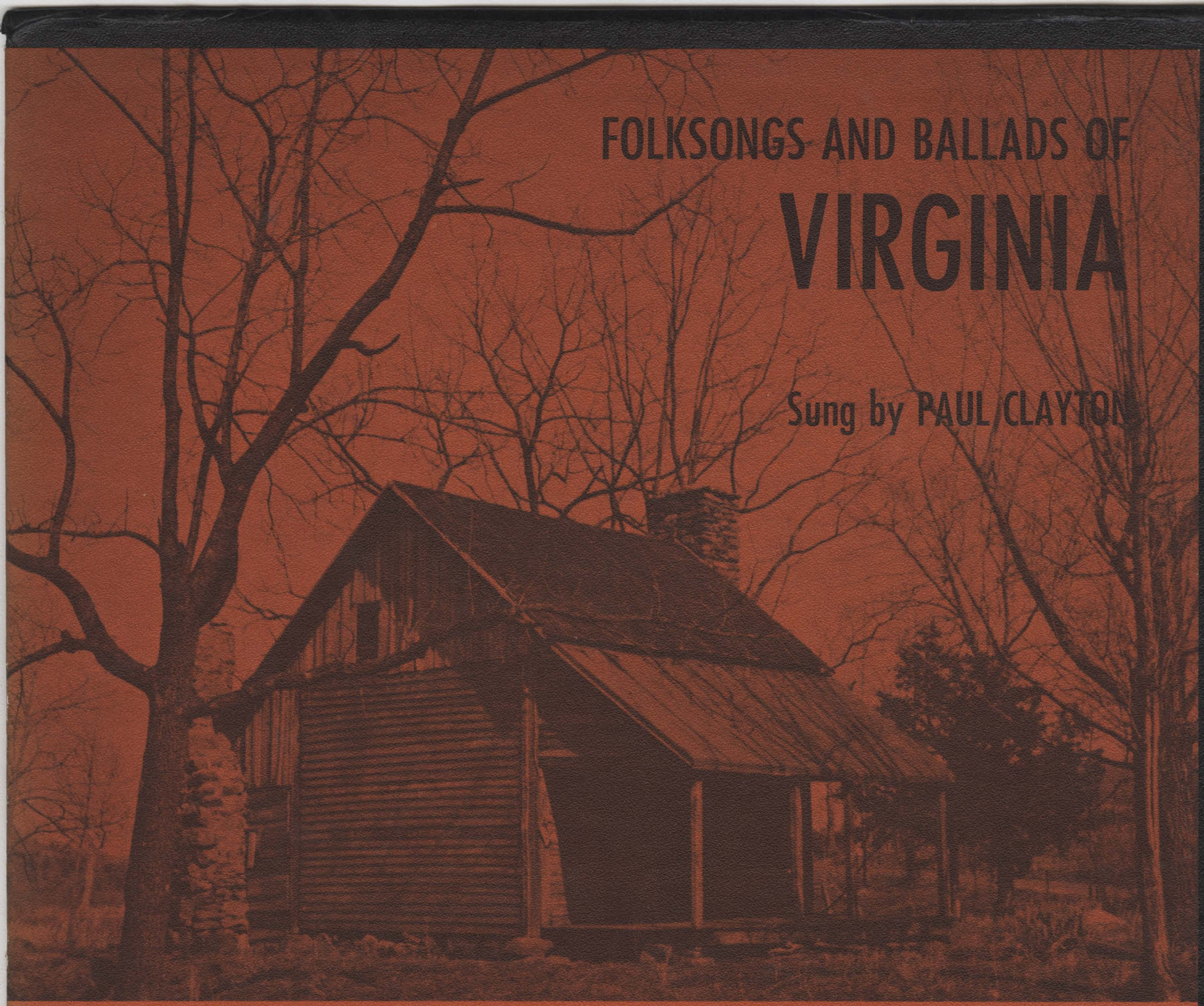

FOLKSONGS AND BALLADS OF
VIRGINIA

Sung by PAUL CLAYTON

· RAILROAD BILL · IN THE PINES · GAMBLING MAN · WILD ROVER · BILL DOOLEY · TALT HALL ·
· THE FARMER'S CURST WIFE · HARVEY LOGAN · LADY MARGARET · FRANKIE · IF I HAD A BOTTLE OF RUM ·
· LORD DARNELL · POOR OLD MAIDS · THE LITTLE PIG ·

FA 2110 FOLKWAYS RECORDS AND SERVICE CORP.

edited by KENNETH S. GOLDSTEIN

FOLKWAYS FA 2110

Folksongs & Ballads of Virginia

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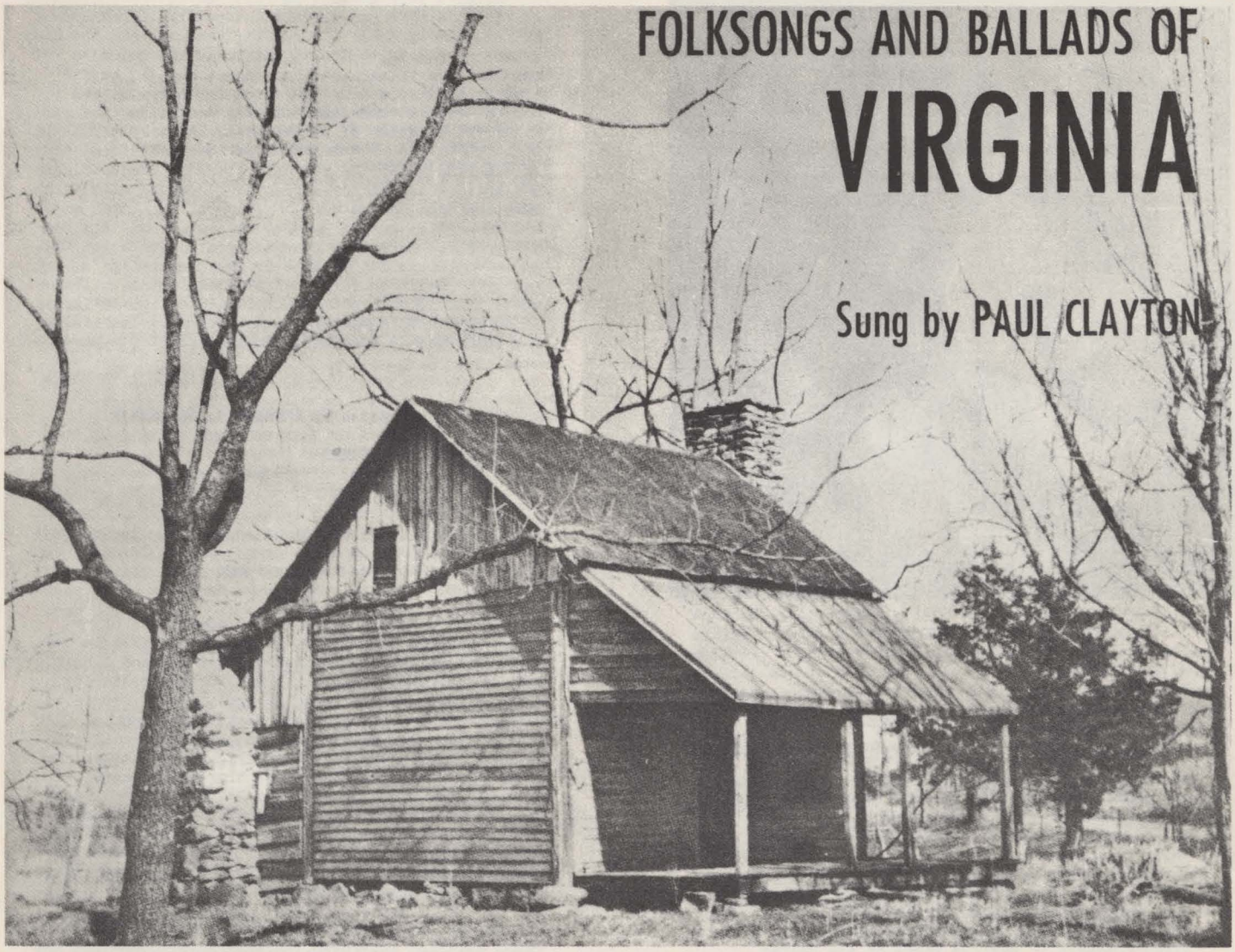

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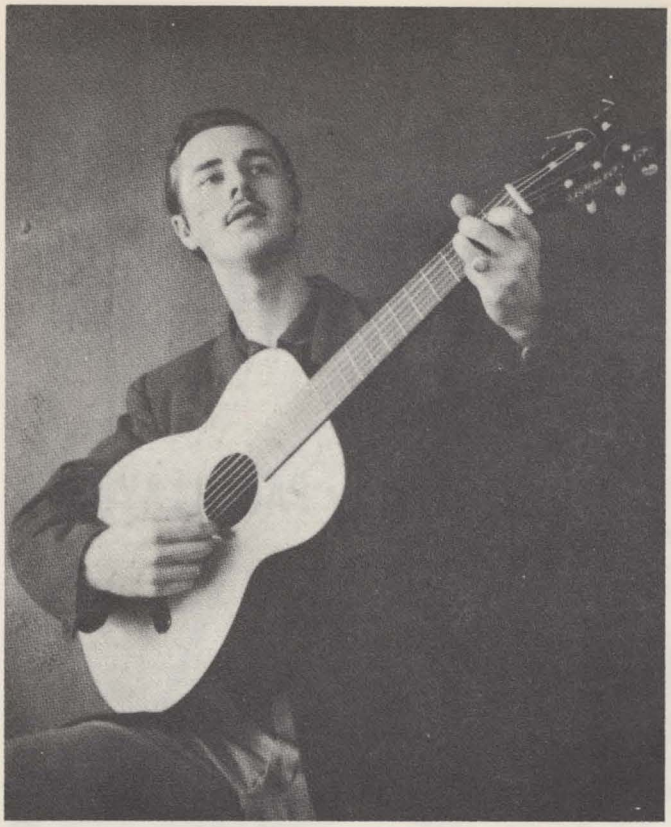


PAUL CLAYTON

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 in New York, Canada, Cuba, and various countries in Europe, as well as having given concerts in various parts of the United States.

Largely because of his desire to absorb the great southern tradition of 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 Ballads. The result was an extended hiking trip with a guitar and pack on his back. Though he collected numerous German, French and Spanish songs, the main addition to his collection and repertoire was in British balladry. He appeared in a series of Television programs for the British Broadcasting Corporation in which he compared British and American folk songs. Before he returned to the United States and school, he had found time to swap ballads while washing dishes in the Lake District of 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 long hiking and collecting trips through the far west and the deep south as well as to Canada and Cuba. He has also managed to acquire a college degree and is, at the time of this recording, pursuing another. He has recorded several commercial albums, including, for Folkways, an album of BAY STATE BALLADS, FP 47/2. In addition he has recorded some of the traditional songs of his family for the private recording files of the BBC and for the Flanders Ballad Collection at Middlebury College, Vermont.

Included among his many activities involving Virginia folksongs and ballads is the preparation of a Master's thesis on rare Child ballads found in that state. He is also editing, for publication by The Folklore Press, a number of the songs and ballads he has collected in Virginia, Kentucky and North Carolina.

Edited and Notes by KENNETH S. GOLDSTEIN

Photos by ORNDORFF

AN INTRODUCTION TO FOLKSONGS AND BALLADS OF VIRGINIA

By Paul CLAYTON

For a number of years I have spent much of my time, when not travelling, in Charlottesville in the foothills of the Blue Ridge of Virginia, and I have had unusual opportunities to acquire a familiarity with the great ballad singing tradition of Virginia. Unquestionably one of the richest collections of folk music in the United States is the material collected by the Virginia Folklore Society, and it has been my privelege to study with its archivist, Professor Arthur Kyle Davis, Jr., of the University of Virginia. I have listened to and transcribed song texts from hundreds of recordings of traditional singers made by him in the 1930s, and I am, at this writing, completing a thesis under his direction on some rare Child ballads found in Virginia.

Anyone who has heard traditional singers must feel, as I do, that even the most careful musical notation cannot reproduce the feeling and character of the original performance. I feel that I am, in some ways, fortunate in being unable to read music, for it has compelled me to learn songs at first hand, rather than resorting to the more efficient (but less traditional) manner of learning ballads from books. Residing in Virginia has given me the opportunity to make field trips for the purpose of collecting folk songs directly from traditional singers, and I have recorded many of these songs on my small portable recording machine for my own file of folk music. This album is an attempt to show some of the types of songs to be found in Virginia where folk singing is still a living thing.

The inclusion in this album of so few Child ballads might be thought an oversight, but it is purposeful. Virginia has a great many of these

ballads, many of which were published in Traditional Ballads of Virginia, edited by Arthur Kyle Davis, Jr., and I am working with other persons under his direction in the editing of more Child ballads for eventual publication, the whole body of which surely places Virginia in the first rank as far as variety and number of versions collected.

However, the Virginia Folklore Society has not published any non-Child material to date, although Dr. Davis' index, Folk-Songs of Virginia, shows how vast the collection is in that field. For this reason I have recorded a greater number of the non-Child folk songs to indicate the variety of material to be found in Virginia. I should like to emphasize that all the songs recorded in this album are sung in versions which have not been published and that none of the material sung here is from the collection of the Virginia Folklore Society. One day that vast collection will be generally available to those who love these songs. Meanwhile I offer some songs from the great store of FOLKSONGS AND BALLADS OF VIRGINIA.

NOTES BY KENNETH S. GOLDSTEIN

SIDE I, Band 1: RAILROAD BILL

This southern ballad-lyric is of questionable origin, having been collected from both white and Negro sources. The greater frequency with which it has turned up among Nevro folksingers, and the general musical and poetic structure of most versions would suggest its Negro origin, with the probability that most white versions have been ultimately derived from Negro singers.

There is nothing in the version sung here to indicate the reason for "Railroad" Bill's name. Various texts in printed collections, however, always place our villain in the setting of a railroad yard, with the language used being strictly that of the railroad worker. Indeed, several variants would seem to pinpoint his activities as being a box-car robber..... as well as drunkard, murderer, debaucher, etc., etc.. He can have, of course, any number of such crimes attached to him for it would be difficult to ascertain the validity of the charges, no identifiable "Railroad" Bill ever having turned up who conceivably might have inspired the creation of this villain-hero. In any case, he is almost always charged with the murder of McMillan and/or Bill Johnson.

The sub-surface admiration of the folk for this criminal is almost always expressed in the rather abrupt ending of the song, before we find out whether or not the police catch up with him and what is to be his ultimate fate. Mr. Clayton's version is largely that of Morton Hensley of Rockingham County.

Railroad Bill, Railroad Bill,
He never worked and he never will,
Well, it's bad Railroad Bill.

Railroad Bill, mighty bad,
Took everything that the farmer had,
That bad Railroad Bill.

Kill me a chicken, send me a wing,
Think I'm working but I ain't doin' a thing,
Then it's ride, ride, ride.

Railroad Bill, desperate and bad,
Take everything that your woman had,
Then it's ride, ride, ride.

I'm going home, tell my wife
Railroad Bill tried to take my life,
Well, it's bad Railroad Bill.

Railroad Bill, mighty bad man,
Killed McMillan with a gun in each hand,
Then it's ride, ride, ride.

Two policemen, dressed in blue,
Comin' down the street walkin' two by two,
Well, it's looking for Railroad Bill.

Everybody told him, better get back,
Bill was walkin' down the railroad track,
And it's ride, ride, ride.

For additional texts and bibliographical information, see: Laws, G.M., Jr., NATIVE AMERICAN BALLADRY, American Folklore Society, 1950, Scarborough, D., ON THE TRAIL OF NEGRO FOLK-SONGS, Harvard, 1925, Odum, H.W., & Johnson, Guy B., THE NEGRO AND HIS SONGS, University of North Carolina, 1925.

SIDE I, Band 2: IN THE PINES

This song, too, appears to be as widely known among white singers as among Negroes. However, the form the song takes in each case seems to be quite distinct. The white, mountain versions are almost entirely folk lyric with any number of lonely sounding stanzas added or dropped anywhere along the line. Most of these versions have none of the narrative elements found in Negro variants, though an occasional line or stanza creeps in. The version Mr. Clayton sings here is typical of the southern white texts.

The Negro folksinger, on the other hand, has made a gory ballad of it and tells the story of a railroad-worker's wife bemoaning the fate of her husband:

My husband was a railroad man
Killed a mile-and-a-half from here;
His head was found in the driver's wheel,
And his body has never been found.

Perhaps the detailing of the horrible fate of the man was too much for most singers who preferred to drop the gory details.

The tempo to which the song may be sung seems to be as varied as are the texts. It may be performed in the slow, drawn-out manner in which Mr. Clayton learned it, or it may be heard as a fast-moving banjo song. Mr. Clayton's version is a composite from several sources, and was learned partly from a singer at the Virginia Folk Festival (1950) and partly from singers in Wise County.

In the pines, in the pines, where the sun never shines
And you shiver when the cold winds blow.

Little girl, little girl, where was you all last night
Not even your mother knows.

I was down in the pines where the sun never shines
And I shivered when the cold winds blowed.

True love, don't you write to me
For you know I can't come home;
Don't you write no letter, don't you send no word,
For you know I can't come home.

Bound down in the walls of prison here,
Bound down in the walls of jail,
Bound down in the walls of prison here,
No one to go my bail.

I tramped through the rain, I tramped through the snow
I'm tramping my way back home;
It's a long steel rail and a short cross tie -
I shiver when the cold winds blow.

The longest train that I ever saw
It was fourteen coaches long;
And the prettiest girl that I ever saw
She was on that train and gone.

It was down in the pines where the sun never shines,
And you shiver when the cold winds blow.

For additional texts and bibliographical information,
see: Gordon, R. W., FOLK-SONGS OF AMERICA,
National Service Bureau Publication 73-S, 1938
(See To the Pines, p. 83-84)
THE FRANK C. BROWN COLLECTION OF NORTH CAROLINA
FOLKLORE - Volume III, Duke University, 1952.

SIDE I, Band 3: GAMBLING MAN

The numerous songs concerning social vices (both pro and con) that are found in the southern mountains would lead one to suspect that gambling would be a common subject in the songs comprising the mountaineer's repertoire. Actually this is one of the least sung-about vices. Only two songs on the subject of gambling have ever received any wide distribution. One, The Roving Gambler, is of British broadside origin. The other song, Jack o' Diamonds, is undoubtedly indigenous to this country, and has been collected widely in the southern mountains. Though the song Mr. Clayton sings here contains stanzas from both of the songs mentioned above, there is no doubt that it is related only by subject matter to either of them. It is probably another of the endless lyrics combining any number of stanzas in any order that the singer may happen to put them. This song is from the singing of Hamilton Belcher of Wise County.

My father was a gambling man,
He learned me how to play,
Told me to stand my hand
On the Jack and Trey.

I am a roving gambler,
I rove from town to town,
Wherever I meet with a deck of cards
So willing I sit down.

Oh, it's Billy, now my Billy,
What makes you play that way?
Your wife's at home, she needs a dress
And your money's going away.

Jack of Diamonds, Jack of Diamonds,
I know you mighty well,
You've robbed me of my silver and gold
And sent my soul to Hell.

Jack's neither high card,
Neither Trey or Nine,
But I can beat the living man
That walks the railroad line.

SIDE I, Band 4: WILD ROVER

This delightful song has been collected in practically every country in the English speaking world, though if the frequency with which a song appears in print is an indication of its popularity then this song would appear to be little known, generally.

It is very probable that Wild Rover is derived from British broadsides of the late 18th or early 19th centuries; it has been reported, however, rather infrequently from tradition in England. Single texts have been collected in Nova Scotia and Newfoundland and it has also been reported several times from Australia. It does not appear to have been sung to any great degree in this country. Indeed, except for a single version listed as having been collected by Lomax in Michigan, the song has not previously been reported in this country. This version was sung by Miss Maud Ewell of Haymarket, Prince William County.

I've been a wild rover these dozen long years,
I've spent all my money on ale, wine and beer,
But now I will lay up my money in store
And never will play the wild rover no more.

Wild rover, wild rover, wild rover no more,
And never will play the wild rover no more.

I went to an alehouse I used to resort,
I began for to tell them my money was short,
I asked them to trust me, their answer was nay,
Such customers as you we can get any day.

But now I will lay up, etc....

I pulled out a handful of silver right away
In order to try them and hear what they'd say;
They said I was welcome to liquor the best
And all they had said it was only in jest.

But now, etc....

Nay, Nay, then I said, that never shall be,
I'll see you all hanged ere I spend one penny.

But now, etc....

I now am resolved for my future life
To settle myself and to marry a wife,
And we'll keep the ravenous wolves from the door
For I never will be a wild rover no more.

Wild rover, wild rover, wild rover no more,
For I never will play the wild rover no more.

For additional texts, see:
Ashton, John, MODERN STREET BALLADS, Chatto & Windus, London, 1888.
Creighton, Helen, SONGS AND BALLADS FROM NOVA SCOTIA, Dent & Sons, Toronto, 1933.
Jones, Percy, FOLIO OF AUSTRALIAN FOLK SONGS, Southern Music Co., Sydney, Australia, 1952.

SIDE I, Band 5: BILL DOOLEY

This hammer song with its interesting spoken interpolations has been reported under various titles

from practically every state in the South. It was sung by Negro convict laborers who helped to dig and grade the tunnels of various railroad lines through the southern mountains from the last half of the 19th

FINLEY ADAMS of Wise County, Virginia

century to the early part of the 20th century. These Negro laborers worked under impossible conditions for 14 and 16 hours a day, and were cruelly treated by the overseeing guards. That many of them died before achieving their freedom is no surprise. Their work-songs reflected their aspirations for freedom, at the same time boasting of their prowess as steel drivers.

Few songs of this type neglected to mention John Henry, the greatest steel driving folk hero of them all. The desire on the part of Negro steel drivers to emulate John Henry is no surprise, for he is, as John Greenway has aptly described him, "the apotheosis of (their) own unrealized potentialities.... a Negro who beat the white man at his own game."

Though he is also mentioned in hammer songs from other states (suggesting a rather widespread knowledge of his name), research has failed to identify the Bill Dooley mentioned in this song.

In recent years this song has been as frequently collected from white informants as from Negroes, suggesting an admiration for it and the things it helped to accomplish. Mr. Clayton collected this version from Finley Adams of Wise County (see photo).

If I could hammer like Bill Dooley,
I'd be a man, I'd be a man.

I'm going down to the tunnel now. They says,
"You'd better not go down there. There's
jackhammers down there." I says, "I don't
care. I'm a jackhammer myself."

This old hamamer it killed John Henry,
It'll never kill me, it'll never kill me.
This old hammer it rings like silver,
Shines like gold, shines like gold.

My girl, she come down to the tunnel the other
day. She says, "Darlin', how long you been
hammerin' down here?"

I've been hammerin' in this tunnel
Seven long years, darling, seven long years.

She says, "Darlin', how much longer you
goin' to hammer?"

If I hammer seven years longer,
Then I'll be free, I'll be free.

This is what she said to me that like to
kill me. She was crying, too, when she said it.
She said, "Darlin', why don't you come home?"

If I could reach the top of yon high blue mountain,
Darlin', I'd come home, darlin', I'd come home.

Take this hammer and give it to the captain,
Tell him I'm gone, tell him I'm gone.

And if he asks you was I a-runnin',
Tell him I was flyin', tell him I was flyin'.

And when you hear that freight train whistling
I'll be Tennessee bound, I'll be Tennessee bound.

For additional texts and bibliographical information, see: Sandburg, Carl, THE AMERICAN SONGBAG, Harcourt, Brace & Co., 1927. (see p. 150, Drivin' Steel)
Combs, Josiah H., FOLK-SONGS DU MIDI DES ETATS-UNIS, Les Presses Universitaires de France, Paris 1925. (See p. 193, The Yew-Pine Mountains.)
Chappell, Louis W., JOHN HENRY: A FOLK-LORE STUDY Walter Biederman, Jena, Germany, 1933. (see various John Henry hammer songs, pp. 97 ff.)

SIDE I, Band 6: TALT HALL

James Taylor Adams has identified Talton Hall as "the most notorious outlaw in the history of the Virginia-Kentucky borderland." Hall was born about 1840 on Little Carr Creek in Kentucky. Soon after his birth his family moved to Beaver Creek, a tributary of the Big Sandy, and it was there that Hall grew to manhood.

In his early twenties he married Merinda Triplett and shortly thereafter he started his career of crime and carnage. In some manner, he was appointed a deputy U.S. Marshall and it was in this office that he wrecked vengence on his personal enemies.

The first man Hall was accused of killing was John Adams whose only crime appears to have been moonshining. The story is told that Hall, mistaking Adams for another prisoner whom he meant to kill, hurled Adams from a third story window of a hotel in Louisville where they were awaiting trial. A friend of Adams openly accused Hall of murder and was shot to death for his pains. From then on the Hall legend contains the story of one killing after another. At one point in his career he was forced to drop out of sight and went to Texas where tradition tells us he killed 30 men in a period of 5 or 6 years.

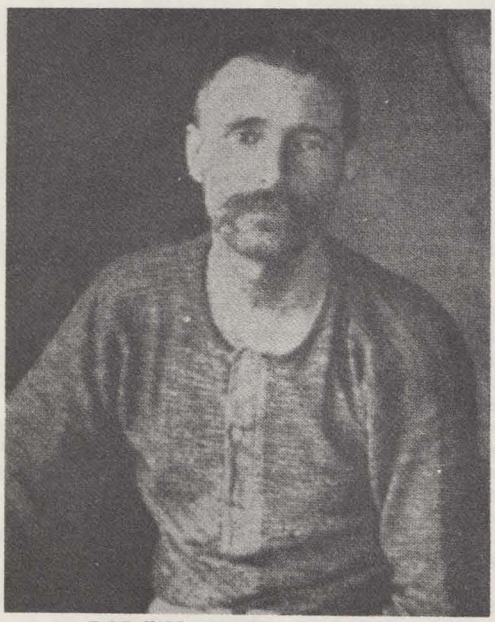
In 1891, he returned to the Cumberlands and it was here that his career of crime was brought to an end, but not before several more men had been killed.

Many years earlier, Enos Hilton (or Helton) had been shot through the hand by Hall in some minor fracas in Hindman, Kentucky. In the intervening years, Hilton moved to the town of Norton, Virginia, where he was made town Marshall. In the fall of 1891, Hall and a relative, Miles Bates, were in Norton and met Hilton near the railroad station. Hilton had a warrant for Bates' Arrest on some minor charge and when he attempted to serve it, Hall shot him dead. Hall then escaped into the mountains and later settled in Memphis, Tennessee, where he was joined by his wife, whom he had married after her husband, Frank Salyers, had been shot to death, presumably by Hall. In Memphis, he was arrested by policemen who had been tipped off of his presence there, and he was brought back to Wise County by Dr. B. M. Taylor and Sheriff Holbrook.

His trial attracted a great deal of attention because of the need to make an "example" of this most notorious of the many badmen in the area at the time. After a short trial the verdict of guilty and punishment by hanging was announced. Rumors flew back and forth that an attempt would be made to free Hall before the execution. No such escape took place and Hall met his just death on the appointed day.

This song is said to have been written by Uriah N. Webb, a ten year old boy at the time. In the collection of James Taylor Adams, in the Manuscript Room of the Alderman Library of the University of Virginia (the source of the information used in this note), there is a copy of this song sent to Adams by the composer himself. Mr. Clayton collected a version of this song recently from a singer in Wise County and collated his text with missing stanzas found in the Adams manuscript. This ballad has been reported in print only once previously, as taken down from the singing of Robert Morgan of Emmalena, Kentucky. This is the first published variant complete with melody.

Come all you sisters, brothers and all,
And I'll read you the story of old Talt Hall.



TALT HALL awaiting execution, September 2, 1892

Well, he roved through the country and he tried to kill 'em all,
Well, he shot and killed Frank Salyers and that begun it all.

Why he left old Kentucky, Virginia to roam,
Leaving his loved ones in his Beaver Creek home.
He roamed Wise and Norton through the summer and the fall,
And he met with Enos Hilton and old Enos had to fall.

The posse hunted for him through valley and through dale,
They found him in Memphis and he had to go to jail.

They took him from Tennessee to the Gladeville Jail,
Without friends or relations and no one to go his bail.

Well they built up the platform near the jailhouse side,
He walked out on it and he wrung his hands and cried,
"If I hadn't killed poor Hilton, why I wouldn't had to die."

For additional text and information, see:
Combs, Josiah H., FOLK-SONGS DU MIDI DES ETATS-UNIS, Les Presses Universitaires de France, Paris, 1925.

SIDE I, Band 7: THE FARMER'S CURST WIFE (Child #278)

The story of this old comic ballad, widely known under various titles, is summarized as follows by Child:

> "The devil comes for a farmer's wife and is made welcome to her by the husband. The woman proves no more controllable in Hell than she had been at home; she kicks the imps about, and even brains a set of them with her patterns or a maul. For safety's sake, the devil is constrained to take her back to her husband."

Most American variants end with a comment on womenkind's unique status of having no place in either Heaven or Hell. As in the case of this variant, the tune is usually gay, and most versions have a lighthearted nonsense refrain or whistled chorus, perfectly fitted to the comic story and humor of the ballad.

Mr. Clayton's version is from the singing of Miss Burma Bowie of Culpepper County, who learned it from the pioneer Virginia collector, John Stone, as he had learned it in Louisa County. (For an interesting comparison with a North Carolina version see Folkways album FP 40/2, NORTH CAROLINA BALLADS, sung by Artus Moser. See also the recording of Old Lady and the Devil by Bill and Belle Reed in Folkways' ANTHOLOGY OF AMERICAN FOLK MUSIC, Volume I, FP 251.)

There was an old farmer and he had a little farm,
(Whistle....)
And he had no horse to carry it on,
Sing fol de rol dol de rol di do.

So he hitched up his oxen and went out to plow,
Along came the Devil a-crossing his brow.
"Oh, now, Mr. Devil, what is it you'll have?"
"Your darned old scolding wife I'll have."

"Oh, now, Mr. Devil, I'll tell you apart;
You may have her with all of my heart."

So he threw the old woman over his back,
And away he went ta-clickety-clack.

When he arrived at his hall door,
He threw the old woman upon the floor.

One little devil came dragging a chain,
She up with her foot and she kicked out his brains.

And one little Devil, he called her a liar,
She up with her foot and she kicked nine in the fire.

One little Devil peeped over the wall,
Cried, "Take her back, pap, or she'll kill us all."

The Devil he bundled her up in a sack,
And like an old fool he came lugging her back.

Said he, "Old woman, did you fare very well?"
Says she, "Old man I flattened all Hell."

What will become of the women?
Won't have them in Hell and they can't get to Heaven.

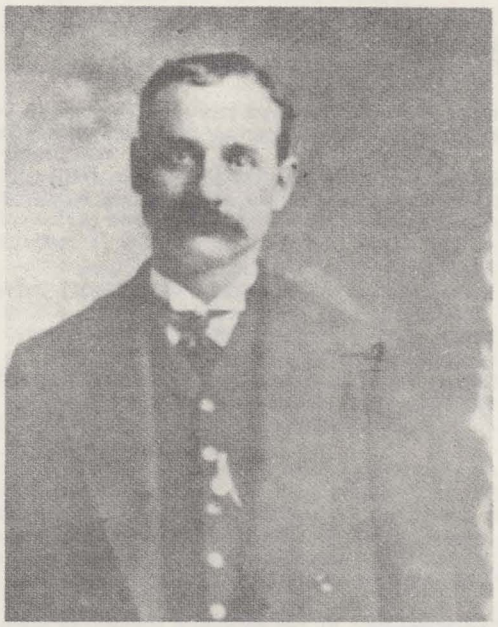
For full bibliographical and informative notes, see:
Child, Francis James, THE ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH POPULAR BALLIADS, Cambridge, Mass., 1882-1898 (Reprinted in 1956 by The Folklore Press, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York City)
Coffin, Tristram P., THE BRITISH TRADITIONAL BALLIAD IN NORTH AMERICA, The American Folklore Society, Philadelphia, 1950.
Davis, Arthur Kyle, Jr., TRADITIONAL BALLIADS OF VIRGINIA, Harvard, 1929.

SIDE II, Band 1: HARVEY LOGAN

Little is remembered today of the activities of one of the Wild West's most notorious figures, Harvey Logan, alias Kid Curry. His criminal file reported him as being "Train robber, horse and cattle thief, holdup man and murderer", but at best this is a weak description of his activities. He is known to have killed at least 9 men, including no fewer than 4 sheriffs!

Harvey Logan was second in command to the infamous Butch Cassidy in "The Wild Bunch", one of the most feared criminal gangs in the last decade of the 19th century. Born in 1865, Harvey was the oldest of four brothers, three of whom were notorious badmen, and only one of whom was to die in bed. At the age of 19, Harvey and his two younger brothers left home to "become cowboys". When they reached Wyoming, they joined the rustler gang led by "Flat Nose" George Curry, and Harvey, in his admiration of Curry, adapted his name and became known as "Kid Curry". In 1894, he murdered his first man, Pike Landusky, leading citizen of Landusky, Montana, and father of his sweetheart "Elfie". He robbed his first bank in 1897, and in 1899 held up the Union Pacific. He killed one sheriff in 1899, two in 1900, and the last one in 1901. By the fall of that year he was one of the most wanted men in the country.

He turned up in Knoxville and in a poolroom fight was wounded and later taken prisoner. In November, 1902, a jury convicted Logan. Federal authorities agreed that it would be best to have Logan taken to the escape-proof Columbus, Ohio, penitentiary. Before this happened, however, Logan engineered his escape (described in excellent detail in the ballad) from the Knoxville jail. By means of a noose made from the wire removed from the handle of a broom, Logan lassoed a guard and drew him to the bars. He took the keys from the guard's pocket, unlocked his cell, and went to where the second guard was stationed. Logan forced him to open the door and, using him as a human shield, made his way to the courtyard where the sheriff's horse was kept. The guard saddled up the mare and Logan made good his escape.



HARVEY LOGAN, alias Kid Curry

After his escape, Logan fled to Montana and then to Colorado where he formed a new gang of outlaws and rustlers. After a train robbery attempt the gang was cornered in a small canyon. In the battle Logan was wounded and, unable to make his escape, he committed suicide by firing a bullet into his left temple. So ended the career of the Tiger of the Wild Bunch, Harvey Logan.

It is interesting that the folk have not embroidered Logan's career in singing of him. Instead they have taken what they believed to be one of the most spectacular points of his career and, by describing it in detail, have perpetuated not his crimes but a far less violent portion of his life.

This variant was collected by Paul Clayton from the singing of Dogwood Johnson of Wise County and was collated with several verses sung by Etta Kilgore, also of Wise County.

If you folks don't know, well it's I'll tell you so,
Well, it's down in the barroom where all the rounders go.
It's oh my Babe, my li'l ole Babe.

Just playing for money, money wouldn't go right
When old Harvey Logan he got into a fight.

About that time the cops was coming long
Well, they stopped at the gate for they knew that
something was wrong.

They hit him over the head, their Billies they did
break,
He give them the contents of his smokeless 38.

Harvey in the jail and his guard not very far,
Why, he threw a lasso over his head and drawed him to
the bar.

He said, "Now jailer, well I've got you after all,
If you make an outcry, you'll die right in this hall."

Got the jailer before him and marched him to the
stair,
Said, "All I want is the sheriff's big grey mare."

He said, "Now, Harvey, you know you've done me wrong."
"Well, hush up that crying and put that saddle on."

He mounted his horse and he looked up at the sky,
Said, "I've gotta be on my way, for the night is
drawing nigh."

For additional texts and information, see:
Morris, Alton C., FOLKSONGS OF FLORIDA, University of Florida, Gainesville, 1950.
Lomax, John A. & Alan, OUR SINGING COUNTRY, MacMillan, New York, 1949.
Horan, J. D., & Sann, Paul, PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WILD WEST, Crown, New York, 1954.

SIDE II, Band 2: LADY MARGARET (Child #74)

This ballad, in its earliest British original, traces back to at least the beginning of the 17th century, for stanzas from it are quoted in Beaumont and Fletcher's Knight of the Burning Pestle (ca. 1611). By the end of the 17th century, the ballad had achieved wide popular circulation by means of numerous broadside and stall-ballad printings. It has come down to modern times in an interesting admixture of printed and orally circulated variants.

Lady Margaret is very popular in America, with New World variants being quite unlike anything in Child. The action usually begins with Margaret standing on her porch or bower and spying sweet William and his bride riding by. Lady Margaret goes back into her room and dies. Most American versions then have Margaret's ghost appear before William that night when he is sleeping with his new bride. William then seeks out Margaret and is shown her corpse, whereupon he kisses her cold lips before dying himself.

In Mr. Clayton's version, the stanzas containing the appearance of the ghost have been dropped from the ballad. This is consistent with the tendency on the part of many American folksingers to rationalize or discard all supernatural material in the ballads they sing.

Mr. Clayton received this ballad from Miss Margaret Jefferies of Culpeper County as she had collected it from Miss Judy Towell.

Lady Margaret standing on the porch so high,
Combing back her yellow hair,
And who should she spy but sweet William and his
bride
Come riding by this way.

She dropped her ivory comb down,
Back into the room she did go,
A pretty fair Miss going into the room,
For to never come back no more.

And she laid her head down close to the wall,
And sweet Willie he come and said,
Is she in the kitchen so fine,
Or is she in the hall?

She's neither in the kitchen so fine,
Nor is she in the hall,
She's a-laying with her cold pale face,
A-laying turned to the wall.

Can't I go in and unfold the sheets,
Unfold the sheets so fine,
That I may kiss her cold clay lips,
As often she's kissed mine.

For full bibliographical and informative notes, see:
Child, Francis James, THE ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH POPULAR BALLADS- Cambridge, Mass., 1882-1898. (Reprinted in 1956 by the Folklore Press, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York City)
Coffin, Tristram P., THE BRITISH TRADITIONAL BALLAD IN NORTH AMERICA, The American Folklore Society, Philadelphia, 1950.
Davis, Arthur Kyle, Jr., TRADITIONAL BALLADS OF VIRGINIA, Harvard, 1929.

SIDE II, Band 3: FRANKIE

One of the most widely known of all American ballads, the origin and history of this piece are still largely a mystery. Several interesting theories as to its origin have been made but none have stood the test of close scrutiny.

John Huston, author of the play "Frankie and Johnny", thinks that this song refers to the murder of Allen Britt by Francis Baker in St. Louis in 1899. Various collectors and authorities have disputed this theory, claiming the song was in circulation before 1899. However, there seems to be as little evidence for their claims as for the Frankie Baker story.

Thomas Beer claimed the song was known on the Mississippi in 1850 and was sung by Federal troops beseiging Vicksburg in 1863. Beer, however, has failed to document his claims to the various eminent scholars who have prodded him for the source of his information.

Sandburg, in The American Songbag, tells us that the song "was common along the Mississippi River and among railroad men as early as 1888." John J. Niles stated (in 1930) that the ballad was the story of a real crime and was almost 100 years old. Both of these claims have remained similarly undocumented.

George Milburn, who may well have had the largest collection of Frankie and Johnny texts (before its destruction from water-soaking several years ago),

believes that the Frankie song may have been applied to Frankie Baker's case but that it existed in widely separated areas of the country before 1899. His theory is based partly on a version which he collected in Eastern Oklahoma in the 1920s from a woman who had come from the mountain area of North Carolina. That version had as its heroine a woman named Maggie, but the story and structural form was that of the Frankie ballad. His informant, who was in her 80s, reported that she had learned the song as a child, thereby placing the song back to the middle of the 19th century.

The ballad has been widely collected under various titles with Frankie and Albert and Frankie and Johnny being the most common. The old vaudeville team known as the Leighton Brothers are believed to have been the source of the title Frankie and Johnny by which it is best known. It was copyrighted under that title in 1912 by Shapiro and Bernstein who credited the text to the Leighton Brothers and the music to Ren Shields. Little veracity has been attached to this claim, however.

The version Mr. Clayton sings here was collected in Wise County.

Frankie is a good little woman,
Almost everybody knows,
She paid one hundred dollar bill
For Albert's suit of clothes,
  For he's her man, her gambling man,
  But he don't treat her right.

Frankie went down to the river,
She looked from bank to bank,
No matter what you do for a gambler
You never get any thanks,
  For he's her man, her gambling man,
  But he don't treat her right.

Frankie went down to the new saloon,
Expecting a lot of fun,
And underneath her gingham apron,
She carried a 44 hammerless gun,
  To kill her man, her gambling man,
  For he din't treat her right.

Frankie, oh, Miss Frankie,
I'll tell you no lie,
Your man was here one hour ago
With a girl named Alice Frye.
  He's your man, your gambling man,
  But he don't treat you right.

Frankie went down to the new saloon,
Ordered up a glass of beer,
She asked of the bartender,
"Has my man been here?"
  He's your man, your gambling man,
  But he don't treat you right.

Frankie stepped around the corner
With a pistol in her hand,
Shot up through the window
And she killed her gambling man.
  For he's her man, her gambling man,
  But he don't treat her right.

Well, it's turn me over, Frankie,
It's turn me over slow,
There's six bullets in my side,
And, oh, they hurt me so.
  I'm your man, your gambling man,
  But I didn't treat you right.

Frankie in the courthouse,
Fanning with a little fan,
She whispered low in her mother's ear,
I love my gambling man.
  For he's her man, her gambling man,
  But he didn't treat her right.

Frankie in the jailhouse,
Her back against the wall,
"Hadn't been for two-faced Albert,
I wouldn't been here at all."
  For he's her man, her gambling man,
  But he didn't treat her right.

For additional information and bibliographical references, see:
Laws, Malcolm G., NATIVE AMERICAN BALLADRY, The American Folklore Society, Philadelphia, 1950.
Randolph, Vance, OZARK FOLKSONGS, Volume II, Historical Society of Missouri, 1948.

SIDE II, Band 4: IF I HAD A BOTTIE OF RUM

This song has obviously been performed as an instrumental or dance tune. It is composed of stanzas which can be found in any number of play party and square dance songs such as Old Joe Clark, Cindy, and others. As song, it is an excellent vehicle for social satire.

When unrelated stanzas such as these are performed for other than dance purposes, the singer will often identify the song by the first line of his favorite stanza. The refrain line sung here is probably peculiar to the singer from whom it was collected. Very often singers in close proximity to each other will sing almost identical texts and tunes, but will sing completely unrelated refrains which have become their distinctive trademarks with their neighbors. This song comes from Shenandoah County.

If I had a bottle of rum
And sugar by the pound,
An old gourd to put it in,
A spoon to stir it round.

  Tweedle dee, tweedle dee, tweedle dee dum,
  Tweedle dee, tweedle dee, then I'd have some fun.

And if I had a scolding wife,
I'd whip her sure as I was born;
I'd send her off to New York
And trade her in for corn.

  Tweedle dee, etc...

I was drunk last night,
I was drunk the night before,
And if I live to get sober again,
I'll never get drunk no more.

  Tweedle dee, etc...

Oh, boys, heed my story,
Corn whiskey or gambling's bad,
But try them both together..
Best fun you've ever had.

Tweedle dee, tweedle dee, tweedle dee dum,
Tweedle dee, tweedle dee, then you'd have some fun.

SIDE II, Band 5: LORD DARNELL (Child #81)

The earliest appearance in print of this ancient ballad was in Beaumont and Fletcher's Knight of the Burning Pestle (ca. 1611). Child gives as the ballad title for the variants in his collection the name Little Musgrave and Lady Bernard. The ballad has come down to us in an almost completely oral tradition for few broadside versions of this ballad are known to have existed. Phillips Barry was of the opinion that the American texts of this ballad, being more vivid and incisive than Child's, were probably older and that the ballad had been sung in this country for over 300 years.

American variants show certain traits in common with each other which either do not appear or appear only rarely in British variants. The lady is never as aggressive in English texts as in American. The expression "they cost me deep in the purse", when the lord is telling of his two swords, appears in only one of Child's texts, though it appears almost universally in American texts. The attempts to bribe the page, found frequently in Child's texts, appear nowhere in America, nor do any American texts indicate a past affair between the lovers.

BOYD BOLLING of Wise County, Virginia

The text Mr. Clayton sings here is a composite made by him from the singing of Boyd Bolling (see photo) and Finley Adams, both relatives and both of Wise County. Their texts varied in length and inclusiveness, and Mr. Clayton has combined the two for completeness.

One day, one day, one holiday,
The very first day of the year,
The little Mathy Groves to the church did go
Some holy words to hear.

The first came in was lily white,
The next was pink and blue,
The next come in was Lord Darnell's wife,
A flower among the few.

She placed her eyes on the little Mathy Groves,
These words to him did say,
"You must come home with me this night,
This livelong night to stay."

"I can't go home with you this night,
I cannot for my life,
For by the rings that's on your fingers
You are Lord Darnell's wife."

"Oh, what if I am Lord Darnell's wife,
Lord Darnell ain't at home,
He's off in some foreign country
A'learning the tailor's (?) trade."

She looked at him, he looked at her,
The like had never been done;
Lord Darnell's footpage went to tell
Before the rising sun.

He rode till he came to the broad river side,
He bowed his breast and he swum,
He swum till he came to the other side
And he buckled his shoes and he run.

He went all to Lord Darnell's hall,
He tingled at the ring,
No one came but Darnell himself
To rise and bid him come in.

"What news, what news you bring to me,
What news you bring to me,
Has any of my castle walls fell down
Or any of my work undone?"

"Oh, none of your castle walls fell down,
Nor none of your work's undone.
Little Mathy Groves in the North Scotland
In bed with the gayly one."

He rode till he came to the broad river side,
He bowed his breast and he swum,
He swum till he came to the other side
And he buckled his shoes and he run.

"I must get up, I must get up,
I must get up and go,
Lord Darnell he's a-coming now,
I heard his bugle blow."

"You shan't get up, you shan't get up,
You shan't get up and go.
It's nothing but my father's boys
A-blowing the shepherd's horn."

Then they fell to huggin' and a-kissin',
And then they fell asleep,
When little Mathy wakened up
Lord Darnell was at their feet.

"Get up, get up," Lord Darnell said,
"Get up and put on your clothes;
Won't have it to say in North Scotland
I murdered a naked man."

"I can't get up, I can't get up,
I cannot for my life,
For you have got two glittering swords
And I have nary a knife."

"Well, if I have got two glittering swords,
Which cost me deep in the purse,
You may have the very best one,
And I will take the worst.

"And you can strike the first blow,
And strike it like a man;
And I will strike the next blow
And I'll kill you if I can."

Little Mathy struck the first lick,
Which hurt Lord Darnell sore;
Lord Darnell struck the next lick
Brought Mathy to the floor.

He called his true love to his knee,
These words to her did say,
"Oh, which do you love the best now,
Little Mathy Groves or me."

"Very well I like your red rose cheeks,
Very well I like your chin,
But I like Mathy Groves in his gore of blood
More than you and all your kin."

He took her by the lily white hand
And led her through the hall,
And with his sword he cut off her head
And he kicked it against the wall.

For additional texts and bibliographical material, see:
Child, Francis James, THE ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH POPULAR BALLADS- Cambridge, Mass., 1882-1898. (Reprinted in 1956 by The Folklore Press, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York City)
Coffin, Tristram P., THE BRITISH TRADITIONAL BALLAD IN NORTH AMERICA, The American Folklore Society, Philadelphia, 1950.
Davis, Arthur Kyle, Jr., TRADITIONAL BALLADS OF VIRGINIA, Harvard, 1929.

SIDE II, Band 6: POOR OLD MAIDS

Social satire concerning the non-marital status of both men and women has long been a favorite subject with folksingers. And songs about old maids are legion. Such satire, of course, can be found in all song forms, from ballads to dance songs.

The song appears to be fairly well known in Virginia as some 10 variants from five counties are listed in A.K. Davis' Folksongs of Virginia. It has been reported only twice outside of Virginia, however, showing a rather limited circulation for the song. At the same time there are indications it has been popular in America for some time. A version is printed in The American Songster (ca. 1847) to which the editors have appended the note: "We have never seen this song in print and give it from recollections in childhood. Anyone who can make rhymes can run up words to suit himself. It is an old English air, at least as early as the days of George III, to whom these highly respectable ladies proposed, in the original song, to petition for redress of grievances." That it is an old English air is borne out by its appearance in Christie's Traditional Ballad Airs, Volume 1.

Mr. Clayton's version is from Culpeper County.

There four score and four of us,
Poor old maids.
There four score and four of us,
Poor old maids.
There four score and four of us,
But no one seems to care for us,
Something must be done for the poor old maids.

We have plenty of house and lands,
But all we want is some good old man.

We will pine away and die,
The winds will bear us to the sky.

The old frogs they'll corak so good,
You ought to get married when you could.

For additional texts and information, see:
Christie, Dean, TRADITIONAL BALLAD AIRS, Edmonston Douglas, Edinburgh, Scotland, 1876-81.
Morris, Alton C., FOLKSONGS OF FLORIDA, University of Florida, Gainesville, 1950.

SIDE II, Band 7: THE LITTLE PIG

This sad tale of the death of a pig and its serious consequences derives from the old English nursery rhyme of Betty Pringle's Pig. It appears to be well known throughout the southern mountains and has been collected in the Midwest and New England states as well. American variants, almost without exception, have by way of refrain the nasal grunt or exclamation which marks many versions of The Frog's Courtship. Mr. Clayton's version was collected in Culpeper County.

There was an old woman and she had a little pig,
Uh, uh, uh.
There was an old woman and she had a little pig,
It didn't cost much 'cause it wasn't very big,
Uh, uh, uh.

This little pig did lots of harm,
Uh, uh, uh.
This little pig did lots of harm,
Plaguey little thing all around the farm,
Uh, uh, uh.

Little pig died for the want of breath,
Uh, uh, uh.
Little pig died for the want of breath,
Wasn't that an awful death?
Uh, uh, uh.

Old woman moaned and sobbed and sighed,
Uh, uh, uh.
Old woman moaned and sobbed and sighed,
Then she laid right down and died,
Uh, uh, uh.

Old man died for the cause of grief,
Uh, uh, uh.
Old man died for the cause of grief,
Wasn't that a great relief?
Uh, uh, uh.

Here they lie the only three,
Uh, uh, uh.
Here they lie the only three,
Old man, old woman, little piggie,
Uh, uh, uh.

Here they lie upon the shelf,
Uh, uh, uh.
Here they lie upon the shelf,
If you want any more you can sing it yourself.
Uh, uh, uh.

Recorded by Kenneth S. Goldstein

For additional texts and information, see:
Opie, Iona & Peter, THE OXFORD DICTIONARY OF NURSERY RHYMES, Oxford, 1952.
Cox, John Harrington, FOLKSONGS OF THE SOUTH, Harvard, 1925.
THE FRANK C. BROWN COLLECTION OF NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE, Volume III, Duke University, 1952.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FOLKSONGS AND BALLADS OF VIRGINIA
Sung by Paul Clayton, with guitar
SIDE I
FA 2110 A
Band 1. RAILROAD BILL
Band 2. IN THE PINES
Band 3. GAMBLING MAN
Band 4. WILD ROVER
Band 5. BILL DOOLEY
Band 6. TALT HALL
Band 7. THE FARMER'S CURST WIFE (Child No. 278)
Recorded by Kenneth S. Goldstein, Feb., 1956
Custom molded by Plastylite


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FOLKSONGS AND BALLADS OF VIRGINIA
Sung by Paul Clayton, with guitar
SIDE II
FA 2110 B
Band 1. HARVEY LOGAN
Band 2. LADY MARGARET (Child No. 74)
Band 3. FRANKIE
Band 4. IF I HAD A BOTTLE OF RUM
Band 5. LORD DARNELL (Child No. 81)
Band 6. POOR OLD MAIDS
Band 7. THE LITTLE PIG
Recorded by Kenneth S. Goldstein, Feb., 1956
Custom molded by Plastylite