

Cover design by Ronald Clyne

Folkways Records FH 5324

# MISSOURI FOLK SONGS SUNG BY LOMAN D. CANSLER

MISSOURI FOLK SONGS

FOLKWAYS FH 5324

Library of Congress Catalog Card No. R 60 295

© 1960 FOLKWAYS RECORDS AND SERVICE CORP.  
43 W. 61st ST., N.Y.C., U.S.A.

Descriptive Notes are inside pocket

## MISSOURI FOLK SONGS

SALLY  
ARTHUR CLYDE  
WHEN I WENT FOR TO TAKE MY LEAVE  
JUDGMENT DAY  
THE LOVERS' QUARREL  
THE TWO SISTERS  
KICKIN' MAUDE  
CHARLES GUTEAU  
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





FOLKWAYS RECORDS Album No. FH 5324

©1959 Folkways Records & Service Corp., 43 W. 61st St., N. Y. C., USA

# Folksongs of Missouri

SUNG BY LOMAN D. CANSLER



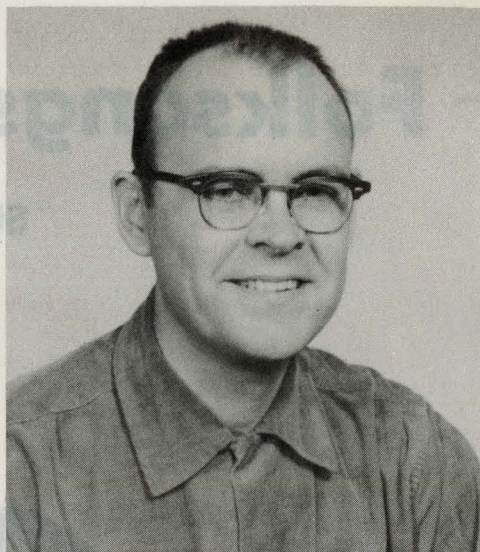


While browsing in the University of Missouri library, I discovered that my Ozark background was steeped in folklore. This awareness soon led me to appreciate, not only the folklore of my boyhood locale, but also the folklore in other regions as well. I returned to my guitar and started singing folksongs 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 folktunes 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--



most of that time in the Pacific. Encouraged by my oldest brother, I entered the University of Missouri in the Fall of 1946. Four years later I left with a Bachelor's and Master's Degree in Education. In 1952 Laura McElwain (near Galesburg, Illinois) and I were married. We have three children: Philip, 5; Joel, 4; and Myra, 2 1/2. This is my ninth year as a public high school teacher and counselor. I have sung folksongs for different groups, ranging from a few in number to about one thousand. I like the humor, the simplicity, the moods and the feelings conveyed in the songs from the folk.

Loman D. Cansler

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 folksingers 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.



5. 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.

6. 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.

7. 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.

8. 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.

9. 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.

10. 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.

11. 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 "beat", "free-loader", or a "nobody", he deserves poetic recognition because he has always been a part of the American scene.

12. 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 paints in two stanzas what constitutes the ideal home.

13. 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.

14. 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 Chapple'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 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 "3" was also published in the Missouri Council for the Social Studies, Volume XXII, October, 1955, p. 16, 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.



# Judgment Day

Adapted and arranged by:  
Loman D. Consler

I have oft times heard that their would be a judge-ment  
that there will be a judgement in that day  
oh there would be a judgement in that day oh  
sin-ners and how will you stand in that day

I have ofttimes heered that there would be a Judgment,  
That there would be a Judgment in that day;  
Oh there would be a Judgment in that day,  
Oh sinners and how will you stand in that day?

I have ofttimes heered that the Christians would be  
shouting,  
That the Christians would be shouting in that day;  
Oh the Christians will be shouting in that day,  
Oh sinners and how will you stand in that day?

I have ofttimes heered that the sun would be  
darkened,  
That the sun would be darkened in that day;  
Oh the sun would be darkened in that day,  
Oh sinners and how will you stand in that day.

I have ofttimes heered that the stars will be falling,  
That the stars will be falling in that day;

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

I have ofttimes 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 ofttimes 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 ofttimes 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?

COPYRIGHT © 1959 by Stormking Music Co. N.Y.C.

## The Lovers' Quarrel

Adapted and arranged by:  
Loman D. Consler

ma dam I have a very fine farm a hun dred acres wide  
it will be a your command if you will be my bride bride if  
you will be my bride

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 you've a very fine house  
Also a marble yard,  
But who would stay with me at night  
When you were playing cards, cards,  
When you were playing cards.

Madam it's a game I never play  
I do not think it right,  
If you'll consent to marry me  
I'll stay with you at night, night,  
I'll stay with you at night.

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 with cold  
I'll have no drunkard to please, please,  
I'll have no drunkard to please.

COPYRIGHT © 1959 by Stormking Music Co.

N.Y.C.

The Two Sisters

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.

Sir 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.

Adapted and arranged by:  
Loman D. Cansler

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 a wonderin' who'll be Johnnie's bride

I'll be kind to my true love if she'll be kind to me

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,

Sister, sister give me your glove  
And you may have my own true love,  
I'll be kind to my true love  
If he'll be kind to me.

She floated down against the Miller's dam  
Sing I do, sing I day,  
She floated down against the Miller's dam,  
The boys are bound for me,  
She floated down against the Miller's dam  
The Miller seen her safely land,  
I'll be kind to my true love  
If he'll be kind to me.

The Miller robbed her of her silver and gold  
Sing I do, sing I day,  
The Miller robbed her of 'er silver and gold,  
The boys are bound for me,  
The Miller robbed her of 'er silver and gold  
And pushed her back into the fold,  
I'll be kind to my true love  
If he'll be kind to me.

The Miller got hung on a tree so high  
Sing I do, sing I day,  
The Miller got hung on a tree so high  
The boys are bound for me,  
The Miller got hung on a tree so high  
And sister Sue, got hung right by,  
I'll be kind to my true love  
If you'll be kind to me.

COPYRIGHT © 1959 by Stormking Music Co. N.Y.C.



Charles Guiteau

Adapted and arranged by:  
Loman D. Cansler

oh come all ye tender Christians where ever you may be and

likewise pay at--ten-tion to these few words from me for the

murder of James A. Gar field I am con demned to die on the thirtieth day of

June u--- pon the scaffold high

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 a scaffold high.

CHORUS:

My name it is Guiteau  
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.

COPYRIGHT © 1959 by Stormking Music Co.  
N.Y.C.

Joe Bowers

Adapted and arranged by:  
Loman D. Cansler

my name it is Joe Bowers I have a brother Ike

I came from Mis souri yes all the way from Pike and I'll tell why I left there and you

why I come to roam to 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 nary 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 awfulest news  
That ever I did hear,  
My heart is almost bursting  
So please excuse this tear.

It said that Sal 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.

COPYRIGHT © 1959 by Stormking Music Co.

Far Away

Adapted and arranged by:  
Loman D. Cansler

The musical score for 'Far Away' is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of five staves of music. The lyrics are written below the notes. The score includes various chords indicated by letters above the staff: E, A, E, B7, and A. The lyrics are: 'Where is now the merry party I re- or in summer's balmy evening in the member long a---go laugh---ing round the christmas field u---pon the hay they have all dis persed and fire wandered bright---ened by it's ruddy glow far a---way far a---way they have all dispersed and wandered far a---way far a---way'.

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 closes many may be,  
Far away, far away;  
E're this closes many may be,  
Far away, far away.

COPYRIGHT © 1959 by Stormking Music Co.



# The Housekeeper's Complaint

Adapted and arranged by:  
Loman D. Cansler

one day as I wan dered I heard a com plaining and saw an old woman the  
pic ture of gloom she glared at the mud (on the door step 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

One day as I wandered I heard a complaining,  
And saw a poor woman the picture of gloom.  
She glared at the mud on the doorstep 'twas raining,  
And this was her wail as she wielded her broom.

CHORUS:  
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's too much of worriment goes to a bonnet,  
Too much of ironing goes to a shirt.  
There's nothing that pays for the time you waste  
on it,  
There's nothing that lasts but there's trouble and  
dirt.

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 beheld,  
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.

COPYRIGHT © 1959 by Stormking Music Co.

## I Told 'em Not to Grieve After Me

Adapted and arranged by:  
Loman D. Cansler

went down to quarter stay all nite I stole me a quarter and I said it's all right  
nickel  
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 oh don't you  
when I'm gone oh don't you grieve and I told them grieve after me  
don't you not to



Went down to quarter-nickel to stay all night,  
I stole me a quarter and I said allright;  
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-lordy I eat;

Jumped from the table and I hollered dead beat,  
And I told 'em not to grieve after me.

Went down the street and I felt kinda funny,  
I picked up a pocketbook chucked full of money;  
A policeman cried out "Drop that Sonny!"  
And I told 'im not to grieve after me.

Got on a train an' the conductor kicked me off,  
He said that I had the whoopin' cough;  
And I told 'im not to grieve after me.

COPYRIGHT © 1959 by Stormking Music Co.  
N.Y.C.

**What Is a Home Without Love?**

Adapted and arranged by:  
Loman D. Cansler

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of eight staves of music with lyrics underneath. Chords A, D, and E7 are indicated above the notes. The score includes a first ending (marked '1.') and a second ending (marked '2.').

Walking down the street one eve ----- ning and passing a cott--age so  
what is a home without ba ----- by to kiss to tease and a-  
neat stopped and looked in at the win dow and  
dore what is a home without sweet wife to  
saw there a picture so sweet a hus band a wife and a  
meet you each night at the door what is a home without  
ba ----- by just loving and tea ----- sing too he  
sun ----- shine that spreads it bright rays from a .bove  
turned a--- side those tears to hide and from his lips came these  
words you may have wealth and these plea ----- sures but  
what is a home with out love

Walking down the street one evening  
Passing a cottage so neat,  
Stopped and looked in at the window  
I saw there a picture so sweet  
A husband, a wife and a baby,  
Just loving and teasing too,  
He turned aside those tears to hide  
And from his lips came these words.

**CHORUS:**

What is a home without baby,  
To kiss to tease and adore;  
What is a home without sweet wife,  
To meet you each night at the door.  
What is a home without sunshine,  
That spreads its bright rays from above;  
You may have wealth and its pleasures,  
But what is a home without love.

One night alone in a mansion,  
With no one to love nor caress;  
Sat a man lonely and handsome,  
No wife's loving lips to press.  
She married him for wealth and possessions,  
No love in her heart had she;  
Sad and lone in his grand home,  
He looked all about him and said.

**(CHORUS)**

COPYRIGHT © 1959, by Stormking Music Co N.Y.C.



# A Knot of Blue and Gray

Adapted and arranged by:  
Loman D. Cansler

you ask me why u pon my breast un changed 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 gray.

I had two brothers long ago  
Two brothers blithe and gay,  
One wore the suit of Northern blue  
And one of Southern gray.

One heard the roll call of the South  
And linked his faith with Lee,  
The other bore the stars and stripes  
With Sherman to the sea.

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.

COPYRIGHT © 1959 by Stormking Music Co.

Sally

Adapted and arranged by:  
Loman D. Cansler

Sal-ly oh Sal-ly oh Sal-ly said he I wish that your

love and mine could a-gree or--- else your h-tred would

turn in to love if not I am ruined and I'm sure it will

prove.

"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  
bedside,  
"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!"

Off of her fingers gold rings she pulled three,  
Saying, "Take-'em and wear-'em while yore dancin'  
on me.  
And when yore done dancing on Sally your Queen,  
Fly away to the West. love, no more to be seen."

COPYRIGHT © 1959 by Stormking Music Co. N.Y.C.

Arthur Clyde

Adapted and arranged by:  
Loman D. Cansler

I am dy-ing sister dy-ing and my voice is getting  
low there is some---thing I must tell you sister  
dear be-fore I go.

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

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

But I knew with all my weeping  
All the tears that I might shed,  
Could not bring life back to Arthur  
Lying there so cold and dead.

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.

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.

So I took his lifeless body  
Cast it o'er the river side,  
And I leave this world to wonder  
What became of Arthur Clyde.

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.

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.

COPYRIGHT © 1959

By Stormking Music Co. NYC

Kickin' Maud

Adapted and arranged by:  
Loman D. Cansler

I once knew a southern far--mer his name was Solo-mon Slick he  
owned a rat tailed kicking mule oh how that mule could kick

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.

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 earnt his fee.

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

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.

COPYRIGHT © 1959 by Stormking Music Co. N.Y.C.



When I Went for to Take My Leave

Adapted and arranged by:  
Loman D. Cansler

The musical score is written on three staves in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody is simple and folk-like. Chords are indicated by letters A and E above the notes. The lyrics are written below the staves.

When I went for to take my leave I thought tears would blind me the  
shaking of those tender little hands of the girl I left behind me the  
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.

"When I went for to take my leave,  
A-leavin' all my joys;  
It was all that was near and dear unto me  
Was left with the Texian boys.  
It was all that was near and dear unto me  
Was left with the Texian boys.

"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."

COPYRIGHT © 1959 by Storming Music Co. N.Y.C.