

DRIVE DULL CARE AWAY Volume 1

# Joe Hickerson



**FOLK - LEGACY RECORDS, INC.**

SHARON, CONNECTICUT 06069





# Joe Hickerson

## DRIVE DULL CARE AWAY

### Volume 1

We have long considered Joe Hickerson to be the compleat "folksinger's folksinger." Whenever he and his friends gather to share a singing evening (not unlike those recorded here), he can be counted on to come up with at least a couple of splendid songs no one in the room has ever heard before. In his capacity as head of the Archive of Folk Song at the Library of Congress, he has access to a great treasure trove of traditional songs, but, if he were not the singer that he is, many of them might have remained buried there, observed and appreciated only by music historians and folksong scholars, unknown and unsung in the folksong revival. As a matter of fact, Joe has been rescuing songs from archival oblivion for many years. His special genius is to be able to recognize a good song when he sees or hears it and then to transmit it to revival singers all over the country through his many lectures and concerts and, of course, through his recordings. He constantly urges people to listen to his sources, but for those who cannot, his own singing becomes a great source.

Joe has always been attracted to songs with easily learnable and singable choruses, for it is in the act of sharing the music with a group of friends that he finds artistic gratification. Many of the songs on these two records fall into that category, so we invited a number of people to join him for the recording session. It was a grand way to welcome in the New Year, 1976.

As a general introduction to these two records, Joe writes:

*Most folklore, and the best of the folksong revival, exists through time (tradition) and is passed on by word of mouth (oral transmission) or by example. But the highest qualities of both folklore and the revival are evinced during the actual events of telling, singing, or doing, and generally in the context of small groups of people. I usually begin my programs with the song entitled "Drive Dull Care Away," for in its chorus is embodied this idea of esprit with a conciseness and elegance which match the joy of singing it: "And now we're here with our friends so dear, we'll Drive Dull Care Away."*

## Side 1

DRIVE DULL CARE AWAY	3:25
SHINGLING THE RUM-SELLER'S ROOF	3:50
RAMBLEAWAY	5:26
ROLLING OF THE STONES	3:31
VALLEY FORGE (Coltman)	4:46
JOE HILL'S LAST WILL (Hill/Raim)	2:41

## Side 2

CASEY JONES	4:47
THE BOREENS OF DERRY	4:30
HIRAM HUBBARD	4:17
THE GREEN SHORES OF FOGO	4:02
AIN'T NO GRAVE CAN HOLD MY BODY DOWN	5:57

Recorded by Sandy Paton  
Photograph by Howie Mitchell  
Cover Design by Lani Herrmann

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*Descriptive notes and lyrics in enclosed booklet.*



# JOE HICKERSON

## *"Drive Dull Care Away"*

*volume I*



FSI - 58



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## INTRODUCTION

I have already given a rambling diachronic narrative of my folksong career in the booklet accompanying my 1970 recording, Folk-Legacy FSI-39. I don't think such matters are really important when singing a song, or joining in a chorus. I do have an historical bent, however. To put it another way, I enjoy recalling particularly exciting occasions where certain people or recordings or books have brought to my attention some of the more fascinating and pleasing aspects of folksong and music. Hence the photograph on the front page of this brochure. On the deck of my home in Accokeek, Md. I have decked out a number of books and other artifacts which pinpoint strong influences upon me in these matters. What follows is a somewhat annotated bibliography (I even compile such things for my living) of the items in the picture, beginning with the pile on the left, from bottom to top, followed by the upright array, from left to right, with an occasional foray into the other objects strewn about the scene.

- 1) D'Amata, Frank, *Scales in Rhythm for Guitar* (New York: King Music Pub. Corp., 1949). I took several months of guitar lessons with Mr. D'Amata on Church St. in New Haven during high school. And at home I was jamming with my piano-playing brother Jay who knew all the chords.
- 2) Ives, Burl, *Favorite Folk Ballads of Burl Ives, Volume Two* (New York: Leeds Music Corp., 1949). Many of my earliest folksongs were learned from some Burl Ives 78 rpm recordings which my parents had.
- 3) Lomax, John A. and Alan, *Folk Song U.S.A.* (New York: Duell, Sloane and Pearce, 1947). This was the chief folksong collection on the piano, which my mother and brother both played, and I would sequester it and myself in my room, with door closed, to pick out words and melodies. J.A.L., I discovered later, was the second director of the Archive of Folk Song (Honorary Curator and Consultant until his death in 1948).
- 4) Hille, Waldemar, editor, *The People's Songbook* (New York: People's Artists, 1948). In 1953 I entered Oberlin College and my folksong horizons broadened a hundred-fold almost immediately. Here were several folksongers, all sporting *The People's Songbook* and the latest issues of *Sing Out!*. I very soon obtained my own copies.



(I later learned that the authors of the Foreward and Preface of this collection were to be my forerunners at the Archive of Folk Song: Alan Lomax and B. A. Botkin.)

- 5) Seeger, Pete, *The Incompleat Folksinger*, edited by Jo Metcalf Schwartz (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1972). My freshman year in college marked the first "gig" outside the New York City axis which Pete Seeger did after the Weavers were blacklisted; it was at Oberlin. I cannot measure the great influence his singing, styles, recordings and songs had on me at that time. (I can now mention to volunteer/interns working in the Archive of Folk Song that Pete Seeger did much the same thing when Alan Lomax was "Assistant-in-Charge" around 1938. It was also at that time, or a trifle later, that Jo Schwartz was the Archive's secretary.)
- 6) Sharp, Cecil J., *English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians* (London: Oxford Univ. Press, 1932; re-printed in 1966). For three years I worked part-time in the Oberlin College Library shelving books in an area which contained those music volumes not wanted by the Conservatory Library, including a healthy collection of folksong volumes. The one I took home most was this one; here I learned of collecting and variation and such matters.
- 7) (Here the consistent bibliographic format begins to weaken.) Just a dictionary. I'm still trying to memorize the damn thing. (End of left-hand pile.)
- 8) Folkways FA 2407, *We've Got Some Singing to Do: Folk-songs with The Folksmiths* (first of the four LPs in front of the books). I was part of this group of square-jawed, enthusiastic Oberlin students which had a fantastic time (well, I did!) singing and teaching folksongs, dances, etc. at summer camps (and a few resorts) in the Northeast in 1957.
- 9) (2nd of the LP's.) Library of Congress AFS L10, *Negro Religious Songs and Services*. See my notes for "Ain't No Grave Can Hold My Body Down" on Vol. I of these records.
- 10) Leach, MacEdward, *The Ballad Book* (New York: Harper & Bros., 1955). One of my first textbooks in folklore graduate school.
- 11) Child, Francis James, *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads* (Reprint, New York: Cooper Square Publishers,

1962). Before the appearance of Dover's paperback reprint of Child's 5 volumes from 1882-98, we students really had to shell out to obtain this bible of ballad scholarship. I use vol. 5 in the photograph because it contains no. 274, "Our Goodman," which I began studying in 1957.

- 12) Thompson, Stith, *Motif-Index of Folk-Literature* (6 vols., Bloomington: Indiana Univ. Press, 1955-58). We used to joke (as we went into debt purchasing these 6 tomes) that you weren't a folklorist unless you had a full set of the *Motif-Index* on your shelf.
- 13) Dorson, Richard M., *American Folklore* (Chicago: Univ. of Chicago Press, 1959). I was RMD's Research Assistant during the year of this book's preparation. After many a spate of reference-checking and proof-reading, my bloodshot irises could very well have given the impression of "gimlet eyes" (supra, p. 307).
- 14) Wilgus, D.K., *Anglo-American Folksong Scholarship since 1898* (New Brunswick, N.J.: Rutgers Univ. Press, 1959). We young folklore students had several idols among folklorists outside our immediate ken. Vance Randolph, Herbert Halpert and D.K. Wilgus were strong among them. Imagine my amazement to find my name in the acknowledgments of D.K.'s definitive book; and for the second time in one year.
- 15) The guitar which I'm playing is an old jumbo Kay. I love those bass notes. For a plywood box it sure has a rich, mellow sound. Kudos to Reed Martin for recently patching it up, making it playable again.
- 16) Cazden, Norman, *The Abelard Folk Song Book* (New York: Abelard Schuman, 1958). I spent two beautiful summers at Camp Woodland in Phoenicia, New York, as folk music counselor, teaching tennis, leading hikes, and singing. Norman Studer, the camp's director, and Norman Cazden, its music director (and Herbert Haufrecht before him), had done an exceptional job of establishing close contact between the camp and the folklife of the Catskills. And what a fine bunch of songs came along with it.
- 17) *The Folk Singers Song Bag* (New York: Sanga Music, 1962). Me, a songwriter? Well, in 1960 I did write two additional verses to Pete Seeger's "Where Have All the Flower's Gone?" Usually my name does not appear in the credits; but it does in this book.



- 18) Hickerson, Joseph Charles, *Annotated Bibliography of North American Indian Music North of Mexico* (Unpublished MA Thesis in Folklore, Bloomington: Indiana Univ. 1961). Heavy. I swore off bibliographies after compiling this one but I have since backslid.
- 19) Like it says on the nameplate, I'm known among some folklorists and ethnomusicologists not as Joe, but as Joseph C. In case there's any doubt, both are the real me.
- 20) Bronson, Bertrand Harris, *The Traditional Tunes of the Child Ballads, Vol. 4* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1972). A new bible of ballad scholarship, and, unwittingly, of the folksong revival.
- 21) See the little FSGW Getaway tag? My early years in Washington were busy, both at the Library of Congress and with the organizational pleasures (?) and other good times of the Folklore Society of Greater Washington, which culminated each year in its annual Getaway.
- 22) Next to the tag is a pin. Bob and Evelyne Beers' Fox Hollow Folk Festival extended the relaxed atmosphere of the Getaway, and became the first festival after the pop folksong "boom" of the early sixties to stress informality, communality, and *Gemutlichkeit* in the folksong revival. Which suited me just fine.
- 23) I'm wearing an Ark t-shirt. The Ark is a coffeehouse in Ann Arbor, which Bob White, Dave and Linda Siglin, Michael Cooney and others fashioned into one of the best places around for sit-down singing and song sharing. It has always been a supreme pleasure to sing at the Ark.
- 24) LP No. 3 is Folk-Legacy FSI-39 *Joe Hickerson with a Gathering of Friends*. Try it, you'll like it. Thank you Sandy, Caroline and Lee for inviting me to put a few things on "wax."
- 25) [Back to the books.] Legman, G., *Rationale of the Dirty Joke: An Analysis of Sexual Humor: First Series* (New York: Grove Press, 1968). No comment. Actually, I just stuck this in for laughs.
- 26) The 4th recording on the table is one of the two *Five Days Singing* LPs on Folk-Legacy. Those five days were one of the best vacations from work I have ever taken. Imagine using a recording session as an excuse to make music with your friends. Conversely, I can hardly imagine any better excuse for making a record.

- 27) Emrich, Duncan, *American Folk Poetry: Anthology* (Boston: Little, Brown, 1974). My bibliographic activities thus far have culminated in "A Bibliography of American Folksong in the English Language" on pages 775-816 of this book.
- 28) I almost forgot, my rusty trusty old-time Wollensak tape recorder. May she run forever.

And now, to the songs on the record.



# THE SONGS

## Side 1; Band 1. DRIVE DULL CARE AWAY

I was attracted to the title, words, and tune of this song soon after it appeared in Edward (Sandy) D. Ives' *Twenty-One Folksongs from Prince Edward Island* (Orono, Me: Northeast Folklore Society [Northeast Folklore, vol. 5, 1963], 1964). Later I asked Sandy Ives if he ever sang the song; he did, and he has sung it for me several times since with great spirit and affection. He has spoken and written with equal affection about the man who sang the song for him in 1957, Mr. Charles Gorman of Burton, Lot 7, P.E.I. Sandy's introduction to the song in the collection mentioned above serves to tell the story:

*In June of 1957 my wife, son Stephen, and I were to go on a picnic with Charlie and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dalton. We had to cancel it, however, and when we stopped by to say we couldn't make it, Charlie said he'd been planning to sing a song for us and would we mind if he sang it now? The memory of that singing will always be with us. He sang it for me again a year later, so I could record it, but it is the dignity and sincerity of that first singing that I always hear.*

The song is old, but very rare. A sacred text with a different tune has been printed in B.F. White and E.J. King's *The Sacred Harp* since 1844. The only other printing is over 200 years old and was recently located by Arlene Rodenbeck while assisting Gillian Anderson in the latter's researches into song material of the American Revolutionary period. Untitled, the words appeared in the September 30, 1775, issue of *The Pennsylvania Ledger: Or the Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, & New Jersey Weekly Advertiser*, with much the same secular words as the Gorman/Ives text (plus another verse) but a different verse-ending: "Then let us constant (or: true friends) be/ For while we're here/ My friends so dear/ We'll fight for Liberty."

Where has the song been all these years? Come help us revive it!

*Oh why should we at our lot complain  
or grieve at our distress?  
Some think if they could riches gain  
'twould be true happiness.  
But alas how vain is all their strife,  
Life's cares it will not allay,*

*So while we're here with our friends so dear  
we'll drive dull care away.*

*Away, away, away, away--  
we will drive dull care away  
And while we're here with our friends so dear  
we'll drive dull care away.*

*Why should the rich despise the poor,  
why should the poor repine?  
When we will all in a few short years  
in equal friendship join.  
They're both to blame, they're all the same;  
we are all made of one clay,  
So while we're here with our friends so dear  
we'll drive dull care away.*

*The only circumstance in life  
that I could ever find  
To conquer care or temper strife  
was a contented mind.  
With this in store we have much more  
than all things else can convey,  
So while we're here with our friends so dear  
we'll drive dull care away.*

*So let us make the best of life,  
not rendering it a curse  
But take it as you would a wife,  
for better or for worse.  
Life at its best is but a jest,  
like a dreary winter's day,  
So while we're here with our friends so dear  
we'll drive dull care away.*

## Side 1; Band 2. SHINGLING THE RUM SELLER'S ROOF

I found this song in sheet music form one day while looking for something else. The title intrigued me, as did the advertisement on the title page: "The best, logical argument in defense of sobriety ever published in song." Maybe so, but it turns out to be a great drinking song. Words by Rev. Robert Whitaker; music, copyright, and published by Andrew Lagerquist, Morris, Illinois, 1894. The mystery voice in the first verse is Michael B. Cooney.



One night a poor wretch in a wayside saloon,  
Was lingering half drunken about,  
Heard the voice of the rum seller's wife, as she said,  
"Go put yonder drunken fool out."  
The rumseller smiling he made this reply,  
In a voice that would brook no reproof,  
"Let him stay if he wants, he is doing no harm,  
The fellow is shingling our roof."

Are you shingling the rum seller's roof?  
Are you shingling the rum seller's roof?  
While your own house decays, are you spending  
your days,  
Just shingling the rum seller's roof?

The months passed by, and he did not return,  
The rum seller noted with pain.  
So seeking him out with hospitable air,  
He asked his old friend to explain.  
"You want me to visit again your saloon,  
And ask why I linger aloof.  
With thanks for your kindness this answer I'll give,  
Because I've been shingling your roof."

All ye who are shingling the rum seller's roof,  
And robbing yourselves and your own,  
And remember the winter of life draweth nigh,  
And soon will the summer have flown,  
'Twill be no avail in the day of God's wrath,  
To offer high heaven the proof,  
That your own house is desolate only because,  
You've shingled the rum seller's roof.

And woe to the man with the rum seller's heart,  
Who covers himself at the cost  
Of mankind and womenkind, married and despoiled,  
Whose gain is that others are lost.  
On the day when his roof around him shall fall,  
And the weight of his sins bear the proof,  
And the lost he has ruined shall crush him and cry,  
"We shingled the rum seller's roof."

Side 1; Band 3. RAMBLEAWAY

"(Young) Rambleaway" struck my fancy at one of those marvelous ceilidhs which Michael Cooney helped organize at the Ark Coffeehouse and in which I was privileged to participate. It was sung and played by Roger Renwick, soon before embarking on a career in folkloristics, he now being a professor at the University of Texas. My, how I liked

his singing. Afterwards I found versions in Stephen Sedley's book, *The Seeds of Love* (London: Essex Music, 1967) and on the Shirley and Dolly Collins LP, *Anthems in Eden* (Harvest SKAO-370), with the last two verses coming from Horace P. Beck's *The Folklore of Maine* (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott, 1957). Beck's informant was Mr. Chaney Ripley, a Matinicus Island lobsterman. Yet another verse from Mr. Ripley appears in H. P. Beck's unpublished Ph.D. Dissertation at the University of Pennsylvania, *Down-East Ballads and Songs* (1952):

My story is finished, thank God it's no worse,  
I'll take my little baby and go out and nurse,  
And when I get lonesome, I'll set down and cry,  
When I think of those moments I took mink(?) on  
the sly.

A very personal conclusion to an unusually non-moralistic ending for this song.

As I was a-walking to Derry Down Fair  
In my bright scarlet coat and everything rare  
Enough to entice all the maidens that day  
When they set their eyes on young Rambleaway  
Rambleaway, Rambleaway,  
When they set their eyes on young Rambleaway.

The very first steps I took into the fair  
I spied my bright Nancy a-combing her hair  
I gave her the wink and she rolled her black eye  
Says I to meself I'll be there by and by  
There by and by, there by and by  
Say I to meself I'll be there by and by.

As we were a-walking that night in the dark  
I took my bright Nancy to be my sweetheart  
I gave her three doubles and fair length and share  
And I told her I'd ramble, but I didn't know where  
    Didn't know where, didn't know where  
    And I told her I'd ramble, but I didn't know where.

My mum and my dad, they are both gone from home  
But when they return I will sit down and moan.  
I'll tell them my story and leave them to say  
No doubt she's been playing with young Rambleaway  
Rambleaway, Rambleaway,  
No doubt she's been playing with young Rambleaway.

Twenty-four weeks they were over and passed  
This pretty young Nancy did sicken at last  
Her gowns wouldn't meet nor her apron strings stay  
And she longed for the sight of young Rambleaway



Rambleaway, Rambleaway  
She longed for the sight of young Rambleaway.

Then six months had passed and three more had come  
This pretty young Nancy gave birth to a son,  
She hugged him, she kissed him and to him did say  
Your pappy, my darlin', has rambled away.  
Rambled away, rambled away,  
Your pappy, my darlin', has rambled away.

Now silks and blue velvets my baby shall wear  
And a bunch of blue ribbons to tie in his hair  
And the bells they will ring and sweet music will play  
On the night that I wed to young Rambleaway  
Rambleaway, Rambleaway,  
On the night that I wed to young Rambleaway.

Side 1; Band 4. ROLLING OF THE STONES (Child 49)

This is a fragment of an old ballad often listed as "The Two Brothers." I first heard an even shorter form sung by Oscar Brand on Folkways FA2428, *Jean Ritchie*, Oscar Brand, David Sear: *A Folk Concert in Town Hall, New York*. Later, I located a fuller version in Eloise Hubbard Linscott's *Folk Songs of Old New England* (New York: Macmillan, 1939; Hamden, Conn.: Archon Books, 1962), where it is given from the family tradition of Mrs. Mary Ellingwood Harmon of Cambridge, Massachusetts.

The minor tune is unique for the ballad, although there are similar major ones with a raised third. The beauty of the Ellingwood/Linscott melody has intrigued others; I've recently heard it sung with more elaborate texts of the ballad. I like the simplicity of this one.

Will you go to the rolling of the stones  
Or the dancing of the ball?  
Or will you go and see pretty Susie  
And dance among them all.

I will not go to the rolling of the stones  
Or the tossing of the ball,  
But I will go and see pretty Susie  
And dance among them all.

They hadn't danced but a single dance  
More than once or twice around  
Before the sword at her true love's side  
Gave him his fatal wound

They picked him up and carried him away,  
For he was sore distressed.  
They carried him and buried him all in the green woods,  
Where he was wont to rest.

Pretty Susie she came a-wanderin' by  
With a tablet under her arm,  
Until she came to her true love's grave,  
And she began to charm.

She charmed the fish out of the sea,  
And the birds out of their nests.  
She charmed her true love out of his grave,  
So he could no longer rest.

(Repeat first two verses)

Side 1; Band 5. VALLEY FORGE

I sing no songs for the "Buycentennial" except this one. Alongside the spate of properly patriotic (and many erroneously ascribed) pieces of the American Revolutionary period which are being trotted out at this time, this recent composition of Bob Coltman bypasses the noble thoughts, the victorious acclamations, and the positive but otherwise bland patriotism to get at the day-to-day personal doubts and fears, mixed with hard times, of the patriots at the front, typified by Valley Forge. A fitting tribute to the essence of our country's beginnings, and many aspects of its history; the ubiquitous but lonely individual fighting the war of the collective few, who would gain economic independence and superiority thereby.

Thank you, Bob, for the song, and for coming to Sharon with your fiddle and lending to it some credibility on my record.

We came down here with our boots on our feet,  
But we lost 'em somewhere in the snow and the sleet,  
Pennsylvania winters are some kind of cold,  
What's left of the body can't comfort your soul.

So don't you think we should beat the drum,  
Or raise some kind of row,  
Ain't this glorious war fell on hard times now?

Don't shake old Charlie, for he's past shakin',  
Takes angels on high to wake his kind of bacon,  
Haul out the meat wagon, if you've horses to pull,  
We've got dead enough here to fill it up full.



To live I'm too cold, to die I'm too young,  
This life is too short to be over and done,  
Is this the last winter that I'll ever see,  
Well, I don't care for no God that don't care for me.

Side 1; Band 6.      JOE HILL'S LAST WILL  
*Music copyright 1967 by Ethel Raim*

Joel Hagglund (Joseph Hillstrom; Joe Hill) emigrated from Sweden to the U.S.A. in 1902. Between then and his execution by the state of Utah on 18 November 1915, Joe Hill became one of the most important people in the history of the American labor movement and, in particular, the most active and effective song-writer associated with the Industrial Workers of the World (I.W.W. or "Wobblies"). On the eve of his death, Joe Hill jotted down a brief will in verse form. In 1961, Ethel Raim wrote a tune for it; together they make a remarkable song. Ethel's tune was printed in the June-July 1961 (vol. 11, no. 3) issue of *Sing Out!*, but I wasn't aware of it until several years later, when Jonathan Eberhart began singing it at the Folklore Society of Greater Washington's annual Labor Day songfests at the Sylvan Theater. His performances of the piece were stirring; I hope you hear him sing it someday.

My will is easy to decide.  
For I have nothing to divide.  
My kin don't need to weep and moan,  
Moss does not cling to a rolling stone.

*My body? -- Oh! -- if I could choose,  
I would to ashes it reduce,  
And let the merry breezes blow  
My dust to where some flowers grow.*

Perhaps some fading flower then  
Would soon rise up and grow green again.  
This is my last and final will.  
Good luck to all of you,

JOE HILL

Side 2; Band 1.

CASEY JONES (Laws G1)

John Luther "Casey" Jones met his death on April 30, 1900, while highbaling the "Cannonball" southward on the Illinois Central run between Memphis and New Orleans. Almost immediately, one or more members of a cycle of black railroad and hobo songs were reworked (by Casey's engine-wiper, according to some) into a "Casey Jones" ballad/lyric, and in 1909 two white vaudevillians, T. Lawrence Seibert and Edward Newton, fashioned what became a very popular song about the event. Throughout all these versions, incidents and remarks pertaining to other people (real and imagined) accrued to Mr. Jones from the earlier songs. One verse in this folk process was particularly telling: Casey's widow, to her dying day (November 21, 1958), had to deny on many occasions that she had ever had "another papa on the I.C. (or any other) line." I do not sing this verse. (The complex history of these matters can be found in John Cohen's article, "Casey Jones': At the Crossroad of Two Ballad Traditions," *Western Folklore*, vol. 32, no. 2, April 1973, pp. 77-103.)

I don't recall a specific source for my rendition of the older form of this song. I began singing it nearly 20 years ago and was probably influenced by the recorded versions of Carl Sandburg, Furry Lewis (and, later, Mississippi John Hurt), and Neil Rosenberg's performances of the song at Oberlin College. In other words, no one is to blame but me.

Early in the mornin' well it looked line rain  
Round the bend come a gravel train  
On the train was a-Casey Jones  
He's a good old rounder but he's dead and gone

Well he's dead and gone  
And he's dead and gone  
He's a good old rounder but he's dead and gone

Now Casey Jones was a good engineer  
Said to his fireman never fear  
Pour on the water and shovel that coal  
Stick your head out the window see the drivers roll

See the drivers roll  
See the drivers roll  
Stick your head out the window see the drivers roll

Now Casey looked ahead and what did he see  
Round the bend came the eight-eighteen  
Casey said, "fireman you'd better jump



*These two locomotives they are bound to bump"*

*Shoulda been there for to see the sight  
Jumpin' and yellin', black and white  
Some were crippled and some were lame  
But that six wheel driver had to bear the blame.*

*Had to bear the blame  
Had to bear the blame  
That six wheel driver had to bear the blame*

*Casey Jones said before he died  
"Just two trains that I never tried"  
The boys said, "Casey, what can they be?"  
"The Southern Pacific and the Santa Fe"*

*And the Santa Fe  
And the Santa Fe  
The Southern Pacific and the Santa Fe*

*Casey Jones said before he died  
"Just two drinks that I never tried"  
The boys said "Casey, what can they be?"  
"A glass o' water and a cup of tea"*

*Well a cup of tea  
And a cup of tea  
Glass of water and a cup of tea*

*Early in the morning well it looked like rain  
Round the bend come a gravel train  
On the train was Casey Jones  
He's a good old rounder but he's dead and gone*

*Well he's dead and gone  
And he's dead and gone  
He's a good old rounder but he's dead and gone.*

Side 2; Band 2. THE BOREENS OF DERRY

"Boreens" are byroads in Ireland. I traversed many of them during my brief sojourn in Co. Derry in September 1975 when I visited, for the first time, nearly twenty Irish cousins who lived in and around my grandfather's birth-and-growing-up place of Ballaghy. I had learned this song years ago from a 10" Elektra LP by Susan Reed. Later I renewed my acquaintance with it in a folio collection entitled *Old Irish Melodies: Selected from the Bunting MSS: Set to Words by Harold Boulton: Edited and Freely Arranged with Piano-forte Accompaniment by Herbert Hughes* (London and New York:

Boosey & Co., 1931), where it is based on the air "An Triucha," obtained from Arthur O'Neill (1737-1816), with "words by Harold Boulton (After the Irish)." My special thanks to R. David Jones for loaning me his magnificent 000-41L Martin guitar for this and other songs on these LPs.

*Come and let us wander in the long Boreens of Derry  
Come take the bye-roads and wander with me  
For it's there we'll find the sorrel and the scarlet  
rowan berry  
And the clustering yellow hazels hanging high from the  
tree.*

*We'll spread a couch of ivy 'neath the shadow of the  
willow  
While the blackbirds and the thrushes pipe their tuneful  
melodies  
With your brave hand in my hand, and your bosom for my  
pillow,  
Making life a glimpse of heaven in the mirror of your  
eyes.*

*See how the silver swan there and the corncrake sing  
discreetly  
And the cuckoo like the nightingale makes her music in  
the tree  
And the voice of boy and girl there ringing o'er the  
meadows sweetly  
For in Derry all the sounds seem harmonious to me.*

Side 2; Band 3. HIRAM HUBBARD (Laws A20)

Here is a Civil War incident from Eastern Kentucky which is documented only in this blues/ballad. I originally learned it from hearing recordings by Jean Ritchie (her family knew the song), Peggy Seeger, and Fleming Brown.

*Come and gather around me children, and a story I will  
tell,  
Come and gather around me children, and a story I will  
tell,  
Concerning poor Hiram Hubbard, and how he came and  
fell.*

*While traveling through this country in sorrow and  
distress,  
While traveling through this country in sorrow and  
distress,  
The Rebels overhauled him, and in chains they bound  
him fast.*







When I 'rive that throne of grace  
I believe he'll 'point my soul a place  
Ain't no grave can hold my body down, my body down.

repeat first verse

When Jesus was hangin' on the cross  
Well it made poor Mary moan.  
Well he looked down at his 'ciples,  
Saying "won't you take my mother home,"  
Wasn't that a pity, Lord, a shame,  
How they crucified his name  
Ain't no grave can hold my body down, my body down.

repeat first verse

## CREDITS

- DRIVE DULL CARE AWAY - Joe Hickerson: lead voice  
Chorus: Lynn Hickerson  
Tony and Irene Saletan  
Ed and Penny Trickett  
Howie Mitchell  
Bob Coltman  
Ginny Dildine  
Debbie Dildine  
Barry O'Neill  
Caroline Paton
- SHINGLING THE RUM SELLER'S ROOF - Joe: guitar and lead voice  
Howie Mitchell: banjo and voice  
Chorus: John and Ginny Dildine  
Michael Cooney (mystery voice)  
Lynn Hickerson  
Caroline Paton
- RAMBLEAWAY - Joe: guitar and lead voice  
Barry O'Neill: concertina and voice  
Chorus: Lynn Hickerson  
Ginny Dildine  
Ed Trickett  
Caroline Paton
- VALLEY FORGE - Joe: guitar and lead voice  
Bob Coltman: fiddle and voice  
Howie Mitchell: dulcimer and voice  
Chorus: Ed and Penny Trickett  
Tony and Irene Saletan
- BOREENS OF DERRY - Joe: guitar and voice  
Lynn Hickerson: flute
- HIRAM HUBBARD - Joe: guitar and voice  
Howie Mitchell: dulcimer
- GREEN SHORES OF FOGO - Joe: guitar and lead voice  
Lynn Hickerson: flute  
Howie Mitchell: dulcimer  
Chorus: Ginny Dildine  
Caroline Paton
- AIN'T NO GRAVE CAN HOLD MY BODY DOWN - Joe: guitar & lead voice  
Congregation: same as DRIVE DULL CARE AWAY