

FOLKWAYS RECORDS AND SERVICE CORPORATION, NYC, USA FA 2320

American Favorite Ballads

Down in the Valley
Mary don't you weep
The Blue Tail Fly
Yankee Doodle

Cielito Lindo
Buffalo Girls
The Wabash Cannon Ball
So long it's been good to know you

Skip to my Lou
The Wagoner's Lad
The Wreck of the old '97
Old Dan Tucker

I ride an Old Paint
Frankie and Johnny
On top of Old Smoky
The Big Rock Candy Mountain
Home on the Range

Sung by Pete Seeger With 5-string banjo, guitar and 12-string guitar

Ronald Clyne



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SIDE I, Band 1: DOWN IN THE VALLEY

Down in the valley, valley so low
Hang your head over, hear the wind blow.
Hear the wind blow love, hear the wind blow
Hang your head over, hear the wind blow.

Roses love sunshine, violets love dew
Angels in heaven, know I love you.
Know I love you dear, know I love you
Angels in Heaven know I love you.

If you don't love me, love whom you please
Throw your arms round me, give my heart ease.
Give my heart ease love, give my heart ease
Throw your arms round me, give my heart ease.

Build me a castle forty feet high
So I can see him as he rides by.
As he rides by love, As he rides by
So I can see him as he rides by.

Write me a letter, send it by mail
Send it in care of Birmingham jail.
Birmingham jail love, Birmingham jail
Send it in care of Birmingham jail.

Down in the Valley, valley so low
Hang your head over, hear the wind blow.
Hear the wind blow love, hear the wind blow
Hang your head over, hear the wind blow.

SIDE I, Band 2: MARY DON'T YOU WEEP

If I could I surely would
Stand on the rock where Moses stood.

REFRAIN:

Pharoah's Army got drowned
Oh Mary don't you weep.

Mary wore three links of chain
Every link was Jesus name.

(REFRAIN)

Mary wore three links of chain
Every link was Freedom's name.

(REFRAIN)

One of these nights about twelve o'clock
This old world is gonna reel and rock.

(REFRAIN)

Moses stood on the Red Seashore
Smotin' the water with a two by four.

(REFRAIN)

SIDE I, Band 3: THE BLUE TAIL FLY

When I was young I used to wait
On my master and serve him his plate,
And pass the bottle when he got dry
And bursh away the Blue Tail Fly.

CHORUS:

Jimmy cracked corn and I don't care
Jimmy cracked corn and I don't care
Jimmy cracked corn and I don't care
My master's gone away.

And when he'd ride in the afternoon
I'd follow with a hickory broom,
The pony being rather shy
When bitten by the Blue Tail Fly.

(CHORUS)

One day he rode around the farm
The flys so numerous they did swarm
One chanced to bite him on the thigh
The devil take a Blue Tail Fly.

(CHORUS)

The pony jump, he toss, he pitch
He threw my master in the ditch,
He died and the jury wondered why
The verdict was the Blue Tail Fly.

(CHORUS)

He lies beneath a 'simmon tree
His epitaph is there to see,
Beneath this stone I'm forced to lie
The victim of a Blue Tail Fly.

SIDE I, Band 4: YANKEE DOODLE

Yankee Doodle went to town
Riding on a pony;
Stuck a feather in his hat
And called it macaroni.

CHORUS:

Yankee Doodle keep it up
Yankee Doodle dandy
Mind the music and the step
And with the girls be handy.

SIDE I, Band 5: CIELITO LINDO

De la Sierra Morena Cielito Lindo
Vienen bajando
Un par deo ji tos ne gros
Cielito Lindo de contra bando.

CHORUS:

Ay ay ay ay!
Canta y nollores porque cantando se a le gran
Cielito Lindo los corazones.

Band 6: BUFFALO GALS

was walking down the street
Down the street, down the street,
A pretty little girl I chanced to meet
And we danced by the light of the moon.

CHORUS:

Buffalo gal won't you come out tonight
Come out tonight, come out tonight
Buffalo gal won't you come out tonight
And dance by the light of the moon.

I danced with a gal with a hole in her stocking
And her heel kept a-knockin' and her toes kept a-rocking
I danced with a gal with a hole in her stocking
And we danced by the light of the moon.

(CHORUS)

SIDE I, Band 7: THE WABASH CANNON BALL

I stood on the Atlantic ocean, on the wide Pacific shore,
Heard the queen of flowing mountains to the south-bell
by the door,
She's long tall and handsome, she's loved by one and all,
She's a modern combination, called the Wabash
Cannon Ball.

CHORUS:

Listen to the jingle, rumble and the roar
Riding through the woodlands, to the hills and by the shore,
Hear the mighty rush of engines, hear that lonesome
hobo squall
Riding through the jungles on the Wabash Cannon Ball.

Now the eastern states are dandies, so the western
people say
From New York to St. Louis and Chicago by the way,
Thru the hills of Minnesota where the rippling waters fall
No chances can be taken on the Wabash Cannon Ball.

(CHORUS)

Here's to Danny Claxton, may his name forever stand
Will he be remembered through parts of all our land,
When his earthly race is over and the curtain round him
falls
We'll carry him on to victory on the Wabash Cannon Ball.

(CHORUS)

SIDE I, Band 8: SO LONG IT'S BEEN GOOD TO
KNOW YOU (Woody Guthrie)

I've sung this song, but I'll sing it again
Of the place that I lived on the wild windy plain
In the month of April county called Gray
Here's what all of the people there say:

CHORUS:

So long, been good to know you
So long, been good to know you
So long, been good to know you
This dusty old dust is a-gettin' my home
And I've got to be drifting along.

Well the dust storm came, it came like thunder
It dusted us over, it covered us under
It blocked out the traffic, it blocked out the sun
And straight for home all the people did run.

(CHORUS)

Well the sweethearts they sat in the dark and they sparked
They hugged and they kissed in that dusty old dark;
They sighed, they cried, they hugged and they kissed
But instead of marriage, they were talking like this.

(CHORUS)

Now the telephone rang and it jumped off the wall
That was the preacher, he was a-making his call.
He said, "Kind friends this may be the end
You've got your last chance at salvation of sin."

Well the churches were jammed, the churches were packed
That dusty old dust-storm it blew so black
The preacher could not read a word of his text
He folded his specs --- took up collection.

(CHORUS)

SIDE II, Band 1: SKIP TO MY LOU

Lost my partner, what'll I do
Lost my partner, what'll I do
Lost my partner, what'll I do
Skip to my Lou my darling.

CHORUS:

Gone again, skip to my Lou
Gone again, skip to my Lou
Gone again, skip to my Lou
Skip to my Lou my darling.

I'll get another one prettier than you
I'll get another one prettier than you
I'll get another one prettier than you
Skip to my Lou my darling.

(CHORUS)

Little red wagon painted blue
Little red wagon painted blue
Little red wagon painted blue
Skip to my Lou my darling

(CHORUS)

Flys in the buttermilk two by two
Flys in the buttermilk two by two
Flys in the buttermilk two by two
Skip to my Lou my darling.

(CHORUS)

Flys in the sugar bowl shoo fly shoo
Flys in the sugar bowl shoo fly shoo
Flys in the sugar bowl shoo fly shoo
Skip to my Lou my darling.

(CHORUS)

Lots more verses, but this'll have to do
Lots more verses, but this'll have to do
Lots more verses, but this'll have to do
Skip to my Lou my darling.

(CHORUS)

SIDE II, Band 2: THE WAGONER'S LAD

My horses ain't hungry they won't eat your hay
So fair you well Polly I'm going away.
Your parents don't like me, they say I'm too poor
They say I'm not worthy to enter your door.

My parents don't like you, you're poor I am told
But it's your love I'm wanting not silver or gold.
Then come with me Polly, we'll ride till we come
To some little cabin we'll call it our home.

Sparkling is pleasure, but parting is grief
And a false hearted lover is worse than a thief.
A thief will just rob you and take what you have
But a false hearted lover will lead you to the grave.

SIDE II, Band 3: THE WRECK OF THE OLD '97

Oh they handed him his orders at Monroe Virginia
Saying Pete your way behind time,
This is not '38, it is old '97
You must set her in Spencer on time.

He looked round his cab at his black greasy fireman
Saying, shovel on a little more coal
And when we cross that White Oak Mountain
You can watch old 97 roll.

It's a mighty rough road from Lynchburg to Danville
And Lima's on a three mile grade,
It was on that grade that he lost his average
You can see what a jump he made.

He was going round the bend making ninety miles an hour
The whistle broke into a scream,
And they found him in the wreck with his hand on the
throttle.
And scalded to death by the steam.

Come ladies you must take warning
From this time never more,
Never speak harsh words to your true loving husbands
They may leave you never to return.

SIDE II, Band 4: OLD DAN TUCKER

Now old Dan Tucker was a fine old man
Washed his face in a frying pan
Combed his head with a wagon wheel
And died with a tooth-ache in his heel.

CHORUS:

Get out the way old Dan Tucker
You're too late to get your supper
Get out the way old Dan Tucker
You're too late to get your supper.

Now old Dan Tucker is come to town
Riding a billy goat --- leading a hound
Hound dog bark and the billy goat jump
Landed Dan Tucker on top of the stump.

(CHORUS)

Now old Dan Tucker he got drunk
Fell in the fire and kicked up a chunk
Red hot coal got in his shoe
And oh my lawd how the ashes flew.

(CHORUS)

Now old Dan Tucker is come to town
Swinging the ladies round and round
First to the right and then to the left
Then to the girl that he loves best.

(CHORUS)

SIDE II, Band 5: I RIDE AN OLD PAINT

I ride an old Paint and I lead an old Dan
I'm going to Montana to throw the hoolihan
They feed them in the coolies, they water in the draw
Their tails are all matted, their backs are all raw.

CHORUS:

Ride around little doggies, ride around them slow
For Fiery and Snuffy are raring to go.

Old Bill Jones had a daughter and a son
Son went to college and the daughter went wrong
His wife got killed in a pool-room fight
Still he keeps singing from morning till night.

(CHORUS)

When I die take my saddle from the wall
Put it on to my pony lead him out of his stall
Tie my bones to his back turn our faces to the west
And we'll ride the prairie that we love the best.

(CHORUS)

SIDE II, Band 6: FRANKIE AND JOHNNY

Frankie and Johnny were lovers
Oh my good lord they did love!
Swore they'd be true to each other
Just as true as the stars above.
He was her man, but he was doing her wrong.

Frankie she was a good woman
As everybody knows,
Spent a hundred dollars
Just to buy her man some clothes.
He was her man, but he was doing her wrong.

Frankie went down to the corner
Just for a bucket of beer,
Said: "Mr. bartender
Has my loving Johnny been here?"
"He was my man, but he's a-doing me wrong."

"Now I don't want to tell you no stories
And I don't want to tell you no lies
I saw your man about an hour ago
With a gal named Nellie Bligh
He was your man, but he's a-doing you wrong."

Frankie she went down to the hotel
Didn't go there for fun,
Underneath her kimona
She carried a forty-four gun.
He was her man, but he was doing her wrong.

Frankie looked over the transom
To see what she could spy,
There sat Johnny on the sofa
Just loving up Nellie Bligh.
He was her man, but he was doing her wrong.

Frankie got down from that high stool
She didn't want to see no more;
Rooty-toot-toot three times she shot
Right through that hardwood door.
He was her man, but he was doing her wrong.

Now the first time that Frankie shot Johnny
He let out an awful yell,
Second time she shot him
There was a new man's face in hell.
He was her man, but he was doing her wrong.

"Oh roll me over easy
Roll me over slow
Roll me over on the right side
For the left side hurts me so."
He was her man, but he was doing her wrong.

Sixteen rubber-tired carriages
Sixteen rubber-tired hacks
They take poor Johnny to the graveyard
They ain't gonna bring him back.
He was her man, but he was doing her wrong.

Frankie looked out on the jailhouse
To see what she could see,
All she could hear was her two-string beau
Crying nearer my God to thee.
He was her man, but he was doing her wrong.

Frankie she said to the sheriff,
"What do you reckon they'll do?"
Sheriff he said "Frankie,
It's the electric chair for you."
He was her man, but he was doing her wrong.

This story has no moral
This story has no end
This story only goes to show
That there ain't no good in men!
He was her man, but he was doing her wrong.

SIDE II, Band 7: ON TOP OF OLD SMOKY

On top of Old Smoky all covered with snow
I lost my true lover from courting so slow,
For courting is pleasure but parting is grief
And a false hearted lover is worse than a thief.

Say a thief will just rob you and take what you have
But a false hearted lover will lead you to the grave.
And the grave will decay you and turn you to dust
Not one boy in a hundred a poor girl can trust.

They'll hug you and kiss you and tell you more lies
Then the cross-ties on the railroad or the stars in
the skies.

So come all you young maidens and listen to me
Never place your affection on a green willow tree.

For the leaves they will wither and the roots they will die
You'll all be forsaken and never know why.
On top of Old Smoky all covered with snow
I lost my true lover from courting to slow.

SIDE II, Band 8: THE BIG ROCK CANDY MOUNTAIN

One evening as the sun went down
And the jungle fires were burning,
Down the track came a hobo hiking.
He said, "Boys I'm not turning
I'm headed for a land that's far away
Beside that crystal fountain,
I'll see you all this coming fall
In the Big Rock Candy Mountain.

In the Big Rock Candy Mountains it's a land that's
fair and bright
The handouts grow on bushes and you sleep out every
night,
The box-cars all are empty and the sun shines every day.
I'm bound to go
Where there ain't no snow
Where the sleet don't fall
And the wind don't blow
In the Big Rock Candy Mountain.

CHORUS:

Oh the buzzing of the bees in the cigarette trees
By the soda-water fountain,
Where lemonade springs where the blue-bird sings
In the Big Rock Candy Mountain.

In the Big Rock Candy Mountains you never change
your socks,
Little streams of alky-hol comes trickling down the
rocks.
Oh the shacks all have to tip their hats and the
railroad bulls are blind
There's a lake of stew
And gingerale too
And you can paddle all around it
In a big Canoe
In the Big Rock Candy Mountain.

(CHORUS)

In the Big Rock Candy Mountains the cops have
wooden legs,
The bull-dogs all have rubber teeth and the hens lay
soft-boiled eggs.
The Box-cars all are empty and the sun shines every day.
I'm bound to go
Where there ain't no snow
Where the sleet don't fall
And the wind don't blow
In the Big Rock Candy Mountain.

(CHORUS)

In the Big Rock Candy Mountains the jails are made
of tin,
You can slip right out again as soon as they put you in.
There ain't no short handle shovels, no axes, saws nor
picks.
I'm bound to stay
Where you sleep all day
Where they hung the jerk
That invented work
In the Big Rock Candy Mountain.

(CHORUS)

SIDE II, Band 9: HOME ON THE RANGE

Oh give me a home where the Buffalo roam
Where the deer and the antelope play,
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

CHORUS:

Home, home on the range
Where the deer and the antelope play,
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

How often at night when the heavens are bright
With the light of the glittering stars,
I stood there amazed and I asked as I gazed
Does their glory exceed that above.

(CHORUS)