

CUMBERLAND MOUNTAIN folksongs

SUNG BY

PAUL CLAYTON

with guitar and dulcimer accompaniment

The Hustling Gamblers Lord Bateman Floyd Collins Mush Toodin
The House Carpenter Sugar Baby Spotty and Dudie Kathy Fiscus
Pretty Polly and False William Once I Courted a Pretty Little Girl
Walk, Tom Wilson, Walk Cold Winters Night Texas Rangers

Rosenhouse

FOLKWAYS RECORDS, NY/FP2007



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DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

RETURN TO ARCHIVE

CENTER FOR FOLKLIFE PROGRAM
AND CULTURAL STUDIES
SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

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FOLKWAYS FP 2007

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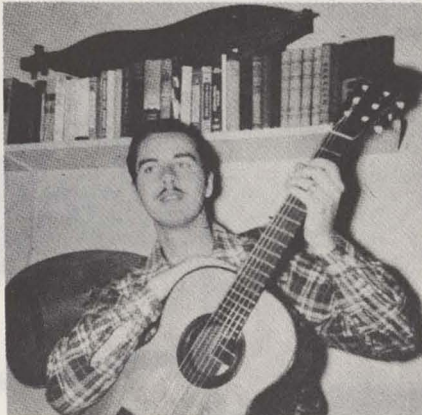
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ABOUT THE SINGER

PAUL CLAYTON was born in the great whaling port of New Bedford, Massachusetts, where at an early age he became interested in ballads through the singing of his grandparents and relatives. By the time he was fifteen years old, he had acquired a guitar with which to accompany himself, and started his first series of radio programs. He has continued his programs at most of his stopping off places, and has performed on radio shows throughout the United States, in Canada, Cuba, and various European countries.

Largely because of his desire to absorb the great tradition of southern folk music, he went to the University of Virginia to study. His education has been frequently interrupted by his desire to travel and collect folk songs, and within a year after entering school he decided to strike out for Europe in order to come into first hand contact with British balladry. The result was an extended hiking trip throughout western Europe and Great Britain. He appeared in a series of Television programs for the British Broadcasting Corporation in which he compared British and American folksongs. Before he returned to the United States and school, he had found time to swap ballads while washing dishes in Britain, collecting waste paper in Paris, or during the course of street singing in such places as Rome, Paris, Nice and Florence.

After a year abroad, he returned to the University of Virginia.. He has since made several collecting trips throughout the far west and the deep south, as well as in Canada and Cuba. He has also managed to acquire two college degrees, his Master's Degree thesis having been on Child Ballads collected in Virginia. He has also appeared before nightclub audiences in various cities, including The Gate of Horn in Chicago, and The Caucus Room in Detroit.

He has recorded several outstanding commercial albums of folk music, in addition to having recorded some of the traditional songs of his family for the private recording files of the BBC, the Flanders Ballad collection at Middlebury College, Vermont, and for the Library of Congress.

His previous recordings for FOLKWAYS RECORDS are BAY STATE BALLADS (FP 47/2), FOLKSONGS AND BALLADS OF VIRGINIA (FP 47/3) and FOLK BALLADS OF THE ENGLISH SPEAKING WORLD (FA 2310).

AN INTRODUCTORY NOTE

These ballads and songs were collected by myself on field trips in the Cumberland Mountains of Virginia and Kentucky, and represent the type of folksongs still being sung in that area today. The old English and Scottish ballads known to the singers as "old timey love songs" are still being sung by older folk such as Finally Adams with his remarkable repertoire and fine versions.

Nowadays there are many people who consider the old ballads sinful, and who will sing only "Christian songs"; by this is meant such homiletic songs as "The Drunken Driver" and other moralistic songs. "Floyd Collins" and "Kathy Fiscus" really come under this heading, as they both teach a moral and are completely unsinful. They represent the most recent phase of ballad singing in the mountains. Floyd Collins' entombment in a Kentucky cave in 1925 caused tremendous publicity and nationwide concern. A song was written which passed quickly into oral tradition and is still being sung today. More recently, in 1949, a tragic Parallel ocured. In San Merino, California, little Kathy Fiscus fell into an abandoned well. Probably not since Floyd Collins had such public attention been focused on a single tragedy; while workmen struggled against time, hourly bulletins were flashed over radio stations, and their progress was reported in every headline. When the child was found dead, a song was written which quickly passed into oral tradition. When Lily Maggard sang it for me, holding her own child in her arms, she sang it in completely traditional style. One would have thought it was a Child ballad if not listening to the words.

The old ballads were sung because they still held a meaning for the people in the mountains. New ballads like Kathy Fiscus are being adopted for the same reason, and both Kathy Fiscus and Floyd Collins are included in this album to give an accurate indication of folksinging in the Cumberlands today.

Here, then, are CUMBERLAND MOUNTAIN FOLKSONGS.

PAUL CLAYTON

Notes by KENNETH S. GOLDSTEIN

SIDE 1, Band 1: THE HUSTLING GAMBLERS

This banjo song is widely known throughout the Cumberlandlands in any of several variant forms. Sometimes the song is about "Darlin' Cory" (who is mentioned several times in this version), and sometimes about another Southern mountain gun slinging, bottle tilting, banjo queen, "Little Maggie". The song may go on for many stanzas, at the discretion of the singer, but nearly all the verses have the moralizing, fatalistic tone found frequently in southern mountain song, but rarely in banjo pieces. This version is a compilation of two versions collected by Mr. Clayton from Finlay Adams of Big Laurel, Wise County, Virginia, and Clintwood Johnson of Jackhorn, Letcher County, Kentucky.

Well, come all you hustlin' gamblers,
While I've got the money for to spend,
Tomorrow may be Sunday,
And I neither have a dollar nor a friend.

Well, it's yander stands little Cory,
Well, she's on the bank of the sea,
A-drinking down her troubles
With a banjer on her knee.

Well, this old jailhouse is haunted,
And it's money would pay my fine,
Whiskey has surrounded my body,
Pretty women is troubling my mind.

Well, it's boys if you don't quit your drinking,
Someday you will be just like me,
A-working out your living
In the penitentiary.

Well, if I had a-listened to my mother,
Well, I wouldna been here today,
It's drinking and gambling and shootin',
Well, it's home I cannot stay.

Wake up, wake up, Little Cory.
What makes you sleep so sound,
When I hear them marshalls coming,
To tear our still-house down.

Well, it's hush your bawling and squalling,
Seems like everybody's gone mad,
Come raise the lid off of my coffin,
Here lays a poor gambler dead.

It's whiskey and pretty women
Has caused me to stray,
If I'd listened to my mother,
I wouldn't a-been here today.

Go put my dice in my coffin,
Go scatter my cards all around,
Have ten pretty girls to dance around my grave
As I lay this poor gambler down.

Oh, I wrote my true love a letter,
And this is the way it read:
Darling, when you get in trouble,
Don't never hang down your head.

In the bottom of a liquor glass, boys,
There's a lurking devil dwells;
It'll burn your breast for to drink it,
It'll send your soul to hell.

For additional texts and information see:

Henry, M.E., SONGS SUNG IN THE SOUTHERN APPALACHIANS,
Mitre Press, London, 1934.

Thomas, Jean, BALLAD MAKIN' IN THE MOUNTAINS OF KENTUCKY, Henry Holt & Company, New York, 1939
(see page 122.)

Lomax, John & Alan, FOLK SONG: USA, Duell, Sloan & Pearce, New York, 1947, (see under title Darlin' Cory).

SIDE 1, Band 2: LORD BATEMAN (Child #53)

This one of the most popular of the ballads included in Francis James Child's monumental compilation *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, and has circulated widely in England, Scotland and America. In Scotland, the hero's name is usually Beichan, in England and America, he is called Bateman.

Attempts have been made to associate the ballad tale with the legend of Gilbert a Becket, who was supposed to have had an adventure similar to that which occurred to the hero of this ballad. This theory has largely been discredited, though there is no doubt that the ballad has been affected by the legend.

Mr. Clayton learned this version from Finley Adams of Big Laurel, Wise County, Virginia.

There was a man who lived in England,
He sailed all over the Turkish shore,
Till he was caught and put in prison,
Never to be released anymore.

This turk, he had one lonely daughter,
And she was of high degree,
She stole the keys from her father's dwelling
And declared Lord Bateman she'd set free.

Let's make a vow, let's make a promise,
Let's make a vow, let's make it stand,
You vow you'll marry no other woman,
I'll vow I'll marry no other man.

They made a vow, they made a promise,
They made a vow, they made it stand,
He vowed he'd marry no other woman,
She vowed she'd marry no other man.

But seven long years had rolled around her,
It seemed as though it were twenty-nine,
She gathered up her finest clothing
And declared Lord Bateman she'd go find.

She went till she came to the gate, she tingled,
It rung so loud but she wouldn't come in,
Saying: Is this your place, Lord Bateman,
Or is it that you've brought your new bride in?

He gave a stamp all on the floor,
The table he bursted into pieces three,
Says: I'll forsake both land and dwelling
For the Turkish lady who set me free.

Child, Francis James, THE ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH
POPULAR BALLADS, 1882-1898, (Reprinted in
1956 by The Folklore Press, New York)
Coffin, T.P., THE BRITISH TRADITION BALLAD IN NORTH
AMERICA, The American Folklore Society,
Philadelphia, 1950.
Davis, A.K., TRADITIONAL BALLADS OF VIRGINIA, Harvard,
Cambridge, Mass., 1929.
Cox, J.H., FOLK-SONGS OF THE SOUTH, Harvard, Cambridge,
Mass., 1925.

SIDE 1, Band 3: FLOYD COLLINS

This song was written in 1925, shortly after the death of Floyd Collins in a sandstone cave near Mammoth Cave, Kentucky. Floyd descended into the cave on January 30, but was not missed until the next day when he was found by his brother, trapped by a landslide in the cave. Rescue attempts continued until February 16, when he was discovered to be dead. The news of his death excited the entire nation, and the story of his entombment was circulated widely by printed ballad sheets and on phonograph recordings. Jean Thomas, in Blue Ridge Mountain Country (New York, 1942), states that this ballad was written by fifty-year old Adam Crisp who lived in Fletcher, North Carolina, at the time of Collins' death." This claim has never been substantiated.

Legend has it that Floyd's family, who had been poor farmers before the tragedy, became very well-to-do from the proceeds of recordings, and from the tolls they charged of fifty cents each from sightseers who came to view the scene of the tragedy. The ballad of Floyd Collins has been collected in widely separated parts of the country, and has undergone sufficient change from the printed and recorded versions to indicate its place in oral tradition. This version is a collation of variants collected by Clayton from the singing of Mrs. Cassie Craiger of Big Laurel, Virginia, and Mr. Smith Harmon, Beech Creek, North Carolina.

Come all you young people and listen to what I tell,
The fate of Floyd Collins, a lad you all knew well,
His face was fair and handsome, his heart was true
and brave,
His body now lies sleeping in a lonely sandstone cave.

How sad, how sad the story, it fills our eyes with
tears,
Its memory, too, will linger for many, many years,
The broken hearted father who tried his boy to save,
Will now weep tears of sorrow at the door of Floyd's
cave.

O mother, don't you worry, dear father don't be sad,
I'll tell you all my troubles in an awful dream I've
had,
I dreamed I was a prisoner, my life I could not save,
I cried: O must I perish within this silent cave.

O Floyd, cried his mother, Don't go, my son, don't go,
T'would leave us broken hearted if this should happen
so,
But Floyd did not listen to advice his mother gave,
So his body now lies sleeping in a lonely sandstone
cave.

His father often warned him from follies to desist,
He told him of the danger and of the awful risk;

But Floyd would not listen to that advice he gave,
So his body now lies sleeping in a lonely sandstone
cave.

Oh how the news did travel, oh how the news did go,
It traveled through the people and over the radio;
A rescue party gathered, his life they tried to save,
But his body now lies sleeping in a lonely sandstone
grave.

The rescue party labored, they worked both night and
day,
To move the mighty barrier that stood within the way,
To rescue Floyd Collins, this was their battle cry:
We'll never, no we'll never, let Floyd Collins die.

But on that fatal morning the sun rose in the sky,
The workers still were busy, we'll save him by and
by,
But Oh, how sad the ending, his life they could not
save,
His body there was sleeping in a lonely sandstone
cave.

Young people, oh take warning, this is for you and I,
We may not be like Collins, but you and I must die;
It may not be a sandstone grave in which we find our
tomb,
But at the mighty judgement we too must meet our doom.

For additional texts and information see:

Thomas, Jean, BALLAD MAKIN' IN THE MOUNTAINS OF KEN-
TUCKY, Henry Holt & Company, New York, 1939
(see page 110.)
Laws, G.M., NATIVE AMERICAN BALLADRY, The American
Folklore Society, Philadelphia, 1950
THE FRANK C. BROWN COLLECTION OF NORTH CAROLINA FOLK-
LORE, Volume II, Duke University, Durham, N.C.,
1952.

SIDE 1, Band 4: MUSH TOODIN

Irish men and boys served as cannon fodder in Eng-
land's many wars fought to protect and extend her
ever-expanding empire. This song is a fragment of
a satirical Irish song about a soldier who enlisted
to fight in the Crimean War. The song is widely
known in various forms in Ireland, and parallels
are also known in both Irish and Scottish Gaelic,
and Welsh. The song has been collected rarely in
this country.

Clayton collected this version from the singing of
Finley Adams of Big Laurel, Virginia.

Nine years ago, I was a-diggin' in the land,
With my brogues on my feet and my shovels in my hand.

Mush toodin nanny ay,
Mush rack folladay,
Mush rang fol toodin,
Mush toodin nanny ay.

First thing they gimme, well it was an old gun,
And I lammed that trigger right under my thumb.

She first gave a fire, and then she gave a smoke,
And she give my shoulder a hell of a jolt.

Next thing they gimme, what do you reckon was that,
A mushroom feather a-waving in my hat.

The bullets was thick and the smoke was hot,
I was afraid to shoot, I was afraid of getting shot.

For additional texts see:

- O Lochlainn, Colm, IRISH STREET BALLADS, Sign of the Three Candles, Dublin, Ireland, 1939. (see under title The Kerry Recruit).
Shoemaker, H.W., MOUNTAIN MINSTRELSY OF PENNSYLVANIA, McGirr, Philadelphia, 1931 (see under title The True Paddy's Son).
Sharp, Cecil, ENGLISH FOLK-SONGS FROM THE SOUTHERN APPALACHIANS, Oxford, New York, 1932 (see under title The Boy on the Land.)

SIDE 1, Band 5: THE HOUSE CARPENTER
(Child #243)

Child included this ballad under the title "James Harris or The Daemon Lover." Child believed a black-letter broadside from the Pepysian collection was the original of the six traditional variants of the ballad that he included in his corpus. If such was indeed the case, then we have an excellent example of what Phillips Barry termed "communal re-creation", for in the course of oral circulation a typical low order composition turned out by some 17th century hack-broadside scrivener has become one of the finest English language ballads extant.

The ballad is found more frequently in America than in England or Scotland, and practically every printed American collection included one or more variants of The House Carpenter, as this ballad is most popularly known in the new world. In American texts, any suggestion of the returning lover's supernatural status has been rationalized, consistent with the tendency of modern-day folksingers to replace such matters with realistic occurrences.

This version was collected from the singing of Finlay Adams of Big Laurel, Virginia.

Well met, well met, said an old true love,
I've long been searching for thee;
I've lately crossed on the salt, salt sea,
And it's all for the sake of thee.

I could have married a king's daughter there,
In vain she would have had me,
But now I refused that rich crown of gold,
And it's all for the sake of thee.

If you could have married a king's daughter there,
I'm sure you are to blame;
Now I am married to a house carpenter
And I think he's a nice young man.

If you will leave your house carpenter
And come go' along with me,
I'll take you to the salt, salt sea
And there I'll marry thee.

She picked up her darlin' little babe,
Kisses gave it one, two, three;
Lay there, lay there, my darling little babe,
To keep poppa company.

They had not been sailing more days than one or
two,
I'm sure it wasn't three,
Till she knelt down on her true love's knee
And wept most bitterly.

What are you weeping about, my darling little
girl,
What are you weeping about, said he.
I'm weeping for my darling little babe
That I never anymore can see.

Straight news, straight news, to the house carpenter,
Straight news, straight news, back to land,
The ship that your wife is sailing on
Is sinking under the sand.

For additional texts and information see:

Child, Francis James, THE ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH
POPULAR BALLADS, 1882-1898 (reprinted in 1956
by the Folklore Press, New York).

SIDE 1, Band 6: SUGAR BABY

There are numerous songs sung in the southern mountains that have the same title as does this song, but if any relationship exists between them it is only a slight one. Made up of relatively unrelated stanzas, it is not unusual for songs of this type to be titled from some prominent word or expression in the first stanza or refrain of the song. In Virginia, for example, this song is also known as "Red Rockin' Chair", and Bascom Lamar Lunsford sings a North Carolina version of this song entitled "Red Apple Juice".

Clayton collected this version from Finlay Adams of Big Laurel, Virginia.

It's oh lordy me, it's oh lordy my,
I've got no sugar baby now.

I've got no use for my red rocking chair,
I've got no sugar baby now.

Oh who'll rock the cradle, who'll sing the song
Who'll kiss the baby when I'm gone.

I laid you in the shade, gave you every dime I made,
What more could a poor boy do.

I've done all that I can, tried to get along with you,
And I'll send you to your mamma next payday.

For additional texts see:

Lunsford, Bascom Lamar, 30 AND 1 FOLKSONGS FROM THE
SOUTHERN MOUNTAINS, Carl Fisher, New York, 1929.

SIDE 2, Band 1: SPOTTY AND DUDIE

This ballad does not appear to have previously been collected though it bears resemblance to several gambling ballads. It is faintly reminiscent of some versions of Stackolee, especially those with the refrain line "When you lose your money learn to lose." Certainly the sentiment is the same in this ballad. Clintwood Johnson of Jackhorn, Kentucky, from whom Clayton collected this song, included many Negro

ballads and songs in his huge repertoire, learned from itinerant Negro singers and old recordings. The structure and sentiment of this song suggest such origin, in any case.

Little Dudie was a gambler,
Spotty was a saint,
Let's go down to the old Black bottom,
Have a last old card game,
Every man oughta know when he's losin'.

Well you took my dollar one time,
Well you took my dollar twice,
Now the next time you take my dollar,
Gonna cause you to lose your life.
Every man oughta know when he's losin'.

Now the jailer said to Dudie:
I think I know the best;
Go down in your dungeon cell,
Lay down and take your rest.
Every man oughta know when he's losin'.

Well they built little Dudie's scaffold,
They built it right behind the jail,
Dudie looked through the iron bars
And watched them drive the nails,
Every man oughta know when he's losin'.

Now they took Dudie out to hang him,
And he looked on the mountain so high,
I used to roam them pretty old woods
But now I've got to die.
Every man oughta know when he's losin'.

Dudie had three children,
Two boys and one little girl,
Ever see your daddy again,
Gotta meet him in another world.
Every man oughta know when he's losin'.

SIDE 2, Band 2: PRETTY POLLY AND FALSE WILLIAM
(Child #4)

This ballad is one of the most widely circulated in the western world, being as well known to the southern nations of Europe as it is to the northern. As a result, the ballad has been subjected to extensive study, with major contributions to its analysis having been made by scholars from various countries. The Finnish scholar, Dr. Iivar Kemppinen, made the most detailed analysis possible of this ballad, and came to the conclusion that the ballad probably originated between 1100 and 1200, citing philological and musical evidences in support of his claims. The ballad is still widely known in Europe. In earlier forms of the ballad, the murderous suitor is an elf (Child includes this ballad under the title "Lady Isabel and the Elf-Knight"). In America, as well as in most recently collected British versions, the supernatural character of the lover has disappeared. Mr. Clayton collected this version from Finlay Adams of Big Laurel, Virginia.

Rise up, rise up, Pretty Polly, he said,
And come go along with me,
And I will take you to the salt sea side
And it's there I'll marry thee.

She mounted herself on a milk white steed,
Sweet William on a dapple grey,
And they rode straightway to the salt sea side
Three hours before it was day.

Light down, light down, Pretty Polly, he said
Light down, light down, said he,
For the sixteen daughters I have drowned here
And the seventeenth you shall be.

Go take your knife and cut those nettles
That stand so close to the brim,
For they will tangle in my long yellow hair
And stain my snowy white skin.

He took his knife for to cut those nettles
That stood so close to the brim,
And then pretty Polly with her pale full eyes,
She tossed false William in.

Lie there, lie there, you falsehearted rake,
Lie there in the stead of me,
You said the sixteen daughters you had drowned here,
And the seventeenth you shall be.

She mounted herself on a milkwhite steed,
A-leading the dapple grey,
And she rode straight back to her old father's house
One hour before it was day.

The little parrot bird met her at the gate
With its clattering tongue did say:
Pretty Polly, pretty Polly, where have you been
That you walk so long before day.

Hush up, hush up, my little parrot bird,
And tell no tales on me,
And your cage shall be made of a yellow beaten gold,
And hung on an ivory tree.

SIDE 2, Band 3: ONCE I COURTED A BONNY LITTLE GIRL

There are various ballads found in the Cumberland area on the theme of the rejected suitor. Though the titles and the texts vary greatly, the story form remains fairly consistent: a girl scorns her wooer, later changes her mind, and in turn is rejected by him. Once I Courted A Bonny Little Girl, is one of these ballads, though its narrative line is rather thin and approached being more song than ballad.

Mr. Clayton learned this version from Finlay Adams of Big Laurel, Virginia.

Oh once I courted a bonny, bonny girl
And I courted her too slow,
She loved another man so much better than me,
She has taken her flight and gone, gone,
Oh she has taken her flight and gone.

Oh I looked toward the east and I looked toward the west
As far as my eye could discern,
And there I spied that charming little girl
All wrapped up in another man's arm, arm,
All wrapped up in another man's arm.

I said, you young man, you have got my little girl,
And I want you to treat her well,
Now how I love that charming little girl

Now there is no tongue can tell, tell,
Oh there is no tongue can tell.

Oh I passed right by but I never winked an eye,
And she gave one sorrowful mourn,
She waved to me her lily-white hand,
I says, darling, you could oncet have been my own,
own,
I said, darlin, you could oncet have been my own.

SIDE 2, Band 4: KATHY FISCUS

This modern ballad, less than a decade old, details the death of little Kathy Fiscus of San Marino, California. The child, only three years old, was playing with other children when she disappeared on April 8, 1949. A search of the vicinity resulted in her being discovered at the bottom of a long, narrow abandoned dry well pipe. The Child was still able to answer her parent's call when found. Rescue workers struggled 'round the clock to reach the child. The next day, the child's body was sighted and a doctor was lowered into the well. He was pulled up only to pronounce the child dead.

As in the strikingly parallel case of Floyd Collins, a quarter of a century earlier, songs were quickly composed relating the story of Kathy Fiscus's death. Indeed, at least seven (and probably more) different songs on the theme were turned into music publishers within a week of the occurrence. Though neither ASCAP or BMI indicated knowledge of a recording being made, there undoubtedly were one or more made and released on some Hillbilly label which was heard in the Cumberlands. The singer, Mrs. Lily Maggard of Letcher County, Kentucky, from whom Mr. Clayton collected this ballad, had undoubtedly heard this recording over the radio or on some neighbor's phonograph. She retained the ballad in her memory for seven years, and when she sang it for Mr. Clayton, she performed it in much the same manner that one would hear an old traditional ballad performed there.

On April the eighth, the year forty-nine,
Death claimed a little child so pure and so kind,
Kathy they called her, met her death that day,
I know it was God that called her away.

Playmates for Kathy were all having fun,
The story was told, they all started to run,
As they looked back, she was not there,
It's so sad to think of this tragic affair.

Thousands were there from far and from near,
Workmen they struggled against all their fears,
But after two days they felt so weak,
They called down to Kathy but she never did speak.

After working so hard both day and night,
Digging forever she came into sight,
The little darling was dead, her life it was gone,
In San Marino, there's a heart-broken home.

Just like a beast in a forest that day,
The abandoned well took Kathy away,
And as I stand alone so humble I bow,
I know Kathy is happy up there with God now.

SIDE 2, Band 5: WALK, TOM WILSON, WALK

Drinking songs are not easily found in the southern mountains. When asked to sing one, mountain folk will claim they've changed their ways and forgotten the old "sinful" songs. Instead they will sing you some recent sentimental song with a firm moral. A good collector, however, is able to gain the informant's confidence, and will find that sooner or later he will sing such songs for you. One such song, collected by Mr. Clayton from Finlay Adams of Big Laurel, Virginia, is Walk, Tom Wilson, Walk. As with many songs on drinking or gambling, the melody and meter suggests its use as a dance song.

Old Tom Wilson went to town
And drank a keg of moonshine down,
The hoops did bust and staves did swell,
It killed Tom Wilson deader than hell.
Walk, Tom Wilson, walk,
Walk, Tom Wilson, walk.

I went down to a city hotel
Where a lot of the boys was a-raising hell,
The girls was fat and soft as mush
And every time you touched one, say Ah Hush,
Walk Tom Wilson, walk,
Walk, Tom Wilson, walk.

Have off your bonnet, Miss Lizzy, and
Come and take a seat,
And take that board you're setting on
And cover up your feet,
Walk, Tom Wilson, walk,
Walk, Tom Wilson, walk.

For additional information see:

Clayton, Paul, "Ballad Collecting In the Cumberlands",
article in The University of Virginia Magazine,
Spring, 1956, pp. 20-37.

SIDE 2, Band 6: COLD WINTER'S NIGHT

Here we have an excellent example of folk love lyric at its best. In it are incorporated many of the folk commonplaces usually associated with love songs. The singer will, at his or her discretion, add or drop any of these stanzas, for no stanza is in itself of prime importance, but the whole picture suggested by any or all of them is essential to the mood of the song. Cold Winter's Night contains many of these commonplaces. Indeed, more of them are incorporated into this version than in any other reported. The thin thread of a story of lost love identifies many of these songs. Songs which include many of these stanzas, and imparting the same emotional compact, include The False True-Lover, and The True Lover's Farwell. This version was learned by Mr. Clayton from Finlay Adams of Big Laurel, Virginia.

As I walked out one cold winter night,
A-drinking of sweet wine,
There I spied that pretty little girl
That stole that heart of mine.

Her cheeks was like some red, red rose
That bloom in the month of June,
Her voice was like some instrymment
That's always on some tune.

So come my love and go with me
Across the deep blue sea,
I'll take you where the grass grows green,
And there I'll marry thee.

Who would shoe my pretty little feet,
And who would glove my hand,
And who would kiss my red rosy cheek
While I'm in the far off land?

I will shoe your pretty little feet,
And I will glove your hand,
And I will kiss your red rosy cheek
While you're in the far off land.

So hush, my love, don't grieve for me,
Don't grieve for me adieu,
The best of friends all have to part
And so does I and you.

Don't you see that little turtle dove,
It's fling from vine to vine,
It's mourning for its lost true love
Just like I mourn for mine.

I wish to the lord I'd a-never been born,
Or died when I was young,
I never would have carried such a broken heart
Over a young girl's clattering tongue.

For additional texts and information see:

- Arnold, Byron, FOLKSONGS OF ALABAMA, Uni. of Alabama,
1950 (see under title "Winter's Night").
Sharp, Cecil, ENGLISH FOLKSONGS FROM THE SOUTHERN
APPALACHIANS, Oxford, London, 1932 (see under
title "The True Lover's Farewell", version E).
THE FRANK C. BROWN COLLECTION OF NORTH CAROLINA FOLK-
LORE, Volume III, Duke University, Durham, N.C.,
1952 (see under title "The False True-Lover").

SIDE 2, Band 7: THE TEXAS RANGERS

Most versions of this ballad (and the versions sung here) would seem to suggest that this ballad describes a fight between Texas Rangers and Indians. H.M. Belden believed that this song is "surely an echo of the great fight at the Alamo on March 6, 1835." This conclusion probably derived from some versions of the ballad in which Indians are replaced by Mexicans, or are merely referred to as "the enemy". In several southern versions, the enemy becomes Yankees, and the ballad is transformed into a Civil War song. It is more than likely, however, that the original text referred to Indians, for the main function of the Texas Rangers was to protect settlers from Indians, though later they dealt with local bad men as well.

The ballad has been popular with folksingers in every section of the United States. This version was learned from the singing of Finlay Adams of Big Laurel, Virginia.

Oh come all you Texas Rangers
Wherever you may be,
And I'll tell you a story
That happened unto me.

At about the age of sixteen
I joined this jolly band,
We marched from Western Texas
Down to the Rio Grande.

Our captain, he informed us
To what he thought was right,
Before we reached the station
Says: Boys, you'll have to fight.

Oh I saw the Indians coming,
I heard them give a yell,
My feelings at that moment -
My courage almost fell.

We fought them nine long hours
Before the fray was o'er,
The like of dead and wounded
I never saw before.

There lay six as noble a rangers
As ever sought the west,
Besides all their comrades
With bullets in their breasts.

I then thought of my dear mother,
In tears to me did say:
To you they are all strangers,
With me you'd better stay.


Oh I then thought that she was childish
And the best she did not know,
My mind was bent on rambling
And I was forced to go.

Perhaps you all have mothers,
Likewise a sister, too,
Perhaps you all have sweethearts
To weep and mourn for you.

If this be your condition
And you are forced to roam,
I'll tell you from experience
You had better stay at home.

For additional texts and information see:

- Laws, G. Malcolm, NATIVE AMERICAN BALLADRY, American Folklore Society, Philadelphia, 1950.
THE FRANK C. BROWN COLLECTION OF NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE, Volume II, Duke University, Durham, N.C., 1952.
Randolph, Vance, OZARK FOLK SONGS, Columbia, Missouri, 1948.
Flanders, H.H., Ballard, E.F., Brown, G., & Barry, P., THE NEW GREEN MOUNTAIN SONGSTER, Yale, New Haven, 1939.

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CUMBERLAND MOUNTAIN FOLK SONGS
Sung by PAUL CLAYTON,
with guitar and dulcimer

SIDE 1

FA 2007 A

- Band 1. THE HUSTLING GAMBLERS
- Band 2. LORD BATEMAN (Child No. 53)
- Band 3. FLOYD COLLINS
- Band 4. MUSH TOODIN
- Band 5. THE HOUSE CARPENTER (Child No. 243)
- Band 6. SUGAR BABY

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CUMBERLAND MOUNTAIN FOLK SONGS

Sung by PAUL CLAYTON,
with guitar and dulcimer

SIDE II

FA 2007 B

- Band 1. SPOTTY AND DUDIE
- Band 2. PRETTY POLLY AND FALSE WILLIAM (Child No. 4)
- Band 3. ONCE I COURTED A PRETTY LITTLE GIRL
- Band 4. KATHY FISCUS
- Band 5. WALK, TOM WILSON, WALK
- Band 6. COLD WINTERS NIGHT
- Band 7. TEXAS RANGERS

Custom molded by Plastylite