

**THE NEW LOST CITY
RAMBLERS**

MOJO

MIKE SEEGER ● JOHN COHEN ● TOM PALEY



Recorded by Peter Bartok



Folkways Records FA 2398

PROPERTY OF
FOLKLIFE PROGRAM
SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

BLACK MOUNTAIN RAG
I'LL ROLL IN MY SWEET BABY'S ARMS
TALKING HARD LUCK
RAILROAD BLUES
WEAVEROOM BLUES
BALTIMORE FIRE

NEW LOST CITY RAMBLERS VOL. 3

WILLIE, POOR BOY
RED ROCKING CHAIR
HOLD THAT WOODPILE DOWN
THREE MEN WENT A-HUNTING
JOHNSON BOYS
HOT CORN

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LADY OF CARLISLE
THE MAN WHO WROTE HOME SWEET HOME
NEVER WAS A MARRIED MAN
SAL GOT A MEATSKIN
MY LONG JOURNEY HOME
FLY AROUND MY PRETTY LITTLE MISS
HOGEYE

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Photo by David Gahr

MIKE SEEGER ★ TOM PALEY ★ JOHN COHEN

NEW LOST CITY RAMBLERS

VOL. 3

WITH THE N.L.C.R. THE FUTURE IS NOT AT STAKE,
BUT THE PAST IS.

The question has been raised - why don't folk-singers, especially the NLCR, address themselves to the present instead of to the past? What have they to say in terms of today?

What has the NLCR done with the past?

Although we learn our songs from old records, we are finding our own voices after all, and despite any attempts to duplicate the old records, we have found that we are getting to sound more like the New Lost City Ramblers than anything else.

In our wanderings through old time music we have had the advantage of current musical developments as a point of perspective on the old music. In listening to the many diverse musical sounds of country music from the 20's and 30's - we know which ideas lasted and developed into today's music, which styles were a carry over from a still earlier period, which were new then, which died out or disappeared. From all these a clear sequence is emerging; this is the development and continuance of a line which seems to contain the traditional approach of the past as well as the present.

More and more we find certain attitudes in today's country musicians which will be considered as "folk" twenty years hence, just as some of the commercial singers of thirty years ago are considered "traditional" today.

In speaking with some contemporary country musicians, we find that these men have strong feelings about singing in the "old time" way. They are not reactionary in their desire to preserve the old way - rather, they are some of the more artistically progressive innovators of today. Their music contains some of the sounds of rock-and-roll, the honkey-tonk bar music, sounds of the blues and some jazz beats too. Yet they maintain a sense and respect for the old time music. These are men like Scruggs, the Stanley Bros. and Bill Monroe, all contemporary bluegrass musicians. In a similar way, Charlie Poole's North Carolina Ramblers of 1927 to 1932 contained the sounds of ragtime, swing, hot jazz, and the blues as well as that of old Irish dance tunes, square dances and hoedowns. None of them ever presented their music as "folk" music. To them it was, and is, alive. Coming from the scholars and academicians, the terms "folk music and traditional" have also meant a death certificate - as if such titles were a guarantee that the music was finished and belonged only to history.

Now some of the songs on this record can be looked on in a historical context as well as good old time enjoyable music. The version of "Roll In My Sweet Baby's Arms" which we use, came from the singing and playing of Buster Carter and Preston Young - recorded in 1927. (They apparently only made three records, and many of them were excellent. i.e. "The Lazy Farm Boy" E. Anthology) "Roll-in" was recorded in the late 30's by Charlie Monroe, and again in the late 40's by Platt and Scruggs. Probably more people have heard the most recent bluegrass version than the two earlier versions combined, but this speaks none the less for the past. It is our hope in presenting the old version, that we have added an appreciation to the present as well as to the past.

"The Man Who Wrote The Home Sweet Home" comes from the early recording by Charlie Parker and Mack Woolbright (who also only made three recordings in the late 20's - including "Will the Weaver" and "The Rabbit Chase". One gets to wonder, with some feeling of regret, that these groups produced such a small amount. Perhaps in their day, these songs didn't go over well commercially. Then again, these were wandering musicians who perhaps never crossed paths again with the wandering recording companies of those days.) When we first heard the old record of the Man Who Wrote -, we were struck by the resemblance in the banjo playing to Earl

Scruggs' bluegrass way of picking it, particularly in the way the tune is articulated. This is quite distinct from the way other bluegrass banjo pickers play the tune (hear Don Reno's version for comparison) I had the opportunity to speak at length with Scruggs about this similarity. He remembers as a small boy, hearing the banjo player on the old recording in person (he is not sure if it was Parker or Woolbright) and he recalls how he was impressed by three things. 1) How well he liked the tune and how the banjo was used in this way (this style of three finger picking seems to be a direct prototype for contemporary banjo styles.) 2) He recalls that the banjo player was a blind mand and -- 3) How incredible it seemed that he could play way up the neck without looking at his hands. How strange it must have seemed to the banjo player to be singing a song and playing on a record with a dead man. Evidently either Parker or Woolbright had died shortly before that.

Earl Scruggs plays that tune 'just as he remembers it'. He has added quite a few licks of his own to it, but in feeling, the two versions are very close. Mike picks the banjo here in something of a mixture of the two versions.

Now if we use this story as an archaeological time chaser, we can make direct connections between the present form and some very old styles also. This seems secondary however, to the chain of feeling which links this song to the past. Each artist plays it in the way he liked it, and that is in the "old time" way. Yet each artist brings his own ideas to the music, which makes it directed and meaningful to the present as well.

I think in the city, addressing oneself to the present has become confused with addressing oneself in new terms, and this has become mixed up with newness for its own sake. This type of argument causes people to only justify themselves in terms of historical dialectics, and leads them further from coming to grips with their own personal development and beliefs. In the city, we seem to be missing the possibility of understanding newness and creativity within traditional terms.

John Cohen, Jan. 1961

In the last year or so, while the Ramblers have been travelling a great deal and performing in different parts of the country, we have become aware of an interesting phenomenon. In many places, and particularly around the colleges, small bands with musical orientation somewhat akin to ours are springing up. Many of these are without any professional intentions, but they all have a great time with the music. Old-timey string band music may be enjoyable to listen to, but it's a darn sight more fun to play, and a lot of people are discovering this. Another thing is that many of these people are seriously interested in the background of the music, so that it has become more than just a source of fun for them.

One of the problems faced by northern urban folk-singers who are attempting to perform the music of the rural South with verisimilitude is the question of how close they ought to stick to their models. There is always a temptation to learn everything note for note and inflection for inflection from old recordings, but this leads down a complete blind alley from any artistic standpoint. On the other hand, if one merely learns the words and melodies and lets his own inclinations and background take over at that point, he cannot expect to achieve an authentic quality unless he is steeped in the sound he wishes to reproduce.

We have tried to get around this problem by listening to enormous amounts of old-timey music in order

to be able to sound authentic without note for note copying. At that, we sometimes find ourselves listening repeatedly to certain passages to learn some lick on one of the instruments or a particular vocal harmony.

Closely related is the problem of regional accents. A New York accent doesn't sound right on Appalachian songs, and yet it seems that one ought not to copy the southern accent quite consciously. At least I always feel a little phoney when I put on a very obvious accent. Actually, a little bit of southern accent has rubbed off on us, and I believe that now, without sounding contrived our accents are not glaringly out of place.

If our listeners have half as much fun with this music as we have had then our records will have served their purpose.

Tom Paley

We would like to thank the record collectors who have made their collections available to us. Special thanks to Eugene Earl from whom we got half the songs on this record. Also thanks to the many kind people around the country who have put us up and put up with us for the night as we travel.

SIDE I, Band 1: BLACK MOUNTAIN RAG

Glen Neaves and the Grayson County Boys-Folk Star 613 (2764); Tommy Jackson-Merc 6246; Curley Fox-King.

SIDE I, Band 2: I'LL ROLL IN MY SWEET BABY'S ARMS

Buster Carter and Preston Young - Col. 15690;
Monroe Brothers - Bb B-6773-B; Lester Flatt and
Earl Scruggs and the Fogey Mountain Boys-Merc. 6372
(Yb 7062-1).

Ain't going to work on the railroad,
Ain't going to work on the farm,
Lay around the shack 'til the mail train comes back,
Then I'll roll in my sweet baby's arms.

Roll in my sweet baby's arms,
Roll in my sweet baby's arms,
Lay around the shack 'til the mail train comes back,
Then I'll roll in my sweet baby's arms.

Can't see what's the matter with my own true love,
She done quit writing to me;
She must think I don't love her like I used to,
Ain't that a foolish idea.

Sometimes there's a change in the ocean;
Something there's a change in the sea;
Sometimes there's a change in my own true love;
But there's never no change in me.

Mama's a ginger-cake baker;
Sister can weave and can spin;
Dad's got an interest in that old cotton mill,
Just watch that old money roll in.

They tell me that your parents do not like me;
They have drove me away from your door;
If I had all my time to do over,
I would never go there any more.

Now where was you last Friday night,
While I was locked up in jail;
Walking the streets with another man,
Wouldn't even go my bail.

Repeat second verse

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



Photo by Photo-Sound Assoc.

SIDE I, Band 3: TALKING HARD LUCK

from Arkansas Hard Luck - Lonnie Glosson, Cong.
8732; also see Born in Hard Luck - Chris Bouchillon-
Col. 15151.

Now people, I'm gonna tell you what a hard luck man
I really am. Ya know I was born in hard luck. I
was born in the last month in the year, the last week
in the month, the last day in the week, the last
hour in the day, the last minute in the hour, the
last second in the minute; to tell the truth now, I
like not to have got here at all. Oh I'm hard luck
all right.

Ya know, I was born down there in the country on a
little farm where the land's so poor that you have to
put fertilizer around the telephone poles before you
can talk over the wires. But it's a good place to
be from anyway.

Ya know, I was born down there in the country, and I
can remember the very first day when I was born, too.
There's just three of us kids, we's lying there side
by side on the bed, and I heard the door slam and my
old man he walked in the door, he walked up to the
bed an' taken one look at us, he called to my Ma,
she's in the kitchen makin' dinner. He says 'All
right Liza, come on in here an' pick out the one
ya want,' he says 'We'll drown the rest of them'.

Ya know, there's just seventeen of us kids, there's
eight boys, seven girls and two other children.

Now I didn't have but little age on me when the old
man he says 'Son, you're gonna hafta get out a here an
make your own livin' from now on,' he says, 'I'm
tired of feeding you around here. 'So I struck out,
folks, and here's what's happened to me ever since...

Ya know, I've been bawled out an balled up, held down
and held up, bulldozed, black-jacked, walked on an
ched, squeezed and mooched. Stood for war tax,
excess profit, state, dog, and sin tax, Liberty bonds,
baby bonds, and the bonds of matrimony. I been Red
Crossed, Green crossed and double-dcrossed. I been
asked to join the society for John the Baptist, the
DAR Woman's corps, the Men's Stomach and Relief Corps.

I've worked like heck, and been worked like heck.
I've been drunk and got others drunk. Lost all I
had and part of my furniture. Because I want to go
around now ans spend some little part of that which
I did earn and not go beg, borrow and steal, well,
I've been cussed and discussed, boycotted - talked to
and talked about, lied to and lied about, held up and
hung up and doggone nigh murdered.

An the only reason I'm sticking around now, folks, is
to see just what in the heck is gonna happen next.

And if that ain't hard luck, then you tell me what is.

John-guitar and voice

SIDE I, Band 4: RAILROAD BLUES

Sam Mcgee-De 5348

Went down to the depot and I looked upon the board (2)
It read good time children, but better down the
road.

Where was you mama, when the train left the shed? (2)
I was standing in my front yard and wishing I was
dead.

Two little monkeys, playing up in a tree, (2)
One says to the other, "Come on let's make
whoopee."

Met a little Gypsy in a fortune telling
place, (2)
She read my mind and then she slapped my
face.

Tom-guitar and voice

SIDE I, Band 5: WEAVEROOM BLUES

Dixon Bros. BB 6441, and Fisher Hendley and His
Aristocratic Pigs Voc. 04780

Working in a weaverroom, fighting for my life
Trying to make a living for my kiddies and my wife,
Some are needing clothing and some are needing shoes,
But I'm getting nothing but them weave room blues.

CHORUS:

I got the blues, I got the blues
I got them awful weave room blues.
I got the blues, the weave room blues.

With your looms a-slammng shuttles bouncing on the
floor,
And when you flag your fixer you can see that he is
sore,
I'm trying to make a living but I'm thinking I will
lose,
For I'm getting nothing but them weave room blues.

(CHORUS)

The harness eyes are breaking and the doubles coming
through.
The devil's in your alley and he's coming after you.
Our hearts are aching, let us take a little booze
For we're simply dying with them weave room blues.

(CHORUS)

Slam outs, break outs, knot ups by the score,
Cloth all rolled back and piled up in the floor,
The bats are running ends the strings are hanging
to your shoes,
We're simply dying with them weave room blues.

(CHORUS)

Tom-dobro and voice
John-guitar and voice

SIDE I, Band 6: BALTIMORE FIRE

Charlie Poole and the North Carolina Ramblers -
Col. 15509

It was on a silver falls by a narrow
That I heard the cry I ever will remember
The fire sent and cast its burning embers
On another faded city of our land

CHORUS:

Fire, Fire, I heard the cry
From every breeze that passes by
All the world was one sad cry of pity
Strong men in anguish prayed
Calling loud to Heaven for aid
While the fire in ruin was laying
Fair Baltimore the beautiful city

Amid an awful struggle of commotion
The wind blew a gale from the ocean
Brave firemen struggled with devotion
But their efforts all proved in vain

(CHORUS)

John-banjo
Tom -guitar and voice
Mike-fiddle

SIDE I, Band 7: WILLY, POOR BOY

Roy Harvey and Posey Rorer Col. 15714

The train was almost started
The conductor come by with his lamp.
And he whispered to me so kindly
'There's no room in here for a tramp.

CHORUS:

And it's play then Willy, poor boy,
And it's why don't you play?
For the one that I love so dearly
Has gone square back on me.

I asked her if she loved me
She said she loved me some
Then she threw her arms all around me
Like the bees all around a gum.

(CHORUS)

Sometimes I live in the country,
Sometimes I live in the town,
Sometimes I take a great notion
Jump into that river and drown.

(CHORUS)

John-guitar and voice
Mike-violin

SIDE I, Band 8: RED ROCKING CHAIR

Charlie Monroe - Vi. 21-0145. Also see Sugar Babe-
"Doc" Boggs-Bruns. 118 (01), FA 253.

Ain't got no use for your red rocking chair,
I ain't got no sugar baby now,
I ain't got no honey baby now.

Who'll rock the cradle, who'll sing the song
Who'll rock the cradle when I'm gone
It's who'll rock the cradle when I'm gone

It's I'll rock the cradle, I'll sing the song
I'll rock the cradle when you're gone
It's I'll rock the cradle when you're gone

It's all I can do, it's all I can say,
Gonna send you to your mama next payday,
Gonna send you to your mama next payday.

It's all I can do, it's all I can say,
I can't get along this-a-way,
I can't get along this-a-way.

Ain't got no use for your red rocking chair
I ain't got no sugar baby now,
Lord I ain't got no sugar baby now.

John-guitar
Mike-mandolin & voice

SIDE I, Band 9: HOLD THAT WOODPILE DOWN

Uncle Dave Macon - Voc. 5151

Saw my love the other night,
Hold the woodpile down,
Everything wrong, and nothing was right,
Hold the woodpile down,

Gave her a little kiss to make her happy,
Hold the woodpile down,
(she) gave me a little love lick an' in came her
pappy.
Hold the woodpile down.

CHORUS:
But I was a-traveling, traveling,
As long as the world goes round,
For the backyard shine on the Georgia line.
Hold the woodpile down.

Come to town the other night, Hold etc.
Heard a little noise, seen a little fight,
Police running and jumping all around,
Load of moonshine done come to town.

(CHORUS)

Storekeeper swallowed a nickle one day
Run him 'most crazy, I must say,
Now listen real good an I'll tell you what its about,
He's a nickle in and a nickle out.

(CHORUS)

Down in the packing house, stole a ham,
Folks don't know how bad I am,
Carried it home and I laid in on the shelf,
Just so bad, I'm scared of myself.

(CHORUS)

I love my wife, and I love my baby,
Love my biscuits sopped in gravy,
Carry my dice to throw my passes,
Love them flapjacks sopped in molasses.

(CHORUS)

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

SIDE II, Band 1: THREE MEN WENT A-HUNTING

Byrd Moore and his Hotshots, Col. 15496

Three men went a-hunting and something they did find
They come upon a porcupine and that they left behind
The Irishman said it was a porcupine and the
Scotchman he said nay
The Welshman said it was a pin cushion with the pins
stuck in the wrong way

Three men went a-hunting
And something they did find
They come upon a toad-frog
And that they left behind
The Irishman said it was a toad-frog
And the Scotchman he said nay
The Welshman said it was a jay bird
With the feathers worn away

Three men went a-hunting
And something they did find
They come upon Norton
And that they left behind
The Irishman said it was Norton
And the Scotchman he said nay
The welshman said it's the end of the world
Let's go back the other way

John-guitar & bass voice
Tom -guitar & tenor voice
Mike-fiddle & lead voice

SIDE II, Band 2: JOHNSON BOYS

Grant Brothers and their Music - Col. 15460; Al
Hopkins and his Bucklebusters "Banjos by Charles
Bowman and Jack Reedy" - Bruns. 179

Have you heard the many a story,
Told by old and young with joy,
About the many deeds of daring
That was done by the Johnson boys.

CHORUS:
Hop up pretty girls don't be afraid (4)

The Johnson boys were boys of honor,
They knew how to court the maids,
They knew how to hug and kiss them,
Hop up pretty girls don't be afraid.

(CHORUS)

They were lads of skill and courage
And their sight was very far,
And they joined their country's service
In that awful civil war.

(CHORUS)

They were scouts in the rebels' army
And were known far and wide,
When the Yankees saw them coming,
They throw down their guns and hide.

(CHORUS)

John-5-string banjo
Tom -guitar and tenor voice
Mike-fiddle and lead voice

SIDE II, Band 3: HOT CORN

Asa Martin and Ray Hobbs-Champion 45065. Also see
Barnyard Banjo Picking - Stringbean. Cullman Records
(Nashville, Tenn.) 6416 (CP-2386)
Also see Leadbelly-Green Corn.

Upstairs, downstairs, out in the kitchen (3)
Met an old cook just a-reeling and a-pitching, Yes sir.



Photo by David Gahr

CHORUS:

Hot corn, cold corn, bring along a demijohn (3)
Fare you well my pretty gal, I'll meet you in
the morning, Yes sir.

Old aunt Sally won't you fill 'em up again (3)
I ain't had a drink since Lord knows when, Yes sir.

(CHORUS)

All I want to keep me happy is two little boys to
call me pappy.
One named Paul and one named Davy, one loves ham
and other loves gravy, Yes sir.

(CHORUS)

Preachers in the pulpit taking in the money
Children in the bee hive taking in the honey,
Old aunt Sally just a-jumping for joy,
Happiest lot of people that ever I saw, Yes sir.

(CHORUS)

Preachers all a-coming and the children are
a-crying, (3)
Chicken heads a-wringing and a-toenails a-flying,
Yes sir.

(CHORUS)

John-guitar and lead voice
Mike-mandolin and voice

SIDE II, Band 4: THE LADY OF CARLISLE

Basil May, Saylersville, Kentucky, 1937. AAFS#1587

Down in Carlisle there lived a lady,
Being most beautiful and gay;
She was determined to live a lady,
No man on earth could her betray.

Unless it were a man of honor,
A man of honor and high degree;
And then approached two loving soldiers,
This fair lady for to see.

One being a brave lieutenant,
A brave lieutenant and a man of war;
The other being a brave sea captain,
Captain of the ship named Kong Kong Kar.

Then upspeke this fair young lady,
"Saying I can't be but one man's bride;
But if you'll come back tomorrow morning
On this case we will decide."

She ordered her a span of horses,
A span of horses at her command;
And down the road these three did travel
Till they come to the lions' den.

There she stopped and there she halted
These two soldiers stood gazing around,
And for the space of half an hour
This young lady lies speechless on the ground.

And when she did recover,
Threw her fan down in the lions' den,
Saying, "Which of you to gain a lady
Will return her fan again?"

Then up spoke the brave lieutenant,
Raised his voice both loud and clear,
Saying "I know I am a dear lover of women,
But I will not give my life for love."

Then up spoke this brave sea captain,
He raised his voice both loud and high,
Saying, "I know I am a dear lover of women,
I will return her fan or die."

Down in the lions' den he boldly entered,
The lions being both wild and fierce;
He marched around and in among them,
Safely returned her fan again.

And when she saw her true lover coming,
Seeing no harm had been done to him,
She threw herself against his bosom,
Saying, "Here is the prize that you have won."

Mike-guitar and voice

SIDE II, Band 5: THE MAN WHO WROTE HOME SWEET HOME
NEVER WAS A MARRIED MAN

Charlie Parker and Mack Woolbright - Col. 15236

Man gets up early in the morn, leaves his wife in bed
She lies there as the kids wake up and cry, get up
and cook some bread
Let me tell you a thing or two, that a woman like
that won't never do

CHORUS:

And the man that wrote the Home Sweet Home
Never was a married man
He never had no loving wife
To greet him with a frying pan
She'll meet you at the door when you go to come in
And knock you down with a rolling pin
And the man that wrote the Home Sweet Home
Never was a married man

Man comes in at dinner time hungry and he wants to eat
Finds his wife piled up in the bed, lying there sound
asleep
He gets so mad that he tears his hair, swears and
declares that he won't stay there

(CHORUS)

Man comes in from work at night tired and he goes to
bed
Baby lying there in the cradle screaming loud enough
to wake the dead
He'll sit and rock for about an hour and never a
hand to help prepare

(CHORUS)

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

SIDE II, Band 6: SAL GOT A MEATSKIN

Clifford Brothers, Bill and Cliff (Carlisle Bros.)
Panacord 25639

see: Sal Got a Sugarlip by Jimmie Driftwood
see: Richardson, Ethel P. - American Mountain Songs
Greenberg 1927, 1955: Sal's Got a Meat-skin

"When you get a good thing, save it, save it,
When you get a good thing save it if ya can!
Sal had a meat-skin...to grease her frying pan!

John's got a sore leg so they say...
Sal tuk th' meat-skin to rub it ever' day!

Pappy shot the blind bull full of human natur...
Mammy fried a panful o' sop an' tater!"

According to Richardson's notes on the song "Fat
pork is supposed to relieve inflammation and is
commonly used in the "coves".

According to Cliff Carlisle, who sang the song,
a meatskin is a maidenhead.

CHORUS:

Sal got a meatskin hid away (3)
Gonna get a meatskin some day

Sal got a meatskin don't you know (3)
Old Aunt Liza told me so

Sal a - sailing on the sea (3)
Sal got a meatskin a-waiting for me

(CHORUS)



Photo by Photo-Sound Assoc.

Went to see my Sally Gray (3)
Found out Sal is gone away

Love my Sally more and more (3)
Sal's got a meatskin don't you know

(CHORUS)

Reckon I love my Sally Gray (3)
Reckon my Sal is gone away

(CHORUS)

Tom-guitar and lead voice
Mike-guitar and tenor voice

SIDE II, Band 7: MY LONG JOURNEY HOME

Monroe Brothers - Bb B-6422-A; Smilin' Jim Eanes and his Shenandoah Valley Boys-Blue Ridge 201-B (7007); Jim Eanes and his Shenandoah Valley Boys-Blue Ridge 510 (45-6011).

CHORUS:
Lost all my money but a two dollar bill,
Two dollar bill, boy, two dollar bill;
Lost all my money but a two dollar bill,
I'm on my long journey home.

Black smoke a-rising and it surely is a train,
Surely is a train, boy, surely is a train;
Black smoke a-rising and it surely is a train,
I'm on my long journey home.

(CHORUS)

Homesick and lonesome and I'm feeling kind of blue,
Feeling kind of blue, boy, feeling kind of blue;
Homesick and lonesome and I'm feeling kind of blue,
I'm on my long journey home.

(CHORUS)

Starting in to raining and I've got to go home,
Got to go home, boy, got to go home;
Starting in to raining and I've got to go home,
I'm on my long journey home.

(CHORUS)

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

SIDE II, Band 8: FLY AROUND MY PRETTY LITTLE MISS

Semantha Bungardner - Col. 146-D (81716); Blue-eyed Girl - The Hillbillies (fiddle: Elvis Alderman) Voc. 5017 (72); Frank Blevins and his Tar Heel Rattlers - Col. 15210; Gid Tanner and his Skillet Lickers - Col. 15709 (147264).

CHORUS:
Fly around my pretty little miss,
Fly around my daisy,
Fly around my pretty little miss,
You almost drive me crazy.

The higher up the cherry tree,
The riper grows the cherries
The more you hug and kiss the girls,
The sooner they will marry.

(CHORUS)

Coffee grows on white oak trees,
The river flows with brandy,
If I had my pretty little miss,
I'd feed her sugar candy.

(CHORUS)

Going to get some weevily wheat,
I'm going to get some barley,
Going to get some weevily wheat,
And bake a cake for Charlie.

(CHORUS)

Tom -banjo and lead voice
Mike-fiddle and tenor voice

SIDE II, Band 9: HOG EYE

Pope's Arkansas Mountaineers - Vi. 21295. Also see Fire on the Mountain.

Chicken in the bread pan kicking up dough,
Sally will your dog bite no, no.

CHORUS 1:
Sally in the garden sifting sand,
Sally upstairs with a hog-eyed man.

Sally in the garden sifting, sifting;
Sally in the garden sifting sand.

CHORUS 2:
Sally in the garden sifting, sifting;
Sally upstairs with a hog-eyed man.

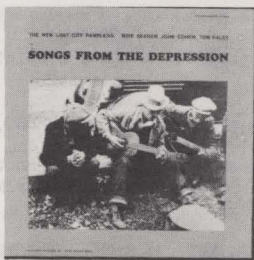
Sally will your dog bite no, sir, no;
Daddy cut his biter off a long time ago.

Repeat chorus 1

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

THE NEW LOST CITY RAMBLERS

THE NEW AND EXCITING FOLK SONG GROUP WHICH HAS CHANGED THE STYLE OF CITY FOLK-SINGING



FA2356 THE NEW LOST CITY RAMBLERS (Vol. 1); an exciting new folk song group in a remarkable re-creation of old-timey tunes, incl. Battleship of Maine, Brown's Ferry Blues, Don't Let Your Deal Go Down, others. Notes and song texts.
1 12-inch 33-1/3 rpm longplay record.....

FA2397 THE NEW LOST CITY RAMBLERS (Vol. 2); a second grand collection of old-timey music by one of the most infectious, musically-exciting folk song groups in America; songs incl. Louisville Burglar, Hawkins Rag, Didn't He Ramble, Tom Dooley, Banks of the Ohio, Up Jumped the Devil, Raging Sea, others. Notes and texts.
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FA 2399 THE NEW LOST CITY RAMBLERS, Vol. 4; songs by Tom Paley, Mike Seeger, John Cohen: Run Mountain, Take Me Back to the Sweet Sunny South, Black Jack David, Carter Blues, The Coo Coo Bird, Molly Put The Kettle On, Have A Feast Here Tonight, Crow Black Chicken, Cindy, Billy Grimes the Rover, Frankie Silver, Stacklerlee, Dollar's All I Crave, Keno the Rent Man, The Miller's Will, The Story that the Crow Told Me. Notes and song texts.
1-12" 33-1/3 rpm longplay record

FH5263 AMERICAN MOONSHINE AND PROHIBITION. Sung and played by THE NEW LOST CITY RAMBLERS. Virginia Bootlegger, Kentucky Bootlegger, Bootlegger's Story, The Drunken Driver, Moonshiner, Drunkard's Hiccups, I Saw a Man at the Close of Day, Goodbye Old Booze, Prohibition is a Failure, The Old Home Brew, I've Still Got 99, Whiskey Seller, The Teetotals, Al Smith for President, The Intoxicated Rat, Wreck on the Highway, Down to the Stillhouse to Get a Little Cider.
Text.
1-12" 33-1/3 rpm longplay record.....

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TIME, JULY 11, 1960

☞ The New Lost City Ramblers, a trio of college men, sing a brand of hill-billy known as "Blue Grass." Born in Kentucky, the style calls for a complex string accompaniment—in this case on five-string banjo, fiddle and guitar—and a frenetically fast vocal line unreled to a foot-slapping accompaniment.

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