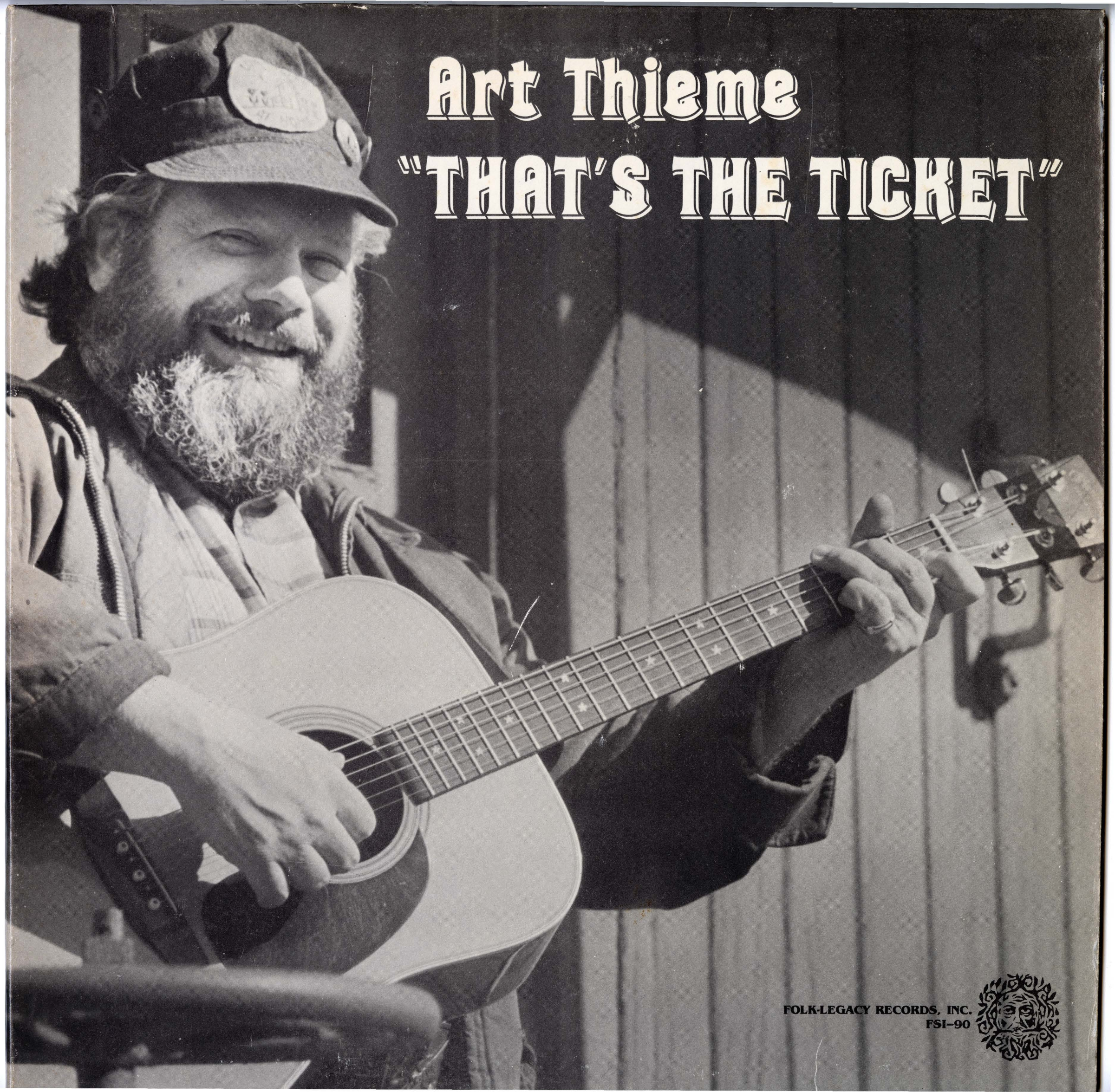


Art Thieme
"THAT'S THE TICKET"



FOLK-LEGACY RECORDS, INC.
FSI-90





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Art Thieme

"THAT'S THE TICKET"

I first met Art Thieme in Chicago, twenty-two years ago. He was working in a record store, listening to and learning from all the great traditional singers whose work was then available on record, and seriously thinking about devoting his life to folk music. Several years ago, I finally got a chance to hear the folksinger Art had become during the intervening decades, and I became one of his most enthusiastic fans. Art is one of the rare ones, these days, who can "tell a story well," which Jeannie Robertson, the great ballad singer from Aberdeen, Scotland, once told me was what really counted in folksinging.

A lot of people love Art Thieme because he is such an entertaining performer. He is a delightful raconteur as well as a singer: spinning yarns and tall tales, telling godawful jokes, and piling pun on top of pun while he goes from guitar to banjo to jew's harp to musical saw. I love that part of it, too, but it's Art's singing that really gets to me. Here's a man who can follow an

ancient ballad with a light-hearted contemporary song and leave you with absolutely no sense of incongruity. When he delivers a song, old or new, serious or silly, you just know, somehow, that it's true. That's an art, and that's Art.

*Sandy Paton
Sharon Connecticut
November, 1982*

My favorite songs have always been the story songs, or ballads. These grand poems form word pictures—full color images—on that most sensitive of all photographic emulsions—the human mind. Here, then, are a few of those expressive story songs. Some are old and traditional; some were composed more recently. All seem to possess a certain quality, a word style that gives them the same feel as the older traditional ballads. That's why I like them so much.

Also: I learned these songs from some of my favorite singers. All have made contributions to the American folk revival. All are folks who, one way or another, have influenced my music tremendously.

I thank them all.

Art Thieme

Side 1:

The Hobo's Last Ride	2:40
Getting in the Cows (Charlie Maguire)	2:22
Cotton-eyed Joe	2:02
Uncle Eph/The Great Raccoon Hunt	5:59
The Keweenaw Light (Craig Johnson)	3:20
The Soo Line	
(Fire in the Jackpine) (Craig Johnson)	2:16
Me and Jimmy Rodgers (Shel Silverstein)	3:15

Side 2:

Dobie Bill	5:09
The Big Combine (J. Coleman - 1919)	3:29
That's the Ticket! (Art Thieme)	2:44
Zack, the Mormon Engineer	2:50
The Santa Fe Trail	3:19
East Texas Red (Woody Guthrie)	2:42
Shake Sugaree (Elizabeth Cotten)	2:58

Recorded by Sandy Paton
Photographs by Sandy Paton
Notes (enclosed) by Art Thieme
Jacket design by Walter A. Schwarz,
Silver Lining Productions

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Art Thieme

"THAT'S THE TICKET"

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MADE IN U.S.A.

ART THIEME

"That's the Ticket!"

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Art Thieme
Peru, Illinois
August, 1982

THE HOBO'S LAST RIDE
Side 1, Band 1.

Some of my earliest memories are of listening to Randy Blake's "Suppertime Frolic" country radio show on WJJD in Chicago. My favorite singer during those days (the early 1950's) was Hank Snow. His songs were filled with the romance of the railroad and of real life situations. On top of that, his voice was resonant, deep, powerful, and you could understand every word. I recall hearing this song while tucked snugly into the deepest recesses of my bed. (I couldn't have been more than twelve years old.) My room was pitch black except for the glow of the radio dial which gleamed like the headlight of a fast freight on a moonless night. The song transported me to the Santa Fe Railroad yards in Dodge City, Kansas. It was dusk. An old hobo lifted his dead partner aboard an eastbound freight to take him home.

This song was also recorded by Buell

Kazee (Brunswick 350 - June 12, 1929)
and, of course, by Hank Snow (RCA LPM
2705 - Hank Snow — Railroad Man).

*In the Dodge City yards of the
Santa Fe
Stood a freight made up for the east.
The engineer, with his oil and waste,
Stood groomin' the great iron beast.
Ten cars back, in the murky dusk,
A boxcar door swung wide,
And a hobo lifted his pal aboard
To start on his last long ride.*

*The lantern swung, the freight
pulled out,
The engine it gathered speed;
The engineer pulled his throttle
wide
And clucked to his fiery steed.*

*Ten cars back, in the murky dusk,
The hobo rolled a pill.
The flare of the match showed his
partner's face,
Stark white and deathly still.
As the train wheels clicked on the
couplin' joints —*

A song for the rambler's ear —
The hobo talked to the still, white
form,
His pal for many a year.

"It's a mighty long time we've
rambled, Jack,
With the luck of men that roam,
Backdoor steps for a dinin' room,
The boxcar for a home.
Well, we dodged the bulls on the
eastern route,
The cops on the Chesapeake;
We rode the Leadville narrow-gauge
In the days of Cripple Creek.
And we travelled down through
sunny Cal
On the rails of the old S. P.,
And of all you had, for good or bad,
Half always belonged to me.
I made a promise to you, Jack,
If I lived and you cashed in,
To take you back to that old
churchyard
And bury you there with your kin.
I'm keepin' my promise to you, Jack;
Takin' you home on the fly.
It's a decent way for a 'bo to go
Home to the by-and-by.

"I knew that the fever had you, Jack;
That doctor just wouldn't come.
He was too busy with the wealthy
folks
To doctor a worn-out bum."
As the train rolled over the ribbons
of steel,
Straight through to the east it sped.
The engineer, in his high cab seat,
Kept his eyes on the rails ahead.
Ten cars back, in the murky dusk,
A lonely hobo sighed
For the days of old, and his pal
so cold
Who was takin' his last long ride.

GETTING IN THE COWS (Charlie Maguire)
Side 1, Band 2.

Charlie Maguire, one of my favorite performers, wrote this first-hand account of life on a dairy farm. It seems to be one of those songs that really hit the nail on the head. Folks are forever coming up to me after I sing this one to let me know how accurate it is. They start by telling me that cows really do give more milk when quiet music is played for them on the radio. No bull.

(Udderly amazing.) Then they try to apologize for the lousy jokes by saying, "Heifer joke is better than none, ya know. Ha, ha, ha!"

Well, to err is human; to forgive bovine. I suspect we've milked this for all it's worth. Sorry if it leaves you in a cow-herd-ly mood...

Well, I start my day in the sun-up
dark,
Goin' down the lane to get the
milkcows up.
I've got a Holstein, a Guernsey, and
a one-eyed steer,
An old brown cow that jumps fences
like a deer.

The dew is on the ground and my feet
are wet;
Got a light in my hand and a hat on
my head.
Goin' down to pasture to get my herd.
They're chewin' their cud and lookin'
at the birds.

Gettin' in the cows, shoo 'em in
the barn,
Put 'em in the stanchions, turn
the radio on.
Milk 'em all dry, send 'em out
again.
Wait a month on the dairy for the
check to come in.

"Well, get up, you cows," and I get
'em on the move.
Their udders are swinging like water
in balloons.
Take 'em to the barn and they know
their place,
With the lead one first, and I close
the gate.

Bring the cart around, I give 'em
all some feed.
They lick their noses, flap their
ears at me.
I put on the machine and it feels
so good
Just to let down the milk like a
good cow should.

Gettin' in the cows...

Well, folks say a cow's face is so
fine;
I see their back-ends most of the
time.

I work all summer to put hay in
the mow;
I work all winter just to feed
it to the cow.

The milkin's all done, I got the
weather report;
Got my day all planned for my
job of work.
Back to the pasture goes half
of my life;
I'm goin' in the house and
hug my wife.

Gettin' in the cows...

Gettin' in the cows...

Copyright: Charlie Maguire (Chinook Music)
2641 Marshall Street N. E.
Minneapolis, Minnesota 55418

COTTON-EYED JOE

Side 1, Band 3.

This version is a composite of several variants. Some of the words were taken from Mary Wheeler's book, *Steamboatin' Days* (University of Louisiana Press, 1944). Some come from Lee Quiggins, a blind street-singer I met in Evansville, Indiana, in 1960. Some verses are the standard ones sung around the folk revival clubs. I adapted the song for the Jew's harp.

Where did you come from?
Where did you go?
Where did you come from,
Cotton-eyed Joe?

Well, I come for to see you
And I come for to sing;
Come for to show you
My diamond ring.

If it hadn't a been
For old Cotton-eyed Joe,
I'd left here
Long time ago.

Say, where did you come from?
Where did you go?
Where did you come from,
Cotton-eyed Joe?

Worked on the big boat;
Worked in the rain.
Buy a little dress for
Backwater Jane.

Jane, Jane,
What can I do?
Well, you keep me worried
And you keep me blue.

Where did you come from...

Well, load 'em and stack 'em
And take 'em on down,
And put 'em ashore
At Evansville town.

River comes up
And the shack goes down,
And the river runs through
Old Evansville town.

Where did you come from...

Ten little kids
Hangin' 'round the door,
And most of 'em look like
Cotton-eyed Joe.

Say, where did you come from...

Well, I come for to see you...

UNCLE EPH/THE GREAT RACCOON HUNT

Side 1, Band 4.

This song comes from "Grandpa" Louis Jones, the great banjo frailer of Grand Ol' Opry fame. I use the song to lead into one of my favorite tall tales about a fantastic raccoon hunt. It's a composite of several Illinois and other plains states' "lies." My mythical uncle is the hero of the tale.

Well, I hitch my horse up to my hat,
Buckle my banjo to my back.
The buckle broke and the banjo flew.
Devil got the buckle and the banjo,
too.

Uncle Eph's got the 'coon and
gone on,
Gone on, gone on.
Uncle Eph's got the 'coon and
gone on,
And he's left us a-lookin' up
a tree.

Well, what kind of slippers does the
angels wear,
Slippin' and a-slidin' on the golden
stair?
Golden slippers, silver socks;
Drop your nickels in the missionary
box.

Uncle Eph's got the 'coon...

Aw, wake up, sister, don't you
sleep too late;
Keep your eyes on the golden gate.
Get out there and dance by the
light of the moon;
Here comes Eph, just a-fetchin'
of the 'coon.

Uncle Eph's got the 'coon...

(story)

Aw, when Ephraim told this world
goodbye,
Went to his heavenly home on high.
Told St. Peter for to make him room;
Here comes Eph, just a-fetchin'
of the 'coon.

Uncle Eph's got the 'coon...

THE KEWEENAW LIGHT (Craig Johnson)
Side 1, Band 5.

The Keweenaw Peninsula of Upper Michigan hooks northward from the south shore of Lake Superior like a hitch-hiker's thumb. Some of the highest grade copper and iron ore in the world was taken from the deep mines of Michigan's Upper Peninsula. The early part of the century was the boom era. But now the mines are closed and the headframes rust in the fields as reminders of more prosperous times. The boomers have left the area, but the hearty folk who remain enjoy life in the midst of some of the most beautiful scenery in America.

Craig Johnson, a fine fiddler, banjo picker, poet and songwriter, combines nostalgia with the stark realism of hard times to capture it all in this beautiful song.

I have travelled that country
From the Keweenaw headlands,
Where the wild gulls do cry
From the rocks to the sea,
O'er the cold inland ocean
To the Manitou Islands,
Far away from my home,
Strange places to see.

And the stars they shine bright
On the south shore tonight,
And the Keweenaw light
Sweeps over the bay.
And, if dreams could come true,
I'd still be there with you,
On the banks of cold waters
At the close of the day.

I have drifted through the boomtowns
Of a century dying,
Past the ruins of the smelters
And the rusted headframes,
Down through Mohawk and Ahmeek,
Centennial and Laurium,
And a hundred sad places
That have passed without names.

And the stars they shine bright...

I have counted the cross-ties,
The dry bones of the railroad,
They stretch from the sunrise
To the close of the day.
And I have counted the miles
Between me and my true love,
The lies and the highways
That carried me away.

And the stars they shine bright...

Oh, the leaves have turned gold
And the summer's nigh over;
The wild geese sweep low
Over Lake Manganese.
In that faraway country
You walk by slow rivers,
Alongside cold waters
'Neath the whispering trees.

And the stars they shine bright...

THE SOO LINE (Craig Johnson)
Side 1, Band 6.

Here's another of Craig Johnson's vivid songs depicting hard times in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan. Craig now lives in Washington, D. C., where he performs as an integral part of the Double Decker String Band.

Like fire in the jack-pines,
Morning is a-breaking
Out along the south shore,
Down along the Soo Line.
Day shift going down,
The night shift's in the dry,
Out along the south shore,
Down along the Soo Line.

I stopped in Marenisco;
There's trouble in the town.
Friday being the last pay day;
The mills are closing down.
Young men walking home,
They got leaving on their mind,
Out along the south shore,
Down below the Soo Line.

Old men on the highway,
Their backs are bended down,
Blackbirds on the barbed wire
All along the caving ground.
Headframes in the long fields,
Ghosts of better times,
Out along the south shore,
Down along the Soo Line.

It was midnight in them high hills;
We were lying side by side,
Waiting for the moonrise,
Warming to the wine.
Gazing in your dark eyes,
Deeper than the sky.
Leaving in the morning,
Down below the Soo Line.

(repeat first verse)

ME AND JIMMIE RODGERS (Shel Silverstein)
Side 1, Band 7.

This song by Shel Silverstein is one of the most remarkable I've ever encountered. On the surface, it addresses how people might use fantasy to feel more important in a world that's pretty much knocked 'em for a loop. It's also (on the surface) quite a funny song. Below the surface, though, the song is quite sad and deadly serious.

I could write several more paragraphs analyzing this song, but if I say too much, I'd risk telling you how I perceive you should feel when you hear it. I'd better leave that to you...

Me and Jimmie Rodgers
Used to ride the rolling boxcars
In the summertime.
Jimmie, he'd play his guitar,
And I'd sit back and watch the stars
And sip my wine.

Me and Audie Murphy,
We would crawl out on our bellies
Through the German lines.
"Audie, I won't leave you here;
I'll pull you through, 'cause, buddy,
You're a pal of mine."

Didn't me and Phil Rizzuto
Move around like lightning
On the double play?
I'd look over in the stands
And Marilyn would see me
And she'd start to wave.

"Hell, no, Coach Lombardi,
This broken back ain't nothing
If the game is saved.
And tell the fellows, if I die,
To put a little golden football
On my grave."

Me and Tony Zale,
We used to spar for hours
Up in Stillman's gym,
Knowing that, someday, it would be
The Garden and the championship
For me or him.

"And, Coop, if no one in this town
Is man enough to stand with you
When Frank Miller comes,
Come high noon, I'll walk with you.
I may be young, but I know how
To use a gun."

And John Wayne, he once said to me,
"The Japs have got the island, and
we've gotta save the old red, white
and blue.
And someone's got to swim out
To the submarine and warn 'em,
And I hate like hell to have to
ask you to."

"And, say there, Betty Grable,
I know that you could be a star,
But, with my drinking, I'd just
hold you back.
So, go on and sign the contract, hon;
I'll read about you in some old
newspaper
Blowing through some lonesome
hobo shack."

(repeat first verse)

DOBIE BILL

Side 2, Band 1.

John Lomax published the words to this song in one of his early compilations of cowboy songs. I learned it from the singing of Cisco Houston some fifty years later.

This ballad recalls the romance of the old West at its flowery best. The old songs had a way of combining the reality of life with the ways folks hoped life would be. The result was often a song of great romantic beauty that wasn't too realistic. When I sing this song, I see it in Cinemascope, with Gary Cooper as Dobie Bill. Blake is played by Lee Van Cleef and Nell is portrayed to perfection by a very young Piper Laurie. (Hers is only a bit part, as she is killed off in a flashback a third of the way into the first reel.)

Dobie Bill he went a-ridin'
Through the canyon in the glow
Of a quiet summer's evenin';
He wasn't ridin' slow.
Ridin' easy on the pinto
That he dearly loved to straddle,
With his six-gun and sombrero
That was wider than his saddle.
As he's ridin', he's a-hummin'
Of a simple little song
That's a-boomin' through the cactus
As he's gallopin' along.

Well, I've rid from San Antonio
Through the mesquite and the sand.
I'm a rarin', flarin' bucko,
Not afraid to play my hand.
I'm a rootin', shootin' demon
And I have my little fun
On my pinto named Apache
And Adolphus, that's my gun.

Straight to Santa Fe he drifted,
And he mills around the town,
Kinda gettin' of his bearin's
As he pours the liquor down.
But he's watchin', always watchin'
Every hombre in the place,
Like he's maybe kinda lookin'
For some certain hombre's face.

Then one day he wanders careless
To the place of Monte Sam,
And he does a little playin'
Like he doesn't give a damn.
All at once it's hushed and quiet
Like the calm befroe the blow.
Oh, the playin' is slowed and nervous,
And the drinkin' is stopped and
slowed.

At the bar a man is standin',
Sneerin' as his glances lay;
Like a challenge he did fling 'em,
Darin' Bill for to make his play.
Two-Gun Blake, the Texas killer,
Hated, feared wherever known,
Stood and drank his glass of mescal
With assurance all his own.

Then the stare of Blake, the killer,
Hit the glance of Dobie Bill,
And they held, each one the other,
With the steel of looks that kill.
And the tones of Blake came slowly,
With a sneer in every word,
"Well, you found me!"
But the other gave no sign he'd saw
or heard.

Then Bill arose, so slowly.
He advanced with steady pace,
And he grinned and, quick as lightning,
Slapped the killer right in the face.
"Shoot, you snake!" he whispered
hoarsely,
"Shoot, you lily-livered cur!
Aw, you was always strong for killin';
Now I'm here to shoot for her."

Some there was that say they saw it,
As the killer he tried to draw,
But there's no one knows for certain
Just exactly what he saw.
I will admit that the shootin' started
Quick as Blake had made his start,
Then a pair of bullets hit him,
Fair and certain, right through the
heart.

Well, his gun hand it was reachin'
For the gun he'd get too late,
With the notches on it showin'
Like the vagaries of fate.
And standin' there above him,
With a grin upon his face,
Bill said, "Nell, I've kept my
promise;
I have made that scoundrel pay!"

Then Dobie Bill he went a-ridin'...

THE BIG COMBINE

Side 2, Namd 2.

I learned this around 1964 from the singing of Glenn Ohrlin of Mountain View, Arkansas. Harlan Daniel, a great discographer and friend, tells me the song was printed in Charles Wellington Furlong's 1923 volume, *Let Her Buck - the Story of the Passing of the Old West*. It was composed around 1919 by Jock Coleman while he was working on a combine crew at the McDonald Ranch near Pilot's Rock, Oregon. The lyrics describe the pride, independence and camaraderie the crew members experienced. It's difficult for me to imagine a modern-day assembly line worker writing a song like this one in praise of his job.

Oh, come all you rounders if you
want to hear
The story about a bunch of stiffs
a-harvestin' here.
They're the best bunch of workers
ever come down the line,
It's the harvestin' crew on the
big combine.

There's travellin' men from Sweden
in this grand old crew,
Canada and Scotland and Oregon, too.
Well, I've listened to the twaddle
for a month or more;
Never seen a bunch of harvest
stiffs like this before.

Oh, you ought to see this bunch
of harvest pippins,
You ought to see, they're really
something fine;
You ought to see this bunch of
harvest pippins,
The bunch of harvest pippins on
the big combine.

Well, Oscar he's from Sweden, he's
as stout as a mule;
He can jig and dance and peddle
the bull.
He's an Independent Worker of the
World as well.
Says he loves the independence, but
the work is hell.

Well, he hates millionaires and he
wants to see 'em
Blow up all the grafters in the
land of liberty.
Says he's goin' to leave this world
of politics and strife,
And stay down in the jungle with a
stew-can all his life.

Oh, Casey Jones, he knew Oscar
Nelson,
Casey Jones, he knew Oscar fine.
Casey Jones, he knew Oscar Nelson;
He kicked him off the boxcars on
the S. P. line.

Well, the next one I'm to mention, the
next in line,
Is the lad that punches horses on the
big combine.
He's the man that tells the horses
just what to do,
But the things he tells the horses,
well, I can't tell you.

Oh, it's Limp and Dude and Dolly, you
get out of the grain;
Get over there, Buster, you're over
the chain.
Oh, Pat and Pete and Polly, you get
in there and pull;
And get over there, Barney, you durned
old fool.

Oh, you ought to see, you ought to
see our skinner,
You ought to see, he's really
something fine.
You ought to see, you ought to see
our skinner,
You ought to see our skinner on the
big combine.

Well, I'm the head puncher, you can
bet that's me.
I do more work than all the other
three.
Workin' with my hands and my arms and
my feet,
Pickin' up the barley and the golden
wheat.

Well, I got to pull the lever, turn the
old wheel;
Got to watch the sickle and the draper
and the reel.
And if I hit a badger hill and pull
up a rock,
Well, they'll say "He's done it, the
durn fool jock!"

Oh, I'm that man, I'm the head
puncher,
I'm that man, though it isn't
in my line.
I'm that man, I'm the head
puncher,
I'm the head puncher on the big
combine.

(repeat first verse)

THAT'S THE TICKET! (Art Thieme)
Side 2, Band 3.

Here's one more freshly composed
"broken token" song. (Just what the
world needed, huh?)

A while ago, Emily Friedman, editor
of *Come for to Sing* magazine, asked if
I'd mind if she printed this bit of
"sole" music. I gladly gave her my
song, hoping I'd never see it again.
I didn't even bother to put a title
on it. Somehow, the song emerged with
the above title. Emily says I told her
to use that title. I say she named the
song and forgot to tell me. Whichever
way it happened, I'm pleased as punch
(pretty near) at the result and thank
her heartily for it.

(Folks tell me I don't take the
songs I've written seriously enough.
Well, after you've heard this little
hairball of a song, you'll see why.)

Lovely Nancy ran a shoe repair shop;
Her loving Willie brought her his
boots,
For to have the soles with leather
bound up
And have the heels elevate his feet.

"I have two pair of leather sea-boots;
One pair it is plumb wore through.
I wish to leave this pair for
soles and polish;
I'll wear the others and think of
you.

"Yes, fair maid, I'm going sailing
For seven years upon the sea.
What is there for us to split between
us,
A symbol of our love to keep?"

"Oh, Willie dear, here's your claim
ticket;
It's number eight-thousand forty-nine.
I'll keep mine and you can cherish
your half
As a love token to last through time."

Well, he took his ticket and he went
a-sailing,
Sailed the seas for seven years.
And at last his boots with holes were
riddled and
He figured it was time to return to
her.

So, on one fair October morning
He walked into the old shoe place.
His coat hid ticket eight-oh-four-nine
His love stared blankly at his bearded
face.

"Oh, fair maid, pray be my bride."
"No, old man, that cannot be.
I have a young love out upon the ocean
When his boots wear out, he'll return
to me."

Now, he threw open his old worn
raincoat;
Flashed the ticket eight-of-four-nine,
Saying, "Nancy dear, it's me! I'm
your true lover,
Returned for my boots and to make you
mine."

"Oh, Willie dear, you have returned!
We'll be married by the old church
door.
But the boots you left for soles and
heels and polish,
They won't be ready till Friday at
four."

Now, this young couple were childhood
sweethearts;
She was a child and he was a hood.
They lived a life of blissful, pure
devotion.
Their song is ended, and I think
that's good.

ZACK, THE MORMON ENGINEER
Side 2, Band 4.

I think I first heard this song per-
formed by Bob Gibson at the old Gate of
Horn nightclub in Chicago around 1959.
Ten years later, when I decided to learn
the song, I found the words in *A Treasury*

of *Railroad Folklore*, by Ben Botkin and Alvin Harlow (Bonanza Books, New York, 1953). They got the song from L. M. Hilton of Utah. His recorded version can be found on the LP *Mormon Folk Songs* (Folkways Records). Mr. Hilton was a carpenter in Utah (which makes him a Mormon nailer, I guess).

Zack went out to Utah
In the year of '83;
A right good Mormon gentleman
And a bishop, too, was he.

He drove a locomotive
For the Denver and R. G.
With women he was popular,
As popular could be.

And when he'd whistle "Whoo, whoo,"
Ma would understand
That Zack was headed homeward
On the Denver, Rio Grande.

Now, Zack he had a wife
In every railroad town.
In every town that he'd pass through
He had a place for to lay him down.

When his train was coming,
He wanted her to know;
As he'd pass by her homestead,
His whistle he would blow.

And when he'd whistle...

Now, Zack he loved all of his wives,
He loved 'em all the same.
But always little Maybelle
Was the one that he would name.

And as he'd pass by her homestead,
He'd blow his whistle loud;
And when she'd throw a kiss to him,
Old Zack would look so proud.

And when he'd whistle...

Oh, now you've heard my story
And you know that it is true.
Old Zack he had a wife
In every town that he'd pass through.

They wanted him to transfer
Out to the old U. P.,
But Zack said "No," because his wives
Were on the D. R. G.

And when he'd whistle...

And when he'd whistle...

And I'm bound for California
With my washbowl on my knee.

THE SANTA FE TRAIL

Side 2, Band 5.

This song isolates a small bit of western life during the last century. The imagery and detail are precise and nearly perfect. The song says no more and no less than it has to; so neither will I — except: this one is for my wife, Carol.

Hey, pard, have you sighted a schooner
Alongside of the Santa Fe Trail?
They made it here Monday or sooner;
Had a water-keg tied to their tail.
There was mama and dad on the
mule seat,
And somewhere along by the way,
There's a tow-headed gal on a pinto
Just a-janglin' for old Santa Fe.

Well, I saw her ride down the arroyo
Way back on the Arkansas sand.
She had a smile like an acre of
sunflowers
And a quirt in her little brown hand.
Well, she mounted her pony, so airy.
And she rode like she carried the
mail.
And her eyes they set fire to the
prairie
'Longside of the Santa Fe Trail.

Well, I know a gal down on the border
That I'd ride to El Paso to sight.
I'm acquainted with that high-flyin'
order,
And I sometimes kiss some gals
goodnight.
But, law, they're all ruffles and
beadin',
And they drink fancy tea by the
pail.
I'm not used to that kind of
stampedin'
'Longside of the Santa Fe Trail.

Now, I don't know her name on the
prairie;
When you're huntin' one gal, it's
plumb wide.
And it's closer from Hell to Helarie
Than it is on the Santa Fe ride.
So I'll try to make Plummer's by
sundown,
Where a camp may be made on the
swale.

And I'll find me that gal on the
pinto;
She'll be camped by the Santa Fe
Trail.

(repeat first verse)

EAST TEXAS RED (Woody Guthrie)
Side 2, Band 6.

Here's one of Woody Guthrie's master-
pieces. It's about hard times, up-
against-it folks, sadistic police and
surgical revenge. When the social
system fails and the basics of life
are denied to those who have "trickled
down" and fallen through the so-called
"safety net," folks are sometimes forced
to resort to drastic measures to ensure
survival during hostile times.

Down in the scrub-oak country
Of the southeast Texas gulf,
There used to ride a brakeman,
Yes, a brakeman, double-tough.
He worked the town of Kilgore,
And Longview, twelve miles down,
And the hobos said little East
Texas Red
Was the meanest bull around.

It was on one cold and drizzly day,
Along about nine or ten,
Well, a couple of bums on the hunt
of a job,
They stood in the blizzard wind.
Hungry and cold, they knocked on
the doors
Of the workin' people all around,
For a piece of meat, a carrot or a
spud,
To boil their stew around.

Now, Red he come on down the line
And he waved old Number Two.
He kicked their bucket over a bush
And he dumped out all their stew.
One of the 'bos said, "East Texas Red,
You better get your business straight,
'Cause you're gonna ride that little
black train
Just one year from this date."

Now, Red, he laughed and he clumb the
bank
And he jumped on the side of a wheeler
And the boys caught a tanker for
Seminole;
They went north, up to Amarillo.

And they caught them a job of oil
field work
And they followed that pipeline down.
It took 'em to a hell of a lot of
places
Before the year had rolled around.

Then on one cold and drizzly day
They caught them a gulf-bound train.
They shivered and shook with the
dough in their pockets
To the scrub-oak flats again.
They followed the ties past the
cinder dump;
They come to the very same spot.
And there them same old 'bos sat down,
A-settin' 'round the same stew pot.

Well, the smoke from their fire went
higher and higher,
And Red come down the line.
He shivered and shook with the snow
in his face;
He waved old Number Nine.
He followed the ties past the cinder
dump;
He come to the very same spot.
And there he spied the same old 'bos
A-settin' 'round the same stew pot.

Well, he went to his knees; he hollered
"Please,
Don't pull that trigger on me.
I did not get my business straight."
But he did not get his say.
A gun wheeled out from an overcoat
And played the old one-two,
And Red was dead when the other two
men
Sat down to eat their stew.

SHAKE SUGAREE (Elizabeth Cotten)
Side 2, Band 7.

There's an Illinois story about a
fellow who said he owned the same rifle
his grandfather had carried all through
the Civil War. Over the years he'd been
forced to replace the lock, the stock
and the barrel of the gun, but to him it
was still the same old gun his grand-
father had used.

With profuse apologies to the composer
of this song, Elizabeth Cotten, I admit
that the "folk process" has altered this
composition a bit. First of all, I
learned the song in 1965 from Lisa Kindred
who had already changed it from the

original. Then I added a couple of verses of my own and tossed in a minor chord or two (or three). The words and the tune are now quite different from the original, but other than that, it's the same old song.

*Goin' to sing you a song;
It's not very long.
Goin' to sing it right;
Sing it all night long.*

*Oh, Lordy me,
Didn't we shake sugaree?
Everything I had
Done and gone.*

*Well, I've got a secret
That none can tell.
I'm a-goin' to Heaven
In a split-pea shell.*

Oh, Lordy me...

*First star to the right,
Straight on till morn.
I've never seen the likes, babe,
Since I been born.*

Oh, Lordy me...

*Well, one of these days,
And it won't be long,
Goin' to look for me, gal,
And I'll be gone.*

Oh, Lordy me...

*Well, if I had wings
Like Noah's dove,
I'd fly 'cross the river
To the gal I love.*

Oh, Lordy me...

*Well, I sung my song;
It didn't take very long.
I sung it right;
Sing it all night long.*

Oh, Lordy me...

original. Then I added a couple of
verses of my own and tossed in a star
chord or two (or three). The words and
the tune are now quite different from
the original, but other than that, it's
the same old song.

Well, to stay you a long
is not very long.
Well, to stay it right
is all right long.

Oh, Lordy me,
I don't see where
I'm going I had
gone and gone.

Well, I've got a secret
that none can tell.
I'm a-goin' to heaven
in a split-second shell.

Oh, Lordy me...

That star to the right,
straight on till dawn,
I've never seen the like, babe,
since I been born.

Oh, Lordy me...

Well, one of these days,
and it won't be long,
I'm a-goin' to heaven,
and I'll be gone.

Oh, Lordy me...

Well, if I had wings,
I'd fly across the river
to the gal I love.

Oh, Lordy me...

Well, I may be wrong,
it might be very long,
I may be right,
it may be all right long.

Oh, Lordy me...