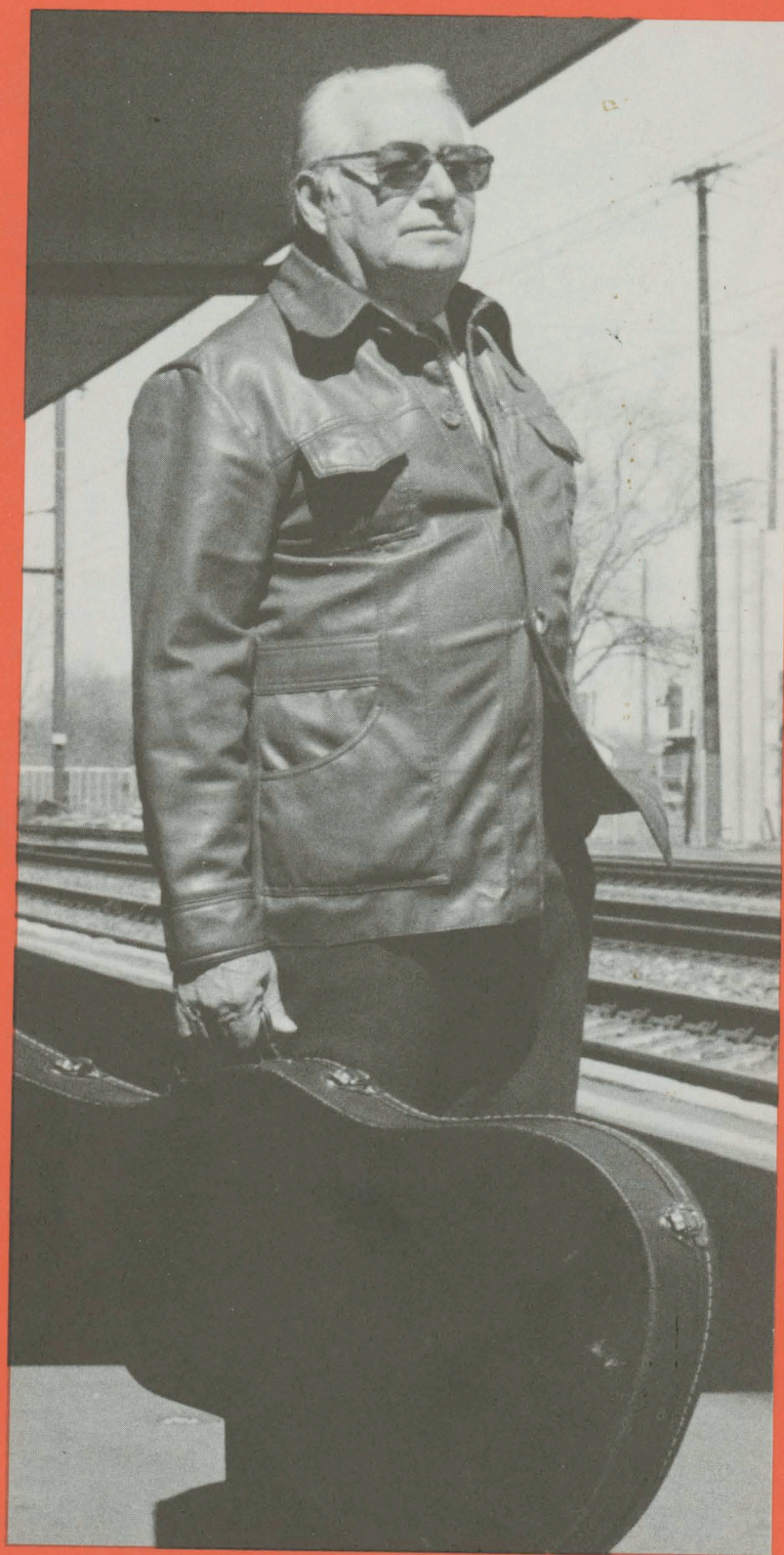


STEREO
FOLKWAYS RECORDS FTS 31092

WAY OUT ON THE MOUNTAIN

JIMMIE ROGERS' SONGS BY BUD REED



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1982

MUSIC LP

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WAY OUT ON THE MOUNTAIN **JIMMIE ROGERS' SONGS BY BUD REED**

SIDE 1

1. Waiting For A Train (Vol 1 P 16) J.R. 3:22
2. In The Jail House Now (Vol 1 P 8) J.R. 2:36
3. Daddy & Home (Vol 2 P 44) J.R. 3:07
4. I Love The Women (Vol 2 P 16) J.R. 2:31
5. Mother The Queen Of My Heart (Vol 1 P 53) 3:30

SIDE 2

1. Peach Picking Time in Georgia (Vol 1 P 51) 2:09
2. Mystery Of Old #5 (Vol 1 P 15) 4:08
3. Hobo Bill 2:40
4. Yodeling Cowboy (Vol 1 P 22) 2:40
5. Wayout On The Mountain (Vol. 2 P 67) 3:27

Jimmie Rogers was perhaps one of the best sing songwriter folks in the country music field. His songs were about every day life, performed by a simple man about simple things, but some of the most important subjects dear to a man's heart, whether it be about hobos, or trains, women or just a good old yodle, Jimmie Rogers won the respect of the young and the old. His music lives on forever through the inspiration and joy of people like Bud, who have that certain simplicity, and in turn the gift for communication they were inspired by through Mr. Rogers' music

If you are ever lucky enough to see and to hear Bud in concert, you'll get a kick out of it, because you will see as clearly as you will hear the joy he gets from these songs.

So when you hear his music, do what we all do, sit back and smile and enjoy one of the greatest gifts you'll ever hear. Simple songs sung and written by two different men with the same similar interests. Simple people with Big hearts.

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DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

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MUSIC LP

WAY OUT ON THE MOUNTAIN JIMMIE ROGERS' SONGS BY BUD REED

All of us have our favorite songs we like to sing. Sometimes we hear them after years go by on the radio, or perhaps from our very own record collection stored on the back shelf some place in our homes. But every now and then there are those gifted ones who have learned to pick their instrument and sing those very songs in the same way as they had learned them years ago. They perform them in a simple, clear and pure manner with no gimmicks or fancy production, just the real stuff.

Bud Reed is just one of those lucky few who remembers those days when he was a boy and his father bought him his first guitar and harmonica. He always loved Jimmie Rogers songs, and began to perform them for folks when he was just around fourteen, going from class room to class room, home to home singing and playing, and sharing his joy with others. Over the years, Bud began to perform those very songs, in the exact same way in front of thousands at Folk Festivals, on radio, television and the like, along with his family, Ola Beele, David, and Ralph Reed. Always in the middle of the concert, in a very shy manner, Bud would start to pick his guitar and sing a Jimmie Rogers song, with an occasional yodle thrown in, which would tickle and delight young and old. People down through the years started to wonder when Bud would make an album of his favorite songs, and now finally here it is.

If you are ever lucky enough to see and to hear Bud in concert, you'll get a kick out of it, because you will see as clearly as you will hear the joy he gets from these songs.

So when you hear his music, do what we all do, sit back and smile and enjoy one of the greatest gifts you'll ever hear. Simple songs sung and written by two different men with the same similar interests. Simple people with Big hearts.

SIDE 1

BAND 1 WAITING FOR THE TRAIN Words and Music
by Jimmie Rodgers
3 min. 22 sec.

All around the water tank, waitin' for a train,
A thousand miles away from home, sleeping in the rain;

I walked up to a brakeman to give him a line of talk,
He says, "If you've got money, I'll see that you don't walk."

"I haven't got a nickel, not a penny can I show,
He said, "Get off, you railroad bum" and slammed the boxcar door.

He put me off in Texas, a place I surely love,
Wide open spaces 'round me, the moon and stars above;

Nobody seems to want me or lend me a helping hand;
I'm on my way from Frisco, goin' back to Dixie Land.

My pocket book is empty and my heart is filled with pain;
I'm a thousand miles away from home just waiting for a train.

BAND 2 IN THE JAILHOUSE NOW Words and music by
Jimmie Rodgers
2 min. 36 sec.

Well I had a friend called Ramblin' Bob, Who used to steal, gamble and rob

He thought he was the smartest guy in town,
But I found out last Monday that Bob got locked up Sunday;

They got him in the jail-house way down town.
He's in the Jail-house now, He's in the Jail-house now.
I told him once or twice to quit playin' cards and shooting dice;
He's in the Jail-house now,

Yodel

Well I went out last Tuesday, Met a girl named Susie, I told her I was the swellest man around;

We started to spend my money, she started in to call me "honey".
We took in ev'ry Honky tonk in town.

We're in the Jail-house now, We're in the Jail-house now

I told the Judge right to his face, We didn't like to see this place
We're in the Jail-house now

Yodel

BAND 3 DADDY AND HOME words by Elsie McWilliams...Music by Jimmie Rodgers
3 min 7 sec.

I am dreaming tonight of an old southern town, and the best friend that I ever had;

CHO.
Your hair has turned to silver, I know you're failing too;

Daddy, dear old daddy, I'm coming back to you:

You made my boyhood happy, But still I long to roam;
I've had my way, but now I'll say, I long for you and for home.

Dear old daddy, you shared all my sorrows and joys, And you tried hard to bring me up right;
I know you'll still be one of the boys, I'm starting back home tonight.

Repeat Chorus

BAND 4 JIMMIE RODGERS' LAST BLUE YODEL

(The Women Make a Fool Out of Me)

Words and Music Jimmie Rodgers
2 min. 31 sec.

I love the women, I love 'em all the same;
Lawd I love the women an' I love 'em all the same; But I don't love nobody well enough to change her name. The women make a fool out of me.

My papa scolded me, An' my mama sits an' cries; Oh, my papa scolded me an' my mama just sits and cries; Said I had too many women for any little boy my size. The women make a fool out of me.

When I'm in the parlor, The girls think it's a treat; When I'm in the parlor, the girls think it's a treat; For even in the winter time, They turn off the heat. The women make a fool out of me.

Repeat #1

BAND 5 MOTHER, THE QUEEN OF MY HEART

Words and Music by Jimmie Rodgers and Hoyt Bryant

3 min. 30 sec.

I had a home in Texas, Down where the blue bonnets grew;
I had the time with old Mother, How happy we were, just we two.

Till one day the angels called her, That debt we all have to pay;
She called me close to her bedside, These last few words to say.

"Son, don't start drinking and gambling, Promise you'll always go Straight."
Ten years have passed since that parting, That promise I've broke, I must say.

I started in gambling for pastime, At last I was just like them all;
I bet my clothes and my money, Not dreaming that I'd ever fall.

One night I bet all my money, Nothing was left to be seen;
All that I needed to break them, Was one card and that was a queen.

The cards were dealt all 'round the table,
Each man took a card on the draw;
I drew the one that would beat them; I turned it and here's what I saw.

I saw my mother's picture, And some how she seemed to say;
"Son, you have broken your promise," So I tossed the cards away.

My winnings I gave to a newsboy, I knew I was wrong from the start;
And I'll ne'er forget that promise, To Mother, the Queen of my Heart.

SIDE 2

BAND 1 PEACH PICKING TIME DOWN IN GEORGIA

Words and music by Jimmie Rodgers and Clayton McMichen

2 min. 9 sec.

When it's Peach Pickin' Time in Georgia, Apple pickin' time in Tennessee,
Cotton pickin' time in Mississippi, Every body picks on me.

When it's round up time in Texas, The cowboys make "whoopie"
And 'way down in old Alabamy, It's gal pickin' time to me.

Yodel

There's the blue grass in old Kentucky, Virginia's where they do the swing;
Carolina, now I'm coming to you, Coming just to spend the spring;

Arkansas, I hear you calling, I know I'll see you soon;
There is where we will do some pickin', Beneath that old Ozark moon.

Yodel

When the pickaninies (people) pick the cotton, That's the time I'll pick the weddin' ring
We'll go to town to pick a little gown, For the wedding in the Spring;

Hope the preacher knows his business, I know he can't fool me;
When it's Peach Pickin' Time in Georgia, It's gal pickin' time to me.

Yodel

BAND 2 THE MYSTERY OF NUMBER FIVE Words and Music by Jimmie Rodgers

4 min. 8 sec.

I stepped out this morning, To watch my drivers roll.
To hear my whistle blowing while the fireman slings his coal;

When I got to the switch yard, I heard a
brakeman say,
"Oh what a mystery, Your engine's cold
today."

Oh lee oh lay ee oh lee ay yodel ay ee oh,
Yodel lay-ee layee-ee-ee oh

Up stepped a little maiden with a teardrop
in her eye,
She began "Oh Mister Man, Do you pull old
Number Five?
My daddy was your fireman, And he often
spoke of you
Of being so kind hearted, So honest, so brave,
so true.

Yodel
He was found dead this morning on trestle
Number Five
On his way to prepare the morning train
for you.
The story explaining the mystery by a little
maiden was told
'twas the first time in history, I found my
engine cold.

So you railroad men take warning, And play
this game fair,
So when the Master calls on us, We'll meet my
fireman up there.

Yodel

BAND 3 HOBBO BILL Words and Music by Jimmie Rodgers
2 min. 40 sec.

Riding on an east bound freight train
Speeding through the night
Hobbo Bill the railroad bum
was fighting for his life
The sadness of his eyes revealed
The torture of his soul
He raised a weak and weary hand
To brush away the cold

Yodel

No warm lights flickered round him
No blankets there to hold
Nothing but the howling wind
And the driving rain so cold
When he heard a whistle blowing
In a dreamy sort of way
The Hobbo seemed contented for
He smiled there where he lay

Yodel

Outside the rain was falling
On a lonely box car door
The little form of Hobbo Bill
Lay still upon the floor
As the train sped through the darkness
And the raging storm outside
No one knew that Hobbo Bill
Was taking his last ride

Yodel

It was early in the morning
When they raised the Hobbo's head
A smile still lingered on his face
But Hobbo Bill was dead
There was no Mother longing
To sooth his weary soul
For he was just a railroad bum
who died out in the cold

Yodel

BAND 4 YODELING COWBOY Words by Elsie
McWilliams, Music by Jimmie Rodgers
2 min. 40 sec.

My cowboy life is so happy and free,
Out West where the laws don't bother me,
I take my troubles like a toy,
I'm just a Yodeling Cowboy.

Yodel

At the set of the sun
When my work is done,
On my pony I take a ride
Where the coyotes howl
And the varmints prowl,
With my forty four by my side
I go down the lonesome trail,
Just galloping 'long
I love to sing this Yodeling Cowboy song.

Yodel

Where man is a man,
And a friend is a friend,
Where all my cares and worries end,
I have no troubles,
Nothing buy joy,
I'm just a Yodeling Cowboy.

BAND 5 WAY OUT ON THE MOUNTAIN Words and Music
by Kelly Harrell
3 min. 27 sec.

I'll pack my grip for a farewell trip
Kiss Susie Jane goodbye at the fountain
I'm going says I
To the land of the sky
Away out on the mountain

While the wild sheep grows
And the buffalo lows
And the squirrels are so many
You can't count them
Then I'll make love to some turtle dove
Away out on the Mountain

Where the whip-poor-wills sing
me to sleet at night
And the eagle roosts on the rocks
Of a mountain, I'll feast on meats
And the honey so sweet
Away out on the mountain

Where the snakes are vile
And the Zebra grows wild
And the beavers paddle on walking canes
Then I'll mend my boots
With a buffalo hide
Away out on the mountain