



FRONTIERS

Especially created for Scholastic Literature Units—SCHOLASTIC BOOK SERVICES

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FR 10003



M
1629
F936
1962

MUSIC LP

SIDE I

- Band 1: **THE PIONEER**
 a. Shoot the Buffalo
 b. Groundhog
 c. Rattlesnake
 d. Mountain Lion
 e. Thunderstorm
 f. Flash Flood
 g. Ox Driver
 h. Crossing the Plains
 i. Elsie Armstrong
 j. This Old Man
 k. Rules of the Board of Trustees
 l. The Magnetic Doctress

Band 2: **THE INDIAN**

- a. Starved Rock
 b. War Song—Flathead Indians
 c. Honoring Song—Sioux
 d. Silversmith—Navajo
 e. Squaw Dance—Sioux

Band 3: **THE COWBOY**

- a. Morning Grub Holler
 b. Brag Talk
 c. Strawberry Roan

SIDE II

Band 1: **THE BENT COUNTY BACHELOR**Band 2: **BUFFALO SKINNERS**Band 3: **SACRAMENTO**Band 4: **SIOUX INDIANS**Band 5: **ST. GEORGE**Band 6: **THE TEXIAN BOYS**Band 7: **WILD BILL HICKOCK**Band 8: **PILGRIM AND A STRANGER**Band 9: **GO LONG L'IL DOGIES**

Participating artists:

Ed McCurdy
 L. M. Hilton
 Logan English
 Keith Clark
 Cisco Houston
 Harry Jackson
 Sam Hinton
 Hermes Nye
 Robert Emmett
 and others

Compiled by Stephen Dunning
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FRONTIERS

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

Library of Congress Catalogue Card No. R-67-2044
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 701 Seventh Ave., New York City
 Distributed by Folkways/Scholastic Records,
 906 Sylvan Ave., Englewood Cliffs, N.J. 07632

COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE
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FRONTIERS

Especially Created for the Scholastic Literature Unit Frontiers

Scholastic Book Services, 904 Sylvan Ave., Englewood Cliffs, N. J. 07632

SIDE I: Band 1: The Moving Frontier
Band 2: The Indian
Band 3: The Cowboy

SIDE II: Band 1: The Bent County Bachelor
Band 2: The Buffalo Skinners
Band 3: Sacramento
Band 4: Sioux Indians
Band 5: St. George
Band 6: The Texian Boys
Band 7: Wild Bill Hickok
Band 8: A Pilgrim and a Stranger
Band 9: Go 'Long L'il Dogies

To the Teacher:

In the FRONTIERS record, we have gathered some sounds and music which will bring pleasure and add profit to your students' experiences in the FRONTIERS Scholastic Literature Unit. Certainly you should use the record as best fits your own purposes and techniques. We suggest that you listen to the entire record, noting those bands and selections which will be most appropriate for use in your class. The FRONTIERS record will help you to bring variety to the lessons and will be especially useful during Phase I.

Suggestions for using the FRONTIERS record are provided in the following text as well as in the Teacher's Notebook.* The text in this booklet includes the complete script for the narrative portions, the words of the songs, and the sound cues for Side I. For Side II, there are suggested introductory passages for each of the nine bands as well as the words of the songs. It is suggested that these introductions to the songs on Side II be read to the class before the songs are played.

Carol Lee and Stephen Dunning

SIDE I/Band 1: THE MOVING FRONTIER

Suggested Use: Lessons 1, 2, and 4

Pioneers went west for many reasons! Some went after riches, silver and gold to be dug from the earth; some

went after free land -- or land dirt cheap. Some wanted to get away from cities that were "crowding up"; room to stretch out or, as one pioneer put it, "space to turn m' head and switch m' tail." Some wanted freedom to worship as they pleased. But whatever his reasons for moving west, each frontiersman faced, first of all, the challenge of the frontier: a man could make his way there, if only he could survive.

Where was the frontier? Three hundred years ago, to the settlers of New England, the frontier was just beyond their cleared land, a mile or so into the woods where lived the Indians, sometimes friendly, sometimes hostile. Another frontier faced Daniel Boone as he made his way to Kentucky. And even later the frontier was farther west -- across the wide Missouri and Mississippi rivers. It's this frontier we're talking about: the frontier of the plains and mountains and valleys and deserts, the frontier of the Dakotas and Arizona, of Kansas and California; the frontier of the Old West.

Think of the problem facing the would-be pioneer. Should he stay in Pennsylvania or New York, Virginia or Kentucky, Ohio or Illinois, stay with what he had and what he knew -- or chance it all out West? Many families hadn't much to lose; to them especially, the West looked like a land of milk and honey -- furs that would bring good prices, fish and game and timber for the taking. Their dreams became the songs they sang around the campfire.

* IN THE TEACHER'S NOTEBOOK THIS SYMBOL SUGGESTS THE USE OF THE RECORD, THE ROMAN NUMERAL REFERS TO THE SIDE AND THE ARABIC NUMERAL TO THE BAND, A BOXED LETTER IS USED TO REFER TO A SPECIFIC SELECTION WITHIN A BAND ON SIDE I.

A "SHOOT THE BUFFALO"

Come all you fine young fellers who've got a mind
to range,
Into some far off country your fortune fer to change.
Come all you fine young women who've got a mind to go,
We'll build you fine log cabins on the blessed Ohio.
Yes we'll build you fine log cabins on the blessed Ohio.

You can cook and you can sew and the boys will hunt
and hoe,
We'll wander through the wildwood and we'll chase the
buffalo.
We'll shoot the buffalo, we'll shoot the buffalo,
We'll wander through the wildwood and we'll shoot the
buffalo.
Yes we'll wander through the wildwood and we'll shoot
the buffalo.

Shoot the buffalo! If they got tired of buffalo steak, or if
they weren't where the buffalo roamed, there was always
the useful ground hog.

B "GROUND HOG"

(Folkways Record FH 5003 - Frontier Ballads
Section: "The Settlers.")

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

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

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

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

Plenty of ground hogs, buffalo, and other game. Food
and furs and hides. And thousands of men, each with
his own reasons, dreaming of going west. But dream-
ing about it was one thing -- and getting there another.
It would be years before a man could buy tickets and
board a train for California. But in the meantime there
were wagons and oxen, horses and mules, a man's own
two feet -- and hazards galore! Could his family sur-
vive the trip? Dare he take the risks? Consider the
natural hazards -- mountains and wide rivers, hot
deserts and killing snow storms. And wild things not
so easy to shoot as buffalo nor so useful as the ground
hog. How would he feel, what would he do, if he
stepped over a sand dune and met a desert rattlesnake
rattling out its warning?

C SOUND CUE: Rattlesnake

(Folkways Record FX 6122 - Sounds of the American
Southwest)

And if he got by that rattlesnake, he might come face to
face with a snarling mountain lion!

D SOUND CUE: Mountain Lion

(Folkways Record FX 6122 - Sounds of the American
Southwest)

Frightening sounds for midnight sleepers. A man had to
think it through before he decided to pull up stakes and
head west. Even if he were handy with a gun and didn't
mind snakes or wildcats, he had to think about the
dangers he himself couldn't control. What would he do
if he and his family were caught in the fury of the thunder-
storms that whipped through the mountains, drenching the
wagon trains, wiping out all trail marks?

E SOUND CUE: Thunderstorm

(Folkways Record FX 6122 - Sounds of the American
Southwest)

How could he protect his family and belongings from a
flash flood -- that sudden, life-taking wall of water that
roared down from the mountains?

F SOUND CUE: Flash Flood

(Folkways Record FX 6122 - Sounds of the American
Southwest)

Such a flash flood could wash away an entire wagon train,
could drown its pioneers before they knew what had hap-
pened. So some men held back, stayed put because the
dangers of the frontier seemed too great. Others saw
the challenge of the frontier and set out to meet it.
Neither beast nor storm would hold them back! Some
stretched canvas over the bowed frame of home-built
wagons, packed their families and belongings inside,
and set out for Independence, Missouri. There, in
the spring, they yoked their oxen and pulled out for the
West.

G "OX DRIVER'S SONG"

(Folkways Record FH 5003 - Frontier Ballads -
Section: "The Trek")

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

REFRAIN:

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

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

(REFRAIN)

Some men couldn't afford oxen and covered wagons.
Lacking enough wagons, horses, and oxen, groups of
Mormons made an incredible journey west on foot --
their few possessions piled high into handcarts. These
they pushed and pulled along, singing as they went.

H "THE HANDCART SONG"

(Folkways Record FA 2036 - Mormon Folk Songs)

For you must cross the raging main
Before the Promised Land you gain,
And with the faithful, make a start,
To cross the plains with your handcart.

CHORUS:

For some must push and some must pull
As we go marching up the hill,
And merrily on our way we go
Until we reach the valley-o.

Mormons on foot -- pushing their handcars. Other groups in wagons. Some on horseback. For those overlanders who survived the trip, there was the chance to offer advice to the timid souls who had stayed behind.

I "CROSSING THE PLAINS"

(Folkways Record FH 5255 - The Days of '49)

You calculate on 60 days to take you over the plains,
But where ya lack for bread and meat, for coffee and for
brains;
Your 60 days are a hundred or more, and your grub
you've got to divide,
Your steers and mules are alkalied, so foot it - you
cannot ride.

You have to stand a watch at night, to keep the Indians off,
About sundown some heads will ache, and some begin to
cough;
To be deprived of health we know is always very hard,
Though every night someone is sick, to get rid of
standing guard.

Some men might be slackers, pretending to be sick to
get out of work. Most pioneers were hardy, courageous
men -- and women. A singer of today pays his tribute
to Elsie Armstrong, who packed her belongings and her
seven sons into a covered wagon and set out for the
Illinois wilderness.

J "THE PIONEER WOMAN OF ILLINOIS"

(Folkways Record FA 2080 - Ballads of LaSalle County,
Illinois)

And so we left Ohio in the year of thirty-one,
There was Jerry, Perry, Joel, William and James;
Isaiah was the baby and George the oldest son
When we set out on foot to stake our claims, stake our
claims,
When we set out on foot to stake our claims.

We traveled through the muddy sloughs and over
swollen streams
And pushed the wagon through the deepest mire;
Then we crossed the River Wabash to the land of all our
dreams
To the prairie land that set our hearts afire, hearts
afire,
To the prairie land that set our hearts afire.

We set to work a-clearin' the timber from the land,
We built our house of logs, stone and clay;
Though my sons were only younguns, there was not an
idle hand,
They all pitched in to help me right away, right away,
They all pitched in to help me right away.

The frontier was to be settled -- settled in spite of rattle-
snakes, conquered in spite of Indians who fought back for
their homelands, in spite of lawlessness, in spite of tools
and equipment that weren't tough enough. The frontier
was to be settled even though many dreams of freedom
and plenty, dreams of gold and land, proved false dreams
for those who sought to make them true. Cattle empires
were built. Dry desert became irrigated farmland.
Small towns began to burst at their seams. Schoolyards
began to echo songs still sung today.

K "THIS OLD MAN"

(Folkways Record FC 7001 - American Folk Songs for
Children)

This old man, he plays one,
He plays knick knack on my thumb,
Knick knack paddy whack, give a dog a bone,
This old man came rolling home.

This old man, he plays two,
He plays knick knack on my shoe,
Knick knack, paddy whack, give a dog a bone,
This old man came rolling home.

Schools and churches, fences and new "Main Streets."
Every decade brought new evidence of "civilization":
the pony express; the telegraph; and stage coach lines.
Then, just after the Civil War, the transcontinental
railroad was pushed across the prairie and cut out of
the Rockies. The famous golden spike joined East and
West. Crossroads became villages, then towns. There
were shops and hotels, circuses and rodeos. With
"civilization" came rules and regulations laying down
the dos and the don'ts for Western America. Townsfolk
had to watch their step about a number of things: the
Board of Trustees laid down the rules.

L "THE RULES OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES"

(Folkways Record FA 2080 - Ballads of LaSalle County,
Illinois)

No person shall keep open (no person shall keep open),
On any Sabbath day (on any Sabbath day),
A tippling house or grocery (a tippling house or
grocery)--
No matter what you say (no matter what you say).
Just obey the rules of the Board of Trustees.

Between the first of April (between the first of April),
And November of each year (and November of each year),
No slaughtering of cattle (no slaughtering of cattle),
Nor hogs killed here (nor hogs killed here).
Just obey the rules of the Board of Trustees.

Control the speed of horses (control the speed of
horses),
When you're driving in this town (when you're driving
in this town),
Or you'll have to pay five dollars (or you'll have to pay
five dollars),
If you don't slow down (if you don't slow down).

If they could get around the "rules of the board," travel-
ing medicine shows toured villages and towns throughout
the West. Salesmen provided entertainment and sold
remarkable "cures." Some salesmen, bearded and
bucks-kinned, offered patent medicines that would cure
almost anything. But in this song about a beautiful
young lady, who called herself the "Magnetic Doctress,"
we hear the sales pitch to end them all!

M "THE MAGNETIC DOCTRESS"

(Folkways Record FA 2080 - Ballads of LaSalle County,
Illinois)

For I'm the Magnetic Doctress,
And I'll give you a guarantee--
That no matter what your affliction,
'Twill soon be cured by me.

Diphtheria, neuralgia,
Dropsy of the chest;
Diseases of the throat and lungs,
My treatments are the best.

Asthma, scrofula,
Rheumatism, sprains;
Cancers killed and extracted,
Without any pains.

Heart Disease, lung disease,
Will disappear for sure,
When the great Magnetic Doctress,
Effects her magic cure.

People are still going west. But most of the dangers and hardships can be avoided: Superhighways lace the deserts; speedy trains rush through mountain tunnels; and jet planes fly from huge airports close to busy cities.

The frontier has become Los Angeles and Tucson, Reno and Albuquerque. The old frontier is history and legend. But its spirit lives on, inviting young people to meet the challenges of today's frontiers.

SIDE I/Band 2: THE INDIAN

Suggested Use: Lessons 2 and 4

SOUND CUE: "SONG OF HAPPINESS"

(Folkways Record FE 4401 - Music of the Sioux and the Navajo)

One of the most dramatic conflicts of the frontier was the continuing, violent struggle between the white man and the Indian. Many people feel that the Indian was badly mistreated -- that the white man failed both in keeping his promises to the Indian and in treating him fairly. Surely there was unnecessary cruelty, unnecessary hatred on both sides. The Indians' food sources were giving out and their homelands overrun by settlers rolling west. The Indians fought back in bloody battles, with avenging raids. But even before the white man began to push into the frontier, many tribes of Indians had their own conflicts, their own hostilities. Sometimes there were battles over hunting grounds; sometimes the battles were begun for unknown reasons. Often the wars between tribes were simply tradition, continuing for generations.

In central Illinois there is a small mountain called Starved Rock. On Starved Rock the ilini tribe died of starvation -- its enemies camped at the foot of the hill. Here is part of that story:

A "THE BALLAD OF STARVED ROCK"

(Folkways Record FA 2080 - Ballads of LaSalle County, Illinois)

I saw our many braves
Dance around the fire;
Heard them rant and rave,
Building their desire
To kill the ilini
Of the rock - great rock - Starved Rock.

We fought ilini,
They fled to their abode
Upon the rock so high --
Three weeks with little food
They began to die
On the rock - great rock - Starved Rock.

There seemed to be no way to achieve peace among all tribes, for peaceful Indians were the ones on whom the warring, raiding Indians would descend and ravage. But the warring tribes were forced to band together against frontiersmen moving into their lands. Drive the white man back! Stop him from taking the hunting lands! Keep the "long knife" out of the West! Indians declared war on the settlers. Calling on the spirits of their ancestors and the help of the Great Spirit, the Indians held their war dances before battle, their warbonnets bobbing, their painted bodies glistening in the firelight. Listen to the excited song of Indians getting ready for battle:

B SOUND CUE: "War Dance Song"

(Folkways Record FE 4445 - Songs and Dances of the Flat-head Indians)

After a great victory, after the white man's scalp dangled from the brave's waistband, the warriors would return to their villages for celebrations. There they sang of the brave acts and mighty deeds which had brought them victory over the enemy. Here's a bit of one such song, the "Honoring Song" of the Sioux:

C SOUND CUE: "Honoring Song"

(Folkways Record FE 4401 - Music of the Sioux and the Navajo)

Although some tribes continued their warfare against the white man even after the Civil War, most of them gave in to the white man's eventual conquest of the West. Settling on government reservations, they traded their rifles and bows and arrows for tools which kept alive their native crafts. Here's the song of a master silversmith of the Navajo, a song that speaks of his work, a song accompanied by the rhythmical beat of hammer upon anvil.

D SOUND CUE: "Silversmith's Song"

(Folkways Record FE 4401 - Music of the Sioux and the Navajo)

They tried also to preserve their tribal rituals and customs such as the Squaw Dance, a celebration for young maidens approaching the age of marriage. For this dance, girls would choose their partners from eligible young braves. The scene was set: young men and women in their finest clothes, a moonlit night and music with a solid beat.

E SOUND CUE: "Squaw Dance"

(Folkways Record FE 4401 - Music of the Sioux and the Navajo)

As the Indians retreated to reservations, their former hunting grounds went to the white frontiersmen. Vast sections of plain and prairie became the home of one special breed of frontiersman, the cowboy.

SIDE I/Band 3: THE COWBOY

Suggested Use: Lesson 2

"THE CHISHOLM TRAIL"

(Folkways Record FA 2022 - Cowboy Ballads)

Foot in the stirrups and my hand on the horn
And the best darn cowboy ever was born,
Singin' ti yi yipi yipi ya yipi ay,
Singin' ti yi yipi yipi ay.

Up every morning before daylight,
And before I sleep the moon shines bright,
Singin' ti yi yipi yipi ya yipi ay,
Singin' ti yi yipi yipi ay.

Of all the people who settled the American frontier, none has captured the imagination so completely as has the cowboy. To an adventuresome young lad of a hundred years ago, the life of the cowboy must have seemed almost perfect: a horse to ride, cattle to be herded, and songs to be sung; there were rodeos and excitement, romance and fun. But the dream of cowboy life was different from the reality. The cowpuncher's life was a

hard one: long hours, little pay, and no hospitalization insurance. An important part of the cowboy's work was herding cattle along the trails -- trails such as the Chisholm, starting near San Antonio, fording the Red River, and winding over 700 tough miles north toward Abilene and Dodge City. If the cowboy didn't pull night guard along the trail, his day would start with a five o'clock call to breakfast:

A "MORNING GRUB HOLLER"

(Folkways Record FH 5723 - The Cowboy)

Get up, Jacob, days a breakin',
Old coffee's a-cookin' and there's bread a-bakin'.

Roll out, cowboy, come and get it,
Get it while she's hot
Or I'll throw her out
And spit in the skillet.

Cowboys were a bragging bunch. No one took a cowboy's bragging too seriously, but you could admire a man who tossed his head back and let loose with a full-throated ...

B "BOASTIN' COWBOY"

(Folkways Record FH 5723 - The Cowboy)

Yah-Hah! Yah-Hah! Hah!

"I was born on Powder River, mothered by an alligator and sired by a lion,

"I'm big and I'm bold. I was big and bold, boys, when I was but nine days old. I got my head made out of cast iron, backbone made out of barbed wire, and my tail was put on with screws.

"I ain't rough and I ain't tough, but I'll tell you, boys, I'm just rough enough."

Cowboys bragged in their songs, too. Bragged about their ability to rope a steer, to win over a girl friend, or to stay on top of a twisting bronco.

C "STRAWBERRY ROAN"

(Folkways Record FH 5723 - The Cowboy)

He goes up in the East, he come down in the West,
To stay in his middle I'm doin' my best;
He sure is frog-walkin', he heaves a big sigh,
He only lacks wings for to be on the fly.

I figure I'm ridin' the hurricane deck,
Of a cyclone and tornado havin' a wreck;
He's the worst buckner I've seen on the range,
He'll land on a nickel and give you the change.

His backbone's like a mountain, his legs stiff as poles,
When he hits the ground, boys, he leaves ten-foot holes;
It's right on the top of each stiff-legged buck
That he sucks himself back and you're ridin' on luck.

The lore of the cowboy is inexhaustible. He has been glamorized in movies and on TV. Thousands of stories and novels have been written about him -- many of them false and shallow. But there is a true story of the cowboy -- and it's worth digging out. For in many ways he is the unique American hero -- the hero of the frontier.

"RED RIVER VALLEY"

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

] END OF SIDE I [

SIDE II/Band 1: "THE BENT COUNTY BACHELOR"

(Folkways Record FA 2400 - Sam Hinton Sings the Song of Men)

Suggested Use: Lessons 2 and 5

Nesters, men who settled and "proved" government claims, produced a type of song in which they sang, often humorously, of the trials and problems they faced. "Bent County Bachelor" is a rollicking example of a nester's lament.

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

My dishes are lyin' all over the bed
All covered with sorghum and government bread
Oh I have a good time and I live at my ease
On sorghum and hoe-cake, old bacon and grease.

Then come to Bent County there's a home for you all
Where the sun never sets and the rain never falls
Where your crops never grow for the half blows away
And the other half roasts on the first sunny day.

Oh how lucky I am on my government claim
I have nothin' to lose and nothin' to gain
I've got nothin' to eat, nothin' to wear
And nothin' from nothin' is honest and fair.

SIDE II/Band 2: "THE BUFFALO SKINNERS"

(Folkways Record FA 2128 - Texas Folk Songs)

Suggested Use: Lesson 1

Herds of buffalo originally covered most of the North American continent. By the 19th century, however, they were found in great numbers only on the plains of the West. Then the transcontinental railroad opened the West to hunters who supplied meat to railroad camps, army garrisons, and frontier settlements. Wholesale slaughter of buffalo followed. Hunters usually went after the herd on foot. The buffalo were stupid, seldom dangerous; a man from cover could kill 60 to 80 buffalo from a single herd before the animals ran away. After the kill, the hunters simply skinned the buffalo, loaded the hides onto a wagon, and went after another herd.

It was in the town of Jacksboro in the spring of '73,
When a man by the name of Crego came stepping up to me,
Saying, "How do you do, young feller, and how would you like to go,
And spend the summer pleasantly on the range of the buffalo?"

It's me being out of employment, then to Crego I did say,
"This goin' out on the buffalo range depends upon the pay.
But iffen you will pay good wages, give transportation too,
Well I think that I will go with you and stay the summer through."

It's now our outfit was complete, seven able-bodied men,
With navy six and needle gun our troubles did begin;
But our way, it was a pleasant one, as outward we did go,
Until we crossed Pease River on the range of the buffalo.

Our hearts were cased with buffalo hocks, our souls were cased with steel,
The hardships of that summer they would nearly make you reel.

Fer while skinning them darned old stinkers, our lives
they had no show,
For the Indians waited to pick us off on the range of the
buffalo.

Our food it was of buffalo hump and iron wedged bread,
And all we had to sleep on was a buffalo fer a bed;
Well the fleas and graybacks worked on us, oh, boy, it
was not slow,
I can tell you there's no worse hell on earth than the
range of the buffalo.

The season bein' over, then, oh Crego, he did say
The crowd had been extravagant, was in debt to him that
day.
Well we coaxed him and we begged him, but still it was no
go,
So we left his darned old bones to bleach on the range of
the buffalo.

Oh, it's now we've crossed Pease River and homeward
we are bound,
No more in that hell-fired country shall we be ever
found.
A-goin' back to our wives and sweethearts, tell others
not to go,
To the God forsaken buffalo range and the darned old
buffalo.

SIDE II/Band 3: "SACRAMENTO"

(Folkways Record FH 5255 - The Days of '49)

Suggested Use: Lesson 2

When gold was discovered in California, thousands of
people from every corner of the United States gave up
their normal pursuits to find the pot of gold at the end
of the rainbow. In 1849 alone, more than 80,000 men
reached the coast. About half of these traveled by
overland routes in wagon trains. The trip was a rough
one -- through Indian territory a large part of the way.
Many of these men headed for the fabled Sacramento
Valley.

When formed our band, we are well manned
To journey afar to the promised land,
The golden ore is rich in store
On the banks of the Sacramento shore.

CHORUS:

Then, Ho, boys, Ho, for Californi-O,
There's plenty of gold, so I've been told,
On the banks of the Sacramento.

We'll expect our share of the coarsest fare,
And sometimes sleep in the open air,
On the cold damp ground, we'll all sleep sound,
Except when the wolves go howlin' around.

(CHORUS)

As we explore to the distant shore,
Filling our pockets with the shining ore,
How it will sound as the shout goes 'round,
Filling our pockets with a dozen pounds.

(CHORUS)

The gold is there most anywhere,
We dig it out rich with an iron bar,
But where it is thick, with spade or pick
We take out chunks as big as a brick.

(CHORUS)

SIDE II/Band 4: "SIOUX INDIANS"

(Folkways Record FH 5003 - Frontier Ballads)

Suggested Use: Lesson 8

One of the dangers facing pioneers was the threat of
attack from Indians. Although a peace treaty was
signed in 1851 between the Plains Indians and the
United States government, the treaty had little effect.
Then, in 1854, a group of U.S. soldiers, without
giving warning, opened fire on a Sioux Indian camp.
Grattan's Massacre, as this attack was called, re-
opened bloody hostilities between white settlers and
Indians, especially the Sioux. From this time on,
pioneers making the overland trek across the plains
to the Far West faced almost constant danger of
Indian attack.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SIDE II/Band 5: "ST. GEORGE"

(Folkways Record FA 2400 - Sam Hinton sings the Song
of Men)

Suggested Use: Lesson 1

After the Mormons had settled Salt Lake City,
Brigham Young dreamed of establishing a chain of
Mormon settlements extending to the seaport of San
Pedro, California. He heard of the Virgin River
Valley, 400 miles south of Salt Lake City. In 1861

the city of St. George was established there.
Turning desert country into a garden was not easy.
That the settlers could sing cheerfully about
"mesquite, soaproot, prickly pears and briars" is a
testimony to their faith, determination, and optimism.

Oh what a dreary place was this
When first the Mormons found it;
The Indians here refused to live
And the coyotes passed around it.

They said the land it was no good
And the water was no gooder;
And the bare idea of living here
Was enough to make men shudder.

CHORUS:
Mesquite, soaproot, prickly pears and briars,
St. George e'er long
Will be a place
That every one admires.

The sun it is so scorching hot,
It makes the water sizzer;
And the reason why it is so hot,
Is just because it iz sir.

The wind with fury here doth blow
That when we plant or sow sir,
We place one foot upon the seeds
And hold them til they grow sir.

(CHORUS)

Where once the grass in single blades
Grew a mile apart in distance,
It kept the crickets on the hop
To pick up their subsistence.

Now green lucerne in verdant grows
Doth grace our favorite city,
And vines and fruit trees grace the lots
With flowers fair and pretty.

(CHORUS)

SIDE II/Band 6: "THE TEXIAN BOYS"

(Folkways Record FA 2128 - Texas Folk Songs)

For frontier women, life was at best difficult: work
was hard, utensils primitive, pleasures few.
Romantic illusions of gallant cowboy heroes vanished
in the face of actual frontier conditions. This humor-
ous song should have warned young women against
the realities of frontier life.

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

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

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

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

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

SIDE II/Band 7: "WILD BILL HICKOK"

(Folkways Record FA 2080 - Ballads of LaSalle County,
Illinois)

Suggested Use: Lesson 6

Doubts have arisen concerning the stories of Wild Bill
Hickok's exploits. Peter Lyon says that Hickok shot
from behind curtains and doors, was fired from his
job as marshal of Abilene, and was arrested several
times as a vagrant. But the information for this
ballad was furnished by Hickok's nephew, who lives
in Troy Grove, Illinois, Wild Bill's birthplace.

In Illinois there was a boy
Lived in the town of Troy Grove;
Though a quiet lad, he was always glad,
For the chance to shoot and to rove.

So there came a day when he ran away,
To the plains way out in the West--
Where he became a scout and without a doubt,
As a shooter he was the best.

CHORUS:
Wild Bill Hickok was his name,
Shot from the hip without a-takin' aim;
Indians, outlaws, rebels, bear,
Were shot by the man with the shoulder-length hair.

Bill liked to tell of his horse Black Nell,
That was with him in many a fight --
How she oft saved him when the odds were slim,
By dropping in the brush out of sight.

And in Abilene, Wild Bill could be seen,
Wearing a marshall's star;
And saloons once wild became most mild,
When Wild Bill walked to the bar.

(CHORUS)

Now when gold was found in Dakota ground,
To Deadwood rode Wild Bill --
Where with many of his pards he often played cards,
When the leaves of the cottonwoods were still.

And while holding a hand that looked just grand --
Aces and eights it is said --
A pistol ball shot by Jack McCall,
Passed right through Wild Bill's head.

(CHORUS)

Now Bill's friends were fierce, and old Doc Pierce,
Took the body to prepare for the grave;
And the old Doc said, "Of the many I've seen dead,
Only Bill looked so pretty and so brave."

On a headstone new, Colorado Charlie drew,
These lines well-known to Western lore:

"Pard, we'll meet again in the happy huntin' lan'
Where we'll never have to part no more."

(CHORUS)

SIDE II/Band 8: "A PILGRIM AND A STRANGER"

(Folkways Record FA 2400 - Sam Hinton Sings the Song of Men)

Religion was sometimes the only solace available to pioneers facing hardship, danger, and want. Although the lyrics reflect a wistful longing for a place where "there is no sorrow," this particular tune has the sound and bounce of a camp meeting song.

I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger,
I can tarry, I can tarry, but a night.
Oh, I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,
I can tarry, I can tarry, but a night.
Do not detain me, for I am going,
To where the fountains are ever flowing.
For I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger,
I can tarry, I can tarry, but a night.

There the glory is ever shining,
Oh, my longing heart, my longing heart is there.
Yes, there the glory is ever shining,
Oh, my longing heart, my longing heart is there.
Here in this country so dark and dreary,
I long have wandered, forlorn and weary,
For I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,
I can tarry, I can tarry, but a night.

Now there's the city to which I journey,
My Redeemer, my Redeemer, is its light.
Oh, there's the city to which I journey,
My Redeemer, my Redeemer, is its light.

There is no sorrow nor any sighing,
There are no tears there, nor any dying.
For I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,
I can tarry, I can tarry, but a night.

SIDE II/Band 9: "GO 'LONG L'IL DOGIES"

(Folkways Record FC 7406 - Follow the Sunset)

Suggested Use: Lesson 2

During long nights on the trail, cowboys often amused themselves and calmed the herd by singing lullaby-like songs. The cowboy's crooning soothed the restless longhorns and helped prevent sudden noises from startling the cattle. It is even claimed that some cowboys could check a wild stampede with their slow, often mournful songs.

Go slow little dogies, stop milling around,
For I'm tired of your rovin' all over the ground.
There's grass where you're standin', so feed kind of
slow,
And you don't have forever to be on the go.
Move slow little dogies, move slow.
Hi-O, hi-o, hi-o.

Lay down little dogies, and when you've lay down,
You can stretch yourselves out fer there's plenty of
ground.
Stay put little dogies for I'm awful tired,
And if you get away I am sure to get fired.
Lay down little dogies, lay down.
Hi-O, hi-o, hi-o.

Lay down, little dogies, lay down.

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