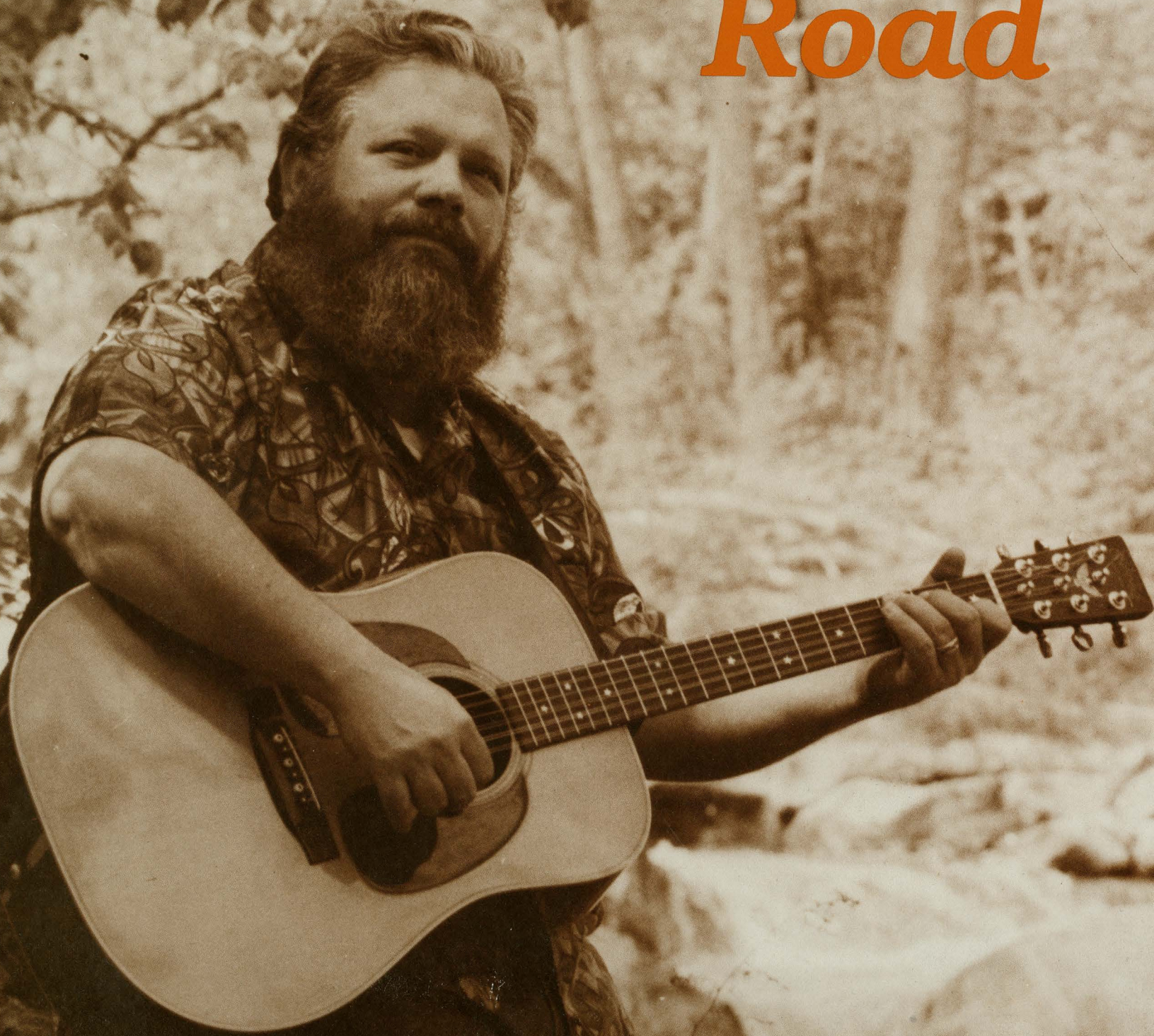


ART THIEME *On the Wilderness Road*



FOLK-LEGACY RECORDS, INC.
FSL-105



FOLK-LEGACY FSL-105

ART THIEME

On the Wilderness Road

Thank you, Art Thieme! There are a lot of us who have heard you sing over the years who have been waiting for you to put "The Pinery Boy" and "The Master of the Sheepfold" on a record.

We've long considered Art a regional treasure, a singer of some of the best songs of our area, and a fund of knowledge about those songs. But here he sings Texas and Arkansas and Erie Canal songs with just as much truth in his singing.

When Art sings, we listen. He cares about the people in these songs and he tells their stories so that we do, too. In a concert a few years ago, he sang a medley that included "The Streets of Laredo." We all knew it, surely, but I, for one, found myself moved almost to tears by the young cowboy's sad story as Art sang it.

Thanks again, Art, for a powerful antidote to folk muzak.

Judy Woodward
SIMPLY FOLK
Wisconsin Public Radio
Madison, Wisconsin

Everything is so damn complicated and confusing; it's hyphen this or fusion that. We feel a need to explain or analyze the music, it's all got to have a name or a label or a category. Well, you can't do that with Art Thieme's music. Maybe that's why he's my favorite singer. Art brings something special to every song he sings. Some folks might say that it's depth of interpretation. I think it's his great respect for the music and his own basic integrity, his own commitment to do real songs about real people for real people. Yet he never gets in the way of the song. So, although Art has made the song his own, he's sharing the song with you just as he would if you were sitting on his porch. He has confidence in himself and in his songs, and also the humility of being "just another link in the chain." If you've come this far, you probably don't think I've made things any simpler. Well, it takes a genius to be simple, and that's just what Art Thieme is—a genius. And a friendly one, to boot.

Tom Martin-Erickson
SIMPLY FOLK
Wisconsin Public Radio
Madison, Wisconsin



SIDE 1:

The Shining Birch Tree (© Wade Hemsworth)	3:10
The Pinery Boy (trad.)	3:55
The Bullhead Boat (trad.)	2:09
Red River Shore (trad.)	2:11
The Spinning Mills of Home (© Si Kahn)	2:23
Sundown (trad.)	2:56
The Master of the Sheepfold (p.d.)	4:01

SIDE 2:

Bibble-a-la-doo (trad.)	3:48
Down in the Arkansas (trad.)	3:04
Portland County Jail (trad.)	2:12
Wabash Cannonball (trad.)	3:01
Mister Garfield (trad.)	5:36
On the Wilderness Road (© Jimmy Driftwood)	3:04

Notes by Art Thieme
Recorded by Sandy Paton
Cover photograph by Sandy Paton
Jacket design by Walter A. Schwarz

This album is also available as a cassette: Folk-Legacy C-105

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FSI-105

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A BRIEF PREFACE

These are some of my favorite songs. They tell fine stories — often about real people. Most of the songs are old; a few are fairly new. Even the new ones sound old because those are the kinds of songs I'm drawn to.

These are some of the songs I play for the family when we're just sitting around home and the Chicago Cubs aren't on TV. Carol and Chris and I hope that you'll like 'em enough to learn to pick and sing 'em for yourself and for your friends. After all, that's really what folk music is all about — doing it yourself and having fun. Enjoy!

Art Thieme
Peru, Illinois
January, 1986

EDITOR'S NOTE: The song texts are printed here as the artist wrote them out for us, not necessarily as they were sung during the recording session.

THE SONGS

THE SHINING BIRCH TREE (Copyright: Wade Hemsworth) Side 1, Band 1.

I learned this song 25 years ago from Canadian singer Wade Hemsworth, who put it on his Elektra album of songs of the north woods. As I understand it, a "muskeg" is a low spot of ground that looks to be dry, but is actually found to be a quagmire when one stumbles into it. Muskegs are made of thick layers of decaying vegetable matter.

You girls of the village, you girls of
the town,
It's a long time, it's a very long time
For a man who's been logging out on his
own — out on his own
Where the whiskey jack's whistling
so cheerful and free
In the land of the muskeg and the
shining birch tree,
And the shining birch tree.

It's all very well in the full of the day,
When there's no time, not very much time
For a man to be dwellin' on things that
don't pay — things that don't pay.
Where the rapids are rushin' so wild
and free,
In the land of the muskeg and the
shining birch tree,
And the shining birch tree.

But in the cool of the evening when the
camp settles down
And it's so cold, it's so very cold,
And old "Rorey Borey" keeps shiftin'
around — shiftin' around,
That you think about all the warm
lips and the laughter so free
In the land of the muskeg and the
shining birch tree,
The shining birch tree.

Come the in-between season — the freeze
after thaw,
And it's "Let's go — hey, lookout, let's
go!"
And we're off for a time with the gals of
the town — gals of the town,
He's a popular fellow when his money
flows free
In the land of the muskeg and the
shining birch tree,
The shining birch tree.

But when the huskies are howling and the
cold winters dawn,
It's then we recall — oh, how we recall
That we spent all our cash in the saloons
of the town — saloons of the town.
So, boys, save your money, it's
don't be like me,
In the land of the muskeg and the
shining birch tree,
And the shining birch tree.

THE PINERY BOY
(traditional)
Side 1, Band 2.

This was called "The Sailor Boy" in England and "The California Boy" in the goldfields of 1849. In Wisconsin it became a grand, tragic ballad of the lumber camps. The story is always the same; just the locale and the vocation change. I accompany this song on the 9-string guitar, by the way.

A timber raftsmen's life is a weary life,
It robs young girls of their heart's
delight.
It causes them to weep; it causes them
to mourn
The loss of a true love never to return.

"Father, oh Father, come build me a boat,
And on the Wisconsin I will float.
And every raft that passes me by,
There will I inquire for my sweet
pinery boy."

As she floated on down the stream,
She spied three rafts tied into a string.
She hailed the pilot as they passed by,
And there she did inquire for her sweet
pinery boy.

"Pilot, oh, pilot, come tell me true,
Is my sweet William among your crew?
Answer me swiftly — it would give me
great joy,
For none do I love better than my sweet
pinery boy."

"Oh, fair maiden, he is not here;
He's drowned at the Dells, it's I do fear.
It was at Lone Rock, as we passed by,
That is where we left him, your sweet
pinery boy."

She wrung her hands and she tore her hair;
She acted like a maiden in greatest despair.
She dashed her boat up against Lone Rock.
Oh, you'd have thought this young girl's
heart was broke.

"Oh, dig my grave both wide and deep;
Place a marble slab at my head and feet,
And on each slab just carve a snow-white
dove,
To tell the world that I died for love."

THE BULLHEAD BOAT
(traditional)
Side 1, Band 3.

I got this graphic canal-era gem from Lyman King, of Fulton, New York. I suspect the song originated on the Erie Canal, but since I live on the Illinois-Michigan Canal, I always picture the area between LaSalle and Utica (paralleling the Illinois River) whenever I sing it. It's a glorious picture of one man's adventures while working on the canal. A "bull-head boat" was decked higher than other canal boats, and you definitely had to keep one eye open for approaching bridges.

I was sleepin' in a line barn, eatin' beans
and hay,
And the boss kicked my stern every night
and every day.
I hired out canallin' as a horny hand of
toil,
Drivin' mules that kept a-squallin' along
the towpath's smelly soil.

My feet raised corns and blisters and the
mules they raised a stink;
They roped my feet and threw me, PLUMP,
into the smelly drink.
I thought I'd quit canallin' and the boss
he thought so, too.
Said, "Try your hand at diggin' up ore —
go row your own canoe."

I was dryin' on the towpath, watchin' boats
go up and down,
Shiverin' from the first good bath that I'd
had since I hit town,
When a boat pulled into the basin, to the
wood dock for the night,
And I lost no time to hasten 'round the
bridge to bum a bite.

They filled me up with beans and shoat and
lighted me up a cob.
They asked if I could steer a boat and they
offered me a job.
Next morning I was hoisted up to the cabin's
roof.
By the tiller there I roosted and I watched
that driver hoof.

Oh, the boat she was a bullhead boat,
decked up to the cabin's top,
And many a canaller now are dead who had
no time to drop;
When the Captain he forgot to yell, "Low
bridge! Duck her down!"
The bullhead steersman went to hell with
a bridge bash in his crown.

We were loaded up with Star Brand salt, and
the Cap was loaded, too.
Now, I can't say that it was his fault,
'cause what's a man to do?
The bridge was only a heave away when I
saw her around the bend.
To the Cap a word I couldn't say while
tumblin' end o'er end.

So, canallers take my warning — never
steer a bullhead boat.
They'll find you some sad mornin' in the
old canal afloat.
Do all your navigatin' in a line barn
filled with hay,
And the bridge you won't be hatin' and
you'll live 'til Judgement Day.

RED RIVER SHORE
(traditional)
Side 1, Band 4.

Unlike Romeo and Juliet, the lovers win
after the parents try to forcefully end this
Western romance. This is close to the version
printed in 1910 by John Lomax, as sung for him
by Mrs. Minta Morgan of Bells, Texas (Cowboy
Songs, New York). Alan Lomax also printed
the song in *Folksongs of North America* (Dou-
bleday, 1960). Alan Lomax used to sing this
one, but he sang "bronco" where I sing "broom-
tail." I changed it to "broomtail" when a
woman from Winfield, Kansas, (I can't recall
her name) told me that "broomtail" was the
way they'd sung it as kids. She ought to know;
Winfield sits right a-straddle of the old
Chisholm Trail.

This song is a cowboy version of "Earl
Brand" — Child No. 7. Again, the 9-string.

At the foot of yonder mountain, where the
fountain does flow,
There's a fond creation where the soft
winds do blow.
There lived a fair maiden, she's the one
I adore;
The one I will marry on the Red River
shore.

I asked her old father, would he give
her to me.
"No, sir, she shan't marry no cowboy,"
said he.
So I jumped on my broomtail and away
I did ride,
Leaving my true love on the Red River side.

She wrote me a letter and she wrote it
so kind;
And in this letter these words you will find:
"Come back to me, Darling, you're the one
I adore,
The one I will marry on the Red River shore."

Well, I jumped on my broomtail and away I
did ride
To marry my true love on the Red River side.
But her dad learned our secret and, with
twenty and four,
Came to fight this young cowboy on the Red
River shore.

I drew my pistol, spun 'round and around;
Six men were wounded and seven were down.
No use for an army of twenty and four;
I'm bound for my true love on the Red
River shore.

Hard is the fortune of all womankind;
Always controlled, always confined.
Controlled by their parents until they
are wives,
Then slaves to their husbands the rest of
their lives.

THE SPINNING MILLS OF HOME
(Copyright: Si Kahn)
Side 1, Band 5.

We've always been a migrant nation; people
going to where the grass was perceived to be
greener. This great song of Si's addresses
the difficulties involved in pulling up roots
and leaving the home territory for economic
reasons. Strangely, the migration from the
South to the North for factory jobs has, seem-
ingly, been reversed as we struggle through an
era of northern factory and mill closings in
favor of high-tech jobs in the sunbelt.

Early Monday morning,
I keep thinking that I'm late for work.
Why didn't someone wake me?
Guess the mills are down again.
For years I've been trying
To raise my kids on card-room wages;
It's time to hit the road
And try my luck up North again.

On the highway headed south,
On the highway headed north,
Just back and forth —
Sometimes I feel like a rolling stone.
From the rolling mills of Gary
To the rolling hills
And spinning mills of home.

All along the river
Railroad tracks turn red and rusty,
Cotton fields are dry and dusty —
You can taste it in your mouth.
I've heard people say
How they've got one foot in the grave;
I've got one in Indiana
And the other one's in the south.

I wish someone would write it down —
That way someone who knows the work
Can gauge the labor, have it bought and sold
Like cotton, by the pound.
It's just too hard to choose between
A job back home for lousy pay
And makin' real good wages
In some northern factory town.

SUNDOWN
(traditional)
Side 1, Band 6.

I learned this from George and Gerry Armstrong, who have been mainstays of the Chicago folk community since the 1950's. They got it from Paul Clayton, who learned it from Bascom Lamar Lunsford. Years later, I heard Mr. Lunsford's banjo arrangement and was amazed at how close my own banjo picking came to his (George and Gerry had taught it to me on the dulcimer). This all goes to prove something, but I'm not sure what.

Hi, my little darling,
Smile upon your face;
Gonna buy a ribbon bow
To tie around your waist.

It's nearly sundown, sundown,
Sun is almost down.
I'm bound away to leave you
Before the sun goes down.
It's nearly sundown, sundown,
Sun is almost down.

The roads, they are muddy;
The mountains, they are steep.
I'm bound to see my darling
Before I get to sleep.

Well, hi, my little darling,
Meet me at the gate;
I want to kiss you one more time
Before it gets too late.

Well, hi, my little darling,
Meet me at the door;
I'm bound away to leave you
Unto some foreign shore.

THE MASTER OF THE SHEEPFOLD
(public domain)
Side 1, Band 7.

This one came to me from Jerry Epstein when we were both on the staff of "Folk Music Week" at marvelous Pinewoods Camp one summer. This strange and lovely song was found in Maine by Bill Bonyun. It means different things to different folks, so I'll just let you listen and form your own opinions. I'm using the 9-string guitar again here.

Oh, the master guards the sheepfold bin,
And he wants to know, "Is my sheep
brung in?"
And he's callin', he's callin',
Callin' softly, softly callin'
For them all to come gatherin' in.

Oh, the master of the sheepfold,
Who guards the sheepfold bin,
Went out on the wind and the rain path
Where the long night's rain begins.
And he said to his hireling shepherd,
"Is my sheep, is they all brung in?"
And he said to his hireling shepherd,
"Is my sheep, is they all brung in?"

And the hireling shepherd answered,
"Oh, there's some that's wan and thin,
And there's some that's got all wettered
And they won't come a-gatherin' in.
They are lost and good for nothin',
But the rest, they is all brung in.
They are lost and good for nothin',
But the rest, they is all brung in."

And the master of the sheepfold,
Who guards the sheepfold bin,
Went out on the wind and the rain path
Where the long night's rain begins.
And he let down the bars to the sheepfold,
Calling soft, "Come in, come in."
And he let down the bars to the sheepfold,
Calling soft, "Come in, come in."

Then up from the gloom and the meadow,
Through the long night's rain and wind,
Up through the wind and the rain path,
Where the long night's rain begins,
Come the long lost sheep of the sheepfold;
They all come a-gatherin' in.
Come the long lost sheep of the sheepfold;
They all come a-gatherin' in.

BIBBLE-A-LA-DOO
(traditional)
Side 2, Band 1.

Here's one of those tunes that seems to evolve into a new song every time someone new takes hold of it. The great folksinger, Sam Hinton, sang several versions on his Decca LP, *A Family Tree of Folk Songs* (DL 84818). Sam's notes tell us that the song, then called "Shule Agrah," goes back to Ireland in 1691. A band of defeated soldiers left home and this lament was sung by the women that stayed behind. In America the song became "Buttermilk Hill" during our Revolutionary War and, even later, it turned into "Clear Away the Track and Let the Bullgine Run." My version has some verses from "Buttermilk Hill," but is mainly made up of verses recorded by Chubby Parker on an old Silvertone 78rpm disc. Mr. Parker was a featured performer on the WLS Barn Dance radio show out of Chicago. I seem to have changed some of his lyrics along the way. The "Darwin" verse and the "wild women" verse are all Mr. Parker's — so blame him, not me! I've also deleted several racial statements which have no place now, and shouldn't have had a place then. Apparently, Chubby Parker was once a merchant seaman, and certain of his verses give graphic depictions of some of his travels. I use the 9-string guitar with this song.

Come and listen to my song,
It's awful pretty and it won't take long.
I sung it all the way from here to Hong
Kong,
Come-a-bibble-a-la-doo-shi-do-ree.

Shoo-ri, shoo-ri, shoo-ri-roo,
Sugar racka, sugar racka, shoo-ri-roo.
When I saw my little bob-o-link,
Come-a-bibble-a-la-doo-shi-do-ree.

I'm gonna buy me an old gray hoss;
The Alleghenies I will cross.
Gonna find the true love that I lost,
Come-a-bibble-a-la-doo-shi-do-ree.

I was down on a South Sea isle;
Folks all greet you with a smile.
I wrote back home, "Well, I think I'll
stay awhile,"
Come-a-bibble-a-la-doo-shi-do-ree.

Now, I've sailed the seas and I've trod
the shore
Where Englishmen never went before,
And I'll never shun wild women anymore,
Come-a-bibble-a-la-do-shi-do-ree.

Dad went out in a Ford machine;
Dropped a match in the gasoline.
He went so high that he's never been seen,
Come-a-bibble-a-la-doo-shi-do-ree.

Man came from monkey, Darwin said;
Where women came from I never read,
But I know where some are going when
they're dead,
Come-a-bibble-a-la-doo-shi-do-ree.

Here I sit on Buttermilk Hill;
Here I sit and cry my fill.
Every tear would turn a mill,
Come-a-bibble-a-la-doo-shi-do-ree.

My true love has gone to France,
There her fortune to advance.
When she gets home we're gonna have a
little dance,
Come-a-bibble-a-la-doo-shi-do-ree.

DOWN IN THE ARKANSAS
(traditional)
Side 2, Band 2.

Jimmy Driftwood sang many great songs about his Ozark Mountains and about Arkansas. This one is jammed full of funny little tales. Each verse is a gem.

I had a cow, she slobbered bad,
Down in the Arkansas,
I took her to my old grandad,
Down in the Arkansas.
I asked him what to do for it,
Down in the Arkansas,
He said to teach that cow to spit,
Down in the Arkansas.

Down in the Arkan, down in the Arkan,
Down in the Arkansas,
The sweetest gal I ever saw was
Down in the Arkansas.

I knew a man, his name was Jack;
He had a hog called a razorback.
Now the strangest thing that you ever heard;
He used that hog to shave his beard.

When I was just a little lad,
My ma got married to my dad.
Grandpa, he cussed and swore awhile,
'Til Grandma said, "It's the latest style."

I had a gal, her name was Lil;
I courted that gal all over the hill.
Her pa came up and called me "son;"
We tied the knot with a rifle-gun.

They had a wedding that couldn't be beat;
A boy named Oats and a girl named Wheat.
All the people sang, in a major key;
They sang "What Shall the Harvest Be?"

PORTLAND COUNTY JAIL
(traditional)
Side 2, Band 3.

A song of the Pacific Northwest — where I
lived for awhile. Carl Sandburg printed this
in his *American Songbag* in 1927. It's a great
book of songs and lore.

I'm a stranger in your city,
My name is Paddy Flynn;
I got drunk the other night
And the coppers run me in.
I had no money to go my fine,
No one to go my bail;
I got stuck for ninety days
In the Portland County Jail.

Such a bunch of devils
No one ever saw,
Robbers, thieves and highwaymen,
Even breakers of the law.
They sang a song the whole night long,
The curses fell like hail.
God bless the day that takes me away
From the Portland County Jail.

Now, the only friend that I had there
Was Happy Sailor Jack;
He told me all the lies he knew,
And all the safes he'd cracked.
He'd cracked 'em in Seattle,
He'd robbed the Western Mail.
It'd freeze the blood of an honest man
In the Portland County Jail.

Now, the only friend that I have left
Is Officer McGurk;
He said I was a lowdown bum,
A no-good and a shirk.
Each Saturday night, when I'd get tight,
He'd throw me in the can.
Now, you see, he's made of me
An honest working man.

WABASH CANNONBALL
(traditional)
Side 2, band 4.

Paul Durst was a 93-year-old hobo that I met
in Chicago in 1961. He'd once been a part of
Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. He'd also been
a fiddler in a band, a migratory crop worker,
and an organizer for the Industrial Workers of
the World (among other things). He could still
sing and play when I met him, so I hauled my
heavy old Webcor 2-track machine out into the
December night and got some great tapes of old
Paul. Much of this was Paul's hobo version of
this great train song.

Originally, the Wabash Cannonball was a fic-
titious train — a perfect train that always
went exactly where the hobos wanted to go.
Later, the Wabash Railroad named its fastest
train after the already famous Cannonball.
If you were to "connect the dots" between the
towns mentioned in this variant, you'd draw a
fairly straight line through the Midwest.
Quincy is an Illinois town on the Mississippi
River. Mexico, Missouri, is a bit further
west. And everyone knows Denver and Kansas
City. One more thing: the word "Doozy" dates
this verse to the 1920's. This slang term
comes from the classiest automobile of that
era — the Deussenberg.

From the waves of the Atlantic
To the wide Pacific shore,
From the rocky coast of Oregon
To ice-bound Labrador,
There's a train of doozy layout —
She's quite well-known to all.
It's the hobos' accommodations called
The Wabash Cannonball.

Oh, listen to the jingle,
To the rumble and the roar,
As she glides across the woodlands,
Through hills and by the shore.
Hear the mighty rush of the engine,
Hear the lonesome hobos call,
As we ride the rods and brake-beams
On the Wabash Cannonball.

This train, she runs through Quincy,
Monroe and Mexico,
Heads into Kansas City;
She isn't drivin' slow.
She tears right into Denver
And she makes an awful squall.
They all know her by her whistle —
It's the Wabash Cannonball.

The eastern states are dandy,
So the travellers often say,
Chicago and Rock River —
Oh, it's out along the way,
From the hills of Minnesota
Where the rippling waters fall,
We're all riding through the jungle camps
On the Wabash Cannonball.

Here's to Montana Whitey,
May his name forever stand,
And always be remembered
By the 'bos throughout the land.
When his earthly days are over
And the curtains 'round him fall,
We'll carry him home to victory
On the Wabash Cannonball.

MISTER GARFIELD
(traditional)
Side 2, Band 5.

This picture of a major event in American history comes from Bascom Lamar Lunsford, the "Minstrel of the Appalachians," a unique old-time banjo picker from South Turkey Creek, North Carolina. His song recounts the last days in the life of James Abram Garfield, the 20th president of the United States (1831-1881). On July 2, 1881, four months after taking office, Garfield was shot by Charles J. Guiteau, a disappointed office seeker. He died on September 19, 1881.

I was walkin' down the street the other day
and I heard the report of a pistol. A friend
of mine says to me, "What does that mean?"
Well, I looked up at him, give him something
like this:

Oh, they tell me Mr. Garfield been
shot down, shot down,
He's feelin' mighty low;
Oh, they tell me Mr. Garfield been shot.

Sure enough, there's a big crowd 'round the
house. I walked in the front door and
there's a doctor hangin' around Mr. Gar-
field's bed. He walked over and took of
his pulse. Says, "Mr. Garfield, how ya
doin'?" Mr. Garfield looked up at him and
give him something sort of like this:

I been shot down, shot down,
I'm feelin' mighty low;
Shot down, shot down low.

Well, the preacher came over — sat down by
the president's side. Said, "Mr. Garfield,

if you don't make it through this last
illness, where do you think you'd like to
spend eternity?" Well, the president
looked up at him and give him something
sort of like this:

Gonna make my home up in Heaven, good
Lord,
Makin' my home up in Heaven.

That's just what he said — "Make my home
up in Heaven."

Ya know, there was lots of folks hangin'
around there. Every single one of 'em
stayed for dinner. City fella there —
they asked him what he'd have. Says,
"Gimme something pretty special."

You can pass around your bacon and your
eggs, good Lord,
Pass around your bacon and your eggs.

And this country fella there — they asked
him what he'd have. Said, "Just gimme
something I'm used to."

Pass around your ham and your beans,
good Lord,
Pass around your ham and your beans.

Well, after every single dish was done, Mrs.
Lucretia Garfield come out of the kitchen.
She had a tear streamin' down her face. She
sat down by her husband's bedside and she
looked at him kind of intense and she give
him something sort of like this. She said,
"Mr. Garfield, if the worst should happen
and you should die, would you be willin' —
would you be willin' for me to get married
again?" Well, he looked at her pretty hard;
got a twinkle in his eye. Little smile
formed 'round the side of his mouth and he
looked up at her. He give her something
sort of like this:

Don't you never let a chance go by,
good gal,
Don't you never let a chance go by.

That's just wat he told her — "Don't you
never let a chance go by."

A little later on, I was walking down the
street — saw the sheriff. He looked across
the street and yelled at a man. He said,
"Hands up, over there! Is your name Charles
Guiteau?" The fella says, "Yep, that's my
name. Charles Guiteau." The sheriff stuck
a big .44 in the man's face and give him

something sort of like this:

You're the very same man that I want,
Guiteau,
You're the very same man that I want.

Handcuffed him — took him off to jail.
There was a big crowd gatherin' 'round the
jail now. Lots of folks millin' about. I
walked right in the front door. I walked
right up to the bars and, sure enough,
there's Charles Guiteau, the man that shot
the president. He's sittin' there, lookin'
kind of hangdog. I said to him, "Mr. Gui-
teau, how ya doin'?" He looked up at me
and give me something sort of like this:

Gonna hang on the 6th day of June,
good Lord,
I'm gonna hang on the 6th day of June.

That was quite prophetic; that's just what
happened. He hung on the 6th day of June.

I was walkin' down the street a little later.
I saw Mrs. Garfield — she's all dressed in
black. Got a big bunch of roses. I said,
"Mrs. Garfield, what are ya gonna do with
those roses?" She said, "I'm gonna put 'em
on my husband's grave." I said, "Where you
gonna bury your husband at?" She looked up
at me and give me something sort of like
this:

Gonna bury him on that long, flowery
branch,
Gonna bury him on that long, flowery
branch.

Ya know, this song came from Bascom Lamar
Lunsford, the Minstrel of the Appalachians —
old-time singer from South Turkey Creek,
North Carolina. He's not with us anymore,
and I'm just sort of representing him —
singing this song and passing it on.

Oh, they tell me Mr. Garfield's been shot
down, shot down,
He's feelin' mighty low,
Oh, they tell me Mr. Garfield's been shot
down, shot down,
He's feelin' mighty low,
They tell me Mr. Garfield is dead.

ON THE WILDERNESS ROAD
(Copyright: Jimmy Driftwood)
Side 2, Band 6.

This lesser-known song by Jimmy Driftwood

really captures what I feel about folk music.
"Tennessee Stud" and "Battle of New Orleans"
might be more famous than this song, but Jimmy
sure hit the nail on the head in this one. Try
picturing those early pioneers as you sing it.

I once had a fortune and a place of abode,
But I gave 'em away for the Wilderness Road.
When I couldn't pay all the debts that I owed,
I started to travellin' on the Wilderness
Road.

High over the mountains, through the
beautiful vales,
I counted the cabins on the buffalo trail.
I crossed the Kentucky, crossed the Tennessee;
I crossed Big Muddy and the lone prairie.

On the Wilderness Road, on the Wilderness
Road,
I've been a-travellin' a long, long time
on the Wilderness Road.

I met all the people 'way back in the hills;
I prayed in their graveyards and I drunk at
their stills.
I heard of their joys and I heard of their
wrongs
In their wonderful stories and their
beautiful songs.

They planted their gardens by the beautiful
streams,
And they planted their fathers in the land
of their dreams.
With a pure inspiration, they carried
their load,
And they built up a nation on the
Wilderness Road.

If I was a rich man, I'd pay what I owed;
Build me a cabin on the Wilderness Road.
But I ain't a rich man, so I guess you know
I'll keep on a bummin' on the Wilderness Road.

A FURTHER NOTE: Sometimes life singing on the
road can be quite wonderful, with good friends
and camaraderie all along the way. But, often,
life on the highway can turn into a lonesome,
worry-ridden chore, where pushing through storms
and mechanical breakdowns threaten to make
travel more trouble than it's worth. It's
during those hard trips that thoughts of family,
friends and home — and singing songs like this
last one — are what keeps you going on our
modern Wilderness Roads.