

***Just  
Play  
One  
Tune  
More***

***BILL  
STAINES***

FOLK-LEGACY RECORDS, INC.  
SHARON, CONNECTICUT 06069



Bill Staines  
"Just Play One Tune More"





## BILL STAINES

### *Just Play One Tune More*

When this lean, bearded, Stetsoned, left-handed guitar-picking songmaker and singer leaves the stage, you find yourself humming his tunes; and they come back to you the next morning, smiling, looking for the words they came with.

Bill fashions songs out of travels and the people he meets along the way. New Hampshire, Texas, Wyoming, up over the Great Lakes and back through the Allegheny valley, he sings his love of the road and its sometimes loneliness. His people are working people: loggers and hobos, sailors and broncbusters, lovers and songsters. His land, as Guthrie put it, is our land; we've known his people. And his songs are songs we want to make our own as soon as we can catch up with them — or as soon as we can learn to yodel like that.

Bill's a champion yodeler, and he picks those wonderfully singable melodies all upside-down and backwards so you can't catch the chords and runs just by watching. Maybe if we used a mirror and stood on our heads . . .

Most of the songs on this album are his own, although a couple are traditional and a few have been lent to him by other good songsmiths he has met here and there, perhaps in a place like the one he described in "Anderson Fair":

*It sounded like  
an English pub  
full of cowboys  
eating spaghetti  
and drinking beer  
Texas beer  
glasses and glasses of it  
and songs?  
lord what a mess of songs  
everyone brought a song  
a gift to everyone else  
and George brought his Irish friends  
who kept telling me  
long afterwards  
how much I had  
enjoyed myself  
On and on  
in chorus and chord  
until the dawn  
found many a sleeping friend  
content*

#### Side 1

RED CLAY COUNTRY BLUES (Staines, BMI)	3:02
WILD RIPPLING WATERS (trad.)	3:20
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THE BOATS THEY COME AND THE BOATS THEY GO (Staines, BMI)	3:21
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WHITE MOUNTAIN GOODBYE (Armstrong)	3:23

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*Descriptive notes and lyrics in enclosed booklet.*

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Photograph by Karen Elrod Staines



# BILL STAINES *Just Play One Tune More*

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In the early 1960's, Boston was one of the largest centers of the so-called "folk revival" in the country. It always seemed to me that half of the population of the city was attending club, coffeehouse, and college concerts to hear the other half of the population perform. It was during this flourish of singing, guitar-playing, banjo-picking, and fiddling that I picked up a guitar and started banging out my first chords.

My first guitar cost me eight dollars. It was a three-quarter-size Silvertone with a cowboy painted on the front. That old cowboy didn't last long, though -- I took care of him with a plane. It didn't do much for the face of the guitar, but it sure got rid of the cowboy. That guitar lasted two and a half years before I could afford a halfway decent one; this one cost twenty-seven dollars.

I started as many did, by singing traditional ballads, performing at the clubs in the area, and in 1965 started writing my own material. I wrote a lot of songs then, some good and a lot of them not so good. When I wasn't sure, I claimed that the songs had been written by a friend. I never knew his name, but, when he got to be a better writer than I was, he was left behind somewhere.

I guess one of the hardest decisions of my life came when I gave up a promising career as a shipping clerk and hit the road to sing my songs. It only took me six years to get to California! During these years, I've recorded four record albums (three of which are now out of print), written some songs, and sung to what feels like a lot of people. I wouldn't change it for the world.

Many thanks go to Guy Van Duser for braving a New England snowstorm to show up for the sessions to play bass and some real nice guitar, to the audience of friends (including members of the Greater Hartford Folk Music Society) for their participation in the live recording -- it sounded good, gang -- and to Sandy, Caroline, and Lee for sharing some stories and songs, as well as their home, and making the whole thing possible.

*Bill Staines*

*January 1977*



Side 1, Band 1

### Red Clay Country Blues

I remember one of my first trips to the South; it was a camping trip. Three days in the rain and red clay. It was a little like tenting in liquid brick, and, when it dried, your clothes would stand up by themselves.

Got enough money (to) make one more call,  
Gotta get through to my Dixie doll.  
I got the blues,  
The Red Clay Country blues.  
I got the blues,  
I just seem to lose,  
I seem to lose;  
I gotta get back home,  
I got the Red Clay Country blues.

I've got a dime in my hand, I sing  
a lonesome song,  
Heaven knows, pal, I've been away  
so long.  
I got the blues...

Now, I've gambled on over in Reno,  
I played cards in Santa Fe,  
And I got hurt, almost lost my shirt,  
And I nearly didn't get away.

I'm going down that road a-holding out  
my thumb,  
Everybody's staring at the highway bum.  
I got the blues...

(repeat first verse and chorus)

Side 1, Band 2

### Wild Rippling Waters

I refer to this as a Gothic country-and-western song. I'm sure there are at least a dozen versions of this song, including "The Trooper and the Maid," "The Bold Grenadier," and "One Morning in May." This song has long been one of my favorites.

As I was a-walking and a-roving one day,  
I spied a fair couple just making  
their way;  
One was a lady, and a fair one was she;  
The other he was a cowboy, and a brave  
one was he. (2)

"Now, where are you going, my pretty  
young maid?"

"Down by the river, down by the shade,  
Down by the river, down by the spring,  
To see the waters glide and hear the  
nightingales sing."

Well, they had not been there but an  
hour or so  
When out of his satchel come a fiddle  
and bow,  
And the tune that he played seemed  
to make the woods ring.  
"Hark, hark," said the lady, "Hear  
the nightingales sing."

"And now, my pretty lady, oh, it's time  
to give o'er."

"Oh no, handsome cowboy, just play  
one tune more,  
For I'd rather hear the fiddle or the  
touch of one string  
Than see the waters glide and hear  
the nightingales sing."

"And now, my handsome cowboy, will you  
marry me?"

"No, pretty lady, that never could be,  
For I've a wife in Amarillo and  
children twice three,  
And two wives on a cow ranch are  
too many for me."

"Now, I'll go down to Mexico come the  
first of the year,  
I'll drink lots of wine and I'll drink  
lots of beer,  
And if ever I return, it will be in  
the spring,  
To see the waters glide and hear the  
nightingales sing."

Side 1, Band 3

### Alkali

This piece was written by Tom Russell, a fine songwriter from Austin, Texas. I first heard Tom perform this with Pat Hardin at the Kerrville Folk Festival in Kerrville, Texas. It is a true story.

Alkali, here's mud in your eye.  
Lost in the desert for twenty-five  
years or more,  
Whiskey streams and gold-field dreams,  
Lady Luck won't let you dark her door,  
And they tell me you're just a ghost  
of a man,  
Yes, I believe it's true,  
And they tell me that you had a  
woman once,  
But she turned her back on you.  
And you gold-mining hobo, dry-well  
desert rat,  
Alkali,



(Alkali, cont.)

Put the bacon on to fry,  
The sun's coming up, and the mule's  
waiting for his grain.  
A one-room shack by the Santa Fe track,  
The whole lick of earth just screaming  
for a drop of rain.  
There's a time for work, and there's  
a time for play,  
There's a time for lying down.  
And the road may lead to a rainbow's end  
(Or) a dusty old desert town.  
And you gold-mining hobo, dry-well  
desert rat,  
Alkali,

There's a buzzard in the sky  
Counting his chances for picking your  
skinflint bones.  
You raise your hand, you throw a curse  
on the land;  
They're gonna find you someday lying  
underneath an unmarked stone.  
And the desert is a lonely place  
For a man to lose his head,  
And they tell me, when you start to  
talking to yourself,  
You may as well be dead.  
And you gold-mining hobo, dry-well  
desert rat,  
Alkali,  
Alkali, Alkali,  
You gold-mining hobo, dry-well  
desert rat,  
Alkali,  
Alkali, Alkali,  
You gold-mining hobo, dry-well  
desert rat,  
Alkali.

Side 1, Band 4

### The Lost Mine of the Chisos

A few years ago, I spent some time in  
the Big Bend area of West Texas. It's a  
desolate, and yet very beautiful, part of  
the country. A legend has it that some-  
where in the Chisos Mountains there is a  
lost mine, but it has never been found.

There is a tale from the Big Bend country,  
And I heard it once, so long ago,  
By firelight on the Rio Grande  
While the moon shone bright on Mexico.

An aged one, an old compadre,  
Told this to me, as I to you;  
The desert sun had burned his body,  
But his eyes told me that the tale  
was true.

Years ago, up in the Chisos,  
Conquistadores they mined for gold,  
And far below they built a prison,  
It was a bold presidio.

Early each and every morning,  
The Spaniards led unto the hills  
Blindfolded slaves, a captive people,  
To work the mines and do their will.

The years they fade like dying echoes;  
The way is lost, the trail is gone.  
All that remains is just the legend,  
A story in a passing song.

But if you stand at San Vincente  
And watch the sun on Easter morn,  
Where its first light falls on the  
mountains,  
The way is shown, the secret torn.

But listen well: if on the west wind  
The sounds of horses they fill the air,  
Don't venture on; they guard the  
treasure  
From anyone who enters there.

(repeat first verse)

Side 1, Band 5

### I Must Be Going Home

A kind of a love song -- some may be  
able to identify with it. Situations like  
this one occasionally happen and never  
leave you quite the same.

All the city lights, they burn outside  
our window  
With the fleeing of an autumn afternoon.  
I'll shed a tear if I look down upon  
our river,  
Feeling close and knowing I'll be going  
soon.

I grew lonesome on the road  
Until I met you here that night;  
We talked and drank some wine  
And I was blinded in your sight;  
But there's a lady in Montana,  
And I love her, so I must be going home.

I should have kept on going when I had  
the mind to,  
I should have left you here so many  
times before;  
Now your eyes reflect a face that's  
quite unknowing  
If this pain inside is worth the open  
door.  
But the highway's ringing clear,  
And the morning sun is low,  
Blue November winds are blowing,  
I must leave before the snow,  
'Cause there's a lady in Montana,  
And I love her, so I must be going home.



There were many times I wanted to  
forget her  
In the early morning hours here with  
you,  
But my heart it lies among the Rocky  
Mountains  
With a lady there who's always been  
so true.  
I could hold you here forever,  
I could try and find a way,  
We could spend our time together,  
But it's morning, and I pray  
That there's a lady in Montana,  
And I love her, so I must be going home.  
There's a lady in Montana,  
And I love her, so I must be going home.

Side 1, Band 6

### **The Boats They Come and the Boats They Go**

Sometimes the sight of sails on the  
ocean, colorful and full of wind, can take  
you anywhere you want to go.

The boats they come and the boats  
they go,  
Their bright sails are flashing for  
Mexico,  
I wonder if someday they'll ever know  
As they sail on the deep blue sea. (2)

He used to sit on the cliffs as the sun  
went down,  
Waving his arms like some colorful clown,  
Calling to the sea birds flying down  
Over the deep blue sea.

And he sang: The boats they come...

Some thought he was crazy 'cause he said  
he could fly,  
Some thought he was dangerous from the  
look in his eye,  
To most he's just a character constantly  
high

Singing by the deep blue sea.

And he sang: The boats they come...

Now he's gone, his house torn down;  
His white beard's never seen around,  
But children still recall the sound  
Of music by the sea,

And they sing: The boats they come...

Some thought he was crazy 'cause he said  
he could fly;

He just leaned into life as it went  
on by,

And, like a sail on the wind, oh, it  
carried him high

Over the deep blue sea.

And he sang: The boats they come  
and the boats they go,  
Their bright sails are flashing for  
Mexico,  
I wonder if someday they'll ever know  
As they sail on the deep blue sea.  
Yes, I wonder if someday they'll  
ever know  
As they sail on the deep blue sea.  
Yes, I wonder if someday we'll  
ever know  
As we sail on the deep blue sea.

Side 1, Band 7

### **Spanish Is a Loving Tongue**

The lyrics to this tune were written by  
cowboy-poet Charles Badger Clark. It is  
a shortened version of his poem, "The  
Border Affair." I don't believe anyone  
knows the origin of the beautiful melody,  
but it was one of the first songs that I  
ever learned to play. I had forgotten it  
over the years until I heard it sung once  
again and realized how much I really loved  
the song.

Spanish is a loving tongue,  
Soft as music, light as spray;  
'Twas a girl I learned it from,  
Living down Sonora way.  
I don't look much like a lover,  
Yet I say her love words over  
Often when I'm all alone:  
"Mi amor, mi corazon."

On the nights that I would ride,  
She would listen for my spurs,  
Throw the big doors open wide,  
Raise those loving arms of hers.  
How those hours would go a-flying,  
And, too soon, I'd hear her sighing  
In her little sorry tone:  
"Mi amor, mi corazon."

I ain't seen her since that night;  
I can't cross the line, you know,  
I'm wanted for a gambling fight;  
But, like as not, it's better so.  
But I've always sort of missed her  
Since that last sad night when I  
kissed her,  
Left her heart and lost my own:  
"Adios, mi corazon,"  
Left her heart and lost my own:  
"Adios, mi corazon."

Side 2, Band 1  
**Lynchburg Town**

I first heard this song about a town in Virginia at a coffeehouse in Boston. A version of it is found in *Folk Songs of North America* by Alan Lomax (Garden City, N.Y.: Doubleday, 1960).

I'm going down to town,  
I'm going down to town,  
I'm going down to Lynchburg town,  
Totin' my tobacco down.

Times a-getting hard,  
Money's getting scarce,  
I'm gonna sell all my cotton and corn,  
And I'm gonna leave this place.

Tobacco's selling high,  
Tobacco's selling high,  
Tobacco's bringing in fifteen cents,  
But there's nobody there to buy.

Tobacco's selling low,  
Tobacco's selling low,  
Tobacco won't bring eleven cents,  
And I'll be damned if I think I'll go.

Now when I went down to town,  
I got me a jug of wine;  
The sheriff threw me in the old  
hoosegow,  
And he gave me forty-nine.

Now when I get down to town,  
I'm going to get me a jug of gin;  
The sheriff'll throw me in the old  
hoosegow,  
And he'll give me hell again.

I'm gonna get me some posts  
And I'll fence my grave around,  
Keep Bill Jones's old grey sow  
From rootin' me out of the ground.

Side 2, Band 2  
**My Sweet Wyoming Home**

Some friends of mine from Texas had spent a few years riding on the rodeo circuit across the country. I had heard many of their stories of the shows in and around Wyoming and, after spending some time there myself, realized that I had to write this song.

There's a silence on the prairie  
that a man can't help but feel;  
There's a shadow growing longer now,  
a-nipping at my heels.  
I know that soon that old four-lane  
that runs beneath my wheels  
Will take me home to my sweet Wyoming  
home.

I headed down the road last summer  
with a few old friends of mine;  
They all hit the money, Lord,  
I didn't make a dime.  
The entrance fees they took my dough,  
the traveling took my time,  
And I'm headed home to my sweet Wyoming  
home.

Watch the moon, it's smiling in the  
sky,  
And hum a tune, a prairie lullabye;  
Peaceful wind, an old coyote's cry:  
A song of home, my sweet Wyoming home.

The rounders, they all wish you luck  
when they know you're in a jam,  
But your money's riding on the bull,  
and he don't give a damn.

There's the shows in all the cities,  
but cities turn your heart to clay;  
It takes all a man can muster  
just to try and get away.  
The songs I'm used to hearing  
ain't the kind the jukebox plays,  
And I'm heading home to my sweet Wyoming  
home.

Watch the moon...

And now, I've always loved the riding,  
there ain't nothing quite the same,  
And another year may bring the luck,  
the winning of the game,  
But there's a magpie on a fence rail,  
and he's calling out my name,  
And he calls me home to my sweet  
Wyoming home.

Watch the moon...



Side 2, Band 3  
**Rye Whiskey Joe**

There is a certain amount of comradeship in every type of human existence. I expect that Joe will find happiness but sure as hell will miss his friends.

In an old hobo jungle on the south side of town,  
All my friends settled down for a meal  
With two cans of bacon and an old loaf of bread,  
Anything anybody could steal,  
And a bottle of burgundy found its way round,  
For tonight everybody was low  
From the passing of Joseph McSweeney,  
Everyone called him "Rye Whiskey Joe."

Oh, Rye Whiskey Joe,  
there's happiness somewhere for you,  
Oh, Rye Whiskey Joe,  
somewhere out there in the blue.

Now, he hopped off a freight train eleven months back  
With a sort of a look in his eyes,  
With a smile on his face and an old canvas pack  
That was half-full of Table Talk pies,  
And he asked us if he could just stay for awhile  
For to rest before he traveled on,  
But he brought us much more than expected,  
And that's why we're singing this song.

After eating in the evening, we'd all settle down  
And we'd listen while he sang his songs,  
With a bottle of whiskey there close by his side  
That he shared when the time came around,  
And the light in his eyes was as warm as the fire,  
And his hair was as black as the coal,  
And we listened while he told his lonely old tales,  
And we all called him "Rye Whiskey Joe."

Now, he closed his eyes early one morning;  
They would never open again.  
And we buried his gear along with him,  
Said a prayer, filled the grave in, and then  
I found a letter in the tall grass nearby  
From a camp where he'd been long ago,  
Saying, "Thank you, Mister Joseph, for all that you've done,  
And good luck to you, Rye Whiskey Joe."

Side 2, Band 4  
**The Black Fly Song**

The black fly has often been referred to as the "flying mouth of the North." The reasons for such a reputation are apparent in this song by Canadian songwriter Wade Hemsworth.

'Twas early in the spring when I decided to go  
For to work up in the woods of north Ontario,  
And the unemployment office said they'd put me through  
To the Little Abitibi and the survey crew.

And the black flies, little black flies,  
Always the black flies, no matter where you go;  
Dying with the black flies picking on my bones  
In north Ontario-i-o, in north Ontario.

Now, the man, Black Toby, was the captain of the crew,  
And he said, "I'm gonna tell ya, boys, what we've gotta do.  
Well, we're gonna build a power dam; we must find a way  
For to make the Little Ab run around the other way."  
And the black flies...

So we surveyed to the east, and we surveyed to the west,  
Trying to make our minds up how to do it best.  
Little Ab, Little Ab, what can I do?  
I'm all but going crazy on the survey crew,

With the black flies...

Black flies, black flies everywhere:  
They're crawling in your whiskers and crawling in your hair,  
They're swimming in the soup, they're swimming in the tea;  
The devil take the black flies, let me be.

Those black flies...



(Black Fly Song, cont.)

Black Toby fell a-swearin' 'cause the  
work was getting slow  
And the state of our morale was getting  
mighty low,  
And the flies swarmed heavy as he  
staggered up the trail;  
He was walking up and down the trail  
talking to himself.

Those black flies...

Now, the bull cook's name was Blind  
River Joe,  
And if it hadn't been for him, we'd  
have never pulled through,  
Well, he bounded up our bruises, and  
he catered us for fun,  
And lathered us in bacon grease and  
balsam gum.

'Cause the black flies...

So at last the job was over, Black Toby  
said we're through  
With the Little Abitibi and the survey  
crew.  
It was a wonderful experience, but this  
I know:  
I'll never go again to north Ontario.

With the black flies...

Side 2, Band 5

**Liverpool Light**

For as long as there have been sailors,  
there have been men who have loved to  
roam -- and just about as many who have  
missed the home that they left behind.

I've sailed this island for most of  
my life,  
All the way from the Minch to Dundee,  
And in Liverpool once I did take me  
a wife,  
And it's her that I'm longing to see.

Singing: Shine, shine, Liverpool Light,  
Shine on your children below,  
Singing: Shine, shine, Liverpool Light,  
Shine on your children below,  
Shine on your children below.

Three months ago April I left her with  
child,  
A child that was mine sure as she,  
But she'd not complain, for she's  
gentle and mild,  
And it's her that I'm longing to see.

I've sinned a lot, for a sinner I be;  
As a sailor, I've sailed in the storms;  
But in Liverpool, that's where I'm  
longing to be,  
With her arms wrapped around me so warm.

When the light from your tower is all  
that I see,  
And her footsteps they run to the door,  
Then I'll lift up my glass, and, for  
all men to see,  
I will vow to go sailing no more.

Side 2, Band 6

**The Music Box (instrumental)**

Most music boxes are small and can only  
remember one tune -- but they rarely  
forget it.

Side 2, Band 7

**White Mountain Goodbye**

After living in New Hampshire in recent  
years, I've found that this song has come  
to have a special meaning to me. It was  
written by Don Armstrong, a fine song-  
writer from the Northeast who is now  
living in Santa Fe.

My eyes danced the White Mountain sunset  
And gazed on a lake skimmed with gold.  
I've sung all the songs that I could  
sing to the stars;  
Now I must sing to the open road.

And it's goodbye, you bloodthirsty  
skeeters;  
I wish that the fish had your bite.  
Goodbye to my friends, the White  
Mountains;  
And oh, I wish I could stay one more  
night.

This hoopla city life, it holds no  
secrets;  
The puce neon ceiling, it hides the  
stars;  
But I'll see all of you that I can see  
in my dreams  
Until one day turns me north.

(repeat first verse)

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