

THE NEW LOST CITY RAMBLERS

MIKE SEEGER ★ JOHN COHEN ★ TOM PALEY

VOL. III

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FA 2397



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PHOTO: ROBERT FRANK

WHOOOP 'EM UP CINDY
THE STORY OF THE MIGHTY
MISSISSIPPI

LOUISVILLE BURGLAR

LATE LAST NIGHT WHEN
WILLIE CAME HOME

HAWKINS RAG
(Instrumental)

DIDN'T HE RAMBLE

TEXAS RANGERS

TOM DOOLEY

LEAVING HOME

WHEN FIRST UNTO THIS
COUNTRY

SALLY GOODIN

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EVERY DAY DIRT

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UP JUMPED THE DEVIL

Descriptive Notes are inside pocket

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VOLUME II

ABOUT THE DISC COLLECTORS by Mike Seeger

Since the NLCR "organized" in the summer of 1958, very little has been said about the source of our style and songs, that of commercial records made by the southern hill - musicians prior to 1950. Obviously the early record companies did not view their venture as a documentation of southern folk music, and although they often kept good records on names, recording dates, and master numbers, they did not realize nor care about the value of the material they had collected, and ignored a given record once it stopped selling well. This narrow-minded profit orientation of the record companies still persists today, as they discourage or prevent re-release or investigation of these earliest of folk music discs by scholars or musicians.

As a result, the main source of these records is collectors who obtain these rare discs in the long neglected field of southern American folk-music at considerable personal cost, time, and expense. Their sources are old stock at retail stores, auctions, other collectors, the Salvation Army and other used goods stores, or through canvass of neighborhoods likely to have this type of record. Unfortunately only the first several methods ensure discs that are in good shape, and the last is becoming the only way as the others are exhausted.

There are few generalisations to be made about the collectors themselves, just as there are about the musicians who originally made the music. Most of them enjoy listening to their records, some are musicians, some are scholars, some treat their collection as property, some want to be avant garde and, some tie it in with historical events that interest them. Their occupations range from that of electrical engineer and technician (the most common) to laborer, artist, and student.

They are no less important than the collectors of the Library of Congress Archives of the 1930's since these discs are good listening, and an important documentation, well recorded and performed, with the incentive of money and fame. Certainly this music would go unheard if it were not for them.

With an increasing number of people listening to and collecting old-time mountain music on record, several magazines have published discographies, biographies, and general information on the old performers. Such magazines are Caravan, Record Research, and especially Disc Collector, which has now begun publishing material on Bluegrass bands. There are, in addition, several such magazines in England and Australia for the collectors of American folk-music in those countries.

The NLCR are especially indebted to Dick Spottswood, Pete Kuykendall (Disc Collector magazine), Harry Smith, Gene Earle, Joe Buzzard, and the many others from whose records we have learned our songs.

JOHN COHEN

When we set out to make our first record - there was no question in our mind but that we had to make such music - yet some uncertainty as to where such music might stand and to what it might lead.

In the last two years we have been singing in concerts and at colleges and clubs all over, and seem to be finding friends where we never knew we had them. In many colleges - small country string bands have been springing up and have taken a real place in the general field of folk music. In the city and at

the colleges they have broadened the definition of traditional music to include the living and growing aspects of this music. Of course in the country there never has been any question about the vitality of this tradition.

But what are the prospects for city boys to be playing music which is full of old traditions? We have encountered certain clear-cut almost rigid styles of sliding notes singing, picking banjo, pushing guitar runs, squalling fiddles. We have found 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 structures - but only in relation to the tradition.

One suddenly hears where the influence of the blues is felt, where old ballad styles, previously acknowledged only in textbooks and concerts, can become an actual force to be dealt with in making music.

In the old-English ballad form, the cuckoo "singeth as she flies", "sucketh small flowers" and "never calleth cuckoo 'till summer draweth nigh". Here, she "wobbles as she flies, she never hollers cuckoo 'till the Fourth of July." Such a change reveals plenty about what is the American side of this song. There has been constant excitement in encountering these definitions of an American tradition-emerging from and changing older forms from the past.

Ever increasing is our wonder and admiration for the artistry of the country musicians from whom we have heard this music.

SIDE I, Band 1: WHOOOP 'EM UP CINDY

John - Voice & Banjo
Mike - Fiddle
Tom - Guitar

Went upon the mountain top, give my horn a blow
Thought I heard Cindy say "yonder comes my beau"

CHORUS

Whoop 'em up Cindy, Lord Lord
I love Cindy, Lord, Lord
Whoop 'em up Cindy, Lord, Lord.
Gone forever more.

Went upon the mountain top, cut my sugar cane
Every time I cut a stalk, thought about Cindy Jane.

(CHORUS)

Cindy she's a rattlin' girl, Cindy she's a rose
How I love Cindy girl, God almighty knows.

(CHORUS)

I got a girl in Baltimore, got one in Savannah
One in Baltimore named Lise, other little girl's
named Hannah.

(CHORUS)

Higher up the mountain top, greener grow the cherries
Sooner boys court the girls, sooner they get married.

(CHORUS)

Cindy in the summertime, Cindy in the fall
If I can't have Cindy all the time, don't want her
at all.

Uncle Dave Macon Vo 15323

SIDE I, Band 2: MIGHTY MISSISSIPPI

Mike - Voice & Fiddle
Tom - Banjo
John - Guitar

Way out in the Mississippi Valley just among the
plains so grand,
Rose the flooded Mississippi River destroying the
works of man.

With her waters at the highest that all man has ever
known,
She came sweeping though the valley and destroying
lands and homes.

There were children clinging in the treetops who had
spent those sleepless nights,
And without a bit of shelter or even a spark of light.

With their prayers going up to their Father, for the
break of day to come,
That they might see some rescue party who would
provide for them a home.

There were some of them on the housetops with no way
to give an alarm,
There were mothers wading in the water with their
babies in their arms.

Let us all give right with our Maker as He doeth all
things well,
And be ready to meet in judgment when we bid this
earth farewell.

SIDE I, Band 3: LOUISVILLE BURGLAR

Mike - Steel guitar & Voice
Tom - Mandolin & Voice
John - Guitar

Raised up in Louisville, a city you all know well,
Raised up by honest parents, the truth to you I'll
tell,
Raised up by honest parents, and raised most tenderly,
Yet I became a burglar at the age of 23.

My was taken, and I was sent to jail,
My people found it all in vain to get me out on bail,
The jury found me guilty, the clerk he wrote it down,
The judge he passed the sentence that sent me to
Frankfort town.

They put me on an eastbound train one cold December
day,
And as I passed the station, I could hear the people
say,
Yonder goes the burglar, for some great crime I know,
For some great crime or other, to Frankfort I must go.

I saw my aged father a-pleading at the bar,
I saw my dear old mother dragging out her hair,
Dragging out those old grey lockes, the tears were
streaming down,
She says, "My son, what have you done to be sent to
Frankfort town?"

I have a girl in Louisville, a girl that I love well,
If ever I get my liberty, long life with her I'll
dwell,
If ever I get my liberty, bad company I will shun,
Playing cards and gambling, and also drinking rum.

To you who have your liberty, pray keep it while you
can,
Don't walk about the streets at night, or break the
laws of man,
For if you do, you surely will, you'll find yourself
like me,
Serving out your 21 years in the state penitentiary.

SIDE I, Band 4: LATE LAST NIGHT WHEN WILLIE CAME HOME

Tom - Lead Voice & Guitar
John - Voice & Guitar

Late last night when my Willie came home
Heard a mighty rappin' on the door

Uncle Dave Macon Voc 15319

Gid Tanner
and his Skillet Lickers
Bb B5435

Charlie Poole also see: Darby's Ram
Bascam Lamar Lunsford Bryans. 228
Grandpa Jones and the Delmore Bros. 408
Fiddling John Carson Ok 45569
(see Archive of American Folk Song)

The Cartwright Bros. Vi 30198
"Mac" McClintock Vi 21,487
(see Archive of American Folk Song)

Slippin' and a-sliding with the new shoes on
Willie don't you rap no more.

CHORUS

Oh me, it's oh my, what's gonna become of me
For I've down town just fooling around
No one gonna stand by me.

I love you dear girl, till the sea runs dry,
Rocks all dissolved by the sun
I love you dear girl till the day I die
Then oh lord I'm done.

(CHORUS)

Last time I seen my momma lord
She was a-doin' swell
Change your rowdy ways my son
Save your soul from hell.

(CHORUS)

If I'd a-listened what my momma said
I'd been at home today
I didn't listen what my momma said
I threw my young self away.

(CHORUS)

SIDE I, Band 5: HAWKINS' RAG (Instrumental)

Tom - Mandolin
Mike - Banjo
John - Guitar

SIDE I, Band 6: DIDN'T HE RAMBLE

John - Voice & Guitar
Tom - Banjo
Mike - Fiddle

Mother raised three grown sons, Buster, Bill and I
Buster was the black sheep of our little family
Mother tried to break him of his rough and rowdy
ways
Finally had to get the judge for to give him
ninety days.

CHORUS

And didn't he ramble, ramble,
Well he rambled all around
In and out the town
And didn't he ramble, ramble
Well he rambled till those butchers cut him down.

He rambled in a gambling game, he gambled on the
green
The gamblers there showed him a trick that he had
never seen
He lost his gold and jewelry, he like to lost his
life
He lost the car that carried him there and somebody
stole his wife.

(CHORUS)

He rambled in a swell hotel, his appetite was stout
And when he refused to pay the bill, the landlord
kicked him out
He reached a brick to smack him with, and when he
went to stop
The landlord kicked him over the fence into a barrel
of slop.

SIDE I, Band 7: TEXAS RANGERS

Mike - Voice & Fiddle

Come all you Texas rangers, wherever you may be,
I'll tell you of some troubles that happened unto me,
My name is nothing extra so that I will not tell,
And here's to all you rangers, I'm sure I wish you well.

'Twas at the age of seventeen, I joined the jolly band,
We marched from San Antonio down to the Rio Grande,
Our Captain he informed us, perhaps he thought it right,
Before we reach the station, boys, you'll surely have
to fight.

And when the bugle sounded, our Captain gave commands,

"To arms, to arms," he shouted, "And by your horses stand",
I saw the smoke ascending, it seemed to reach the sky,
And then the thought it struck me, my time had come to die.

I saw the Indians coming, I heard them give a yell,
My feelings at that moment no tongue can ever tell,
I saw the glittering lances, their arrows round me flew,
And all my strength had left me, and all my courage too.

He fought for nine hours fully before the strife was o'er,
The likes of dead and wounded I never saw before,
And when the sun had risen and the Indians they had fled,
We loaded up our rifles and counted up our dead.

And all of us were wounded, our noble Captain slain,
The sun was shining sadly across the bloody plain,
Sixteen as brave a ranger as ever rode the West,
Were buried by their comrades with arrows in their breasts.

And now my song is ended, I guess I've sung enough,
The life of any ranger, you see is very tough,
And if you have a mother, that don't want you to roam,
I advise you by experience, you'd better stay at home.

SIDE I, Band 8: TOM DOOLEY

John - Voice & Guitar
Mike - Fiddle

CHORUS

Hang your head Tom Dooley, hang your head and cry
Killed poor Laura Foster, you know you're bound to die.

You took her on the hillside as God almighty knows
You took her on the hillside and there you hid her clothes.

You took her by the roadside where you begged to be excused

You took her by the roadside where there you hid her shoes.

You took her on the hillside to make her your wife
You took her on the hillside where there you took her life.

(CHORUS)

Take down my old violin and play it all you please
At this time tomorrow it'll be no use to me.

(CHORUS)

I dug a grave four feet long, I dug it three feet deep
And throwed the cold clay o'er her and tramped it with my feet.

This world and one more then where do you reckon I'd be
If it hadn't been for Grayson I'd-a-been in Tennessee.

SIDE II, Band 1: LEAVING HOME

Tom - Voice & Guitar
Mike - Fiddle
John - Banjo

Frankie and Johnny were sweethearts, they had a quarrel one day
Johnny vowed he'd leave her - he said he was going away
Never coming home - going away to roam
Frankie she begged and she pleaded, my love Johnny please stay
Now oh my honey I've done you wrong but please don't go away
Then Johnny sighed, while Frankie cried -

CHORUS

Oh I'm going away - I'm a-going to stay a-never coming home

Ramblers Col. 15116

The Swing Billies Bb 7121
also see: Frankie and Johnny
Archive of American Folk Song

Our Singing Country, J. A. & A. Lomax
& R.C. Seeger. Acc. on guitar and sung
by Foy Gent and Mrs. Gent, Austin Texas 1935.

A.C. "Eck" Robertson and family VI 18956
Georgia Slim Merc. 6146
Tommy Jackson Merc. 6246
Riley Puckett Col. 15102-D
Fiddling John Carson Okey 40095
(see Archive of American Folk Song)

Gonna miss me honey in the days to come
When the winter winds begin to blow the ground is covered up
And when you think of the way you're gonna wish me back, your loving man
You're gonna miss me honey in the day they say's to come.

Frankie done said to her Johnny now man your hour done come
'Cause underneath her silk kimono she drew her forty-four gun
These love affairs are hard to bear
Johnny he fled down the stairway, my love Frankie don't shoot
Frankie done aimed the forty-four while the town went rooty-toot-toot
As Johnny fell, then Frankie yelled

CHORUS

Send for your rubber-tired hearses, send for your rubber-tired hacks
Carry old Johnny to the graveyard, I've shot him in the back
With a great big gun, as the preacher begun
Send for some policemen to take me right away
Lock me down in the dungeon cell and throw the key away
My Johnny dead, because he said

(CHORUS)

SIDE II, Band 2: WHEN FIRST UNTO THIS COUNTRY

Mike - Voice & Autoharp
Tom - Banjo

When first unto this country, a stranger I came
I courted a fair maid and Nancy was her name.

I courted her for love, and her love I didn't obtain,
Do you think I've any reason or right to complain.

I rode to see my Nancy, I rode both day and night,
I courted dearest Nancy, my own heart's true delight.

I rode to see my Nancy, I rode day and night,
Till I spied a fine grey horse, both plump looking and white.

The sheriffs men, they'd followed and overtaken me,
They carted me away to the penitentiary.

They opened up the door and then they shoved me in,
They cleared off my head and they shaved off my chin.

They beat me and they banged me and they fed me on dry beans,
Till I wished to my own soul, I'd never been a thief.

With my hands in my pockets and my cap put on so bold,
With my coat of many colors, like Jacob of old.

SIDE II, Band 3: SALLY GOODIN

Mike - Fiddle & Voice
Tom - Banjo

A little piece of pie, a little piece of puddin'
Gonna give it all to my little Sally Goodin.

Going down the road, the road's mighty muddy,
So darn drunk, I can't stay steady.

SIDE II, Band 4: BANKS OF THE OHIO

Mike - Voice & Mandolin
Tom - Voice & Guitar

I asked my love to take a walk, just to walk a little way,
As we walk, oh may we talk, all about our wedding day.

Only say that you'll be mine, in my home we'll happy be,
Down beside where the waters flow, on the banks of the Ohio.

I taking her by her lily white hand, and I dragged her
down to the river bank,
There I pushed her into drown, and I watched her as
she floated down.

(repeat verse #2)

Was coming home between twelve and one, thinking of
what I had done,
I murdered the only girl I love, because she would
not marry me.

(repeat verse #2)

The very next morning about half past four, the
sheriff's men knocked at my door,
Now young man, come now and go, down to the banks of
the Ohio.

(repeat verse #2)

SIDE II, Band 5: GEORGE COLLINS

John - Lead Voice & Banjo
Tom - Voice & Guitar
Mike - Fiddle

George Collins drove home one cold winter-night
George Collins drove home so fine
George Collins drove home one cold winter-night
Was taken sick and died.

His little sweet Nell in yonders room
Sat sewing her silk so fine
But when she heard that George was dead
She laid her silks aside.

Set down the coffin, take off the lid
Lay back the linen so fine
And let me kiss his cold pale cheeks
For I know he'll never kiss mine.

Oh daughter, oh daughter why do you weep
There's more young men than one
Oh mother, oh mother George has my heart
His stay on earth is done.

Look up and down that lonesome road
Hang down your head and cry
The best of friends is bound to part
So why not you and I.

Oh don't you see that lonesome dove
That's flying from vine to vine
He's mourning for his own true love
Just like I mourn for mine.

Repeat 1st verse

SIDE II, Band 6: EVERYDAY DIRT

Mike - Voice & Guitar

John come home all in a wonder, rattled at the door
just like thunder,
"Who is that?" Mr. Hensley cried. "It is my
husband, you must hide."

She held the door till old man Hensley, jumping and
a jerking went up the chimney,
John come in looking all around but not a soul could
be found.

John set down by the fireside a-weeping, till up the
chimney he got to peeping,
There he saw the poor old soul setting a-straddle of
the pot rack pole.

John built on a rousing fire, just to suit his own
desire,
His wife cried out with a free good will, "Don't do
that for the man you'll kill."

John reached up and down he fetched him, like a racoon
dog he caught him,
Blackened his eyes and then he did better, he kicked
him out upon his setter.

David Mc Carn V1 40, #4; see "Will the Weaver's
Hillbilly Kindfolk" by Archie Green, Caravan #18;
Charlie Parker and Mack Woolbright, Col. 15694
(145195) (Will the Weaver); Bill Carlisle, too
many labels to mention, Voc., Cong., etc. (master
#17372) (Jumpin' and Jerkin' Blues).

Ernest Stoneman and his blue Ridge Corn Shuckers
Carter Family Bb 330512 (Waves on the Sea)
(see Archive of American Folk Song
V1 21648 (41937))

His wife she crawled up in under the bed, he pulled her
out by the hair of her head,
Says, "When I'm gone remember this," and he kicked her
where the kicking is best.

Law come down and John went up, he didn't have the
chance of a yellow pup,
Sent him down to the old chain gang, for beating his
wife, the poor little thing.

When he got off he went back to court, his wife she got
him for non-support,
John didn't worry and John didn't cry but when he got
close he socked her in the eye.

Took John back to the old town jail, his wife she come
and paid his bail,
Won't be long till he'll be loose, I could tell you
more about it but there ain't no use.

SIDE II, Band 7: RAGING SEA

Tom - Lead Voice & Banjo
Mike - Voice & Fiddle
John - Voice & Guitar

Nine times around said the captain of the ship
And its nine times around said he
Oh its nine times around oh we're sinking in the deep
While the landlord he's dreaming down below.

CHORUS

Oh the raging sea how it roars
And the cold chilly winds how they blow
While the night, us poor sailors are sinking in
the deep
And the landlord lies dreaming down below.

First on the deck was the captain of the ship
A fine looking fellow was he
Says I have a wife in old New Mexico
And tonight she is looking for me.

(CHORUS)

The next on the deck was the lady of the ship
A fine looking lady was she
Says I have a husband in New Mexico
And tonight he is looking for me.

(CHORUS)

The next on the deck was the sassy little cook
A sassy little cook was he
He cared no more for his wife and his child
Than he does for the fish in the sea.

(CHORUS)

SIDE II, Band 8: UP JUMPED THE DEVIL (Instrumental)

Mike-fiddle
Tom-banjo
John-guitar

Byron Parker and his Mountaineers B 8432

THE NEW LOST CITY RAMBLERS
ON FOLKWAYS RECORDS

FA2396 - The New Lost City Ramblers

FH5264 - Songs from the Depression

FC7064 - Old Timey Songs for Children