# Frank Hamilton Sings Folk Songs



Ikways Records 64 2437



Band 1: WORRIED, MAN BLUES / 12-String Guitar
Band 2: NOBODY KNOWS YOU WHEN YOU'RE DOWN AND OUT / Guitar
Band 3: SUN'S GONNA SHINE IN MY BACK DOOR SOMEDAY / Harmonica
Band 4: PRETTY POLLY / Banjo
Band 5: JOHN HARDY / Guitar
Band 6: GREENSLEEVES / Guitar

Band 1: UTAH CARROLL / Guitar Band 2: GEORDIE / Guitar Band 3: JOHN HENRY / Bottle-Neck style Guitar Band 4: BOIL THEM CABBAGES DOWN / Banjo Band 5: THINGS ABOUT COMING MY WAY / Harmonica and Guitar

Frank Hamilton Sings Folk Songs

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

# FRANK HAMILTON

### SINGS FOLK SONGS

A new slant on traditional folk songs and blues. 10 self-accompanied vocals, and Greensleeves with improvised variations (guitar solo). Featuring guitar, 12-string guitar, banjo and harmonica. All sung and played by Frank Hamilton without assisting artists. Recorded at Hall Recording Studio, Chicago, under the supervision of Raeburn Flerlage, who photographed the session for Folkways.

Notes by Ray Flerlage.

Background material by Frank Hamilton and Ray Flerlage.

"My brain can't come up with any concise short statement of how I feel about Frank's genius. However, genius it certainly is. He's creative, he's conscientious he's sincere -- if there is anything he does not have I would say it's simply the time for some of the magnificent ideas in his head to simmer down. He is like a tremendous complicated and spicy stew that has to hoil a long time before the various ingredients are thoroughly mixed ... Maybe the simplest thing is to say that I think Frank Hamilton is one of the greatest musicians I've ever met!"

- Pete Seeger



photo by Raeburn Flerlage

#### By Ray Flerlage

Too often, the most basic considerations are ignored in the heat of strongly-contested controversies. This often seems to be the case when the relative merits of folk singers are discussed--particularly when the subject is the performances by singers to whom the material is indigenous as against the performances of those to whom it is second or third-hand (as from books or records, for example).

The greatest folk singers can themselves seldom limit their repertories strictly to material out of their own experience or family and regional backgrounds. Leadbelly himself absorbed and presented new material as long as he lived, and his naive wrestling with songs whose backgrounds were farthest from his own family and regional cultures often produced results that could only be described as amusing.

In our own day, Ewan MacColl appears to be attempting the embrace of all the myriads of English-speaking traditions--and with unbelievably impressive results. Pete Seeger is another example of a tradition-steeped singer whose own "family" tradition is now so deeply buried in those of the peoples and lands with whom he feels a personal involvement (which is to say the world), that it would be difficult to say which single regional or national tradition lies closest to his heart, voice, or fingers.

It becomes increasingly difficult to produce impressive arguments in support of the old view that an artist's most honest and convincing expression lies in the regions closest to his home. As the world grows smaller, a greater number of individuals can accommodate larger areas within their hearts. Many times, the zealousness with which an "outsider" seeks every available scrap of information or knowledge in his driving need to become steeped in a tradition or culture attractive or valuable to him, produces an understanding and "feel" for that tradition far deeper and in many ways more genuine than that of the home-grown "insider", who so often takes it for granted--more than likely with some indifference.

Actually, many "traditional" singers who resist the change of the smallest syllable, beat, nuance, stress or pronunciation, do so as much from lack of imagination or sheer laziness as from reverence for the tradition under whose influence they perform. By "freezing" the form, style, melody, and text of each number contained in their songbag, this type of traditionalist actually exerts a deathlock on the art they pretend to serve, since it is not only axiomatic but redundant that an art must be living to be alive. The genuine folksong requires a certain sense of spontaneity and freshness, as well as a feeling of deep personal involvement (with whatever "reserve" it may be expressed) to genuinely "reach" the listener.

Which of us has not heard, with aching disappointment, the 1962 version by a revered performer of a song deeply moving in its 1940 version but now almost totally empty? More often than not, every word, nuance, stress and effect has been memorized and repeated verbatim. The new recording is identical with the old except that Hi Fi or Stereo has been added. All that it lacks is honest feeling and personal involvement; only its life has been taken away.

What it really seems to boil down to is not whether a California song is sung by a Californian, a Tennessee song by a Tennesseenian, or an African song by an African, but how deeply the song is felt and how convincingly projected by a performer with a genuine knowledge and feeling for the people and the tradition from which the song sprang. One of our Great Brains once came up with the phrase, "It's not what you do, it's the way that you do it.' This may prove to be one of the keys to our dilemma. If an indigenous-traditional singer smothers a song that he and his family have lived with a couple of centuries in region from which it came, his performance can have neither the value nor validity of that by an adoptive-traditional singer who brings the song to life with dignity, strength, and the power to relate and communicate to the listener.

This is not to say that there are not still a few great performers (Rich Amerson is a prime example) who work with moving power only "in their own back yards." But it is important to note that in their continuing ability to incorporate improvisatory decorations, as well as pitch and dynamic variations according to their feelings at the time of performance, they actually show closer kinship to

the best of the adoptive-traditionalists (like Ewan MacColl, Harry Jackson, Jack Elliot, Pete and Mike Seeger and Frank Hamilton among others) whose knowledge and technique frees them for improvisation and variation, than to the "frozen" indigenous traditionalists.

Of all the multiple-tradition singers now before the public, Frank Hamilton exhibits improvisational powers of greater freedom, strength, musicality and spontaneity than any I have ever heard. During the present recording session, four "takes" would almost invariably represent four different performances -- a phenomenon not unfamiliar in jazz (Frank started as a jazz trombonist), but seldom encountered in the field of folk music. Sometimes the text would be changed noticeably--whole sentences and ideas, rather than just single words. Again a powerful instrumental intro would be dropped and in its place a totally different but often equally impressive idea built to equal intensity. A postlude, a final chord, a bridge, a portion of the melody itself, a stress or direction of the voice-all would emerge as an unpredictable, un-"frozen", living expression.

When we were through, Frank mentioned a pologetically that some of the text might not have emerged as they appeared in his typed performing texts. "The element of improvisation took over," he observed almost ruefully.

To which I could only shake my head and say AMEN! It had been one of the most stimulating and revealing sessions in my experience.

Diggin' the Roots with FRANK HAMILTON

BOOKLET PART II (BIOGRAPHICAL)

Frank Hamilton was born in New York City on August 3, 1934. His father had died before his birth. While he was still an infant, he and his mother moved to Los Angeles, where Frank grew up.

Frank's mother, a pianist and composer as well as a modern dance instructor of children, produced several of the scores used by the Lester Horton Dance Theatre, for whom she worked. Frank's uncle was a bassoonist in the Santa Monica Symphony.

Frank was first exposed to folk music during his early teens, through the concerts promoted by Edna Moore. After the performances there were generally folk get-togethers at which Frank became acquainted with many of the country's outstanding folk singers as well as the local talent. Before long he numbered among the friends and acquaintances Woody Guthrie, Cisco Houston, Guy Carawan, Jack Elliot, Odetta, Katie Lee, Marsha Berman, Derroll Adams, Rich Dehr, Will Geer, Frank Miller and the Weavers.

During the college production of Finian's Rainbow, Frank approached Woody Guthrie to teach him to play the harmonica like Sonny Terry. Woody patiently spent the rest of the afternoon, "just apickin' and ablowin'", and showing Frank how it was done. Frank today is one of the finest harmonicists in the folk field, reminding even Moe Asch of Woody.

One of the greatest influences of this period, and of his life, was Bess Hawes, in Frank's opinion one of the most individual and important performers in the country. "Definitely a great folk singer," he says to this day.

It was while teaching at the folk music school run in L.A. by Bess and her husband Butch that Frank (who took over the advanced guitar classes in 1950) evolved many of the ideas later incorporated into the programs of the Old Town School of Folk Music in Chicago, which Frank now heads.

Oddly enough, it was as a trombonist that Frank earned the money for his first guitar. He had been playing in the Meremblum Symphony Orchestra and got a job as sideline musician in the movie, "Mr. Soft Touch." He started playing fourth trombone in the L.A. City College Dance Band, and "sitting in" with Dixieland and modern jazz groups. He remembers that Zutty Singleton used to call him "Bone Face" (a name fit for Dick Tracy if ever there was one).

Frank began to study guitar at 16, and by 1952 had formed a folk trio with Guy Carawan (voice, guitar). Frank played banjo, guitar, mandolin and harmonica, sharing the vocals with the others. They started touring the southern states, and Frank has vivid memories of following the Bunk Johnson-George Lewis band around to hear one of his idols, Jim Robinson.

This city-bred trio styled itself "The Dusty Road Boys" and used as its theme Woody Guthrie's "Going Down This Old Dusty Road. Some of their experiences in the South were eye-openers. Once at a southern radio station they were

introduced first as the Delta Road Boys and a few minutes later as the Delta Rhythm Boys. At the Ashville, N.C., Folk Festival, they were introduced by a nationally respected folk singer of genuine stature with these words:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I'd like to present to you three Jew kids from New York!" The youthful trio of worshipful folk followers, "deeply imbued with the college folk music ideology implanted by such romantic folk wanderers as Woody Guthrie", was finding that the world was less than a paradise, and that much of the South less than the rest in the love of its fellow men.

They went one day to the home of the great Bascom Lamar Lunsford. The famous man was sitting in the living room with his feet up on a table, playing his banjo.

"Well, boys," he said, "sing us some progressive songs!"

Jack Elliot, taking him at his word, sang something from John Greenway's Folk Songs of Protest.

Guy Carawan, ventured modestly that they were "just a few city boys--just college boys down from New York City."

At the word "city"--which Frank recalls affected some of the southerners as a red flag affects a bull, a big, booming voice sounded from a tent on the nearby hillside.

"YOU BOYS COMMUNISTS?"

And out stepped a little, short, ruddy man--peering at them as though at the Devil himself.

Lunsford began to complain of the folk singers who'd "gone on this left wing thing," and singled out Pete Seeger as a prime target.
"He's changed all the meanings--like Penny's Farm and others like that!" he fumed.

A little while later the mailman arrived and Lunsford sauntered out to get a package. He returned looking stunned. In his hand was a copy of his latest record, just arrived from New York. The writer of the notes--Pete Seeger!

While in Virginia, they went to Clinch Mountain to meet another living folk legend.

"We walked down the tracks to where they ended in weeds. There at the end was a man, sitting with his hat pulled down over his face, looking like he was part of the scenery. It was A.P. Carter." Recalling those days, Frank reflects on the various influences that produced the ideologies of a whole generation of folk singers. Among these, he feels, were the writings of Jack Kerouac, Grapes of Wrath and other Steinbeck books, as well as some of F. Scott Fitzgerald and Hemingway-all of which contributed to the development of the Beatnick philosophy.

To a degree, he feels, Whitman and Sandburg influenced the minds of American youth also--instilling the idea of travelling romanticism: "the American wandering prototype, the itinerent musician, the migratory worker, carry-overs from the Depression--always with the element of romanticism attached to it."

This helped to bring about the People's Songs movement, and to influence many singers too young ever to have heard of that or other pioneering movements or groups. "Everybody I know in folk music has gone through this stage", Frank reflected.

Much of Kerouac's work was itself under the influence of Woody Guthrie's Bound for Glory, Frank feels.
"Woody's was more honest because it came out of his life. Kerouac tried to create the experiences of his characters without having felt them himself. Woody didn't romanticise or pseudoromanticise, the way Kerouac did."

After the southern tour, the boys went back to L.A., where Frank started working with Bess Hawes-teaching guitar, and appearing in concerts with people like Odetta, Rolf Cahn and Joe March. Around 1954, Guy Carawan and Frank were called to substitute for the Terriers, backing up Vince Martin on a tour and in record sessions. Their expenses were paid to New York, but when the bubble burst they were on their own.

Frank worked as accompanist to singer Al Wood, and recorded the Art of the Five String Banjo with Billy Faier, but he found the entertainment business, in its New York manifestations, more ruthless than anything he had known or imagined.

Frank was glad to get out of New York. He did, however, carry with him a number of memories of strange experiences, people, and encounters. He remembers millionaire Michael Grace, head of the Grace, Steamship Lines, who used to shut himself up in a room with nothing but a piano, hoping to grind out the big "pop hit" of the day. He remembers the eccentric who used to throw dollar bills at taxi drivers at crowded intersections in a grim effort to

force them to stop. And the huge statue depicting the Shrine of Fatima, built outside the 16th floor offices of one of his temporary benefactors.

But the benefactions were few. Frank wanted to move his scene, but he had no desire to return to L.A., which he had come to regard as "culturally dead." New York, while perhaps more "alive" in this area than any other U.S. city, was not to his liking, but he understood that Chicago was "swinging." He headed for the Windy City.

That this was the right move was evidenced by the fact that immediately upon his arrival, Frank made a connection with the famed Gate of Horn, which has continued until the present writing. At first he worked with Bob Gibson, but later had the opportunity to work with many artists of serious stature.

He also made the most important single connection of his life.

"I was kind of near-sighted then. I was staying with Bog Gibson in an apartment on the Near North Side. A fellow named Nate Lofton came to visit Bob, and brought a young lady with him. I later found out that it was his sister, Sheila.

"Well, as I said, I was kind of near-sighted, and that whole period is kind of a blur. It took a little while to separate the sheep from the goats.

"But one day I happened to put on my glasses, and there she was! It was Sheila, and I'd known her for a long time now, but this was the first time I'd really seen her. She was beautiful!

"Bob tried, of course, but Sheila was pretty selective," Frank concluded with an unexpectedly humorous, meaningful sidelong glance through his thick glasses. Which was understandable-for he married the beautiful Sheila Lofton, and is now the beaming head of the Hamilton Clan of four."

It was also in Chicago that Frank realized what romantics would call a "lifetime dream." While teaching in suburban Oak Park at the home of Mrs. Dawn Greening, he was observed by an impressed Win Stracke, one of the pioneers of the Chicago folk music movement and an established performer on radio, TV, and the concert stage. Win got the idea of establishing a Chicago folk music school built around the idea of "social teaching" with which Frank was already familiar from the days with Bess Hawes. Before long the

Old Town School of Folk Music, one of the most important influences of its kind in the country, was established. Frank was head of the faculty.

Frank Hamilton is a very fluent individual, in spite of what seems at first to be an inordinate modesty amounting almost to insecurity. His position as one of the greatest folk instrumentalists in the country seems not yet to have penetrated. This in itself lends a pleasant freshness to his expressions of opinion.

"My idea of what makes a good folk singer is not how well they sing, or how good a musician they are, so much as how much they understand-about the people and what the song means-the significance and the roots. Remembering dates, and how many recordings there are and when they were made-all of that is not so important.

"A good singer is interested in knowing what a phrase means--"easy rider," "salty dog," and others like that. What is the meaning? The original significance of some phrases is so risque that even Barbara Dane would hesitate to sing out the real meanings. The average classically-trained singer won't bother to ferret out the words. But it's my feeling that if they're not that much interested in the words, they're not that much interested in the rested in the music.

"Jack Elliot, who has practically no technical or theoretical musical knowledge, is one of the few who can convey the feeling of the blues as well as Anglo-American folk songs-or English cockney, for that matter. Jack goes into the communities and absorbs the traditions. This is what makes him one of the greatest American folk artists we have.

"Pete Seeger is another who really goes out of his way to get to the meaning of songs--their "feel" or tradition. It is that kind of inquisitiveness and true appreciation of folk music that makes it possible to carry on the tradition of Alan Lomax and his father."

Frank rates Alan Lomax and Pete Seeger at the top of the modern folk giants.

"They are the two most important figures in the revitalization of folk music in this country," he says flatly.

Other Hamilton "ratings" at random:

Of Big Bill Broonzy: "What a guy! One of the greatest guitarists and blues singers who ever lived! The greatest true representative of his cultural tradition."

He rates Earl Scruggs as "a real musician", Josh White as "one of the greatest guitar players I've ever known, and Bess Hawes as "definitely a great folk singer-with one of the most individual voices and singing styles I've ever heard."

Frank particularly admires these other musicians and folk music pioneers: Moses Asch (Responsible for the recording of the most important folk catalogue in existance); Pete Steele, Buell Kazee, Lead Belly, Blind Willie Johnson, the Carter Family, the Pilgrim Travellers, Woody Guthrie, "Uncle Dave" Macon, Margaret Barry, Jeannie Robertson, Clarence Ashley, Doc Boggs, Lightning Hopkins, The Clancy Brothers, Tommy Maken, Rich Amerson and Frank Warner.

In the area of jazz, Frank is impressed by John Coltrane, whom he feels to be "carrying on in many ways where Charlie Parker and Big Bill Broonzy left off. Coltrane lives with and for his horn, says Frank: the horn is part of him. His dedication places him a sharp contrast to a few of the "phonies" now so prominent on the scene and hailed as "great innovators", "trail blazers", "too complex to be under-stood," and the like of the most prominent of these, Frank had nothing but contempt. "He's an absolute fraud -- a hoaxe, really! There's always a group trying hard not to let anybody get by without recognition, and they're taken in by the pretensions of something they don't understand. But \*\*\*\* is just a complete fraud! He's taking them in. It's Coltrane who's the real innovator.

"Parker was about the greatest. He had the most facile melodic invention. He made the saxophone play music that had never existed—notes that simply weren't in the horn!" His best recordings were his early ones, Frank feels, with "Bird Catches the Worm" an all-time great. "But he played on club dates better than he ever did on record dates."

Other jazz figures rates highly by the ex-jazz trombonist are Thelonious Monk, Miles Davis, and John Lewis. Lewis, however is "awful neo-classical--too influenced by the classical school to carry on his own tradition. But he's a good musician."

So far as classical music goes, Frank feels that American composers are on the wrong track. None is so deeply steeped in their folk traditions as was Bela Bartok, for. example, who used to have himself pulled around his native Hungary (in spite of frail health), recording the folk music of his country. Nor do we have a composer as strongly welded to the folk traditions as Villa-Lobos, that rare example of a street musician who "made good."

"My theory is that a good classical music can only be built on music of this nature. I feel that the atonalists are on the wrong track. They don't have an emotional foundation for their music. But it's on material of this nature" (referring to folk music) "that the future of classical music in the United States is going to rest."

#### SIDE I, Band 1: WORRIED MAN BLUES

(Voice with 12-string guitar)

#### CHORUS:

It takes a worried man to sing a worried song,

It takes a worried man to sing a worried song,

It takes a worried man to sing a worried song,

I'm worried now, but I won't be worried long.

I went down to the river, and I lay down to sleep (3)
When I awoke, I had shackles on my feet.

#### (CHORUS)

Twenty nine links of chain around my leg, (3) And on each link, an initial of my name.

#### (CHORUS)

I asked the judge, "What's gonna' be my fine?" (3) "Twenty long years on the Rowan County Line."

(CHORUS)

SOURCE: Although this song is generally associated with the Carter Family, I tried to interpret it more in the Afro-American tradition, involving the chain gang style of performance, influenced by Leadbelly and his 12-string guitar accompaniment. (F.H.)

SIDE I, Band 2: NOBODY KNOWS YOU

WHEN YOU'RE DOWN
AND OUT.

(Voice and Guitar)

Once I lived the life of a millionaire,

Spending all my money and I did not care.

Taking my friends out for a very good time,

Buying high priced whiskey, gage and wine.

Then I began to fall so low, Didn't have a friend, and no place to go, If I ever get my hands on a dollar again, I'm gonna hold on to it 'til

the eagle grins.

(CHORUS)

Nobody knows you when you're down and out. In my pocket, not one penny,

And my friends -- I haven't any. If I ever get up on my feet again, Everyone wants to be your longlost friend,

It's strange to see, but without a doubt,

Nobody knows you when you're down and out.

SOURCE: A caberet (nice word for whore house) song, which was probably written for Bessie Smith. The cabaret style of blues is less subject to change than its country cousin. It's more sophisticated than the rural blues, in that it employs a more elaborate chordal structure--influenced by jazz musicians. The words are generally taken from rural blues. C.C. Rider and Loveless Love are examples of the cabaret blues, in which entertainment value is stressed, aside from the natural and unselfconscious

SIDE I, Band 3: SUN'S GONNA SHINE

approach of the tradition-

al blues singer. (F.H.)

(Voice and harmonica)

Sun's gonna' shine on my back door some day. (2) South wind's gonna' rise, Baby, and blow my blues away.

I've been down so long, it looks like up to me. (2) If I had all the whiskey I could drink, I'd be just like a duck in the sea.

I'd rather drink muddy water, sleep in a hollow log, Than to be down in New York City, starvin' like a dirty dog.

Sun's gonna' shine in my back door some day. (2) South wind's gonna' rise, Baby and blow my blues away.

SOURCE: Country or rural blues verses. (F.H.)

SIDE I, Band 4: PRETTY POLLY

(Voice with banjo)

I used to be a rambler and stay out late at night, I used to be a rambler and stay out late at night.

I courted Pretty Polly and her beauty's never been found.

Pretty Polly, Pretty Polly, won't you come along with me? (2) I have some pleasures I want you to

He hed her over hills and valleys so deep. At length Pretty Polly began for to weep.

"Oh Willie, Oh Willie, I'm afraid of your ways! "Your mind is to ramble and lead me astray!"

"Pretty Polly, Pretty Polly, you're guessin' about right. "I dug on your grave two thirds of last night!"

They went a little further and what did they spy? A fresh duggen grave with a spade lying by.

He stabbed her to the heart 'til her warm blood did flow. (2) And into the grave Pretty Polly did go.

He threw the dirt over her and turned away to go. He left her to lie in the valley

Oh Willie, Oh Willie, there's Hell for to pay (2) For killin' Pretty Polly and runnin' away.

Influences of Doc Boggs SOURCE: on the album "Listen to Our Story." The arrange-ment and the rest of the musical conception are my own. (F.H.)

SIDE I, Band 5: JOHN HARDY

(Voice with guitar)

John Hardy was a desperate little man, He carried a razor every day.

He shot a man down on the West Virginia line--Oughta seen John Hardy get away.

John Hardy stood at the gamblin' table, Had no interest in the game. Along came a B-gal and threw a dollar down,

Said, "Deal John Hardy in the

John Hardy took the B-Gal's money And then began to play. Said, "The man that wins this bar gal's dollar, I'll lay him in his lonesome grave."

John Hardy drew a four card straight, His opponent drew a pair. John failed to catch and the other fellow won,

But he left him sitting dead in his chair.

John Hardy stood in the barroom door So drunk he couldn't see. Along come a sheriff and took him by the hand, Sayin', "Johnny, come along with me."

John Hardy's father came to him, Come for to go his bail. No bail was allowed for a murderin' man, So they threw John Hardy back in jail.

John Hardy had a pretty little wife, The dress she wore was blue, She cried out with a loud little shout, "Johnny, I been true to you!"

John Hardy had a lovin' little wife, And children she had three, But he cared no more for his wife and his child Than he did for the rocks in the sea.

John Hardy he stood in the cell block (door), Tears runnin' out a' each eye, Looks up to Heaven says, "God, I'm ready to die.

"I've been to the Eas' and I've been to the West, "Been this whole world 'round, "Been to the river and I been baptized, "Now I'm on my hangin' ground."

They took John Hardy to his hangin' ground, They hung him there to die, The last words I ever heard him say Was, "My forty odd never told a lie."

SOURCE: Lomax: Folk Song, U.S.A.

SIDE I, Band 6: GREENSLEEVES

(Theme with improvised variations)

Guitar Solo

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Greensleeves is one of the oldest known songs currently active in the repertories of singers and instrumentalists of widely differing backgrounds. The tune has been used as vehicle for over eighty known texts.

Mentioned more than once in Shakespeare's plays, Greensleeves was a favorite of recorder players, lutenists, and guitarists among others—then and now. There is a classical Fantasia on Greensleeves currently in the symphonic repertory, which originated in Ralph Vaughan Williams' seldom-performed "Falstaff" opera, Sir John in Love.

An approximation of the usual text is given below, although no text is sung in the present recording:

Alas, my love, you do me wrong, To cast me off discourteously: And I have love'd you so long, Delighting in your company.

CHORUS:

Greensleeves was all my joy, Greensleeves was my delight: Greensleeves was my heart of gold, And who but my Lady Greensleeves? (R.F.)

SIDE II, Band 1: UTAH CARROLL

(Voice with guitar)

You ask me my kind friends, why I am sad and still,
Brow is always dark as a cloud upon the hill.
Rein in your ponies closer, I'll tell you all the tale,
Of Utah Carroll, partners, and his last ride on the trail.

'Twas among the cactus and thistles, in Mexico's fair land, Where the čattle roams in thousands, with many a different brand; There's a grave without a headstone, without a date or name In silence sleeps my partner, in the land from whence I came.

We were rounding up one morning; our work was almost done
When all those cattle started on a wild and maddened run,
And the boss' little daughter, who was holding on her side,
Rushed in to turn those cattle-'twas there my partner died.

In the saddle of the pony where the boss' daughter sat,

Utah that very morning had placed a red blanket,

That the saddle might be easier for Lenore, our little friend, The blanket that he placed there

brought my partner's life to

Lenore rushed in her pony to the cattle on the right,

The blanket slipped beneath her, caught her stirrup and held there tight.

Now there's nothing on the cow range will make the cattle fight

As quick as some red object when waving in their sight.

When the cattle saw the blanket, almost dragging on the ground, They were maddened in a moment and started with a bound.

When the cowboys saw the blanket, we each one held our breath:

Now should her pony fail her, none could save Lenore from death.

When she saw those threatening cattle, she turned her pony's face. And leaned from out the saddle to fix

the blanket in its place. In leaning she lost her balance, fell

before that welling tide-"Lie still, Lenore, I'm coming!" were
the words my partner cried.

About fifteen yards behind her Utah
(he) came riding fast;
He little thought that moment that

He little thought that moment that ride would be his last.

Oft' times from out the saddle he'd caught the trailing rope:

To save Lenore from dying, she was his only hope.

As he approached the maiden with a sure and steady bound,

He leaned from out the saddle and caught her in his arms.

Low he swung past us, he caught her in his arms--

I thought my pard successful: Lenore was safe from harm.

Such weight upon the cinches was never felt before.

The front cinch burst asunder--he fell beside Lenore.

When Lenore fell from the pony, she dragged the blanket down,

And now it lays beside her, as she lay upon the ground.

Utah picked up the blanket. Again, "Lie still," he said.

As he ran across the prairie, he waved it over his head.

As he ran across the prairie, the cowboys gave a cry:

He had saved the boss' daughter, but we knew that he must die.

He had turned those threatening cattle from Lenore, our little friend.

As down they rushed upon him, he turned to meet the end;
As down they rushed upon him, Utah

As down they rushed upon him, Utal his pistol (he) drew; (V

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He was bound to fight while dying as a cowboy praised and true.

His pistol flashed like lightning, the report rang loud and clear, As down they rushed upon him, he

dropped the leading steer.
As down they rushed upon him, my
partner had to fall--

No more he'll cinch a bronco or give the cattle call.

He died upon the ranch, boys, it seemed so awful hard--

I couldn't make the distance in time to save my pard.

When we broke within the circle upon the ground he lay

'Mid dust and wounds and bruises; his young life slipped away.

As I knelt down beside him, I knew his life was o'er.

I heard him whisper plainly, "Goodbye, my love Lenore!"

Those were his last words spoken; he's crossed the end of the trail.

He closed his eyes in silence; his face grew deathly pale.

As we close the final roundup at the Master's stern command, Our tears flow down in silence as we clasped each others' hand,

We had rode that range over, we had ridden side by side--

I loved him as a brother; I'll look for him at night.

It was on Sunday morning I heard the preacher say,

"I don't think your young partner will be lost on that Great Day.

He was only a roving cowboy, and ready there to die;

I think that Utah Carroll has a home beyond the sky."

SOURCE: Dr.Austin Fife of Occidental College first introduced me to Utah
Carroll by playing some
field recordings he had
collected of cowboy songs
in Utah. I think he includes this text in his
Songs of Sage and Saddle
(approximate title of
Dr. Fife's published
book devoted to cowboy
songs). (F.H.)

(It is suggested that the reader compare both this performance and text with Harry Jackson's version on Folkways FH 5723; both similarities and differences are instructive.) SIDE II, Band 2: GEORDIE

(Voice and Guitar)

Is I went out to Lonecastle fair to pray for the life of Geordie, 0, "Twas there I spied a fair young maid, Sayin', "Save the life of Geordie, 0."

"Go saddle up my milk-white steed,
"Go saddle up my pony, 0,
"For I must ride for many a mile
"To save the life of Geordie, 0."

Now, George he stood before the bar, Sayin' "I never killed nobody, 0, "But I stole six of the king's horses fair, 'And sold them at Gilhooley, 0."

he oldest lawyer at the bar Said, "You ought to have been more witty, 0--

By your own words you're condemned to die. 'It surely is a pity, 0."

eorge was hung with a golden chain-chain that was so weighty, 0-or he was born of noble birth,
and he courted a virtuous lady, 0."

'I wish I was on yonder hill Where kisses I had often, O: "I'd stab myself with a pointed blade, 'Beside my lover's coffin, O."

SOURCE: A southern mountain test, which is a variant of an Elizabethan ballad. The melody is my own, with an attempt to conform to the Elizabethan musical tradition. (F.H.)

SIDE II, Band 3: JOHN HENRY

(Voice and guitar, played with bottletop fretting)

John Henry was a steel driving man, brove all over this land. With his hammer in his own right hand, He could out drive any other man.

The captain said to John Henry,
"I'm gonna' bring me a steam drill
around."

'Take that steam drill out on the job, "I'm gonna') whop that steel on down."

John Henry said to his captain,
'A man ain't nothin' but a man,
'And before I let you beat that
steel on down,
'I'll die with a hammer in my hand."

Well, it was a mighty hot day That John Henry was apoundin' Wasn't no breeze at all. Sweat came down like water off a hill

The day John Henry let his hammer fall, Lord, Lord, The day John Henry let his hammer fall. John Henry hammered in the mountain,
('Til) the hammer caught on fire.
And the very last words I heard the
poor boy say,
("Gimme a) cool drink of water 'fore
I die." (2)

John Henry! John Henry!
Blood was arunnin' red.
(He) fell right down with his hammer
in his hand,
Said, "I beat it to the bottom but I'm
(dead, Lord, Lord--)
"I beat it to the bottom but I'm dead."

They took John Henry to the grave yard,
And they buried him in the sand,
And every locomotive come a-roarin'
round the bend
Said, "There lies a steel drivin' man,
Lord, Lord!
There lies a steel drivin' man!"

(Performer's comment: These are approximately the verses I sang. I'm afraid that the element of improvisation took over, and the above verses may be inconsistent with the recorded version.)

SOURCE: The style of playing is known throughout the South as "teasin'" the guitar. Instead of a broken bottle top on the little finger, sometimes a knife is used. The guitar strings are tuned in a chord.

I was influenced by the playing of Arvella Gray, of Chicago, who plays John Henry in this style. I believe that some of the verses used in the above text are taken from his version. (F.H.)

SIDE II, Band 4: BOIL THEM CABBAGES DOWN

(Banjo and Voice)

CHORUS:
Boil them cabbages down, boys,
Turn the hoecakes' round.
The only song that I could sing was
"Boil Them Cabbages Down."

Went to see my gal last night,
Done it kinda' sneakin'-Kissed at her mouth and hit her
nose,
And the doggone thing was leakin'.

(CHORUS)

The raccoon's tail singed around,
The possum's tail is bare;
The rabbit ain't got no tail at allJust a little bitty bunch of hair.

(CHORUS)

The partridge is a pretty bird, It has a speckled breast. It steals away the farmer's grain And totes it to his nest.

(CHORUS)

SOURCE: Influences of "Uncle Dave"
Macon, perhaps. Also Grandpa'
Jones. (I'm not sure of the
verses I recorded: perhaps
I should have taken notes).
(F.H.)

SIDE II, Band 5: THINGS ABOUT COMIN' MY WAY

(Voice with harmonica and guitar)

Ain't got no money, ain't got no grub, Backbone and navel doin' the belly rub. Now after all my hard travelin', things about comin' my way.

The rent was due, the light was out: I said, "Baby, what's it all about?" Now after all my hard travelin', things about comin' my way.

Sister was sick, the doctor couldn't come,
Because we didn't have the proper sum.
Now after all my hard travelin',
things about comin' my way.

Ain't got no money, ain't got no grub,
Backbone and belly doin' the belly rub,
Now after all my hard travelin',
things about comin' my way.

SOURCES: From the singing of Mrs.

Bess Hawes of L.A., who
learned it in the Depression. Bess is the sister
of Alan Lomax. (F.H.)

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