alone.

"What you got in your bucket?"
"I've got vittles for my supper."

"Will you give me a bite?"
"I'll not give you a crumb."

"Wish I had you in the woods."
"With a good gun under my arm."

"Wish I had you out to sea."
"With a good boat under me."

"With the bottom side turned up."
"Ah, with you under the bottom."

"Wish I had you down a well."
"Ah, but the Devil's chained in Hell."

Side II; Band 6. LAST NIGHT AS I LAY ON MY BED

Night visits are fun — a good way to get acquainted, I've always felt. "One Night As I Lay on My Bed" is my favorite of the English night-visit folksongs, and I am gratified to see A. L. Lloyd using it as an illustration of the genre in *Folksong in England* (London and New York, 1967, pp. 185-186). I learned the song from *The Penguin Book of English Folk Songs* (edited by A. L. Lloyd and Ralph Vaughan Williams, London, 1959, p. 79), where it is collated from two Dorset sets collected by H. E. D. Hammond in 1906 and 1907. Another version was recently published in Maud Karpeles' *Folk Songs of Newfoundland* (London and Hamden, Conn., 1970, pp. 239-240).

I can remember the occasion when I learned the song: I was riding from Bloomington to Philadelphia in the back of Chuck Adams' 1931 Oldsmobile, while Chuck and his bride-to-be, Maurianne, both in the front seat, were swelling their mutual acquaintance in preparation for their wedding which had been planned the previous day for the next week. I must have absorbed four or five amatory folksongs from *The Penguin Book* during that halcyon journey.

Last night as I lay on my bed,
I dreamed about a pretty fair maid.
I was sore distressed; I could find no rest;
Love did torment me so.
So away to my true love I did go.

When I arrived at my true love's window,
I gently called her by her name,
Saying: "It's for your sake that I come so late,
Through the bitter frost and snow.
So open up the window, my love, do."

"My mum and dad they are both awake,
And they are sure for to hear us speak.
There'll be no excuse then, but sore abuse,
Many a bitter word and blow.
So begone from my window, my love, do."

"Your mum and dad they are both asleep,
And they are sure not to hear us speak.
They are sleeping sound on their bed of down;
They draw their breath so low.
So open up the window, my love, do."

My love arose and opened up the door.
Just like an angel she stood on the floor.
Her eyes shone bright like the stars at night;
No diamonds could shine so.
And in with my true love I did go.

Side II; Band 7. OFF TO SEA ONCE MORE

I learned this ballad about 13 years ago from recordings by A. L. Lloyd (Stinson SLP 81, *Off to Sea Once More*) and Ewan MacColl (Riverside RLP 12-635, *That She Blows!*). I never sang it much until recently, partly because there were always friends around who sang the song to my satisfaction (e.g., Dick Berrett in Bloomington and Chuck Perdue in Washington), and partly because the song didn't completely compel me until I began hearing it supplied with a chorus. Chuck sang it with a two-line chorus learned from Bryan Sutton (of England, then Toronto), and I first heard the four-line refrain sung by Barry O'Neill, who had learned it from Roger Renwick and Bill Price of Toronto. (Barry's splendid concertina playing can be heard on this and the next song on this album.)

As "Dixie Brown," no. D7, this ballad is considered in G. Malcolm Laws, Jr.'s *Native American Balladry* (rev. ed., Philadelphia, American Folklore Society, 1964, pp. 164-165) without reference to English versions, and there are more in Stan Hugill's *Shanties of the Seven Seas* (London, 1961, pp. 581-583, 584-585) and the English Folk Dance and Song Society magazine, *Folk* (no. 2, Oct. 1962, pp. 31-32). These have full texts with choruses, but tunes quite different from the one we sing, and references to the notorious San Francisco boarding master "Shanghai" Brown. Liverpool's counterpart, Rapper Brown, figures in the versions sung by Liverpool seamen (and Lloyd and MacColl), as reported in Hugill's book (pp. 583-584), Lloyd's *Folk Song in England* (pp. 282-284), Peggy Seeger and Ewan MacColl's *The Singing Island* (London, 1960, p. 62), and *Spin* (Wallasey, vol. 6, no. 1, 1968, p. 18). These all have the grand minor tune, but no chorus. I asked Michael Cooney on his recent visit to England to try to discover the source for the merger of the American chorus and the Liverpool melody. Michael reported that all lines of inquiry lead to Louis Killen, who modestly confirmed our suspicions by confessing responsibility for the creative combination. Lou indeed sings a chorus on the final stanza of the song on South Street Seaport Museum SPT-102, *50 South to 50 South: Louis Killen Sings on the Cape Horn Road.*

When first I came to Liverpool,
I went upon a spree.
Me money, at last, I spent it fast;
Got drunk as drunk could be.
And when me money it was all gone,
It's then I wanted more.
But a man must be blind to make up his mind
And go to sea once more.

Once more, once more,
And go to sea once more.
A man must be blind to make up his mind,
And go to sea once more.

I spent the night with Angeline,
Too drunk to roll in bed.
Me watch was new, and me money, too;
In the mornin' with them she fled.
And as I walked the streets of port,
The whores they all did roar,
"There goes Jack Ratt, the poor sailor lad,
He must go to sea once more."

As I was walking down the street,
I met with Rapper Brown.
I asked him if he would take me in,
And he looked at me with a frown.
He says, "The last time you was paid off,
With me you chalked no score.
But I'll give youse a chance and I'll take your advance,
And I'll send you to sea once more."

He put me on a whaling ship,
Bound for the Arctic seas,
Where the cold winds blow through the frost and snow,
And Jamaican rum would freeze.
And worse to hear, I'd no hard-weather gear,
For I'd lost all me money ashore.
It's then that I wished that I was dead,
So I'd go to sea no more.

Some days we're catching whales, me lads,
Some days we're catching none.
With a twenty-foot oar all in the hands,
From four o'clock in the morn.
And when the shades of night come down,
We rest on our weary oar.
It's then that I wish that I was dead,
Or safe with the girls ashore.

Come all you bold seafarin' men
Who listen to me song.
When you come off of them long trips,
I'll have you not go wrong.
Take my advice, take no strong drink,
Don't go sleeping with no whore;
But get married, me lads, and spend all night in,
And go to sea no more.

Side II; Band 8. GOING DOWN THE VALLEY

I was directed to our concluding song, "Going Down the Valley," by Alan and Flo Oakes of Berkeley. In a conversation at the 1969 Fox Hollow Beers Family Folk Festival, they urged me to listen to this piece as sung by Ernest Stoneman's Dixie Entertainers on County 508, *Mountain Sacred Songs* (a reissue of Victor 20531 [36198-2], recorded 9/21/26), hopefully to figure out what words were being sung. The Oakes, along with Sandy and Caroline Paton and Lee Haggerty, had been unable to decipher the full text from the recording, and I had as little success when I listened. The matter lay unresolved until I happened across the words (with a somewhat different melody) in a Mennonite hymn book which John and Ginny Dildine had obtained at an Amish market in Southern Maryland. The song appeared as "We Are Going Down the Valley" in the "Death" section of *The Brethren Hymnal: A Collection of Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs* (Elgin, Illinois, Brethren Publishing House, 1901, p. 335), with words credited to Jessie H. Brown, music to J. H. Fillmore, and copyright to the Fillmore Bros., 1890. This hymnal verified the three verses sung by Stoneman's group. The fourth verse arrived in a Christmas card from the Oakes, who had received it from Lee Haggerty, who had in turn found it on County 712, *The Coon Creek Girls*.

It was a pleasure to return this song to the Paton-Haggerty home/recording-studio in Sharon, Connecticut, and to share it with them and the friends gathered there, along with the other songs on this recording which had come to me over the years from such friends as these.

We are going down the valley, one by one;
With our faces toward the setting of the sun.
Down in the valley where the mournful cypress grows;
Where the stream of death in silence onward flows.

We are going down the valley, going down the valley,
Going toward the setting of the sun;
We are going down the valley, going down the valley,
Going down the valley one by one.

We are going down the valley, one by one,
When the labors of this weary day are done.
One by one, the cares of earth forever pass;
We shall stand upon the river bank at last.

We are going down the valley, one by one.
Human comrades you or I will there have none.
But a gentle hand will guide us lest we fall;
Christ is going down the valley with us all.

We are going down the valley, one by one.
Yet before the shadowed vale may come the dawn;
When with rapture we shall gather in the sky.
We shall all be changed, but some will never die.

J. C. H.