

# SAM HINTON SINGS

## THE SONG OF MEN

### ALL SORTS & KINDS



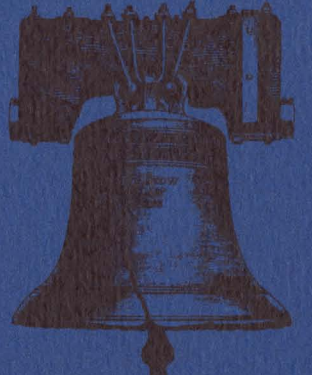
FARMERS



PIONEERS



SOLDIERS



HARD

LABORERS



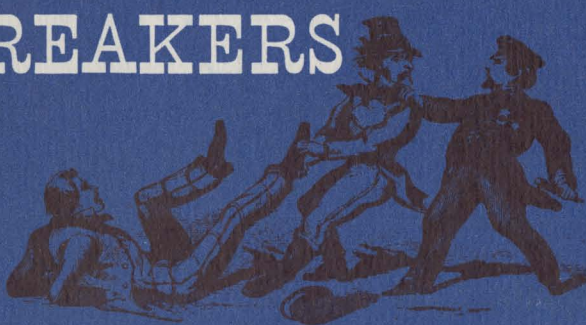
INSTRUMENTALISTS



RAILROADERS

BREAKERS

LAW-



CLAM-DIGGERS



CHURCH-GOERS

SYSTEMATIC



ZOOLOGISTS



# SAM HINTON SINGS THE SONG OF MEN ALL SORTS & KINDS

SIDE I **FARMERS**  
Band 1: TIGHTEN ON THE BACKBAND  
Band 2: THE MILLER'S WILL

**PIONEERS**  
Band 3: THE BENT COUNTY BACHELOR  
Band 4: ST. GEORGE

**CHURCH-GOERS**  
Band 5: THE GARDEN HYMN  
Band 6: A PILGRIM AND A STRANGER  
Band 7: I WANT TO DIE EASY

**LAW-BREAKERS**  
Band 8: LONG JOHN  
Band 9: HANG ME, OH HANG ME

SIDE II **HARD LABORERS**  
Band 1: LOOKY LOOKY YONDER  
Band 2: A HAMMER KEEP RINGING

**RAILROADERS**  
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Band 4: I JUST DON'T WANT TO BE RICH

**INSTRUMENTALISTS**  
Band 5: SPANISH FANDANGO (Guitar Solo)  
Band 6: HOG ON THE MOUNTAIN  
(Harmonica & Guitar)

**SOLDIERS**  
Band 7: THE VALIANT SOLDIER

**CLAM-DIGGERS**  
Band 8: HARRY HERMAN (John Bailly)

**SYSTEMATIC ZOOLOGISTS**  
Band 9: IT'S A LONG WAY FROM AMPHIOXUS

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FOLKWAYS RECORDS FA 2400

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

FOLK LIFE PROGRAM

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# THE SONG OF MEN ALL SORTS AND KINDS

SUNG BY SAM HINTON

The song of men all sorts and kinds,  
As many tempers, moods and minds  
As leaves are on a tree.  
As many faiths and castes and creeds,  
As many human bloods and breeds  
As in the world may be.

Ralph Hodgson, in The Song of Honour.

## Tighten on the Backband

When I was a boy in Crockett, Texas, some of our neighbors in the bayou bottoms still used oxen, although mules were much more common. Whichever animal was being used, it was not at all unusual to hear snatches of this song sung by the driver. Most often, it was a formless song, without beginning or end -- partly sung, partly spoken, and to a great extent expressed through its relation to the whole environment; the swish of the plowshare, the creak of the harness, the drowsy sounds of the East Texas swamp country on a warm afternoon . . . . Without the whole scene to back me up, and without the vocal skill to emulate the driver, I've had to fall back on a guitar accompaniment to help recreate the mood.

## The Miller's Will

In the old days, when some sorts of work were done not for money but for a share of the product, the customer always felt (or pretended to feel) that the tradesman was holding back more than his fair share. Millers, weavers, and tailors have been particularly singled out for this traditional accusation, and whenever you hear one of these trades mentioned in a folksong, you can be pretty sure that its practitioner will come to no good end. "The Miller's Will" tells of an old miller on his deathbed, worried sick as to whether one of his sons will be able to handle the business in an approved manner; it was published as an old song more than a hundred years ago. There are many versions; I learned this one in East Texas. The tune is quite a bit like the fine old fiddle tune known as "The Pigtown Hoedown."

## The Bent County Bachelor

Also known as "Starving to Death on a Government Claim," this has been a popular American song for a long time, and the scene is variously set in Greer County and Lane County, Kansas, as well as in Bent County, Colorado. In 1841 Congress recognized the needs of the small homesteader, and passed the Pre-Emption Law to give him certain rights. These rights were amplified by the Homestead Act of 1862, which was an important part of the Republicans' 1860 platform. This act provided that a man could claim a quarter-section (160 acres) of land and gain clear title to it solely by his physical effort, plus a registration fee of \$28.00 or so. As one of the homesteaders put it, "Why, I've got a little bet with the Government; they're bettin' me I can't live here for five years, and I'm bettin' them I can!" As the most-desired public land became occupied, the homesteaders had to operate in the less desirable parts of the prairie, where a quarter-section really wasn't enough to support a family, and the bet became harder and harder for the homesteader to win.

This version was taught me by a member of my family -- my brother-in-law's cousin, Mr. Jared Benson of Castle-ton, Kansas, who learned it in Colorado many years ago.

## St. George

After the Mormons had become firmly settled in Salt Lake City, Brigham Young started planning a chain of Mormon settlements, which were to extend to the seaport of San Pedro, California. About 1851 he heard of the fertile Virgin River valley 400 miles south of Salt Lake City -- right on the way to California; in 1861 the city of St. George was established there. The turning of the desert country into a garden was not easy, and Charles Walker made a song about it. As Austin and Alta Fife say in their Saints of Sage and Saddle, "To find in 'mesquite, soap root, prickly pears and briars' the refrain for a song of the triumph of man over nature partakes of the true grandeur of the epic." Mr. Rudger McArthur recorded "St. George" for the Library of Congress in 1947, and I learned it from the record.

## The Garden Hymn

There is some doubt as to whether this hymn was written by Jeremiah Ingalls or by William Campbell; whoever it was, he did it in 1800, and it has been a favorite ever since. The Missouri Harmony, published in 1835, has an exciting version whose stark open chords provide a perfect example of the ancient three-part harmony in which most of the old shape-note hymns were cast; I have not tried to reproduce this kind of harmony in the guitar accompaniment. Like many of the old hymns, this one has depended chiefly on the printed word, rather than the oral tradition, for its transmission; even so (again like many of the hymns) it has developed a number of variants and versions, and this may well indicate that the factor of illiteracy has been coupled with most folk traditions by accident rather than by necessity.

## A Pilgrim and a Stranger

This is another one that has lots of versions. This one was in an old book lent me by one of my students -- the Numeral Edition of The Christian Psalmist, compiled by Silas Leonard and A. D. Fillmore and published in 1854. A number of musicological systems, supposed to make music-reading easier for those of limited training, were popular in the early 1800's. The one used in this book used numbers to represent the degree of the scale, while various combinations of type face and diacritical marks provided for the metre and rhythm. It seems to be a pretty good system (no problems in transposing to another key!), but it never became as popular as the "Buckwheat Notes" used in the Missouri Harmony and the Sacred Harp.

### THE FIRST PHRASE OF A PILGRIM AND A STRANGER

5G \$P

A	1	2	3	1	1	R	1	2	3	5	4	2
---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---

I'm a pil—grim, and I'm a stran—ger,

F REP.

R	5	4	3	3	3	3	5	4	2	3	1	R—
---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	----

I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night.....

COPIED FROM The Christian Psalmist, 1854



## I Want to Die Easy When I Die

It seems to me that I've known this Negro spiritual all my life, but I can't remember who taught it to me. I've often wondered whether the title indicates a desire to slip gently from this life to the next, or whether it refers to an "easy" and untroubled conscience. Either way, it's a song with the typical American idea of personal salvation.

## Long John

Long John Green is said to have really lived, and to have been a trusty in a Kentucky prison. They say he was told to lay an experimental trail for a new pack of bloodhounds, so the sheriff could see how good they were at their job of tracking down escaped convicts. Long John saw his chance, and laid such a good trail that the hounds never got anywhere near him; he was long gone. The story has an obvious appeal to prisoners, and the song is widespread in the south; I heard it when I was a college boy working in Walker County, Texas. This illustrates very well an important aspect of the narrative technique used in many Negro ballads; instead of telling the story straight through, from beginning to end (as is usually done in ballads in the Anglo-Irish tradition), the Negro often sings ABOUT the story, assuming that his hearers already know the details. The singer is thus freed of the trammels of a chronological development, and can emphasize those aspects of the tale that strike his fancy at the moment. In form, "Long John" follows one of the antiphonal patterns said to be typical of African song; the chorus (here imitated by the guitar) echoes the words of the leader. There is a magnificent recording of a different version on an early Library of Congress record.

## Hang Me, Oh Hang Me

Not all the ballads of the Anglo-Irish tradition unfold their stories chronologically; a few of the best ones are developed like a good one-act play, in which early events are barely hinted at, and only the climax is set forth in any detail. "Bonny George Campbell" and "MacPherson's Farewell" are built like this, and so is "Hang Me, Oh Hang Me;" and I think it's in the same artistic class. I learned it from Sam Eskin. "Cape Jurdo" probably refers to the town of Cape Girardeau, in southeast Missouri.

## Looky, Looky Yonder

Prisoners on the southern prison farms used to have to work, as they said, "from can to cain't; that's from when we CAN see in the mornin' to where we CAIN'T see in the evenin'." And in the swamp country of southeast Texas, in the heat of the summer, this means a mighty hard work day; it's no wonder that there are several work songs in the form of apostrophes directed to the sun, begging it to move on. I'll never forget the thrill of first hearing this song sung by a group of woodchoppers from the Huntsville, Texas, prison; they were clearing land near the camp of a Biological Survey crew of which I was a member. Later on, I heard it several times in the wood yard of the prison itself, sung sometimes as a solo, sometimes as a chorus.

## A Hammer Keeps Ringing

This is another one that I've known as long as I can remember; I learned it from a friend whose name I have forgotten, but who lived on Hurricane Bayou seven miles out of Crockett. You can think of it as a spiritual or a work song, depending on which kind you want to hear . . .

## In the Pines

Today's American folk music is an eclectic art form, choosing and combining from the traditions of several cultures. I think the bulk of this song is a skillful reworking, by Big Bill Broonzy, of several folk and popular themes, including some parts of "Corinne, Corrina" that somebody translated from the Louisiana French. Since Bill worked on it, it has passed into yet another culture -- that of the young and talented "folkies" or "city-billies," to use a couple of Alan Lomax's terms. As it stands now, it's a strangely moving song, and the comic verse about the long train seems only to add to its poignancy.

## I Just Don't Want to be Rich.

My Uncle Bill Duffie (known to my family only as "Bubba" taught me this song when I was a little boy visiting him in Ada, Oklahoma; this must have been in 1928 or 29. It was probably a new song then, which Bubba had learned from a phonograph record. I have never located the record, however, and have never heard anyone else sing the song.

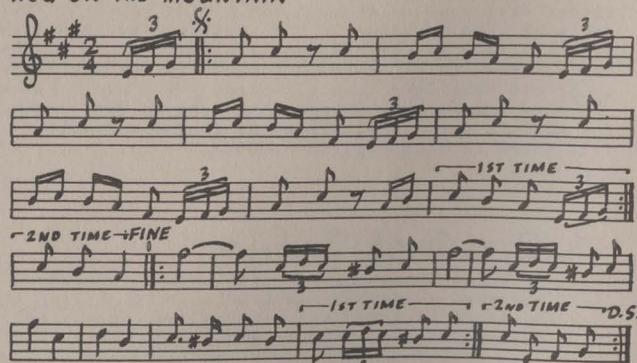
## The Spanish Fandango

There weren't many guitar-pickers around Cockett, and I didn't hear one until I was 12 or so. That one was named "Jellyroll" Roberts; he played the "Spanish Fandango" and I thought it was the most beautiful thing I had ever heard. It was several years before I got a guitar, and still longer before I heard the "Fandango" again; and it never has sounded as good as it did that first time . . . It's not really a tune so much as it is a manner of tuning and playing and improvising. All you have to do is turn down the first, fifth and sixth strings a step so that the open strings make a "G" chord. The rest is easy; it is to the guitar as "Chopsticks" is to the piano. In the interest of comparative musicology, I should point out that the "Spanish Fandango" is NOT Spanish, nor is it a fandango. Outside of that, the title is perfectly correct.

## Hog on the Mountain

My mother was raised in Gatesville, Texas; she was sent to "finishing" school and music school, and became a fine pianist. I have always been thankful (and prideful) that the snobbish attitudes of most classical musicians of that time did not rub off on Mom. She has never lost her respect for the folk musicians she heard as a girl, nor for the music they played, and her classical training has never kept her from playing some of the old fiddle tunes on the piano. From the time of my earliest memories, "Hog On the Mountain" was one of my favorites, and it was one of the first tunes I tried to play on the French-harp. That's what I'm using here -- the French-harp, or harmonica; it's a Hohner "Piccolo" model in the key of "A". If you want to use your hands on the guitar, it's easy to play the French-harp without hands simply by sticking the bass end into your mouth; your mouth wiggles back and forth sideways so that the high notes you don't want to play are on the part of the instrument that sticks out on the right, while the tongue shuts off the unwanted notes on the left-hand end. In between you get the melody. I don't believe this tune has ever been recorded or printed before.

### HOG ON THE MOUNTAIN



## The Valiant Soldier

Although "The Valiant Soldier" (also called "The Bold Soldier," "The Dragoon and the Lady" and other names) is usually considered an offshoot of the tragic ballad of "Earl Brand" (Child no. 7), the written record concerning the former is quite a bit older than that of the latter. This is probably because "The Valiant Soldier" was born in print, while "Earl Brand" lived in the oral tradition for a couple of hundred years before it saw publication. "The Valiant Soldier" is a good example of a "broadside" ballad, probably written by a professional ballad-monger in the 1600's (perhaps as a conscious parody on "Earl Brand") for printing and sale. Now it's widely sung on both sides of the Atlantic, and scores of versions have been collected. This one is from Arkansas.



# Harry Herman

(Words and music by Alfred L. Baily, Jr.)

For 35 years a teacher at the Westtown School (a Friends' school in Westtown, Pennsylvania), Mr. Baily is best known as a botanist and arboretum specialist; he is also a fine poet and song-writer. When he started spending his summers in Sebasco, Maine (not far from Bath), he was disappointed not to hear any local songs of his clam-digging friends. Never one to allow any cultural vacuum to remain unfilled, he set out in typical fashion to provide some local songs, and he has provided some good ones. "Harry Herman" is one of them. I should point out that I inadvertently changed his song between his all too infrequent visits to the west coast; he sings it quite differently.

## HARRY HERMAN

by Alfred L. Baily

1. Har-ry Her-man he was short and fat, but the  
3. Har-ry Her-man said — "I won't wait; now —  
best clam-dig-ger out of Pop-ham Flat. And he  
quit your fool-in' and — set the date. If we  
al-ways said with a touch of pride, He could  
keep de-lay-in' we could both be dead, And I  
dig ten bar-rels on a six-foot tide.  
know-an-oth-er wo-man up to Par-ker Head."  
Ma-ry Mug-gins she was tall and slim, and she  
pro-mised old Har-ry she would mar-ry him. But  
she kept de-lay-in' when to be his bride, 'cause they  
looked so sim-ple set-tin' side by side.

Mary Muggins got into a stew;  
She really didn't know just what to do.  
But at last she said "I'll be your bride  
When you've dug six barrels on a ten-foot tide!"

Harry Herman, when the moon was full,  
Give his hoe a polish and his boots a pull.  
He took his skiff and was waiting 'round  
Right on the spot when the tide went down.

Harry Herman, he began to dig,  
Where the holes was thickest and the clams  
was big,  
And when the tide had reached its low  
He's filled three barrels and had three to go.

Harry Herman, when the tide was slack,  
Had two sore arms and an aching back.  
But he kept on digging away like sin,  
For he had to get the clams before the tide come in.

Harry Herman, when the tide returned  
He was seeing visions, and his windpipe burned.  
When the tide got up to where he stood  
He'd filled three barrels and he'd filled 'em  
good.

Mary Muggins, she began to shout;  
"You can't dig clams when the tide ain't out!"  
"Quit yoir chattering; I ain't through yet --  
I've dug 'em dry and I can dig 'em wet!"

Mary Muggins said "Come in, please!  
The tide is rising up around your knees!"  
"Well, let it rise around my neck;  
I want them clams, and I'm short one peck!"

Mary Muggins, she screamed "Come IN!  
The tide is rising up around your chin!"  
"You may not see me again alive,  
But I'll get them clams if I have to dive."

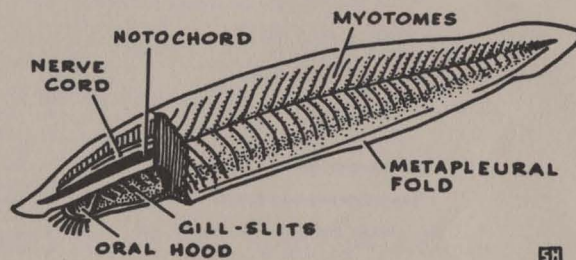
Mary Muggins was about to pop;  
"I'll marry you now if you'll only stop!"  
But the only answer from down below  
Was a little stream of bubbles that told her "No!"

Poor Harry at the next low tide was found,  
Still standing in the spot right where he drowned.  
His hoe was tight in both of his hands --  
And the pockets of his overalls was full of clams.

Now when the moon is full and the tide is low,  
You can still see Harry with his ghostly hoe.  
He never will stop, even though he died,  
Till he's dug six barrels on a ten-foot tide!

## It's a Long Way from Amphioxus

For some years this was practically the theme-song of the summer students at the Woods Hole Biological Institution in Massachusetts; it was made up by persons unknown back in the days when amphioxus (now technically known as Branchiostoma) was thought to resemble the theoretical ancestor of all the vertebrate groups. Nowadays, most systematic biologists agree that amphioxus is a sideline, and that the sea-squirts and other ascidians are more like our Great-Great-Great-to-the-Nth-power Grandparents. It's still a good song, though, and has a sort of cheerful optimism for the future that we need today. . . . I learned it when I was a freshman at Texas A & M College, from Dr. Sewell H. Hopkins of the Zo Department, and I shall never forget the deep feeling and fervor with which he used to declaim it. The diagram illustrates some of the unique features of amphioxus which are mentioned in the song.



DIAGRAMMATIC *Amphioxus* (SLIGHTLY ENLARGED)

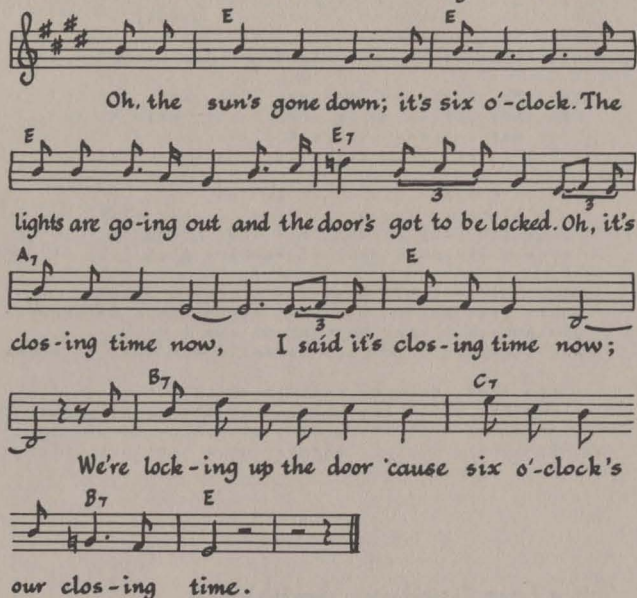
## Closing-Time Holler

(Words and music by Sam Hinton.)

When I'm not singing (or writing up these interminable record notes!) I work as Scientific Director of the Thomas Wayland Vaughan Aquarium-Museum, at the University of California's Scripps Institution of Oceanography in La Jolla, California. Our public aquarium is a popular attraction, and when it's time to close up and go home to supper it is often necessary to shoo the visitors out; this song was born of this necessity. Actually, I don't have the nerve to sing it while there's anybody left in the corridors, but after they've all gone, it sounds pretty good echoing around among the glass-fronted tanks; aquarium acoustics improve my voice tremendously.



# CLOSING-TIME HOLLER *by Sam Hinton*



Oh, the sun's gone down; it's six o'-clock. The  
lights are go-ing out and the door's got to be locked. Oh, it's  
clos-ing time now, I said it's clos-ing time now;  
We're lock-ing up the door 'cause six o'clock's  
our clos-ing time.

Well, good-night, friends, now don't nobody weep;  
We're turning out the lights to let our poor fishes sleep.  
Oh, it's closing time now . . .  
Oh yes, it's closing time now.  
We're turning out the lights 'cause six o'clock's  
our closing time.

So good-night friends; I wish you all could stay;  
But our fishes only work an eight-hour day.  
Oh, it's closing time now;  
Oh, it's closing time now.  
We're locking up the door 'cause six o'clock's  
our closing time.

So good-night!

*Sam Hinton*

Recorded by John Mullen,  
AUDIO RECORDERS  
San Diego, California

## A Statement on Folk Music

### A Personal Statement by Sam Hinton

I like folksongs both for what they are and what they represent.

They are enjoyable to hear, they are fun to sing. Many of them show the highest perfection of musical and poetic artistry, and they do not have to be self-conscious or pretentious. And, in spite of their being thus highly wrought, they are put together with such artful simplicity that problems of technical execution need never get in the way of their emotional impact.

As for what they represent, folksongs can provide for us an important link with the past, and help us to feel that we, personally, are a part of humanity's history. Most aspects of our contemporary technological culture are subject to rapid and extensive changes which make it difficult for an individual to develop a satisfactory awareness of his own identity; but, in its own small way, folk music can give us our rightful place in the long stream of cultural tradition.

Now it sometimes happens that the professional singer of folksongs finds it difficult, in singing a given song, to make the most of both of these reasons for enjoyment. This is because the song was created by one cultural group but is now being listened to by another, and the two groups may have different criteria of musical and poetic excellence. Too much emphasis on the song's historical and cultural connotations may result in a performance of a style that is unfamiliar to a contemporary audience; on the other hand, it is all too easy for the singer to go too far in translating the song into a non-folk idiom, so that the song tells more about the singer than it does about the culture that created it.

My own method in such a case is to effect a compromise. I decide just what sort of meaning this song was supposed to have for its "original" folk audience, and then make any necessary changes in a way that will preserve as much of this meaning as possible. In order to preserve the emotional impact along with its cultural implications, it is therefore my responsibility to learn all I can of the cultures involved, and to limit my alterations to a kind that might have been made by members of those cultures. Only in this way do I feel that I can preserve a balance between respect for the historical aspects of folk music and the traditional freedom of expression which is the very essence of all folklore; and it is my hope that this method will result in a performance that is at once entertaining and educational.

SAM HINTON was born in Tulsa, Oklahoma, but spent most of his boyhood years in the east Texas towns of Crockett and Beaumont. A member of a musical family, he was always encouraged in musical activities, and he set out at an early age to learn as many songs as he could. He was also interested in the study of wildlife; the pursuit of this interest frequently took him into the rural districts of the east Texas swamp country, where there were lots of snakes to catch - and lots of songs to learn. Upon becoming a student at Texas A & M College, he discovered that many of these songs were folksongs, and that an extensive literature existed in this subject.

After two years, he temporarily forsook formal education, and in 1937, joined a Major Bowes vaudeville unit, where he was billed as "folk singer

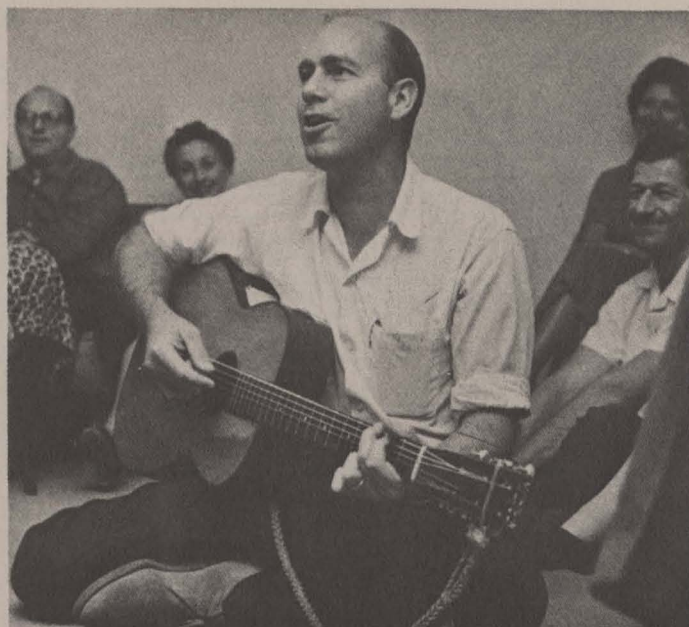


photo by Mike and Lucy Parker

and novelty instrumentalist." For two years he traveled with this and other show troupes, performing in 46 states and Canada. Whenever the show had no bookings for a few days, he added to his knowledge of folklore and natural history by hitch-hiking into the country, earning meals and lodging by painting signs and by entertaining. When his troupe arrived in Los Angeles, he entered UCLA as a zoology student, continuing his entertaining as a sideline. He joined the cast of the popular Hollywood musical, MEET THE PEOPLE and, a year before graduation, married Leslie Forster, an art student and professional musician.

Today Sam and Leslie and their two children live in La Jolla, California, where Sam is the Curator of the Aquarium-Museum of the Scripps Institution of Oceanography, a campus of the University of California. His spare time is occupied in various ways: teaching summer courses in folk music at the Idyllwild School of Music and the Arts, and winter courses in music and biology for the University of California Extension; giving lecture-recitals throughout the west, specializing in programs for high schools, universities and colleges; writing notes and articles for the journals of the several folklore societies of which he is a member; writing children's books (the first one, EXPLORING UNDER THE SEA, was published by Garden City in 1957; and recording for Decca Records. Here is a list of his currently-available recordings:

## ADDITIONAL BIOGRAPHICAL DATA

I have recorded 64 songs for the Library of Congress, and about 100 for various commercial labels. Just completed a 26-week series of one-hour FM shows in San Diego, which involved singing more than 250 different songs.

For thirteen years I have taught courses in folk music for the University of California Extension, and estimate that over 700 students have taken these courses.

For the past two years I have written and illustrated a weekly newspaper feature called THE OCEAN WORLD; it's all about marine animals and plants. This has appeared in newspapers on two continents (one in San Diego, California, and one in Australia!)

Every June I act as chairman for the five-day Folk Music Festival put on by the University of California at Berkeley.



## SIDE I, Band 1: TIGHTEN ON THE BACKBAND

Sometimes I plow my old grey horse,  
Other times I plow my old mulee,  
Soon's I put this cotton crop by  
I'm goin' home to Julie.  
Tighten on the back and loosen on the bow  
And I won't quit pickin' on the banjo so.

Last year was a mighty good year  
For cotton and corn and tomatoes  
Pappy didn't raise no peas and green  
But Lord got potatoes  
'Tatoes, 'tatoes Lawd got potatoes.

Eighteen, nineteen, twenty years ago  
I'd taken my gal to a party-O  
All dressed up in calico  
Well, I couldn't let her dance but a set or so  
Party-O, Calico  
Lawd I couldn't let her dance but a set or so.

It takes four wheels to carry a load  
It takes two mules to pull double  
Send me back to Georgia-land  
And I'll not cause no trouble  
Rally-O, Rally-O  
If ya got the wagon loaded let me see you go  
Tighten on the back and loosen on the bow  
And I won't quit pickin' on the banjo so.

## SIDE I, Band 2: THE MILLER'S WILL

Oh there was an old miller and he lived all alone  
He had three sons and they were grown  
And when he come for to make his will  
He didn't have a thing but the old grist mill.

## CHORUS:

Jimmy whack fol di rol, fol di ree, fol di riddle  
diddle, fol di rol, fol di riddle eye day.

First he called to his oldest son  
"Son my race is almost run  
Now if to you this mill is given  
How much toll will ya take fur yur livin'?"

## (CHORUS)

The boy says, "Father my name is Heck  
And out of each bushel I'll take a peck  
For here I would my fortune make  
And that is the toll I intend to take."

## (CHORUS)

"Son oh Son you are a fool  
You never have learned how to follow my rule  
The mill to you I'll never give  
For on such a toll no miller can live."

## (CHORUS)

The miller he called to his second son  
"Son my race is almost run  
Now if to you this mill is given  
How much toll will ya take fur yur livin'?"

## (CHORUS)

The boy says "Father my name is Ralph  
And out of each bushel I'll take a half  
For here I would my fortune make  
And that is the toll I intend to take."

(Repeat verse 4)

## (CHORUS)

The miller he called to his youngest son  
"Son oh Son I'm almost gone  
Now if to you this mill is given  
How much toll will ya take fur yur livin'?"

## (CHORUS)

The boy says "Father my name is Paul  
And out of each bushel I'll take it all  
I'll take all the meal and I'll steal the sack  
And I'll beat the old farmer if he ever comes back!"

## (CHORUS)

"Glory be to God you are no fool,  
There's one of my sons learned to follow my rule,  
The mill is yours the man cried and he straightened  
out his arms and he smiled and he died."

## SIDE I, Band 3: THE BENT COUNTY BACHELOR

Uncle Chris Boyd is my name an old batchelor I am  
And I'm keepin' old "Batch" on an elegant plan  
And you'll find me out West on a Colorado plain  
A-starvin' to death on a Government claim.

My house it is built of the National soil  
The walls are erected accordin' to Hoyle  
And the roof has no pitch but is level and plain  
And I always get wet if it happens to rain.

So Hurrah for Bent County the land of the free,  
The home of the grasshopper, bedbug and flea  
There's nothin' will make a man hard and profane  
Like starvin' to death on a government claim.

My clothes are all ragged my language is rough  
And my bread is case-hardened both solid and tough  
And the dough it is scattered all over the room,  
And the floor would get scared at the sight of a broom

My dishes are lyin' all over the bed  
All covered with sorghum and government bread  
Oh I have a good time and I live at my ease  
On sorghum and hoe-cake and bacon and grease.

Then come to Bent County there's a home for you all  
Where the sun never sets and the rain never falls  
Where the grass never grows for the half blows away  
And the other half roasts on the first sunny day.

Oh how happy I am when I crawl into bed  
And the rattlesnake rattles his tail at my head  
And the gay little centipede void of all fear  
Crowls over my pillow and into my ear.

And the cute little bedbug cunning and bright  
They keep me a laughing two-thirds of the night  
And the gay little flea with tacks on his toes  
Plays "Why don't you catch me" wherever he goes.

So Hurrah for Bent County hurrah for the West  
Where the farmer and worker are always at rest  
Where there's nothing to do but so sweetly remain  
And starve like a dog on your government claim.

Oh how lucky I am on my government claim  
I've got nothin' to lose and nothin' to gain  
I've got nothin' to eat and nothin' to wear  
And nothin' from nothin' is honest and fair.

Oh it's here I'm settled and here I must stay  
My money's all gone and I can't get away  
So I'll sing of Bent County and boast of its fame  
While starvin' to death on my government claim.

So come to Bent County where blizzards arise  
Where the winds never stop and the flea never dies  
Where the sun is so hot if in it you remain  
It'll burn you quite black on your government claim.

Now don't get discouraged you poor hungry men  
For you know you're as free as a pig in a pen  
So just stick to your homestead and battle your fleas  
And pray to your maker to send you a breeze.

You poor silly settlers just stay if you please  
And battle bedbugs and grasshoppers and fleas  
But as for myself I'll no longer remain  
And I'll never come back to my government claim.

So good-bye to Bent County good-bye to the West  
I'm a-goin' back home to the girl I love best  
And I'll stop in Missouri and get me a wife  
And live on corn dodger the rest of my life.

## SIDE I, Band 4: ST. GEORGE

Oh what a dreary place was this  
When first the Mormons found it  
The Indians here refused to live  
And the coyotes passed around it.

They said the land it was no good  
And the water was no gooder  
And the bare idea of living here  
Was enough to make men shudder

## CHORUS:

Mesquite, soaproot, prickly pears and briar  
St. George's'er long  
Will be a place  
That every one admires.



The sun it is so scorching hot  
It makes the water sizzler  
And the reason why it is so hot  
Is just because it iz sir.

The wind with fury here doth blow  
That when we plant or sow sir  
We place one foot upon the seeds  
And hold them til they grow sir.

(CHORUS)

Where once the grass in single blades  
Grew a mile apart in distance  
It kept the crickets on the hop  
To pick up their subsistence

Now green lucerne in verdant groves  
Doth grace our favorite city  
And vines and fruit trees grace the lots  
With flowers fair and pretty

(CHORUS)

#### CHURCH-GOERS

SIDE I, Band 5: THE GARDEN HYMN

The Lord into his garden comes  
Soft flowers breathe a rich perfume  
The lilies grow and thrive  
The lilies grow and thrive.

Refreshing showers of grace divine  
From Jesus flow to every vine  
And make the faint revive  
And make the faint revive

Oh that this dry and barren ground  
In streams of water should abound  
A fruitful land become  
A fruitful land become

The desert blossom has the rose  
And Jesus conquer all his foes  
And make all people one  
And make all people one.

SIDE I, Band 6: A PILGRIM AND A STRANGER

I'm a pilgrim  
And I'm a stranger  
I can tarry, I can tarry  
But a night  
Oh I'm a pilgrim  
And I'm a stranger  
I can tarry, I can tarry  
But a night.

Do not detain me  
For I am going  
To where the fountains  
Are ever flowing  
For I'm a pilgrim  
And I'm a stranger  
I can tarry, I can tarry  
But a night.

There the glory is ever shining  
Oh my longing heart  
My longing heart is there  
Yes there the glory  
Is ever shining  
Oh my longing heart  
My longing heart is there.

Here in this country  
So dark and dreary  
I long have wandered  
Forlorn and weary  
For I'm a pilgrim  
And I'm a stranger  
I can tarry, I can tarry  
But a night.

Now there's the city  
To which I journey  
My redeemer, my redeemer  
Is its light.  
Oh there's the city  
To which I journey  
My redeemer, my redeemer  
Is its light.

There is no sorrow  
Nor undeciding  
There are no tears there  
Nor any dying

For I'm a pilgrim  
And I'm a stranger  
I can tarry, I can tarry  
But a night.

SIDE I, Band 7: I WANT TO DIE EASY

I wanna die easy when I die  
I wanna die easy when I die  
I wanna die easy when I die  
Shout Salvation as I fly  
I wanna die easy when I die.

I wanna meet my mother when I die  
I wanna meet my mother when I die  
I'm gonna meet my mother when I die  
Shout Salvation as I fly  
I'm gonna meet my mother when I die.

I'm gonna see Jesus when I die  
I'm gonna see Jesus when I die  
I'm gonna see Jesus when I die  
Shout Salvation as I fly  
I'm gonna see Jesus when I die.

(Repeat first verse)

#### LAW-BREAKERS

SIDE I, Band 8: LONG JOHN

With my diamond blade  
Got it in my hand  
Gonna hew out the live oaks  
That're in this land

CHORUS:

It's long John, He's long gone  
Like a turkey through the corn  
Oh big-eyed John, He's gone, gone  
He's gone, gone; He's gone,  
Long John.

Long John make him a pair of shoes  
Funniest shoes that ya ever did see  
Had a heel in front, had a heel behind  
So you couldn't tell where that boy was goin'.

(CHORUS)

Well hello honey, how d'ya do?  
I'd swim across Nebrasses just for to see you  
C'mon honey, won't ya shut that door?  
'Cause the dogs is a-comin' and I've gotta go.  
Hello honey lemme catch my wind  
Gimme two-three minutes and I'm goin' again.

(CHORUS)

Long John, long gone, long John, long gone----

SIDE I, Band 9: HANG ME, OH HANG ME

Hang me oh hang me until I'm dead and gone  
Hang me oh hang me until I'm dead and gone  
I don't mind your hangin' me  
It's layin' in the grave so long God knows  
I've been all around this world.

I've been all around Cape Jerdo and parts of  
Arkansas  
All around Cape Jerdo and through parts of  
Arkansas  
Got so awful hungry  
I couldn't work my under-jaw God knows  
I've been all around this world.

Went up on Greenwood Mountain there to take my  
stand  
Up on Greenwood Mountain there to take my stand  
Rifle over my shoulder  
Had my six-gun in my hand God knows  
I've been all around this world.

My pappy was a gambler, he taught me how to play  
Pappy was a gambler and he taught me how to play  
Said "Son dontcha never go a beggin'  
When you hold the ace and the trey," God knows  
I've been all around this world.

They put the rope around my neck and hung me very  
high  
Put the rope around my neck and hung me very high  
The very last words that I heard 'em say  
Was "It won't be long 'til you die, poor boy,  
He's been all around this world."



# HARD LABORERS

## SIDE II, Band 1: LOOKY LOOKY YONDER

### CHORUS:

Looky, Looky yonder  
Looky, Looky yonder  
Looky, Looky yonder  
Where the sun done gone.

Cap'n I can't hold 'em  
Cap'n I can't hold 'em  
Cap'n I can't hold 'em  
No way I do.

### (CHORUS)

My ax is talkin'  
And the chips is walkin'  
Yes the chips is walkin'  
All day long.

### (CHORUS)

Hot sun turn over  
Hot sun turn over  
Hot sun turn over  
Lawdy but it won't go down.

### (CHORUS)

## SIDE II, Band 2: A HAMMER KEEP RINGING

Oh a hammer keep a-ringin' on somebody's coffin,  
Yes, a hammer keep a-ringin' on somebody's coffin,  
Way over in the new buryin' ground.

There's somebody dyin' away over yonder,  
Yeah Lawd, somebody dyin' away over yonder,  
Way over in the new buryin' ground.

Oh some of these days you're a gonna be a-dyin'  
Yeah Lawd, some of these days you're a gonna be  
dyin'  
Way over in the new buryin' ground.

# RAILROADERS

## SIDE II, Band 3: IN THE PINES

In the pines in the pines  
Where the sun never shines  
I shiver the whole night long.

Little girl, little girl  
Where'd you stay last night  
I think you're doin' me wrong.

Oh the longest train that ever I saw  
Was on the old U P line  
The engine got in at 6:00  
Caboose it didn't get here until 9:00

In the pines in the pines  
Where the sun never shines  
I shiver the whole night thru.

Little girl, little girl  
You're doin me wrong  
Oh Lawd, what can a poor man do?

Now pappy was a railroad man  
They lived out on the outskirts of town  
They found his head in the drivin' wheel  
His body ain't never yet been found.

In the pines, in the pines  
Where the sun never shines  
I shiver when the cold wind blows.

I'm goin where I can hide my face  
I'm goin where nobody knows  
In the pines, in the pines, in the pines.

## SIDE II, Band 4: I JUST DON'T WANT TO BE RICH

Oh you wonder why I'm a hobo  
And why I sleep in the ditch  
It ain't because I'm lazy  
No, I just don't wanna be rich.

Now I could eat from dishes  
It's just a matter of choice  
But when I eat from an old tin can  
There ain't no dishes to wash.

### CHORUS:

Deedle de dum de deedle  
De die de do deedle  
De dum de day

Now I could be a conductor  
And never have a wreck  
But any kind of a railroad man  
To me is a pain in the neck

I could ride on a pullman  
But there it is again  
The plush they put on the pullman seats  
Tickles my sensitive skin.

### CHORUS:

Deedle de dum de deedle  
De die de do deedle  
De dum de day

Now I could be a banker  
If ever I wanted to be  
But the very thought of an iron cage  
Is too suggestive for me.

I could be an accountant  
And always balance my books  
But reading figures weakens the eyes  
And glasses spoil my looks.

### CHORUS:

Deedle de dum de deedle  
De die de do deedle  
De dum de day

Now I could be a tenor  
And easily strike high C  
But I heard one on the radio  
And that was enough for me.

Whenever I think of Lincoln  
I never can forgive  
The guy that would murder a man like him  
And let these tenors live.

### (CHORUS)

Now I could be a soldier  
And hold my rifle steady  
But why should I go volunteer  
They'll draft me when they're ready.

Oh you wonder why I'm a hobo  
And why I sleep in the ditch  
It ain't because I'm lazy  
No, I just don't wanna be rich.

### (CHORUS)

# INSTRUMENTALISTS

SIDE II, Band 5: SPANISH FANDANGO  
(Guitar instrumental)

SIDE II, Band 6: HOG ON THE MOUNTAIN  
(Harmonica and Guitar)

# SOLDIERS

SIDE II, Band 7: THE VALIANT SOLDIER

Oh, I'll tell you of the soldier, that lately came  
from war,  
He courted a lady so rare and so fair,  
Her riches was so great, they scarcely could be  
told  
But still she loved her soldier because he was  
so bold.

As they went to the church, and returned home  
again  
There they saw her father and seven armed men  
"Oh," cried the lady, "I fear we'll both be  
slain!"  
"Fear nothing at all," said the soldier again.

Up rode her old father and says, "Is this the  
way  
You bring a scandal to my family?  
You might have been some young gentleman's wife  
But no in yonders valley I aim to end your life!"



The soldier drew his pistol, he hung it by his side  
 And swore that "We'd get married no matter what betide  
 He drew out his sword, he cause it for to rattle  
 And the lady held the horses while the soldier fought the battle.

The first one he come to he run it through his brain,  
 The next one he come to he served him the same  
 "Let's run," cried the others "for I fear we'll all be slain!"  
 "To fight a valiant soldier I see it's all in vain."

"Hold on," says the old man, "now don't you be so bold,  
 And you shall have my daughter and 5,000 lbs. of gold."  
 "Fight on," cried the lady, "the sum it is too small."  
 "Hold your hand" says the old man, "and you can have it all."

He took the soldier with him, he called him his heir.  
 T'wasn't from a willin' mind but only out of fear.  
 "Here's my land and money and here's my house and home  
 It shall all be at your command when I am dead and gone."  
 Come all the young ladies that has gold laid up in store,  
 And never slight a soldier because he is so poor,  
 For a soldier he's a gentleman both handsome, strong and free,  
 And he'll fight for his true love as well as liberty.

#### CLAM-DIGGERS

SIDE II, Band 8: HARRY HERMAN (John Baily)

Harry Herman he was short and fat  
 But the best clam digger out of Poppum Flat.  
 And he always said with a touch of pride  
 He could dig six barrels on a ten foot tide.

Mary Muggins she was tall and thin  
 And she promised old Harry she would marry him,  
 But she kept delayin' when she'd be his bride  
 'Cuz they looked so simple settin' side by side.

Harry Herman says "No I won't wait,  
 Quit your foolin' and set the date,  
 If we keep delayin' we could both be dead,  
 And I know another woman up in Parker Head."

Mary Muggins got into a stew  
 She really didn't know just what to do  
 But at last she said "I'll be your bride  
 When you've dug six barrels on a ten foot tide."

Harry Herman, when the moon was full  
 Give his hoe a polish and his boots a pull,  
 He took his skiff and was waitin' around  
 Right on the spot when the tide went down.

Harry Herman he begin to dig  
 When the holes was thickest and the clams was big  
 And when the tide had reached its low,  
 He'd filled three barrels and had three to go.

Harry Herman, when the tide was slack  
 Had two sore arms and an achin' back  
 He kept on diggin' away like sin  
 Because he had to get the clams before the tide come in.

Harry Herman when the tide returned  
 He was seein' visions and his windpipe burned  
 When the tide got up to where he stood  
 He'd filled five barrels and filled them good.

Mary Muggins she began to shout  
 "You can't dig clams and the tide ain't out!"  
 "Quit your chowderin' and I ain't through yet  
 I've dug them dry and I can dig them wet!"

Mary Muggins said, "Come in please,  
 The tide is risin' up around your knees!"  
 "Well let'er rise around my neck  
 I want them clams and I'm short one peck!"

Mary Muggins she screamed, "Come in  
 The tide is risin' up around your chin!"  
 "You may not see me again alive  
 But I'll get them clams if I have to die!"

Mary Muggins was about to pop  
 Says, "I'll marry you now if you'll only stop!"  
 But the only answer from down below  
 Was a little stream of bubbles that told her no.

Poor Harry at the next low tide was found  
 Still standin' in the spot right where he drowned  
 His hoe was tight in both of his hands  
 And the pockets of his overalls was full of clams.

Now when the moon is full and the tide is low  
 You can still see Harry and his ghostly hoe  
 He never will stop even though he died,  
 'Til he's dug six barrels on a ten foot tide.

#### SYSTEMATIC ZOOLOGISTS

SIDE II, Band 9: IT'S A LONG WAY FROM AMPHIOXUS

Oh a fish-like thing appeared among the annelids one day  
 It hadn't any parapods nor setae to display  
 It hadn't any eyes or jaws or ventral nervous chord,  
 But it had a lot of gill slits and it had a notochord.

#### CHORUS:

It's a long way from amphioxus  
 It's a long way to us,  
 It's a long way from amphioxus  
 To the meanest human cuss.  
 Well, it's good-bye to fins and gill slits  
 And it's welcome lungs and hair,  
 It's a long, long way from amphioxus  
 But we all came from there.

It wasn't much to look at and it scarce knew how to swim,  
 And Nerius was very sure it hadn't come from him  
 The molluscs wouldn't own it and the arthropods got sore,  
 So the poor thing had to burrow in the sand along the shore.

#### (CHORUS)

He burrowed in the sand before a crab did nip his tail,  
 And he said, "Gill slits and myotomes are all to no avail,  
 I've grown some metoplural folds and sport an oral hood,  
 But all these fine new characters don't do me any good."

#### (CHORUS)

He sulked a while down in the sand without a bit of pep,  
 Then he stiffened up his notochord and said "I'll beat 'em yet,  
 Let 'em laugh and show their ignorance I don't mind their jeers,  
 Just wait until they see me in 100 million years!"

#### (CHORUS)

My notochord shall change into a chain of vertebrae,  
 And as fins my metoplural folds shall agitate the sea  
 My tiny dorsal nervous chords shall be a mighty brain,  
 And the vertebrae shall dominate the animal domain."

#### AQUARIUM ATTENDANTS

SIDE II, Band 10: CLOSING TIME HOLLER

Oh the sun's gone down - it's 6 o'clock  
 The lights are goin' out and the door's gotta be locked,

#### CHORUS:

Oh it's closin' time now, yes, closin' time now,  
 We're lockin' up the doors 'cuz 6 o'clock's our closin' time.

Oh good-night friends now don't nobody weep  
 We're turnin' out these lights to let our poor fish sleep

#### (CHORUS)

Hey good-night friends I wish you all could stay  
 But our fishes only work an 8 hour day

So good-night.