

Folkways Records FA 2128 (FL 47/E)

# TEXAS FOLK SONGS with Hermes Nye & Guitar



LEAD FOLK SONGS

The Devil Made Texas  
Bucking Bronco (or My Love is a Rider)  
Bonnie and Clyde  
Bad Brahma Bull  
Amazing Grace  
The Buffalo Skinners  
The Boll Weevil  
Diamond Joe  
Sam Bass  
The Toolie's Death  
Corrido De Kansas  
Louisiana Gals

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

# TEXAS FOLK SONGS

COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

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# Texas Folk Songs

INTRODUCTION BY FRANK DOBIE

WITH Hermes Nye and Guitar





HERMES NYE, lawyer and music merchant, with Whittle's, in Dallas, Texas, is a "professional" Texan by inclination -- having lived in Amarillo and then Dallas since about 1927. About folk songs he says, "I have a sneaking fondness for the English things from Percy and Child, especially when I can find Texas versions. I have been for years a card-carrying member of the Texas Folk Lore Society, have touched the hem of Dobie's garments and knew

John Lomax." He has done a lot of radio and TV work around Dallas in the folk song line. "Love to sing them, love to hear other people sing them, love to learn new ones. That's about all."

Other FOLKWAYS records with Hermes Nye are:  
 FP 37 Anglo-American Ballads  
 FP 5004 (48/7, 48/8) Civil War Ballads

## Foreword by J. FRANK DOBIE

They are old and plain, these songs, -- like all songs that come out of the earth. Being old, they need little explanation. My father and my step-grandfather and uncles on both sides of my house must have heard "Sam Bass" when they drove up the trail to Kansas before I was born. Somebody, nobody knows who, composed the ballad soon after the "good bad man" of Texas met his fate at Round Rock, on the old Chisholm Trail in 1878. In the years that followed, hundreds of thousands of longhorned cattle slept on their bed-grounds while cowboys rode slowly around and around the herds singing verses about Sam Bass. The opening lines have a gone-with-the-wind swiftness and compactness that no other ballad of frontier life approaches:

Sam Bass was born in Indiana, it was his native  
home,  
And at the age of seventeen, young Sam began to  
roam;  
He first came out to Texas a cowboy for to be,  
A kinder-hearted fellow you seldom ever see...

But "Sam Bass" does not represent the slow, slow movement of trailing cattle, moving maybe not more than ten miles a day, drawn out in

"Roll on, boys, don't you roll so slow,"

the "boys" here being the Texas steers that their drivers were always addressing, often in language far from lyrical. I never hear this song of "Diamond Joe" without hearing the voice of J. D. Dillingham of Austin, Texas. He gave the song to John

Lomax's collection of cowboy songs long ago, and in a cracked voice he still sings it to the accompaniment of a banjo that once belonged to wild and woolly Ben Thompson.

The first time I heard "Buffalo Skinners" was by Carl Sandberg. His profound approval of leaving "old Crego's bones to bleach on the range of the damned old buffalo" comes back to me now.

That is realism. All of the best of folk songs have it, in contrast to the prettified sentimentality of "My Love is a Rider," which was probably composed in a drug store. Realism is strong in the old vaquero song of a south Texas outfit that went up the trail to Kansas and came back short a mother's son killed by a steer at a gate. I used to hear the Mexican vaqueros sing this in camp and the coyotes answering them. Their mingled notes would go up to the stars and freeze my blood.

And what reality of life for a dark-skinned share-cropper the Ballad of the Boll Weevil has! There are hundreds of cowboy songs to just one clod-hopper song. That one is of Negro art and it has a finality of form and a blend of light-hearted humor and stark ruin hardly achieved by any other ballad this side of the Scottish-English border.

The merchant got half the cotton,  
The boll weevil got the rest,  
Didn't leave the farmer's wife  
But one old cotton dress,  
And it's full of holes,  
Oh, it's full of holes.

Notes by Hermes Nye

SIDE I

THE DEVIL MADE TEXAS

You can scoot all over the Southwest like a road-runner looking for the author of this song. You will end up seeing a lot of country. Like the road-runner. Lomax found it in the Buckhorn Saloon in San Antonio in 1910. The proprietor handed it over, in broadside form, all in the tradition, and flecked with foam. Also in the tradition. Nobody is much surprised when the piece shows up wearing false whiskers and going under the name of "Arizona," or "The Birth of New Mexico."

For the tune, I rooted around on the back shelves, there, and got "The Irish Washerwoman," and this tune I had from Old Granny Burson of Topeka, Kansas. Cranny had been in the Oklahoma Land Rush, and if I had gone into the matter, which I did not, I would have found that she knew this song. "Why, we used to call that, 'The Devil in Oklahoma,'" she would have said. I know this; because to the same tune, she brought forth,

"As I was a-goin to the Washington Fair  
A horseback a-lone, upon a gray mare;  
A white mane and tail, a streak down his back,  
And not a hair on him but what was coal black."

She knew them all, I guess.

Oh, the Devil in hell they say he was chained,  
And there for a thousand years he remained;  
He neither complained nor did he groan,  
But decided he'd start up a hell of his own,  
Where he could torment the souls of men  
Without being shut in a prison pen;  
So he asked the Lord if He had any sand  
Left over from making this great land.

The Lord He said, "Yes, I have plenty on hand,  
But it's away down south on the Rio Grande,  
And, to tell you the truth, the stuff is so poor  
I doubt if 'twill do for hell any more."  
The Devil went down and looked over the truck,  
And he said if it came as a gift he was stuck,  
For when he'd examined it carefully and well  
He decided the place was too dry for a hell.

But the Lord just to get the stuff off His hands  
He promised the Devil He'd water the land,  
For he had some old water that was of no use,  
A regular bog hole that stunk like the deuce.  
So the grant it was made and the deed it was  
given;

The Lord He returned to His place up in heaven.  
The Devil soon saw he had everything needed  
To make up a hell and so he proceeded.

He scattered tarantulas over the road,  
Put thorns on the cactus and horns on the toads,  
He sprinkled the sands with millions of ants  
So the man that sits down must wear soles on his  
pants.

He lengthened the horns of the Texas steer,  
And added an inch to the jack rabbit's ear;  
He put water puppies in all of the lakes,  
And under the rocks he put rattlesnakes.

He hung thorns and brambles on all of the trees,  
He mixed up the dust with jiggers and fleas;  
The rattlesnake bites you, the scorpion stings,  
The mosquito delights you by buzzing his wings.  
The heat in the summer's a hundred and ten,  
Too cool for the Devil and too hot for men;  
And all who remained in that climate soon bore  
Stings, cuts, bites, and scratches, and blisters  
galore.

He quickened the buck of the bronco steed,  
And poisoned the feet of the centipede;  
The wild boar roams in the black chaparral;  
It's a hell of a place that we've got for a hell.  
He planted red pepper beside of the brooks;  
The Mexicans use them in all that they cook.  
Just dine with a Mexican and you will shout,  
"I've hell on the inside as well as the out!"

BUCKING BRONCO ( or - MY LOVE IS A RIDER)

Belle Star, the female desperado from the  
Indian Territory, composed this song. Wrote it  
in .44 slugs on the post oaks, from the back of  
a pinto pony at full speed, just three lengths  
ahead of the posse. Always one for a lark, was  
Belle. I can see her now.

She wrote this, the same way Bonnier Parker  
wrote "Bonnie and Clyde," and the way Charles  
Giteau wrote on the scaffold of the pistol of  
James A. Garfield, with a bold, steady, hand.  
"More ink, here, sheriff, and damn the blots."

My love is a rider, wild broncos he breaks,  
But he's promised to quit it, just for my sake.  
He ties up one foot, the saddle puts on,  
With a swing and a jump he's mounted and gone.

The first time I met him, 'twas early one spring,  
Riding a bronco, a high-headed thing.  
He tipped me a wink as he gaily did go;  
For he wished me to look at his bucking bronco.

The next time I seen him 'twas late in the fall,  
Swinging the girls at Tomlinson's hall.

He laughed and he talked as we danced to and fro,  
Promised never to ride on another bronco.

He made me some presents, among them a ring;  
The return that I made was a far better thing;  
'Twas a young maiden's heart I would have you  
to know,  
He won it by riding his bucking bronco.

My love has a gun, and that gun he can use,  
But he's quit his gun fighting as well as his  
booze;  
And he's sold off his saddle, his gun and his  
rope,  
And there's no more gun-fightin', and that's  
what I hope.

Now, all you young maidens, where'er you  
reside,  
Beware of the cowboy that swings the rawhide;  
He'll court you and pet you and off he will go,  
Up the trail, in the spring, on his bucking  
bronco.

#### BONNIE AND CLYDE

"He went to Oklahoma and stole a car, as I learned  
later. When he came home, he took it over to a  
garage on the West Dallas Pike, and told me he'd  
be there all day working. -- When I reached the  
garage, I found Clyde filing the numbers off the  
engine -- a rather unusual procedure that didn't  
look right to me. I asked him whose car it was  
and where he'd gotten it. He replied, both dimples  
working, that it belonged to a friend, and that he  
was overhauling it.

"Mighty funny overhauling," I stated. --

He just roared with laughter, denied the accusa-  
tion as of no importance, and started pouring ley  
over the hood to take the paint off."

"Bonnie gave me the poem that night, 'The Story  
of Bonnie and Clyde.' -- Clyde and Bonnie bade  
us all good-bye -- their last goodbye -- and drove  
away. They would be back in two weeks, they  
promised. But in two weeks they were dead."  
-- Nell Barrow Cowan, in "Fugitives; The Story  
of Clyde Barrow and Bonnie Parker."

You have read the story of Jesse James,  
Of how he lived and died,  
If you still are in need of something to read,  
Here is the story of Bonnie and Clyde.

Now Bonnie and Clyde are the Barrow gang,  
I'm sure you all have read  
How they rob and steal,  
And how those who squeal,  
Are usually found dying or dead.

There are lots of untruths to their write-ups,  
They are not so merciless as that;  
But they have their little flaws  
They hate all the laws,  
The spotters, stool pigeons and rats.

They say they're cold-blooded killers,  
They say they are heartless and mean,  
But I say this with pride,  
That I once knew Clyde and rode up by his  
side,  
When he was honest and upright and clean.

But the law fooled around,  
Kept tracking him down  
And locking him up in a cell,  
Till he said to me, "I will never be free,  
So I will meet a few of them in hell."

If we try to act like others  
And go on the level,  
And rent us a nice little flat,  
About the third night we'd be invited to fight  
By a sub-machine gun rat-tat-tat-tat.

If a policeman is killed in old Dallas town,  
And they have no clues for a guide;  
To bring the case to an end,  
They'll pin it on a friend,  
Or hang it on Bonnie and Clyde.

Two crimes have been done in America  
Not accredited to the Barrow mob;  
For they had no hand  
In Lindbergh's kidnapping demand  
Or the Kansas City depot job.

A newsboy says to his buddy one day,  
"I wish old Clyde would get jumped,  
In these awful hard times,  
We might make a few dimes  
If five or six more laws got bumped."

The police haven't got the report yet,  
Clyde sent it by wireless today;  
"We've got a peace flag of white  
We stretch it out at night,  
We have joined the NRA."

Some day they'll both go down together,  
And they'll bury them side by side,  
To a few it means grief,  
To many it's relief,  
But it's death to Bonnie and Clyde.

BAD BRAHMA BULL  
(From "Gauchito" Don Richards of Salt Lake City.)

He was hoss wrangler and adjuster of cinches  
for pretty guests at the Herman Dude Ranch in  
Woodland Park, Colorado. His sideburns reached  
toward the point of his chin and he was singing the  
first two lines of "Strawberry Roan." Over and  
over.

"Don't you know any more of that song?" I asked  
him.

"No. Do you?"

"Yes," I said, "and I will teach it to you."

"Where did you hear about it?" he asked me.  
"That tune, the way I know it, is from a rodeo  
song. They call it the 'Bad Brahma Bull.'"

I was snapping out broncs for the old Flying U  
At forty a month like a good buckaroo  
When the boss comes around and he says, "Say,  
my lad,  
You look pretty good ridin' hosses that's bad;  
But you see I ain't got no mo' outlaws to break  
So I'll buy you a ticket and give you a stake;  
At a-ridin' them bad ones well you ain't so slow  
And you might do some good at some big rodeo."

Well, now they are puttin' the bull in the chutes  
I'm a-strapping my spurs to the heels of my boots;  
I looks the bull over and to my surprise  
They's a foot and a half in between his two eyes;  
On top of his shoulder he's got a big hump  
So I cinches my riffin' just back of this lump.  
I lights in his middle and lets out a scream  
He comes out with a beller and the rest is a dream;

Well he humps to the left but he lands to the right  
But I ain't no greenhorn, I'm still settin' tight;  
The dust starts a-foggin' right out of his skin  
He's a -wavin' his horns right under my chin.  
At a-sunnin' his belly he couldn't be beat,  
He's a-showin' the buzzards the soles of his feet;  
He's dippin' so low that my boots fills with dirt  
Then he's makin' a whip from the tail of my shirt.

He's a-snappin' the buttons right off my clothes  
A-buckin' and bawlin' an' blowin' his nose;  
The crowd was a-cheerin' both me and the bull  
But he needed no help, and I had my hands full.  
Then he starts for the fence, lowin' and weavin'  
behind

My neck it snaps back and I go sorta blind;  
He starts in high divin', I lets out a groan,  
We went up together but we come down alone.

Up high I turns over and below I can see  
He's a-pawin' up dirt just a-waitin' for me;  
I can picture a grave and a big slab of wood  
Sayin', "Here lies the twister that thot he was  
good." \*

Then I notices somethin' don't seem could be  
true --

The brand on his hip was the ole Flyin' U.  
When I landed he charged but I got enough sense  
To outrun that bull to a hole in the fence.

I dived through that hole and I want you to know  
That I ain't going back to no Wild West Show;  
At a-ridin' them bad ones, you can bet I am  
through  
And I'm sure footin' it back to the old Flyin' U.

AMAZING GRACE

The brush arbors knew this song, the camp  
meetings, and many a kerqzene flare. As the  
mourners walked the sawdust trail, the faith-  
ful took up "Amazing Grace," that, and some-  
times "The Other Shore" and "I'm Bound for  
the Promised Land."

Amazing grace, how sweet the sound,  
That saved a wretch like me!  
I once was lost, but now am found;  
Was blind, but now I see.

Refrain: Oh, you must be a lover of the Lord  
Or you can't go to heav'n when you  
die.

Through many dangers, toils, and snares,  
I have already come;  
'Tis grace that brought me safe this far,  
And grace will lead me home.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,  
And grace my fears relieved;  
How precious did that grace appear,  
The hour I first believed!

## THE BUFFALO SKINNERS

"I don't know about the needle gun, and the navy six; mostly, the hunters used a Sharps rifle. That's just the way it was spelled, after a man named Sharps. No apostrophe. It was a big, heavy, large-bore gun. They usually went after the herds on foot; it made a pretty picture, but was not very commercial, to go after the buffalo on horseback. The buffalo was stupid, and wouldn't run after the firing started; just go over and sniff at the dead ones and start grazing again. A man from cover could kill kill 60 or 80 out of a herd before any of the animals would catch on. This was called still hunting, from cover, and not very dangerous. Comparitively speaking. The hunters just took the hides, put them in a wagon, and moved on. Maybe they would cut the tongue out, and the hump, that is mentioned in the song; the rest of the cuts would be pretty tough going. The Indians would be the Comanches, of course; those, or the Kiowas, or maybe some Sioux from up North. Mostly Comanches, though, and of course, in my studies I never came across anybody by the name of Crego. I'm writing a book now, on the Buffalo Hunters; Crego was just probably the name of somebody that somebody else didn't like. Of course they hunted a lot of Buffalo around the Pease river; and Jacksboro was the big buffalo hunting center; little burg, now, north-west of here. But no man by the name of Crego. No. I'm sorry. No Crego. Positvely." -- Wayne Gard, of the Dallas morning news, author of "The Chisholm Trail", in conversation.

'Twas in the town of Jacksboro in the year of '73,  
When a man by the name of Crego came stepping up  
to me,

Saying, "How do you do, young fellow, and how  
would you like to go  
And spend the summer pleasantly on the range of the  
buffalo?"

It's me being out of employment, then to Crego I  
did say,

"This going out on the buffalo range depends upon  
the pay.

But if you will pay good wages, give transportation  
too,

I think, sir, I will go with you and stay the summer  
through."

It's now our outfit was complete, seven able-  
bodied men,

With navy six and needle gun our troubles did  
begin;

Our way, it was a pleasant one, as outward we  
did go,

Until we crossed Pease River on the range of the  
buffalo.

Our hearts were cased with buffalo hocks, our  
souls were cased with steel,

And the hardships of that summer would nearly  
make you reel.

While skinning the damned old stinkers, our lives  
they had no show,

For the Indians waited to pick us off on the range  
of the buffalo.

Our food it was of buffalo rump and iron wedge  
bread,

And all we had to sleep on was a buffalo for a bed;  
The fleas and graybacks worked on us, oh, boys,  
it was not slow,

I can tell you there's no worse hell on earth than  
the range of the buffalo.

The season being near over, boys, old Crego, he  
did say

The crowd had been extravagant, was in debt to  
him that day.

We coaxed him and we begged him, but still it  
was no go -

So we left his damned old bones to bleach on the  
range of the buffalo.

Oh, it's now we've crossed Pease River and home-  
ward we are bound,

No more in that hell-fired country shall we be  
ever found.

Goin' home to our wives and sweethearts, tell  
others not to go,

To the God forsaken buffalo range and the damned  
old buffalo.

John and Alan Lomax say that Iron Head, lifetime convict in the Central State Prison Farm, Sugarland, Texas, had squatter's rights on this song. Hardly anybody else would sing it; it was just his song, that was all. Shorty George was the gasoline motor-car that brought the women-folks down to visit; and then took them away again. Nowadays, when there's a TV set in most every cell-block, and the cons work a five-day week and fatten their own beef, things may be changed a little. Still, it is hard to see that Shorty George pull out in the late afternoon, TV or no TV.

Well-a, Shorty George, he ain' no friend of mine,  
Well-a, Shorty George, he ain' no friend of mine,  
Taken all the women an' leave the men behin'.

O when I get back to Dallas, gonna walk an' tell  
That the Fort Ben' bottom is a burnin' Hell.

Well, my babe caught the Katy, I caught the Santa Fe;  
Well, you can't quit me, babe, can't you see?

Well, I wen' down to Galveston, work on the Mall'ry  
Line,  
Baby, you can't quit me, ain' no need you tryin'.

Got a letter from my baby, "Come at once, she's  
dyin'" -  
She wasn't dead, she was slowly dyin'.

I took my babe to the buryin' groun';  
I never knowed I loved her till the coffin' soun'.

#### THE BOLL WEEVIL

"Boll weevil. A grayish weevil (*Anthonomus grandis*) about a quarter of an inch long, which infests the cotton plant, puncturing and laying its eggs in the squares and pods. This insect is a native of Mexico and Central America, but crossed the Rio Grande in 1893, and has since spread northward and done serious damage throughout the cotton belt."

The boll weevil is a little black bug  
Come from Mexico, they say,  
Come all the way to Texas  
Just lookin' for a place to stay,  
A-lookin' for a home,  
Jus' a-lookin' for a home.

The first time I seen the boll weevil  
He was settin' on the square,  
The next time I saw the boll weevil  
He had all his family there,  
A-lookin' for a home,  
Jus' a-lookin' for a home.

The farmer took the boll weevil  
An' buried him in hot sand;  
The boll weevil says to the famer,  
"I'll stand it like a man,  
For it is my home,  
It is my home."

The boll weevil says to the farmer,  
"You can drive your Ford machine,  
When I get through with your cotton  
You can't buy no gasoline.  
For I found a home,  
I found a home."

The farmer says to the merchant,  
"I need some meat and meal."  
"Get away from me you son-of-a-gun  
Got boll weevils in your field.  
They found a home,  
They found a home."

The boll weevil says to the doctor,  
"You can put away all the pills,  
When I get through with the famer  
He can't pay no doctor bills,  
I found a home,  
I found a home."

If anybody should ask you  
Who it was that wrote this song,  
Tell 'em it was a dark-skinned farmer  
With a pair o' blue duckin's on,  
A-lookin' for a home,  
Jus' a-lookin' for a home.

#### DIAMOND JOE

"A dollar a day is the sailor's pay  
Leave her, bullies, leave her;  
To pump all night and work all day  
It's time for us to leave her."

Work songs will tell you about the hours and the pay, and one is usually long and the other short. Brownie McNeil of Texas University has this in his songbag and I learned it from him. According to Lomax, this was popular in Central Texas at the time of the War Between the States; its message of social protest was ahead of its time -- this note, along with the sly allusive one, hardly ever cropped up in the cowboy songs.

Old Diamond Joe was a rich old jay,  
He had lots of cowboys in his pay.

He rode the range with his cowboy band,  
And many a maverick bore his brand.

Roll on, boys, roll  
Don't you roll so slow,  
You roll like cattle  
Never rolled before.

If I was as rich as Diamond Joe,  
I'd work today and I'd work no more.

For they work so hard, and they pay so slow  
I don't give a damn if I work or no.

I left my gal in a Texas shack,  
And told her I was a-coming back.

But I lost a charge, then I got in jail,  
Then found myself on the Chisholm Trail.

I'll stay with the herd 'til they reach the end,  
Then I'll draw all my time and blow it in.

Just one more spree, and one more jail,  
Then I'll head right back that lonesome trail.

I'll cross old Red at the Texas line,  
And head straight back to that gal of mine.

I'll sit in the shade, and sing my song,  
And watch the herds as they move along.

When my summons comes to leave this world,  
I'll say goodbye to my little girl.

I'll fold my hands, when I have to go,  
And say farewell to Diamond Joe.

Roll on, boys, etc.

#### SAM BASS

Down at Salado, at the Stage Coach Inn, when you have packed away a fabulous lunch complete with sweet butter and hush-puppies, you can wander outside and visit Sam Bass' Cave. This is where Sam hid; and Sam was always hiding, to judge from the number of Sam Bass caves in North and Central Texas. Those, and the Sam Bass six-shooters and holsters, Sam Bass's own saddles and quirts that hang in many a roadside museum and cafe. There is nothing left of Sam's tombstone, nowadays; but there is a Sam Bass Cafe in Round Rock and perhaps that is the best immortality of all.

Sam Bass was born in Indiana, it was his native home, And at the age of seventeen, young Sam began to roam; Sam first came out to Texas a cowboy for to be, A kinder-hearted fellow you seldom ever see.

Sam used to deal in race stock, one called the Denton mare;  
He matched her in scrub races and took her to the fair.

Sam used to coin the money and spent it just as free,  
He always drank good whisky, wherever he might be.

Sam left the Collins ranch in the merry month of May  
With a herd of Texas cattle the Black Hills for to see,  
Sold out in Custer City and then got on a spree -  
A harder set of cowboys you seldom ever see.

On their way back to Texas they robbed the U. P. train,

And then split up in couples and started out again.  
Joe Collins and his partner were overtaken soon,  
With all their hard earned money they had to meet their doom.

Sam met his fate at Round Rock, July the twenty-first,

They pierced poor Sam with rifle balls and emptied out his purse.

Poor Sam, he is a corpse and six foot under clay,  
And Jackson's in the bushes trying to get away.

Jim had borrowed Sam's good gold and didn't want to pay,

The only shot he saw was to give poor Sam away.  
He sold out Sam and Barnes and left their friends to mourn -

Oh, what a scorching Jim will get when Gabriel blows his horn!

#### THE TOOLIE'S DEATH (On the Allegheny Shore)

Professor Mody Boatright of Texas University, editor for the Texas Folklore Society and author of many a treatise on folk lore, sent this song along in reply to a desperate plea. Oil workers, somebody has said, do their work in noise and under pressure; there is little of the cow poke's leisure and none of the sailor's long dog watches, to provide a fertile loam for song. Be that as it may, there are few oil worker folk songs. Even the Petroleum Club did not know, or did not care to remember, any. This one is from the Oil and Gas Men's Magazine for January 1911. Ross and Gretchen von Metzke of Topeka, Kansas, furnished the tune a long time ago (they have forgotten by now) when they trotted out, to ukelele accompaniment,

"Out by a western water tank on a bleak  
November day

Beside an empty box car, a dying hobo lay.  
His partner sat beside him with a sad and  
low-bent head

And listened to the last words that dying  
hobo said."

A toolie of a drilling crew,  
With short and feverish breath,  
In a boarding house in Beaumont  
Lay near the point of death.

His driller stood beside him,  
While his life did ebb away,  
And bent with pitying glances  
To hear what he did say.

The toolie's lips did tremble,  
And he took the driller's hand,  
And said, "No more I'll ten per bits,  
To pierce the Texas sand.

"No more the boiler I will fire,  
Or climb the derrick high,  
No more I'll eat a midnight lunch  
Beneath the Southern sky.

"A message I would have you take,  
To my pleasant home of yore,  
For I was born in Franklin  
On the Allegheny shore.

"Tell my father not to shed a tear,  
Or bow his aged head.  
When you gently break to him the news  
His eldest son is dead.

"That the precepts of his teachings  
I have ever kept in mind,  
And never skipped a board bill  
Though it took my hard-earned dimes.

"Tell my mother that her loving son,  
When death was drawing nigh,  
Looked forward to a brighter home,  
And did not fear to die.

"That in my dreams I saw her form  
Beside the cottage door,  
In that far off home in Franklin  
On the Allegheny shore.

"There's another, not a sister.  
Who lives in Olean;  
I've not seen her since that bright June day  
She pledged to me her hand.

"I can see the rolling river,  
Where together we have strolled  
Along its shady mossy banks  
In those happy days of old

As we talked of the bright future,  
That for us time held in store  
Of a home in dear old Franklin  
On the Allegheny shore."

The toolie's lips were silent,  
There was one angel more --  
St. Peter wrote, Tim Murphy  
From the Allegheny shore.

#### CORRIDO DE KANSAS

The King Ranch in South Texas covers close to a million square miles. Brownie McNeill, of the English Department in Texas University at Austin, has lived on this ranch and while there got this song from Jose Gomez of the vaqueros. Jose remembered only parts of the long "corrido", but being an artist himself, remembered the best parts, and these were enough to tell the story and have done with it.

As Brownie points out in his article in "Texas Folk and Folklore" this song is the same thing to the vaqueros that "Zebra Dun" and "Little Joe the Wrangler" were to the Texas cowboys.

Cuando salimos pa' Kansas  
Con una grande partida,  
Nos decia el caporal:  
- No cuento ni con mi vida. -

Quinientos novillos eran  
Pero todos muy livianos,  
No los podiamos reparar  
Siendo treinta mexicanos.

Cuando dimos visto a Kansas  
Era purtito correr,  
Eran los caminos largos,  
Y pensaba yo en volver.

Cuando dimos visto a Kansas  
Se vino un fuerte aguacero,  
No los podiamos reparar  
Ni formar un tiroteo.

Cuando llegamos a Kansas  
Un torito se pelo,  
Fue a atajarle un mozo joven  
Y el cavallo se voltio.

La madre de un aventurero  
Le pregunta al caporal:  
- Oiga, deme razon de mi hijo,  
Que no lo he visto llegar. -

- Senora, le voy a decir  
Pero no vaya a llorar,  
A su hijo le mato un novillo  
En la puerta de un corral.

Treinta pesos alcanzo  
Pero todo limitado,  
Y trescientos puse yo  
Pa' haberlo sepultado.

Todos los aventureros  
Lo fueron a acompañar,  
Con sus sombreros en las manos,  
A verlo sepultar. -

## LOUISIANA GALS

The men sat on one side of the room, and the women on the other, with the babies all asleep in the buckboards outside. The fiddle was the Devil's instrument and cards were his pasteboards; there were left, however, the play party games. Those, and the teasing songs, and these the men hollered across at the women, and the women hollered back across at the men. "These Many Long Years I've Been Married," "When I Was Single," "Devil and the Farmer's Wife," and, finally, this song, using the name of the next state to the West of them. In this case, in Louisiana, of course it had to be Texas.

Lou'siana gals, come and listen to my noise,  
Don't go marry those Texian boys,  
For, if you do, your fortune will be  
Johnnycake and venison and sassafras tea,  
Johnnycake and venison and sassafras tea.

When they go a-courtin', I'll tell you what they  
ride, -

An old pack-saddle all covered with hide,  
An old hair girth made out of a rope,  
A-straddle of a horse that can't fetch a lope,  
A-straddle of a horse that can't fetch a lope.

When he comes in first thing you hear, -  
"Madam, your daddy has killed a deer."  
And the next thing he says when he sits down,  
"Madam, the johnnycake's too damn brown,  
"Madam, the johnnycake's too damn brown."

For your wedding supper there's beef and corn-  
bread,

There it is to eat when the ceremony's said;  
And when you go to milk, you'll milk in a gourd.  
Set it in a corner and cover it with a board,  
Set it in a corner, and cover it with a board.

They live in a hut with a hewed log wall,  
But it ain't got any windows at all;  
With a clapboard roof and a puncheon floor,  
And that's the way all Texas o'er,  
And that's the way all Texas o'er.

They will take you out on a live-oak hill,  
And there they'll leave you against your will.  
They'll leave you on the prairie and starve you  
on the plains,  
For that is the way with the Tex -i- ans,  
For that is the way with the Tex -i- ans.

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- Band 4. BAD BRAHMA BULL  
(Rodeo Song)
- Band 5. AMAZING GRACE
- Band 6. THE BUFFALO SKINNERS

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- Band 3. DIAMOND JOE
- Band 4. SAM BASS
- Band 5. THE TOOLIE'S DEATH
- Band 6. CORRIDO DE KANSAS
- Band 7. LOUISIANA GALS

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