



THE STONEMAN FAMILY

OLD-TIME TUNES OF THE SOUTH (SUTPHIN, FOREACRE AND DICKENS)

FA 2315 FOLKWAYS RECORDS N. Y.

SAY, DARLING, SAY
THE BLACK DOG BLUES
WHEN THE SPRINGTIME COMES AGAIN
STONEY'S WALTZ
NEW RIVER TRAIN
HALLELUJAH SIDE
CUMBERLAND GAP

HANG JOHN BROWN
BILE THEM CABBAGE DOWN
THE WRECK OF THE OLD NINETY-SEVEN
LONESOME ROAD BLUES
LITTLE SADIE
FRANKIE WAS A GOOD GIRL
LATE LAST NIGHT

I MET A HANDSOME LADY
JOHN HENRY
THE WAR IS A-RAGING
GOLDEN PEN
THE ARKANSAS TRAVELLER
ROSE IN GRANDMA'S GARDEN
LOST JOHN

Library of Congress Catalogue Card No. R 57-886
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"NOW PLAYING GAY TIME, CONSTITUTIONAL HALL" - ERNEST V. STONEMAN AND FAMILY 1947.

E. V. STONEMAN

THE STONEMAN FAMILY

Notes by Ralph Rinzler

Before the advent of "hill-billy music" traditional musicians had been farmers, laborers, people of all kinds who worked at a trade or profession and amused themselves and their friends with their music. A few banjo pickers and fiddlers worked up routines and got jobs on river boats and with minstrel shows in the 19th Century and in vaudeville shows in the 20th. In 1926 when the "Grand Ole Opry" began its broadcasts on radio station WSM, Nashville, it brought the best of the traditional singers, fiddlers, banjo pickers, jug blowers etc. to the city and back to the country folk by way of radio, and in the beginning it was all what today is called folk music.

The adjective "old-time" is used by musicians and disc-jockeys to refer to some of the music which northerners would call folk music, and there are still some "old-time" musicians left in the field of hill-billy music. They usually come from families where one or both of the parents sang and picked the banjo or fiddled, and they still sing the songs which they were brought up singing. Their bands have no electric instruments, and their vocal style, is not often influenced by the western twang or the Broadway croon.

Ernest V. Stoneman was born in Carroll County, Virginia during the last decade of the 19th Century. His father's family was of English origin (his great-great-great-grandfather was kidnapped at the age of twelve and shipped off to America as a cabin boy), and his mother's family, the Bowers, came from Germany. Pop always played the mouthharp and jew's-harp. When he was a young man he learned to pick the banjo and the autoharp, and when, in his middle twenties, he went to New York to make recordings for Okeh and Edison, he learned to pick the guitar.

During the ten or fifteen year period when he was recording, Pop taught his wife how to play the fiddle ("she followed my mouthharp"), and they worked with Uncle Eck Dunford and others recording about one hundred different songs on a wide variety of labels.

The depression forced the record industry to curtail its operations, and the Stoneman family moved to the outskirts of Washington in 1931 and has remained there. Pop works regularly at a naval gun factory, and he and Mrs. Stoneman, along with their thirteen children, have performed at many functions in the past twenty-five years. All of the children sing and play instruments. The recording here of "The Wreck of the Old Ninety-seven", was made at a Saturday night Paul Jones dance where the family plays quite regularly. Although most of the children are now grown and married, there are always enough of them around to get together a band on Saturday night.

SIDE I, Band 1: SAY, DARLING, SAY
(Pop - vocal and five-string banjo.)

This song was undoubtedly pieced together from old remnants ... the tune is in the hoedown spirit; the first two verses are almost identical with those of the well-known lullaby, "Hush, Li'l Baby."

Hush up, darling, don't say a word,
I'm gonna buy you a mocking bird,
Say, darling, say.

Mocking bird, if he couldn't sing,
I'm gonna buy you a diamond ring,
Say, darling, say.

All I've got is you in mind,
Wouldn't do nothing but starch and iron,
Say, darling, say.

Starch and iron will be your trade,
And I can get drunk and lay in the shade,
Say, darling, say.

SIDE I, Band 2: THE BLACK DOG BLUES
(Stoneman Family - Pop, vocal and guitar; Mrs. Stoneman, fiddle; Vann, string bass.)

With the exception of "The Black Dog Blues" and "Cumberland Gap," all of the songs on this recording can be accompanied on a guitar by using three chords -- the tonic, the subdominant and the dominant seventh with the added color of an occasional double-dominant (super-tonic) chord. The chord progression of "The Black Dog Blues" is reasonably popular in American folk music. It has yielded two well known songs, this one and "The Salty Dog Blues."¹

This song appears in different versions throughout the South; each singer changes the melody somewhat, and there is even greater variation in the case of the text, but the songs are always a gambling song. Very similar to Pop's version is one which was recorded in the twenties by Charlie Poole who sang the words:

"Don't let your deal go down, down (3)
For my last gold dollar'll be gone."

A related song is recorded in Richardson's "American Mountain Songs":

"My last ole dollar is gone,
My last ole dollar is gone,
My whiskey bill is due an' my board
bill too,
An' my last gold dollar is gone!"²

Notes:

1. "Salty Dog Breakdown", Guthrie, Houston and Terry; (recorded by Moses Asch)
2. Ethel Park Richardson: "American Mountain Songs," page 96.

Discography

"Old Black Dog," Dick Justice, Brunswick 395
"Don't Let Your Deal Go Down," Charlie Poole and N.C. Ramblers, Col. 15038-D

Refrain:

Oh, you call me a dog when I'm gone, gone, gone,
Oh, it's coal black dog when I'm gone;
But when I come back with a hundred dollar bill,
Oh, babe, where you been so long.

Oh, I been way down in old Kentucky,
To the state of Tennessee;

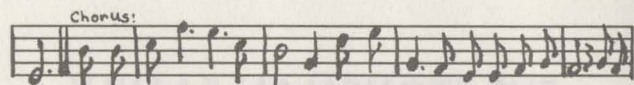
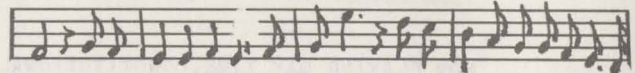
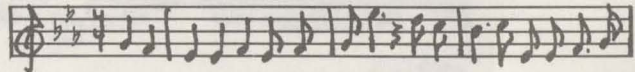
And it's any old place that I hang my hat,
It looks like home to me.

Oh, my papa he learned me to gamble,
Told me, "Bid on the deuce and trey;"
And when I see my deal go down,
I rave on that ace, deuce, trey.

SIDE I, Band 3: WHEN THE SPRINGTIME COMES AGAIN
(Pop, vocal with guitar and harmonica.)

"Gentle Annie" is included in "Pioneer Songs - A Collection of songs used by the pioneers, enroute to and in the early settlement of the West."¹ The same song was published in Christy's Minstrel Songs, and also in the famed "DeMarsan's New Comical and Sentimental Singer's Journal." Written by Stephen Foster in 1856, this song was popularised by the minstrels, taken up by the hill-billies and the pioneers. It is interesting to compare a transcription of the melody on this recording with original Foster song and to see what phrases and intervals, so characteristic of the sentimental songs of the minstrel shows and later of the gas-light reviews, have been altered to suit the tastes and styles of traditional singers.

Gentle Annie²

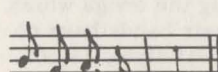
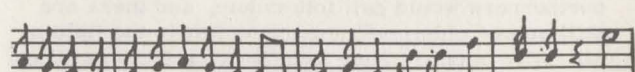
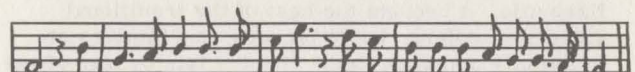
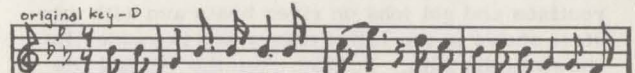


1. Daughters of the Utah Pioneers (comp. and pub.)

"Pioneer Songs," page 111.

2. Transcribed from original publication by Firth-Pond & Co., New York, 1856.

"When the Springtime Comes Again"
(transcribed from the singing of
E. V. Stoneman)



Now it's springtime again, little Annie,
 We shall part at the end of the lane;
 But promise me, little Annie,
 You'll be waiting when the springtime comes again.

Refrain:

When it's springtime again on the mountain,
 And the wild flowers are scattered o'er the plain,
 When the birds and the bees shall return from
 their trees,
 I'll be waiting when the springtime comes again.

Now it's springtime again, on the mountain,
 And the wild sheep they're wandering all alone;
 Then the birds and the bees, they're a-humming
 Then I'll know that springtime can't be very long.

(REFRAIN)

SIDE I, Band 4: STONEY'S WALTZ
 (Pop, autoharp solo)

This is a tune which Pop picked out on the autoharp one day and appropriated. Although the autoharp is often used to "chord along" with a guitar (rounding out and often over-enriching the harmonies), it is seldom used for picking out a melody or as a solo instrument. The only well-known recording artist who regularly used the autoharp was Sara Carter of the Carter Family, and it is almost always used in the background. Maybelle Carter and her two daughters recently put out a recording of "Come All Ye Fair and Tender Maidens" using this instrument to play the melodic line, but their style is not as clear and as incisive as Pop's, which is a combination of picking and strumming not unlike one of the basic guitar strokes.

(To-day in music classes in our elementary schools the autoharp is often used by the teacher; she can easily learn to use it and teach her students how to play it. -Ed.)

SIDE I, Band 5: NEW RIVER TRAIN
 (Pop, vocal and guitar; Mrs. Stoneman, five-string banjo.)

This is one of those songs that everyone has heard, it has been all around from the mountains to Tin Pan Alley, but no one is certain where it was first. The older of the two copyrights, on almost identical versions, dates back to 1936; in 1943 the holder of this copyright published "New River Train" along with the old stand-bys, in a popular collection entitled "Railroad Songs of Yesterday,"¹ and the arrangement was "adapted from fragments," the origin of which is not given. An A.S.C.A.P. composer published a popular sheet music version² of this song, under the same title in 1938 -- just two years after it had already been copyrighted by another firm. If the origins of this tune are to be found in Tin Pan Alley, one will have to look further back than the past few decades.

The two published versions, unlike the one of this recording, present the familiar series of "Darling you can't love" verses numbering one through seven. Actually there is no dearth of counting songs in the folk music literature, and it is not unlikely that this song sprang up or rather branched off, in the process of oral transmission, from another of the counting songs like "Working On the Railroad," or any number of others which were popular for working or social singing. There seems to be no reference to any specific "New River Train" in the published works on railroad folklore.

1. Sherwin, Sterling (pseudonym for Hagen) and Harry K. McClintock: "Railroad Songs of Yesterday," page 35. (Song copyright, 1936 by Shapiro and Bernstein; collection copyright, 1943, same).
2. Wilson, Lawrence: "New River Train," Streamline Editions, copyright, 1938 by Bob Miller, Inc., New York City.

Refrain:

I'm riding on that New River Train
 Yes, I'm riding on that New River Train
 And the same old train that has brought me here
 And it's soon gonna carry me away.

Oh darling, remember what you said,
 Oh darling, remember what you said,
 Remember that you said, you had rather see me dead,
 Than see me in my rough and rowdy ways.

(REFRAIN)

Oh darling, the time ain't long
 Oh darling, the time ain't long
 Well the time ain't long, till I'll be gone,
 Gone away on that New River Train.

(REFRAIN)

Oh darling, you can't love two
 Oh darling, you can't love two
 Well you can't love two, and your little heart be
 true,
 So I'm leaving on that New River Train.

(REFRAIN)

Oh darling, come kiss me at your door
 Oh darling, come kiss me at your door
 Come and kiss me at your door, for it's time that
 I did go,
 For I thought I heard that West-bound whistle blow.

SIDE I, Band 6: HALLELUJAH SIDE
 (Pop, vocal and autoharp.)

George Pullen Jackson spent a lifetime collecting spirituals, both Negro and white, in the Southern Mountains, and he barely scratched the surface. There are many Southern hymnals dating back to the early nineteenth century, and a few even before that, but there are many more hymns than any of these books include, and a large number of them are still sung outside of the churches by families or even by professional "old-time" hill-billy quartets such as the Stanley Brothers, Bill Monroe and the Blue Grass Boys, and the well-known Scruggs and Flatt group. I can find no printed record of this particular hymn, nor have I ever heard it before hearing Pop sing it.

Once a sinner far from Jesus, I was perishing
 with cold;
 But the blessed Saviour heard me when I cried;
 And he threw his robe around me and he led me
 to his home,
 And I'm a-living on the hallelujah side.

Refrain:

Oh, glory be to Jesus, let the hallelujahs roll,
 Help me to ring the Saviour's praises far and wide,
 For I've opened up towards heaven all the windows
 round my soul,
 And I'm a-living on the hallelujah side.

Not for all earth's gold and millions, would I leave
 this precious place,
 Though the tempters to persuade me often tried;
 For I'm safe in God's pavillion, happy in His love
 and grace,
 And I'm a-living on the hallelujah side.

(REFRAIN)

Oh, glory be to Jesus, let the hallelujahs roll,
 Help me to ring the Saviour's praises far and wide,
 For I've opened up towards heaven all the windows
 round my soul,
 And I'm a-living on the hallelujah side.

SIDE I, Band 7: CUMBERLAND GAP
 (Mrs. Stoneman, five-string
 banjo)

In 1775 Colonel Richard Henderson, head of the Transylvania Company, hired Daniel Boone to mark out a road from Fort Wautaga, on a branch of the Holston around south-western Virginia, to the Kentucky River, where the company had recently purchased some land. Boone marked out the road which later became known as the "Wilderness Road" or "Route", the first pass through the mountains separating the lowland of North Carolina and Virginia from the rich land of Central Kentucky and the West. This route, along with the "National Road" (which stretched north from Washington, D. C. to St. Louis by way of Wheeling, Columbus and Indianapolis), was one of the two principal roads to the West and eventually linked Washington and St. Louis by way of the Gap and Louisville.

Cumberland Gap was a natural strainer, and a rich musical sediment remains in that region. The tune is a popular hoedown piece and was included by the Lomaxes in their book, "American Ballads and Folk Songs" complete with fifteen verses (page 274)

*See documentation "Frontier Ballads" F 5003

SIDE I, Band 8: HANG JOHN BROWN
 (Pop, vocal with autoharp.)

"Berlin - Oct. 10: Adolph Hitler's Brown Shirts are marching through Germany to the melody of 'John Brown's Body,' the famous marching song of American Civil War times.

"This was brought out at a trial at Goettingen in which the origin of the melody, now used for the most popular German marching song, 'Lore, Lore, Lore,' was at issue. The plaintiffs accused the defendant of plagiarism. The defendant was able to prove that the melody was taken from an 'old Scottish folksong.' It was discovered later that this 'folksong' was the American marching tune, 'John Brown's Body.'"¹

This tune has been found in scattered parts of Europe even on the African continent. In the presidential campaign of 1864, the Democratic Party sang the tune as their campaign song using the words "Brave McClellan is our leader now." The Millerites, during their convention of 1843, passed the time, while awaiting the Second Advent, by singing:

"We'll see the angels coming
 Through the old church yards,
 Shouting through the air
 Glory, glory, hallalujah."

to a slightly modified version of this same tune.

Two men claimed to have written the tune and a third man was the first to copyright it; but there are two

references to this melody in historical literature which would seem to contradict both of the claims to authorship. John S. Wise, whose father was governor of Virginia at the time of John Brown's hanging, wrote:

"This solemn swell of 'John Brown's Body,' as sung by the Federal troops, is only an adaptation of a varotie camp-meeting hymn which I often heard the Negroes sing as they worked in the fields, long before the days of John Brown. The old words were:

'My poor body lies a-mouldering in the
 clay, (3)
 While my soul goes marching on.'

REFRAIN:

'Glory, glory hallelujah, (3)
 As my soul goes marching on.'"²

Regarding the claims to authorship -- first the story of William Steffe of Philadelphia, a locally-known composer of light music, who, in 1856, was asked to write a tune to some words provided by a fire company at Charleston, S. C. The words began -- "Say, bummers, will you meet us," and Steffe claims to have written the tune to those words; the song later became popular enough to be sung at a Y.M.C.A. convention as "Say, brothers, will you meet us, On Canaan's happy shore."

Thomas Brigham Bishop, the other claimant to authorship, was a well-known minstrel composer and head of a troupe of black-faced tricksters and singers. Bishop told of an experience with a cousin of his, Andrew Johnson of Portland, Maine, who was a straight-laced man of the faith. The two met one night shortly after Johnson had left a revival meeting, and the inspired fellow was well heated and singing away "I'm going to be a soldier in the army of the Lord! Glory, glory, hallelujah!" Johnson, imbued with the spirit of salvation, declared that Bishop would do well to put his musical talents to work in the service of the Lord, and Bishop, taking this suggestion, wrote the tune to his cousin's previous exclamation.

James E. Greenleaf, organist of the Harvard Church in Charlestown, Mass., claimed to have found the music in the church archive, and Charles S. Hall, also of Charlestown, set the John Brown verses down along with the tune and published the work with a copyright in 1861.

The song was made popular, as a Civil War marching song, with the Twelfth Massachusetts Infantry Regiment. There was a quartette in the second battalion of the regiment, one member of which bore the name John Brown, and so they sang the song with a special fervor good-naturedly chiding their companion whose name was identical with that of the martyr of Ossawatimie. Some members of the regiment claimed that the verses were written by the men in the regiment, others attributed them to Charles Hall (who first copyrighted the song), and others say the words just sparked out of the incident and were taken up and spread. The song was a work song and a marching song for the Twelfth Massachusetts boys, and it was this regiment that spread it -- they sang the song as they marched through Boston, Providence, New York and Baltimore and on their campaigns in the war. They sang it constantly until the death of their commander, Colonel Fletcher Webster, at the second battle of Bull Run, August 30, 1862, and they never sang it after that day. But they had spread it so effectively that it had already been adopted as the official marching song of the Grand Army of the Republic.

John Brown's body lies a-mouldering
 in the grave, (3)
 His soul's marching on!

REFRAIN:

Glory, glory, hallelujah, (3)
 His soul's marching on!

The stars of heaven are looking kindly
down, (3)
On the grave of old John Brown.

He's gone to be a soldier in the army
of the Lord, (3)
His soul's marching on!

John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon
his back, (3)
His soul's marching on!

They will hang Jeff Davis to a tree, (3)
As they march along!

Now, three rousing cheers for the
Union! (3)
As we are marching on!

As for Julia Ward Howe and the oft-told tale of the writing of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." Her poem is one of the many which were written during the first two decades of the second half of the last century. She wrote the poem in December of 1861 when she was visiting Washington with her husband and Governor and Mrs. Andrews. One afternoon she drove out to see a review of troops, and the rebels staged a surprise attack. Later, while the Union troops were marching back to camp, their resounding chorus of "John Brown's Body" inspired Mrs. Howe, and the next morning she awoke before dawn --- the poem seemed to write itself. It was published in the "Atlantic Monthly" in February, 1862. James T. Fields, then editor of the journal, paid Mrs. Howe the sum of one dollar and published the song under what he thought would be an appropriate title -- "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." Although these verses are more frequently found in present-day "Song America Likes to Sing" anthologies, the John Brown verses were the favorites of the soldiers during the war.

Pop's version of this song is identical with the song as it was recorded by Sim Harris³ in the twenties. In this version, the sentiments have obviously been altered to suit the sympathies of the singer, but the song is no longer sung as a topical song. It is likely that these verses were adopted by rebel soldiers who liked the tune and sang it as a drinking song.

1. New York Times, Oct. 11, 1935
2. John S. Wise: "The End of an Era," page 136.
3. Sim Harris: "Pass Around the Bottle," Oriole 916

Bibliography:

- Louis C. Elson: "The National Music of America and Its Sources."
G. P. Jackson: "White and Negro Spirituals," pages 178-9.
Joseph Hillman: "The Revivalist Hymnal," hymn #173, page 95.
Nicholas Smith: "The Stories of Great National Songs."
John Wise: "The End of an Era," page 136.
William M. Doerflinger: "Shantymen and Shantyboys," page 72-73.
H. K. Johnson: "Our Familiar Songs," pages 476-477.

Hang John Brown on a sour apple tree,
We'll hang John Brown on a sour apple tree,
Hang John Brown on a sour apple tree,
As we go marching on.

Refrain:

Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
As we go marching on.

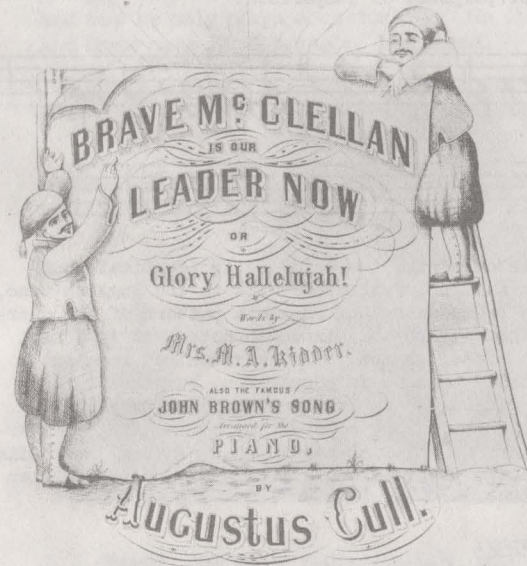
Old Aunt Peggy won't you pass them round again,
Old Aunt Peggy won't you set them up again,

Old Aunt Peggy won't you set them up again,
As we go marching on.

(REFRAIN)

Pass around the bottle and we'll all take a drink,
Pass around the bottle and we'll all take a drink,
Pass around the bottle and we'll all take a drink,
As we go marching on.

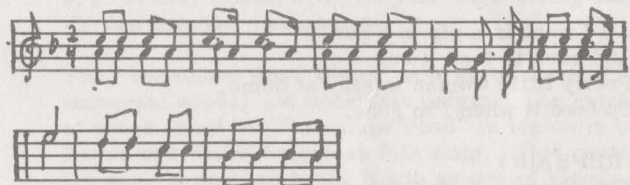
(REFRAIN)



SIDE I, Band 9: BILE THEM CABBAGE DOWN
(Pop, vocal with harmonica and autoharp.)

The tune is probably derived from an English tune, "Weel May the Keel Row," or to go back a few years earlier, "Smiling Polly." The earliest record of "Smiling Polly" is its publication in a collection of dance tunes, "Two Hundred Country Dances," England, 1765. "Weel May the Keel Row," which is said to be to Tyne-siders what "Auld Lang Syne" is to the Scottish folk, was first published in Ritson's "Northumberland Garland" in 1793.

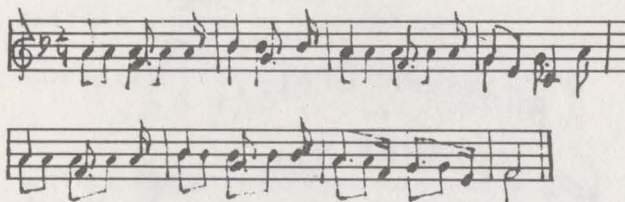
There are two equally popular and very similar tunes which are sung and played as "Bile Them Cabbage Down." The melodic line with the upward-pointing stems is the tune that Pop sings on this record, the lower line is the other tune.



These two tunes are incorporated into one version on a Library of Congress recording of this song -- the tune with the upward-pointing stems is sung for the verses and the other tune accompanies the chorus. It is probable that the lower tune was what the American fiddler ended up with after many playings of the English dance tune. The other seems to have originated as the result of singing a harmony a third above the melody until the harmony itself came to be regarded as an independent melody. This has been the case with a number of folk tunes, and especially today the per-

formers of old-time music have taken to singing intricate descants in fourths and fifths above a simple melody; when the lead singer fails to dominate, the two voices blend so that the melody is absolutely indistinguishable from the harmony, and the latter is usually the more interesting of the two lines.

Taking the lower pitched of the two melodies as the one which was probably the first to come from the English tune, it is interesting to place both the English original and the Americanised version together on one staff for purposes of comparison.



The skeleton of the two melodies is identical, but there is a light, frolicsome lilt in the English tune, which is produced by the rhythmic pattern of the quarter, dotted eighth and sixteenth notes; it is a foot tapping sort of rhythm. The Americanised version is rhythmically brusque in comparison, but the solidity of this simple rhythm provides an ideal iron-bound basis for the soaring counter-rhythms and melodic variations of the typical traditional fiddler, and "Bile Them Cabbage Down" is among the more popular American dance tunes.

Discography:

Library of Congress Album IX, Play and Dance Songs and Tunes; "Bile Dem Cabbage Down," E. C. Ball, guitar and vocal; Blair Reedy, mandolin; AAFS 43.
Bile Them Cabbage Down: The Dixie Crackers, Paramount 3151.
Bile 'Em Cabbage Down: Riley Puckett, Columbia 254-D.
Boil 'Em Cabbage Down: Fiddlin' John Carson, Okeh 40306.

Bibliography:

W. Chappell: "Popular Music of the Olden Times," Vol II, pages 721-722.
Ethel Park Richardson: "American Mountain Songs," page 88.
Helen K. Johnson: "Our Familiar Songs," page 428.
Dorothy Scarborough: "On the Trail of Negro Folk-songs," page 124-5, 168.
Coleman and Bregman: "Songs of American Folks," page 96-7.

Bile them cabbage down, boys,
Bake your hoe-cakes brown;
The only song that I can sing,
Is bile them cabbage down.

All I want is a pig in a pen,
And corn to feed it on;
Pretty little woman to stay at home,
To feed it when I'm gone.

(REFRAIN)

The river is up and the channel is deep,
And the wind blows steady and strong;
All I want is a little green back,
To shove my boat along.

(REFRAIN)

I went across the mountain,
I crossed it in the spring;
I was getting on the other side,
You could hear my banjo ring.

SIDE I, Band 10: THE WRECK OF THE OLD NINETY-SEVEN
(Stoneman Family - Pop, vocal and guitar; Mrs. Stoneman, fiddle; Gene, rhythm guitar; Vann, string bass; Gene Cox, banjo.)

In December, 1902, "Old Ninety-seven," a fast mail train running between Washington and Atlanta, started its career as a result of a special appropriation by Congress. The train averaged thirty-seven and a half m.p.h., and the one hundred and forty thousand dollars a year which it earned from the Post Office Department was a source of great pride to the Board of the Southern Railway. Despite the accident, which occurred before the special run had fulfilled its first full year of service, the train continued to run until January 6, 1907 when Congress discontinued the appropriation for the special service.

The engineer on the day of the wreck, Joseph A. Broady of Saltville, Virginia, was nicknamed "Steve" after a Mr. Steve Brodie who had achieved notoriety and front-page billing in newspapers by jumping off the Brooklyn Bridge a few years before. When Broady took over at Monroe, Virginia, the train was one hour late. The usual running time between Monroe and Spencer, a distance of one hundred sixty-six miles, was four hours, fifteen minutes, and it is not likely that anyone could have made the run in three hours, fifteen minutes on a train that ordinarily averaged thirty-seven and a half miles per hour.

O, they give him his orders at Monroe, Virginia
Saying, "Steve, you're a way behind time,
This is not Thirty-eight but it's Old Ninety-seven,
You must put her in Spencer on Time."

It's a mighty rough road from Lynchburg to Danville,
In a line on a three mile grade;
And it's on this grade that he lost his average,
And you see what a jump he made.

They were going down the grade making ninety miles
an hour,
When the whistle began to scream;
He was found in the wreck with his hand on the throttle,
And was scalded to death by the steam.

And a telegram come to Washington City
And this is what it said:
A brave engineer that run old Ninety-seven
Is a-lying in old Danville, dead.

Oh it's come all ye ladies, you must take warning,
From this time now, and on;
Never speak harsh words to a true-loving husband,
He may leave you and never return.

David Graves George, a forty-five year old telegraph operator at the Southern Railway Station at Franklin Junction (now Gretna), Virginia, arrived on the scene "while the canaries were still warbling and the wounded clerks still groaning."¹ It was the singing of the birds that impressed him most and prompted him to write the tale in verse, and he claims to have drawn up the ideas for the poem at the scene of the wreck, committing them to paper immediately on arriving home. He worked over these notes and strophs for a week, and then recited the lines in a barber shop at Franklin Junction. When he finished the recitation, one of the fellows suggested setting the verses to music, and someone later suggested the tune "The Ship That Never Returned." The verses fit the tune perfectly, and the entire George family took to the song and sang it often.

Bibliography:

Sandburg: "Songbag," page 146.
Henry: "Folksongs from the Southern Highlands," page 361.
Hubbard: "Railroad Avenue," pages 251-261.



H. N. Dickens was born in 1888 in Carroll County, Virginia of an English father and a Dutch-Irish mother and was one of six children all of whom played music. His first banjo, which he learned to pick at the age of seventeen, was a home-made fretless instrument with a groundhog skin for a head. Techniques were acquired by watching others, and when someone whistled a tune he would soon pick it out on the banjo.

Music was a favorite pasttime during the years when he worked as a logger, carpenter and at a sawmill where he met J. C. Sutphin, whom he has not seen since his youth. When he was about 23 he married, joined the church and gave up music. The ensuing twenty-five years were spent in West Virginia working and raising six children all of whom learned to sing and play instruments. Mr. and Mrs. Dickens moved to Baltimore a few years ago to retire and live near their children, and when we visited with them on New Year's Day we exchanged some songs and were shown a home-made mandolin and a wooden-headed banjo and a guitar which was almost completed.



J. C. Sutphin, born in Patrick County, Virginia on February 14, 1885, was the oldest of nine children. At the age of twelve, two years after he learned to play the fiddle, he made his first banjo out of an old sifter with a groundhog hide stretched over it. There were no frets on the neck and it was strung up with gut strings. When he was about sixteen he organized a band with a brother who fiddled and a sister who picked the auto-harp, and he played for local dances. He worked at lumbering and mining all his life.

In 1912 he made some commercial recordings for the Edison Company and later recorded in Lynch-

burg, Virginia; he played with Charlie Poole who taught him his banjo style. In the twenties he worked and recorded for Okeh with Henry Whitter and the Virginia Breakdowners. In 1939 he moved to Glenn Burnie, Maryland, and since then he has lived in that area. Three marriages, thirteen children, one of whom was Vernon, born in Wythe County, Virginia in 1914. When J. C. was playing music with Grayson and Whitter in Carroll County, Whitter gave the boy a mouth harp. When younger Sutphin entered the Army he gave up music, and now he only plays occasionally. He is married and lives near St. Michaels, Maryland.



J. J. Neese, Vernon's father-in-law, was born in Marshall County, Tennessee in 1871. When he was ten years old he swapped with his brother getting a fiddle in return for a pocket knife. He whittled a bow, got some hair from a horse, and started to practice, but his dad wouldn't allow him to keep the instrument in the house. He kept his fiddle in the barn, and at the age of twelve, with two years of practice behind him, he became part of a band which consisted of his uncle, two sisters and two brothers.

He played on the Grand Old Opry when it first started, but married and settled down working as a farmer, a carpenter and a blacksmith. He now lives with his daughters near St. Michaels, Maryland.

#1 LONESOME ROAD BLUES:

J. J. Neese, fiddle; J. C. Sutphin, five-string banjo; Vernon Sutphin, harmonica.

The "Lonesome Road Blues" is a white blues of universal appeal and uncertain origin. The number of songs about the "lonesome road" is legion in both Negro and White American folk song. This particular song is popular in the North as one of Woody Guthrie's "Dust Bowl Ballads", and in the south it is still a standard song, fiddle tune and banjo piece among contemporary professional hill-billies and among old-time singers and pickers.

Discography:

"I'm Blowing Down This Old Dusty Road"; Woody Guthrie, Folkway Records, FP 11.

"Lonesome Road Blues"; Cousin Emmy, Decca 24215.



SIDE II, Band 2: LITTLE SADIE
(Louise Foreacre with five-string banjo.)

There is strong likelihood that the present version is merely a fragment of a longer ballad; but there seems to be no precedent for either the text or the melody in available collections of folk-music literature and recordings.

Out tonight, a-makin' my round
I met a little Sadie and I blowed her down;
Went to the house and I went to bed -
A forty-four revolver all under my head.

Got up this mornin' about half past nine,
The cars and the hacks all formed in line,
The sports and the gamblers standin' by
To carry little Sadie to her burying ground.

Standin' on the corner a-readin' the bill,
Up stepped high Sheriff Thomas Hill,
Says "Young man, is your name Brown?
Remember the night you brought your Sadie down?"

"Yes, sir, yea my name's Lee,
If you got any papers please read 'em to me."
"A-forty-four days and a-forty-four nights,
A-forty-four years to wear the stars and the stripes."

Come, all young men, take my advice,
And never take another poor girl's life;
It'll cause you to weep, it'll cause you to mourn,
It'll cause you to leave your home sweet home.

Judge and the jury, they both took the stand,
The judge held the papers all in his right hand,
"A-forty-four days and a-forty-four nights,
A-forty-four years to wear the stars and the stripes."

SIDE II, Band 3: FRANKIE WAS A GOOD GIRL
(Louise Foreacre with five-string banjo.)

Frankie Baker lived with Al Britt, at 212 Targee Street (the present sight of the Municipal Auditorium) in St. Louis. On October 15, 1899, Frankie shot her man, and four days later he died. In court she testified that Al had threatened her with a knife and that she fired one shot in self defense. In 1939 she was living in Portland, Oregon, making her living as the proprietor of a shoe-shine place, when she brought a \$200,000 damage suit against Republic Pictures for defamation of character and invasion of her privacy. A motion picture entitled "Frankie and Johnny" was based on the song which Frankie claims refers to her life with Britt in St. Louis. This case was dismissed in 1942, and Frankie received nothing for her efforts.

Frankie Baker claims that there was no "Frankie and Johnny" song before she killed Britt in 1899. This seems wholly unlikely in the light of other evidence.

Phillips Barry thinks that the song is based on a murder which took place in Toe River, N.C. in 1831 when Frankie Silver killed her husband (v. ballad of "Frankie Silver", Randolph, vol. II, pp. 124-5). Thomas Beer says the song was "known on the Mississippi in the fifties and chanted by Federal troops besieging Vicksburg in 1863."¹ Orrick Johns tells of Mammy Lou, a blues singer at Babe Connor's high-brown bawdy-house in St. Louis; it is said that the song originated with her in the early nineties. She did sing it for composer Ignace Paderewski and was one of the first to sing the Negro worksongs and spirituals to white men. Carl Sandburg says that the song "was common along the Mississippi River and among railroad men as early as 1888."² Vance Randolph quotes a letter from George Milburn of Pineville, Mo., who is a "Frankie and Johnny" enthusiast. "I do not deny," wrote Milburn, "that the Frankie song may have been applied to Frankie Baker's case, but there is ample evidence that the ballad was being sung in widely separated sections of the country long before 1899... I have collected at least a hundred versions of the song that do not use the names Frankie and Albert... Neither can the song be identified as purely a Negro composition, although there are many Negro 'pop ups' in it... A real folksong is the result of long accretion, and is not at all like a topical song. The Frankie ballad is a genuine folksong."³

Louise Foreacre's version is probably unique in that the names Albert and Johnny are used interchangeably. This duality is most probably due to the fact that when ever the singer heard a verse she liked she incorporated it into the song, and in this case the verses were kept whole without any regard for the possible confusion. The Leighton Brothers vaudeville team changed Albert to Johnny in 1911, and the following year the song was copyrighted by Shapiro, Bernstein; the words were attributed to the Leighton Brothers and the music to Ren Shields.

1. Beer, Thomas: "The Mauve Decade," page 120.
2. Sandburg: "Songbag," page 75.
3. Randolph: "Ozark Folksongs," vol. II, page 126.

Discography:

- "Leaving Home," Charlie Poole & N.C. Ramblers, Columbia 15116-D.
"Frankie," Dykes Magic City Trio, Brunswick 127.
"Frankie Dean," Tom Darby and Jimmy Tarlton, Columbia 15701-D.
"Frankie's Gamblin' Man," Welby Toomey, Genet 3195.
"Frankie and Johnny," Jimmy Rogers, Victor 22143.

Bibliography:

- Scarborough: "On the Trail of Negro Folk Songs," pp. 79-80.
Richardson: "American Mountain Songs," pp. 28-9.
Cox: "Folk-Songs of the South," pp. 216-20.
Randolph: "Ozark Folksongs," vol. II, pp. 125-7.
Belden: "Ballads and Songs," p.330.
Sandburg: "Songbag," pp. 75-86.

(For additional Bibliography see number 21 in booklet accompanying Folkways, Anthology of American Folk Music.)

Frankie was a good girl, and everybody knows
She paid four hundred dollars for Albert's suit
of clothes
Just because she loved him so.

Frankie brought them to him; little Albert put
them on
Then he went a-walking up to Broadway - "Bye,
my honey, I'm gone;
I'm a gambling man - won't treat you right."

Frankie walked to the barroom and she ordered
a glass of beer.
Said: "Old Mr. Bartender, has my loving Johnny
been here?
Now, he's my man - won't treat me right."

Bartender says to Frankie, "I'm telling you no lie,
Johnny was here about an hour ago makin' love to
Nellie Bly."
"Then he was my man; he wouldn't treat me right."

Now, Frankie was a good girl, and everybody knows,
Paid four hundred dollars for Albert's suit of clothes
Just because she loved him so.

Frankie went to the barroom - this is what she said:
Said: "Oh, Mr. Bartender, has my lovin' Johnny
been here?
Oh, he's my man - I'll kill him dead."

Frankie walked to the poolroom, there she looked in;
Saw her loving Johnny playin' on that pooltable,
"He was my man - I'll kill him dead."

"Come to me, little Albert, I ain't a-callin' you in
fun;
If you don't come to the girl you love I'll shoot you
with your own old gun,
You're a gamblin' man; I'll kill you dead.
Darlin', you're my life; I'll kill you dead."

SIDE II, Band 4: LATE LAST NIGHT
(Louise Foreacre with five-string
banjo.)

The origin of this song might be a wail or lament.
Both verse and melody speak of sorrow and trouble.

Well, it was late last night when Willy come home,
Honey, don't you rock no more,
He was slippin' and a-stridin' with the new shoes on,
Honey, don't you rock no more.

Well, the last time I heard from mama, Lord,
She was a-doing well,
Well, it's Oh, me! Oh, my!
What's a-gonna become of me?

Well, its Oh, me! Oh, my!
What's a-gonna become of me?
Well, it was late last night when Willy come home,
Honey don't you rock no more,
He was slippin' and a-slidin' with the new shoes on,
Honey, don't you rock no more.

SIDE II, Band 5: I MET A HANDSOME LADY
(H.N. Dickens with five-string
banjo.)

At least one verse (the third) in this song is a hoe-
down verse which is used in "Cindy" and other break-
downs. As for the others, Mr. Dickens took some from
other songs and some from his head.

I met a handsome lady,
More handsome than gay;
She threw her arms around me,
She ventured to say.

"Walk into my parlor-o
And sit down by my side,
For the love and kisses
Will make you my bride."

She took me into the parlor-o
And cooled me with her fan;
She swore I was the sweetest man
That ever lived on land.

"Oh, you can send for the preacher
Whenever you do please,
I'll have myself ready
And my shoes well greased."

We sent for the preacher
To come and tie the knot,
He come and tied the knot,
Well, he tied it with his tongue -
Swore it wouldn't do
For the bride she was too young.

"But we'll set a fine supper,
If the old folks don't object;
We'll have some roasted chicken
And some gobbler meat I expect."

We went on to supper --
The funniest of it all -
Everytime you'd fork that chicken
The old gobbler, he would squall.

Must of been pretty tough!

#6 JOHN HENRY:

Vernon Sutphin, harmonica; J. C. Sutphin, five-string
banjo.

Of the various tunes which accompany the ballad and
song texts about John Henry, the one on this record-
ing seems to be the most common among singers,
banjo pickers and fiddlers.

Discography:

John Henry: (square dance) Wallace Swann and his
Cherokee String Band, with square dance calling,
recorded by Alan Lomax, Asheville Folk Festival,
Asheville, N. C. , 1941; Library of Congress Album
#2, Anglo-American Shanties, Lyric Songs, Dance
Tunes, and Spiritual, record # AAFS 10.

John Henry: (ballad) sung by James (Iron Head) Baker
and group at Central State Farm, Sugarland, Texas,
1934, John A. and Alan Lomax and a second version
sung by Arthur Bell at Cumins State Farm, Gould,
Arkansas, 1939, John A. and Ruby T. Lomax; Li-
brary of Congress Album #3, Afro-American Spi-
rituals, Work Songs, and Ballads, record # AAFS 15.

Gonna Die with my Hammer in my Hand: William-
son Bros. and Curry, Anthology of American Folk
Music, Folkways, FP 251 #18.

Spike Driver Blues: Mississippi John Hurt, Anthology
of American Folk Music, Folkways, FP 253 #80.

The Death of John Henry: Uncle Dave Macom, Bruns-
wick Album, BL 59001, "Listen to Our Story."

John Henry: Gid Tanner and Riley Puckett, Columbia
15019-D.

John Henry (The Steel Drivin' Man): Gid Tanner and
His Skillet-Lickers, Columbia 15142-D.

Water Boy: Paul Robeson, Victor 19824.

Bibliography:

- Johnson, Guy: "John Henry (Tracking Down a Negro Legend)"
- Sandburg: "The American Songbag", pp. 24-5, 150, 362, 367 and 457.
- Scarborough: "On the Trail of Negro Folk-Songs", pp. pp. 218-22.
- Odum and Johnson: "Negro Workaday Songs", p. 248.
- Cox: "Folk-Songs of the South", pp. 175-88.
- Handy: "Blues", pp. 135-138.
- Lomax: "American Ballads and Folk Songs", p. 3ff.
- Henry: "Folk Songs from the Southern Highlands", p. 441.
- Lomax: "Our Singing Country", p. 258.

SIDE II, Band 7: THE WAR IS A-RAGING (Louise Foreacre with five-string banjo.)

Of the five songs which Louise Foreacre sings here, this is the only one which is known to be of English origin. It is current among traditional singers of Surrey, Sussex, Dorset and Somerset in England, has been found in Nova Scotia and is sung in scattered sections of the South-east and Mid-west.

Many versions terminate with a verse in which Johnny consents to his love's plan and allows her to accompany him.

"Won't you let me go with you?"
"O, yes, my love, yes;"
"Won't you let me go with you?"
"O, yes, my love, yes."

And this is the case in the final verse of a Scots song, "Oh! No, No.", which is very similar to "The War Is A-Raging" except that the youth is not going off to war but to strange lands:

"And ye'll win wi' me, love, where'er
I go."

Belden says that the song finds its origin in two broadsides which are preserved in the British Museum -- "The Youthful Damsel" and "Molly and William." Fragments of this ballad have appeared, examples of which may be found in Randolph ("Jackie Fraisure" and "Wars of Germany") listed under the title, "Men's Clothes Will I Put On."

Notes:

1. v. Folk Music of the U.S., Anglo-American Songs and Ballads, Duncan Emrich (editor), Library of Congress Album XX, "The Cruel War Is Raging," sung by Charles Ingenthron, Walnut Shade, Missouri, 1941; AAFS 98.
2. Ord, John: "The Bothy Songs and Ballads," pp. 136-137.

Bibliography:

- Sharp: "English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians," v. II, pp. 111-2.
- Belden: "Ballads and Songs," pp. 179-80.
- Randolph: "Ozark Folksongs,"
- Ord: "Bothy Songs and Ballads," pp. 136-7.

"O, this war is a-raging,
Poor Johnny has to fight,
Won't you let me go with you
From morning till night?"

REFRAIN:

"Won't you let me go with you?"
"No, my love, no."
"Won't you let me go with you
From morning till night?"

I will go down to town
All dressed all in my black,
For I'm going back with Johnny
Wherever he goes.

REFRAIN

"O, tomorrow is Sunday,
And Monday is the day
That your captain will call you,
And you must obey."

"You'll be standing on picket ¹
Some cold snowy day,
And your red rosy cheeks
They will soon fade away."

REFRAIN

"O, your waists are too slender,
And your fingers are too small,
And your cheeks are too rosy
To face the cannon ball."

REFRAIN

Repeat third verse and refrain.

1. a sentinel; a detached body of soldiers serving to guard an army from surprise.

SIDE II, Band 8: GOLDEN PEN (H. N. Dickens with five-string banjo.)

H. N. Dickens says that he composed this song many years ago using fragments or impressions received from many songs and ballads he had heard.

The God that ruled in King Nero's day - he still rules today.

Oh, I wish that I had some little wom'n here
Would run three miles for me.

And up stepped my dearest friend,
"I'll run three miles for you."

I led him down to the big front gate,
I showed him where to run.

He ran till he came to the broken-down bridge,
Fell upon his breast - he swum.

He swum on across to the other side,
Buckle up his shoes -- he run.

He ran till he came to the king's bright throne,
He touched that bell -- it rung.

"What news you brought to me, my dearest servant,
What news you brought to me?"

"Sad news, sad news, my dearest king,
Sad news I brought today."

"For the prettiest little girl that's in my town,
She is to be burned today."

"Oh, take this ring, for she is free;
It's signed by the golden pen."

Oh, he run so fast till he came to the mount of dens,
And heard the mournful cries,

"Cheer up, cheer up, my pretty little maid,
For this day that our king's made thee free."

SIDE II, Band 9: THE ARKANSAS TRAVELLER
(H. N. Dickens with five-string
banjo.)

The "Arkansas Traveller," as it is performed here by H. N. Dickens, is almost unique in the field of traditional singing because of the dialogue which accompanies it. Excepting the Mr. Garfield Song (Folkways FP-40, Smoky Mt. Ballads, Lunsford), this is the only folk tune I have heard which is traditionally performed with dialogue. The tradition is a well established one, and there is no dearth of tales and legends regarding its origin.

The oldest existing printed version of the music and dialogue was published in New York in 1864 and attributes the story to Mose Case (about whom nothing is known). The following is an extract from the text of this version.

The Arkansas Traveller

"This piece is intended to represent an Eastern man's experience among the early inhabitants of Arkansas, showing their hospitality and the mode of obtaining it.

Several years since he was travelling the State to Little Rock, the Capitol; - in those days Rail Roads had not been heard of and the stage lines were very limited, so under the circumstances, he was obliged to travel the whole distance on foot. One evening about dusk he came across a small log house standing fifteen or twenty yards from the road and enclosed by a low rail-fence, of the most primitive description. In the door sat a man playing the Violin; the tune was the "Arkansas Traveller," then the most popular tune in that region. He kept repeating the first part of the tune over and over again, as he could not play the second part. At the time the traveller reached the house it was raining very hard, and he was anxious to obtain shelter from the storm; -- the house looked anything but a shelter, as it was covered with clapboards and the rain was leaking into every part of it. The old man's daughter Sarah appeared to be getting supper, while a small boy was setting the table, and the old lady sat in the door near her husband, admiring the music.

The stranger on coming up, said: - "How do you do? -- the man merely glanced at him and continued to play, said: - "I do as I please."
Stranger. - How long have you been living here?
Old Man. - D'ye see that mountain there? - Well, that was there when I come here.

Str. - Can I stay here to-night?

O.M. - No! ye can't stay here.

Str. - How long will it take me to get to the next Tavern?

O.M. - Well, you'll not get thar at all if you stand thar foolin' with me all night.
(Plays)

Str. - Well, how far do you call it to the next Tavern?

O.M. - I reckon its upward of some distance (old man plays tune as before.)

Str. - I am very dry, do you keep any spirits in your house?

O.M. - Do you think my house is haunted? they say there's plenty down in the Grave-Yard. (Old Man plays tune as before.)

Str. - How do they cross this river ahead?

O.M. - The ducks all swim across.
(Old Man again repeats the tune on his Violin.)

Etc.

By 1850 and perhaps earlier the skit was popular at local gatherings, socials, etc., in the backwoods. A fine description of a backwoods performance of this piece was written by Thomas Wilson when he was connected with the U.S. National Museum of Washington, D. C. in 1900.

"Some years of my teens were passed in the town of Salem, Columbiana County, Ohio. This was before any railroads passed through that country ... There were three taverns in Salem ... Each of the taverns, standing along the road, naturally exerted itself to present the greatest attractions to the traveller in order to secure the greatest amount of custom. The chief attraction in early times at the 'Golden Fleece' was the music, the chef d'oeuvre of which was considered to be the 'Arkansas Traveller.' The residents kept their attention upon any night when the play was to be given, that night would surely see the old barroom packed to the utmost ... One of the boys mounted upon a broken-backed or no-backed chair and commenced to play the first part of the tune. After playing it once or twice to familiarise the new members of his audience, he prefaced the performance with an explanation ...

"The opening of the story presents the Arkansas squatter, just returned from a trip to New Orleans, and his first move is to get down his fiddle and attempt to reproduce the tune ... he has heard for the first time ... the 'Arkansas Traveller.' ... He has already picked out the first part, but the second is too much for him and he fails in it. Therefore he is compelled to content himself by playing the first part only. While he is engaged in playing it over and over and over again, the Arkansas Traveller makes his appearance and the play begins ...

"I have known this to last for an hour, and I have never seen an audience go away from any entertainment better pleased than were the citizens of the town of Salem, were they guests, travellers or waggoners, when was played, in this simple and country style, the drama of 'The Arkansas Traveller.'"¹

The tune is still one of the best known American square dance tunes, and occasionally one finds an old-time banjo picker or even a modern hill-billy singer who remembers having heard it performed around home.

Notes:

1. Wilson. "The Arkansas Traveller"

Bibliography:

Henry: "Folksongs from the Southern Highlands," pp. 361-362.

Lomax: "American Ballads and Folksongs," pp. 267-271.
Boatright, Moody and Day: Backwoods to Border, pp. 11-60.

Wilson, Thomas: "The Arkansas Traveller," (pamphlet)
Cox, J. H.: Folk Songs of the South, pp. 239-240, 503.

"Hello, old man."
 "Hello, yourself."
 "Are you that Arkansas traveller?"
 "No, I'm bound for Europe."

"Hello, old man."
 "Hello, yourself,"
 "How come your corn's so yeller?"
 "Oh, I planted the yeller kind."

"Hello, old man."
 "Hello, yourself."
 "Head that cow."
 "A-ha, let her go; she got a head of her own."

"Hello, old man; how far is it down to Skeeksville?"
 "About three lengths of a fool; if you don't believe
 it lay down and measure it."

"Hello, old man."
 "Hello, yourself."
 "How deep is that river over there?"
 "All my ducks forded it this morning; don't guess it
 very deep."

SIDE II, Band 10: ROSE IN GRANDMA'S GARDEN
 (Louise Foreacre with five-string
 banjo.)

This song, like two of Mr. Dickens' songs, seems to be
 either made up of bits and pieces of other songs and
 ballads or a fragment of a larger ballad.

Go straightways and ask your mama
 Oh it's if I can be your loving darling bride;
 If she says yes, come back and tell me,
 And if she says no, we will run away.

Come, my little girl, don't impost¹ on beauty,
 For beauty is a fading thing;
 It's like a rose in Grandma's garden,
 It will fade away in the month of May.

You're not the man of noble honor,
 To impose on a young girl like me,
 For I have a true love gone to the army,
 Your loving darling bride I can never be.

Perhaps he's taken some pretty girl to marrow,²
 Perhaps he's in some battle stray field,
 Perhaps he jumped in the river and drowned;
 I love that girl that'll marrow him.

Here's this diamond ring I'll give you,
 Place it on your lily-white hand,
 And when I'm in some distant land,
 Lord, give it to no other man.

Come, my little girl, don't impost on beauty,
 For beauty is a fading thing;
 It's like a rose in Grandma's garden,
 It will fade away in the month of May.

1. The noun "impost" is used to refer to the weight
 carried by a horse in a handicap race and also to
 specify a particular type of governmental tax or levy,
 especially a customs duty. Its use as a verb here
 clearly implies that it would be almost synonymous
 with the verb "to depend" or "to rely", while bearing
 the connotations of the noun from which it is derived.

2. This word is found in provincial English and
 Scottish and is used both as a verb meaning to mate
 or associate and as a noun meaning a mate, com-
 panion, husband or wife.

#11 LOST JOHN

Vernon Sutphin, harmonica; J. C. Sutphin, five-string
 banjo.

The tune is a favorite Southern harmonica piece,
 sometimes performed with verses and sometimes
 without them, but always played with the frenetic,
 driving energy which tells the tale of the convict's
 endless flight.

Funniest thing ever I seen
 Lost John going through Bowling Green ...

He's long John,
 Where'd he go?
 He's a long John
 Going through Mexico.

