

TWELVE-STRING GUITAR FOLK SONGS AND BLUES SUNG AND PLAYED BY FRED GERLACH WITH TWELVE-STRING GUITAR FOLKWAYS RECORDS FG 3529

GALLOWS POLE

HAM AND EGGS

DE KALB BLUES

OLD HANNAH

FANNIN STREET

SAMSON

THIS LITTLE LIGHT

LITTLE GIRL

MOTHERLESS CHILDREN

RISIN' SUN

BOLL WEEVIL

GOIN' DOWN SLOW

M

1629

G372

T972

1962

MUSIC LP

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DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE IN

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# TWELVE-STRING GUITAR

*Folk Songs and Blues Sung and Played by*

**FRED GERLACH**

*with 12-string guitar*

SIDE I, Band 1: Gallows Pole

Spoken:

In olden times when they put a man in prison if he  
couldn't bring up a little money they'd hang on the  
gallows pole. They're taking this man to the gallows -  
hear death walking alongside shaking his bones.  
Putting the noose around his neck. Here's the very  
last words he said.

Hangman, hangman, hold it a little while,  
Think I see my friends a-coming,  
Riding a-many a mile.

Friends, you get me some silver, get a little gold,  
What did you bring me, my dear friends, to keep me  
from the gallows pole.

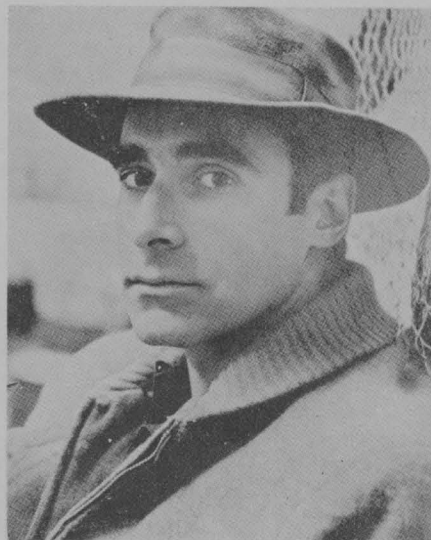
What did you bring me - keep me from the gallows pole.  
Couldn't get you no silver,  
Couldn't get you no gold,  
You know that we're too damn poor  
To keep you from the gallows pole.

...brother...

Brother, I got some silver,  
Brought a little gold,  
Brought a little everything to keep you from the  
gallows pole.

Yes, I brought you - keep you from the gallows pole.

What did you, what did you,  
Did you bring me - keep me from the gallows pole.



If I'd a-known my captain was blind,  
I wouldn't have went to work 'fore the clock struck  
nine.

SIDE I, Band 2: Ham and Eggs

Ham and eggs, pork and beans,  
I would eat more but the cook was so mean.

CHORUS:

I got to roll,  
Roll in a hurry, hurry, hurry.  
Make it on the side,  
The side of the row.

If I'd a-known my captain was bad,  
I wouldn't have sold the special I once have had.

(CHORUS)

SIDE I, Band 3: De Kalb Blues

DeKalb blues, they make me feel so bad. (2)  
Make me think about the times I've had.

Feel like walking, feel like stopping here...  
Got to find someone to share my cares.

Blues was whiskey, I'd be drunk all the time...  
I'd be drunk when you're on my mind.

Wasn't for the powder and the straightening comb...  
These DeKalb women, they wouldn't have a home.

(Repeat one)

SIDE I, Band 4: Old Hannah

CHORUS:

Go done old Hannah,  
Won't you rise no more.  
For if you rise up in the morning  
Bring Judgement Day.

Well, you ought to've been in the Brazos in 1910,  
Well they were driving the women as hard as the men.

(CHORUS)

And I'm gonna sing this verse and I'll sing no more,  
And then I'll get of this stinking hole and then I'll  
sing some more.

SIDE I, Band 5: Fannin Street

Spoken:

Now this song was made by Huddie Ledbetter when he  
was a boy. He was 13 years old and he had on his  
first pair of long pants. He lived in Shreveport,  
Louisiana. He went down to Fannin Street against  
his father's orders. He walked into the barrel-  
house. The chippies all began dancing around him  
and drinking. He was sitting there thinking. They  
said, "What are you thinking about, little boy?".  
He said, "I'm thinking up a tune about Fannin Street."  
They said, "Let's hear it."

My mama told me,  
Little sister too,  
Women in Shreveport  
Gonna be the death of you.

Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey.

Told my mama,  
You don't know.  
Wanta have fun,  
Why don't you let me go.

Hey...

Spoken:

Well, I broke my mama's heart talking about women  
that way.

Went to my mama,  
Went on my knees.  
Said, "Oh will you  
Forgive me please."

Hey...

Spoken:

Cry for me... She wanted to know what side of town  
I was running on.

I got a girl  
Living on a hill,  
And her boy friend  
Used to be Buffalo Bill.

Hey...

SIDE I, Band 6: Samson

Now, Delila was a woman fine and fair,  
She had good looks and coal-black hair.  
Well, she gained Samson's mind  
When he saw this woman of the Philistines.

Delila talked so fair  
Samson revealed to shave off my hair.  
Shave my head as clean as your hand,  
My strength will be like any man's.

CHORUS:

If I had my way - Samson cried,  
If I had my way - with this wicked world,  
If I had my way,  
I would tear this old building down.

Now, Samson and a lion got into attack,  
Samson jumped up on the lion's back.  
You know a lion can kill a man with his paw,  
But Samson got his hand in the lion's jaw.  
He rode that beast till he killed him dead,  
The bees made honey in the lion's head.

(CHORUS)

One day while Samson was walking along,  
He looked on the ground - spied an old jaw bone,  
Stretched out his arms, the chains broke like thread  
When he got through moving 10,000 were dead.

(CHORUS)

One day they caught Samson by surprise,  
Picked up sticks and punched out his eyes.  
Took him down to the judgement hall,  
There he called a boy about four tall,  
He said, "Boy, boy, put my hands on that wall."  
And he tore that building down.

CHORUS:

Yes, he had his way...

SIDE II, Band 1: This Little Light

CHORUS:

This little light of mine, }  
I'm gonna let shine } 2  
Every day, every day

On Monday He gave me the light of love,  
Tuesday peace came from above.  
Wednesday said "Have a little more faith."  
Thursday, "A little more grace."  
Friday, He told me watch a pray.  
Saturday He told me just what to say.  
Sunday gave me the power divine,  
To let my light shine.

SIDE II, Band 2: Little Girl

Spoken:

Now, this is a story about a railroad man and his  
daughter. She was goodlooking and staying out late  
at night - having a good time. Learning all about  
life - 17 years old. One night she didn't come  
home at all. Father didn't like that. When she  
did come home her father said

Little girl, little girl,  
Don't lie to me.  
Where did you sleep last night?

(She said) Daddy, in the pines, in the pines,  
Where the sun never shines,  
And I shivered the whole night through.

(He didn't believe her, he told her to leave the house and never come back. But he was sorry.)  
Little girl, little girl,  
Where will you go,  
Going where the cold wind blow.

To the pines, to the pines,  
Where the sun never shines,  
And I'd shiver the whole night through.

(Well, she sat down and tried to cut him. She said..)  
You caused me to weep,  
You caused me to moan,  
You caused me to leave my home.

Go to the pines, to the pines,  
The sun never shines,  
Shiver the whole night through.

(Well, she left the house. Two years later she heard her father got killed in a railroad accident.)  
My dad, he was a railroad man,  
Killed a mile-and-half from here,  
His head was found in a driver's wheel,  
But his body has never been found.

(Then she remembered what he said to her when he was alive.)  
Little girl, little girl,  
Don't lie to me,  
Tell me where did you sleep last night.

In the pines...

#### SIDE II, Band 3: Motherless Children

Motherless children have a hard time when she's gone,  
Yes, they'll have a hard time when she's gone.  
They've got no place to go,  
Wander from door to door.  
Motherless children have a hard time when she's gone.

Daddy will do the best he can when she's gone,  
Yes, he'll do the best he can, when she's gone,  
Well, he'll do the best he can,  
But he just don't understand.  
Motherless children...

You can dig my grave with a bloody spade when I'm gone,  
Yes, you'll dig my grave with a bloody spade when I'm gone,  
Dig my grave with a bloody spade,  
Please make sure the digger gets paid.  
Motherless children...

Motherless children...  
Ain't it a shame, ain't it a crime,  
Defenseless children having such a hard time.  
Motherless children...

#### SIDE II, Band 4: Risin' Sun

There is a house in New Orleans  
That they call the Rising Sun.  
It's been the ruin of many poor boy,  
And me, Lord, I'm one.

Oh, my mother, she is a tailor,  
And she sews new blue jeans.  
She never thought she'd have a son like me,  
In that house in New Orleans.

My father, he is a drunkard, yeah,  
And he drinks warm red wine.  
The only pleasure he gets out of life,  
Is hoboing from town to town.

Go tell my baby brother  
Not to do what I have I have done.  
Tell him to shun that house  
That they call the Rising Sun, the Rising Sun.

I'm going back, back, back to New Orleans,  
My race is almost run.  
I'm going to spend the rest of my days  
In that house the Rising Sun.

#### SIDE II, Band 5: Boll Weevil

#### SIDE II, Band 6: Goin' Down Slow

Originally produced by George Ohye and Jerry Silverman