

JOHN A. LOMAX, JR.
SINGS AMERICAN FOLKSONGS
FOLKWAYS RECORDS FG 3508



M
1629
L842
J65
1956

MUSIC LP

TEXIAN BOYS
I'M ALL OUT AND DOWN
THE MIDNIGHT SPECIAL
ALL THE BABY CHICKENS
IN THE GARDEN
THE COCAINE SONG
THE FACTORY GIRL

THE SAINT JAMES INFIRMARY
GIT ALONG LITTLE DOGIES
TEE ROO, FARMERS CURST WIFE
LONG JOHN
THE TIN MAKER MAN
THE BUFFALO SKINNERS
LOUISIANA GIRLS

HAYMAKING SONG
LONG TIME AGO
JOHN HENRY
RYE WHISKEY
PICK A BALE OF COTTON
GOOD BYE OLD PAINT

COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

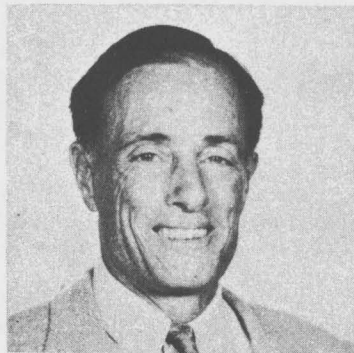
JOHN A. LOMAX, JR.
SINGS AMERICAN FOLKSONGS

FOLKWAYS RECORDS Album No. FG 3508

Copyright © 1956 by Folkways Records and Service Corp. 117 W. 46 St. NYC USA

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

JOHN A. LOMAX JR. sings:



AMERICAN FOLKSONGS

SIDE I, Band 1: THE TEXIAN BOYS

. . . is a typical courting song of the frontier and had been sung in several variations during the westward settlement of the country. It warns the girls of the hardships they would face in marrying boys from states further west. This version was sung along the cattle trail that existed from South Texas to Mississippi and Alabama prior to the Civil War.

Oh, Lou'siana gals, come and listen to my noise,
Don't go out with Tex-i-an boys,
If you do, your ration it will be
Johnny-cake and venison and sassafras tea,
Johnny-cake and venison and sassafras tea.

Now, when they go a-courtin', let me tell you what
they wear,
An old leather coat all picked and bare,
An old straw hat more brim than crown,
A pair of dirty socks they've worn the year round,
A pair of dirty socks they've worn the year round.

Now, when they go a-preachin', let me tell you what
they ride,
An old pack-saddle all covered with hide,
An old hair-girth made out of rope,
Straddle on a horse that can't fetch a lope,
Straddle on a horse that can't fetch a lope.

For your weddin' supper there's beef and corn-
bread,
There it is to eat when the ceremony's said;
When you go to milk, you'll milk in a gourd,
Set it in the corner and cover it with a board,
Set it in the corner and cover it with a board.

You'll live in a hut with a hewed log wall,
That ain't got any windows at all;
With a clapboard roof and a puncheon floor,
And that is the way all Texas o'er,
That is the way all Texas o'er.

Now, brandy is brandy any way you mix it,
A Tex-i-an's a Tex-i-an any way you fix him,
When other good folk are home in bed,
The devil is a-working in a Tex-i-an's head,
The devil is a-working in a Tex-i-an's head.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Born in 1907, Austin, Texas. Reared there and graduated from U. of Texas, 1928, A. B. Degree. Held various office and accounting jobs during the 1930ties. After Navy career settled in Houston, where he has been working for a land company. During the years a certain amount of the Lomax knowledge and collection of folk songs has rubbed off on him. He has been one of the singers of the Houston Folk Lore Group since 1950. Married to Margaret Marable of Red River County, Texas, who has borne him two fine sons, John and Jody.

M
1629
L842
J65
1956

MUSIC LP

SIDE I, Band 2: I'M ALL OUT AND DOWN

. . . is a fine example of a blues holler. It tells of the old days when levee dirt moving was done by mules and fresnos. To me, this song exemplified Leadbelly at his best; I learned it from him when he left the Angola, La. penitentiary in Sept., 1934.

I'm broke, Baby, and I ain't got a dime,
But ev'ry good man gits in hard luck sometime.
Don't they, Baby? Don't they, Baby?

CHORUS:

Hon-a-a-y, I'm all out and down, hon-a-a-a-y.

Hosses on the levee, nickerin' for the co'n and hay;
Wimmen in the bottom, hollerin', 'cause it's 'most
pay day.
Cryin', daddy, sweet, daddy.

Workin' on the river, hollerin', hosses, whoa-ho-
gee,
Wimmen in the bottom, hollerin', "Don't you murder
me."
Don't they, Baby? Don't they, Baby?

Takes a brown-skinned woman, make the preacher
lay the good book down,
But a jet black woman makes a jackrabbit hug a
houn'.
Don't they, Baby? Don't they, Baby?

Workin' on the river, skinnin' for Johnny Ryan,
I wrote my initials, KI-YI!, on that mule's behind,
With my line, Babe, with my line, Babe.

SIDE I, Band 3: THE MIDNIGHT SPECIAL

. . . is the version sung by James "Ironhead" Baker, habitual criminal in the Texas penitentiary system. To my father, he termed himself "the roughest nigguh dat evuh walked the streets of Dallas". He termed himself a "po'ch-climber", or house-breaker. The song tells of a beautiful fable; should the light of the Southern Paciifc passenger train fall upon a prisoner, he would go free. It was natural for the inmates of the Sugerland Penitentiary in Texas to feel that the brilliantly lit train roaring by in the middle of the night should typify freedom.

If you go to Houston,
You better walk right,
You better not stagger,
And you better not fight.
Or Sheriff Benson will arrest you,
He will carry you down.
And if the jury finds you guilty,
Then you're penitentiary bound.

REFRAIN:

Let the Midnight Special shine a light on me;
Oh, let the Midnight Special shine a ever-lovin'
light on me.

Well, you wake up in the morning,
You hear the ding-dong ring,
They march you to the table,
You see the same damn thing.
It's on-a one table,
Knife, a fork an' a pan,
But if you say anything about it,
You're in trouble with the man.

Yonder come Sheriff Jack Smith.
How in the world do you know?
Tell him by his big hat
And his 44.
Well I wonder why a deputy's
Traveling through this land?
Heard him tell the Trustee
'I'm the transfer man'.

(REFRAIN)

Lord, Thelma say she loves me;
But I b'lieve she told a lie;
She hasn't been to see me
Since the last July.
She brought me little coffee,
She brought me little tea,
She brought me nearly ev'rything
But the Jail-house key.

(REFRAIN)

Yonder comes Dr. Melton!
How in the world do you know?
Well, they gave me some tablets
On the day before.
Well, there never was a doctor
Travel through this land,
That could cure the fever
Of a convict man.

(REFRAIN)

Yonder comes little Rosie!
How in the world do you know?
I can tell her by her apron
And the dress she wore.
Umbreller on her shoulder,
Pardon paper in her hand,
Well, I heard her tell the Trustee:
'Turn loose my man'.

SIDE I, Band 4: ALL THE BABY CHICKENS IN THE GARDEN

. . . is a nice country lullaby, probably of English origin. I learned it on my father's knee, as he had learned it in the singing bees of his childhood in the Texas eighteen seventies.

I once did know a farmer, a jolly good old soul;
I used to do a little work around him country home.
He had an only daughter, to win her I did try,
And when I asked the old man for her, this was his
reply.

CHORUS:

Oh, treat my daughter kindly and say you'll do no
harm,
And when I die I'll will to you my little house and
farm -
My horse, my plough, my sheep, my cows, my
hogs and little barn,
And all the baby chickens in the garden.

Now, I know I love this daughter, she says that she
loves me;
We'll own this little place ourselves, we'll live so
happily.
I always help her do the work, I view her every
charm,
And many is the drink of milk I get before I leave
the farm.

Now, the old man has consented and married we
will be;
We'll own this little farm ourselves, we'll live
contentedly.
I'll always help her do the work and treat her
kindly,
And I'll never forget the promise that the old man
asked of me.

SIDE I, Band 5: THE COCAINE SONG

. . . is the Leadbelly version of the old opium den
song; the allusion to "Ellum and Main" refers to the
"Deep Ellum"(or, way down Elm St.) of Dallas dur-
ing the days forty years gone when Leadbelly learned
the arts of street musicianship from Blind Lemon
Jefferson. The courteous gesture of the den is to
have a free whiff, and the habituee would pass his
pipe around for all the smokers to have a drag.

I went down Ellum and I came up Main
Looking for a fellow to bum cocaine,
And a hi-hi, honey, take a whiff on me.

CHORUS:

Take a whiff on me, take a whiff on me,
And a ho-ho, baby, take a whiff on me,
And a hi-hi, honey, take a whiff on me.

You got a nickle and I got a dime,
You buy the dope and I'll buy the wine,
And a hi-hi, honey, take a whiff on me.

A whiff-a-ree and whiff-a-rye,
Gonna be a whiffer, boys, 'til I die,
And a hi-hi, honey, take a whiff on me.

Oh, the cocaine habit is mighty bad,
It kills everybody it ever has had,
And a hi-hi, honey, take a whiff on me.

(CHORUS)

Oh, you take Mary and I'll take Mame,
Mighty little difference but they're not the same,
And a hi-hi, honey, take a whiff on me.

Oh, the blacker the berry, the sweeter the juice,
Takes a dark-skinned woman for my pertickeler use,
And a hi-hi, honey, take a whiff on me.

(CHORUS)

Gonna chew my tobacco and I spit my juice,
Gonna love my baby 'til it ain't no use,
And a hi-hi, honey, take a whiff on me.

Cocaine's for horses and not for men,
The doctors say it'll kill you, but they don't say
when,
And a hi-hi, honey, take a whiff on me.

SIDE I, Band 6: THE FACTORY GIRL

. . . is one of the early blues songs of America.
It was first recorded by my father from Rose
Trenttham, a wandering gypsy minstrel in Ft.
Worth, in 1908, where he had gone to record songs
at the Texas Cattlemens Convention.

No more shall I work in the factory,
Greasy up my clothes;
No more shall I work in the factory,
With splinters in my toes.

CHORUS:

(So) Pity me, my darling,
Pity me, I say.
Pity me, my darling,
And carry my blues away.

No more shall I hear the drummer wheels
Rollin' o'er my head;
When other girls are hard at work,
I'll be home in bed.

(CHORUS)

No more shall I wear the old black dress,
Greasy all around;
No more shall I wear the old black bonnet,
Holes all through the crown.

No more shall I work in the factory,
Greasy up my clothes;
No more shall I work in the factory,
With splinters in my toes.

SIDE I, Band 7: THE ST. JAMES INFIRMARY

. . . is an outstanding American blues.

I was down in Old Joe's Barroom,
On a corner by the square
The drinks were served as usual,
And the usual crowd was there.

On my left was Old Joe Kennedy,
His eyes were bloodshot red,
He turned to the crowd around him,
And these were the very words he said.

"I was down at the St. James Infirmary,
I saw my baby there;
Stretched out on a long white table,
So cold but so sweet and fair.

"Let her go! Let her go! God bless her!
Wherever she may be,
She may wander this wide world over,
Never find as sweet a man as me.

"Now, when I die please bury me
In my high-top Stetson hat;
Put a gold-piece on my watch-chain
So the gang'll know I'm standin' pat.

"I want six crap-shooters for pall-bearers,
A chorus-girl to sing me a song,
A jazz-band for my hearse-wagon,
To raise hell as we roll along.

"And now that you've heard my story,
I'd like another shot of booze;
And if anybody should happen to ask you,
Well, I've got those gambler's blues."

"Let her go! Let her go! God bless her!
Wherever she may be,
She may wander this wide world over,
Never find as sweet a man as me."

SIDE I, Band 8: WHOOPEE TI YI YO, GIT ALONG
LITTLE DOGIES

. . . is one of the most beautiful American folk songs. This trail driving song tells of the drama of the cowboy singing to the stragglers and weaklings of the herds on the long roll from Texas to Kansas, or even Montana. The cowboy developed almost a personal interest in keeping each straggler up with the main herd, knowing that the cows that fell out would end up pray to the Indians, or wolves, or skillet.

As I walked out one mornin' for pleasure,
I met a cow-puncher a-ridin' along;
His hat was thrown back and his spurs was a-
jinglin',
As he approached me a-singin' this song,

CHORUS:

Whoopie ti yi yo, git along, little dogies,
It's your misfortune, and none of my own.
Whoopie ti yi yo, git along, little dogies,
For you know Wyoming will be your new home.

Early in the Spring we round up the dogies,
Mark them and brand them and bob off their tails;
Round up the horses load up the chuck wagon,
Then throw the dogies up on the trail.

It's whooping and yelling and driving them dogies,
O, how I wish that you would go on;
It's whooping and punching and go on, you little
dogies,
For you know Wyoming will be your new home.

(CHORUS)

Your mother, she was raised way down in Texas,
Where the jimson weed and the sand-burrs grow;
Now we'll fill you up on prickly pear and cholla
'Till you're ready for the trail to Idaho.

Oh, you'll be soup for Uncle Sam's Injuns;
"It's biff, hip biff," I hear them cry.
Git along, git along, git along, you little dogies,
For you'll be beef steers bye and bye.

SIDE I, Band 9: TEE ROO

. . . is the interesting version of the English
"Farmer's Curst Wife", sung by the Gant family
in Austin, Texas during the earlier thirties.
Early one morning I went out to plow,
Tee roo, tee roo, went out to plow,
With fourteen oxen and a durned old cow,
Tee roo, tee roo, and a durned old cow.

Up stepped the devil, says, "How do you do?"
Tee roo, tee roo, says, "How do you do?"
"There's one in your family that I must have,
Tee roo, tee roo, that I must have."

"Please don't take my oldest son,
Tee roo, tee roo, my oldest son,
There's work on the place that has to be done,
Tee roo, tee roo, that has to be done."

"It's all I want, that old wife of yours,
Tee roo, tee roo, that old wife of yours,"
"Well, you can have her with all of my heart,
But promise me you'll quickly depart."

He carried her on about half of the road,
Tee roo, tee roo, about half of the road,
Says: "Old woman, you're a hell of a load,
Tee roo, tee roo, you're a hell of a load."

He carried her on to the old devil's door,
Tee roo, tee roo, to the old devil's door,
There stood a little devil with ball and chain,
She swung out her foot and kicked out his brains.

Nine little devils went climbing the wall,
Tee roo, tee roo, went climbing the wall,
Saying, "Take her back, daddy, she'll murder us
all,
Tee roo, tee roo, she'll murder us all."

Early next morning I peeped through the crack,
Tee roo, tee roo, peeped through the crack,
There came the old devil a-waggin' her back,
Tee roo, tee roo, a-waggin' her back.

And now you know what a woman can do,
Tee roo, tee roo, what a woman can do,
She can whoop out the devil and her husband too,
Tee roo, tee roo, and her husband too.

SIDE II, Band 1: LONG JOHN

. . . is still a favorite song of the negro inmates in
the Texas penitentiary system; since the hero outran
the "bleedhounds" (as termed by "Lightnin'", the
singer) and escaped, the popularity of the song is
understandable. The story goes that the county had
recently acquired a pack of bloodhounds and the
sheriff wished to try them out. Long John Green,
in jail at the time, was chosen to make trail since
he was famous for the way he could skim over the
ground. The sheriff gave John halfway around the
courthouse for a start and then unleashed the pack.
On his first lap John crawled thru a convenient used
barrel, got the hounds off the scent, and then he was
"long gone". And he hasn't been caught yet!

With his diamond blade, Well-a, John-a made,
Right in his hand, A pair a shoes,
Gonna hew down the oaks, Funniest shoes,
From outta this land. That ever was a-seen.

Well, if I hadda listened, Had a heel in front,
To what my Rosie said, And a heel behind,
I'd be with, And you couldn't tell where
My Rosie Red. That boy was a-gwine.

But I wouldn't listen; Well, a-listen, my honey,
Got to runnin' around, Please open that door,
And the first thing I knew, Hear old Rattler moanin',
I'm jailhouse bound. And I got to go.

Well, I got in jail, Well, a-goodbye, Captain,
With my mouth poked out; And my sergeant too,
Now I'm in the pen, I'm a-crossin' that Brazos
And I can't get out. In the early dew.

REFRAIN:

He's Lo'ng John,
He's go'ne John,
He's Lo'ng John,
Like a turkey through the co'rn,
With his long clothes on,
He's Long John,
He's gone John,
He's gone, go'ne.

SIDE II, Band 2: TIN MAKER MAN

. . . tells of the itinerant mender who traveled the backroads of the South by buggy but who long ago has fallen prey to the ways of modern progress. An example of the historical importance of a song by its prevention of a bit of American life from oblivion.

Tee-whang! Tee-whang! Tee-whang! Tee-whang!
Tee-rattle, tee-rattle, tee-rattle, tee-bang!

Oh, there never was yet a boy or a man,
Who better could mend a kettle or pan,
A bucket, a skimmer, a dipper, or can,
Than Happy Tom Rogers, the Tin Maker Man!

SIDE II, Band 3: THE BUFFALO SKINNERS

. . . is an authentic song of the days when the professional hunters slaughtered the vast herds on the Western plains for \$1 per hide, or less. Jacksboro is an old county seat adjacent to Ft. Worth, Texas, and the Pease River is a tributary of the Red River, in northern Texas. This song was a favorite ballad of the late renowned Professor George Lyman Kittredge of Harvard.

It happened in Jacksboro, boys,
in the year of '73,
When a man by the name of Crego
came stepping up to me,
Says, "How do you do, young fellow?
And how would you like to go
And spend one summer pleasantly
on the range of the buffalo?"

It's me, being out of employment, boys,
"Mr. Crego," I did say,
"This going out on the buffalo range
depends upon the pay;
But if you will pay good wages,
pay transportation too,
I think, sir, I will go with you
to the range of the buffalo."

"Yes, I will pay good wages, boys,"
this old Crego, he did say,
"Provided you will go with me and
stay the summer through;
But if you should grow homesick,
come back to Jacksboro,
I will not pay your transportation
from the range of the buffalo."

It's now we've crossed Pease River, boys,
our troubles have begun.
The first damned tail I went to rip,
Christ! Hell! I cut my thumb.
Pease River is salty as hell-fire,
the water I could never go,
And the Indians watched to pick us off
on the range of the buffalo.

Our meat, it was buffalo hock
and iron wedge bread;
All we had to sleep on was
a buffalo robe for a bed;
The fleas and greybacks work on us,
oh, boys, they are not slow;
I'll say there's no worse hell on earth
than the range of the buffalo.

The season being ended, boys,
this old Crego, he did say
That we had been extravagant,
were in debt to him that day.
We coaxed him and we begged him,
but still it was no go --
We left his damned old bones to bleach
on the range of the buffalo.

And now we've crossed Pease River, boys,
and homeward we are bound,
No more in that hell-fired country
will ever we be found.
Go back to our wives and sweethearts,
tell others not to go,
For God's forsaken that buffalo range
and the damned old buffalo.

SIDE II, Band 4: LOUISIANA GAL

. . . is a well-known Southern play-party song with a catchy tune. A version was converted by Tin Pan Alley into a hit-tune, a few years ago, another proof that the main source of popular music is found in folk music.

As I went lumberin' down the street,
Down the street, down the street,
As I went lumberin' down the street
I met a gal named Sue.

This lovely gal I chanced to meet,
Chanced to meet, chanced to meet,
This lovely gal I chanced to meet, --
Oh, she was fair to view.

CHORUS:

O Lou'siana gal, won't you come out tonight?
Won't you come out tonight?
Won't you come out tonight?
O Lou'siana gal, won't you come out tonight
And dance by the light of the moon?

Oh, she danced with a hole
in the heel of her stockin'
And her toe kept a-rockin',
and her heel kept a-knockin',
Oh, she danced with a hole
in the heel of her stockin',
And she danced by the light of the moon.

Her feet covered up the whole sidewalk,
Whole sidewalk, whole sidewalk,
Her feet covered up the whole sidewalk,
As she stood close to me.

I axed her would she take a walk,
Take a walk, take a walk,
I axed her would she take a walk,
And have some talk with me.

Oh, I'm going to make this girl my wife,
Gal my wife, gal my wife,
I'm going to make this gal my wife,
To be happy all my life.

SIDE II, Band 5: HAY MAKING SONG

. . . is always a pleasing children's ballad. It probably traces back to English origin.

A nice young ma-wa-wan lived on a hi-wi-wil,
A nice young ma-wa-wan, for I knew him we-we-well.

CHORUS:
To my rattle, to my roo-rah-ree.

This nice young ma-wa-wan went out to mow-ow-ow
To see if he-we-we could make a show-ow-ow.

(CHORUS)

He'd scarcely mow-wo-woed half round the fi-wi-weeld,
When up-jump-a-come-a rattle come a sna-wa-wake
and bit him on the he-we-weel.

(CHORUS)

He lay right dow-wow-wown upon the grou-wow-wound,
And shut his eye-weye-weyes and looked all arou-
- wow-wound.

(CHORUS)

Oh, Pappy deer-weer-wear, go spread the new-wewewews,
And here comes Sa-waw-wal without her sho-woowos.

(CHORUS)

Oh, Pappy deer-weer-weer, go tell my ga-wah-wal,
That I'm going to die-wi-wi, for I know I sha-wah-wal.

(CHORUS)

Oh, John, Oh, Joh-wo-won, why did you go-wo-wo
Way down in the mea-we-weadow, so far to mow-
ow-wow?

(CHORUS)

Oh, Sal, Oh, Sa-wa-wal, why, don't you know-wo-wo
When grass gets ri-wi-wipe it must be mo-wow-wowed?

(CHORUS)

Come, all young me-we-wen, and warning tay-way-wake,
And don't get bi-wi-wit by a rattle snay-way-wake.

(CHORUS)

Come, all young gir-wir-wirls, and shed a tear-weer-weer
For this young ma-wu-wan that died right heer-weer-weer.

SIDE II, Band 6: LONG TIME AGO

. . . is an English lullaby brought by early colonists to America. It has been passed by word of mouth through several Lomax generations.

Once there was a little kitty,
White as the snow.
She went to hunt a little mousie,
Long time ago.

Two black eyes had little kitty,
Black as a crow,
And she spied a little mousie,
Long time ago.

Four soft paws had little kitty,
Soft as the snow,
And they caught the little mousie,
Long time ago.

Nine pearl teeth had little kitty,
All in a row,
And they bit the little mousie,
Long time ago.

When the kitty bit the mousie,
Mousie cried out, "Oh!"
But he got away from kitty,
Long time ago.

SIDE II, Band 7: JOHN HENRY

. . . is the most powerful folk saga produced about the southern negro laborer. Its sweeping and dramatic epic well describes the clash of individual initiative with the machine of the Economic Revolution. This version is a composite of several of the numerous sources. The music was recorded from a work gang of axe cutters on a farm of the Arkansas prison system in the bottoms of the Arkansas River below Little Rock in 1934. I assisted my father in this recording. He was being chauffeured by Lead-belly, who had been released from his 6 year term at Angola, Louisiana just the previous week.

Well, every Monday morning
When the blue-birds begin to sing,
I can hear John Henry a mile or more,
I can hear John Henry's hammer ring, O Lordy!
Hear John Henry's hammer ring.

When John Henry was about three days old,
Settin' on his daddy's knee,
Well, he picked up a hammer and a little piece of steel,
Sayin' hammer'll be the death of me, O Lordy!
Hammer'll be the death of me.

The white man says to the captain,
"Gonna bring my steam drill around,
Gonna bring that steam drill out on the job,
Gonna drive that steel on down, O Lordy!
Drive that steel on down."

John Henry says to his captain,
"Next time you go to town,
If you'll bring me back a twelve-pound maul,
Well, I'll whop that steel on down, O Lordy!
Whop that steel on down."

The white man says to John Henry,
"Fella damn your soul,
You might beat this steam drill of mine
When the rocks in this mountain turn to gold,
O Lordy!
Rocks in this mountain turn to gold."

John Henry says to his captain,
Well, a man ain't nothin' but a man,
But before I'll let your steel gang down
Well, I'll die with the hammer in my hand,
O Lordy!
Die with the hammer in my hand."

John Henry turned to his shaker,
Says, "Fella, why don't ya sing?
I'm swingin' twelve pounds from my hips on down
Just listen to that cold steel ring, O Lordy!
Listen to that cold steel ring."

The captain says to John Henry,
"I b'lieve this mountain's sinkin' in."
John Henry says to his captain, "Oh my!
It's just my hammer suckin' wind, O Lordy!
Just my hammer suckin' wind."

The sunshine was hot and burnin',
And there wasn't no breeze at all.
Oh, the sweat run down like the water from the
hills,
Day John let his hammer fall, O Lordy!
Day John let his hammer fall.

John Henry says to the white man,
"Looky yonder what I see --
O, your drill's done broke and your hole's done
choke,
And you can't drive steel like me, O Lordy!
Can't drive steel like me."

Oh, that man that invented that steam drill
He thought he was mighty fine,
But John Henry had made twenty-two holes,
While the steam drill only made nine, O Lordy!
Steam drill only made nine.

John Henry was hammerin' in the mountains,
And his hammer was strikin' fire;
But he worked so hard that he broke his poor heart,
Then he laid down his hammer and he died,
O Lordy!
Laid down his hammer and he died.

John Henry had an old lady,
And the dress that she wore was red.
Well, she started up the track and she never look
back,
Goin' where her man fell dead, O Lordy!
Goin' where her man fell dead.

They took John Henry to the graveyard,
And they buried him in the sand,
Every locomotive comes a-roarin' by,
Says, "Dere lies a steel-drivin' man, O Lordy!
Dere lies a steel-drivin' man."

Some say he come from England,
Some say he come from Spain;
But all I know he's a Lou'siana man
And the leader of a steel-drivin' gang, O Lordy!
Leader of a steel-drivin' gang.

Well, John Henry had a little baby,
He could hold him in the palm of his hand,
And the last that I heard that poor child say,
"My daddy was a steel-drivin' man, O Lordy!
My daddy was a steel-drivin' man!"

SIDE II, Band 8: RYE WHISKEY

. . . (sometimes called JACK OF DIAMONDS) is a
well-known Western folk song of many verses and
many versions.

I'll eat when I'm hungry, I'll tune up my fiddle,
I'll drink when I'm dry; I'll rosin my bow,
If the hard times don't kill me, And make myself welcome,
I'll live till I die. Wherever I go.

CHORUS:

Rye whiskey, rye whiskey,
Rye whiskey, I cry,
If you don't gimme rye whiskey,
I'll lay down and die.

Oh, it's beefsteak when I'm hungry,
Red liquor when I'm dry,
Greenbacks when I'm hard up,
Religion when I die.

They say I drink whiskey,
My money's my own,
All them that don't like me,
Can leave me alone.

Jack o' diamonds, jack o' diamonds,
I've known you of old,
You've robbed my poor pockets
Of silver and gold.

Rye whiskey, you villain,
You've been my downfall,
You've kicked me, you've cuffed me--
But I love you for all.

If the ocean was whiskey, But the ocean ain't whiskey
And I was a duck, And I ain't a duck,
I'd dive to the bottom So we'll round up the cattle
To get one sweet suck. And then we'll get drunk.

I'll buy my own whiskey, I've no wife to quarrel
I'll make my own stew; No babies to bawl;
If I get drunk, madam, The best way of livin'
It's nothin' to you. Is no wife at all.

Rye whiskey, you villain,
You're no friend to me;
You killed my poor daddy,
Now, damn you, try me.

SIDE II, Band 9: PICK A BALE OF COTTON

. . . is an excellent example of a work song being
set to a tempo of the labor. Although no man has
ever hand-picked more than 800 pounds of raw
cotton a day, this song, that predates the Civil War,
speaks of a personal acquaintance with many men
and women who could pick a bale of cotton (which
must weigh 1,500 pounds) in a day. No one could
deny some fun and pleasure during such backbreak-
ing toil.

Old Massa told the boys to pick a bale o' cotton,
Old Massa told the boys to pick a bale a day.

CHORUS:

O--Lawdy,
Pick a bale o' cotton, an' a
O--Lawdy
Pick a bale a day.

Ya pick a bale 'o, pick a bale o', pick a bale o' cotton,
And a pick a bale o', pick a bale o', pick a bale a day.

Oh, my wife an' child-o can pick a bale o' cotton,
And a, my wife and child-o can pick a bale a day.

Gonna jump down, turn around and pick a bale o' cotton,
Gonna jump down, turn around and pick a bale a day.

I b'lieve to my soul I can pick a bale o' cotton,
An' I b'lieve to my soul I can pick a bale a day.

(CHORUS)

(REPEAT 2nd VERSE)

Oh, me and my buddy can pick a bale o' cotton,
And a, me and my buddy can-a pick a bale a day.

(CHORUS)

(REPEAT 1st VERSE)

I never could pick a bale o' cotton,
And I never could pick a bale a day.

SIDE II, Band 10: THE GAL I LEFT BEHIND

. . . is the rollicking cowboy adaptation of an old soldier song.

I struck the trail in seventy-nine,
The herd strung out behind me,
As I jogged along my mind ran back
To the gal that I left behind me.

CHORUS:

That sweet little gal, that true little gal,
The gal I left behind me.

If ever I get off the trail,
And the Injuns they don't find me,
I'll make my way straight back again
To the gal that I left behind me.

(CHORUS)

When the night was dark and the cattle run,
And the boys comin' on behind me,
My mind ran back "if my pistols cracked!"
To the gal that I left behind me.

(CHORUS)

The wind did blow, the rain did flow,
The hail did fall and blind me;
But I thought of that gal, that sweet little gal,
The gal that I left behind me.

(CHORUS)

She rode ahead to the place I said
I was always glad to find it;
She says, "I'm true and when you get through,
Ride back and you will find me."

(CHORUS)

When we sold out I took the train,
I knew where I would find her;
When I got back we had a smack
And I'm no goldarned liar.

SIDE II, Band 11: GOOD BYE, OLD PAINT

. . . was probably the most popular song among the cowboys themselves during their heyday. It often was sung as the finale of a cowboy dance with the entire crowd roaring the verses.

My foot in the stirrup, my pony won't stand,
I'm a-leavin' Cheyenne, I'm off for Montan'.

I'm a-ridin' old Paint, I'm a-leadin' old Fan,
I'm off for Montan' for to throw the hoolihan.

(CHORUS)

Good-bye, old Paint, I'm a-leavin' Cheyenne,
Good-bye, old Paint, I'm a-leavin' Cheyenne.

Old Paint's a good pony, he paces when he can,
Good mornin', young lady, my hosses won't stand.

Oh, hitch up your hosses and feed 'em some hay,
And seat yourself beside me, as long as you stay.

(CHORUS)

My hosses ain't hungry they won't eat your hay,
My wagon is loaded and rollin' away.

They feed in the coulees, they water in the draw,
Their tails are all matted, their backs are all raw.

Old Jones had two daughters and a song,
One went to Denver, the other went wrong.

His wife, she died in a pool-room fight,
And still he sings from mornin' to night.

(CHORUS)

Oh, when I die take my saddle from the wall,
An' put it on my pony and lead him from the stall.

Tie my bones to his back, turn our faces to the west,
And we'll ride the prairies that we love best.

(CHORUS)