

# THE NEW LOST CITY RAMBLERS



John Cohen Mike Seeger Tom Paley

Volume 5 Folkways Records FA 2395



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### SIDE I

OLD JOE CLARK  
OLD MOLLY HAIR  
NICK NACK SONG  
COUNTRY BLUES  
TRUE AND TREMBLING BRAKEMAN  
WHEN I'M GONE (A.P. CARTER)  
IF I LOSE, I DON'T CARE  
SAIL AWAY LADIES

### SIDE II

DIAMOND JOE  
RAMBLING BOY (A.P. CARTER)  
WHY DO YOU BOB YOUR HAIR GIRLS?  
I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I SAW LAST NIGHT  
ROAD TO AUSTIN  
JOHNSON CITY BLUES (CLARENCE GREEN)  
BOLD JACK DONAHUE  
BILL MORGAN AND HIS GAL  
JOHN HENRY

FOLKWAYS FA 2395

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FOLKWAYS FA 2395



# NEW LOST CITY RAMBLERS

VOLUME 5

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Photo by Robert Frank

## CRUSADERS FOR OLD TIME MUSIC

### THE NEW LOST CITY RAMBLERS

MIKE SEEGER ★ TOM PALEY ★ JOHN COHEN

By Pete Welding

To anyone who has followed at all closely the world of folk music for the past several years an introduction to the considerable talents of the New Lost City Ramblers is hardly necessary, for this trio of insidious crusaders for "old-timey" music have in the short space of three years become one of the most influential of contemporary folksong groups. Insidious crusaders, yes -- for it is next to impossible to gainsay the infectious joy, drive and exuberance of their stunningly fervent re-creations of the bouyant, propulsive and immediately appealing traditional southern mountain string and band stylings. As the foremost proponents of hill country music the New Lost City Ramblers have single-handedly sparked a great revival of interest -- primarily among college students, who represent the principal market for their record-

ings -- in this rollicking native musical form.

The music that the New York City Ramblers so convincingly re-create is for the most part based on field recordings of mountain outfits made by both commercial recording companies and the Library of Congress in the ten year period 1925 to 1935. The music of such pioneering hill country outfits as Charlie Poole and the North Carolina Ramblers, Gid Tanner and his Skillet Lickers, and Ernest V. Stoneman and his Blue Ridge Corn Shuckers -- to mention but three of the scores of string bands recorded -- is very properly a music of transition.

During the early 1920s the traditional mountain styles (rooted in the Anglo-Saxon ballad remnants and dance tunes that had survived in various isolated pockets of the country, most notably in the southern highlands) were undergoing significant changes as they

came into contact with various other musical influences: Negro sacred and secular song styles, the emerging jazz stylings, and the characteristic instrumental approaches and songs of the new instruments -- guitar, mandolin, bass, autoharp, etc. -- that were being assimilated into mountain music. Increasing contact between urban and rural areas due to the influence of the mass communications media played a vital role in the evolution of the new country music styles. (A large cross-section of representative mountain stylings from this period is to be found, by the way, in the excellent three-volume set, ANTHOLOGY OF AMERICAN FOLK MUSIC, Folkways FA 2951/3.)

"This was a period of great experimentation," writes Mike Seeger of the evolution of the new mountain styles, "when country people were learning new instrumental techniques, affected



sometimes by urban or Negro music, and where there was small similarity between any two performers or groups. They were gradually hearing by way of radio and records more of what other musicians in the country were playing, which inevitably affected their style, and their fame spread so that they could earn a living by performing for an eager public in schools, theaters, and amusement parks." Seeger concludes, "From this unique time came some of the most diverse recordings of traditional American folk music." And on the basis of both the original recordings and the New Lost City Ramblers' evocative interpretations of them few would argue with his conclusion.

Curiously enough, the three intense (and highly articulate) young men who comprise this compelling group could not be further removed from the social and cultural milieu that gave rise to the musical expression to which they have devoted their efforts. All three are representatives of the rapidly swelling number of urban folk artists who have come to the fore in the past half dozen years and who have largely been responsible for the perpetuation of the archaic rural traditions that are, sadly, in danger of a quick death. (This, due to the fact that today's country musicians are for the most part attracted to the contemporary descendent of the old hill country music -- the fleet, supercharged Bluegrass style -- or to the noxious Nashville treacle. The situation is akin to the younger generation Negro's disowning or disassociating himself from the rough, emotive blues of his forebears.)

Of the three Ramblers, Tom Paley is a mathematician, an instructor at Rutgers University; John Cohen is a painter and free-lance photographer; Mike Seeger has been, at various times, a hospital worker, civil servant, radiotechnician and professional Bluegrass musician and is the only one of the trio having a background even faintly approximating those from which springs the mountain music the three re-create so lustily and believably. As the youngest son of Charles and Ruth Crawford Seeger, two of America's pioneering folk musicologists, Mike grew up in an atmosphere of folk music, hearing from his earliest years field recordings of traditional singers and instrumentalists which his parents were transcribing for such books as the Lomaxes' *Our Singing Country* and *Folksong: U.S.A.* As a result, he has been playing and singing this music for the greater portion of his life. Tom Paley has been no less seriously occupied with this vital music, having performed it for nearly twenty years now, and John Cohen's love of traditional song is equally strong, if not as long-lived.

Though representing widely divergent backgrounds, the three found in mountain music a common meeting ground. Explains Cohen: "It seems inevitable that we should have met at the (old-timey) songs...for we can recognize something of our own images here." He continues, "In the old time music we sing...we have found a place where we can bring together our separate experiences in picking and singing. We have found that many of our individual styles, arrived at independently, fit together. This is probably because we have been hearing and singing similar songs and listening to similar records -- and the same image has been in the

back of our heads all the time." And Paley adds simply, "Our principal reasons for playing together are a liking for the sound of old-timey string bands...and a feeling that this sound has just about disappeared from the current folk music scene."

The three pooled their individual talents in the formation of the New Lost City Ramblers in the summer of 1958. That the unit was a success from the start -- musically and, happily, commercially too -- is due to the truly astonishing musicianship and sensitivity of the three. Among them they command a dizzying array of instruments: on their five Folkways recordings, for example, they have employed, in various combinations, guitar, twelve-string guitar, dobro, five-string banjo, mandolin, fiddle, autoharp and harmonica -- just about the whole battery of American folk instruments.

Yet even more impressive (and important) than their staggering collective instrumental facility is the intelligence and sensitivity which has characterized its employment in their song re-creations. What they offer are not mere slavish imitations of what they've heard on old 78s, for this would inevitably lead them up a blind alley. No, they have succeeded -- by dint of thoroughly steeping themselves in the music of the period -- in capturing the spirit of old-timey music, not its letter.

From the very outset they had recognized the danger implicit in striving for literal and rigid transcriptions of old songs. Consequently, they have continued to experiment within the mountain music tradition, for change and meaningful development are at the core of all folk music traditions. That is, if they are to survive. With stasis comes only enervation and eventual death.

Only by immersing themselves in the music have they been able to arrive at a thoroughgoing knowledge of the old traditions and the life force -- change -- that nourishes it. "We have found," remarks John Cohen significantly, "that having once recognized these traditions one can make many variations upon them. Having recognized the symmetry of the music, and the regularity of its phrasing there comes an excitement in finding never-ending possibilities of asymmetrical and irregular structure -- but only in relation to the tradition." (*Italics mine.*)

As a result of this awareness of the necessity for continual evolution, the Ramblers have been able to keep their music fresh and alive -- perhaps the cardinal problem facing the conscious folk music performer (as distinct from that elusive creature -- the genuine folksinger). It is this accomplishment, perhaps more than any other, that has enabled the group to not only spark a great wave of renewed interest in one of America's folk music treasures -- the rough, passionate and exultant polyphonic music of the southern mountain string bands -- but to maintain the standard of excellence in its re-creation. Many groups have followed their leadership in the last three years, but none has yet to challenge their undisputed mastery of the idiom. This alone is proof enough of their artistry.



## OLD JOE CLARK

Jackson Young-Challenge

I went down to Old Joe's house  
Old Joe wasn't home  
Ate all Old Joe's meat and bread  
And I give the dog a bone

### CHORUS:

Fare thee well Old Joe Clark  
Goodbye Betsy Brown  
Fare thee well Old Joe Clark  
I'm going to leave this town

I went down to see my gal  
She met me at the door  
Her shoes and stockings in her hand  
And her bare feet on the floor

### (CHORUS)

Tom-voice and high banjo and choice of verses  
John-low banjo  
Mike-fiddle

## OLD MOLLY HAIR

Fiddlin' Powers and Family-Okeh 45268 (81641); Uncle  
Eck Dunford with the Bogtrotters band, Galax, Virginia-  
rec by John A Lomax-AAFS 1368B2

Old Molly hare, what you doing there?  
Sitting in the fireplace smoking my cigar

Old Molly hare what you doing there?  
Sitting in the butterdish a-picking out a hair

Old Molly hare if you don't care  
Leave my liquor jug setting right here

Old Molly hare she took a spell  
Kicked my liquor jug all to --

Step back, step back Daddy shot a bear  
Shot him through the keyhole never touched a hair

Old Molly hare what you doing there?  
Running through the briar patch as hard as I can tear

Rather be here than to be back there  
Big ball of cuckieberries tangled in my hair

Mike-vocal and fiddle  
John-guitar  
Tom -banjo

## Nick Nack Song

Ridgel's Fountain Citians-Voc. 5455

I married me a wife on the eighth of June  
To rissolty rissolty row, row, row  
I took her home by the light of the moon

### CHORUS:

To rissolty rissolty rustico quality  
Hickaty hackaty old John Dobelson,  
Nickety nackety now, now, now

(I thought this was a nick nack party, not a  
wrestling match. Talk about getting a wife  
now, I couldn't even get one on the fourth  
of July. That's independence day)

I sent her out to milk the old cow  
To rissolty....  
She sat right down she milked the old sow

### (CHORUS)

(I sure hate to milk cows.  
Don't try horses.  
Our cow gave no milk so we had to sell him.)

She churned her butter in dad's old boot  
To riss.....  
And for her dasher she used her foot

### (CHORUS)

(I used to always go up on the shelf and get jam.  
Yea, I used to go up there too and steal them  
pumpkin pies. Well, that's better than dad's  
boots.)

She swept her flook but once a year  
To riss....  
And for her broom she used a chair

### (CHORUS)

(And that's saying a lot, ain't it Tom?  
I'll say it is.)

She keeps her shoes on the pantry shelf  
To Riss....  
If you want anymore you can sing it yourself

### (CHORUS)

(Well, I don't think we have to sing any more after  
that. I thought this was a nick nack party;  
sounds like a marriage to me; something like that  
fatal wedding.)

### (CHORUS)

(That's some nick nack.)

## THE COUNTRY BLUES

Doc Boggs/Brunswick 131

The banjo tuning used here is f#dgad (5th to 1st)

Come all you old time people  
While I have money for to spend  
Tomorrow may be another day  
And I haven't got no money or no friend

When I had plenty of money, good people  
I had friends come from all around  
But as soon as my pocket book was empty  
Not a friend on earth could be found

Well, the last time I seen my woman, good people  
Had a wine glass in her hand  
She was drinking down her trouble  
With some low-down sorry ol man

Well, my pappa told me plenty, good people  
And my mamma she told me more  
Said if I didn't quit my rowdy ways,  
Having trouble at my door



Well if I had listened to my mamma, good people  
Then I would not have been here today  
But shooting and a-gambling and a-drinking  
At home I could not stay

Well the Moundsville jail house has many good people  
Then I would not have been here today  
But shooting and a-gambling and a-drinking  
At home I could not stay

Well the Moundsville jail house has many good people  
Fourty dollars won't pay my fine  
Corn liquor has surrounded my body, poor boy  
Pretty women are troubling my mind

Give me corn bread when I'm hungry, good people  
Corn whiskey when I'm dry  
Pretty women standing around me  
Sweet heaven when I die

When I am dead and buried, good people  
And my pale face is turned to the sun  
You can stand around and mourn, little woman  
And think on the way you have done.

John: banjo & voice

Note on the Country Blues

This recording was made in July 1962, when my singing of Doc Boggs' song was in a certain formative stage. The initial impulse which made me to learn this song came from Roscoe Holcomb of Daisy Kentucky, who showed me the banjo tuning (f# dgad) and set certain phrasing ideas. On later reference to the original Boggs recording, I encountered other phrasing possibilities. At the time of this recording, some words were still unclear; 'The Rounzo jailhouse has many good people' might have been corrected to the 'Moundsville Jailhouse' a large penal institution in W. Virginia. However, in June 1963, M. Seeger located Doc Boggs, now a retired miner, in Virginia, and got definitive confirmation on these words, "All around this old jailhouse is hanted, (haunted) good people." Further, the tuning Boggs uses on the banjo is f# cgad.

TRUE AND TREMBLING BRAKEMAN\* AULTON RAY CHALLENGE  
\*269-B; Cliff Carlisle and Wilbur Ball (The Lullaby Larkers) Champ. 45029B (17692)

Listen now while I tell you, of a story you do not know,  
Of a true and trembling brakeman, and to heaven he did go.

Do you see that train a-coming, oh it drew old 99,  
Oh she's puffing and a-blowing, for you know she is behind.

See that true and trembling brakeman, as he signals to the cab  
There is but one thing for him, and the train it is to grab

See that true and trembling brakeman, as the cars go rushing by,  
If he miss that yellow freight car, he is almost sure to die.

See that true and trembling brakeman, as he falls beneath the train,  
He had not one moments warning, before he fell beneath that train.

See that brave young engineer, at the age of twenty-one,  
Stepping down from upon his engine, crying now what have I done?

Is it true I killed a brakeman, is it true that he is dying?  
Lord you know I tried to save him, but I could not stop in time.

See the car wheels rolling o'er him, o'er his mangled body and head.  
See his sister bending o'er him, crying brother are you dead?

Sighing sister yes I'm dying, crossing to a better shore,  
Oh my body's on a pathway, I can never see no more.

Sister when you see my brother, these few words to him I send,  
Tell him never to be a brakeman, if he does his life will end.

These few words were sadly spoken, close his arms across his breast,  
And his heart now ceased beating, and his eyes were closed in death.

John-lead voice and guitar  
Mike-tenor voice and mandolin

WHEN I'M GONE (A.P. Carter) The Carter Family  
Bb B-6053-B

You're going to miss me when I'm gone (2)  
Oh I know you will miss me when I'm gone  
You're going to miss me by my walk you're going to miss me by my talk  
Oh I know you will miss me when I'm gone

CHORUS:  
When I'm gone (when I'm gone), when I'm gone (when I'm gone)  
Oh I know you will miss me when I'm gone  
When I'm gone (when I'm gone), when I'm gone (when I'm gone)  
Oh I know you will miss me when I'm gone

You're going to miss me by my prayers, you're going to miss me everywhere  
Oh I know you will miss me when I'm gone  
You're going to miss me by my song, you're going to miss me all day long  
Oh I know you will miss me when I'm gone

(CHORUS)

You're going to miss me by my ways, you're going to miss me everyday  
Oh I know you will miss me when I'm gone  
You're going to miss me by my song, you're going to miss me all day long  
Oh I know you will miss me when I'm gone

(CHORUS)

Mike-lead voice and lead guitar  
John-bass voice and autoharp  
Tom -tenor voice and guitar



IF I LOSE, I DON'T CARE

Charlie Poole and the North Carolina Ramblers  
Col. 15215 (W144509) rec. 7/25/27

I can't walk, neither can I talk  
Just getting back from the state of old New York  
One morning, before day.

CHORUS:

If I lose, let me lose,  
I don't care how much I lose  
If I lose a hundred dollars while I'm trying to win  
a dime

For my baby she needs money all the time.

Now Flossie, oh Flossie  
Now what is the matter  
I walked all the way from ol' Cincinnati  
One morning, before day.

(CHORUS)

The blood it was a-running, and I was a-running,  
too  
I give my feet good exercise, had nothing else  
to do  
One morning, before day.

(CHORUS)

Now, see those girls, standing at the tanks  
Watching to catch the freight train, they call  
Ol' Nancy Hanks  
One morning, before day.

(CHORUS)

John:voice and banjo  
Mike:fiddle  
Tom:guitar

SAIL AWAY LADIES

Uncle Dave Macon and his Fruit Jar Drinkers  
Brunswick

If ever I get my new house done,  
Sail away ladies, Sail away,  
I'll give my old one to my son  
Sail away ladies, Sail away.

CHORUS:

Don't she rock, dai-de-o  
Don't she rock, dy-de-o  
Don't she rock, die-de-o

Children, don't you grieve and cry  
Sail away ladies, sail away  
You're gonna be angels by and by  
Sail away ladies, sail away.

(CHORUS)

Come along, girls, and go with me  
Sail away ladies, sail away  
We'll go back to Tennessee  
Sail away ladies, sail away.

(CHORUS)

I got a letter from Shilo town  
Sail away ladies, sail away  
Big Saint Louie is a-burning down  
Sail away Ladies, sail away.

(CHORUS)

I chew my tobacco and I spit my juice  
Sail away ladies, sail away  
I love my own daughter, but it ain't no use  
Sail away ladies, sail away.

(CHORUS)

Tom -lead voice and banjo  
Mike-voice and fiddle  
John-voice and guitar

DIAMOND JOE

The Georgia Crackers-Okeh 45098 (W-80-597)

Diamond Joe come and get me  
My wife now done quit me

CHORUS:

Diamond Joe, you better come get me, Diamond Joe

I'm going to buy me a sack of flour  
Cook me a hoe cake every hour

(CHORUS)

I'm going to buy me a piece of meat  
Cook me a slice once a week

(CHORUS)

I'm going to buy me a peck of meal  
Take me a hoe cake to the field

(CHORUS)

I'm going to buy me a jug of whiskey  
I'm going to make my baby friskey

(CHORUS)

I'm going to buy me a jug of rum  
I'm going to give my Ida some

(CHORUS)

Diamond Joe come and get me  
My wife now done quit me

(CHORUS)

Diamond Joe come and get me  
My gal now done quit me

(CHORUS)

Mike-lead voice and fiddle  
Tom -second voice and guitar  
John-banjo

THE RAMBLING BOY

Carter Family Bb 330512

I was rich but a rambling boy  
Through many a city I did enjoy  
And there I married me a pretty little wife  
And I loved her dearer than I loved my life



She was pretty, both neat and gay  
She caused me to rob the road highway  
I robbed it yes, I do declare  
I made myself ten thousand there.

Many dry goods for to carry me through  
My pistol-sword hung by me, too  
My fourty-four she never fails  
My true love come for to go my bail

My mother says she's all alone  
My sister says she has no home  
My wife she's left in sad despair  
With a broken heart and a baby fair

Oh, when I'm gone you can sing with joy  
Oh, when I'm gone you can sing with joy  
Oh, when I'm gone you can sing with joy  
For this is the last of the rambling boy.

Mike-voice and autoharp  
Tom -tenor and guitar  
John-bass and lead guitar

#### WHY DO YOU BOB YOUR HAIR GIRLS?

Blind Alfred Reed - Vi 21360

Why do you bob your hair girls, you're doing mighty  
wrong  
God says it is a glory and you should wear it long  
You'll spoil your lovely hair girls to keep yourself  
in style  
Before you bob your hair girls just stop and think  
awhile

Why do you bob your hair girls, it is an awful  
shame  
To rob the head God gave you and bear the flapper's  
name  
You're taking off your covering, it is an awful sin  
Don't never bob your hair girls, short hair belongs  
to men

Why do you bob your hair girls, it does not look  
so nice  
It's just to keep in fashion it's not the Lord's  
advice  
And every time you bob it you're breaking God's  
command  
You cannot bob your hair girls and reach the  
gloryland

Why do you bob your hair girls, it's not the thing  
to do  
Just wear it, always wear it and to the Lord be  
true  
And when before the judgment you meet the Lord up  
there  
He'll say well done for one thing, you never bobbed  
your hair

Mike-voice and fiddle  
Tom -guitar

#### I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I SAW LAST NIGHT

The Hickory Nuts - Okeh 45169 (81613)

ALL: I'll tell you what I saw last night  
1st voice: I'll tell you what  
2nd voice: I saw last night

1st: I'll tell you what  
2nd: I saw last night  
All: I'll tell you what I saw last night.

A poor unGodly  
Womankind

She went to the ball  
She danced and played  
She danced and played  
Her life away  
She called her mother  
To her side  
She called her father  
To her side  
She called her loved one  
To her side  
She said dear loved one  
Fare you well  
Dear father and mother  
Fare you well  
Your daughter Mary  
Dreams in Hell  
Screams in Hell

John-banjo and 1st voice and bass on ensemble lines  
Tom -guitar and 2nd voice and tenor on ensemble lines  
Mike-lead voice

#### ROAD TO AUSTIN

from "Underneath the Sugar Moon" Roy Harvey and  
Leonard Copeland, Col. 15514

Tom- lead guitar  
John-second guitar

#### JOHNSON CITY BLUES

Clarence Green - Col. 15461 (147190)

Went upon Lookout Mountain as far as I could see  
I was looking for a woman made a money out of me  
I went down to the depot, in time to catch the  
Cannonball  
Got the blues in Chatanooga, Lord, I won't be  
back 'til late next fall.

Down in Memphis, on East Main Street,  
I was watching everybody that I chanced to meet.  
I saw my sweet daddy comin' around the flat  
He was dressed in a tailor made suit, and a John  
B. Stetson hat.

Daddy, sweet daddy, I know you're gonna quit me  
now.  
But I don't need no daddy, no how.  
'Cause trouble, trouble, is all I ever find  
Going back to Johnson City, going to worry you  
off my mind.



Down in Nicaragua, as far as I could go  
Was the darndest bunch of soldier's that you  
ever saw  
On the Tennessee River, down below the lock and  
dam,  
I was looking for my woman, she was looking for  
her man.

Down in Johnson City, for hospitality  
Are the finest bunch of people in the state of  
Tennessee.

I'm tired of roaming this way.  
Going back to Johnson City  
I'll go back and stay someday.

Tom-voice and guitar

#### BOLD DONAHUE

O.C. Davis, with guitar by Lloyd (Red) Harmon;  
FSA Camp, Shafter, California; Todd and Sonkin,  
1940. Text was slightly garbled and reconstruct-  
ed by Duncan Emerich by reference to Robert Gordon,  
"Old Songs That Men Have Sung", Adventure Magazine,  
May 15, 1927, p. 190. This version is a composite  
of the two.

Come all you jolly highwaymen and outlaws of our  
land  
Whose kind do live in slavery or wear a convict's  
brand  
Attention pay to what I say and value it if you do  
While I relate the natural fate of Bold Jack  
Donahue

This bold adopted highwayman as you may understand  
Transported by a cruel fate from Ireland's happy  
land  
From Dublin Town of wide reknown where his first  
breath he drew  
His deeds of honor entitled him to Bold Jack  
Donahue

And when he effected his escape to rob he went  
straightway  
The people were afraid of him to travel night or  
day  
For every day in the newspapers they were reading  
of something new  
Concerning this bold highwayman called Bold Jack  
Donahue

Bold Donahue and his comrades rode out one  
afternoon  
Not thinking of the hands of death that may o'er  
sail them soon  
But the cursed police to their surprise they  
quickly rode in view  
And in quick turn they did advance to take Bold  
Donahue

Bold Donahue to his comrades: "If you'll prove  
true to me,  
Will Wright, McClellan, Bill Collins, and also  
Winselow,  
Be willing, be bold, be upright, be loyally firm  
and true,  
This day we'll gain our liberty, "said Bold Jack  
Donahue

"Oh, no," said cowardly Winselow, "to that we won't  
agree,  
For you see there are fifteen of them and it's best  
for us to flee,  
For if we stay we'll lose the day and the battle we  
will rue"  
"Be gone from me, you cowardly dog!" said Bold Jack  
Donahue

The sergeant unto Donahue, "Put down your car-a-bine.  
Do you intend to fight us, or unto us resign?"  
"To surrender to such cowardly dogs is something I  
never would do;  
I'll fight this day until I die, "said Bold Jack  
Donahue

The sergeant and the corporal their men they did  
divide  
While some rode in behind him and others at his side  
The Sergeant fired at him and the people fired too  
Nine men he caused to bite the dust before the fatal  
ball  
Had pierced the heart of Donahue which caused him  
for to fall  
But when he closed his trembling eyes he bid this  
world adieu  
Dear Christians all pray for the soul of Bold Jack  
Donahue

Mike-voice, guitar, and mouth-harp

#### BILL MORGAN AND HIS GAL

Buster Carter and Preston Young  
Col. 15758 (151650)

A man named William Morgan took his girl to see a  
play  
And on the journey homeward, they stopped into a  
cafe  
As soon as they got seated, Liza grabbed the bill  
of fare  
She called the waiter and she ordered everything was  
there.

Bill says ' I know you're hungry girl, and I don't  
like to squeal  
But who do you suppose is going to pay for such a  
meal?  
You may have known me pretty long, but you sure have  
got my initials wrong,  
My name is Morgan, but it ain't J.P.

#### CHORUS:

My name is Morgan but it ain't J.P.  
You must think I own a railroad company  
You may have known me pretty long, but you sure have  
got my initials wrong,  
My name is Morgan, but it ain't J.P.

Bill Morgan married Liza, thinking he could change  
her ways,  
But what she did to William, first, I'm most ashamed  
to say.  
Whenever she'd go shopping, she'd buy everything  
she'd see,  
And what she couldn't pay for, had it sent home  
C.O.D.



One day six big delivery waggons backed up to Bill's door  
They asked him to accept the goods while they went back for more  
It didn't take Bill very long to grab his hat and coat.  
When Liza she returned again, she found this little note.

**CHORUS:**

My name is Morgan but it ain't J.P.  
There is no bank on Wall Street that belongs to me  
You may have known me pretty long, but you sure have got my initials wrong.  
My name is Morgan, but it ain't J.P.

**CHORUS:**

There is no Texas oil well that belongs to me.

John-lead voice and guitar  
Tom -second voice and banjo  
Mike-fiddle

JOHN HENRY Lib. Cong. AAFS 10 plus many commercial records

John Henry said to his captain  
A man ain't nothing but a man  
And before I'd let a steam hammer run me on down  
I'm gonna die with my hammer in my hand, Lord, Lord  
Die with my hammer in my hand (3 times)

John Henry hammered in the mountain  
Til his hammer caught on fire  
The last words I heard that Poor boy say  
Give me a cool drink of water 'fore I die,  
Lord Lord  
Give me a cool drink of water fore I die (3 times)

Well they took John Henry to the graveyard  
Well they buried him in the hot sand  
Every locomotive comes a running on by  
Says yonder lies a steel driving man, Lord Lord  
Says yonder lies a steel driving man (3 times)

Tom -voice and lead guitar  
Mike-Dobro  
John-guitar

## For Additional Information About FOLKWAYS RELEASES

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