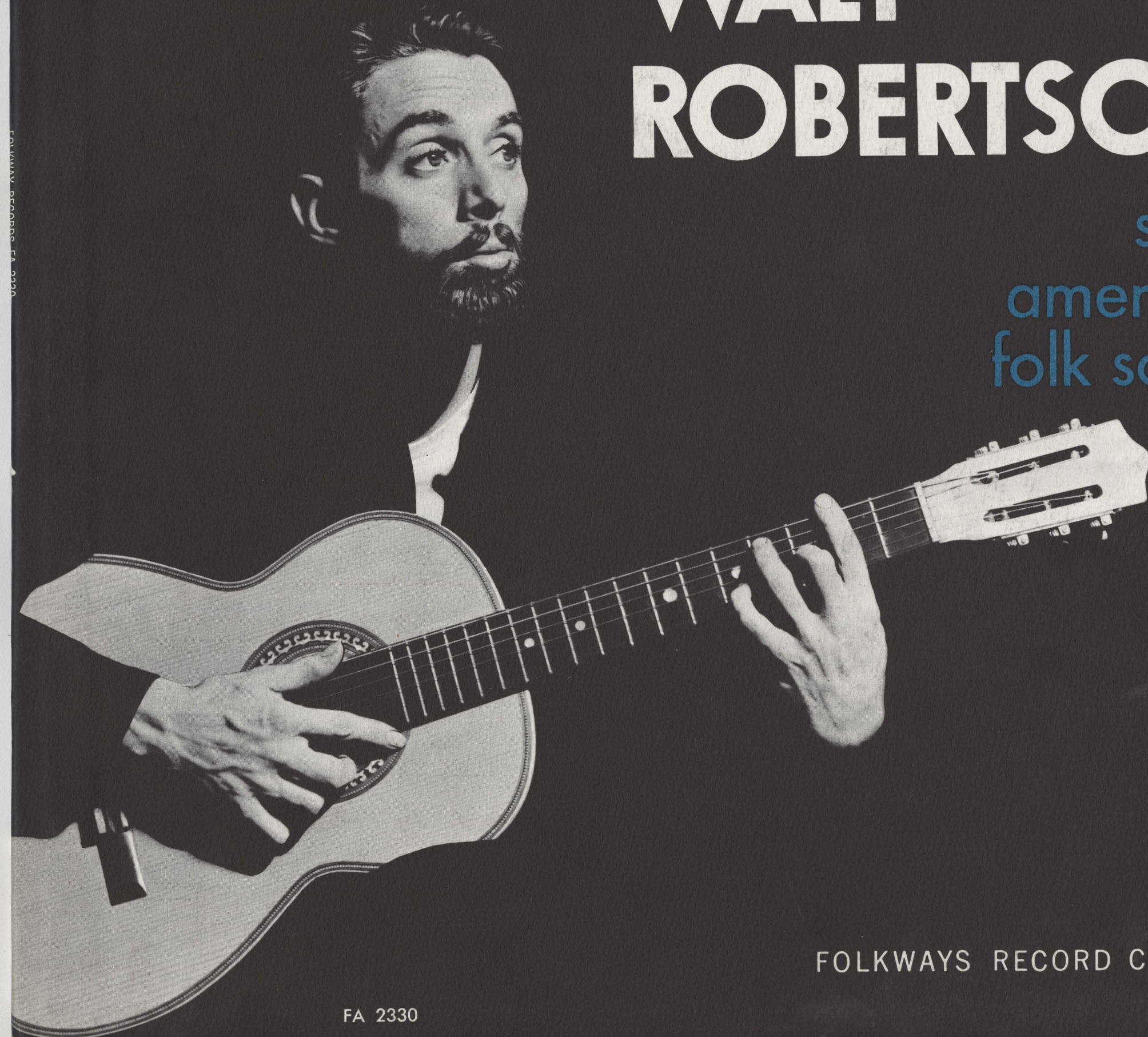


WALT ROBERTSON SINGS AMERICAN FOLK SONGS

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sings
american
folk songs



FOLKWAYS RECORD COMPANY

FA 2330

FOLKWAYS RECORDS, FA 2330

descriptive folder

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WALT ROBERTSON

SIDE I, Band 1: JOHN HARDY

John Hardy were a brave and a desperated boy,
Said he carried two guns every day;
Shot his man in the Shawnee Camp
And I saw John Hardy get away, poor boy,
Saw John Hardy get away.

John Hardy was standing, drinking by the bar,
He were unconcerned with the game,
When a yaller gal threw down fifty cents and said,
"Deal John Hardy in the game," poor boy,
"Deal John Hardy in the game."

John Hardy stepped up with money in his hand,
Said, "I have money to play;
And the man that wins this yaller gal's money,
I've got powder to blow him away, poor boy,
Powder to blow him away!"

The cards, they was dealt, and the money on the
board;
Dave Campbell won that twenty dollar bill;
John Hardy drew his pistols and he took sure aim
and fired,
And he caused Dave Campbell's brains to spill,
poor boy,
Caused Dave Campbell's brains to spill.

John Hardy had twelve long miles to go,
Six of them he ran;
Ran till he came to the wide river's bank,
Then he fell on his bosom and he swam, poor boy,
Fell on his bobom and he swam.

This is Walt Robertson's second album for Folkways. Shortly after his first recording was made. Walt's eventful career was interrupted by the Army, and he soon found himself assigned to Special Service in Germany. There he joined the Seventh Army Repertory Theatre Company, a unique Army unit presenting legitimate stage plays to American servicemen stationed in Germany and France. Walt served with this troupe as actor, Stage Manager and singer, appearing in more than 200 performances of such plays as "My Three Angels" and "The Caine Mutiny Court Martial" and providing a folk song background for the company's presentation of "The Rainmaker".

In addition to his work in Special Services Walt gave several concerts for German audiences, under the auspices of the U.S. Information Service. These included a performance in the Munich Amerika Haus, former Nazi Party headquarters, which had been transformed into a center for German-American cultural exchange.

On his release from the Army, Walt returned to his native Seattle where, in addition to holding a full-time writing job with an aircraft company, he is appearing in club, concert and TV work, teaching guitar and helping promote the newly-formed Washington Folklore Society. In his spare time he skis.

John Hardy came in to that long, low town,
Where he thought he'd be out of the way,
But the marshall stepped up and took him by the hand,
Said, "Johnny, come along with me, poor boy,
John Hardy, come along with me."

John Hardy was a 'standing in his cold prison cell
With the tears streaming down from his eyes;
Said, "I been the death of many a poor boy,
Now I am ready to die, Lord God,
Now I am ready to die.

They took John Hardy to the burying ground,
Took him there for to die,
And the very last words John Hardy ever said,
"My forty-five, it never told a lie, poor boy,
My forty-five, it never told a lie!"

John Hardy were a brave and a desperated boy,
Said he carried two guns every day;
Shot his man in the Shawnee Camp
And I saw John Hardy get away, poor boy,
Saw John Hardy get away.

SIDE I, Band 2: PRETTY LITTLE MISS

Pretty little Miss out in the garden,
Strange young man come riding by;
Down at the gate he did address her,
Saying, "Pretty little Miss, won't you marry me?"

Oh no, kind Sir, I have a love on the ocean,
Seven long years sailing over the sea;
And if he sail on seven years longer,
Not a man on earth will marry me.

Perhaps your love, he is drowned,
Or laying in some battle slain;
Perhaps he's stolen some pretty girl and married,
You'll never see your love again.

Well, if he's drowned I hope he's happy,
Or if he's in some battle slain;
Or if he's stolen some pretty girl and married,
I'll love the girl that's married him!

He took his hands then out of his pockets,
Showed his fingers, both clean and small;
"This is the ring you placed upon here."
Down at his feet she then did fall.

He picked her up in his arms so tender,
Kisses gave her, one, two, three;
"This is your little lonesome soldier,
Returning home for to marry thee."

SIDE I, Band 3: DRUNKEN SAILOR

What shall we do with a drunken sailor? (3)
Early in the morning.

CHORUS:
Hooray, and up she rises, (3)
Early in the morning!

Heave his legs in a running bowline.

Shave his belly with a rusty razor.

Put him in bed with the captain's daughter!

Put him in the bilge and make him drink it.

That's what you do with a drunken sailor.

SIDE I, Band 4: LEATHERWING BAT

Hi! said the little Leatherwing bat,
I'll tell you the reason that,
The reason that I fly in the night,
It's 'cause I've lost my heart's delight.

CHORUS:

Howdy dowdy diddle-o day (3)
O-lo-lee, de diddle-ee-do!

Hi! said the Redbird, sitting on a fence,
Once I courted a handsome wench,
She got saucy and from me fled,
And ever since then my head's been red.

Hi! said the Redbird as he flew,
Once I loved a young gal too,
She got saucy and wanted to go,
I bought me a new string for my bow.

Hi! said the Robin as he flew,
When I was a young man I chose two,
If one didn't love me the other one would,
Now don't you think my notions good?

Hoot! said the owl with his head so white
A lonesome day and a lonesome night,
Thought I heard some pretty girl say
She'd court all night and sleep all day!

No, no, says the Turtle-dove,
That's no way for to gain his love;
If you want to gain your heart's delight
Keep him awake both day and night.

SIDE I, Band 5: SAD AND I'M LONELY

I'm sad and I'm lonely, my heart it will break,
For my sweetheart loves another, oh, I wish I
was dead!

She wrote me a letter from far across the sea,
Said her love was for another, and mine she'd
never be.

I'm troubled, God knows I'm troubled, troubled
in my mind;
If this trouble don't kill me I'll live a long
time.

Young men all take warning, take warning from
me;
Never waste your affections on a young maid
so free.

For she'll hug you and she'll kiss you, and she'll
tell you more lies
Than there's cross-ties on the railroad or there's
stars in the skies.

My cheeks they once were red, as red as any rose,
But now they're white as the lily that blows.

Sad and lonely, my heart it will break,
For my sweetheart loves another, oh, I wish I was
dead!

SIDE I, Band 6: RAILROAD BILL

CHORUS:

Railroad Bill, Railroad Bill,
He never worked and he never will,
I'm gonna ride old Railroad Bill!

Railroad Bill he was a mighty mean man,
He shot the midnight lantern from the brakeman's
hand,
I'm gonna ride old Railroad Bill.

Railroad Bill took my wife,
Said if I did not like it he would take my life,
I'm gonna ride old Railroad Bill.

(CHORUS)

Going up on the mountain, going out west,
'38 Special sticking out of my vest,
I'm gonna ride old Railroad Bill.

Gonna get me a pistol just as long as your arm,
Kill everybody ever done me harm,
I'm gonna ride old Railroad Bill.

Got a '38 Special on a '45 frame,
How in the world can I miss them when I got
dead aim,
I'm gonna ride old Railroad Bill.

CHORUS:

Honey, honey, think I'm a fool,
Think I would quit you while the weather is cool,
I'm gonna ride old Railroad Bill.

SIDE I, Band 7: I RIDE AN OLD PAINT

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

CHORUS:

Ride around, little dogies, ride around them slow,
For the fiery and the snuffy are a'rairing to go.

Now, old Bill Jones had two daughters and a song;
One went to Denver and the other one went wrong;
His wife, she died in a poolroom fight,
But he still keeps a'singing from morning till
night.

Now, when I die, take my saddle from the wall,
Put it on my Pinto, lead him out of his stall,
Tie my bones to his back, turn our faces to the
West,
And we'll ride the prairies that we love the best.

SIDE I, Band 8: JOHN B. SAILS

We come on the ship John B., my grandfather and me,
Round Nassau town we did roam;
Drinking all night, we got in a fight.
I feel so breakup, I want to go home.

CHORUS:

So hoist up the John B. Sails, see how the mainsail
set,
Send for the Captain ashore, let me go home!
Let me go home, I want to go home,
I feel so breakup, I want to go home.

The First Mate he get drunk, break up the people's
trunk,
Constable come aboard and take him away;
Mr. Johnstone, please let me alone,
I feel so breakup, I want to go home.

The First Mate he get the fits, throw away all of
my grins,
Then he take and eat up all of my corn;
Let me go home, I want to go home,
This is the worst trip since I been born.

SIDE I, Band 9: WORLD'S SHORTEST FOLKSONG

You stole my wife, you Horsethief!

SIDE II, Band 1: DRILL, YE TARRIERS, DRILL

Every morning, 'bout seven o'clock
There's twenty tarriers a'working on the rock,
And the boss comes around the he says "Keep still!
And come down hard on the cast-iron drill!"

CHORUS:

And drill, ye Terriers, drill! (2)
And you work all day for the sugar in your tea, down
behind the railway,
And drill, ye Tarriers, drill!
And blast! And fire!

Now, our new boss was Jim McCann,
By God, he was a damn mean man;
One day a premature blast went off,
And a mile in the sky went Big Jim Goff!

Next week, when pay-day come around,
Jim Goff a dollar short was found;
When he asked the reason, come this reply,
"You're docked for the time you was up in the sky!"

Now the boss was a good man down to the ground,
But he married a woman who was six foot around;
She baked good bread and she baked it well,
But she baked it hard as the holes of Hell!

SIDE II, Band 2: THE FOX

The fox went out on a chilly,
Prayed for the moon for to give him light,
For he'd many a mile to go that night,
Before he reached the town-0, town-0, town-0,
Many a mile to go that night, before he reached
the town-0

Well, ran till he came to a great big bin,
Where the ducks and the guese were kept therein,
Said a couple of you will greasé my chin,
Before I leave this town-0, etc.

Then he grabbed the gray goose by the sleeve,
Said "Madam, Goose, and by your leave,
I'll carry you off without reprieve,
And I'll take you back to my den-0, etc.

Then he grabbed the gray goose by the neck,
Threw her right across his back,
He didn't mind her quack, quack, quack,
And her legs all dangling down-0, etc.

Then the farmer's wife she jumped out of bed,
Out of her window she cocked her head,
Crying John, John, the gray goose is gone,
And the fox is on the town-0, etc.

Then John he ran upon the top of the hill,
Blow his horn both loud and shrill,
The fox he said, I'd better flee with my kill,
Or they'll soon be on my trail-on, etc.

He ran till he came to a cozy den,
There were his little ones eight, nine, ten,
They said daddy better go back again,
Cause it must be a mighty fine town-0, etc.

Then the fox and his wife without any strife,
Cut up the goose with a fork and a knife,
They never had such a supper in their life,
And the little ones chewed on the bones-0, etc.

SIDE II, Band 3: TURTLE DOVE

Pretty little Turtle Dove, setting on a pine,
Mourning for his own true love, so why not me for
mine, for mine,
Why not me for mine?

Travelled through the valleys and on the mountains
high,
Looking for my own true love, just to hear her sigh,
sigh,
Just to hear her sigh.

I am a little country boy, money have I none,
But I've got silver in the moon and gold in the
morning sun, sun,
Gold in the morning sun.

(REPEAT 1ST VERSE)

SIDE II, Band 4: OLD DAN TUCKER

Hey! I went to town the other night,
To hear a noise and see a fight;
All the people was jumping around,
Saying "old Dan Tucker's coming to town!"

CHORUS:

Hey, get out of the way for Old Dan Tucker,
He's too late to get his supper;
Supper's over and breakfast cooking,
And Old Dan Tucker just stand there looking!

Old Dan Tucker, he come to town,
Riding a Billy-goat, leading a hound;
The hound-dog bark and the Billy-goat jump,
Left Old Dan Tucker straddle of a stump!

Old Dan Tucker he got drunk,
Jumped in the fire and he kicked out a hunk;
Well, he got a live coal in his shoe,
Holy God A'mighty! How the ashes flew!

Old Dan Tucker he went to the Mill
To get some corn to put in his swill;
Miller swore by the point of his knife,
He'd never seen such a man in his life.

Old Dan Tucker he climbed a tree,
His Lord and Master for the see;
Tree limb broke and down he fall,
Never got to see his Lord at all.

Now, Old Dan Tucker was a fine old man,
Washed his face in a frying pan,
Combed his hair with a wagon wheel,
Died with a toothache in his heel!

SIDE II, Band 5: WHAT YOU GONNA DO?

What you gonna do when your meat give out, my honey,
What you gonna do when your meat give out, babe,
What are you gonna do when your meat give out,
Stand around the corner mouth in a pout,
For sometime. Honey.

What you gonna do when your shoes give out, my
honey,
Shoe get thin I'm gonna quit the streets, take my
chair, set a fan at my feet.
For sometime.

What you gonna do when your chair gives out, my
honey, etc.
Got no chair, no meat, no shoes,
Lay across the bed, head in the blues,
For sometime.

Slats in the bed go blamedy blam in the morning, etc.
Go on sleeping like I don't give a damn.
For sometime, honey.

Put your hands on your hips, and let your mind roll
by, honey (2)
Put your hands on your hips, and let your mind roll by,
roll by,
Cause your body's gonna swivel when you come for to die.
My honey.

What're your gonna do when your man gives out,
honey, (2)
First I'll grab my money, kick him off the place,
Then I'll use the other man I had around just in
case,
For sometime, honey, babe.

SIDE II, Band 6: BLUE MOUNTAIN LAKE

Come, all you bold fellers, wherever you be,
Come sit down awhile and listen to me;
The truth I will tell you without a mistake,
About the ruckus we had around Blue Mountain Lake.

There's the Sullivan brothers and big Jimmy Lou,
Old Mose Gilbert and Dandy Pat, too;
A fine lot of fellers as ever was seen,
And they all worked for Griffin on Township 19.

Bill Mitchell, you know, he kept our shantee,
And as mean a damn' man as you ever did see;
He'd lay 'round the cabin from morning till night,
And if a man said a word, he was ready to fight!

One morning 'fore daybreak, Jim Lou he got mad,
Kicked hell out of Mitchell and the boys was all
glad;
Well his wife she stood there, and the truth I
will tell,
She was tickled to death to see Mitchell catch
hell.

Old Griffin he stood there, that crabby old drake;
Some hand in the ruckus we thought he might take,
But when some of the boys come and took him away,
"Be-cripes!" says old Griffin, "I've nothing to
say."

You may talk of your fashions and styles to be
seen,
But there's none to compare with the cook of
Nineteen;
She's short, thick and stout, without a mistake,
And the boys called her Nelly, the Belle of
Long Lake.

And now, you fine fellers, Adieu to you all,
For Christmas is coming and I'm going to
Glens Falls,
And when I get there I'll go out on a spree,
For when I've got money, the devil's got me!

SIDE II, Band 7: VIRGINIA GALS

Come on, all you Virginia gals, and listen to my
noise;
Don't go with the West Virginia boys!
If'n you do, your ration'll be
Cornbread and bacon and sassafras tea (2).

Now, when they come a'courting they'll bring along
a chair;
First thing they say, "Pappy killed a deer";
Next thing they'll say, 'fore they sit down,
"Honey, can you bake your johnnycakes brown?" (2)

When they go to Meeting, I'll tell you what they
wear;
Long-tail coat, just about to tear,
Pair of old boots with the tops turned down,
Pair of cotton socks that they wear the year
around. (2)

When they're first a'courting, this is what you'll
hear;
First it's "Honey-lamb" and then it's "Dear";
After you're married, no such thing,
"Get up and get my breakfast, you good-for-nothing
thing!" (2)

SIDE II, Band 8: DEVLISH MARY

When I was young and in my prime,
I swore I never would marry,
But I fell in love with a pretty little girl
And sure enough, we married.

CHORUS:
Rink-to-me-inktum Tavvy,
Prettiest little girl I ever did see,
And her name was Devlish Mary!

We's both so young and foolish,
Got in a mighty big hurry,
We decided in about two words
The wedding day'd be Thursday.

We hadn't been married but about two weeks
When she got as mean as the Devil,
And every time I'd even look cross-eyed
She'd hit me on the head with a shovel!

She washed my back in old soap suds,
Brushed my back with switches;
She let me know I had to mind,
That she was going to wear my britches.

Now, we hadn't been married but about six months,
We decided we'd better be parted,
So she packed up her little duds
And down the road she started.

Now, if I ever marry this second time,
It'll be for love, not for riches;
It'll be a little girl about two feet tall,
So that she can't wear my britches!