

SONGS OF TEXAS FOLKWAYS RECORDS FH 5328

Sixteen popular folk songs of the Lone Star State sung by the TEX-I-AN Boys

John A. Lomax, Jr./Pete Rose/Jim McConnell/Howard Porper/Ed Badeaux

Notes by Mack McCormick/Musical Direction by Ed Badeaux/Recorded in Houston, Texas



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Chisholm Trail
Long Summer Day
Cowboy's Dream
San Antonio Rose
Streets of Laredo
T for Texas
The Tex-i-an Boys
Remember the Alamo
Texas Dance Medley
Ain't No More Cane on the Brazos
Red River Valley
Austin Blues
Billy Barlow
Ballet of the Boll Weevil
Wasn't That a Mighty Storm!
I'm Going to Leave Old Texas
Recorded at the University of Houston
Recording Engineer: Leroy Dietrich

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

SONGS OF TEXAS

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SUNG BY

THE TEX-I-AN BOYS

John A. Lomax, Jr.
 Pete Rose
 Ed Badeaux
 Jim McConnell
 Howard Porper



photo by Mary Badeaux

TEXIAN BOYS

Among the standard equipment for theaters and radio stations is a library of mood music: bridges, fanfares, exotic sounds, and a variety of themes to underscore a fight or a seduction or a chase. Notably absent in such libraries, and perhaps therefore a telling comment on the kinds of drama we are given, is any real variety of the music that does in fact underscore our lives. Of course a realistic collection of such music would be a staggering compilation needing to range from Rock-A-Billy Serenade to Rock of Ages, from Sy Oliver's Opus No. 1 to Beethoven's Opus No. 125.

Such a compass would contain a large, perhaps larger than might be expected, variety of music that could be designated as traditional. This group of music is due special respect, not only for its values as music but for its ability to endure and to become personally meaningful to diverse peoples. There is something awe-inspiring about a simple pattern of notes or an unassuming rhyme that, like language or thumb opposition, becomes a common human property.

Traditional song and music reaches our ears in this modern day by different though overlapping routes. The least conspicuous is from the traditional source itself; from the unreflective growth and interchange that occurs with a group, whether the group be a tenant farm settlement or tribal village, or with equal veracity and productivity, a sidewalk skip rope gang outside a public school or an eclectic gathering conscripted into a military barracks. Among such groups, whatever the reason that knits them together, music is made, carried along, and given life as a wholly natural kind of expression and entertainment.

By contrast, the noisiest carriers of traditional music are the parasitical who use it to serve a purpose. The musical heritage of the western world, as it is known, begins with this kind of application where the Catholic Church, wise and shrewd in the ways of making itself appealing, went to age old folk tunes for the themes heard today in the plain-song of the church's rituals. The same kind of use has been made by composers of orchestral music and political propagandists and, most of all, by the business men of our large music industry who exist in a kind of perpetual panic brought about by the fact that their considerable investments are at the mercy of a fickle and unpredictable public. With traditional materials now providing something like a quarter of the hit parade, this last group has an impressive history of utilizing such diverse

materials as a bawdy sailor's song for The Thing, a children's rhyme for A-Tisket A-Tasket, a vindictive calypso protest against American troops for Rum and Coca Cola, and the pregon, a street vendor's cry, "Cacahuete-e-e-e" for The Peanut Vendor. However recognizing that the businessman strives to inject some sense of security into his trade, it is wholly understandable and predictable that the song vendor, as well as others wishing to contrive an appeal, should claim, adapt, and in every way possible utilize traditional song which is, by definition, a product of proven appeal.

Between these two extremes, the ethnic source and the parasitical claimant, there is a growing new group of individuals that sing and offer us folk song. Showing an appreciation that is a mixture of objective study and the subjective response, this group has with whoopee and revivalism created a booming interest in traditional song out of the taunt undercurrents -- a sense of loss, an attempt to make personal contact -- that characterizes our modern society.

Bleakly aware it is a world they never made, the participants, both artist and audience, find their heritage is too often the process that has turned feeling experience into literary cliché -- a lonely whistle in the night, the tang of new mown hay, the lush canvas of sunset -- and the very word heritage is an election time, holiday season slogan that relates to no personal value. The country's founding political climate, the pioneer Spirit, and the lusty Horatio Alerism have evolved a power bloc. For that large group of its citizens not in sympathy with these aims or not inclined to the sleek aggressivetemperment now in fashion, America as a nation or as a culture has pathetically little to offer. Among many reactions to this is the attempt of individuals to engage themselves with something in which they can personally and realistically take pride and place value. The cultish interest in folk song has grown up particularly around those who find an alien quality in modern life, and yet do not choose to disassociate or expatriate themselves. On the contrary, their reaction -- at times false, foolish, or garbled with sophistication -- is patently an attempt to revive the forthright values, the plainly experienced emotions, and the joy of life reflected in the song lore which is so very much at odds with modern times. And if they cannot revive the values, then at least maintain the songs which symbolize them. Thus both the singer and the listener are very often engaged, beyond the immediate pleasure they take in folk song, in trying to retain, perhaps even instill in themselves, an actual sense of heritage and identity with neighbors.

In short, there is here an echo of what Vincent Van Gogh said of the weavers, coal miners, and potato-eaters he painted: "I prefer to be with people who do not know the world."

Texas has an outside reputation built on braggadocio and independence and hell-raising and freak weather, but is today actually dominated by cotton commerce, heavy metals industry, military installations, and petrochemicals, laced with religious fundamentalism and political conservatism. The five men who make up the Texian Boys consist of a geologist, a medical technician, a music teacher, a real estate developer, and a construction engineer. They range in age from to ; and except for the one bachelor all are family men living in Houston's far flung suburbs.

To them, in largest part, folk song is a acquired characteristic: an art, a set of values, an opportunity for expression that each discovered in an objective sense, and chose to add to his individual person. Therefore, in a personal way, folk song means far more to these men than it does to the ethnic singer who acquires it as a part of his environment. It is, too, an avidly enjoyed pastime that claims -- despite family, jobs, and responsibilities -- a very large number of their hours, as was demonstrated by the months of twice-weekly gatherings that went into the slow trial-and-error shaping of the arrangements heard here. Three of them - Ed Badeaux, John Lomax Jr., and Howard Porper -- have appeared together (not as a group, but as solo performers) in concerts and social gatherings around Houston since 1951. The two younger members, Jim McConnell and Pete Rose, have participated in these since 1959. Their album is witness to the intense, devout application and blending of talents of five men bent on achieving some personal satisfaction both among themselves and between themselves and the listener whose attention is caught.

The songs they chose -- ranging over the state both historically and geographically -- present a portrait of a Texas and of a Texas heritage that hardly exists any longer. Yet this is true only in a relative sense for the state is a vast accumulation of peoples about which no one generalization is safe. Its rural areas have been losing people to the blooming cities for half a century, and today in the cities there are clusters of country people who in private and in neighborhood taverns still enjoy many of the songs the Texian Boys have chosen....

CHISHOLM TRAIL Texans took 12 million head of cattle to northern ranges and markets in the three decades following Lee's surrender. Among those leathery, lonely working men this song was the most universally sung. The men who worked the trail seldom carried side arms, murdered fewer of their own number than is now common in Texas taverns; they lived without permanent beds, without women, and with little wordly knowledge. They sang to ease themselves and their cattle. The mood of the song, as John Lomax' version suggests, could move from the fast exhilaration of driving into the teeth of a blue norther, to the soothing, reflective lullaby of a night-herding song when there was only the black starry sky, the even clumping of the cowboy's circling horse, and the restless herd calmed by his song. Its verses stretched as long as the trail, from the short gray grass of the South Texas plains to the rail head at Abilene.

LONG SUMMER DAY Just as the Chisholm Trail tells of

the life of West Texas, this piece reflects the economic heart of the East Texas plantations: the slaves who worked the vast cotton fields and made song of the temptation to slip off to a higher, drier, perhaps more northern, climate. Both songs relate to a time when the terms West Texas and East Texas were loosely used, referring not to the extreme edges of the state but rather to the cattle and cotton industries which first grew up in adjoining counties of what is actually central Texas, neighboring cultures in the region where the black-land edges up to the prairie.

THE COWBOY'S DREAM This is a marvelous example of stating a spiritual message in the trade terms of a particular occupation, a technique used to great effect by the Methodist revivalist Abe Mulkey who was bent on converting sinful cowboys. His hell-fire sermons, punctuated by this song slyly set to the tune of My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean, are renowned for their success at coaxing sinners forward to kneel and ask for salvation.

SAN ANTONIO ROSE Unaware and disinterested in the folklorist's jurisdictional problems, the folk have a persistent tendency to absorb and sing certain rare compositions just as if they were of traditional origin. Even more upsetting to the academic mind is that when the process continues for a long enough period, such songs do in fact become traditional. This is currently happening with Hank Williams' Jambalaya and Ray Charles' What'd I Say? and with Bob Wills' remarkable San Antonio Rose which occupies a warm spot in the heart of Texans who courted to it in their youth and now see their children take to it in the same way. In this arrangement, the driving bass of a guitar tuned a tone low suggests the song's natural habitat, the beer tavern, while an autoharp lends a kind of music box quality to the singer's lament for a lost love.

STREETS OF IAREDO This is the cowboy's most popular ballad, naturally enough since it is the Texas repetition of one of the most widely heard song-motifs in the English language. Wherever it occurs, a dying sinner -- it may be a soldier, a "bad girl", a sailor, a lumber jack, an aviator -- confesses his wrongs and prescribes his funeral arrangements. Here, the narrative is sung with an ear to the loneliness of the cowboy who lays breathing his last after having ridden the familiar road to Cuban rum and ruin. Though the tune differs, the mood sought is the one established in a version sung by Harry Stephens -- one time XIT hand, trail rider, and "wandering cowboy kid" -- who sang it to Ed Badeaux in 1951.

T FOR TEXAS Jimmie Rodgers was one of those inexplicable figures in popular entertainment. His vocal ability was limited, his guitar playing even more so, and yet the extent of his popularity and his catalytic influence can hardly be computed. Because of him, anomalous heart songs are to be found drifting around in the repertoires of many Negro blues singers, and a variety of Negro blues are to be found in the song bag of many sentimentally inclined white singers. Rodgers' Blue Yodels, of which this is a composite, were derived mostly from earlier Negro records. His recordings carried them further afield than the original "race recordings" ever managed and yet maintained popularity with the Negroes themselves (save the singers who felt their songs had been flinched). An example is the title verse of this song, coming from Rodger's Blue Yodel No. 1 who adapted it from a verse in Blind Lemon Jefferson's Got The Blues. Following the success of his heart songs, renamed ballads, and

ve blues, Rodgers moved to Texas and built "Blue Yodeler's Paradise" near San Antonio. died in 1933, having crammed his entire legacy recordings, many of them made in Dallas, into a brief 6 years period.

THE TEX-I-AN BOYS No one is quite sure what a Tex-I-an Boy is. Some say it is a person who's parents were Texas-born; others say it is simply anyone who lives in Texas, as pronounced by anyone from Oklahoma or Arkansas. At any rate, at the time this song was sung few could speak of parents born in Texas save the disenfranchised Mexicans and Indians. The song, first known without reference to Texas, began in the east and moved west with the frontier, just ahead of civilization's "proper" conduct. A girl in a bordering state would warn her sisters to avoid the advances of men from further west else they garner a life of hardship and privation, and about the Texans they were even more explicit:

Brandy is brandy anyway you mix it,
And a Tex-i-an's a Tex-i-an anyway you fix him,
When other good folk have all gone to bed,
The devil is a-working in a Tex-i-an's head.

REMEMBER THE ALAMO In the 1930's the then-popular bandleader Isham Jones shocked all of Texas with this admission that he had written the song On The Alamo thinking the place was a river. Since then grade school histories, state fair pageants, Hollywood films and every other media have overworked the tale of the unique, dedicated men who died in the abandoned mission (a fragment of which, its massive walls cooled by air conditioning to woo tourists, now stands in the shadow of San Antonio's Medical Arts Building). Contrary to this song's figures, the best available accounts of the Mexican seige at San Antonio de Bexar state that 182 men accepted Col. Travis' invitation to step over his sword-drawn line, thus declaring their readiness to fight to the death. These were the men -- including Davy Crockett, Jim Bowie, and Travis himself -- whose 182 bodies went into the gigantic funeral pyre only three days later. The man who did not step across the line, obliquely referred to in the song, was Louis Moses Rose, the much maligned "coward of the Alamo". In his defense it needs to be said that Rose, being a veteran of Napoleon's Moscow campaign, had seen his share of warfare and military display, and that he had the very great courage to think independently, telling 182 comrades "I am not prepared to die, and I shall not do so if I can avoid it." Ironically, it is only because of his decision and heroic escape, that we have the celebrated story of Travis' line. His account was first published in the Texas Almanac for 1873 and ever since has been retold in drama and song, becoming an indelible part of the Alamo saga.

TEXAS DANCE TUNES By no means the exclusive property of Texans, these pieces are known and loved in rural settlements throughout America. There are few Texans who have not at one time or another danced to Put Your Little Foot or Ten Pretty Girls or Wildwood Flower and in the selection of the three tunes most representative of white country dancing in Texas these were the first and natural choice. The many German, Polish, and Czech settlements in the central part of the state have nobly resisted the inroads of the juke box, and have maintained a love and respect for musicians who can play their favorites. In this region, with its dances advertised by scrawled posters and word of mouth, these tunes can be heard from small string bands

any night of the week.

AIN'T NO MORE CANE ON THE BRAZOS The Texas System is a profit-making organization. Years ago the entire group of prison farms were leased to private businessmen who were free to operate them as they saw fit, having only to maintain guards over the labor force and share the profits with the state. Col. Ed Cunningham was so successful at operating the prison farms that the state of Texas, awe-struck at his profits, refused to renew his lease, and instead took over the operation itself. Cunningham then founded the Imperial Sugar Company at Sugar Land, Texas and his mill contracted for the bulk of the convict-grown cane from the nearby Brazos Bottom prison farms. Later it became more economical to import Cuban and Mexican sugar cane and the prisons then switched to cotton and feed crops. There is still living in Sugar Land an ex-convict who recalls the days described in this song; "Oh, I can't talk about it. Them bad times was too bad. It'd make me ache to have to think about them times with the whips and the guns and the cane-cutting in that terrible bottom. I remember when we'd raise up and sing to one another 'Is you tired of rolling for Cunningham?' but I can't talk about it."

RED RIVER VALLEY Negroes know the tune as Walking Through The Streets Of The City; Eastern know it as The Bright Mohawk Valley; and in the west, becoming Red River Valley, it is firmly identified with whatever Red River the singer knows best. Naturally in Texas the river is the one that runs through the dusty, flat panhandle, provides much of the Texas-Oklahoma border, and then slices down through the Louisiana boot. The plaintive air is played all along its course, in the west by country fiddlers, in the cities by electronic guitarists, in the bayou country by Zydeco bands.

AUSTIN BLUES The place is so named because the present singer learned it some years ago from a man in Austin. It is a white blues of the sort that came along when the "blues" became a fashionable novelty, a kind of a slow sensual dance that captured the nation's fancy and focused attention on the casually made songs of the Negro. This one, like the songs Jimmie Rodgers popularized, is an accumulation of Negro verses notable for the striking line "They made me wear my palm beach in the winter" which is probably representative of the Texan's idea of the very worst that can happen to a person.

BILLY BARLOW Along the rusty Brazos River, and nowhere else in America, two seemingly dissimilar songs have been found which are both descended from a pre-Christian English ritual "The Hunting of the Wren" in which the wren is believed to have represented the sun. From the 14th century to modern times, Englishmen have sung The Cutty Wren:

O where are you going? said Midler to Malder
O we may not tell you, said Festle to Fose.
We're off to the woods, said John the Red Nose,
We're off to the woods, said John the Red Nose.

The present descendant, now more of a pleasant jungle than anything else, comes from a Hood County ranch hand who recorded it for the Library of Congress while working on the upper Brazos in 1935. Another song The Grey Goose tells the same hunting story as in The Cutty Wren retaining more of the original symbolism of the indestructible beast. This one has only been collected from Negro convicts on the lower Brazos -- from Lead Belly, Track Horse, Iron

Head, Lightnin Washington in the 1930s; and from Grover Dickson of Retrieve farm in 1951. Why these two descendants of an ancient English ritual, The Grey Goose and Billy Barlow, should be peculiar to Texas is a question that remains unanswered.

THE BOLL WEEVIL Along one of the marble corridors at the state capitol is a frosted door reading:

PINK BOOLWORM COMMISSION

This is in effect the Texas war department. The office is still engaged in fighting the invasion of weevils and worms that overthrew King Cotton and now threatens his remaining nobles. The cotton weevil came from Mexico in 1901 and the boll worm followed in 1920. The song, like the weevil, traveled across the United States at a rate of 40 miles a year. Its sly way of explaining a national disaster by relating the dialogue between the farmer and the little black bug who struggles in behalf of his family makes it one of the finest bits of purely American balladry. So much so that there is still in progress an academic wrangle over the song, one folklorist claiming to have heard it first, another claiming to have published it first, etc.

THE GALVESTON FLOOD The worst single disaster even to strike the North American continent in recorded time was the Great Galveston Storm of September, 1900. To judge from this song's text, which comes from Sin Killer Griffin who recorded it in 1934 at the Huntsville penitentiary, the Rev. Griffin lost his mother in that disaster. Fifteen years later when the wind and water returned, crushing over the new sea wall, it seemed that it was coming back after those who survived the earlier storm. Galveston Island is actually a long sand bar off the Texas coast. Hurricanes out of the Gulf in late summer bring tides of up to 30 feet which are dumped on the first land they strike. Periodically Galveston is torn by winds that range up to and over 160 miles per hour, then flooded by the water pushed and dumped ashore by a hurricane. A few months after this recording was made Hurricane Carla struck, equally great a storm as those of 1900 and 1915 though it caused comparatively little loss of life for Galveston had learned to protect itself. Coincidentally, after it came ashore, Hurricane Carla followed the old Chisholm Trail all the way to Kansas.

I'M GOING TO LEAVE OLD TEXAS NOW Another one of the old cowboy songs, this one tells eloquently of the lament of the old time Texas cowboy facing the inroads of civilization as it encroaches on his freedom and independence. Most of the cowboys were of a solitary nature of else they would have never gotten into the business, and the thought of a neighbor within 8 or 10 miles fencing and farming the land was just too much to bear, so reluctantly he packs his saddle bags and heads for Mexico where he can be at peace. Or, putting it less romantically, he simply realizes his way of life is doomed by the invention of barbed wire and the onslaught of immigrants to string it across the open range.

A NOTE ON THE RECORDING

This album which began with a request by a record company for an album of tinpanalley Texas songs changed directions quite sharply when negotiations were broken off. Out went "Deep in the Heart of Texas," "I'm an

Old Cowhand from the Rio Grande," and even "The Eye of Texas," a college song which has become something of an unofficial state anthem. Out went even "Beautiful Texas," the official state song written by ex-hillbilly singer, ex-flour salesman, ex-governor W. Lee O'Daniels. We kept the "San Antonio Rose" and "T for Texas" because we felt that both really belonged in any album of Texas songs, and we added another newcomer, "Remember the Alamo," for it tells with candor the official state-approved version of the war for independence with Mexico. (The version of that conflict as taught in the Mexican school system is understandably quite a different one.) And to these we added fifteen folk songs, some widely known, some little known.

These are songs which tell of the people of Texas from the inside. They give you a kind of saddle-horn view of the cowboy, a mules tail view of the East Texas plantation slave and his very secret longing for freedom, even lets you see a great tragedy from the hurricane's eye, so to speak.

In arranging the songs musically we tried to keep the accompaniment simple and to the point. If a song seemed to call for the music box quality of an autoharp we used it. If it needed the hard bite of the five-string banjo we used that. We found the songs very singable, and it was with great effort that we resisted singing with the soloist during the whole of a song, instead of just joining in on the chorus. More than one take was discarded because someone in the group couldn't resist joining.

We hope you find them singable too, and that you join in on the choruses, and even on the verses when you get to know them. When you can sing "Streets of Laredo" and "Long Summer Day" and "Chisholm Trail" with the proper reverence we'll make you honorary Texans. When you can sing "San Antonio Rose" with the proper lilt like as not we'll make you governor.

--Ed Badeaux

SIDE I, Band 1: CHISHOLM TRAIL

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

CHORUS:

Coma ti yi youpy, youpy yea, youpy yea,
Coma ti yi youpy, youpy yea.

I started up the trail October twenty-third,
I started up the trail with the 2-U herd.

(CHORUS)

On a ten-dollar hoss and a forty-dollar saddle,
And I'm goin' to punch in Texas cattle.

(CHORUS)

I woke up one morning on the old Chisholm Trail,
Rope in my hand and a cow by the tail.

(CHORUS)

Oh it's bacon and beans most every day,
I'd as soon be eating prairie hay.

(CHORUS)

Stray in the herd and the said "kill it",
So we bedded that stray in the bottom of the
skillet!

(CHORUS)

My hoss threwed me off at the creek called, Mud,
My hoss threwed me off round the 2-U herd.

(CHORUS)

Last time I saw him he was going 'cross the level,
A-kicking up his heels and a-running like the
devil.

(CHORUS)

It's cloudy in the west, a-looking like rain,
And my damned old slicker's in the wagon again.

(CHORUS)

The wind did blow and the rain did fall,
Hit looked, by grab, like we was goin' to lose
'em all.

(CHORUS)

Feet in the stirrups and seat in the saddle,
I hung and rattled with them longhorn cattle.

(CHORUS)

I don't give a damn if they never do stop,
I'll ride as long as an eight-day clock.

(CHORUS)

2ND TUNE

We rounded 'm up and put 'em on the cars,
And that was the last of the old Two Bars.

(CHORUS)

With my hand on the horn and my hat in the sky,
I'll quit punching cows in the sweet by-and-by.

(CHORUS)

Goin' to the boss to git my money,
Goin' back home to see my honey.

(CHORUS)

SIDE I, Band 2: LONG SUMMER DAY

Well, long summer day make a white man lazy
long summer day.

Well, long summer day make a white man lazy
long summer day.

Well, long summer day make a man run away sir
long summer day.

Well, long summer day make a slave run away sir
long summer day.

It's pickin' that cotton in the bottom field sir
long summer day.

It's a gatherin' that cotton in the bottom field
long summer day. sir

CHORUS:

Well, long summer day make a white man lazy
long summer day

Long summer day make a man run away sir
long summer day

Mrssd and missus sitting in the parlor
long summer day

Jest a studyin' and afigurin' how to work a slave
harder
long summer day.

(CHORUS)

Run away to see his Mary on a long summer day,
Run away to see his baby on a long summer day.

Old Mrssd kill a Jersey for to give the bull his
belly
on a long summer day,

Old Mrssd kill a Jersey for to give the bull his
belly
on a long summer day.

SIDE I, Band 3: THE COWBOY'S DREAM

Last night as I lay on the prairie, and looked up
at the stars in the sky,
I wondered if ever a cowboy, would drift to that
sweet by and by.

CHORUS:

Roll on, roll on; roll on, little dogies,
roll on, roll on.

Roll on, roll on, roll on, Roll on little
dogies, roll on.

The road to that bright happy region, is a dim
narrow trail, so they say;
But the broad one that leads to perdition, is
posted and blazed all the way.

They say there will be a great round-up, and
cowboys, like dogies, will stand,
To be mavericked by the Riders of Judgement,
who are posted and know every brand.

(CHORUS)

Oh, they tell of another great owner who is ne'er
overstocked, so they say,
But who always makes room for the sinner who
departs from the straight narrow way.

(CHORUS)

SIDE I, Band 4: SAN ANTONIO ROSE

Deep within my heart lies a melody, a song of old
San Antone,
Where in dreams I live with a memory, Beneath the
stars all alone.

It was there I found beside the Alamo, Enchantment
strange as the blue up above,
A moonlit pass that only she would know,
Still hear's my broken song of love.

CHORUS:

Moon in all your splendor, know only my heart,
Call back my Rose, Rose of San Antone.
Lips so sweet and tender, like petals falling apart,
Speak once again of my love, my own.

Broken song, empty words I know, still live in my
heart all alone,

But that moonlit pass by the Alamo,
And Rose, my Rose, of San Antone.

(CHORUS)

(Repeat last stanza).

SIDE I, Band 5: THE STREETS OF LAREDO

As I walked out in the streets of Laredo,
As I walked out in Laredo one day,
I spied a young cowboy all wrapped in white linen,
Wrapped in white linen as cold as the clay

I see by your outfit that you are a cowboy,
These words he did say as I boldly walked by,
Come sit down beside me and hear my sad story,
Shot in the breast and I know I must die.

Was once in the saddle I used to go dashing
Once in the saddle I used to go gay;
First down to Rosie's and then to the card-house,
Got shot in the breast and I'm dying today.

(HUM)

Bury beside me my knife and six-shooter,
Spurs at my heels and my rifle by my side,
On top of my coffin put a bottle of brandy,
That the cowboy's might drink as I take my last ride.

Beat the drum slowly, and play the fife lowly,
Play the dead march as they bear up my pall;
Put bunches of roses all over my coffin,
Roses to deaden the clods as they fall.

As I walked out in the streets of Laredo,
As I walked out in Laredo one day,
I spied a young cowboy all wrapped in white linen,
Wrapped in white linen as cold as the clay.

SIDE I, Band 6: T. FOR TEXAS

Well, it's T for Texas, T for Tennessee,
T for Texas, T for Tennessee,
It's T for Thelma, that gal who made a wreck out
of me.

(YODEL CHORUS)

Well, I don't mind marrying, but I can't stand
settling down
I don't mind marrying, but Lord settling down,
Gonna be like a preacher, and ride from town to
town.

(YODEL CHORUS)

Let me be your sidetrack, baby til your mainline
comes,
Let me be your sidetrack, yeah till your
mainline comes,
I can do more switching, baby, than your mainline
ever done.

(YODEL CHORUS)

Why did that rooster crow at the break of day?
Why did that rooster crow at the break of day?
Let the little dog know that the big dog's on
his way.

(YODEL CHORUS)

Gonna buy me a shotgun, long as I am tall,
Buy me a shotgun, just as long as I am tall,
Gonna shoot that Thelma, just to watch her jump
and fall.

(YODEL CHORUS)

Rather be in Texas, sleeping in a hollow log,
Rather be in Texas, sleeping in a hollow log,
Than be in N.Y.C. where they treat you like a
dirty dog.

(YODEL CHORUS) (4 TIMES).

SIDE I, Band 7: THE TEXIAN BOYS

Louisiana gals, come and listen to my noise,
Don't go out with Texian boys,
For, if you do, your ration it will be,
Johnnycake and venison and sassafras tea,
Johnnycake and venison and sassafras tea.

Now when ya go to preachin', let me tell you
what ya'll wear --
An old leather coat all picked and bare,
An old straw hat more brim than crown,
And a pair of dirty socks you've worn the
winter round.
Yes, a pair of dirty socks you've worn the
winter round.

When ya go a-courtin', lemme tell you what
ya'll ride --
An old pack-saddle all covered with hide,
And old hair girth made out of a rope,
A-straddle of a horse that can't fetch a lope.
A-straddle of a horse that can't fetch a lope.

For your wedding supper there's beef and corn-
bread,
There it is to eat when the ceremony's said:
And when you go to milk, you'll milk in a gourd,
Set it in a corner and cover it with a board.
Set it in a corner and cover it with a board.

You'll live in a hut with a hewed log wall,
But it ain't got any windows at all;
With a clapboard roof and a puncheon floor,
And that's the way all Texas o'er.
And that's the way all Texas o'er.

Now brandy is brandy any way you mix it,
A Texians a Texian any way you fix him,
When other good folk are home in bed,
The devil is a-workin' in a Texian's head.
Yes, the devil is a-workin' in a Texian's head.

SIDE I, Band 8: REMEMBER THE ALAMO

A hundred and eighty were challenged by Travis
to die, Travis to die,
By the line that he drew with his sword when
the battle was nigh, battle was night

HUM:

To him that would fight to the death, cross over.
But him that would live better fly,

ALL:

And over the line stepped a hundred and seventy nine.

CHORUS:

Hi---up, Santa Anna, we're killin' your soldiers
below,

men wherever they go.
I remember the Alamo...the Alamo...the Alamo.

Old Bowie lay dyin', but his powder was ready and
dry, ready and dry,
From flat on his back, Bowie killed him a few in
reply, few in reply,

HUM:
And old Davy Crockett was laughin' and singin',
With gallantry fierce in his eye,
ALL
For God and for freedom a man more than willing to
die.

(CHORUS)

They sent a young scout from the battlement bloody
and loud, bloody and loud.
With the words of farewell from a garrison valiant
and proud, valiant and proud,

HUM:
Grieve not little darlin' my dyin', if Texas is
sovereign and free,

ALL
For we'll never surrender and ever with liberty be.

(CHORUS)

SIDE II, Band 1: TEXAS DANCE TUNES

SIDE II, Band 2: AIN'T NO MORE CANE ON THE BRAZOS

Ain't no more cane on this grass here,
Woe --
Campin' grand in Timlay here
Woe --

You oughta' been on this river in 1904
Woe--
It grind a dead man on every turn row
Woe --

Don't cha drive me Captain like ya did poor John
Woe --
Old Dad played 'til he went stone blind
Woe --

You oughta' been on this river in 1910
Woe --
Dey was rollin' the women like dey drove the men.
Woe --

Ain't no more cane on this grass here,
Lord, lawd lawd.,
Done ground into molasses
Lawd, lawd, lawd.

SIDE II, Band 3: RED RIVER VALLEY

From this valley they say you are going,
We will miss your bright eyes and sweet smile,
For they say you are taking the sunshine,
That has brightened our lives for awhile.

CHORUS:
Come and sit by my side if you love me,
Do not hasten to bid me adieu,
Just remember the Red River Valley,
And the cowboy who loved you so true.

I've been waiting a long time, my darling,
For the love words you never would say,

Now, alas, must my fond hopes all vanish,
For they say you are going away.

(CHORUS)

They will bury me in the valley,
In the place where the wild flowers grow,
When you're gone from this Red River Valley
For I can't live without you I know.

(CHORUS)

SIDE II, Band 4: AUSTIN BLUES

Feelin' tomorrow like I'm feelin' today,
Goin' to hop aboard that freight train
And make my getaway - hey, hey, hey, hey.

I say young Jimmy where you been all night?
Your hairs all mussed up and your clothes aint
just right, hey, hey, hey, hey.

(BREAK)

If I were a fish, I say if I were a fish in the
deep blue sea
I'd have all dem wild wild women a fish in after
me - day da day, day da day.

They made me go hongry
They made me mooch a dime
They made me wear my palm beach in the cold cold
winter time - hey da day, hey da day.

Feelin tomorrow like I feel today
Goin' to hop aboard that freight train
And throw my trunk away.

SIDE II, Band 5: BILLY BARLOW

"Let's all go huntin'" said Risky Rob
Let's all go huntin' said Robin to Bob
Let's all go huntin'said Daniel to Joe,
Let's all go huntin' said Billy Barlow.

"Watch how we hunt," said Risky Rob
Watch how we hunt, said Robin to Bob
Watch how we hunt, said Daniel to Joe,
"Go hunt a rat!" said Billy Barlow.

"How shall we hunt 'em?" said Risky Rob
How shall we hunt 'em? said Robin to Bob
How shall we hunt 'em? said Daniel to Joe,
"Go get a gun!" said Billy Barlow.

"Now, how shall we haul 'em?" said Risky Rob
Yes, how shall we haul 'em? said Robin to Bob
Yes, how shall we haul 'em? said Daniel to Joe
"Go get a wagon!" said Billy Barlow.

"How shall we divide 'em?" said Risky Rob
How shall we divide 'em? said Robin to Bob
How shall we divide 'em? said Daniel to Joe
"Yeah, how shall we divide 'em?" said Billy
Barlow.

"I'll take shoulder," said Risky Rob
I'll take side, said Robin to Bob
I'll take ham, said Daniel to Joe
"Tailbone mine!" said Billy Barlow.

"How shall we cook 'em?" said Risky Rob,
How shall we cook 'em, said Robin to Bob

How shall we cook 'em, said Daniel to Joe
"How shall we cook 'em?" said Billy Barlow.

"I'll boil shoulder," said Risky Rob
"I'll fry side," said Robin to Bob
"I'll bake ham," said Daniel to Joe
"Tailbone raw!" said Billy Barlow.

SIDE II, Band 6: THE BOLL WEEVIL

Have you heard de lates', de lates' of de songs?
Bout dis little boll weevil,
Done been here and gone,
Jes alookin' for a home,
Jes a-lookin' for a home, etc.

De boll weevil is a little black bug,
Come f'um Mexico, dey say,
Come heah to try dis Texas soil,
An' he thought he'd better stay,
A-lookin' for a home,
Jes a-lookin' for a home, etc.

De fust time I saw de boll weevil,
He was settin' on de square,
De next time I saw de boll weevil,
He had all his family dere---
Dey's a looking for a home,
Jes' a'lookin' for a home, etc.

Den de farmer took de boll weevil,
An' buried him in hot sand;
De boll weevil said to de farmer,
"I'll stand it like a man.
For it is my home,
It is my home, etc."

De farmer took de boll weevil
And threw him on cold ice;
De boll weevil say to de farmer,
'Dis is mighty cool an' nice.
O it is my home,
It is my home, etc.

De farmer say to de merchant,
I's in an awful fix,
Boll weevil et my cotton up,
An left me only sticks,
But I'll have a home,
I'll have a home, etc.

Boll Weevil got half de cotton,
De merchant took de rest;
Nothin' left for dis farmer's wife,
But one old cotton dress;
And it's full o' holes,
All full o' holes, etc.

If anybody ever axes you,
Who wuz it writ dis song,
Tell 'em 'twas a dark-skinned fella
Wid a pair o' blue overalls on.
A-lookin' for a home,
Jes a-lookin' for a home.

SIDE II, Band 7: GALVESTON FLOOD

In Galveston's a seawall, to keep the water down,
But the high tide from the ocean, washed water
over the town.

CHORUS:

Wasn't that a mighty storm, wasn't that a mighty

storm (with water)

Wasn't that a mighty storm, that blew
the people away.

The lightnin played around them, the thunder
began to roar,
The wind it began blowing, the rain began to
fall.

(CHORUS)

Their trumpets give them warning, "You'd better
leave this place."
They never thought of leaving, till death looked
them in the face.

The trains they were loaded, with people leaving
town
The tracks give away from the ocean, the trains
they went on down.

(CHORUS)

Death, like a cruel master, as the wind began
to blow,
Rode out on a train of horses, I said, "Death,
let me go."

Now, Death, your hands is icy, you've got them
on my knees,
You done carried away my mother, now come back
after me.

(CHORUS)

The trees fell on the island, the hourses give
way,
Some people strived and drowned, some died
most every way.

The sea it began rolling, the ships could not
land,
I heard the captain crying, "Please save a
drowning men."

(CHORUS)

SIDE II, Band 8: I'M GOIN' TO LEAVE OLD TEXAS

I'm going to leave old Texas now,
They've got no use for the long-horned cow.

They've plowed and fenced my cattle range,
And the people there are all so strange.

ALL

I'll take my horse, I'll take my rope,
I'll hit the trail at an easy lope;

I'll bid adios to the Alamo,
I'll turn my head toward Mexico

(BREAK)

The hard, hard ground shall be my bed,
And my saddle seat shall hold my head.

ALL SUBDUED

I'll tell Saint Peter when I go,
A cowboy's soul ain't white as snow,

But in that far-off cattle land,
He sometimes acted like a man.