



Photo: R. YEAMAN

Design: J. DYMAN

THE WATSON FAMILY

DOY WATSON - ROSA LEE WATSON - ARNOLD WATSON - MISS GENERAL B. WATSON

GAILTHER CARLTON - ESTHERSUE MILLER GREENE

THE DOC WATSON FAMILY

1. **Ground Hog** 2:19
2. **Every Day Dirt** 2:06
3. **Bonaparte's Retreat** 1:28
4. **The House Carpenter** 4:30
5. **I'm Troubled** 2:41
6. **Your Long Journey** 2:35
7. **When I Die** 2:15
8. **That Train That Carried My Girl**
From Town 2:18
9. **Down the Road** 1:40
10. **The Lone Pilgrim** 3:05
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12. **Darling Corey** 2:36
13. **The Triplett Tragedy** 5:28
14. **Muddy Roads** 1:28
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16. **Keep in the Middle of the Road** 1:13
17. **The Old Man Below** 1:33
18. **Pretty Saro** 1:41
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25. **Shady Grove** 2:23
26. **Southbound** 2:40

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From the descriptive notes enclosed.



**Smithsonian
Folkways**

Smithsonian/Folkways Records
Office of Folklife Programs
955 L'Enfant Plaza, Suite 2600
Smithsonian Institution
Washington DC 20560

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Previously issued in 1963 as Folkways 2366.

Produced by the Office of Folklife Programs,
Smithsonian Institution, February 1990.

Ralph Rinzler, Executive Producer, Assistant
Secretary Emeritus, Smithsonian Institution; Jeff
Place, Producer, Archivist-Office of Folklife
Programs; Lori Taylor, Assistant Archivist; Guha
Shankar, Media Specialist; Suzanne Holder,
Folkways Assistant.

Reissue for Smithsonian Folkways compiled by
Ralph Rinzler and Jeff Place, with assistance
from Mike Seeger.

Original recordings made by Ralph Rinzler,
Eugene Earle, Archie Green and Peter Seigel
1960-65 and 1976. Original edition produced by
Ralph Rinzler.

Album notes compiled by Jeff Place, with assis-
tance from Ralph Rinzler and Doc Watson. For
the original notes to the LP by D.K.Wilgus send
\$2.00 to Smithsonian/Folkways Records.

Special thanks to Doc Watson, Mike Seeger,
Mickey Hart, and Joe Hickerson; Matt Walters,
Ken Irwin, Bill Nowlin, Marian Leighton-Levy for
all their patience; Duncan Browne, Gordon
Soutar, and all the rest of the folks at Rounder
Distribution; Robert Forman, Colin Fries, and
Tom Welsh for their help in general.

Cover photograph by Robert Yellin.
Technical Advisor: Mickey Hart.

Digital editing by David Glasser, Airshow,
Springfield, Virginia.

Smithsonian Folkways Records

Folkways Records was one of the largest
independent record companies of the mid-
twentieth century. Founded by Moses Asch
in 1947 and run as an independent compa-
ny until its sale in 1987, Folkways was ded-
icated to making the world of sound avail-
able to the public. Nearly 2,200 titles were
issued, including a great variety of
American folk and traditional music, chil-
dren's songs, world music, literature, poet-
ry, stories, documentaries, language
instruction and science and nature sounds.

The Smithsonian acquired Folkways in
order to ensure that the sounds and the
genius of the artists would continue to be
available to future generations. Every title is
being kept in print and new recordings are
being issued. Administered by the
Smithsonian's Office of Folklife Programs,
Folkways Records is one of the ways the
Office supports cultural conservation and
continuity, integrity, and equity for tradi-
tional artists and cultures.

Several hundred Folkways recordings are
distributed by Rounder Records. The rest
are available on cassette by mail order from
the Smithsonian Institution. For information
and catalogs telephone 202/287-3262 or
write Folkways, Office of Folklife Programs,
955 L'Enfant Plaza, Suite 2600, Smithsonian
Institution, Washington, D.C. 20560, U.S.A.

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SMITHSONIAN/FOLKWAYS SF 40012

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Technical Advisor: Mickey Hart. Digital editing by David Glasser, Airshow, Springfield, Virginia.



GAITHER CARLTON

The Watson Family by Jeff Place

Archivist, Office of Folklife Programs
Smithsonian Institution

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The Rinzler-Earle recordings of the Watson Family represent an interesting period in traditional American music. They represent the meeting of two similar but different groups of musicians. During the late 1950's and early 1960's, the great urban "folk revival" took place in America. Young kids in the big cities and colleges were becoming fascinated by traditional American folk music. The "hootenanny" became a national phenomenon, even leading to a national television show. Acoustic guitars were selling by the thousands and the Kingston Trio took a traditional North Carolina ballad "Tom Dooley" up to the top of the charts. Meanwhile Appalachia remained a fertile ground for good musicians whose interests were evolving to more modern styles. Radio and commercial recordings had reached into the home and the "old style music" was considered exactly that. The meeting between Ralph Rinzler, Eugene Earle, Tom Ashley and the Watsons represented the

collision of these two musical worlds leading to consequences for both. In a sense, the "folk revival" led to a revival of the same very music in the community from whence it came.

Urban folklorists like Ralph Rinzler were going out into the field to try to rediscover performers who were only known by their early commercial 78 r.p.m. recordings. *Harry Smith's Anthology of American Folk Music* (Folkways 2951,2952,2953) exposed many folk music fans to the true old traditional music of the South through these recordings.

Ralph Rinzler met Clarence Tom Ashley at the Union Grove Fiddler's Convention, and it was through Ashley that he first met Doc Watson. When Rinzler first went to record Ashley he found an electric guitar player present at the session. Rinzler insisted that an electric guitar was not what he had come down there to record, and the guitarist informed him that the electric instrument was all he had and all he would play. The electric guitarist was Doc Watson. The next day, after the aborted recording session, the two met again on the back of a pickup truck traveling to Fred Price's for another recording session. It was there with the help of Ralph's banjo that Rinzler first got a glimpse of the fine traditional musician that Doc is. Doc finally gave the acoustic guitar another shot. Doc figured if this fellow really wanted to hear the "old music," Ralph must know something that he didn't.

Doc Watson was born in Stoney Fork, North Carolina on March 23, 1923. Blind from an early age, Doc was always interested in music. Music was always around the house. Some of his earliest memories were of the family singing in church from shape-note hymnals. Doc remembers playing on a ladder lying in the front yard while his grandmother sang "Uncloudy Day" on the front porch as she worked. As a child, he drove his mother crazy attempting to get music out of a cowbell he found. Another interesting early experiment entailed stringing a wire from the door of the grainery, manipulating the door until he had it tuned to a perfect C, and then playing harmonica along with it. His first banjo came at 11 and guitar at 13. Doc's father made him a deal that if he could learn to play a song on the guitar in one day he would take him out the following Sunday and buy him one of his own. Unbeknownst to Mr. Watson was that Doc had already been tinkering around on one at school and already had a head start.

Many listeners are familiar with Doc's music but this collection features other fine musical members of the Watson family as well. Both Doc's mother and father, General Dixon and Annie Watson, were musically inclined. His mother used to sing around the house often and had a repertoire of 50-75 songs. Doc remembers her singing songs like "The House Carpenter" which is present on this recording. His mother was from Meat Camp, North Carolina. The town's name came from a cave where the locals hid their meat during the Civil War for fear of confiscation by the army. Doc learned many old songs from both his mother and grandmother. Doc's father also played banjo and sang, and it was from him Doc first learned the banjo.

Other family members were musical as well. Doc's brother Arnold played as did his cousin Willard. Doc remembers Willard coming around the house when he was young and showing him songs. It was from Willard that Doc learned "Cousin Sally Brown." Arnold's mother-in-law, Sophronie Miller Greer, is also included on this recording. She was the widow of Columbus Triplett who was one of the principals in the ballad "The Triplett Tragedy," which appears here. "The Triplett Tragedy" was written by Ed Miller, a local postman. Miller also penned the song "Bill Banks," which appears on the Rounder Records Watson Family recording. Dolly Greer, whose maiden name was Watson, was a distant cousin. She was also a storehouse of old ballads. Interestingly enough, Doc only remembers hearing her sing once, that being "Omie Wise," before the arrival of Ralph Rinzler and his tape recorder.

When Rinzler first appeared at the Watson's home, he played the family a selection from the *Harry Smith Anthology of American Folk Music* and a tear came to Doc's father-in-law's eye as he commented, "That's the old music." The *Anthology* is an important collection in terms of the folk revival. Many urban folklorists heard the early 78 rpm recordings of these traditional artists on this collection and went out to try to rediscover these performers. Doc's father-in-law was Gaither Carlton, another important musical presence in the Watson family. Gaither is remembered as a gentle, warm, and fun-loving individual. Doc and Willard used to go by Gaither's and play music even before Doc took a liking to Rosa Lee. Doc remembers Gaither as having a strong voice before measles during adulthood damaged his vocal chords. Gaither was a fine fiddle and banjo player and quite a repository for a number of old songs. This recording adds five of Gaither's songs which were not present on the earlier edition.

Rosa Lee Watson, Doc's wife, is also a fine singer. She is represented here by her own composition, "Your Long Journey." Rosa Lee recalls the song coming to mind one day when she was cleaning house. Doc took down the guitar and helped with a few chords. Rosa Lee learned a lot from her father and remembers she and Gaither listening regularly to a radio program by the name of "Early Morning Frolic" from Louisville, Kentucky. She also remembers being particularly taken with the late country songster, Molly O'Day. It was Rosa Lee who first started showing her son, Merle, chords on the guitar one time when Doc was out on tour.

Doc Watson and group went to New York and played a set of concerts for the Friends of Old Time Music in 1962. They were amazed by the audience they found. Instead of the dance hall audiences back home, they found an appreciative audience that sat quietly and listened to the "old music." They were genuinely surprised by the reaction. Doc's first professional job was with Jack Williams' group which played country swing and rockabilly. It should be noted that much of his fine acoustic technique came from his learning fiddle tunes on the electric guitar to accompany the western swing band with whom he played. Doc's repertoire has always been made up of songs he liked, learned from the radio, phonograph

records, and other sources. When Doc was young his father traded a couple of days of labor for an old "graphophone" and a collection of records, that having a profound influence on Doc's musical growth. The musician who was presented to play before the urban revival crowds was far more than some isolated mountain musician.

Doc went on to play the Ash Grove in California, the Newport Folk Festival, the Festival of American Folklife and numerous other venues. Doc's career has led him to record a number of albums for different companies, play for the President of the United States, and tour the world. This unexpected music career enabled him to get off state aid and support his family despite his blindness, a fact Doc is proud of. But during it all Doc was homesick for the family and home. One thing happened that made it more bearable.

For many of the years on the road, Doc's partner was another very significant musical member of the Watson Family, his late son Merle. Merle traveled with Doc, affording him one strong link to home. In 1964, while Doc was out on tour in California with Clint Howard and Fred Price, he got word from Ralph Rinzier at home that Merle had taken up the guitar. One day a fifteen year old Merle expressed his desire to his mother to learn to play. Merle went on to become an outstanding multi-instrumentalist in his own right. Doc feels that Merle was an outstanding bluegrass banjo player, and could have been one of the best, but was more partial to old time music. Merle first joined his father on stage in June 1964 at the Berkeley Festival and was by his side for the next 21 years.

Merle started by playing rhythm guitar but soon ran across bluesman Mississippi John Hurt and fell in love with Hurt's finger picking style. He sat with Hurt and learned what he could from the man who was sixty years his senior. Later, recordings by Duane Allman influenced Merle to learn slide guitar. The interplay between Merle's guitar and his father's made for a dynamic sound on stage and on record. Unfortunately, a tractor accident in October 1985 robbed the world of Merle's talents.

The last four songs on the album include Merle on guitar and banjo, as no recording that professes to be a true "Watson Family" collection would be complete without the presence of Merle Watson. It concludes with "Southbound," a song written by Merle in New York City during 1965 about his homesickness for Deep Gap.

As of this writing, Doc is planning his retirement and will soon be heading "southbound," back home to the family. He claims he will still play a "local dance or something" occasionally. His music will then be heard only by the folks at home, and after thirty years everything will have finally come full circle. The sounds of the Watson Family will persist both in the home and on future Folkways recordings.

Other Doc and Merle Watson Recordings: (Some include Doc alone and some include both Doc and Merle).

Columbia 9443-Strictly Instrumental (w/ Flatt and Scruggs)
Flying Fish 252-Red Rocking Chair
Flying Fish 301-Guitar Album

Flying Fish 352-Pickin' the Blues
Folkways SF 4039-Old Time Music at Clarence Ashley's
Folkways SF 4049-Old Time Music at Clarence Ashley's, Vol. 2,
Folkways SF 40005-Jean Ritchie and Doc Watson;
Liberty 887-Look Away
Liberty 943-Live and Pickin'
Liberty 10027-Lonesome Road
Liberty 10201-Favorites
Liberty CD-46589, LP-51158-Will the Circle Be Unbroken
Poppy 5703-Elementary Doctor Watson
Poppy 022-Then and Now
Poppy 210-Two Days in November
Rounder 0129 The Watson Family Tradition
Sugar Hill 3742-Down South
Sugar Hill 3752-Riding the Midnight Train
United Artists 423 Memories
United Artists 601 Doc and the Boys
Vanguard 9/10 Live on Stage
Vanguard 45/46 The Essential Doc Watson
Vanguard 107/8 Old Timey Concert
Vanguard 79152 Doc Watson
Vanguard 79170 Doc Watson and Son
Vanguard 79213 Southbound
Vanguard 79239 Home Again
Vanguard 79276 Doc Watson in Nashville
Vanguard 6576 Ballads From Deep Gap.

The Songs

GROUND HOG

Doc Watson, vocal and autoharp; Arnold Watson, banjo; Gaither Carlton, fiddle.
Ground Hog is an Appalachian song rarely found outside of the region. It is a song Doc learned on the banjo from his cousin Willard and many of the verses from his father. As a matter of fact, the first banjo Doc had was made with a head of groundhog hide.

Shoulder up your gun and whistle up your dog (repeat)
Off to the woods for to catch a groundhog.
Oh groundhog.

Run here Sally with a ten foot pole (repeat)
To twist this whistle pig out of this hole.

Here comes Sal with a snicker and a grin (repeat)
The groundhog gravy all over her chin.

Look at them fellers, they're a-goin' wild (repeat)
Eat that hog before he's cooked or biled.

I dug down, but I didn't dig deep (repeat)
There laid a whistle pig fast asleep.

Now the meat's in the cupboard and the butter's in the churn (repeat)
If that ain't groundhog I'll be durned.

Well you eat the meat and save the hide (repeat)
Make the best shoestring that ever was tied.

Look at them fellers, they're about to fall (repeat)
Eat till their britches won't button at all.

Little piece of cornbread a-layin' on the shelf (repeat)
If you want anymore you can sing it your-self.

EVERY DAY DIRT

Doc Watson, vocal and guitar. Every Day Dirt is a ballad similar to a widely known ballad, "Will the Weaver," and represents a recurring theme in many humorous ballads concerning the battle between the sexes. Doc learned the song from a commercial recording of David McCarn (Victor 40274) and has adapted it into his own version.

John come home all in a wonder,
He rattled at the door just like thunder.
"Who is that?" Mr. Henley cried.
"Tis my husband! You must hide!"

Then John sat down by the fireside a weepin'.
An' up the chimney he got to peepin'.
There he saw that poor old soul
Settin' up a straddle of the potrack pole.

Then John built on a rousing fire
Just to suit his own desire.
His wife got out with a free good will,
"Don't do that, for the man you'll kill!"

Then John reached up and down he fetched him
Like a coon when a dog had ketched him.
He blackened his eyes and then did better:
He kicked him out right on his setter.

Then his wife she crawled under the bed.
And he pulled her out by the hair of the head.
"And when I'm gone, remember then!"
He kicked where the chincjes had been.

Now, the law went down and John went up.
He didn't have the chance of a yaller pup.
They sent him down to old chain gang.
For beatin' his wife, the dear little thing.

Well John didn't worry, John didn't cry,
But when he got home he socked her in the eye.
They took him back to the old town jail,
But his wife got lonesome and she paid his bail.

Then the judge sent back, made him work so hard
He longed to be home in his own front yard.
They kept him there and wouldn't turn him loose.
I could tell you more about him, but there ain't no use.

BONAPARTE'S RETREAT (Instrumental)
Gaither Carlton, fiddle; Doc Watson, guitar. One of many instrumental tunes known by this name or by "Bonaparte Crossing the Alps." It is also known in Ireland as a march tune called "The Eagle's Whistle."

THE HOUSE CARPENTER

Annie Watson, vocal; Gaither Carlton, fiddle. "The House Carpenter" (Child 243) became a very popular folk song during the 1960's and worked its way into the repertoires of many well-known performers during the folk revival, notably Joan Baez. Folk song collector, James Francis Child traced the song back to a London broadside ballad licensed February 21, 1657. Annie Watson learned this version as a child.

"Well met, well met," said an old true love,
"Well met, well met," said he.
"I'm just returning from the salt, salt sea,
And it's all for the love of thee."

"Come in, come in, my own true love,
And have a sit with me.
It's been three-fourths of a long, long year
Since together we have been."

"I can't come in and I can't sit down,
For I have but a moment's time.
They say you're married to a house carpenter,
And your heart will never be mine."

"I could have married the king's daughter fair,
And she would have married me.
But I have forsaken her crowns of gold,
And it's all for the love of thee."

"Now will you forsake your house carpenter
And go along with me.
I'll take you where the grass grows green
On the banks of Iteere."

She pick-ed up her little babe
And kisses gave it three.
Saying, "Stay right here, my darling little babe,
And keep your papa company."

They had not been on the ship two weeks,
I'm sure it was not three,
'Til his true love began to weep and mourn,
And she wept most bitterly.

"Are you weeping for my silver and my gold?
Are you weeping for my store?
Or are you weeping for that house carpenter
Whose face you'll never see any more?"

"A curse, a curse," to the sailor she cried,
"A curse, a curse," she swore.
"You've robbed me of my sweet little babe
That I never shall see no more."

They had not been on board three weeks,
I am sure it was not four,
Until there came a leak in the ship,
And it sunk for to rise no more.

I'M TROUBLED

Doc Watson, vocal and guitar; Arnold Watson, vocal and harmonica. Doc learned this song from a recording by the Blue Sky Boys (Bill and Earl Bolick). It was released as Bluebird 78 number B-6538. This song also is known by variations on the title of "I'm Going to Georgia."

A meeting is a pleasure and a parting is grief,
But a false-hearted lover is worse than a thief.

A thief can rob you and take what you save,
But a false hearted lover, take you to your grave.

Chorus: I'm troubled, I'm troubled, I'm troubled in mind.
If trouble don't kill me, Lord, I'll live a long time

The grave will decay you and turn you to dust.
Ain't a girl in a million that a poor boy can trust.

They'll hug you and kiss you, they'll tell you more lies,
Than the cross ties on the railroad or the stars in the sky. (Chorus)

I'm going to Georgia, I'm going to roam;
I'm going to Georgia to make it my home.

Gonna build me a cabin on the mountain
so high.
Where the wild birds and turtle doves can
hear my sad cry.

YOUR LONG JOURNEY

*Rosa Lee Watson, vocal; Doc Watson,
guitar and vocal.* "Your Long Journey" is a
hymn composed by Rosa Lee with help on
the melody from Doc.

God has given us years of happiness here;
Now we must part.
And as the angels come and call for you,
The pangs of grief put an heart.

Chorus: Oh my darlin', My darlin',
My heart breaks as you take your long
journey.

Oh the days will be empty, the nights so
long.
Without you, my love,
And as God calls for you, I'm left alone.
But we will meet in heaven above. (Chorus)

Fond memories of heap of happy ways
That on earth we trod.
And when I come home we will walk hand
in hand
As one in heaven in the family of God.
(Chorus)

WHEN I DIE

*The Watson Family, vocals; Doc Watson,
guitar.* When Doc was a child, his earliest
memories of music were when the family
sang in church. The family sang from
Southern hymn books. Both "When I Die"
and "The Lost Soul" are examples of
Southern hymns.

Because I believe and have found salva-
tion,
When I die, when I die, I'll live again.
That I may take part in the jubilation,
When I die, when I die I'll live again.

Chorus: When I die, when I die, I'll live
again, I'll live again. Hallelujah, I'll live
again.
Because I'm forgiven, my soul will find
heaven.
When I die, when I die, I'll live again, I'll
live again.

The fear of the grave is removed forever,
When I die, when I die, I'll live again.
My soul will rejoice in the crystal river,
When I die, when I die, I'll live again.
(Chorus)

Because of the Lord I have made confes-
sion,
When I die, when I die, I'll live again.
From now on my soul there is no trans-
gression,
When I die, when I die, I'll live again.
(Chorus)

THE TRAIN THAT CARRIED MY GIRL FROM TOWN

Doc Watson, guitar and vocal. This song
was learned from an Okeh recording of
Frank Hutchinson by Doc's brother Arnold,
who in turn taught it to Doc. Doc feels the
influence of Arnold's arrangement of the
song. It is interesting to note Doc's knife-
guitar accompaniment, a style for which he
is not known.

Where were you when the train left town?
I's standing on the corner with my head
hung down.
Hey that train, carried my girl from town,
Hey-ey, yeh, hey, yeh.

I wish to the Lord that train would wreck,
Kill the engineer and break the fireman's
neck.
Hey that train, carried my girl from town,
Hey-ey, yeh, hey, yeh.

Rations on the table, coffee's gettin' cold,
Some dirty rounder stole my jellyroll.
Hey that train, carried my girl from town,
Hey-ey, yeh, hey, yeh.

There goes my girl, somebody bring her
back,
'Cause she's got her hand in my money
sack.
Hey that train, carried my girl from town,
Hey-ey, yeh, hey, yeh.

Ah she's rollin' on down the line now.
(Spoken)
Ashes to ashes and dust to dust,
Lord show me a woman that a man can
trust.
Hey that train, carried my girl from town,
Hey-ey, yeh, hey, yeh.
Enough to make a man lonely. Oh yeah!
This is the way she sounded when she
went outta hearin' (Spoken).

DOWN THE ROAD

*Doc Watson, banjo and vocal; Gaither
Carlton, fiddle.* "Down the Road" is the
second or third tune Doc learned from his
father, General Dixon Watson. It shares the
same tune as the popular fiddle tune "Ida
Red."

Chorus: Down the road, down the road,
I've got a sugar baby down the road.

Down the road a mile and a half
I swapped my horse for a cow and a calf.

Down the road, across by the shop,
My old hat's got a hole in the top. (Chorus)

Down the road till you come to the turn,
Rocks in the road as big as a churn.
(Chorus)

THE LONE PILGRIM

*Doc Watson, guitar and vocal; Gaither
Carlton, fiddle.* "The Lone Pilgrim" is a
popular shape-note hymn and is a variant
on the hymn "The White Pilgrim." Shape-
note hymn books were written to allow
those who did not read music to sing the
tune based on a series of shapes. There are
many theories as to the origin of the song
however this form has been credited to
William Walker (Southern Harmony, 1847;
Christian Harmony, 1866). One story of the
White Pilgrim describes the life of the
evangelist, Joseph Thomas, who dressed in
white and spread the word through the
area east of the Mississippi River between
1815 and 1835, when he was killed by
smallpox. In 1838, a fellow evangelist,
John Ellis visited his grave and composed
the poem on which this hymn could have
been based. For additional theories see
D.K. Wilgus's original notes to the 1963
edition of the Watson Family Album. Doc
claims it was his father's favorite hymn.

I came to the place where the lone pilgrim
lay
And pensively stood by his tomb,

When in a low whisper I heard something
say,
"How sweetly I sleep here alone."

"The tempest may howl and the loud thun-
der roar,
And gathering storms may arise,
But calm is my feeling, at rest is my soul.
The tears are all wiped from my eyes."

"The cause of my Master compelled me
from home,
No kindred or relative night.
I met the contagion and sank to the tomb.
My soul flew to mansions on high."

"Go tell my companion and children most
dear
To weep not for me now I'm gone.
The same hand that led me through scenes
most severe
Has kindly assisted me home."

TEXAS GALES/BLACKBERRY RAG (Instrumental)

*Doc Watson, mandolin; Ralph Rinzler,
guitar.* Doc learned "Texas Gales" from a
recording of the Hillbillies (Vocalion 5021)
with Al Hopkins. "Blackberry Rag" he
learned from the radio by a fiddler only
remembered as Billy. The station was
probably the Mexican station XERA. Radio
stations set themselves up just over the
border thereby making themselves exempt
from FCC rules on the power of the signal.
These stations were then heard all over the
south, hence spreading the sounds of hill-
billy music and advertisements for the
many wonderful things the producers
wished to hawk.

DARLING COREY

*Doc Watson, vocal; Gaither Carlton, fid-
dle; Arnold Watson, banjo.* "Darling
Corey" is a ballad about the ill-fated
Corey's defense of a moonshine still. Doc
learned this from a 1927 recording on
Brunswick by Buell Kazee.

Wake up, wake up darling Corey!
What makes you sleep so sound?
Them highway robbers are a comin'.
They're a ringin' around your town.

Well the last time I see darling Corey,
She was sittin' on the banks of the sea,
With a forty-four buckled 'round her
And a banjo on her knee.

Wake up, wake up darling Corey!
What makes you sleep so late?
Them burglars they all are a-comin'.
They're waitin' outside your gate.

Dig a hole, dig a hole in the meadow!
Dig a hole in the cold cold ground!
Dig a hole, dig a hole in the meadow!
Gonna lay darling Corey down.

Wake up, wake up darling Corey,
And go and fetch me my gun.
Lord, I ain't no man for trouble,
But I'll die before I'll run.

THE TRIPLETT TRAGEDY

Sophonie Miller Greer, vocal. This rendition
of "The Triplett Tragedy" is interesting
because it is sung by Sophronie Miller
Greer, the widow of Columbus Triplett, one
of the characters in the ballad. The song
was composed by Ed Miller and is based on
a true incident. History confirms that it
happened in the way the song tells it.

A horrible sight I'll now relate,
On Yadkin Elk it did take place,
On Christmas morning at nine o'clock,
The people met an awful shock.

At Marshall Triplett's this begun.
The brothers met, it seemed in fun.
They drank together all as one,
And then the trouble it begun.

Then Marshall seemed to stand in the rear,
And struck Columbus with the chair.
'There is one thing that I do know,
You drink only to save your own.'

They met in combat near the barn.
Mrs. Triplett went to stop this wrong.
Columbus stabbed Marshall in the thigh,
And left him on the ground to die.

Then Marshall's wife in great distress
Stayed by her husband while in death.
The children's screams was heard around,
Which did produce a solemn sound.

Then Lum went off to go away
And met Gran Triplett on his way.
At Leroy Triplett's this was said,
Lum said to Gran, "Your father's dead."

Lum said to Gran, "I'll let you know,
I've killed your father at his home.
I'll now surrender up to thee.
You treat me kindly if you please."

Gran said to Lum, "One thing I'll do.
If you killed father, I'll kill you."
He then beat Lum at a dreadful rate
And made bad bruises on his face.

Gran then took Lum to Watauga Jail.
He went behind the bars to stay.
Those beats and bruises they inflamed,
Which brought Columbus to his grave.

Those brothers sleep in the same grave-
yard,
Their wives and children troubled hard,
Their resting place there sure must be,
Till they shall rise at Judgement Day.

At Judgement Day we hope they'll rise
To meet their Saviour in the skies.
To sing God's praises o'er and o'er.
And be with Christ forever more.

The sheriff then went on the round
To see if Granville could be found.
There at his home he did abound,
And at that place he was then found.

Sheriff Webb held court up in our town
And sent him on to the chain gang.
For eighteen months he there must stay,
Except the governor hear him pray.

Young men take warning by this case,
Don't use strong drink while in life's race.
Leave all such stuff then far behind,
And your kind parents you should mind.

MUDDY ROADS (Instrumental)

*Doc Watson, guitar; Ralph Rinzler, gui-
tar; Gaither Carlton, fiddle.* Doc's uncle
Ben Miller apparently used to play this
song around the house on his fiddle when
Doc was a child. Miller was an outstanding
comedian, banjo player and fiddler.
Apparently, Doc's father knew some verses
to it, but it is done as an instrumental here.
Doc plays the lead.

THE LOST SOUL

The Watson Family. Another hymn that
the Watson Family learned from church

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hymns. Performed here as an unaccompanied vocal.

What an awful day (repeat), when the judgement comes (repeat)
An the sinners hear (repeat), their eternal doom (repeat)
At the sad decree (repeat), they'll depart for aye (repeat)
Into endless woe (repeat), and gloomless woe and gloom.

Chorus: "I'm paying now (repeat) the penalty
The unredeemed, that the unredeemed, must ever pay (repeat)
Though for help I cry (repeat), It's now in vain, it is all in vain,
For alas I'm doomed (repeat), for aye, I'm doomed for aye."

"If I could recall (repeat), all the years now gone (repeat),
For my saviour's cause (repeat), I would spend each one (repeat),
But they never again, but they ne'er again, can to me return (repeat),
And the task is left, and my task is left undone, it's left undone." (Chorus)

"Oh I realize (repeat), but alas too late (repeat),
What a dark mistake (repeat), all my life has been (repeat),
I refused his love (repeat), with a various heart (repeat),
And I must pay the price (repeat) of sin, the price of sin." (Chorus)

KEEP IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD
Gaither Carlton, banjo and vocal. "Keep in the Middle of the Road" is an old time string band tune performed here by Gaither. Doc later recorded it as "Stay in the Middle of the Road" on his Portrait album.

Turn to the left and turn to the right,
Keep in the middle of the road.
Turn to the left and turn to the right,
Keep in the middle of the road.
Oh, keep in the middle of the road, my love,
Oh, keep in the middle of the road.

OLD MAN BELOW
Gaither Carlton, fiddle and vocal.

If you all want to marry, I'll tell you where to go.
Down to the old man, the old man below.
The old folks gone and the girls at home.
The girls all married with their heads not combed.

Children, children a crying for bread.
Go build on a fire, just as high as the head.
Rake in the ashes for to lie in the dough.
Name that you give 'em was dough boy dough.

Hauled me into supper and I thought I'd go eat.
Went in the room for to carve on the meat.
Old dull knife and I had nary a fork.
Fought about a hour and I never made a mark.

Sawed and I sawed and I got 'em in the plate.
Girl said "Young man I think you better wait."
There comes the old man, I think you better run.
Old man's a-comin with his double barreled gun.

I stood right there just as brave as a bear.
And I wiggled my finger in the old man's hair.

Old man, old man I'll tell you what's the best.
Your old leather hunting shirt is the very best.
Had an old hat that he wore year round.
Had neither hat nor the brim nor the crown.

PRETTY SARO
Dolly Greer, vocal. "Pretty Saro" is a traditional Appalachian ballad that has been recorded by many singers, notably Jean Ritchie. Ballad collector Cecil Sharp collected versions of this song in North Carolina, Georgia and Virginia.

I came in this country, eighteen and forty-nine.
I thought myself lucky for to be alive.
I looked all around me, no one could I see.
That I could compare with my pretty Sary.

I wish I was a poet could write a fine hand.
I'd write my love a letter, one she'd long understand.
I would send it by the waters, where the islands overflow.
And I'd think of Pretty Saro, wherever I go.

It's not this long journey, that I'm dreading for to go.
Nor the country that I'm leaving, nor the debt's that I owe.
There's one thing that grieves me and bears on my mind,
It's a leaving my darlin' pretty Saro behind.

COUSIN SALLY BROWN (Instrumental)
Part one: Gaither Carlton, fiddle; Part two: Willard Watson, banjo; Doc Watson, banjo. "Cousin Sally Brown" has rarely if ever made a commercial recording. The Library of Congress recorded North Carolina fiddler Marcus Martin of Swannanoa in 1942 doing the song. They also recorded a version as "Old Sally Brown" by Calvin Cole and Dan Tate. "Old Sally Brown" appears on the Library of Congress LP, *Play and Dance Songs and Tunes* (AFS L 9). The lyrics from the Library of Congress recording are reprinted here but do not appear on this recording and are only for the benefit of the listener. Here we have two versions of "Cousin Sally Brown." The first is a recording of Gaither Carlton on fiddle recorded by Ralph Rinzler in September 1964. The Doc and Willard Watson recording was done in 1976.

Old Sally, young Sally, Cousin Sally Brown.
Hollow of her foot kept a-diggin' in the ground.
Ho-babe, come on down.
Ho-boys and you better get around.

Chorus: Swing Old Adam.
Swing Old Eve.
Swing once more before you leave.

LOOK DOWN THAT LONESOME ROAD
Gaither Carlton, fiddle and vocal. Doc has only heard Gaither sing this song. John and Alan Lomax collected a version in South Carolina of this song from a group of African-American convicts in 1934. This version appears in the Lomax book, *Our Singing Country*. Carl Sandburg also lists the song as from an African-American source. Ralph Rinzler recalls a version done by a group known as the Bogtrotters.

Look up, look down that lonesome road.
Hang down your little head and cry, my love.
And hang your little head and cry.

The darkest night I ever saw was the day I left my home.
The day I left my home.

The two best friends must part some day
So why not you and I, my love,
And why not you and I.

DOODLE BUG
Gaither Carlton, fiddle and vocal. Doc recalls hearing a slightly different version done by Sid Tanner and Clayton McMichen. However, this version is Gaither's own.

If I make five dollars a day.
Doodle bug, doodle bug take it away.
Me and my money had a falling out.
She called me a red-eyed roustabout.

RAMBLING HOBBO (Instrumental)
Doc Watson, banjo. "Rambling Hobbo" is the first tune Doc ever learned to play from his father on the banjo in 1934. The homemade, fretless banjo was made from the hide of the old family cat. Doc skinned the animal and it made a far better sound than the old groundhog hide which had been there previously. Willard Watson also played a version he learned from the playing of Baxter Kendall. Doc uses an unusual DCFCF banjo tuning on this song.

THE CUCKOO BIRD
Doc Watson, guitar and vocal, Merle Watson, banjo. Doc learned the verses of this song from Tom Ashley who recorded the song in 1929. It was a song Doc learned during the folk revival. The song itself comes from England and has many different variants in the United States. It is said the cuckoo bird represents the coming of Spring.

Gonna build me a log cabin
On a mountain so high.
So I can see Willy
As she goes walking by.

Chorus: Oh, the cuckoo she's a pretty bird.
Lord, she warbles as she flies.
She'll never say cuckoo
'Til the fourth day of July.

Well I played cards in old England
And I've gambled over in Spain
And I'll bet you ten dollars
That I'll beat you next game.

My horses they ain't hungry
And they won't eat your hay.
I'll drive home just a little further
Wondering why you treat me this way.

Oh, the cuckoo she's a pretty bird.
Lord, she warbles as she flies.
She'll cause you never more trouble
And she'll tell you no lies.

There's one thing that's been a puzzle
Since the day that time began.
A man's love for, for his woman
And her sweet love for her man. (Chorus)

FROSTY MORN (Instrumental)
Doc Watson, guitar; Merle Watson, banjo. This song was learned from the playing of Jim Collier, who in turn learned it from Bayard Ray, a fourth generation fiddler from Marshall, North Carolina.

SHADY GROVE
Doc Watson, guitar and vocal; Merle Watson, banjo. Doc learned this song from the singing of Fernell Roberts. Jean Ritchie (see Folkways 2428) refers to "Shady Grove" as "one of our mountain play-party tunes." A play-party was a mountain gathering with music and dancing the whole family took part in.

Chorus: Shady Grove, my little love.
Shady Grove, I say.
Shady Grove, my little love.
I'm a bound to go away.

Cheeks as red as a blooming rose.
And eyes are the prettiest brown.
She's the darling of my heart,
The prettiest little girl in town.

I wish I had a glass of wine,
And bread and meat for two.
I'd put it down on a golden plate.
And give it all to you. (Chorus)

I wish I had me a big fine horse.
And the corn to feed him on.
Little Shady Grove could stay at home
And feed him while I'm gone.

When I went to see my Shady Grove.
She was a standing in the door.
Her shoes and stockings in her hand
And her little bare feet on the floor.
(Chorus)

Now when I was a little boy
I wanted a barlow knife
And now I want little Shady Grove
To say she'll be my wife.

A kiss from little Shady Grove
Is as sweet as brandy wine
And There ain't no girl in this whole world
That's prettier than mine. (Chorus)

SOUTHBOUND
Doc Watson, guitar and vocal; Merle Watson, lead guitar. Merle returned from a long walk in New York City in the summer of 1965 to Ralph Rinzler's apartment and wrote this song. It catches Merle reflecting on an extended stay in the Big Apple for some concerts and wishing he was home in Deep Gap.

I've been a month or more stuck in this old city.
The people that have to call it home
They're the ones I pity.
Lord, I'm homesick.
And the blues are the only songs I ever seem to pick.
I get out and walk the street
'Til I get blisters on my feet.
I'm Southbound.

I'm all right 'til late at night.
I'm sitting by my window.
Counting sheep but I couldn't sleep
For listening to that train blow.
I begin to pine, when I hear that
Big old engine rolling down the line.
I'm going back to spend some time
Where I can have some fun if I ain't got a dime.
I'm southbound.

Southbound, she's burning the ground
And I don't mean maybe.
Sure am glad I caught this train, cause I'd like to see my baby.
I've been lonesome.
I long to see them hills that I come from.