

# THE FOLK MUSIC OF THE NEWPORT FOLK FESTIVAL 1959-60 Vol. 2

GUY CARAWAN • BROWNIE MCCHEE • SONNY TERRY • NEW LOST CITY  
RAMBLERS • FRANK WARNER • FLEMING BROWN • JOHN GREENWAY



DESIGN: INTERDESIGN PHOTO: DAVID GAHR



# THE FOLK MUSIC OF THE NEWPORT FOLK FESTIVAL 1959-60 Vol. 2

## SIDE I

- Band 1: **MIDNIGHT SPECIAL**  
Brownie McGhee and Sonny Terry  
Band 2: **LIVING WITH THE BLUES**  
Brownie McGhee and Sonny Terry  
Band 3: **INSTRUMENTAL**  
New Lost City Ramblers  
Band 4: **HOP HIGH LADIES**  
New Lost City Ramblers

- Band 5: **TAKE A DRINK ON ME**  
New Lost City Ramblers  
Band 6: **AS I WAS OUT WALKING**  
Frank Warner  
Band 7: **FOD!**  
Frank Warner  
Band 8: **ASHEVILLE JUNCTION**  
Frank Warner

## SIDE II

- Band 1: **RAKE AND A RAMBLING BLADE**  
Fleming Brown  
Band 2: **TOM HUBBARD**  
Fleming Brown  
Band 3: **TALKING DUST BOWL**  
John Greenway  
Band 4: **WE SHALL OVERCOME**  
Guy Carawan

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# The Folk Music of The Newport Folk Festival : 1959-1960

by Irwin Silber

The city of Newport in Rhode Island has become the site, in recent years, for a vast conclave of jazz aficionados. Once the private sporting grounds for American millionaires and visiting royalty, Newport has become a name of international renown as the result of its annual Newport Jazz Festival. (In the summer of 1960, Newport's fame was transformed into notoriety -- the result of a clash between local police and overenthusiastic college youngsters unable to purchase tickets to the sold-out concert.)

Enthused over their success, the Directors of the Newport Jazz Festival (incorporated as a non-profit group) sometime early in 1959 decided to try their hands at an annual Folk Festival. In the early summer of 1959, and again in 1960, the First and Second Annual Newport Folk Festivals were presented at Freebody Park. As of this

writing, with the future of the Newport Jazz Festival in doubt, there are no plans for any future Folk Festivals at Newport.

Both Festivals, of course, were recorded on tape from beginning to end. After the 1959 program, Vanguard issued a three-record album of highlights of the Festival. From the 1960 Festival, Vanguard issued another pair of discs and Elektra Records issued an LP of various Elektra recording artists at Newport. And now Folkways is releasing two records of "The Folk Music at The Newport Folk Festival."

Having attended both Festivals and listened to all of the recordings issued, I confess that I now despair that any but those who actually sat through all those hours in the wind and rain (1959) and cool breezes (1960) of the two Newport Folk Festivals will ever know what happened on those two week-ends. This, of course, is not the fault of the record companies. Vanguard's albums might

Part of the audience at Newport - 1959

Photo by Dave Gahr





well be called "The Crowd-Pleasers" of Newport, for the able editors there have carefully culled the tapes for those performances which won the greatest audience response. (They were limited, of course, by the fact that some of the most popular performing artists were under exclusive contract to other record companies. Thus, the Kingston Trio, the Brothers Four, Sabicas, The Gateway Singers and others, many of them show-stoppers, do not appear on any of these recordings.)

Elektra's version of the Newport Folk Festival 1960 consists of Theodore Bikel, Oscar Brand, Will Holt, and the Oranm Zabar Israeli Troupe.

After eliminating from the tapes the Vanguard selections, the Elektra exclusives, and the non-recordable artists of other labels, Moses Asch of Folkways went through what might be called "The Rest of Newport" and has put together a fascinating set of records. It too, of course, is not representative of the Newport Folk Festival in its entirety. But there is a thread running through these two discs which Moses Asch has pursued with the doggedness of a bloodhound. The thread is folk music, and while there was not too much of it at the Newport Folk Festivals, it appears in abundance on these two recordings.

The first side of this set (FA 2431-A) is devoted to folk singing. O. J. Abbott, whose performance at the Festival was one of the high moments of drama for me, is a genuine folk singer who learned his ballads in the oral tradition. In his seventies, Abbott has a strong, clear voice and his songs are as moving as truth. "On The Banks of the Don" and "John Barleycorn" are both rich in folk humor, that wry Anglo-Saxon understatement which grows with repeated listening.

Willie Thomas and Butch Cage, two Louisiana Negro blues singers, were brought to the Festival by folklorist Harry Oster. That their old country blues were lost in the vast arena of Freebody Park is, of course, no reflection on their art. They were in the wrong place at the wrong time -- vainly trying to communicate to an audience that



Willie Thomas & Butch Cage  
Polaroid Land Photo by W. Field

had no basis for understanding their music. Thomas and Cage are, quite obviously "primitives." An age of slick arrangements as amplified instruments has left them behind. There are only a few places in the South today where an old-time blues fiddle can still be heard. The title of their first song, "I'm A Stranger Here," sums it up best.

Patrick Clancy, not so many years off the boat from Ireland, is keeping alive the wonderful tradition of Irish folk music. His unaccompanied rendition of the haunting Napoleonic ballad, "Bonnie Bunch O' Roses-O" is left over from the 1959 Festival -- and a gem it is!



Patrick Clancy with Tommy Makem  
Photo by David Gahr

Mike Seeger winds up the first side of this set. Mike, if not a singer directly from the folk tradition. His songs and singing style are all second hand. But he has learned his songs and his style from folk singers -- and he believes in keeping their tradition alive. His rendition of this American descendant of one of the great old British Ballads (Child #295) is a fine example of the ballad tradition. If there are some who feel that a point has been stretched by placing this cut with the authentic folk singing, they may view this selection as the best possible transition to Side Two.

Side Two of this set (FA 2431-B) is a fine representation of the current trend to keeping alive the authentic traditions of folk song by singers who are not themselves of the folk. Pete Seeger, a member of one of America's most illustrious musical families, has earned a well-deserved reputation for devotion to the beauties of folk music and the ability to communicate the underlying emotional excitement of the folk heritage. In this song, "Cumberland Mountain Bear Chase," one catches a glimmer of the boundless enthusiasm and artistic sympathy which Pete Seeger brings to folk music.

To 17 million people north of the United States, Alan Mills is the voice of Canadian folk music. A trained singer with a deep, rich voice, Mills has devoted himself to the folk heritage of Canada. As performer, as editor, as radio and television personality, as song-writer, Mills' constant theme is Canadiana. His interests and repertoire include both French and English songs of Canada and it is safe to say that no one has become more identified in the public mind with Canadian folk song than Alan Mills.

Frank Hamilton is the kind of creative musician whom other folk singers flock to listen to whenever the opportunity arises. His remarkable musical gifts, frequently on display at The Gate of Horn in Chicago, have almost gone unrecorded. (One LP, Folkways' "Nonesuch" - FA 2439, recorded with Pete Seeger, is a dazzling display of instrumental pyrotechnics on folk themes.) It is interesting to compare Frank Hamilton's version of "I'm A Stranger Here" with the one performed by Willie Thomas and Butch Cage. Aside from a similarity in theme and the same title, the two songs are completely different -- and yet, they had a common origin.

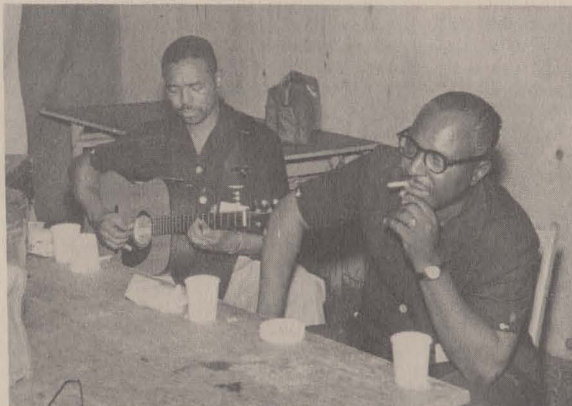


Side Three in this set (FA 2432-A) might be subtitled "The South." Here are three distinct but related folk music traditions -- all with their roots in that great storehouse of folk expression, the American South.

In their two songs, Brownie McGhee and Sonny Terry represent the work song and blues tradition of the Southern Negro. Themselves decades removed from the origin of these songs, McGhee and Terry still retain bonds of musical empathy and understanding with their roots. By a strange quirk of recording techniques at "live" programs, we have had preserved for us a most unusual recording of the famous Negro prisoner's song, "Midnight Special." What we hear "on mike" is Brownie McGhee's harmony with Sonny Terry's melody in the background. Students of "Folk harmony" should find this particularly instructive.

The New Lost City Ramblers, whose musical love affair with their own particular brand of old-time music has been going on some four or five years now, have been responsible for a remarkable revolution in the style and content of city folk-singing. The Ramblers -- Mike Seeger, John Cohen and Tom Paley -- found that they had a common interest in the Southern commercially recorded folk music of the 1920's and early 1930's. It is a music peculiarly transitional in character. In the period shortly after World War I, a combination of economic pressures and population growth plus the impact of expanding 20th Century civilization produced a remarkable migration in the South. Families of hill folk whose ancestors had settled in the mountains of the western Carolinas, eastern Tennessee and Kentucky, West Virginia, etc. began to pour forth from the mountains, seeking a new way of life and ready cash in the new factories and mills of the South.

As they came down from the hills, they fought with them a rich heritage of traditional song and a wonderful gift for music-making. Many of their ballads dated back more than 200 years. Others had been preserved from memories of Civil



Brownie McGhee and Sonny Terry backstage  
Photo by Ted Bettencourt

War days and fragments of popular songs which had slipped into the mountains. With the impact of a different kind of living, the songs began to change -- taking on those characteristics which the performers and record companies considered more "commercial."

From these roots developed "hillbilly" music, the music of The Carter Family and Jimmy Rodgers, and contemporary "Bluegrass." (Less directly, and as a result of the impact of Negro music, it also contributed to modern-day rock-and-roll.)

The music of this transition period then vanished -- preserved only on some Library of Congress discs the old 78 rpm records, most of them rare collectors' items. The New Lost City Ramblers discovered (or re-discovered) this music and have popularized it throughout the country among city folk-singers who have taken it to their hearts (and guitars) with a marvelous enthusiasm.



The New Lost City Ramblers

Photo by David Gahr



Frank Warner is southern-born himself, first seeing the light of this world in 1903 in Selma, Alabama. Grown and raised in the South, Frank has devoted himself for many years to developing intimate relationships with various folk-singers. He has made good friends and learned many fine songs -- and he has set out to preserve these songs as close to the way he learned them as possible. The result may be heard on these three selections.

Side Four (FA 2432-B) is a small sampling of recent trends in the singing of folk songs. Fleming Brown, a talented young folk singer from Chicago, is much caught up in folk styles and is manfully trying to establish an individual expression with the context of authentic tradition.

John Greenway is the college professor turned semi-professional guitar-picker. Greenway, unlike most of the other performers in these recordings, comes to folk music from the academic side of the tracks. His book, "American Folksongs of Protest," is an important and useful study of a much-neglected area of folk music tradition. A great admirer of Woody Guthrie, Greenway frequently performs Woody's songs. "Talking Dust Bowl," one of Woody's greatest from the Dust Bowl era, is Greenway's selection here. I believe that the academic background is strikingly evident.

Guy Carawan is the city folk-singer turned crusader. Over the past few years, Carawan has devoted himself to singing on behalf of the movement for integration in the South. He has performed for sit-in demonstrations, integration rallies, etc. throughout the South. Here he sings what has become the theme song of the Negro movement in the south, "We Shall Overcome."

This then is "The Folk Music of the Newport Folk Festival." It is a far cry from the total programmatic impact of those two folk-singing weekends. But on these two discs you will find reflected, in microcosm, most of the significant elements of the American folk song scene today.

Irwin Silber is the editor of SING OUT magazine. He also edited the official program for the 1960 Newport Folk Festival.



photo by David Gahr

THE FOLK MUSIC OF  
THE NEWPORT FOLK FESTIVAL - Vol. 1

- SIDE I FA 2431 A
- Band 1: ON THE BANKS OF THE DON  
O. J. Abbott
- Band 2: BARLEY GRAIN  
O. J. Abbott with Pete Seeger
- Band 3: I'M A STRANGER HERE  
Willie Thomas and Butch Cage
- Band 4: 44 BLUES  
Willie Thomas and Butch Cage
- Band 5: BONNY BUNCH O' ROSES-O  
Pat Clancy
- Band 6: FAIR ELLENDER  
Mike Seeger

- SIDE II FA 2431 B
- Band 1: CUMBERLAND MOUNTAIN HEAR CHASE  
Pete Seeger
- Band 2: CITADEL HILL  
Alan Mills
- Band 3: COD LIVER OIL  
Alan Mills
- Band 4: I'M A STRANGER HERE  
Frank Hamilton
- Band 5: I AM A PILGRIM  
Frank Hamilton

THE FOLK MUSIC OF  
THE NEWPORT FOLK FESTIVAL - Vol. 2

- SIDE I FA 2432 A
- Band 1: MIDNIGHT SPECIAL  
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- Band 2: LIVING WITH THE BLUES  
Brownie McGhee and Sonny Terry
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New Lost City Ramblers
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Guy Carawan



SIDE I, Band 1:  
ON THE BANKS OF THE DON  
Sung by O. J. Abbott

On the banks of the Don, there's a dear  
little spot;  
A boarding house proper, where you get  
your meals hot.  
You get fine bread and water and you  
won't pay a cent,  
Your taxes are paid for, your board and  
your rent.

CHORUS:  
So turn out every man of you, all in  
a line.  
From the cell to the stone yard you all  
must keep time.  
You work like a Turk till the bell it  
strikes one,  
In that grand institution just over the  
Don.

If you want to get into that palace so  
neat,  
Take Tangle-foot Whiskey and get drunk  
on the street.  
You'll have a fine family carriage to  
drive you from town,  
To that grand institution just over the  
Don.

(CHORUS)

Our boarders are honest, not one of them  
steal,  
For we count all our knives and forks  
after each meal.  
The windows are airy and barred up  
besides,  
To keep our good boarders from falling  
outside.

(CHORUS)

SIDE I, Band 2:  
BARLEY GRAIN  
Sung by O. J. Abbott with Pete Seeger

Three men went to Derahatay  
To sell three loaves of rye;  
They shouted up and they shouted down  
The barley grain should die.

CHORUS:  
Tiree iggery airy and  
Tiree iggery aye;  
Tiree iggery airy and  
Barley grain for me

Then the farmer came with a big plow,  
He plowed me under the sod.  
The winter it being overrun,  
The summer coming on.

Sure the barley grain shall forth his  
head,  
With a beard like any man.

(CHORUS)

Then the reaper came with a sharp hook,  
He made me no reply;  
He cut me by the whisker  
And cut me above the thigh.

(CHORUS)

Then the binder come with her neat thumb,  
She bound me all around;  
And then they hired a handy man  
To stand me on the ground.

(CHORUS)

Then the pitcher came with a steel fork,  
He pierced it through me heart;  
And like a rover, a highway man,  
They bound me on the cart.

(CHORUS)

Then they drove me to the barn,  
And spread me out on the floor;  
They left me there for a space of time,  
And my beard grew through the floor.

(CHORUS)

Then the thrasher came with a big  
flail,  
He swore he'd break me bones;  
But the miller he used me worse,  
He ground me between two stones.

(CHORUS)

Then they took me out of that,  
And threw me into a well;  
They left me there for three long  
weeks,  
And me belly began to swell.

(CHORUS)

Then they sold me to the brewer,  
And he brewed me on a pan;  
But when I got into the jug,  
I was the strongest man.

(CHORUS)

Then they drank me in the kitchen,  
And they drank me in the hall;  
But the drunkard used me worse,  
He lashed me agin the wall.

(CHORUS)

SIDE I, Band 3:  
I'M A STRANGER HERE  
Sung by Willie Thomas and Butch Cage

I'm a stranger here who just dropped in  
your town,  
I'm a stranger here who just dropped in  
your town,  
Just because I'm a stranger,  
Everybody want to drove me around.

Well, I wonder why some people got to put  
a stranger out so,  
Well, I wonder why some people got to put  
a stranger out so.  
Oh, you all must remember,  
That's the reason why I do so.

I'm a stranger, it's no good if there's  
nothing here that I can do,  
I'm gonna stay up here now, there's  
nothing here that I can do,  
But hang around the corner,  
And sing the Poor Stranger Blues.

Going back south if I wear ninety-nine  
pairs of shoes,  
Going back south if I wear ninety-nine  
pairs of shoes,  
Then I won't have to worry,  
I won't have to drink any more.

Well, I'm going back south if I have to  
wear ninety-nine pairs of shoes,  
Well, I'm going back south if I have to  
wear ninety-nine pairs of shoes,  
Then I won't have to worry,  
I won't have the strength to do.

SIDE I, Band 4:  
44 BLUES  
Sung by Willie Thomas and Butch Cage

Good morning Mister Pawnshopper, as I  
walked in your door,  
Good morning Mister Pawnshopper, as I  
walked in your door.  
I didn't come here for no trouble,  
I just want my forty-four.

I walked all night long with my forty-  
four in my hand,  
I walked all last night with my forty-  
four in my hand.  
I was looking for my woman,  
I found her with another man.

Yeah, my buddy got a forty-five,  
Yeah, my buddy got a forty-five,  
I take my forty-four,  
I laid him in the ...

Good morning Mister Pawnshopper, as I  
walked in your door,  
Good morning Mister Pawnshopper, as I  
walked in your door.  
I didn't come here for no trouble,  
I just want my forty-four.

I walked all night long with my forty-  
four in my hand,  
I walked all last night with a forty-  
four in my hand,  
I was looking for the woman,  
I found her with another man.

I bought a little cabin, cabin number,  
number forty-four,  
I bought a little cabin, cabin number,  
number forty-four.  
When I wake up in the morning,  
Blues is hollering around my door.

Well, I thought I heard that forty-  
four whistle blow,  
Well, I thought I heard that forty-  
four whistle blow.  
And she blowed so long,  
She ain't gonna blow no more.

(Repeat verse one and two.)

SIDE I, Band 5:  
BONNIE BUNCH OF ROSES-O  
Sung by Patrick Clancy

By the margin of the ocean,  
One pleasant evening in the month of  
June,  
When all those feathered songsters  
Their liquids notes did sweetly tune.

It was there I spied a female,  
And on her features the sign of great  
war.  
Conversing with young Bonaparte,  
Concerning the Bonnie Bunch of Roses-o.

Then up speaks young Napoleon,  
And he takes his mother by the hand;  
Saying, "Mother dear be patient,  
Until I'm able to take command.

"I'll raise a mighty army,  
And through tremendous dangers go;  
And ne'er will I return again,  
Till I've conquered the Bonnie Bunch of  
Roses-o.

"When first you saw great Bonaparte,  
You fell upon your bended knees;  
And you asked your father's life of  
him,  
And he granted it right manfully.



"'Twas then he took his army,  
And o'er the frozen Alps he did go;  
And he said, 'I'll conquer Moscow  
And return for the Bonnie Bunch of  
Roses-o."

"He took three hundred thousand men,  
And kings likewise to bear his train.  
He was so well provided for,  
That he could sweep the world for  
gain."

"But when he came to Moscow  
He was overpowered by the sleet and  
snow."

And with Moscow all a-blazing  
He lost the Bonnie Bunch of Roses-o."

"Now, son, be not too venturesome,  
For England is the hard oak.  
And England, Ireland, Scotland,  
Their unity shall ne'er be broke."

"Remember your brave father,  
In Saint Helena he lies low.  
And if you follow after  
Beware of the Bonnie Bunch of Roses-o."

"Oh, mother, adieu forever,  
For I lay on my dying bed.  
If I'd lived I'd have been clever,  
But now I bow my youthful head."

"But when our bones lie mouldering,  
And the weeping willows o'er us do grow,  
The name of Napoleon Bonaparte  
Will enshrine the Bonnie Bunch of  
Roses-o."

SIDE I, Band 6:  
FAIR ELLENDER  
Sung by Mike Seeger

"Father, come father, come riddle to me,  
Come riddle it all at once;  
And tell me whether to marry Fair Ellen  
Or bring the Brown Girl home."

"The Brown Girl she has house and land,  
Fair Ellender, she has none;  
And there I charge you with the blessing  
To bring the Brown Girl home."

He got on his horse and he rode and he  
rode,  
He rode till he come to her home;  
And no one so ready as Fair Ellen herself,  
To rise and bid him in."

"What news have you brought unto me, Lord  
Thomas,  
What news have you brought unto me?"  
"I've come to ask you to my wedding,  
A sorrowful wedding to be."

"Oh, mother, oh, mother, would you go or  
stay?"  
"Fair child do as you please.  
But I'm afraid if you go you'll never  
return,  
To see your dear mother anymore."

She turned around all dressed in white,  
Her sisters' dresses in green;  
And every town that they rode through,  
Took her to be some queen."

They rode and they rode till they come  
to his hall,  
They pulled on the bell and it rang;  
And no one so ready as Lord Thomas himself,  
To rise and bade them in."

Then taking her by her lily-white hand,  
And leading her through the hall;  
Saying, "Fifty gay ladies are here today,  
But here is the flower of all."

The Brown girl, she was standing by,  
With knife both keen and sharp;  
Between the long ribs and the short,  
She pierced Fair Ellender's heart."

Lord Thomas, he was standing by,  
With knife ground keen and sharp;  
Between the long ribs and the short,  
He pierced his own bride's heart."

Then placing the handle against the wall,  
The point against his breast;  
Saying, "This is the ending of three  
true lovers,  
God sends us all to rest."

"Oh, father, oh, father, go dig my grave,  
Go dig it wide and deep;  
And place Fair Ellender in my arms,  
And the Brown Girl at my feet."

SIDE II, Band 1:  
CUMBERLAND MOUNTAIN BEAR CHASE  
Sung by Pete Seeger

Way, way, bound for the mountain, bound  
for the mountain, bound for the  
mountain.  
Over the fields, the hills and the  
fountain,  
Away to the chase, away."

Rover, Rover, see 'em, see 'em!  
Rover, Rover, catch 'em, catch 'em!  
Over the fields the hills, and the  
fountain,  
Away to the chase, away!"

Listen to the hound dogs heavy bass  
Sounding high over the way,  
All night long till the break of dawn,  
Merrily the chase goes on.  
Over the fields the hills and the  
fountain,  
Away to the chase, away!"

Rover, Rover, see 'em, see 'em!  
Rover, Rover, catch 'em, catch 'em!  
Over the mountain, the hills and the  
fountain,  
Away to the chase, away!"

Way, way, bound for the mountain, bound  
for the mountain, bound for the  
mountain  
Over the fields, the hills and the  
fountain,  
Away to the chase, away."

SIDE II, Band 2:  
CITADELL HILL  
Sung by Alan Mills

One day in December, I'll never forget,  
A charming young creature I happily met;  
Her eyes shone like diamonds, she was  
dressed up to kill,  
She went slippin' and trippin' down  
Citadel Hill."

CHORUS:  
And sing faldera doodle-dum,  
Faldera doodle-dum,  
Faldera doodle-dum,  
Lidee-i-day."

Says I, "My fair creature, please do me  
excuse."  
To take my arm she did not refuse.  
With her arm in mine I sure felt a  
thrill,  
And we made it all right down Citadel  
Hill."

(CHORUS)

So early next morning, to church we did  
go,  
It made people talk as well you may  
know;  
Said the priest, "Will you wed?" Says I,  
"Yes we will."  
And so we were buckled on Citadel Hill."

(CHORUS)

So now we are married and of children  
have three,  
But me and the Mrs. can never agree;  
She called one Brigitte, another one Bill,  
But I called the eldest one Citadel Hill."

SIDE II, Band 3:  
COD LIVER OIL  
Sung by Alan Mills

I'm a young married man that is tired of  
life,  
Ten years I've been wed to a sickly wife.  
She does nothing all day but sit down  
and cry,  
A-praying to God she'd get better or die."

CHORUS:  
Oh, Doctor, dear Doctor, oh, Doctor dear  
John,  
Your cod liver oil is so pure and so  
strong.  
I'm afraid of me life, I'll go down to  
the soil,  
If my wife don't stop drinking your cod  
liver oil.  
Cod liver oil, cod liver oil"

Well, an old friend of mine came to see  
me one day.  
He said that me wife she was pinin' away.  
He afterwards told me that she would get  
strong,  
If I got her a bottle from Doctor dear  
John."

(CHORUS)

Well, I got her a bottle, 'twas just for  
to try,  
And the way that she drank it, you'd think  
she was dry.  
I got her another, it vanished the same,  
And now she's got cod liver oil on the  
brain."

(CHORUS)

Well, my house it resembles a big doctor's  
shop,  
'Tis filled up with bottles from bottom to  
top.  
And when in the morning the kettle does  
boil,  
You'd swear it was singing out, "Cod liver  
oil."

(CHORUS)

SIDE II, Band 4:  
I'M A STRANGER HERE  
Sung by Frank Hamilton

Hitch up my pony, saddle up my old gray  
mare,  
Hitch up my pony, saddle up my old gray  
mare.  
I'm gonna build me a nesting  
In this world somewhere."

CHORUS:  
I'm a stranger here, stranger everywhere,  
I would go home, baby, I'm a stranger  
there."



My baby took the Katy, left me a mule to ride,  
My baby took the Katy, left me a mule to ride,  
When that train come along,  
Mule laid down and die.

(CHORUS)

Ain't it hard to stumble, Lord, when  
you've got no place to fall?  
Ain't it hard to stumble, Lord, when  
you've got no place to fall?  
I've been travelin' throughout this wide  
world,  
Lord, I ain't got no place at all.

(CHORUS)

SIDE II, Band 5:

I AM A PILGRIM

Sung by Frank Hamilton

I am a pilgrim and a wearisome traveler,  
Just a-traveling over this world of woe.  
I got a home in that other city, good  
Lord,  
And it's not made, not made by man.

I got a sister, a father and a mother,  
Who have all gone to that other shore.  
I am determined to go and see them,  
Over in that other shore.

As I traveled down to that river of  
Jordan,  
Just to ease my troubled soul.  
If I could touch one hem of His garment,  
Oh, Lord,  
I believe I could be made whole.

(Repeat first verse)

SIDE I, Band 1:

MIDNIGHT SPECIAL

Sung by Brownie McGhee and Sonny Terry

CHORUS:

Oh, let the Midnight Special  
Shine her light on me.  
Let the Midnight Special  
Shine her ever-loving light on me.

Yonder comes Miss Rosie.  
How in the world do you know?  
Well, I know her by her apron  
And the dress she wore;  
Umbrella on her shoulder,  
Piece of paper in her hand;  
Well, she's gonna see the girl ...  
Just to 'lease her man.

(CHORUS)

Oh, when you get up in the morning  
And the big bell rings  
You go a-marching to the table,  
Find the same old thing:  
No forks on the table,  
And nothing in your pan;  
If you say anything about it,  
You have trouble with the man.

(CHORUS)

If you ever go to Houston,  
Boys, you better walk right,  
Well you better not squabble,  
And you better not fight.  
That cop will arrest you,  
He'll sure take you down.  
You can bet your bottom dollar  
You're jail-house bound.

(CHORUS)

Well you wake up in the morning  
Hear the ding dong ring,  
You go a-marching to the table,  
Find the same old thing:  
Flapjacks and molasses  
And that same bit of fat;  
If you say anything about it,  
Well, you wont get that.

(CHORUS)

I was standing at the station  
When my baby got on board.  
I was standing there begging,  
"Baby, please don't go."  
When that train was leaving,  
Miss Rosie inside,  
I couldn't do nothing,  
Hang my head and cry.

(CHORUS)

SIDE I, Band 2:

LIVING WITH THE BLUES

Sung by Brownie McGhee with Sonny Terry

Rocks have been my pillow,  
Cold, cold ground my bed,  
Blue skies my blanket,  
Moonlight, my spread.  
I'm not ashamed.  
Ain't that news?  
I've been living with the blues.

You ever been down,  
You know how I feel;  
Feel like an engine  
Got no driving wheel.  
I'm not ashamed.  
Ain't that news?  
I've been living with the blues.

Rocks have been my pillow,  
Cold ground has been our bed,  
Blue skies have been our blanket,  
We're using moonlight for our spread.

You ever been down,  
You know how I feel;  
Feel just like an engine,  
Ain't got no driving wheel.  
I'm not ashamed.  
Ain't that news?  
I've been living with the blues.

Rocks have been my pillow  
Cold ground has been our bed,  
Blue skies have been our blanket,  
Now moonlight is my spread.

Don't keep on thinking,  
Look what hole I'm in.  
Don't believe I love you,  
Look what a fool I've been.  
I'm not ashamed.  
Ain't that news?  
I've been living with the blues. }3

SIDE I, Band 3: INSTRUMENTAL

SIDE I, Band 4:

HOP HIGH LADIES

New Lost City Ramblers

Did you ever go to a meeting Uncle Joe?  
Did you ever go to a meeting on the  
Did you ever go to a meeting on the  
I don't mind the weather so the wind  
don't blow.

CHORUS:

Hop, high ladies, the cake's all dough }3  
I'm heading uptown, Lord, I'm never gonna  
know.

The prettiest girl that ever I knew  
Was cross-eyed Jane from Kalamazoo.  
She was long, lean, and lank with great  
big legs.  
And she walked, she was walking on soft-  
boiled eggs.

SIDE I, Band 5:

TAKE A DRINK ON ME

New Lost City Ramblers

Now, what did you do with the gun in your  
hand?  
Gave it to a rattler and shot a good man,  
Oh, Lord, come and take a drink on me.

CHORUS:

Take a drink on me, a drink on me.  
All of you around take a drink on me.  
Oh, Lord, come and take a drink on me.

You keep on stalling, you make me think  
Your daddy was a ... your mother was a...  
Oh, Lord, come and take a drink on me.

(CHORUS)

Now you see that gal with a ..... on?  
She's good-lookin' just as sure's you're  
born.

(CHORUS)

Now, what did you do with the gun in your  
hand?  
Gave it to a rattler and shot a good man,  
Oh, Lord, come and take a drink on me.

SIDE I, Band 6:

AS I WAS OUT WALKING

Frank Warner

As I was out walking one morning in May,  
I met a fair couple a-making their way,  
And one was a lady and a fair one was she,  
And the other was a soldier, and a brave  
one was he. (2)

"Where are you a-going my pretty fair  
maid?"  
Just down by the river, just down by  
the shade,  
Just down by the river, just down by  
the spring,  
See the wild rushin' waters, hear the  
nightingale sing." (2)

They hadn't been there but an hour or so,  
Till out of his satchel took a fiddle and  
bow.  
He played up a tune and made the wood  
ring,  
She said, "Hark! Hark! Hear the  
nightingale sing!" (2)

She said, "Pretty soldier will you marry  
me?"

"Oh, no fair maiden, that never can be.  
I've a wife in Kentucky, and children  
has she  
One wife and nine children, it's plenty  
for me." (2)

SIDE I, Band 7:

FOD!

Frank Warner

As I went down to the mowin' field,  
Hoori toori, fodle dig-a-di-do,  
As I went down to the mowin' field, Fod!  
As I went down to the mowin' field,  
A big black snake took her by the heel.  
Too-hoo ra-lee day.



I fell down upon the ground,  
Hoori toori, fodle dig-a-di-do,  
I fell down upon the ground, Fod!  
I fell down upon the ground,  
Closed my eyes and looked all around.  
Too-hoo ra-lee day.

Climbed upon a stump to take my rest,  
Hoori toori, fodle dig-a-di-do,  
Climbed upon a stump to take my rest, Fod!  
Climbed upon a stump to take a rest,  
Looked like a woodchuck sittin' on a nest,  
Too-hoo ra-lee day.

Well, woodchuck grinned a banjo song,  
Hoori toori, fodle dig-a-di-do,  
Well, woodchuck grinned a banjo song, Fod!  
Well, woodchuck grinned a banjo song,  
And along came a skunk with his breeches  
on.  
Too-hoo ra-lee day.

Well, the woodchuck and skunk got into a  
fight,  
Hoori toori, fodle dig-a-di-do,  
Well, the woodchuck and skunk got into a  
fight, Fod!  
Well, the woodchuck and skunk got into a  
fight,  
And they fumed so high, they put out the  
light.  
Too-hoo ra-lee day.

SIDE I, Band 8:  
ASHEVILLE JUNCTION  
Frank Warner

Ashville Junction, Swannanoa tunnel,  
That's my home, babe, that's my home.

I going back to Swannanoa tunnel, Lord,  
That's my home, babe, that's my home.

Last December, well I remember,  
How the wind blowed cold, baby, how the  
wind blowed cold.

I'm a-falling from my shoulder, Lord,  
Lord,  
All day long, babe, all day long.

SIDE II, Band 1:  
RAKE AND A RAMBLING BLADE  
Sung by Fleming Brown

Oh, they call me the rake and the ramblin'  
blade,  
Eastern shore I lived on.  
Spent my money and learned my trade,  
They call me the rake and the ramblin'  
blade.

Well, I come here spending money free,  
Went to the bars, went to play.  
At last my money grew very low,  
And then to the highway I did go.

Well, a pretty little miss, sixteen years  
old

Passed by as new spun gold.  
The prettiest face, the neatest hands,  
I love that ground where on she stands.

Well I robbed de Lilts, I do declare,  
Robbed him at Saint James Square;  
Robbed him of five thousand pounds,  
If I'd a listened to my comrade say.

Well, now I am condemned to die,  
Many a man for me will cry.  
Pretty Molly weeped, teared down her hair,  
A lady alone left in despair.

Well, give me a ticket to Greenville  
town,  
Get on board and I'll sit down.  
We will turn the engine in a hole,  
It'll take eight months to get home.

Papa, give me some paper, and it's I'll  
sit down,  
Drop two lines to Commander Brown.  
Every word will be the truth,  
You pray for the governor to turn me  
loose.

My father weeps, he maketh moan,  
Mama cries, "My darling son",  
All their weeping, it won't help me,  
Or save me from that gallows tree.

Well, now I'm dead, laid in my grave,  
A final joy sweeps over my head.  
All around my grave-plate, tunes of joy,  
And away goes the rake and ramblin' boy.

SIDE II, Band 2:  
TOM HUBBARD  
Sung by Fleming Brown

Tom Hubbard was not guilty, I've heard  
a great many say,  
Tom Hubbard was not guilty, I've heard  
a great many say.  
He was not in this country, he was ninety  
miles away.

He traveled through this country of  
sorrow and distress,  
He traveled through this country of  
sorrow and distress  
Till the rebels overtook him, and in  
chains he's bound away.

They whipped him o'er the mountains,  
they whipped him o'er the hills.  
To the place of execution, Lord, he  
begged to write his will.

They threw the coils around him, they  
bound him to a tree,  
Eleven balls went through him, Lord,  
his body shrunk away.

SIDE II, Band 3:  
TALKING DUST BOWL  
Sung by John Greenway

Well, back in 1957, I had a little farm  
And I called it heaven.  
Prices up and the rains come down,  
I took my crops all into town  
And got my money.  
Bought clothes for the children  
And raised a big family.

Then the rains stopped and the winds  
blew high,  
And that black old dust storm filled  
the sky.

I traded my farm for a Ford machine,  
Filled it full of this here gasoline,  
And we started rocking and rolling  
'Cross the deserts and the mountains  
Out of the dust-bowl, out to the peach  
bowl,  
Out to California.

Well, way up yonder on a mountain road,  
With a hot motor and a heavy load,  
I was rolling right along, wasn't even  
stopping,  
Hopping up and down like popcorn popping  
Then it happened - had a breakdown,  
Kind of a nervous bustdown;  
The mechanic fellow there he charged me  
eighteen dollars,  
Said it was engine trouble.

Well, way up yonder on a mountain road,  
Way up yonder in the piney wood,  
Give that rolling Ford a shove,  
Gonna coast just as far as I could.  
Commence to coasting - Mexican  
overdrive  
Come a hair-pin turn - I didn't quite  
make it.

Well, man alive, I'm telling you,  
Them fiddles and the guitars really flew.  
The Ford took off like a flying squirrel,  
Flew half way around this world,  
Scattered wives and children all over  
that mountain.

Well, I got to California so dad gum  
broke,  
So dad gum hungry I thought I'd croak.  
I bummed a sweater or two,  
My wife she cooked a 'tater stew.  
We poured the kids full of it,  
They looked like a tribe of thermometers  
running around.

Lord, now I swear to you that was surely  
some mighty thin stew,  
So darn thin, what I mean -  
You could read a magazine right through  
it,  
Pictures too, see naked women,  
Pretty whiskey bottles.

Always thought, though, always figured,  
That damn stew had just been a little  
bit thinner,  
Some of these here politicians, I mean  
the honest ones,  
Could have seen through it.

SIDE II, Band 4:  
WE SHALL OVERCOME  
Sung by Guy Carawan

We shall overcome,  
We shall overcome,  
We shall overcome someday.  
Deep in my heart,  
I do believe,  
We shall overcome someday.

The truth will make us free,  
The truth will make us free,  
The truth will make us free someday.  
Deep in my heart,  
I do believe,  
The truth will make us free someday.

We'll walk hand in hand,  
We'll walk hand in hand,  
We'll walk hand in hand someday.  
Deep in my heart,  
I do believe,  
We'll walk hand in hand someday.

(Repeat first verse)