

# FRONTIER BALLADS



## IMMIGRANTS

FARE YOU WELL, POLLY  
NO IRISH NEED APPLY  
JOHNNY GRAY  
GREER COUNTY BACHELOR  
COWBOY YODEL  
THE TRAIL TO MEXICO  
JOE BOWERS

## THE TREK

WAKE UP, JACOB  
CUMBERLAND GAP  
ERIE CANAL  
BLOW THE MAN DOWN  
OX DRIVER'S SONG  
TEXIAN BOYS  
SIOUX INDIANS



**SUNG BY PETE SEEGER  
WITH 5 STRING BANJO**



**FOLKWAYS RECORDS FA 2175**

# FRONTIER BALLADS

SUNG BY PETE SEEGER  
WITH 5 STRING BANJO

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## THE SETTLERS

GROUND HOG  
BLUE MOUNTAIN LAKE  
PADDY WORKS ON THE RAILWAY  
YOUNG MAN WHO WOULDN'T HOE CORN  
JOE CLARK  
MY SWEETHEART IN THE MINES  
HOLLER  
ARKANSAS TRAVELER  
WHEN I WAS SINGLE  
WONDROUS LOVE  
PLAY PARTY  
WHISKEY, RYE, WHISKEY  
THE WAYFARING STRANGER



SUNG BY PETE SEEGER  
WITH 5 STRING BANJO

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Seeger, Pete  
Frontier Ballads



1814 - 1836

FOLKWAYS RECORDS & SERVICE CORP., N. Y.

Frontier Ballads

Illustrated Notes are Inside Pocket

# FRONTIER BALLADS



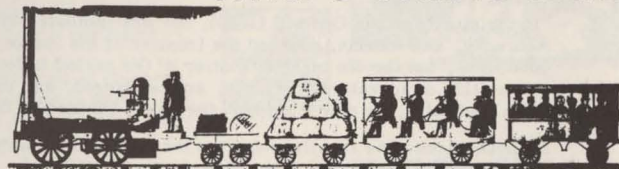
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With the end of the War of 1812, a new era started in the United States. The movement in large scale toward the Pacific began. The Movement West. These people's hopes and interests centered on expansion, settlement, a new and better life in the new nation.

Individual accomplishment, the feeling of rebirth, a new beginning, the romance of discovery--these were more important to the settlers than the primitive life and the hard work which forced the "white collar" worker to adjust himself to any job or chore necessary for life as a pioneer.

In the East factories sprang up; children and women had to work with the men to make ends meet. In the South, as the Indians were pushed out across the Mississippi, Cotton became King. Negro slavery and the social conditions which the white workers faced sent these people Northwest, where they met the influx of other Eastern and European immigrants. Some went to Texas, others to Oregon and to California.

Mark Sullivan, in 1900, wrote:

"Only the Eastern seaboard has the appearance of civilization having really established itself and attained permanence. . . . From the Alleghanies to the Pacific Coast, the picture is mainly of a country still frontier and of a people still in flux."

In his report on the "Significance of the Frontier in American History" F. J. Turner (American Historical Association Report for 1893) states: "Up to and including 1890, the country had a frontier of settlement. . . . the existence of an area of free land; its continuous recession, and the advance of American settlement westward, explain American development. The peculiarity of the American institution. . . the fact that. . . they have been compelled to adapt themselves to the changes of an expanding people - to the changes involved in crossing a continent, in winning a wilderness, and in developing, at each area of this progress, out of the primitive economic and political conditions of the frontier, into the complexity of city life."

"We have the process of evolution in each western area where the recurrence of the phenomenon is reached in the process of expansion."

"Thus the American development has exhibited not merely advance along a single line, but a return to primitive conditions on a continually advancing frontier line, and a new development of that area."

"American social development has been continually beginning over again on the frontier. This perennial rebirth, this fluidity of American life, this expansion westward with its new opportunities, its continuous touch with the simplicity of primitive society, furnishes the forces dominating American character."

The Article continues: "The frontier is the line of most rapid and effective Americanization. The wilderness masters the Colonists. It finds him a European in dress, industries, tools, modes of travel, and thought. It takes him from the railroad car and puts him in a birch canoe. It strips off the garments of civilization and arrays him in hunting shirt and moccasin. It puts him in the log cabin of the Cherokee and Iroquois and runs an Indian palisade around him. . . . the frontier - the environment is at first too strong for the man. He must accept the conditions which it furnishes or perish. Little by little he changes the wilderness but the outcome is not the old Europe. The fact is that here is a new product that is American. At first, at the Atlantic coast it was European, but moving westward the frontier becomes more and more American."

In the 17th Century, the frontier was advanced up the Atlantic River sources, just below the "Fall Line", and the tidewater region became the settled area. Afterwards, settlements in the areas of Kentucky, Tennessee and the Ohio, with the mountains intervening between them and the Atlantic area, give a new and important character to the frontier. The isolation of the region increased its peculiarly American tendencies; the need for transportation facilities to connect it with the East encouraged schemes for internal improvement.

"From decade to decade" the report goes on, "distinct advances occurred. By the census of 1820 the settled area included Ohio, southern Indiana and Illinois, southeastern Missouri and about one-half of Louisiana." "The rising steam navigation on western waters, the opening of the Erie Canal, and the westward extension of cotton culture added five frontier states to the Union in this period." A writer in 1836 (Grund) declares: "Hardly is a new State or Territory formed before the same principal manifests itself again and gives rise to further emigration. . . ."

"In the middle of the Century (1850), the line indicated by the present eastern boundary of Indian Territory (1893), Nebraska, and Kansas, marked the frontier of the Indian country. Minnesota and Wisconsin still exhibit frontier conditions, but the dis incentive frontier of the period is found in California, where the gold discoveries had sent a sudden tide of adventurous miners, and in Oregon, and the settlements in Utah." As the frontier had leaped over the Alleghanies, so now it skipped the Great Plains and the Rocky Mountains.

In these successive frontiers we find the natural boundary lines which have served to mark and to affect the characteristics of the Frontier; namely the "Fall Line", The Alleghany Mountains, the Mississippi, the Missouri; the line of the arid lands, and the Rocky Mountains.

Each of these areas has had an influence in our economic and political history. The Atlantic frontier was compounded of fisherman, fur-trader, miner, cattle raiser, and the farmer. Excepting for the fisherman, each type of industry was on the march toward the West. The unequal rate of advance distinguishes the frontier into the trader's frontier, the rancher's frontier, the miner's frontier and the farmer's frontier.

The preamble to the American (U.S.) Frontier began in 1528. On April 14th, the Spaniard, Panfilo de Narvaez brought 300 men and 42 horses to the shore near present day Tampa, Florida. "The exploring party had expected to live off the country." Inquiring about gold, they were told by the Indians about a place called Apalache in the Northwest. The expedition to Apalache (near Tallahassee) found the country "difficult to travel and wonderful to look upon." Finding no gold there, the Spaniards built ships and sailed along the coast of the Gulf of Mexico westward toward Tampico, Mexico. There were many misadventures, including slavery to the Indians; finally three Spaniards and the Negro Estevan escaped and met with a main force of Conquistadors in Mexico. In 1539 Estevan became the first non-Indian professional guide used by the Spaniards to explore the West. He went as far as the Seven Cities of Cibola, (Zuni pueblos in western New Mexico,) in search of gold. By 1540 the French had settlements, the English had explored the eastern coast (1496) and Sir Francis Drake in June 1579 landed at a point not far from San Francisco claiming it in the name of "Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth."

The immigrants who first came to these shores, some in search of gold, the heretic, the adventurer, the persecuted, among them, came from Europe. They landed on the East coast and many settled there. At first, there were rights to "all that you discover". Then came the Company, then the appointed governor etc. Until no matter why they came to the New World the same conditions prevailed that drove them here. So, many of these people and their descendants moved West for a new life. Some of the hardships, hopes, and adventures of these people are in these songs that they sang; that Peter Seeger himself a descendent of early settlers sings for us now.

During the Revolution, pioneers settled to the Ohio; (see Folkways War of 1812 Ballads) then the Mississippi became the Western Frontier. These included the freedom seekers, the adventurers, the non-conformists, the naturalists. As they "blazed the trail" they had to blend with their surroundings. The Frontier is democratic; the settlers who built Boonesville needed all the help they could get from each other, from nature and from the Indians. Daniel Boone could not have crossed the mountains if the Indians had not known and trusted him. (It was only after the settlers displaced him and robbed him of his land with false treaties and broken promises, and the English, French, and Spanish promised him armed help to take back his hunting ground, that the Indian fought back. People wrote at that time that "the Indian when in peace is the most beloved of brothers but once on the war path .. most savage.")

Then came the settlers who could not adjust to life in the East. Some, like the Mormons, who, ostracized because of their beliefs, trekked far West away from the people who robbed, burned and flogged them. There were those who could or would not compete in business or jobs; these became farmers, smiths, tanners, lumberjacks or did any work that was necessary for frontier life.

Then, new minorities -- Irish, Scottish, German --- who were looked down on by the Eastern City people. Others, fled the slums that these cities bred. As each new area was settled the land became farms and cities - and once again there were those who traveled on - Westward.

Side I, Band 1. (48-5A)  
FARE YOU WELL POLLY



My horses aint hungry  
They won't eat your hay,  
So fare you well Polly  
I'm going away.

Your parents don't like me  
They say I'm too poor,  
They say I'm not worthy  
To enter your door.

My parents don't like you  
You're poor I am told,  
But it's your love I'm wanting  
Not silver or gold.

Then come with me Polly  
We'll ride till we come,  
To some little cabin  
We'll call it our home.

Oh, sparking is pleasure  
And parting is grief,  
And a false-hearted lover  
Is worse than a thief.

They'll hug you, they'll kiss you  
They'll tell you more lies,  
Than cross-ties on a railroad  
Or stars in the sky.

UNKOS,



his mark

OWANEKO,



his mark



ATTAWAHOOD,



his mark.



ROVE BRITANNIA!  
**OFFERING MOST**  
Excellent fruites by Planting in  
VIRGINIA.  
Exciting all such as be well affected  
to further the same.  
Robert Johnson!

LONDON  
Sold for SAMUEL MACKAY, and are to be sold at  
his Shop in Pauls Church-yard, at the  
Signe of the Dial-hand.  
1622.



The Irish and German immigrants of the many who came to the New World before 1860, because of their great number, were the most discriminated against by the "native population." There was need for cheap labor in the industrial north. "Factories flourished from Massachusetts and New Jersey to the shores of Lake Michigan". and employers "eagerly courted millions of workers from the Old World." Prospective immigrants were tempted also by "glowing prospectus of ship companies, railroad agents etc."

Ireland (after the uprising of 1798) was an exploited country... "Irish tenantry worked on five-acre to fifteen-acre patches of estates belonging to English absentee landlords"... and with the decline of prices (after Napoleon's defeat) there was no reason to stay on the land. "Even before the potato blight of 1845 about one million Irishmen had arrived in the United States." "... then the repeal (1846) of the Corn Laws against foreign competition" making land profitable... caused the eviction of countless Irish tenants... who for "\$20 a head steerage"... shipped to the United States.

"In many cases, the landlords decided that it was cheaper to pay passage for local immigrants" ... "Usually they came penniless". They stayed in the neighborhoods of relatives and friends. Soon Boston and New York became slum ridden with "immigrants (who) had to live in "ghettos" ... "Employers began to discriminate and the 'NO IRISH NEED APPLY' notation which accompanied many job advertisements became the source of bitter resentment."

The immigrants began to publish their own newspapers, form their own volunteer militia, and the cities... " were divided into unfriendly national groups".

The "native population" became frightened and organized protective societies. This social unrest was heightened by the depression of 1857 which brought "unemployment everywhere". In New York City the unemployed numbered over 40,000. People paraded and called for "bread or death".

These protective societies became political clubs and helped form the "Know Nothings" or the American Party. In the 1856 election this party played a major role.

Lillian D. Wald writes in "The House on Henry Street" (1915) ... Scorn of the immigrant is not peculiar to our generation. A search of old newspaper files will show that the arrival of any one nationality has always been considered a problem. In turn each nationality as it became established in the new country has considered the next-comers a danger. The early history of Pennsylvania records the hostility to the Germans - 'fear dominated the minds of the Colonists' - despite the fact that the Germans... were land-owning and good farmers."..... As early as 1718 the cry was: "We are overwhelmed by the immigrants. Will our country become German instead of English?"



I'm a decent boy just landed  
From the town of Balyfad;  
I want a situation yes,  
And want it very bad.

O, he makes a big apology  
I bid him then goodbye;  
Saying when next you want a beating, you write  
No Irish need apply.

Some do think it a misfortune  
To be christened Pat or Dan;  
But to me it is an honor  
To be born an Irishman.

I seen employment advertised  
It's just the thing says I;  
But the dirty Spalpeen ended with  
No Irish need apply.

Some do think it a misfortune  
To be christened Pat or Dan;  
But to me it is an honor  
To be born an Irishman.

I couldn't stand it longer  
So a-hold of him I took;  
I gave him such a whelming  
As he'd get at Donnybrook.

O, says I but that's an insult  
O, to get the place I'll try;  
So I went to see the blackguard  
With his no Irish need apply.

Some do think it a misfortune  
To be christened Pat or Dan;  
But to me it is an honor  
To be born an Irishman.

I started out to find the house  
I got it mighty soon;  
There I found the old chap seated  
He was reading the Tribune.

I told him what I came for  
When he in a rage did fly;  
NO, he says you are a Paddy and  
No Irish need apply.

Well, I gets my dander rising  
I would like to black his eye;  
To tell an Irish gentleman  
No Irish need apply.



He hollered Milia Murther  
And to get away did try;  
And swore he'd never write again  
No Irish need apply.



A NATION FROM  
"AMERICANS SHALL RULE AMERICA"  
of Baltimore, and his wonderful STAR Company.  
in the Heart of the City of Baltimore.  
Blood-Sabs, Evil Devils, Hell-Hounds, Tigers, Black Snakes, &c.  
Have any thing worth shooting, or  
this way to land?  
No nothing of any kind of work, speaking of - Some of the  
He there picked out a LAGER BEER, got down, and came out  
in the Dublin - But you need not be angry, unless you are  
Irish, don't let I don't kill some thing else, don't drink!  
Chorus of voices - O! Hard Times O! Rip Raps, Wade in Hell-Hounds, O! Wabest!  
O! Roughshins, O! Plugs! O! Lad is gone, it, stand up Black Snakes! O! Little... of 5'



The Yankee exodus to all parts of the American West, and occasionally into the South, "is the most influential movement our country has known." The Yankees began to leave New England even before the Revolution, at a time when Maine, Vermont, and to a lesser degree New Hampshire still contained unknown thousands of acres of howling wilderness. "The Yankees were born . . . to see . . . if the grass on the other side of the mountain really was greener."

Roger Williams was "banished" so he went west and founded Providence, Rhode Island. Thomas Hooker for whom the rail-fences in the Bay Colony were too confining led his band of faithful over the mountain to found Hartford, Connecticut. Ethan Allen left his native Connecticut and settled in, what is now Vermont. The Genesee "paradise" (NY) was settled first by emigrants from Massachusetts and Connecticut. When a colony of Yankees had settled in Wyoming Valley, Pennsylvania (1778) this region was known back home as "a-way out west in Pennsylvania." Soon their relatives were living in the Ohio Valley founded by the Ohio Company of Associates, a group of New Englanders (1786).

There once was a little feller  
His name was Johnny Gray;  
He was born a-way out west in Pennsylvania.

Refrain: Blow ye winds of morning,  
Blow ye winds hi ho,  
Blow ye winds of morning,  
Blow, blow, blow.



Johnny fell in love  
All with a nice young girl;  
The name of her most positive was Louisa Isreana Curl.

Refrain:

Johnny asked her father  
Her father he said no;  
Consequently she was sent beyond the Ohio.



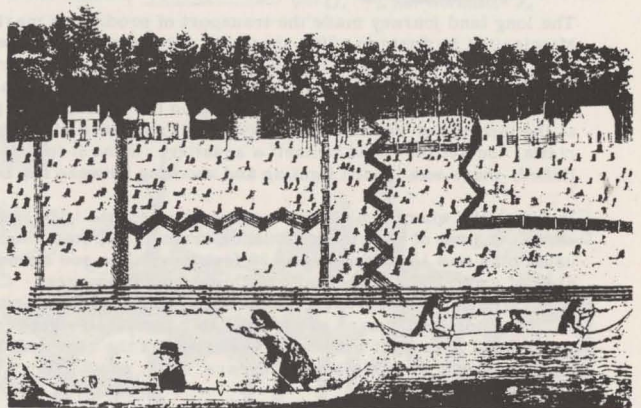
Refrain:

Well, Johnny went west a-trading  
For furs and other things;  
Consequently he was scalped by herds of Indians.

Refrain:

When Miss Louisa heard of this  
She straight way went to bed;  
She never did get up until she died.

Refrain:



**WESTERN EMIGRATION.**

**JOURNAL**

**DOCTOR JEREMIAH SKIPLETON'S  
TOUR TO OHIO.**



CONTAINING  
An account of the numerous difficulties, Hair-breadth  
Escapes, Mortifications and Privations, which the  
Doctor and his family experienced on their  
Journey from Maine, to the 'Land of Pro-  
mise,' and during a residence of three years  
in that highly extolled country.

BY H. TRUMBULL.

*Nulli Fides Frensis.*

BOSTON--PRINTED BY S. SAWALL.



In 1796 Congress passed a (liberal) Land Act. A settler could buy not less than 640 acres of land at \$2.00 an acre, half to be paid at once, the rest by the end of the year. In 1799 William Henry Harrison was appointed agent for the Northwest Territory. He was the first representative from the public domain north of Ohio. In 1800 Harrison urged passage of a new Land Act which was approved. It stipulated that "land could be sold locally in half sections, or 320 acres; that payments could be spread to four installments over four years." A settler could get legal title by an initial payment of 50¢ an acre.

By 1800, four hundred thousand persons were living beyond the Alleghenies. There were several main roads along which the incessant streams of emigrants traveled:



Along the Mohawk Valley into western New York  
From Philadelphia to Pittsburgh  
From the Potomac to the Monongahela  
Through southwestern Virginia and the Cumberland Gap to the Ohio.

The long land journey made the transport of produce to market in the East impossible, but with the opening of the Mississippi by Spain in 1795, the great river traffic began which gave the West its first purchasing power. The Land Law of 1841 usually called the Preemption Act (September 4th, 1841), provided that the head of a family, a widow, or a single man over 21 years of age could file a claim for 160 acres of the public domain. The claimant was required by law to erect a dwelling on the claim, show proof of his settlement to the registrar and receiver at the land office who received fifty cents from each claimant. If there were no offices in a territory to file a claim, the settler found himself a squatter. Since it took two years for surveying before an office could be established, there was "much fighting and shooting between the rightful owner and the squatter."

In the plains where timber was scarce, houses had to be built of sod or dugout. The typical home was made of sod or was dug out of the side of a hill or ravine. Sod was either laid up rough, plastered or hewed off smooth. The usual plan was 16 feet wide and 20 feet long. The sod bricks were made by turning over furrows on about half an acre of ground where the sod was thickest and strongest. Care was taken to make the furrows of even width and depth so that the walls of the cabin would rise with regularity and evenness. The poorer settler built a crude roof. A forked post set in each end of the cabin furnished a support for the ridge pole. When it rained the roof was well soaked and its weight immense. Occasionally the roof caved in or the walls collapsed. The average life of a good sod house was from six to seven years.

(From Folkways album No. FP 22 Cowboy Ballads):

"As the cowboy represents a continuance of the nomadic tradition, the nester represents the agricultural tradition. As the land was opened up to settlement many pioneers interested in farming rather than livestock squatted on and fenced off whatever land they dared take and later others took out claims to land opened for settlement by the federal government. The nesters produced a type of song of their own, much like the cowboy ballad, in which they sang sometimes in a humorous vein of the trials and tribulations of their lives. The well-known "Hurrah for Greer County" and "My Little Old Sod Shanty on My Claim" are typical of this type." (J. D. ROBB)

My name is Tom Hight, an old bachelor I am,  
You'll find me out West in the county of fame,  
You'll find me out West on an elegant plan  
A-starving to death on my government claim.

My clothes they are ragged, my language is rough,  
My bread is corndodgers, both solid and tough;  
And yet I am happy and live at my ease,  
On sorghum, molasses and bacon and cheese.

Hurrah for Greer County! the land of the free,  
The land of the bedbug, grasshopper and flea,  
I'll sing of its praises I'll tell of its fame,  
While starving to death on my government claim.

My house it is built of the national soil,  
Its walls are erected according to Hoyle,  
Its roof has no pitch but is level and plain,  
I always get wet if it happens to rain.

Hurrah for Greer County! the land of the free,  
The land of the bedbug, grasshopper and flea,  
I'll sing of its praises I'll tell of its fame,  
While starving to death on my government claim.

How happy am I when I crawl into bed!  
A rattlesnake hisses a tune at my head,  
A gay little centipede, quite without fear,  
Crawls over my pillow and into my ear.

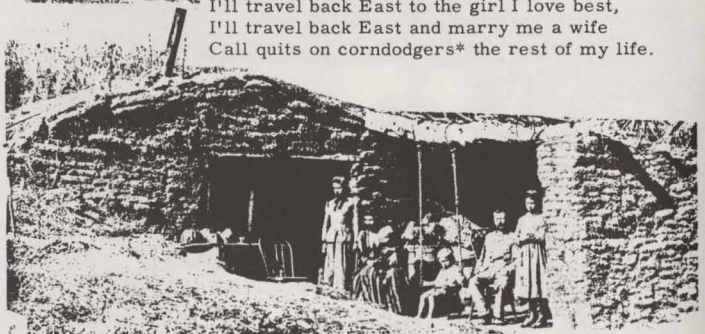


A HOUSE "TWELVE BY FOURTEEN"

Now all you claim holders, I hope you will stay,  
Chew your hardtack till you're toothless and gray;  
But for myself, I'll no longer remain  
To starve like a dog on my government claim.

Hurrah for Greer County! where blizzards arise,  
Where the sun never sinks and the flea never dies,  
I'll sing of its praises, I'll tell of its fame,  
While starving to death on my government claim.

Good-bye to Greer County, good-bye to the West,  
I'll travel back East to the girl I love best,  
I'll travel back East and marry me a wife  
Call quits on corndodgers\* the rest of my life.



\*Corndodgers are small cakes baked in Dutch ovens of corn-meal mush fried, served with butter or pork drippings.

Side I, Band 5. (48-5A) COWBOY YODEL  
Side I, Band 6. (48-5A) THE TRAIL TO MEXICO

While the farmer settler briefly halted his westward march to ponder the problems of a "land of forbidding novelty, the Great Plains," (West of the Mississippi) the huge territory became the kingdom of the cowman. When the frontiersmen who invaded the West found the prairie was good pasture land, large cattle raising ranges came into being. The cowboy, who rode herd, took care of the cattle, and drove them, was usually a young unmarried man who lived in the cattle camps or at times in a tent or on the "ground beneath the sky." He was a least temporarily homeless, and saw little of women, a fact which "invested home and womanhood with glamor and romance." His life was a hard one.

"The drive ... came to be known as 'going up the trail' for the cattle really made permanent deep cut trails across trackless hills and plains of the long way. The long drives up the trail occupied months . . . . Most cowboys emigrated to the West for the same reason that their ancestors had come from across the sea. They loved roving; they loved freedom; they were pioneers by instinct; an impulse set their faces from the East, put itch for roaming in their veins, and sent them ever, ever westward." (John Lomax, Cowboy Songs, The Macmillan Co., 1910)

I made up my mind to change my way  
And quit my crowd that was so gay,  
And leave the girl who promised me her hand  
And head down south to the Rio Grande.

'Twas in the spring of '53  
When A.J. Stinson hired me,  
He said young feller, "I want you to go  
And drive this herd down to Mexico."

O, it was a long and a toilsome go  
As we rode on to Mexico,  
With laughter light and cowboy song  
To Mexico as we rolled along.

When I arrived in that distant land  
I wanted to see my love but I could not stand,  
So I wrote a letter to my dear  
But not a word from her could I hear.

When I returned to my native land  
They said she'd married a richer man,  
They said she'd married a richer life  
Therefore, wild cowboy, seek another wife.

Oh its curse your gold and your silver too  
Confound the girl who won't prove true  
I'll head out West where the bullets fly  
And stay on the trail till the day I die.



The discovery of gold in California, in 1849 started a new impetus toward the West; not for farming or ranching, but to find gold.

"The Gold Rush had something of the fervor of a crusade. . . ."

Farmers, clerks, mechanics, doctors, lawyers and ministers - left their jobs. Companies were formed "to encourage all young men who have the nerve and heart enough to break from the enfeebling conventionalities of a corrupt civilization, and carve out for themselves a name and a fortune."

In Massachusetts alone, in 1849, 124 such Companies left for California.

"After the first eager horde of prospectors had swept away the easy findings, it became increasingly difficult to make a living, let alone a fortune, sifting and digging for pay dirt in the withering sunshine and the bitter chill of the California hills."

The census of 1850 records that more than nine-tenths of the population of California was male. The few women there were classified "neither maids, wives, nor widows."

The easy normal life of the native Californian was an "exotic and appealing spectacle." . . . where the Spanish people danced Fandangos which to the emigrant was "pretty good music." The señoritas, wrote one wistful Yankee miner, "looked very pretty." However the prejudices these frontiersmen had brought with them from the East still clung and made them look homeward for their women. They thought of the Spanish as being of another culture, the women not "fit" to marry.

My name it is Joe Bowers, I've got a brother Ike,  
I'm just here from Missouri and all the way from Pike;  
I'll tell you why I left there and why I came to roam,  
And leave my aged parents so far away from home.

I used to court a girl there, her name was Sally Black,  
I asked her if she'd marry, she said it was a whack;  
She says to me, "Joe Bowers, before we've hitched for life,  
You ought to get a little home to keep your little wife."

Says I, "My dearest Sally, Oh, Sally, for your sake,  
I'll go to California and try to raise a stake.  
Says she to me, "Joe Bowers, you're just the one to win."  
She gave me a kiss to seal the bargain and threw a dozen in.

I'll never forget my feelings when I bid adieu to all.  
Sal she cotched me around the neck, and I began to bawl.  
When I began they all commenced, you never heard the like,  
How they took on and cried the day I left old Pike.

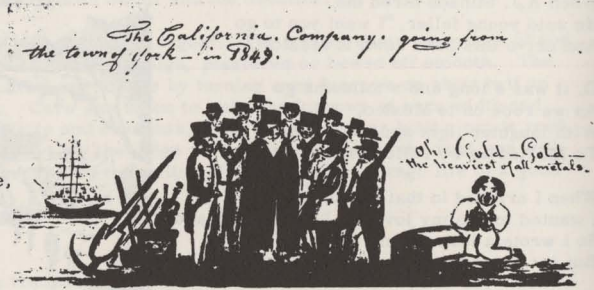
When I got to this country, I had nary a red;  
I had such wolfish feelings, I wished myself most dead.  
But the thoughts of my dear Sally soon made this feelin git.  
And whispered hopes to Bowers, Lord, I wish I had 'em yet.

At last I went to mining, put in my biggest licks,  
Came down upon the bowlders just like a thousand bricks;  
I worked both late and early, in rain, in sun and snow,  
I was working for my Sally, 'twas all the same to Joe.

One day I got a letter from my dear brother Ike,  
It came from old Missouri all the way from Pike.  
It taught me the darndest news that ever you did hear,  
My heart it is a-breaking, so please excuse this tear.

It said my Sal was false to me, that her love for me had fled,  
That she had got married to a butcher whose hair was red;  
It told me more than that; it's enough to make me swear,  
That Sal had had a baby and the baby had red hair.

Now I told you everything about this sad sad affair,  
About Sally marrying the butcher and the baby had red hair;  
But whether it was a boy or girl the letter never said,  
It only said the baby's hair was inclined to be red.



## THE TREK

The pioneer, no matter what date or locality, was a traveler before he was a producer or shipper of goods, and the common experience of these people, gained on their journeys, was the basis on which future permanent routes and methods of travel were planned or created. For nearly 150 years, from the establishment of the first permanent settlements along the Atlantic Coast, there were practically no improvements made in the means of movement over the face of the land. During this time, generally speaking, people went north and south. However "each new farm established a little further on, each new child born, helped toward the contest in which nature was defeated by man's demand for movement in speed and comfort... this also helped in a gradual change in the character of the people themselves..."

The attitude of the people toward the wilderness also changed. . . . "it was better comprehended and less feared. . . ."

Until about 1806... "People visited their friends or moved about on business, in flatboats, dog-sleds, stage-coaches, strange wagons, or canoes." If any of these were unavailable than "the traveler walked or else rode upon a horse." For long journeys women and children "were carried in horse-litters".

The Indians found the easiest ways and trails and had settled at the most advantageous points along their routes. Many of these taken by the white man, became route centers and eventually metropolises. A description of an early emigration (1775) party that crossed the Wilderness Road states that there were 40 men in all, that they made sure the Indians would abide by the peace treaty, that. . . "Pack horses carried the necessary equipment and provisions, and a few Negro men were included in the expedition to care for the animals and perform camp duties during the journey. All men carried axes."

Pack-Mules were used to carry burden.

The early settlers traveled in groups which included about thirty to forty men with rifles; some were selected for the head of the group, others for the rear. At the start, it was hard work even to cross the Cumberland Gap; the bushes and trees were very dense. Only the Indian trails were passible. A party of settlers could make about ten miles a day or less if they had to chop their way through. Late in the afternoon the advance would select a good spot and they would camp for the night. Some kept watch, others gathered wood and cut branches and made lean-tos. The women made supper. A meal might consist of johnnycake made by baking a batter of corn meal on a stone in front of the fire; and meat cooked by broiling chunks held on sharpened sticks over the coals.

Pushing ahead this way, the newcomers reached one of the small settlements already established by the Frontiersmen, such as Boonesville. When they arrived, the men would look over the ground and choose by lot for land. Each man established his plot by marking the trees with his initials. Then all the men chipped in and helped build each other's log cabins. A rough job before "chinking" took eight days. The wilderness held few fears for these people whose families had done most the same thing when they arrived and settled on the East coast.

In 1784, about 30,000 people were in the Kentucky region. "The overland movement still maintained a caravan character." Within a few years many new routes were "blazed" and used.

In 1795 Kentucky passed a bill titled "An Act opening a Wagon Road to Cumberland Gap." It was to be suitable for wagons and carriages. A so-called wagon road, after it had developed from an Indian trace or a white man's tote-path, was usually a narrow winding trail across the country, made of nothing but the "natural soil". The first improvements were the laying of logs side by side across it. This was called a corduroy road.

In 1750 an important development occurred in Pennsylvania. . . "the first use of the Conestoga wagon." "The Conestoga wagon was always in the van of travel progress, always years ahead of the stage-coach, the steamboat, canal or railroad". "A Conestoga wagon" was a huge affair, very heavily built, with a bed higher at each end than in the middle. . . the underbody was always painted blue, the upper bright red. "They were the frigates of the land." Soon pack-trains left the East on schedules and communication between the East and the West became two-way.

During the War of 1812 communication, by sailing packets, between the north Atlantic states and the southern seaboard was almost entirely cut off by the British blockade. The only remaining method of travel was by Conestoga wagon. From 10 to 20 overland wagons left the cities of the East and arrived daily in Charleston, and from there dispersed elsewhere. Once the River country was reached a new method of transportation was needed. Boats were sometimes bought ready-made at the river junctions, "but were more often constructed by the travelers themselves from trees felled on the spot." "They resembled a mixture of log cabin, fort, floating barnyard and country grocery." The progression was from dugout canoe to the flatboat, the standard water vehicle for traveling families, and a creation of the Ohio River Valley.

Side II, Band 1. (48-5B) WAKE UP JACOB

Wake up, Jacob, day's a-breaking  
 Peas in the pot and hoe-cake's a-baking,  
 Early in the morning, almost day.  
 If you don't come soon  
 I'm going to throw it all away.  
 Wake up!



Side II, Band 2. (48-5B) CUMBERLAND GAP

Cumberland Gap was discovered in 1750 by Dr. Thomas Walker. In 1775 Daniel Boone blazed the Wilderness Road through the Cumberland Gap, into Kentucky. For fifty years, especially during the Revolution, it was the main highway West. But it was not until 1790 that the road was broad enough for wagon and team. By 1820 the road extended to the Ohio. (Wheeling).

Lay down boys, take a little nap,  
 We're all going down to Cumberland Gap.  
 Cumberland Gap, Cumberland Gap,  
 We're all goin down to Cumberland Gap.

Me and my wife, my wife Pat,  
 We all live down to Cumberland Gap.  
 Cumberland Gap, Cumberland Gap  
 We all live down to Cumberland Gap.

I got a gal in Cumberland Gap,  
 She's got a baby calls me pap.  
 Cumberland Gap, Cumberland Gap  
 We're all goin down to Cumberland Gap.

Cumberland Gap it aint very fur,  
 It's just three miles from Middlesboro\*  
 Cumberland Gap, Cumberland Gap  
 We're all going down to Cumberland Gap.



—Cumberland Gap, the gateway through the Alleghanies

\*Kentucky



To the PUBLIC.  
**THE FLYING MACHINE**, kept by  
 John Mercereau, at the New Blazing Star Ferry, near New York, lets off from Powell's Hook every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday Mornings, for Philadelphia, and performs the Journey in a Day and a Half, for the Summer Season, till the 1st of November; from that Time to go twice a Week till the first of May, when they again perform it three Times a Week. When the Stages go only twice a Week, they let off Mondays and Thursdays. The Waggon in Philadelphia set out from the Sign of the George, in Second Street, the same Morning. The Passengers are desired to cross the Ferry the Evening before, as the Stages must let off early the next Morning. The Price for each Passenger is Twenty Dollars, Pro. and Goods as usual. Passengers going Part of the Way to pay in Proportion.  
 As the Proprietor has made such Improvements upon the Machines, one of which is in Imitation of a Coach, he hopes to merit the Favour of the Publick.  
 JOHN MERCEREAU.

The water ways were the natural, the easiest, and the most popular highways of early America. Even before the Revolution, Benjamin Franklin pointed out that "Rivers are ungovernable things. . . (canals being) quiet, always manageable . . . should be encouraged to speed the country . . . on its way . . . to new directions."

In 1784 Washington promoted a canal company, "to facilitate transportation along the Potomac Valley."

In 1790 many canals were planned; Philadelphia planned to build three, and work was actually started on the Mohawk Valley Canal. The most famous of the early canals was the Erie, known as Clinton's "Big Ditch." It was begun in 1817. ("To talk of making a canal three hundred and fifty miles long through the wilderness is little short of madness"). It was built primarily by Irish bog trotters from West Ireland. On October 25th, 1825 (after eight years) it was finished, and the Seneca Chief made the initial journey from Buffalo to New York in nine days. Soon the Erie became the most important link between the East and the West. In a single day more than fifty boats left Albany for the West. At the locks, as many as sixty to seventy boats would wait their turn. It became known as "The Grand Canal." By 1847, "the canal business concentrating at Albany was greater than derived by New Orleans from the trade of the whole Mississippi River system."

Because of the success of the Erie many canals were being built; from the Ohio, the Great Lakes and the Mississippi, goods flowed back East and emigrants moved westward, "Cincinnati became the crossroad of an active traffic and a funnel for the farm produce of a wide area." In 1836 Detroit, which in the early 19th Century "hadn't a paved street," was a metropolis where "thousands of settlers are pouring every year, and of these, many are Irish, German, or Dutch, working their way into the back country, and glad to be employed for a while in Detroit, to earn money to carry them further."

Chorus: O the Erie was a-rising  
And the gin was a-gettin low,  
And I scarcely think we'll get a drink  
Till we get to Buffalo,  
Till we get to Buffalo.

We were forty miles from Albany,  
Forget it, I never shall,  
What a terrible storm we had one night  
On the Erie Canal.

We were loaded down with barley,  
We were chock-up full of rye;  
The captain he looked down on me  
With his gol-durn wicked eye.

Two days out from Syracuse,  
The vessel struck a shoal,  
We like to all be foundered  
On a chunk o' Lackawanna coal.

We hollered to the captain  
On the towpath, treadin dirt,  
He jumped on board and stopped the leak  
With his old red flannel shirt.

The cook she was a grand old gal,  
She wore a ragged dress,  
We heisted her upon the pole  
As a signal of distress.

The wind begin to whistle,  
The waves begin to roll,  
We had to reef our royals  
On that raging Canal.

When we got to Syracuse,  
Off-mule he was dead,  
The nigh mule he got blind staggers  
We cracked him on the head.

The captain, he got married,  
The cook, she went to jail,  
And I'm the only sea-cook son  
That's left to tell the tale.



The Packetship: "A vessel that conveys dispatches, mail, passengers, and goods, and having fixed sailing days."

Packet boat service started at the end of the 18th Century on the Ohio. In 1794 the proprietor of one Packet, advertised that he would "render the accommodations on board the boat as agreeable and convenient as possible . . . (the boat was) . . . manned with choice men, and the master of approved knowledge." Boats of every shape and draft were used. First the flatboats, then keelboats then the steamer. The keelboats were the most common, for they "could be rowed when small enough, sailed where feasible, or poled through water, upstream as well as down." They attracted the most competent crews. In 1817, an Englishman, John Palmer, relates: "The boat was a hundred ton affair equipped with two masts and it carried a valuable cargo of West Indies produce from New Orleans to Maysville, Kentucky." Until the advent of the Steamboat and for many years after, the keelboats carried a large share of the trade between the East, the south, and Europe, to the upper Mississippi and the Ohio River towns.

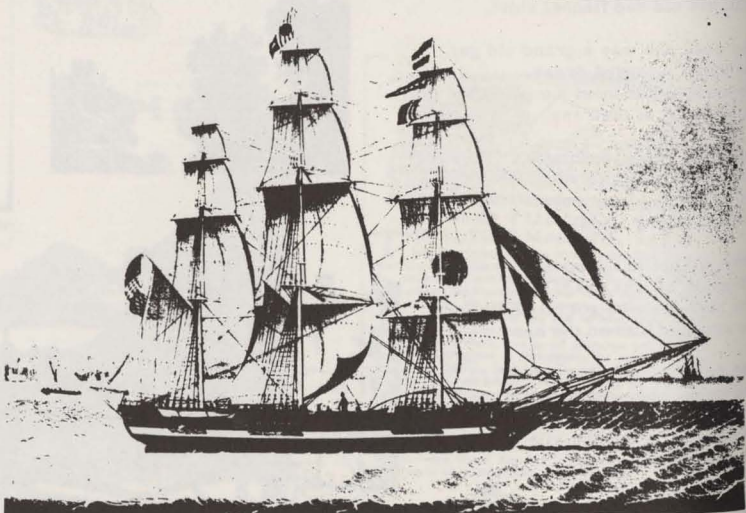
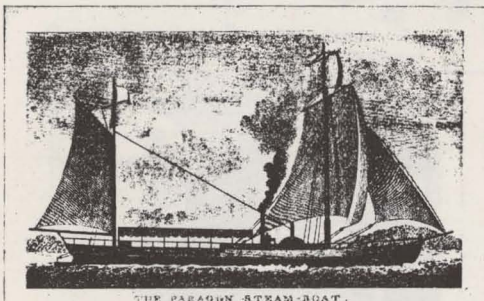
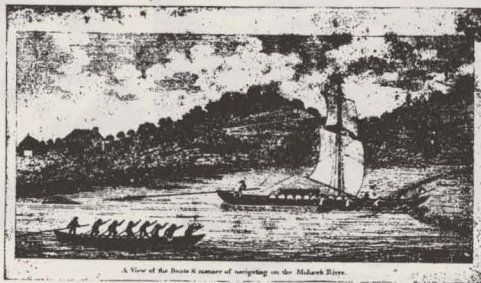
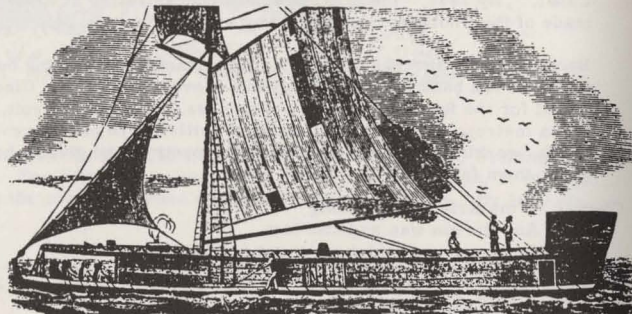
Chorus: Oh, blow the man down bullies, blow the man down,  
To me way! hey! - Blow the man down!  
Blow the man down, bullies, blow him away,  
Give me some time to blow the man down.

As I was a-walkin down Paradise Street,  
To me way! hey! - Blow the man down!  
A pretty young damsel I chanced for to meet,  
Give me some time to blow the man down.

She hailed me with her flipper, I took her in tow,  
To me way! hey! - Blow the man down!  
Yard-arm to yard-arm away we did go,  
Give me some time to blow the man down.

As soon as that Packet was clear of the bar,  
To me way! hey! - Blow the man down!  
The mate knocked me down with the end of a spar,  
Give me some time to blow the man down.

Its yard-arm to yard-arm away you will sprawl,  
Way! hey! - Blow the man down!  
For kicking Jack Rogers commands the Black Ball  
Give me some time to blow the man down.





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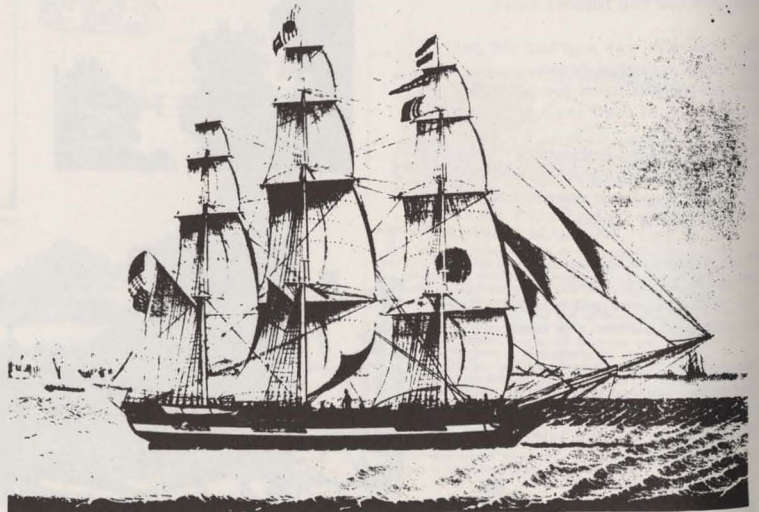
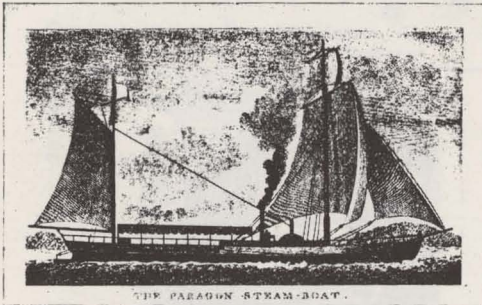
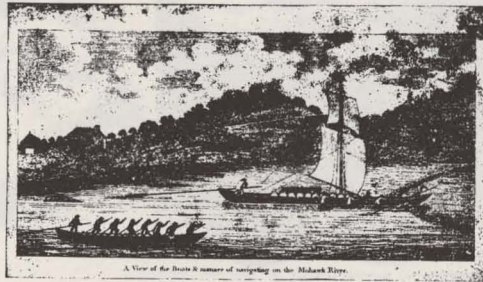
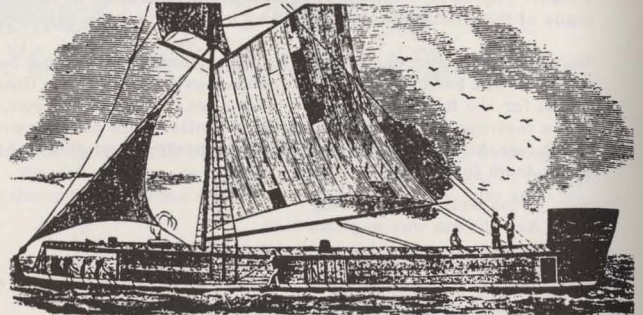
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After the land up to the Ohio had been settled, new emigrants used new methods of travel to reach the areas West of the Mississippi. This land was known even as late as 1870 as the "Great American Desert." The wagons they used were called, the covered wagon, prairie schooner and usually the Conestoga freight wagon made in the East. Emigrants gathered in April and May at Independence, Westport, and St. Joseph. They carried only what was essential - "no useless trumpery." A typical load was: "for each adult, there should be 200 lbs. of flour, 30 of pilot bread, 75 lbs of bacon, 10 of rice, 5 lbs of coffee, 2 of tea, 25 lbs. of sugar, 1/2 bushel of dried beans, etc." Fresh meat could be hunted on the plains. A loaded wagon weighed between 3,000 and 7,000 pounds. Teams were made up of 10 to 12 horses or mules, or six yoke of oxen, with a number tagging along as reserve. Small wagons of about 2,500 pounds were pulled by one yoke of oxen with three in reserve. Wise emigrants used oxen four to six years old, "tight and heavy made." A guide or Captain usually led the wagon train which was also known as the "Company." The first emigrant 'trains' for the Oregon Trail left Independence in 1842. In 1843, eight hundred and seventy-five went all the way to Oregon.

I pop my whip I bring the blood,  
I make those leaders take the mud,  
I grab the wheels and I turn them around  
One long pull and we're on hard ground.

Refrain: To my ral to my ral to my rideo  
To my ral to my ral to my rideo  
To my rideo, heh, rodeo  
To my ral to my ral to my rideo.

It was in the month of October, O,  
I hitched my team in order O,  
To drive to the Hills of Saludio  
To my ral to my ral to my rideo.

Refrain:

When I got there the Hills were steep,  
Would make a tender person weep,  
To hear me cuss and pop my whip  
To see them oxen pull and slip.

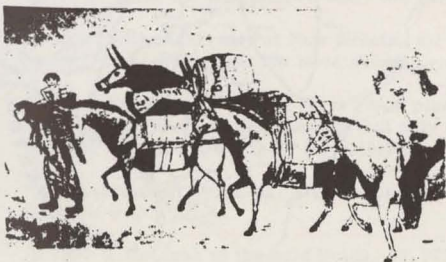
Refrain:

When I get home I'll have revenge,  
I'll leave my family among my friends  
I'll bid adieu to the whip and line  
And drive no more in the winter time.

Refrain:



Bull-Whackers urge the weary oxen on.



Early in the 1800's St. Louis was a large fur-trading center. Traders and trappers used the Missouri River, in canoes and keelboats, to trade or trap skins (mostly beaver) in the "remote Indian country". Some went as far as the Columbia River (Oregon).

By 1830 the St. Louis traders were operating in the "Sante Fe region, on the Arkansas and Platte Rivers, in Colorado and Utah, and as far as the San Joaquin Valley of California."

Permanent trading posts had been established and many settlers "drifted" westward over trails marked "out by trappers and traders".

From Independence Missouri (1821) the Sante Fe trail led to the Spanish settlements of New Mexico. Dry goods and hardware were carried along this trail in exchange for gold, silver, livestock, and furs.

In 1825 Congress authorized ... "To cause a road to be marked out from the western frontier of Missouri to the confines of New Mexico." This was called the Sante Fe Trail.

The law also stipulated ... "first obtain the consent... of Indians, by treaty, to the marking of said road, and to the unmolested use thereof to the citizens of the United States."

This trail was used by caravan wagon trains and traffic in 1855 was estimated to be over \$5,000,000. During the days of the "Lone Star Republic" the long-horned cattle grew wild and multiplied enormously. From 1830 to 1860 it has been estimated that the cattle in Texas increased from 100,000 to almost 5,000,000 head. These cattle breeding grounds of Texas were a long distance from the giant markets of Eastern and Northern cities "hungry for meat." Many Texas cattle men sent their herds'up the trail" to meet the Sante Fe Trail and then to Kansas City for trans-shipment East.

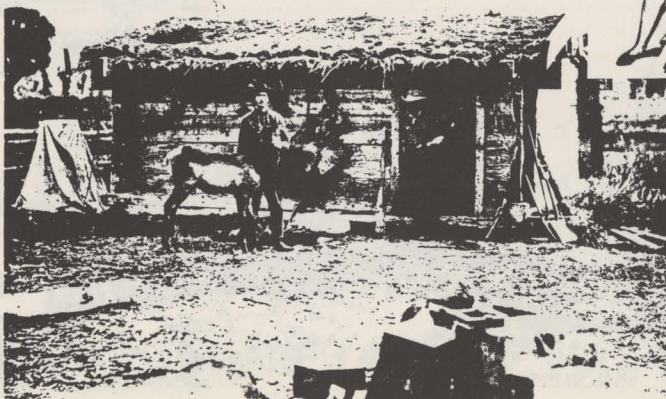
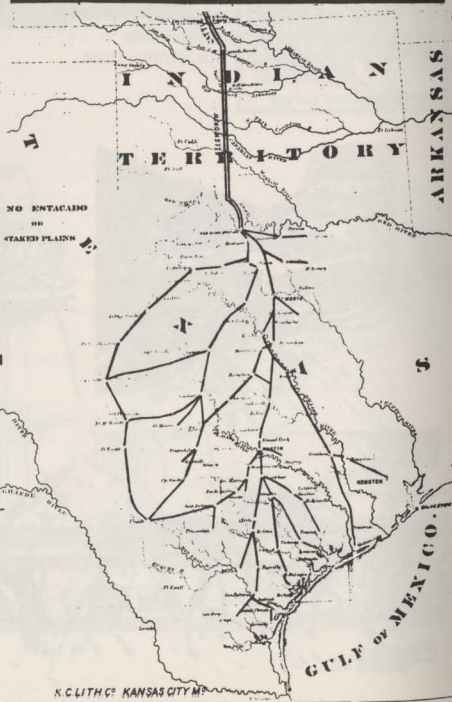
Come all you Missouri girls, and listen to my noise,  
Don't you go trust those Texian boys,  
'Cause if you do, your fortune will be  
Johnny-cake and venison and sassafras tea.

They'll take you out to some live-oak hill,  
Leave you to starve against your will,  
Leave you alone out there on the plain,  
'Cause that's the way with the Texians.

They'll take you to a house with a hewed-log wall,  
But it ain't got no windows at all;  
Clapboard roof and a puncheon floor,  
That's the way all Texas o'er.

When they come a courtin I'll tell you what they wear,  
An old leather coat all patched and bare,  
An old straw hat more brim than crown,  
A pair of dirty socks they wore the winter round.

Oh Brandy is brandy any way you mix it,  
But a Texian is a Texian any way you fix it.  
When other good folks have all gone to bed  
The devil is a-working in the Texian's head.



K. CLITH CO. KANSAS CITY MO.

A report by a Frenchman, Samuel de Champlain, in the early 17th Century on the treatment of the Indians by the Spanish had this to say: "At the commencement of his (Spanish King) conquests . . . established the inquisition among them (the Indians) and enslaved them or put them to death in such numbers that the mere account of it arouses compassion for them . . . all these Indians are of a very melancholy disposition."

Champlain himself became the enemy of the Five Nations when he took arms against the Iroquois to appease the Algonquins.

The Englishman, Ogelthorpe of Georgia established and maintained (173-) friendly relations with the Lower Creek and and Choctaw Indians. (Georgia was used as a buffer by the English against the Spanish and French along the southern frontier.)

In the year 1616, Pocahontas was brought to and introduced in the Court of England where she was treated as a Princess. This established peace between the Indians and the Colonists at Jamestown. Between 1630 and 1677 advancing New Englanders isolated Indian tribes. The Pequot war and King Philip's War resulted. The Indians were nearly extinguished. In 1676 one Nathaniel Bacon, a settler, with a band of men wiped out the Susquehannocks.

The Indians in the Treaty of Logstown, between Virginia, and the Iroquois and Delaware, ceded to Virginia, lands south of the Ohio, permitting the settlement on Red Stone Creek.

The French who claimed this territory resented the intrusion and built a series of forts. George Washington was sent to warn away the French. The Indians abrogated the Treaty and sided with the French. This started off the "Seven Years War" (1754-63) (known as the French and Indians Wars). The Treaty of Paris (1763) gave the Indians "a dividing line" between the settlers and an Indian Reservation. The Indians revolted and Pontiac's rebellion followed.

The settlers were compensated for losses "suffered at the hands of the Indians." A commissioner was appointed in 1764 and in 1768 the English cabinet passed a law stating that the "Proclamation Line is to be moved west by Treaties with the Indians."

The Treaty of Lochaber between the Indian Commissioner Stuart and the Cherokee (October 18, 1770) modified the line by pushing the border westward. During the surveying of the line, it was tripled in acreage (with the connivance of Indian companions).

In 1774 an agreement was reached on (connived, by means of interpreting the law to omit "accumulate") six million acres. (Grand Mogul)

In 1784 the Six Nations of the Iroquois ceded to the United States all lands west of the Niagara River.

In 1794, after the Battle of Fallen Timbers, General (Mad) Anthony Wayne wrested the Northwest Frontier from the Indians.

The Treaty of Greenville signed by twelve tribes set a definite boundary in the Northwest Territory between the Indian lands and those available to the United States.

In 1798 with the development of the Mississippi Territory, the old Southwest was open to colonization by "pacification" of the Georgia Indians and the "elimination" of Spanish control.

In 1810 Tecumseh said to William Henry Harrison, Governor of the Indiana Territory, "The whites have driven us from the Salt water, forced us over the mountains and would shortly push us into the lakes. . .but we are determined to go no further."

In 1813 (Battle of the Thames, Canada) the United States, (Harrison) broke the control of the British and the Indians up to the Northwest (Tecumseh lost his life in this battle).

In 1826 a treaty was signed with the Creek Indians, removing them from Georgia to beyond the Mississippi.

In 1830 Congress enacted a Bill empowering the President to "transfer any Eastern Indian tribes to trans-Mississippi areas."

By 1846, after the Black Hawk War, the removal of the Indians from the Old Northwest was completed.

In 1835, with the Treaty of New Echota, all Cherokee lands became U. S. property and the Cherokee were "transported" to areas beyond the Mississippi.

In 1842-3 the great "Oregon fever" took place and settlers went out on the Oregon Trail, heedless of the fact that this was "an invasion of a country that only a few years before had been earnestly pledged by the United States Government to the Indians as their inviolable preserve."

Fort Laramie in Wyoming, a strategic point in the Sioux country, was maintained in order to have troops ready to help the wagon trains.

In 1850 in the rush to the gold fields, 37,570 men, 825 women, 1126 children, 9101 wagons, 31,502 oxen, etc. were checked in by July.

In 1834, through the Indian Intercourse Act, the Indian Territory was set up. "This particularly applied to the territory which the Five Civilized Tribes (Cherokee, Creek, Seminole, Choctaw, Chickasaw) were removed to. By treaties between 1820 and 1845, the land belonging to the Indians were further delineated by the creation of Kansas and Nebraska territories in 1854, and by continuous white settlement."

The eastern part of Oklahoma north of the Red River became known as the "Indian Territory" as the Indians were gradually forced to move there, including Tribes other than the original Five. With the admission of Oklahoma into the Union (1907) the way was prepared for the elimination of the Territory.

I'll sing you a song, though it may be a sad one,  
Of trials and troubles and where first begun.  
I left my dear family, my friends and my home,  
To cross the wide mountains and deserts to roam.

We heard of Sioux Indians, all out on the plain,  
A-killing poor drivers and burning their train,  
A-killing poor drivers with arrow and bow,  
When captured by Indians no mercy they'd show.

We traveled three weeks till we came to the Platte,  
We pitched out our tents at the head of a flat;  
We spread down our blankets on the green, grassy ground,  
While our horses and oxen were grazing all around.

While taking refreshment we heard a low yell,  
The whoop of Sioux Indians coming out of the dell;  
We sprang to our rifles with a flash in each eye.  
"Boys," says our brave leader, "we'll fight till we die."

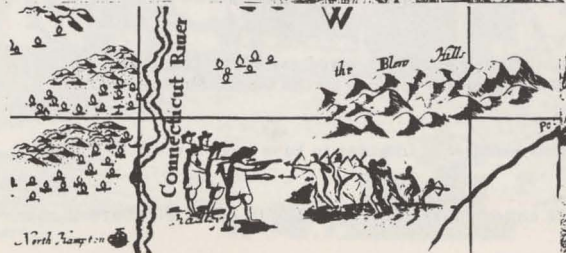
They made a bold dash and came near to our train,  
The arrows fell round us like hail and like rain;  
We fought them with courage we spoke not a word,  
Till the end of the battle was all that was heard.

We shot their bold chief at the head of the band,  
He died like a warrior with a gun in his hand;  
When they saw their bold chief lying dead in his gore,  
They whooped and they yelled, and we saw them no more.

We traveled by day, guarded camp during night,  
Till Oregon's mountains looked high in their might;  
Now at Pocahontas\* beside a clear stream,  
Our journey is ended in the land of our dream.



*By the Honorable Sir William Johnson Bart. His Majesty's  
Agent and Super-Intendant of Indian Affairs for the Western Depar-  
tment of North America. Colonel of the Six United Nations  
their Allies and Dependants &c. &c.*



When the thirteen Colonies won their independence from England, some of the states (six) had Grants that gave them the land "from sea to sea" and claimed sections between the Allegheny Mountains and the Mississippi. The Articles of Federation were ratified after the proposal by Maryland was adopted that the "back lands . . . secured by the blood and treasure of all, from England, ought in reason, justice and policy, be considered a common stock."

Having acquired this territory, Congress passed in 1787 an Ordinance for the governing of it. The provision read that the region should be divided into not less than three and not more than five states; it should be governed at first by officers appointed by Congress; that after it had 5,000 free male inhabitants a house of representatives should be elected which could send a delegate to Congress; and that when any portion had 60,000 free inhabitants, it should be admitted to the Union "on equal footing with the original states." The Ordinance allowed freedom of religion, habeas corpus privileges, and trial by jury. It declared that "schools and the means of education shall be forever encouraged." It prohibited slavery in the region "northwest of the river Ohio." Out of this territory came Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin.

Since tribes and not individuals among the Indians owned the land, the Government of the United States became the owner when the Indians surrendered "their hunting rights" or signed treaties. This made the United States the first modern government to own land. After the Ordinance of 1787, the land was sold to "land companies" and individuals. Some of the land was given as gifts to reward public service. Land was also given to private companies in return for agreements to build canals, roads, or railroads.

Virginia paid her soldiers off in land, and let them settle in what was later Kentucky and West Virginia. Soldiers returning from the Revolution were given land as "cash bonuses." Much of New York States was settled this way. Although some soldiers sold their land without even seeing it (to land companies or speculators) many did settle on their land.

Western settlement was lively during Washington's administration. It slackened off during Jefferson's term in office (there was prosperity in the East), and began again in 1805 after which it gained steadily. Settlers were allowed to own land upon short residence and with the payment of \$1.25 an acre.

After the Northwest Ordinance in 1787, was put into effect, the building of the Erie Canal made travel West much easier. The travelers began to take with them household goods, "party clothes and the Sunday suit." Although they were "country people" they did not have to face the hardships nor did they require the skill and knowledge of the early frontiersmen. They had some money, and they were used to wagons and roads. Many of these people settled along the Ohio River where trading centers were developed. These settlements became towns. Social life was more pronounced.

**Ground Hog:** an American marmot found in northeastern U. S. and Canada. It is a stoutbodied, short-legged rodent with coarse fur, short bushy tail and small ears. Its common American name is woodchuck from the Algonquin Indian. Ground hog day or Candlemas Day is traditional folklore that the ground hog emerges to see if winter is over.

Side I, Band 1. (48-6A) GROUND HOG

Whet up your axe and whistle up your dog,  
Whet up your axe and whistle up your dog,  
We're off to the woods to hunt ground hog.  
Ground hog!

Old Joe Digger, Sam and Dave,  
Old Joe Digger, Sam and Dave,  
Went a-hog huntin hard as they could stave,  
Ground hog!

Too many rocks, too many logs,  
Too many rocks to hunt ground hogs.

He's in here, boys, the hole's wore slick,  
Run here, Sam, with yer forked stick.

Stand back, boys, let's be wise,  
I think I see his beaded eyes.

Yonder comes Sam with a ten-foot pole,  
To roust that ground hog out of his hole.

Grab him by the tail and pull him out,  
Great God Almighty! Ain't that ground hog stout.

Here he comes all in a whirl,  
He's the biggest ground hog in this world.



Work, boys, work, hard as you kin tear,  
The meat'll do to eat and the hide'll do to wear

Skin him out and tan his hide,  
Best durn shoe-strings ever I tried.

The children screamed, the children cried,  
They love that ground hog cooked and fried.

I love my ground hog stewed and fried,  
Little plate of soup sittin by the side.

Up stepped Sal with a snigger and a grin,  
Ground hog grease all over her chin.

Hello mamma, make Sam quit,  
He's eatin all the hog and don't leave me a bit.

Hello, boys, ain't it a sin,  
Watch that gravy run down Sam's chin.

Watch him boys, he's about to fall,  
He's et till his pants won't button at all.



"When the first Europeans came to our shores, our virgin forests stretched from ocean to ocean and from arctic stand to tropic. First the trees were barriers and ambushes. The colonists had to cut trees to make room for their homes and their fields, so logging was probably the first activity of white men on this continent. Block-houses, cabins, stockades, bridges, ships, cradles and masts were built of logs that were everywhere available. Later, wheels, structural supports for mines, tanning to treat leather, containers, shingles, and coke were made.

The center of large scale lumbering moved from East to West, first to the headwaters of the Connecticut, then the Hudson, then the Susquehanna and the Ohio. Rafting was developed on the more placid waters of the Susquehanna and Ohio, not only to keep the logs together, but to keep afloat the choice hard-woods that were bound into the rafts with pine.

Winter logging and stream driving were developed still further in the lake states to keep pace with the increasing capacity of the sawmill and the ever expanding demand for lumber. There too, the first logging railroad came into use and cable skidding was developed. As the virgin timber stands of the lake states neared depletion the tide of the lumber industry migration split. Some of it moved into the flatland pine stand of the south. Some of it moved across the Rocky Mountains to the great coniferous forests of the Pacific slope. Along the path of the migrations, the pioneer loggers were joined by hardy men from Scandinavia, French Canada, Austria, etc. All contributed to the growing store of logging lore."

(John Asch, "Logger and Sea Shanties", Folkways album No. FP 19)

Blue Mountain Lake is in Northeast New York, in the Adirondacks at the foot of Blue Mountain (3,759 ft.)

"This song is our favorite among all the lumberjack songs we have heard, read, or collected. It definitely catches the spirit of the lumber camp and the logger. Its Irish melody and atmosphere and its Irish names reflect the fact that powerful sons of Erin took a big hand in the industry which chopped and sawed its way across the top of pioneer America.

We sang it to a tavern crowd one night at North River, N. Y., about thirty miles from the place where we had learned it the year before. Several of the oldtimers said they had known the boys in the song or their kin; all of them knew the story. The same lumber company which operated on Township 19 is still going strong. And Glens Falls is still the great gathering place for rivermen when the runs are in and pay day has come. The old gentleman who taught it to us had himself been a lumberjack in his early days. He's still one of the best folk singers we ever heard. Here's to him -- Yankee John Galusha -- Down, derry, down."

(Frank Warner, Asch records album Disc 610, 1945)

Come all you bold fellers, where'er you may be,  
Come set down a-while and listen to me;  
The truth I will tell you without a mistake  
Of the rackets we had about Blue Mountain Lake.  
Derry, down, down, down, derry, down.

The song's about over, adieu to you all,  
For Christmas is coming and I'm going to Glens Falls,  
And, when I get there, I'll go out on a spree,  
For when I get drunk, boys, the devil's in me.  
Derry, down, down, down, derry down.

There's the Sullivan brothers and Big Jimmy Lou,  
And old Mose Gilbert and Dandy Pat too,  
As fine lot of fellers as ever you seen,  
And we all worked for Griffin on township nineteen.  
Derry, down, down, down, derry down.

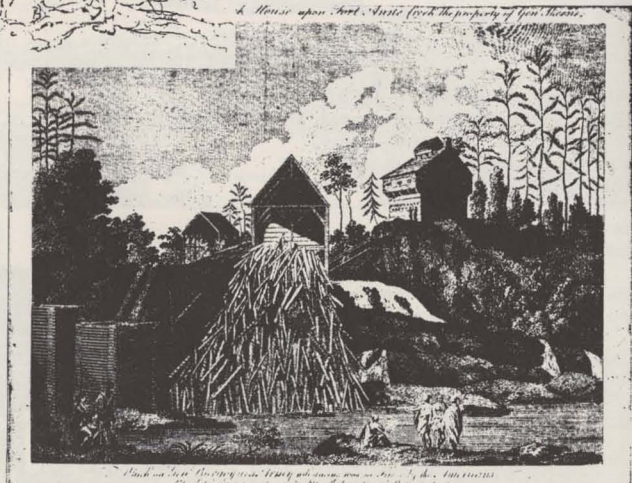


Bill Mitchell, you know, he kept our shanty,  
And as mean a damn man as you ever did see,  
He'd lay round the shanty from morning till night,  
And, if a man said a word, he was ready to fight.  
Derry, down, down, down, derry down.

One morning 'fore daylight Jim Lou, he god mad,  
Knocked hell out of Mitchell and the boys was all glad,  
His wife, she stood there, and, the truth I will tell,  
She was tickled to death to see Mitchell catch hell.  
Derry, down, down, down, derry down.

Old Griffin he stood here, the crabby old Drake,  
A hand in the racket, we thought he would take,  
When a couple of the boys came and took him away  
"Becripes," said old Griffin, "I've nothing to say."  
Derry, down, down, down, derry down.

You can talk of your fashions and styles to be seen,  
But there's none like Nellie the cook of nineteen,  
She's short, thick and stout, without a mistake,  
And we all call her Nellie, the belle of Long Lake,  
Derry, down, down, down, derry down.



Before the great immigration period of the Irish and Germans , "Labor was not easily secured because few men needed to work for wages; they could join the emigrant bands moving west. Women and children, therefore made up much of the labor." . . . "In the cotton mills of Lowell the daughters of New England farmers . . worked 13 hours a day in the summertime, and from daylight to dark in the winter. . ." Against such competition . . the "Irishmen went to work on construction gangs, building canals like the Erie, which employed 3,000 Irish in 1818, and laying railroad tracks. "

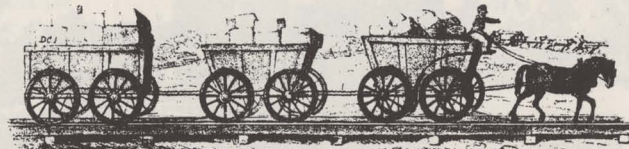
"To some historians the 19th Century presents a sanguine laissez-faire vista, with the rail barons of that era alternating as Christians or lions in the arena. The situation was not quite that simple. The railroads were public carriers that crossed state lines, mechanized trail-blazers that pioneered anew vast stretches of wilderness, sometimes following faint trails hewn out through countless centuries by grinding glaciers, the buffalos, the Indians, the explorer-hunters and the covered wagon trains, and at other times cutting their own new trails through mountain fastnesses and across desert wastes. From the beginning they established lobbies, organized initially to fight the entrenched Canal interests in Washington; government and state subsidies were sought, public confidence and sympathy cultivated. Their treatment of workers was brutal, their betrayal of responsibility with regard to conservation of natural resources callous and indifferent, but such concerns were secondary in the fierce competitiveness of their own struggle." (C. E. S.)

The first railroads began their scheduled passenger service, around 1830, using American built locomotives. In 1830 they covered 23 miles of road; in 1830 - 2,808 miles, in 1850 - 9,021 miles and by 1860 - 30,626 miles.

An English traveler wrote of his experience on an American Railway in the early frontier days: "The railway carriages are a thousand years in advance of those in Great Britain. . . the train is democratic. . . if a person does not like his company or position he can move from one car to another until he suits himself. There is no distinction (in those days) of class in these conveyances. . . the President and the Yankee notion-pedler pay the same fare and enjoy the same accommodations. . . ." "In 1850 one out of twenty-three persons in America was Irish-born and, thanks in good measure to Paddy's brawn, the railroads were being built at a phenomenal rate."

In eighteen hundred and forty one,  
I put my cord'roy breeches on,  
Put my cord'roy breeches on  
To work upon the railway.

Fil i me oo ree eye ri ay  
Fil i me oo ree eye ri ay,  
Fil i me oo ree eye ri ay  
To work upon the railway.



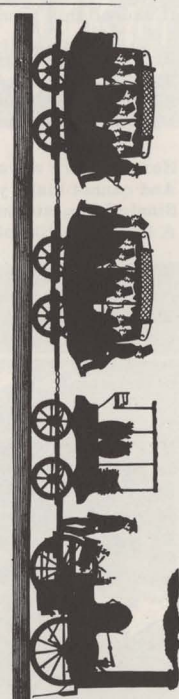
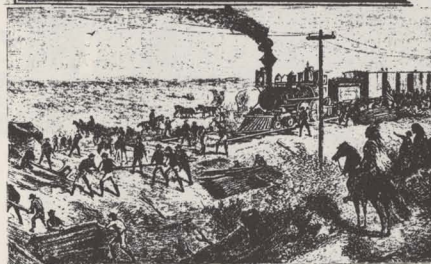
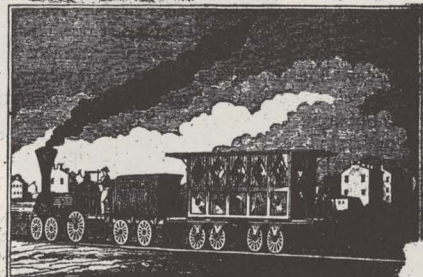
In eighteen hundred and forty-two,  
I left the old world for the new,  
Bad cess to the luck that brought me through  
To work upon the railway.

In eighteen hundred and forty-three  
'Twas then I met sweet Biddy MacGhee,  
An elegant wife she's been to me  
While working on the railway.

In eighteen hundred and forty-five,  
I thought myself more dead than alive,  
I thought myself more dead than alive  
While working on the railway.

It's "Pat do this" and "Pat do that,"  
Without a stocking or cravat,  
Nothing but an old straw hat  
While Pat worked on the railway.

In eighteen hundred and forty-seven,  
Sweet Biddy MacGhee, she went to heaven,  
If she left one kid, she left eleven,  
To work upon the railway.

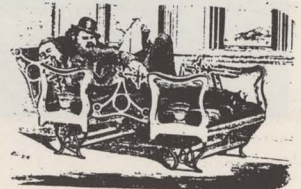


### CENTRAL RAILROAD,

FROM SAVANNAH TO MACON, GA.,

100 1/2 miles.

Passenger Trains leave Savannah daily, at . . . . . 8 00 A. M.  
" " " Macon daily at . . . . . 8 00 A. M.





Side I, Band 4. (48-6A) YOUNG MAN WHO WOULDN'T HOE CORN

In the rush of the settlement much land was misused. Transportation developments provided easy access to markets and poor land was farmed and exploited, forests cut and green pasture land destroyed. Commercial farming on a large scale was an early development in the South. The plantation was accepted by the world as a social and economic unit representative of half of America. There were also small farmers who owned and lived off the land they worked.

The lot of the typical New England farmer was very different. A report in 1787 says, "... farmer had... one miserable team, a paltry plough, three acres of Indian corn, and as many acres of half-starved English grain from a half cultivated soil, spot of potatoes... pastures never manured... mowed lands seldom..."

I'll sing you a song, it's not very long,  
About a young man who wouldn't hoe corn;  
Strange to say I cannot tell,  
This young man was always well.

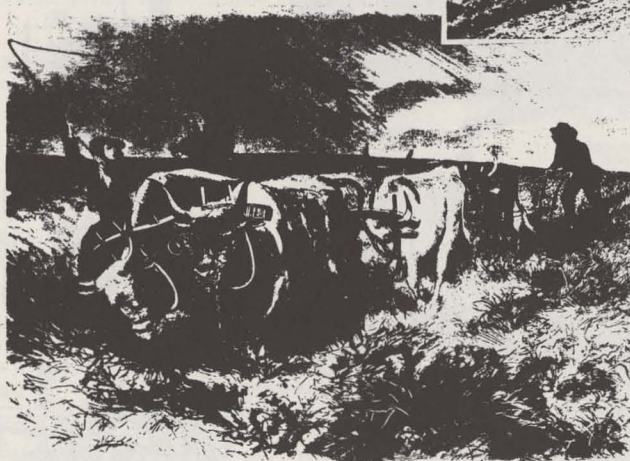
He planted his corn in the month of June,  
And by July it was knee high;  
First of September come a big frost,  
And all this young man's corn was lost.

He went to the fence and there peeked in,  
The weeds and the grass come up to his chin;  
The weeds and the grass they grew so high,  
It caused this young man for to sigh.

He went down to his neighbor's door,  
Where he had often been before;  
Sayin "Pretty little miss will you marry me,  
Pretty little miss what do you say."

Here you are a-wantful to wed,  
And cannot make your own cornbread;  
Single I am, single I'll remain,  
A lazy man I'll not maintain.

Well, he went down to the pretty little widder,  
And I hope by heck that he don't git her;  
She gave him the mitten sure as you're born  
All because he wouldn't hoe corn.



David Ramsay (1749-1815) in his "Annals of Tennessee" wrote: "Could there be happiness or comfort in such dwellings and such a state of society? (cabin dweller's life). The early occupants of log cabins were among the happy of mankind. Exercise and excitement gave them health; they were practically equal; common danger made them mutually dependent; . . . and as there was ample room for all, . . . there was little room for that envy, jealousy, and hatred which constitutes a large portion of human misery in older societies.

Never were the story, the joke, the song, and the laughter better enjoyed than upon hewed blocks, or puncheon stools, around the roaring log fire of the early western settler.

The lyre of Apollo was not hailed with more delight in primitive Greece than the advent of the first fiddler among the dwellers of the wilderness; and the polished daughters of the East never enjoyed themselves half so well, moving to the music of a full band. . . . as did the daughters of the emigrants, keeping time to a self-taught fiddler, on the barren. . . floor of the primitive log-cabin."

Old Joe Clark, the preacher's son,  
Preached all over the plain,  
The only text he ever knew  
Was "High, low jack and the game."

Chorus: Fare thee well, old Joe Clark,  
Fare thee well, I say,  
Fare you well, old Joe Clark  
Fare you well, I'm gone.

Old Joe Clark had a mule,  
His name was Morgan Brown,  
And every tooth in that mule's head  
Was sixteen inches around.

Old Joe Clark had a yellow cat,  
She would neither sing or pray,  
She stuck her head in the buttermilk jar  
And washed her sins away.

Old Joe Clark had a house  
Fifteen storeys high,  
And every storey in that house  
Was filled with chicken pie.

I went down to old Joe's house,  
He invited me to supper,  
I stumped my toe on the table leg  
And stuck my nose in the butter.

Now I wouldn't marry a widder,  
Tell you the reason why,  
She'd have so many children  
They'd make those biscuits fly.

Sixteen horses in my team,  
The leaders they are blind,  
And every time the sun goes down  
There's a pretty girl on my mind.

Eighteen miles of mountain road  
And fifteen miles of sand,  
If I ever travel this road again,  
I'll be a married man.



Before roads were built, carrying supplies to the mines by mule train was a profitable, though often a perilous business. On August 23, 1830, the Marysville Herald reported: "One hundred mules, in one train, well packed at one store, passed our office last evening bound for the mines. The mules speak for Marysville and Marysville speaks for herself." In 1853 over 4,000 mules used for packing to the mines were owned in Marysville alone.

My sweetheart's the mule in the mine,  
I drive her without any line,  
On the bumper I sit and I chew and I spit  
All over my sweetheart's behind.



A MINER.



PRICE FIFTY CENTS.

HAND BOOK  
to the  
GOLD FIELDS  
of  
NEBRASKA  
and  
KANSAS.  
Being a complete  
GUIDE TO THE GOLD REGIONS  
of the  
SOUTH PLATTES & CHERRY CREEK.  
D. B. COOKE & CO.  
CHICAGO.  
1859.

The colonists were rigid in their Religious Sects. But for the pioneer in the West not only did communal life make it difficult to adhere to particular religious ritual, "Laws to restrict religious freedom might stand on the books, but such laws were difficult to enforce in loosely organized frontier communities, and frequently little attempt was made to do so." Because of the presence of many "un-churched citizens" . . . . "it was difficult to persecute one of any particular sect."

The democratic frontier also interpreted "religious freedom" to mean "freedom to have no religion."

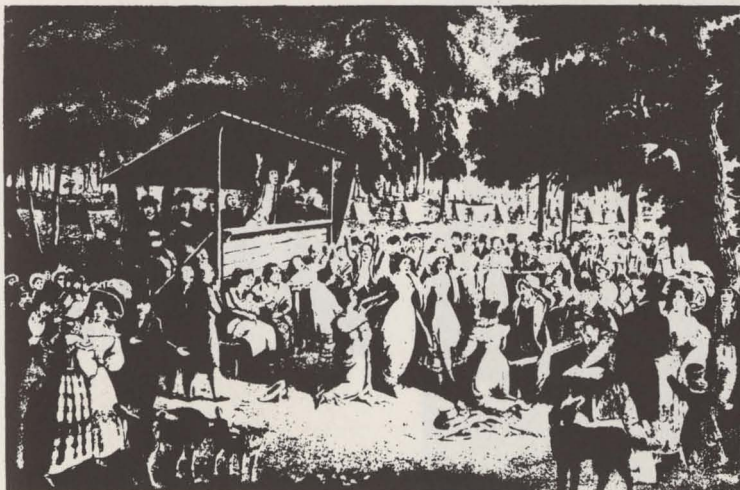
"In areas where loneliness was sometimes a desperate thing and the need of some form of companionship correspondingly intense, a get-together took on a phenomenal importance." It brought together people of pentup spirits and joined them."

"However in spite of land frauds and natural obstacles the hope of finding an Eden somewhere in the open spaces of America grew larger than ever in the middle years of the last century."

Go down! Go down! you red rising sun  
And don't you never (Great God Almighty!)  
Never bring day.

Well, I wish to God  
I had never (Great God Almighty!)  
Never been born.

For then I would not  
Have known (Great God Almighty!)  
About this cruel world.



"There is scarcely an aspect of the American character to which humor is not related . . . It is a lawless element, full of surprises. (American Humor, Constance Rourke, Doubleday 1953, original publication 1931)

Of the early frontiersmen, Miss Rourke writes: ". . . as the terror receded from the forest, the sound of Scottish, of English airs and ballads had arisen from the clearings . . . the backwoodsman played the flute, the fiddle, the flageolet; the banjo came no one knows whence . . . the backwoodsman sang; his rough improvisation mingles with the older songs. (And) . . . they were full of sudden silences. They were curious, with the thirsty curiosity of the backwoods. Like all frontiersmen they possessed a gift for masquerade; they wore blank countenances."

As the settlements became more and more a part of a social pattern, "measured by certain standards the whole western country was populated by green and inquisitive rustics. He was shut off from free communication with the outside world and as a consequence visitors both native and foreign were met with an eternal stream of questions.

**Where did you get that horse? What is your business? Stranger will you drink or fight?"**  
(The Rampaging Frontier by Bob Merrill, T. D. Clark publ.) (from Asch Records album Frontier Ballads, 1941)

I say farmer, farmer!  
I say farmer can you tell me where this road goes to?  
Well, it ain't moved since I been here.  
Well, what I mean farmer, is how do I get to Little Rock?  
Little Rock? I don't know about no Little Rock, but there's a  
whopper down in my spring branch.

I say, farmer, your corn looks mighty yellor and bad.  
Yep, we planted the yellor kind.

Farmer, how'd your taters turn out this year?  
They didn't turn out at all, me and Sal had to dig em out.

Farmer there ain't much difference between you and a fool.  
Nope, just the difference between my yard and a fence.

Farmer, you're playing the second part of this tune but you never  
got on with it.  
Well, I'll tell you I learnt it just a little while back from a  
road show that was passing through the town, but I learned only  
the first part.  
Well, I know the end of it I can play that tune for you on my banjo.

Well that's different sit right down and stay for a while.  
Sally fix the table.



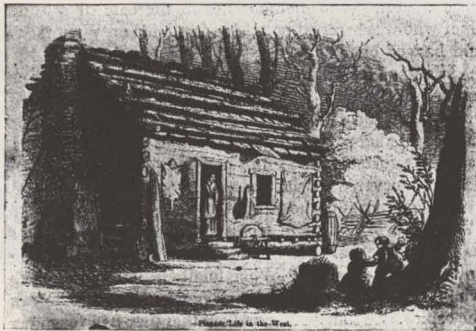
Side II, Band 3. (48-6B) WHEN I WAS SINGLE

Children, in the early settlements, at fourteen years of age were considered grownup and were assigned adult tasks and responsibilities. Marriages were made early in life. The woman's tasks were un-ending and her life could become a dreary routine (more than the man's) trying to keep her family fed and clothed. She "cooked, cleaned, washed, mended, baked; she was spinner and weaver, nurse and doctor," and almost anything that a household required.

When I was single, dressed in silk so fine,  
Now I am married, go ragged all the time.  
Lord, I wish I was single girl again.

Clothes for to wash, spring to go to,  
When you're married, Lord, it's everything to do.  
Lord, I wish I was a single girl again.

Five little children lyin in the bed,  
All of them so hungry they can't raise up their heads,  
Lord, I wish I was a single girl again.



From the Autobiography of Peter Cartwright, Chapter 5, The Great Revival.....

"From 1801 for years a blessed revival of religion spread through almost the entire inhabited parts of the West, Kentucky, Tennessee, the Carolinas, and many other parts especially the Cumberland country... The Presbyterians and the Methodists in great measure united in this work, met together, prayed together, and preached together.

"In this revival originated our campmeetings, ... They would erect their camps with logs or frame them with clapboard or shingles. They would also erect a shed for 5,000 people to protect them from wind and rain....."

Above all the new evangelical religions appealed to lonely souls. The traveling preacher was welcomed everywhere, and the pentup emotions of the frontier folk gushed forth with abandon at revivals and camp meetings.

Referring to settlements established in the West: "Not merely poverty of the West which set it off from the East. Not only was there neither inherited or accumulated wealth there, but no classes or institutions....."

"... Every religion practised in America came to be represented....."

"... It was an existence which stimulated the emotions rather than the minds." "Baptist and Methodist missionaries and preachers began to minister to these people without churches, and occasional camp-meetings, .. orgies occurred.. on the other hand, the pioneers in the sections far from the old settlements owed no small debts to many of the better sort of preachers who administered somewhat crudely perhaps, but still effectively, to spiritual needs..... Riding on horseback from one settlement to another, these "circuit riders..." etc.

The March of Democracy, James Truslow Adams, Charles Scribner's Sons, (1937).

What wondrous love is this, oh my soul, oh my soul,  
What wondrous love is this, oh my soul,  
What wondrous love is this that caused the Lord of bliss  
To bear the dreadful curse for my soul, for my soul,  
To bear the dreadful curse for my soul.

When I was sinking down, sinking down, sinking down,  
When I was sinking down, sinking down,  
When I was sinking down beneath God's righteous frown  
Christ laid aside his crown for my soul, for my soul,  
Christ laid aside his crown for my soul.



Side I, Band 5. (48-6B) PLAY PARTY

It was a hard, crude life that the settlers led. They sought relief in social gatherings. However religion forbade the use of musical instruments (the devil's tools) so stamping and "calling" kept time for the rhythm of the songs.

I sent my brown jug down town  
So early in the morning.

It came back with a waltz-around  
So early in the morning.

Railroad, steamboat, river and canoe  
Lost my true love what shall I do.

Let her go, go, go, let her go, go, go  
Now she's gone on the raging canal.





There is evidence that "Carolina corn" was being manufactured as early as 1682.

In 1620 it was said of the Jamestown colonists: "the greatest want they complain of is good drink." In 1633 Gov. Winthrop (Mass. Bay) records that too much money was spent for "strong waters."

In 1637 Massachusetts had its first brewery.

In 1683 Pennsylvania records that: "most people have stills of copper."...that they make good spirits from peaches....that they also use corn, cherries, wild plums and wild grapes.....

In 1742 a Virginia village had two taverns, "well supplied with wine and other polite liquors, and...there is a rum ordinary for persons of more vulgar tastes."

However rum was for the Easterner, for it was inconvenient to haul rum long distances. As Scottish-Irish immigrants moved westward their knowledge of whiskey making came to use (usquebagwater of life). Settling in the back-country, they naturally took to making their own whiskey, as they had in the old country. Scotch and Irish whiskey both used barley as the chief base, however in America they used rye.

After the Revolution, because rum was hard to come by, more and more the habit for whiskey spread. Then the settlers of Kentucky found that corn would make good whiskey. First made in Bourbon County, it is still known as Bourbon.

Today whiskey is consumed by 90 percent of "strong water" drinkers.

In a country where one might any day go hunting a bear or a panther in the woods, and much work to be done, the problem of leisure does not exist. Nor did the Frontier suffer from lack of communal recreation. Log-rolling, corn husking, camp meetings, quilting, house-raising and (frolics) dancing and singing communal style - - in the life of the early Frontiersmen work and play were hard to separate.

As the settlements became towns and cities, there was little a man could do for relaxation after work outside of the taverns. There was no communal activity as on the frontier, no games, no music. On religious holidays he very often got drunk. Religion (Puritan or Methodist) looked with disfavor on cards, dancing, the theatre and even novel-reading. With the factory whistle in 1925 came spectator sports such as the circus, and in 1840 baseball began to appear on the scene.

Refrain: Rye whisky, rye whisky, rye whisky, I cry,  
If you don't give me rye whisky, I surely will die.

If the ocean was whisky and I was a duck  
I'd dive to the bottom and never come up.

Way up on Clinch Mountain I wander alone  
I'm as drunk as the devil. Just leave me alone.

I'll eat when I'm hungry, I'll drink when I'm dry  
If the tree don't fall on me, I'll live till I die.



Side II, Band 7. (48-6B) WAYFARING STRANGER

I'm just a poor wayfaring stranger,  
A-traveling through this world of woe;  
But there's no sickness, toil nor danger  
In that bright world to which I go.

I'm going there to meet my father,  
I'm going there no more to roam,  
I'm just a-going over Jordan,  
I'm just a-going over home.



Scene on the Emigrant Trail,  
near Salt Lake, Nov. 1847.



## PETE SEEGER

by Alan Lomax

From introduction to **FOLKWAYS**  
Album No. FP 3 "Darling Corey"



WHAT HAPPENED ACROSS THREE HUNDRED YEARS TO ANGLO-SCOTS MELODIES TROPICALLY STIMULATED BY CONTACT WITH AFRICAN MUSIC IN THE NEW LAND OF AMERICA -- HAS HAPPENED TO YANKEE PETER SEEGER ACROSS 15 YEARS OF CONTACT WITH SOUTHERN SINGING AND BANJO-PLAYING. SON OF A MUSICOLOGIST FATHER AND A LONGHAIR VIOLINIST MOTHER (MAY 3, 1919, NEW YORK CITY), PETER NATURALLY SHUNNED ANY FORMAL MUSICAL INSTRUCTION IN PREP SCHOOL AND AT HARVARD. HE RELUCTANTLY ADMITS THAT HE LEARNED SOME HARMONY PLAYING THE TENOR BANJO IN HIS SCHOOL JAZZ BAND AND BY VERY CASUAL QUESTIONS ADDRESSED TO HIS PARENTS. THEN ONE SUMMER AT THE NORTH CAROLINA FESTIVAL IN ASHEVILLE HE HEARD BALLADS WITH BANJO.

IN SCHOOL HE HAD DECIDED TO BECOME A REPORTER. IN THE MOUNTAIN BALLADEER HE SAW A CAREER COMBINING REPORTING AND BANJO PLAYING. PETER SPENT SOME MONTHS WITH ME IN THE ARCHIVE OF AMERICAN FOLK SONG IN WASHINGTON, LISTENING TO THE RECORDS FROM ACROSS THE COUNTRY, AND DECIDING UPON THE FIVE STRING BANJO FOR HIS INSTRUMENT. HOURS AND HOURS HE TINKERED WITH HIS INSTRUMENTS TRYING -- TO FIGURE OUT BY EAR WHAT THOSE SOUTHERN BANJO ACES WERE PLAYING.

IN 1940 HE HAD LEARNED ALL HE COULD FROM THE RECORDS AND THE BOOKS AND SET OUT TO EXPLORE AMERICA ON HIS OWN. HE AND THE OKIE BALLADEER STARTED TOGETHER AND WENT AS FAR AS TEXAS. PETE DOUBLED BACK AND HITTED ALONG DOWN THROUGH THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY, ACROSS TENNESSEE INTO ARKANSAS AND MISSOURI, PLAYING FORTS, LEARNING SONGS AND PEOPLE AND ENDING UP IN A CAMP OF EVICTED SHARECROPPERS IN MISSOURI. "THE MUSIC IN THE LITTLE CHURCH THEY HAD MADE WAS JUST BEAUTIFUL", SAYS PETE, WHO ALWAYS FINDS BEAUTY AND WONDER WHERE OTHERS CAN FIND ONLY BARREN POVERTY, "AND I BEGAN THERE TO REALLY WORK ON MY BANJO".

JUMPING OFF A FREIGHT TRAIN ON THE WAY TO MONTANA, PETE BROKE HIS BANJO, HOOKED HIS CAMERA FOR A GUITAR AND GOT ALONG WITH IT FOR THE REST OF THE SUMMER, PLAYING THE TAVERNS AND THE BACKPORCHES. WHEN HE NEEDED A HAIRCUT, HE WOULD SWAP A BALLAD FOR ONE. OHIO AND THEN SOUTH INTO ALABAMA, LIVING WITH FRIENDS, WALKING AND HITCHING INTO THE COUNTRY SIDE TO FIND MUSICIANS AND SWAP SONGS.

BY NOW PETE HAS SUNG OVER ALL THE NETWORKS, PLAYED IN DARK OF THE MOON, MADE THE BEST OF ALL OUR FOLK MUSIC SHORTS (TO HEAR MY BANJO PLAY), SET TOWN HALL, CARNEGIE HALL, MADISON SQUARE GARDEN AND ALL SORTS OF OTHER AUDITORIA ON FIRE ON OCCASIONS TOO NUMEROUS TO MENTION, APPEARED ON SHOWS LIKE THIS IS WAR, WE THE PEOPLE, CAVALCADE OF AMERICA, THEATRE GUILD, NATIONAL BARN DANCE, AND STARTED A NEW NATIONAL CRUSH FOR THE FIVE STRING BANJO -- ABOUT WHICH HE HAS WRITTEN A MOST ORIGINAL MUSICOLOGICAL BOOK, DECEPTIVELY CALLED "HOW TO PLAY A FIVE STRING BANJO" ACTUALLY A BRILLIANT ANALYSIS (AND THE FIRST ONE) OF OUR MOST SIGNIFICANT INSTRUMENTAL STYLE. THIS FORTY-THREE PAGE MIMOGRAPHED VOLUME WITH DIAGRAMS AND ILLUS-

TRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR IS AVAILABLE FOR one dollar and seventy-five cents from the author, Beacon, New York.

PETER SEEGER IS POSSESSED OF THAT RAREST OF HUMAN QUALITIES -- THE INQUIRING MIND. THIS GENTLE AND AT THE SAME TIME FIERY AND UNBEATABLE SPIRIT PERVADES HIS MUSIC, HIS FRIENDSHIPS, HIS BEANPOLE BODY AND HIS THOUGHT. HIS PERFORMANCES ARE TRUE TO OUR FOLK MUSIC TRADITIONS. HE HAS LISTENED WITH A KEEN AND PERCEPTIVE EAR AND NOW USES THE SINGING AND PLAYING STYLES OF OUR FOLK MUSICIANS FAITHFULLY AND SENSITIVELY. THE REASON HE IS NOW OUR BEST ALL ROUND FOLK PERFORMER IS OBVIOUS IN THIS QUOTATION FROM HIS BOOK...

"THE PEOPLE I LEARNED BANJO FROM WERE MOSTLY OLD FARMERS, MINERS OR WORKING PEOPLE WHO HAD PLAYED THE INSTRUMENT DURING THEIR COURTING DAYS AND LATER KEPT IT HANGING ON THE WALL TO PASS AWAY THE TIME OF AN EVENING. OFTEN THEY KNEW ONLY A FEW TUNES APiece AND MAYBE ONLY ONE METHOD OF STRUMMING, WHICH THEY HAD PICKED UP FROM THEIR FATHER OR NEIGHBOR. YET WHAT THEY KNEW, THEY KNEW WELL AND THEIR BANJO HAD MORE ART IN IT THAN MANY A HECTIC PERFORMANCE BY A PROFESSIONAL VIRTUOSO..."



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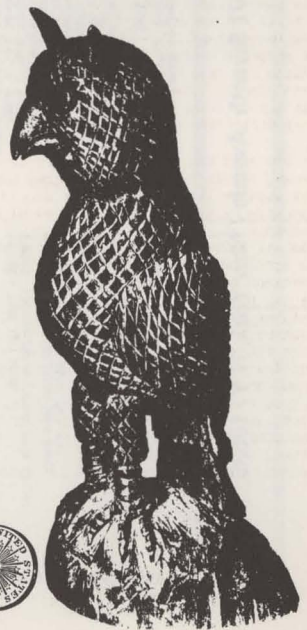
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