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Fiddle Songs and Banjo Songs: A Description Index

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FIDDLE SONGS AND BANJO SONGS:
A DESCRIPTION AND INDEX

A Thesis
Presented to
the Faculty of the Department of
Modern Languages and Intercultural Studies
Western Kentucky University
Bowling Green, Kentucky

In Partial Fulfillment
of the Requirements for the Degree
Master of Arts

by
Gilbert Wayne Howard
December 1981
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FIDDLE SONGS AND BANJO SONGS:
A DESCRIPTION AND INDEX

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FIDDLE SONGS AND BANJO SONGS:
A DESCRIPTION AND INDEX

Gilbert Wayne Howard December 1981 218 pages
Directed by: Burt H. Feintuch, W. Lynwood Montell, and Charles S. Guthrie
Center for Intercultural and Folk Studies
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English-language texts associated with fiddle and banjo in the southern United States are described and then indexed for comparative reference. The fiddle songs are typically humorous, very brief, highly variable and disunified. The same is true of many banjo songs, but there is also a body of true folk-lyric songs associated with the banjo. Ballads in the fiddle and the banjo repertory are not indexed if previously catalogued by Child or Laws.

Fiddle and banjo songs are defined as texts associated with fiddle or banjo playing, either through instrumental accompaniment or because informants mentally associate them with the fiddle or the banjo. Various ways of performing the songs are enumerated, with particular attention to instrumental accompaniment and the square-dance context. The texts are often improvised, and they tend to be formulaic. The nature of formula is discussed, with analysis of certain formulaic structures in fiddle and banjo verses.

The disunity and variability of most fiddle and banjo songs has made them difficult to compare. They are therefore vi
indexed, not as integral texts, but as stanzas which are taken as self-contained entities. The Index of Stanzas is compiled from printed collections and from fieldwork in West Virginia. Stanzas are arranged according to subject matter, with cross references and an open-ended numbering system to allow for expansion. Anglo-American and Afro-American texts are indexed together, and some useful information pertaining to the provenience and the context of each stanza is included.
CHAPTER 1

FORMAL CHARACTERISTICS OF FIDDLE AND BANJO SONGS

This thesis provides a description and an index of the song lyrics associated with banjo and fiddle playing in the United States. Description of the songs is focused on the formal and formulaic characteristics of their texts and the various ways in which texts are associated with instrumental performances. The Index is an ordered arrangement, not of songs but of individual stanzas. The stanzas are treated as self-contained entities because many of the fiddle and banjo songs have been hard to identify and compare as integral texts. The descriptive portions of the thesis serve mainly to define the materials that are indexed.

It has been necessary to limit the scope and the materials of this work in several respects. The subject is confined to English-language texts collected in the United States, with no attempt to distinguish Anglo-American from Afro-American texts. Tune characteristics, melodic relationships, instrumental playing techniques, singing style, and other aspects of music per se are not considered. Historical background is slighted, although it is the
original, continuous tradition which is described, rather than modern folk-revival efforts. For reasons that will be given later, ballads catalogued as such by Child or Laws are not indexed here, even if they have been associated with the fiddle or the banjo from time to time. Play-party songs are excluded from the Index unless they have been reported also as fiddle, banjo, or square-dance songs. The stanzas that are indexed have been taken mostly from collections printed in books and journals. Others are from unpublished sources and from record albums by the same informants who provided the unpublished material. Virtually all of the stanzas in the Index were reported from the South—a fact that seems to reflect the actual distribution of fiddle and banjo songs, as well as the greater activity of folksong collectors in that region. Cognate texts have appeared in collections from other areas, but in those examined there was evidence to associate only a handful of texts with the banjo or the fiddle. In fact, the same lack of pertinent information has prevented the inclusion of much material from the Southeastern and Southwestern

collections that probably belongs in the Index.

The main features of fiddle and banjo songs have been delineated by D. K. Wilgus in two succinct glossary entries:

**fiddle song** Lyric stanzas, at best loosely related, sung in dance rhythm usually to fiddle accompaniment in the southern United States.

**banjo song** A lyric or seminarrative folksong of loosely related stanzas performed to banjo accompaniment in the southern United States.

Note that Wilgus supports the contention that both types are found primarily in the South. The great similarity of the two definitions in other respects suggests why fiddle and banjo songs both are to be examined and indexed here. Every word of the definitions is important, and much of what follows in this chapter and the next is an expansion of the points that Wilgus has made.

The "lyric" quality of fiddle and banjo songs is more a formal characteristic than a poetical one. To Wilgus, "the term folk-lyric loosely designates a type of song lacking a coherent, developed story and consisting of images held together by a tune or mood." H. M. Belden regards folk-lyrics as "expressions of mood," conveyed through images or symbols, and yet it is their form (or lack of it) which

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3 Ibid., p. 325.

stands out in his description of such songs:

They deal most often—not always—with some aspect of love between the sexes. But they tell no story. Indeed, they often have no definite theme; they are medleys, inconsequent, . . . strung together on a tune or mood, and even the mood is likely to change within the limits of a single text. 5

The lyric thus stands in contrast to the ballad—a song that tells a story "chronologically and in terms of beginning, climax, and ending." A ballad—especially in Anglo-American tradition—tends to cohere and to remain fairly similar from one version to the next because a recognizable narrative is sustained throughout most, if not all, of its stanzas. The folk-lyric also contrasts with the Anglo-American "dialog song," which dramatizes a confrontation between two characters. There is a sustained movement and a certain unity in dialog songs due to the alteration of the characters' speeches in a question-answer pattern or in some other such pattern. 6 Actually, as Wilgus


implies, the folk-lyric genre seems often to be used as a "none of the above" category for songs which lack unity and cannot be regarded as ballads, dialog songs, or some other well-defined type. Fiddle and banjo songs commonly present little continuity of dialog or narrative from stanza to stanza, and in this respect they do resemble folk-lyrics.

Judged by other criteria, however, most fiddle songs and many banjo songs would not be classified as folk-lyrics. Abrahams and Foss regard the lyric as a form of story song because, like the ballad, it portrays a dramatic occasion. The story is disjointed, not chronological, for the lyric song "arrests time in order to investigate the moment in terms of prevalent emotion." There are other kinds of songs that do not tell a story at all: "Some present a series of vignette stories, focussing on a central character, while others discuss the characteristics of some interesting object, animal, or occupation." 7

A case in point is "Old Joe Clark," a song so common and widespread, so productive of stanzas, and so extensively related to texts of other songs 8 that it may be taken as representative of a large part of the fiddle-banjo repertory

7 Ibid., pp. 37-39, 77.

Abrahams and Foss group "Old Joe Clark" with dance songs of the "legendary" type, which "concoct a number of stanzas about the legendary title character."\(^9\) Actually, although many stanzas do describe Old Joe and his doings, the variants of this song typically wander off into stanzas about female personages (notably Miss Eliza Jane) and about a wide variety of animals. The other formulation of Abrahams and Foss which has been cited here, that of "a series of vignette stories," is perhaps a more apposite one. Instead of examining a single emotional event in arrested time, as the folk-lyric does, a song of the "Old Joe Clark" type depicts any number of separate events. It is a concatenation of little narratives, each only one stanza in length, which seldom appear to be fragments of one story in disjointed form. It may be argued that a common thread of emotion runs through these narratives, inasmuch as they tend to be of a humorous nature and risibility is, after all, an emotion. It is also true that certain themes (the cuckolding of Old Joe Clark, for example) are recurrent in the variants of the song and sometimes in stanzas of a particular text. Thus it is possible to regard such songs as folk-lyrics in the broadest sense of the term. If the stricter definition of the genre employed by Abrahams and Foss is accepted, the most typical fiddle songs and a large group of banjo songs cannot be called folk-lyrics. All in all, it is not the nomenclature that matters. Whether they are

\(^9\)Abrahams and Foss, p. 89.
lyrics or not, there are certainly many fiddle and banjo songs that share the characteristics of "Old Joe Clark" and his kin, and they merit some attention of their own.\(^\text{10}\)

The question of the fiddle song and the banjo song as distinct types has been taken up by virtually no one except Robert Winslow Gordon. He presents the fiddle songs as a genre apart from the banjo songs, with some degree of overlapping, and emphasizes their "formless" nature:

The fiddle songs, called indiscriminately fiddle songs, dance songs, or reels in the mountain terminology, contrast most sharply with the ballad. They are not strictly narratives at all. Each verse is complete in itself, and may be sung in any order. A song made up of such verses is formless, without beginning or end, long or short as the occasion and the memory of those present may determine. It is never twice the same—or even approximately the same. Only the tune and one or two stock stanzas remain fixed.

Fiddle songs differ from the ballad also in that they were none of them composed at any one time or in any one place. They grow as they travel about. . . . How many verses any given fiddle song has no one can possibly tell. The average fiddler will inform you that he has heard several hundreds, yet he may be able to quote only three or four of them.

The stanzas used are quite unlike those of the ballad. They are brief and incisive; they lack dignity of musical appeal; most of them are decidedly humorous in tone. And each is complete in itself.\(^\text{11}\)

\(^{10}\)Space does not permit citing of stanzas here in sufficient numbers to bear out what is said of them. For clarification of the points that have been raised, see the stanzas indexed in Chapter 5, below, or examine any of the texts cited there, such as those found in White, Frank C. Brown Collection, 3:120-24, 5:61-67.

\(^{11}\)Robert W. Gordon, Folk-Songs of America, National Service Bureau Publication no. 73-S (New York: Folk-Song and Folklore Department, National Service Bureau, Federal Theatre Project, Works Progress Administration, 1938), p. 71.
There is nothing in Gordon's description to contradict what has been said already. Although it is not entirely clear—to me, at least—what is meant by "dignity of musical appeal" and "brief and incisive" stanzas, he plainly does view the fiddle-song text as a string of independent, usually humorous verses. He mentions later another aspect of the stanzas' independent nature: the prevalence of floating stanzas, or "floaters," which he says can be "attached to any song at any time." This is a slight exaggeration, since the interchangeability of stanzas is limited to songs having the same metrical structure, but Gordon also touches on this point in another connection.\textsuperscript{12} The phenomenon of floating stanzas is not unique to fiddle songs, being very common in folk-lyrics and found even in ballads.\textsuperscript{13} It is nonetheless a salient characteristic of the fiddle repertoire, and Gordon prints one text that he describes as "a typical catch-all for stray verses."\textsuperscript{14}

The banjo songs as a class are, according to Gordon, "very closely related" to the fiddle songs.

Most fiddle songs are on occasion played and sung to the banjo; and most banjo songs are familiar at least to the old-time fiddler. Hence though there are many points of difference . . . it must be admitted that in certain cases it is impossible to draw any hard and fast line between them.\textsuperscript{15}

\textsuperscript{12} Ibid., pp. 73-74.
\textsuperscript{13} Abrahams and Foss, p. 32.
\textsuperscript{14} Gordon, p. 73.
\textsuperscript{15} Ibid., p. 71.
On the other hand, there are "certain songs specially suited for the one and not so well adapted to the other" of these instruments. Here are broached some questions of context which must be considered in the next chapter, but in form the songs Gordon considers "more characteristic" of the banjo are

slower in rhythm and more lyrical than those of the fiddler. There will be more sentiment and less humor. If it is a love song it will probably be in the form of a long rambling dialogue or monologue. It will tell no consecutive story but will center about a single situation. Incongruous verses will be frequent. Yet the whole will have a basic unity that comes from the sustained mood or tone of the dialogue.

In other words, the type of banjo song not generally associated with the fiddle is the folk-lyric. Not all folk-lyrics are banjo songs, of course, but the banjo songs that Gordon mentions--love lyrics, recent popular songs, "lonesome tunes," and possible "forerunners of the blues"--are a good cross section of the folk-lyric genre. Their presence in the banjo repertory leads him to conclude that banjo songs, on the whole, "differ sufficiently from the fiddle songs to be classified as a type apart, a type that is one step nearer to the ballad."

Excepting his views on ballad evolution, it can

16 Ibid., p. 78.
17 Ibid., p. 79.
18 Ibid., pp. 78-84.
19 Ibid., pp. 77, 84.
be said that Gordon's conclusions are sound. Other writers have ignored any distinction between fiddle and banjo songs, referring to both as humorous or nonsensical types. Gordon himself does not overgeneralize, if all his statements are taken into account. He is careful to note that banjo songs can be humorous as well as sentimental, and he admits the existence of "a mid group common to both fiddle and banjo." However, this is not to deny a body of song proper to either instrument. Perhaps a major mistake is to designate these bodies of song as "types," inasmuch as Gordon's own presentation reveals that the banjo songs comprise a number of different types. The fiddle repertory, too, includes a wide variety of tunes whose texts seem to differ in form and spirit from the square-dance type that has been discussed. What Gordon has succeeded in doing is to isolate and describe the most characteristic type, or types, associated with the fiddle and the banjo respectively.

There is one further distinction of a formal nature


21 Gordon, pp. 75, 82.

that might be drawn between fiddle and banjo songs, although it is far too general to serve as a useful criterion. The fiddle songs, as Gordon observes at one point, tend toward extreme brevity in the variants obtained from individual informants. No words at all are reported for most fiddle pieces, or at least a considerable number of them. When there is a text it commonly consists of a single couplet or four-line stanza, rarely of more than two or three stanzas unless it is a composite version. Brief snatches of banjo songs are also encountered, but not nearly so often. They tend to be full-fledged songs, whose length on the average is appreciably greater than that of fiddle songs. Possible reasons for this difference involve performance factors that will be examined in Chapter 2.

One distinctive type of banjo song that is well defined should be mentioned here, although strangely enough, songs of this type are generally excluded from the Index. These are the "blues ballads," which can very probably be

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24 No real statistics have been found to support the generalizations made here, but there is mention of the brevity of fiddle-song texts in Gordon, p. 71, quoted above, p. 7; Artley, p. 78; and Judith McCulloh, Introduction to Traditional Music of America, by Ira W. Ford (New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1940; reprint ed., Hatboro, Pa.: Folklore Associates, 1965), p. xiii. Combs, p. 56, says that miscellaneous banjo and fiddle (undifferentiated) types are usually brief. Gordon, p. 79, quoted above, p. 9, points to banjo songs of some length.
identified with the semi-narrative type in Wilgus' banjo song definition. They are described elsewhere as banjo songs cast in a "loose, emotional narrative style, emphasizing situation and delineating character sharply, economically, often obliquely." They allude to events, rather than present an orderly account of them, but they relate more of a story than folk-lyrics do.  

Ballads that are fully narrative, including both British and native American varieties, are sometimes sung to the fiddle or the banjo. Such reports are infrequent, and it is certain that most ballads (with the exception of blues ballads) have little to do with either instrument. They are left out of the Index of stanzas, however, not merely because they are atypical as banjo or fiddle songs. Ballad stanzas are not self-contained units but more or

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25 See above, p. 3.


less integral parts of a whole. Ballads are ordinarily stable and coherent enough for their variants to be identified by plot, by characters' names, or even by title. It is not necessary and probably not desirable to index them piecemeal, according to the procedure employed here. Furthermore, the work of Child and of Laws leaves ballads with little need for additional indexing. As a simple, practical expedient by which ballads can be omitted from the Index without thorny problems of definition, the genre will be defined as any song catalogued as a ballad by Child or Laws.\(^\text{29}\) A few songs mentioned by Laws but not listed strictly as ballads by his standards will be found in the Index, as will some others that might be considered ballads but for their absence from the standard reference works.

To recapitulate briefly, there are several types of song associated with the fiddle and the banjo. Most typical of the fiddle are square-dance songs, usually brief and humorous with no continuity of narrative or focus on a single event. Some of these songs are shared with the banjo, but there are banjo songs of the folk-lyric genre that are neither humorous nor lacking in focus. The independence of one stanza from another in most fiddle and banjo songs and the extreme variability of texts make it necessary to index individual stanzas for purposes of comparison. Ballads are not unknown as fiddle or banjo renditions, but they

are not indexed because their stanzas are more closely related. Ultimately, the designation of a song as a fiddle or banjo song is based not on its form but on its association with the fiddle or the banjo. That will be the approach taken in the following chapter.
It seems obvious from the terms themselves that a fiddle song must be somehow associated with the fiddle, a banjo song with the banjo. The nature of their association with these instruments is nonetheless problematic. It is basically a contextual problem, made difficult by the lack of detailed information in print and complicated by a number of factors: local variation, changes in musical behavior through the years, the effects of different performance situations (notably the square dance and the informant-collector session), contrasting practices of the Anglo-American and the Afro-American traditions, and overlapping of fiddle and banjo songs with the play-party song. All these factors will be considered here in an effort to define the fiddle song and the banjo song through context. The definition arrived at will serve as the final criterion for selection of the songs to be indexed.

To that end, let it be understood from the start that the subject matter of a song cannot make it a fiddle or banjo song, nor can the tune. Many verses of these songs do make mention of the instruments themselves or of their
being played, but that fact alone does not constitute a relevant association with the fiddle or the banjo. The reason is simply that any kind of song can contain the name of an instrument without ever being played on that instrument. One song that I collected, for example, contains the verse

My sister Susannah, she plays the piano,
My brother, he picks on the banjo.

And yet the informant remembered her song as being sung and played only on the fiddle. Likewise, a song that is sung to a tune commonly played on the fiddle or the banjo is not necessarily a fiddle or banjo song. Tune and text are easily separated or combined in the fluid world of folksong. Texts otherwise unrelated are often set to the same tune and the resultant songs put to different uses, some involving the playing of instruments, others not. "Sourwood Mountain" is labelled as a nursery song in Sharp's Appalachian collection, despite its more common appearance

1Maggie Parker, performance and interview at her home, Stillwell, W.Va., June 8, 1977.


3Cecil J. Sharp, English folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians, Collected by Cecil J. Sharp, ed. Maud Karpeles, 2 vols. (London: Oxford University Press, 1932), 2:305. Several variants are included, and it seems doubtful that all of them could have been reported as nursery songs.
in the fiddle-banjo-dance repertoire of that region. It seems more than likely that a nursery-song version might differ from one intended for adult consumption, although there might be no difference in this particular instance and in any case only a line or two might be altered. The point is that a nursery text cannot be trusted in its entirety as material associated with the banjo or the fiddle. Moreover, any other kind of song that has dwelt in a context apart from instrumental music long enough to lose its association with the fiddle or banjo in the informant's mind can be expected to show some divergence from any banjo or fiddle version. A proper association between song and instrument, then, does not depend on the song's textual or musical similarity to a fiddle or banjo song, nor on the title, nor on the folklorist's knowledge of the usual context for variants of the song. The determining factor can only be the song's use in a given instance or the informant's belief that the song should be associated with fiddle or banjo playing.

As Wilgus suggests, a text can be associated with

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Probably one informant regarded the song as such, and Sharp happened to note only that opinion as to its use. For a different explanation, see Gordon, p. 75.


5 See above, p. 3.
the banjo or the fiddle because it has been sung to banjo or fiddle accompaniment. A song reported with such accompaniment is certainly associated with the accompanying instrument, but the association can be said to hold true only for the particular performance on which the report is based. The performer might be the only one who uses accompaniment for the song in question, or this might be the only occasion when even he has accompanied it. The rule followed in assembling the Index has therefore been to include only variants with banjo or fiddle accompaniment. Other variants of the same songs, if reported without accompaniment, are not included unless they are associated in some other way with fiddle or banjo. The other way will be discussed in due time.

At this point, it seems advisable to consider the matter of accompaniment in some detail. It would leave a false impression to say merely that fiddlers and banjo pickers have sung to the fiddle and the banjo, when a great deal more than that is actually involved in the performance of fiddle and banjo songs. As a matter of fact, in the Anglo-American tradition until fairly recently the use of accompaniment could be considered almost an aberration.

Although instruments have been used in regions where Anglo-American folksong has flourished for the same length of time, there is evidence of a separation between the song
and instrumental traditions. The fiddle was the earliest and remains the dominant instrument in many rural areas. However, there are few reports of traditional singers accompanying themselves on this instrument. Other instruments associated with traditional music in America made their appearance in roughly the following order: dulcimer, banjo, guitar, mandolin, string bass, and . . . "6 instruments of electrical amplification."

These remarks have reference to the fiddle in particular, and it will be seen that changes of instrumentation have helped to make instrumental accompaniment more common among white folk musicians. In some places accompanied singing has been standard practice for years.7 Traces of the original practice have nonetheless survived. The prevalence of tunes without words in the American fiddle repertory8


is one indication that there has been little singing to that instrument. A distinction between musicians and singers as specialized performers could be discerned at least as late as the 1940s and 1950s in West Virginia and the adjacent part of Pennsylvania. More recently in southern Indiana accompanied singing was still the exception, and in one area of West Virginia singing and playing have remained separate to this day among the older traditional musicians. The scattered bits of accessible information are insufficient to map out the places where the change has occurred, or to date when it has occurred. It does, however, seem well established that there was once a dichotomy between vocal and instrumental music in the Anglo-American tradition generally, and that accompanied singing represents a departure from the older style of performance in that tradition.

The separation of instrumental music from singing does not hold true at all in the case of the professional musician. In West Virginia, he stands in especially sharp contrast to the amateur:

Folk songs that were preserved in the

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traditions of home life were almost never accompanied by any kind of instrument, but those sung by minstrels or "county-fair singers" were always sung with accompaniment. 10 Professionals of this sort ranged all over the South; and whether they sang in the streets or at community gatherings, whether their instrument was the fiddle, the banjo, or anything else with strings, they are universally depicted as playing along with their singing. 11 The same is true of black folk entertainers, and of their blackface imitators on the popular stage. 12 When folk musicians began to play over the radio and on phonograph records, they presented accompanied vocals more often than purely instrumental pieces, and they almost never sang a cappella. 13

10 Gainer, p. xvii.


13 Abrahams and Foss, p. 148; Mike Seeger, "Who Chose These Records? A Look Into the Life, Tastes, and Procedures of Frank Walker," in Josh Dunson and Ethel Raim, eds.,
The ready acceptance of such fare by folk audiences suggests that the absence of song accompaniment from the home-bound tradition must not be due to mere esthetic preference. There might be no need to provide the added excitement of accompaniment, or the additional interest of a text, unless one had to please a more or less passive concert audience; the song or instrumental alone would do. But nothing would militate against a combination of the two except the limitations of the performer. In other words, playing and singing simultaneously is more difficult than doing either by itself. Especially if the instrument is a fiddle, considered hard to play in the first place, the addition of singing might place too many demands on the performer for satisfactory results. Only the virtuoso with a particular talent for coordinating voice and instrument would be able to accompany himself.

However, accompaniment is possible without the rigors of simultaneous fiddling and singing. One method is to

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14Burt H. Feintuch, "Pop Ziegler, Fiddler: A Study of Folkloric Performance" (Ph.D. dissertation, University of Pennsylvania, 1975), p. 65. Gordon, p. 78, says that fiddling is felt to be "a real art, but banjo picking is a mere accomplishment."
alternate between the two. Vance Randolph describes a performance in which the musician "plays the tune on his fiddle, then sings a stanza, then starts the tuneless [spoken] refrain, then plays the fiddle again." Another possibility is for the fiddler to play while someone else does the singing. In a professional string band or other group, of course, arrangements can be planned and rehearsed; but there are reports of informal sessions in which singers join the fiddler (or other instrumentalist) in impromptu fashion. Joint performances are perhaps even more common in the Afro-American tradition, with its propensity for music-making in groups.


On several occasions, including performances at their home, Stillwell, W.Va., June 7, 1977, and September 16, 1980, Burl Hammons and Maggie Parker have, respectively, played and sung together without prior arrangement. Self-accompaniment, however, has no part in their musical tradition.

In fact, black musicians also have a long-standing and well developed tradition of self-accompaniment. The fiddle, however, must have presented the same problems for them that it did for whites. Although it was once extremely popular among blacks and was played with great skill by black fiddlers from very early times, its use for song accompaniment by these musicians is seldom noted except in musical ensembles. Otherwise, it can be said that the Anglo-American division of instrumental from vocal music has never entered into Afro-American tradition.

Self-accompaniment was facilitated for white musicians when the banjo came into use among them. From the very inception of Afro-American music the banjo had been one of its most familiar features, characteristically used to accompany singing and to provide music for dancing. It was not until much later, beginning with the blackface America, pp. xix, xxvi, 447, 494; and Nathan, p. 155.


19 Epstein, pp. 30, 344, 80-158 passim; Courlander, pp. 202, 213-24; Lomax, Folk Songs of North America, pp. 81, 493-94; Lomax and Lomax, American Ballads and Folk Songs, p. 258; and Arnold, p. 38.

minstrel shows of the mid-nineteenth century, that this instrument was taken up by whites in large numbers. When it was, it brought a sudden infusion of accompanied singing into the Anglo-American tradition. Alan Lomax has been most emphatic on this point:

The fiddle was king on the frontier, but it could only accompany the voice in unison, and play variations on the tune between stanzas. ... Thus, when the five-string banjo was introduced into the mountains after the Civil War and for the first time provided a true accompanying style for the ancient solo-song tradition, a musical revolution was set in motion.

Lomax offers a different reason for the fiddle's unsuitability as an accompanying instrument, but he concurs in more basic issues that have been raised here. Almost invariably, any accompaniment reported in the Anglo-American tradition or the Afro-American has been played on the banjo (or more recently the guitar) rather than the fiddle.

Furthermore, accompanied singing is a fairly recent development in Anglo-American music.

Now, all this digression on accompaniment arose out of another topic: the association of the fiddle and the

21 Winans, pp. 416-24; Malone, pp. 13-14; and Leach, s.v. "Banjo."


banjo with their respective bodies of song. It was stated that instrumental accompaniment can bring about such an association. By this time, however, it should be apparent that accompanied singing is a doubtful explanation for all the songs associated with fiddle and banjo playing. How can there be so many fiddle songs if the fiddle has seldom been used to accompany them? And how can the white repertory of banjo songs be so extensive if the banjo itself has been in that tradition for only a few decades?

These questions are partially answered by the facts already in evidence. For one thing, fiddling and singing have not been totally separated: professionals, musical ensembles, and informal collaboration between song and fiddle specialists have associated the instrument with songs to some extent. It is really self-accompaniment that is so uncommon among fiddlers. As for the banjo, it must be noted that the songs accompanied on that instrument need not have originated as banjo songs. Folk-lyrics already in circulation, for example, and popular songs could be picked up and sung to the banjo in large numbers without any extraordinary creative effort. Likewise, the banjo songs that blacks had been developing for so long were taken wholesale into white tradition along with the banjo and various styles of playing it. Further explanation of the songs associated with fiddle and banjo depends on uses

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for both instruments and texts which have yet to be examined.

The fiddle's preeminent use has always been dance accompaniment, in the Anglo-American tradition and in the Afro-American as well. Among Southern whites and blacks the banjo, too, has been extremely popular for dance music, often played along with the fiddle in a duet or string band.

The vast majority of fiddle pieces and a somewhat smaller proportion of the banjo repertory are dance tunes.

The kind of dancing involved, of course, is that which


is now commonly referred to as "square dancing." Although presently seen as an exclusive possession of white tradition, square dancing has also had its vogue among blacks, and some types now included with square dances may have originated among the blacks. There are, or once were, several varieties of folk dance that fall under the rubric of square dancing today; but they can be grouped into two major categories: step dances and figure dances. The former, known variously as the "jig," "hoedown," "breakdown," "clog," or "backstep," are characterized by rapid, more or less intricate footwork and can be—but do not have to be—danced as solo performances. Figure dances, on the other hand, consist of changing patterns of motion, or figures, formed by the dancers as a group. "Reel," "contra-dance" or "country dance," "quadrille," "cotillion," and "running set" all are names for figure dances. Since there is


usually no fixed order of progression, the changes of figures must be coordinated by a "caller," or "prompter," who might be one of the dancers or musicians but has more often been content with a single, specialized role. Step dances and figure dances are done to the same general type of music, and in fact step dancing is occasionally incorporated into the figures or performed on the same floor while figure dancing is in progress; but the "round dances" (waltzes, polkas, two-steps, etc.) that have coexisted with square dances in recent times are decidedly different. Although a few round-dance songs are indexed in this study, the more typical fiddle and banjo songs are associated with the "old-time" styles of dancing: the reels, the jigs, and all their kin.

Damon, The History of Square Dancing (Barre, Mass.: Barre Gazette, 1957), pp. 6, 27; Combs, p. 91; Wilson, p. 20; Burchenal, pp. v-xiii passim; and Burl Hammons, interview at his home, Stillwell, W.Va., September 17, 1980. Smith and Hovey, p. 56, say that the term "Kentucky Running Set" is a misnomer begun by Sharp, whose informants must have told him that they were "running sets."


The association between song texts and dances is curious. When fiddles or banjos are played for dancing, it is not necessary for anyone to sing, and in some ways not even desirable:

The singing of the words might interfere too much with the calling of the figures of the dance, and, besides, it takes too much breath to dance and sing at the same time. In general I have heard the song version given independently of the dance. ... The breakdown, par excellence, is the purely instrumental one.

With the din of instruments, calls, and dancers' feet (often on a special wooden floor), no one could expect to be heard anyway. So it is, perhaps, that "on such occasions the words of the song are seldom sung." And yet there is a very strong tendency to associate certain verses with the dance, as well as with the fiddle or banjo.

Of course, one reason is that some singing has occurred during square dances: "Sometimes the fiddler would sing, or bellow, a verse or two of the song." When this occurs, the song is not really functional for dancing and can be

32Wilson, p. 23.


35Randolph, Ozark Folksongs, 4:114.
freely started or stopped without affecting the dancers' movements.

Music is all important, words are secondary. The words may add brightness and relieve monotony, but as long as the fiddler continues to furnish the musical rhythm the dance will go on. Hence the stanzas tend to come at irregular intervals, often in groups. One singer—whether onlooker, dancer or fiddler matters not at all—sings a single verse. That suggests another and another until a series or sequence of similar verses is built up.

Produced under these circumstances, then, a song will be the epitome of the fiddle or banjo song, textually, with little continuity between stanzas and no particular order in which they are sung. There may be repeated elements, as will be seen, but the long series of stanzas that Gordon emphasizes rarely appear in recovered texts, and Gordon himself is forced to illustrate his point with a text of his own composition. In fact, the laconic "verse or two" is probably all there is in most instances—especially if the fiddler is doing the singing, since he has the problems of self-accompaniment to worry about, plus the responsibility of keeping up a steady beat for the dancers. A verse at a time is, at any rate, enough to serve his purpose:

The words are but 'ditties' or humorous fragments, thrown in by the fiddler sometimes in the midst of his playing. If, on the spur of the moment, he thought of a funny line of his own, he threw that in, too, to amuse the dancers.

36 Gordon, p. 72.
37 Abrahams and Foss, p. 187.
38 Gordon, pp. 72-73.
39 Ritchie, p. 70.
Songs of this sort are not so much songs as versified jokes, set to music.

Another type of singing heard at dances is the "singing call." This consists of actual directions for the dancers, which an occasional caller will set to the tune of the dance accompaniment. The utilitarian nature of the call is usually apparent:

Four ladies lead out to the right of the ring
And when you get there you balance and swing
When you have swung remember my call
Allemande left and promenade all.  

Enlivened with touches of humor, the calls have turned up as song verses from time to time:

Swing grandma! Swing grandpa!
Swing that gal from Arkansaw!
Come on, boys, don't be afraid!
Swing Sally Goodin' and all promenade!  

Like those of the fiddler, however, the verses sung by the caller are most often "spontaneous outbursts" without any particular purpose except comic effect.

These verses, in most cases, . . . have no bearing on any part, or to the call of the dance. They are merely stopgaps used by callers to fill in between the necessary promptings in the figures of the set.  

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40 Illinois Writers' Program, p. 53. See also Damon, pp. 39-40; Casey, p. 164; Linscott, pp. 59 and 317; and McDowell, p. 55.  
41 Ford, p. 420.  
42 Ford, p. 27.
Since they have reference mainly to the dance itself, singing calls are best left to be studied in conjunction with it. However, any that have been reported as song stanzas are indexed here along with the other verses.

A third type of singing at square dances is performed in unison by the dancers and bystanders, as a substitute for instrumental music. This might be necessary when instruments or musicians are not available, and it seems to have occurred fairly often in years gone by. Being sung as a dance accompaniment in its own right, the song must be kept up until all the figures of the dance have been completed. This means that a text of quite a few verses is required if monotonous repetition is to be avoided. The vocally accompanied dance is for that reason a likely source of many improvised verses. The verses sung are generally cognates of fiddle-banjo verses, and they might well be mentally associated with fiddle or banjo without ever being sung to the actual accompaniment of either instrument.43

The familiar "play-party" song is a form of vocal dance accompaniment that can be, and often is, confused with the functional dance song. Although the play-party is supposed to be a type of singing game, and therefore acceptable to religious groups whose scruples permit no

dancing or secular instrumental music, some of the games come perilously close to being dances. The songs, too, are in many cases similar to fiddle and banjo songs, with a number of stanzas identical to those of the fiddle and banjo versions. On the other hand, the play-party genre includes many bona fide game songs that have no dance or instrumental counterparts. Even those with cognates of fiddle and banjo stanzas tend to mix them with dance-direction stanzas; and a few play-parties are singing calls, pure and simple, sung by the dancers instead of a caller. 44 Play-party texts in general are characterized by an extraordinary amount of repetition. Lines are repeated verbatim as a substitute for rhyme, stanzas follow patterns of incremental repetition, and refrain elements often make up the bulk of a text. 45 The same kinds of repetition are found in fiddle and banjo--particularly banjo--songs, but not to such extremes. The play-party genre might also differ subtly from the instrumental-dance repertory in its overall selection of


material. Being more respectable than out-and-out dancing, that is, and relegated largely to youngsters, the play-party is likely to gravitate toward verses that are more respectable and more juvenile. The influence of watchful religionists might well militate against certain kinds of subject matter, such as references to fiddling and drinking, which would not be offensive to the avowed dancer or the fiddler. 46

For all the above reasons, texts bearing the play-party label are not indexed here, while those described as dance songs, jigs, etc., are included in the Index. Although used at times in the same way as play-parties, as described above, dance songs do not share the social distinctions of play-party songs; their verses are more consistently similar to fiddle and banjo songs; many may have been sung to fiddle or banjo, with that fact taken for granted rather than made explicit; and in any event their association with fiddle and banjo is likely because they are recognized as substitutes for instruments.

Dance songs, like other fiddle and banjo songs, have been put to various uses, and it is important to consider how they might retain their association with instruments and dancing in other contexts. Even at dances, the beginnings of separate uses can be discerned. Vocal renditions of the dance music have been among the songs

performed for entertainment between sets, while fiddler
and dancers were resting. The same songs would be
remembered and sung on later occasions.

The music of these dances was carried forward
as a sort of afterglow into the next day by
those who went about their work. Its beat
and melody kept time with the rhythm and beat
of horses' hoofs, the swish and impact of
chopping axe, and the squeak of saddle or
harness. The mind, constricted by the drudgery
of daily work, was for the time released.

Sharp's nursery-song version (or versions) of "Sourwood
Mountain" might again be cited as a use of dance songs that
is unrelated to dancing. Still, though, a practice connected
with the square dance itself is a likely origin for such
nursery songs. Jean Ritchie recalls that children were
often taken to dances and rocked to sleep by "mothers and
sisters . . . singing ditty words to whatever tune was being
fiddled in the next room." In Ritchie's case a song was
remembered in conjunction with the dance and the fiddle;
in Sharp's case it was not.

There are indications, in the sources just quoted
and elsewhere, that songs are associated with dancing or
with instruments by virtue of the tunes to which they are

47 Lomax, Folk Songs of North America, p. xxiii; and
Sherman Hammons, interview at his home, Pocahontas County,

48 E. J. Rissmann, "Folkways on Bear Creek," in Mody
C. Boatright, Wilson M. Hudson, and Allan Maxwell, eds.,
Folk Travelers: Ballads, Tales, and Talk, Publications of
the Texas Folklore Society, no. 25 (Dallas: Southern
Methodist University Press for the Texas Folklore Society,

49 See above, pp. 16-17, and Ritchie, p. 31.
set, as well as the memory of actual performances. The tune itself has already been ruled out as a criterion for associating text with context. However, when the informant makes such an association an additional factor is introduced. The informant's judgment, even if based on erroneous recollection, has validity as a cultural mentifact; and when a song is reported without accompaniment, without being transcribed from use at a specific dance, its association with the banjo, the fiddle, or the dance is precisely that: a mentifact.

Not even music is involved in some performances of fiddle and banjo songs. Spoken verses, similar in spirit and form and often identical to stanzas of the songs, have circulated among children and adults, black and white, in at least the Southeastern and Midwestern regions. One who recites such a verse might not associate it with instrumental music, of course, but informants do sometimes

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51 See above, pp. 17–18.


supply collectors with spoken rhymes which they consider to be the words to fiddle or banjo pieces.\textsuperscript{54} In these instances, again, it is the informant's opinion that matters, although sometimes the words cannot even be fitted to the tune he has named.\textsuperscript{55} Both in their natural context and as responses to a collector's queries, the spoken rhymes are noteworthy for the humorous intent that has evidently inspired them. They are similar in this respect to the sung verses of the fiddler and the caller.\textsuperscript{56}

In virtually every context for fiddle and banjo songs, an important feature of their performance is improvisation. This has been mentioned in a number of sources already quoted, but it deserves special attention. Quite a few stanzas recognizable in our fiddle and banjo songs have been collected in Britain, a handful of them found in historical texts so old that their importation from America is hardly credible.\textsuperscript{57} Many others were published in

\begin{itemize}
\item \textsuperscript{54}Carl Fleischauer and Alan Jabbour, eds., \textit{Shaking Down the Acorns: Traditional Music and Stories from Pocahontas and Greenbrier Counties, West Virginia}, booklet accompanying LP phonograph record, Rounder 0018 (Somerville, Mass.: Rounder Records, [1973]), pp. 4, 11; and Bayard, \textit{Hill Country Tunes}, pp. [28], [89-90].
\item \textsuperscript{55}Combs, \textit{Southern United States}, p. 52; and Abrahams and Foss, pp. 149-50. Spoken texts tend to omit repeated elements found in the sung versions.
\item \textsuperscript{56}Without specific references at hand, I would suggest that many of the nonsense verses printed in nursery-rhyme books are similar to stanzas of fiddle and banjo songs and may have originated as such.
\item \textsuperscript{57}See Belden, \textit{Missouri}, pp. 256, 374; George Emmerson, \textit{Scotland Through Her Country Dances} (New York: Transatlantic Arts, 1967), pp. 48, 103; James Reeves, \textit{The Idiom of the People: English Traditional Verse}, Edited with an
blackface minstrel songs of the nineteenth century, and while these may have been taken from folk sources to some extent, the minstrels' original compositions greatly augmented tradition. 58 Even when the supposed original can be located, however, a fiddle or banjo song seldom corresponds very closely to it. 59 Besides, the stanzas that are traceable cannot begin to account for the enormous variety of material in circulation.

What is involved here is more than the ordinary process of unconscious variation. "This kind of song [the hoedown] seems to have encouraged improvised stanzas on local situations and characters. This is one of the few traditions of improvised song in the Anglo-American culture."

Also, deliberate variation and improvisation have long been recognized as hallmarks of the Afro-American tradition, and its contributions to this body of song are innumerable. 61


Lomax and Lomax, American Ballads and Folk Songs, pp. 259-61; and Owens, 447-48.

Abrahams and Foss, p. 187.

Courlander, p. 203; Lomax, Folk Songs of North America,
A particularly fertile ground for the growth of the songs is the dance: witness the "spontaneous outbursts" of the caller and the lines "thrown out . . . on the spur of the moment" by the fiddler, which were mentioned before. 62

A dance done without instruments (or a play-party) needs many verses to keep up the accompaniment till the end of the figures, and so new ones are coined partly to avoid undue repetition. 63 Verses could, though, be improvised at any time: at singing sessions with banjo or fiddle, in back rooms while rocking babies to dance music, or in conversations at a store or post office. The reason for doing so might simply be that "the spirit of nonsense encourages conscious variation [and] addition." 64


63 Bayard, p. xxiii; Botkin, American Play-Party Song, p. 41; and idem, "Play-Party in Oklahoma," pp. 19-20.

64 Jabbour, American Fiddle Tunes, p. 29. See also Roger D. Abrahams and George Foss, eds., A Singer and Her Songs: Almeda Riddle's Book of Ballads (Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1970), p. 98; Haywood Parker, "Folk-Lore of the North Carolina Mountaineers," JAF 20 (1907), p. 247; Thede, Fiddle Book, p. 89; Ritchie, p. 31; Henry, pp. vi-vii; Fuson, p. 35; Gainer, p. 178; Wilson, p. 20; and Botkin, American Play-Party Song, p. 92.
Fiddle and banjo songs, then, can be seen as a mixture of improvised verses and others that are circulated in relatively stable form. The bits of pertinent literature pieced together here have served to show how these songs have been performed, with particular attention to the ways in which they are associated with the fiddle and banjo. They are part of a multifarious set of songs and rhymes used as vocal dance accompaniments, play-parties, dance calls, spoken recitations, children's songs, humorous additions to dance music, or songs sung just for amusement—with or without instrumental accompaniment. The songs considered to be associated with the fiddle or banjo, for purposes of this study, are those which are sung to fiddle or banjo accompaniment (ballads excepted), those sung as dance songs without accompaniment (if not labelled solely as play-parties), and those regarded by folk informants as fiddle or banjo songs (for whatever reason). The criteria employed may admittedly produce some erratic results, and a lot of good material is excluded by their application. The volume of play-party texts and other related verses is, however, much too great to deal with at present; and to pick and choose among them using subjective or uncertain stylistic standards is not justifiable.
Fiddle and banjo songs are very often formulaic. The term "formula" has a variety of meanings in folkloristics, most of them conveying some sense of repeated elements that provide structure or bases for variation. Two different functions, which might be designated as "static" and "dynamic," are served by formulas. Formulaic elements appear in memorized texts as well as improvised ones, but they have particular significance when composition in the course of performance is involved. In fiddle and banjo songs a verse may be memorized or improvised. Its phrasing, syntax and thematic content can be formulaic in either case. A cursory look at formulas on these three levels will point to future possibilities for classification of hard-to-manage genres such as the folk-lyric or the play-party song, and for work with fiddle and banjo songs that goes beyond the present effort.

A formula can be a structural pattern linking segments of a narrative or song. In folktale scholarship a "formula tale" is one that consists of such a pattern and little else.¹ The "essential formal quality" of the formula tale

is "repetition, usually repetition with continuing additions," of the sort known in ballad studies as "incremental repetition." Incremental repetition occurs in folksongs other than ballads; and this is precisely the kind of "sequence of similar verses" propounded for the fiddle song by Gordon, whose intent was, in fact, to cast the fiddle and banjo songs as nascent ballads. The present discussion will not be concerned with incremental repetition that relates one stanza to another, nor with the varieties of "formulaic patterning," because each stanza is taken here as a discrete entity.

A more apposite sense of formula involves elements repeated throughout a tradition, or among texts of a particular genre. Good examples of this are the opening and closing formulas of folktales. Formulaic elements


Ibid., p. 234.


Robert W. Gordon, Folk-Songs of America, National Service Bureau Publication no. 73-S (New York: Folk-Song and Folklore Department, National Service Bureau, Federal Theatre Project, Works Progress Administration, 1938), pp. 71-77, 84.

Abrahams and Foss, pp. 33, 69-77.

See, for example, Daniel J. Crowley, I Could Talk Old-Story Good: Creativity in Bahamian Folklore, Folklore Studies No. 17 (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1966), pp. 32-39; and Thompson, pp. 457-58.
recurring on a widespread basis, as opposed to repetitions in a single performance, have been called "conventions." It will be seen that there is a set of conventions, operating on several levels, that nearly all fiddle and banjo songs have in common.

In their highly influential work on folk epics, Parry and Lord give formula a very specific definition: "a group of words which is regularly employed under the same metrical conditions to express a given essential idea." In addition to formulaic phrases, Lord recognizes recurrent syntactical patterns, "parallelism, balancing and opposition of word order," in the epics. He observes that large segments--entire scenes or dramatic situations, which he calls "themes"--are conventional in epic poetry. The startling aspect of this work, however, is the discovery that epic singers, using formulaic components, actually compose their songs anew every time they perform them. Thus "the really significant element" in the use of formulas is "the setting up of various patterns that make adjustment of phrase and

7Abrahams and Foss, pp. 32-33.


9Lord, pp. 32, 41.

10Ibid., p. 68.

11Ibid., pp. 13-29.
creation of phrases by analogy possible. This might be called a "dynamic" aspect of formulas. They can be used as active aids to composition, serving to produce new material and to keep up the flow of performance as more original elements are devised.

Formulas can also be "static," that is, repeated verbatim or embedded in a text that has been memorized from some earlier performance. In a sense, too, all formulas have a certain static quality. They can be recognized by an audience and used as points of reference, making instant comprehension and retention of a performance much easier. Formulaic elements therefore help to maintain a norm, and long familiarity with them probably engenders an aesthetic preference for their use.

In the fiddle and banjo songs themselves, the static and the dynamic properties of formulas are very much in evidence. First of all, there are the "floating stanzas" discussed earlier, which reappear in song after song without much variation. Although memorized, the floaters are not unlike formulas in the way they are inserted as fixed elements into songs that are not so fixed; and they are

12Ibid., p. 37.


14See above, p. 8.
conventional for a whole class of songs. Furthermore, they can serve as patterns for new verses. Consider the very common

Apples in the summertime,
Peaches in the fall,
If I don't get the girl I want
I won't have none at all,

which, having logical priority, is surely the model for

Cindy in the springtime
And Cindy in the fall
If I can't get my Cindy girl
I'll have no girl at all.

The alteration here is slight, but the examples demonstrate that even set stanzas have a potential for dynamic use.

More often it is only part of a stanza that is formulaic. It may be merely a proper name with suitable rhythmic pattern or one that is easily rhymed.

The Cumberland Gap, the Cumberland Bend,
They're all down drunk in the Cumberland Bend.  

Come a little rain and come a little snow
The house fell down on Cotton Eyed Joe.

In a four-line stanza the first line or two lines frequently provide a formulaic introduction to some surprising or humorous action in the concluding portion. Each stanza of this sort is a self-contained little narrative, a highly patterned joke that first sets up a situation and then

16 Gordon, p. 76.
17 Maggie Parker, performance at her home, Stillwell, W.Va., June 7, 1977.
describes some incongruous event or conversation by way of a "punch line." A few introductory formulas have been identified elsewhere in fiddle-banjo songs and in play-parties that have instrumental cognates.\(^{19}\) The following stanzas, numbered for reference, have been selected from various sources to illustrate this pattern of introduction and punch line, among other things.

1. I went down to Old Joe Clark's,
   I didn't go to stay.
   I fell in love with Joe Clark's wife,
   And couldn't get away.\(^{20}\)

The same formula can introduce verses with different sets of rhyming words and with subject matter that is quite diverse:

2. I went down to Old Joe's house,
   Old Joe wasn't at home,
   I et up all of Old Joe's meat
   And left Old Joe the bone.\(^{21}\)

3. I went down to Shoo-fly's,
   But Shoo-fly he warn't in,
   I set down on the red-hot stove,
   But I got right up ag'in.\(^{22}\)


The relatedness of these stanzas is evidenced by not only the opening formula but also a syntactical pattern that is virtually identical in all three cases. Thus it is possible for the introduction itself to vary considerably without destroying the formulaic character of the stanza. The interaction of formulaic components permits a great deal of flexibility, so that formula does not degenerate into monotonous sameness.

To see how wide the range can be, consider three more examples, arranged so that each is a step further removed from the ones given above:

4. I went to see that gal o'mine
   A-courting I was bent;
   She asked me what I came there for
   And what the ___ I meant.  

5. When I went to see Miss Liza Jane,
   She was standin' in the door,
   With shoes and stockin's in her hands
   And feet all over the floor.

6. Shady Grove, my little love
   Standin' in the door,
   Shoes and stockings in her hand,
   And her little bare feet on the floor.

and Songs; vol. 2: Songs of the South and West; vol. 3: Humorous and Play-Party Songs; vol. 4: Religious Songs and Other Items; 4 vols. (Columbia, Mo.: State Historical Society of Missouri, 1946-50), 3:326. This verse is actually from a play-party version.

23 Gordon, p. 74.


Stanza four has recognizable traces of the "Old Joe Clark" examples: the first two words remain the same, the first two lines introduce the idea of a visit, and the other two provide a humorous denouement. Syntactically, the two halves of the verse are marked by a shift from first to third person similar to what occurs in stanzas two and three. The last two lines are still parallel constructions joined by a coordinate conjunction. When the progression arrives at number six, however, all these features have been lost except the parallel and conjunction. In fact, there has been a complete shift of formulas, from an opening one to a concluding formula shared with the fifth example. 26

The first five stanzas have in common a "theme"—the visit—which is also evident in variants of stanza six that retain the opening formula:

7. Went to see my Shady Grove,
   She was standing in the door,
   Shoes and stockings in her hand,
   Little bare feet on the floor. 27

The visit is not really the fundamental idea expressed in

26 The first line of stanza six is also formulaic, but not in relation to the others given here.

each stanza. Number one, for instance, can readily be interpreted as a statement about adultery. The visit is, rather, a "theme" in the formulaic sense, akin to Lord's use of the term for conventional situations, scenes and courses of action in the epic. In the verses already seen, the theme is related to an introductory formula; but it also occurs apart from that formula:

8. Black-eyed girl is mighty sweet,
   Blue-eyed girl is dandy.
   I went to see the blue-eyed gal,
   A-going down Big Sandy.

9. And tallin' and tallin' and tallin' all down,
   Tonight I'll go down to see Rosie.

10. Well, I'm going down this line before long,
   Yes, I'm going down this line before long.
   I'm a-going down this line to see that girl of mine,
   She's the sweetest little thing, God knows.

Themes apparently operate on a different level from verbal and syntactical formulas, although they serve a similar purpose. The visit is a ready-made situation allowing for a dramatic confrontation or a statement about the person encountered. Another common theme, the humorous accident, is seen in stanza three as the denouement of a visit. Again, there is a ready-made idea, waiting for a new twist that requires nothing more difficult than a pair of rhyming words for its realization. This is not to deny that the attitudes and concerns of a folk group are reflected in such themes; but in part, at least, their usefulness to singers explains their prevalence.

28 Maggie Parker, performances at her home, Stillwell, W.Va., July 8, 1977; and June 7, 1977.
The syntactical patterns of fiddle and banjo songs are generally those of everyday speech. Taken individually, their stanzas do not seem remarkable in this respect. What is remarkable is the constant use of certain patterns in stanzas having no similarity of content. Only two of these patterns will be discussed here, one of them a grammatical structure and the other a persistent grouping of constructions into triads within the stanza.

Beginning with the triads, it may be said that verses of fiddle and banjo songs, and related genres as well, are pervaded by a sense of threes. This holds true despite the fact that the normal verse forms (as they appear in writing) are stanzas two and four lines long, with a binary division of each line.29 The sense of threes is achieved within these forms by linking two lines (half-lines in the case of a couplet) and leaving the other two separated. The effect is of course enhanced if three parallel constructions are employed and marked by repetition:

I'll tune up my fiddle,
I'll rosin my bow,
I'll make myself welcome
Wherever I go.30

It is probably more common to have the first two constructions in parallel or opposition, with or without concomitant markers, leaving the third distinctly different:

29 Abrahams and Foss, p. 62. Stanzas of three and five lines are not uncommon, but these are essentially couplets or four-line stanzas, extended by verbatim repetition of one of the lines.

30 Randolph, 3:135.
Sixteen miles of mountain road,
Eighteen miles of sand,
If ever I ride this road again,
I'll be a married man.

Down the road an cross the creek
Can't get a letter but once a week.

Rabbit in the 'simmon tree,
Possum's on the ground.
Possum says: You big-eyed brute,
Shake the 'simmon down.

Even a double set of triads sometimes occurs, the third
of three main divisions being subdivided into three parts.

I met a possum in the road
He said, "The road is free!"
He curled his tail, he whipped my dog,
And bristled up to me.

Now, if the sense of threes is pervasive, it is not
omnipresent. In fact, there may be some regularity in the
use of binary grouping when a strong opposition or contrast
is expressed:

I oft-times have wondered how women loved men,
Many a time I've studied how men did love them.

Oh! Once I wuz a rich man and wore silks and satins
But now I am a poor man and wear my cotton battin'.

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31 Warner, p. 23.
32 Gordon, p. 72.
33 Cecil J. Sharp, English Folk Songs from the Southern
Appalachians, Collected by Cecil J. Sharp, ed. Maud Karpeles,
34 Gordon, p. 72.
35 Leonard W. Roberts, Sang Branch Settlers: Folksongs
and Tales of a Kentucky Mountain Family, Publications of
the American Folklore Society, Memoir Series, vol. 61
(Austin: University of Texas Press for the American Folklore
36 White, p. 177.
The existence of other patterns does not belie the fact that a sense of threes is a general rule in fiddle and banjo songs.

The functions of structural patterns, triadic and binary, are in some ways harder to understand than those of verbal and thematic formulas. They certainly help to make verses comprehensible and easier to remember. The triads, especially, may provide a sense of completeness and order that makes a stanza more acceptable to those who hear it. The dynamic aspect is not so clear. It may be that a sense of threes is useful as an organizing principle, enabling the improviser to recognize instantly how much material is needed to fill out his verse.

Because the triads are worked out in a variety of ways and are felt rather than deliberately numbered, it is reasonable to suspect that some of them are imaginary. This is why I have spoken of a sense of threes myself. The tendency to arrange things into threes is, however, a nearly universal folk phenomenon. It has been discerned in many areas of American life, including folksongs, and no one should be surprised to find it in fiddle and banjo songs.37

---

The particular syntactical pattern requiring attention here is one that Bayard has found to be persistent in fiddle-tune titles. Many of them, he says, "have a definite (if simple) structural design which may be formulized as Y in the Z. The preposition may change, but the title-formula itself is tenacious." Because the title of the tune often suggests verses and, conversely, songs are commonly named by incipit, the title of a fiddle or banjo song frequently coincides with the first line of one or more of its stanzas. Bayard's title formula therefore is a formulaic component of many stanzas as well. As a matter of fact, it appears in verses of songs that do not have the formula in their titles. It can be seen in several of the stanzas already used in this chapter.

This formula is sometimes expanded into a larger one. It can, of course, be doubled to form a parallel construction, as in the stanza that begins with

\[
\text{Apples in the summertime,}
\text{Peaches in the fall. . . .}
\]

A slight modification of the doubled formula is one which

\[\text{Yin the Z} \]


39 Abrahams and Foss, p. 187.
has a participial adjective instead of a substantive as the first variable of the second line. The result is a verse such as this:

    Chicken in the bread bowl
    A-peckin' out the dough.
    "Granny will the dog bite?"
    "No, child, no!"  

With blanks in place of Bayard's letters and parentheses to show that *in* and *the* may be replaced by another preposition and article (or adjective) combination, the expanded formula can be schematized as

    ___ (in) (the) ___,
    ___-ing (in) (the) ___.

This too can be doubled so that it fills an entire stanza:

    Betty in the garden,
    Hanging out her clothes,
    Her daughter in the kitchen
    A-moppin' up the floor.  

The verb *to be* is an optional element of these verses, inserted or omitted apparently at will, since in its contracted form it does not affect the metre. The pattern can be refined to reflect this:

    ___ [is] (in) (the) ___,
    ___-ing (in) (the) ___.

Again the formula may be doubled, as it is in this example:

    Turtle's in the millpond
    Rootin' in the moss,

40 Henry Glassie, "Blue Ridge Song Sampler," part 1: Mountain Life and Work 40, no. 3 (Fall 1964); part 2: Mountain Life and Work 40, no. 4 (Winter 1964); 2 parts; 1:60.

41 Ibid.
Devil's on the hillside
Swearin' he's a hoss.42

The last line here does vary slightly from the pattern and could be represented as ____-ing ____ (is) (the) ___, if it is in fact a new formulaic element. A great many stanzas need to be examined in order to delineate precisely what patterns they follow. Variations of the basic formula can enter into combination with one another. In the following stanza the two-line formula is tied to a doubling of the second-line pattern; or from another point of view, the second half of the formula is very nearly tripled:

The devil's on the hillside
Settin' in the sun,
Kickin' off the back sticks,
A-havin' him some fun.43

The inexact reproduction of the pattern in the last line here indicates that the preceding schema was perhaps too specific. The final lines of the last two examples would both be covered by ____-ing ___, but a more useful representation might be one showing the verb and article as optional [bracketed] rather than variable (in parentheses). The entire stanza would look like this:

____ [is] (in) (the) ___,
____-ing (in) (the) ___, [x2]
____-ing ____ [is] [the] ___.

Finally, although not all the possibilities have been exhausted, consider a verse in which the basic formula is

43Ibid.
alternated with other lines:

Rooster in the hen house
Cock-a-doodle-doo.
And the flies in the buttermilk
A-shoo, shoo, shoo. 44

The schema for this has blank lines to represent the parts of the stanza that do not belong to the formula:

_____ [is] (in) (the) ____,
[And] [the] _____ [is] [in] [the] ____,

I have included an optional is in the third-line formula because it probably should have been in the printed stanza. After all, the difference between "flies" and "fly's" is one that cannot be heard.

The variations on Bayard's "simple" title formula illustrate very well what I have called the "dynamic" aspect of formula use. They bear out Lord's contention that the significant thing about formulas is the establishment of patterns on which new phrases can be built. The particular pattern of syntax examined here is interesting, too, in the way it relates to the themes of the verses. The first variable is the name of a person or an animal. Following that is a prepositional phrase to situate the person or animal. In other words, the formula "___ in the ____" introduces a character and sets a scene. The second-line formula is a participial phrase that technically modifies the first variable but really suggests an action. The formula is, then, a narrative pattern of sorts.

44Glassie, 1:60.
There are almost certainly other families of syntactical patterns that might be correlated with specific themes, formulaic phrases—even metrical patterns (e.g., three-stress versus four-stress lines, masculine or feminine rhyme endings). If such correlations can be found, the door will be opened to a true classification of fiddle and banjo songs, play-parties and folk-lyrics. Studies of this nature are needed for almost all of Afro-American folksong, which is formulaic to an especially high degree.\(^{45}\)

A compilation of formulas or "a study of the incidence and configurations of formulae," however, "would be profitable, if arduous."\(^{46}\) Not only is the volume of material very great, even for a single genre, but the very quality—the dynamism—that makes formulas so important to singers is a plague to scholars. The variability of a few patterns has been demonstrated here, but the complexity of interactions among different levels of formula has barely been touched. Laws to describe these interactions need to be promulgated and tested with an adequate sampling of accurately recorded texts. The tendency of variant stanzas to lose parts of their formulas is especially vexing because it can obliterate clues to their underlying formulaic relationships. Regularities of deletion and addition, the laws governing optional elements, must be spelled out before formulas can be indexed or used for a strict classification.

\(^{45}\)Bruce Jackson, Foreword to White, *American Negro Folk Songs*, p. xi.

\(^{46}\)Ibid.
of stanzas. The task seems almost as formidable as the systematization of language itself.

To index formulas rather than stanzas would present a further problem of reference. How can entities with little or no meaning of their own be arranged so that the user of such an index might recognize and retrieve them? Electronic data systems could greatly alleviate some of the other problems enumerated here, and it seems to me that the methods of transformational grammar might provide some useful analytical tools. For the present, I have chosen to index stanzas instead of formulas, although formulas—particularly themes—have been taken into account whenever possible. In stanzas, which are hard enough to manage, there is usually enough coherence for referential usefulness.
CHAPTER 4

DESCRIPTION OF THE INDEX OF STANZAS

The Index of Stanzas in Chapter 5 is intended as a reference to facilitate comparison of fiddle and banjo songs. In order to make use of the Index it is necessary to know what kinds of data are provided for each stanza, the abbreviated forms for the data, the manner in which the material is organized, and the limitations of the Index as a reference work. Before the Index itself is presented, then, some attention must be paid to those features which might prove troublesome to the user.

Each entry in the Index of Stanzas begins with a reference number to indicate its location in the Index. Following that is a text of the stanza itself, or what might be termed a holotype of the stanza. Under the text there is a line of the information pertaining to the particular variant that has been given. If other variants of the same stanza have been encountered, there is an additional line of information for each of them. Except for song title, all information is given in abbreviated form, and the titles are not enclosed in quotation marks. A listing of sources, with the abbreviations used for them, is presented in Table 1. Table 2 explains all other abbreviations and notations that
require explanation.¹

Not all the information is available for some stanzas, but a complete entry contains the following data, strictly in the order given here:

1. The source of the variant
2. The page number or catalogue number under which the variant can be located in the source; or the month, day, and year when an unpublished variant was collected
3. The state where the variant was collected and, if known, the state of its earlier provenience
4. In the case of a partial version, the specific lines it contains from the full longer version of the stanza
5. The instrument with which the variant is associated, instruments other than banjo or fiddle if reported as accompaniment for the variant, and any special use reported for the variant
6. The notation mus, if the source provides musical notation for the variant
7. The title under which the variant is reported, or an indication that there is no title.

It must be emphasized that the data given in the Index have reference only to specific variants. For example, the source collections often print several variants of a song's text with musical notation for only one of the variants. In the Index, the one with its tune transcribed is shown as having music, but music is not indicated for the other variants even if there is mention in the source that the

¹All tables are placed at the end of Chapter 4, where they will be more accessible for users of the Index.
others have similar tunes.

Only in special cases are there deviations from the presentation of data that has just been described. When an author has printed the same variant in more than one place, the redundant sources are given together on the same line. Another special case is the variant which differs slightly in form from one shown in the Index. This is usually a matter of diverse patterns of repetition, and the difference is indicated in the place of item four of the list given above. Also, some entries have an additional line of cross references beneath the other data. The reference numbers given on that line belong to stanzas elsewhere in the Index which have one or more lines in common with the stanza that is cross referred. It should be noted that information about the stanzas is not necessarily found in the sources alongside the texts themselves. The Index does not specify where the information is located but gives only the location of the stanzas. Any datum supplied by inference or otherwise uncertain is followed by a question mark.

Normally the reference number for each stanza type is a three-digit number. Subtypes are distinguished by one additional digit preceded by a decimal point. The first subtype given is printed in full, and the others are usually shown only in the lines that vary from the first version. Such lines are designated by capital letters in square brackets as alternatives to specific lines of the version.
given in full. A sample entry, illustrating subtypes and most of the other features of the Index that have been described, is presented in Figure 1, below.

Minor verbal differences and, in most cases, refrain elements are ignored in the variants of each stanza type. The status of subtype is awarded only to versions of a stanza type which exhibit significant divergence of subject matter. In Figure 1, the second version contains the idea of buying and selling, which is not present in the first version. It is this idea, not merely the use of different words, that calls for a division into subtypes.

Since more than one idea can be expressed in a single stanza, it sometimes happens that stanzas partially similar in subject matter are widely separated in the Index. Then, too, there are subject categories that relate to more than one of the main headings of the Index. These problems have been alleviated to some extent by the cross references in Table 3. There is a difference between these cross references and those which appear beneath stanzas in the Index. The ones in Table 3 pertain to categories of ideas, and not necessarily to verbal similarities. The idea of animals eaten as food, for example, is located in the Index with stanzas about cooking and eating. A cross reference under the heading of "Animals" in Table 3 takes note of that fact.

Table 3 also serves as a table of contents for the
520.1
Going up Cripple Creek, going in a run
Going up Cripple Creek to have a little fun. [repeat A, B]

DCA p. 11. KY? bjo Cripple Creek
Unp. 11-15-70 WV. bjo, fd1 Cripple Creek
CF p. 240, KY. [A x3, B x1] fd1, bjo, dnc mus
Cripple Creek
SBS #81. KY bjo, dnc mus Cripple Creek
EFS #247. KY dnc mus Cripple Creek

520.2
[A] Sell my britches, buy me a gun,

Unp. 9-17-80. WV fd1, bjo Cripple Creek

Fig. 1. Sample entry from the Index of Stanzas. Two subtypes are shown which differ in the first line. The first subtype is a couplet sung twice, but the third variant listed for that subtype has the first line sung three times and the second line only once. The last variant given for the first subtype is not specifically associated with either fiddle or banjo but is termed a dance song in the source. Each line of data provides a source, page or catalogue number or date, state of provenience, instrumental associations and uses, indication of musical transcription, and song title.
Index of Stanzas. Some of the reference numbers overlap categories in this Table, and from time to time there is multiple listing of a reference number. The reason for such anomalies is, again, that some stanzas can be subsumed under more than one category. The more specific the Table is, the more useful it should be for locating stanzas in the Index.

The entire Index could have been organized very differently. Stanzas are arranged according to their subject matter. The subject matter could have been divided into other categories, and the categories could have been ordered with a greater semblance of logic. The only claim made for the present arrangement is that it is based as little as possible on a priori notions. The content of the stanzas themselves has been allowed to determine what categories should be set up and which ones should be juxtaposed. The overriding concern has been to place similar stanzas in close proximity to one another.

An attempt has been made to categorize the stanzas without interpreting them. The image presented, not the meaning it signifies, has been taken as the subject of a stanza. Where imagery is absent, the stanza has been taken literally, with irony or double entendres ignored. Also, any meaning that one stanza might acquire through its occurrence with others is not considered. Each is taken as an independent entity. Subjective judgments about the
obscenity, the humor, or the sentimentality of a text have not been used to determine its position in the Index. The choice of a main topic or image, when the stanza has more than one, is still somewhat subjective. Cross references are the only remedy that could be devised, and admittedly they have not effected a complete cure.

While texts have generally been reproduced just as they appear in their printed sources, some of them have been tampered with slightly. Very obvious orthographic or typographical errors have been corrected to prevent the intrusion of [sic] into the stanzas. A handful of stanzas, apparently made up of shorter ones grafted together in print, have been divided. Short lines have been combined in some stanzas for the sake of uniformity and economy of space, and in some cases punctuation has been added at the juncture of two lines thus combined. Alterations of this type mostly involve stanzas printed as four two-stress lines, which are made into two lines with four stresses per line. No liberties are taken that affect any element present in the real sources of the texts—the oral renditions from which they were transcribed.

The Index of Stanzas is by no means complete. Some of the most familiar and widespread stanzas of fiddle and banjo songs are missing, simply because they are not in the indexed sources or appear only in variants which the sources do not document as fiddle or banjo songs. The
critria for inclusion in the Index have been enumerated already, \textsuperscript{2} but one particular instance of omission needs to be explained here. Ford has a collection of "Song Verses" containing many texts that he associates with his fiddle tunes. He does not say where the texts were obtained, and some of them are so patently literary (one even in Scottish dialect) that the entire section has been thrown out on account of its dubious character. \textsuperscript{3} There are many close variants of indexed stanza types which the Index does not list because the sources do not present them as fiddle or banjo variants, and so the Index cannot be regarded as a comprehensive catalogue of its own sources. Anyone wishing to assemble all the reported variants of a given stanza type will have to comb these sources again for the unlisted variants.

The Index is capable of being expanded. Although gaps in the numeration are left only at the end of each major division, the reference numbers can in principle be extended to any number of decimal places. New stanza types or subtypes can always be inserted at their proper locations.

In conclusion, it can be said that all the aspects of fiddle and banjo songs considered in this thesis have entered into the construction of the Index of Stanzas. Formal characteristics of the songs are responsible for the stanza-by-stanza approach to indexing. Contextual

\textsuperscript{2}See above, p. 41.

factors have been used to define what songs should be indexed. The Index has been arranged partly to accommodate the formulaic relationships obtaining among the stanzas. Despite its limitations, the Index does contain a great many stanza types, subtypes, and variants; it provides useful information about the texts; it points the way to comparative studies of fiddle and banjo songs; it avoids some of the subjective pitfalls that have hindered meaningful analysis of the material; and it can be expanded into a more useful, more comprehensive reference work. But no compilation of fiddle and banjo songs will ever be complete. For the most part such songs are ephemeral: they are improvised, transmogrified, preserved only by fortuitous circumstances. Probably far more of them have been forgotten than will ever be indexed.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Source Code</th>
<th>Title Abbreviation</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>ALA</td>
<td>Arnold, <em>Folksongs of Alabama</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ANFS</td>
<td>White, <em>American Negro Folk Songs</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>AR</td>
<td>Abrahams and Foss, <em>A Singer and Her Songs</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BD</td>
<td>Wilson, &quot;Breakdowns&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BRSS</td>
<td>Glassie, &quot;Blue Ridge Song Sampler&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CF</td>
<td>Combs, &quot;Cornstalk Fiddle and a Buckeye Bow&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DCA</td>
<td>Amburgey, &quot;Folk Songs&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>EFS</td>
<td>Sharp, <em>English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ESB</td>
<td>Warner, <em>Folk Songs and Ballads of the Eastern Seaboard</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FB</td>
<td>Thede, <em>The Fiddle Book</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FCB</td>
<td>White, <em>The Frank C. Brown Collection</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FCF</td>
<td>Roberts, &quot;Floyd County Folklore&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FNCM</td>
<td>Parker, &quot;Folk-Lore of the North Carolina Mountaineers&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FSA</td>
<td>Gordon, <em>Folk-Songs of America</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FSSA</td>
<td>Ritchie, <em>Folk Songs of the Southern Appalachians</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FSF</td>
<td>Morris, <em>Folksongs of Florida</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GMS</td>
<td>Ritchie, <em>A Garland of Mountain Song</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HCT</td>
<td>Bayard, <em>Hill Country Tunes</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>OF</td>
<td>Randolph, <em>Ozark Folksongs</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>OSC</td>
<td>Lomax and Lomax, <em>Our Singing Country</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SBS</td>
<td>Roberts, <em>Sang Branch Settlers</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SDA</td>
<td>Fleischauer and Jabbour, <em>Shaking Down the Acorns</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SFC</td>
<td>Ritchie, <em>Singing Family of the Cumberlands</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SHD</td>
<td>Boette, <em>Singa Hipsy Doodle</em></td>
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<td>SRS</td>
<td>Perrow, &quot;Songs and Rhymes from the South&quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td>TB</td>
<td>Conway and Thompson, &quot;Talking Banjo&quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td>TMA</td>
<td>Ford, <em>Traditional Music of America</em></td>
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<tr>
<td>TOF</td>
<td>Lunsford and Stringfield, <em>30 and 1 Folk Songs</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Unp.</td>
<td>Unpublished sources</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WVH</td>
<td>Gainer, <em>Folk Songs from the West Virginia Hills</em></td>
</tr>
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1. Full citations appear in the Bibliography.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Abbreviation</th>
<th>Description</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>band</td>
<td>String band accompanied variant in question.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>bjo</td>
<td>Banjo: variant associated with banjo.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>dnc</td>
<td>Dance: variant associated with dancing.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>fd1</td>
<td>Fiddle: variant associated with fiddle.</td>
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<tr>
<td>gtr</td>
<td>Guitar accompanied variant.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>instr</td>
<td>Instrumental.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>jhp</td>
<td>Jew's harp accompanied variant.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>mus</td>
<td>Musical notation is in printed source.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>nur</td>
<td>Nursery: variant used as nursery song.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>plp</td>
<td>Play-Party: variant used as play-party song.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>rhy</td>
<td>Rhyme: variant used as spoken recital.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[A]</td>
<td>First line ([B] for second line, etc.): indicates position of variant line in full version of stanza given above it.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[x2]</td>
<td>Twice ([x3] for three times, etc.): line followed by this is sung twice.</td>
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<tr>
<td>[repeat A, B]</td>
<td>Both lines named are sung and then repeated together.</td>
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<tr>
<td>[A, B only]</td>
<td>Variant contains only the named lines from full version that is given, and no other lines except possibly refrain elements.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KY, etc.</td>
<td>Standard postal abbreviation for state from which variant is reported.</td>
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<tr>
<td>NC/GA, etc.</td>
<td>Variant reported from first state, known to have come from second state.</td>
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<tr>
<td>?</td>
<td>Uncertain: use or provenience followed by question mark is not certain.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
**TABLE 3**

**ORGANIZATION OF THE INDEX OF STANZAS WITH CROSS REFERENCES**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Major Headings</th>
<th>001-159</th>
<th>160-189</th>
<th>190-329</th>
<th>330-379</th>
<th>380-519</th>
<th>520-609</th>
<th>610-749</th>
<th>750-849</th>
<th>850-889</th>
<th>890-919</th>
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<td>Animals</td>
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<td>Antipathy and Conflict</td>
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<td>Misfortunes</td>
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<td>Physical Needs, Possessions</td>
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<td>Work, Occupations</td>
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<td>Religion and Afterlife</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

**Animals**

**Appearance**

- tail (cf. 36, 68, 73, 129, 227; bobbed: 466, 469, 521; moving: 38-42) 001-004
- prodigious size 005-007

**Physical Condition**

- infirmities (cf. 59, 110, 118) 007-013
- death 014-019

**Habits, Mannerisms**

- habitat (cf. 78-81, 86, 92, 127; barn: 754) 020-037
- digging (cf. 100) 027-030
- locomotion (cf. 3, 145, 150, 220, 679) 030-038
- other motions, habits (cf. 100) 038-042
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CHAPTER 5

INDEX OF STANZAS

001-160: Animal Themes

001
Oh where, oh where has my little dog gone?
Oh where, oh where can he be?
With his tail cut short and his ears cut long,
Oh where, oh where can he be?

TMA p. 139 fd1 mus You and I Waltz (or Poodle Dog Waltz)

002
Ever seen a muskrat, Sally Ann,
Them long, slim tails dragging through the sand?

Unp. 1-21-74 WV bjo [no title]

003
First he made a shypoke a-flying in the air,
Then he made a possum and his tail was bare.

SDA p. 7. WV bjo Walking in the Parlor

004
The coon's tail's all ring around,
The possum's tail is bare,
The rabbit ain't got no tail at all
But a little bunch of hair.

Unp. 9-16-80. WV fd1 The Sandy Girl
CF p. 243. KY dnc mus Shady Grove
TMA p. 62. fd1 mus Old Raccoon
ESB p. 12. NC bjo dnc Raccoon
Cf. 068

005
I come back over from Darby,
I come back by the way,
And there I saw the biggest sheep
That ever was fed on hay.

Unp. 1-20-74. WV bjo The Darby's Ram
Once I had a muley cow,
Muley when she's born;
Took a buzzard a thousand years
To fly from horn to horn.

FSA p. 10. NC fdl, bjo, dnc Old Joe Clark
FCF p. 66. KY bjo Rattler

Father had an old gray mare
She was old as sure's you're born!
The smallest tooth she had in her head
Would hold a barrel of corn.

FSA p. 74. fdl Goin' Down to Town
FB p. 67. fdl mus When De Band Begins to Play

Mawsy has a ole blind horse
He calls him bawly Sam
Ever' tooth in his ole head
Is sixteen inches 'round.

FB p. 67. fdl mus Finger Ring or I Wish't I Had a New Five Cents

Old Rattler was a good old dog,
As blind as he could be,
But every night at supper time,
I believe that dog could see.

FCF p. 65. KY bjo Rattler
Unp. 1-20-74. WV fdl, bjo Old Joe Clark

He treed a coon one cold dark night,

FCF p. 64. KY bjo Ol' Coon Dog

Six big horses in my team,
The leader he is blind.
Every time that sun goes down
There's a pretty girl on my mind.

ESB p. 22. dnc Old Joe Clark

Two legs broke and lame behind,
Two eyes out and the other one blind.

Unp. 7-8-75. WV bjo Betty Baker

Long shanked rooster got no comb
Poor little Ida's got no home.

FSA p. 73. fdl Ida Red
Bought me a cow from Farmer Jones,  
It wouldn't nothing but skin and bones.

SBS #78. KY bjo mus Little Brown Jug

The old grey mare, she ain't what she used to be,  
Ain't what she used to be, ain't what she used to be.  
The old grey mare, she ain't what she used to be,  
Many long years ago.

TMA p. 67. fdl mus The Old Grey Mare

A little old man comes a-ridin' by.  
Sez I: "Old man, your hoss'll die."  
"If he does, I'll tan his skin,  
And if he don't, I'll ride 'im agin."

TMA p. 123. fdl mus Ol' Ridin' Hoss
SBS #90. KY bjo mus Did You Ever See the Devil, Uncle Joe?

Once I had an old gray mare  
In the fields a-pickin' grass,  
Thought I heard the buzzard say,  
"Tomorrow'll be your last!"

FSA p. 10. NC fdl, bjo dnc Old Joe Clark

Now old Rattler's dead and gone  
Where the good dogs all go.  
You'd better not act a dog yourself  
Or you'll be going there too.

FCF p. 66. KY bjo Rattler.

Pore little Kitty Puss, pore little feller,  
Pore little Kitty Puss died in the cellar.

FCB #108. NC dnc, fdl, bjo mus Poor Little Kitty Puss

Pore little Fido, pore little Fidie,  
Pore little Fidie died last Friday,

FCB #108 NC dnc, fdl, bjo mus Poor Little Kitty Puss

Jaybird died with the whoopingcough,  
Sparrow died with the colic.  
On came a frog with a fiddle on his back  
Inquiring the way to the frolic.

FCB #153B. NC dnc, fdl, bjo Jaybird Died with the Whoopingcough
Unp. 9-19-80. WV fdl, bjo Liza Jane
[A] Snowbird died with whooping cough,
[B] Crawfish died with colic,
[C] Jaybird died with a sick headache,

OSC p. 65. KY bjo mus Jinny Git Around

What're ya gonna do when de creek goes dry, Honey,
What're ya gonna do when de creek goes dry, Baby
What're ya gonna do when de creek goes dry
Set on de bank an' watch de crawdads die
Honey baby mine.

FB p. 73. LA fdl? mus Sweet Child

If I was a little fish
I wouldn't swim in the sea,
I'd swim in the brook where my Katy baits her hook,
On the banks of the old Tennessee.

OF #700C. AR fdl mus On the Banks of the Old Tennessee

Muskrat, muskrat, what makes your head so red?
Lived in the water all of my life,
And the water run through my head [x2].

Unp. 1-22-74. WV bjo The Muskrat Song

Funniest is the frog,
His only daily quest,
Sploshin' through the rain and mud,
But he loves the sun the best.

SBS #98. KY bjo mus Funniest Is the Frog

'Possum up a 'simmon tree
Raccoon on the ground.
Raccoon says: "You son-of-a-gun,
Shake them 'simmons down!"

TMA p. 77. fdl mus 'Possum Up a 'Simmon Tree
FCF p. 64. KY bjo Ol' Coon Dog
EFS #243. KY dnc mus Liza Anne
CF. 081

024.1
Possum up a gum stump,
Coonie in the holler;
Little gal at daddy's house
As fat as she can waller.

FCB 5:543 bjo mus Old Raccoon
FCF p. 64. KY bjo Ol' Coon Dog
CF p. 242. KY dnc mus Shady Grove
Cf. 127
024.2
[C] Devil's on the other side--
[D] Don't you hear him holler?

HCT #76. PA fdl, rhy mus Fine Times at Our House
025.1
One in the rocks, and two in the log, [x2]
I heard one whistle and knewed it was a hog.
Groun'hog!

WVH p. 182. WV fdl mus Groundhog
025.2
Two on the ground and one on the log, [x2]
Two for me and one for my dog,
Groundhog.

SBS #86. KY bjo mus Groundhog
026.1
Funniest is the frog, [x2]
Funniest thing that goes about,
Funniest is the frog.

SBS #98. KY bjo mus Funniest Is the Frog
026.2
[B] He won't stay by work,
[C] Ever' time he goes about
[D] He goes it with a jerk.

SBS #98. KY bjo mus Funniest Is the Frog
027
Crawdad, crawdad, you'd better dig deep, sugar-babe, [x2]
Crawdad, crawdad, you'd better dig deep,
For I'm a-goin' to ramble in my sleep, sugar-babe.

CF p. 245. KY? dnc mus Crawdad
028
Turtle's in the millpond
Rootin' in the moss,
Devil's on the hillside
Swearin' he's a hoss.

PCF p. 64. KY bjo Ol' Coon Dog
029
Rabbit in the lowlands
Scratching in the sand.
I bet you before tomorrow night
I'll be some pretty girl's man,

EFS #243. KY dnc mus Liza Anne
030.1
Old Molly Hare, what you doin' there,
Diggin' out a post hole and scratchin' out yore hair?

    TMA p. 30. VA/MO/KS fdl, dnc mus Old Molly Hare

030.2
[B] Goin' through the cotton patch hard as ah kin t'ar.

    FB p. 84 fdl mus Molly Hare
    Cf. 141, 501

031
Massa had an old coon dog
And he was half a hound,
He could run for an hour and a half
And never touch the ground.

    OSC p. 62. KY bjo mus Lynchburg Town

032
Sheep an' de billy goat goin' through de pasture
Sheep said to de billy goat go a little faster

    FB p. 65. fdl mus Sook Pied

033
Old gray goose goin' down the river,
Tell my love she'd better get away,
If I'd been a gander, I'd a went with her,
Lang chang twaddle licka day.

    TOF p. 26. fdl mus Sourwood Mountain
    Cf. 046.2

034
If the sea was corn liquor and I was a duck,
I would dive to the bottom and never come up.

    Unp. 9-26-71. WV fdl The Drunken Hiccups

035
The yellow cat jumped and he jumped on the wall.
The black cat jumped and he couldn't jump a-tall.

    FB p. 132. OK fdl mus Yellow Cat

036
Hop up kitty puss, hop a little higher
Hop up kitty puss, your tail's in the fire.

    FB p. 89. OK fdl mus Hop Up Kitty Puss, or Black Eyed Susie

037.1
Saw the jaybirds in the mountain
Flopping up and down,
Purty girl in the sugar tree
Shaking the sugar down.

    SBS #79. KY dnc mus Sugar Hill
037.2
[A] Jaybird up in the acorn tree,
[B] Shaking acorns down,

OSC p. 64. KY bjo mus Jinny Git Around

038
Watch that mule go roun' the hill,
Watch him how he sails,
Watch him how he shakes his ears
And how he shakes his tail.

FCF p. 65. KY bjo Ol' Coon Dog

039
Dat ole mule's tail am a-swingin' to an' fro
Swingin' like a pendulum an' swingin' high an' low
An' I thought it was a windstorm an' I thought it was a gale
When ridin' wif mah Dinah an' dat old mule's tail.

FB p. 129. bjo De Ole Mule's Tail

040
The raccoon is a cunning thing.
He walketh in the dark,
And never thinks to curl his tail
Till he hears old Ranger bark.

FCB #162C. NC bjo mus The Raccoon Is A Cunning Thing
ANFS p. 238. NC bjo [no title]
SBS #83. KY bjo mus Old Coon Dog

041
As I walked out by the light o' the moon,
Hear Mary singing that same old tune,
And there I spied an old raccoon
A settin' on a rail, [x3]
A sleepin' wery sound.

ALA p. 30. AL bjo mus Walk Tom Walker

042.1
My little dog always waggles his tail,
Whenever he wants his grog,
And if the tail were as wise as he,
Why, the tail would waggle the dog.

TMA p. 139. fdl, dnc mus You and I Waltz
(or Poodle Dog Waltz)

042.2
[B] Whenever I call him to me.
[C] But he's lost himself and he can't be found.
[D] Oh where, oh where can he be?

TMA p. 139. fdl dnc mus You and I Waltz (or Poodle Dog Waltz)
Cf. 001
I se a-goin' along the other day
An' I looked up in the sky,
Seen an eagle buildin' a nest
An' I yeared the young 'uns cry.

FSA p. 10. NC fdl, bjo, dnc Old Joe Clark

If I was a little bird
I wouldn't build my nest in a tree,
I would build my nest in my true-love's breast
On the banks of the old Tennessee.

OF #700C. AR fdl mus On the Banks of the Old Tennessee

[D] Where the bad boys would never bother me.

FCB #255C. NC bjo, fdl Katy Cline

[A,B] Take me home, sweet Kitty, take me home, [x2]

FCB #255F. NC? bjo I'm as Free a Little Bird as I Can Be

We had an old yellow hen,
We set her as you know.
We set her on three buzzard eggs,
She hatched out one old crow.

FCF p. 66. KY bjo Rattler

The old hen cackled and flew in the barn,
Said come on old rooster, you can keep your pecker warm.

Unp. 8-9-77. WV fdl Cluck Old Hen

The old hen cackled, she cackled and she flew.
If I'd've been a rooster, I'd 'a' flew too.

Unp. 8-9-77. WV fdl Cackling Hen

Cf. 033

The old hen cackled, she cackled in the lot,
The next time she cackled, she cackled in the pot.

Unp. WV fdl Cackling Hen

Cluck old hen, cluck for corn,
Cluck old hen, your chickens all gone.

Unp. WV fdl Cluck Old Hen
047.2
Cluck, ole hen, cluck and sing  
Ain't laid an egg since way last spring.

FSA p. 73. fdl Ida Red

048.1
Roosters crowin' in the Sourwood Mountain,  
Ho de um de iddle de day.  
So many pretty girls I can't count them,  
Ho de um de iddle de day.

WVH p. 180. WV fdl mus Sourwood Mountain  
SHD p. 162. WV fdl mus Sourwood Mountain  
FSF pp. 231-32. FL fdl mus Sourwood Mountain  
Unp. 7-11-75. WV fdl, bjo [A & B only] Sourwood Mountain  
SBS #76. KY bjo, dnc mus Sourwood Mountain  
Cf. 217

048.2
[B] Chickens are crowing for day.

PCB #251B. NC dnc Sourwood Mountain

048.3
Chickens is a crowin' in Sourwood Mountain,  
Tell my love she'd better get away  
Chickens is a crowin' in Sourwood Mountain  
Hola, boys won't be long 'til day.

TOF p. 27. fdl mus Sourwood Mountain

049
Eighteen miles away from home,  
The chickens a-crowing for day,  
Somebody in the bed with my true love  
They'd better be a-getting away.

Unp. 9-16-80. WV fdl The Sandy Girl  
FB p. 25. OK fdl mus Little Girl With Her Hair All Down Behind

050
O a jaybird in the mountain,  
Jaybird's trying to crow,  
Dead man's trying to shave himself,  
Blind man's a-trying to sew.

SBS #79. KY dnc mus Sugar Hill

051
The Cuckoo's a pretty bird, she sings as she flies.  
She brings us glad tidings and tells us no lies.

TMA p. 44. fdl mus The Cuckoo

052.1
Little birdie, little birdie,  
Sing to me your song,  
Sing a song, little birdie,  
Sing a song to me.

SBS #62. KY bjo mus Little Birdie
[B] Come and set down on my knee.

SBS #62. KY bjo mus Little Birdie

[C] I've got a short time to be here

[D] And a long time to be gone.

DCA p. 11. KY? bjo Little Birdie

Don't you hear them bluebirds a-singin'?
Don't you hear that mournful sound?
Don't you hear them bluebirds a-singin'?

My truelove she lies under the ground.

FSSA p. 45. GMS p. 49. KY bjo mus Little Cory

[C] They're preaching darling Corey's funeral

[D] In the lonesome graveyard ground.

OSC p. 303. KY bjo? mus Darling Corey

O don't you hear them wolves a-howlin'
All around my poor little darlin'
Four on the hillside, six in the holler
They're gonna get 'er, betcha a dollar.

FB p. 133. OK fdl mus Wolves A Howlin'

Setting on a log,
With his little rusty mug,
Before he gets half way down,
Then he goes ka-chug.

SBS #98. KY bjo mus Funniest Is the Frog

Cat's in the cream jug. Run gal, run gal.
Cat's in the cream jug. Run, gal, run.

Unp. 7-7-75. WV bjo, fdl Fire on the Mountain

Rooster in the hen house, cock-a-doodle-doo,
And the flies in the buttermilk, a-shoo-shoo-shoo.

BRSS 1:60. NC bjo mus Chicken in the Bread Bowl

Flies in the buttermilk--shoo, fly, shoo;
Gone again, skip to my Lou.

OSC p. 53. KY bjo, dnc [no title]

Flies in the sugar bowl, kickin' up the lid,
Cat's in the cupboard, eatin' up the bread.

BRSS 1:60. NC bjo mus Chicken in the Bread Bowl
059.1
Chicken in the bread bown a-peckin' out the dough.
"Granny will the dog bite?" "No, child no!"

BRSS 1:60. NC bjo mus Chicken in the Bread Bowl
FSA p. 74. fdl [no title]

059.2
Sally, will your dog bite, dog bite, dog bite?
Sally, will your dog bite? No, child, no.

Unp. 4-19-73. WV bjo Sally, Will Your Dog Bite?
HCT #71. PA fdl, plp Johnny Get Your Hair Cut

059.3
Granny will your dog bite dog bite dog bite
Granny will your dog bite Law child no
Wolf bit 'er biter off long time ago

FB p. 82. OK fdl mus Granny Will Your Dog Bite

059.4
Granny will your hen peck hen peck hen peck
Granny will your hen peck Law child no
Hog bit 'er pecker off long time ago.

FB p. 82. OK fdl mus Granny Will Your Dog Bite

059.5
Granny, will your dog bite, cow kick, cat scratch?
Granny, will your hen peck, sow root the corn patch?
Granny, will your duck quack, old grey goose hatch?
Granny, will your dog bite? "Yes, child, No!"

TMA p. 36. fdl mus Granny Will Your Dog Bite?

060
Big dogs bark and little ones bite you,
Ho de um de iddle de day.
Big girls court and little ones fight you,
Ho de um de iddle de day.

SHD p. 162. WV fdl mus Sourwood Mountain
WVH p. 180. WV fdl mus Sourwood Mountain
SBS #76. KY bjo, dnc mus Sourwood Mountain
FCB #252E. NC dnc Sourwood Mountain
FSF p. 232. FL fdl mus Sourwood Mountain

061
Oh, love it is a funny thing,
Beauty, hit's a blossom,
And if you want your finger bit,
Just stick it at a possum.

ESB p. 12. NC? bjo dnc? Raccoon

062
I went down to that old field,
A black snake got me by the heel.

SBS #91. KY bjo dnc? mus Do Johnny Booger
The rabbit skipped and the rabbit hopped
And the rabbit eat my turnip top.

Unp. 6-7-77. WV bjo The Rabbit Skipped
FCB #92B. NC bjo mus A Little More Sugar in My Coffee

And the old hound yelped and the old hound leaped
And the rabbit eat my cabbage leaf.

Unp. 6-7-77. WV bjo The Rabbit Skipped

Muskrat, muskrat, where've you been so long?
Been down yonder in a farmer's field,
Eating the farmer's corn. [x2]

Unp. 1-22-74. WV bjo The Muskrat Song

Sheep's in the corn field a-eatin' up the corn.
Cows at their milk gap a-doin' no harm.

BRSS 1:60. NC bjo mus Chicken in the Bread Bowl

Mawsy had a ole gray mare
I know 'er mighty well
If she ever jumps in my corn patch
She'd better jump in hell.

FB p. 66. OK fdl Finger Ring

The 'coon he hates a ringy tail;
Oh, the 'possum hates a slick un;
Oh, the 'coon he eats my new ground corn,
And the 'possum catches chicken.

FSF p. 230. FL fdl, dnc mus I Want to Go Back to Georgia
CF. 004

Daddy had a bulldog,
Towser was his name, sir.
He used to chase the bell-cow
Up and down the lane, sir.

TMA p. 108. fdl mus Old Towser

Mister Carter,
Won't you be my dawg?
He won't bite a sheep
But 'e will bite a hog.

FCB #110. NC bjo Mr. Carter
Somebody stole my little black dog
And I wish they'd bring him back;
He ran the big hogs over the fence
And the little ones through the crack.

FSA p. 74. fdl Goin' Down to Town
SBS #83. KY bjo mus Old Coon Dog
FCF p. 64. KY bjo ol' Coon Dog
OSC p. 62. KY bjo mus Lynchburg Town

He wasn't worth a cuss
For to sick him on a hog, sir.
But whip his weight in wildcats
Could this old bulldog.

TMA p. 108. fdl mus Old Towser

I met a possum in the road
He said, "The road is free!"
He curled his tail, he whipped my dog,
And bristled up to me.

FSA p. 74. Goin' Down to Town
GMS p. 51, SFC p. 212. KY bjo, fdl, dnc. Jenny
Get Around

I went out in the new ground
To gather a sack of corn,
The 'possum set the dogs on me
And the raccoon blowed the horn.

TMA p. 58. Fdl mus Git Along, Cindy

That old coon he fought and scratched:
I gave him two licks all my might,
I bummed his eyes I sp'ilt his sight,
And I'm de chile ta fight, [x3]
And play de banjo too.

ALA p. 31. AL bjo mus Walk Tom Walker

I slipped up behind him and ketched him by the tail, [x3]
And throwed him on de ground, [x3]
A sleepy wery sound.

ALA p. 31. AL bjo mus Walk Tom Walker

Fought with a panther eat a ball o'hair
Wrassled with a wildcat and throwed down a bear.

FB p. 131. OK fdl mus Wrassled With a Wildcat
That old Jack fish swimming up the stream,
And I asked that Jack fish what did he mean.
Grabbed that Jack fish by the snout
And took that Jack fish wrong side out.
O de lor de lor gal sindy, sindy,
Lor de lor gal sindy sue.

EFS #251. VA dnc mus The Jackfish

Bait a hook to catch a shad,
The first thing he bit was my old Dad.
 Pulled her away with all my might,
 Trying for to get the old man out.
Fish-pole broke and I got mad,
Down to the bottom went old dad.

EFS #254. VA dnc mus The Shad

Jay bird, jay bird, sittin' on a limb,
He winked at me and I winked at him.
I picked up a rock and I hit his shin.
Sez he: "You'd better not do that agin."

TMA 96. fdl mus Jay Bird

Opossum up the persimmon tree,
Sing song Kitty won't you kimey O,
So very shy he looked at me,
Sing song Kitty won't you kimey O.
I picked up a rock so very sly,
Sing song Kitty won't you kimey O,
Koozip I took him in the eye,
Sing song Kitty won't you kimey O,
Kimo kimeo, dairo way
To my hie, to my ho, to my rum a stick a fum a diddle,
Rock stop penny winkle, in comes a nip cat.
Knock him on the head with a boot jack,
Sing song Kitty won't you kimey O.

EFS #242. KY dnc mus The Opossum
Cf. 023

Every time I come to town
Somebody goes to kickin' my dog around
Makes no difference if it's a hound
You gotta quit a-kickin' my dawg around.

FB p. 81. mus Gotta Quit Kickin' My Dog Around
Way up yonder in Sourwood Mountains
Ho dum arum tum diddle allie day
So many coon dogs you can't count 'em
Ho dum arum tum diddle allie day

FSA p. 75. fdl, dnc Sourwood Mountain
CF. 048.

[A] Chickens a crowin' on Sourwood Mountain
[C] Get yer dogs an' we'll go a-huntin'

FSA p. 75. fdl, dnc Sourwood Mountain
FCB #251E. NC dnc Sourwood Mountain
FCB #251B. NC [C & D only x2] dnc Sourwood Mountain

Come on boys and whistle up your dog, [x2]
And you'll go on the hill and catch a groundhog. Groundhog!

Unp. 6-8-77. WV bjo Groundhog
SBS #86. KY bjo mus Groundhog
WVH p. 182. WV fdl mus Groundhog

[C] Meat's good to eat, hide's good to wear.
[D] Rang tang a fodalink a day!

FCB #221C. NC bjo mus The Groun' Hog

I had a little yellow dog, I put him on a rabbit track [x3]
He run down the road and never come back.

Unp. 1-22-74. WV bjo Hot Corn, Cold Corn, Hand Around a Jimmyjohnny

There's a rabbit in the log,
An' I ain't got no dog
An' how I'm to git him, Lord knows!

FSA p. 83. bjo Georgia Buck

I hollered: "Whoooo--
Take me to his hole, Lightning Hound."
"Haaa--eee, you old rattler, you can't catch me now."

SBS #96. KY bjo mus The Fox Chase

Old Rattler treed the other night,
I thought he'd treed a coon.
But when I come to find it out,
He was barking at the moon.

FCF p. 65. KY bjo Rattler
Old yaller houn's barkin' treed, up the holler,
It's old mister 'possum, I'll bet half a dollar.
Fetch on the ax, boys, we'll see pretty soon,
He's worth half a dollar if it's old zipp coon.

TMA p. 61. fd1 mus Old Yaller Houn'

O come with me in my light canoe
While the sea is calm and the sky is blue,
Come with me for I long to go
To the isle where mango apples grow
The come with me and be my love,
For thee the jungle depths I'll rove,
I will gather the honeycomb bright as gold,
I'll chase the elk to its secret fold.

OF #781. AR bjo mus The Indian Hunter

I will chase the antelope over the plain,
And the tiger's cub I'll bind with a chain,
And the wild gazelle with its silvery feet
I'll give to thee for a playmate sweet.
Then come if the love thou hast for me
Is as fresh and pure as mine for thee,
Fresh as the fountain underground
When first 'tis by the lapwings found.

OF #781. AR bjo mus The Indian Hunter

There's the doe tracks and fawn tracks up and down
the creek,
The signs all tell us that the roamers are near.
With the old flint-lock rifle Pappy's gone to watch
the lick,
With powder in the pan for to shoot the forked deer.

TMA p. 185. fd1, dnc mus Forked Deer

Run here, Tom, with a ten-foot pole, [x2]
Twist that groun'hog outen his hole.
Gound'hog!

WVH p. 182. WV fd1 mus Groundhog

Run that groundhog in his hole, [x2]
Couldn't tetch a tail with a ten-foot pole,
Groundhog.

SBS #86. KY bjo mus Groundhog
Joe and Kate kept prizing about, [x2]
At last they prized that groundhog out, Groundhog.

SBS #86. KY bjo mus Groundhog

Took that pole and twisted him out, [x2]
Good Lord-a-mighty, ain't a groundhog stout!
Groun'hog!

WVH p. 183. WV fdl mus

A bull frog dressed in soldier's clothes
Went to the field to shoot some crows.
The crows smelt the powder and all flew away;
The bull frog mighty mad that day.

FCB #413B. dnc Clear the Kitchen
TMA p. 105. fdl mus Clear the Kitchen

If my gun had-a-been true,
True, true, true boys true,
If my gun had-a-been true,
I'd 'a' shot that woodcock as he flew.

Unp. 7-7-75. WV fdl The Woodcock

I wished I had a cedar bow,
Arrow tied by a string,
I'd shoot it through the little bird's heart,
No longer would she sing.

SBS #62. KY bjo mus Little Birdie

Shoot that turkey buzzard [x3]
Come flopping down the hollow. [x2]

FCB #105A. NC dnc mus Turkey Buzzard

Way down low and way down high,
I shot at a buzzard and I missed Jim's eye.

Unp. 6-9-77. WV fdl, bjo The Boatsman

The hawk shot a buzzard, the buzzard shot a crow,
When they settled on the river of the O-hi-o.

Unp. 9-18-80. WV fdl The Hawk Shot a Buzzard

Old Dan Tucker he went out a-huntin',
The first thing he spied was a big bar a-rootin',
Its back was bent and its tail was a-shakin',
He cocked his gun and he saved his bacon.

SBS #88. KY bjo mus Old Dan Tucker
I'm a-going fishing with Sally Ann. [x2]

Unp. 9-16-80. WV fdl Sally Ann

I went a-fishing and I stayed all day,
Sugar babe,
I went a-fishing and I stayed all day,
Got a little sucker and I saved it away
For my sugar babe.

EFS #245. KY dnc mus Sugar Babe

You get a line and I'll get a pole, Honey
You get a line and I'll get a pole, Baby
You get a line and I'll get a pole
We'll go down to de crawdad hole
Honey baby mine.

FB p. 73. LA fdl? mus Sweet Child

Crawdad, crawdad, you'd better go to hole, sugar babe, [x2]
Crawdad, crawdad, you'd better go to hole,
If I don't catch you, damn my soul, sugar-babe.

CF p. 245. KY? dnc mus Crawdad

O the little bee makes the honey,
And the big bee makes the comb,
Poor man fights the battle,
And the big man stays at home.

SBS #79. KY dnc mus Sugar Hill

My old hen is a good old hen,
She lays eggs for the railroad men,
Sometimes one and sometimes two,
Sometimes one for the whole durn crew.

Unp. 8-9-77. WV fdl Cluck Old Hen
FSA p. 73 [A & B only]. fdl Ida Red

Somebody stole my old white hen
And I wish they'd left her be;
She lays me two eggs every day
And Sunday she lays three.

FSA p. 74. fdl Goin' Down to Town
SBS #83 [A & B only]. KY bjo mus

Massa had an old black hen,
She laid behind the door,
Every day she laid three eggs
And Sunday she laid more.

OSC p. 62. KY bjo mus Lynchburg Town
Sell my crawdads three for a dime, Honey
Sell my crawdads three for a dime, Baby
Sell my crawdads three for a dime
Your crawdads ain't as good as mine
Honey baby mine.

FB p. 73. LA fdl? mus Sweet Child

Massa had an old gray horse,
Took him down to town,
Sold him for half a dollar
And only a quarter down.

OSC pp. 60-61. KY bjo mus Lynchburg Town

Had a peck of peas and a few more over,
Plowed 'em in the ground with my one-eyed gopher.

EFS p. 229. FL dnc mus Can't Dance Chicken Foot

Old Mrs. Tally, when you comin' over,
To see me plow my one-eyed gopher?

FSF p. 229. FL fdl mus Can't Dance Chicken Foot

Jaybird pulls a two-horse load,
Sparrow, why don't you?
My neck's so long and slender,
I'm afraid it'll pull in two.

SBS #79. KY fdl mus Sugar Hill
OSC p. 64. KY bjo mus Jinny Git Around

There was an ol' hoss, his name was Ball.
Nothing in the world could make him stall.

TMA p. 88. fdl mus Old Ball (Baldy)

You'd crack your whip and cry out: "Ball!"
Out comes wagon, team and all.

TMA p. 88. fdl mus Old Ball (Baldy)

A raiding road and a heavy load;
A sorry team and what to do I did not know;
So I ringed my whip and drewed the blood,
And made those leaders pull out the mud.

FSF p. 229. FL fdl? mus As I Went Over Yonders Pond
Works my horses in my team,
And I work all grey before.
Pretty near broke my true love's heart
To hear the banjo roar.

EFS #243. KY dnc mus Liza Anne

[A] Sixteen horses to my carriage,
[B] Drive 'em down to town;
[D] To see me hold 'em down.

OSC p. 64. KY bjo mus Jinny Git Around

Buy me a horse, goin' to make me a sled
To take a little ride with Kdy Red.

SBS #74. KY bjo, fdl, dnc mus Idy Red

Will your horse carry double, Uncle Joe, Uncle Joe?
[x3]
Don't mind the weather so the wind don't blow.

OSC p. 59. VA bjo, gtr mus Hop Up, My Ladies

[A, x3] Is your horse a single-footer, Uncle Joe, Uncle Joe?

OSC p. 59. VA bjo, gtr mus Hop Up, My Ladies

[A, x3] Would you rather own a pacer, Uncle Joe, Uncle Joe?

OSC p. 59. VA bjo, gtr mus Hop Up, My Ladies

[A, x3] Say, you don't want to gallop, Uncle Joe, Uncle Joe?

OSC p. 59. VA bjo, gtr mus Hop Up, My Ladies

You ride the old grey horse
And I'll ride the roan.
You talk to your true love
And just let mine alone.

EFS #243. KY dnc mus Liza Anne

Bob he'll ride the old grey horse
And Calamy rides the bay;
Bob he drinks the buttermilk
While Calamy drinks the whey.

EFS #243. KY dnc mus Liza Anne
119.3
Jeff Davis is a gentleman
Abe Lincoln is a fool
Jeff Davis rides a milk-white steed
Abe Lincoln rides a mule.
FSA p. 73. fdl Goin' Down to Town

120
If I had no horse to ride,
I'd be found a-crawlin'
Up and down that rocky road--
A'huntin' for my darling.
CF p. 242. KY dnc mus Shady Grove
Unp. 12-12-73. WV bjo The Blue-Eyed Girl
FCB #286A. NC bjo That Blue-Eyed Girl

121
I has to ride the leadin' mule
A switch in my right hand
Gwine to ride with Ole Joe Clark
To a furrin land.

FB p. 29. OK? fdl mus Old Joe Clark

122
I'm goin' if I have to ride a mule, [x2]
I'm goin' if I have to ride a mule, lovin' babe,
Yes, I'm going' if I have to ride a mule.

SBS #58. KY bjo mus Chilly Wind

123
Idy Red she ain't no fool
She went to meetin' on a hump back mule.

FB p. 60. OK fdl mus Idy Red

124
Hear them sleigh bells ringin',
Snow am fallin' fast;
Got that mule in harness,
Got him hitched at last.

BD p. 22. KY dnc Whoa Mule

125
Oh saddle ole Mike I tell you
For I'm going' 'way to leave you;
I'm going' 'way to Texas
To eat cawn bread an' 'lasses.

FB p. 19. OK fdl mus Little Home To Go To

126
When I want a letter, I saddle old Pet,
And ride sixty miles to Quahah you bet.
For I've a sweetheart, a mother too,
An uncle and aunt and cousins a few.

FB p. 157. OK fdl mus Greer County Song
127  
Possum up a gum stump, coonie in the holler,  
Little gal at our house, fat as she can waller.  
Saddle up the old nag, martingale and collar.  
Fetch her down to my house, I'll give you half a dollar.

TMA p. 29. fds mus Possum Up a Gum Stump

128  
Old turkey buzzard, lend me your wings  
To fly across the river to see Sally King.

FCB #105B. NC bjo mus Old Turkey Buzzard

129.1  
Whoa! mule; whoa! mule, I holler.  
I'll tie a knot in the end of his tail  
And hitch him to the collar.

ANFS p. 229. AL/TN bjo [no title]  
FCF p. 65. KY bjo Ol' Coon Dog

129.2  
Whoa, mule, I tell you,  
Whoa, mule, I say,  
Tie a knot in that mule's tail  
And he'll run away.

FCF p. 65. KY bjo Ol' Coon Dog

129.3  
[C] Keep your seal, Miss Liza,  
[D] And hold on to the sleigh.

BD p. 22. KY dnc Whoa Mule

130  
Well, it's whoa, mule, git up an' down  
'Til ah says who--a mule.

FB p. 130. OK fds? Whoa Mule

131.1  
I drove up to the blacksmith shop,  
And I hollered whoa, my team did stop.

SBS #91. KY bjo, dnc? mus Do Johnny Booger  
Cf. 551

131.2  
I drove up to the foot of the hill,  
I hollered whoa, my team stopped still.

SBS #91. KY bjo, dnc? mus Do Johnny Booger  
Cf. 551

132  
Here, Rattler, here! [x2]  
Call oldRattler from the barn.  
Here, Rattler, here!

FCF p. 65. KY bjo Rattler
Old Johnson had an old gray mule,
And he driv him to a cart.
He loved that mule and the mule loved him
With all his mulish heart.
When the rooster crowed ole' Johnson knewed
That dawn was goin' fur to break.
He combed that mule with a wagon wheel
And he rubbed him down with a rake,
And you could hear him sing
Hee haw--hee haw--hee haw
And you could hear him sing.

Wish I had a big fine horse,
Corn to feed him on,
Pretty little girl, stay at home,
Feed him when I'm gone.

Well, it's up an' down
Jus' as fas' as you can
Per I'se goin' to feed ye
All de oats an' bran.

I fed her on the choicest hay
And miled her forty times a day.

Tell your daddy when he comes home, [x3]
And I'll give Old Blue your chicken bone.

The monkey washed the baboon's face,
The serpent combed his hair,
And up jumped the Devil
With his pitchfork in the air.

I'm as free a little bird as I can be, [x2]
I'll hang my harp on a weeping willow tree;
I'm as free a little bird as I can be.
Down the road, a mile and a half,
I didn't see her but I heerd her laugh,
Idy Red, she ain't no fool,
Bigger'n a elephant, strong'er'n a mule.

CF #442. MO fd1, dnc mus Ida Red
Cf. 123

Leg like a deer, foot like a bear
Goin' through the cotton patch
Hard as I can tear.

FB p. 84. OK? fd1 mus Old Granny Blair, or Molly Hare
Cf. 030.2, 501

Girls up Cripple Creek, 'bout half grown,
They jump on a boy like a dog on a bone.

Unp. 9-17-80. WV fd1, bjo Cripple Creek
DCA p. 12. KY? bjo Cripple Creek
CF p. 240. dnc, fd1, bjo mus Cripple Creek
SBS #81. KY bjo, dnc mus Cripple Creek

Two little pigs and one old sow,
Who're any happier than we are now?

SBS #90. KY bjo mus Did You Ever See the Devil,
Uncle Joe?

The old sow with a dirty pair of pants,
She wanted to go a-courting and she couldn't get a chance.

Unp. 9-17-80. WV fd1 The Old Mare Kicked Up and the Little Colts Pranced

The old mare kicked up and the little colts pranced,
The old sow whistled and the little pigs danced.

Unp. 9-17-80. WV fd1 The Old Mare Kicked Up and the Little Colts Pranced
ANFS p. 156. AL bjo [no title]

As I went over yonders pond,
I spied a frog with a red shirt on,
He leaped ten feet and jumped in the mud,
And he bid farewell to the ladies all.

FSF p. 228. FL fd1 mus As I Went Over Yonders Pond
Sally in the garden sifting sand,
Susan upstairs with the hog-eyed man.

Unp. 9-17-80. WV bjo The Hog-Eyed Man
EPS #250. KY dnc mus The Hog-eyed Man

What are you going to do with your hog-eye, hog-eye?
What are you going to do with your hog-eyed man?

Roll him up a Susan, a hog-eye, hog-eye,
Roll him up a Susan, a hog-eye man.

Row your boat ashore with a hog-eye, hog-eye,
Row your boat ashore with a hog-eyed man.

Oh, love it is a funny thing,
Shaped just like a lizard,
Crawl right down your backbone,
And nibble at your gizzard.

Old gray horse come tearin' out o' the wilderness,
Tearin' out o' the wilderness, [x2]
Old gray horse come tearin' out o' the wilderness
Down in Alabam.

Was an old mule and he come from Jerusalem,
He come from Jerusalem, [x2]
Was an old mule and he come from Jerusalem
Down in Alabam.

Barnum caught him, put him in his museum,
Put him in his museum, [x2]
Barnum caught him, put him in his museum,
Down in Alabam.
Yonder comes a nigger wif a sack on his back, Honey
Yonder comes a nigger wif a sack on his back, Baby
Yonder comes a nigger wif a sack on his back
Full of crawdads as he can pack
Honey baby mine.

FB p. 73. LA fd1? mus Sweet Child
I had a sho-fly lady
And she had a sho-fly hat,
And she had a sho-fly baby,
But I didn't give a damn for that.

When I was a baby,
Mother died one day.
I was brought upon a bottle
To they run it down my throttle
And they made me suck away.

When I was a baby,
Mother died one day.
I was brought upon a bottle
To they run it down my throttle
And they made me suck away.

I never expect to see it any more.

I never expect to see it any more.

Got no use for the red rocking chair,
When it's who'll rock the cradle when I'm gone? [x2]

They ain't no room for the red rocking chair,
And there's no one to rock it when I'm gone. [x2]

Who'll rock the cradle when I'm gone? [x2]
Who'll rock the cradle and who'll sing me songs,
And who'll call me honey when I'm gone?
165.4
But I'll rock the cradle when you're gone. [x2]
I'll rock the cradle and I'll sing you songs,
And I'll call you honey when you're gone.

Unp. 11-6-72. WV bjo Red Rocking Chair

166.1
What'll I do with the baby-o, [x3]
If he won't go to sleepy-o?

FSSA p. 32. KY fdl, dnc, nur mus What'll I Do
With the Baby-O

166.2
[B] Wrap him up in calico,
[C] Send him down to Georgi-o.

Unp. 7-7-75. WV bjo [no title]
FSSA p. 32. KY fdl, dnc, nur mus What'll I Do
With the Baby-O

167
Wrap him up in a tablecloth, [x3]
Throw him up in the fodder-loft.

FSSA p. 32. KY fdl, dnc, nur mus What'll I Do
With the Baby-O

168
Pull his toes, tickle his chin, [x3]
Roll him up in the county pin.

FSSA p. 32. KY fdl, dnc, nur mus What'll I Do
With the Baby-O

169
Everytime the baby cries,
Stick my finger in the baby's eye!
That's what I'll do with the baby-o. [x2]

FSSA p. 33. KY fdl, dnc, nur mus What'll I Do
With the Baby-O
Unp. 7-7-75. WV [A & B only] bjo [ Entire verse is title.]

170
Your wife and family air they well
You once did use them strange
You have kinder to them grown
How come this happy change.

FB p. 57. fdl mus Drunkard's Dream

171
I have a wife and six little chaps.
I'm a-gonna leave 'em in the Cumberland Gap.

Unp. 6-7-77. WV fdl, bjo The Cumberland Gap
I'm a poor orphan child, I'm alone. [x3]
Take me home, dear Savior, take me home.

Unp. 1-20-74. WV bjo I'm a Poor Orphan Child

My father alas, I never knew
And the teardrops filled her eyes
My mother lies in her new-made grave
It's an orphan that begs tonight.

FB p. 59. fdl mus The Orphan Girl

I asked my mommy if I could go,
I could go, I could go,
And swing ten yards to the calico.

Unp. 7-18-72. WV fdl Salt River

[A] Yes, my child, you may go,
[B] You may go, you may go.

Unp. 7-18-72. WV fdl Salt River

If I had-a listened what my mama said
I'd been a sleepin' on a feather bed;
Well, mamma, don't I wish I was there. [x2]

ALA p. 41. AL bjo mus Chain Gang Song

I remember what my old mamma said,
She gave me good advice;
She told me to quit my rambling ways,
And marry me a loving little wife.

OSC p. 297. KY bjo mus Pass Around Your Bottle

I'm my mammy's youngest child,
I am my mammy's darlin',
I am my mammy's youngest child,
I am too young to marry.

FCB #107B. NC bjo, fdl mus I'm My Mammy's Youngest Child

I am mama's youngest son
I cannot marry till I get twenty-one.
[Repeat A, B.]

Unp. 12-11-78. KY Soldier's Joy
How old are you, my pretty little miss?
How old are you, my honey?
She looked at me with a smiling look:
'I'll be sixteen next Sunday.'

FCB #286A. NC bjo? That Blue-Eyed Girl
FCB #11A. NC bjo? Seventeen Come Sunday

The girls they would take me to bed with them,
They'd kick up and they'd r'ar,
But when I was a baby,
Don't I wish they'd do it now!
It's when I was a baby,
Don't I wish [they'd] do it now!

Unp. 6-9-77. WV fdl The Faded Coat of Blue

I've got a wife and two little babies,
All at home, they're all at home.
Oh, the section boss paid me forty-two dollars,
All in gold, sir, all in gold.

OSC p. 145. KY bjo mus East Virginia
190-329: Romance and Marriage

190.1
I used to be a single girl,
To go with whom I pleased,
But now I am a married girl,
With a baby on my knee.

SBS #62. KY bjo mus Little Birdie

190.2
[B] The clothes I wore were fine;
[D] And wear just any old thing.

SBS #62. KY bjo mus Little Birdie

191
When I was single, oh then, [x2]
When I was single I could make the money jingle,
And the world went dreary with me then,
A-then-a-then-then,
And the world went dreary with me then.

Unp. 6-7-77. WV bjo The World Went Dreary With Me Then

192
The higher you climb the cherry tree,
The riper grows the berries,
The more you court and kiss them girls,
The sooner you will marry.

SBS #72. KY bjo mus Blue-Eyed Girl
FSF p. 230. FL fd1, dnc I Want to Go Back to Georgia

193
I wish I was an apple,
A-hangin' in the tree,
And ev'ry time my Cindy passed,
She'd take a bite of me.

WVH p. 178. WV fd1 mus Cindy
FCB #404G. NC band Cindy

194
I wish I was an apple
And Dinah was another;
What a handsome time we'd have
Hanging on a tree together!

FCB #46F. NC dnc mus A Little More Cider

195.1
As I was walkin' down the street,
Down the street, down the street,
A pretty fair maiden I chanced to meet,
Under the silvery moon.

OF #535B. AR dnc, plp Buffalo Gals
As I was going down the street,
A pretty little girl I chanced to meet;
I stepped right up and kissed her sweet,
And asked her for some hog-eye meat.

HCT #75. PA fdl Hog Eye

As I went up Atlanta Street
A tar-heel girl I chanced to meet,
Says to me, 'Are you a traveller?'
'Yes, by ginger, I'm a goober grabbler.'

FCB #386. NC bjo Sorghum Molasses

I was born in old Virginny,
to North Carolina I did go.
I fell in love with a pretty fair maiden,
and her name I did not know.

FS&FA p. 71, GMS p. 45, SFC p. 146. KY fdl, bjo
mus Old Virginny
OSC p. 145. KY bjo mus East Virginia

I left my home in Tennessee,
I thought I was leaving trouble,
But I fell in love with a pretty little girl,
And then I played the devil.

Unp. 9-16-80. WV fdl [no title]

Johnson boys, brave and hearty,
They knows how to court old maids,
Kiss and hug and call 'em honey,
Rush up, pretty girls, don't be afraid! [x2]

ESB p. 5. NC dnc, fdl, bjo Johnson Boys

I took her in my arms
And told her of her many charms.
I kissed her while the fiddles played
The Bonaparte's Retreat.

Unp. 6-6-77. WV fdl The Bonaparte's Retreat

Green grow the rushes, O!
Red are the roses, O!
Kiss her quick and let her go,
Before you get the mitten, O!

TMA p. 184. fdl mus Green Grow the Rushes, O!
or Gringo
Throw your arms around me, charming Betty,
Throw your arms around me, Cora Lee;
Throw your arms around me, charming Betty,
And give this poor heart ease.

FCB #256A. NC fdl Charming Betty

She told me that she loved me,
She called me sugar plum,
She threwed her arms around me
And I thought my time had come.

WVH p. 178. WV fdl mus Cindy

She tuck me in the parlor,
She fanned me with a fan;
She said I was the sweetest thing
In the shape of mortal man.

FCB #404A. NC fdl, bjo Sindy: A Jig

WVH p. 178. WV fdl mus Cindy

I never can forget the night
When first she said she loved me,
The stars peeped out and the moon shone bright
On the girl I left behind me.

WVH p. 173. WV? fdl mus The Girl I Left Behind Me

Idy Red, Idy Green, prettiest little thing I ever seen,
Idy Red, Idy Red, I'm in love with Idy Red.

SBS #74. KY bjo, dnc, fdl mus Idy Red
OF #442. MO fdl, dnc [B only] mus

Idy Red, Idy Blue, I'm in love with Idy too. [x2]

SBS #74. KY bjo, dnc, fdl mus Idy Red


FSA p. 72. fdl, dnc Ida Red

Love somebody, yes I do, [x3]
Love somebody and it may be you.

FSSA p. 70. KY fdl, dnc mus Love Somebody, Yes I Do

Sweet Evelina, dear Evelina,
My love for thee shall never, never die.

TMA p. 142. fdl, dnc mus Sweet Evelina (Waltz)
My little Bonnie Blue-Eyes. [X2]
The only girl I ever did love, I ever did love
Was you, little Bonnie Blue-Eyes.

FSA p. 81. bjo Little Bonnie Blue-Eyes

You're mine, little Bonnie, you're mine. [x2]
You're mine, little Bonnie, wherever you go.
You're mine little Bonnie, you're mine.

FSA p. 81. bjo Little Bonnie Blue-Eyes

Oh, say that you love me, Katy Cline, [x2]
Oh, say that you love me, you sweet turtle dove,
Oh, say that you love me, Katy Cline.

FCB #225C. NC fd1, bjo Katy Cline

Cheeks as red as the blooming rose,
Eyes of the deepest brown,
You are the darling of my heart,
Stay till the sun goes down.

WVH p. 175. WV fd1 mus Shady Grove
FSSA p. 43, SFC p. 49. KY/VA fd1, dnc mus Shady Grove

Her hair was of some brightsome color,
Her cheeks were of a rosy red,
And in my heart I loved her dearly,
Many a tear for her I shed.

FSSA p. 71, GMS p. 45, SFC pp. 146-47. KY fd1, bjo mus Old Virginny

Well, her eyes of a dark brown color,
On her breast were square white lilies
To show the tears that she had shed.

OSC p. 145. KY bjo mus East Virginia

On her feet she wears little slippers,
On her hair she wears a bow;
Oh, the way I love that brown-eyed darling,
Nobody on earth shall never know.

OSC p. 145. KY bjo mus East Virginia

Her hair was black as a raven,
Her teeth was white as snow,
As she marches through yon garden
Where love and beauty flows.

Unp. 8-9-77. WV fd1 Handsome Molly
That girl, that girl, that pretty little girl,
The girl I left behind me,
She was pretty in the face and slim around the waist,
The girl I left behind me.

W VH p. 174. WV fdl mus The Girl I Left Behind Me.

Pretty as a moccasin, pretty as a shoe,
If I can't get a redbird a bluebird'll do.

Unp. 7-18-72. WV bjo Thump to My Lou

I got a gal on Sourwood Mountain
Da da da da-da da-da-da da
Pretty girls there 'til you can't count 'em

FB p. 102. AR fdl mus Sourwood Mountain
Cf. 048

Way down in the meadow, where the lily first blows,
Where the wind from the mountain ne'er ruffles the rose,
Lived fond Evelina, the sweet little dove,
The pride of the valley, the girl that I love.

TMA p. 142. fdl, dnc mus Sweet Evelina (Waltz)

She's the sweetest little thing, God knows. [x2]
Her big blue eyes like diamonds in the skies,
And her long yellow hair like gold.

Unp. 6-7-77. WV bjo The New River Train

You ought-a see my Cindy,
She lives away down South.
An' she's so sweet the honey bees
Are swarmin' round her mouth.

FCB #404G. NC band Cindy

Sweeter'n sugar and ten times sweeter.
Bless her soul, I could almost eat her.

FCB #331A. NC bjo, jhp Black-Eyed Susie

O my honey, O my sugar,
O my pretty little Black Eyed Susie

FB p. 89. OK fdl mus Hop Up Kitty Puss, or
Black Eyed Susie
FCB #331A. NC bjo, jhp [B only, x2] Black
Eyed Susie
Hop up purty little black-eyed Susie. [x2]

Pretty Betty Martin, tip toe, tip toe.
Pretty Betty Martin, tip toe fine.

Prettiest little gal in the county, O;
Mammy and daddy both say so;
And if she marries let her go,
Plenty more in the county, O.

Purtiest little girl I ever saw
Since I come from the West,
Loving me I loving her
But loving her the best,
I was loving her the best. [x2]

The purtiest girl I ever saw
Lived a mile and a half from town.

The purtiest girl I ever saw
Came running round the house,
A yellow dog skin round her neck,
The tail stuck in her mouth.

I've got a girl she lives on Clifty,
Lum a tum a diddle lolla day,
She's not pretty but ain't she shifty,
Lum a tum a diddle lolla day.

I've got a girl in Sourwood Mountain,
She is deaf, dumb, crippled and blind,
She'll break the heart of many a poor boy,
But she'll never break a heart like mine.
230
Her nose looked like a punkin vine,
Her chin looked like a squash,
Every time she opened her mouth
And so I laughed, by gosh. [x3]

SBS #75. KY bjo, dnc mus I'm a-Longin' for to Go
This Road

231.1
Her chin looked like a coffee pot,
Her nose looked like a spout,
Her mouth looked like a fireplace
And the ashes fresh took out. [x3]

SBS #75. KY bjo, dnc mus I'm a-Longin' for to Go
This Road

231.2
[A] Mawsy (Massa) had a yeller gal
[B] Brought 'er from the South

FB p. 66. OK fdl Finger Ring
Cf. 634.

232
Old massa bought a yaller gal,
He fotch her from the South,
Her hair was wrapped so very tight
That she couldn't shut her mouth.

OSC p. 62. KY bjo mus Lynchburg Town
SBS #80. KY bjo mus Shoo Fly
Cf. 634.

233
I ask her if she'd stop an' talk,
Stop an' talk, stop an' talk,
Her feet covered up the whole sidewalk,
But she was fair to view.

OF #535B. AR dnc, plp Buffalo Gals

234
Oh, I wish I had some pretty little girl
To tell my secrets to, my love,
To tell my secrets to.

OSC p. 146. VA band mus Long Lonesome Road

235
O Lulu, O Lulu, O Lulu. my dear!
O Lulu, my dear!
I'd give this whole world
Ef my Lulu wuz hyeur.

SRS 3:129. TN bjo mus The Drunkard's Song
I wish I lived in Shady Town,
I wish I had the key,
I wish I had the pretty little girl
With the banjo on her knee.

Unp. 12-29-73. WV bjo Shady Grove

My little gal's a blue-eyed daisy,
Yo ho diddle dum day
If I don't git her I'll go crazy,
Yo ho diddle dum day.

FCB #251E. NC dnc Sourwood Mountain
FSF p. 232. FL fdl mus Sourwood Mountain

If I were only young again
I'd lead a different life;
I'd make me some money and buy me a farm,
Take Dinah for my wife.

FCB #46F. NC dnc mus A Little More Cider

I had rather marry Dinah
With an apple in her hand
Than to marry an old woman
With a house and tract of land.

FCB #46F. NC dnc mus A Little More Cider

I'll try to stay here, 'till better times come,
And then I will build a little love home.
I then will ask Betty to take my name,
And we will be happy on our Government Claim.

FB p. 157. OK fdl mus Greer County Song

Cindy is a good gal,
I knowed her all my life.
If ever I get married
Cindy will be my wife.

ALA p. 114. AL fdl mus Cindy

The prettiest girl I ever saw
They called her Devilish Mary
She says she's mine and that's just fine
And now we're goin' to marry.

FB p. 101. OK fdl mus Devilish Mary
I'm a-going to marry before I die,
Bye and bye, bye and bye,
Marry the girl with the bright blue eye.
The Georgia girls there's none surpasses;
They are sweeter than sorghum molasses.
Bye and bye.

FCB #386. NC bjo Sorghum Molasses

Sixteen miles of mountain road,
Eighteen miles of sand,
If ever I ride this road again,
I'll be a married man.

ESB p. 23. dnc Old Joe Clark

I'm goin' up on Grabble Dick,
I'm goin' up next Friday,
I'm goin' up on Grabble Dick
And marry Miss Betsy, Friday.

OSC p. 64. KY bjo mus Jinny Git Around

Oh my lil lover Sally Ann, [x2]
Gwine to get married, Sally Ann. [x2]

ALA p. 38. AL dnc, band mus Sally Ann

[A] All promenade, Sally Ann, [x2]

ALA p. 38. AL dnc, band mus Sally Ann

Get along home, Cindy, Cindy, [x3]
I'll marry you some time.

WVH pp. 178-79. WV fdl mus Cindy
FSA p. 76. fdl, bjo Cindy

Oh, hop along home, Cindy,
And lay your hand in mine;
And you shall live a lady
As long as you are mine.

ALA p. 114. AL fdl mus Cindy

I'll give my heart to you right now;
Oh, do give yours to me.
We'll lock them up together right close
And throw away the key.

FCB #109. NC bjo, dnc mus Fare You Well, My Own True Love
If you love me like I love you
We'll have no time to tarry,
We'll have the old folks flying round
Fixing us to marry.

FCB #46F. NC dnc mus A Little More Cider

If I owned this whole wide world,
And all that was in it too,
I'd give it all with silver and gold,
If I only was married to you.

Unp. 6-7-77. WV bjo Short Life in Trouble

Will you marry me, my pretty little miss?
Will you marry me, my honey?
She looked at me with a smiling look:
'I'll marry you some Sunday.'

FCB #286A. NC bjo? That Blue-Eyed Girl

[C] She answered me most modestly,
[D] 'If it wasn't for my mommy.'

FCB #11A. NC bjo? Seventeen Come Sunday

Poor Johnny, poor Johnny, would you think it unkind
Fur me to sit down beside you and tell you my mind?
My mind is to marry and never to part;
Fur the first time I saw you, you wounded my heart.

FCB #250E. NC bjo, dnc Poor Johnny

When the next I saw was my lovelye Nancy
As she stood weeping by the shore.
I walked up to her and kindly asked her
If she would be a young man's bride.

Unp. 6-9-77. WV fdl Lovelye Nancy

I ask her if she'd be my wife,
Be my wife, be my wife,
Then I'd be happy all my life,
If she'd marry me.

OF #535B. AR dnc, plp Buffalo Gals

Twice sixteen's thirty-two, [x3]
Sally won't you have me? Do, gal, do!

FSSA p. 70. KY fdl, dnc mus Love Somebody, Yes I do
O law, I guess I'll take her
Take that pretty little Molly Baker

FB p. 90. OK fdl mus Molly Baker, or Big Tater

There was a little girl she lived in town,
Her name was Sally Brown,
She courted and married
Before the sun went down, [x2]
Wherever she may be
When I bust this punkin head,
One, two by three.

SBS #83. KY bjo mus Old Coon Dog

I'd a-gotten married forty years ago
If it hadn't a-been for Cotton-Eyed Joe.

Unp. 7-10-75. WV fdl Cotton-Eyed Joe

Oh no, kind sir, I won't get married,
For I'd rather live a single life.

Unp. 6-9-77. WV fdl Lovelye Nancy

Apples in the summertime,
Peaches in the fall,
If I don't get the girl I want
I won't have none at all.

Unp. 12-12-73. WV bjo The Blue-Eyed Girl
CF p. 242. KY dnc mus Shady Grove

There's peaches in the summer
And apples in the fall,
But if I can't marry my Cindy girl,
I won't get married at all.

WVH p. 178. WV fdl mus Cindy

Cindy in the springtime
And Cindy in the fall
If I can't get my Cindy girl
I'll have no girl at all.

FSA p. 76. fdl, bjo Cindy
Cf. 528

The blue-eyed girl's gone back on me,
The black-eyed girl won't have me;
Before I'll have a cross-eyed girl,
Damn me if I'll marry!

CF p. 241. KY dnc mus Shady Grove
SBS #72. KY bjo mus Blue-Eyed Girl
Cindy is a pretty girl  
And so is Cindy's sister  
If I can't get my Cindy girl  
I'll go for Cindy's sister.

FSA p. 75. fd1, bjo Cindy

I wouldn't have you to save your life,  
Because you are my cousin,  
But I can get aplenty more,  
For eighteen cents a dozen.

FSF pp. 230-31. FL fd1, dnc mus I Want to Go Back to Georgia

I would not marry an old maid,  
I'll tell you the reason why,  
Her neck's so long and stringy,  
I'm afraid she'll never die.

FNCM p. 247. NC bjo [no title]  
FCB #46F. NC dnc mus A Little More Cider  
BRSS 2:27-28. NC bjo mus Old Joe Clark  
FB p. 66. fd1? [no title]

I would not have a yeller gal  
I'll tell ye the reason why  
She'd blow her nose on yeller corn bread  
And call it punkin pie.

FB p. 66. OK fd1 Finger Ring  
Cf. 333.1

I would not marry a bachelor,  
I'll tell you the reason why,  
His nose is always dripping,  
And his chin is never dry.

FNCM p. 247. NC bjo [no title]

Ain't a goin' to marry a preacher,  
I'll tell you the reason why  
He preaches for the money  
And also chicken pie

FSA p. 76. fd1, bjo Cindy

Ain't a goin' to marry a doctor  
I'll tell you the reason why  
He's always out in the country  
A makin' the sick folks die

FSA p. 76. fd1, bjo Cindy
Ain't a goin' to marry a farmer
I'll tell you the reason why
He has to be too hardworkin'
To get a little wheat an' rye.

FSA p. 76. fd1, bjo Cindy

Ain't a goin' to marry a lawyer
I'll tell you the reason why
He's always up in the courthouse
A swearin' some big lie

FSA p. 76. fd1, bjo Cindy

I cannot be your sweetheart,
I'll tell you the reason why,
My mother always taught me
To pass a drunkard by.

SBA #57. KY bjo mus Short Life of Trouble

Said it would be dangerous
For a young girl as I
To fall in love with a boy
Who carried a drunkard's life.

SBS #57. KY bjo mus Short Life of Trouble

I rode to church last Sunday
She passed me on by
I knew her mind was changing
By the rolling of her eyes.

Unp. 8-9-77. WV fd1 Handsome Molly

Can't you well remember
When you give to me your hand,
When you promised when you married
That I would be the man?

Unp. 8-9-77. WV fd1 Handsome Molly

But now you've broke your promise,
Go and marry whoever you may
And I'll think of handsome Molly
Wherever she might be.

Unp. 8-9-77. WV fd1 Handsome Molly

[B] Can marry who you please,
[C] All the girl I ever loved,
[D] She's turned her back on me.

SBS #57. KY bjo mus Short Life of Trouble
271
Truelove, truelove, what have I done
To turn your back on me?

SBS #61. KY bjo mus In the Pines

272
The promise she made me
About three weeks ago,
She promised she would marry me,
Standin' in her parlor door.

SBS #56. KY instr mus Moonshiner

273
But a treasure of the promise
That you made me in the lane,
When you said we'd be together
When the roses blooms again.

Unp. 6-7-77 WV bjo [no title]

274.1
We loved, but we parted; when she said goodbye
She swore that she loved me until she would die.

FCB #248D. NC bjo We Loved, but We Parted

274.2
Then you came along, while I was away.
She went and forgot me, just like folks all say.

FCB #248D. NC bjo We Loved, but We Parted

274.3
Now you think she loves you. But just wait and see;
For she will forget you like she forgot me.

FCB #248D. NC bjo We Loved, but We Parted

275
Goodbye, little Bonnie, goodbye. [x2]
You told me you loved me
And you told me a lie.
Goodbye, little Bonnie Blue-Eyes.

FSA p. 81. bjo Little Bonnie Blue-Eyes

276
She'll hug you, she'll kiss you, she'll tell you more lies
Than the cross-ties on the railroad or the stars in the skies.

FCB #248D. NC bjo We Loved, but We Parted
126

277.1
I wish to the Lord I had never been borned,
Or had died when I was young,
Then I never would have kissed your red rose lips
Or listened to your lying tongue.

OF #67LB. MO dnc, fdl My Last Gold Dollar
OSC p. 146. VA [A, B only]. band mus Long Lonesome Road

277.2
I'll never hold those red rosy cheeks
Or hear that flattering tongue, my love,
Or hear that flattering tongue.

OSC p. 146. VA band mus Long Lonesome Road

278
Little woman, little woman,
Come and see what you have done.
You have caused me lots of trouble.
Lord you've caused me to do wrong.

DCA p. 11. KY? bjo Little Birdie

279
This little girl I'm goin' with,
Tells everything I do, my love,
Tells everything I do.

OSC p. 147. VA band mus Long Lonesome Road

280
Oh darling, I'm cross about you [x2]
I'm cross about you and yore mamma is too.
Oh darling, I'm cross about you!

FSA p. 81. bjo Little Bonnie Blue-Eyes

281
Little Dutch Girl if you don't do me better
I'll built me a boat, float you down the river.

FB p. 85. OK fdl mus Little Dutch Girl

282
If you see my blue-eyed girl,
I wish you'd stop and tell her,
She's got no food nor time for me
She can hunt her another feller.

Unp. 12-12-73. WV bjo The Blue-Eyed Girl

283
Them blue-eyed girls they don't treat me right, [x2]
Them blue-eyed girls they don't treat me right, lovin' babe,
Yes, them blue-eyed girls they don't treat me right.

SBS #58. KY bjo mus Chilly Wind
Fly around, my blue-eyed girl,
Fly around my daisy,
Fly around my blue-eyed girl,
You dang nigh run me crazy.

SBS #72. KY bjo mus Blue-Eyed Girl
FCB #286A. NC bjo? That Blue-Eyed Girl
Cf. 393.3

You've been so good and kind to me

Unp. 12-12-73. WV bjo The Blue-Eyed Girl

It's every day and Sunday too,
It seems so dark and hazy,
I'm thinking about my blue-eyed girl--
She's done run me crazy.

FCB #286A. NC bjo? That Blue-Eyed Girl

[B] I hang my head and cry;
[D] Oh, surely I will die!

FCB #286A. NC bjo? That Blue-Eyed Girl

Saturday night and Sunday too, pretty gals on my mind;
Monday morning just 'fore day, white folks got me gwine.

ANFS p. 175. AL bjo My Liza Jane

When I'm asleep I'm a-dreaming about you,
When I am awake I find no rest;
And every moment seems like an hour
With aching pains all acrost my breast.

FSSA p. 71, GMS p. 45, SFC p. 147. KY fdl, bjo mus
Old Virginny
OSC p. 145. KY bjo mus East Virginia

Though in the world I've wander'd far,
The girls do all remind me
Of the girl, that girl, that pretty little girl,
The girl I left behind me.

WVH p. 173. WV? fdl mus The Girl I Left Behind Me

Oh, that girl, that pretty little girl,
That girl I left behind me;
I'll weep and sigh till the day I die
For the girl I left behind me.

BD p. 22. KY dnc The Girl I Left Behind Me
290.1
Now darlin' you can't love but one [x2]
You can't love but one and have any fun
Darlin' you can't love but one.

DCA p. 12. KY? band New River Train

290.2
Little girl, you can't love two; [x2]
You can't love two and your heart be true;
Oh, honey, you can't love true.

Unp. 1-20-74. WV bjo The New River Train
DCA p. 12. KY? band New River Train

290.3
Oh honey, you can't love three, [x2]
You can't love three an' still love me
Oh honey, you can't love three.

FSA p. 80. bjo Honey Where You Been So Long?
DCA p. 12. KY? band New River Train

290.4
Oh honey, you can't love four, [x2]
You can't love four an' love me any more
Oh honey, you can't love four!

FSA p. 80. bjo Honey Where You Been So Long?
DCA p. 12. KY? band New River Train

291
Nobody's darling but mine, love,
Be honest, be faithful and kind.
Now, promise me that you will never
Be nobody's darling but mine.

Unp. 5-4-73. WV bjo Little Darling

292
I loved that girl and she loved me
And I thought we'd live together,
But we hadn't been married but one long year
And now she's gone forever.

Unp. 9-16-80. WV fdl [no title]

293
Oh, on top of old Smokey, all covered with snow,
I lost my true lover by courtin' too slow.

FCB #253A(2). NC bjo Old Smokey

294.1
Oh, Lawdy me, at the trouble I have seen,
And I got no sugar baby now. [x2]

SDA p. 4. WV bjo Sugar Babe

294.2
[A] Some old rounder come along, stole my sugar babe and gone,

SDA p. 4. WV bjo Sugar Babe
The last time I saw Darlin' Corey
It was on the banks of the sea
With forty-four around her
And her banjo on her knee.

DCA p. 15. KY? bjo Darlin' Corey

AS I went down de new cut road, she went down de lane,
Was de last time I saw my true love, so go 'long, Liza Jane
Go long, Liza Jane. [x2]

ANFS p. 175. AL bjo My Liza Jane

Little sweet girl, we have parted,
From each other we must go,
Many miles we separate in
From this world of care and woe.

Unp. 6-7-77. WV bjo [no title]

Oh, this parting gives us sorrow,
Though it only breaks my heart.
But sweet darling, will you love me,
When we meet no more to part?

Unp. 6-7-77. WV bjo [no title]

It isn't the long journey that troubles me so
It's leavin' the darlin' I've courted so long.

FB p. 55. OK fdl mus Drunken Hiccoughs

There's nothing that grieves me nor troubles my mind,
It's a-leavin' my Saro, pretty Saro behind.
But I surely could betain her and silver and gold,
And I'll buy her more fine things nor a large house would hold.

Unp. 9-19-80. WV fdl Pretty Saro

I'm lonesome since I went away
Across the hill and valley,
For I never can forget that day
I left my pretty Sally.

WVH p. 173. WV? fdl mus The Girl I Left Behind Me

The lonesomest day I ever experienced,
When I left my girl behind.

SBS #61. KY bjo mus In the Pines
Reuben, Reuben, I've been thinkin',
'Bout this matrimonial sea.
If the ship should start to sinkin'
What in the world becomes of me?

TMA p. 50. fdl mus Reuben

You caused me to see trouble and many a downfall,
If you want to live happy don't marry a-tall.

SBS #56. KY instr mus Moonshiner

If you mistreat me you'll mistreat another man's wife.
[x2] . . .

FCB #314. NC bjo My Mammy Don't Love Me

I oft-times have wondered how women loved men,
Many a time I've studied how men did love them.

SBS #56. KY instr mus Moonshiner

Come all you purty women and stand in a row,
You look so sadly, you're lonesome I know.

SBS #56. KY instr mus Moonshiner

Shady Grove, my little love,
Shady Grove, I say,
Shady Grove, my little love
Don't wait till the Judgement day!

FSSA p. 43, GMS p. 50. KY/VA fdl, dnc mus Shady Grove
WVH p. 175. WV fdl mus Shady Grove

Oh them girls of Old Billy Parsley
I-de I-de I-de [repeat A & B]
Girls in the cook house, boys in the parlor
I-de I-de-de die-de
Oh boys in the cook house, girls in the parlor
Oh them girls of Billy Parsley.

FB p. 93. OK fdl mus The Parsley Girls

Oh, little Liza, oh little Liza Jane! [x2]

Unp. 6-7-77. WV bjo Little Liza, or Liza Jane
330-379: Antipathy and Conflict

330
Oh, honey, you don't like me [x2]
You don't like me as well as I do you.
Oh, honey, you don't like me.

Unp. 6-7-77. WV bjo The New River Train
FSA p. 80. bjo Honey Where You Been So Long?

331.1
I don't love and I don't court
And I don't love old Greasycoat.

Unp. 7-18-72. WV fdl Greasycoat

331.2
I don't care nor I don't weep,
Nor I don't care for the greasy coat.

SDA p. 11. WV fdl Greasy Coat

331.3
I don't drink and I don't smoke,
And I don't fool with the greasy coat.

SDA p. 11. WV fdl Greasy Coat

332
I never did like Old Joe Clark,
I never think I shall.
I never did like Old Joe Clark,
But I always liked his gal.

Unp. 1-20-74. WV fdl, bjo Old Joe Clark
FSA p. 9. NC fdl, bjo, dnc Old Joe Clark
WVH p. 171. WV fdl mus Old Joe Clark
SHD p. 156. WV fdl mus Old Joe Clark

333.1
I never did like Old Joe Clark,
And here's the reason why:
He blows his nose in my cornbread
And calls it punkin pie.

Unp. 1971. WV fdl Old Joe Clark
Cf. 265.2

333.2
[C] He caught his heel in my rail fence
[D] And tore down all my rye.

WVH p. 171. WV fdl mus Old Joe Clark
SHD p. 157. WV fdl mus Old Joe Clark

333.3
[A] Old Joe Clark's a fine old man,
[C] Run all around the garden spot
[D] An' knocked down all my rye.

FSA p. 10. NC fdl, bjo, dnc Old Joe Clark
The man that owned that sheep, sir,  
He surely must've been rich,  
And the man that made that song, sir,  
Was a lying son of a bitch.

Unp. 1-20-74. WV bjo The Darby's Ram

"I don't like a railroad man! [x2]  
A railroad man will kill you if he can  
And drink down yore blood like wine!"

FSA p. 80. bjo Honey Where You Been So Long?

"I don't like a nigger nohow! [x2]  
You may rub him an' scrub him  
An' rub him up an' down,  
But a nigger'll be a nigger till he dies!"

FSA p. 80. bjo Honey Where You Been So Long?

Called my wife a nigger,  
But she's neither black nor brown;  
She's just the color of a thunder-cloud  
Just before the rain pours down.

EFS #243. KY dnc mus Liza Anne

"Oh you call me a nigger when I'm gone; [x2]  
But when you see me comin'  
With my pockets full of gold,  
It's 'Honey, where you been so long?'"

FSA p. 79. bjo Honey Where You Been So Long?

Old nigger swore her name was Jinny,  
Her name was Jinny, her name was Jinny  
Old nigger swore her name was Jinny  
Down in Alabam.

OF #271C. AR bjo [no title]

Great big nigger layin' in de bed  
Heels cracked open like short'nin' bread.

FSA p. 75. fd1, dnc Short'nin' Bread

Away down yonder in a cedar tree,  
Sing Song Kitty won't you kimey O,  
The niggers they all grow ten feet.  
Sing Song Kitty won't you kimey O.

EFS #242. KY dnc mus The Opossum
342
Down the road as fur as I can see
All those niggers keep a lookin' at me.

FSA p. 73. fdl Ida Red

343
Out of the big house into the kitchen,
There came a little Nigger, he's a-r'arin' and a-pitchin'.
He's a-r'arin' and a-pitchin'.

SBS #89. KY bjo mus Cold Frosty Morning

344.1
De po' white man [x2]
Livin' up nawth in a col' white lan'
Nevah seen a banjo er heered a nigger ban'
I druther be a nigger dan a po' white man.

FB p. 62. OK fdl, rhy mus I'd Druther Be a Nigger
Than a Poor White Man (or Nigger Take a Dram)

344.2
[B] Nevah seen a 'possum er a 'possum in de pan
[C] Nevah had a chicken er a razah in his han'

FB p. 62. OK fdl, rhy mus I'd Druther Be A Nigger
Than a Poor White Man (or Nigger Take a Dram)

345
Ho! ho! and I wish my color would fade.
[repeated over and over]

ANFS p. 378. NC bjo [no title]

346
Stand boys, stand boys, no use a-runnin',
It's look up the hill, you'll see ol' Massa comin',
Got a cowhide in one hand, horsewhip in the other,
Done kill forty niggers, goin' to kill another,
.................
Got a string in his pocket for to tie you' hands together,
Goodbye, my yeller gal, meet you in the evenin'.

OF #267B. AR dnc mus Green Corn

347
Coming from my wife's house t'other Monday morning,
I met the overseer and he looked so severe,
With a bull whip in one hand and a cow whip in the other
And a little strop of leather for to tie my hands
together,
Lookout for hard times for the cold is coming,
Way down in the cane-brake a negro got to go.

ANFS p. 158. AL dnc [no title]
Run nigger, run nigger, pattyroller catch you.
Run nigger, run nigger, try to get away.
Over de hill and down to de pastures,
Run nigger, run nigger, try to get away.

Run nigger, run nigger, try to get away.
Over de hill and down to de pastures,
Run nigger, run nigger, try to get away.

Run, nigger, run when it's almost day.
The white man run and the nigger a little faster.

Jumped over the fence as slick as a eel
White man grab nigger right by the heel
Run nigger run the patteroler catch you
Run nigger run you better get away.

Run, Nigger, run, run your best,
Run, Nigger, run the patteroles will ketch ye.
Don't go away, child, you can't fool me.
Do, Johnny Booger, won't you do, do, do.

The white man run, the nigger flew,
The white man tore his shirt in two.

I went off and I come back again,
The white man scared me in an old sheep skin.

Nigger an' the white man playin' Seven Up
Nigger won the money an' afraid to pick it up.

I'll go down the new cut road
And Liza down the lane
I'll throw my hat in the corner of the fence
And scare poor Liza Jane.
I went down to Knoxville town,
Hadn't been there before;
Great big nigger knocked me down--
Ain't a-goin there no more!

FSA p. 10. NC fd, bjo, dnc Old Joe Clark

Daniel Boone on Pinnacle Rock
He killed Indians with an old flintlock.

FB p. 114. fdl? mus Cumberland Gap

Oh, good Indian don't kill me,
For I've a wife and familee.

FB p. 30. OK fdl mus Good Indian

Hold my fiddle and hold my bow,
'Till I knock the devil out of cotton-eyed Joe.

TMA p. 60. fdl mus Cotton Eyed Joe

'Ts if you want your freedom,
If you want your fill,
If you want your eye knocked out,
Just look on the Sugar Hill.

SBS #79. KY dnc mus Sugar Hill
OSC p. 63. KY bjo mus Jinny Git Around

Slipped in de kitchen an' I slipped off de lead,
Mammy slipped a shovel up side o' my head.

FSA p. 75. NC fdl, dnc Short'nin' Bread
Cf. 365.

Boat begin to rock
Her heart begin to quiver
I up with a rock
And knocked 'er in the river.

FB p. 85. Ok fdl mus Little Dutch Girl

Shoot old Davy Dugger dead; [x3]
He eat my meat and stole my bread. [x2?]

FCB #105A. NC dnc, instr mus Turkey Buzzard

Shoot old Davy Dugger, [x3]
Take his wife and hug her. [x2?]

FCB #105A. NC dnc, instr mus Turkey Buzzard
Aske[d that pretty girl to be my wife
She wouldn't do it to save my life
Aske[d that pretty girl to be my wife
She run at me with a carving knife.

FB p. 87. OK fdl mus I Asked That Pretty Girl To Be
My Wife
FSA p. 73. [C, D only] fdl Ida Red

Ask little Ida to be my beau
She run at me with a goose-necked hoe

FSA p. 73. fdl Ida Red

As t that gal to marry me,
Tell you what she said.
Picked her up a knotty pine stick
And like to broke my head.

GMS p. 51, SPC p. 211. KY bjo, fdl, dnc mus Jinny
Get Around

We hadn't been married about six months
She got mean as the devil
Ever' time I looked cross-eyed
She'd hit me in the head with the shovel.

FB p. 101. OK fdl mus Devilish Mary
Cf. 359

If I had a scoldin' wife
I'd whip her sure's you're born
I'd take her down to Lynchburg Town
An' trade her off fer corn.

FSA p. 73. fdl Goin' Down to Town
FCB #415D. NC bjo, dnc Down to Lynchburg Town

If ever I marry in this world
I'll marry for love and riches;
She may wear the overskirt
But I'm a goin' to wear the britches!

FSA p. 74. fdl Goin' Down to Town

Oh Georgia Buck is dead
An' the last words he said
Was, "Never let a woman have her way!"

FSA p. 83. bjo Georgia Buck
"Let a woman have her way  
An' she'll lead a man astray,  
So never let a woman have her way!"

FSA p. 83. bjo Georgia Buck

I'd rather drink muddy water  
And sleep in a hollow log  
Than to live with any woman  
And be treated like a dog.

DCA p. 11. KY? bjo Little Birdie

Lay down boys and take a little nap [x3]  
We'll have a battle at the Cumberland Gap.

SBS #51. KY bjo mus Cumberland Gap

Lay down your gripsack, hang up your cap, [x3]  
We're goin' to have trouble at the Cumberland Gap.

SBS #51. KY bjo mus Cumberland Gap

[D] We'll beat them Rebels at the Big Stone Gap.

SBS #51. KY bjo mus Cumberland Gap

Come on, boys, listen to me, [x3]  
Whup them Rebels out o' Washington, D. C.

SBS #51. KY bjo mus Cumberland Gap

Rub your cannons bright and clean, [x3]  
Goin' to whup them Rebels out o' Bowlin' Green.

SBS #51. KY bjo mus Cumberland Gap

Come on, boys, let's play fair, [x3]  
Beat them Rebels on the Delaware.

SBS #51. KY bjo mus Cumberland Gap
380-519: Travel

380
I'm a-longin' for to go this road, [x3]
Down the courthouse road.

SBS #75. KY bjo, dnc mus I'm a-Longin' for to Go
This Road

381.1
I'm goin' if I never come back, [x2]
I'm goin' if I never come back, lovin' babe,
Yes, I'm goin' if I never come back.

SBS #58. KY bjo mus Chilly Wind

381.2
I'm goin' if I have to ride the rods, [x2]
I'm goin' if I have to ride the rods, lovin' babe,
Yes, I'm goin' if I have to ride the rods.

SBS #58. KY bjo mus Chilly Wind

382.1
Take this hammer, give it to the walker,
Tell him I'm gone, babe, tell him I'm gone.

ANFS p. 262. NC bjo [no title]

382.2
If he ax you, where's I'm gone to,
Just tell him I'm gone, babe, tell him I'm gone.

ANFS p. 262. NC bjo [no title]

383
'F somebody come, find me gone, [x3]
They better leave my girl alone!

FSSA p. 70. KY fd1, dnc mus Love Somebody, Yes I Do

384
You've caused me to weep, you've caused me to mourn
You've caused me to leave my home.

FSA p. 84. bjo To the Pines
OSC p. 146. VA band mus Long Lonesome Road

385.1
When I thought I would leave my home, [x2]
I'll pick up my hat and my old walking cane,
And I'm bound for that C & O train.

Unp. 6-7-77. WV bjo The New River Train

385.2
[A, B] Well, I'll never come back no more, [x2]

Unp. 6-7-77. WV bjo The New River Train
Stop and tell my mommy howdy,
Stop and tell my mommy howdy, little girl,
I never expect to see her any more.

SBS #55. KY dnc mus Icy Mountain

Standing on the platform,
Waiting for the train,
Get your old blue bonnet
And let's go 'Liza Jane. [x2]

EFS #244A. KY dnc mus Eliza Jane

[A] Stepped up on the railroad,
[B] Thought we'd have some rain;

EFS #244C. KY dnc mus Eliza Jane

A little bit cloudy but it ain't a-gonna rain,
My honey
A little bit cloudy but it ain't a-gonna rain,
My sweet child
A little bit cloudy but it ain't a-gonna rain
We'll take a trip on the north bound tain
My sweet child.

FB p. 73. OK/MO fdl mus Sweet Child, or Honey

If you say yes we'll marry I guess,
We'll leave on the next train that goes down.

SBS #64. KY bjo mus Old Reuben

Come go to the train with me [x2]
Come go to the train and watch me get on--
Goodbye, little Bonnie, I'm gone!

FSA p. 81. bjo Little Bonnie Blue-Eyes

Goodbye, little sugar darling, [x3]
You'll never get to see me any more.

FCB #278A. NC bjo My Home's Across the Smoky Mountains

Good-bye my lover I'm gone, [x3]
Oh yes, I'm goin' to leave you now.

SBS #65. KY bjo mus Good-bye, My Lover

Goodbye, little Bonnie, I'm gone! [x2]
I'm yourn if you live, I'm yourn if you die--
Goodbye, little Bonnie, I'm gone!

FSA p. 81. bjo Little Bonnie Blue-Eyes
Fare you well, my own true love,
Fare you well, I say;
Fare you well, my own true love,
I am gwine away.

FCB #109. NC bjo, dnc mus Fare You Well, My Own True Love

[A, C] So fare you well, my blue-eyed girl,
[D] I'm a-goin' away to stay.

CF p. 241. KY dnc mus Shady Grove

[B] So fare ye well, my daisy;
[D] You've almost run me crazy.

CF p. 242. KY dnc mus Shady Grove
Cf. 284-85

[B] So fare ye well, my dandy;
[D] You're almost sweet as candy.

CF p. 242. KY dnc mus Shady Grove

Do get along, my Sandy girl,
Do get along, I say.
Do get along, my Sandy girl,
For I am a-going away.

Unp. 9-16-80. WV fdl The Sandy Girl

[A, C] Get along home, Eliza Jane,

Unp. 9-19-80. WV fdl, bjo Eliza Jane

Oh, hop along home my Cindy,
Oh, hop along home I say,
Oh hop along home Cindy,
Along the rugged way.

ALA p. 114. AL fdl mus Cindy

Git along home, home Lucindy
Git along home, my Liza Jane. [repeat A, B]

FB p. 39. OK fdl mus 'Lasses Cane

O git along home, Betsy, [x2]
Oh git along, Betsy, get along
I'm bound to leave this place.

FB p. 39. OK fdl mus 'Lasses Cane
395.1
Get along home, Cindy, Cindy, [x2]
Fare you well.

ANFS p. 161. AL bjo [no title]

395.2
[A x3]
[D] Git along down home.

FCB #404A. NC fd1, bjo, dnc Sindy: A Jig

395.3
[D] I ain't gwine there no mo'.

FCB #404G. NC band Cindy

395.4
[D] Bound to see you soon!

FSA p. 76. fd1, bjo Cindy

395.5
[D] It'll soon be sundown.

TMA p. 58. fd1 mus Git Along, Cindy

396
0 get around, Jenny, get around,
0 get around I say,
0 get around, Jenny, get around,
Long summer day.

GMS p. 51, SFC p. 211. KY fd1, bjo, dnc mus Jenny Get Around
OSC p. 63. KY bjo mus Jinny Git Around

397
Shady Grove, my little love,
Shady Grove, my dear,
Shady Grove, my little love,
I'm goin' to leave you here.

WVH p. 175. WV fd1 mus Shady Grove
SFC p. 49. KY/VA fd1, dnc mus Shady Grove

398.1
Fare thee well, Old Joe Clark,
Fare thee well, I say.
Fare thee well, Old Joe Clark,
I ain't got long to stay.

WVH pp. 171-72. WV fd1 mus Old Joe Clark
SHD p. 156. fd1 mus Old Joe Clark

398.2
[B] Goodbye Betsy Brown,
[D] I'm goin' to leave this town.

BRSS 2:27-28. NC bjo mus Old Joe Clark
ESB p. 22. dnc Old Joe Clark
FSA p. 10. NC fd1, bjo, dnc Old Joe Clark
398.3
[B] Fare you well, I'm gone.
[D] And goodbye, Betty Brown.

Unp. 11-3-71. WV fdl, bjo Old Joe Clark
398.4
Gwine around with Old Joe Clark
Gwine around I'm gone
Gwine around with Ole Joe Clark
Good bye Lucy Long.

FB p. 29. OK? fdl? mus Old Joe Clark
399.1
Lord, I'm one and I'm two,
Lord, I'm three and I'm four,
Lord, I'm five hundred miles from my home.

Psa p. 82. bjo Old Reuben
399.2
[A] The wind is from the East
[B] And the snow is from the North,

FCB #236C. NC bjo mus Reuben
400.1
You can count the days I'm gone,
You can tell the train I'm on,
You can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles.

Unp. 12-22-72. WV bjo Reuben's Train
SBS #64. KY bjo mus Old Reuben
400.2
[A] If you don't believe I'm gone
[B] Watch the train that I git on

FSA p. 83. bjo Old Reuben
400.3
[A] You can hear the whistle blow
[B] You can tell the way I go

FSA p. 82. bjo Old Reuben
400.4
[A] Ought to see my gal,
[B] Can't bring her down.

FCB #236D. NC bjo mus Reuben's Train
400.5
She's a-standing in the door
She can hear that whistle blow [x2]
A hundred miles.

FCB #236C. NC bjo mus Reuben
Lord, you oughter been in town
When old Reuben he came down
You could hear the whistle blow a hundred miles.

FSA p. 82. bjo Old Reuben

[A] Hundred miles, hundred miles
[B] Hundred miles away from here

FSA p. 83. bjo Old Reuben

I hear the train a'comin',
She give a station blow,
Rather see my casket come in
As to see my darling go.

SBS #57. KY bjo mus Short Life of Trouble

Railroad runs through Georgia
Railroad and a canal
If it hadn't been for Liza Jane
There never would've been no hell.

FB p. 43. OK fdl mus Railroad Runs Through Georgia

The longest train I ever saw
Come running from the Coal Creek mines.
The engine passed at four o'clock,
The caboose went by at nine.

SBS #61. KY bjo mus In the Pines

The long steel rails that have no end
Have brought me as far as here.

FSA p. 84. bjo To the Pines

The long steel rails and short cross-ties
I wandered my way back home.

SBS #61. KY bjo mus In the Pines

I'm riding on the New River train. [x2]
That C & O train that carried me here
Will surely carry me back home again.

Unp. 6-7-77. WV bjo The New River Train
DCA p. 12. KY? band New River Train
406  Back, back, old freight train, get your load, darlin' baby,
     Back, back, old freight train, get your load,
     When I'm gone to my long lonesome home.

     OSC p. 294. VA band mus Chilly Winds
407  And if that old train runs right,
     I'll be home tomorrow night,
     When I'll side back my engine and go home.

     Unp. 5-6-73. WV bjo Reuben's Train
408  If this train side-tracks
     I'll ride that freight train back
     And I'll never leave my home anymore.

     FCB #236C. NC bjo mus Reuben
409.1 Oh, the train's off the track
     An I can't get it back
     I'll meet you in the mornin' some ole day.

     FSA p. 83. bjo Old Reuben
409.2 [C] One thousand miles from home.

     FCB #236D. NC bjo mus Reuben's Train
409.3 [C] And I can't get a letter from my home.

     SBS #64. KY bjo mus Old Reuben
410  Railroad, my true love,
     I'm goin' home in the mornin'.

     ANFS p. 408. bjo mus My Ole Mistis
411  Boys, boys, I'm going home,
     Stay with mamma every night.

     ALA p. 41. AL bjo mus Chain Gang Song
412  So rise; let's go home;
     My darling, rise; let's go home.

     FSF p. 228. FL fdl? Mus As I Went Over Yonders Road
413  My home's across the Smoky Mountains, [x3]
    And you'll never get to see me any more.

     FCB #278A. NC bjo M: Home's Across The Smoky Mountains
Now who'll be your partner when I'm gone, darlin' baby?
Now who'll be your partner when I'm gone,
When I'm gone to my long lonesome home?

OSC p. 293. VA band mus Chilly Winds

'Twas transportation brought me here;
Takes money fer to carry me home.

FSA p. 84. bjo To the Pines

Give me back my fifteen cents,
Give me back my money.
Give me back my fifteen cents
And I'll go home to mammy.

Unp. 9-16-80. WV fdl [no title]

Got a little home to go to, [x2]
Oh I've got a little home to go to. [x2]

FB p. 19. OK fdl mus Little Home to Go To

(Hic!) where shall I go?
(Hic!) where shall I stay?
(Ha-choo-oo!) will I ever get home?

OF #404A. MO fdl mus The Drunkard's Hiccoughs

I'm goin' on yon mountain,
I'll look back and say,
"Fell so sad and lonesome
Goin' away to stay."

SBS #65. KY bjo mus Good-bye, My Lover

I went up on the mountain,
I gave my horn a blow.
I think I heard my Cindy say,
"Oh, yonder comes my beau."

ALA p. 114. AL bdl mus Cindy
FB p. 39. OK fdl mus 'Lasses Cane
SBS #65. KY bjo mus Good-Bye, My Lover
SBS #77. KY bjo mus Yonder Comes My Love
GMS p. 51, SFC p. 211. KY bjo, fdl, dnc mus Jenny
Get Around

[C] If I can't get the gal I want
[D] Let that ole gal go.

GMS p. 51, SFC p. 211. KY bjo, fdl, dnc mus Jenny
Get Around
If I can't get the gal I want
Let that ole gal go.

GMS p. 51, SFC p. 211. KY bjo, fdl, dnc mus Jenny
Get Around

Get me a load of pine,
Loaded my wagon so heavy
Broke it down behind.

GMS p. 51, SFC p. 212. KY bjo, fdl, dnc mus Jenny
Get Around

To plant me a patch of cane,
Raise me a barrel of 'lasses
To sweeten Liza Jane.

SBS #65. KY bjo mus Good-Bye My Lover
ANFS p. 161. AL bjo [no title]

I went down to town
And I went into the store,
And every pretty girl in that town
Came running to the door.

OSC p. 62. KY bjo mus Lynchburg Town

Shady Grove, my little love,
Shady Grove, I'm bound.
Shady Grove, my little love,
I'm a-goin' back to Shady Town.

Unp. 9-16-80. WV bjo Shady Grove

But she lived in Shady Town.

Unp. 9-16-80. WV bjo Shady Grove

Shady Grove I know;
I'm bound for Shady Grove.

CF p. 241. KY dnc mus Shady Grove
FSSA p. 43, SFC p. 49. KY/VA fdl, dnc mus Shady Grove

I went down to Shady Town
To see what I could see,
And all I seen was a pretty little girl
With a banjo on her knee.

Unp. 9-16-80. WV bjo Shady Grove
Oh, I'm going down to town, [x2]
Oh, I'm going down to Lynchburg town
To carry my tobacco down.

FCB #415D. NC bjo, dnc Down to Lynchburg Town
PSA p. 73. fd1 Goin' Down to Town
SBS #98. KY bjo mus Funniest Is the Frog
OSC pp. 60-61. KY bjo mus Lynchburg Town

Gwine on the skud-geon, Sally Ann, [x2]
Gwine Chantanoogyi, Sally Ann. [X2]

ALA p. 38. AL dnc band mus Sally Ann

[A] Salute your pardner, Sally Ann, [x2]

ALA p. 38. AL dnc band mus Sally Ann

WAKE up, babe, and let's go to town,
The boogerboo is gone.
Every time the baby cried
I thought of the boogerboo.

Unp. 9-16-80. WV bjo Shady Grove

Buck Creek girl don't you want to go to Cripple Creek?
Cripple Creek girl don't you want to go to town?
[A, B x2]

EFS #241A. KY dnc mus Cripple Creek, or Buck Creek Girl
EFS #241B. KY dnc mus Cripple Creek, or Buck Creek Girl

I want to go back to Georgia. [x2]

FSF p. 230. FL fd1, dnc mus I Want to Go Back to Georgia

Farewell to Greer County, farewell to the West,
I'm going back East, to the girl I love best.
I'll quit corndodger, and marry me a wife,
And live on biscuit the rest of my life.

FB p. 156. OK fd1 mus Greer County Song

Reel away, Marina girls.
Reel away, my honey,
Reel away, Marina girls,
I'm gone to cross the country.

EFS #252. VA dnc mus Marina Girls
The ship is waiting for me [x2]
It's waiting for me to cross the wide sea
Goodbye, little Bonnie, I'm gone!

FSA p. 81. bjo Little Bonnie Blue-Eyes

I'll cross the broad ocean my fortune to try
And when I get over I'll sit down and cry.

FB p. 55. OK fdl mus Drunken Hiccoughs

I'd rather be in Boston,
Some other seaport town,
When I'd put my foot in a steamboat
And sail the ocean around.

Unp. 8-9-77. WV fdl Handsome Molly

Round and around the ocean,
Round and around the deep,
Well, I think of handsome Molly
When I lay down to sleep.

Unp. 7-18-72. WV fdl Handsome Molly

I'm going across deep waters,
I'm going across the sea,
I'm going across deep waters,
Going to bring darling Corey to me.

OSC p. 303. KY bjo? mus Darling Corey

Must I go to Porto Rico,
Must I sail the dark blue sea?
Must I fight for you, my darling,
Until death shall set me free?

EFS #249. TN dnc mus Porto Rico

But now I've gone to fight the foe,
On the battlefield you'll find me,
But I'll be going back to her,
To the girl I left behind me.

WVH p. 173. WV? fdl mus The Girl I Left Behind Me

John Lover's gone;
John Lover's gone to war.
John Lover's gone;
Ain't that lucky, too?

TB p. 66. NC bjo John Lover's Gone
440
Shoo fly lady my girl,
Shoo fly lady O,
Shoo fly lady my girl,
I'm goin' to the sugar store.

SBS #79. KY dnc mus Sugar Hill

441
I'm going to the may-be line, [x2]
If there's no change about my mind
I'm going to the may-be line.

FSA p. 81. bjo Little Bonnie Blue-Eyes
Cf. 452

442
Up Salt River I must go,
I must go, I must go,
To swing ten yards to the calico.

Unp. 7-18-72. WV fdl Salt River

443
Roll up your sleeves, boys, pull off your coat,
For Jordan is a hard road to travel.
But if you've got to have your pay
You can tell them right away
When they'll settle on the other side of Jordan.

Unp. 9-19-80. WV fdl [no title]

444
O where are you going, Sally Anne? [x3]
I'm going to the wedding, Sally Anne.

EFS #240. NC dnc mus Sally Anne

445
'Where are you going, my pretty maid?
Oh, where are you going, my honey?'
She answered me most modestly,
"An errand for my mommy."

FCB #11A. NC bjo? Seventeen Come Sunday

446
Some-a these days before very long,
Hey, diddledum dey,
I'll get that gal and-a home I'll run
Hey, diddledum day. [x3]
I'll get that gal and a-home I'll run
Hey, diddledum day.

TOF pp. 24-25. Fdl mus Sourwood Mountain

447
I'm a-going back to the Cumberland Bend
To bring my blue-eyes home again.

Unp. 5-4-73. WV fdl, bjo Cumberland Gap
448
Goin' to buy me a horse, goin' to make me a hack,
Goin' to get Idy, goin' to bring her back.

SBS #74. KY bjo, fd1, dnc mus Idy Red

The day is long and lonesome,
The nights is gettin' cold.
I'm goin' to see my true love,
Before she gets too old.

SBS #65. KY bjo mus Good-bye, My Lover
GMS p. 51, SFC pp. 210-11. KY bjo, fd1, dnc mus
Jenny Get Around

450
If I cross the lonesome road,
And the tears don't fall and drown me,
I'll stop and stay with the pretty Peg-gay,
The girl I left behind me.

Unp. 6-7-77. WV bjo The Girl I Left Behind Me

451
Every time I pass that road
It looks so dark and hazy;
The very next time I pass that road
I'll stop and see my Daisy.

CF p. 242. KY dnc mus Shady Grove

452.1
Well, I'm going down this line before long, [x2]
I'm a-going down this line to see that girl of mine.
She's the sweetest little thing, God knows.

Unp. 6-7-77. WV bjo The New River Train

452.2
[A, B] I'm going down the Mobile Line. [x2]
[D] I'm goin' down the Mobile line.

FCB #746. bjo mus I'm Going Down the Mobile Line
Cf. 441

453
And tallin' and tallin' and tallin' all down,
Tonight I'll go down to see Rosie.

Unp. 6-8-77. WV fd1 And Tallin' All Down

454
My truelove in the bend of the river,
Hoh, rank tum a diddle I day,
A few more jumps and I'll be with her,
Hoh, rank tum a diddle I day.

SBS # 76. KY bjo, dnc mus Sourwood Mountain
Over in the hay, walky daddle day,
Over in the hay to Betty Baker's-O.

Unp. 6-6-77. WV bjo? Betty Baker

Black-eyed gal is mighty sweet,
Blue-eyed girl is dandy.
I went to see the blue-eyed gal,
A-going down Big Sandy.

Unp. 7-8-75. WV bjo The Blue-Eyed Gal

I went downtown to see a little yellow gal, [x3]
I'll be around for to see you in the morning.

Unp. 1-22-74. WV bjo Hot Corn, Cold Corn, Hand
Around a Jimmyjohnny

Went to see my Shady Grove,
She was standing in the door,
Shoes and stockings in her hand,
Little bare feet on the floor.

FSSA p. 43, SFC p. 49. KY/VA fdl, dnc mus Shady
Grove
ANFS p. 174. AL/TN bjo [no title]
BD p. 22. KY dnc Whoa Mule
Cf. 780

I went to see that gal o' mine
A-courting I was bent;
She asked me what I cam there for
And what the ___ I meant.

FSA p. 74. fdl Goin' Down to Town

I went down to Sally's house
'Bout ten o'clock or later;
All she had to give to me
Was a hog-eye and a 'tater.

HCT #75. PA fdl, rhy Hog Eye An' a 'Tater

I went to see the widda', and the widda' wasn't home;
I went to see her daughter, and she gave me honeycomb.

HCT #11A. fdl The Honeycomb Rock

I went down to Old Joe's house,
Old Joe wasn't at home,
I et up all of Old Joe's meat,
AND left Old Joe the bone.

ESB p. 23. dnc Old Joe Clark
462.2
[C] I fell in love with Old Joe's wife
[D] And broke her tucking comb.

Unp. 1-20-74. WV fdl, bjo Old Joe Clark

462.3
[B] I didn't go to stay.
[C] I fell in love with Joe Clark's wife
[D] And couldn't get away.

Unp. 11-3-71. WV fdl, bjo Old Joe Clark

462.4
I went on down to town,
I didn't aim to stay;
I laid my head in a pretty girl's lap
And I could not get away.

FCB #415D. NC bjo, dnc Down to Lynchburg Town

463
Johnson boys, went to the mountains,
They didn't reckon for to stay,
Met up with some high-born ladies,
Didn't get back till the break of day! [x2]

ESB p. 5. NC fdl, bjo, dnc Johnson Boys

464.1
Oh the hobo said to the tramp
"The woods are wet an' the roads are damp
But I can't git back home this a way."

FSA p. 82. bjo Old Reuben

464.2
[A] This a way, this a way,
[B] This a way that river runs,

FSA p. 82. bjo Old Reuben

464.3
This a way, this a way,
This a way that river runs,
But I can't see my darling this a way.

FSA p. 82. bjo Old Reuben

465.1
Bear Creek is up, Bear Creek is muddy
Can't get across to see my honey.

FB p. 108. OK fdl mus Bear Creek

465.2
Bear Creek is up, Bear Creek is swimmin'
Hell's filled up with Buffalo wimmin.

FB p. 108. OK fdl mus Bear Creek
466.1
I went to the river and I couldn't get across,
Paid five dollars for a bob-tailed horse.
I rode him down, couldn't get him in,
Out with my knife and I bobbed him again.

Unp. 7-7-75. WV bjo Betty Baker

466.2
"Went to the river, I couldn't git across
I jumped on a bullfrog and thought he was a hoss."

FB p. 64. OK fdl, bjo mus Went to the River and I
Couldn't Get Across, or Old Aunt Mary Jane

467
Take my straw hat, take it by the brim,
Going to cross Cripple Creek wade or swim.

Unp. 11-15-70. WV bjo, fdl Cripple Creek

468
Roll my britches to my knees
Wade old Cripple Creek when I please.

DCA p. 12. KY? bjo Cripple Creek
SBS #81. KY bjo, dnc mus Cripple Creek

469
Me and my wife and a stump-tail dog
Went across the river on a hickory log.

SBS #78. KY bjo mus Little Brown Jug
Unp. 6-9-77. WV bjo Little Brown Jug
CF p. 240. KY dnc, fdl, bjo mus Cripple Creek

470.1
I'm goin' on that mountain,
Mountain high and tall,
Broad-ax on my shoulder,
Hew that mountain small.

SBS #65. KY bjo mus Good-bye, My Lover

470.2
My true love up on the mountain,
Bowing up and down,
If I had my broadax here,
I'd hew the mountain down.

OSC p. 63. KY bjo mus Jinny Git Around

471
Climb those Blue Ridge Mountains,
They're forty miles around.
I think I'll buy me a dagger knife
And cut those mountains down.

FCF p. 66. KY bjo Rattler
My truelove lives in Magoffin,  
Hoh, rank tum a diddle I day,  
Too fer there and I can't go often,  
Hoh, rank tum a diddle I day.

SBS #76. KY bjo, dnc mus Sourwood Mountain

She sits up with ole Si Hall  
Hey, diddledum dey,  
Me and Jeff can't go there a-tall  
Hey, diddledum dey. [x3]  
Me and Jeff can't go there a-tall  
Hey, diddledum dey.

TOF pp. 24-25. fdl mus Sourwood Mountain

Wanna go to meeting and wouldn't let me go  
Had to stay home with Cotton Eyed Joe.

FB p. 26. fdl, dnc mus Cotton Eyed Joe

O this door locked and the other one too,  
My mammy she'll kill me; [repeat A, B]  
Come on here. No ma'am,  
O this door locked and the other one too,  
My mammy, she will kill me.

EPS #253. NC dnc mus O This Door Locked

[A] I'll hoist them windows and I will come out,

EPS #253. NC dnc mus O This Door Locked

Dice-O, Dice-O, let me in, [x3]  
The doors are shut and the window's pinned.

Unp. 1-22-74. WV bjo, fdl Soldier's Joy

Peeping at the window, peeping at the door,  
If you don't let me in I'll come no more.

Unp. 1-22-74. WV bjo, fdl Soldier's Joy

I got a gal in the head of the holler  
Ho dum arum tum diddle allie day  
She won't come an' I won't folle.  
Ho dum arum tum diddle allie day.

FSA p. 75. fdl, dnc Sourwood Mountain
SBS #76. KY bjo, dnc mus Sourwood Mountain
WHV p. 180. WV fdl mus Sourwood Mountain
SHD p. 162. WV fdl mus Sourwood Mountain
478.2
[C] She won't come and I won't call 'er

TOF pp. 24-5. fdl mus Sourwood Mountain
W VH p. 180. WV fdl mus Sourwood Mountain
SHD p. 162. WV fdl mus Sourwood Mountain
FCB #251B. NC dnc, instr Sourwood Mountain

478.3
My true-love lives up in Letcher,
Ho de um de iidle de day.
She won't come and I won't fetch her,
Ho de um de iidle de day.

W VH p. 180. WV fdl mus Sourwood Mountain
SHD p. 162. WV fdl mus Sourwood Mountain
FSF p. 232. FL fdl mus Sourwood Mountain

479
Well, we'll get there soon as t'others, Uncle Joe, Uncle Joe. [x3]
Don't mind the weather so the wind don't blow.

OSC p. 59. VA bjo, gtr mus Hop Up, My Ladies

480
'Hello, stranger!' 'Hello yourself.
If you want to go to h____ jist go by yourself.'

FCB #330 NC fdl, bjo, dnc Arkansas Traveller
Cf. 542

481
To my heart you are my darling,
At my door you're welcome in;
At my gate I'll meet you my darling,
O if your love I could only win.

FSSA p. 71, CMS p. 45, SFC p. 147. KY bjo, fdl mus Old Virginnyn

482.1
Looked cross the road, saw Sally comin',
Thought to my soul, kill myself a-runnin'.

Unp. 11-5-77. KY fdl Sally Goodin

482.2
[B] Thought to my soul she'd break 'er neck a-runnin'

FB p. 32. fdl Sally Gooden

483
Yander she comes, I'll go and meet her,
Hop up purty little black-eyed creature.

SBS #71. KY dnc mus Black-Eyed Susie
156

484.1
O yonder comes my purty little love,
She's all dressed in red,
Looking down at her purty little feet,
And she wished my wife was dead, Lord, Lord,
And she wished my wife was dead.

SBS #77. KY bjo mus Yonder Comes My Love

484.2
[B] She's all dressed in yaller,
[D] And her shoes all greased with taller, Lord, Lord,
[E] And her shoes all greased with taller.

SBS #77. KY bjo mus Yonder Comes My Love

484.3
[B] How do you reckon I know?
[C] Know her by her old cotton dress,
[D] And her shoes is crackin' on the floor, Lord, Lord,
[E] And her shoes is crackin' on the floor.

SBS #77. KY bjo mus Yonder Comes My Love

484.4
[B] O how do you know 'er
[C] I know 'er by 'er walk an' I know 'er by 'er talk
[D] An' 'er shoe strings flappin' on th' floor.

FB p. 27. fdl mus Yander Comes My True Love

485
"Oh honey, where you been so long?" [x2]
"I've been in the bend with the rough and rowdy men
An' I'm goin' back agin 'fore long."

FSA p. 79. bjo Honey Where You Been So Long?

486
True love, true love, don't lie to me,
Where did you stay last night?

SBS #61. KY bjo mus In the Pines

487.1
Yeah, who been here since I been gone?
Little bitty girl with a red dress on.
She can do that trick all night long.

TB p. 66. NC bjo John Lover's Gone

487.2
Who's been here since I've been gone? [x3]
Old Aunt Jenny with her nightcap on.

TMA p. 48. fdl mus Old Aunt Jenny

488
Cumberland Gap it hain't very far, [x3]
Just a little piece above Middlebar.

SBS #51. KY bjo mus Cumberland Gap
Cincinnati is a purty place
And so is Philadelphia,
The streets is lined with the dollar bill
And the purty girls a-plenty.

SBS #72. KY bjo mus Blue-Eyed Girl

There's Alabama, thus you see,
Tennessee, or what you please,
South Carolina, tar and resin,
Good old Georgia, goobers and sorghum.
Bye and bye.

FCB #386. NC bjo Sorghum Molasses

Look thru old Virginny, down thru Tennessee,
All around this whole wide world you can't five dollar me;
Shoo fly, don't you bother me.

SBS #80. KY bjo mus Shoo Fly

Was an old nigger and come from Guinea,
And she come from Guinea, [x2]
Was an old nigger and she come from Guinea,
Down in Alabam.

OF #271C. AR bjo [no title]

Where'd he come from? Where'd he go?
Where'd he come from, Cotton-Eyed Joe?

Unp. 6-9-77. WV fdl Cotton-Eyed Joe
Unp. 4-18-76. KY fdl Cotton-Eyed Joe

Up the road and down the street,
Can't get a letter but once a week.

Unp. 6-9-77. WV bjo, fdl The Boatsman
FSA p. 72. fdl Ida Red

Down the road, around the bend,
I ain't had a letter in I can't tell when

FSA p. 73. fdl Ida Red

Down the road, down the road,
I can't get a letter from down the road.

FSA p. 72. fdl Ida Red
Idy Red she lived in town,
She wrote me a letter that I must come down.

SBS #74. KY fdl, bjo, dnc mus Idy Red

I wrote you a letter, charming Betsy,
I sent it safe by hand,
And when I got the answer
You were courting some other man.

FCB #256A. NC fdl Charming Betty

If I was a-penned and could write a fine hand,
I'd write my love a letter that she could understand,
But I'd send it by water, let the wind blow high, low,
When I think of pretty Saro wherever I go.

Unp. 9-19-80. WV fdl Pretty Saro

Down the road, down the road
All my people live down the road.

FSA pp. 72-73. fdl Ida Red

There's a lamp shining bright in the valley,
Through the window it's shining for me,
But I see that old lamp in the window,
It will guide me wherever I might be.

Unp. 1-22-74. WV bjo The Lamp Shining Bright in the Valley

She asked me if I couldn't come again,
I told her "Yes, I reckon I kin."
Old Kate git over, old Kate git over.

ANFS p. 162. AL dnc [no title]

Ole Granny Blair, what're ya doin' there
Goin' through the cotton patch hard as I can tear.

FB p. 84. OK? fdl? mus Grandma Blair, or Old Granny Blair
Cf. 030, 141.

'S I've been getting there all the while. [x2]

SBS #87 p. 183. KY bjo mus Arkansas Traveler

Ain't you mighty glad to get out o' the wilderness,
Get out o' the wilderness, [x2]
Ain't you mighty glad to get out o' the wilderness
Down in Alabam.

OF #271C. AR bjo [no title]
520-609: Amusements and Vices

520.1
Going up Cripple Creek, going in a run
Going up Cripple Creek to have a little fun.
[Repeat A, B]

DCA p. 11. KY? bjo Cripple Creek
Unp. 11-15-70. WV bjo fdl Cripple Creek
CF p. 240. KY [A x3, B x1] fdl, bjo, dnc mus Cripple Creek
SBS #81. KY bjo, dnc mus Cripple Creek
EFS #247. KY dnc mus Cripple Creek

520.2
[A] Sell my britches, buy me a gun,

Unp. 9-17-80. WV fdl, bjo Cripple Creek

521.1
Me and my wife and a bob-tailed hound, [x3]
Going up Cripple Creek a-bummin' around.

CF p. 240. KY fdl, bjo dnc mus Cripple Creek

521.2
Me and my wife and a bob-tailed fice, [x3]
Going up Cripple Creek playing on the ice.

CF p. 240. KY fdl, bjo, dnc mus Cripple Creek

522.1
Make them darkies laugh and grin
To see Uncle Joe come steppin' in.

SBS #90. KY bjo mus Did You Ever See the Devil, Uncle Joe?

522.2
Make them darkies laugh and cry
To see old Joe come ridin' by.

SBS #90. KY bjo mus Did You Ever See the Devil, Uncle Joe?

523
Down the road a mile and a half
My little honey looked back and laughed.

FSA p. 73. fdl Ida Red

524
Hat's on the mantel, pictures on the wall,
There's a pretty soldier, and that's not all,
I'm mistaken, I'm not right,
Somebody else giv'n a party tonight.

OF #442. MO fdl, dnc mus Ida Red
525.1
Buffalo gals, won't you come out tonight,
Come out tonight, come out tonight,
Buffalo gals, won't you come out tonight
An' dance by the light of the moon?

OF #535B. AR dnc, plp Buffalo Gals
FB p. 119. OK fdl mus Buffalo Gals

525.2
[A, C] Round town girls, won't you come out tonight?

Unp. 7-11-75. WV fdl Buffalo Gals

525.3
[A, C] I'll give you half a dollar if you'll come out tonight,

Unp. 7-11-75. WV fdl Buffalo Gals

526
Dance all night till broad daylight,
Broad daylight, broad daylight,
Dance all night till broad daylight,
Go home with the gals in the mornin'.

OF #535B. AR dnc, plp Buffalo Gals
BD p. 20. KY? dnc? [C, D only] [no title]

527.1
Sally Ann is the gal I like,
She goes to the ball and dance all night.

Unp. 1-21-74. WV fdl Sally Ann

527.2
[B] She goes to the dance and bawls all night.

Unp. 1-21-74. WV fdl Sally Ann

528
Sindy in the spring time, Sindy in the fall,
Sindy at the ballroom a-dancin' at the ball.

FCB #404A. NC fdl, bjo Sindy: A Jig
Cf. 261

529.1
O shake that little foot, Sally Anne, [x3]
You're a pretty good dancer, Sally Anne.

EFS #240. NC dnc mus Sally Anne

529.2
[A x2]
[C] Oh my lil lover, Sally Ann.

ALA p. 38. AL dnc band mus Sally Ann
530.1
Shout, Little Luly, shout and shout,
What in the devil're you shoutin' about?
Sift your meal and save your bran,
Shake that little foot, Sally Ann.

SBS #82. KY dnc mus Old Corn Whiskey

530.2
Who're you goin' to marry, Jake and Nan,
Who're you goin' to dance for, ring-eyed Sam?
Shake that little foot, Sally Ann,
Put that left foot on the ground.

SBS #82. KY dnc mus Old Corn Whiskey

531
Set to yo' pa'tner, dah, dah. [x2]

ANFS p. 164. NC dnc [no title]

532.1
All down in the middle and round both sides,
And balance on the corner;
Swing, oh, swing that pretty little girl;
Promenade with the girl behind you.

BD p. 2]. KY dnc The Girl I Left Behind Me

532.2
[A] First you swing the opposite lady,
[B] Swing her by the right;
[C] Then your partner by the left;

BD p. 21. KY dnc The Girl I Left Behind Me

533.1
I'll dance a jig and I'll dance no more
Till Daddy comes home from Baltimore;
I'll dance no more, my feet are sore,
Dancin' all over the sandy floor.

HCT #7. PA fd1, rhy I'll Dance a Jig and I'll Dance No More

533.2
O dear mother, my toes are sore
Dancin' all over your sandy floor
Behind the door,

HCT #6. fd1, dnc, rhy mus O Dear Mother My Toes Are Sore

534
Can't dance chicken foot, can't dance nothing.

FSF p. 229. FL fd1 mus Can't Dance Chicken Foot
The boatman whistle and the boatman sing,
The boatman do most anything.
Dance, boatman, dance.

Unp. 5-5-73. WV bjo, fdl The Boatsman

Come, listen, all you gals and boys,
I'm just from Tuckyhoe.
I'm goin' to sing a little song,
My name's Jim Crow.

TMA p. 83. fdl mus Jim Crow

Sing on the mountain hill, [x2]
Sing on the mountain hill, my love,
I will have my fun.

OSC p. 64. KY bjo mus Jinny Git Around

Old massa was a rich old man
He was richer than a king.
He made me beat the old tin pan
While Sary Jane would sing.

OSC p. 61. KY bjo mus Lynchburg Town

I'll tune up my fiddle an' rosin my bow,
I'll make myself welcome wherever I go.

OF #404A. MO fdl mus The Drunkard's Hiccoughs
OF #404C. MO fdl mus The Drunkard's Hiccoughs
FB p. 55. OK fdl mus Drunken Hiccoughs
Unp. 7-10-75. WV bjo, fdl Jack of Diamonds

And play Jack of Diamonds wherever I go.

Unp. 7-11-75. WV fdl, bjo The Drunken Hiccups

A cornstalk fiddle and a shoestring bow,
Have you ever seen the Devil, Uncle Joe, Uncle Joe?

Unp. 7-10-75. WV fdl [no title]

Come down gals on Cotton Eyed Joe.

FB p. 26. fdl, dnc mus Cotton Eyed Joe

And a damn good fiddler was he,
But all the tune that he could play
Was Rippytoe Ray, oh, Rippytoe Ray,
Oh, Rippytoe Ray, oh, ree-e-e.
Oh, Rippytoe Ray.

TMA p. 41. fdl mus Rippytoe Ray
Hello, old man! Hello yourself,  
I'm as good a fiddler as anybody else!

Unp. 1-20-74. WV fdl, bjo The Arkansas Traveler  
Cf. 480.

First he made a banjo, he made it for to sing,  
And then he made a nigger for to pick upon the string.

Unp. 1-20-74. WV bjo Walking in the Parlor  
SDA p. 7. WV bjo Walking in the Parlor

A-walking in the parlor, a-walking in the ring,  
And a-walking in the parlor to hear the banjo ring.

SDA p. 7. WV bjo Walking in the Parlor

Oh walk Tom Walker, walk in I say,  
Walk in the parlor and hear the banjo play;  
See the little niggers as they pick upon the strings, [x2]  
Walk, Tom Walker, walk in I say,  
Walk in the parlor and hear the banjo play.

ALA p. 30. AL bjo mus Walk Tom Walker

When I go to my gal's house and she is at home,  
I lays myself back in de big arm cheer  
And picks on de old banjo. [x3]

ANFS p. 175. AL bjo My Liza Jane

Oh, Lord, Lord, Lord, have mercy on me, [x3]  
And a pick-eye-dine the banjo.

Unp. 9-19-80. WV fdl [no title]

My sister Susannah, she plays the piano,  
My brother, he picks on the banjo.

Unp. 6-8-77. WV fdl And Tallin' All Down

As they marched down this way to the foot of the street,  
The band began to play and the music was so sweet.  
My heart it was enlisted and I could not get it free,  
For the Captain with his whiskers took a sly glance at me.

TMA p. 162. fdl, dnc mus Old-Fashioned Schottische

Times is rough, if I had some snuff,  
I'd keep my Mandy dipping all the time, time, time.  
For Mandy keeps on nagging all the time.

AR p. 99. AR fdl mus Mandy
551.1
There was an old soldier and he had a wooden leg,
He had no tobacco and tobacco he would beg.
Says this old soldier: "Won't you give me a chew?"
Says t'other soldier: "I'll be darned if I do."

TMA p. 38. fd1 mus Old Soldier

551.2
Say, old man, gi' me a chew,
Give me a chew, give me a chew.
Say, old man, give me a chew.
Say, old woman, be danged if I do.

Unp. 7-13-75. WV fd1 Old Man, Give me a Chew

552
Save off your money and give off your box,
You'll have more money in your own tobacco box.

Unp. 7-13-75. WV fd1 Old Man, Give Me a Chew

553
The old jack of diamonds and the little [pink face?]
I'll play the high card if you'll play the ace.

Unp. 1-20-74. WV bjo Jack of Diamonds

554
Me and my wife had a game of seven-up,
We was playing for a half a silver dollo,
When she picked up the ace and she hit me in the face,
And the people over in Jordan heared me holler.

Unp. 9-19-80. WV fd1 [no title]
Cf. 351

555.1
Shoot your dice and roll 'em in the sand, sugar-babe.
[x2]
Shoot your dice and roll 'em in the sand,
I ain't a-goin' to work for no damned man, sugar-babe.

CF p. 246. KY dnc mus Crawdad

555.2
Shoot your dice and have your fun, sugar babe,
Shoot your dice and have your fun,
Run like the devil when the po-lice come, sugar babe.

EFS #245. KY dnc mus Sugar Babe
Cf. 685.

556.1
I drink and I gamble, my money's my own,
And them that don't like me can leave me alone.

Unp. 9-26-71. WV fd1, bjo Jack of Diamonds
556.2
[A] I'll play cards and drink whiskey wherever I'm gone.

SRS 3:129. TN bjo mus The Drunkard's Song

556.3
[A] I'm a rambler and a gambler, a long ways from home

FB p. 55. OK fdl mus Drunken Hiccoughs

557
I'll go to the holler and fire up my still,
I'll make you a gallon for a two-dollar bill.

OF 404C. MO fdl mus The Drunkard's Hiccoughs
SBS #56. KY instr mus Moonshiner
FSSA p. 44. KY bjo? mus God Bless the Moonshiners

558.1
I go to the grocery and drink to my friends,
No woman to follow to see what I spend.

SBS #56. KY instr mus Moonshiner
FSSA p. 44. KY bjo? mus God Bless the Moonshiners

558.2
I'll go to the barroom and put on a stew,
No woman to follow me to see what I do.

OF #404C. MO fdl mus The Drunkard's Hiccoughs

559
You can shoot, you can cut, you can rip, you can tear,
You can do whatever you will;
For I ramble around from town to town,
And I drink corn whiskey still.

OSC p. 297. KY bjo mus Pass Around Your Bottle

560.1
I'll eat when I'm hungry en drink when I'm dry;
En if whiskey don't kill me, I'll live till I die.

SRS 3:129. TN bjo mus The Drunkard's Song
TMA p. 126. fdl mus Drunken Hiccoughs

560.2
[B] If a tree don't fall on me, I'll live till I die.

OF #404C. MO fdl mus The Drunkard's Hiccoughs
FB p. 55. OK fdl mus Drunken Hiccoughs

560.3
[B] Pretty women when I'm lonesome, sweet Heaven when I die.

FSSA p. 44. KY bjo? mus God Bless the Moonshiners

561
Beefsteak when I'm hungry, and whiskey when I'm dry;
Greenback for to carry me through, and heaven when I die.

EFS #243. KY dnc mus Liza Anne
FB p. 55. OK fdl mus Drunken Hiccoughs
Raw whiskey, raw whiskey, raw whiskey, I cry,
Sweet heaven, sweet heaven, whenever I die.

FB p. 55. OK fd1 mus Drunken Hiccoughs

I do love licker, and I will take a dram.
'Druther be a nigger than a pore white man.

FCB #92B. NC bjo mus A Little More Sugar in My Coffee
FCB #92A. NC fd1, bjo, dnc I Do Love Sugar in My Coffee O
FB p. 62. OK fd1, rhy. mus I'd Druther Be A Nigger Than a Poor White Man, or Nigger Take a Dram

Ha, ha, ha, you and me,
Little brown jug, don't I love thee.

SBS #78. KY bjo mus Little Brown Jug

Old Mother Gofour she loves whiskey
Old Mother Gofour she loves vine.
Old Mother Gofour she got married
Old Mother Gofour what a happy time.

FB p. 82. fd1 mus Old Mother Gofour

Dance all night with your bottle in your hand,
And long before day give the fiddler a dram.
Give the fiddler a dram, give the fiddler a dram,
And long before day give the fiddler a dram.

EFS #246. KY dnc mus Give the Fiddler a Dram

Oh the hobo said to the bum
"If you got any liquor I want some
But I can't see my mamma this a way."

FSA p. 82. bjo Old Reuben

Oh, pass around your bottle and we'll all take a drink,
It's been all around this room;
Oh, pass it to the boys that fears no noise,
Although we're far from home.

OSC p. 297. KY bjo mus Pass Around Your Bottle

Hot corn, cold corn, hand around a jimmyjohnny, [x3]
I'll be around for to see you in the morning.

Unp. 1-22-74. WV bjo Hot Corn, Cold Corn, Hand Around a Jimmyjohnny
Hey, Mr. Johnson, pass the jug around the hill,
For I've got a bottle and I want to get it filled.

Unp. 7-29-73. bjo, fdl Old Jimmy Johnson
SHD p. 60. WV bjc mus Old Jimmy Johnson

[B] I got an interest in a two dollar bill.

SHD p. 60. WV bjo mus Old Jimmy Johnson

Oh, where'd ye git yet licker,
Oh, where'd ye git yer dram?
I got it of a nigger
Way down in Rockin'ham.

FCB #404A. NC bjo, fdl Sindy: A Jig

My mammy don't love me, she won't buy me no shoes,
Won't give me no corn-licker, won't tell me no news.
I love-a nobody, nobody loves me.
Always to drink licker, always to be free.

FCB #314. NC bjo My Mammy Don't Love Me

Dance him north, dance him south, [x3]
Pour a little moonshine in his mouth.

FSSA p. 32. KY fdl, dnc, nur mus What'll I Do With the Baby-O

Get five or six jovial young fellows,
And stand them all round in a row.
Let them drink out of half-gallon bottles
To the name of Old Rosin the Bow.

TMA pp. 56-57. fdl mus Rosin the Bow

Oh, times are risky, if I had some whiskey,
I would make my money boozy all the time, time, time.
I'd keep her good and boozy all the time.

AR p. 99. AR fdl mus Mandy

If I had a keg of rum
And sugar by the pound
And a silver spoon to stir it with
I'd treat them ladies round.

FCB #109. NC bjo, dnc mus Fare You Well, My Own True Love
ANPS p. 164. AL dnc [no title]
576.2
[C] Great big bowl to put it in,
[D] And a spoon, I'd stir it round.

FCB #109. NC bjo, dnc mus Fare You Well, My Own True Love

567.3
Whiskey by the gallon
And sugar by the pound
A great big bowl to put it in
And a spoon to stir it round!

FSA p. 74. fdl Goin' Down to Town

577
[Say?] little girl, if you don't care,
I'll leave my liquor jug set right here.
And if it ain't here when I get back,
I'll raise hell in the Cumberland Gap.

Unp. 5-4-73. WV fdl, bjo The Cumberland Gap

578
Me and my wife went over my farm,
A little brown jug stuck under my arm.

SBS #78. KY bjo mus Little Brown Jug

579
'Ts I laid down in the shade of a tree,
Little brown jug in the shade of me.

SBS #78. KY bjo mus Little Brown Jug

580
'Ts I raised up and give it a pull,
Little brown jug was about half full.

SBS #78. KY bjo mus Little Brown Jug

581
The Cumberland Gap, the Cumberland Bend,
They're all down drunk in the Cumberland Bend.

Unp. 6-7-77. WV fdl, bjo The Cumberland Gap

582
Way up on Clinch Mountain, I wander alone;
I'm es drunk es the devil; Oh, let me alone!

SRS 3:129. TN bjo mus The Drunkard's Song

583
When I git one dram,
Then I want two.
When I get on a high lonesome
I don't care what I do.

OSC p. 65. KY bjo mus Jinny Git Around
I'm often drunk and seldom sober,
Fall of the year comes in October.

FSF p. 229. FL fd1 mus Can't Dance Chicken Foot

Well, when she got to the ball
She got so drunk but she couldn't go at all.

Unp. 9-16-80. WV fd1 Sally Ann

I will have my fun, my love,
I will have my fun,
Take my glass away from me,
I don't want no more.

OSC p. 64. KY bjo mus Jinny Git Around

Oh I'll never drink whiskey any more, [x2]
I'll lay my head in the barroom door
An' I'll shout when I get happy, Lord, Lord!

OF #671B. MO dnc, fd1 My Last Gold Dollar

Oh Edward you look so happy now
You dress so neat and clean
I never see you drunk about
Pray tell me where you've been.

FB p. 57. fd1 mus Drunkard's Dream

The last time I seen little Cory,
She was standing with a bottle in her hand,
A-drinkin' down her sorrows,
Cause they took away her man.

FSSA p. 45; CMS p. 49. KY bjo mus Little Cory
OSC pp. 302-03. KY bjo? mus Darling Corey

Oh, pass around your bottle, we'll all take a drink,
Oh, I'm bound for another spring.
Oh, them don't like me can let me alone,
For my darlin's gone back on me.

OSC pp. 296-97. KY bjo mus Pass Around Your Bottle

My father he's in heaven,
And my mother's by his side,
I never took to drinking
Till my dear old mother died.

SBS #57. KY bjo mus Short Life of Trouble
610-749: Misfortunes

610
When I were young and a-running around,
I had a little money to spend,
I spent it for drink, but I never did think
That my fun would ever end.

OSC p. 297. KY bjo mus Pass Around Your Bottle

611
I've been a moonshiner for seventeen years,
I've spend all my money for whiskey and beer.

SBS #57. KY bjo mus Short Life of Trouble;
FSSA p. 44. KY bjo mus God Bless the Moonshiners

612.1
My last gold dollar is gone, [x2]
My board bill is due, and the whiskey bill too,
And my last gold dollar is gone.

OF #671B. MO dnc, fdl My Last Gold Dollar

612.2
[A, B, D] Oh, honey, my board bill's due.

Unp. 6-7-77. WV bjo The New River Train

613.1
Old Reuben he got drunk,
Pawned his watch and his trunk,
And another dram of whiskey before he dies.

SBS #64. KY bjo mus Old Reuben

613.2
[C] Lord, he never pawned his gold diamond ring.

FSA p. 82. bjo Old Reuben
Cf. 631

614
It was a dream a warning dream
That heaven sent to me
To snatch me from a drunkard's doom
Grim want and misery.

FB p. 57. fdl mus Drunkard's Dream

615
My money all was spent for drink
O what a wretched view
It almost broke my Mary's heart
And starved my children too.

FB p. 57. fdl mus Drunkard's Dream
Jack of Diamonds, Jack of Diamonds, I know you of old,
You've robbed my poor pockets of silver and gold.

Unp. 9-26-71. WV fdl, bjo Jack of Diamonds
SRS 3:130. TN bjo mus The Drunkard's Song

Jack of diamonds, jack of diamonds, you're no friend
of mine;
You've robbed my poor pockets and stole my father blind.

Unp. 9-17-80. WV fdl, bjo Jack of Diamonds

I thought I'd made a fortune
And never could be sunk
I lost it all a-gambling
The night that I got drunk.

SBS #79. KY dnc mus Sugar Hill

First thing I owned was a pistol,
The next was cards to play,
Then go down to the gambling hall
I gambled my life away.

SBS #57. KY bjo mus Short Life of Trouble

No home, no home, pled a little girl
As she stood at the rich man's hall
As she trembling stood on the parlor step
And lent on the marble wall.

FB p. 59. fdl mus The Orphan Girl

Her clothes were thin and her feet were bare
But the snow had covered her head
O, give me a home she feebly cried
A home and a piece of bread.

FB p. 59. fdl mus The Orphan Girl

The wind blew hard and the snow fell fast
But the rich man closed his door
While his proud lips curled as with scorn he said
No room, no bread for the poor.

FB p. 59. fdl mus The Orphan Girl

The rich man slept on his velvet couch
And dreamed of his silver and gold
While the little girl in the bed of snow
She murmured so cold, co cold.

FB p. 59. fdl mus The Orphan Girl
My clothes are ragged, my language is rough,
My bread is corndodger, both solid and tough,
But yet I'm happy, and I live all at ease,
On sorghum molasses, bacon and peas.

FB p. 157. OK fdl mus Greer County Song

I ain't got but one old rusty dime, darlin' baby,
I ain't got but one old rusty dime,
When I'm gone to my long lonesome home.

OSC p. 294. VA band mus Chilly Winds

Johnson boys they went a-courtin';
Johnson boys they didn't stay;
The reason why they went no further,
Had no money fur to pay their way. [x2]

FCB #338C. NC dnc, fdl, bjo Johnson Boys
ESB p. 5. NC dnc, fdl, bjo Johnson Boys

The Johnson boys, they went a-hunting,
Took two dogs and went astray.
The reason why they didn't stay,
They had no money for to pay their way.

Unp. 9-16-80. WV fdl The Johnson Boys

[A] Johnson boys left Missouri,

Unp. 9-16-80. WV fdl The Johnson Boys

Times is a-gettin' hard,
Money is gettin' skace,
If I can't sell my old banjo
I'm sure to leave this place.

SBS #98. KY bjo mus Funniest Is the Frog

[C] Pay me for them tobacco, boys,
[D] And I will leave this place.

OSC pp. 60-61. KY bjo mus Lynchburg Town

Down the road, down the road
All my money goes down the road.

FSA p. 73. fdl Ida Red
If I had the money,
Half that I have lost,
Buy my wife a shoo-fly dress,
And I wouldn't care what the cost.

SBS #79. KY dnc mus Sugar Hill

I give her every cent I made when I laid her in the shade,
What else can a poor rounder do.

SDA p. 5. WV bjo Sugar Babe

I'll pawn you my watch, I'll pawn you my chain,
I'll pawn you my gold diamond ring.

SBS #64. KY bjo mus Old Reuben
FSA p. 82. bjo Old Reuben
CF. 613.2

If that don't pay my baby's way,
I'll pawn you my wagon and my team.

SBS #64. KY bjo mus Old Reuben

I went upstairs to get a jug of gin,
I fell in a shit-pot up to my chin.
I couldn't swim, and I couldn't float,
A big black turd went down my throat.

Unp. 2-6-74. WV bjo Getting Upstairs

She's my yaller gal.
I brought her from the South.
Took her down to the blacksmith shop,
To have her mouth made small,
And bless you soul she opened her mouth
And swallowed that shop and all.

FCB #406C. NC bjo She's My Yaller Gal
ANFS p. 324. NC bjo [no title]
FSA p. 74 [C-F only]. fdl Goin' Down to Town
CF. 231-32.

Well, he took her to the tailor shop
To have her mouth made small,
Was no screws she 'scaped the vise
And swallowed the tailor and all;
Shoo fly, don't you bother me.

SBS #80. KY bjo mus Shoo Fly
I took my true love by the hand
And started down to supper;
She stumped her toe and she fell down
And stuck her nose in the butter.

FSA p. 74. fdl Goin' Down to Town
SBS #72. KY bjo mus Blue-Eyed Girl

Say, you might take a tumble, Uncle Joe, Uncle Joe, [x2]
Don't mind the weather so the wind don't blow.

OSC p. 59. VA gtr, bjo mus Hop Up, My Ladies

Hollered whoa, and my horse bucked around,
Broke my tongue right even with the hound.

SBS #91. KY bjo, dnc? mus Do Johnny Booger

Ole master had a fine buggy,
He filled it up wid peaches,
He run against a sign board,
And busted it all ter pieces.

ANFS p. 156. AL bjo [no title]

Old Dan Tucker was a fine old man,
He swapped his wife to a bob-tailed ram,
Rode him over a big high clift,
If she hadn't got up been layin' there yit.

SBS #88. KY bjo mus Old Dan Tucker

Old Dan Tucker went to town
Ridin' a goat and leadin' a hound
The hound give a yelp and the goat give a jump
And set Dan Tucker right a-straddle of a stump.

FB p. 75. OK fdl mus Old Dan Tucker

[B] And drank a barrel of cider down;
[C] The hoops flew off and the barrel burst,
[D] And away went Dan in a thunder gust.

WWH p. 176. WV? fdl mus Old Dan Tucker
SBS #88. KY bjo mus Old Dan Tucker

Old Dan Tucker clomb a tree,
The Lord did save him for to see,
The limb did break and he did fall,
Killed old Cally with a buckeye ball.

SBS #88. KY bjo mus Old Dan Tucker
Nigger fell down and bust his sack, Honey
Nigger fell down and bust his sack, Baby
Nigger fell down and bust his sack
See dem crawdads backin' back
Honey baby mine.

FB p. 73. LA fd1? mus Sweet Child

Well, the ice broke in both thick and thin,
Shave and the eleph[ant] and the cowboy in.

SDA p. 6. WV bjo Johnny Booger

Run and I run and I almost flew,
An' I tore my shirt-tail slap in two.

SBS #91. KY bjo, dnc? mus Do Johnny Booger
cf. 349.

The nigger run, he run so fast,
He run his head in a horse's ass.

Unp. 6-9-77. WV fd1 Run Nigger Run (Old Napper)

The white man run to do his best
And he jumped right square in a hornet's nest.

Unp. 9-19-80. WV fd1 Run Nigger Run
SBS #91. KY bjo, dnc? mus Do Johnny Booger

The hornets they went boo, boo, boo,
You better been there to see the niggers flew.

SBS #91. KY bjo, dnc? mus Do Johnny Booger

Come a little rain and come a little snow
The house fell down on Cotton Eyed Joe.

FB p. 26. fd1, dnc mus Cotton Eyed Joe

I got drunk and I reel against the wall, Sugar babe,
I got drunk and I reel against the wall,
Good corn liquor was the cause of it all, Sugar babe.

EFS #245. KY dnc mus Sugar Babe

I got drunk and fell on the floor, Sugar babe,
I got drunk and fell on the floor,
Good corn liquor and I want some more, Sugar babe.

EFS #245. KY dnc mus Sugar Babe
Bark it slipped and I fell in,  
Broke my jug and spilled my gin.

SBS #78. KY bjo mus Little Brown Jug

Old Dan Tucker, he got drunk,  
He fell in the fire and kicked out a chunk,  
A red-hot coal got in his shoe,  
Lord a-mighty, how the ashes flew!

WVH p. 177. WV? fds mus Old Dan Tucker  
SBS #88. KY bjo mus Old Dan Tucker

Fire on the mountain, run boys, run boys!  
Fire on the mountain, run boys, run!

Unp. 10-4-73. WV fds, bjo Fire on the Mountain

Oh lordy, oh lordy, how bad I do feel!  
These old drunken hiccups is about to kill me.

Unp. 9-26-71. WV fds The Drunken Hiccups  
FB p. 55. OK fds mus [A only, x2] Drunken Hiccoughs

[B] Old drunkard, old drunkard, how bad I do feel!

OF #404C. MO fds mus The Drunkard's Hiccoughs

Quit your gettin' drunk, Cindy, [x3]  
Liquor'll run you fool!

FSA p. 76. fds, bjo Cindy

Go way, go way, little Cory,  
Quit your hanging around my bed;  
Bad likker has ruint my body,  
Pretty women has gone to my head.

FSSA p. 45, GMS p. 49. KY bjo mus Little Cory

[C] Pretty women run me distracted,  
[D] Corn liquor's killed me stone-dead.

OSC p. 302. KY bjo? mus Darling Corey

Corn liquor, corn liquor, corn liquor I crave;  
Corn liquor and pretty women will put me in the grave.

Unp. 9-17-80. WV fds, bjo Jack of Diamonds

Rye whiskey, rye whiskey, rye whiskey I crave.  
If I don't get rye whiskey I'll go to my grave.

TMA p. 126. fds mus Drunken Hiccoughs
Rye whiskey, rye whiskey, you're no friend to me
You killed my poor daddy, goddam you, try me.

FB p. 55. OK fdl mus Drunken Hiccoughs

My Mary's form did waste away
I saw her sunken eyes
My babes on straw in sickness lie
I heered their wailing cry.

FB p. 57. fdl mus Drunkard's Dream

When I die don't bury me a-tall, my honey,
When I die don't bury me a-tall, my sweet child,
When I die don't bury me a-tall,
Just lay me away in alcohol, my sweet child.

FB p. 73. OK/MO fdl mus Sweet Child, or Honey

Oh, I'd like to be buried, I'm thinking,
To the tune of Old Rosin the Bow.
Go dig a deep hole in the meadow,
And in it toss Rosin the Bow.

TMA p. 56. fdl mus Rosin the Bow

Go dig me a hole in the meadow,
Go dig me a hole in the ground,
Go dig me a hole in the meadow,
For to lay little Cory down.

FSA p. 45, GMS p. 49. KY bjo mus Little Cory
DCA p. 15. KY? bjo Darlin' Corey
OSC p. 303. KY bjo? mus Darling Corey

If I die a railroad boy bury me under the tie,
I can hear old Number Nine go rolling by.

SBS #64. KY bjo mus Old Reuben

When I die, the railroad boys will build my casket out
of pine,
And bury me in that tunnel Number Nine.

SBS #64. KY bjo mus Old Reuben

I hope when I'm gone and the [cages?] still roll,
My body will blacken and turn into coal.
I can look from the door of my heavenly home,
And see the miners a-digging my bones.

Unp. 9-17-80. WV bjo Dark As a Dungeon Way Down
in the Mine
I'll never forget that sad, sad day
When they laid Uncle Ned away
He hung up the fiddle and he hung up the bow,
For he knowed he was bound to go.

Unp. 10-04-73. WV fdl Uncle Pen

See my casket coming,
All over lined with black,
It takes me to the graveyard
But it hain't a-goin' to bring me back.

SBS #57. KY bjo mus Short Life of Trouble

Pretty Saro is dead now, and that we all know;
She's left other women to wear her fine clothes,
For she's taken a bludgeon in the banks of cold clay,
While her red, rosy cheeks, love, lies a-mould'ring away.

Unp. 9-19-80. WV fdl Pretty Saro

When I am dead and in my coffin
And my feet's toward the sun,
Come and sit beside me darling,
Come and think on the ways you've done.


What're you gonna do with the pretty Bessie Larkin,
Whenever John Callahan's dead and gone?
What're you gonna do with pretty Bessie Larkin?
Oh, fare you well, my pretty little one,
Oh, fare you well, my darling.

OSC p. 56. KY fdl mus Callahan

Goodbye, goodbye, little darling,
I'm leaving this old world behind.
Now promise me that you will never
Be nobody's darling but mine.

Unp. 5-4-73. WV bjo Little Darling

Tell little Lou I'm gone. [x2]
Tell little Lou she need not weep,
For I am dead and gone.

Unp. 6-7-77. WV bjo [no title]
Yeah, my Momma told me 'fore she died
She gonna buy me a rollin' hill.

TB p. 66. NC bjo John Lover's Gone

My old mistis promise me,
When she die she'd set me free.

ANFS p. 408. bjo mus My Ole Mistis

Lived so long her head got bald,
Got out de notion of dyin' at all!

ANFS p. 408. bjo mus My Ole Mistis

Hurrah for Greer County, the land of the free,
The home of the grasshopper, the bedbug and flea.
I'll sing you its praises, and tell of its fame,
While starving to death on my Government Claim.

FB pp. 156-57. OK fdl mus Greer County Song

[A] Millard Crawford's my name, an old bachelor I am,
[B] You'll find me out west, on my Government land,
[C] You'll find me out west, in a country of fame,

FB p. 156. OK fdl mus Greer County Song

I got a letter dat your mudder was dead, honey,
I got a letter dat your mudder was dead, baby,
I got a letter dat your mudder was dead,
She got choked on a crawdad head, honey, baby mine.

FB p. 73. LA fdl? mus Sweet Child

Last night as I lay on my pillow,
Last night as I lay on my bed,
Last night as I lay on my pillow,
I dreamed darling Corey was dead.

OSC p. 303. KY bjo? mus Darling Corey

Oh girls, quit yore rowdy ways! [x2]
Yore rowdy ways will kill you dead
An' lay you in yore lonesome graves!

FSA p. 80. bjo Honey Where You Been So Long?

Way up on Clinch Mountain where the wild geese fly high,
I'll think of little Allie en lay down en die.

SRS 3:129. TN bjo mus The Drunkard's Song
When she saw me coming
She wrung her hands and cried,
When she saw me leaving
She fainted away and died. [x3]

SBS #75. KY bjo, dnc mus I'm a-Longin' for to Go
This Road

On the banks of the old Tennessee,
'Twas there my mother died
And my true love she cried,
On the banks of the old Tennessee.

OF #700C. AR fd1 mus On the Banks of the Old
Tennessee

My husband was a railroad man
Killed a mile and a half from here.

FSA p. 83. bjo To the Pines

His head was found in the driver's wheels;
His body has never been found.

FSA p. 84. bjo To the Pines
SBS #61. KY bjo mus In the Pines

Shoopee 'Liza, pretty little girl,
Shoopee, 'Liza Jane,
Shoopee 'Liza, pretty little girl,
She died on the train.

EFS #244C. KY dnc mus Eliza Jane

Up Eliza, poor girl; [x3]
She died on the train. [x2]

EFS #244B. KY dnc mus Eliza Jane

I'll make my licker and I'll have my fun,
But I'll run like hell when the Revenues come.

FCB #92B. NC bjo mus A Little More Sugar in My Coffee
Cf. 555.2

As I was coming a down the street
I met a policeman, he asked me my name.

ALA p. 41. AL bjo mus Chain Gang Song
Standin' on a corner and meant no harm, my honey
Standin' on a corner and meant no harm, my sweet child
Standin' on a corner and meant no harm
A big police took me by the arm, my sweet child.

FB p. 73. OK/MO fdl mus Sweet Child, or Honey

Rared and I kicked and tried to get loose, my honey
Rared and I kicked and tried to get loose, my sweet child
Rared and I kicked and tried to get loose
But he took me off to the calaboose, my sweet child.

FB p. 73. OK/KO fdl mus Sweet Child, or Honey

Old massa to the sheriff wrote
And sent it by the mail,
Mr. Sheriff got old massa's note
And put the thief in jail.

OSC p. 61. KY bjo mus Lynchburg Town

If you don't quit those rough, rowdy ways,
Goin' be in some county jail, some day,
Goin' be in some county jail.

OSC p. 147. VA band mus Long Lonesome Road

Oh, it's way down in jail on my knees, darlin' baby,
Oh, it's way down in jail on my knees,
When I'm gone to my long lonesome home.

OSC p. 294. VA band mus Chilly Winds

Ninety-five dollars and ninety days
Right around my leg with a ball and chain.

ALA p. 41. AL bjo mus Chain Gang Song

I want more whiskey and I want more corn,
I want more money to gamble on;
Old corn whiskey'll never fail
To put me back in the Harlan jail.

SBS #82. KY dnc mus Old Corn Whiskey

Harlan jail is no jail a-tall,
Watch them gray backs scale the wall;
I want more whiskey and I want more corn,
I want more money to gamble on.

SBS #82. KY dnc mus Old Corn Whiskey
694.1
I went down to town
To get me a jug of wine,
They tied me up to a whipping post
And give me forty-nine.

OSC p. 62. KY bjo mus Lynchburg Town

694.2
[B] To get me a jug of gin,
[D] And give me hell again.

OSC p. 62. KY bjo mus Lynchburg Town

695
Take me and hang me, and I'll be dead and gone.
I'd rather be dead and in my grave
Than be in this old jail so long.

Unp. 5-5-73. WV bjo [no title]

696
If ever you intend to marry at all
Oh, do pray tell me now.
You broke my heart, you killed me dead,
And you'll be hung for murder.

FCB #109. NC bjo, dnc mus Fare You Well, My Own True Love

697.1
Come here, honey, tell me what I've done, [x2]
I've killed nobody, I've done no hanging crime. [x2]

FCB #314. NC bjo My Mammy Don't Love Me

697.2
I've killed no man, I've robbed no train,
I've done no hanging crime.

SBS #61. KY bjo mus In the Pines

698
Some old rounder come along with his mouth full of gold,
Some old rounder stole my greenback roll.

SDA p. 5. WV bjo Sugar Babe

699
The first time I saw you, charming Betty,
You was riding on the train;
The next time I saw you, charming Betty,
You was wearing my gold watch and chain.

FCB #256A. NC fd1 Charming Betty
A soldier was a-setting by the road one day
As he was a-looking very gay.
By his side he had some meal
He'd just stolen from an old tar-heel.
Bye and bye.

FCB #386. NC bjo Sorghum Molasses

I went down to town one day in a lope
Fool around till I stole a coat
Den I come back and done my bes'
Fool around 'til I got de ves'
O weep! O my Idy!
For over dat road I'se bound to go.

FB p. 60. OK fdl Idy Red

Old massa had a brand-new coat
And he hung it on the wall,
A nigger stole old massa's coat
And wore it to the ball.

OSC p. 61. KY bjo mus Lynchburg Town

I don't want to steal or rob,
But I'm out of a job,
And my Mandy keeps on nagging all the time, time, time.
My Mandy keeps on nagging all the time.

AR p. 93. AR fdl mus Mandy

[Some mistakes?] that a nigger won't steal,
For I catched nine in my corn field,
One had a mattock and this other had a hoe,
If that ain't stealing, I don't know.

Unp. 1-20-74. WV bjo Getting Upstairs

Old Joe Clark is a mean old man,
And Old Joe Clark will steal,
Old Joe Clark can go round the road,
But he can't come through my field.

WVH p. 172. WV fdl mus Old Joe Clark
SHD p. 157. WV fdl mus Old Joe Clark

Facts, hoorah for the truth I've told you;
Blow your fife and beat your drum;
Lock up your spoons and hide out your devils;
Clear it away, Ben Butler's come.

FSF p. 231. FL fdl Ben Butler, or The Yankee Soldier
Oh, that gal with a blue dress on, [x3]
She stole my heart and now she's gone. [x2]

FCB #105A. NC dnc, instr mus Turkey Buzzard

All them girls cross the river
Got my heart and part of my liver.

FSF p. 229. FL fdl mus Can't Dance Chicken Foot

I'll freeze she cried as she sank on the step
And strove to wrap her feet
With her tattered dress all covered with snow
Yes covered with snow and sleet.

FB p. 59. fdl mus The Orphan Girl

The night passed on and the midnight screams
Rolled out like a funeral bell.
And the earth seemed wrapped in a winding sheet
And the drifting snow still fell.

FB p. 59. fdl mus The Orphan Girl

Set on a bank til my feet got cold, honey
Set on a bank til my feet got cold, baby
Set on a bank til my feet got cold
Lookin' down dat crawdad hole
Honey baby mine.

FB p. 73. LA fdl mus Sweet Child
CF p. 245. KY dnc mus Crawdad

[A, B, C] A-settin' on the ice till my feet got hot,
[D] A-watchin' that crawdad rock and trot.

CF p. 245. KY dnc mus Crawdad

One cold frosty morning when the Nigger's not at work,
With an ax on his shoulde and not a bit o' shirt.

SBS #89. KY bjo mus Cold Frosty Morning

One frosty morning the Nigger's mighty good,
His ax on his shoulder and not a stick of wood.

SBS #89. KY bjo mus Cold Frosty Morning

Cumberland Gap, it's mighty cold, [x3]
Can't make a nickel for to save your soul.

SBS #51. KY bjo mus Cumberland Gap
I'm goin' where them chilly winds won't blow, darlin' baby,
I'm goin' where them chilly winds don't blow,
When I'm goin' to my long lonesome home.

OSC p. 293. VA band mus Chilly Winds
SBS #58. KY [B x4 only] bjo mus Chilly Wind

Oh, I'm going where the climate suits my clothes, darlin' baby,
Oh, I'm going where the climate suits my clothes,
When I'm gone to my long lonesome home.

OSC p. 294. VA band mus Chilly Winds
SBS #58. KY [B x4 only] bjo mus Chilly Wind

In the pines, in the pines, where the sun never shines,
Where I shiver when the cold wind blows.

SBS #61. KY bjo mus In the Pines
FSA pp. 83-4. bjo To the Pines

I'd rather be in some dark hollow
Where the sun don't never shine
Than for you to be another man's darlin'
For I know you'll never be mine.

DCA p. 11. KY? bjo Little Birdie
FSSA p. 71, GMS p. 45, SFC p. 148. KY bjo mus Old Virginia

Dark as a dungeon and damp as the dew,
Where dangers are many and pleasures are few,
Where the rain never falls and the sun never shines,
It's dark as a dungeon 'way down in the mine.

Unp. 9-17-80. WV bjo Dark As a Dungeon 'Way Down in the Mine

Rained all night the day I left,
The weather it was dry;
Sun shined so hot I froze to death--
Susanner, don't you cry.

CF p. 243. KY dnc, plp? Shady Grove

Oh a rain come a wet me, sun come a dry me,
Stand back, nigger gal, don't you get a nigh me,
Come on, my pretty gal, set down by me,
Goodbye my yeller gal, meet you in the evenin'.

OF #267B. AR dnc mus Green Corn
SBS #71. KY [A, B only] dnc mus Black-Eyed Susie
BD p. 23. KY [A, B only] dnc [no title]
FB p. 69. OK [A, B only] fdm mus Hop Up Kitty Puss,
or Black Eyed Susie
721
Hop up, my ladies, three in a row, [x3]
Don't mind the weather so the wind don't blow.

OSC p. 58. VA bjo, gtr mus Hop Up, My Ladies

722
Sun comes up and the moon goes down, [x3]
See my little Sally in her mornin' gown.

FSSA p. 70. KY bd1, dnc mus Love Somebody, Yes I Do

723
Black eye's gone, I'll get another one, [x3]
Thump to my lou, my darling.

Unp. 7-18-72. WV bjo Thump to My Lou

724
And even them that know me
Will think my heart is light.
Though my heart may break tomorrow,
I'll be all smiles tonight.

TMA p. 137. fd1, dnc mus I'll Be All Smiles Tonight

725
Oh, lordy me and the troubles I have seen,
There's nobody knows like me.

Unp. 7-11-75. WV bjo Reuben Strange

726
Wrap up your troubles in your mind, boys,
Wrap up your troubles in your mind. [repeat A, B]

FB p. 43. OK fd1 mus Railroad Runs Through Georgia

727
Idy Red and Idy Blue,
What in the world's got wrong with you?

Unp. 1-21-74. WV fd1 Ida Red

728
Why the hell can't you tell
What the devil ails you?

HCT #39. PA fd1, dnc, rhy mus What the Devil Ails You

729
Short life in trouble,
The only words to part,
Short life in trouble, dear girl,
Poor boy with a broken heart.

Unp. 6-7-77. WV bjo Short Life in Trouble
SBS #57. KY bjo mus Short Life of Trouble
Well, the old woman standing in the door, \([x2]\)
The old woman's crying and the little children's fine,
Honey, don't you cry any more.

Unp. 6-7-66. WV bjo The New River Train

Oh, look up and down that long, lonesome road,
Hang down your head and cry, my love,
Hang down your head and cry.

OSC pp. 146-47. WV band mus Long Lonesome Road
750-849: Physical Needs, Possessions

750
My house is a dugout, and covered with soil,
The walls are not straight, according to Hoyle.
The roof has no slope, it's perfectly plain,
I always get wet, if it happens to rain.

FB p. 156. OK fd1 mus Greer County Song

751
My house is built of native sod,
The wall is rugged, the floor is clod.
Of willow branches, the roof is made,
With dirt piled on, for a little more shade.

FB p. 157. OK fd1 mus Greer County Song

752
Oh, when I owned a white house,
A horse and buggy fine,
I courted all the purty gals;
I always called them mine.

ALA p. 114. AL fd1 mus Cindy

753.1
Old massa had a big brick house,
'Twas sixteen stories high,
And every story in that house
Was full of chicken pie.

OSC p. 61. KY bjo mus Lynchburg Town

753.2
[A] Built me a house in Baltimore,
OSC p. 64. KY bjo mus Jinny Git Around

753.3
[D] Is full of rock and rye.

ANFS p. 366. AL bjo [no title]

753.4
[A] Big white house in Baltimore,
[C] Got my wife in an upper room,
[D] I hope she'll never die.

SBS #62. KY bjo mus Little Birdie

754
Mawsy built a little barn
An' filled it full o' fodder
Dis thing an' dat thing an' one thing anawder.

FB p. 65. fd1 mus Sook Pied

755
Go build me a log cabin on the mountain so high,
Where the wild goose can't find me nor hear my poor cry.

FCB #248D. NC bjo We Loved, but We Parted
Where do you live, my pretty maid?  
Where do you live, my honey?  
She answered me most modestly,  
In a cottage with my mommy.

FCB #11A. NC bjo? Seventeen Come Sunday

Ida Red she lives in town  
Wears a mother hubbard and a morning gown.

FSA p. 73. fdl Ida Red

I went down for to see Betty Baker,  
She was asleep and the Devil couldn't wake 'er.  
She wouldn't stir and her mother wouldn't shake 'er,  
Long time ago.

TMA p. 36. fdl mus Betty Baker  
Unp. 7-8-75. WV [A, B only] bjo Betty Baker

[A] I had a wife and she was a Quaker

PB p. 90. [A, B only] fdl mus Molly Baker, or Big Tater

Wake up, walk up, darling Corey,  
What makes you sleep so sound?  
The revenue officers is a-comin'  
To tear your stillhouse down.

OSC p. 302. KY bjo? mus Darling Corey  
FSSA p. 45, GMS p. 49. KY bjo mus Little Cory  
DCA p. 15. KY? bjo Darlin' Corey

At night when half dead, I go to bed,  
A rattlesnake hisses right over my head.  
A neat little centipede, without the last fear,  
Crawls over my pillow, and into my ear.

FB pp. 156-57. OK fdl mus Greer County Song

I'll go home an' I'll go to bed,  
An' they'll rattle th' old brandy keg over my head.

OF #404A. MO fdl mus The Drunkard's Hiccoughs

O they go to bed, but it ain't no use,  
Sing song Kitty won't you kimey 0,  
For their feet hangs out of the roost,  
Sing song Kitty won't you kimey 0.

EFS #242. KY dnc mus The Opossum
Lay down boys, take a little nap,  
Long ways to the Cumberland Gap.

Unp. 9-17-80. WV fdl, bjo Cumberland Gap

Ride back home and take a little nap,  
And everybody swing to the Cumberland Gap.

Unp. 9-17-80. WV fdl, bjo, dnc The Cumberland Gap

Well, the Cumberland Gap's wide and deep,  
In your arms I'd like to sleep.

Unp. 6-7-77. WV fdl, bjo The Cumberland Gap

I went to see my old truelove,  
I never was there before,  
She lay on the old straw bed,  
And I lay on the floor.

SBS #72. KY bjo mus Blue-Eyed Girl  
BRSS 2:28. NC bjo mus Old Joe Clark

Oh, make me a pallet on the floor, darlin' baby,  
Oh, make me a pallet on the floor,  
For I'm goin' to my long lonesome home.

OSC p. 293. VA band mus Chilly Winds

She jumped in the bed and covered up her head,  
And said I could not find her.  
I raised up the sheet and she looked so neat,  
I jumped right in behind her.

WVH p. 174. WV? fdl mus The Girl I Left Behind Me

Oh, lor, lor, lor, that pretty little girl,  
The girl I left behind me.  
Oh, she jumped in the bed and she covered up her head,  
That girl I left behind me.

Unp. 9-19-80. WV fdl? The Girl I Left Behind Me

Oh, I'll have a new dollar some old day, darlin' baby,  
Oh, I'll have a new dollar some old day,  
And I'll throw this old rusty dime away.

OSC p. 294. VA band mus Chilly Winds
769.1
Wisht I had a finger ring
Wisht I had a dime
Wisht I had a finger ring
To give that gal o' mine.

FB p. 66. OK fdl Finger Ring

769.2
[A, C] Wisht I had a new five cents

FB p. 66. OK fdl Finger Ring

770.1
Can you change a nickel
Can you change a dime
Can you change a pretty little girl
With her hair all down behind.

FB p. 25. OK fdl mus Little Girl With Her Hair All Down Behind

770.2
[A, B, C] I can change . . .

FB p. 25. OK fdl mus Little Girl with Her Hair All Down Behind

771
Whole heap o' nickels and a whole heap o' dimes, [x3]
Going up Cripple Creek a whole heap o' times.

CF p. 241. KY dnc, fdl, bjo mus Cripple Creek

772
Fifteen cents to get out o' the wilderness,
Get out o' the wilderness, get out o' the wilderness,
Fifteen cents to get out o' the wilderness
Down in Alabam.

OF #271C. AR bjo [no title]

773
When I was a rich man, I wore my silk and satin;
But now I am a poor man, I wear my cotton bagging.
When I was a rich lady, I had a rich lady's baby!
But now I am a Negro, damn a Negro baby!

FSF p. 232. FL/GA fdl When I Was a Rich Man
ANFS p. 177. AL [A, B only] fdl [no title]

774
Well, my old clothes are dirty and torn,
My shoes are full of holes,
Oh, my old hat is hanging all around,
And it's almost touching my nose.

OSC p. 297. KY bjo mus Pass Around Your Bottle
Some says I have no coat to wear,
But thank to the Lord I have two.
I wear my old one every day,
And a Sunday my long-tail blue.

Unp. 6-8-77. WV fdl And Tallin' All Down

776.1
When you go a-courtin',
I'll tell you what to do,
When you go down to the tailor shop,
Put on your long-tail blue.

SBS #79. KY dnc mus Sugar Hill

776.2
[B] I'll tell you what to say,
[D] Put on your Rebel gray.

SBS #79. KY dnc mus Sugar Hill

777.1
Where did you get them brand-new shoes
And that dress you wear so fine?

SBS #64. KY bjo mus Old Reuben

777.2
I got my shoes from a railroad man,
And I got my dress from a driver in the mines.

SBS #64. KY bjo mus Old Reuben

778.1
Leather breeches full of stitches,
Old shoes and stockings on--
My wife she kicked me out of bed
Because I had my breeches on.

HCT #16. PA fdl Leather Breeches
Unp. 9-19-80. WV fdl Leatherbreeches

778.2
[B] Leather breeches, leather breeches
[C] Mammy cut 'en out an'
[D] M'daddy sewed an' sewed th' stitches.

FB p. 115. OK fdl mus Leather Breeches

778.3
[B] Mammy sewed the buttons on.

HCT #16. PA fdl [A, B only] Leather Breeches

779
I wish I had a needle,
As fine as I could sew,
I'd sew the girls to my coat tail
And down the road I'd go.

WVK p. 179. WV fdl mus Cindy
Shady Grove, my little love,
Standin' in the door,
Shoes and stockings in her hand,
And her little bare feet on the floor.

WVH p. 175. WV fdl mus Shady Grove
SFC p. 50. KY/VA fdl, dnc mus Shady Grove
Cf. 458

[A] Last time I saw my girl,

OSC p. 62. KY bjo mus Lynchburg Town

He wouldn't and he couldn't and he wouldn't go a rout,
And his ragged pair of britches, and there hung his nose.

Unp. 9-19-80. WV fdl The Rout

Well, he wouldn't and he couldn't and he wouldn't go at all,
And his ragged pair of britches, and there hung his balls.

Unp. 9-19-80. WV fdl The Rout

Old Aunt Sally come a-skippering down the hall,
Jerked up her petticoat and showed it to us all.

Unp. 9-17-80. WV fdl The Rout

Old Dan Tucker was a fine old man,
He washed his face in the frying pan,
He combed his hair with a wagon wheel,
And died with the toothache in his heel.

WVH p. 176. WV? fdl mus Old Dan Tucker
SBS #88. KY bjo mus Old Dan Tucker
FB p. 75. OK fdl mus Old Dan Tucker

Johnson boys, getting mighty sassy,
Johnson boys, think they're men,
Comb their hair and wash their faces,
Look pretty good for the shape they're in! [x2]

ESB p. 5. NC? dnc, fdl, bjo? Johnson Boys

Oh baby, let your hair hang down [x2]
Let your hair hang down and your bangs curl around
Oh honey, let your hair hang down.

FSA p. 80. bjo Honey Where You Been So Long?
You've got a nickel, I've got a dime,
Sally get your hair cut, hair cut, hair cut,
Sally get your hair cut short like mine.

Unp. 7-7-75. WV bjo The Hog-Eyed Man
Unp. 4-19-73. WV [B, C only] bjo Sally, Will Your Dog Bite?
HCT #71. PA [B, C only] fd1, plp Johnny Get Your Hair Cut

I'll deck my brow with roses,
The loved one may be there.
The gems that others gave me
Will shine within my hair.

TMA p. 137. fd1, dnc mus I'll Be All Smiles Tonight

Took that hog and they tanned his hide, [x2]
Made the best shoestrings ever was tied.
Groundhog.

SBS #86. KY bjo mus Groundhog
WVH p. 183. WV fd1 mus Groundhog

The meat's in the cupboard and the hide's in the churn,
[x2]
If that hain't groundhog I'll be durned, Groundhog.

SBS #86. KY bjo mus Groundhog
WVH p. 183. WV fd1 mus Groundhog

Up jumped granny and she replied, [x2]
She loved groundhog cooked or fried, Groundhog.

SBS #86. KY bjo mus Groundhog

Old Aunt Sal come hoppin' on a cane, [x2]
Said she'd have that groundhog's brain, Groundhog.

SBS #86. KY bjo mus Groundhog
WVH p. 183. WV fd1 mus Groundhog

Up run Kate with a snigger and a grin, [x2]
Groundhog grease all over her chin, Groundhog.

SBS #86. KY bjo mus Groundhog
WVH p. 183. WV fd1 mus Groundhog
ANFS p. 160. AL bjo [no title]
Old Aunt Sal skippin' through the hall, [x2]
She had enough whistlepig to grease them all.
Groundhog!

WVH p. 183. WV fdl mus Groundhog

Some did laugh and some did cry, [x2]
To see 'em eat groundhog punkin pie,
Groundhog.

SBS #86. KY bjo mus Groundhog

Benny eat a woodchuck, eat it in a minute
All but the gizzard, and that wasn't in it.

FB p. 138. OK fdl mus Benny Eat a Woodchuck

One cold frosty morning when the meat's mighty fat,
Look out, Nigger, don't you eat too much of that.

SBS #89. KY bjo mus Cold Frosty Morning

Do love good short'nin', short'nin'
Do love good short'nin' bread.

FSA p. 75. NC fdl, dnc Short'nin' Bread

Don' dat look like short'nin', short'nin'
Don' dat looky like short'nin' bread?

FSA p. 75. NC fdl, dnc Short'nin' Bread

Slipped in de kitchen an' I slipped off de lead
Filled my pockets with short'nin' bread.

FSA p. 75. NC fdl, dnc Short'nin' Bread

I love a peach pie and I love a tater puddin'
And I love that gal they call Sally Goodin.

FCB #89B. NC fdl, bjo, dnc mus Sally Goodin

I had a piece a' pie, and I had a piece a' puddin',
And I gave it all away, for to see Sally Goodin.

TMA p. 64. fdl, dnc mus Sally Goodin

A gooseberry pie and a huckleberry puddin',
Give it all away to sleep with Sally Goodin.

Unp. 11-5-77. KY fdl Sally Goodin

Unp. 5-5-73. WV fdl, bjo Sally Goodin
800.1
I'm goin' down to Arkansas
To make some 'lasses cane
To make a 'lasses puddin'
To fatten my Liza Jane.

FB p. 39. OK fdl mus 'Lasses Cane

800.2
O--down to Arkansas
Where 'lasses cane grows tall
Liza Jane is starvin' to death
Won't eat 'lasses a-tall.

FB p. 39. OK fdl mus 'Lasses Cane

801
In a canteen by his side
That he was trying hard to hide
From the eyes of those who were passing,
He had a quart of sorghum molasses.
Bye and bye.

FCB #386. NC bjo Sorghum Molasses

802
Bacon in the smokehouse, barrel full of lard,
Milk in the dairy, butter on the board,
Coffee in the little bag, sugar in the gourd,
And the way to get it out is to dash the gourd about.

FSF pp. 227-28. FL fdl mus Bacon in the Smokehouse
Unp. 9-16-80. WV [D only] fdl Sugar in the Gourd

803.1
Go there once and go no more
If they don't give no sugar in my coffee-o
How in the world's the old folk know
That I'll take sugar in my coffee-o

FB p. 106. OK fdl mus Sugar in My Coffee
Unp. 8-8-77. WV [C, D only] fdl Sugar in My Coffee-o
FCB #92A. NC [D x2 only] fdl, dnc, bjo I Do Love
Sugar in My Coffee O
FCB #92B. NC [D x2 only] bjo mus A Little More Sugar
in My Coffee

803.2
[A] Sugar's high and sugar's low
[B] But I'll take sugar in my coffee-o

FB p. 106. OK fdl mus Sugar in My Coffee

804
Have you any buttermilk, have you any cider?
Have you any pretty girl they call Kitty Snyder?

Unp. 1-21-74. WV fdl, bjo Kitty Snyder
A little more cider for Miss Dinah,
A little more cider sweet,
A little more cider for Miss Dinah,
A little more cider sweeter.

Paddy, won't you drink some, [x3]
Good old cider?

Apple cider and cinnamon beer, sugar-babe, [x2]
Apple cider and cinnamon beer,
Cold hog's head and a nigger's ear, sugar-babe.

Green corn green corn growin' in de garden
Sook pied sook pied come an' git your nubbin'

Green corn, green corn, green corn a nigger corn,
Green corn, green corn, good for a nigger corn,
Green corn, green corn, looks sort o' limber corn,
You on the hillside, fetch along a demijohn!

Green corn green corn come along my Jimmy John
Dry bread dry bread do to choke a nigger on.

Went down to Rocky Pint,
And I went down to see the Pint.
I asked for the needle case
To unlock the bolt in the chist,
To git a piece of stinking beef
To eat along with ginger cake.
Old Kate git over, old Kate git over.

Old Kate, the garden gate,
She sifted meal, she give me the husk,
She baked the bread, she give me the crust,
She biled the meat, she give me the skin,
That's the way she took me in.
No, I wouldn't be here eatin' this cold corn bread,  
Or soppin' in this salty gravy, my love,  
Or soppin' in this salty gravy.

OSC p. 146. VA band mus Long Lonesome Road

Oh, they feed me on corn bread and peas, darlin' baby,  
Oh, they feed me on corn bread and peas,  
When I'm gone to my long lonesome home.

OSC p. 294. VA band mus Chilly Winds

Get out-a the way for Old Dan Tucker  
Come too late to git his supper  
Supper's done and breakfast's a-cookin'  
Old Dan Tucker's a-standin' and a-lookin'.

FB p. 75. OK fdl mus Old Dan Tucker  
WVH p. 176. WV? [A x3, B, only] fdl mus Old Dan Tucker  
SBS #83. KY [A x3, B, only] bjo mus Old Dan Tucker

You can take him home and put him on to boil, [x2]  
And I'll bet you a dollar you can smell him a mile!  
Ground-hog!

Unp. 6-8-77. WV bjo Groundhog  
SBS #86. KY bjo mus Groundhog

I took him down to Sarabel,  
For I knew that she would cook him well,  
She cooked him, and she boiled him, she made him a stew.  
Boys, won't you come to the barbecue?

EFS #242. KY čnc mus The Opossum

Fry my meat in a fryin' pan,  
Boil my beef in a pot,  
Shear my sheep with the old case knife,  
An' sell all the wool I got.

FSA P. 10. NC fdl, bjo, čnc Old Joe Clark

Hand me down the frying pan [x3]  
Till I fry meat for the hog-eye man.

Unp. 9-19-80. WV bjo? The Hog-Eye Man

Fry a little meat and make a little gravy,  
Hug my wife and kiss my baby.

FCB #311A. NC bjo, jew's harp. Black-Eyed Susie
Who'll stir the gravy when I'm gone, darlin' baby,
Who'll stir the gravy when I'm gone?
When I'm gone to my long lonesome home?

OSC p. 293. VA band mus Chilly Winds

Beans in the pot and the hoe-cake baking, [x3]
And a pick-eye-dine the banjo.

Unp. 9-19-80. WV fdl [no title]

Bile them cabbage down, [x2]
Turn them hoecakes 'round an' 'round
Bile them cabbage down.

FB p. 69. OK fdl mus Bile Them Cabbage Down

Oh, 'times I'se lazy, if I had me some greasy,
I would keep my taters frying all the time, time, time.
I'd keep my taters frying all the time.

AR p. 99. AR fdl mus Mandy

Oh, 'times is hard, if I had some lard,
I'd keep my skillet greasy all the time, time, time.
Keep my skillet greasy all the time.

AR p. 99. AR fdl mus Mandy

Put on de pan an' put on de lead,
Mammy's goin' to bake some short'nin' bread.

FSA p. 75. NC fdl, dnc Short'nin' Bread

He made a fire to bake his bread,
And when it was done he laughed and said,
All the world there's none surpasses
Good cornbread and sorghum molasses.

FCB #386. NC bjo Sorghum Molasses

I went up on Cripple Creek, [x3]
Didn't do nothing but cook and eat.

CF p. 240. dnc, fdl, bjo mus Cripple Creek

Polly, put the kettle on and slice the bread and butter fine.
Slice enough for eight or nine, we'll all have tea.

TMA p. 85. fdl mus Polly, Put the Kettle On
Cahve dat 'possum Hannah
Cahve dat 'possum soon
For de pan am ready
An hyah am de spoon.

FB p. 69. bjo mus 'Possum Pie, or Cahve Dat Possum

Knife and a fork and a great big tater
Take that pretty girl to be my waiter

FB p. 90. OK fdl mus Molly Baker, or Big Tater
850-899: Work, Occupations

850
Old man, old man, let me marry your daughter,
She can cook and carry my water.
Take her, take her, take her if you want her,
She won't work and you can't make her.

SDA p. 7. WV bjo Old Man, Can I have Your Daughter
SHD p. 162. WV [A, B only] fdl mus Sourwood Mountain
WVH p. 181. WV [A, B only] fdl mus Sourwood Mountain
FSF p. 229. FL [A, B only] fdl mus Can't Dance

Chicken Foot

If you see my blue-eyed girl,
Stop there if you please.
When she goes to wash the dishes,
Roll up her dirty sleeves.

Unp. 12-12-73. WV bjo, fdl The Blue-Eyed Girl

852
Betty in the garden, hangin' out her clothes;
Her daughter in the kitchen, a-moppin' up the floor.

BRSS 1: 59-60. NC bjo mus Chicken in the Bread Bowl

853
In old Kaintuck in the afternoon
We swep' the floor with a brand new broom,
And after that we'd form a ring
And this is the song that we do sing:

FCB #413B. dnc Clare de Kitchen

854
First she washed it, then she wrung it,
Then she hung it out to dry.
The she slapped both hands upon it,
Lord, lord, girls, what a powerful time!

Unp. 9-19-80. WV fdl The Hog-Eyed Man

855
Oh, who'll hoe your corn when I'm gone, darlin' baby?
Oh, who'll hoe your corn when I'm gone?
When I'm gone to my long lonesome home?

OSC p. 293. VA band mus Chilly Winds

856
Hoe my yaller gal hoe my darlin'
Hoein' in de cotton an' de cane.

FB p. 65. fdl mus Sook Pied
In South Car'lina the darkies go
Sing song, Kitty, can't you ki'me, oh!
That's whar the white folks plant the tow,
Sing song, Kitty, can't you ki'me, oh!

TMA p. 106. fdl mus Kemo Kimo

Great big taters in sandy land.
We-all dig 'em out as fast as we can.
The folks all buy 'em from a foolish man,
Raisin' great big taters in sandy land.

TMA pp. 39, 180. fdl, dnc mus Great Big Taters in Sandy Land

[B] Plow it up Henry Hilderbrand
[C] Great big tater in the sandy land
[D] Git there Eli if you can.

FB p. 81. OK fdl mus Great Big Tater in the Sandy Land

Betcha forty dollars I can pick a bale o' cotton
Betcha more than that I can pick it in a year
For me an' my farmer's friend
Can pick more cotton than a gin can gin.

FB p. 76. AR fdl, dnc Dust in the Lane, or Cotton Pickin' Time

Set my mill a-running,
The water pouring over the dam,
Fell in love with a pretty little girl,
And her name was Nancy Ann.

Unp. 7-7-75. WV bjo, fdl? [no title]

[C] Thought I'd make a fortune
[D] By marrying Liza Anne.

EFS #243. KY dnc mus Liza Anne
SBS #79. KY dnc mus Sugar Hill

[B] She ground all sorts of grain,
[C] She ground just thirty-nine bushels
Without a drop of rain.

EFS #243. KY dnc mus Liza Anne
861.1
Well, I asked Johnny Booger for to mend my yoke,
He jumped at the bellows and he blewed up smoke,
He mend my yoke and he mend my ring,
And he never charged me nary damn thing.

SDA p. 6. WV bjo Johnny Booger
SBS #91. KY [A, B only] bjo, dnc? mus Do Johnny Booger

861.2
[A] Well, I asked Johnny Booger for to mend my ring,
[B] He jumped at the hammer and he went cling cling,

SDA p. 6. WV bjo Johnny Booger
SBS #91. KY [A, B only] bjo, dnc? mus Do Johnny Booger

861.3
Well I asked Johnny Booger for to mend my plow,
He didn't charge me nothing but a cow.

SDA p. 6. WV bjo Johnny Booger

861.4
I asked Johnny Booger for to mend my plow,
He jumped at the bellows and he said he didn't know how.

Unp. 11-6-72. WV bjo Johnny Booger

862
Put my shoulder against the wheel,
I mashed the mud with my big heel.

SBS #91. KY bjo, dnc? mus Do Johnny Booger

863
Ain't no hammer in this mountain,
Ring like mine, babe, ring like mine.

ANFS p. 262. NC bjo [no title]

864
Sixteen pounds of meat a week,
Whiskey for to sell;
How can a pretty girl stay at home?
The soldiers fare so well.

EFS #252. VA dnc mus Marina Girls

865
God bless them moonshiners, I wish they was mine,
Their breath is as sweet as the dew on the vine.

FSSA p. 44. KY bjo? mus God Bless the Moonshiners
I ain't a gonna work a no mo'! [x2]
Done an' work-ed 'til my hands got sore.
I ain't a gonna work a no mo'!

ANFS p. 294. NC bjo [no title]
FCB #242. NC bjo mus I Ain't A-Gonna Work a No Mo'

Two long years have I been a-drivin'
I'll hang my hammer up on the wall.
I'm a-goin' home-- [x4]
Lord, I'm gonna leave these hills.

FCB #747. bjo I'm Going Home

I ain't a-gonna work tomorrow;
I ain't a-gonna work next day.
I'll stay at home in sorrow.
If it is Christmas Day.

FSSA p. 45, GMS p. 49. KY bjo mus Little Cory

Honey, if you say so, we won't work no more
We'll just lay 'round your pappy's all the time, time,
We'll lay 'round your pappy's all the time.

AR p. 99. AR fdl mus Mandy

If you say so I'll railroad no more,
I'll sidetrack my engine and go home.

SBS #64. KY bjo mus Old Reuben

[B] I'll lay down my hammer and go home.

SBS #64. KY bjo mus Old Reuben

[B] Oh lay old Reuben down so long.

FSA p. 82. bjo Old Reuben

My truelove she's a daisy,
Hoh, rank tum a diddle I day,
She won't work, she's too lazy,
Hoh, rank tum a diddle I day.

SBS #76. KY bjo, dnc? mus Sourwood Mountain
The girls on the Cripple Creek a-layin' in the shade, [X3] A-waitin' for the dollar the poor boy made.

SBS #81. KY bjo, dnc? mus Cripple Creek

Girls up Cripple Creek, layin' in the grass, Makin' their money, just layin' on their ass.

Unp. n.d. VA/NC Cripple Creek
Preacher's in the pulpit  
Preaching mighty bold;  
He's a-preaching for the money,  
But not to save no soul.

EFS #243. KY dnc mus Liza Anne

Oh, Cindy got religion,  
She'd had it once before,  
But when she heard my old banjo  
She's the first one on the floor.

WVH p. 179. WV fdl mus Cindy

Cindy went to meetin',  
She shouted and she squealed;  
She got so much religion  
She broke her stockin' heel.

ANFS p. 161. AL bjo [no title]  
FCB #404A. NC fdl, bjo, dnc Sindy: A Jig

Cindy went to the preachin'  
She shouted around and around  
She got so full o' glory  
She shook her stockins down.

FSA p. 76. fdl, bjo Cindy

[D] She knocked the preacher down.

FSA p. 76. fdl, bjo Cindy

Did you ever go to meetin', Uncle Joe, Uncle Joe? [x3]  
Don't mind the weather so the wind don't blow.

OSC p. 58. VA bjo, gtr mus Hop Up, My Ladies

Do ya wanta go to heaven Uncle Joe, Uncle Joe? [x3]  
Where the sun don't shine and the wind don't blow.

FB p. 100. OK fdl mus Uncle Joe

Don't you want to go to heaven, Uncle Joe! Uncle Joe!  
Don't you want to go to heaven, by and by?  
Don't you want to go to heaven, Uncle Joe! Uncle Joe!  
Where the 'possum and the sweet potatoes grow up in the sky?

TMA p. 47. fdl mus Uncle Joe
Did you ever see the Devil, Uncle Joe, Uncle Joe,
Did you ever see the Devil, Uncle Joe?

SBS #90. KY bjo mus Did You Ever See the Devil, Uncle Joe?

Father's got a home home home
Father's got a home sweet home
Father's got a home home home
Lord I want to join the angel's beautiful home.

FB p. 107. OK hymn, fdl mus Father's Got a Home

The night passed on and the orphan still
Lay at the rich man's door.
But her soul had fled to a home up above
Where there's room and bread for the poor.

FB p. 59. fdl mus The Orphan Girl

Forty days and forty nights
The Devil was a-dreaming.
Around the bark, old Noah's ark,
The rain it was a-streaming.

TMA p. 62. fdl mus Devil's Dream

The devil's on the hillside
Settin' in the sun,
Kickin' off the back sticks,
A-havin' him some fun.

FCF p. 64. KY bjo Ol' Coon Dog

Some folks say the Devil's dead,
But I saw the Devil the other day
Kickin' up the dust to get away.

TB p. 66. NC bjo John Lover's Gone
920-999: Unclassified

920
You may boast uv yore knowledge
En brag uv yore sense;
But 'twill all be forgotton
One hundred years hence.

SRS 3:130. TN bjo mus The Drunkard's Song

921
Wa-hoo Wa-hoo Wa-hoo Wa-hoo
Hop high ladies. [x3]

FB p. 99. OK fdl mus Hop High Ladies

922
So, cl'are de kitchen, old folks, young folks, [x2]
Old Virginny never tire.

FCB #413B. dnc Clare de Kitchen

923
To my getting upstairs, I never saw the like,
To my getting upstairs, well, I saw 'em last night.

Unp. 1-20-74. WV bjo Getting Upstairs

924.1
Now me walk, Johnny Booger, won't you do, do, do,
Now me walk, Johnny Booger, won't you do.

SDA p. 6. WV bjo Johnny Booger

924.2
Do Johnny Booger won't you help this Nigger,
Do Johnny Booger won't you do, do, do?

SBS #91. KY bjo, dnc? mus Do Johnny Booger

925
Walk, jawbone, Jenny, come along.
In come Sally with her bootees on. [repeat A, B]

TMA p. 103. fdl mus Walk Jawbone

926
Oh baby, six months ain't so long, [x2]
Six months are gone, six more a-comin' on,
Oh baby, six months ain't so long.

OF #671B MO fdl, dnc My 'ast Gold Dollar

927
I'll take me a sprout an' I'll twist him out
Fer the gals in the town says so!

FSA p. 83. bjo Georgia Buck
Poor old Robinson Crusoe was lost,
On an island they say, O,
He stole him a coat from an old billy-goat,
I don't see how he could do so.

TMA p. 79. fdl mus Poor Old Robinson Crusoe
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