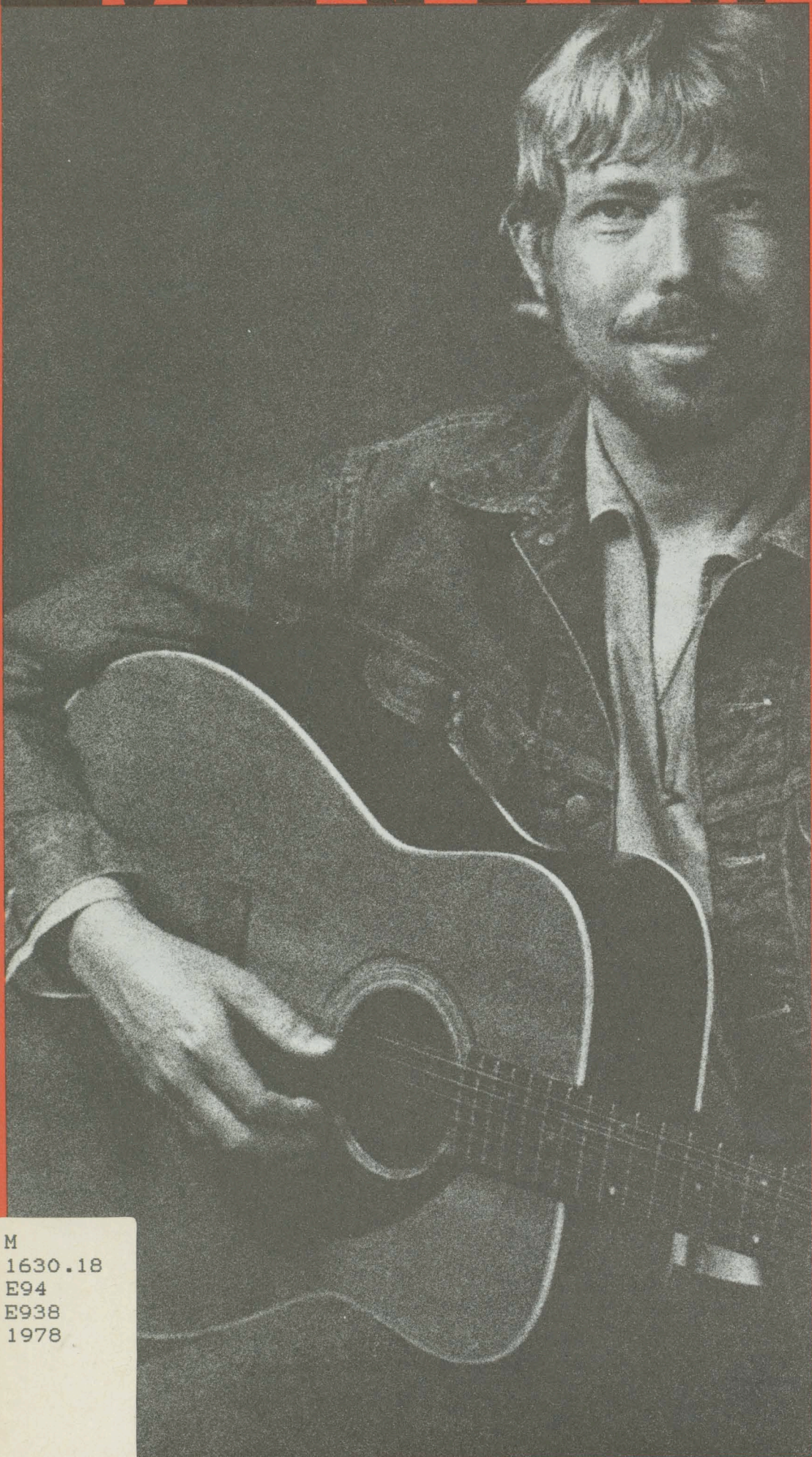


EVERHART



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MUSIC LP

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FTS 31060 STEREO

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FTS 31060

SIDE ONE

Going Down This Road Feeling Bad (2:08) Traditional;
Arr., Bob Everhart. Publisher: Tall Corn Publ., BMI

Red Wing (An Indian Fable) (2:07) Thurland Chattaway/
Kerry Mills. Publisher: Pioneer Music, BMI. Copyright:
Richmond Robbins

Muddy Waters (3:10) Traditional; Arr., Bob Everhart.
Publisher: Tall Corn Publ., BMI

Train Whistle Blues (2:11) Jimmie Rodgers. Publisher:
Southern Music Publ., BMI

The Battle of New Orleans (2:58) Traditional Melody:
8th Of January. Lyrics Only: Jimmy Driftwood

Renegade (1:55) Lyrics & Music: Roger Collier.
Lyrics: Bob Everhart. Publisher: Royal Flair Music, BMI

SIDE TWO

Brownville (2:13) Music & Lyrics: Bob Everhart.
Publisher: Royal Flair Music, BMI

Banks Of The Ohio (3:13) Traditional; Arr., Bob Everhart.
Publisher: Tall Corn Publ., BMI

Columbus Stockade Blues (2:22) Jimmy Davis.
Publisher: Southern Music Pub., BMI

T For Texas, T For Tennessee (3:05) Jimmie Rodgers.
Publisher: Southern Music Pub., BMI

Train Song Medley (5:48) Wabash Cannonball
Traditional; Arr., Bob Everhart

Orange Blossom Special Ervin Rouse, BMI

The Last Train Music & Lyrics: Bob Everhart.
Publisher: Royal Flair Music, BMI

Original Issue: Kajac 002-77

BOB EVERHART — Vocals, Twelve-string Guitar, Prairie Harp,
Harmonica, Feet-Beat

JIM PHINNEY — Dobro Guitar, Bass Guitar, High-String Guitar

BART GOLDMAN — 5-String Banjo

ROGER COLLIER — High-String Guitar, Vocal Harmony on
Renegade

BILL OBER — Mandolin, Tenor Banjo

PRODUCER: Harold L. Luick
A & R: James Phinney
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PHOTOGRAPHS
Front: Lee Mace Ozark Opry, Osage Beach, Mo.
Photo by Tom Reeves
Back: Days of '76, Deadwood, S.D.
Photo by Brent Cox
MUSICIANS

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EVERHART

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FTS 31060

FOLKWAYS RECORDS Album No. FTS 31060

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EVERHART

Intro by
BOB EVERHART INT. FAN CLUB
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Council Bluffs, Iowa 51501

BOB EVERHART

Born on a farm near the small Nebraska town of St. Edward, Bob Everhart was soon to discover his interest in music. At the young age of 5, he took up the harmonica and began his musical career. "My grandfather played the harmonica, too. I don't remember him, but the family has told me that he taught me how to play a little."

After graduating from high school in Council Bluffs, Iowa, Bob served a stint with the Navy. Returning to the midwest to attend the University of Omaha, he worked as a traveling musician and radio announcer during the 60's and 70's.

Idolizing Jimmie Rodgers and Hank Williams, country music has always been his first interest. However, to keep from starving in the 60's when the trend was toward rock, he traveled with a rock n roll band, playing tenor sax. During this period, he played with the Beach Boys, The Byrds, Chubby Checker, Sonny and Cher, and Mick Jagger. As rock progressed to acid rock, Bob decided it wasn't for him.

1972 found him in Juneau, Alaska, as General Manager of radio station, KJNO. "I went to Juneau to manage KJNO, a little station run by a man and his wife. They didn't have much of a listening audience. There were two radio stations in town and the other one was doing very well. Since they had tried just about everything except country music, I suggested we try that. Their attitude was basically, 'Oh sure, but if you want to try, go ahead'. I set up a two-hour country format talk show and it really worked. People called in and wanted to know who I was, but then they would get to talking and often they complained about grocery prices. Eventually through interviews, we discovered there was a collusion in grocery price fixing. From there on we had a good sized audience." Because of the cold winters, and loneliness, he returned to Iowa in 1974, where his country-western entertaining career really began.

Bob traveled with the Bicentennial Freedom Train, performing cross-country, makes appearances on the Ozark Opry and the Union Mill Opry in Missouri, and annually participates in the Silver Dollar City Mountain Folks Music Festival.

His involvement as a volunteer with the Bicentennial Commission began, when they asked him to organize and direct the 3 day Labor Day weekend, Old Time Country Music Contest & Pioneer Exposition. A 40 minute program "The History of Country Music" was developed by Bob to further the interest of the community in the project. Proclaimed a major midwest tourist attraction by the U.S. Conference of Mayors, and National Geographic Magazine, this festival of music, contests, and arts and crafts, directed by Bob is now an annual event.

Bob is President of the Cornhusker Country Music Club of Nebraska, an active club with nearly 400 members. Preserva-

tion and perpetuation of Old Time Country Music is their goal. Besides other events, the Club sponsors the annual Nebraska State Country Music Championship. In June of 1977, they sponsored a benefit show which raised over \$4,000 to keep a Ugandan student in the U.S. to continue his education. The student, who had escaped from Uganda during uprisings, feared he'd lose his life if he returned to his native land.

In connection with the Cornhusker Music Club, Bob publishes an informative magazine, "Cornhusker Country Occasional" to further promote country and bluegrass music.

He is the author of 3 books of poetry, "The Savage Trumpet," "Silver Bullets," and "The Mountains of Nebraska," plus two novels, "Hart's Bluff," and "Clara Bell," a book inspired by his love for his Grandmother, which traces the Everhart family back to midwestern pioneers of 1838.

Bob plays 14 instruments, as well as sings. It is fitting that his personal hobby is collecting old instruments used in country music. Included in his collection is a fiddle, mandolin, prairie harp, 12 string guitar, harmonica, recorder flute, autoharp, hammer dulcimer, zither, tremoloa, Hawaiian harp, mandolin harp, dobro, and pianoette. "The prairie harp is probably the most unique and rare instrument I have. It is a string instrument with an octave split. It has 32 strings with eight chords, and can be played in a variety of ways. The pianoette is a very ingenious devise, probably designed by someone with an interest in mathematics. It's a precise instrument with strings over little metal posts. Each post is a different note in a standard scale. I play it with a fiddle bow with the right hand. There are also four sets of chords with four strings each that I strum with my left hand. It is a very difficult instrument to play."

Going Down this Road Feeling Bad

I'm going down this road feeling bad, Lord Lord
I'm going down this road feeling bad
I'm going down this road feeling bad, Lord, Lord
and I ain't gonna be treated this way

I'm going where the climate suits my clothes, Lord, Lord
I'm going where the climate suits my clothes
I'm going where the climate suits my clothes, Lord, Lord
I ain't gonna be treated this way

I'm going where the water tastes like wine, Lord, Lord
I'm going where the water tastes like wine,
I'm going where the water tastes like wine, Lord, Lord
and I ain't gonna be treated this a way

I'm going down this road feeling bad, Lord, Lord
I'm going down this road feeling bad
I'm going down this road feeling bad, Lord, Lord
and I ain't gonna be treated this a way

"I first heard this song done by Woody Guthrie. Although research shows he did not actually write the song, he is credited with bringing it to public favor. The words have changed through the years to adapt itself to whoever might be doing it. I have tried to include some of the oldest sords known to exist with the song." — Bob Everhart

Public Domain

Traditional song

Arrangement: Bob Everhart

Royal Flair Music, BMI

Redwing (An Indian Ballad)

There once lived an Indian maid

a shy little prairie maid

who sang a lay

a love song gay

as on the ground

she'd while away the day

She loved a warrior bold

this shy little maid of old

but brave and gay

he rode one day

to battle far away

Now the moon shines tonight

on pretty Redwing

the breeze is sighing

the nightbirds crying

far beneath his star her brave is sleeping

while Redwing is weeping

her life away

She watched for him day and night

and kept the campfires bright

and underneath the sky each night

she'd lie and dream about his coming by and by

But when all the braves returned

the heart of Redwing yearned

for far away

her warrior gay

fell bravely in the fray

"There is some mysticism about the origins of this song. 1907 lists copyrights with both fellows names, and also with just Chattaway and just Mills. Common knowledge in the great plains area credits Chattaway with being a native Nebraskan." —Bob Everhart

Copyright 1907
Thurland Chattaway
Kerry Mills
Pioneer Music, Inc.

MUDDY WATERS

I was born in Macon, Georgia

Came from my daddy in the Macon jail

He said son if you keep your hands clean

you won't have these bloodhounds on your trail

Chorus: I washed my hands in muddy waters

I washed my hands but they don't come clean

I tried to do like my daddy told me

I must have washed my hands in a muddy stream

Well, I fell in with bad companions

robbed a man up in Tennessee

They caught me way down in Nashville

they locked me up and they threw away the keys

Well, I asked the jailer

said when's my time up

He said son, No we won't forget

If you try to keep your hands clean

we just might make a man of you yet.

Well, I couldn't wait to get my time in

broke out of that Nashville jail.

Just crossed over Atlanta, Georgia,

now I hear them bloodhounds on my trail.

"Back in Nebraska where I grew up, our streams and rivers, excluding the Missouri, had sandy bottoms and the water ran clear and blue. We swam in them. When I came to Tennessee, the difference in the character of the rivers of the South was quite noticeable to me, the water being murky, deep, and in most cases, muddy. The thought struck me one day that you could wash all day in water like that and never get clean. It seemed like there was a good parallel to draw here because that is the way it often is in life, especially with people that get into trouble. Sometimes they (or we) seem to want to get clean, but don't because they pursue the wrong solutions. So followed the story of a young man that got off to a bad start and fell into the same troubled life-style his daddy had lived but had warned him about. He ended up just like his father because he did as his daddy did, not what his daddy said." — Joe Babcock from Sing Your Heart Out Country Boy by Dorothy Horstman, E. P. Dutton & Co., NY, 1975.

Traditional melody

Lyrics & arrangement

Joe Babcock — 1964

Maricana Music Inc.

Train Whistle Blues

When a woman gets the blues

she hangs her little head and crys

When a woman gets the blues

she hangs her little head and crys

when a man gets the blues

he grabs him a train and rides.

Well, I don't understand
how come you do me like you do
I don't understand
how come you do me like you do
If you don't want me mama,
it's a cinch I don't want you

Look yonder coming, coming down that railroad track
Look yonder coming,
coming down that railroad track
See that black smoke a rolling
rolling from that old smoke stack

".....the Jimmie who was a brakeman, a happy-go-lucky
youngster forever strumming and singing — when he wasn't
'going high' on box cars; caring little whether he had a job or
not — but loving the old smokies, silver rails and the hollow
whistles from 'that old smokestack.' Whistles? Pretty train
whistles?...He'd jump up from the table, leaving a delicious,
nourishing hot meal to grow cold and tasteless — while he
rushed outside where he could hear better to — listen; just
listen to some old smokie in the distance — 'whooooooo—"
Mrs. Carrie Rodgers...from My Husband, Jimmie Rodgers.

Copyright 1930 by Jimmie Rodgers
Peer International Corp.

Battle of New Orleans

In eighteen fourteen we took a little trip
Along with Colonel Jackson down the mighty Mississip
Took a little bacon and we took a little bean
and we found the bloody British in a town called New Orleans

We fired our guns and the British kep a coming
There wasn't night as many as there was a while ago
fired once more and they began to running
On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico

Well we looked down the river and we seen the British come
there must have been a hunnerd of em beating on the drums
they stepped so high and they made their bugles ring
we stood beside our cotton bales and didn't say a thing

Old Hickory said we could take em by surprise
If we didn't fire a musket till we looked em in the eyes
We held our fire till we seen their faces well
then we opened up our squirrel guns and really gave em

Chorus

We fired our cannon till the barrels melted down
so we grabbed an aligator and we fought another round
we filled his head with cannonball and powdered his behind
and when we set the powder off, the gator lost his mind

They ran through the briars and they ran through the
brambles
they ran through the bushes where a rabbit couldn't go
they ran so fast that the hounds couldn't catch em
on down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico

"Written to an old square-dance tune, "The Eighth of January"
this song tells the story of how Andrew Jackson defeated the
army of British commander Pakenham in the last battle of the war.
The battle actually took place on January 8, 1815, after the
war was over, since neither side had received word of the Treaty
of Ghent, signed December 24, 1814.....

"I originally wrote this song to help my students in Snowball,
Arkansas, learn something about the War of 1812."

Jimmie Driftwood from Sing Your Heart Out Country Boy by
Dorothy Horstman.

Traditional melody: (English) Eighth of January
Copyright Lyrics only: Jimmy Driftwood — 1957
Warden Music Co., Inc.

Renegade

On a prairie country morning
he saddles up his horse
and heads to town
Through the cold and blowing wind
his frost bitten horse is westward bound.
He travels through the winter snow
just to find someplace to go
to comfort him.
He left her dying all along
though she begged him not to go
and run again.

She whispered a warning
as he left her dying breast
he'll hunt you down.
Through the cold and blowing wind
will not stop him from revenge
he'll shoot you down.

He wonders why he has to run
from his friend who wears a gun
to hunt him down.
He left her dying all alone
though she begged him not to go
and run again.

I remember her warning
as she told me that morning
my life would end.
As I walk up these lonely steps
I feel my life coming
to an end
to an end
to an end

"There always seems to be a big struggle in life between good and
bad, youth and age. This song is about a young man's flight from
reality, namely the fact that he's getting older, and can not
escape the eventual outcome of his life, namely death. He loves
and loses, and experiences all the other ups and downs that all
people experience, but the end is always the same. I filled the
role of age, and a young pickin' partner, Roger Collier filled
the role of youth. Together we felt we wrote a pretty good song."

—Bob Everhart

Copyright — 1978
Lyrics — Bob Everhart
Music — Roger Collier
Royal Flair Music — BMI

Brownville

Well I went down to old Brownville
to sing a song or two
should have lasted longer but
My mind was blue

Well, I set down wrote a letter
send it home to you
could have made it better
my mind was blue

Well I guess I should be going
I said a time or two
its all in knowing
when your song is through

Well I guess I should be going
I said a time or two
its all in knowing
when your song is through

"The first time I ever entered a musical competition was at a contest held in Brownville, Nebraska. This get-together had been going on for some 15 years. In 1973, I entered the first time and came in second. I went back in 1975 and won it by doing this tune I had written especially for the town that sponsored the event. It just so happened that 30,000 people turned out for the contest that year, and in a town with a population of less than 1,000, it nearly broke down every service available, and they stopped having the contest. But while it was going, Brownville, was the place for true country-lovin pickers and singers to congregate." —Bob Everhart

Music and Lyrics
copyright 1978
Robert Everhart
Royal Flair Music, BMI

Banks of the Ohio

I asked my love to go with me
to take a walk a little ways
and as we walked and as we talked
about our golden wedding day.

Then only say, that you'll be mine
in no other arms entwined
down beside where the waters flow
on the banks of the Ohio

I asked your mother for you you dear
and she said you were too young
only say that you'll be mine
happiness is what you'll find.

I held a knife against her breast
and in my arms she gently pressed,
crying Will, don't murder me,
I'm unprepared for eternity

I took her by her lilly hand
led her where the water stands
I picked her up and I threw her in
watched her as she floated down

I started home tween twelve and one
crying God, what have I done?
I've killed the only girl I love
because she would not be my bride

"The trials and tribulations of unrequited love have been amply described in the beautiful song, Banks of the Ohio. This is a truly pioneer American song in all its aspects, and traveled west in covered wagons and on the backs of horses. Traveling balladeers enjoyed including this song in their repertoire because it was especially listened to around camp fires at night."

—Bob Everhart

Traditional melody and lyrics
Arrangement copyright - Bob Everhart, 1978
Royal Flair Music - BMI

Columbus Stockade Blues

Way down in Columbus Georgia
I want to be back in Tennessee
Way down in the Columbus stockade
My friends all turned their backs on me

You can leave me if you want to
Leave little darling I don't mind
way down in Columbus Georgia
I want to be back in Tennessee

Way down in Columbus Georgia
I want to be back in Tennessee
Way down in the Columbus stockade
My friends all turned their backs on me

"Jimmie Davis, best known for being the author of 'You Are My Sunshine' was, and still is, a great supporter of the old-time country music sound. 'Columbus Stockade Blues' though borrowed heavily from old negro spiritual melody lines, does introduce new sounding lyrics to an old sounding song. Davis is especially adept at doing this. There are lines to this song which go 'The other night dear as I lay sleeping...' I deliberately left them out because they align themselves so much with 'You Are My Sunshine.' —Bob Everhart

Music & Lyrics
copyright - Jimmy Davis
Southern Music Pub, BMI

T for Texas
T for Texas, T for Tennessee
T for Texas, T for Tennessee
T for Thelma, woman made a wreck out of me

If you don't want me mama,
you don't have to call
If you don't want me mama
you don't have to call
I can get me more women
than a passenger train can haul.

Gonna get me a shotgun
long as I'm tall
Gonna get me a shotgun
long as I'm tall
gonna shoot old Thelma
just to watch old Thelma fall

"In Ashville, before that first broadcast (over WWNC), I told myself: 'He'll either make it good in a big way, or he'll do what he calls a complete flop'...I was even doubtful about his 'T for Texas', although it might be termed lively. Still what in the world would people think if he sang over the radio 'I'm gonna shoot poor Thelma, just to see her jump and fall'? About the third week in June, there in Ashville, in 1927, my Jimmie came home one day without his usual teasingly gay greeting. ...'You see Mother, I've been, let out, up at WWNC. They gave my spot to another entertainer.' 'But darling, you made good didn't you?' Jimmie said a little bitterly: 'Oh, I reckon I made good okay.' From his hip pocket, he drew a bundle of letters, fan letters, and threw them on the bed...Raves about his sobbing yodeling, about the sweetness of his crooning lullabies, and waves of raves about, of all things... 'T for Texas'. Mrs. Carrie Rodgers from My Husband Jimmie Rodgers

Blue Yodel #1
Copyright: Jimmie Rodgers - 1928
Peer International Corp.

Wabash Cannonball

Listen to the rumble
the whistle and the roar
as you glide along the woodlands
by the sea and by the shore
Hear the mighty rush of engines
hear the lonesome hobo squall
as you travel cross the country on the Wabash Cannon Ball

Oh the eastern states are dandys
so the people say
from New York to St. Louis
and Chicago by the way
from the hills of Minnesota
where the rippling waters fall
no chances can be taken on the Wabash Cannon Ball

Here's to Daddy Claxton
may his name forever stand
in the hills of Tennessee
and of course throughout the land
his earthly race is over
as on him curtains fall
takes him on to victory on the Wabash Cannon Ball

"The earliest record of a passenger train by the famous name Wabash Cannon Ball dates to 1885...when the old Wabash Railroad applied the term to its Chicago to Kansas City run. The first published version of 'Wabash Cannon Ball' was written by William Kindt in 1905. Kindt must have based his text on an earlier song entitled 'The Great Rock Island Route' which was published by 1882. Earliest recordings on disc were in 1929, and by Roy Acuff in 1936."
From Sing Your Heart Out Country Boy by Dorothy Horstman, E.P. Dutton & Co., NY, 1975

"I first heard the Wabash Cannon Ball being played by Roy Acuff over the radio when I was just a kid. Many years later while performing at the annual Mountain Folks Music Festival at Silver Dollar City, I learned that the Wabash Cannon Ball was a favorite tune of the hobos traveling through the Ozarks from the beginning of any railroad through Missouri. They learned old verses, and added new ones in their travels through Missouri. Some of the old-timer players at Silver Dollar City verify the fact that the song was a popular hobo tune as far back as the 1880's." —Bob Everhart

Public Domain -
Arrangement copyright 1977
Bob Everhart, Royal Flair Music, BMI

Orange Blossom Special

Well, look yonder coming
coming down that railroad track
I said look yonder coming
coming down that railroad track
I'll ride that Orange Blossom Special
Bringing my baby back
all right.

Well, think I'll go to Florida
get some sand in my shoes
or maybe California
get some sand in my shoes
I'll ride that Orange Blossom Special, Lord
and lose these New York Blues

"About 1936 or 1937 we played a little ol' fiddlin' piece we thought was a little crazy - me and my brothers Gordie and Earl. Our manager, Lloyd Smith, from Cosemie, Florida, named our fiddlin' piece. We came out at the christening of the Orange Blossom Special at the Seaboard Railroad Station in Miami, and it was him that named it. We got our copyright back in 1938.

Later on, I was riding around Lake Okeechobee and wrote the lyrics before me and my brother Gordie went to New York and recorded it for RCA Victor in 1939. I never rode the Special, and I'm sorry to say I didn't because our train from Miami to New York, I've been told by engineers, was without doubt, the most powerful train in the entire world." —Ervin T. Rouse...from Sing Your Heart Out Country Boy by Dorothy Horstman, E.P. Dutton & Co., Inc., New York, 1975

Copyright - 1938
Ervin T. Rouse
MCA Music Inc.

The Last Train

We're taking the last train
to the Lord.

All aboard

We're taking the last train
to the Lord.

All aboard

We're taking the last train
to the Lord.

All aboard

We're taking the last train
to the Lord.

All aboard

"I have always been of the philosophy that genius lies in simplicity. I've heard a lot of three chord songs, and even some two chord songs. Merle Haggard's Okie from Muskogee is a two chorder. I figured I would try to write a one chorder, and at the same time introduce a minimum of lyrics and still include all the feeling of a train whistle sound. Since the Shakers always believed that Jesus would return at any minute of any day, and lived their lives that way, and since there ain't any Shakers left anymore, I decided to write and dedicate the 'Last Train' to them." —Bob Everhart

Music and Lyrics
copyright - 1978
Robert Everhart
Royal Flair Music, BMI

—Bob Everhart
Copyright - 1978
Lyrics - Bob Everhart
Music - Roger Collier
Royal Flair Music - BMI

Well, I don't understand
how come you do me like you do
I don't understand
how come you do me like you do
If you don't want me, then why look at me
It's a cinch I don't want you

Look you're coming, coming down that railroad track
Look you're coming, coming down that railroad track
coming down that railroad track my call on a train
See that black smoke a rolling on below even train
rolling from that old smoke stack

.....the Jimmie Rodgers
younger forever, thinking and singing
'going high' on box cars, cutting little whether he had a job or
not - but loving the old smokestack. 'Whistler's Paradise'
whistler?.... He'd jump up from the table, leaning on the table
tossing hot meal to grow-cold and stale - white bread
tossed outside where he could hear the train - 'Whistler's
listen to some old smoke in the distance - 'whoooooo"
Mrs. Carrie Rodgers... from my husband, Jimmie Rodgers
I see International Copyright by - International Music Inc. I see
Copyright 1938 by Jimmie Rodgers, International Music Inc. I see
I see International Copyright by - International Music Inc. I see

and we found the bloody battle in a town called New Orleans
and we found the bloody battle in a town called New Orleans
and we found the bloody battle in a town called New Orleans
and we found the bloody battle in a town called New Orleans
and we found the bloody battle in a town called New Orleans
and we found the bloody battle in a town called New Orleans

Well we took down the river and we took the British away
there must have been a hundred or so men on the bank
they stepped so high and they made that bugle ring
we stood beside our cotton bales and didn't say a thing

Old Hickory said we could take em by surprise
If we didn't fire a musket till we looked em in the eye
We held our fire till we seen their faces well
then we opened up our squirrel guns and really gave em

Chorus
We fired our cannon till the barrels melted down
so we grabbed an alligator and we fought another round
we filled his head with corn-cobs and powdered his pants
and when we set the powder off, the gator lost his mind
They ran through the briars and they ran through the
prambles
they ran through the briars and they ran through the
prambles
LITHO IN U.S.A. 