



HORTON
BARKER
Traditional
Singer
RECORDED
IN
BEECH
CREEK,
NORTH
CAROLINA
BY
SANDY
PATON
FOLKWAYS
RECORDS
FA 2362

SIDE I
 Band 1: WAYFARING STRANGER
 Band 2: WONDROUS LOVE
 Band 3: THE GYPSY'S WEDDING DAY
 Band 4: THE MILLER'S WILL
 Band 5: AMAZING GRACE
 Band 6: LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ELLENDER
 Band 7: BOW AND BALANCE

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

SIDE II
 Band 1: AT THE FOOT OF YONDERS MOUNTAIN
 Band 2: THE TURKISH REBILIE
 Band 3: BLUE-HAIRED JIMMY
 Band 4: THE DRUNKARD'S COURTSHIP
 Band 5: THE FARMER'S CURST WIFE
 Band 6: THERE WAS AN OLD LADY
 Band 7: ROLLY TRUDUM
 Band 8: CITY FOUR SQUARE
 Band 9: DEVILISH MARY
 Band 10: HOP, OLD RABBIT, HOP
 Band 11: SWEET MARY
 Band 12: PADDY DOYLE

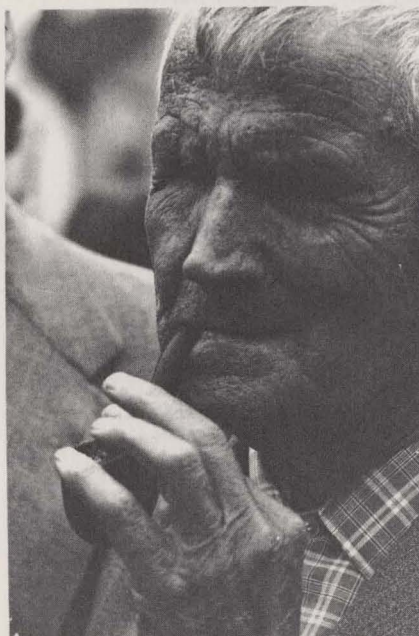
Horton Barker, sightless since childhood, a gentle man with a warm, wonderful sense of humor, sings unaccompanied in his high, clear voice. Now 73, he once travelled with a "bible lecturer," and has appeared in various concerts and folk festivals.

COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE / PHOTO BY RAY FLERLAGE
 Library of Congress Catalogue Card No. R62-475
 ©1962 FOLKWAYS RECORDS AND SERVICE CORP.
 701 SEVENTH AVE., N.Y.C., U.S.A.

HORTON BARKER

HORTON BARKER TRADITIONAL SINGER

Recorded in Beech Creek,
North Carolina,
by SANDY PATON



Horton Barker photo by Ray Flerlage

HORTON BARKER

Years ago, a narrow-gauge railway ran through the small town of Laurel Bloomery in the mountainous northeast corner of Tennessee. The town is named, not for the blossoms of the Rhododendron (called "laurel" by the mountain people), as one might suppose, but for the circular masses of wrought iron produced by the foundry located there. Nicknamed the "Pea Vine" railroad by the local residents, because of its twisting, winding, twenty mile route, it served the foundry, the farms, and the logging industry which thrived on the heavily timbered surrounding hills. One of the engines, a small, black, pot-bellied smoke-belcher, was known affectionately as "Old Huldy".

Horton Barker was born in Laurel Bloomery in 1889, and he recalls hearing "Old Huldy" wheezing and puffing by on its daily run -- recalls it so clearly that he has appropriated its name for his favorite pipe. Now, Horton has "about a bushel" of pipes and his favorite would seem to be the one currently in operation. "Hope you don't mind if I light up 'Old Huldy'," he will say, digging into his pocket for the Prince Albert tobacco. "I've been smoking for fifty-five years, but I plan to quit before it gets a real hold on me."

But Horton will never give up "Old Huldy". "I was going to quit smoking today, but I'm afraid to risk it. You see, a fellow once told me that, if a man was to quit smoking on a particular day of the week, he'd take pneumonia for sure. Trouble is, I can't remember just which day he said it was." Later, while knocking the ashes out against the heel of his hand: "There! I told you I was going to quit smoking today and that's the tenth time I've done it."

There's no stopping him -- Horton Barker, sightless since childhood as the result of an accident,

is filled with an irrepressible sense of humor. Even the cane he uses to help him find his way about is given a name and a personality. "I'll just hitch 'Old Morgan' here on the doorknob while we eat." "Old Morgan" does considerably more than let Horton know when he's approaching a step or an obstacle. He listens to the echo of the tapping metal tip and can surprise you with what it tells him. For instance, he told me when we were passing a car parked fifteen feet or more to one side of our path. As a boy, he would jump off of a cliff into eighty feet of water and then swim back to the base of the cliff, locating it by the echo of a clicking noise made with his tongue.

Horton now makes his home with his sister and her husband in St. Clair's Creek (pronounced "Sinkler's"), Virginia, a tiny community in Smyth County, not far from Chilhowie. It's gently rolling country; the green pastures and the fields of yellowing tobacco broken occasionally by clumps of uncleared forest. In the distance is Mt. Rogers, the highest point in Virginia at 5720 feet, and, just south of that, White Top, where Annabel Buchanan and John Powell directed their famous Folk Festival during the early 1930's. It was here that Horton met other great ballad singers, such as Texas Gladden and "Sailor Dad" Hunt, and added more songs to the repertoire he had inherited from his mother and developed in all night song-swapping sessions with other students at the two schools for the blind he attended in his youth.

Horton never knew his father, a lumberman who "worked cutting timber up in West Virginia quite a bit." While the family lived in Tennessee, Horton went to school in Nashville. Later, when his mother remarried and moved across the state line into Washington County, Virginia, he was transferred to the School for the Blind in Staunton. There Horton would delight in concealing the fact of his total blindness from his fellow

students. He used to lead other boys around in the town until, one day, he inadvertently let one of them run into a post. "Say," the fellow asked, rubbing his bumped head, "just how much do you see?" "Oh, I see pretty well," chuckled Horton. "Course I can't quite make out sunlight...."

Horton was first visited by a ballad hunter in about 1930. Not sure of the date, Horton does remember that his name was Winston Wilkinson and that he didn't record anything, but simply listed the songs Horton knew. Within the next few years, however, Horton was recorded by Annabel Buchanan at White Top and by Sarah Gertrude Knott in Washington, D.C. In 1937, Alan Lomax recorded him for the Archive of American Folk Song at the Library of Congress. Things died down a bit after that. The country went to war and the work of the Archive was severely curtailed. Anyway, Horton went home to St. Clair's Creek to sit quietly on the porch and smoke "Old Huldry." Once in a while, his good friend, Richard Chase, a young folklorist he had met at White Top, would come by and visit. Occasionally, they would pile into the car and go off to a Folk Festival at Boone, North Carolina, or Abingdon, Virginia. But mostly he just sat and smoked and teased the boys walking by the house.

(He tells of the time two boys came up the road with a nice string of fish. Horton's sister, who had been sitting on the porch with him, commented on the fish and then went into the house. Horton waited until the boys were directly in front of him, then called out, "Say, that's sure a nice bunch of fish you have there!" The boys, seeing Horton alone on the porch, were flabbergasted. As they went on up the road, Horton could hear them whispering back and forth -- "How'd he know we had these fish? You reckon he can see some?" "Naw! He didn't see 'em. He smelled 'em!")

Horton's musical artistry is as keenly developed as his wit, as this record will prove. But Horton is no folksong purist (the true Folksinger rarely is -- he doesn't have to be); if he hears a song he likes, he sets out to learn it -- simple as that. Some of his songs are really composites of different versions he has heard at one time or another. "When I hear a version of a song I like better than the one I've known -- well, I just sort of adopt it." Right now he is anxious to learn the version of "Lord Thomas" he heard Mike Seeger sing at the University of Chicago Folk Festival in February, 1961. "I really like his version better than mine," he commented, as we were recording his own.

Aside from the classic "Child Ballads" and the lyric folksongs he sings, his repertoire is made up of what he calls "Southern Sentimental Songs or Plantation Songs", gospel songs, hymns, and curious bits of humorous flotsam he has acquired over his seventy years of listening....

I feel like hell --
I feel like hell --
I feel like hel-ping some poor soul
To find a man --
To find a man --
To find a man-sion in the sky.

At least one of his songs (Sweet Mary) he learned from his singing teacher at the school in Staunton.

For four years, until his health forced him to give it up two years ago, Horton earned his living by

travelling with a "bible lecturer" in North Carolina and Tennessee, singing the old gospel songs and sharing the unpredictable returns of the collection plate. "Sometimes he would say things that would aggravate them, make them mad, and then they'd put all their money into my plate and practically none in his. Of course, I always divided up with him later."

My several days with Horton Barker were truly memorable ones. We drove together to Beech Creek, North Carolina, where we took advantage of Mr. and Mrs. W. Smith Harmon's generous hospitality and large living room for the recording sessions. On the trip, Horton gave me directions -- "Bear right at the top of this hill; Take a left at the other end of this bridge." "Off to our right, now, you should be able to see an old brick house. That's over a hundred years old." "Don't I smell a cemetery on the right now?" (This followed by a string of humorous epitaphs) "That was a good bridge, wasn't it? The next one isn't so good, I'm afraid." etc.

To know Horton Barker, to stroll leisurely with him to the top of a hill while the sun chases away the early morning mist and warms your shoulder-bones, and -- most of all -- to sit and listen to him sing the old ballads in his high, clear voice, unencumbered by accompaniment, is to suddenly become aware of what is meant by "Amazing Grace."

Sandy Paton

Burlington, Vermont
September, 1961

SIDE I, Band 1:

WAYFARING STRANGER: Horton first heard this sung by the Harp Singers from Vanderbilt, under the direction of George Pullen Jackson, at the White Top Festival in southwestern Virginia. Later, he learned it from an old hymnal which he located in his community.

I'm just a poor wayfaring stranger,
Wandering through this world of woe,
But there's no danger, toil nor sorrow
In that bright world to which I'll go.

I'm going there to meet my father,
I'm going there no more to roam,
I'm only going over Jerdan,
I'm just a-going over home.

I know dark clouds will gather 'round me;
I know my way is rough and steep.
But golden fields lie out before me
Where God's redeemed no more shall weep.

I'm going there to meet my mother,
I'm going there no more to roam.
I'm only going over Jerdan;
I'm just a-going over home.

I'll soon be free from every trial,
My body resting in the old church yard.
I'll drop the cross of self-denial
And enter on my great reward.

I'm going there to meet my Savior;
He said he'd meet me when I come.
I'm only going over Jerdan;
I'm just a-going over home.

SIDE I, Band 2:

WONDROUS LOVE: Horton learned this from an old shape-note hymnal which belonged to his grandmother. The first verse is frequently printed "What wondrous love is this that caused the Lord of Bliss to bear the dreadful curse for my soul." The verse sung here is apparently Horton's own.

What wondrous love is this,
O my soul, O my soul;
What wondrous love is this,
O my soul?
What wondrous love is this
That caused the Lord of bliss
To send such perfect peace
To my soul, to my soul;
To send such perfect peace
To my soul?

When I was sinking down,
Sinking down, sinking down,
When I was sinking down,
Sinking down,
When I was sinking down
Beneath God's righteous frown,
Christ laid aside His crown
For my soul, for my soul,
Christ laid aside His crown
For my soul.

To God and to the Lamb
I will sing, I will sing;
To God and to the Lamb,
I will sing.
To God and to the Lamb,
Jehovah, great I am,
While millions join the theme
I will sing, I will sing,
While millions join the theme
I will sing.

And when from death I'm free,
I'll sing on, I'll sing on,
And when from death I'm free,
I'll sing on.
And when from death I'm free,
I'll sing and joyful be,
While others join the throng
I'll sing on, I'll sing on,
While others join the throng,
I'll sing on.

SIDE I, Band 3:

THE GYPSY'S WEDDING DAY shows something of the great diversity of Horton's repertoire. Apparently an old parlor song of the sentimental type popular around the turn of the century, Horton tells me he learned it "from a child, years ago."

My father was a captain of a gypsy tribe, you know,
My mother she gave me some counting to do.
With a knapsack on my shoulder, I'll bid you all
farewell,
I'll take a trip to London some fortunes to tell.

As I went walking all down the London street,
A handsome young lawyer was the first I chanced to
meet.

Was the first I chanced to meet, was the first I
chanced to meet,
A handsome young lawyer was the first I chanced to
meet.

(similarly)
He viewed my pretty little brown cheeks for the ones
he loved so well (?)
Says he, "Little gypsy girl, will you my fortune
tell?"

"Oh yes, sir, Oh kind sir, hold out to me your hand;
You have many fine fortunes in a far-off distant
land."

"You've courted many fair ladies, but you've laid
them all aside,
And I'm a little gypsy girl and the one to be your
bride."

He took me, he led me to his house on yonder shore,
While servants stood waiting to open wide the door.

The bells they did ring and the music it did play.
It was a celebration of a gypsy's wedding day.

Once I was a gypsy girl, but now I'm a rich man's
bride
With servants to wait on me while in my carriage
ride.

SIDE I, Band 4:

THE MILLER'S WILL: This delightful satire on the skulduggery of millers is included among the Roxburghe Ballads and has been found in the British Isles from the southwest of England (by Baring-Gould) to the Northeast of Scotland (by Gavin Greig). It is equally popular among the folk of America, having been found all the way from Vermont to Florida. Horton learned his version from a Miss Stone who lived near Norton, in Wise County, Virginia.

There was an old miller who lived all alone,
He had three sons who were almost grown.
He was about to make his will
And all that he had was a little old mill.
Hi-lo-diddle-lol-day.

The miller called to his oldest son,
"Son, oh son, I'm almost gone,
And if to you this will I make,
Pray tell me the toll that you aim to take."

"Father, you know my name is Heck,
Out of a bushel I'll take a peck.
If my fortune I would make,
Now this is the toll that I mean to take."

"Son, oh son, I'm afraid you're a fool,
You have not learned to follow my rule.
This mill to you I will not give
For by such a toll no man can live."

The miller then called to his second son,
"Son, oh son, I'm almost gone,
And if to you this will I make,
Pray tell me the toll that you aim to take."

"Father, you know my name is Ralph,
Out of a bushel I'll take half.
If my fortune I would make,
Now this is the toll that I mean to take."

Son, oh son, etc.

The miller then called to his youngest son, etc.

"Father, you know my name is Paul,
Out of a bushel I'll take all;
Take all the grain and swear to the sack
And kick the old farmer if he ever comes back."

"Glory to God", the old man says,
I've got one son who's learned my ways!"
"Hallelujah!" the old woman cried,
And the old man straightened out his legs and he
died.

SIDE I, Band 5:

AMAZING GRACE: This beautiful old hymn, still very popular among the people of the southern mountains, is sung by Horton Barker to what he calls "the old melody". First learned from an old hymnal, Horton later adapted it to this tune which was taught to him by "Aunt Edith Hart, an old lady in our community."

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

I want to live a Christian here;
I want to die a-shouting.
I want to feel my savior near
When soul and body's parting.

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

(repeated)

When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun.

I want to live a Christian here;
I want to die a-shouting.
I want to feel my savior near
Till soul and body's parted.

SIDE I, Band 6:

LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ELLENDER: Horton learned this version of Child #73 from Mrs. Melissa Roe, the sister of the brother-in-law with whom he makes his home. Mrs. Roe, who lived in Chilhowie, Virginia, was killed by lightning in 1923, while milking a cow under a large hickory tree. Horton omits the usual first verse, in which Lord Thomas asks his mother's advice as to which of the young ladies he should marry.

"Lord Thomas, Lord Thomas, take my advice,
Go bring the Brown Girl home,
For she has land and a house of her own;
Fair Ellender, she has none."

He called it to his waiting maids,
By one, by two, by three,
"Go bridle, go saddle my milky white steed,
Fair Ellender I must see."

He rode and he rode till he came to her gate,
So lively he tingled the rein,
And none were so ready as Fair Ellender herself
As she rose to let him in.

"I've come to ask you to my wedding today."
"Bad news, Lord Thomas," says she,
"For I, your bride, I thought I would be;
Bad news, Lord Thomas," said she.

She called it to her father and mother,
To make them both as one,
"Shall I go to Lord Thomas's wedding
Or tarry at home alone?"

She dressed herself so fine in silk,
Her very maids in green,
And every city that she rode through,
They took her to be some queen.

She rode and she rode till she came to his gate,
So lively she tingled the rein,
And none were so ready as Lord Thomas himself
As he rose to let her in.

He took her by the lily white hand,
He led her through the hall,
He sat her down at the head of the table
Among the quality all.

"Lord Thomas," says she, "Is this your bride?
I'm sure she looks very brown.
You might have married as fair a young lady
As ever the sun shone on."

The Brown Girl had a penknife in her hand,
It keen and very sharp,
Between the long ribs and the short
She pierced Fair Ellender to the heart.

He took the Brown Girl by the hand,
He led her through the hall,
And with a sword he cut her head off
And kicked it against the wall.

He placed the handle against the ground,
The point against his breast,
Saying, "Here's the death of three true lovers,
God sent their souls to rest.

"I want my grave dug long and wide
And dig it very deep;
I want Fair Ellender in my arms,
The Brown Girl at my feet."

SIDE I, Band 7:

BOW AND BALANCE: Horton learned this ballad (The Two Sisters - Child #10) from his schoolmates in Nashville, Tennessee, about sixty years ago. He says, however, that "other versions I heard later may have got mixed up in it."

There was an old woman lived on the sea shore,
Bow and balance to me,
There was an old woman lived on the sea shore,
Her number of daughters, one, two, three, four,
And I'll be true to my love
If my love'll be true to me.

There was a young man come there to see them
And the oldest one got struck on him.

He bought the youngest a beaver hat
And the oldest one got mad at that.

"Oh sister, oh sister, let's walk the sea shore
And see the ships as they sail o'er."

While these two sisters were walking the shore,
The oldest pushed the youngest o'er.

"Oh sister, oh sister, please lend me your hand,
Then you may have Willie and all of his land."

"I never, I never will lend you my hand,
But I'll have Willie and all of his land."

Sometimes she sank and sometimes she swam,
Until she came to the old mill dam.

"Oh Father, oh Father, come draw your dam,
Here's either a mermaid or a swan."

The miller he got his fishing hook
And fished the maiden out of the brook.

"Oh miller, oh miller, here's five gold rings,
If you'll put me safe on shore again."

The miller received those five gold rings
And pushed the maiden in again.

The miller was hung at his own mill gate
For drowning little sister Kate.

SIDE II, Band 1:

AT THE FOOT OF YONDERS MOUNTAIN: Another lovely folk lyric added to Horton's repertoire at the White Top Folk Festival. A. L. Lloyd recently found the same tune being used for a Scottish whaling ballad.

At the foot of yonders mountain there runs a clear
stream;

At the foot of yonders mountain there lives a fair
queen.

She's handsome, she's proper, her ways are complete,
And I know no better pastime than to be with my sweet.

But why she won't have me I well understand;
She wants some freeholder and I have no land.
But I can maintain her on silver and gold
And as many other fine things as my love's house
can hold.

Oh, if I were a scribe and could write a fair hand,
I'd send her a letter from this distant land;
I'd send it by the waters just for to let her know
I'll think of pretty Sarah wherever I go.

Oh, if I were a bird with swift wings and could fly,
It's to my love's window each night I'd draw nigh;
I'd sit by her window all night long and cry
That, for love of pretty Saro, I gladly would die.

SIDE II, Band 2:

THE TURKISH REBILÉE: Horton learned this version of Child #286 from a schoolmate named Beecher Webster at the school they attended in Nashville, Tennessee. About the ballad, Horton says, "Some people sing it with the boy on the Golden Willow Tree, but I have it just the other way."

There was a little ship that sailed on the sea
And the name of this ship was the Turkish Rebilée;
She sailed on the lonely, lonesome water,
She sailed on the lonesome sea.

There was another ship that sailed on the sea
And the name of this ship was the Golden Willow
Tree;
She sailed on the -- etc.

Up stepped a little sailor, saying what'll you
give to me
If I will that ship to the bottom of the sea?
If I'll sink her in -- etc.

I have a house and I have land
And I have a daughter that shall be at your command
If you'll sink her in -- etc.

He bowed on his breast and away swam he;
He swam till he came to the Golden Willow Tree;
He sunk her in -- etc.

He had a little auger all fit for the bore;
He bored nine holes in the bottom of the floor.
He sunk her in the -- etc.

Some had hats and some had caps
A-trying to stop the salt water gaps
As she sunk in -- etc.

Some were playing cards and some were shooting dice
While others stood around a-giving good advice
As she sunk in the -- etc.

He bowed on his breast and away swam he;
He swam till he came to the Turkish Rebilée.
"I've sunk her in the -- etc."

"Now Captain, will you be as good as your word,
Or either will you take me in on board?
I've sunk her in the -- etc."

"No, I won't be as good as my word
And neither will I take you in on board,
Though you've sunk her in the -- etc."

"If it were not for the love I have for your men,
I'd do unto you as I've done unto them;
I'd sink you in the -- etc."

He bowed on his breast and down sunk he,
A-bidding farewell to the Turkish Rebilée;
He sunk in the -- etc.

SIDE II, Band 3:

BLUE-HAIRED JIMMY: A wonderful, grotesque bit of nonsense which Horton learned from John Wilson of Portsmouth, Virginia, when they were both students at the school for the blind in Staunton. Horton introduced this to his audience at the University of Chicago Folk Music Festival as "a sort of a silly song, but I always like to sing it for the kids. They seem to enjoy it."

He's gone forevermore, is our darling blue-haired
boy,
We'll never see our cross-eyed darling anymore.
Like a dream he passed away on the thirty-ninth of
May,
He never died so suddenly before.

No more upon the mat will he play with pussycat,
No more between his teeth he'll squeeze her tail.
No more he'll rub her nose against the red-hot
iron stove,
For little brother Jimmy's kicked the pail.

We knew he was departing by the color of his
breath;
We saw his eyebrows dropping in the mud.
The doctor said the only thing to save the boy
from death
Was to stop the circulation of his blood.

We gently bathed his head in a pot of boiling lead
And then we gently laid him down to rest,
But through the night a burglar came and broke into
the room
And swiped the mustard plaster off his chest.

We filled his mouth with glue to try to bring him
to;
Alas, though, all our efforts were in vain.
(And last of all -?) we tried, but he sneezed and
smiled and died,
He blew his nose and smiled and died again.

He's gone forevermore at the age of ninety-four,
There's nothing in this world his life could save.
I'm going to the barber shop to fill his last
request
To plant a bunch of whiskers on his grave.

SIDE II, Band 4:

THE BRUNKARD'S COURTSHIP (The Courting Case): When Horton was a boy, his mother, who was born in Allegheny County, North Carolina, in 1861, used to sing this song to him. Perhaps, however, Horton is deliberately forgetting the final verse in which the woman, as usual, has the last word. Brown, in his North Carolina collection, prints two texts, one of which ends where Horton's does, but the other follows that with; "When I get cold and pinched with cold, it won't be you to keep me warm; I'll get somebody I love much better and lie closer in his arms." Sharp prints two texts, one of which suggests that another man will keep her warm, while the other leaves her with only her clothes to provide such comfort.

"Kind sir, I see you've come again,
Pray tell me what it's for;
I told you plain on yonder hill
That you needn't come here anymore, anymore,
That you needn't come here anymore."

"Kind miss, I have a very fine house
And also a mighty fine yard."
"Who would stay all night with me
When you were out playing cards,
When you were out playing cards?"

"Now, miss, I never did the like,
For I never thought it right.
Now, if you'll promise to be my wife,
I'll never stay out one night,
I'll never stay out one night."

"Kind sir, why do you tell me that,
To try to take me in?
As soon as I'd become your bride
You'd gamble and drink again,
You'd gamble and drink again."

"Kind miss, I'm a very fine man,
I also dress mighty fine;
How I'd like some pretty little miss
To kiss these lips of mine,
To kiss these lips of mine."

"Kind sir, you may be a very fine man
And also dress mighty fine,
But you are the last young man
That'll kiss these lips of mine,
That'll kiss these lips of mine."

"Now, madam, you're a hard old case,
And just a little too hard to please;
And when you're old some of these cold nights
I hope to the Lord you'll freeze,
I hope to the Lord you'll freeze."

SIDE II, Band 5:

THE FARMER'S CURST WIFE: This is undoubtedly the ballad (Child #278) for which Horton Barker is best known. He tells me he learned it from a singer named Debusk of Widener's Valley, Virginia, but adds, "I may have some of Texas Gladden's verses mixed in it."

There was an old man at the foot of the hill;
If he ain't moved away he's living there still.
Sing hi-diddle-I-diddle-I-fie,
Diddle-I-diddle-I-day.

He hitched up his horse and he went out to plow,
But how to get around, he didn't know how.

The devil came to his house one day,
Says "One of your family I'm a-going to take away."
Then says the old man, "I am undone,
For I'm afraid you've come for my oldest son."

"It's neither your son nor your daughter I crave,
But your old scolding woman I now must have."

The devil put her in a sack
And slung her up across his back.

"Take her on, take her on, with the joy of my heart;
I hope, by gollies, you'll never part."

He had barely gotten to the forks of the road
When he says, "Old lady, you're a terrible load."

He carried her down to the gates of hell
And says "Punch up the fire, we're going to scorch
her well."

In come a little devil a-dragging his chain,
She up with a hatchet and split out his brain.

Another little devil went climbing the wall
And says, "Take her back, Daddy, she'll murder us
all."

The old man was a-peeping out of the crack
And saw the poor devil come a-wagging her back.

She found the old man sick in the bed
And up with a butter-stick and paddled his head.

The old woman went whistling over the hill,
"The devil wouldn't have me so I wonder who will."

Now this is what a woman can do,
She can out do the devil and her old man, too.

There's one advantage women have over men,
They can go to hell and come back again.

SIDE II, Band 6:

THERE WAS AN OLD LADY (or The Rich Old Lady): John Powell, composer and folk song collector who makes his home in Virginia and was co-director of the White Top Festival (along with Annabel Buchanan), taught this one to Horton during the early thirties. The source is apparently Sharp's B version (Vol. 1; p. 349; English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians).

There was an old lady in our town,
In our town did dwell,
She loved her husband dearly
But another man twice as well.
Sing too-de-um, sing too-de-um,
Whack, fol-lolly-day.

She went down to the butcher shop
To see if she could find,
To see if she could find something
To make her old man blind.

She got twelve dozen marrow bones,
She made him suck them all;
Says he, "Old woman, I'm so blind
I cannot see at all."

Says he, "I'd go and drown myself,
If only I could see."
Says she, "My dearest husband,
I'll go and show you the way."

She bundled him up in his old grey coat,
She took him to the brim;
Says he, "I cannot drown myself
Unless you push me in."

The old woman took a step or two back
To give a rolling spring;
The old man stepped a little to the side
And she went tumbling in.

She bubbled and gurgled and squawled out
As loud as she could bawl;
Says he, "Old woman, I'm so blind
I can't see you at all."

The old man being kind-hearted,
For fear that she could swim,
He went and got a very long pole
And pushed her further in.

SIDE II, Band 7:

ROLLY TRUDUM: This great favorite among young singers of folk songs came to Horton from the singing of his schoolmates in Nashville. A very similar version was recorded by Vance Randolph in Springfield, Missouri, as sung by May K. McCord, and may be heard on Album 12 -- Anglo-American Songs and Ballads -- of the Library of Congress, Music Division, from the Collections of the Archive of American Folk Song.

I went out one morning to take the morning air,
Rolly trudum, trudum, true dolly day;
I went out one morning to take the morning air,
There stood a woman talking to her daughter fair,
Rolly trudum, trudum, true dolly day.

(Similarly)

Hush your silly talking and hold that rattling tongue,
For, to marry, you know you are too young.

Suppose that I were willing, where'd you find your man?
Lord sakes, Mammy, I could get old Dandy Sam.

Suppose Sam was to slight you, as you did him before?
Lord sakes, Mammy, I could get a dozen more.

Such as doctors and lawyers or boys that follow plows,
Lord sakes, Mammy, I want to marry now.

Now my daughter's married and what shall I do?
Lord sakes, girls, well, I just believe I'll marry,
too.

SIDE II, Band 8:

CITY FOUR SQUARE: Typical of the many spirituals Horton sang while travelling with the bible lecturer throughout North Carolina and Tennessee, this one was learned from the singing of Dr. Orr, dean of Emory College.

I n the land of fadeless day
Lies that city four square;
It shall never pass away
And there is no night there.

God shall wipe away all tears,
There's no death, no pain, no fears,
And they count not time by years
For there is no night there.

There they need no sunshine bright,
In that city four square;
For the Lamb is all the light
And there is no night there.

All the gates with pearls are laid
In that city four square;
All the streets of gold are made
And there is no night there.

There the gates will never close,
In that city four square;
There life's crystal river flows
And there is no night there.

SIDE II, Band 9:

DEVILISH MARY: Presumably of Irish origin (Peter Kennedy has recently collected it there under the title of "The Wearing of the Breeches"), this delightful tale of the war between the sexes has been found in Kentucky, Louisiana, and in the Ozarks. Horton's very singable version comes from Tennessee.

When I was a boy growing up,
Thought I'd never marry;
Saw so many pretty little girls,
But none of them would have me.

Rare rare rinktum a-hoodle-um a-rinktum,
Rare rare rinktum a-razey;
Rare rare rinktum a-hoodle-um a-rinktum,
Rare rare ain't she a daisy?

One little girl I came across
Lived up in London's derry;
Her hair was as red as a golden thread
And they called her Devilish Mary.

We hadn't been courting but a week or two,
We both got in a hurry;
We both agreed on the same old spot
And married the very next Thursday.

One night when I was late getting in
And she was in a blunder,
She up with a big old liquor jug
And floored my head like thunder.

Mary, she's a good old girl,
She cooks and washes the dishes,
But every time that girl gets mad
She wants to wear my britches.

If ever I marry again in this world,
It'll be for the love of riches;
I'll marry a girl sixteen feet high
That can't get in my britches.

SIDE II, Band 10:

HOP, OLD RABBIT, HOP: Reported from all over the south, primarily from Negro singers, this jingle was included by Joel Chandler Harris in Uncle Remus, His Songs and Sayings, 1928 ed. The verses about the old horse, however, are generally associated with the sea song which accompanied the ceremony of paying off the "dead horse" after the first month at sea. The sailor, having drawn his first month's pay in advance (usually to square his account with the boarding-house master), celebrated the start of the crew actually earning pay by dragging an effigy of a horse around the deck, finally hoisting it to the main yardarm, cutting the line, and cheering as it dropped into the sea.

Yonder comes a little man a-riding by;
I says, "Old man, your horse'll die."
Hop, hop, hop, old rabbit, hop.

"If he dies, I'll tan his skin, .
But, if he lives, I'll ride him again."

"If he dies, it's no big loss,
But, if he lives, he's my old hoss."

"Oh, Mr. Rabbit, you're looking mighty brave."
"But, yes, my lord, I'm hunting a cave."

"Oh, Mr. Rabbit, your ears are mighty long."
"Yes, my lord, they're put on wrong."

"Oh, Mr. Rabbit, you're looking mighty thin."
"Yes, my lord, I'm splitting the wind."

"Oh, Mr. Rabbit, you're looking mighty brave."
"But, yes, my lord, I'm hunting a cave."

"Oh, Mr. Rabbit, you got a bad habit,
A-getting in the garden and eating up the cabbage."

I'll get old Jack and put him on the track
And run that rabbit to thunder and back.

SIDE II, Band 11:

SWEET MARY: Not a folksong, but Horton doesn't care. If he likes a song, he sings it. Horton learned this parlor song from his singing teacher at the school he attended in Staunton, Virginia.

"Suppose I should talk to your father,
Sweet Mary," says I.
"Don't talk to my father," says Mary,
Beginning to cry.
"My father he loves me so dearly,
He'll never consent I should go.
If you talk to my father," says Mary,
"He'll surely say no."

"Then suppose I should talk to your mother,
Sweet Mary," says I.
"Don't talk to my mother," says Mary,
Beginning to cry.
"My mother says men are deceivers
And never, I know, will consent.
She says girls in a hurry who marry
At leisure repent."

"Then how shall I get you, my jewel,
Sweet Mary?" says I.
"Since your parents are both so contrary,
Most surely I'll die."
"Oh, never say die, dear," says Mary,
"A way now to save you I see;
Since my parents are both so contrary,
You'd better ask me."

SIDE II, Band 12:

PADDY DOYLE: As Richard Chase points out in his Signet Key Book, American Folk Tales and Songs, this is not, strictly speaking, a folk song. Horton learned it from "Sailor Dad" Hunt, another popular performer at the White Top Folk Festival. "Sailor Dad" brought a seabag full of British songs home with him when he gave up deep-sea sailing out of Liverpool to settle down and tend his garden in Marion, Virginia.

Young Paddy Doyle lived in Kilarney,
Courtied a girl named Biddy O'Toole;
His tongue was tipped with the Irish blarney,
At making love he was no fool.

Whack for the looral, laurel, ladle,
Whack for the looral, laurel, lay.
Whack for the looral, laurel, ladle,
Whack for the looral, laurel, lay.

'Twas late at night in one November -
Paddy went out to meet his love;
What night it was, I don't remember,
But the moon shone brightly from above.

That day the boy had got some liquor,
Which made his spirits light and gay;
"What's the use of walkin' further,
When I know she'll meet me on the way?"

Paddy laid down and went to sleep
In Doran's barn with the cows and sheep;
And there he slept and there he lay
And dreamed of Biddy till the break of day.

He dreamed he was hugging and kissing Biddy,
When Doran's donkey began to bray;
Paddy woke up with an awful fright,
He'd been hugging the donkey all that night.

ASCH RECORDS

AA 4 - THE ASCH RECORDINGS 1939-1945. FOLK SINGERS VOL. 2, RECORD 2. Compiled and edited by Moses Asch and Charles Edward Smith, notes by C. E. Smith.

Richard Dyer-Bennet, vocal w. guitar; Andrew Rowan Summers, vocal w. dulcimer; John Jacob Niles, vocal w. dulcimer; Cratis Williams, unaccompanied vocal; Texas Gladden, unaccompanied vocal; Hobart Smith, vocal w. guitar; Texas Gladden and Hobart Smith, vocal and fiddle; Bascom La-Mar Lunsford, vocal w. 5-string banjo; George Edwards, unaccompanied vocal. Dock Reese, unaccompanied vocal; Hobart Smith, piano; Champion Jack Dupree, piano; Sonny Terry, falsetto voice and harmonica; Woody Guthrie, Cisco Houston, others, instrumental; Woody, Cisco and Sonny, harmonica and 2 guitars; Rev. Gary Davis, guitar; Baby Dodds, drums.

1-12" 33-1/3 rpm, notes

Both above records are available in two-record set as:
AA 3/4 2-12" 33-1/3 rpm, notes

AA 701 MISSISSIPPI HEAD START. Child Development Group of Mississippi. Compiled and Edited by Polly Greenberg. On the record we hear a cross-section of the participating children and adults in a typical learning program.

Da da da - Just The Other Day - Good Morning - Take This Hammer - Where Is Theresa - When Mr. Sun - Mary Mack - Give Me That Old Time Religion - Instrumental Dances - I Got A Mother - Bear Hunt - Little Sally Walker - On The Battlefield - Amen, Amen - Why Do The Drums Go - All Of God's Children Soon I Will Be Done - Paw Paw Patch - We've Been 'Buked - The Drinking Gourd - Little Old Lady - Charlie Brown - Go Tell It On The Mountain - Just A Closer Walk With Thee - Beat One Hammer and many more.

2-12" 33-1/3 rpm, notes in box

AA 702 - AFRO-AMERICAN MUSIC. A demonstration recording by Dr. Willis James. Dr. James lectured and demonstrated at the Newport Folk Festival and gave this lecture at Atlanta University. Hollers and singing and the use of ethnic records demonstrate; African background, Rhythm, Speech and Song, Cries, The Blues, Jubilee Songs, Negro Music from white sources, Jazz. Complete text included.

2-12" LP boxed

ASCH 101 - THE BLUES.

The Blues is a sound track from the film by Samuel

Charters. You hear the blues: singing, talking, guitar and harmonica playing, as part of the lives of men like Memphis Willie B.; J.D. Short, born and raised in Mississippi - now living in St. Louis; Furry Lewis and Gus Cannon from Memphis; Baby Tate from Spartanburg, South Carolina; Sleepy John Estes from Brownsville, Tennessee; and Pink Anderson of Spartanburg, who has already started his six year old son out singing and playing the blues.

Sleepy John Estes plays the blues in front of his sharecropper's shack: "What I made out of myself is a crying shame." Well, the blues may move him out of his shack, because Sleepy John has been "discovered." Furry Lewis says: "The blues is true." Will success spoil Sleepy John Estes? 1-12" 33-1/3 rpm, notes

AHS 751 - LATIN AMERICAN CHILDREN GAME SONGS RECORDED ON LOCATION BY HENRIETTA YURCHENKO. Notes and Translation by Henrietta Yurchenko. Assisted by Peter Gold and Peter Yurchenko. In Latin America, as throughout the world, there are two kinds of children's songs: those taught by their elders or their teachers, and those learned at play. This collection includes both types. The first group includes such gems as Mambru, Las Tres Cautivas, etc. The second group includes Spanish Christmas Carols and songs heard every day during school recess, in the back yards and streets of the villages and towns all over Mexico and Puerto Rico. Text Included *Stereo 1-12" 33-1/3 rpm LP

AHS 823 - SQUARE DANCE WITH SOUL with Rev. Fred. Doug. Kirkpatrick and the Hearts. Booklet contains complete illustrated dance inst. with an introduction by Rev. Kirkpatrick. Loop-the-Loop, In and Out the Window, Red River Valley, Raise the Roof, Stay With Me, Take a little Peep, Hurry (5&3) Soul Cindy, Kick in the Middle, Swing Your Thing.

1-12" Stereo LP, notes

AH 752 - MARCHING ACROSS THE GREEN GRASS and other American Childrens Game Songs by JEAN RITCHIE - An audio-visual experience from Miss Ritchie's treasure chest of Childrens' game songs that include such favorites as Sailor, Sailor On The Sea, Train A-Comin', Marching Across The Green Grass, Open The Window and others. All arranged for the total involvement of the child. Text included.

1-12" LP

AH 3831 - BALLADS AND SONGS OF THE BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS PERSISTENCE AND CHANGE Twenty-one songs and ballads of the Blue Ridge that includes favorites Pretty Polly, Green Willow Tree, Barbry Allen, Lonesome Day, etc. Performed by Paul Joines, Sarah Hawkes, Granny Porter, Kilby Reeves, Polly Joines, Spud Gravely, Ivor Melton, Herbert Delp, Ruby Vass, Glen Neaves and Cliff Evans. Glen Smith and Wade Ward playing the Fiddle. Text included.

1-12" LP

AH 3902 - KILBY SNOW with auto harp, guitar, banjo etc. acc. by Jim Snow, Mike Hudak and Mike Seeger, Molly Hare, Greenback Dollar, Wind and

Rain, Budded Roses, Sourwood Mt., Cannonball, Mean Woman, Auto Harp Special and 10 other folk songs and tunes including Shady Grove. Elaborate notes by Mike Seeger, ill.

1-12" LP notes

AH 3903 - DOCK BOGGS vol. 3 Recorded and edited with elaborate notes by Mike Seeger, 28 Dock Boggs Specials with interview includes, Davenport, Dying Ranger, Ommie Wise, Sugar Blues, Cumberland Gap, etc.

1-12" LP notes

AH 8503 - KENYA FOLK SONGS by David Nzomo includes songs in Swahili, Kamba, languages and instrumentals. These African Rhythms are very singable and fun to sing along with. Text and music notations.

1-12" LP - \$5.95

AH 9110 - UNDERSTANDING AND APPRECIATION OF THE ESSAY by Prof. Morris Schreiber who had produced for Folkways Records the famous Understanding and Appreciation of Poetry and many others, now appears on the ASCH label exclusively. Includes: The Art and Range of the Essay. The Essay as a Literary Type, How the Essay Evolved, Style in the Essay, Modern Masters of the Essay, etc. Complete text included.

1-12" LP

AH 9572 - NOH PLAY-KAGEGIYO and KYOGEN PLAY-SHIDOHOGAKU recorded at performances by Jacob Feuerring. Heavy Noh play and light Kyogen are introduced in the notes by famous Japanese dancer Ayako Uchinyama with Japanese text.

2-12" Boxed set, notes

AS 9831 - THE ELEPHANT CALF or the Provability of Every Contention. Musical extravaganza by Bertolt Brecht, adapted by Eric Bentley. Original cast of the Isaiah Sheffer production, music by Arnold Black. In a whimsical trial the prosecutor proves the defendant guilty of murder even though the victim is present in court. Anti-war, anti-Establishment songs by Bentley include THE SUPERNATIONAL ANTHEM, DEAR OLD DEMOCRACY, THE UNCOMMITTED, other. Complete Text.

1-12" LP

\$5.95

Asch Mankind Series

ETHNIC SERIES

AHM 4126 - THE FOUR VEDAS. Introduction and Notes by Prof. J. F. Staal. Recordings by John Levy and J. F. Staal.

Consists of a body of hymns (the Rgveda) sacrificial formulas (the Yajurveda), chants (the Samveda) and magical formulas (the Atharvaveda), which together constitute the four Vedas. The whole of this broad anthology has been handed down by word of mouth. Rgveda, Black Yajurveda, White Yajurveda, Samaveda and Atharvaveda, The Nambudiri Tradition, and Vedic Ritual. English and complete transliteration, illustrated notes.

2-12" LPs