The Watson Family


Gauthier Carlton - Sophronie Miller Green
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
11. Texas Gales/Blackberry Rag 1:55
12. Darling Corey 2:36
13. The Triplett Tragedy 5:28
14. Muddy Roads 1:28
15. The Lost Soul 2:58
16. Keep in the Middle of the Road 1:13
17. The Old Man Below 1:33
18. Pretty Saro 1:41
19. Cousin Sally Brown 2:18
20. *Look Down That Lonesome Road 2:05
21. Doodle Bug 1:00
22. Rambling Hobo 1:39
23. *The Cuckoo Bird 3:03
24. *Frosty Morn 1:41
25. Shady Grove 2:23
26. Southbound 2:40

* appears only on cassette and compact disc versions.

The recordings of the Watson Family, the most famous of whom is legendary guitarist Arthel "Doc" Watson, are classic examples of Anglo-American folk tradition. Some of the songs performed here go back many generations; others were written about recent events. Many members of the Watson family are musical, and this sampling of their rich repertoire includes songs learned at home and in church. Whether through their vocal style or their instrumental ability, the Watson family created a musical environment that influenced Doc Watson throughout his career.

This album includes both fifteen songs from the 1963 Folkways album of the same title, as well as eleven new cuts on the compact disc and cassette (eight new cuts on the LP) from the original recordings, never before released. New liner notes, written from hours of conversations with Doc Watson and Ralph Rinzler, provide important background on the recordings and on Doc Watson's subsequent musical career.

From the descriptive notes enclosed.

Smithsonian/Folkways Records
Smithsonian Institution
Washington DC 20560

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(Rosa Lee Watson-A.L. Watson) 2:35
7. When I Die
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8. That Train That Carried My Girl
From Town (trad.) 2:18
9. Down the Road
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(Merle Watson-Ryerson, BMII) 2:40
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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, Folklows Assistant.

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


Album notes compiled by Jeff Place, with assistance from Ralph Rinzler and Doc Watson. For the original notes to the LP by D.K.Wilgus send $2.00 to SmithsonianFolkways Records.

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Cover photograph by Robert Vellin.
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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 company until its sale in 1987, Folkways was dedicated to making the world of sound available to the public. Nearly 2,200 titles were issued, including a great variety of American folk and traditional music, children's songs, world music, literature, poetry, 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 traditional 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 17th Plaza, Suite 2600, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C. 20560, U.S.A.
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 rpm 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 Thomas 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 above 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 Rinzler 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 laying in the front yard while his grandmother sang "Uncle Henry" 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 grammar, manipulating the door until it hit a perfect G, 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 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 music from 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 Uncle G.W. taught him how to play the banjo and it was from him Doc first learned the banjo.

Doc Watson and group went to New York and played a set for the influential label 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 with recorded bands. It should be noted that much of his fine acoustic guitar technique came from his learning fiddle tunes on the electric guitar to accompany the western swing band with whom he played. Doc's reputation had always been made up of songs he liked, learned from the radio, phonograph.
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 Sam 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 dog 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 a 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 anyone you can sing it yourself.

EVERY DAY DIRT
Doc Watson, vocal and guitar.

Every Day Dirt is a ballad similar to a widely known ballad, "Wall 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 McCann (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-weeping,
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 his Louisiana when a dog had keetched him. He blackened his eyes and then did better. He kicked him out right on his setter.

Then his wife she crawdled under the bed. And he pulled her out by the hair of the head.
"And when I'm gone, remember them!"
He kicked where the chicken's 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
Annice 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 the Dee."

She pack-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,
Till 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 76 number 30. 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 tug at my 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 to God I call for you, I'm left alone.  
But we will meet in heaven above. (Chorus)

**FOND MEMORIES OF HAPPy**

Heads 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 salvation,  
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 confession,  
When I die, when I die, I'll live again.

From now on my soul there is no transgression.  
When I die, when I die, I'll live again. (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, 1846). 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 pensive 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 thunder 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 contention 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 a Mexican American 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, fiddle; 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 rangin' 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 a-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 TRIPPLET TRAGEDY**

*Soprionic Miller Greer, vocal.* This rendition of "The Tripplett Tragedy" is interesting because it is sung by Soprionic Miller Greer, the widow of Columbus Tripplett, 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,  
The people met an awful shock.

At Marshall Tripplet's this began,  
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. Tripplett 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 at to go away  
And met Gran Tripplett on his way.  
At Leroy Tripplet's this was said to him.  
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 the law.  
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 graveyard.  
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, guitar; 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
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 SABO
Dolly Greer, vocal. "Pretty Sabo" 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 and 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 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 Sabo, 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 Sabo behind.

Cousin Sally Brown (Instrumental)
Porter (Caroline) 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 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 from this group of African-American convicts in 1934. This version appears in the Lomax book, Our Singing Country. Carl Sandburg also lists the song as found 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 a local man and Gladan 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 honey had a falling out.
She called me a red-eyed roustabout.

RAMBLING HOBOS (Instrumental)
Doc Watson, guitar. "Rambling Hobos" is in 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 DCCF 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 1928. 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 that 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 bound to go away.
Cheeks as red as a blooming rose.
And eyes are the prettiest brown.
She's the darling of her town.
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 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 brains.
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.
And I've been lonesome.
I long to see them hills that I come from.

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