RUN MOUNTAIN VOCAL: T. PALEY, J. COHEN, M. SEEGER

TAKE ME BACK TO THE SWEET SUNNY SOUTH VOCAL: M. SEEGER

BLACK JACK DAVID VOCAL: J. COHEN, M. SEEGER, T. PALEY

CARTER: S'LUES (A. P. CARTER) VOCAL: M. SEEGER

THE COO COO BIRD (C. ASHLEY) VOCAL: T. PALEY

THE CROW TOLD ME VOCAL: J. COHEN

MOLLY PUT THE KETTLE ON VOCAL: M. SEEGER

HAVE A FEAST HERE TONIGHT VOCAL: M. SEEGER

CROW BLACK CHICKEN VOCAL: T. PALEY, J. COHEN

THE STORY THAT THE CROW TOLD ME VOCAL: T. PALEY, J. COHEN

THE MILLER'S WALTZ VOCAL: J. COHEN, T. PALEY

KEMO, THE KEMO MAN VOCAL: M. SEEGER

DON'T ALL I CARE (CARTER) VOCAL: M. SEEGER, T. PALEY

SPANGELHAIR VOCAL: M. SEEGER, T. COHEN

PANHANDLE SILVER VOCAL: M. SEEGER, T. COHEN

BLACK JACK DAVID VOCAL: J. COHEN

TAKE ME BACK TO THE SWEET SUNNY SOUTH VOCAL: M. SEEGER

RUN MOUNTAIN VOCAL: T. PALEY, J. COHEN, M. SEEGER
In the performance of folk songs, the urban singer may take one of three basic approaches; that of Art (with a capital A) music, of popular music, or of folk music (the traditional style of folk song performance). In general, the first two of these categories view the folk song as raw material on which to base compositions or rearrangements that they think will be acceptable to city audiences. This has been a valid approach since the first distinctions were made between urban pop, composed art music and folk music. Unfortunately, though, it often suggests disregard of the value of folk music as a continuing willful artistic expression, treating it rather as a limitation than an attribute. (1) This attitude is personified by many singers of folk songs today who think that folksongs are too good to be played by the folk and must be saved by rearrangement or interpretation. And even by some folklorists who are not above erasing their tapes of informants after the melody and the text have been transcribed on paper.

The style of "Art" folk singers such as Dyer-Bennet and Claussen is rooted in historical and musical training in Western European composed music predating the twentieth century. As a result, they often have non-dynamic antiquarian views of a peasant folk music which must be molded to fit classical musical traditions. This approach has, in common with many of the early folklorists, the preoccupation with lyrics and the use of only skeletal notation to indicate the tune, scorning completely the authentic performance.

The popular style folk singer (or singers) such as the Kingston Trio, The Weavers and Burl Ives, tends to be freer and more dynamic in his treatment of the folk song although he often takes training similar to that of the "Art" musician. He is bound by no one tradition and usually combines many divergent musical elements in one song. The singer of this type tends to have more understanding of his songs and some even come from a background of home folk music. As compared with the singing of the "Art" folk singer, theirs is less formal in attack and release of notes. But often they tend to fit the tune to intricate vocal and instrumental harmonic conceptions rather than vice versa. Also, the profit incentive in the current popularity of folk music has encouraged many singers to enter this field with an output of little lasting musical value.

The third and most recently evolved urban approach to folk song performance is that of using vocal styles and accompaniments from those already existing in authentic folkmusic in the belief that the traditional performance is important and exciting enough for an audience outside its own immediate culture. This relatively new idea was apparently evolved in the early and mid thirties by such men as Charles Seeger, Alan Lomax and D. K. Wilgus, and has grown steadily in popularity, especially amongst young people in the North although its commercial outlets are still minor. Some performers in this area are Pete Seeger (especially in the 1940's), Jack Elliot, The New Lost City Ramblers and, in many ways, the Greenbrier Boys and the Almanac Singers. Their musical education consists of "learning the rules" by ear from watching and listening to performances and phonograph records of traditional folk musicians in order to play more or less within the tradition. Some people, like myself, find it a pleasure and a necessity to know some of the people who sing the songs.

With the ever increasing interest in folk music and folk song, there are several trends and parallels that can be noted. The classical or "Art" music approach (in its purest form) seems to be giving way to the more dynamic pop and folk style performances of folksongs. The business and musical facets of pop-style folksongs and Nashville pop-hillbilly are fairly similar so that differentiating the two is sometimes difficult. Several groups similar to northern pop folk trios are developing on the Nashville scene as many Southerners begin to recognize their own tradition in folk music. And there is a similarity between the traditionalist approach to folk song in the North and the traditionalist approach in the South, generally known as Bluegrass. In both, among other things, the economic return is small although their following among amateur musicians is huge by comparison. Bluegrass groups are even beginning to record music learned from city billies or from folk song collections (most off Folkways records). The Stanley Brothers for instance, learned Little Willie from Mountain Music Bluegrass Style and, I understand from John Cohen, that Flatt and Scruggs have just recorded a Johnson Boys similar to that on our Volume III. Traditional singers and musicians such as Tom Ashley and The Stanley Bros., are also finding their records and shows more and more accepted by the urban folk music audience. Although some view this folk music "arrival" (2) as a fad, I believe it has established a permanent place for itself, and that the musical scene is better for it.

2. Folk music is arriving on the urban scene, rather than being revived, as Ralph Rinzler writes in the liner notes to the Greenbrier Boys' first Vanguard LP.

Miscellaneous Notes

The NLCR Vol 3 and Vol 4 have been recorded at Pequot Library Auditorium in Connecticut by the well known recording engineer, Peter Bartok. They have been recorded in stereo with split center channel on a modified Ampex 351-2 with an Altec condenser microphone and 2 RCA 44 microphones. Volume 3 was recorded in December 1960 and Volume 4, January, 1962. Editing and monaural mixing was by Peter Bartok on Volume 3 and by David Hancock on Volume 4, both in conjunction with Paley, Cohen and Seeger. Both records were mastered by Bartok.

Prior to Volume 3 recording was by Moses Asch in the Cue Studios of New York City.
When the New Lost City Ramblers began, there was joking between us that the music available for folk singing, we were scraping the bottom of the barrel... that it was difficult to conceive of more good material appearing. Previously, the Lomax’s had made collections available to the public, comprised of the cream of the early hill-billy recordings in the albums Smoky M. Ballads, Listen To Our Story, and Mountain Frolic. Then in 1952, Folkways released the Harry Smith Anthology of American Folk Music which was probably the most serious and incisive compilation of material to come along.

It was with a sense of finality that we approached our material, and we had little sense of which paths were yet to be explored. It was common knowledge to us of the chronological order along which the music had evolved, and how it had found new vigor in the Bluegrass music, but we had little idea of the other dimensions which the music held for us. As we spend more and more time listening to old recordings, visiting old time country musicians, and singing and living with the songs, other qualities have revealed themselves through the music.

It becomes difficult to innumerate these qualities with real clarity for they enter into the area of abstractions and philosophies. Doc Watson, the blind musician who plays with Clarence Ashley, is the only person I have met who could express these ideas with incisiveness.

They have to do with a definition of the country feeling, the experience of things coming from and dealing with the earth, and of things that grow. This is the area in which country music differs most greatly from jazz, especially in its more contemporary forms.

It has to do with the expressive nature of the strident harmonies used, the skill in keeping the melody while elaborating on it and pushing it as far as it can go without losing its identity; of keeping the best steady and regular while introducing extra beats or irregularities; of playing the music as straight as possible, playing it square without becoming square.

With a song such as the Coo Coo Bird, I constantly think of Clarence Ashley, first seeing there for us in New York, for the Friends of Old Time Music, with his tilted hat and green suspenders, looking ahead, and singing as much to himself as to us. Then later, visiting his at his home in Tennessee, seeing the hills and barns around.

I recall a concert where we sang outdoors in California in a wooded area on the side of Topanga Canyon, where there were all kinds of people sitting around on blankets, with picnic lunches and the kids swinging from the trees and riding around on the donkey. Somehow, with the sun and all, it was just the right place for this music.

I think of Bill Monroe singing at the country parks, to the gathering of country people and Bluegrass musicians. Later, listening back to the tapes from his show, hearing his old records from 1937, and a sudden recognition at the home of a disc collector where we came across an older record from which Monroe learned his song. Then we realize what an integral part records have played in passing on these old tunes over the years, and that the path we have been following is not a new or lost one, but seems to be a major route for traditional folk music.

The bottom of the barrel, is nowhere in sight, for as we continue with the material at hand, our horizons seem to open up and we now take in that which we passed by before.

Furthermore, this has not just been a one-sided affair; we have had a few opportunities to give something in return to the country singers to whom we owe so much. Through the Friends of Old Time Music in New York, the University of Chicago Folk Festival, the Ash Grove in Los Angeles and a few other places, there has been a growing trend to present the authentic traditional singers. This has met with great audience response and some good jobs for the artists. Records of these traditional musicians have been produced by us and others and are doing a two-way job as well.

Clarence Ashley said that he feels now that his life has been like that of a flower; it bloomed in the late twenties then faded, and in his old age is blooming again from the seeds. He had to admit however, that it has taken some time to bring it around the second time.

Notes by Tom Paley

In the almost four years since the formation of the New Lost City Ramblers, many changes have taken place in the urban and campus folk-music scene. There has, of course, been an enormous increase in the audience for folk-pop music (the Kingston Trio), but it has also been a great growth of interest in the authentic article. (It is only fair to admit that some of this increase has been due to the folk-pop fad; many people have made the jump from digging the slick, commercial arrangements to loving real folk music.)

It seems nowadays, that wherever we travel, each college campus has some sort of string band which plays old-time traditional music or the somewhat more modern bluegrass. There are now some coffee-houses, cabarets and nightclubs which feature folk-songs in a non-predigested form. Some folk-festivals (notably those at the University of Chicago) have given city people a chance to hear, not only urban performers playing with a careful attention to tradition, but also some really exciting performances by genuine country musicians...and the response has been wildly enthusiastic.

One of the prime purposes behind the formation of the Ramblers has, then, been accomplished. It has not, by any stretch of the imagination, been our doing alone, but I believe we have had a hand in it. At any rate a form of music which we loved, and
which seemed all but extinct, has taken a new lease on life; it has become an important form of expression for many people and is not likely to fade quickly from view.

SIDE I, Band 1: RUN MOUNTAIN
J.E. Mainer's Mountaineers - King 819
I went on the mountain to fetch me a load of pine,
Put it on the wagon, I broke down behind.

CHORUS:
Run Mountain, chuck a little hill,
Run Mountain, chuck a little hill
There you'll get your fill.

Sixteen miles from my home and chicken crowing for day,
Me upstairs with another man's wife, better be getting away.

(CHORUS)
If I had a needle and thread
As fine as I could sew
Sew the pretty girls to my back
Down the road I'd go

(CHORUS)
When I was real hard at work
I set down to play
Thinking of my own true love
She's many miles away

(CHORUS)

Tom: banjo and first voice
John: guitar and second voice, bass on chorus
Mike: fiddle and third voice, tenor voice on chorus

SIDE I, Band 2: TAKE ME BACK TO THE SWEET SUNNY SOUTH
Jackson Young-Challenge 333; "The Sweet Sunny South",
Red Patterson's Piedmont Log Rollers-Vi 2113;
"Sweet Sunny South", Charlie Poole and the North Carolina Ramblers - Col. 15426;
"Take Me Home to the Sweet Sunny South", J. E. Mainer's Mountaineers-
Bb B-6479-A.
Take me back to the place where I first saw the light
To the sweet sunny south, take me home
Where the mockingbirds sang me to rest every night
Oh, why was I tempted to roam?
I think with regret of the dear home I left
Of the warm hearts that sheltered me there
Of wife and of dear ones of whom I'm bereft
For the old place again do I sigh

Take me back to the place where the orange trees grow
To my plot in the evergreen shade
Where the flowers from the rivers' green margin did grow
And spread their sweet scent through the glade
The path to our cottage they say has grown green
And the place is quite lonely around
And I know that the smiles and the forms I have seen
Now lie in the dark mossy ground
Take me back let me see what is left that I knew
Can it be that the old house is gone?
Dear friends of my childhood indeed must be few
And I must face death all alone
But yet I'll return to the place of my birth
For the children have played round the door
Where they gathered wild blossoms that grew round the path
They will echo our footsteps no more
Take me back to the place where my little ones sleep
Poor Mossa lies buried close by
"Er the graves of the loved ones I long for to weep
And among them to rest when I die
Mike-Voice and lead banjo
Tom-Second (high) banjo

SIDE I, Band 3: BLACK JACK DAVID
Carter Family, Okeh 6513
Cliff Carlisle, Decca 5732 B; T. Texas Tyler and his Oklahoma Melody Boys - 4 star 1052 (V-252 - ME)
Black Jack David came riding through the woods
And he sang so loud and gaily,
Made the hills around him ring
And he charmed the heart of a lady,
And he charmed the heart of a lady.

How old are you pretty little miss,
How old are you honey?
She answered him with a silly smile
I'll be sixteen next sunday. (2)

Come go with me pretty little miss,
Come go with me honey,
I'll take you across the deep blue sea
Where you never shall want for money. (2)

She pulled off her high heeled shoes
They were made of Spanish leather,
She put on those low heeled shoes
And they both rode off together. (2)

Last night I lay on a warm feather bed
Beside my husband and baby
But tonight I lay on the cold, cold ground
By the side of Black Jack David. (2)

Mike-autoharp and voice
Tom-guitar and voice
John-lead guitar and bass voice
Tom-guitar and voice
SIDE I, Band 4: CARTER'S BLUES
(A.P. Carter)

The Carter Family - NW-5012A (BG036A)

As I walked out one morning fair
To view the fields and take the air
For to view the fields and meadows around
I thought I heard some lonesome sound
I thought I heard my true love say
Oh, to turn and come this way.

You love some other, you don't love me
You care not for my company
You love some other and I know why
Because he has more gold than I
But gold will melt and silver will fly
My love for you will never die

There is a flower I've heard them say
That can be seen from day to day
And if that flower I only could find
To cure this aching heart of mine
So fare you well my charming little love
Oh meet me in that land above
And when we meet there in that land
We'll shake no more this parting hand.

Mike-autoharp and voice

SIDE I, Band 5: THE COO COO BIRD
by Clarence Ashley

Col. 15499 D (W149251)
Also; Kelly Harrell, Vi 40047

Gonna Build me, I've played cards
Log cabin, In England
On the mountain, I've played cards
So high, In Spain,
So I can, I'll bet you
See Willie, Five Dollars
As he goes, I'll best you
On by. This game
Jack of Diamonds, O she Coo Coo
Jack of Diamonds, She's a pretty bird
I know you, She wobbles
Of old, As she flies,
You robbed my, She never
Poor pockets, Hollers Coo Coo
Of my silver, 'Til the Fourth of July
And gold

Oh the Coo Coo, I love chicken pie.
She's a pretty bird
Don't I wish she was mine,
She'd never
Drinks water.
She'd always
Drink wine

John - voice and banjo

SIDE I, Band 6: MOLLY PUT THE KETTLE ON

From Serenade in the Mountains', Ernest Stoneman and the Blue Ridge Corn Shuckers - Vi 21518; Leake County Revelers - Col. 15318; Old Tanner and the Skillet Lickers - Col. 15796 (1912)

Molly put the kettle on
Sally blow the dinner horn
Molly put the kettle on
We'll all take tea

Molly put the kettle on
Sally blow the dinner horn
Molly put the kettle on
Daddy's come home.

Mike - fiddle and voice
John - banjo

SIDE II, Band 1 CINNIN

Once I had a pretty gal
Her name was Cindy Brown
Everywhere that I'd go
She's sure to be hangin' round.

Kiss me again (2)
One more time
One more, Cindy.
You oughta see my Cindy
She lives away down South
She's so sweet the honey bees
Just swarm around her mouth.

Get along home Cindy
Get along home Cindy
I love Cindy.

I went down to Cindy's
She said she loved me some
She threw her arms around me
Like grapevine round a 'gum.

Kiss me now
Kiss me 'gain
One more time
One more, Cindy.

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SIDE II, Band 2: BILLY GRIMES, THE ROVER

Snelor Family (J.B. Blackhead) Vi 20965

Tomorrow morn I'll be sixteen and Billy Grimes the Rover
Has popped the question to me Ma, and wants to be my lover
And he'll be here in the morning Ma, and he'll be here quite early
To take a pleasant walk with me across the fields of barley.

Oh daughter dear, you shall not go, there is no use of talking,
You shall not go with Billy Grimes across the fields a-walking.
Just think of such presumption too, the dirty ugly rover,
I wonder where your pride has gone, to think of such a lover.

Oh, mamma dear I must confess that Billy is quite clever,
With an ounce of gold, we'd not be found, in the wide world all over.

Oh daughter dear I am surprised at your infatuation
To think of having Billy Grimes would be ruination.
Oh mamma dear, old Grimes is dead and Billy is the only,
Surviving heir of all that's left, about six thousand yearly.

Oh daughter dear, I did not hear your last remark quite clearly,
But Billy is a nice young man, and no double loves you dearly.

Tom-voice and guitar
John-banjo
Mike-fiddle

SIDE II, Band 3: FRANKIE SILVER

Frankie Silvers: Col. 15336 - Byrd Moore and His Hot Shots (Byrd Moore, Clarence Green, Clarence Ashley)

This is the confession song of Frankie Silver, who was the first woman executed in the state of North Carolina. She was hanged in 1833 at Morganton N.C. for the murder of her husband. She had chopped him up with an axe in his sleep. The song is still sung in North Carolina.

This awful dark and dismal day, has swept my glory all away,
My sun goes down, my days are past, and I must leave this world at last.

Judge Daniels has my sentence passed, these prison walls I leave at last,
Nothing to cheer my drooping head, until I'm numbered with the dead.

His feeble hands feel gently down, his chattering tongue soon lost its sound,
It striken terror into my heart, to see his soul and body part.

His awful ghost I know I'll see, 'O're his flesh and misery
His flaming eyes will say to me, 'Why did you take my life away?'

Awful indeed to think of death, in perfect health to lose my breath,
But little time to pray to God, 'cause now I trod that awful road.

John-voice and guitar
Mike-voice and fiddle

SIDE II, Band 4: STACKERLEE


I remember one September, on a Friday night,
Stackerlee and Billy Lyons had a great big fight.

REFRAIN: (After each verse)
He's a bad man. Oh cruel Stackerlee.

You may talk about your gamblers. You ought to see that Richard Lee.
Shot a hundred dollars and he come out on a three.
Stack, he says to Billy "You can't play like that.
You won all my money, now you're trying to get my Stetson hat."

Billy, he shot six bits. Stack, he bet he passed.
Stack, he out with his forty-five, says "You done shot your last".

"Oh, Mr. Stackerlee, please don't take my life.
I've got three children and a darling loving wife."

"God'll take care of your children; I'll take care of your wife.
You took my Stetson hat, now I'm gonna take your life."

A Woman come a-running, fell upon her knees.
"Oh Mr. Stackerlee, don't shoot my brother, please."

Woman says to the sheriff "How can that be?
You can arrest everybody but you're scared of Stackerlee."

The Judge says to the sheriff "Want him dead or alive."
"Well, how in the world can I bring him when he totes a forty-five?"

Stack says to the jailer "Jailer, I can't sleep,
'Cause all around my bedside Billy Lyons begins to creep."

Two o'clock next Tuesday, upon a scaffold high,
People coming from miles around just to watch old Stackerlee die.

And down in New Orleans there's a place called the Lions Club
Where every step you take you're stepping in Billy Lyons' blood.

Tom-voice and guitar

SIDE II, Band 5: DOLLAR IS ALL I CRAVE

Cliff Carlisle - Melo ML3383 (1928)
Carlisle Bros. Decca 5913

Fifteen cents is all the money I got
A dollar's all I crave
Brought nothing down to this world
Take nothing to my grave.
Never had a dollar bill
Or a wife to zip and stave
Never had no use for the women nohow
Dollar is all I crave.

Some people want all the money in the world
But can't take it to their grave
Fifteen cents is all I've ever had
And a dollar's all I crave.

When I'm on my last go round
Bury me out on a hill
Put a good looking woman down at my feet
And my hands full of dollar bills.

Boys you can have a million bucks
A dollar's all I crave
You can have everything in this old world
But you can't take it to your grave.

All of my life I wanted a dollar
And it looks like I'm out of luck
You can have all the money in this old world
All I want is a buck.

When I get them good old graveyard blues
I'm headed for my grave
Put a dollar bill in my right hand
A dollar's all I crave.

I'm getting old and feeble now
And Lord I've tried to save
Never been able to get that buck
A dollar's all I crave.

Mike-mandolin and voice
John-guitar
Tom -hawaiian guitar

SIDE II, Band 6: THE MILLER'S WILL
Cofer Brothers - Okeh 45466

Keno the rent man, mean as he can be,
Well he tossed my bed out in the street
Then he threw out me,
Keno, mean as he can be.

Throwed my trunk out in the yard
He kicked off the end of my nose
Well he hit me in the head with the washboard
Tore out the back of my clothes
Keno, mean as he can be.

I went to run and he tripped me,
He stepped on the back of my head
Well he jammed me down in a mudhole
'Til I thought that I was dead
Keno, mean as he can be. (2)

Makes no difference to a white man
As white as crystal snow,
If you don't pay that rent man
He'll throw you out the door,
Keno, mean as he can be. (2)

If you are a renter, take heed to what I say
When you see that rent man coming
Better make your get-away
Keno, mean as he can be

John-voice and guitar
Mike-voice and fiddle

SIDE II, Band 7: THE RENT MAN
Carolina Buddies - Col. 15641

In the deep South they used to tell:
It's awful funny and it won't take long
One little story that the crow told me
CHORUS:
Caw, Caw, one little story that the crow told me
Caw, Caw, in a hickory tree
I bought me a suit of union underwear
To keep me from the cold and chilly air
I wore it six months
Without exaggeration
I couldn't get it off 'cause I lost the combination.

(CHARUS)
My gal took sick the other day
And the doctor said she's gonna 'ss away
I bought her a corset at the dry goods store
She's in better shape now than she was before.

(CHARUS)
I had an old cow all dressed in silk
She fell down and strained her milk
My wife she laughed 'cause she thought it was a cinch
To milk that cow with a monkey wrench.

(CHARUS)
Throw back the hook and pull back the line
The fish won't bite in the winter time
Sitting on the ice 'till my feet got cold
Watchin' the crowdad making his hole.

(CHARUS)

"Father oh father, my name is Bill
Out of each bushel I'd take a gill."
"You fool, you fool!" The old man cries
"Un such a little you'll never make a rise."

Singing fal...

He called to him his second son
Said "Son oh son, my race is run
If I a miller of you make
Pray tell me what toll you'd take."

"Father oh father, my name is Ralph
Out of each bushel I'd take half."
"Not enough, not enough!" The old man said
"Un such a little you'd never get ahead."

Singing fal...

He called to him his youngest son
Said "Son oh son, my race is run
If I a miller of you make
Pray tell me what toll you'd take."

"Father oh father, my name is Paul
Out of each bushel I'd take all"
"Hallelujah", the old man cried
And then he turned up his toes and he died.

Singing fal...

They buried him in a little box grave
Some do not think his soul was saved
Where he went I could not say
But I rather believe he went the other way.

Singing fal...

SIDE II, Band 7: THE MILLER'S WILL
John-voice and guitar
Tom -Crow & banjo
Mike-fiddle