An Old Fiddler's Book of Rhymes

BY
DEAN STURGILL
"OLE BOOGER"
SPENCER BRANCH
NORTH CAROLINA
US OF A

AN OLD FIDDLER'S BOOK OF RHYMES

by Dean Sturgill

1992

First Edition

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A NOTE OF THANKS

To my many friends and many fans in many places; to those that sat in on the "poetry readings" and those that encouraged and even insisted the rhymes be put in book form; to my picking partners, bass man Freel Taylor, Elk Creek, Virginia, autoharp playing Jo Ann Redd, Galax, Virginia, mandolin picking "Mighty Max" Henderson, Lansing, North Carolina, (who allows everyone to pick on him) and a special thanks to guitar picking Jerry "Boom Boom Slim" Smith, Jefferson, North Carolina, and Beckley West Virginia banjo picking Chicka-dee Dee Dee Price, Whitetop, Virginia who haul me to and from the "fiddling frolics," furnish food, endure my foolishness and listen to my complaints; to Brother Jack Redd who keeps me in cigarettes; to Pat and Peggy for their smiles and support; also to Phyllis, who every Friday cleans the mud from my only pair of shoes.

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ORDERING INFORMATION

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THE LONE TAMARACK TREE

I'M A LONE TAMARACK TREE LIVING ON LONG HOPE MOUNTAIN
WHEN I REACHED THE AGE OF A HUNDRED, SOMEHOW I STOPPED COUNTING
I HAVE TRAVELED NOWHERE AS ON THIS MOUNTAIN TOP I'VE BEEN
BUT, FROM ATOP THIS MOUNTAIN TOP THERE ARE MANY THINGS I'VE SEEN

ON AN INDIAN SUMMER DAY, DURING MORNING'S RISING SUN
ACROSS THE LONG HOPE PLATEAU A MIGHTY BULL ELK RUN
HIS ANTLERS STRETCHED SKYWARD, HIS WHISTLE LOUD AND SHRILL
A MATE HE COULDN'T FIND SO HE VANISHED OVER THE HILL

IN TODAY'S ROCKY MOUNTAINS THERE ARE OTHERS OF HIS BAND
HE WAS THE LAST ROYAL ELK TO ROVE LONG HOPES MOUNTAIN LAND
ON THE SAME INDIAN SUMMER DAY DURING EVENING'S SETTING SUN
THIS MAJESTIC BULL ELK FELL, TO A SLUG FROM OLD ENOCH'S GUN

I AM HOME TO THE NUTHATCHES, WARBLERS, AND CHICKADEES
BIG CROWS, BIGGER HAWKS, EVEN EAGLES HAVE PERCHED ON ME
I AM AKIN TO THE SPRUCE TREE, FRASER FIR AND MORE
I HAVE COUSINS IN MONTANA, PENNSYLVANIA AND ON MAINE'S SHORE

I HAVE HEARD THE CALL OF THE OWL FROM HER COLD FEBRUARY NEST
I HAVE HEARD THE CRY OF THE COTTONTAIL AS THE OWL ENDED HER QUEST
I'VE HEARD THE CHILLING SCREAM OF THE WILDCAT IN THE DARK OF MIDNIGHT
I'VE HEARD DISTANT GUNFIRE ERUPT AS THE POTTERS FOUGHT ANOTHER FIGHT

I SAW A WATAUGA SHERIFF SLINKING IN BEHIND A TREE
I SAW LITTLE BOONIE FALL, FELLED BY A BULLET FROM A SCARED DEPUTY
I HEARD A MOTHER WEEPING FROM A TORN AND BROKEN HEART
HER SON'S LIFE WAS TAKEN BEFORE IT HAD TIME TO START

LITTLE LISA, THE SENTINEL, WATCHED FROM THE SHADOW OF MY SHADE
TO WHERE, BY THE BABBLING BROOK, CORNLICKER OLE GUFFIE MADE
I SAW "OLE JOHNNY" CARRYING SILVER FROM "OLD JOHNNY'S" SILVER MINE
ACROSS THE LONG HOPE PLATEAU THROUGH WINTER'S HOARY RIME

I SAW THE VIXEN AND HER PUPS ON A GRASSHOPPER SUMMER DAY
I SAW A VIOLENT THUNDERSTORM PUT AN END TO THEIR PLAY
I'VE SEEN VICIOUS WINTERS WAGING DESTRUCTION FROM WHERE I STAND
I'VE SEEN AS MANY SPRINGS A COMING BRINGING NEW BIRTH TO MY LAND

OLD KETTLEFOOT, THE BLACK PANTHER CAT AND THE WOLF ARE GONE
I'VE SEEN THE PASSING OF SO MANY FRIENDS, I SOMETIMES FEEL ALONE
I HAVEN'T HEARD IF THERE COULD BE A PLACE IN HEAVEN FOR ME
I DOUBT IF THERE IS ROOM FOR BLACK PANTHER CATS AND AN OLD TAMARACK TREE

DEAN STURGILL, "OLE BOOGER," FEBRUARY 1992
SPENCER BRANCH, NORTH CAROLINA US OF A

THE OLDFLAT FOX

IT WAS A SNOWY CHRISTMAS DAY IN 1941
"BUM," THE FOX HUNTER WAS OUT WITH HIS HOUNDS AND GUN
HE HAD CHASED THE OLDFLAT FOX FOR MANY FALLS & MANY WINTERS
AND THE OLDFLAT FOX HAD ALWAYS COME OUT THE WINNER
SHE HAD CHOSEN THE OLDFLAT AND CABIN RIDGE FOR A HOME
AND FOR NEARLY A DOZEN YEARS THIS HOMELAND SHE ROAMED
THE FEBRUARY MONTH ON THE OLDFLAT CAN BE BITTER
BUT, BENEATH SNOW COVERED LAND SHE RAISED MANY LITTERS

SHE HAD BECOME VERY ADEPT AS A NIGHT TIME HUNTER
AND WAS ALWAYS ALERT FOR THE HOUNDS AND THE GUNNER
MICE, MOLES AND CHICKEN PROVIDED MOST OF HER FARE
AND MANY NIGHTS SHE HAD COTTON TAIL HARE
TODAY, THE OLDFLAT FOX CHOSE A LAIR ON MIDDLE FORK'S HEAD
THE HOUNDS FOUND THE SCENT AND ON THE TRACKS THEY SPED
SAM AND SNEEZE BAYING WILDLY DIDN'T HEAR WHAT THEIR MASTER SAID
HE SAID, "BEFORE THE DAY IS OVER I HOPE THE OLDFLAT FOX IS DEAD"

WITH THE DOGS GETTING CLOSER THE FOX SLIPPED FROM HER BED
IN A GRACEFUL SILENT LOPE TO THE RAVEN ROCKS SHE FLED
HER ORANGE FUR GLISTENED IN THE COLD WINTER SUN
HER EYES AND EARS VIGILANT AS SHE CONTINUED TO RUN

OLD BUM HEARD THE HOUNDS COMING TOWARD HIS HIGH ROCKS STAND
CLEAR EYES WATCHING EVERY NICHE IN THE ROCK STREWN LAND
SOON HE SAW THE VIXEN SLIPPING SO NIMBLE AND SO QUIET
EVEN TO AN ANCIENT FOX HUNTER IT WAS AN EXCITING SIGHT

THE DOUBLE BARREL ROARED AND THREW SNOW IN THE FOXES FACE
WITH LIGHTNING SPEED THROUGH THE OLDFLAT THE FOX RACED
OFF THE MOUNTAIN SHE FLASHED AND CROSSED CABIN CREEK
UP BAKER'S RIDGE SHE DASHED TO THE BIG PINNACLE PEAK

THE HOUNDS COME ON AND ON A BIRCH BUSH OLD SAM PISSED
HE HEARD "BUM" SAY, "HELL FIRE, GOD DAMN, SAM. I'VE SLICKER'N
HELL MISSED."

SAM & SNEEZE FOLLOWED ON AND TO THE BIG PINNACLE THEY BAYED
WHILE SAFE IN THE ROCKS THE OLDFLAT FOX STAYED
THE OLD FOX HUNTER TRAVELED EMPTY HANDED ALONE HOME
KNOWING IN HIS HUNTER'S HEART ANOTHER DAY MIGHT NOT COME

"BUM," THE FOX HUNTER, HAS GONE TO THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUND
YET, ON COLD BLACK NIGHTS HE TURNS AN EAR TO THE OLDFLAT SOUND
HE CAN STILL HEAR THE WEEPING WAIL OF THE OLDFLAT FOX
THEN HAPPILY GOES BACK TO SLEEP IN HIS DIRT COVERED BOX

B. DEAN STURGILL, "OLE BOOGER," FEBRUARY 1992

THE DAY BROTHER LOUIE TRIED TO BAPTIZE SISTER LUCYLEE

IT WAS JULY HOT IN JUNE IN THE FLAT LANDS OF OLE CAROLINE
THE REVIVAL HAD BEEN RAGING FROM MARCH TILL SUMMER TIME
BROTHER LOUIE ANNOUNCED THEMEETING OVER ON A SHOUTING SATURDAY NIGHT
HE SEZ, "TOMORROW WE'LL HAVE A BAPTIZING. GOD WILL BE THERE, ALRIGHT."

BROTHERS SAM AND SAMUEL, FRANK AND FRANKLIN HAVE PREPARED THE POND FOR ME
WE HAVE FOUR CANDIDATES FOR BAPTISM; ROY, LEROY, ELROY AND SISTER LUCYLEE
SISTER LIZZIE EXPLAINED TO SISTER LUCYLEE ABOUT MOCCASINS AND OTHER SNAKES THAT BE
SISTER LUCYLEE MISUNDERSTOOD AND MADE THE WRONG INTERPRETATION AS YOU WILL SOON SEE

INSIDE THE SHADY PINEY WOODS, WAGONS SET AND THE HORSES WERE TETHERED
BESIDE THE SUNNY SUNDAY POND LITTLE CROWDS OF DARKIES GATHERED
IN VOICES LOUD, BUT NOT SO CLEAR, THEY SANG, "THE OLD SHIP OF ZION."
SCARED CHILDREN RUN AWAY BECAUSE THEY THOUGHT THEY SAID, "THE OLD SHIT'S A DYING."

THE WATERS BARELY RIPPLED WHEN ROY AND LEROY WENT UNDER
WHEN ELROY WAS SOUSED IN THERE WAS LIGHTNING FLASHES AND GREAT BARRELS OF THUNDER
IN SISTER LUCYLEE'S FLOWERED CHOP SACK DRESS STRESSFUL SEAMS COULD BE SEEN A BREAKING
EVEN IN OLE BROTHER LOUIE'S EYES I COULD SEE LUST AND FORNICATION IN THE MAKING

IN A SULTRY SWEATY SWAY, SISTER LUCYLEE, FROM THE SHORE INTO THE DEEPEST WATERS WADED
FROM HER BELLY BUTTON DOWN, HER APPEAL WAS HIDDEN AND VERY QUICKLY FADED
BROTHER LOUIE WAS SUDDENLY SEIZED BY A SEIZURE, GRABBED BY THE SPIRIT, OR SOMETHING MORE
IF HE WAS GRABBED BY THE SPIRIT, THE SPIRIT HAD NEVER GRABBED HIM THIS LOW BEFORE

AT LONG LAST BROTHER LOUIE PULLED FREE AND SPLASHED ATOP THE BANK THAT DAY
HE ANNOUNCED THE BAPTIZING OVER, SAYING, "SISTER LUCYLEE WOULD MAKE A BETTER
METHODIST ANYWAY."

DEAN STURGILL, "OLE BOOGER" FEBRUARY, 10, 1992
SPENCER BRANCH, NORTH CAROLINA, US of A

GROUND HOG - REASON AND RHYME

SOME THINGS ARE FALSE AND SOME THINGS ARE TRUE
FOR SURE, AFTER FEBRUARY ONE COMES FEBRUARY TWO
MISTERS LINCOLN AND WASHINGTON WILL HAVE THEIR DAY
AND IT'S TIME FOR US GROUND HOGS TO HAVE OUR SAY

WE SAY, MEN ARE MISTAKEN TO BELIEVE IN US
WE HAVE NEVER UNDERSTOOD THIS FORECASTING STUFF
SEX, NOT WEATHER, IS WHAT'S ON OUR MIND
IN FEBRUARY WE COMMENCE TO REPLENISH OUR KIND

WE WHISTLE AND LOVE AND RUN ALL ABOUT
IF THE SUN BE IN OR IF THE SUN BE OUT
NOW, THREE MONTHS AFTER THE MERRY MAKING IS OVER
WE WATCH LITTLE CHUCKS PLAYING IN THE SPRING CLOVER

WE REST AND SLEEP IN THE HOT SUMMER SUN
WITH ONE EYE OPEN FOR THE OLE FARMER'S GUN
IN THE FALL WE BEGIN TO GET LAZY AND FAT
BUT, NOT TOO LAZY TO WATCH FOR THE BOBCAT

WITH FROST COVERED FIELDS & OTHER HINTS OF WINTER
WE MAKE OUR BEDS AND OUR DENS WE ENTER
WE SLEEP QUITE SOUNDLY 'NEATH THE SNOW COVERED LAND
AND EVEN HAVE DREAMS OF A GROUND HOG BAND

LITTLE SISTER CAN DANCE; LITTLE BROTHER CAN PICK THE BANJO
AUNTIE CAN DANCE & UNCLE CHUCK PICK THE LIN-MANDO
THOSE THAT CAN'T PICK WITH THEIR KNIVES CAN WHIDDLE
WHILE GRANDMA SINGS AND GRANDPA SAWS THE FIDDLE

WITH OUR DREAMS ALL OVER AND SLUMBER ENDING
WE WAKE AND STIR TOWARD A NEW BEGINNING
WE TURN RAMON'S CALENDAR TO THE FEBRUARY MONTH
AND AGAIN WATCH FOR A MATE FROM A SUNNY WOODLAND STUMP

E. DEAN STURGILL, "OLE BOOGER" FEB. 2, 1992
SPENCER BRANCH, NORTH CAROLINA, US of A

This was written for "Miss Cassie," the other half of my "CABIN CREEK SWEETHEARTS."

THE DAY ESTHER CAME

SIXTY SIX YEARS AGO TO A HOUSE BESIDE CABIN CREEK
THE STORK WAS CARRING A BABY WRAPPED IN A WHITE SHEET
JOHN P. AND "AUNT NELIA'S" HOME WAS TO BE BLEST
WHEN THE STORK DELIVERED THEM BABY GIRL, ESTHER ANETTE

I HAVEN'T BEEN TOLD IF THEY PREFERRED A BOY
SOMEHOW I DOUBT IT, AS LITTLE GIRLS ARE ANGELS OF JOY
I HAVEN'T BEEN TOLD IF CASSIE RUN VERY FAST
TO GRANDMA OSBORNE'S TO SAY "I'VE GOT A BABY DOLL AT LAST"

BABY ESTHER SQUIRMED AND TWISTED, BURPED AND CRIED
FINALLY AT LAST JOHN P'S NERVES GOT TIRED
HE SAID "I'VE GOT OATS TO BE CRADLED, BUNDLED AND TIED"
WITH WHETROCK AND CRADLE TO THE OAT FIELD HE HIED

I DO A LOT OF THINKING ABOUT BEARS AND WHAT NOT
I THINK OF THE DAY ESTHER CAME AND THIS IS THE PICTURE I GOT

UNCLE CICERO WAS CUTTING A BEE TREE HIGH ON THE MOUNTAIN
PREACHER INGRAM WAS PREACHING ETERNAL LIFE FROM THE FOUNTAIN
FRANK BAKER WAS GREASING HIS SKILLET WITH LAST YEARS BEAR FAT
LITTLE TOM WAS ON THE TRACK OF A LAMB KILLING WILD CAT

AUNT CACK WAS PICKING WILD STRAWBERRIES THAT GREW ABOUT HER FEET
UNCLE ECK WAS LOGGING ON A WEST VIRGINIA MOUNTAIN PEAK
MILES OSBORNE SALTED THE SHEEP ON THE MOUNTAIN LAND
ALBERT HASHWAS YET TO FIDDLE WITH THE WHITETOP MOUNTAIN BAND

"BUM," THE FOX HUNTER, BLOWED THE HUNTER'S HORN
FROM ATOP THE OLDFLAT THE DAY BABY ESTHER WAS BORN
ANDY DOLINGER WAS KINDLING HIS FIRE WITH A CUP OF BLACK POWDER
AND WHEN IT EXPLODED, THE EXPLOSION WAS LOUDER

OLD COONROD WAS ON THE HAW ORCHARD AT HIS POUT HOUSE A POUTING
UNCLE GREELY WAS AT THE FALLS OF CABIN WITH STICK WORMS A TROUTING
AT CABIN CREEK STORE JOHN KILBY WAS PINCHING PENNIES
WHILE LEE MAHAFFEY SWEATED IN JOHN'S FIELDS OF PLENTY

"MISTER LISHIE" WAS EATING MAPLE SYRUP MADE FROM MAPLE WATER
THE DAY CABIN CREEK GOT A NEW BABY DAUGHTER
OUR MOUNTAINS HAVE MANY COLORS MANY DIFFERENT HUES
AGAIN I VIEW THE PICTURE AND SEE ALL THE ABOVE TO BE TRUE

MISS CASSIE SANG A MEDLEY AND ROCKED THE BABY TO SLEEP
AND TOLD MOTHER NELIA "THIS DOLL I WANT TO KEEP"
MISS CASSIE KEPT SINGING AND PROBABLY SEWED ON A QUILT
EVEN LOOKED ON THE HILL AT THE OAT SHOCKS JOHN P. BUILT

THE DAY ESTHER CAME

TO THE CLEAR MOUNTAIN SPRING MISS CASSIE WAS SEEN DASHING
SOONER OR LATER A BABY'S BUTT WOULD NEED A WASHING
ALL DAY MISS CASS WAS JOYOUS AND BUSY AS A BEE
BECAUSE BABY ESTHER IS MISS CASSIE'S BABY SISTER YOU SEE

MOST PEOPLE THINK OF JULY FOURTH AS THE BIRTHDAY OF A NATION
I THINK OF JULY FOURTH AS A DAY OF GREAT CREATION
THE CREATOR LOOKED ON CABIN CREEK AND PRONOUNCED EVERYTHING GOOD
THE OLD GRADLER SAID, "THANK YOU, SIR," AS IN THE OATFIELD HE STOOD

THIS IS THE TALE OF THE FIRST DAY IN LIFE'S BEGINNING
IT HAS NO END AS THE DAY IS UNENDING
MISS ESTHER GREW UP AND MARRIED HER BOY FRIEND WONDER
THEN LEFT CABIN CREEK AND TO A FOREIGN LAND WANDERED

IN THE CAROLINA HILLS THE HILLS ARE GETTING HIGHER
WILD FURS ARE NO GOOD AND THERE'S NO FUR BUYERS
(MISS ESTHER'S AND OLE BOOGER'S TRAILS FINALLY CROSSED)
IF MISS ESTHER AIN'T OLE BOOGERS BEST FRIEND, OLE BOOGER IS A LIAR

E. DEAN STURGILL, OLE BOOGER, FEBRUARY 1992
SPENCER BRANCH, NORTH CAROLINA, US of A

GROUND HOG TIME

WHEN ALL THE OLD MEN GET TOGETHER
THEY SAY US GROUND HOGS CAN PREDICT THE WEATHER
AND ALL THE OLE WIMMEN SAY ITS TRUE
THAT WE GROUND HOGS COME OUT ON FEBRUARY TWO

"OLE BOOGER" KNOWS AND PROBABLY A FEW OTHERS
THE MATING URGE AWAKES US AND WE DIG FROM OUR BURROWS
IF THE SKIES BE BLACK OR IF THE SKIES BE BLUE
WE GROUND HOGS ARE OUT ALL FEBRUARY THRU

YOU SEE, US GROUND HOGS MUST FROLIC IN THE FEBRUARY HAY
IF OUR YOUNG ARE TO BE BORN IN THE GREEN FIELDS OF MAY
ROMEOS AND JULIETS WE COULD VERY WELL BE
BUT, WEATHER FORECASTERS WE'RE NOT, YOU SEE

IF THIS UNTRUTH YOU HAVE BELIEVED FOR 66 YEARS
WE HOPE THE TRUTH WILL BRING YOU LAUGHTER INSTEAD OF TEARS
STILL ON FEBRUARY SECOND WE WOULD LIKE TO SAY
WE AND DEAN WISH YOU A HAPPY, HAPPY GROUND HOG DAY

DEAN STURGILL, (OLE BOOGER) JAN. 30, 1992
SPENCER BRANCH, NORTH CAROLINA, US of A

This was written especially for "Miss Esther," one half of my "CABIN CREEK SWEETHEARTS" and who you will hear more about in the rhyme, "THE DAY ESTHER CAME."

THE GRANNY GHOST

IT WAS A DARK AND STORMY DOGWOOD NIGHT IN 1888
A FRAIL AND FRAGILE GRANNYWOMAN WAS GOING TO A SCRAPE
IN A WEATHERED WOODSY CABIN SHE HAD LEFT AN OIL LAMP BURNING
ON A NOTEPAD BESIDE THE BED SHE WROTE, "I'LL SOON BE RETURNING"

THE OLD FIREPLACE CLOCK WAS TICK TOCKING AT THIRTY PAST ELEVEN
SHE WROTE, "BARRING TRAGEDY AND TREMOR WE SHOULD BE BACK BY SEVEN"
SHE SADDLED A BLACK GELDING AND GALLOPED DOWN THE TRAIL
THE TOOLS OF HER TRADE SHE CARRIED IN A BLACK WOODEN PAIL

IT IS UNKNOWN IF SPEARS AND SWORDS WERE BRANDISHED
YET, SOMEWHERE ALONG THE DARK PATH HORSE AND RIDER VANISHED
IN YONDERS FAR HOLLOW A LABORING MOTHER LAYS A DYING
IN YONDERS FAR HOLLOW A DYING BABY DIES A CRYING

A SEARCH WAS UNDERTAKEN, BUT NO ONE KNEW WHERE TO SEARCH
THE ONLY TRACE EVER FOUND, THE OWL FOUND A BLOODSTAINED BIG BIRCH
FROM GRIEF THE MIGHTY BIRCH QUICKLY DIED & MORE QUICKLY ROTTED AWAY
AND FROM THE SORROW IN YONDERS HOLLOW WHERE A MOTHER & BABY DEAD LAY

OLD MITCHEM'S RED HOUND DRAGGED IN THE GRANNY WOMAN'S HEAD
YET, AFTER A HUNDRED YEARS OF MYSTERY THE GRANNY WOMAN ISN'T DEAD
THE OIL LIGHT WENT OUT AT MIDNIGHT, BIG BEN STOPPED AT TWELVE
IT IS BELIEVED TILL THIS DAY, THIS IS THE HOUR HORSE AND RIDER FELL

EVERY YEAR IN DOGWOOD SEASON WHEN THE MIDNIGHT MOONLIGHT FAILS
CAN BE SEEN THE HEADLESS RIDER & BLACK GELDING GALLOPING THRU THE VALE
SEARCHING, STILL SEARCHING FOR A WOMAN LAYING DYING
SEARCHING, STILL SEARCHING FOR A BABY DYING CRYING

DEAN STURGILL, "OLE BOOGER" FEBRUARY 1992
SPENCER BRANCH, NORTH CAROLINA, US of A

WHEN THE WOLF WENT TO WILBURN'S WALTZ

WILBURN WATERS WAS A WOLF AND BEAR HUNTER AROUND BALSAM LAND
MINILANA WAS AN INDIAN MAIDEN LIVING IN THIS SCENIC LAND
ABOUT OLE WILBURN MANY STORIES HAVE BEEN TOLD AND MANY BOOKS READ
THE NIGHT THE WOLF DANCED WITH HIS MAIDEN, NOT MUCH HAS BEEN SAID

THE INDIAN MAIDEN HAD ESCAPED WHILE TRAVELING THE "TRAIL OF TEARS"
IN HER TEEPEE BESIDE THE CREEK SHE LIVED HER CAREFREE YEARS
IN A CABIN ON WHITETOP MOUNTAIN, WILBURN WAS SAID TO HAVE STAYED
IN THE TEEPEE BESIDE CABIN CREEK, WILBURN AND MINILANA PLAYED

IT WAS THE USUAL TIME OF YEAR FOR WILBURN'S SUMMER DANCE
AS USUAL ONLY THE INDIAN MAIDEN WAS INVITED TO THE NIGHT'S PRANCE
A SMILE OF WILD FREEDOM SPREAD ACROSS MINILANA'S FACE
AS SLOWLY SHE CLIMBED THE MOUNTAIN TO WILBURN'S WALTZING PLACE

MINILANA ARRIVED ON THE STAGE, HER RAVEN HAIR IN A BRAID
SHE THOUGHT FROM AN OVERDOSE OF BEAR FAT IN THE GRASS OLE WILBURN LAID
NOW, THIS WASN'T OLE WILBURN AT ALL, IT WAS A WOLF IN WILBURN'S CLOTHES
YOU SEE, FOR OVER TWENTY YEARS THE WOLF HAS BEEN WILBURN'S FOE

WILBURN HAD GOT DELAYED TRYING TO KILL THE OLD WOLF'S MATE
NOW, THE OLD WOLF WAS GOING TO GET REVENGE BY DANCING WITH WILBURN'S DATE
THE WIND WILL BE THE UKULELE, GUITAR, BASS AND MANDOLIN
THE BREEZE WILL BE THE BANJO, AUTOHARP AND VIOLIN

AROUND HER WAIST A DEERSKIN SKIRT WAS CLINGING TO HER HIPS
ACROSS HER BREAST SHE WORE A BRA WEAVED FROM BALSAM TIPS
HER SLIPPERS WERE MADE FROM BIRCH BARK LINED WITH LONG WOLF HAIR
IN HER HAND WAS A BOUQUET FROM THE PURPLE RHODENDROM FLOWER

A GOLDEN MOON WAS HANGING ON THE HORIZON, LIGHTING UP THE DANCING STAGE
THE WOLF AWOKE FROM HIS SLEEP AND THE MAIDEN HE ENGAGED
THEY SWOONED THROUGH THE BALSAM PINES AND ON TO THE UPPER GRASS
THEY WALTZED DOWN TO THE WATER BOX AND THE WOLF RESTED HIS LASS

THE WIND STRUCK UP ANOTHER TUNE AND THE BREEZE JOINED IN
THE MAIDEN AND THE OLD WOLF KNEW IT WAS TIME TO WALTZ AGAIN
THEY DANCED ACROSS CABIN RIDGE AND SWAYED TO CABIN CREEK
DOWN ACROSS THE OSBORNE ROCKS TO THE LITTLE PINNACLE PEAK

THE BOW PULLED ACROSS THE D-STRING TO START A WALTZ ON THE VIOLIN
THE WOLF PULLED ON THE MAIDENS G-STRING & WAS SLAPPED END OVER END
UNDAUNTED, THE WOLF GOT UP, APOLOGIZED AND SAID "LETS BE FRIENDS."
TO "OVER THE WAVES" THE WOLF AND MINALANA WALTZED AGAIN

I HAVE NEVER LEARNED IF OLE WILBURN KILLED THE OLD WOLF'S MATE
NOR, DO I KNOW IF WILBURN KNEW THE WOLF DANCED WITH HIS DATE
I KNOW IN A GRAVE BESIDE BIG HORSE CREEK, OLE WILBURN LIES
I KNOW THE OLE WOLF AND INDIAN MAIDEN ARE VERY MUCH ALIVE
I KNOW IN SPITE OF THE G-STRING CAPER, TODAY THEY ARE GOOD FRIENDS
LISTENING FOR THE BAND TO PLAY A SUMMER TUNE SO THEY CAN WALTZ AGAIN

DEAN STURGILL "OLE BOOGER" FEBRUARY 1992
SPENCER BRANCH, NORTH CAROLINA, US of A

THE FIDDLERS, THIRTY AND THREE

THERE WERE FIDDLERS BEFORE OLE KING COLE AND THERE ARE FIDDLERS SINCE
THE VERY FIRST TO COME TO MIND IS FIDDLING PAUL PRINCE
HE PLAYED IN MAC WISEMAN'S BAND AND EVEN FOR CHARLIE MONROE
ON THE TUNES "CHICKEN REEL" AND "CASEY JONES" HE BURNED UP HIS BOW

CLAYTON McMITCHEN, GID TANNER AND "HELL BROKE LOOSE IN GEORGIA" LAND
ART WOOTEN AND "CRICKET ON THE HEARTH" IN BILL MONROE'S BLUE GRASS BAND
JIM SHUMATE AND J.E. MAINER FIDDLED IN THE BLUE RIDGE OF OLE CAROLINE
BENNY SIMMS AND JOE MEADOWS PLAYED WCYB'S FARM AND FUN TIME

LESLIE KEITH CRACKED HIS WHIP AND CUT CIGARETTE PAPERS IN TWO
BUT, LESLIE IS BEST REMEMBERED AS FATHER OF THE "BLACK MOUNTAIN BLUES"
ON A STAGE IN UNION GROVE THE MISCHIEF IN TOMMY JARREL'S EYES SHONE
WITH THE TUNE "JOHN BROWN'S DREAM" HE BROUGHT MANY RIBBONS HOME

ON WLAC, HADACOL BROUGHT ON BENNY MARTIN FIDDLING "KATY HILL"
IN RICHMOND, MAC MAGAHA PLAYED "I KNOW YOU'RE MARRIED BUT I LOVE YOU STILL
IN THE RYMAN AUDITORIUM CHUBBY WISE PLAYED "THE OPRY FIDDLER'S BLUES"
ON THE SAME STAGE, CURLY FOX PLAYED AND SUNG "JOHNSON'S OLD GRAY MULE"

IN BRISTOL, CHUBBY ANTHONY BECAME A FIDDLING CLINCH MOUNTAIN BOY
JOHN & SONNY MILLER WERE FIDDLING WITH ALEX AND OLA BELLE'S NEW RIVER BOYS
HOWDY FORRESTER PLAYED THE POLKAS IN ROY ACUFF'S BAND
TOMMY JACKSON PLAYED "RUN BOY RUN" AND HE PLAYED IT GRAND

SCOT STONEMAN BLOWED THE WHISTLE ON THE "ORANGE BLOSSOM SPECIAL" TRAIN
BILL SPENCER PULLED THE BOW ON "COURTING IN THE RAIN"
PAUL WARREN FIDDLED A BLAZING TUNE ABOUT "BLACK EYED SUSIE'S" GOWN
CLARK KESSINGER COME DOWN FROM WEST VIRGINIA AND ENTERTAINED THE TOWN

FIDDLING ARTHUR SMITH FIDDLED HIS WAY THROUGH THE "CUMBERLAND GAP"
CURLY RAY CLINE FIDDLED THE "MOCKING BIRD" ALL ACROSS THE MAP
CORBETT STAMPER PLAYED THE "FLOP EARED MULE" FROM HIS PORCH ON THE BLUFF
ABOUT LOST JOHN RAY AND THE "LEE HIGHWAY BLUES" I CAN'T SAY ENOUGH

IN GALAX, OTIS BURRIS FIDDLED "FORTUNE" AND "WALKING IN MY SLEEP"
OVER IN MT. AIRY THE MEMORIES OF ESKER HUTCHINS I WANT TO KEEP
RALPH MAYO RODE IN TO KINGSPORT FIDDLING "TRAIN FORTY FIVE"
FOR THE SKILL OF KENNY BAKER IS THERE A NEED TO STRIVE

NOW, I HAVE TWO SPOTS LEFT AND I'VE SAVED THEM FOR THE BEST
EASILY I FOUND ALBERT HASH AND THORNTON SPENCER IN MY FIDDLERS QUEST
ON HAND MADE FIDDLES MADE FROM WHITETOP MAPLE AND SEASONED SPRUCE PINE
ALBERT PLAYED SO MANY TUNES, I HOPE NONE ARE LOST TO TIME

THORNTON TRAVELED THE FIDDLING TRAILS AND FOR SURE LEFT HIS MARK
HE WILL TELL YOU (AS HE DID ME) "SOMETIMES I'D RATHER HEAR A COON DOG BARK"
THORNTON'S KNOWLEDGE OF FIDDLERS AND FIDDLING IS UNSURPASSED YOU SEE
FOR THAT VERY REASON HE SHOULD BE WRITING THIS INSTEAD OF ME

DEAN STURGILL, SPENCER BRANCH NORTH CAROLINA US of A
FEB. 1992