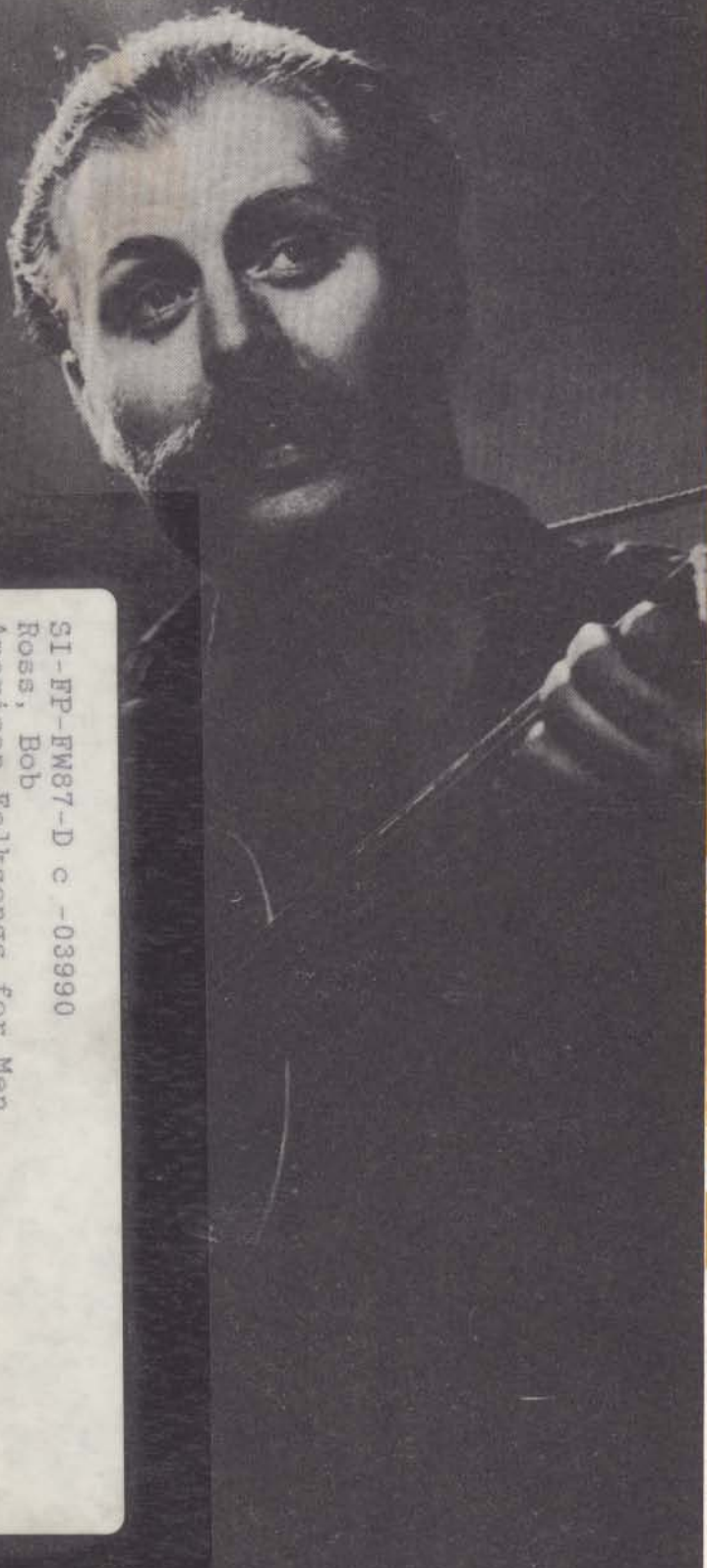
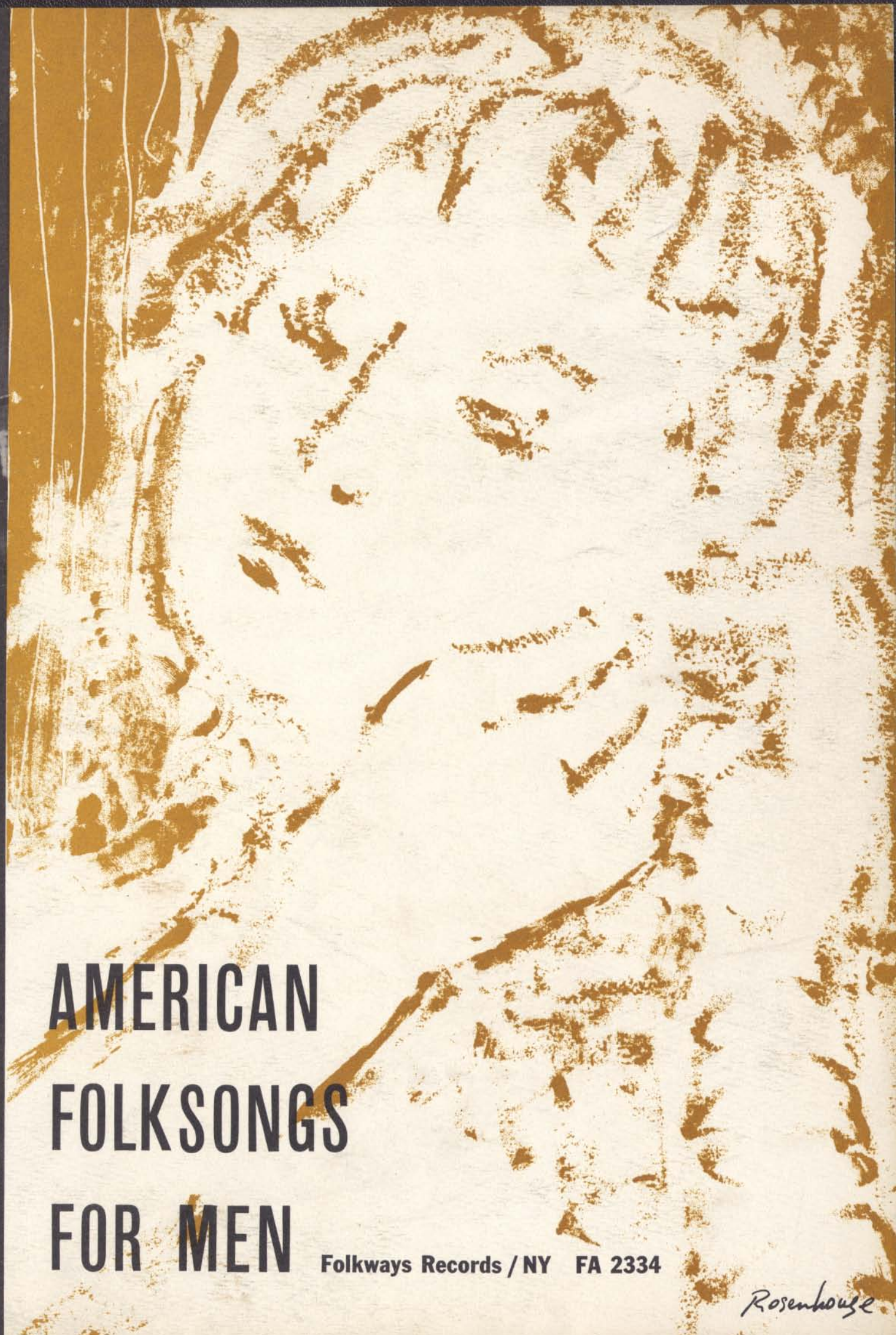


American Folk Songs for Men



SI-EP-FW87-D © -03990  
Ross, Bob  
American Folksongs for Men



**AMERICAN  
FOLKSONGS  
FOR MEN**

**Bob Ross** with guitar

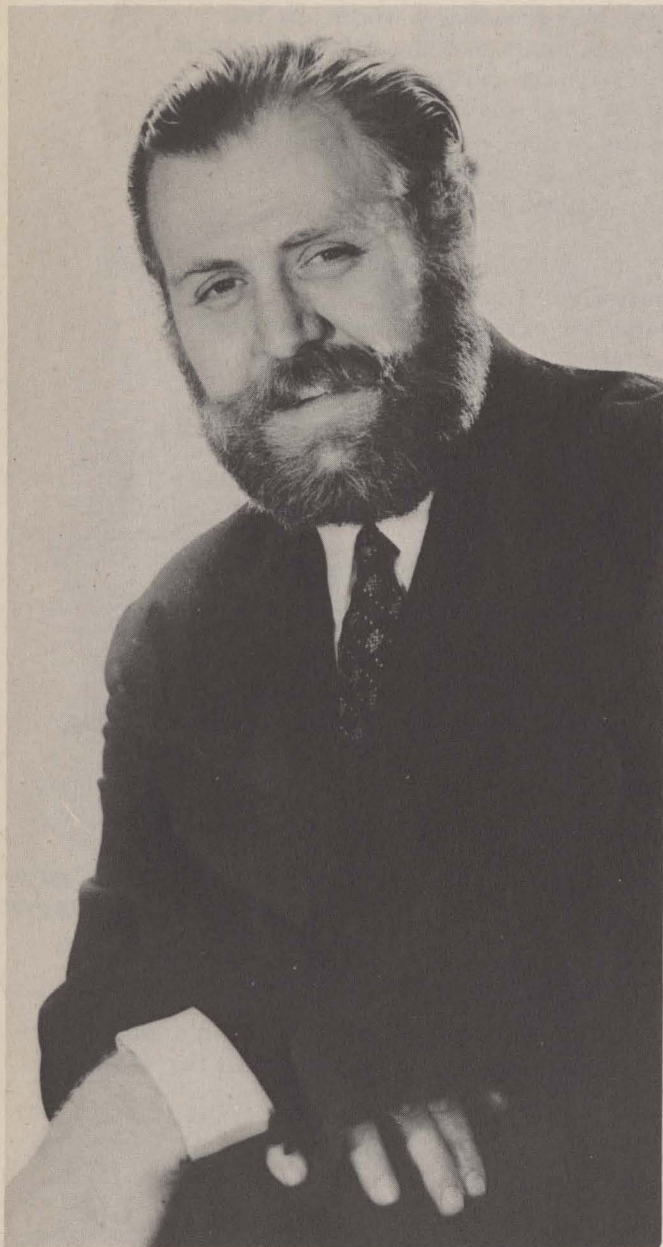
Folkways Records / NY FA 2334

*Rosenhouse*

# AMERICAN FOLKSONGS FOR MEN

Descriptive notes are inside pocket

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SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION



Bob Ross was born in Newark, New Jersey and as he grew up he participated in singing activities in local school and church functions. In his adolescence he discovered folk songs and made them a major part of his repertoire.

During the War Bob served in the Naval Air Service and his nights were given to entertaining GI's in hospitals. After the War he trained with the American Theater Wing.

He has appeared on most of the major networks, radio and television, and sung in clubs, theaters, and other areas of entertainment.

### DOWN IN THE VALLEY

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

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

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.

Send me a letter, send it by mail.  
Send it in care of the Birmingham jail,  
Birmingham jail, girl, Birmingham jail,  
Send it in care of the Birmingham jail.

Build me a tower 40 feet high,  
So I can see her as she rides by,  
As she rides by, boys, as she rides by,  
So I can see her as she rides by.

### RIDDLE SONG

I gave my love a cherry that had no stone.  
I gave my love a chicken that had no bone.  
I told my love a story that had no end.  
I gave my love a baby with no cryin'.

How could there be a cherry without a stone?  
How could there be a chicken without a bone?  
How could there be a story without an end?  
How could there be a baby with no cryin'?

A cherry in the blossom -- it has no stone.  
A chicken in the pippin -- it has no bone.  
The story that I love you -- it has no end.  
A baby when it's sleepin' -- there's no cryin'.

### LAURA

Eyes like the morning star,  
Cheeks like the rose,  
Laura is a pretty girl, God Almighty knows.  
Weep all you little rains -- wail, winds, wail  
All along, along, along  
The Colorado Trail.

### DRINK TO ME ONLY

Drink to me only with thine eyes  
And I will pledge with mine,  
Or leave a kiss within the cup  
And I'll not ask for wine.  
The thirst that from the soul doth rise  
Doth ask a drink divine,  
But might I of Jove's nectar sip,  
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,  
Not so much honoring thee,  
As giving it a hope that there  
I could not withered be.  
But thou thereon did'st only breathe  
And send'st it back to me,  
Since when it grows and smells, I swear,  
Not of itself, but thee.

### ON TOP OF OLD SMOKY

On top of Old Smoky, all covered with snow,  
I lost my true lover, come acourtin' too slow.  
Acourtin' is pleasure and parting is grief,  
But a falsehearted lover is worse than a thief.  
A thief, he will rob you and take all you have,  
But a false hearted lover will lead you to the grave.

The grave, it will take you and turn you to dust.  
There ain't one gal in a million a poor feller can trust.

They'll hug you and kiss you and tell you more lies  
Than spikes in the railroad or stars in the sky.

They'll tell you they love you, to give your hearts ease,  
But then when your back's turned, they'll love whom they please.

### I'M GONNA MARRY

I'm gonna marry in the fall,  
I'm gonna marry in the Spring.  
Gonna marry me a pretty little girl  
Who wears a silver ring--  
Who wears a silver ring.  
Well there's corn in the meadow --  
Corn enough for all.  
Gonna find me a pretty little girl  
Who'll feed them when I'm gone --  
Who'll feed them when I'm gone.

So I went to the top of the hill  
To give my horn a blow,  
And every gal in the county said,  
"Yonder goes my bow --  
Yonder goes my bow."

### BLACK IS THE COLOR

Black, black, black is the color of my true love's hair.  
Her lips are something wondrous fair,  
The purest heart and the daintiest hands.  
I love the grass on where she stands.  
I love my love and well she knows.  
I love the ground on where she goes.  
If she on earth no more I see,  
My life will surely leave me.

Now I go, too troublesome to morn and weep,  
But satisfied, I cannot sleep.  
I'll send her a note in a few little lines.  
I'll suffer death ten thousand times.

Black is the color of my true love's hair.  
Her lips are something wondrous fair,  
The purest heart and the daintiest hands  
I love the grass on where she goes.

### GREENSLEEVES

Alas, my love you do me wrong  
To cast me out discourteously,  
For I have loved you, Oh, so long,  
Delighting in your company.

Greensleeves is my delight,  
Greensleeves is all my joy.  
Greensleeves is my heart of gold  
And who but my lady Greensleeves?

I have been ready at your hand  
To grant whatever you did crave.  
I have both waged life and land,  
Your love and goodwill for to have.

### TURTLE DOVE

Oh, can't you see my little turtle dove?  
He doth sit on yonder high tree.  
See how that he doth mourn for his true love,  
As I, my dear, shall mourn for thee -- as I shall mourn for thee --  
As I shall mourn for thee.

Oh, fair thee well, my little turtle dove.  
Oh, fair thee well for a while.  
For tho I go, I will surely come again,  
Tho I go ten thousand miles, my dear --  
Tho I go ten thousand miles -- tho I go ten thousand miles.

## MARY, MY BELOVED

Out on the hillside, by the sheiling, Mo Mary my beloved --  
Out on the hillside, by the sheiling, Mo Mary my beloved --  
Mo Mary Molenan, Mo Mary my beloved --  
On the hillside, by the sheiling, Mo Mary my beloved.

And as the blue gentian, gleaming on the hillside by the sheiling  
And purple blue in the sunlight are the eyes of my Mary --  
Mo Mary Molenan, Mo Mary my beloved --  
On the hillside by the sheiling, Mo Mary my beloved.

## SPANISH IS THE LOVING TONGUE

Spanish is a loving tongue,  
Soft as music, light as spray.  
'Twas a girl I learned it from,  
Living down Sonora way.  
I don't look much like a lover,  
Yet I say her love words over  
Often when I'm all alone --  
Mi amor, mi corazon.

## VENEZUELA

I met her in Venezuela with a basket on her head  
And if she loved others she didn't say,  
But I knew she'd do to pass away  
To pass away the time in Venezuela --  
To pass away the time in Venezuela.

I gave her a beautiful sash of blue --  
    A beautiful sash of blue  
Because I knew that she could do  
With all the tricks I knew she knew  
To pass away the time in Venezuela --  
To pass away the time in Venezuela.

And when the wind was out to sea --  
    The wind was out to sea  
And she was taking leave of me,  
I said, "Cheer up, there'll always be  
Sailors ashore on leave in Venezuela --  
Sailors ashore in Venezuela."

Her lingo was strange,  
    but the thought of her beautiful smile --  
The thought of her beautiful smile  
Will haunt me and taunt me for many a mile,  
For she was my gal and she did the while  
To pass away the time in Venezuela --  
To pass away the time in Venezuela.

## GO 'WAY FROM MY WINDOW

Go 'way from my window,  
Go 'way from my door,  
Go 'way 'way 'way from my bedside  
And bother me no more --  
And bother me no more.

I'll go tell all my brothers,  
Tell all my sisters, too,  
The reason why my heart is broke  
Is on account of you --  
Is on account of you.

I'll give you back your letters,  
I'll give you back your ring,  
But I'll ne'er forget my own true love,  
As long as songbirds sing --  
As long as songbirds sing.

Go on your way, be happy,  
Go on your way and rest.  
Remember, dear, that you're the one  
I really did love best --  
I really did love best.

## DINAH AND VILLIKINS

There was a rich merchant in London did dwell.  
He had but one daughter, an uncommon fine young girl.  
Her name it was Dinah, just sixteen years old  
And she had a large fortune in silver and gold.

As Dinah was walking in the garden one day,  
Her father came to her and to her did say,  
"Go dress yourself, Dinah, in gorgeous array  
For I've brought you a suitor both gallant and gay."

"Oh Father, dear Father", the maiden replied,  
"I don't feel inclined for to be married,  
And all my large fortune I'd gladly give o'er,  
If I could remain single a year or two more."

"Oh Daughter, oh Daughter", the merchant replied,  
"You must feel inclined to be married.  
You must give up young Villikins, that worthless young lout  
And marry the suitor I told you about."

As Villikins was walking in the garden one day,  
He found his dear Dinah, on the ground she did lay,  
With a cup of cold poison all down by her side  
And a billet-doux saying 'twas for Villikins she died.

Now, all you young lovers, so careless and gay,  
Remember the song that I sing you this day:  
'Tis better by far to die and grow cold  
Than to marry a suitor for silver and gold.

### FOGGY DEW

When I was a bachelor, I lived by myself,  
I worked at the weavers' trade  
And the only, only thing I did that was wrong  
Was to woo a fair young maid,  
I wooed her in the summertime  
And part of the Winter too.  
And the only, only thing I did that was wrong  
Was to shield her from the foggy, foggy dew.

One night she came unto my bed  
When I was fast asleep.  
She laid her head upon my breast  
And she began to weep.  
She wept, she cried, she darn near died.  
Ah, me, what could I do?  
So all night long I held her in my arms  
Just to shield her from the foggy, foggy dew.

Now, I'm still a bachelor, I live with my son.  
We work at the weavers' trade,  
And every time I look at him  
He reminds me of the fair young maid.  
He reminds me of the Summertime  
And part of the Winter, too.  
He reminds me of the times I held her in my arms,  
Just to shield her from the foggy, foggy dew.

### RED RIVER VALLEY

From this valley they say you are going.  
We will miss your bright eyes and bright smile,  
For they say you are taking the sunshine  
That brightens our pathway awhile.

Come and sit by my side, if you love me.  
Do not hasten to bid me adieu,  
But remember the Red River Valley  
And the folks who have loved you so true.

Won't you think of the valley you're leaving?  
Oh, how lonely, how sad it will be.  
Oh, think of the fond heart you're breaking  
And the grief you are causing to me.

### CARELESS LOVE

Love, oh Love, oh careless love,  
Oh look at what love has done to me.

Once my apron strings were long,  
When you passed my window with a song.

Now my apron strings won't tie,  
You pass my cabin door right by.

You pass my door, you pass my gate,  
But you won't get by my "thirty-eight".

Sorrow, sorrow to my heart!  
Oh, look at what love has done to me!

### SUGAR BUSH

Sugar Bush, I love you so,  
I will never let you go.  
Don't you let your mother know,  
Sugar Bush, I love you so.

Chocolate, you are so sweet,  
You, yes, you, I'd like to eat.  
If I did, 'twould be a treat.  
Chocolate, you are so sweet.

Sugar Bush, come dance with me.  
Let the other fellers be.  
Dance the Vastrap merrily.  
Sugar Bush, come dance with me.