

STEREO  
FOLKWAYS RECORDS FTS 31091

# Early American Folk Music & Songs

## Clark Jones



PHOTO BY ANN HAWTHORNE

COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

M  
1629  
J77  
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1982

MUSIC LP



FOLKWAYS RECORDS FTS 31091  
STEREO

**SIDE ONE**

- Band 1. Rhododendron
- Band 2. The Rich Lady Over The Sea
- Band 3. I Will Give My Love An Apple
- Band 4. Under The Magnolia
- Band 5. The Holly Bears A Berry
- Band 6. Rye Whiskey
- Band 7. John Barleycorn
- Band 8. The Paw-Paw Patch

**SIDE TWO**

- Band 1. Watermelon Suite
- Band 2. Beans, Bacon And Gravy
- Band 3. The Seeds Of Love
- Band 4. Aiken Drum
- Band 5. The Cherry Tree Carol
- Band 6. Young Man Who Wouldn't Hoe Corn
- Band 7. The Praties They Grow Small
- Band 8. Simple Gifts

CLARK JONES—Vocals, Hammered Dulcimer, Banjo,  
Mountain Dulcimer and Guitar.

**ABOUT THE ALBUM**

Some of the songs on this Album will make you laugh while others will evoke bittersweet memories. Some will make you want to do an allemande left and a do-si-do and be child-like again, if only for a few moments. The hope is that upon hearing the tunes and words of the different selections you will feel better than you did before playing the record.

By taking a glance at the song titles you will see that each one relates in some way to plants — domestic flowers, wildflowers, trees, vegetables, farm products, or foods and beverages obtained from plants. Together, the songs make up a program that Clark has performed for the North Carolina Botanical Garden at Chapel Hill since 1973. These songs have been sung and played for the many visitors to the Garden, for economic botany final exams at the University, to graduate biology students at Mountain Lake, Virginia (the University of Virginia's Biological Station), and for numerous garden clubs, schools and historical societies.

The program of songs about plants began shortly after Dr. C. Ritchie Bell, director of the Garden, began taking guitar lessons from Clark. Dr. Bell has a great liking for folk songs and Clark enjoys hiking and identifying wildflowers so the crossover of mutual interests led ultimately to the material on this record album.

This album is a mixture of history, music and botany (the non-technical brand), and gives us some idea of the many different roles that plants have played in our culture and lives for generations.

Produced by JOHN R. CRAIG  
Recorded at STAR RECORDING COMPANY,  
Millers Creek, North Carolina.  
Recording and Mixing Engineer: MARSHALL CRAVEN  
Mixing: JOHN R. CRAIG  
Photography: ANN HAWTHORNE

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DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

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### About The Artist

A strong love of simplicity and genuine home-made music has led me to listen to, absorb and interpret songs and ballads of thousands of anonymous singers from olden times. This love for down-home music took hold when I was about nine or ten years old in Charlotte, North Carolina and has continued to the present.

I began my music studies with a ukulele in the late forties and "graduated" to the guitar soon after. My job as an editor for the U.S. Department of Commerce took me to Washington, D.C. in the sixties where I was first exposed to the five-string banjo, autoharp, mountain and hammered dulcimers. Ultimately I acquired a set of hand-made instruments which I use today virtually to the exclusion of those made in factories. These include:

Fretless Banjo, made by Donald Wilcox of Ann Arbor, Michigan in 1971.

Mountain dulcimers, one made by Dr. A.W. Jeffreys of Staunton, Virginia and the other by Kate Luke of Seaford, Virginia.

Hammered dulcimer and autoharp, both made by Michael Auterine of Montgomery, New York.

The lone non-handmade instrument I play is a classical style guitar made by the Yamaha folks of Japan.

These instruments, plus an abundant number of fine old and new songs, have taken me across North Carolina many times as well as numerous trips across the borders. Thanks to being selected to participate in the North Carolina Visiting Artist program in 1975, I have been able to share the instruments and songs with city and country folk alike.

### Side One

#### RHODODENDRON

An original composition worked out on the four-string mountain dulcimer and named for one of the most spectacular wildflowers in North America, particularly in the southern Appalachian Mountains.

#### THE RICH LADY OVER THE SEA

One of several fine ballads about the Boston Tea Party of December 16, 1773.

#### I WILL GIVE MY LOVE AN APPLE

A combination of two old riddle ballads into one gives us the song contained herein. Most people will recognize the second part as that of "I Gave My Love A Cherry". The minor key gives the ballad a haunting effect.

#### UNDER THE MAGNOLIA

Another original by Clark which pays tribute to a huge magnolia tree under which he performed as resident musician at the Cape Lookout National Seashore in Beaufort, N. C. in the summer of 1978.

#### THE HOLLY BEARS A BERRY

This fine Christmas carol is related to the more well-known "The Holly And The Ivy". Of ancient ancestry, it can be found in the version here recorded in Australia, England and the United States.

The mallets used on this selection were the invention of Clark and give a soft, bell-like chime effect to the old carol. After a few tries, Clark found that the cardboard cylinder from a ceathanger, cut in half and wrapped with wool gave him the desired effect.

#### RYE WHISKEY

A humorous old-time melody well suited for the fretless banjo since there are no frets to get in the way of the bent and slurred notes which are necessary to the interpretation of this song.

#### JOHN BARLEYCORN

Although the origin of this ballad is unclear, it was printed during the reign of James I and widely sung throughout England and Scotland.

#### THE PAW-PAW PATCH

Another of the "unknown origin" melodies, this playful song has been handed down through many generations and is performed in a playful and child-like manner.

### Side Two

#### WATERMELON SUITE

A medley of three old-time favorites which have been played and sung by most every string band around. As with many old time favorites they reflect the happenings and thoughts of day to day events of the mountain folk where these songs have their origin. The selections heard are "Watermelon Hangin' On The Vine", "Bile Them Cabbage Down", and "Mountain Dew".

#### BEANS, BACON AND GRAVY

Even though times were often hard, as depicted in this humorous ballad, man has found that to sing and laugh about his problems can bring some joy to an otherwise desperate situation. You may hear some similarity between this song and the folk ballad "Jesse James".

#### THE SEEDS OF LOVE

This delicate, romantic ballad was learned from the late Andrew Rowan Summers, a Virginia lawyer and lover of

the mountain dulcimer which he played. Summers believed that the words were written by a Mrs. Fleetwood Habergam in the late 1600s.

#### AIKEN DRUM

A "musical game" song for young and old children alike. Children especially like this song because they can participate by calling out names of their favorite food. On this recording Clark has stuck to fruits and vegetables to paint his musical picture of "Aiken Drum".

#### THE CHERRY TREE CANOE

This ancient legend of Joseph and Mary has been around for quite some time and there are several versions. The one heard here is a composite of many heard over the years from southern singers. Clark again uses his own special set of soft hammers to achieve the soft, bell-like sound on the hammered dulcimer.

#### YOUNG MAN WHO WOULDN'T HOE CORN

In the early days of this country a man was judged by the crops he was able to raise, particularly corn. As this bit of comic fiction says, if you don't hoe the corn crop, better not ask the girl to marry.

#### THE PRATIES THEY GROW SMALL

This song, in just a few short verses, brings to mind the pain and agony suffered by the Irish during the potato famine in the 1840s. Singing the song unaccompanied enhances the sense of desolation and futility.

#### SIMPLE GIFTS

This old Shaker melody was widely sung in the United States during the 1840s and afterwards. Numerous modern-day folk musicians have recorded the song and it appears in at least one well known classical work. It is a reminder to us all of the benefits and pleasures of the simple life.

#### THE RICH LADY OVER THE SEA

There was a rich lady lived over the sea,  
And she was an island queen.  
Her daughter lived off in the new country  
With an ocean of water between,  
With an ocean of water between.

The old lady's pockets were filled with gold,  
Yet never contented was she.  
So she ordered her daughter to pay her a tax  
Of thruppence a pound on the tea,  
Of thruppence a pound on the tea.

"Oh, mother, dear mother", the daughter replied,  
"I'll not do this thing that you ask.  
"I'm willing to pay a fair price on the tea,  
"But never the thruppence tax,  
"No, never the thruppence tax."

"You shall!" cried the mother and reddened with rage,  
"For you're my own daughter you see."  
"And it's only proper that daughter should pay

"Her mother a tax on the tea,  
"Her mother a tax on the tea."

She ordered her servant to be called up  
To wrap up a package of tea.  
And eager for thruppence a pound she put in  
Enough for a large family,  
Enough for a large family.

The tea was conveyed to her daughter's own door,  
All down by the oceanside,  
But the bouncing girl poured out every pound  
On the dark and the boiling tide,  
On the dark and the boiling tide.

And then she called out to the island queen,  
"Oh, mother, dear mother," called she,  
"Your tea you may have when 'tis steeped enough,  
"But never a tax from me,  
"No, never a tax from me."

#### I WILL GIVE MY LOVE AN APPLE

I will give my love an apple without e'er a core,  
I will give my love a dwelling without e'er a door,  
I will give my love a palace wherein she may be  
That she may unlock it without e'er a key.

How can there be an apple without e'er a core?  
How can there be a dwelling without e'er a door?  
How can there be a palace wherein she may be?  
That she may unlock it without e'er a key?

My head is an apple without e'er a core.  
My mind is a dwelling without e'er a door.  
My heart is a palace wherein she may be,  
That she may unlock it without e'er a key.

I gave my love a cherry that has no stone.  
I gave my love a chicken that has no bone.  
I gave my love a ring that has no end,  
And I gave my love a baby with no cryin'.

How can there be a cherry that has no stone?  
How can there be a chicken that has no bone?  
How can there be a ring that has no end?  
How can there be a baby with no cryin'?

A cherry when it's bloomin', it has no stone.  
A chicken when it's peepin', it has no bone.  
A ring when it's rollin', it has no end.  
And a baby when it's sleepin', has no cryin'.

#### THE HOLLY BEARS A BERRY

Oh, the holly bears a berry as white as the milk,  
And Mary bore Jesus, all wrapped up in silk.  
And Mary bore Jesus, our Savior for to be.  
And the first tree in the greenwood, it was the holly,  
holly, holly,  
And the first tree in the greenwood, it was the holly.

Oh, the holly bears a berry, as green as the grass,  
And Mary bore Jesus, who died on the cross.  
And Mary bore Jesus, our Savior for to be.  
And the first tree in the greenwood, it was the holly,  
holly, holly,  
And the first tree in the greenwood, it was the holly.

Oh, the holly bears a berry, as red as the blood,  
And Mary bore Jesus, who died in our stead.  
And Mary bore Jesus, our Savior for to be.  
And the first tree in the greenwood, it was the holly,  
holly, holly,  
And the first tree in the greenwood, it was the holly.

Oh, the holly bears a berry, as black as the coal,  
And Mary bore Jesus, who died for us all.  
And Mary bore Jesus, our Savior for to be.  
And the first tree in the greenwood, it was the holly,  
holly, holly,  
And the first tree in the greenwood, it was the holly.

#### RYE WHISKEY

'Way up on Clinch Mountain, I wandered alone,  
I'm drunk as the devil and a long ways from home.  
I'll eat when I'm hungry and drink when I'm dry,  
If a tree don't fall on me, I'll live 'till I die.

Jack o' diamonds, jack o' diamonds, I knowed you of old,  
You robbed my poor pockets of silver and gold.  
Rye Whiskey, oh, rye whiskey, rye whiskey I cry,  
If you don't gimme' rye whiskey, I surely will die.

If the ocean was whiskey and I was a duck,  
I'd dive to the bottom and drink my way up.  
But the ocean ain't whiskey and I ain't a duck,  
So we'll round up the cattle and then we'll get drunk.

Your parents don't like me, they say I'm too poor,  
They say I'm not worthy to enter your door.  
My foot's in the stirrup, my bridle's in my hand,  
"Farewell, my sweet Lulu, I'm a-leavin' this land."

#### JOHN BARLEYCORN

There was three men come out of the west,  
Their fortunes for to try.  
And these three men made a solemn vow,  
John Barleycorn should die.  
They ploughed, they sowed, they harrowed him in,  
Threw clods upon his head,  
And these three men made a solemn vow,  
John Barleycorn was dead.

Then they let him lie for a very long time  
Till the rain from heaven did fall,  
Then little Sir John sprung up his head  
And soon amazed them all.  
They let him stand till midsummer  
Till he looked both pale and wan,  
And little Sir John, he grewed a long beard  
And so became a man.

They hired men with the scythes so sharp  
To cut him off at the knee.  
They rolled him and tied him by the waist  
And served him most barbarously.  
They hired men with the sharp pitchforks  
Who pricked him to the heart,  
But the loader he served him worse than that,  
For he bound him to the cart.

They wheeled him round and round the field  
Till they came unto a barn,  
And there they made a solemn mow  
Of poor John Barleycorn.  
They hired men with the crab-tree sticks  
To cut him skin from bone,  
And the miller he served him worse than that,  
For he ground him between two stones.

Here's little Sir John in a nut-brown bowl  
And brandy in a glass.  
And little Sir John in the nut-brown bowl  
Proved the stronger man at last.  
And the huntsman he can't hunt the fox  
Nor so loudly blow his horn,  
And the tinker he can't mend kettles or pots  
Without a little of Barleycorn.

#### BEANS, BACON AND GRAVY

I was born long ago in eighteen ninety-one,  
And I've seen many a panic, I will own.  
I've been hungry, I've been cold, and now I'm growing old,  
But the worst I've seen is nineteen thirty-one.

Chorus: Oh, these beans, bacon, and gravy,  
They almost drive me crazy!  
I eat them 'til I see them in my dreams (in my dreams).  
When I wake up in the morning and another day is dawning,  
Then I know I'll have another mess of beans.

We all congregate each morning at the county barn at dawning,  
And everyone is happy, so it seems.  
But when our work is done, we file in one by one  
And thank the Lord for one more mess of beans.

Chorus.

We have Hooverized on butter, and for milk we've only water,  
And I haven't seen a steak in many a day.  
As for pies, cakes, and jellies, we substitute sow-bellies  
For which we work the county road each day.

Chorus.

If there ever comes a time when I have more than a dime,  
They will have to put me under lock and key,  
For they've kept me broke so long, I can only sing this song  
Of the workers and their misery.

Chorus.



### THE SEEDS OF LOVE

I sowed the seeds of love,  
I sowed them in the Springtime.  
I gathered them up in the morning so soon  
When the small birds so sweetly sing,  
When the small birds so sweetly sing.

My garden was planted well,  
With flowers everywhere.  
But I had not the liberty to choose for myself  
Of the flowers that I loved so well,  
Of the flowers that I loved so well.

The gardener was standing by,  
And I asked him to choose for me.  
He chose for me the violet, the lily, and the pink,  
But of those I refused all three,  
But of those I refused all three.

The violet I did not like,  
Because it blooms too soon.  
The lily and the pink I really overthink,  
So I vowed I would wait 'til June,  
So I vowed I would wait 'til June.

In June there was the red, red rose,  
And that is the flower for me.  
O, often have I plucked that red, red rose,  
'Til I gained the willow tree,  
'Til I gained the willow tree.

The willow tree will twist,  
And the willow tree will twine;  
I oftentimes have wished I were in that young woman's arms  
That once held this heart of mine,  
That once held this heart of mine.

Come all ye false young girls,  
Do not leave me here to complain.  
The grass that has oftentimes been trampled underfoot,  
Give it time, it will spring up again,  
Give it time, it will spring up again.

### AIKEN DRUM

There was a man lived in the moon, in the moon, in the moon,  
There was a man lived in the moon,  
And his name was Aiken Drum.

And he played upon the ladle, the ladle, the ladle,  
And he played upon the ladle,  
And his name was Aiken Drum.

His head was an orange, an orange, an orange,  
His head was an orange,  
And his name was Aiken Drum.

(Follow same sequence or pattern)

His hair was made of lettuce . . .

His nose was a peanut . . .

His eyes were made of grapes . . .

His ears were made of asparagus . . .

His tongue was an onion . . .

His arms were made of celery stalks . . .

His hands were made of bananas . . .

His legs were made of corn . . .

His toes were made of blackberries . . .

His belly button was a cherry . . .

And he played upon the ladle, the ladle, the ladle,  
He played upon the ladle,  
And his name was Aiken Drum.

### THE CHERRY TREE CAROL

When Joseph were an old man, an old man were he,  
He courted Virgin Mary, the Queen of Galilee,  
He courted Virgin Mary, the Queen of Galilee.

When Joseph and Mary were walking on day,  
"Here are apples and cherries," Mary did say,  
"Here are apples and cherries," Mary did say.

Then Mary spoke to Joseph, so meek and so mild,  
"Joseph, gather me some cherries, for I am with child,"  
"Joseph, gather me some cherries, for I am with child."

Then Joseph flew in angry, in angry flew he,  
"Let the father of your baby gather cherries for thee,"  
"Let the father of your baby gather cherries for thee."

Then Jesus spoke a few words, a few words spoke he,  
"Bow low down, cherry tree, bow low down to the ground,"  
"Bow low down, cherry tree, bow low down to the ground."

The cherry tree bowed low down, low down to the ground,  
And Mary gathered cherries, while Joseph stood around,  
And Mary gathered cherries, while Joseph stood around.

Then Joseph took Mary all on his left knee,  
"My Lord, what have I done, have mercy on me,"  
"My Lord, what have I done, have mercy on me."

Then Joseph took Mary all on his right knee,  
"Pray tell me little baby, when thy birthday will be,"  
"Pray tell me little baby, when thy birthday will be."

"On the sixth day of January, my birthday will be,  
"And the stars in the firmament shall dance with glee,"  
"And the stars in the firmament shall dance with glee."

### YOUNG MAN WHO WOULDN'T HOE CORN

Well, I'll sing you a song, and it's not very long,  
It's about a man who wouldn't hoe corn.  
The reason why, I cannot tell,  
For this young man was always well.

He planted by the moon in the month of June,  
And by July it was knee high.  
In September there came a big frost,  
And all this young man's corn was lost.

He went to the cornfield and peeped in,  
The careless weeds had grown to his chin.  
The careless weeds had grown so high,  
They caused this young man for to sigh.

He went to his nearest neighbor's door,  
Where oftentimes he had been before,  
And when his courtship had begun,  
She asked him if he'd hoed his corn.

He hung his head and drew a sigh,  
"Oh, no, dear madam, no, not I.  
I plant and plant but all in vain,  
And I fear I shall not raise a grain."

"Here you are wantin' for to wed,  
And you can't even raise your own cornbread.  
Single I am and single I'll remain,  
For a lazy man I won't maintain."

### THE PRATIES THEY GROW SMALL

Oh, the praties they grow small, over here, over here,  
Oh, the praties they grow small,  
And they grow from Spring to Fall,  
And we eat them skins and all, over here, over here.

Oh, I wish that we were geese, night and morn, night and morn,  
Oh, I wish that we were geese,  
For they fly and take their ease,  
And they live and die in peace, over here, over here.

Oh, we're trampled in the dust, over here, over here,  
Oh, we're trampled in the dust,  
But the Lord in whom we trust,  
Will give us crumb for crust, over here, over here.

### SIMPLE GIFTS

'Tis the gift to be simple,  
'Tis the gift to be free,  
'Tis the gift to come down where we ought to be.  
And when we find ourselves in the place just right,  
It will be in the valley of love and delight.  
When true simplicity is gained,  
To bow and to bend we will not be ashamed.  
To turn, to turn will be our delight,  
Till by turning, turning, we come round right.

They hired men with the oxen to plow  
To hoe him off at the hoe.  
They rolled him and tied him by the waist  
And carried him out to the field.  
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