MISSOURI FOLK SONGS SUNG BY LOMAN D. CANSLER

SALLY
ARTHUR CLYDE
WHEN I WENT FOR TO TAKE MY LEAVE
JUDGMENT DAY
THE LOVERS' QUARREL
THE TWO SISTERS
KICKIN' MAUDE
CHARLES GUITEAU
I TOLD 'EM NOT TO GRIEVE AFTER ME
JOE BOWERS
THE HOUSEKEEPER'S COMplaint
WHAT IS A HOME WITHOUT LOVE
THE BLUE AND THE GRAY
FAR AWAY
Folksongs of Missouri

Sung by Loman D. Cansler
While browsing in the University of Missouri library, I discovered that my Ozark background was steeped in folklore. This awareness soon led me to appreciate, not only the folklore of my boyhood locale, but also the folklore in other regions as well. I returned to my guitar and started singing folksongs again. Then, I began collecting folksongs.

In 1950, youth from Chicago in attendance at Hull Houses' summer camp - representing different nationality and racial groups - showed genuine interest in the folksongs that I sang for them. That fall I began my first teaching assignment. Soon afterwards I reluctantly coaxed my guitar and folk tunes into the classroom. I shall never forget the first time--the high school principal's American History class. I was singing, "When I Went for to Take My Leave" and noticed tears slipping along the side of the nose of a junior girl sitting on the front row. It struck me that this girl had caught the impact of the feelings expressed by this Civil War soldier in the song. Perhaps others had too!

The tape recorder has been an aid to me in the collecting of folksongs since the Fall of 1953. I have met scores of people along the folksong trail. Each person I have met in my search for folklore has given me a deeper sense of appreciation for this aspect of our heritage. In fact, it is these people who give real meaning to the songs that they have taught me. They make the songs come alive: fill them with the passions of men. They are the leaven in the bread, the springs along the branch, the connecting links between then and now. I never sing without feeling indebted to them. Each in his own way is a current in the river of history.

In conclusion, perhaps some personal data might be in order. I was born in Dallas County, Missouri, in 1924, being the third of eight children. I finished the Eighth Grade but shied away from high school. I spent two years in the United States Navy during World War II--

The songs that make up this album were learned or collected in Missouri. Some were learned during my childhood; others were collected as late as August 1958. Some of the songs date back possibly two or three hundred years; others may not be much over fifty years (perhaps less) old. To the best of my knowledge, all of these songs were passed down by word of mouth. They came from the true folk singers of Missouri.

While it is doubtful if any song of this album originated in Missouri, nevertheless the human feelings portrayed in the songs have made them as much at home in Missouri as in England, Kentucky, North Carolina, or elsewhere. The folk-poets who created these songs might not recognize some of the words used in them today, but it is doubtful if these same composers would be surprised by the human passions depicted in today's version of their songs.

1. Sally -- This song was learned from my Grandfather, James Reuben Broyles (1865-1957), who was born in Laclede County, Missouri. The song is not uncommon to folklorists. I have failed to find it elsewhere in my collecting, however. Its theme is common even if the story becomes exaggerated in order to get the theme across.

2. Arthur Clyde -- One of the earliest songs learned from my parents, I have failed to find it elsewhere. It has been sung in the Cansler Family for three or more generations. While murder or the confession of murder is quite commonly reported in folksongs, it is not common to find the triangle involved which this song unfolds.

3. When I Went for to Take My Leave -- This Civil War song "Grampa" Broyles learned in his youth in Laclede County. The song makes no attempt to romanticize the War between the States; instead, it portrays the innermost longings of the soldier to return to his loved ones--to return to the normal ways of life.

4. Judgment -- While I have vague recollections of hearing "Grampa" Broyles sing this song during my early childhood, it wasn't until the summer of 1954 (he was 89) that I really learned the song from him. Whether his relatives brought the song with them from White County, Tennessee, prior to the Civil War or whether "Grampa" learned it at a Brush Arbor or other church meetings in Laclede County, I am not sure.

Loman D. Cansler
The Lovers' Quarrel -- Collected in Dallas County from a man known since childhood, this song treats in a humorous vein some conflicts arising during the courtship period.

The Two Sisters -- In time, this song predates Sir Walter Scott (born 1771). It has been widely reported in folklore publications. This version I collected in Livingston County, August 1953, from a seventy-five year old woman.

Kickin' Maude -- While this song was collected in Hickory County from a woman who learned it from her grandfather who was born prior to the Civil War, the song was apparently learned elsewhere by him. Perhaps its time for an animal that has meant so much to agriculture to be treated in a different light than being "stubborn" or merely taken for granted. While the artist exaggerates features to express a certain feeling, the poet in this case has played somewhat with the impossible in order to focus attention upon the taken for granted mule.

Charles Guiteau -- I have found this song or portions of it widely known, but this particular version was taken from a manuscript book of a lady from Jasper County. She had recorded the song before 1900. The tune I learned from my mother and maternal grandmother. The incident (assassination of President Garfield, July 2, 1881) prompting the creation of this song did much to awaken the American people to adopt the Civil Service System. Guiteau was executed June 30, 1882.

Joe Bowers -- It is claimed that this was a very popular song during the Gold Rush days. Whether there lived a real "Joe Bowers" who had the troubles encountered in this song, would be of interest to know, but if batches of clay spotted about the country-side could speak for only a moment, there is little doubt that the experience voiced in this song would not be authenticated. I collected "Joe Bowers" in Dallas County, Missouri--the words from one man and this tune from another.

The Housekeeper's Complaint -- This song I collected from a woman five score years of age. She brought the song to Dallas County, Missouri, from Ringgold County, Iowa, where she learned it as a girl of fifteen from a thirty year old woman. She generally gives the "piece as a reading." Though this song is old in years, its theme seems ever-present.

I Told 'em Not to Grieve After Me -- Apparently not very widely known, this song impresses me as having sprung from the sidewalks of a city. I collected the song in Clay County from a man who learned the song from his mother who is now eighty years old. She learned the song as a young girl--probably from her mother--in the northern part of Clay County. Whether one calls the individual represented in this song a "best," "free-loader," or a "nobody," he deserves poetic recognition because he has always been a part of the American scene.

What Is a Home Without Love? -- Another song learned during my childhood from my parents, and one which I have not collected elsewhere. They learned the song during their courting days (1918) from Dad's cousins. A great aunt (paternal) writes that this song was sung while she was yet "at home" (around 1900). One of her nephews told me that when he was stationed in Texas as a World War I soldier that he heard this song sung by soldiers on different occasions. The song points in two stanzas what constitutes the ideal home.

The Blue and the Gray -- This song was collected in Dallas County from a man whose grandfather fought in the Civil War (see song number "5" and "10" for source). I have not located the song elsewhere. In the opening lines of this song one finds an individual offering an explanation for his behavior. We can only surmise why he needs to do this. But somehow or other we can hardly imagine a crowd where his explanation would have failed to satisfy it.

Far Away -- This song was gotten from the same man as song number "5." (Randolph reports in his four volume collection of Ozark Folksongs that this song appeared in Chappelle's Heart Songs, published in 1909. The lyrics are attributed to Miss M. Lindsay, and the music to a Mrs. J.W. Bliss).

Additional Notes--
To my knowledge these songs are not in Henry Belden or Vance Randolph's collection: numbers 2, 3, 4, 7, 11, 13 and 14.

Songs numbered "1" and "3" appeared in the Southern Folklore Quarterly, Volume XVIII, September 1954, under the title, "Boyhood Songs of My Grandfather". Number "13" was also published in the Missouri Council for the Social Studies, Volume XXII, October, 1959, p. 10, under the article, "Enliven, Enlighten, and Enrich the Study of Our Social Heritage". Both articles were written by me. Neither publication copyrights its materials.

I sang "Kickin' Maude" at the Ozark Folk Festival, Eureka Springs, Arkansas, October 1957. Mr. Vance Randolph told me at that time that songs about mules were making the rounds in vaudeville shows around 1850. I wouldn't want to quote him without his permission.
Sixteen
Madam
And every room
But you may marry some other girl
And I'll not be your bride.
And I'll not be your bride, bride,
A hundred acres
Madam
A hundred acres
Sir
If you
I'll stay
That the stars
Oh
That the sun
Oh
That the Christians would be shouting in that day;
Oh
That there
I have oft times heered that the stars
Oh
That the sun
I have oft times heered that the sun would be darkened in that day,
I have oft times heered that the Christians would be shouting,
I have oft times heered that the sun would be darkened in that day;
I have oft times heered that the Christians would be shouting in that day;
I have oft times heered that the stars will be falling,
I have oft times heered that there will be a Judgment;

Oh the stars will be falling in that day,
Oh sinners and how will you stand in that day?

I have oft times heered that the moon would be bleeding,
That the moon would be bleeding in that day;
Oh the moon will be bleeding in that day,
Oh sinners and how will you stand in that day?

I have oft times heered that the rocks will be melting,
That the rocks will be melting in that day;
Oh the rocks will be melting in that day,
Oh sinners and how will you stand in that day?

I have oft times heered that the sinners will be weeping,
That the sinners will be weeping in that day;
Oh the sinners will be weeping in that day,
Oh sinners and how will you stand in that day?

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The Lovers' Quarrel
Adapted and arranged by:
Loman D. Consler

Madam I have a very fine farm
A hundred acres wide,
It will be at your command
If you will be my bride, bride,
If you will be my bride.

Sir I know you've a very fine farm
A hundred acres wide,
But you may marry some other girl
And I'll not be your bride, bride,
And I'll not be your bride.

Madam I have a very fine house
Sixteen stories high,
And every room within that house
Is lined with punkin pie, pie,
Is lined with punkin pie.

Sir I know just what that's for
It's just to win me in,
If I were to marry you
You'd drink and gamble again, again,
You'd drink and gamble again.

Madam I have a very fine horse
That stands in yonders stall,
You'd go there and you'd get drunk
And off that horse you'd fall, fall,
And off that horse you'd fall.

Madam you're a hateful girl
And somewhat hard to please,
When you get old and shiver with cold
I really hope you'll freeze, freeze,
I really hope you'll freeze.

Sir I know I'm a hateful girl
And somewhat hard to please,
When I get old and shiver
I'll have no drunkard to please,
I'll have no drunkard to please.

You can keep your pretty blue eyes
And I will keep my land
You may keep your red rosy cheeks
And marry some other man, man,
And marry some other man.

Sister I'll keep my pretty blue eyes
And you can keep your land,
I will keep my red rosy cheeks
And marry no drinking man, man,
And marry no drinking man.

Two little sisters side by side
Sing I do, sing I day,
Two little sisters side by side,
The boys are bound for me,
Two little sisters side by side
Wondering who'll be Johnny's bride,
I'll be kind to my true love
If he'll be kind to me.

Johnny got the youngest a gay gold ring
Sing I do, sing I day,
Johnny got the youngest a gay gold ring,
The boys are bound for me,
Johnny got the youngest a gay gold ring
And didn't get the oldest anything
I'll be kind to my true love
If he'll be kind to me.

As they were walking along the stream
Sing I do, sing I day,
As they were walking along the stream,
The boys are bound for me,
As they were walking along the stream
The oldest pushed the youngest in,
I'll be kind to my true love
If he'll be kind to me.

Sister sister give me your hand
Sing I do, sing I day,
Sister, sister give me your hand,
The boys are bound for me,
Sister, sister give me your hand
And you may have my house and land,
I'll be kind to my true love
If he'll be kind to me.

Sister, sister give me your glove
Sing I do, sing I day,
Sister, sister give me your glove,
The boys are bound for me,
Oh, come all ye tender Christians wherever you may be
And likewise pay attention to these few words from me
For the murder of James A. Garfield
I am condemned to die
On the thirtieth day of June
Upon the scaffold high.

CHORUS:
My name it is Gui teau
My name I'll never deny,
I have my aged parents
In sorrow for to die.
Oh little did I think
While in my youthful bloom,
I'd be taken to the scaffold
To meet my fatal doom.

It was down at the depot
I tried to escape,
But Providence against me
I proved to be too late.

They took me to the prison
This is my earthly bloom,
And to the scaffold I must go
To meet my fatal doom.

I tried to prove insane
But I found that would never do,
The people was against me
I proved to be untrue.

Judge Cox he made the sentence
The clerk he wrote it down,
And to the scaffold I must go
To meet my fatal doom.

My sister came to see me
To bid her last adieu,
She threw her arms around me
And wept most bitterly.

Saying Oh my dearest brother
Today you have to die,
For the murder of James A. Garfield
Upon a scaffold high.

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Joe Bowers
Adapted and arranged by:
Loman D. Cansler

my name it is Joe Bowers
I have a brother
I came from his souri
yes all the way from Pike and I'll tell why I left there and
why I come to roam
I leave my dear old mother
so far a way from home.

NOTE: This is a variant for the first line of each succeeding verse.
My name it is Joe Bowers,
I have a brother Ike;
I came from Old Missouri
Yes all the way from Pike,
I'll tell you why I left there
And why I came to roam,
And leave my dear old Mother
So far away from home.

I used to court a girl
Her name was Sally Black;
I asked her if she'd marry me
She said it was a whack,
Says she to me Joe Bowers
Before we hitch for life,
You ought to have a little home
To take your darling wife.

Oh, Sally 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 are the chap to win,
Here's a kiss to bind the bargain
And she threw a dozen in.

When I got to that country
I hadn't marry red;
I had such awful feelings
I almost wished I was dead,
But thoughts of my dear Sally
Soon made those feelings get,
And whispered hopes to Bowers
I wish I had them yet.

At length I went to mining
Put in my biggest licks;
Came down upon the boulders
Just like a thousand bricks,
I worked both late and early
Thru rain sunshine and snow,
I was working for my Sally
'Twas all the same to Joe.

At length I got a letter
From my dear Brother Ike;
It came from old Missouri
Yes all the way from Pike,
It brought to me the awfliest news
That ever I did hear,
My heart is almost bursting
So please excuse this tear.

It said that Sally was false to me
Her love from me had fled;
That she had married a butcher
And the butcher's hair was red,
And more than that the letter said
'Twas enough to make me swear,
That Sally had a baby
And the baby had red hair.

Now I've told you all I can
About this sad affair;
About Sally marrying a butcher
And the butcher with red hair,
Whether the child was male or female
The letter never said,
For it only stated
That the baby's hair was red.

Far Away
Adapted and arranged by:
Loman D. Cansler

Where is now the merry party
I remember long ago,
Laughing 'round the Christmas fire
Brightened by its ruddy glow.
Or in summer's balmy evenings
In the field upon the hay,
They have all dispersed and wandered
Far away, far away;
They have all dispersed and wandered,
Far away, far away.

Some have gone to lands far distant
And with strangers made their home,
Some upon the world of water
All their lives are forced to roam.
Some have gone from us forever
Longer here they might not stay,
They have reached a fairer region
Far away, far away;
They have reached a fairer region,
Far away, far away.

There are still some few remaining
Who remind us of the past,
But they change as all are changing
Nothing in this world can last.
Years roll on and pass forever
What is coming who can say,
E're this closed many may be,
Far away, far away;
E're this closed many may be,
Far away, far away.
The Housekeeper's Complaint

Adapted and arranged by:
Loman D. Cansler

One day as I wandered I heard a complaining and saw an old woman the picture of gloom she glared at the mud (on the doorstep was raining) and this was her wail as she wielded her broom oh life is a toil and love is a trouble and beauty will fade and riches will flee and pleasures they dwindle and prices they double and nothing is what I could wish it to be.

There are worms in the cherries and slugs in the roses,
Ants in the sugar mice in the pies,
The rubbish of spiders no mortal supposes,
And ravaging roaches and damaging flies.

In March it is mud, slush in December,
Mid summer breezes are loaded with dust.
In fall the leaves wither in muggy September,
The wallpaper rots and the candle sticks rusts.

Last night in my dream I was stationed forever,
On a little bare isle in the midst of the sea.
My one chance for life was a ceaseless endeavor,
To sweep off the waves as they swept over me.

Alas 'twas no dream, again I behold,
I yield, I am helpless my fate to avert.
She lay down her broom, her apron she folded,
And laid down and died and was buried in dirt.

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I Told 'em Not to Grieve After Me

Adapted and arranged by:
Loman D. Cansler

went down to quarter stay all night I stole me a quarter and I said it's all right

jumped in bed and I covered up my head and I told 'em not to grieve after me

oh when I'm gone oh don't you grieve when I'm gone don't you grieve don't you

when I'm gone oh don't you grieve and I told them grieve after me

don't you
Went down to quarter-nickel to stay all night,
I stole a quarter and I said all right;
I jumped in the bed and I covered up my head,
And I told 'em not to grieve after me.

CHORUS:
Oh when'd I'm gone, Oh don't you, don't you grieve.
Oh when'd I'm gone, Oh don't you, don't you grieve.
Oh when'd I'm gone, Oh don't you, don't you grieve.
And I told 'em not to grieve after me.

Got up the next morning and I dressed my feet,
I went to the table and a--lody I eat;
What is a Home Without Love?

Adapted and arranged by:
Loren D. Cansler

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A Knot of Blue and Gray

Adapted and arranged by:
Loman D. Cansler

You ask me why upon my breast
Unchanged from day to day,
Linked side by side in this broad band
I wear the blue and grey.

You ask me why upon my breast
Unchanged from day to day,
Linked side by side in this broad band
I wear the blue and grey.

Each fought for what he thought was right
And fell with sword in hand,
One sleeps amid Virginia's hills
And one in Georgia's sands.

But the same sun shines on both their graves
O'er valley and o'er hill,
And in the darkest of the hours
My brothers they lie still.

That is why upon my breast
Unchanged from day to day,
Linked side by side in this broad band
I wear the Blue and Gray.

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Sally

Adapted and arranged by:
Loman D. Cansler

Oh Sally, Oh Sally, Oh Sally" says he,
"I wish that your love and mine could agree;
Or else your hatred would turn into love,
If not I am ruined and I'm sure it will prove."

"Oh I have no hatred for you, nor no other man,
But to say that I love you is more than I can.
Oh go away from me and go your own course,
For I never will have you unless I am forced."

Oh he went away from her and six long months
were past,
When he heard of Sally's misfortune at last.
She was tangled in love and she did not know why,
But she sent for the young man she once did deny.

Oh he rode like a doctor 'till he came to her
beside,
"Is it-a-pain in your head love or is it in your
side?"

"It's not a pain in my head but I'll tell to you
the rest,
The pain that's a-killin' me lies deep in my
breast."

"Oh am I the doctor that you did send for,
Or am I the young man you once did deny?"
"Oh you are the doctor, can kill or can cure,
And without your assistance I'm ruined forever
more."

"Oh Sally, Oh Sally, Oh Sally" says he,
"Oh don't you remember when you once slighted
me?
You laughed at my courtship, you scorned me
begone,
And I'll now remind you of things past and gone."

"Oh can't you forget love, Oh can't you
forgive?
Oh think what a happy life we could hereafter live!
"Oh I never will forget as long as I have breath,
But I'll dance on your grave when your laid in the dust!"

Arthur Clyde

I am dying sister dying
And my voice is getting low,
There is something I must tell you
Sister dear before I go.

Sister darling, Arthur's missing
Whom you longed some day to wed,
Weep not faint not o' dear sister
When I tell you Arthur's dead.

Him you loved but him I hated
Hated why I was not sure,
But to see him with you sister
Was more than I could endure.

So at last one autumn evening
As the pale moon lightly shone,
Down beside the rolling waters
I met Arthur all alone.

Words that past I don't remember
For I in a passion flew,
And we fought with sword and dagger
Then an' there I Arthur slew.

Then I thought of you dear sister
Thought how you'd be left alone,
And I'd give my life dear sister
To undo this deed I done.

Kickin' Maud

I once knew a Southern farmer
By the name of Solomon Slick,
He owned a rattail kicking mule
Oh how that mule would kick.

She kicked my sweetheart in the jaw
She kicked a yellow dog,
She kicked a tomcat o'er the fence
That bad mule's name was Maud.

He hitched her up one morning
And drove her down to town,
That mule cut loose to kickin'!
Just let him know she's 'round.

She beatup several Chinamen
She broke an elephant's back,
She stopped a Texas T P Train
And kicked it off of the track.

A policeman trying to arrest her
And take her down in jail,
He made a flying grab at her
And caught her by the tail.

That mule cut loose to kickin'!
Policeman! Where was he?
Well she kicked him out of his britches
He certainly earned his fee.

And when Maud dies and goes to Heaven
My heart for her will yearn,
For I know Maud's goin' to Heaven
'Cause she's too tough to burn.

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When I Went for to Take My Leave  

Adapted and arranged by:  
Loman D. Cansler

When I went for to take my leave I thought tears would blind me a

shaking of those tender little hands of the girl I left behind me

"When I went for to take my leave,  
I thought the tears would blind me;  
A-shaking of those tender little hands  
Of the babe I left behind me.  
A-shaking of those tender little hands  
Of the babe I left behind me.

"I told my wife the wagons were ready,  
And the boys were a-waitin' for me;  
Oh, here's my hand farewell my dear  
I'm a-goin' away to the army.  
Oh, here's my hand farewell my dear  
I'm a-goin' away to the army.

"When this war is at an end,  
If the Davis Boys don't bind me;  
I'll make my way straight home again  
To the wife and baby behind me.  
I'll make my way straight home again  
To the wife and baby behind me."

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