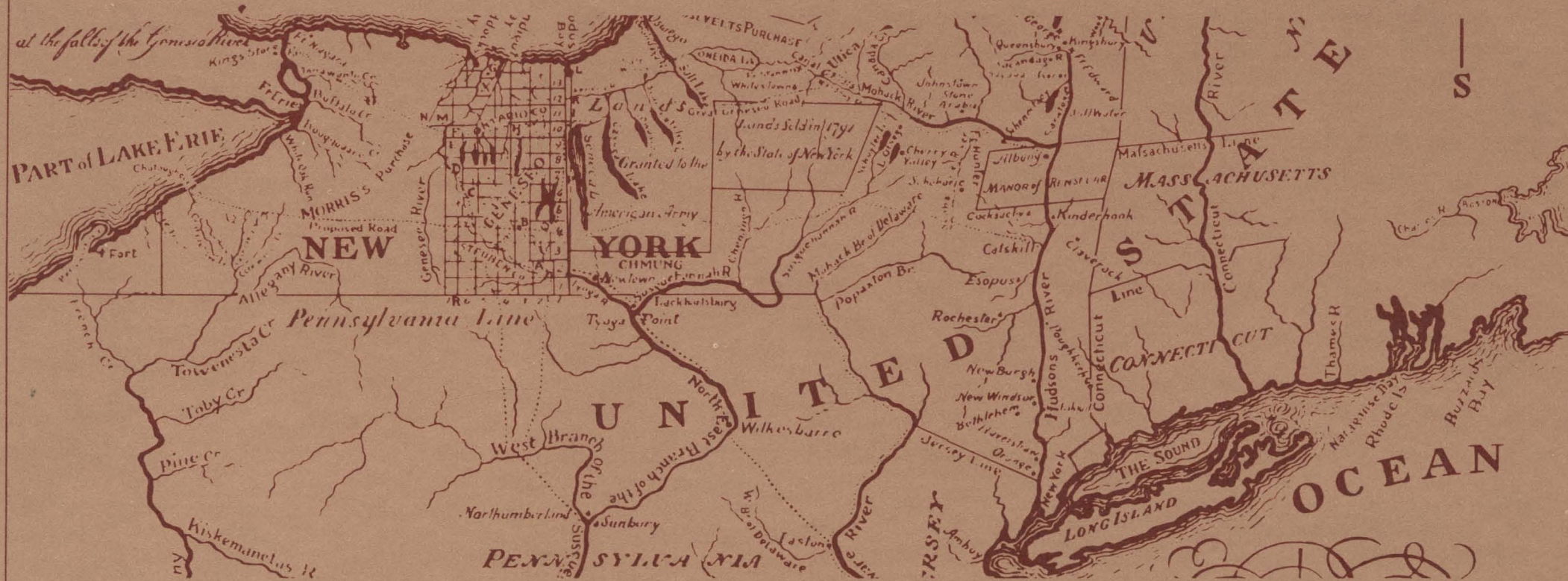


BODY, BOOTS & BRITCHES

Folksongs of New York State
with the Golden Eagle String Band



FOLKWAYS RECORDS FTS 32317 STEREO

BODY, BOOTS & BRITCHES

SIDE ONE

- Band 1: CAPTAIN KIDD (4:41) Vocal: Mike Mumford
Band 2: A LIFE ON THE RAGING CANAL (3:55) Vocal: Bill Hullfish
Band 3: NAPOLEAN (1:06) Vocal: Jim Riley
Band 4: WRAPPED IN RED FLANNELS (3:14) Vocal: Larry
Chechak and Bill Hullfish
Band 5: THE BALLAD OF HENRY GREEN (4:37) Vocal: Sue Clark
Band 6: THE BUGGERY BOO (1:37) Vocal: Bill Hullfish
Band 7: THE DERBY RAM (3:07) Vocal: Daniel Flanigan

SIDE TWO

- Band 1: MCKINLEY (3:49) Vocal: Bill Hullfish
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Band 4: TEBO (3:08) Vocal: Daniel Flanigan
Band 5: THE BATTLE OF PLATTSBURG (5:14) Vocal: Bill Hullfish
Band 6: NEW YORK FIDDLE TUNE MEDLEY (4:03) 1. Flower of
of Donnybrook 2. Speed the Plough 3. Delaware
Hornpipe 4. White Cockade 5. Mrs McLeod's Reel

PERSONNEL:

Sue Clark: mountain and hammered dulcimer	Mike Mumford: mandolin
Larry Chechak: dobro, guitar and harmonica	Laurie Outermans: autoharp
Pat DiVito: percussion	Lynn Pilaroscia: fiddle
Daniel Flanigan: pennywhistle and guitar	Jim Riley: guitar
Bill Hullfish: bass and fife	Mike Ryan: banjo
Bill McGrath: rudimental percussion	Herbert Wise: accordion and kazoo
Kathy McGrath: guitar	

Producer: William Pottebaum
Recording Engineers: Larry Ellis and Michael Galane
Recorded February 27 and 28, 1982 at Audio-Image Studio, Hilton, New York
Cover Photograph by Jim Dusen

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BODY, BOOTS & BRITCHES

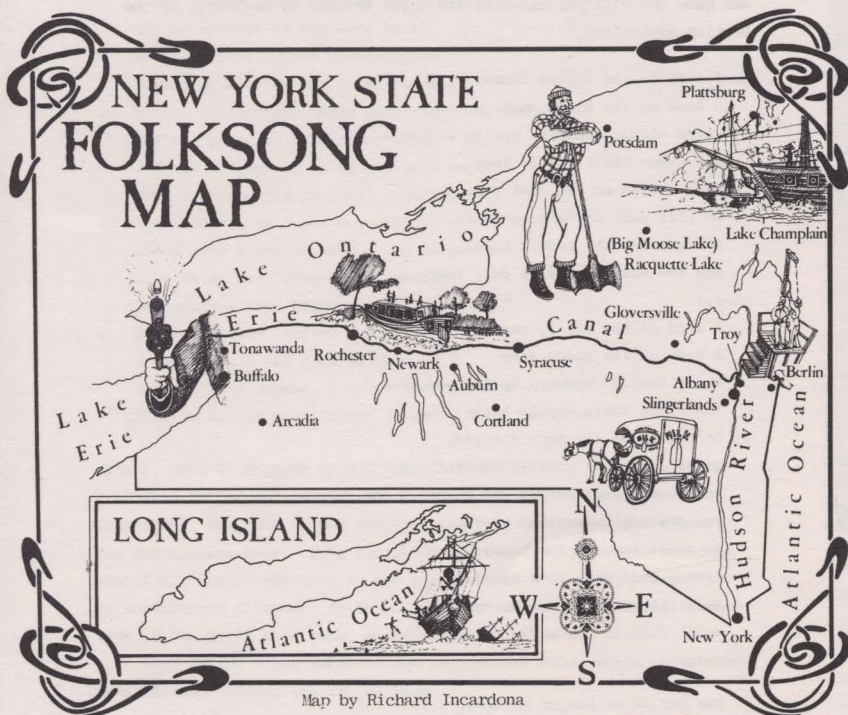
Folksongs of New York State
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DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FTS 32317

Body, Boots & Britches Folksongs of New York State

Notes by Jean L. Papalia



Map by Richard Incardona

NEW YORK STATE FOLK SONGS

In 1784, George Washington called New York State, "The Seat of Empire", and in 1819 it officially became the Empire State. Tucked in between New England and the Middle States like a wedge, New York State has served as a home for Indians, Dutch merchants, English colonists, rugged canallers and salty sea captains. New York produces a history and folklore that is influenced by all of this, as well as its unique natural characteristics -- the wild Adirondacks and the magical Catskills, the many rivers, lakes, canals, ports, and the farms, cities, and tiny villages. To try to capture all the history, all the folklore, all the ballads and all the tall tales is nearly impossible. The best attempt yet at capturing and preserving the York State spirit is Harold W. Thompson's classic book titled, *Body, Boots and Britches*. The introduction to the new edition of this book claims, "No matter where you've been or how many books you've read, if you haven't read this one you don't know as much about what went on in New York before you got here."¹

Body, boots and britches is a New York State expression which means about the same thing as "lock, stock and barrel" -- in other words, everything. This recording is dedicated to Harold Thompson and we hope that we do justice to a small portion of the songs that he collected. From pirates to planters, legends to loggers, battles to ballads, New York tells its history through song.

Side 1, Band 1: Captain Kidd (4:41)

Folklore and ballad are plentiful about Captain Kidd. In York State history, Captain Kidd appears to be a most misunderstood man. Christened the "Earl of Hell" and "The terror of Malabar Coast", Kidd was also a husband and father of two children, as well as a respected merchant and politician.

Much is known about Kidd, but information varies as to whether he was truly an evil pirate, or an honest merchant caught in a losing political folly. In brief, this seems to be the most widely accepted biography of Captain William Kidd.

William Kidd was born in Greenock, Scotland in 1645, and was the son of a minister. Why ballads and legends refer to him as Robert is an unknown error which has stayed with the man whose real name was William. In his early life, he came to New York where he worked as a private shipping merchant. In 1689 he married Sarah Oort, who had property in New York City that was worth a great deal.

At that same time, the port of New York and Long Island was being over-taken by pirates. When the seas became unsafe for commerce and the situation uncontrollable, King William of England appointed the Earl of Bellomont as governor of New York and Connecticut.

In 1695, Kidd's merchant sloop, *Antegoa*, ported in London. By chance, Kidd met Colonel Robert Livingston, a New Yorker with a rather self-profitable idea for ending piracy. Livingston proposed to build a massive ship and with the backing of several influential royal politicians, use this ship as a policing vessel. The other side of the scheme provided for profits for the supporting politicians from the captured pirate booty taken in the name of the British crown.

"While it purported to be a praiseworthy act of international policing, it was in fact merely a device for making a financial killing of astronomical proportions."² Whether it was stupidity or just greed, Kidd agreed to captain this ship, along with the promise for a royal commission investing Kidd with the power to act in the name of the King.

In that same year, the mighty *Adventure Galley*, with Captain William Kidd at the helm, left London with a mission to stop piracy. The farther out the vessel sailed, the more trouble befell the unfortunate captain. The crew quickly became restless, and while at port in Bombay, India, two crewmen jumped ship and reported to the East India Company that Kidd was "going on an ill design of piracy."³

Later, an East India Company employee wrote to the New York City branch of the company that Kidd was a very hasty man. The employee felt that Kidd understood the royal commission as granting him special treatment by the crew. As for the crew, "they were a very distracting company, continually quarrelling and fighting among themselves, so it is likely they will in a short time destroy one another."⁴

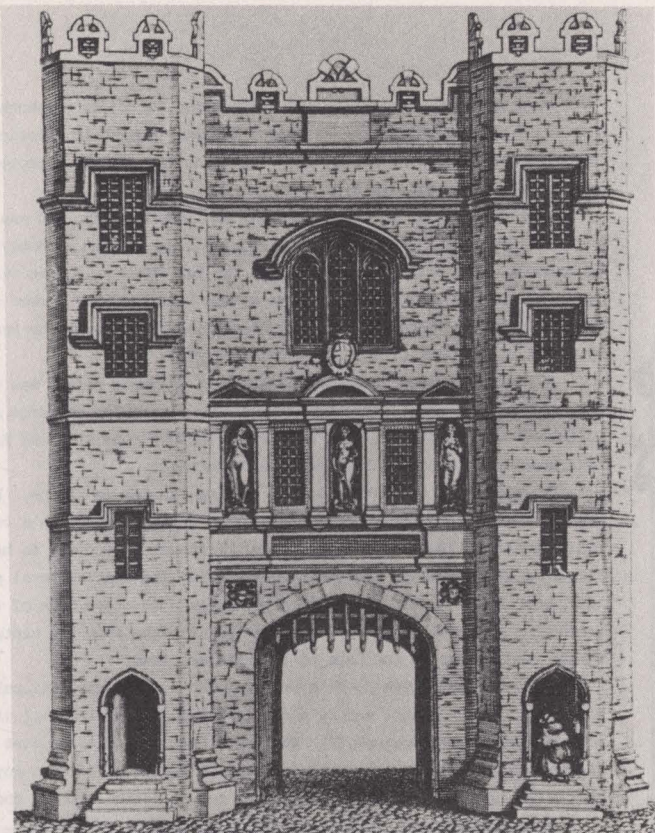
On October 30, 1697, a desperate crew member, William Moore, a gunner on the *Adventure Gallery*, accused Kidd of taking the ship to ruins. In a fit of rage, Kidd hurled an iron-bound bucket at Moore. The gunner died the next day of a fractured skull.

Adventure Galley sailed on, and Kidd's luck continued to take a turn for the worse. The ship failed to capture any booty, except for accidentally capturing an English ship. While at sea, rumors of Kidd's acts of piracy, as reported by the East India Company, reached the desks of his royal investors. These letters, telling of a demented Captain, only confirmed that "...their (the investor's) opportunistic effort at merchant-venturing was a dismal flop."⁵ Soon the news had reached virtually every port in the world that Kidd was a pirate and was to be arrested on sight.

As soon as Kidd's ship ported to take on supplies, he was arrested and sent back to London for trial. He was kept at the infamous Newgate prison. During a two day trial, Kidd was found guilty of the murder of William Moore and five counts of piracy. When sentenced to execution by hanging, Kidd replied, "My Lord, it is a very hard sentence. I am the innocentest (sic) person of all, only I have been sworn against by perjured people."⁶

A two hour procession preceded Kidd's hanging at Execution Dock on the Thames River. William Kidd died on May 12, 1701.

In the ballad, references are made to the fact that Kidd buried a bible in the sand. There is no specific information on this, but it is thought that Kidd buried some of his treasure on Long Island. Originally, this ballad was titled, *Farewell to Seas*.



Newgate Prison

1. My name is Robert Kidd, as I sailed, as I sailed,
My name is Robert Kidd as I sailed.
My name is Robert Kidd, God's laws I did forbid,
And so wickedly I did as I sailed, as I sailed.
2. My parents taught me well as I sailed, as I sailed,
My parents taught me well as I sailed.
My parents taught me well, to shun the gates of Hell,
But against them I rebell'd, as I sailed, as I sailed.
3. I cursed my father dear, as I sailed, as I sailed,
I cursed my father dear as I sailed.
I cursed my father dear, and her that did me bear,
And so wickedly did swear, as I sailed, as I sailed.
4. I'd a Bible in my hand, as I sailed, as I sailed
I'd a Bible in my hand as I sailed.
I'd a Bible in my hand by my father's great command,
And I sunk it in the sand, as I sailed, as I sailed.
5. I murdered William Moore, as I sailed, as I sailed,
I murdered William Moore, as I sailed.
I murdered William Moore, and left him in his gore,
Not many leagues from shore, as I sailed, as I sailed.
6. I steered from sound to sound, as I sailed, as I sailed,
I steered from sound to sound, as I sailed.
I steered from sound to sound and many ships I found,
And most of them I burned, as I sailed, as I sailed.
7. I spy'd three ships from France, as I sailed, as I sailed,
I spy'd three ships from France, as I sailed.
I spy'd three ships from France, to them I did advance,
And took them all by chance, as I sailed, as I sailed.
8. Thus being o'ertaken at last, I must die, I must die,
Thus being o'ertaken at last, I must die.
Thus being o'ertaken at last, and into prison cast,
And sentenced being passed, I must die, I must die.
9. To Newgate now I'm cast, and must die, and must die,
To Newgate now I'm cast, and must die.
To Newgate now I am cast, with a sad and heavy heart,
To receive my just desert, I must die, I must die.
10. To Execution Dock I must go, I must go,
To Execution Dock I must go.
To Execution Dock will many thousand flock,
But I must bear the shock, I must die, I must die.
11. Take warning now by me, I must die, I must die,
Take warning now by me, I must die.
Take warning now by me and shun bad company,
Lest you come to hell with me, I must die, I must die.

Side 1, Band 2: A Life on the Raging Canal (3:55)

When the Erie Canal opened in 1825, not only did it revolutionize transportation, it also produced a "canawler's" folklore. Many a sailing tune was quickly transformed into a canal ballad and became part of the York State musical tradition. *A Life on the Raging Canal* tells of life on the Erie Canal during its heyday. This song is an adaptation of an English sailing song called, *A Life on the Ocean Wave*. This was a very popular song with words written by Epes Sargent of Gloucester, England and the music was composed by Henry Russell, an Englishman who lived in Rochester, New York. Another of Russell's songs, *I'm Afloat*, was borrowed for a canal ballad. *A Life on the Ocean Wave* was made the official march of the Royal Marines by authority of the British Admiralty.⁷

1. A life on the raging canawl,
A home on its muddy deep,
Where through summer, spring and fall,
the frogs their vigils keep.
Like a fish on the hook I pine,
On this dull unchanging shore,
Oh, give me the packet line,
And the muddy canawl's dull roar.

Chorus:

A life on the raging canawl,
A home on its muddy deep,
Where through summer, spring and fall,
The frogs their vigils keep.

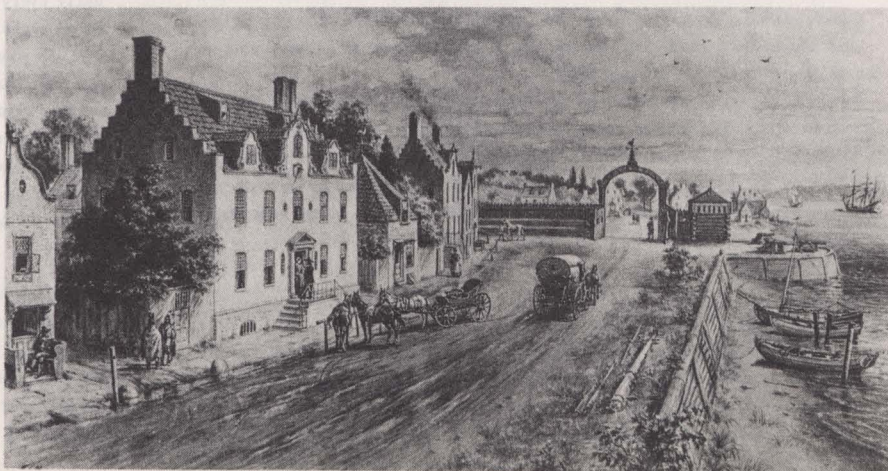
2. Once more on the deck I stand,
Of my own swift gliding craft,
The horses trot off on the land,
The boat follows close abaft.
We shoot through the turbid foam
Like a bull frog in a squall,
And, like the frogs, our home
We'll find in the muddy canawl.

Chorus:

3. The sun is no longer in view,
The clouds have begun to frown,
But, with a bumper or two,
We'll say, let the storm come down.
And this song we'll sing, one and all,
While the storm around us pelts,
A life on the muddy canawl,
Oh, we don't want nothin' else.

Chorus:

A life on the raging canawl,
A home on its muddy deep,
Where through summer, spring and fall,
The frogs their vigils keep.
The frogs, the frogs,
The frogs, their vigils keep.
The frogs, the frogs,
The frogs, their vigils keep.



Home of William Kidd in Manhattan

The folk tune *Reuben*, *Reuben* provides the melody for this pun filled jest. Done in York State's finest tongue-in-cheek style, *Napoleon* was a favorite along the Hudson Valley. The reference, in line three, to "Hambletonian" refers to a famous race horse by that name. In 1788, Hambletonian came from England to the United States. This horse, a victorious trotter, is considered the patriarch of the trotter horse breed. In fact, it is claimed that all trotters have a bit of Hambletonian blood in them. A race, called the Hambletonian, is an annual event in Goshen, New York.

1. *I had a horse and his name was Napoleon,
All on account of his bony part,
He was raised by old Hambletonian,
Damned by all him who tried to start.*
2. *He was so thin you could peek right through him,
And his coat was as fine as silk,
I drove him around on my old milk wagon;
When I wanted him to stop, I called out, "Milk."*
3. *One fine day as I was out riding,
Along came a fellow with a rig so neat.
Says he to me, "Come on, me hearty,
Let's try a race right down this street."*
4. *Off we started, helter skelter,
I had a smile all o'er my face.
As sure as a sinner, I was a coming out a winner,
When he called out, "MILK" -- and I lost the race.*

Side 1, Band 4: Wrapped in Red Flannels (3:14)

This ballad was sung by the women who worked in Troy's collar factories. The tune is the familiar and well borrowed Irish melody, *The Unfortunate Rake*. This variation has the familiar theme found in almost all "rake" variants -- the tragic death of a young person by an unexplained ailment. As in most cases, the victim is bound in some type of cloth, in this case, red flannel.

Here is the first verse of *The Unfortunate Rake*, which shows the similarities between the two ballads.

The Unfortunate Rake

*As I was a-walking down by St. James' Hospital,
I was a-walking down there one day.
What should I spy but one of my comrades,
All wrapped in flannel though warm was the day.*

1. *When I was a-walking one bright summer's morning,
When I was a-walking one summer in May,
I stopped at the hospital to see my darling,
All wrapped in red flannel that hot summer's day.*
2. *Under her pillow these words she had written,
Under her pillow these words she did say,
"Never go courting or sporting or gambling;
It leads to destruction and leads you astray."*
3. *"When I am dying, send for my mother,
Send for my mother, don't let her delay."
"Woman, dear woman, your daughter is dying,
And I am the young man who has led her astray."*
4. *"When I am dead, lay me out in white satin,
Cover my coffin with flowers of May;
Six jolly sportsmen to carry my coffin,
And sing the dead march as they lay me away."*
5. *Now she is dead, and they all will leave her;
Now she is dead, and they laid her away.
Now she is dead and is highly forgotten,
By the hardy young man who has led her astray.*

Side 1, Band 5: The Ballad of Henry Green (4:37)

"Come listen to my tragedy, good people young and old. I'll tell you of a story 'twill make your blood run cold." So go the first lines of *The Ballad of Henry Green*, one of the many examples of murdered wives, husbands and lovers recalled in New York State ballads. This ballad, which goes by the titles of *The Murdered Wife*, *The Ballad of Henry G. Green*, *Rensselaer County, New York*, *The Strolling Player*, and *The Bride of a Week*,⁹ is based on a true incident that took place in northeastern New York, near the Vermont border. Originally, over forty stanzas told this tragic tale of a husband who slowly poisoned his wife.

In 1845 Mary Ann Wyatt was an actress in a troupe that performed the temperance play, *The Reformed Drunkard*. While performing in Berlin, New York, Mary Ann met Henry Green. Green, at that time, was dating Alzina Godfrey, the daughter of a wealthy man. From Berlin, the troupe moved to New Lebanon where Henry Green and another Berlin native joined the company. Mary Ann and Henry quickly developed an intimate relationship and set a wedding date of February 17th of that very year.

Henry and Mary Ann invited a few friends to attend their wedding, and ironically, Alzina Godfrey was one of the invited guests. On February 10, Henry travelled to Stephentown, New York, to see his bride-to-be. "Unexpectedly and without explanation, Mary Ann and Henry married that same day, a full week before they had planned."¹⁰

As compensation for missing the wedding, the new Mr. and Mrs. Green organized a sleighride for the guests. This gathering seems to be the turning point of the story. Evidently, Alzina Godfrey attended the sleighride and said or did something that made Henry regret his marriage. Rumor has it that Alzina jokingly said that she had expected to marry Henry. Henry took the jest seriously, thinking he still had a chance with her.¹¹

This incident seems to have triggered a reaction in Henry Green. He saw Alzina as a socially prominent and financially established woman, in direct contrast to the poor outcast actress he married after a brief month-long courtship. A bizarre and malicious plot began to take shape in Henry's mind.

After the sleighride, Mary Ann became ill from a cold. Her husband went to a doctor to obtain medication. Before returning home, Henry switched the medication with opium pills. Assuming this would kill Mary Ann, he gave her the pills, which she proceeded to throw up.

On the pretense of needing arsenic to kill rats and mice, Henry obtained a large amount of the toxic white powder. What Green failed to realize is that too much arsenic actually delays the death of the victim.

Henry attentively cared for his ailing wife. He gave her liquids and broths to which he added large amounts of arsenic. This powder left a white film on the cups, bowls and spoons used, and this eventually was the damning evidence at his trial.

Slowly, Mary Ann Wyatt Green weakened and on Sunday night, eight days after her wedding to Henry, she died. Autopsies and coroner's reports found massive amounts of arsenic in the young woman's body. At the same time, friends who had visited Mary Ann came forward to tell of a white film seen on everything Henry had given to his sickly wife.

On July 7, a twelve day trial opened in Troy, New York. Although wealthy connections provided Green with outstanding lawyers, the evidence was overwhelmingly against him. Green was found guilty of murder and sentenced to hang on September 10, 1845 in Troy.

Over two thousand people jammed the streets to see Henry Green's execution. That day, death came to the man who, out of greed for Alzina's wealth and position, killed his bride of one week.

1. *Come listen to my tragedy, good people young and old;
I'll tell to you a story that will make your blood run cold,
Concerning a young lady, Miss Wyatt was her name,
Who was murdered by her husband, and he hung for the same.*
2. *This lady she was beautiful, not of a high degree.
Young Henry Green was wealthy, as you shall plainly see.
He said, "My dearest Mary, if you will be my wife,
I'll guard you at my peril throughout this gloomy life."*
3. *She said, "My dearest Henry, I fear that ne'er can be:
It's you have rich relations, I'm not as rich as thee;
And when your parents come to know, they will spurn me from their door,
They'd rather you would wed someone had wealth laid up in store."*
4. *He said, "My dearest Mary, why thus torment me so?
For if you longer me deny, I vow I'll take my life,
For I no longer wish to live unless you are my wife."
Believing all he said was true, she thus became his wife.*
5. *They had been married scarce a week when she was taken ill,
Or was it e'er expected he meant his wife to kill.
Great doctors they were sent for, and none of them could say;
Soon it was proclaimed by them she must go to her grave.*
6. *Her brother, hearing of the same, straight unto her did go,
Saying, "Sister dear, you're dying; the doctors tell me so";
Saying, "Sister dear, you're dying, your life is at an end.
Say, have you been murdered by the one you think your friend?--*

7. "It's as I'm on my bed of death and know that I must die,
I'm gong to my Maker, the truth shall not deny.
I know that Henry poisoned me, but, brother for him send,
For I do love him now as well as when he was my friend.
8. When Henry got the tidings, he went his wife to see,
She said, "My dearest Henry, Have I e'er deceived thee?"
Three times she said, "Dear Henry!" then sank into death's swoon.
He gazed on in indifference, and in silence left the room.
9. An inquest on her body held according to the law,
And soon it was proclaimed by them that arsenic was the cause.
Green was apprehended, lodged down in Troy jail,
There to wait his trial--the courts could not give bail.
10. On the day of his trial, he was brought up on the stand
To answer for the blackest crime committed on our land.
Judge Parker read the sentence, He 'peared to me unmoved;
He said he was not guilty, although it had not been proved.
11. Now he appeared to be unmoved, and still he was so young,
Judge Parker read the sentence, he said he must be hung.
He said when autumn leaves turned and summer days have fled,
He too must close his youthful life and slumber with the dead.

Side 1, Band 6: The Buggery Boo (1:37)

This light-hearted lover's ballad comes from the northern reaches of York State. The Buggery Boo was apparently similar to the Bogle Man.¹² The tune is that of *The Foggy, Foggy Dew*.

1. When I was young and in my prime,
I was counted a roving blade;
When I was young and in my prime,
I courted a pretty fair maid.
I courted her a winter's night,
A summer day or two,
And how to win that pretty maid's heart
I did not know what to do.
2. Oh, that pretty maid came to my bedside
When I was fast asleep;
Oh, that pretty maid came to my bedside
And most bitterly did weep.
She wept, she wailed, she tore her hair,
And her heart was full of woe,
When into the bed, she quickly fled
For fear of the buggery boo.
3. Now 'twas all the forepart of that night
That we did sport and play;
'Twas all the latter part of that night
That she lay in my arms till day.
The night bein' gone and the day comin' on,
That fair maid cried, "Oh, I'm undone!"
But says I, "Rise up and don't be alarmed,
For the buggery boo am gone."
4. Now I took that maid and I married her,
And I called her for my wife;
I took that maid and I married her.
Now don't you think 'twas right?
I never chide her of her faults,
No, damn my eyes if I do.
But every time that little boy cries,
I think of the buggery boo.

Side 1, Band 7: The Derby Ram (3:07)

Newark, New York, in Wayne County, is the home of the words to this tall tale ballad. This entertaining exaggeration was brought over from the British Isles (hence the reference to Derby Town). Some of the words may have been purely a Yankee invention. As Harold Thompson says in his book on New York State, "It would be strange if a folk so fond of the tall tale had no ballads of imagination inflation."¹³

1. As I went down to Darby Town all on a market-day,
I saw the biggest ram, Sir, that ever was fed on hay.
He had four feet to walk on, Sir, and he had four feet to stand,
And every foot he had, Sir, would cover an acre of land.
- Chorus:
- You, Sir, and I, Sir, and if you think I lie, Sir,
You can go down to Darby Town and see the same as I, Sir.
2. The wool upon his back, Sir, reached into the sky,
Eagles built their nests there, I heard the young 'uns cry.
The horns upon his head, Sir, reached up into the moon,
A man went up in January and never got back till June.
- Chorus:
3. Of nostrils he had two, Sir, were thirty cubic each,
The devil built a pulpit there, 'n Satan went up to preach.
The wool upon his belly, Sir, dragged upon the ground,
The man that sheared it off, Sir, was lost and never found.

Chorus:

4. The wool upon his tail, Sir, so the weavers say,
Made five hundred yards of cloth and they wove it all in a day.
The man that butchered this ram, Sir, was drowned in the blood,
And many thousand people, Sir, were washed 'way in the flood.

Chorus:

Side 2, Band 1: McKinley (3:49)

When William McKinley was inaugurated on March 4, 1897, little did he realize he would become the third United States President to be slain in office. On September 5, 1901, McKinley and his wife attended the Pan American Exposition in Buffalo. At approximately 4 PM, the President was at a reception in his honor in the Temple of Music building. It was a hot afternoon, and the hall was jammed with people waiting to see their leader. Secret Service agents were everywhere, but among all the people, they failed to notice a man with a cloth over his hand. This man was Leon Czolgotz, and concealed under the cloth was a pistol. When Czolgotz was within two feet of McKinley, he shot him point blank in the chest twice. Immediately, Czolgotz was overpowered by Secret Service agents and taken to the Buffalo jail.

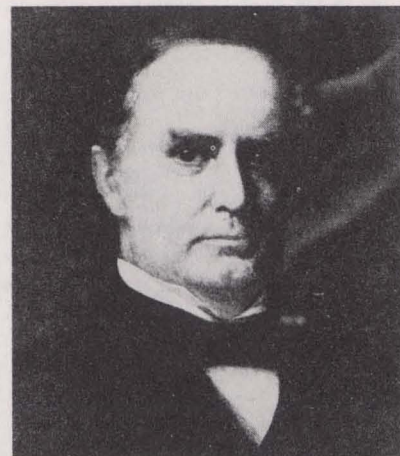
Dispite the confusion and terror of the spectators, the still conscious President was quickly moved to the Exposition Hospital and later to the home of Mr. Milburn, director of the exposition. Dr. Roswell Park, a prominent Buffalo surgeon, performed the operation on McKinley, but was able to remove only one of the bullets. Mrs. Ida Saxton McKinley, a rather delicate and unstable woman, was not with her husband at the time of the assassination attempt. When told the news, according to the *New York Times*, "...she bore the shock remarkably well, and displayed the utmost fortitude."¹⁴

Leon Czolgotz was a Pole who lived in Cleveland, Ohio. He was an anarchist, influenced by Emma Goldman of Rochester, New York. Through reading her letters and lectures, Czolgotz was convinced that the present form of government was wrong and that the best way to change it was to kill the president. McKinley's killer was by no means insane, rather he was a man caught up in movement of the time.

Vice-President Theodore Roosevelt was not in Washington at the time of the shooting, rather he was addressing the Vermont Fish and Game League in Burlington, Vermont. When told of the shooting, he immediately boarded a train for Buffalo. His statement to the press was, "I am so inexpressibly grieved, shocked and horrified that I can say nothing."¹⁵ Ironically, at the time of the shooting, not a single member of McKinley's cabinet was in Washington.

The Vice-President and the American people were led to believe that, although gravely injured, their president would recover fully. With peace of mind, Roosevelt left Buffalo. However, McKinley's condition changed suddenly, and on September 14, he died in the Milburn home. His final words were, "God's will be done."

Roosevelt was once again not in Washington, and had to be summoned from the top of Mount Marcy in the Adirondacks to be sworn in as the President of the United States. Contary to one of the verses of the ballad, the press reported that Mrs. McKinley was "...deeply bereaved, utterly grief stricken and very, very much broken down."¹⁶



President William McKinley



Mrs. Ida Saxton McKinley

1. Train comes a-running, running on down the line,
Stopping at every station saying, "McKinley is dyin',"
In Buffalo, in Buffalo.
2. Pistol fires, McKinley he falls,
Doc says, "McKinley, I can't find that ball,"
In Buffalo, in Buffalo.
3. Doctor comes a-running, running on down from Maine,
Says to his horse, "You gotta outrun that train,"
To Buffalo, to Buffalo.
4. Czolgotsz, you rascal, look what you've done,
You shot our President while he was standing in line,
In Buffalo, in Buffalo.
5. Only one thing that grieves my mind,
That is to leave my poor wife behind,
In Washington, in Washington.
6. Hush now you children, don't you cry,
You'll get a great big pension just as soon as your papy dies,
In Buffalo, in Buffalo.
7. Long black casket covered with lace,
Put him in the baggage car, where we won't have to look at his face,
From Washington, to Buffalo.
8. Roosevelt's in the White House, doing his best,
McKinley's in the graveyard, taking a long, long rest,
He's gone a long, a long, long time.
9. Roosevelt's in the White House, drinking from a silver cup,
McKinley's in the graveyard, Man, he'll never wake up,
He's gone a long, a long, long time.
10. Train comes a-running, running on down the line,
Stopping at every station saying, "McKinley is dyin',"
In Buffalo, in Buffalo.

Side 2, Band 2: Mermaid (4:15)

The mermaid, an aluring and mysterious half woman, half fish creature, was said to be a danger to sailors. The beauty of the mermaid would cast a spell upon the sailors and force them to crash onto the rocks. This song is taken from the Douglas Manuscript in Arcadia, New York.

1. On Friday morning we set sail.
Not being far from the land,
It was there we espied a fair mermaid (sic)
With a comb and a glass in her hand.

Chorus:

And the raging seas do roll,
And the stormy winds do blow,
And we poor sailors go skipping at the top
While the land lubbers lie down below, below, below,
While the land lubbers lie down below.

2. Our boatsman bo'sun at the helm stood,
And in steering his course right well,
With a tear standing in his ere (sic),
Saying, "O, how the seas they do swell.

Chorus:

3. Then up spoke the boy out of our gallant ship,
And a well spoken lad was he,
Saying, "I have a mother in fair New York town,
And this night she will weep for me."

Chorus:

4. Then spoke the mate out of our gallant ship,
And a well spoken man was he,
Saying, "I have a wife in fair Boston town,
And this night a widow she will be."

Chorus:

5. Then spoke the captain out of our gallant ship,
And a vallant man was he,
Saying, "For the want of a long boat
We'll sink to the bottom of the sea."

Chorus:

6. The moon gave light and the stars shone bright,
And my mother was looking for me.
She may look, she may weep with a watery eye,
And blame the endless sea.

Chorus:

7. Then once around went our gallant ship,
And twice around went she,
And a third time around went our gallant ship,
And she sank to the bottom of the sea.

Chorus:

Side 2, Band 3: I've Travelled All Around This World (3:04)

Ballads about the Erie Canal are more often than not, satirical. *I've Travelled All Around This World* is a tune that was performed in a variety show on Commercial Street in Buffalo, New York at the end of the Nineteenth Century.¹⁷ At this time, the fastest means of transportation from Albany to Buffalo was by the Erie Canal. The trip took about eight days.

1. I've travelled all around this world and Tonawanda too,
I've been cast on desert islands and beaten black and blue,
I fought and bled at Bull's Run, and wandered as a boy,
But I'll never forget the trip I took from Buffalo to Troy, For it was,

Chorus:

Whoa, back. Get up and tighten in your lines
Watch the playful flies as on the mules they climb.
Whoa, back. Duck your nut, Forget it I never shall,
When I drove a team of spavin mules, on the Erie Canal.

2. The cook we had on board the deck stood six feet in her socks;
Her hand was like an elephant's ear, and her breath would open the locks.
A maid of fifty summers was she, most of her body was on the floor.
And when at night she went to bed, Oh, sufferin' how she'd snore.

Chorus:

3. One night on the Erie I couldn't sleep a wink,
The crew was all bore down on me because I refused to drink.
Fearful storms and heavy fog, foget it I never shall,
For I'm every inch a sailor boy on the Erie Canal.

Chorus:

4. When we arrived in Buffalo with Sally, Jack and Hank,
We greased ourselves in tallow fat and slid off on a plank.
Now Sally's in the poor house, the rest of the crew's in jail,
And I'm the only bugger afloat that's left to tell the tale.

Chorus:

Mules that were overworked sometimes developed a condition known as spavin, where the hoof was abnormally spread. These spavin mules usually ended up lame.

Side 2, Band 4: Tebo

Tebo is a New York State version of the well known lumberjack ballad, *Jam on Gerry's Rock*. *Tebo's* story was first told by a lumberjack from Potsdam, New York who claims that *Tebo* was a Canuck working on the Jordon River in the Adirondacks. *Tebo's* name is most likely an Americanization of the French name, *Thibault*.

New York's role in the lumber industry dates back to over three hundred years, when the Dutch settlers erected the first saw mills. By the 1700's, colonial merchants realized the Adirondacks housed some of the finest white pine in the world, and used this sturdy lumber for masts in the New England ship building yards.

As pioneer woodsmen pushed into the Adirondacks, they were drawn by its abundance of natural resources, but haunted by its rugged and dangerous lifestyle. Many a settler was killed felling a tree, or crushed by a load of rolling logs, or killed at a saw mill.

By 1840 the lumber business was booming and New York was the number one state in timber produce. Albany was the second largest market for exporting wood products. Logging camps sprang up all over the Adirondacks. Most located near waterways so that logs could be floated through the Saranacs and neighboring lakes by river drivers.

In early spring, logs would be cut and piled on the lake shores. As soon as the ice broke the lumbermen would roll the logs into the lake. A river driver's job was to move the logs through the lakes, either by rafting them, or by enclosing the timber with a strongly connected boom. This job, probably Tebo's, was an extremely dangerous one.

Men were crushed by the rolling logs as they tumbled from the shore, or many were drowned or chilled to death in the icy waters. The biggest danger to a river driver occurred when logs jammed at obstructions in the river or lake. The only way to free the timber was often the use of dynamite, which was a risky business.

"The most dangerous work was often done by volunteers, and could all the tales of the river drivers be collected, there would be found stories of unrecorded heroism that would equal anything in the fire, flood, and battlefield."⁸

Stalwart men of superb physical condition, the river driver wore spiked shoes and with only the aid of a pike pole, jumped from one floating log to another. Dispite the danger, in northern New York lumber camps in the early 1900's, pay was a mere \$28.00 a month.



River Drivers in the Adirondacks

1. It was on the sixth of May, my boys, as you will understand,
When Sherman ordered out his men, all for to break a jam.
The logs were piled up mountains high, the water so dreadful strong,
That it washed away poor Tebo and the logs that he was on.
2. He nobly faced the water and manly swam away,
He tried his best to save himself in every shape and way,
The jam soon overtook him, towards sad grief and woe,
And we found his drowned body in the Racket flood below.
3. Young Akey came from Saranac, and this I do explain,
He tried his best to save him, but it was all in vain.
The waters they roared over him, he was forced to let him go,
And away then went poor Tebo for to meet his God, we know.
4. Oh, Tebo was an able man, drove many a different stream.
It appears that very morning that his last hour had come;
He had served his time on earth that he was here to stay,
He bid goodbye to all the boys, all on the sixth of May.
5. Oh, Tebo leaves a widow, and five young children small,
All at the mercy of his friends who drove the Racket Fall.
A subscription was made for them, each man his share did pay,
To feed and clothe the orphans he left behind that day.
6. About four o' clock in the afternoon on the twenty-ninth of May,
We found his drowned body, we laid it in the clay.
I hope his soul is in Paradise, with God on high to rest,
While we who mourn for him below will meet him with the blest.
7. "It is now I bid you all goodbye, my time has come to go,
To answer at the Judgement bar for sins on earth below.
The past is bad, the future hidden, no earthly tongue can tell,
The agony of that poor man when into the water he fell."

The strategic location of New York State, its lakes and ports, and its proximity to the belligerent British in Canada, made it an ideal site for a battle during the War of 1812. According to United States President James Madison, the War of 1812 was the result of British aggression upon American commerce, impressment of American seamen, and encouragement by the British of already hostile Indians. Although best remembered as the war which produced Francis Scott Key's *Star-Spangled Banner*, other folk tunes captured the important battles and victories of the young and emerging America.

The Battle of Plattsburg was a crucial victory for the Americans near the end of the war. As the ballad recalls, in September, 1814, the American fleet under the command of Commodore Thomas MacDonough was challenging a larger and superior British force under the command of Commodore George Downie. During the naval attack on Plattsburg Bay, the American land troops directed by General Alexander Macomb were repulsing a British army led by Sir George Prevost.

A victory by both the American land and naval forces cornered the King's men and forced them into a hasty retreat. The victory was a turn around for the losing American side. Had the British won, they were prepared to insist on terms of peace which would give the Crown all the territory they presently occupied.

Hence, "The citizens of Albany could forget about invasion and continue to boast that theirs was a city which was never taken by an army."¹⁸

This version of a poem-turned-ballad is also known as, *The Noble Lads of Canada*. Although it was written from the British point of view, the ballad was no doubt composed by Americans to make fun of the enemy, much the way the British used *Yankee Doodle Dandy* during the American Revolution.

1. Come, all ye British heroes, I pray you lend your ears;
Draw up your British forces, and then your volunteers.
We're going to fight the Yankee boys by water and by land,
And we never will return till we conquer, sword in hand,
We're the noble lads of Canada; come to arms, boys, come.
2. Now, the time has come, my boys, to cross the Yankee line.
We remember they were rebels once and conquered John Burgoyne.
We'll subdue those mighty rebels and pull their dwellings down,
And we'll have the States inhabited by subjects of the Crown.
We're the noble lads of Canada; come to arms, boys, come.
3. Now we've reached the Plattsburg banks, my boys, and here we make a stand,
Until we take the Yankee fleet Macdonough doth command;
We're the Crowler and the Eagle that from Smith we took away,
And we'll have their noble fleet that lies anchored in the bay.
We're the noble lads of Canada; come to arms, boys, come.
4. Oh, the fleet has hove in view, boys, the cannons loudly roar,
With death upon our cannon-balls we'll drench their decks with gore;
We've a water craft sufficient to sink them in an hour,
But our orders are to board and the Yankee flag to lower.
We're the noble lads of Canada; come to arms, boys, come.
5. Oh, what bitter groans and sighs we heard on board the fleet!
While Macdonough's cocks are crowning, boys, I fear we shall get beat.
If we lose the cause by sea, my boys, we'll make a quick return,
For if they are true Yankee boys, we all shall be Burgoyned.
We're the noble lads of Canada; stand to arms, boys, stand.
6. Now the battle's growing hot, my boys; I don't know how 'twill turn,
While Macdonough's boats, on swivels hung, continually do burn;
We see such constant flashing that the smoke beclouds the day,
And our larger boats have struck and small ones run away.
We've got too far from Canada; run for life, boys, run.
7. "Now prepare for your retreat, my boys, make all the speed you can,
The Yankees are surrounding us; we'll surely be Burgoyned.
Behind the ledges and the ditches, the trees and every stump,
You can see the sons of witches and the nimble Yankee jump.
We've got too far from Canada; run for life, boys, run.
8. "If I ever reach Quebec alive, I'll surely stay at home,
For Macdonough's gained the victory--the devil take Macomb!
I'd rather fight a thousand troops as good as e'er crossed the seas
Than fifty of those Yankee boys, behind the stumps and trees.
We've got too far from Canada; run for life, boys, run.
9. "Now we've reached the British ground, my boys, we'll have a day of rest,
And I wish my soul that I could say 'twould be a day of mirth;
But I've left so many troops behind, it causes me to mourn,
And if I ever fight the Yankees more, I'll surely stay at home.
Now we've got back to Canada; stay at home, boys, stay.
10. Here's a health to all the British troops, likewise to George Prevost,
And to our respective families and the girls that love us most;
To Macdonough and Macomb and to every Yankee boy
Now fill your tumblers full, for I never was so dry.
Now we've got back to Canada; stay at home, boys, stay.



Lieutenant General Sir George Prevost

Side 2, Band 6: New York Fiddle Tune Medley (4:03)

The York State mountain folk, from the Adirondacks and Catskills, were a rugged bunch. Skilled hunters and daring explorers, they knew how to survive in the uncharted land. Peaceful evenings were a time for socializing and dancing. This medley includes many of their favorites -- *Flower of Donnybrook*, *Speed the Plough*, *Delaware Hornpipe*, *White Cockade*, and *Mrs. McLeod's Reel*.

Little is known about the origins of the tunes. *Speed the Plough* represents an ancient agricultural ritual called "Plough Monday." This British tradition was celebrated in January and was part of a festival. Farmers offered praise to the gods in return for a plentiful harvest and a long prosperous season.

White Cockade is also of British ancestry; the dance title taking its name from the rosette or knot worn on the hats of servants who worked for military diplomats. The House of Stuart was known to have a white cockade. This was first published as a military tune in 1776.¹⁹

Endnotes

¹Harold Thompson, *Body, Boots & Britches* (New York: Syracuse University Press, 1979), p.1.

²Douglas Botting, *The Seafarers: The Pirates* (New York: Time-Life Books, 1979), p.105.

³*Ibid.* p. 111.

⁴*Ibid.* p. 111.

⁵*Ibid.* p. 177.

⁶*Ibid.* p. 127.

⁷Gale Huntington, *Songs The Whalermen Sang* (New York: Dover Publishing Inc., 1970), p.89.

⁸William Fox, *History of the Lumber Industry in the State of New York* (New York: Harbor Hill Books, 1976), p.43.

⁹Thompson, p. 441.

¹⁰Louis Jones, "The Berlin Murder Case in Folklore and Ballad," *New York History* 17 (April 1936), p. 194.

¹¹*Ibid.* p. 196.

¹²Thompson, p. 421.

¹³Thompson, p. 153.

¹⁴*New York Times*, September 9, 1901, p. 1, column 2.

¹⁵*New York Times*, September 7, 1901, p. 1, column 5.

¹⁶*New York Times*, September 15, 1901, p. 1, column 5.

¹⁷John and Alan Lomax, *American Ballads and Folk Songs* (New York: The Macmillian Company, 1934), p. 460.

¹⁸Thompson, p. 348.

¹⁹Eloise H. Linscott, *Folk Songs of Old New England* (Connecticut: Archon Books, 1962), p.111.

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GOLDEN EAGLE STRING BAND

SIDE I

Band 1. Oh! Dat Low Bridge. Vocal: Bill Hullfish and Susan Clark.

Band 2. Paddy on the Canal. Vocal: Daniel Flanigan

Band 3: Dark-eyed Canaller. Vocal: Bill Hullfish.
Harmonica: Larry Chechak

Band 4. I'm Afloat on the Erie Canal.
Vocal: Bill Hullfish.

Band 5. Ballad of the Erie Canal. Vocal: Larry Chechak
with Steve Hullfish & Mike Mumford.

Band 6. Boating on a Bull-head.
Vocal: Daniel Flanigan.

Band 7 Meeting on the Waters of the Hudson and
Erie. Vocal: Kathleen Anne Kubarycz.

SIDE II

Band 1. The Er-i-e. Vocal: Bill Hullfish.
Banjo solo: Mike Ryan.

Band 2. A Trip on the Erie. Vocal: John Rose

Band 3. That Long Canal. Vocal and dulcimer: Susan
Clark with Laurie Outermans & Shary
Sanduski.

Band 4. Canawler, Canawler-Hoggee on the Towpath.
Voices: Brent Bassi, Kim Bassi, Christine
Fraleigh, an Matt Hullfish.

Band 5. The Raging Canal. Vocal: Bill Hullfish and
Daniel Flanigan. Instr. solos: Mike Mumford,
Mike Ryan, and Larry Chechak.

Band 6. The Aged Pilot Man. Recitation: John Price.
Banjo: Mike Ryan. Harmonica: Larry Chechak.
Jaw Harp: Shows Leary.

Band 7. Low Bridge, Everybody Down.
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