

AMERICAN GUITAR

19 Songs in 8 Folk Styles

played and sung by

**ED
BADEAUX**



David Stone Martin



AMERICAN GUITAR

Descriptive Notes are inside pocket.

Library of Congress Catalog Card No. R 60 326
©1960 FOLKWAYS RECORDS AND SERVICE CORP.
17 W. 60th ST., N.Y.C., U.S.A.

Chisholm Trail
Blood on the Saddle
Blues Improvisation
Wreck of the Old '97
Midnight Special
Freight Train
Poor Howard
Jimmy Brown, the Newsboy
Hard Traveling
Big Sue
King Kong Kitchie
Steel Guitar Rag
Carter Family Medley
Jay Gould's Daughter
Back Water Blues
Left My Gal in the Mountains
Hitler Lives
Saga of a Guitar Picker
Greensleeves

AMERICAN GUITAR



by
Ed Badaeux

THE GUITAR...

This is a time of a great resurgence of interest in American folk music. The hills and hollers of the Smoky mountains are spotted with tape recorders on a good Sunday afternoon. Folklorists, amateur and otherwise, are combing their neighborhoods for old-timers who know some of the "old" songs. Even the professional song writers of tin-pan alley are keeping an ear cocked attentively. Attention is also beginning to be given to two other aspects of musical folklore which have gone largely unnoticed until recently. These are the fields of folk vocal styles and folk instrumental techniques. This album is an informal survey of several basic types of folk guitar accompaniment styles.

The guitar is a comparatively recent addition to America's musical lore. It was rarely heard in Southern and Eastern music until the twenties. Traditional in the areas were fiddles (brought over from England and Europe), banjos (introduced into the South from Africa) and occasionally dulcimers, mandolins, and concertinas. The guitar was introduced to us by way of Mexico by the same Mexican ranch hands who taught Americans the art of cattle ranching. From its Southwestern origins the guitar took a slow but sure trip East. It was picked up early in the century by Negro blues singers, who had never found banjos or fiddles suited to blues nuances, and to this day it has remained an integral part of the blues. By the early twenties white country musicians of the South had begun playing the guitar haltingly behind their singing, and by the late twenties in the hands of country musicians like Jimmie Rogers and the Carter Family it had skyrocketed to fame. It has remained the basic instrument for hillbilly music ever since. And it is also the key instrument among the present-day purveyors of this strange hybrid of Negro blues and white hillbilly music, rock and roll.

Until the modern age of amplifiers and sensitive microphone pickups the guitar always paled in the company of other instruments. In a group it is lost in a muddy blurr of sounds. Jazz bands relegated them to thumping in the rhythm section. But alone the guitar is another story. It is virtually ideal for the accompaniment of the human voice. And it has the versatility and portability to make it an ideal folk instrument. Musicians came along who developed great skill at weaving instrument and voice together. The guitar became their alter-ego, making satiric comments on the words of the song, filling in while the singer fumbled for the next verse, even "talking back" to the singer on occasion. Folk musicians never cared much for fancy chords, though on occasion

they accidentally come upon some weird combinations. But they began to develop intricate styles of right hand strumming. And in their hands the guitar became an instrument true and complete in itself, furnishing melody, rhythm, and harmony. And with these styles the use of other instruments is superfluous.

THE RIGHT HAND ...

There are probably as many variations in folk styles of right hand picking as there are people playing them. However, there are several basic types upon which a gamut of variations is built. One of the most unique among these basic styles is a Negro style employing from two to four fingers and offering melody played on the upper strings against a regular rhythmic pattern in the bass strings.

Many estimates hold that this style of playing evolved from a 5-string banjo technique known as double-thumbing. (In this technique, which uses thumb and 1st finger, the 1st finger plays melody on the top string, while the thumb alternates between the second and fifth string playing harmony notes.) This is a very logical assumption. Before the Civil War banjos and homemade fiddles were the only instruments the Negroes were allowed to own. Later, when the guitar became available, it seems natural for them to apply to it picking styles developed on the banjo.

More elementary forms of this two-finger style resemble double-thumbing to a marked degree. The melody and bass strings are hit apart from one another. The thumb strikes individual strings in the bass setting the rhythmic pattern. The first finger plays melody on the off-beat on the upper strings, occasionally reaching over for a note on the third string for harmony.

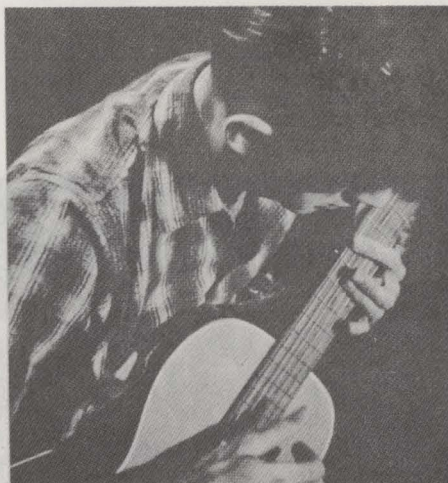


An excellent example of two-finger picking in it's "pure" state is the playing of Elizabeth Cotton, a Negro woman now living in Washington, D.C., who learned this style of playing in Georgia in her childhood, and who has been recorded by Michael Seeger in an album released by Folkways. "Libba" is left handed, and plays the guitar backwards, picking with her left hand and fretting with her right. As a result her bass strings are picked with her first finger, giving them a sharp nail tone which is not possible to duplicate playing the instrument conventionally and using the thumb for bass notes. She knew songs in each of the three tunings discussed in these notes. "Wreck of the Old 97" is the closest I have been able to get to her style of playing. I heard her play this, and many other songs, during a short visit in Washington with Mike and Peggy Seeger, and I was captivated by the rich, flowing quality of her style. It had delicacy and dignity. Back in

Houston after the visit, I tried my damndest to recreate the arrangement from memory, holding the guitar conventionally, but using only the thumb and first finger in picking. I had no record or tape to learn from, and imagine I have drifted from her style. However, the basic quality should be here.

Peggy Seeger has adapted Libba's playing to a three-finger style of playing using thumb, index, and middle finger. Hobart Smith, in his accompaniments to Texas Gladden and in his own memorable "Railroad Bill," (Disc Records), used such a style, as do many others. "Freight Train," which is one of Libba Cotton's songs, is done here in this three-finger style. In my adaptation the thumb continues to strike individual bass notes, the first finger hits the third string on the off-beat giving a drone effect, and the middle finger takes the melody on first and second strings striking on beat with the thumb stroke.

Another variation common to current folk guitar also utilizes only two fingers in picking (thumb and index). However, here the bass figure has changed. Usually a single string is hit, then two or three bass strings are struck simultaneously then quickly dampened by the heel of the hand. This gives a hard driving sound to the music, making it sound particularly appropriate to the tempo of a modern, industrial America. As in Libba Cotton's two-finger style the melody is carried on the top two strings by



the index fingers off-beat from the rhythm set by the thumb. Extra notes are gotten from "pulling-off" (plucking) on strings with the left hand. Most famous exponent of this style is Merle Travis who's recent album "Back Home" (Capitol T-891) shows his many variations of it. Other earlier exponents of this style include Mississippi John Hurt (Folkways--Anthology of American Folk Music, vols. I and III) and Furry Lewis (Folkways-Anthology, vol. I; Brunswick--listen to Our Story) among others. On this record "Hard Travelling," "Hitler Lives," "King Kong Kitchie," "Steel Guitar Rag," "Big Sue," and "Jay Gould's Daughter" are in this style. "Poor Howard" is a cross between this style and the individual bass string style of Libba Cotton.

The fourth major variation of this basic form is the style found in blues, both slow and fast. Here the index finger strikes the melody on-beat with the thumb's rhythm, though sometimes the index finger will add notes between the thumb beats. Usually just thumb and index finger are used for picking, but sometimes



three fingers and thumb are used. "Back Water Blues," the "Midnight Special," and Blues Improvisation are done in this style. Big Bill Broonzy is a well-known exponent of this style of playing, as is Brownie McGhee, Jesse Fuller, and others.

More elementary styles of picking are found in the two cowboy songs here. In the cowboy song the guitar usually just furnished the rhythm and chords, though occasionally, as in "Blood on the Saddle," it was used to heighten the nature of the song. However, growing out of this humble beginning came what is possibly the most universal of the guitar styles popular among white guitar pickers in the South. This style was popularized (and very possibly originated) by Maybelle Carter, the guitarist with the Carter Family. Though Maybelle uses a thumb pick and gets her sound with thumb and first finger, many hillbilly singers learning from Carter family records utilized a flat pick for the same effect. Most notable of these is Woody Guthrie. Basically the style is this: the thumb hits the bass string; the first finger brushes down on the triad; then comes quickly up on the top two notes of the triad. This gives a bum-tiddy sound; the thumb represented by the bum, the dy on the tiddy being the up stroke of the first finger. The bass string plays the melody in this style. It is a typically American fusion of Anglo-American melody lines with African rhythmic patterns. Although this style sounds well with other instruments (the Carter Family always had an autoharp, and occasionally a fiddle, accompany the guitar) it can stand very well alone. "Jimmie Brown" and Carter Family medley represent this style here.

One song in this collection, "Left My Gal in the Mountains," is played in a sort of American adaption of a Spanish picking style. The three fingers pluck the top three strings and the thumb covers the bottom three strings.

Included also in this collection is an example of a style of playing which is not in the American folk tradition, though this style is used by many city musicians who play folk songs, particularly when they are accompanying an old ballad. It is a style using flowery arpeggios and was adapted from traditional classical guitar and lute styles. A leading exponent of this adaption is Richard Dyer-Bennet. "Greensleeves," played here in E minor, ideally suits the guitar and this style of playing. In my arrangement the melody is carried first in the middle register, with the upper strings playing harmony and the bass string droning a cadence; then the melody is shifted to the top string; and finally the melody is played briefly on the bass string.

THE TUNINGS ...

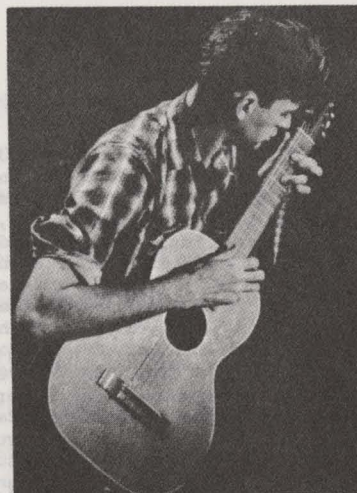
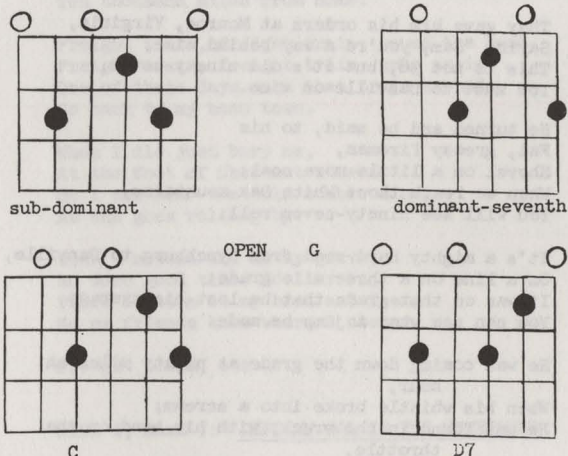
In a recently published book a musicologist lists and describes 18 different tunings for guitar he found in a single Latin American country. Different tunings for the guitar are as universal among folk musicians as is the use of the capo. Even the classical guitarist (who would shudder self-righteously at the thought of an open tuning) has a tuning where the 6th string is lowered one full tone to D.

The most commonly used guitar tunings in American folk music are:

- 1) Spanish tuning: E - A - D - G - B - E
- 2) Open E: (Usually lowered to D to avoid straining the strings)
E - B - E - G# - B - E (D - A - D - F# - A - D)
- 3) Open G: D - G - D - G - B - D

Elizabeth Cotton was the only person I ever heard name these two open tunings. She called open E her "Sevastopol" tuning, and Open G her "Constantinople" tuning. In both these tunings the sub-dominant and dominant chords are usually made with a six-string barre across the fifth and seventh frets respectively. However, sometimes chords which are made at the bottom of the keyboard fit the song better. Below I've diagrammed the sub-dominant and dominant-seventh chords in each tuning.

OPEN E (D)



THE SONGS ...

Most of these songs are in the "current oral tradition" of music in the South and Southeast, which means that they are popular with Southern country musicians, both amateur and professional. Some of them are known authorship; others are traditional.

Midnight Special:

I learned this from the singing of John A. Lomax, Jr. in Houston. It was collected by his father and brother from the singing of prisoners in the Texas prison system.

Jimmy Brown, the Newsboy: the Carter Family.

Wreck of the Old '97:

King Kong Kitchie:

From the singing of "Chubby" Parker and his Old Time Banjo, vocal solo with 5 string banjo and whistling, original issue Columbia 15296D, reissued vol. I, Anthology of American Folk Music, Folkways, FP 251.

Blues Improvisation: Ed Badaux

Jay Gould's Daughter:

Texts from Carl Sandburg's "American Songbag" and John Lomax's "American Ballads and Folksongs."

Freight Train:

Tune, and first, fourth and fifth stanzas from the singing of Elizabeth Cotton. Second and third stanzas, Ed Badaux.

Hitler Lives: Dave McEnery (Red River Dave)

Left My Gal in the Mountains:

Steel Guitar Rag:

Poor Howard:

From the singing of Hudie Ledbetter (Leadbelly)

Back Water Blues: Bessie Smith

Carter Family Medley:

(Bury Me Beneath the Willow, Wildwood Flower)-- the Carter Family.

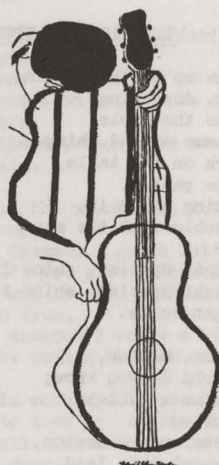
Hard Travelling: Woody Guthrie.

Saga of a Guitar Picker:

(Ernest Tubb's Talking Blues) -- Ernest Tubbs.

Greensleeves:

Traditional, guitar arrangement, Ed Badaux.



BACKGROUND NOTES ...

Born in Houston, Texas, 1926. Attended the University of Houston, graduating in 1953 with a B.S. in Journalism. Worked at various times as a theatre usher, radio announcer, radio writer, social worker, camp counselor, and guitar and banjo teacher. Had a twice-weekly program of folk music in Houston on an educational FM station, and had a live weekly television program of folk songs on Houston's educational TV station, KUHT-TV. In 1951 helped organize the Houston Folklore Group with John A. Lomax, Jr. and Howard Porper, and participates in their annual programs. Was music and dramatics counselor and song leader for three summers at the University Settlement Camp in Beacon, N.Y., and has been stringed instrument teacher and song leader for the past three summers at Camp Killooleet, Hancock, Vermont. Currently lives in New York teaching guitar and banjo, and serves on the editorial board of Sing Out Magazine.



SIDE I, Band 1: CHISHOLM TRAIL

Come along boys and listen to my tale,
I'll tell you of my troubles on the Chisholm Trail.

Come a ti-yi youpi, come a ti-yi-aay;
Come a ti-yi youpi, come a ti-yi-aay.

It's bacon and beans most every day,
I'd sooner be eating prairie hay.

Well, we hit Caldwell, and we hit her on the fly,
We boarded up the herd on a hill nearby.

Stray in the herd, and the boss said kill it,
I hit him in the rum with the handle of my skillet.

Going to the boss to draw my roll,
Figured me out nine dollars in the hole.

Going to the boss to draw my money,
Going back to Texas to see my honey.

With my seat in my saddle, and my saddle in the sky,
Quit punching cows in the sweet bye and bye.

SIDE I, Band 2: BLOOD ON THE SADDLE

There was blood on the saddle,
Blood on the ground
And a great, big puddle,
Of blood all around.

The cowboy lay in it,
All bloody and red;
His hoss fell on him,
And bashed in his head.

Pity the poor cowboy,
All bloody with gore;
He ain't gonna punch
No cows anymore.

There was blood, etc.

SIDE I, Band 3: BLUES IMPROVISATION

SIDE I, Band 4: WRECK OF THE OLD 97

They gave him his orders at Monroe, Virginia,
Saying "Sam, you're a way behind time;
This is not 38, but it's old ninety-seven,
You must to Danville on time.

He turned and he said, to his
Fat, greasy fireman,
Shovel on a little more coal;
When we reach those White Oak mountains,
You will see ninety-seven roll.

It's a mighty hard road from Lynchburg to Danville,
On a line on a three mile grade;
It was on that grade that he lost his average,
You can see what a jump he made.

He was coming down the grade at ninety miles an
hour,
When his whistle broke into a scream;
He was found in the wreck, with his hand on the
throttle,
He was scalded to death by the steam.

Ladies, you must take warning, and from this story
learn,
Never say harsh words to your true-loving husband,
He may leave you and never return.

SIDE I, Band 5: THE MIDNIGHT SPECIAL

Well, you wake up in the morning,
Hear the ding, dong ring;
Go marching to the table,
You see the same dammed thing.
Knife and fork on the table,
Nothing in the pan;
You say anything about it,
You're in trouble with the man.

Let the Midnight Special, shine it's light on me
Let the Midnight Special, shine it's ever loving
light on me.

Yonder comes Dr. Melton,
How in the world do you know;
Cause he gave me a tablet,
On the day before.
Now, there never was a doctor,
Traveling through this land,
That could cure the fever,
Of a convict man.

Yonder comes Miss Rosie,
How in the world do you know?
I know her by her apron,
And the dress she wore.
Umbrella on her shoulder,
Piece of paper in her hand,
Marching to the captain,
Says turn-a-loose of my man.

Well, if you ever go to Houston,
You better walk right;
You better not stagger,
And you better not fight.
Sheriff Benson will arrest you,
Lord, he'll send you down,
The jury finds you guilty,
You're Sugarland bound.

SIDE I, Band 6: FREIGHT TRAIN

Freight train, freight train, going so slow,
Freight train, freight train, going so slow,
Please don't tell them what train I'm on,
So they won't know where I've gone.

Freight train, freight train, through the night,
Freight train, freight train, out of sight.
Laying in a boxcar all alone,
Ten thousand miles from home.

Freight train, freight train, round the bend,
Freight train, freight train, gone again,
One of these days turn that train around,
Go back to my home town.

When I die just bury me,
At the foot of Chestnut street,
So I can hear that old number nine,
As she goes rolling by.

When I'm dead and in my grave,
No more good times do I crave;
Place a stone at my head and feet,
So my friends know where I sleep.

Freight train, etc.

SIDE I, Band 7: LEFT MY GAL IN THE MOUNTAINS

Left my gal in the mountains, left her waiting in
the rain
Went down to the station, caught myself a midnight
train;
Beat my way to Georgia, landed in a gambling town,
Got myself into trouble, shot a county sheriff
down.

Jury brought the verdict, murder in the first
degree,
Judge said take the prisoner to the penitentiary;
Put the handcuffs on me, put me in a Southbound
train,
Took me to Atlanta, they tied me with a ball and
chain.

Left my gal in the mountains, left her waiting all
alone,
Last night I dreamed I got a letter, saying baby
won't you please come home;
She said she was lonely, told me that her love
was true,
Last night I dreamed I wrote a letter, saying
baby coming back to you.

I woke up this morning, laying in Atlanta Jail,
Nobody here to love me, no one to go my bail,
Prison bars all around me, guard a walking by
my door,
Feeling sad and lonely, cause I'll never see my
gal no more.

SIDE I, Band 8: POOR HOWARD

Poor Howard's dead and gone, left me here to sing
my song,
Poor Howard's dead and gone, left me here to sing
my song,

Poor Howard's dead and gone, Poor Howard's dead
and gone
Poor Howard's dead and gone, left me here to sing
my song.

Who's been here since I've been gone, pretty
little girl with a red dress on. (2)
Left me here to sing my song.

Pretty little girl with a red dress, etc.

Who's been here since I've been gone, great big
man with a derby on (2)
Left me here to sing my song.

Great big man with a derby, etc.

SIDE I, Band 9: JIMMIE BROWN, THE NEWSBOY

Sell the morning paper, sir, my name is Jimmie
Brown,
Everybody knows that I'm the newsboy of the town;
Hear me call "The Morning Star," early on the
street,
Got no hat upon my head, no shoes upon my feet.

Never mind, sir, how I look, don't you look at
me and frown,
Sell the morning paper, my name is Jimmie Brown;
Awful cold and hungry, sir, my clothes is mighty
thin,
Wander 'bout from place to place, my daily bread
to win.

My father died a drunkard, sir, I've heard my
mother say,
I am helping mother, sir, as I journey on my way;
My mother always tells me, sir, I've nothing in
the world to do,
I'll get a place in heaven, sir, to sell the
Gospel News.

Sell the morning papers, etc.

SIDE I, Band 10: HARD TRAVELING

I been doing some hard traveling, I thought you
knowed,
I been doing some hard traveling, way down that
road;
I been doing some hard traveling, hard rambling,
hard gambling,
I been doing some hard traveling Lord.

I been hitting that Lincoln Highway, I thought you
knowed
I been hitting that Sixty-Six, away down that road,
Heavy load and a worried mind, looking for a woman
that's hard to find,
I been doing some hard traveling, Lord.

I been sitting in a hard rock jail, I thought you
knowed,
I been sweating out ninety days, away down that
road.
Mean old judge he said to me, ninety days for
vagrancy,
I been doing some hard traveling, Lord.

I been doing some hard harvesting, I thought you
knewed,
I been doing some hard harvesting, way down that
road;
Cut that wheat, and stack that hay, trying to make
about a dollar a day,
I been doing some hard traveling, Lord.
I been doing some hard traveling, etc.

SIDE II, Band 1: BIG SUE

I got a gal and her name was Sue,
Gals like Sue are mighty few,
Her eyes shine like the morning dew,
Sue takes a liking to me to.

Big Sue, Big Sue,
Where's she been since I've been gone,
Over to a dance with a red dress on.

Big Sue's feet are big and round,
When she walks it shakes the ground,
Weighs three hundred and forty pounds,
She's the sweetest gal in town.

(CHORUS)

Now Big Sue don't have much to say,
Lays around through all the day,
Wants me to go but I want to stay,
She never gets a lick of work done that way.

(CHORUS)

Big Sue gave me a watch and chain,
I won't say it was all to blame,
But I soaked it down on Main,
I found inside a stranger's name.

(CHORUS)

SIDE II, Band 2: KING KONG KITCHIE

Frog wen't a courting and he did ride,
King Kong kitchie, kitchie ki-me-O;
Sword and a pistol by his side,
King Kong kitchie, kitchie ki-me-O.

Kimo-kemo, kimo-kee,
Way down yonder in a hollow tree,
An owl, and a bat, and a bumble bee,
King Kong kitchie, kitchie ki-me-O.

Rode til he came to Missie Mousie's door,
There he knelt down on the floor.

He said Missie Mouse will you marry me?
We will have children three.

Missie Mouse had suitors three or four,
They all charged out of the door.

They grabbed Mr. Frog and began to fight,
In that hollow tree twas a terrible night.

Mr. Frog got the suitors down on the floor,
With his sword and his pistol he killed all four.

They went to the parsons the very next day,
Left on their honeymoon right away.

They live far off in a hollow tree.
Where they now have wealth and a family.

SIDE II, Band 3: STEEL GUITAR RAG (instrumental)

SIDE II, Band 4: CARTER FAMILY MEDLEY

Bury me beneath the willow,
Neath the weeping willow tree,
When he comes and finds me sleeping,
Then perhaps he'll think of me.

Tomorrow was our wedding day,
God only knows where he has gone;
He's gone, he's gone to love another,
He no longer cares for me.

I will pine with my rings, and my wavy brown hair,
The lilly so white and the roses so fair,
The myrtle so bright with an emerald dew,
The sweet amileter and eyes look so blue.

Well he told me he loved me and called me his
flower,
That I blossomed to lead him through life's
weary bower,
When I woke from my dreaming my idol was clay,
My visions of love had all vanished away.

SIDE II, Band 5: JAY GOULD'S DAUGHTER

Monday morning it began to rain,
Round the bend come a passenger train,
On that train was hobo John,
He's a good old hobo, but he's dead and gone.

He's dead and gone, he's dead and gone,
He's a good old hobo but he's dead and gone.

Charlie Snyder was a good engineer,
Told his fireman not to fear,
Throw on your water, boys, shovel on your coal,
Stick your head out the window, see the driver's
roll.

See the drivers, etc.

Jay Gould's daughter said before she died,
Two more roads I'd like to ride,
Tell me daughter, what might they be
The Southern Pacific and the Santa Fe,

The Sante Fe, etc.

Jay Gould's daughter said before she died,
Two more drinks I'd like to try,
Tell me daughter, what might they be,
A cold drink of water, hot cup of tea.

Hot cup of tea, etc.

Jay Gould's daughter said before she died,
Papa fix the blinds so the bums can't ride,
If ride they must, let 'em ride the rods,
Let 'em put their trust in the hands of God.

In the hands of God, etc.

Hurry up engine, hurry up train,
Missie gonna ride the road again,
Swift as lightning, smooth as glass,
Fellow take your hat off when the train rolls past.

When the train, etc.

SIDE II, Band 6: BACK WATER BLUES

It rained five days, the skies turned dark as night,
It rained five days, skies turned dark as night,
Trouble was taking place in that lowland at night.

It thundered and it lightnined, the wind began
to blow, (2 Times)
Thousands of people didn't have no place to go

I woke up this morning, I could not get out my
door,
Sometimes there's so much trouble, a poor man don't
know which way to go

They rowed a little boat about five miles cross the pond,
Packed my clothes, threw them in it, they rowed poor me along.

I climbed up on a high old lonesome hill,
Honey, I looked down, on the house I used to live.

Back water blues, caused me to pack my things and go,
My house fell down, I can't live there no more.

SIDE II, Band 7: HITLER LIVES

We hear lots of talk today, up and down life's broad highway,
Whether Hitler died in old Berlin,
Here's one thing I'm telling you, you can bet your life it's true,
If we forget, then Hitler lives again.

Hitler lives, if we hurt our fellow man,
Hitler lives, if we forget;
Those who fought where hero's died,
That our flag might float on high,
If we forget, Hitler lives, Hitler lives.

I see buddies everywhere, mighty lonesome, in despair,
Got no home, got no job, got no friend;
If their troubles you ignore, if you drive them from your door,
You can tell the world that Hitler lives again.

(CHORUS)

Is your memory so dumb, you've forgotten forty-one,
When the world was all aflame from shore to shore;
You can count on this my friend, you'll let Hitler live again,
If you should ever turn a hero from your door.

(CHORUS)

SIDE II, Band 8: SAGA OF A GUITAR PICKER
(Ernest Tubb's Talking Blues)

Now, if you want to get in trouble, I'll tell you how to do it,
Just get a guitar and then you're into it.
You're gonna play all day, you play all night,
Your folks say you never learn to play it right.

They're always fussing at you, growling, won't let you practice...Trying to run you out to the outhouse.

Well, I bought a guitar about a year ago,
And the guy says I can learn it in a week or so,
And he gimme a little book, and a pick or two,
He said "There Ed, it's up to you."

That dirty dog...cost me four-ninety five. Every cent of money I had. Cotton picking money, too.

Never the less I'd spent my dough,
And I couldn't let it go to waste, you know,
So I took the book, guitar and all,
And I went back home where the trees grow tall.

Where down there in Texas...good place to be if you've got a guitar...awful if you ain't.

For weeks and weeks I labored hard,
Trying to learn them few main chords,
The book said it was easy as A.B.C.
But Lord my fingers was killing me,

They got sore on the ends...couldn't mash the strings down...felt disgusted and wanting to quit.

Well, I kept on playing with all my might,
Could see Ma's hair was turning white,
Her face was lined with discontent,
She said her patience was pretty near spent.

She's nervous, ears ringing...wanting to scream.

My sister Mary she took it the worst of all,
Cause she got married that coming fall,
She said it was for love, but I got my doubt,
I think that guitar chased her out.

She's a game gal...just couldn't take it... limit to everything.

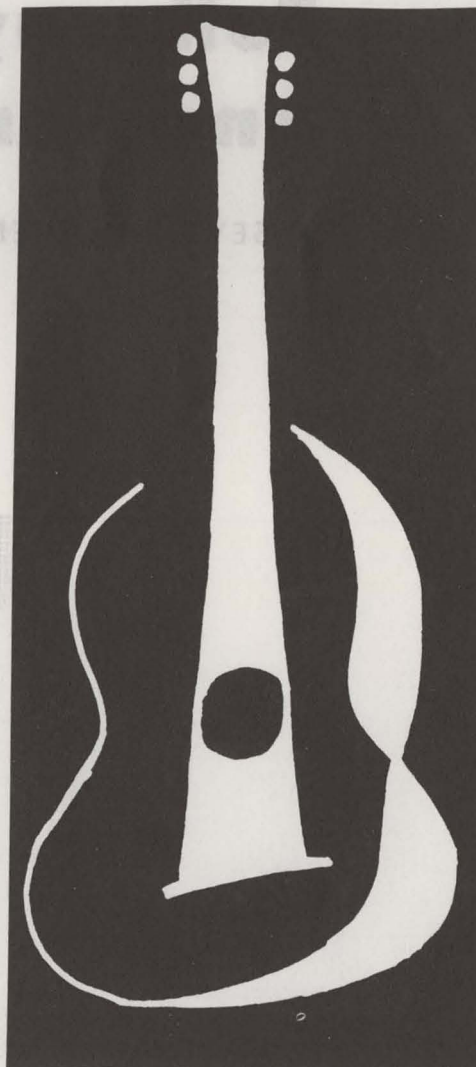
Now my pa he took it a different way,
He said you may turn your Ma's hair gray,
And drive your sister away from home,
But you or I boy's gonna start to roam.

And I ain't leaving...never intend to. You figure it out. I did, fast like.

The next day after my clothes was packed,
I slung that guitar across my back,
Grabbed myself a long freight train,
To search the world for my share of fame.

Ain't found any. Hardships. Heartaches. Handouts.

SIDE II, Band 9: GREENSLEEVES



Cover Photo: David Gahr
Booklet photos: Dave Sear

For Additional Information About
FOLKWAYS RELEASES

of Interest

write to



**Folkways Records
and Service Corp.**

701 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036

