

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FA 2418

SIDE I

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Dillard Chandler
The End Of An Old Song

Cover Photo by John Cohen
Recorded by John Cohen in Marshall, North Carolina
Notes to the songs by Robert Balsam

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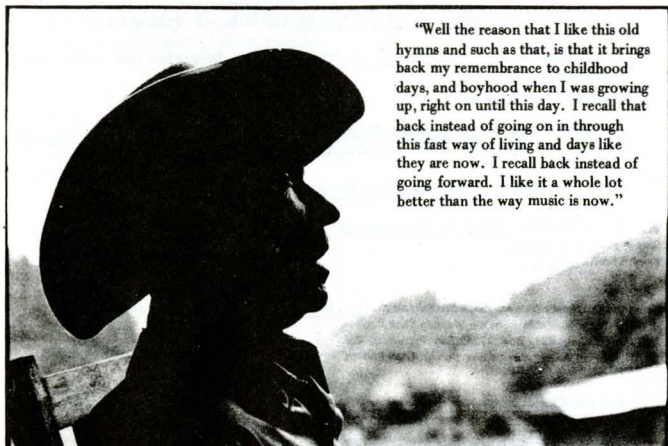
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DILLARD CHANDLER / The End Of An Old Song

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Dillard Chandler
The End Of An Old Song



photograph by John Cohen

"Well the reason that I like this old hymns and such as that, is that it brings back my remembrance to childhood days, and boyhood when I was growing up, right on until this day. I recall that back instead of going on in through this fast way of living and days like they are now. I recall back instead of going forward. I like it a whole lot better than the way music is now."

Dillard Chandler: The End of an Old Song

an interview by JOHN COHEN

The following interview is largely from the tapes which form the narration to the film *The End Of An Old Song*. Initially the film set out to look at the conditions within which the old ballads were able to survive to the present.

With Dillard Chandler, the ballads are not just a preservation of something that is passing. They are his connection to the world as he grew up in it. They are not merely stories which he passes on, but contain moral and amoral positions by which he lives. In this sense they become his definition of himself.

Throughout the interviews Dillard issued constant denials; he had enough of living in town, enough of work, enough of farming, enough of staying in the mountains, enough of being in love. His only option is to become part of the present. His life is marginal to the mainstream of contemporary life of the mountain people. It may be difficult to locate him, or to pin him down — but he is always within a small region of the mountains.

Historically, folklore study has been overly focused on the Anglo ballads. In a thinly veiled way, the 'good' English yeoman/peasant life has been correlated to the life of the simple, dignified mountaineer and his musical tradition. Naturally this idealized comparison goes hand in hand with the attribution of superiority to these people, an attitude sometimes related to a white supremacist position on social and political issues. It is my desire to dissociate the ballads and the ballad singers from any such attribution. I would rather the mountain people be known as real people with real problems created by the discrepancy between the world as they understand it and present day life and culture in America.

The music of Dillard Chandler can be heard on *Folkways: Old Love Songs & Ballads (FA 2309)*, and on a forthcoming solo album, also on *Folkways*. The film *The End Of An Old Song* is available from Brandon Films or from John Cohen.

My name is Dillard Chandler, and I was born in Madison County (NC), Number 10 Township, in an old log building. When I was a boy it was really a rough go in these hills. There wasn't any way you could get back in here with a car. You had to walk foot logs down out of here. When we were little old kids we went to school at the fork of the creek. Several times I went out of here to school and the foot logs would be washed away — we couldn't get there.

After we got big enough to go to work, we had to get out and look out for ourselves, get jobs, logging jobs at that time. I just went out to work, that's one reason I didn't get no education. I quit reading or anything, I just forgot what I did know about education.

I can go to any plant now, or any employment office for a job. They ask me for High School Education. Ya see when I tell I've got none, they turn it off. When it comes to education, I'm out of the box. I just have to turn and walk off, look out for something else.

We're at my home now, and I just like to be at home sometime. Times I really like to be alone, and think things over that I don't want to talk over with people. When I get out and maybe take a drink or something, get to worrying, get something on my mind, I just take a notion to singing.

The first singing that ever I heard was old time meeting songs, and these old songs like I sing, and these frolics where they get together and pick and sing and drink a little. Maybe a 'lassie makin' or maybe a corn shuckin', maybe a gallon hid in the corn pile. They'd go ahead and shuck into that — pick the banjo, have a dance.

There ain't no rhythm to the music I do. I've always heard it called a love song, just a natural love song. Ain't nothin' to it, no rhythm, nothing to dance through — it's just an old time love song. Just old flat love song.

Well I ain't been in love for ten or fifteen years. I just decided there weren't much to that. When I take a notion for a woman I get her, just go to town and order 'em up. I go there and pitch me a woman once or twice a month.

I just do like I do, like I been a-doing. I just go out and work. I do such work as taking up shrubbery, re-setting, and transplanting, yard work and such as that. I've worked most of my days up around Asheville. I know anything about grading or 'struction work of any kind. I've helped build every street around Beaver Lake, and helped build the lake. And I helped build this one at Skyland. Well, there's lawyers, doctors and all kinds of people that lives around there. There's well-to-do people that lives in those houses.

One thing come on to my mind; I never was a man who ever had so much crave for money in my life. I never did worry about it, only just enough to live off of, to eat or something. I was talking to a lady. I asked her if she felt she'd ever get rich. She said, "No, I don't expect to and I don't want to. That would be that much more worrying on me than what I've already got." I told her I was glad to know it, that I was in the same shape as she was. That looks pretty hard in a way, but I don't study about that because they've got education and they can get good jobs which I can't; they can make enough to where they can save a little, and I can't.

There's a good many of them around here in the same shape that I'm in. I don't have any hard feelings about it. I know I've got to make it some way. I just make it the best I can. Enjoy life the best I can.

My address would be Route 3, but I'm always here and yonder, and I don't ever fool with any mail. I ain't even got a box here. But this is my home; I get my mail at Post Office at Skyland. I can't never read no how. I ain't never put up no box.

I'm always in the Asheville area. If I ain't there, I'm on my way to get there. One year ago I went to my first cousin's. We went a singing, and I looked up at the Roan Mountain.

What do you mean you were off a singing?

Singing, ginsinging, in the mountains, just digging ginsang. It's just a weed, ain't another like it. It's stuff they use for medical. You dry it and sell it.

The only kind of music I know anything about is old ballads. Just learning songs from somebody else that I've heard sing 'em. I ain't never took up the habit of singing new songs — I do sing some once in a while. I'd rather hear the old songs than the new ones that come out. The way they're sung and the way the music is... in the new songs — they do it so fancy that it ain't got the right sound.

There are a lot of people around here that does sing the old way. I can't sing the songs like they're wrote down in the books. They've changed the old songs so that I can't get up and sing in the church or in a singing class because they've got the words changed in the book and cause they've not got the same tune to them. I just sing like I always sung, so I can't sing with 'em.

You sing best by yourself?

Yeah. Now Lloyd Chandler, me and him can sing together. And Dell (Norton) we could really sing together, but we can't get together anymore.

Lloyd Chandler: Dillard's father was my uncle. He was, a wonderful man, he had a wonderful voice — but that voice has ceased. But as the Bible says, "There is hope of a tree after it's cut down — that the stump will bring forth tender sprouts!" Dillard is one of those sprouts — from his father. He is also a singer, and it will be carried on and on, I hope as long as time goes on. Those old songs I love so well that my mother and my uncle sang. I remember my mother singing those old songs when she was spinning yarn to make clothes. Of a night now I can hear her in my mind. I'm 71 years old, and I can remember when I was five years old, of her singing. Dillard's father was a great singer. You could hear him a mile when the air was right and carrying the voice. It's strange to think that a voice like that is silent now.

How do people feel about different people singing the songs differently?

There ain't no difference in the singing or music of them. You got to sing them in the same tune that it's made to be sung in.

What about the different ways of decorating the song — the melody turns, or throwing the voice high? I know you do it differently from some people around here.

I wouldn't know how that comes around. There is a difference, but — it just appears in your voice. It's just the way you throw your voice.

No. That ain't the idea about it. For instance, you get him to sing two or three songs, and then listen at them, then

listen to me sing, and you see it's just the outcome of your voice, somehow or other, that just appears in a different way. I can't understand that myself.

I don't stay here all the time. I just come in here sometimes, stay a week or two, go on back out somewhere and go to work — get me a room in town.

At the end of Hoover's Administration, I went in debt to buy this place, got me a mule and a cow. They kept cuttin' me down on my little old 'baccer allotment. Cut me down to 1/10 on the place, and that wouldn't pay the fertilizer bill, so I quit foolin' with 'baccer. So I went to buying little bounidries of wood, and worked myself out of debt.

How is farming around here?

If you can get to raising 'baccer, farming is pretty good. If they cut you out, you're cut out. You can raise 'maters, but 'baccer is your biggest go. But now 'maters is the biggest go.

I ain't gardened none for myself in a right smart bit, nothing more than help other people. I haven't done no farming in a right smart bit. Farmin' is when you put out a big crop — five or six acres. A garden is like you want to can your own food at home, all kinds of different things in it: you'd have beans, 'maters, peas and 'maters and all kinds of vegetables together.

You can go anywhere in these mountains and knock you off a little place — cut off the timber, plant you some corn and beans and stuff, and see, the beetles won't bother your beans for that year — maybe not two or three years. When they do go to working your beans, you change around and go someplace else a lot away from where you got your beans, and clear you another little spot. Let the first one grow back up, and tend the new one for two or three years; no beetles will bother you. If you just tend it that much, your soil won't start washing away. The roots of the trees you just taken out are still in the ground. Your

mountain soil washes away when your stumps rot out and quit sprouting.

I stay in the mountains the biggest part of the time, that's where I was raised. The further I was away from home 'till I went to Chicago (Univ. of Chicago Folk Festival, 1967) was at Fort Jackson (NC?) when I went into service. I was discharged at Fort Jackson — I couldn't stand the overseas examination. There's not many places close by, that I've not been — like Tennessee, South Carolina, and Georgia. I've worked on logging jobs at all those places.

I really like to farm, but after this 'baccer business, I just quit foolin' with it — went off to working on Public Jobs. Been about seven years since I farmed any. I just took me a notion to come back home, make me a garden — come back in and stay awhile. I've been studin' about coming in back home and staying. This job business, I ain't a-gonna fool with it any more.

Can you make any kind of a living back in here?

Well, the only living that a man can make is farming. There's not much to that here in these hills — I've just been studying about it. The way the land lays, you can clean up this land here. But when you go ahead and farm it, the land is gone — it washes away in a year or two. It's gone on down the country somewhere to some other country — to the level land.

I've been studying about it — try to manage somehow to put in a lake here, going into the fish business. Got plenty of land, plenty of water. There's more (living) in that than anything I've found here in these mountains. Right on and on it would be bringing in money, people coming in fishing and camping. I really like tourists. There was a lady asking about the best place to put in lakes for tourists. She was asking me the best thing to do to bring in money to Madison County. The best thing I know for Madison County would be for them all to put it into a tourist place. What would that do to the life of the people who live here?

Only just help them out.

John Cohen is a member of the Putnam String County Band and the New Lost City Ramblers. In addition, he is a teacher, filmmaker, writer, artist, collector and folklorist — and a member of the Sing Out! Advisory Board.

I have never met Dillard Chandler and I sometimes think I should not have written the notes to these songs which are so much a part of his life. Although I don't know Dillard the way you usually know someone, I know a part of him — his music. I have spent a lot of time in the past four months listening to him, talking to John about him, doing research on the songs, and just thinking about Dillard and the music.

Dillard said little about from where he learned these songs. Some of them are obscure, having no written or recorded references. Some are common. The four ballads: Young Emily, Black Jack Daisy, Carolina Lady, and the Little Farmer Boy are Dillard's link to the long tradition. Both the old and new are his understanding of the world.

Most likely, Dillard unconsciously updates the songs in terms of his own experience. Gathering Flowers — once a murder ballad, is made into a lament by singing only the chorus. The blues are also a part of Dillard's vocabulary. Musically, he is more than a white Anglo ballad singer. The songs are more than songs, they are a part of Dillard.

Though the overall rhythm of a song may be irregular, there is an internal rhythm to each line. There is sometimes an irregularity of lines to the verses in a song. That is not a problem for Dillard — it all works.

The old ballads and songs contain elements essential to create the unique and powerful functions of song. The imagery, often personal, often "mythical and detached", is always universal. Dillard is doing more than relating a distant story. There is a closeness to the words, ideas, and tune which is where his strength lies. The complex irregularity of the singing, the improvisational quality of the performance which is not cultivated as a conscious act, the flowing melodies and little grace notes are all part of it.

Dillard probably does not think much about this. The songs function for him and he probably does not care about the reasons why. He already knows what I have had to learn. Listen to these songs; maybe you won't like them, but listen again. Dillard sings a slow, partial blues,

Take me back good woman try me one more time
If I don't do to suit you send me down the line
Never miss your water till your well runs dry
Lord you never miss your woman till she says bye-bye

And if you listen, you can understand it in your bones, as well as your head.

Robert Balsam
May 1975

CAROLINA LADY

It's in Carolina there lived a lady
She was most handsome and gay
And she determined to be a lady
And no man could her betray

At length there was two loving brothers
And on them she placed her hearts delight
One of them was a brave lieutenant
A brave lieutenant a man of war

The other was a bold sea captain
He belonged on a ship called Colonel Kar
It's up spoke this handsome lady
Saying I can not be but one man's bride
But if you'll meet me tomorrow morning,
on this question we'll decide

She called for her horse and coaches
And they were ready at her command
Off together these three did ramble
Until they came to the lions den

Well there they stopped and they halted
These two brothers musing round
It was for the space of half an hour
She lie senseless on the ground

When at last she did recover
She threw her fan in the lions den
Saying which of you to gain a lady
Would return to me my fan?

It's up spoke this bold sea captain
Raised his voice high above
Saying madam I'm a man of honor
And I will not lose my life for love

It's up spoke this brave lieutenant
Raised his voice high above
Says madam I'm a man of honor
I will return your fan or die

Down in the lion's den he ventured
Them lions they looked so over him
He hooped, he reached, around among them
Till at last he did return

When she saw her love a-coming
And no harm to him was done
She threw herself all on his bosom
Saying here young man's the prize you've won

References:

This ballad's background is in European classical poetry, and entered into the folk tradition via street ballads and broadsides. The song is also known as "The Lady of Carlisle", and "The Bold Lieutenant".

Gavin Greig, Folk-Song of the North East, No tune

Journal of the Folk-Song Society. v. 258.

Folk Songs from Somerset, No. 56.

W.R. Mackenzie, Ballads and Sea Songs from Nova Scotia, No.22.

The New Lost City Ramblers Song Book,

John Cohen, Mike Seeger editors, New York, Oak Publications, 1964

Cecil J. Sharp, English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians. (1932). No. 66, 4-variants.

BLACK JACK DAISY

Well a Black Jack Davy came a-riding through the woods
He sung so loud and lovely
He charmed of the heart of a pretty fair miss
And he charmed of the heart of a lady
And he charmed of the heart of a lady

It's how old is you my pretty little miss
How old is you my honey
She answered with a tee-hee-hee
I'll be sixteen next Sunday
I'll be sixteen next Sunday

It's come with me my pretty little miss
Come go with me my honey
I'll take you to the deep blue sea
Where you'll need nor want for money
Where you'll need nor want for money

That night when he come in acquiring of his lady
The answer they did give to him
She's gone with a Black Jack Davy
She's gone with a Black Jack Daisy
(note interchange of Davy and Daisy)

Go saddle up my branco horse
While I put on my derby
It's I'll sail East and I'll sail West till I overtake my lady
Till I overtake my lady

Well he rode East and he rode West
And down to the deep blue sea
And there he spied his lady
And there he spied his lady

It's you pull off your lilly white gloves
All made of Spanish leather
It's you'll reach me your lilly white hand
And we'll shake hands forever
And we'll shake hands forever

It's well she pulled off her lilly white gloved
All made of Spanish leather
Well she reached him her lilly white hand
And they shook hands forever
And they shook hands forever

Said last night I slept on a feather bed
With my husband and baby
But tonight I'm sleeping on the cold cold ground
By the side of a Black Jack Davy
By the side of a Black Jack Davy

Other titles:

Gypsen Davy
Black Jack Davy
Black-Eyed Davy
The Heartless Lady
Egyptian Davio
It Was Late In The Night
When Johnny Came Home
The Gyps of Davy
The Dark-Clothed Gypsy
The Gypsy Laddie (Child 200)

References:

Check List of Recorded Songs in the English Language in the Archive of American Folk Song to July 1940 (1942). 10 variants

A. C. Morris, Folksongs of Florida (1950). 2 variants

A. K. Davis Jr. Folksongs of Virginia, A Descriptive Index and Classification (1949). 8 variants

A Check List of Arkansas Songs in the University of Arkansas Folklore Archives (1954), with supplement I 1957. 3 variants

Carl Sandburg, The American Songbag (1927)

C.J. Sharp, English Folk-Songs from the Southern Appalachians, 2 vol.(1932)
10 variants.

A.P. Hudson, Folksongs of Mississippi, (1936). 2 variants.

Elizabeth B Greenleaf, Ballads and Sea Songs of Newfoundland, (1933). 2 variants.

Helen Creighton, Traditonal Songs from Nova Scotia (1950).

H. M. Belden, Ballads and Songs (Missouri), (1940). 3 variants.

J.H. Cox, Folk-Songs of the South. (1925). 4 variants.

John A. and Alan Lomax, Our Singing Country, (1941).

North Carolina Folklore Vol II - Folk Ballads, (1952). 7 variants.

Vance Randolph, Ozark Folksongs (1946-50). Vol I. 8 variants.

W. A. Owens, Texas Folk Songs, (1950).

RAIN AND SNOW

It's I had me a wife
She gave me trouble all my life
She made me work in the cold rain and snow
Rain and snow, rain and snow
Made me work in the cold rain and snow

And she dressed me in old rags
And the worst of old rag
And went dressed like a lady in some town
In some town, in some town
And went dressed like a lady in some town

She come down the stairs
Combing back her long wavy hair
And her cheeks was as red as a rose
As a rose, as a rose
And her cheeks was as red as a rose

And I took her to her room
Where she met her fatal doom
And I trembled to my knees with cold fear
With cold fear, with cold fear
And I trembled to my knees with cold fear

I shot her through the head
And I laid her on the bed
And I trembled to my knees with cold fear
With cold fear, with cold fear
And I trembled to my knees with cold fear

This song is strangely absent from the folk tradition. Sharp gives one verse (No 116) and Alan Lomax in Folksong USA gives a version called "Sporting Bachelors". In the note section of Sharp, No 116, "Rain and Snow" does not appear; Lomax also says nothing about the song. The more complete text, which Dillard sings, is not in print; it is only on records.

References:

Lomax, Alan, Folksong USA, Duell Sloan and Pearce, New York, 1947.

Sharp, Cecil J., English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians. (2 vols.), Oxford University Press, London, 1932.

Discography:

Buell Kazee, "Sporting Bachelors", Brunswick 152

Grayson and Whitter, "Never Be as Fast as I have Been." Victor 23565.

New Lost City Ramblers, Remembrance of Things to Come. Folkways

OLD SHEP

It's when I was a lad and Old Shep was a pup
Through hills and hollows we'd roam
Just the boy and his dog we were both full of fun
We both grew up that way

I remember one day at an old swimming pool
I would have drowned no doubt
Old Shep he was there at his rescue John Hoe
He come in and helped drag me out

It went on for years Old Shep growing old
And his eyes were growing dim
Till at last the doctor he came and he said
I can't do nothing more for him Jim

Well I picked up my gun with a trembling hand
Saying I'd rather you'd shoot me instead
Old Shep he has gone where the good doggies go
No more with Old Shep will I roam

But if ever there was a heaven for dogs
Old Shep has a wonderful home

Old Shep is a sentimental country song about a dog. Dillard sings it with as much feeling and intensity as he sings the ballads - complete with flourishes, grace notes, and other mannerisms which give his singing its characteristics. Here, a style from one period is applied to the music of another with no distinction between the two on the part of the performer.

Old Shep was supposedly written by Clyde "Red" Foley, a country artist from Nashville, as early as 1940. It is a popular culture song, which found its way into the mountains (via radio or phonograph), and remained there while it died in the city.

It was recorded by a number of artists and by Foley at least twice, on Decca 78 46052 and on Decca LP DXSB7-177. It has also been recorded by Elvis Presley.

HICARMICHAEL

Come all of you young people I'll tell you if I can
Come all of you young people I'll tell you if I can
Come all of you young people I'll tell you if I can
Concerning of a murder done by a colored man

His name was Hicarmichael a man you all knew well
They took him down to Knoxville and they locked him in a cell

And the sheriff he went to arrest him all on one sabbath day
The sheriff he went to arrest him all on one sabbath day
The sheriff he went to arrest him all on one sabbath day
I have a warrant it's for you the sheriff under him did say

And as he proceeded to read it the nigger shot him dead
And as he proceeded to read it the nigger shot him dead
And as he proceeded to read it the nigger shot him dead
I'll tell you boys it will not do a wrecked life to live

I'll tell you boys it will not do a wrecked life to live
It will not do to take a life of any one for their life you can not give

And money will not pay your fees when you're called before your god
It's money will not pay your fees when you're called before your god
It's money will not pay your fees when you're called before your god
It's cost a many of a poor man's life took and laid him under the sod

Hicarmichael is a ballad with a rather strange text and strong moral position. "It will not do to take a life of any one for their life you can not give." There is a peculiar juxtaposition of the descriptive line, "And as he proceeded to read it the nigger shot him dead", and the very moral line (with a sense that all men are equal), "And money will not pay your fees when you're called before your god".

Published versions of this song have been impossible to locate, and that, along with an inspection of the text, leads me to believe the song is completely local.

MEETING IS OVER

Now fathers now our meeting is over
Fathers we must part
And if I never see you anymore
I'll love you in my heart

Chorus:
Yes we'll land on shore
Yes we'll land on shore
Yes we'll land on shore
And be safe forever more

Now mothers now our meeting is over
Mothers we must part
And if I never see you anymore
I'll love you in my heart

Chorus

Now brothers now our meeting is over
Brothers we must part
And if I never see you anymore
I'll love you in my heart

Chorus

A common Southern church hymn. Buna Hicks (in the notes to The Traditional Music of Beech Mountain North Carolina Vol I) says that it was regularly used to close the religious services in her area, some years back. There is a version of this in Lomax's American Ballads and Folk Songs sent in by Sam P. Bayard of Pennsylvania. Lomax does not say where Mr. Bayard obtained the song. It is also printed in Jackson's Another Sheaf of White Spirituals as "recorded by L.L. McDowell, Smithville, Tennessee, and published in McDowell's Songs of the Old Camp Ground."

References:

George Pullen Jackson, Another Sheaf of White Spirituals, Gainesville, Florida, 1952.

John A. and Alan Lomax, American Ballads and Folk Songs, New York, 1934.

Discography:

The Traditional Music of Beech Mountain North Carolina Vol I, Folk-Legacy Records, Inc. FSA 22.

GATHERING FLOWERS

Down in these wild woods I've been gathering flowers
Just to wave around your brow
But so long you have kept me waiting
Till the flowers are withered and gone

It's if ever you come again love
To this sad and aching heart of mine
Out in these wild woods I've been gathering flowers
Just to wave around your brow
But so long you have kept me waiting
Till the floweres are withered and gone

Except for the first two lines of the second verse, Dillard is only singing the chorus of the murder ballad "Gathering Flowers". J. E. Mainer's Mountaineers sing a version with the same chorus. The Carter Family sings a version with the exact same text as Mainer but a slightly different tune. It should be noted that Dillard's singing style is more in the ballad tradition than either J.E. Mainer or the Carter Family.

Discography:

J. E. Mainers Mountaineers, Good Ole Mountain Music, King Records, King 666

Carter Family, "The Famous Carter Family", Harmony Records 7280.

GASTONY SONG

When you come to Gastony, boys you'd better act right
You'd better not gamble, you'd better not fight
For if you do they'll take you down
If you got no money you're just chain gang bound

Six o'clock in the morning, when the ding dong ring
You'll come to the table to see the same old thing
Corn bread on the table, just as hard as a bone
If you don't want her boys just leave her alone

It's coffee on the table, just as bitter as gall
If you don't want her boys just leave her alone

Yonder come my woman, well how do you know?
Got the same old apron she always wore
Brown trill on her shoulder and her money in her hand
Saying stand back captain coming at a-my man

Dillard's tune for "Gastony Song" is the same as "The Midnight Special" and the words are often similar to the "Midnight Special" text. Most references to the song are Black and Texas, although Lomax, in American Ballads and Folk Songs, says the "Midnight Special" is sung all over the South and is probably of white origin.

Around 1925 there was a "Midnight Special" by Sodarisa on the Paramount label. Sam Collins recorded a "Midnight Special Blues" for Gennet in 1927. The song was first published in Carl Sandburg's The American Songbag in 1927.

The Blue Sky Boys sing a version of "Midnight Special" which is close to what Dillard sings. In 1935 Bill and Earl Bolick (The Blue Sky Boys) sang on WNNC - the Asheville radio station. Dillard might have heard this or a recording of their version.

There is a prison in Gastonia, North Carolina, and it is likely some one substituted Gastony for Huston (which is the city in the "Midnight Special" text). It is also possible that the song travelled through the prisons to the one in Gastonia, N. C. and was appropriately changed.

References:

Check List of Recorded Songs in the English Language in the Archive of American Folk Song to July 1940 (1942). 7 variants.

John A. and Alan Lomax, American Ballads and Folk Songs. Macmillan, New York, 1934.

Folksong USA Duell, Sloan and Pearce, New York, 1947.

Vance Randolph, Ozark Folksongs (1946-50) Vol II.

Carl Sandburg, The American Songbag, Harcourt, Brace & Co. New York.

Discography:

"Midnight Special" performed by Woody Guthrie, Cisco Huston, and Leadbelly. Folksay - Volume II SLP6.

The Blue Sky Boys Capitol T2483.

SPORT IN NEW ORLEANS

There was a sport in New Orleans
They call the Rising Sun
She's broke a heart of many poor boy
Ané mine, oh god, for one

Go tell my youngest brother
Not to do what I have done
But to shun that place in New Orleans
They call the rising sun

Go fill your glasses to the brim
And drink your merry round
I'm going back down in New Orleans
To spend the rest of my wicked old days
Beneath the Rising Sun

Commonly known as the "House in New Orleans", "Rising Sun", or "Rising Sun Blues", the House of the Rising Sun is most likely a brothel. Dillard sings, "There was a sport in New Orleans/ They call the Rising Sun". Sport is an obscure word for sexual dalliance or amorous play. There remains the question of how and when this substitution occurred (or was house substituted for sport?). Perhaps it was just someone's sarcastic comment.

Dillard only sings three verses; other versions are usually longer. The song, in one respect, is a warning. Yet, the last verse shadows this exhortation with a strange celebration of the Rising Sun.

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I know no published versions with the word sport.

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Ashley and Foster. Vocalion 02576.

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Guthrie, Woody, Commodore 3004 (Album CR-10; LP FL30002).

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Henson, Daw, Billy's Branch Clay Co., Ky., Archive of American Folk Song of the Library of Congress. 1508 B2.

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33 RPM

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Holcomb, Roscoe. Folkways FA2368.

Leadbelly. Folkways FA2942.

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White, Josh. ABC Paramount 124.

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Wood, Hally. Electra EKL-10.

DRUNKEN DRIVER

Now listen drunken drivers
While here on earth you dwell
You'll never know when the time will come
When you have to say farewell

To your dear old mother and your sisters too
That may be miles away
Saying don't be drinking whiskey
While you're driving on your way

Well I saw an accident occur
Would turn the heart of me
And teach them never to drink a drop
While the steer wheel is in their hands

It's this great accident occur
On the twentieth day of May
And caused two loving children
To slip beneath the clay

It's two little children was walking along
Out on the state highway
There mother had died and left them
Their father had run away

It's they were talking about their parents
How sad her heart did feel
When around the curve came a speeding car
With a drunk man at the wheel

When he saw those two little kids
He tooted with a drunken sound
Get out of the road you two little fools
Then the great car brought them down

It's the side bumper caught the little girl
And her life away
While in the ditch in a pool of blood
The little boy's body lay

Sad drunk man staggered from his car
To see what he had done
His heart did shrink within him
When he saw his dying son

He picked those two little children up
He carried them to the car
Them down on his knees on the running board
He prayed a drunkard's prayer

Oh lord forgive me for this crime
This awful crime I've done
And then his attention was called back
Unto his dying son

Such weeping from a drunken man
I've never saw before
When the little boy opened up his eyes
Saying daddy you've come once more

Now don't be drinking whiskey dad
While driving on your way
And meet us with our mother, dad
In heaven some sweet day

The only reference that I know for this song is Molly O'Day and the Cumberland Mountain Folk, Columbia 37938. John Cohen says that Banjo Bill Coronet told him he wrote "Drunken Driver" and gave it to Molly O'Day. John also says he saw this song printed in a prohibition pamphlet.

JESUS SAYS GO

When I was a sinner the people would say
If you want to be converted you'd better pray
So trust in them that's found the lord
Free as promised a sure reward

Chorus

Jesus says go - I'll go with you
Pray to the gospel and I'll preach with you
Lord if I go, tell me what to say
For they won't believe on me

When I started out on my way to pray
I'll tell you what the spirit did say
Come undo me for I am a way
And I intend in trying to pray

The more I prayed, the worst I felt
But at last I thought my heart would melt

Chorus

Well my hands was tied, my feet was bound
The elements opened and the Lord come down
The voice I heard sounds so sweet
The love run out at the soul of my feet

Chorus

Well it's doubts may ride and troubles may roll
But God said he'd save your sin sick soul

Chorus

This song is absent from books and recordings. The tune is similar to "Down in the Valley to Pray". Mary Sands, whom Cecil Sharp collected from, claimed she wrote it. Dillard said she would always walk through the mountains and valleys singing. Although Mary Sands was mostly known as a ballad singer (because of Sharp), she was also a contributor to the religious-song tradition.

GOING DOWN THE ROAD FEELING BAD

I'm going down the road feeling bad
I'm going down the road feeling bad
And I ain't gonna be treated this way

Well I'm going if I never come back
I'm going if I never come back
I'm going if I never come back
And I ain't gonna be treated this way

Oh five dollar shoes don't fit my feet
Oh five dollar shoes don't fit my feet
And I ain't gonna be treated this way

I'm going where the chilly wind never blows
I'm going where the chilly wind never blows
And I ain't gonna be treated this way

Oh I'm going if I never come back
Oh I'm going if I never come back
And I ain't gonna be treated this way

Related to a lot of other songs: "Blowing Down the Road Feeling Bad", "Ain't Gonna Be Treated This-a-way", "Worried Blues", "Georgia Blues", "The Lonesome Road Blues", "Tough Luck", and the banjo tune "Chilly Winds".

Most versions repeat the first line 3 times and then the fourth line is, "I ain't gonna be treated this-a-way".

I'm going down this road feeling bad
I'm going down this road feeling bad
I'm going down this road feeling bad
And I ain't gonna be treated this-a-way.

Dillard, except in the second verse, sings the first line only twice. His drawing out of the word bad, which is often an element of Black blues singing, is unusual to this song.

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Discography:

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"I'm Going Down That Road Feelin' Bad", AAFS 3418 A1

Hobart Ricker, Washington, D.C., "Goin' Down This Road Feelin' Bad", AAFS 3903 B5.

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Ray Melton, Galax, Va., AAFS 1347 A2.

Theophilus G. Hoskins, Hyden, Ky., AAFS 1519 A3.

Gussie Ward Stine, Arvis, FSA camp, Arvin, Cal., AAFS 4103 B1.

Warde H. Ford, Central Valley, Cal., AAFS 4103 B1

Warde H. Ford, Central Valley, Cal., AAFS 4206 A2.

Bascom Lamar Lunsford, N.Y., N.Y., AAFS 1805 B1

Ollie Crownover and group, Migratory camp, Brawley, Cal., AAFS 3562 B2.

Rex & James Hardie, Shafter, Cal., AAFS 3566 A1

Samantha Bumgarner, "Georgia Blues", Columbia 166

Samantha Bumgarner, "Worried Blues", Columbia

Cousin Emmy, "Lonesome Road Blues", Decca 24215

Woody Guthrie, "I'm Blowing Down This Old Dusty Road," Folkways FP 11

Charlie Poole and the North Carolina Ramblers, "If I Lose, I Don't Care," Columbia 15215.

YOUNG EMILY

(Sung by Doug Wallin, Dillard Chandler's nephew)

Young Emily was a pretty fair miss, she loved a driver boy
Who drove the stage some gold to get, down in the low lands low
Who drove the stage some gold to get, down in the low lands low

My father owns a boarding house, all on yon river side
Go there, go there, and enter in this night with me abide

Be sure you tell them nothing, nor let my parents know
That your name is young Edmond who drove in the low lands low
That your name is young Edmond who drove in the low lands low

Young Edmond fell to drinking until he went to bed
He did not know they swore that night that they would cut off his head
He did not know they swore that night that they would cut off his head

Young Emily in her chamber, she had an awful dream
She dreamed she saw young Edmond's blood go flowing like a stream
She dreamed she saw young Edmond's blood go flowing like a stream

Young Emily rose in the morning a-puttin' on her clothes
She's going to find her driver boy who drove in the low lands low
She's going to find her driver boy who drove in the low lands low

Oh father, oh dear father, you'll die a public show
For the murdering of that driver boy who drove in the low lands low
For the murdering of that driver boy who drove in the low lands low

Away to some coun-se-ler- to set the deed be known
Of the murder of her driver boy who drove in the low lands low
Of the murder of her driver boy who drove in the low lands low

Them coats that hang on the mountain they look so blue and true
They remind me of my driver boy who drove in the low lands low
They remind me of my driver boy who drove in the low lands low

Them fish that swim in the ocean swim o'er my true love's breast
His body's in the gentle motion and I hope his soul did rest
His body's in the gentle motion and I hope his soul did rest

Other titles:

Young Edwin in the Lowlands Low
Young Edwin
Young Edmond Dell
The Driver Boy

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LITTLE FARMER BOY

It's will you forsake on your house and land
Will you forsake on your store
It's will you forsake on you little farmer boy
That you'll never see anymore
Says I'll forsake you where that grass grows green
On the bank of Sweet Gory
It's I will forsake on my house and land
And I will forsake on my store
It's I will forsake on my little farmer boy
That I'll never see anymore
Well she dressed, she dressed, in her yellow silk
Oh, it's shine most glory to behold
She pick-y-ed up her tender little babe
And kisses she gave it three
Stay here, stay here, my tender little babe
For to keep your papa company
Well she had been gone about three weeks
I'm sure it was not four
Till they sprung a leak in the bottom of the ship
And she sunk out her eyes no more
It's take me out, oh take me out she cried
Will I have to lay here and rot in the salt water sea
Just you and me

Do you see that white cloud rising
As white as any snow
Well that is a place they call heaven
Where I know I can't never go
Where I know I can't never go
Do you see that black cloud rising
As black as any crow
That is a place they call torment
Where I knew I's bound for to go
Where I knew I's bound for to go
So are you weeping about your house and land
Are you weeping about your store
Are you weeping about your little farmer boy
That you'll never see anymore
That you'll never see anymore
Well I'm neither weeping about my house carpenter
Nor neither about my store
It's I'm weeping about my house carpenter
That I left sitting in the floor
That I left sitting in the floor
(note use of house carpenter)

Other titles:

The House Carpenter (Child 243)
The Demon Lover
I Have Forty Ships
The House Carpenter's Wife
The Salt, Salt Sea
Salt Water Sea
Sweet Wildee
The-Sea: Faring Man

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W.A. Owens, Texas Folk Songs (1950).

LONG TIME GONE

Take me back good woman, try me one more time
If I don't do to suit you send me down the line
Birds in the mountain, Lord it's fish in the sea
Said a red headed woman run a whizzer over me

Take me back good woman, try me one more time
If I don't do to suit you send me down the line
Never miss your water, till your well runs dry
Lord you never miss your woman till she said bye-bye

There are many references to the blues in this song. Lines such as, "short time here/long time gone", "never miss your water till your well runs dry", are common. The tune, contains the "blues feelings". I have not seen any printed versions of this particular song of know of any recordings. I do not know of any references for it either. Dillard said nothing about it. The tape of the first two verses of "Long Time Gone" were lost in the making of the movie "The End of an Old Song" by John Cohen. They are,

Got up this morning put my shoes on wrong
Short time here honey, long time gone

Got up this morning same thing on my mind
Saw no bread on the table, smelled no meat a-fryin'

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Thanks to Joseph C. Hickerson: Head, Archive of Folk Song, Library of Congress, Washington, D.C.

I am especially grateful to John Cohen for ideas, knowledge, and friendship.

These recordings were made on a Nagra tape recorder - courtesy of the Friends Of Old Time Music. Most of the performances were done in a single session - standing on a hillside above Peter Gott's cabin in 1968. There were no retakes or breaks. *Old Shep*, *Hicarmichael* and *Little Farmer Boy* were recorded in 1963 on a Tandberg. They are from the same tapes which were used in *Old Love Songs & Ballads*, Folkways FA 2309. Doug Wallin's performance of *Young Emily* was included, as this is the only performance of his which he has permitted, and its beauty reveals the strength of the Ballad tradition around Dillard's family. Doug is the son of Berzil & Cass Wallin, who are Dillard's cousins.

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