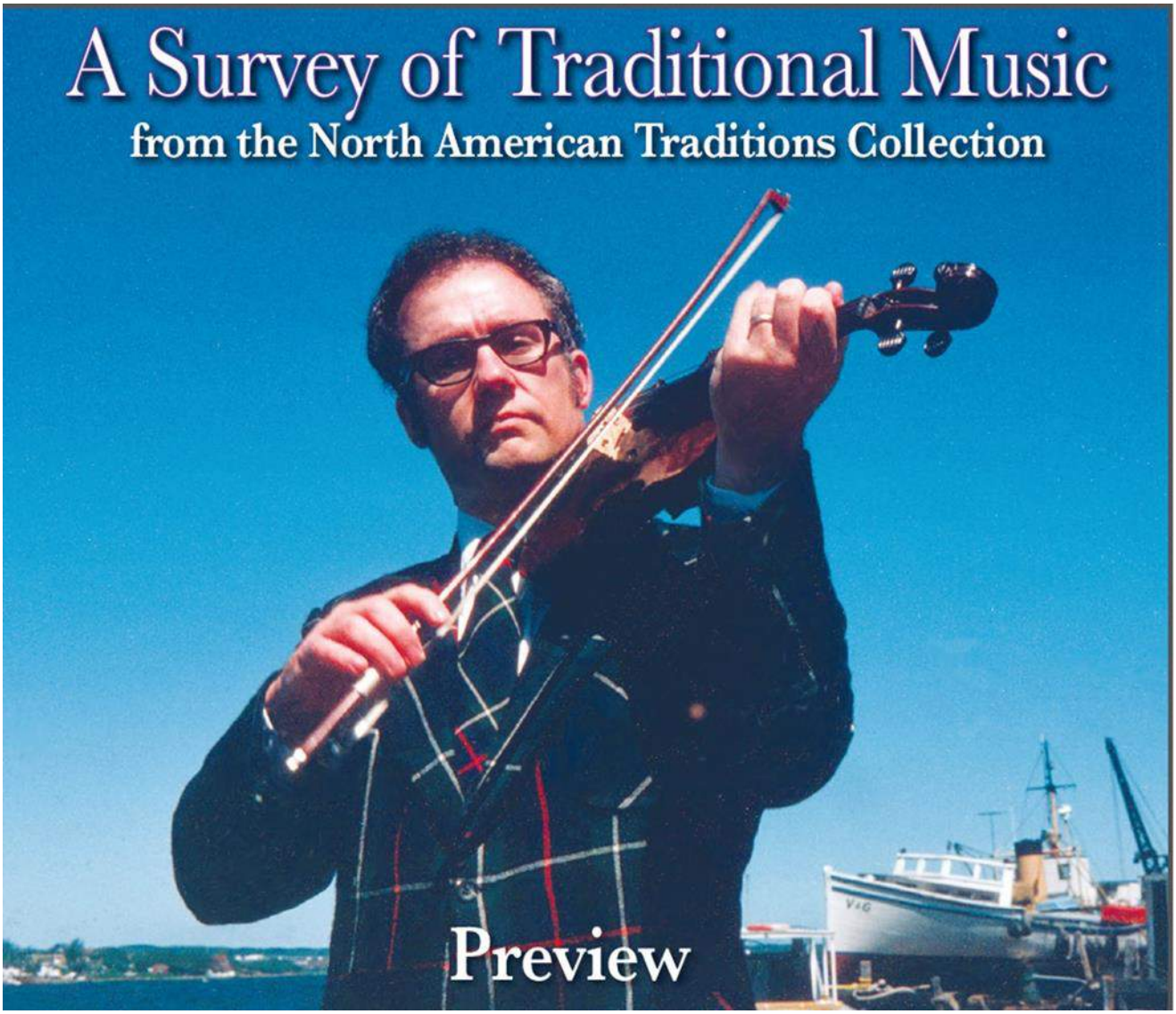

Volume 0: *Preview of the NAT Survey of Traditional Music (FRC800)*

INTRODUCTION

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30 Cowboy, Go Union - Van Holyoak

Mark Wilson: The North American Traditions group (NAT) was a loose confederation of friends who recorded a large amount of folk music between 1972 and 2008, largely intended for release upon the Rounder Records label. Loosely organized by Mark Wilson, the central members of this group were Lou Curtiss, John Harrod, Morgan MacQuarrie, Gordon McCann, and Gus Meade, assisted by many others who contributed helpfully to individual projects. None of the group worked for Rounder records itself and instead mailed their final materials to the company where their releases were supervised by Bill Nowlin of Rounder. All in all, approximately 85 new music projects were published by the group, with several more left uncompleted when Rounder was sold to Concord Music in 2010. Before this sale occurred, Bill insured that the unencumbered ownership of all of the NAT materials was transferred to Mark with the intention of keeping them available for public access. The full collection is now available as the NAT Research Archive through the free Dropbox portal

https://www.dropbox.com/sh/e1dwehe0kqb4wm0/AAANjERTNHXK6zPDPCa_YujSa?dl=0

Listeners will there find an easily searchable list of selections organized by original session with accompanying photographs and data. All of the issued NAT projects in their originally published formats can be found at this site as well. Further background information on the NAT group itself is also provided there and upon the dedicated NAT webpage: **fieldrecorder.org/nat** where the PDF commentaries that accompany the present survey will be also posted.

In recent years, Field Recorder Collective Records (FRC) has published vast amounts of previously unavailable traditional material, and all of us in the NAT group were extremely pleased when FRC assumed the enormous task of making these compilations publicly available when our originally intended venue fell through (for details, see "Background to the NAT collection"). We are especially grateful to FRC's John Schwab for his careful attention to

production details. This collection of 15 + 1 survey will become available both as CDs and downloads and has been compiled to serve as a guide to the complete NAT Research Archive. At the same time, it serves as a means of acquainting interested listeners with the intriguing but complicated weave of societal interactions that lie behind music of a traditional character, in which a song or tune or song can alter its aesthetic character considerably as it migrates from one social niche to another.

To illustrate these complexities, the noted music scholar Norm Cohen and I have assembled substantial PDF commentaries that complement each volume (valuable contributions from other hands will appear as well, including engaging direct testimonies from the performers themselves). The resulting survey scarcely claims to represent every type of traditional music to be found within North America, largely because its selections have been limited to the materials that were gathered by the NAT group (whose recording sessions were largely determined by the performers with whom we had been previously acquainted). Despite these substantive limitations, Norm and I found that we could nevertheless collate a reasonably broad sampling of historically salient and aesthetically pleasing materials. We encourage our audience to explore these offerings in their entirety, because a just appreciation of "folk music" of this character is greatly enhanced by an appreciation of the complex social interconnections from which it has emerged. Popular stereotypes of a "weird old America" that only survives

within isolated geographical pockets are quite misleading, and we hope that this survey may offset some of those inaccurate misapprehensions.

Despite our best intentions, many basic facts about how this music managed to migrate from region to region and from social category to social category remain unknown to us. In our notes, we have attempted to outline what we presently know about these issues, relying upon library and discographical research, along with whatever data our informants were able to

offer. But further detective work of a disciplined character is sorely needed along these lines. Indeed, one of our primary intentions in making the NAT Research Archive readily available stems from the hope that its scattered bits of pertinent information may assist others in their own investigations.

This Preview collation was compiled when the FRC group requested a single volume presentation to acquaint potential audiences with the range of materials contained within the full survey. To this end we have extracted additional selections from the NAT Archive that exemplify the fifteen volumes of our compilation without any duplication in material (these selections were extracted from our previously issued projects whereas the survey volumes strongly rely upon unissued material). Because the present notes were written after we had composed the commentaries for the succeeding volumes, we have left most details about the

artists themselves and the exact rationales for our volume groupings to these later projects. Accordingly, in these notes (with the exception of “Galleynipper”), we confine our annotations to the histories of the thirty selections presented. Even with these restrictions, our notes became quite lengthy, because one of the basic fascinations of traditional music lies in the manner in which tracing the putative origins of any particular item gradually ensnares one into the complicated vicissitudes of our continental history. Before I began these notes, for example, I had little conception of the complexities that underlie Bessie Jones’s “Old Bill Rolling Pin.”

Throughout these notes, we include pertinent historical illustrations whenever possible, for we believe that a visual record conveys a more vivid and informative impression of the circumstances from which these songs have emerged and how they were later transformed. The song histories provided in this preview are typical of those supplied in our later volumes,

except that the latter contain more detailed information on our artists themselves (to avoid unnecessary repetition). As period items, however, these same documents sometimes evince offensive stereotypes for which we have posted the following warning label at appropriate locales:

Warning: Some of the historical materials reviewed here contain offensive words and imagery. Reconstructing the past history of this music is impossible without considering the data provided in such documents.

In particular, it is impossible to unravel the many mysteries of the African-American contribution to our national music without confronting these documents head on. Indeed, the magnitude of this influence has sometimes been underestimated by not directly comparing library sources against field recordings like ours, in the manner we have attempted to illustrate in our accompanying notes.

For further background on the NAT collection and the people who made it, please consult the *Background to the NAT Collection* PDF on the FRC NAT webpage: **fieldrecorder.org/nat**

For the complete NAT Research Archive, visit:

https://www.dropbox.com/sh/e1dwehe0kqb4wm0/AAANjERTNHXK6zPDPCa_YujSa?dl=0 XXX.

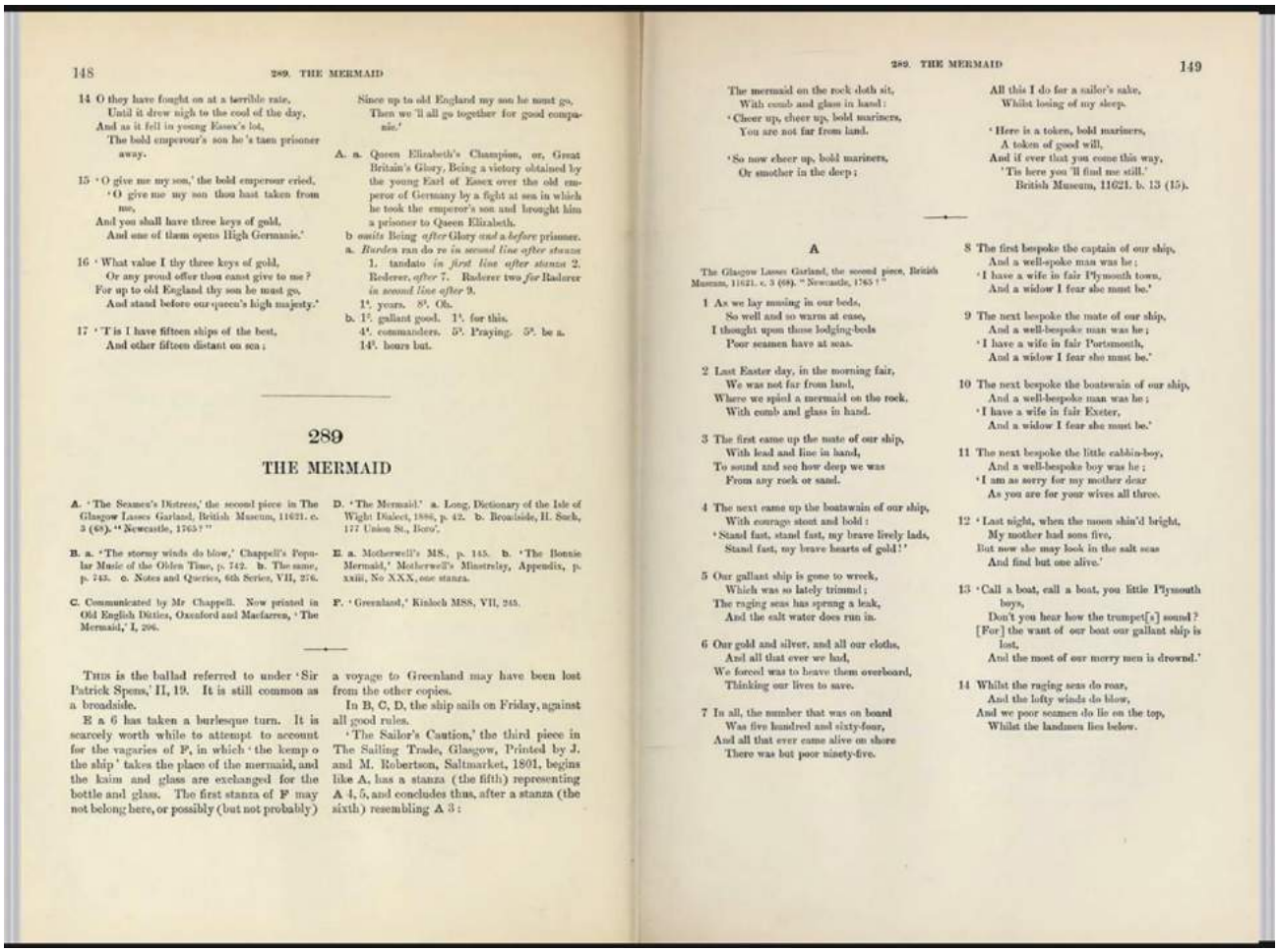
Photo of Melvin and Cora Lawrence: Mark Wilson, Theodosia, MO 1997
"Practice Session for Glendale Festival": Bill Nowlin, Glendale, NS 1976
Farmland, near Decatur, NE: Mark Wilson 1998
Photo of Snake Chapman with his grandfather's portrait: Mark Wilson, Canada, KY 1998
Big Brook, NS: Mark Wilson 2002

Volume 1: ***From British Tradition***

01 **The Merrimac at Sea - Almeda Riddle, vocal** (Child 289; Roud 124) (MW, Bill Nowlin, Ken Irwin, Marion Leighton, Fayville, MA, 5/02/72). Originally issued on Rounder 0017, *Ballads and Hymns from the Ozarks*

Norm Cohen: Francis J. Child included this well-known song in his celebrated nineteenth century compilation *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*. Child knew of only a half-dozen versions of this ballad, all from the British Isles, though it has since proven to be widely known through North America. Alas, as Bertrand Bronson noted, "It is to be regretted that Child did not take the occasion of this ballad to divulge some of his mermaid-lore. Perhaps he thought the ballad of too recent origin to deserve exegesis from ancient superstition." In many of the later versions, the mermaid's opening portent of doom has been omitted, and the song often becomes comical in tone.

Granny Riddle's version is the only one (we know of) to insert the name of the famous Confederate ship into the text—at the expense of any mention of the supernatural maritime creature, who seems to have vanished during the ballad's Atlantic crossing. I am tempted to speculate the possibility that somewhere at some time some singer mis-read a ballet text, taking "Mermaid" to be "Merrimac"—a small orthographic alteration. The jolly trio of captain, cabin-boy, and greasy cook are a common crew in North American versions; even New Orleans as a place name is not unknown. But the Merrimac itself is a singular intrusion.



148 289. THE MERMAID

14 O they have fought on at a terrible rate,
Until it drew nigh to the cool of the day,
And as it fell in young Essex's lot,
The bold emperour's son he 's taen prisoner away.

15 'O give me my son,' the bold emperour cried,
'O give me my son thou hast taken from me,
And you shall have three keys of gold,
And one of them opens High Germanie.'

16 'What value I thy three keys of gold,
Or any proud offer thou canst give to me?
For up to old England thy son he must go,
And stand before our queen's high majesty.'

17 'T is I have fifteen ships of the best,
And other fifteen distant on sea;
Since up to old England my son he must go,
Then we 'll all go together for good companie.'

A. a. Queen Elizabeth's Champion, or, Great Britain's Glory, Being a victory obtained by the young Earl of Essex over the old emperor of Germany by a fight at sea in which he took the emperor's son and brought him a prisoner to Queen Elizabeth.
b *omits* Being *after* Glory *and a before* prisoner.
a. *Burden* ran do re *in second line after stanza*
1. tandato *in first line after stanza* 2. Rederer, *after* 7. Raderer two *for* Radorer *in second line after* 9.
1⁴. years. 8⁵. Oh.
b. 1². gallant good. 1⁴. for this.
4⁴. commanders. 5⁵. Praying. 5⁸. be a.
14⁴. hours but.

289
THE MERMAID

A. 'The Seamen's Distress,' the second piece in The Glasgow Lasses Garland, British Museum, 11621. c. 3 (68). "Newcastle, 1765?"

B. a. 'The stormy winds do blow,' Chappell's Popular Music of the Olden Time, p. 742. b. The same, p. 745. c. Notes and Queries, 6th Series, VII, 276.

C. Communicated by Mr Chappell. Now printed in Old English Ditties, Oxonford and Macfarren, 'The Mermaid,' I, 206.

D. 'The Mermaid.' a. Long, Dictionary of the Isle of Wight Dialect, 1886, p. 42. b. Broadside, H. Such, 177 Union St., Boro'.

E a. Motherwell's MS., p. 145. b. 'The Bonnie Mermaid,' Motherwell's Minstrelsy, Appendix, p. xxiii, No XXX, one stanza.

F. 'Greenland,' Kinloch MSS, VII, 245.

This is the ballad referred to under 'Sir Patrick Spens,' II, 19. It is still common as a broadside.

E a 6 has taken a burlesque turn. It is scarcely worth while to attempt to account for the vagaries of F, in which 'the kemp o the ship' takes the place of the mermaid, and the kaim and glass are exchanged for the bottle and glass. The first stanza of F may not belong here, or possibly (but not probably) a voyage to Greenland may have been lost from the other copies.

In B, C, D, the ship sails on Friday, against all good rules.

'The Sailor's Caution,' the third piece in The Sailing Trade, Glasgow, Printed by J. and M. Robertson, Saltmarket, 1801, begins like A, has a stanza (the fifth) representing A 4, 5, and concludes thus, after a stanza (the sixth) resembling A 3:

289. THE MERMAID 149

The mermaid on the rock doth sit,
With comb and glass in hand:
'Cheer up, cheer up, bold mariners,
You are not far from land.

'So now cheer up, bold mariners,
Or smother in the deep:
All this I do for a sailor's sake,
Whilst losing of my sleep.

'Here is a token, bold mariners,
A token of good will,
And if ever that you come this way,
'Tis here you 'll find me still.'
British Museum, 11621. b. 13 (15).

A

The Glasgow Lasses Garland, the second piece, British Museum, 11621. c. 3 (68). "Newcastle, 1765?"

1 As we lay musing in our beds,
So well and so warm at ease,
I thought upon those lodging-beds
Poor seamen have at seas.

2 Last Easter day, in the morning fair,
We was not far from land,
Where we spied a mermaid on the rock,
With comb and glass in hand.

3 The first came up the mate of our ship,
With lead and line in hand,
To sound and see how deep we was
From any rock or sand.

4 The next came up the boatswain of our ship,
With courage stout and bold:
'Stand fast, stand fast, my brave lively lads,
Stand fast, my brave hearts of gold!'

5 Our gallant ship is gone to wreck,
Which was so lately trimmd:
The raging seas has sprung a leak,
And the salt water does run in.

6 Our gold and silver, and all our cloths,
And all that ever we had,
We forced was to heave them overboard,
Thinking our lives to save.

7 In all, the number that was on board
Was five hundred and sixty-four,
And all that ever came alive on shore
There was but poor ninety-five.

8 The first bespoke the captain of our ship,
And a well-spoke man was he;
'I have a wife in fair Plymouth town,
And a widow I fear she must be.'

9 The next bespoke the mate of our ship,
And a well-bespoke man was he;
'I have a wife in fair Portsmouth,
And a widow I fear she must be.'

10 The next bespoke the boatswain of our ship,
And a well-bespoke man was he;
'I have a wife in fair Exeter,
And a widow I fear she must be.'

11 The next bespoke the little cabin-boy,
And a well-bespoke boy was he;
'I am as sorry for my mother dear
As you are for your wives all three.

12 'Last night, when the moon shin'd bright,
My mother had sons five,
But now she may look in the salt seas
And find but one alive.'

13 'Call a boat, call a boat, you little Plymouth boys,
Don't you hear how the trumpet[s] sound?
[For] the want of our boat our gallant ship is lost,
And the most of our merry men is drownd.'

14 Whilst the raging seas do roar,
And the lofty winds do blow,
And we poor seamen do lie on the top,
Whilst the landmen lies below.

Mark: Almeda was first "discovered" by John Quincy Wolfe, and many of her early recordings (which sometimes deviate considerably from the more polished versions she worked out later) can be found on the valuable John Quincy Wolfe Collection at Lyon College website. He introduced her to Alan Lomax who issued a large number of recordings in his *Southern Journey* LP series on Atlantic and Prestige (1959). She became a regular on the urban "folk concert" circuit (which is how we came to know her). She greatly enjoyed meeting "the young people" in this manner, although their mores were often different than she was accustomed to back home.

As Norm remarks, in older versions of this song, a mermaid first appears as a portent of doom, but this ingredient is absent in the present version of this song. In the book of interviews prepared by Roger Abrahams (*A Singer and her Songs* (1970)), she spoke of her source for this song (P.M. Russell):

> Brother Russell is an old Baptist minister who is now about eighty-five or eighty-six years old. He was born and raised there in Illinois, but came here to Arkansas when he was a young man. He was a good friend to my husband and I, and he has remained a good friend ever since. He was a good singer and a good teacher and was also a good pianist. In fact, he was the best *educated* fiddler I've ever known—he played by note and taught it. And naturally, whenever he would come visiting, we'd have music and singing and he taught me some songs that I still sing today. Like this "Merrimac at Sea"—I can remember him visiting with us in the summer of 1920 and teaching me this song; since then I've seen and heard lots of other versions, but

MERMAID.

J. WHEELER, PRINTER, MANCHESTER.

One Friday morning we set sail,
it was not far from land,
There I espied a fair Mermaid,
with a comb and glass in her hand.

CHORUS.

For the stormy Winds do blow,
And the raging seas do roar;
While we poor seamen go up to the top,
And the land lubbers lay down below.

The boatswain at the helm stands
steering his course right well
With the tears standing in his eyes,
saying, Lord how the seas do swell.

Then up spoke a boy of our gallant ship,
and a well speaking boy was he,
I've a father & mother in fair Portsmouth town
and this night they will weep for me.

Then up spoke a man of our gallant ship,
and a well speaking man was he:
I've married a wife in fair London town,
and this night she a widow will be.

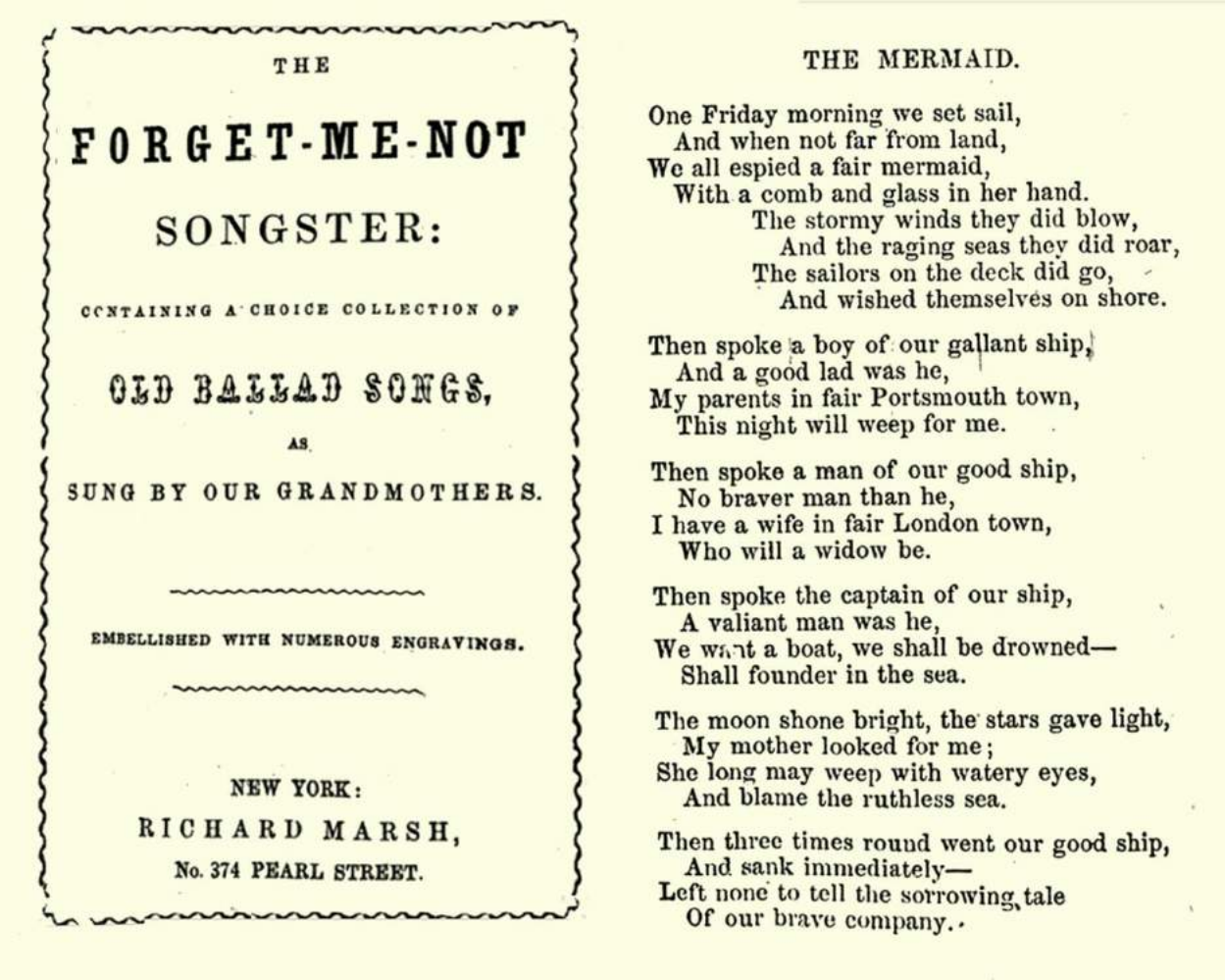
then up spoke the captain of our gallant ship
and a valliant man was he,
For the want of a long boat we all shall be
drown'd,
and sink to the bottom of the sea.

Now the moon shone bright and the stars
gave light,
and my mother's a looking for me.
She may look she may weep with watery eyes
and may look to the bottom of the sea.

then 3 times round went our gallant ship,
and 3 times round went she—
And 3 times round went our gallant ship,
when she sank to the bottom of the sea.

this is the one I've always sung since then.

Relocations of a song to a more familiar locale was not uncommon—her version of "The Last Fierce Charge" (see Volume 8) transmutes a fictional Civil War event to the Battle of Little Big Horn. Our informants often cherished a song or tune because of its historical connotations, even when these attachments were rather dubious (concerning the fiddle tune "Indian Squaw," Alva Greene told me, "You've heard the history of that—it's when Captain John Smith married Pocahontas").



THE

FORGET-ME-NOT

SONGSTER:

CONTAINING A CHOICE COLLECTION OF

OLD BALLAD SONGS,

AS

SUNG BY OUR GRANDMOTHERS.

EMBELLISHED WITH NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS.

NEW YORK:

RICHARD MARSH,

No. 374 PEARL STREET.

THE MERMAID.

One Friday morning we set sail,
And when not far from land,
We all espied a fair mermaid,
With a comb and glass in her hand.
The stormy winds they did blow,
And the raging seas they did roar,
The sailors on the deck did go,
And wished themselves on shore.

Then spoke a boy of our gallant ship,
And a good lad was he,
My parents in fair Portsmouth town,
This night will weep for me.

Then spoke a man of our good ship,
No braver man than he,
I have a wife in fair London town,
Who will a widow be.

Then spoke the captain of our ship,
A valiant man was he,
We want a boat, we shall be drowned—
Shall founder in the sea.

The moon shone bright, the stars gave light,
My mother looked for me;
She long may weep with watery eyes,
And blame the ruthless sea.

Then three times round went our good ship,
And sank immediately—
Left none to tell the sorrowing tale
Of our brave company.

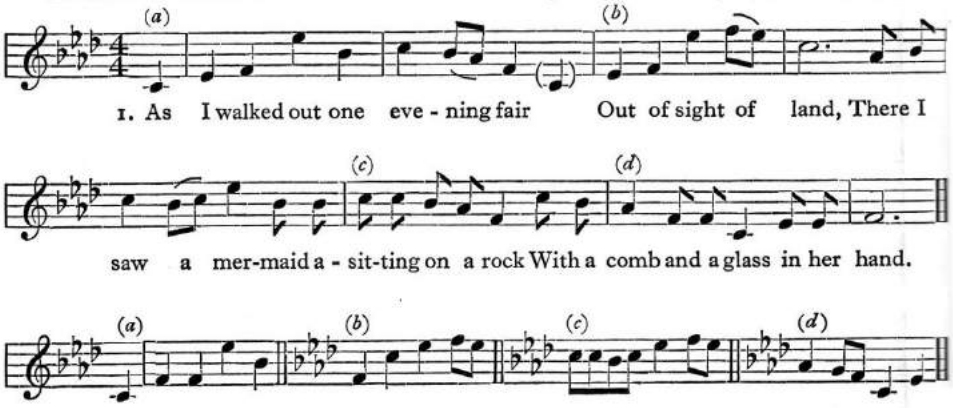
As Norm further observes, in the nineteenth century the song was often employed in a burlesqued manner upon the vaudeville stage and as a college glee song (e.g., in the popular *Heart Songs* collection of 1909 "dear to the American people and by them contributed in the search for treasured songs conducted by the *National Magazine*, Boston, Mass"). I don't believe that Almeda regarded the song as non-serious, however. In a traditional performance setting, intended "humor" was often conveyed by performance style, not lyrical content, and

The Mermaid

B

Pentatonic. Mode 2.

Sung by Mrs. ELIZA PACE
at Hyden, Leslie Co , Ky., Oct. 3, 1917



2 A-combing down her yellow hair,
And her skin was like a lily so fair;
Her cheeks were like two roses and her eyes were like a star,
And her voice were like a nightingale clear.

3 This little mermaid sprung into the deep.
The wind it began for to blow.
The hail and the rain were so dark in the air.
We'll never see land no more.

4 At last came down the captain of the ship
With a plumb and a line in his hand.
He plumbed the sea to see how far it was
To the rock or else to the sand.

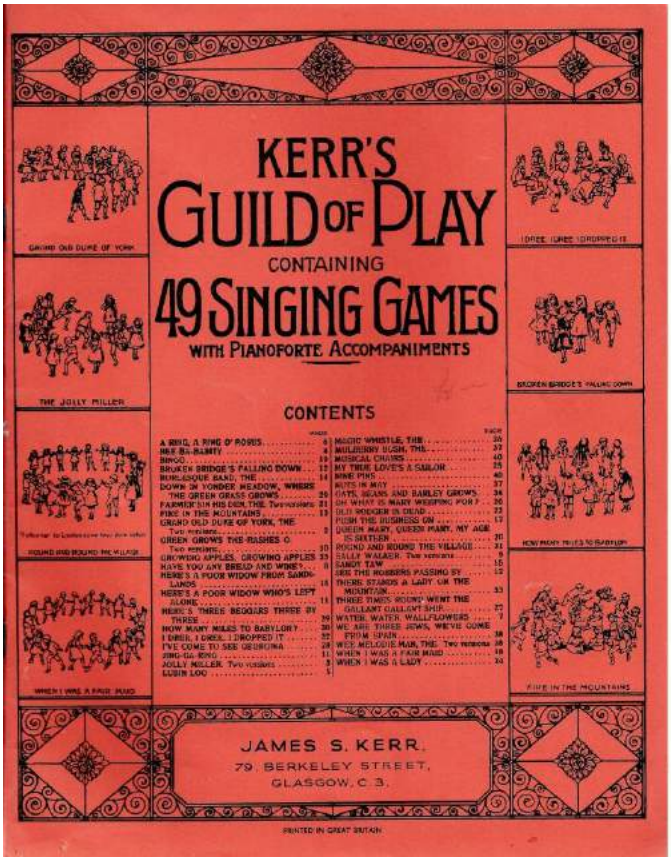
5 He plumbed him behind and he plumbed him before,
The ship kept turning around.
Our captain cried out: Our ship it does wreck,
For the measles (*sic*) runs around.

6 Come throw out your lading as fast as you can,
The truth to you I'll tell.
This night we all must part
To heaven or else to hell.

7 Come all you unmarried men that's living on the land,
That's living at home at your ease.
Try the best you can your living for to gain
And never incline to the seas.

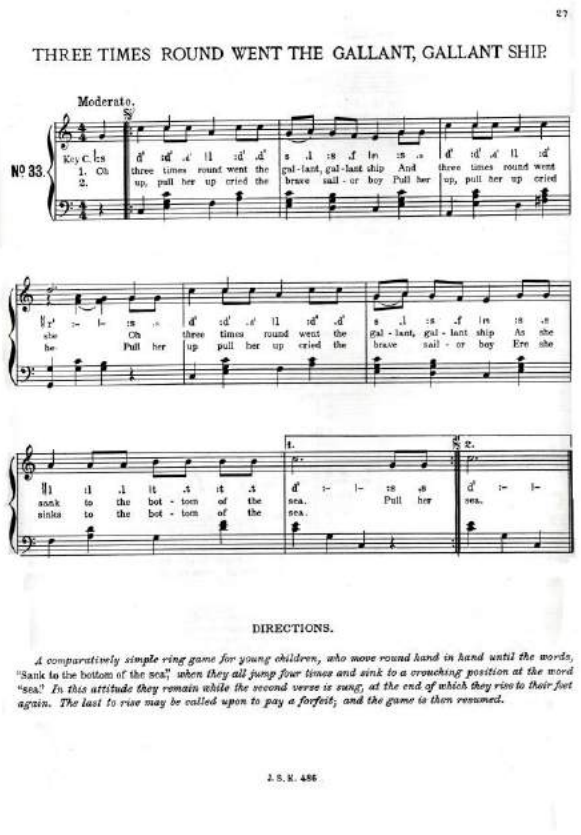
Wash Nelson informed me that in a medicine show you could sing virtually anything (including a hoary murder ballad) as long as "you played the monkey" when you did so. A number of "folk music enthusiasts" were quite disconcerted when Nimrod Workman performed his "ballads" with exaggerated gestures and grimaces, but, in truth, this was the manner in which he entertained his fellow miners when they ate lunch on the tracks underground. In contrast, the manner of performance that did *not* seem natural within a traditional music setting was the "*a cappella* ballad" fashion that became customary within the urban folk scene, in which singers would set aside their guitars to sing something "stark and chilling." An old-fashioned mountain singer such as Sarah Gunning's mother might sound very "lonesome" as she foraged for berries in the woods, but never with the same dramatized intent.

In older versions, it is the "landlubbers who go down below," whereas Almeda's text has rationalized the group into "ladies." In many American versions, the alteration is made to "landlords." As Norm observes, It is comparatively rare that the supernatural portent of a mermaid's appearance is found in an American treatment; a notable exception is the unusual version that Cecil Sharp obtained from Eliza Pace (whose singing Alan and Elizabeth Lomax recorded many years later for the Library of Congress).


KERR'S
GUILD OF PLAY
CONTAINING
49 SINGING GAMES
WITH PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENTS

CONTENTS

JAMES S. KERR,
79, BERKELEY STREET,
GLASGOW, C. 3.


THREE TIMES ROUND WENT THE GALLANT, GALLANT SHIP.

Moderato.

DIRECTIONS.

A comparatively simple ring game for young children, who move round hand in hand until the words, "Sank to the bottom of the sea," when they all jump four times and sink to a crouching position at the word "sea." In this attitude they remain while the second verse is sung, at the end of which they rise to their feet again. The last to rise may be called upon to pay a forfeit; and the game is then resumed.

I will sing you a song of the Merrimac at sea
Oh a fine large vessel was she
When she set sail for New Orleans
But she sank to the bottom of the sea.

Chorus*: Oh the sea how it rolls and roars*
The noisy winds hear them blow
Tossing a sailor man to and fro
And the ladies have all gone below.

Now, the first that came up was the captain bold
A fine young man was he
Said "I have a wife down in New Orleans
And tonight she's a-looking for me."

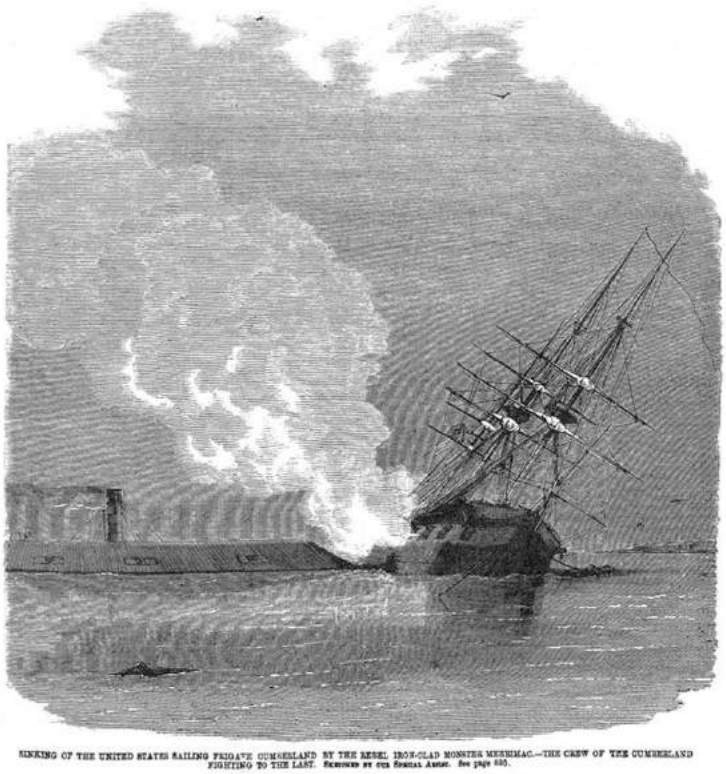
“She will gaze, she will look with her beautiful eyes,
Gaze toward the bottom of the sea
She may wait for me but I never shall return
.And tomorrow a widow she will be."

Now the next that came up was a little cabin boy
Oh a fine little fellow was he
Said "I have a mother too in New Orleans
And tonight she's a-looking for me."

"She can gaze, she can look with her beautiful eyes
Gaze toward the bottom of the sea
She may wait for me but I shall not return
And tomorrow childless she shall be."

Then the next that came up was the old greasy cook
And a greasy old customer was he
Said, "I'm thinking more about my pot, kettle and hooks
Than I am about the roaring of the sea."

Then around and around and three times around
She sank to the bottom of the sea
They'll look for her but she never will return
But tomorrow on the bottom she will be.

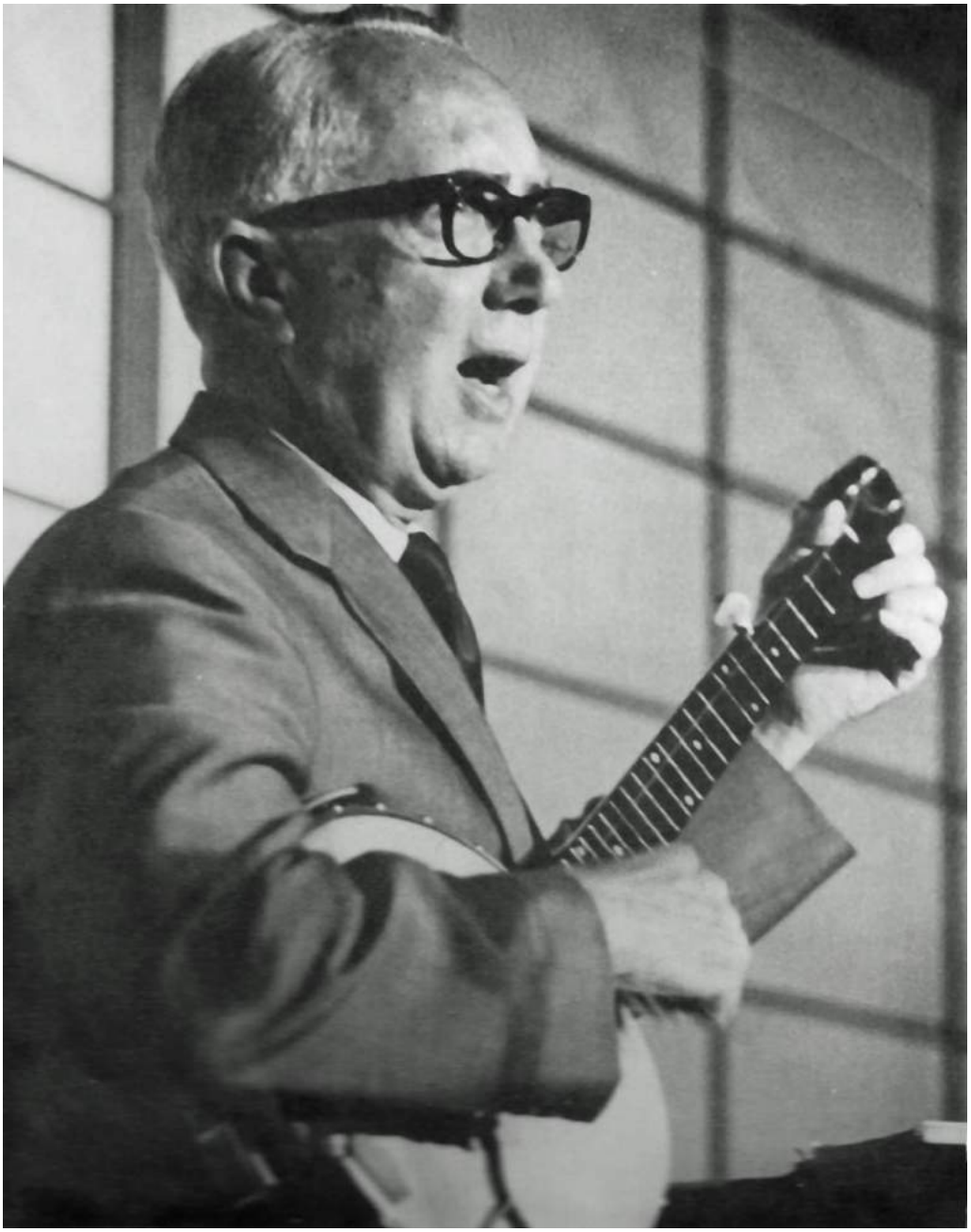


SINKING OF THE UNITED STATES SAILING FRIGATE CUMBERLAND BY THE REBEL IRON-CLAD MONSTER MERRIMAC.—THE CREW OF THE CUMBERLAND FIGHTING TO THE LAST. Sketched by our Special Artist. See page 830.

Photo of Almeda Riddle: Bill Nowlin, Fayville, MA 1972
"The Mermaid": Francis J. Child, *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads, Vol. 4* (1892)
"Mermaid": J. Wheeler 1837 (Bodleian Library)
"The Mermaid": *Forget-Me-Not Songster* circa 1840
"The Mermaid": Cecil Sharp and Maud Karples, *English Folk-Songs from the Southern Appalachian Mountains*, 2nd edition (1932)
"Three Times Around Went the Gallant, Gallant Ship": *Kerr's Guild of Play* 1912
"Sinking of the *Cumberland* by the Rebel Iron-clad Monster *Merrimac": New York Illustrated News* 1862

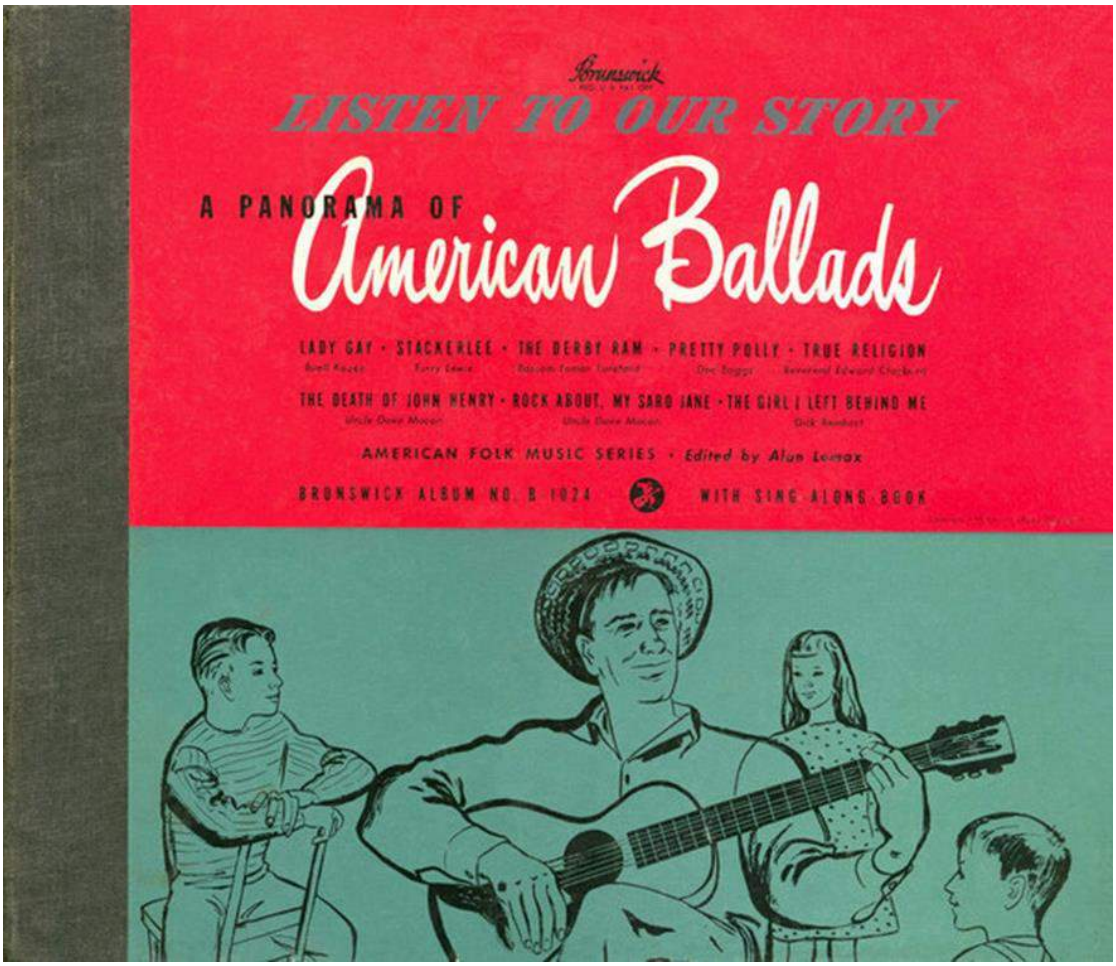
Elsewhere in this survey: Vols. 1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10

02 **The Lady Gay - Buell Kazee, vocal and banjo** (Child 079, Roud 196) (MW, Seattle, WA, 6/20/69). Originally issued on June Appal 009D, *Buell Kazee*



Mark: A previously unissued variant of this venerable ballad can be found on Volume 1 of this survey ("There Was a Bride" by Hessie Scott), to which readers are referred for Norm's commentary on its British background. I first met Buell when I had invited him out to Seattle for several concerts in 1969 when I was an undergraduate at the University of Washington. The

present version was recorded on that occasion and includes several verses that he was unable to squeeze onto his original 78 (Buell was videotaped at the University on that same visit, which is readily accessible upon the internet). I visited him again several times in Kentucky a few years later, when we embarked upon an LP project (which was left incomplete, for reasons I'll explain in a later volume). Many of these recordings were included on the June Appal LP *Buell Kazee* issued after Buell died in 1976, including the present rendition. Many years thereafter, the NAT group recorded a fine CD from his son Philip, who has kept his father's legacy alive.



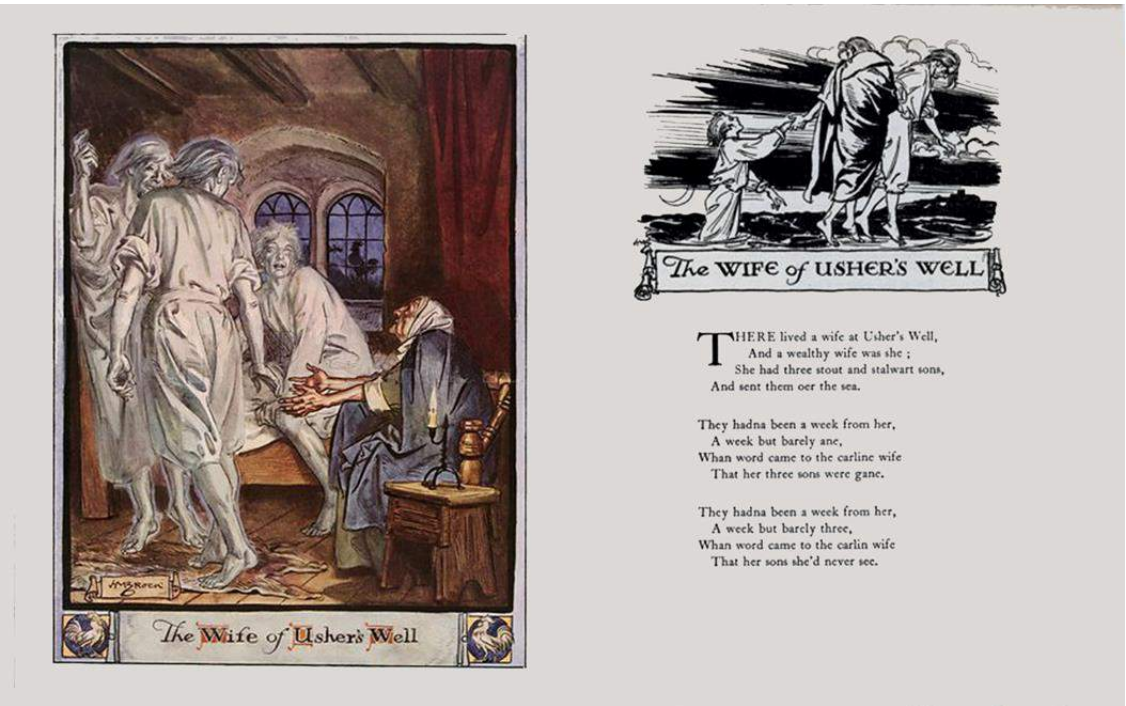
Although Harry Smith is frequently lionized for making urban audiences aware of the richness of the "folk" material that had been recorded by commercial companies in the 1920's and '30s in the *Folkways Anthology of Folk Music* (1952), the "folk music" entrepreneurs John and Alan Lomax had made similar efforts a few years previously. In particular, in 1947 Alan issued an album of 78s with the evocative title *Listen to Our Story - A Panorama of American Ballads* when he worked at Decca records for a short spell. One of the records he selected for

this set was Buell Kazee's 1929 recording of the present song, which quickly became a staple of the urban revivalist repertory. By this time, Buell had settled into a central Baptist ministry in Winchester, Kentucky and was comparatively easy to find. As a consequence, he was frequently visited by musical enthusiasts of one kind or another, whom he always politely welcomed despite the fact that some of these interchanges made him feel uncomfortable (both politically and as potential distractions from his spiritual duties). Fortunately, Loyal Jones of Berea College spoke frequently with Buell and has provided a rich understanding of how Buell thought about many pertinent issues, in his notes to several recordings by both Buell and Philip, and in his book *Faith and Meaning in the Southern Uplands* (1999). More information about this remarkable family will be found scattered through the succeeding notes to this survey, often drawing heavily upon Loyal's writings.

As the listener can readily determine, although Buell came from a humble mountain family in Magoffin County, Kentucky, he had pursued a strenuous program of self-betterment and received formal vocal training at a Christian college in Georgetown, Kentucky. In fact, at the time of his contact with Brunswick records, he was running a vocal workshop performance in Ashland, Kentucky in connection with which he occasionally gave recitals involving a blend of classical and "folk" materials utilizing a blend of songs (like "Lady Gay") that he had learned back home in Magoffin County and others that he had acquired from the "respectable" song folios of the time (such as Lorraine Day and Howard Brockman's *Lonesome Tunes* (1916)). From my later work with Philip Kazee, I was able to unravel some of these complex cultural interactions, as I will detail in appropriate places within these notes. One of my central purposes in composing these lengthy notes is to leave behind as accurate accounting as I can of the settings in which traditional music could still be found at the time these recordings were made, based upon my personal experiences of these circumstances.

And "accuracy," it must be confessed, was seldom a priority of the "folk song collectors" who came before, for the backwoods retention of British balladry such as "Lady Gay" bestowed a certain measure of inherited dignity upon an Appalachian population that felt it benefited from this peculiar form of social ennoblement. These dubious trends had already been active within popular literature before any substantial "collecting" work had been attempted in Kentucky. (In our notes to "Sourwood Mountain" below, we cite a characteristic passage of this kind from the popular novelist John Fox.) Because of music's important role in what might be called "mountain gentrification," misleading narratives of their retention were frequently set forth.

The present song supplies a case in point. Norm Cohen discusses its origins more fully in Volume 1 in connection with Hessie Scott's "There Was a Bride." It first appears as "The Wife of Ushers Well" in Sir Walter Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* of 1802 and was frequently reprinted in popular "ballad" collections thereafter. As such, the text contains



ingredients that do not appear in traditionally transmitted texts like Buell's (which is cognate with most of the American versions reported). Indeed, the very appearance of the phrase "Usher's Well" within a North American text is a strong signal that some consultation with a literary intermediary has transpired. A characteristic example can be found on Jean Ritchie's Folkways LPs *The Child Ballad in America* (FA 2301 and 2302), in which she writes:

> Back in the days when Balis and Abigail Ritchie's big family was "a-bornin' and a-growin'," none of them had ever heard of Francis J. Child, nor had anyone else in that part of the Kentucky Mountains, I believe. The word 'ballad', or 'ballit' meant, in our community, the written-down words for a song. I remember hearing one old lady near home say proudly to another, "Now I've got Barbry Ellen up there in my trunk, Joe's Sally stopped in and she writ me out the ballit of it…." Nobody got scholarly about them and I have a feeling that's why they have been genuinely popular all these years.
>
> These old story songs, now. We sang and listened to them, for themselves. For the excitement of the tale, or the beauty and strength of the language or of the graceful tunes, for the romantic tingle we got from a glimpse of life in the long-ago past, for the uncanny way the old, old situations still fit the present. Heads nodding over Lord Thomas and Fair Ellender, "Ain't that right, now? That's j'st what he ort to a-done to her."

Upon which the records' editor (Kenneth S. Goldstein) comments:

Hers is one of the largest repertories of any singer in America; her singing style is the finest representative of what may be broadly referred to as the "southern white - mountain style; and her performances, whether of ballads or songs, are enthralling, attention-demanding, and engrossing. And all of these are perhaps found in this recording. Today, when a collector finds someone who knows three or four of these ballads, he is apt to turn somersaults; to find as many as twenty in an entire state would be a major collecting experience. So, when finding one singer who has that number in her repertory, it is a near-world-shaking occurrence. But Jean's repertory of these ballads is not to be congratulated merely for its size - for both her texts and tunes are superb examples of their kind. And in Jean's performance of them we are treated to one of the great experiences of ballad listening. We should be grateful for the invention and perfection of the tape recorder and long-playing phonograph record for they give us an opportunity to bring this experience into our living-rooms; it is the next best thing to seeing her perform these ballads.

With all due respect for Jean's excellent performances, this is misleading stuff. Many of the songs acquired from her Uncle Jason (from whom she learned "Usher's Well") reveal similar literary borrowings. Indeed, the older Ritchies were intimately involved in the 1910's with the well-known Pine Mountain Settlement School, which played a significant role in guiding urban collectors such as Day and Brockman to suitable material, as well as recirculating songs of varied origins amongst their own students (including the older Ritchie children). A longtime member of the Pine Mountain staff, Evelyn Wells, was a noted scholar of folk song ballad in all of its international guises and later wrote a significant scholarly book in this vein (*The Ballad Tree* (1950), which includes an early photograph of Jean's parents). The internet site of the Pine Mountain School provides valuable documentation on all of these subjects, from which we have greatly profited in these notes.

The prestige accorded to "the ballads from England" led a large number of informants to allied amplifications, including some of the grander items that we recorded from Almeda Riddle. At the time I was too inexperienced to unravel these tangles with her, but it's a pity because much of the genuine history of musical transmission becomes obscured in the process. The early "collectors" of Kentucky's music were especially prone to this kind of thing (as D.K.

Wilgus documents in the reprinting of Josiah H. Combs' *Folk-Songs of the Southern United States* (1967). For example, John Jacob Niles undoubtedly gathered a good deal of valuable material in his travels, most of which is rendered practically useless due to his many intrusive fabrications. Jim Garland assures that:

> Many people who claim to be authorities on American folklore have asked us to accept the theory that the Kentucky hill people were so isolated back in those hills that they were able to keep the English ballads more pure than the English themselves. This is hogwash pure and simple! There has never been a period long enough between wars and migrations to develop such a culture.

(See Volume 1 for Jim's fuller remarks on this issue). Indeed, in my own work I became as interested in unraveling these surprising forms of urban/rural entanglement as I was in uncovering a new "Child ballad" in America. But most of the practical dilemmas I faced arose in connection with fiddle music, and I shall resume this discussion in that context below in connection with "Galleynipper" below.

I might also remark that a local "interest in folk music" was often viewed as aligned with social class in a manner that made performers like Buddy Thomas and Roger Cooper feel uncomfortable in the context of a "folk festival."

Buell Kazee himself regarded the appearances he made at Newport, the University of Chicago and allied locales with some distaste, largely because he felt that he was there expected to subscribe to social and political views he did not share. Indeed, the LP project we began recording in 1972 never came to fruition partially because I became worried that he would feel similarly uncomfortable with the roster of radical musicians that Rounder was assembling at the time. Even though I then looked as scraggily as any other beatnik or hippie of the time, I was gratified when Buell and Philip later complemented me for not coming across as overbearing in that presumptive manner.

Norm: The "Old Christmas" to which Kazee refers is an allusion to the calendar discrepancy that persisted in the western world before the adoption of the Gregorian calendar reform. The Julian calendar (adopted during the reign of Julius Caesar) had 365 days except every fourth year, which had 366 days. The average of 365.25 days/year was slightly more than the more accurate figure of 365.2422. This tiny discrepancy over the course of 15 centuries had resulted in an accumulation of ten days, so that the solstices and equinoxes were drifting away from their nominal dates (March 21, June 21, etc.) In 1582, Pope Gregory deleted ten days in order to bring the calendar year into agreement with the solar year: the day after 4 October was decreed to be 15 October. While Catholic countries accepted the reform immediately, England and its colonies resisted until 1752; some other countries delayed even longer. Dates occurring during that period of disharmony were therefore designated "O.S." or "N.S.," depending whether the old or new style was being used. I recall that when I was in grammar school, our history book gave George Washington's birthday as "Feb. 22 (N.S.; Feb 11 O.S.)" Similarly, Christmas, Old Style, would have fallen eleven days later--on 5 January on the Gregorian calendar. Many communities in the American Southern Highlands refused to accept the reform and continued to celebrate (Old) Christmas according to the older calendar, which was January 5 according to the rest of the world. Kazee, a native of Kentucky, sang the song as he learned it and as many other singers from the southern mountains recorded it. But more recent listeners have not always understood the meaning; in at least one text transcription Kazee's stanza was rendered as "It was just about, oh Christmas time..."

There was a lady and a lady gay
And children she had three
She sent them away to the north country
For to learn their grammarie

They had not been there very long
Scarcely six months and a day
Till death, cold death, came hastening along
And took those babes away

'There is a king in heaven', she cried
'He wears a golden crown
Pray, send me down my three little babes
Tonight or in the morning soon'

It was just about old Christmas time
The nights being long and clear
She looked and she saw her three little babes
Come running home to her

She set a table both long and wide
And on it she put bread and wine -
'Come eat, come drink, my three little babes
'Come eat, come drink of mine'

'We want none of your bread, mother
Neither do we want your wine
For yonder stands our Saviour dear
And to Him we must resign'

She fixed a bed in a little back room
And over it she put white sheets
And over it the golden spread
Where those three babes might sleep

'Take it off, take it off', cried the oldest one
'Take it off, take it off', cried she
'For yonder stands our Saviour dear
And with Him you soon will be'

'Green grass grows over our bed, mother
Cold clay lies under our feet
And every tear you shed for us
It wets our winding sheet'

Photo of Buell Kazee: John Seidler, Seattle, WA 1969
"Lady Gay": Alan Lomax, ed., *Listen to our Story* (1947)
"The Wife at Usher's Well": Beverley Nichols, *A Book of Old Ballads* (H.M. Brock, illus.) 1934
Photo of Evelyn K. Wells: *Pine Mountain Settlement School Collections* (online)
Publicity photo of Buell Kazee, circa 1928: courtesy of Philip Kazee
"The Lady Gay": Buell Kazee, Brunswick 212
Buell Kazee and Mark Wilson: Carole Cochran, Vancover, B.C. 1969

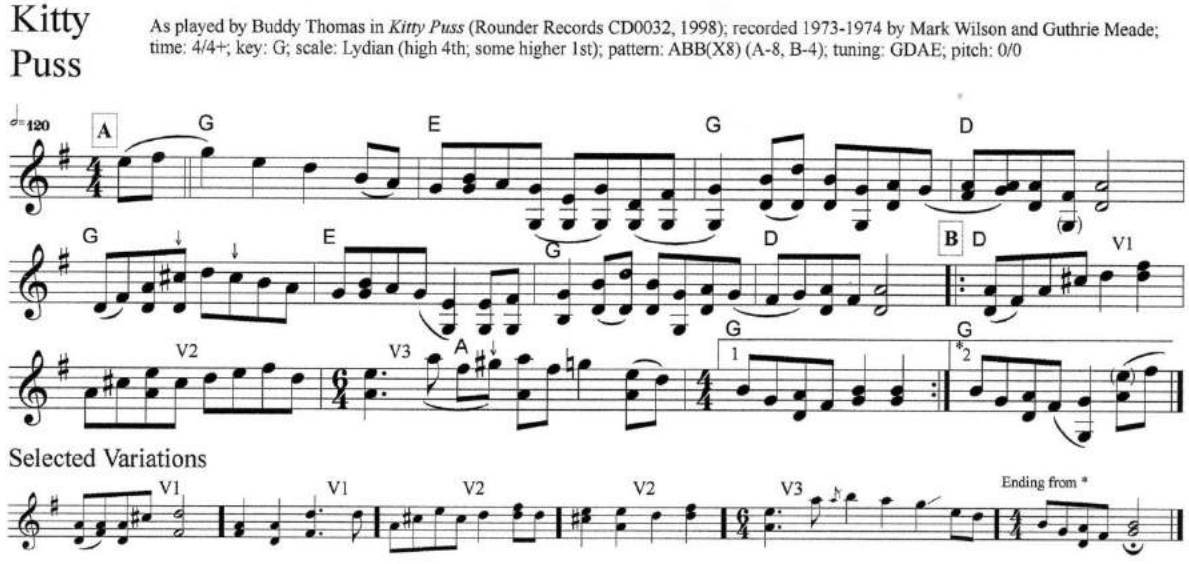
Elsewhere in this survey: Vols. 1, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8 and 10

Volume 2: *A Melodic Melting Pot*

03 **Kitty Puss - Buddy Thomas, fiddle** (Leona Stamm, guitar) (MW and Gus Meade, Waldorf, MD, 12/09/73). Originally issued on Rounder 0032, *Kitty Puss*

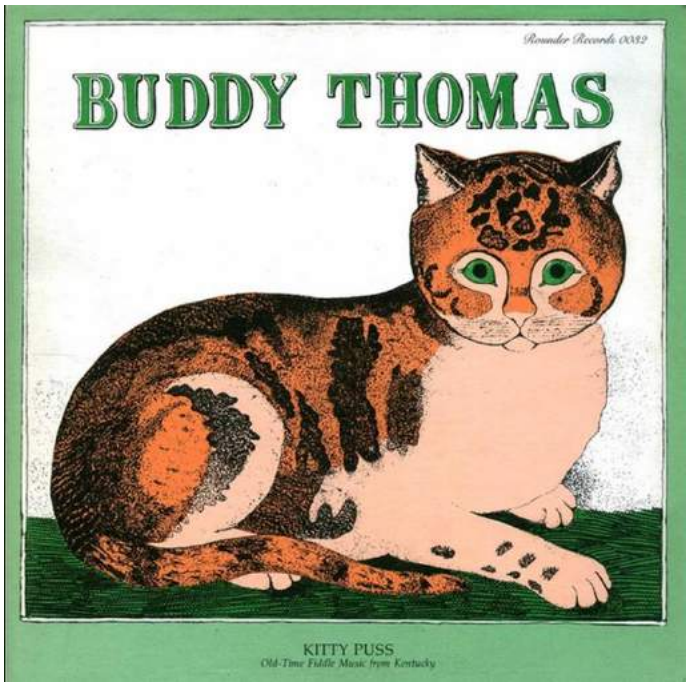
Mark: I cherish (almost) all of the musicians that I met along the way, but among these Buddy Thomas stands out as among the most remarkable, performing a large number of unusual tunes with equally unusual sensitivity and skill. He passed away at 39 shortly before we released his LP, after having been warned by a doctor that he would die if he started drinking again. (Various "hippie" types that he met at a folk festival seem to have urged him on.) I heard quite a bit of Buddy's playing as he took me around to meet his fellow fiddlers, but I recorded less of his repertory than I would have liked because my partner at the time (Gus Meade) wished to be present at all of our recording sessions. Buddy himself had quite pronounced ideas about how he wanted his tunes to unfold and believed that he hadn't yet worked out the bowing to a number of the pieces he knew (some of these can be heard on FRC303, which is assembled from less formal recordings made by Ray Alden and Dave Spilkia around the same time). In his evocative notes to his Rounder CD *Going Back to Kentucky*, Buddy's protégé Roger Cooper gives a vivid description of how Buddy plotted out a tune:

> Sometimes [other fiddlers] would try to put a lot of fancy stuff in [their] fiddling, but Buddy thought that was hot-dogging and would leave it out. He'd work real hard at putting a fiddle tune together, with all sorts of little changes and complicated bowing. Sometimes I hear people who think they've learned one of Buddy's tunes by just catching the main melody or something, but they're just scratching the surface. To really learn a Buddy Thomas tune, you've got your work cut out for you.
>
> People talk about "Lewis County fiddling" now, but what I think they really mean is Buddy Thomas style and it was just something he had developed his own self from everybody else's playing that he had ever heard. Budd would work real hard on his fiddle tunes, and I noticed that he would fool with timing a whole lot. When he attacked a new part, he might almost wait too long sometimes, and then come right



back at the last split second. To me it felt like Budd was bending that timing just a little bit without actually losing it. When it all came out, he stayed right in there, and those hesitations gave a real nice effect to the tune.

All of these features are quite notable in the present tune, which seems to belong to an older tune family that has popped up across the South in Virginia (Gaither Carlton, Byard Ray and Steve Ledford performed it as "Tucker's Old Barn") and southern Kentucky (Clyde Davenport as "Puncheon Camps" and Snake Chapman as "Doc Chapman's Breakdown"). Of these, "Puncheon Camps" is closest to Buddy's while Ray's is furthest removed. But Buddy's version remains so unusual that neither Gus nor I recognized these affinities for a long while (which is odd given that I had sequenced the Ledford LP for Rounder). Some of this unfamiliarity is undoubtedly due to Buddy's rather startling harmonic sense, for he acquired the tune from his mother's whistling of a tune she had heard from her father, Jimmie Richmond. Insofar as I can determine, its underlying notes are fairly close to Clyde Davenport's setting, but Buddy allows its tonal center to drift in an unexpected manner, as can be seen in the attached transcription. Buddy commented, "That tune's got some of the quickest, silliest changes in it of any one tune I ever heard" and liked to tell about the time he met a guitarist in Ohio who bragged that he could easily follow any fiddle tune. "I've got one I'll bet you can't follow," said Buddy and befuddled his opponent with this item. Buddy collaborated with his sister Leona to devise the admirable setting heard here. I have been gratified to find that Leona's fine backup work is becoming increasingly appreciated—John Schwab plans to include some of her work in a forthcoming book on old-time backup guitar.



As a small boy, Buddy heard an intoxicated man sing these words one rainy election day:

Hop up, Kitty Puss, hop up higher
Hop up, Kitty Puss, your tail's in the fire.

These words usually belong to the distinct tune family illustrated by both Alton Jones and Bob Holt in our Volume 12, so this association is probably spurious. In our survey, Volume 2 ("A Musical Melting Pot") is largely devoted to tunes of exogenous origin, comparable to the

British ballads of Volume 1, but the same cannot be confidently claimed of the present tune, which appears to represent a nineteenth century melodic construction of unknown parentage. Indeed, the antecedents of much of our older fiddle music remain largely obscure to the present day.

John Schwab: The release of Buddy's "Kitty Puss" LP (Rounder 0032) in 1976 was a major event for the old-time music community, as it was immediately clear that Buddy was one of the finest Kentucky fiddlers ever to have been recorded. While Buddy certainly was deserving of the attention that he received, it has long struck me as terribly unfair that Buddy's accompanist — his sister, Leona Stamm — never has received the credit that she deserved. Of the sixteen tracks on the LP, all but one are fiddle-guitar duets. Leona's rhythm is impeccable; her attack is strong; and her phrasing is simple and straightforward, providing just the right foundation for the rich and elaborate melodies that Buddy plays but never drawing undue attention to herself. But what's most unique about Leona's backup is her chord choices, which, while always tasteful and within the bounds of tradition, are often non-intuitive and surprising. Her playing on the album's title track is the perfect example. It's a crooked tune, with extra beats in the B-part

and a challenging melodic/harmonic structure. As such, “Kitty Puss” is generally regarded as a bear to back up on guitar. It was only after I really focused on Leona’s backup and charted out her chords that I was finally able to make sense of it and make it sound right. No doubt, chord selection was collaborative between Buddy and Leona. Their ease with one another’s playing is palpable.

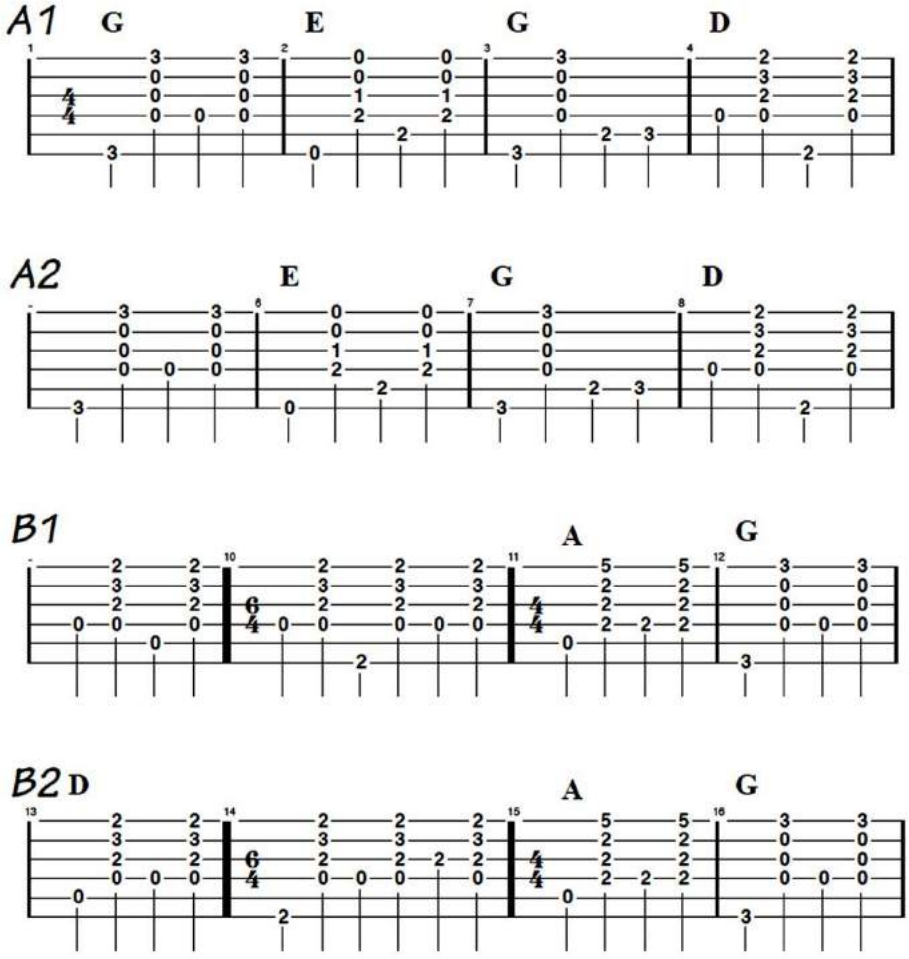


Photo of Buddy Thomas: Mark Wilson, Waldorf, MD 1973
“Kitty Puss”: Drew Beisswenger and Roy Andrade, *Appalachian Fiddle Music* (2021)
Kitty Puss: Rounder 0032 (1975)
Photo of Buddy Thomas and Leona Stamm: Carole Cochran, Hayes Crossing, KY 1973
Chords for “Kitty Puss”: John Schwab, forthcoming book project

Elsewhere in this survey: Vols. 2, 4, 11 and 15

04 **Storm - Dwight Lamb, accordion** (Lynn Holsclaw and Gordon McCann, guitars) (MW, Onawa, IA., 3/04/03). Originally issued on Rounder 0529, *Hell Agin the Barn Door*

Mark: Bob Holt (heard later in this volume) introduced me to Dwight in 1998 or so. I was familiar with some of his fiddle tunes from one of his privately published LPs and was eager to meet him. As it happened that first visit opened a world of wonders to me, both in terms of his own playing and the remarkable recordings that he had made of Bob Walters, Cyril Stinnett and a host of other great musicians from the upper Midwest. Examples of this music can be found scattered through the succeeding volumes. But Dwight also knew a lot of Danish tunes that he had learned from his grandfather, so we included several of these on Dwight's first Rounder CD. In her notes for Dwight's 2010 *Accordion Tunes* CD, Amber Gaddy explains the story:

> In a music shop in Denmark in 2006, a Danish musician named Vagn Hansen was intrigued by a new American CD that listed a few "Danish" tunes on the label. The CD was Dwight Lamb's Rounder Records recording, *Joseph Won a Coated Fiddle*, and, when they gave it a listen, Vagn and fellow musicians Mette Jensen and Kristian Bugge were

astounded to hear the traditional Danish melodies on accordion and fiddle, played in an old style, as if someone had sent them a CD from 1900. Vagn e-mailed Dwight, and a lively correspondence sprang up between Onawa, Iowa and Denmark as they explored their shared heritage.

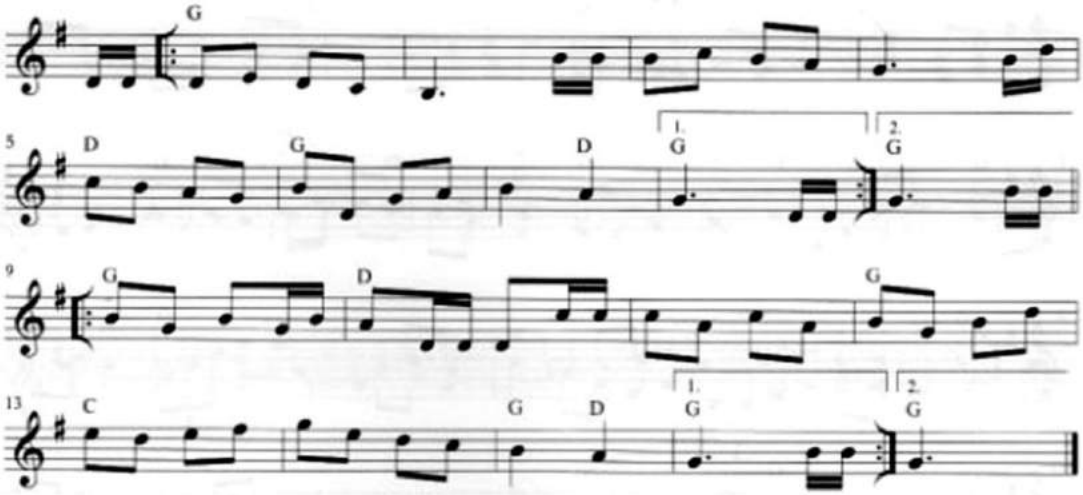
Dwight's family connection to Denmark is strong. His grandfather, Chris Jerup, was a fiddler and button accordion player—and farmer—who emigrated from Denmark to till the fertile soil of western Iowa in the 1890's. The thriving Danish immigrant community in the Moorhead, Iowa area held dances which were a focal point for musicians like Chris. It was at his knee that a young Dwight, already called "Red," learned the rollicking polkas, galops and schottisches and lyrical waltzes of Denmark on a worn button accordion brought over from the old country. All in all, Chris Jerup passed on about 100 Danish tunes to Dwight, most of them unnamed. Soon after WWII, his father bought the young Dwight an accordion of his own, a one-row Hohner which he promptly wore out, blasting through a large repertoire of Danish tunes, mixed in with Anglo-American, German, and Bohemian local favorites. Although he knew his "old Dane tunes" came from his grandfather, what Dwight didn't know, until meeting Mette, was that his great-grandfather, Kraen Jerup, had been a celebrated fiddler and tunesmith in northern Jutland. Kraen's tunes and name are known there even now, and, in fact, one of Dwight s unnamed galops is called by the Danes "Kraen Jerup's Homborg."

Soon, the lure of the fiddle called, and, as a teenager, Dwight veered into the rich Missouri Valley fiddle tradition, learning a dazzling variety of tunes from Bob Walters, of nearby Tekamah, Nebraska. Although he won fiddle contests all over the United States, Dwight never forgot the tunes from the old country. As Mette, Kristian and Vagn got to know Dwight's repertoire, they discovered some forgotten tunes which had disappeared entirely from the Danish traditional repertoire in the 120 years since Dwight's grandfather left for the land of opportunity.

Thrilled by the treasure trove of Danish tunes and style, the three Danish musicians traveled to Dwight's home to record and study these tunes. Now Dwight has been invited by his new-found Danish friends to visit the home of his ancestors. He is delighted to travel to Denmark in the spring of 2010 to do a series of concerts and to visit the places where his grandfather and great grandfather learned and played these familiar Danish melodies. Dwight's rich collection of schottisches, polkas, waltzes and galops has lived for the past century in western Iowa, and some of them are now ready to go home.

STORM

Transcribed by Jensen & Bugge Traditional from the playing of Dwight Lamb



Anden halvdel af melodien findes også i begyndelsen til *Klapfinale*, som har været danset som en selvstændig dans, men som regel var den finalen på *Francaisen*. I københavnske gammeldanseforeninger blev *Klapfinale* danset efter femte tur af *Les Lanciers*. *Klapfinale* har også et danserim, som lyder: *Er det dig der har taget min gedebuk. Er det dig der har taget min lille bitte gedebuk. Sig ja, sig ja, sig nej sig nej. Er det dig der har taget min lille bitte gedebuk.* Melodien blev i slutningerne af 1870erne publiceret, i forbindelse med at Paul Petersen udgav dansebeskrivelser til *Familieballet*, i et specielt melodibind. Melodien kendes også på de tidligere danske Vestindiske Øer under navnet *Maharp*.
Storm er et af Dwights største hits. Den er elsket af mange og høres ofte til jamsessions og dansespil mange steder i både Danmark og USA.

The second half of the tune is also found as the beginning of "Klapfinale" (Applause), also known as a separate dance, but usually as the last movement in a dance called "Française." In Copenhagen country dance societies, "Klapfinale" came after the fifth round of "Les Lanciers" (The Lancers). Klapfinale has a rhyme, too: "Was it you that stole my billygoat? Was it you that stole my little billygoat? Say yes, say yes, say no, say no, Was it you that stole my little billygoat?" The tune came out in the late 1870s when Paul Petersen published dance instructions in a special edition of "Familieballet" (The Family Ball).
This tune is also known at the previous Danish Virgin Islands where they call it Maharp. "Storm" is one of Dwight's biggest hits, it is loved by many and is often heard in jam sessions and dance evenings in many places in both Denmark and the United States.

Dwight and Bill Peterson telling jokes after the gig at Pil Caffen, Copenhagen 2013, photo Jamie Fox

In 2015, the Danish National Commissioner of Musicians awarded Lamb their highest honor, the Rigs Fiddler (Silver Coat) Award, for his work in returning Iowa's Danish music to its homeland. Still going strong at 80, Dwight has mentored a large contingent of students in both Denmark and the US. In 2017 the NEA awarded Dwight a National Heritage Fellowship.

In 2017, Dwight and his friends also authored a fine collection of his grandfather's tunes, which is currently available from Missouri Valley Music, which has issued a number of fine collaborations that Dwight has made with his younger students (https://missourivalleymusic.com). It contains a nice account of the tune's old-world connections. Missouri Valley Music has also issued the two-volume selection of Bob Walters' recordings (*The Champion*) that Dwight and I originally produced for Rounder Records in 2008, but that the company failed to issue due to its imminent sale (of which Dwight and I were totally unaware).

Photo of Clarence Lamb, Chris Jerup and Dwight Lamb: courtesy of Dwight Lamb, Onawa, IA early 1950's
"Storm": Dwight Lamb*, Dwight Lamb's Danish Tunes* (2017), Missouri Valley Music
Photo of Dwight Lamb: Mark Wilson, Onawa, IA 2004
Photo of Dwight Lamb and Gordon McCann: Mark Wilson, Onawa, IA 2003

Elsewhere in this survey: Vols. 2, 5, 7, 12 and 15

Volume 3: ***Songs of Melancholy and Sorrow***

05 **No Sorrow Will Be There** - **Ola Belle Reed, vocal** (MW and Ken Irwin, Rising Sun, MD, Summer, 1976). Originally issued on Rounder 0077, *Ola Belle Reed and Family* (extended CD reissue)

Mark: Originally from North Carolina, Ola Belle Reed became familiar to bluegrass musicians in the 1950's through her Starday recordings with her brother Alex Campbell and at the several music venues (New River Ranch and Sunset Park) that the family helped run in and around Rising Sun, Maryland. She began composing songs in later life ("High on a Mountain," "I've Endured") which Rounder's Ken Irwin successfully pitched to a number of prominent recording groups. FRC also has issued recording of Ola Belle, from tapes made by Lou Phillips and by Ray Alden (FRC203). More recently, Dust-to-Digital has published an elaborate book + CD retrospective *Ola Belle Reed and Southern Mountain Music on the Mason-Dixon Line* by Henry Glassie, Clifford Murphy and Douglas Peach (2015).

My own involvement with the Rounder LP was fairly minimal. For a brief period while I was waiting to assume my first academic job, I worked for Rounder for a few months as a somewhat ill-equipped technician (and received the only income I have derived from music in my career). I traveled with Ken Irwin to Maryland to run the tape recorder for Ola Belle's second Rounder LP and to probe the traditional aspects of her repertory (whereas Ken focused upon her newer compositions). It was in this context that Ola Belle remembered this brief snatch of a gospel song which I have been unable to trace beyond a brief obituary notice from 1915. Some of the difficulty traces to the fact that the number of distinct compositions promising no sorrow in the land beyond is truly enormous.

The excellent photo of Ola Belle is by Bill Ferris who had the Reed family visit New Haven when he taught at Yale in the 1970's.

like home without him. But we must brighten up and dry away our tears and look forward to the time when we all shall meet on that beautiful shore where all sorrows are ended, and there to part no more.

We journey to a city,
Where all is glad and fair;
And through the years eternal,
No sorrow will be there.

Farewell dear father, farewell,
Thou art only gone before;
In heaven we shall meet again,
Where partings come no more.

His devoted daughter,
BETTIE MAIE UNDERWOOD.

We journeyed to a city
Where all is bright and fair
When through the years eternal
No sorrow will be there.

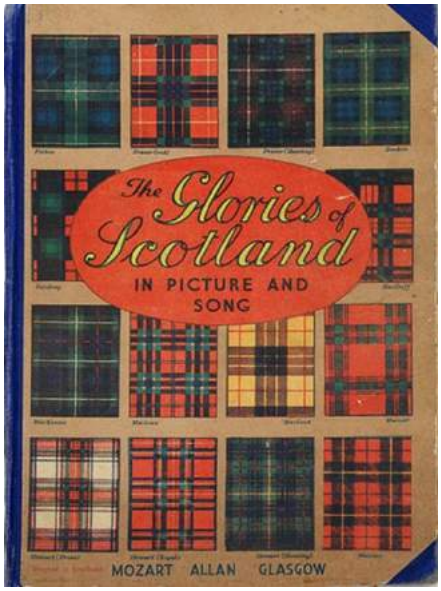
No sorrow will be there
No sorrow will be there
And through the years eternal
No sorrow will be there.

Photos of Ola Belle Reed: William Ferris, New Haven, CT 1970's
"No Sorrow Will Be there": *The News Dispatch* (Clinton, NC)(1915)

Elsewhere in this survey: Vols. 1, 3, 4, 8 and 9

06 **My Heart is Broke Since Thy Departure - Theresa Morrison, fiddle** (Gordon MacLean, piano) (MW, Sydney, NS 9/23/98). Originally issued on Rounder 7026, *Laments and Merry Medleys from Cape Breton Island*

Mark: One of the NAT projects from which I have derived a large measure of personal satisfaction lies in the fact that we persuaded the great Theresa Morrison to record for us, an accomplishment that might have never happened except for the somewhat anomalous manner in which we were able to function under Rounder's supportive umbrella. Around 1973, I became interested in Cape Breton music after Gus Meade played me an LP that he had just received of the great Winston "Scotty" Fitzgerald. A few inquiries informed me that a vibrant subculture existed within greater Boston itself, centered in Watertown and Waltham, which is how I became acquainted with Joe Cormier, John Campbell and other local musicians. Bill Nowlin and I took our first trip to the Island itself in 1976, where we recorded the two groups of musicians sampled in Volume 14 of this survey (the MacLellans and Carl MacKenzie). We also interviewed a fair number of the musicians who had recorded earlier in the century, including Theresa's brother Joe MacLean. I very much wanted to reassemble the little ensemble (Lila Hashem and Peter Dominick) that Joe had used on his great Celtic 78's of the mid-1950's, and we planned a session for the following summer after I would have finished my first teaching year in California. Indeed, that session did take place and the materials were eventually released as Rounder 7024, *Old Time Scottish Fiddle Music from Cape Breton Island* in 1997, but not without a fair amount of *sturm und drang* in between. Joe was possibly the shiest and most taciturn musician with whom I ever dealt (when he auditioned some tunes for Bill and me, he turned his face away from us as he played) and neglected to warn me that he had hurt his finger before I made my first trip to Nova Scotia in the summer of 1977. Somehow I managed to hang around on the East Coast long enough to make a second visit later in the summer when these tapes were finally made (in very short order; Joe's group knocked them off swiftly with practically no rehearsal or retakes). Although they professed satisfaction with the playback afterward, Joe informed me after I had returned to California and Rounder had mastered a test pressing that he did not want the record released on the puzzling grounds that "it was scratched." I never clearly established what had bothered him, but the issue became irrelevant due to another set of complicating financial issues.



Several (not all, by any means) of the other Cape Breton musicians of whom we had already managed to publish releases refused to pay Rounder for the substantial number of artist copies that they had ordered at a nominal fee for their own personal sales. These entrepreneurial endeavors proved surprisingly successful, as the records were eagerly

purchased by the large number of exiled Cape Bretoners who returned to the island every summer for vacation. Indeed, the discovery that making a record needn't become an

impossible ordeal played a significant role in generating the subsequent flourishing of Cape Breton as a musical tourist destination thereafter. But none of this was of any help to Rounder, which was financially struggling in a period just before it obtained its first "hit" with a 1978 record by George Thorogood. As a result, I was forced to abandon my rather elaborate plans for future Cape Breton recordings, which was a shame because I had cultivated friendly relations with a large number of important figures who did not leave behind adequate recorded representations of their skills. (On the other hand, this enforced hiatus was probably beneficial to myself, because I was devoting too much time to producing records when greater attention to my academic career was better advised.)

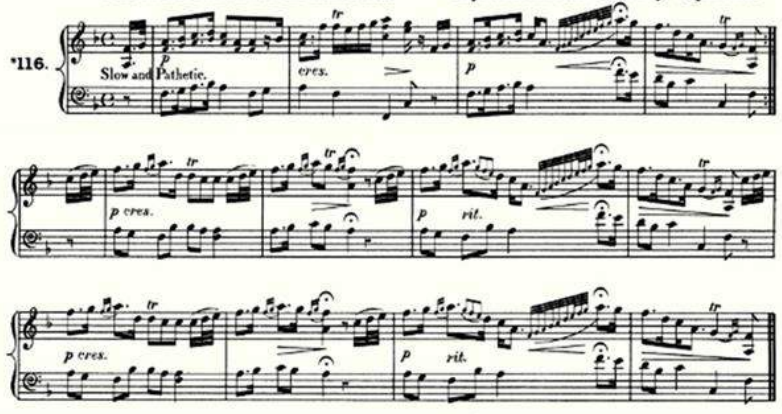
Let me now digress to extoll Bill Nowlin's recent autobiography (*Vinyl Ventures* 2021) in which he ably documents the travails of keeping a little record company afloat through

NEW EDITION.

THE
Airs and Melodies
Peculiar to the
HIGHLANDS OF Scotland AND THE ISLES,
COMMUNICATED IN AN
ORIGINAL PLEASING & FAMILIAR STYLE,
Saying
THE LIVELY AIRS INTRODUCED AS MEDLEYS
TO FORM A SEQUENCE TO EACH SLOWER MOVEMENT;
With
AN ADMIRED PLAIN HARMONY
for the
PIANO FORTE, HARP, ORGAN or VIOLONCELLO.
Intended rather to preserve Simplicity than load with Embellishment
EDITED
by
Capt.n H.d Fraser.
And
Chiefly acquired during the Interesting Period from 1715 to 1745, through the Authentic Source narrated in the Accompanying Prospectus.

HUGH MACKENZIE; INVERNESS.
1874.

Gun bhris mo chridh' o'n dh' fhalbh thu. "My heart is broke since thy departure."



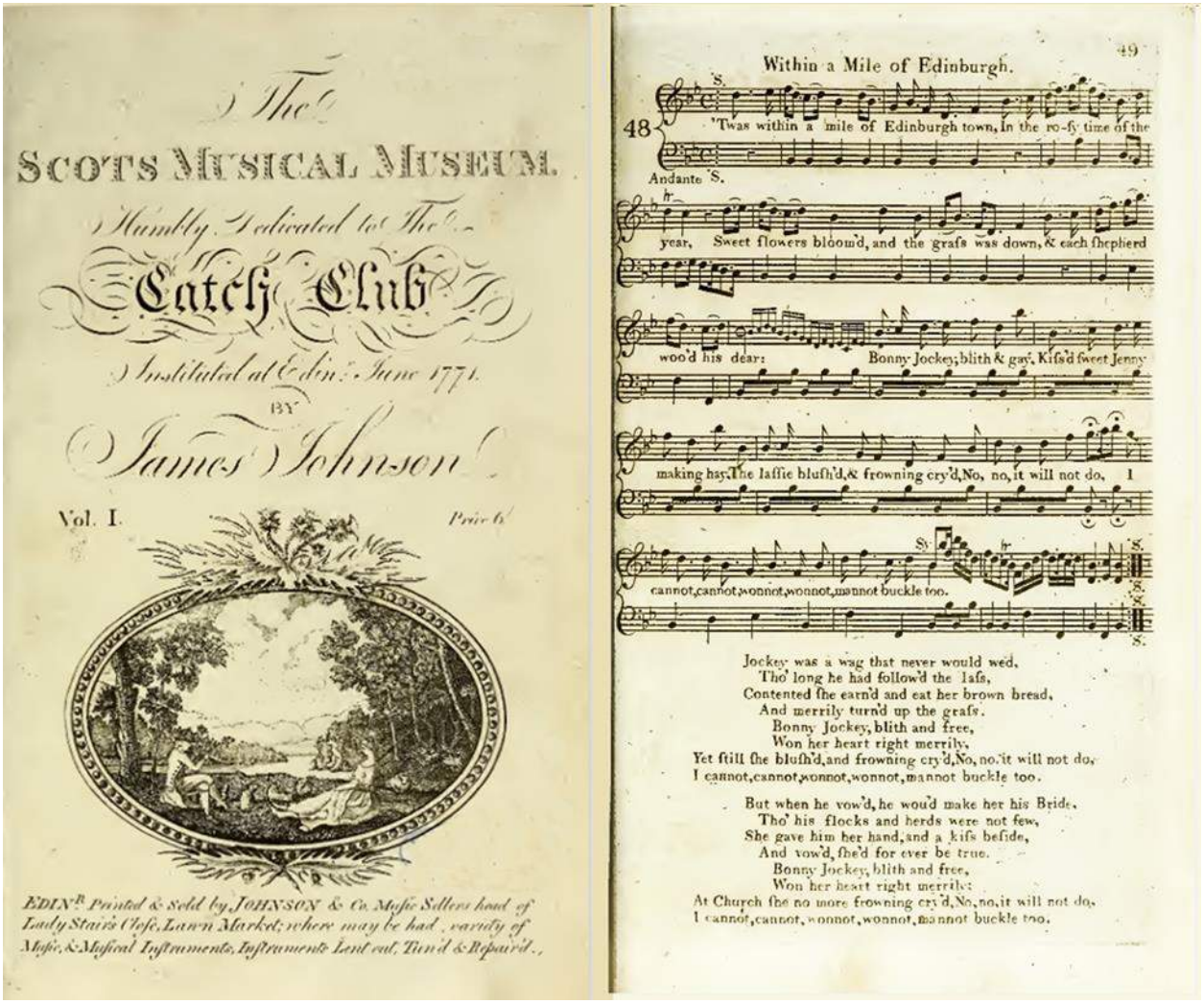
turbulent ups and downs. There were a number of other companies in the 1970's (Philo, Flying Fish, Shanachie) that likewise attempted to market traditional fare successfully, but only Rounder managed to do so in the long run. I think it is a personal testament to Bill's patience and fortitude that they weathered these storms. Certainly the NAT would not have enjoyed its long run of recording activity without Bill's (and Ken Irwin's) support.

Returning to the saga of Theresa Morrison, I had little contact with anybody from Cape Breton except Joe Cormier through the intervening years, although I did inquire indirectly whether Joe MacLean might finally want his old tapes released when I began working on records again in 1995 or so. I heard nothing back, but shortly after Joe died (in 1996), his son Vince (who was then mayor of Sydney) wrote to say that the family would like to see that happen. Although I never met Vince in person, we managed to complete the project in a pleasant manner through correspondence. Since Joe had not left us with a listing of the tunes he had recorded, Vince consulted Lila Hashem and his aunt Theresa, who mentioned that she might like to do a bit of recording herself to leave behind as a memento for her family. Under a veil of complete secrecy (Cape Bretoners were invariably terrified of issuing recordings containing any flaws whatsoever), I boarded a plane to Nova Scotia in 1998 to record a fiddler of whom I'd never heard a note.

Nor had many people within Cape Breton itself, for that matter. Theresa had occasionally performed as a duo with brother Joe when she first settled in Sydney in the early 1950's, but that all stopped when she began to raise a family. Her husband Peter worked for the police force and was a noted Highland piper who made several recordings for Banff. They sometimes hosted house soirees where Theresa would occasionally perform carefully crafted selections like the present. Outside of that, no one heard Theresa except in large public groups such as Lila Hashem's Scottish Violin Society. (Indeed, even gregarious Doug MacPhee, who accompanied Theresa on her second CD, had never met her, although he had heard much about her from his mother.) By this time, the character of Cape Breton fiddle music had become significantly altered by the younger players of the Irish revival and similar international influences, and tears ran down my cheeks to once again experience old-fashioned dignified playing of this caliber. In selecting slow airs such as this, Theresa was undoubtedly influenced by the Old Country recordings of Hector MacAndrew (who recorded "My Heart Is Broke" on several occasions). But this influence is only revealed in some of her tune choices and not in her performance manner, which instead embodies an older Cape Breton aesthetic in a quite exquisite form. Her loyalty to an older aesthetic is particularly evident in her approach to strathspeys and reels which thoroughly capture the dance timing and bow lifts that she had learned to supply for her father's dancing back home in Washabuckt. (For a good example, see Volume 14 of the Survey.) Indeed, Theresa and Donald MacLellan were the only fiddlers whom we recorded who had frequently played for old-fashioned "Scotch Fours" in earlier years, representing the dance format for which what she called "dancing strathspeys" were originally

intended. (Their popularity significantly declined sometime in the 1930's.) Theresa's performances merit careful study by anyone interested in what old-time Cape Breton fiddle music was really like.

That first 1998 CD prompted Morgan MacQuarrie and Willie Kennedy to pay a visit to Theresa shortly thereafter, having been great fans of Joe MacLean in their younger days. Theresa then praised Morgan's playing to me, and it was easy to meet him, as he was living In Detroit just north of Columbus, where I was then teaching. What a fortuitous encounter! I had wanted to preserve more of the old-time music of the island but had not found reliable collaborators with whom I could work. But that all changed after I met Morgan, whose warm good nature and skillful playing were known everywhere in the Cape Breton diaspora. The


The
SCOTS MUSICAL MUSEUM
Humbly Dedicated to The
Catch Club
Instituted at Edin.r June 1771.
BY
James Johnson
Vol. I. Price 6
EDINR. Printed & Sold by JOHNSON & Co. Music Sellers head of Lady Stair's Close, Lawn Market; where may be had a variety of Music, & Musical Instruments, Instruments Lent out, Tuned & Repaired.
Within a Mile of Edinburgh. 49
48
'Twas within a mile of Edinburgh town, In the ro-fy time of the year, Sweet flowers bloom'd, and the grafs was down, & each fhepherd woo'd his dear: Bonny Jockey; blith & gay, Kifs'd fweet Jenny making hay, The laffie blufh'd, & frowning cry'd, No, no, it will not do, I cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot, mannot buckle too.
Andante S.
Jockey was a wag that never would wed,
Tho' long he had follow'd the lafs,
Contented fhe earn'd and eat her brown bread,
And merrily turn'd up the grafs.
Bonny Jockey, blith and free,
Won her heart right merrily,
Yet ſtill ſhe blufh'd, and frowning cry'd, No, no, it will not do,
I cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot, mannot buckle too.
But when he vow'd, he would make her his Bride,
Tho' his flocks and herds were not few,
She gave him her hand, and a kifs beſide,
And vow'd, ſhe'd for ever be true.
Bonny Jockey, blith and free,
Won her heart right merrily:
At Church ſhe no more frowning cry'd, No, no, it will not do,
I cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot, mannot buckle too.

NAT's Cape Breton recording successes over the ensuing fifteen years are the direct product of his enormously helpful contributions. I might also add that Theresa's accompanist here, Gordon MacLean, also became a good friend and can be heard on many of our best recordings.

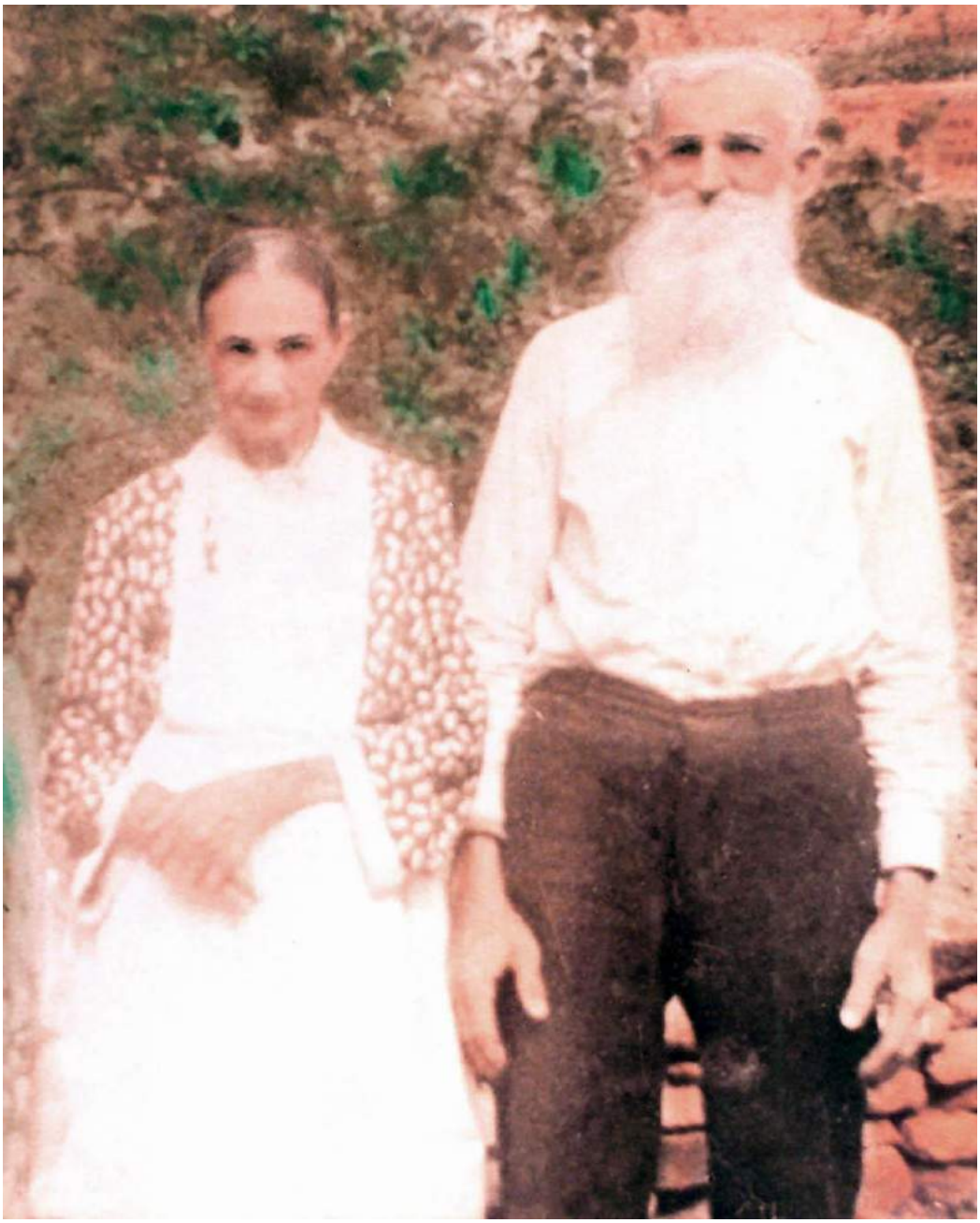
Theresa's first selection derives from the celebrated 1815 folio compiled by Captain Simon Fraser of Knockie, which claims to represent a collection of Gaelic airs that he had largely acquired from his father. Because few earlier transcriptions exist, it remains somewhat uncertain which of these selections represent his own compositions. Whatever the case may be, they are uncommonly beautiful. Another melancholy extract from the same collection is presented by Wilfred Prosper on Volume 3 of this survey. The words to the venerable popular song "Within A Mile O' Edinburgh Toon" were originally supplied by Thomas D'Urfey and allegedly set to an older melody composed by James Hook. Theresa's brother Joe was a great collector of rare Scottish tune books (which are now deposited in the Highland Village Museum in Iona), but Theresa's own source for this melody is not so venerable. It comes from a tourist pamphlet that was issued *circa* 1950.

Photo of Theresa Morrison, Gordon MacLean and Morgan MacQuarrie: Mark Wilson, Sydney, NS 2001
The Glories of Scotland: Jack Fletcher, ed., Mozart Allan 1950
Photo of Theresa Morrison and Joe MacLean: courtesy of Joe MacLean
"My Heart Is Broke Since Thy Departure": Capt. Simon Fraser, *Airs and Melodies Peculiar to the Highlands of Scotland and the Isles*
"Within a Mile of Edinburgh": James Johnson, ed., Scots Musical Museum, Vol. 1 (1787).
Photo of Theresa Morrison: Mark Wilson, Sydney, NS 1989

Elsewhere in this survey: Vols. 2 and 14

Volume 4*: The Anglo-African Exchange*

07 **Old Aunt Adkins - Owen "Snake" Chapman, fiddle** (Paul Smith, banjo, Bert Hatfield and Roger Cooper, guitars) (MW, Hardy, KY, 9/07/96). Originally issued on Rounder 0418, *Walnut Gap*



Mark: Our group recorded relatively little material directly from African-American sources, although not for want of trying. Appalachian Kentucky had suffered great waves of migrational disruption in the mid-twentieth century, and many of its white emigres only came back to the state after they had retired (which is why it was easier to locate local fiddlers in 1990 than in 1970). But insofar as we could determine, the displaced black population did not return so commonly. In any case, the richest periods of direct cultural exchange between populations appeared to have occurred earlier in the late nineteenth century, when transitory workers came into the mountains to work on the railroads and such (or at least, that is the impression that I have derived from our artist interviews, although this thesis would require a more disciplined verification). In the book *Banjo Roots and Branches* (ed. by Robert B. Winans, 2018), George Gibson surveys some of the patterns of musical exchange that had transpired in southeastern Kentucky (where the fiddler Manon Campbell credited a black musician named Will Christianson with reshaping the distinctive fiddle music of that region). Outside of the scope of the NAT project itself, John Harrod and Gus Meade researched the skilled black fiddlers who lived around Richmond, Kentucky from whom Doc Roberts, Van Kidwell and others had acquired much of their repertory. (Gus' papers are now archived in the Southern Folklife Collection at the University of North Carolina, whereas John's are housed at Berea College.) In the Ozarks, Gordon McCann and I encountered a number of folk rags that appear to reflect an era before the first published records of this music appeared.

Accurately reconstructing what black or white traditional music would have sounded like during the nineteenth century is an extremely challenging task, although an impressive number of amateur tune sleuths have attempted to do so (from which I have greatly benefited in composing these annotations). Indeed, the chief reason that I have wished to make all of our NAT recordings available on the internet is precisely to assist these ongoing detective efforts. But in doing so, I must warn researchers to not believe uncritically everything they read, even here, for it is easy to make errors in compiling data of this kind. I interviewed many of the same source musicians as Gus Meade and John Hartford and have often felt that Gus and John formed conclusions that were firmer than was warranted by what we were in fact told. The same reservations apply to my own musings. In Volume 4 of these notes, I frame sundry hypotheses with respect to these older veins of instrumental music, but I also stress how little we reliably know. I trust that readers will distinguish my own speculations from the concrete facts that the NAT managed to gather.

I've included a facsimile of the limited data with which such tune scholars must contend, which represents an excerpt from a magazine article of 1882. (A good source for such accounts is Bruce Jackson, *The Negro and His Folklore* 1967.) Certainly, there is much value in the piece— e.g., the detailed account of beating straws (see "Galleynipper" later in this set) and the

A corn-shucking which is to be considered in the light of a finished performance should end with a dance. Of late years, colored farmers who are "members" frequently give corn-shuckings where no dancing is allowed, but it is common for the party to have a dance before they disperse. These dances take place either in one of the houses, or else

THE DANCE.

out of doors on the ground. The dance of late years is a modification of the cotillon, the old-time jig having given place to this, just as in the cities the German and the others have ousted the old-time dances. There is a great deal of jig-dancing in these cotillons, and the man who cannot "cut the pigeon-wing" is considered a sorry dancer indeed; but still it purports to be a cotillon. Endurance is a strong point in the list of accomplishments of the dancer, and, other things being equal, that dancer who can hold out the longest is considered the best. The music is commonly made by a fiddler and a straw-beater, the fiddle being far more common than the banjo, in spite of tradition to the contrary. The fiddler is the man of most importance on the ground. He always comes late, must have an extra share of whisky, is the best-dressed man in the crowd, and unless every honor is shown him he will not play. He will play you a dozen different pieces, which are carefully distinguished by names, but not by tunes. The most skilled judge of music will be unable to detect any difference between "Run, Nigger, Run," "Arkansaw Traveler," "Forky Deer," and any other tune. He is never offended at a mistake which you may make as to what piece he is playing; he only feels a trifle contemptuous toward you as a person utterly devoid of musical knowledge. The straw-beater is a musician, the description of whose performances the writer has never "read or heard repeated." No preliminary training is necessary in this branch of music; any one can succeed, with proper caution, the first time he tries. The performer provides himself with a pair of straws about eighteen inches in length, and stout enough to stand a good smart blow. An experienced straw-beater will be very careful in selecting his straws, which he does from the sedge-broom; this gives him an importance he could not otherwise have, on account of the commonness of his accomplishment. These straws are used after the manner of drum-sticks, that portion of the fiddle-strings between the fiddler's bow and his left hand serving as a drum. One of the first sounds which you hear on approaching the dancing party is the *tum tee tum* of the straws, and after the dance begins, when the shuffling of feet destroys the other sounds of the fiddle, this noise can still be heard.

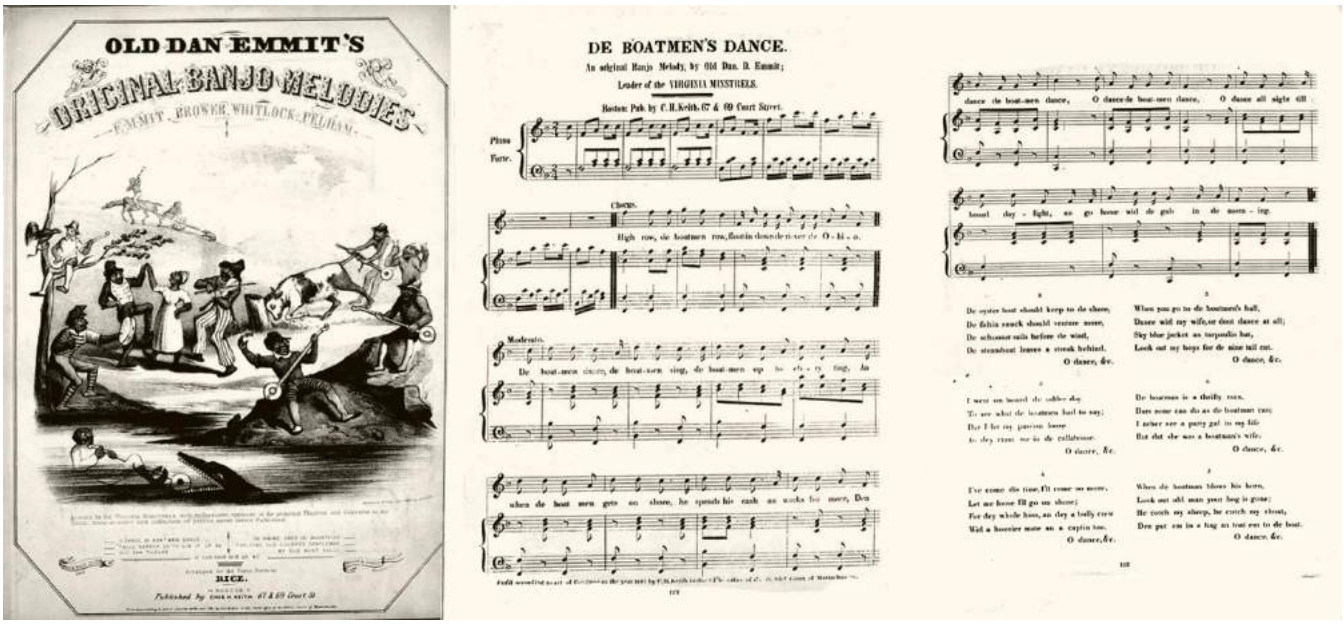
With the cotillon a new and very important office, that of "caller-out," has become a necessity. The "caller-out," though of less importance than the fiddler, is second to no other. He not only calls out the figures, but explains them at length to the ignorant, sometimes accompanying them through the performance. He is never at a loss, "Gemmen to de right!" being a sufficient refuge in case of embarrassment, since this always calls forth a full display of the dancers' agility, and gives much time.

The corn-shucking is one of the institutions of the old plantations which has flourished and expanded since the negroes were freed. With the larger liberty they enjoy there has come increased social intercourse, and this has tended to encourage social gatherings of all kinds. Then, too, the great number of small farmers who have sprung up in the South since the war necessitates mutual aid in larger undertakings, so that at this time the corn-shucking, as an institution, is most flourishing. No doubt with improved culture its features will be changed, and, in time, destroyed. Indeed, already it is becoming modified, and the great improvement which the negro race is continually manifesting indicates that in time their simple songs and rough sports must yield to higher demands.

David C. Barrow, Jr.

brief list of tunes overheard (all of which we managed to recover in our NAT efforts). But whether those specific tune titles were offered because the author was familiar with them from other contexts is frequently impossible to determine. (Many of the early reports of "Negro secular song" appear to derive from white informants who actually acquired them from minstrel shows.) The prescient editor of *Slave Songs of the United States* (William Francis Garrison, 1867) noted the obstacles to obtaining these materials:

> I never fairly heard a secular song among the Port Royal freedmen, and never saw a musical instrument among them. The last violin, owned by a "worldly man," disappeared from Coffin's Point [in 1861]. In other parts of the South "fiddle sings," "devil songs," "corn songs," "jig tunes" and what not, are common; all the world knows the banjo and the 'Jim Crow' songs of thirty years ago. We have succeeded in obtaining only a very few songs of this character. Our intercourse with the colored people has been chiefly through the work of the Freedmen's Commission, which deals with the serious and earnest side of the negro character.



All of this is by way of introduction to one of our most valuable informants: Owen "Snake" Chapman of Pike County, Kentucky, and the cache of fifteen or so tunes that he had learned from his father, Doc Chapman. Doc had been born in 1853, and his tunes and manner of playing (which Snake could apparently reproduce with remarkable fidelity) probably reach as far back into the nineteenth century as any recorded sources we possess (even from the "hillbilly" recordings of the 1920's). Many of Doc's melodies carried with them little scraps of associated lyric which prove extremely valuable in associating many of Doc's tunes with our

early reports of antebellum African-American performance, and further research may uncover additional links of this kind. My general impression is that significant snatches of the lyrics found in the minstrel publications reflect preexistent tradition, intermixed with vaudevillian supplementations. I find that it is quite revealing that the melodies that have come down to Snake through aural transmission are far superior to those found in printed sources (when they can be found at all). The gorgeous tune provided here is probably a case in point, although I am not aware of any previous reporting (Snake knew no associated lyrics for it). Melodically, it resembles the venerable "Boatman's Dance" from the earliest minstrel shows, which is commonly remembered as a fiddle tune in Snake's region. (Ed Haley played it as "Boatman.") Another beautiful tune of allied construction and probable vintage that Snake acquired from his father is "Johnny Booger," available on Rounder CD 0378. It is undoubtedly connected with the many "Johnny Booker"s that can be found in both the minstrel songsters and recovered from black and white tradition (e.g., Gus Cannon on *American Skiffle Bands* and Cousin Emmy on *Kentucky Mountain Ballads*), but exact analysis eludes me.

Vibrant tunes of this character were undoubtedly created in a unique form of cultural exchange, where African-American musicians developed performance styles that their white patrons enjoyed dancing to. The social context of the dance and itinerant musicians who played on street corners seemed to have offered the greatest opportunities of cultural exchange between the races, creating the shared repertoires best remembered in our time by rural musicians such as Snake Chapman.

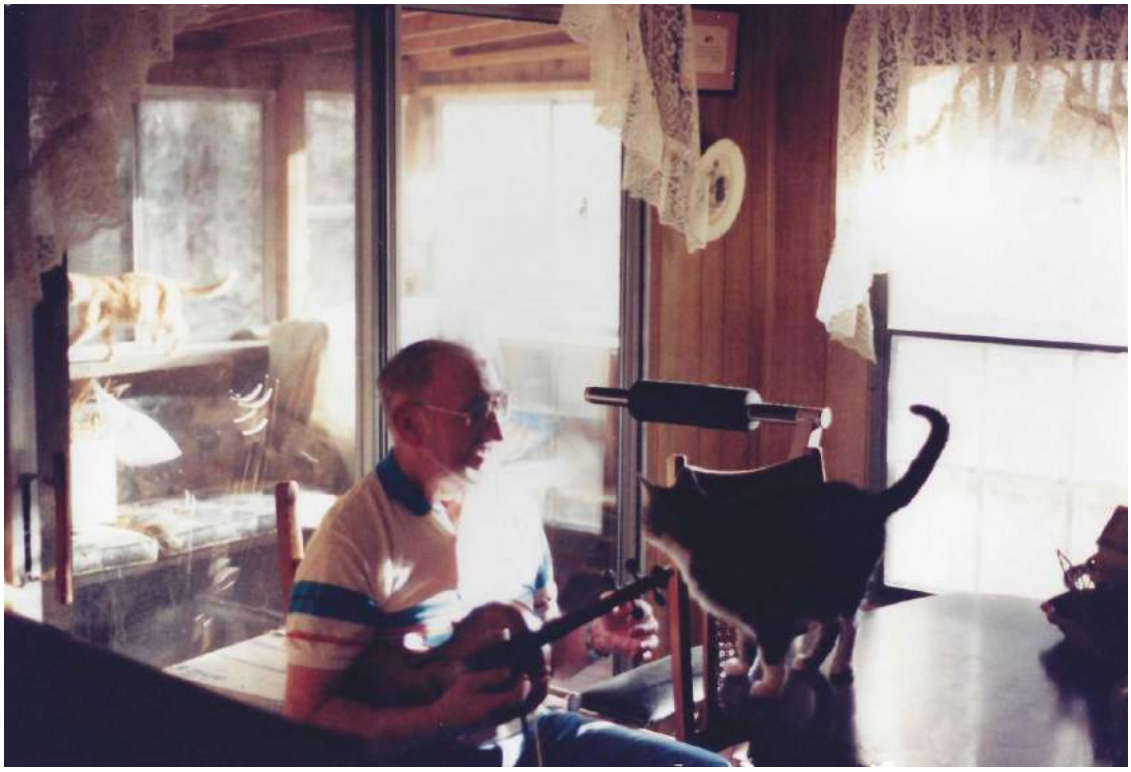
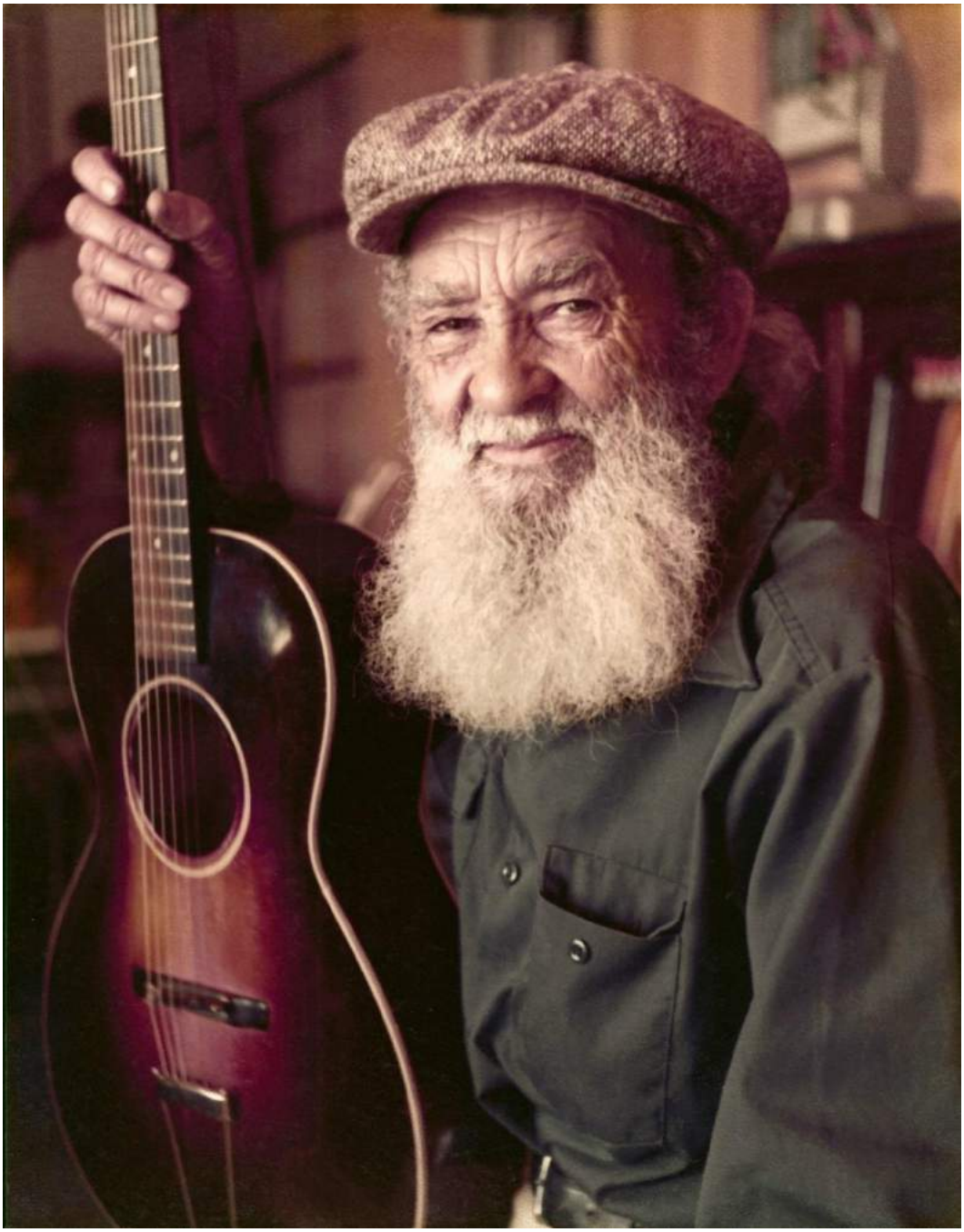


Photo of Doc and Pricey Chatman: courtesy of Owen Chapman, late 1940's (?)
"De Boatsmen's Dance": *Old Dan Emmit's Original Banjo Melodies* (1843) (Levy Collection)
"A Georgia Corn-Shucking: David C. Barrow, *Century Magazine* (1882)
Photo of Snake Chapman: Mark Wilson, Canada, KY 1998

Elsewhere in this survey: Vols. 2, 4, 5, 6, 8, 10, 11 and 15

08 **God Don't Like Ugly - Sam Chatmon, vocal and guitar** (MW and Lou Curtiss, El Cajon, CA, 05/79). Originally issued on Rounder 2018, *Sam Chatmon's Advice*

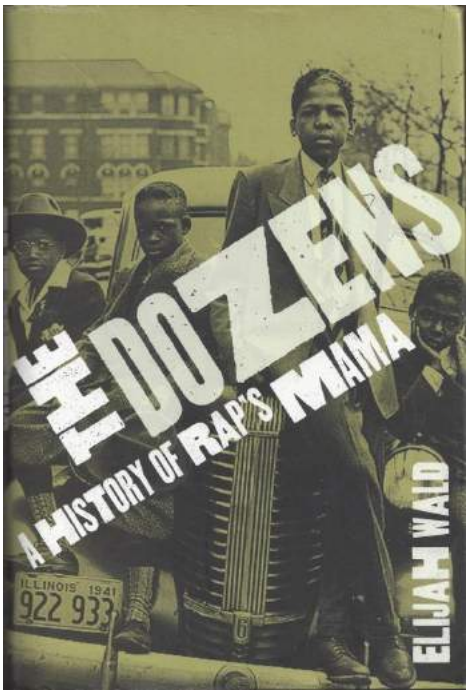


Mark: Sam Chatmon was the youngest scion of the remarkable Chatmon family of Mississippi who, collectively and singly, made a large number of excellent 78's between 1928 and 1940. In 1972, Sam began recording again, for Blue Goose and in a revived New Mississippi Sheiks group

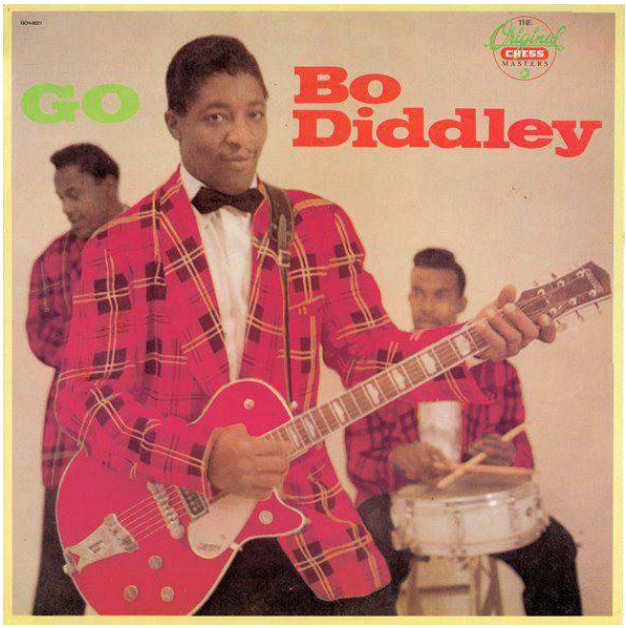
that Bruce Kaplan produced for Rounder. In the late 1960's, the El Cajon, CA record collector Ken Swerlis regularly had Sam come out to California from Hollendale, MI to play at Lou Curtiss' San Diego Folk Festival and at other club dates around the state. The present selection was recorded on one of those occasions at Ken's house (Flyright Records later released a rather similar compilation based upon earlier recordings that Lou had made before I moved to California). I regret that I didn't interview Sam more fully myself (Lou did most of this work in his record store while I was busy teaching), because Sam recalled a fair amount of material that harkens to an obscure period within the early twentieth century development of black music.

In an early article on the practice, the noted psychologist/sociologist John Dollard ("The Dozens: Dialectic of Insult," *American Imago*, 1939) explains the competitive exchanges to which Sam's song refers:

> The Dozens is a pattern of interactive insult which is used among some American Negroes. Apparently, it exists in all three class groups within the Negro caste. It is guided by well recognized rules which at once permit and govern the emotional expression. It is evidently played by boys and girls and by adolescents and adults. Adolescents frequently make use of rhymes to express the forbidden notions. It is for some a game the only purpose of which seems to be the amusement of participants and onlookers, and as a game it may best be described as a form of aggressive play; in other circumstances the play aspect disappears and the Dozens leads directly to fighting. It is important to note that the Dozens is a collective game. It takes place before a group and usually involves two protagonists. Group response to the rhymes or sallies of the leaders is crucial; individuals do not play the Dozens alone. With group response comes the possibility of reward for effective slanders and feelings of shame and humiliation if one is bested.



Such a potentially violent conflict might be initiated by a seemingly innocuous query "How's your mama?", to which a wary respondent might demur: "I don't play no Dozens; don't ease me in." The origins and dissemination of this venerable practice are ably documented in Elijah Wald's *The Dozens* (2012), whose complexities I won't attempt to trace here. Insofar as I can make out, Sam evokes the gladiatorial aspects of the game in the two voices he employs in his spoken introduction.



Unexpurgated examples of the practice are, understandably, sparse and include the simulated monolog by Lighting Hopkins on *The Unexpurgated Folk Songs of Men* and the two sessions offered by the remarkable Rudy Ray Moore. But Wald cites numerous examples of songs that allude, in sometimes covert ways, to the practice. The earliest of these is a 1913 song sheet by Chris Smith, who also composed Sam's "Fishing Blues" (found on Volume 4 of this survey). The best known of these is Bo Diddley's jocular dialog with his maracas player on the hit record "Say Man," which I had the pleasure of hearing on an "Oldies but Goodies" tour in the 1970's. Speckled Red recorded a sanitized "The Dirty Dozen" for Brunswick in 1929, which was frequently emulated by many artists thereafter. Its characteristic chorus runs:

Now, you'se a dirty mistreater, a robber and a cheater
Slip you in the dozens, your pappy is your cousin
Your mama do the lordy-lord.

His final verse may help rationalize some of Sam's allusions:

God made him an elephant and he made him stout
He wasn't satisfied until he made him a snout
Made his snout just as long as a rail
He wasn't satisfied until he made him a tail
He made his tail just to fan the flies
He wasn't satisfied until he made some eyes

He made his eyes to look over the grass
Wasn't satisfied until he made his yes, yes, yes
Made his yes, yes, yes and didn't get it fixed
Wasn't satisfied until it made him sick
It made him sick, Lord, it made him well
You know by that the elephant caught hell.

Will Shade sings an unexpurgated version of this piece on Rounder 2006.

In his wide-ranging survey, Wald quotes a calypso battle between Sparrow and Lord Melody on the Cook label with an allied theme:

You should really be in the circus
You ugly hippopotamus
Never yet in life have I seen
Such a hideous-looking human being

Sometime your face like a gorilla
Sometime again it just like an alligator
If I should open a human zoo
The first man I coming to hold is you.

The preservation of off-color folklore such as this is historically important, but often very awkward to achieve in practicality. Although I am not aware of Dozens playing amongst any of our informants (except possibly Thomas Shaw, whom Lou recorded before I moved to San Diego), Lou and I compiled an LP of questionable songs (*Just Something My Uncle Told Me*, Rounder 0141 (1981)), ranging from the mildly titillating to the outright horrific. But inquiring for such materials was apt to send a recording session quite awry, even when we knew the artists quite well (and many times we didn't, only being able to visit for an isolated session or two). So I basically stopped trying after our solitary foray into this genre.

Spoken: "Say, fellow, where you going?"
"I don't care where you're going, as long as it's a (indecipherable)"
"You're the naturally born ugliest man ever I seen in my life."
"I want to play the dozens with you, but I didn't learn to count to twelve. But I'm going to talk about you just a little bit anyhow."

I don't play no dozens, 'cause I didn't learn to count to twelve
They tell me God don't like ugly, said boy your home's in Hell
I'd like to see your mammy, your pappy, too.
Ugliest varmint, they didn't sell you out to some zoo
I don't play no dozens, 'cause I didn't learn to count to twelve.

They tell me God don't like ugly, said boy your home's in Hell
I'd like to see your daddy make your face
Ugliest boy in a (indecipherable)
I don't play no dozen, 'cause I didn't learn to count to twelve.

They tell me God don't like ugly say boy your home's in Hell
Now, you standing around here you looking big and stout
All you lack being an elephant you ain't got a tail and a snout
I don't play no dozens, 'cause I didn't learn to count to twelve.

They tell me God don't like ugly, said boy your home's in hell
So Adam named everything, I believe he skipped you

You look like you ought to be up a tree hollering hoo hoo hoo
I don't play no dozens, 'cause I didn't learn to count to twelve.

They tell me God don't like ugly, said boy your home's in Hell
Said God took a ball of mud when he got ready to make a man
Ugliest partner I believe you slipped out of God's hand
I don't play no dozens, 'cause I didn't learn to count to twelve.

They tell me God don't like ugly said boy your home's in Hell
Said Adam named every varmint they put out in that zoo
I'd like to see what the hell he'd name you
I don't play no dozens, 'cause I didn't learn to count to twelve.

Photo of Sam Chatmon: Virginia Curtiss, El Cajon, CA 1979
Elijah Wald: *The Dozens* (2012)
Bo Diddley: *Go Bo Diddley* (1959)
Rudy Ray Moore: *The Rudy Ray Moore House Party Album* (1971)
Photo of Sam Chatmon: Virginia Curtiss, San Diego, CA 1970's

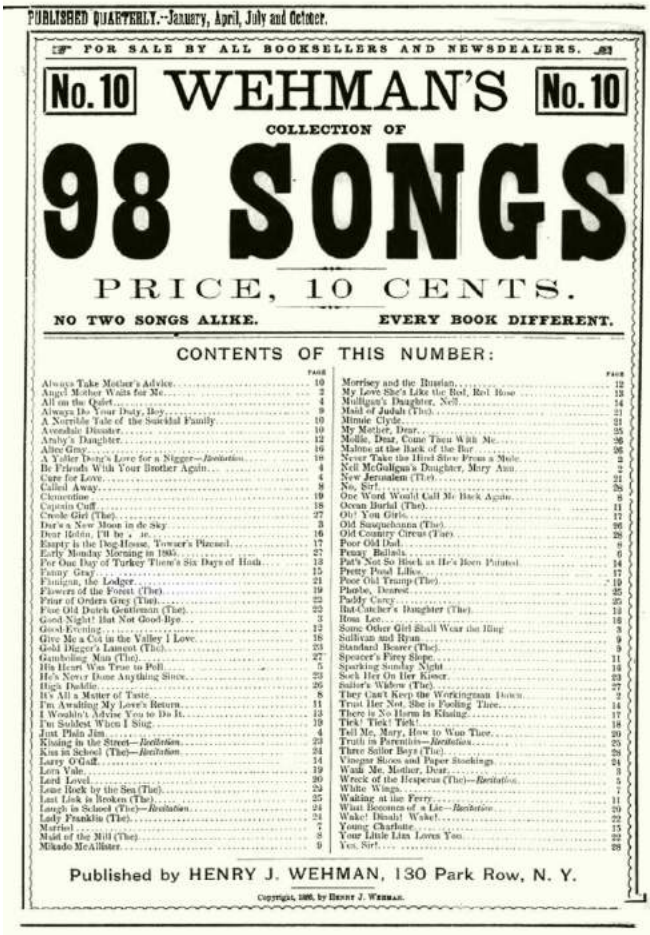
Elsewhere in this survey: Vols. 4, 5, 6, 7, 10 and 15

Volume 5: ***Grown on American Soil***

09 **Newsy Women - Nimrod Workman, vocal** (Laws C19, Roud 641) (MW and Ken Irwin, Chattaroy, WV, 3/02/76). Originally issued on Musical Traditions 512, *Mother Jones' Will* (extended issue)

Mark: Nimrod became well-known in the revivalist circles in the 1970's through his frequent appearances at rallies protesting the treatment of Black Lung victims (which included Snake Chapman, Jim Garland and Nimrod, himself). He frequently sang some of the protest songs he had written himself at these events (see Volume 7 for an example). But he also knew a broad range of traditional song in sometimes oddly configured renditions. He was later recorded by MIke Seeger (*I Want to Go Where Things Are Beautiful* (2008)) and filmed by Alan Lomax (*American Patchwork* (1991)) and Appalshop *(To Fit My Own Category* (1979)). He was a recipient of a 1986 National Heritage Fellowship in 1986 (as were several of our other artists). He also made a surprising appearance in the 1980 Hollywood film *Coal Miner's Daughter*, in which his daughter Phyllis Boyens-Liptak plays a major role. Nimrod and Phyllis had recorded a joint LP for June Appal (*Passing Thru the Garden* (1974)) a few years before the sessions that I did with Ken Irwin in 1976.

As the listener can determine from the spoken extract that appears later in this set, Nimrod was quite a comical character, with a keen sense of mountain humor.



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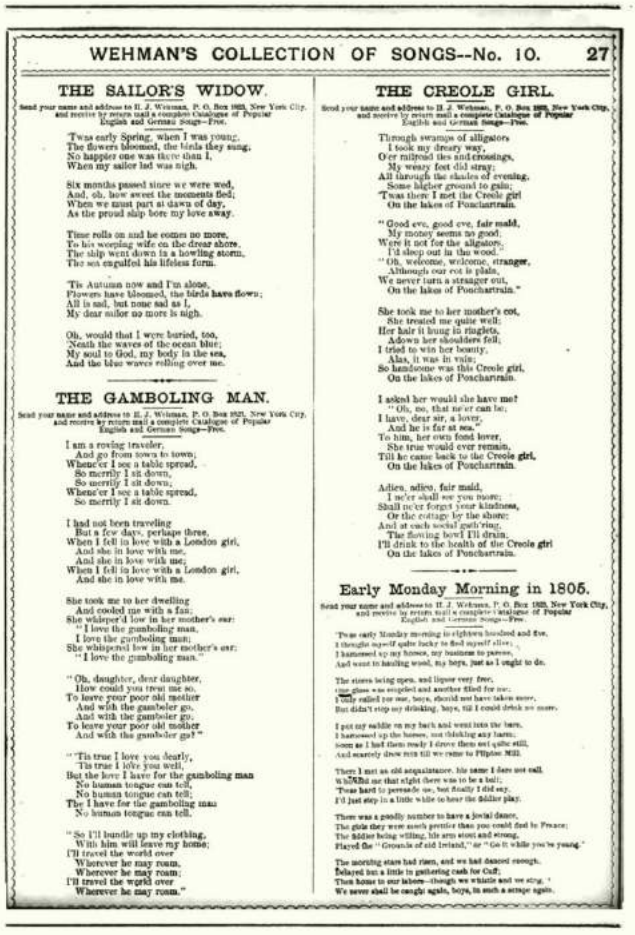


THE SAILOR'S WIDOW.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1821, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

'Twas early Spring, when I was young,
The flowers bloomed, the birds they sung,
No happier one was there than I,
When my sailor lad was nigh.

Six months passed since we were wed,
And, oh, how sweet the moments fled;
When we must part at dawn of day,
As the proud ship bore my love away.

Time rolls on and he comes no more,
To his weeping wife on the drear shore.
The ship went down in a howling storm,
The sea engulfed his lifeless form.

'Tis Autumn now and I'm alone,
Flowers have bloomed, the birds have flown;
All is sad, but none sad as I,
My dear sailor no more is nigh.

Oh, would that I were buried, too,
'Neath the waves of the ocean blue;
My soul to God, my body in the sea,
And the blue waves rolling over me.

THE GAMBOLING MAN.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1821, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

I am a roving traveler,
And go from town to town;
Whene'er I see a table spread,
So merrily I sit down,
So merrily I sit down;
Whene'er I see a table spread,
So merrily I sit down.

I had not been traveling
But a few days, perhaps three,
When I fell in love with a London girl,
And she in love with me,
And she in love with me;
When I fell in love with a London girl,
And she in love with me.

She took me to her dwelling
And cooled me with a fan;
She whisper'd low in her mother's ear:
"I love the gambling man,
I love the gambling man;
She whispered low in her mother's ear:
"I love the gambling man."

"Oh, daughter, dear daughter,
How could you treat me so,
To leave your poor old mother
And with the gambeler go,
And with the gambeler go,
To leave your poor old mother
And with the gambeler go?"

"'Tis true I love you dearly,
'Tis true I love you well,
But the love I have for the gambling man
No human tongue can tell,
No human tongue can tell;
The I have for the gambling man
No human tongue can tell.

"So I'll bundle up my clothing,
With him will leave my home;
I'll travel the world over
Wherever he may roam,
Wherever he may roam;
I'll travel the world over
Wherever he may roam."

THE CREOLE GIRL.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1821, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

Through swamps of alligators
I took my dreary way,
O'er railroad ties and crossings,
My weary feet did stray;
All through the shades of evening,
Some blighter ground to gain;
'Twas there I met the Creole girl
On the lakes of Ponchartrain.

"Good eve, good eve, fair maid,
My money seems no good;
Were it not for the alligators,
I'd sleep out in the wood."
"Oh, welcome, welcome, stranger,
Although our cot is plain,
We never turn a stranger out,
On the lakes of Ponchartrain."

She took me to her mother's cot,
She treated me quite well;
Her hair it hung in ringlets,
Adown her shoulders fell;
I tried to win her beauty,
Alas, it was in vain;
So handsome was this Creole girl,
On the lakes of Ponchartrain.

I asked her would she have me?
"Oh, no, that ne'er can be;
I have, dear sir, a lover,
And he is far at sea."
To him, her own fond lover,
She true would ever remain,
Till he came back to the Creole girl,
On the lakes of Ponchartrain.

Adieu, adieu, fair maid,
I ne'er shall see you more;
Shall ne'er forget your kindness,
Or the cottage by the shore;
And at each social gath'ring,
The flowing bowl I'll drain,
I'll drink to the health of the Creole girl
On the lakes of Ponchartrain.

Early Monday Morning in 1805.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1821, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of Popular English and German Songs—Free.

'Twas early Monday morning in eighteen hundred and five,
I thought myself quite lucky to find myself alive;
I harnessed up my horses, my business to pursue,
And went to hauling wood, my boys, just as I ought to do.

The stores being open, and liquor very free,
One glass was supplied and another filed for me;
I only called for one, boys, should not have taken more,
But didn't stop my drinking, boys, till I could drink no more.

I put my saddle on my back and went into the barn,
I harnessed up the horses, not thinking any harm;
Soon as I had them ready I drove them out quite still,
And nearly drew rum till we came to Pilgrim Hill.

There I met an old acquaintance, his name I dare not tell,
Whether she that night there was to be a ball;
'Twas hard to persuade me, but finally I did say,
I'd just step in a little while to hear the fiddler play.

There was a goodly number to have a jovial dance,
The girls they were much prettier than you could find in France;
The fiddler being willing, his arm stout and strong,
Played the "Grounds of old Ireland," or "Go it while you're young."

The morning stars had risen, and we had danced enough,
Delayed too a little in gathering cash for Cuff,
Then home to our labors—though we whistle and we sing,
We never shall be caught again, boys, in such a scrape again.

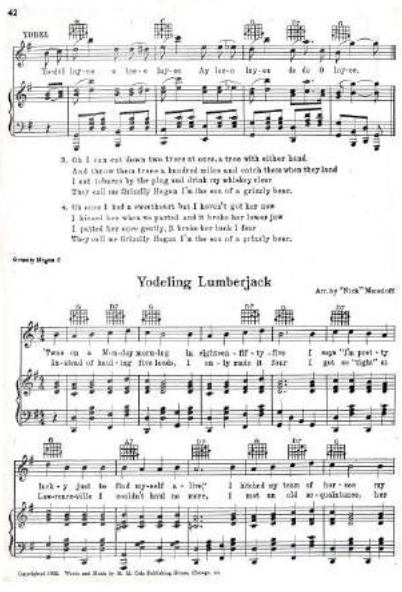
As indicated above, the habit of framing satires upon the mildly rowdy exploits of friends or neighbors seems to have once been fairly common within the mountains, although I was only able to record one good specimen with a tune ("Natural Bridge Song"). Rarely, however, do such ephemeral pieces spread much beyond the community in which they were engendered. But the present ditty, which strikes me as completely comparable internally to such homemade compositions, has been obtained over an extremely large area, stretching from Canada (Emerson Woodcock, Folkways 4052) and New England, through New Jersey (Everett Pitt, Marimac 9200) and the mountain South and eventually out to Indiana (Vern Smelser, Folkways 3809). Why this has happened, I do not know, except that a fair rasher of "Northern songs" (like "The Jam on Gerry's Rocks") appear to have been carried southward through the lumber camps. As illustrated, partial texts occasionally show up in songsters of the late nineteenth century. The Elmore Vincent publication displayed has been decked out with a Jimmie Rodgers-style yodel! Cazden, Haufrecht and Studer's *Folk Songs of The Catskills* (1983) contains good headnotes under the heading "The Cordwood Cutter." The piece, in its sundry variants, has a frustrating habit of citing tantalizing names for fiddle tunes (e.g., "The Crippled Kingfisher") that have never been recovered from tradition.

Took my saddle one morning
And headed to the barn
I saddled up my old grey mare
Not meaning any harm.
Saddled up the old grey mare
Headed out to Barrow Hill
I expected one glass was empty, boys
Another was filled for me.

I met a kind old acquaintance
His name I won't tell at all
He told me that night, boys,
Where there's gonna be a ball.
They danced and they fiddled
About four hours long
They played "The Crippled Kingfish"
About four hours long.

I see the morning star, boys,
I believe it's time to go,
We'll go back to our plough, boys,
We'll whistle and we'll sing
We'll never be guilty, boys,
Of another such a thing.

Come all you newsy women
That scatters news about
Don't tell no tales upon us
We're bad enough without.
Don't tell no tales upon us
To try to raise a fuss
You've been guilty of the same thing
Perhaps a whole lot worse.



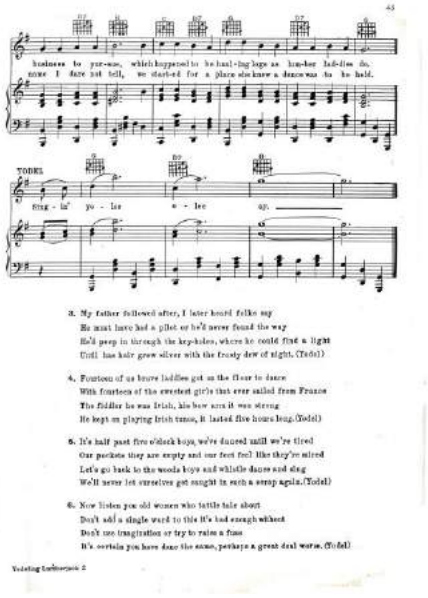
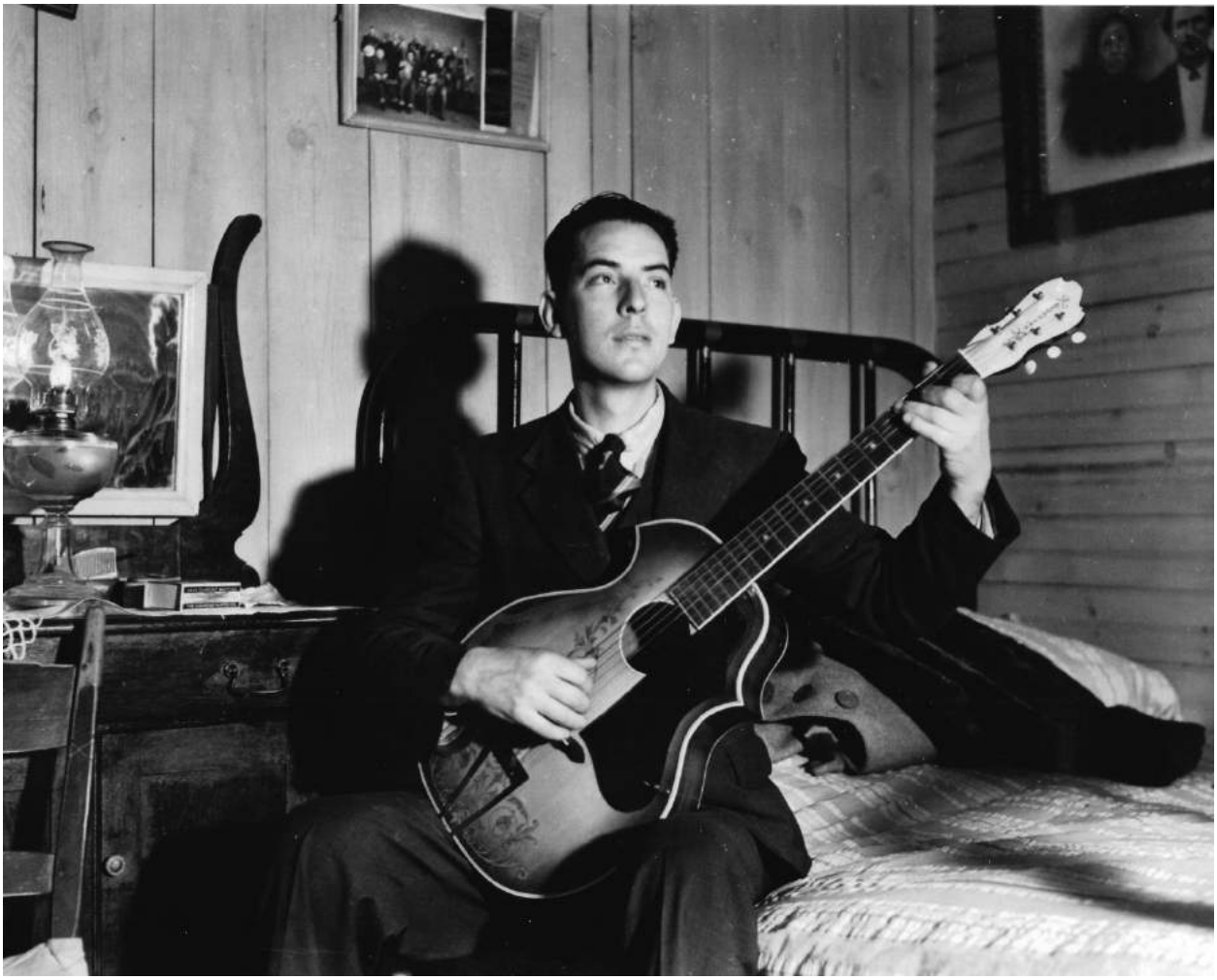


Photo of Nimrod Workman and grandson: Mark Wilson, Chattaroy, WV 1976
"Early Monday Morning in 1805": *Weyman's Collection of Songs: No. 10* (1896)
"The Yodeling Lumberjack": *Elmore Vincent's Lumber Jack Songs* (1932)

Elsewhere in this survey: Vols. 1, 3, 4, 5, 7, 9, 10 and 15

10 **McKinley March - Fields Ward, guitar** (MW and Bill Nowlin, Bel Air, MD, 08/73). Originally issued on Rounder 0036, *Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie*



Mark: Fields was a member of several prominent musical groups from Galax, Virginia headed by his father Crockett Ward that recorded both commercially (as Crockett Ward and his Boys and as The Grayson County Railsplitters) and for the Library of Congress (as the Bogtrotters). His uncle was the well-known fiddler and banjoist Wade Ward, who has albums available on the FRC label recorded by Peter Hoover (FRC501 and FRC507) plus others on the Folkways and Biograph labels. Like many of his fellow Virginians, Fields moved to rural Maryland after the war for work.

The spate of presidential assassinations in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries left behind a large number of funeral processionals within folk tradition, including this otherwise unreported piece (several others can be found on Volume 5 of this survey). Fields learned it from his uncle Sampson, who recorded with the family ensembles until his hand was

damaged in a sawmill accident in the early 'thirties, after which time Uncle Wade assumed the banjo chair within the group. It is hard to reconstruct from Fields' setting what Sampson's original would have sounded like, as Fields has thoroughly reconfigured the tune to suit his lovely parlor style approach, with his instrument tuned to an open D chord (which Fields also utilizes for "The Train that Carried My Girl from Town" on Volume 4). I also do not know whether any of its themes descend from any of the florid piano compositions that were published in the late nineteen century. Or, alternatively, that they emerge from the happier literature that would have celebrated the victim's electoral victory previously. (The "Garfield March" appearing in Volume 5 is ambiguous in exactly this manner.)

Howdy Forrester and Bill Monroe have both recorded tunes called "McKinley's March," but I don't detect any overlap with Fields' piece. (The Monroe version is clearly a variant upon the well-known "Chinese Breakdown" which Asa Martin utilizes on this Preview volume for his "I Tickled Her Under the Chin.") The best known of the McKinley-inspired tunes is the sardonic "White House Blues" which was also recorded by Monroe, Charlie Poole and by a large number of other country ensembles.

Photo of Fields Ward: CBS Photographer 1937
"The Shooting of President McKinley, September 21, 1901": T. Dart Walker, *Leslie's Weekly* (1901)

Elsewhere in this survey: Vols. 1, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 and 15

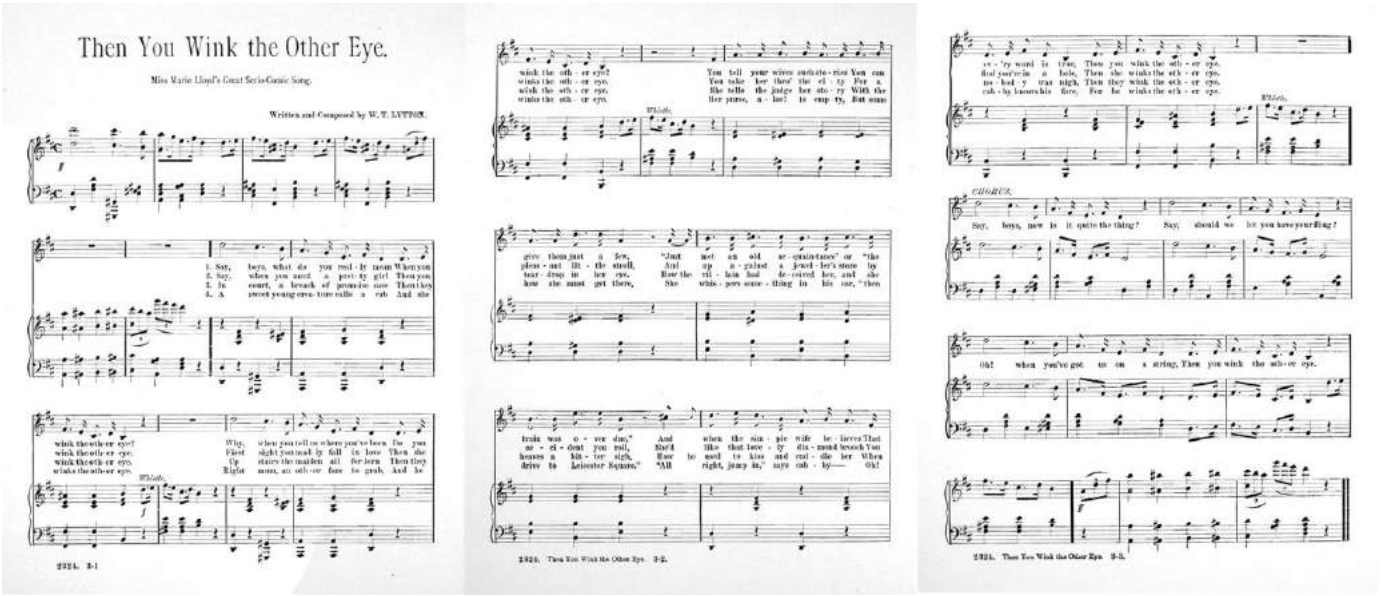
Volume 6: *Between City and Country*

11 **Wink the Other Eye - Lonnie Robertson, fiddle** (Gordon McCann, guitar and Art Galbraith, mandolin) (Roud 45373) (Gordon McCann, Springfield, MO, late 1970's). Originally issued on Rounder 0375, *Lonnie's Breakdown*

Mark: Lonnie Robertson was a skilled musician who originally made his living playing on the radio, where he was widely heard across the entire Midwest as both a vocalist (first with Roy George and, later with his wife, Thelma) and a fiddler. In the course of this career, he became acquainted with the great Bob Walters of Nebraska who worked in the same manner. (Bob's own home recordings can be heard elsewhere in our survey.) They frequently visited one another and exchanged tunes, leading to a polyglot repertory that is sometimes designated as "Missouri Valley fiddling." Thanks to the preservational efforts of R.P. Christeson, Dwight Lamb, Gordon McCann, and others, we possess better documentation upon this school than virtually any of the other subcategories of American fiddle music.

After Lonnie and Thelma retired in the 1950's, they ran a motel in Theodosia, Missouri and later relocated to Springfield, where Lonnie issued a long series of self-recorded fiddle albums. Gordon McCann made the present recording, however, a few years later on a Magnavox cassette recorder. (Many of Gordon's tapes, besides those included in this archive, can be heard online in the Gordon McCann Ozarks Folk Music Collection hosted by the Missouri State University Library.) Art Galbraith, in fact, learned this tune from Lonnie at this time and recorded his own version later on.

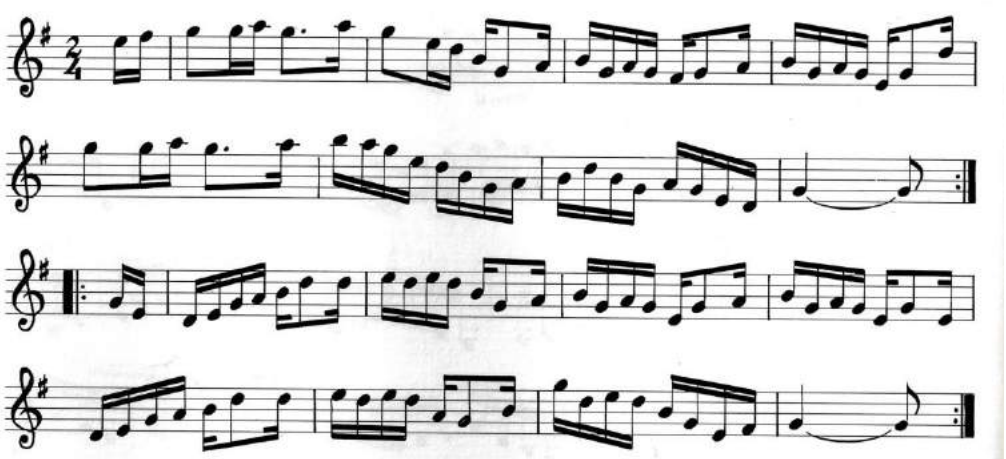
However, the tune itself presents one of those mysteries of urban-to-rural transmutation that I've often encountered in studying these matters closely (see my notes to "Birdie" in Volume 7). Specifically, the fiddle tune can diverge so widely from its presumptive original as to be unrecognizable. This is certainly the case here. The title undoubtedly derives from Marie Lloyd's great musical hall success of 1890, which included a great show of winking



at morally reprobate behaviors. (Oddly enough, T.S. Eliot professed a great admiration for Lloyd's performances.) Indeed, Le Brunn's melody is quite ingratiating, but it is not close to what Lonnie plays. Lonnie learned a fair number of tunes from recordings, and we can feel fairly confident that he learned this from the 1930 recording by E.E. Hack's String Band of Muhlenburg County, Kentucky. Clyde Davenport and Bob Douglas execute the tune on the videos they each made for Spring Fed Records. Douglas' version contains a schottische-like supplement that probably predates the arrangement heard here. (Indeed, several versions were recorded independently on 78, but never issued). Curly Fox recorded a highly accelerated version for Starday in 1963.

How did this happen? Sometimes the answer traces to simple communicative misunderstanding or auditor tune deafness. (I fear some of the latter is evident in some of the "identifications" one finds in printed sources.) We were many times confidently assured by some self-appointed local "authority" that the "correct name" for an unnamed tune X is Y, when it later turned out that "Y" properly designates a melody only vaguely reminiscent of the original X. (Morris Allen regularly provided Roger Cooper with misbegotten "titles" of this sort.) At the beginning of the twentieth century when airs like Lloyd's "Wink" were popular, local fiddlers would often hire a pianist to play the latest sheet music for them so that they could

[132]
WINK THE OTHER EYE
From Lonnie Robinson.



learn them for the dances. It is therefore not surprising that a somewhat tricky tune such as "Wink" might alter its melodic identity in the process. In our recording work, we gradually learned that our musicians would sometimes simply make up a title to halt our endless pestering on this topic.

THEN YOU

WINK THE OTHER EYE!

AT

THE WRONG WRONG MAN.

YOU SHOULD NEVER LET A CHANCE GO BY!

WHACKY! WHACKY!! WHACK!!

CONTENTS:

THEN YOU WINK THE OTHER EYE,
AT
THE WRONG WRONG MAN
YOU SHOULD NEVER LET A CHANCE GO BY.
WHACKY, WHACKY, WHACK.
Oh, Jeremiah, don't you go to sea.
Listen with the right ear.
Actions Speak louder than words.

ALL SUNG BY
MISS MARIE LLOYD,
THE ELECTRIC STAR OF THE MUSIC HALLS.

They all love Jack
F. E. WEATHERLEY.

Too sweet to last

The WRONG WRONG MAN
CHORUS.
The wrong man, the wrong man, wasn't it awful rum?
The wrong man, the wrong man, oh, Jerusalum!
I never was in such a plight before, pity me if you can,
I thought I should fall for I'd given them all
To the wrong, wrong man,

WHACKY, WHACKY, WHACK.
CHORUS.
Tooral, looral, lido! tooral, looral, lay,
They whack you half a minute, you feel it half a day.
I hate the horrid Board School, so does brother Jack,
I tell you straight we get too much whacky, whacky, whack.
(Written by GEO. WARE.)

Fireman's Story
Sung by ALF. CHESTER.

I went to find Emin
Sung by Arthur Roberts.

The Haunted Craft
A Sailor's Story.

In Gardens of the Rose.
Sung by Grace Pedley.

Made in England.
Sung by Charles Coborn.

I know what you mean
Sung by FLORRIE ROBINA.

THE PRETTY LITTLE GIRL THAT I KNOW.
Sung by CHARLES COBORN.

Hi-tiddley-hi-ti
Or, I'm all right.
Sung by CHARLES GODFREY

Remarkably kind of him
Sung by SAM WILKINSON.

Treasure Trove

Hunter's Serenade

Loves' old sweet song

THEN YOU WINK THE OTHER EYE.
CHORUS.
Say boys now is it quite the thing,
Say should we let you have your fling,
Oh, when you get us on a string
Then you wink the other eye.

Printed and Published by R. MARCH & Co., St. James' Walk, London.

The largest Song Book Firm in the World.

"Our Portrait" Series. Price One Penny No. 1.

Photo of Lonnie Robertson: courtesy of Gordon McCann
"Then You Wink the Other Eye": W. T. Lytton and George Le Brunn, Howard & Co (1890)
"Then You Wink the Other Eye": W.T. Lytton, National Music Company, Chicago early 1890's (Levy Library)
"Wink the Other Eye": R.P. Christeson, *The Old-Time Fiddler's Repertory*, Vol. 2 (1984)
"Miss Marie Lloyd": Song advertising sheet (1890's)

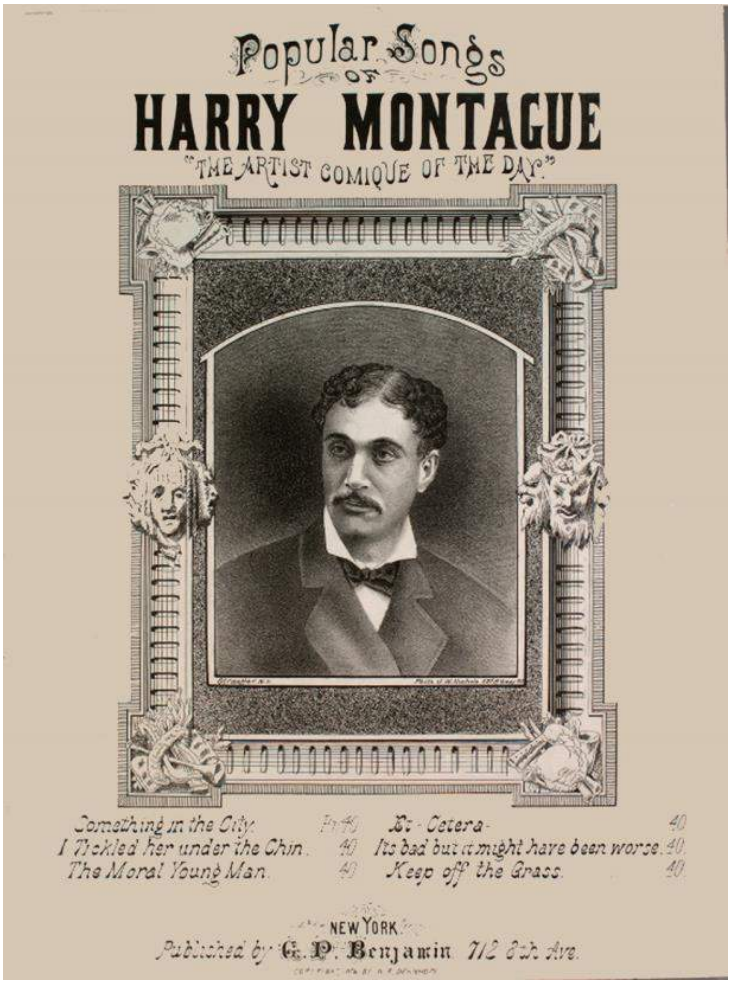
Elsewhere in this survey: Vols. 2, 4, 6, 8 and 12

12 **I Tickled Her Under the Chin - Asa Martin, vocal and guitar** (Jim Gaskin, mandolin) (Roud 45373) (MW, Irvine, KY 03/73). Originally issued on Rounder 0034, *Dr. Ginger Blue*

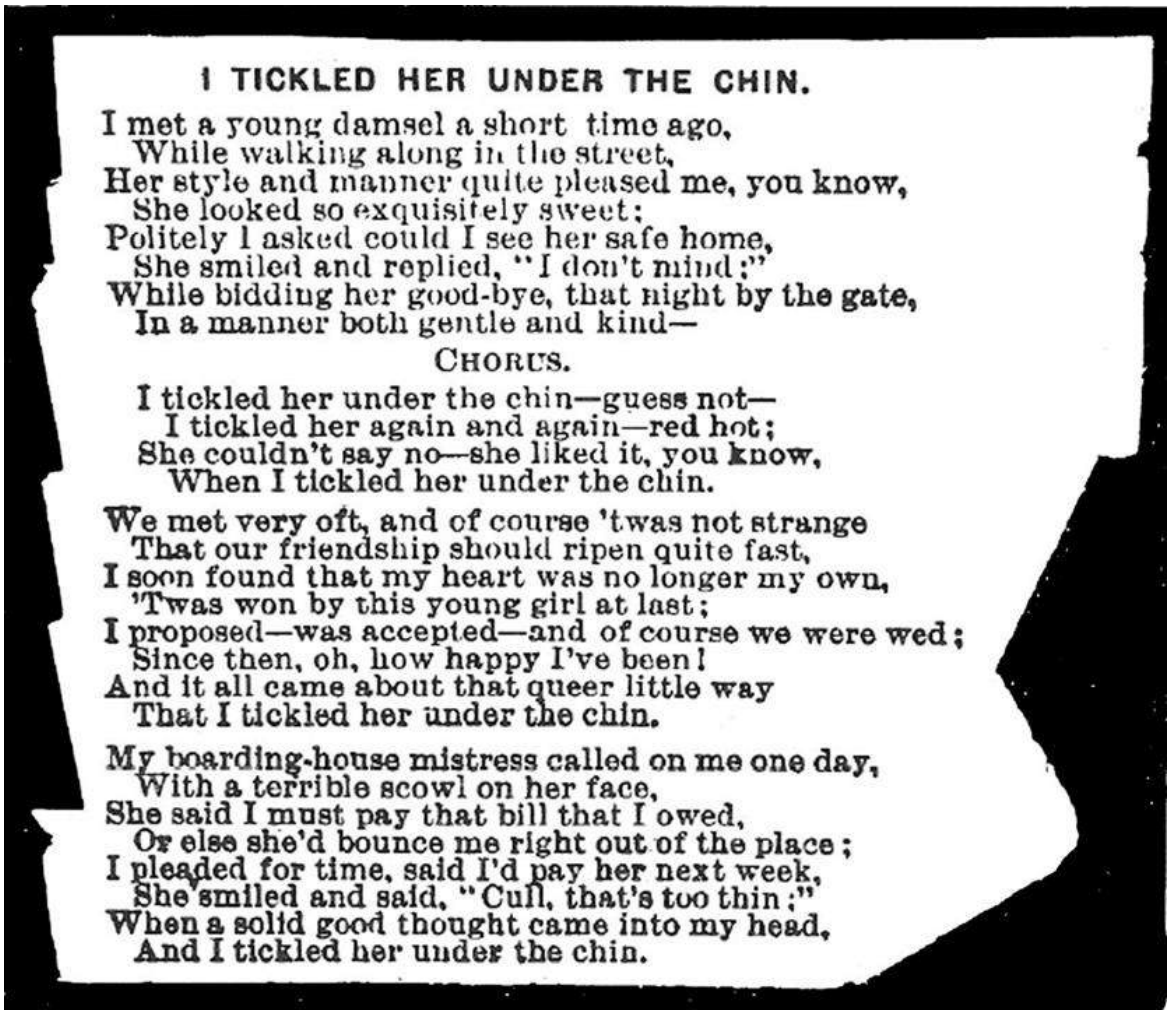
Mark: One of our first independent productions invoked the Kentucky musician Asa Martin, who had recorded extensively in the twenties and thirties and had run a number of popular radio shows in the same era. He had moved to Ohio in World War II to work as a night guard in an ARMCO Steel factory but had retired to his home region of Irvine not too long before our recording sessions. The project began when I met the noted discographer Gus Meade after he had just visited Asa and his former recording partner Doc Roberts in Kentucky. Gus had not attempted to record either of them, prompting me to ask, "Shouldn't we attempt to make a record of them, perhaps with this new little company up in Boston?" Gus believed that he had made suitable arrangements with Asa before we all congregated in Kentucky, but it promptly emerged that Asa hadn't contacted Doc at all and that James Roberts (with whom Asa appears to have had a bitter feud) was quite uncooperative as well. In retrospect, this may have been just as well. Doc had been one of the greatest fiddlers in the 78 era, but he hadn't played in years and was quite rusty. As it happens, while I was working with Asa, Van Kidwell from Dayton, Ohio dropped by, and we made some impromptu recordings. Van still played ably in

the characteristic manner of the local region, although we were not able to release any of this material for many years. (See Volumes 2, 4 and 11 for specimens of Van's playing with Asa.)

Asa then suggested that we might instead wish to record the little band (The Cumberland Rangers) with whom he was currently hosting a fifteen-minute program on radio station WIRV. (A large number of airshots from these shows can be found online in the Asa Martin Collection at the Berea College library.) Gus and I recorded a large amount of appealing material from this group on which I have heavily relied in filling out this survey. But this unanticipated change in plans was rather fraught for me, for Rounder had only given me license to produce a fiddle record with Doc Roberts. Indeed, getting permission to record anything represented a challenge in that early period, for there were several individuals in the Rounder Collective (as the company styled itself in that time) who felt that my inclinations were too "academic" to suit the music. It was only towards the end of my time in Boston that Bill Nowlin secured a wider mandate for any self-initiated recording projects. As it happens, my initial efforts in Kentucky only lasted for a brief two-year period (1972- 4). In retrospect, I am amazed at how much material we managed to get on tape in that time frame. With Bill's support, we were eventually able to approach our musicians with a firmer promise of appearing upon an appropriate anthology for which they would be paid royalties, an assurance that greatly



reduced tensions involved in asking busy folks to record for us. Indeed, I edited an LP quite similar in content to what later appeared as *Traditional Fiddle Music of Kentucky, Vol 1* as soon as I settled in California in 1976. By this time, Gus appears to have harbored some animus towards Rounder and never completed his allotted portion of the project. When I began recording in the state again in 1995 after I had moved to Columbus, Ohio and after Gus' death, I was deeply shaken to hear of the musicians who remained disappointed that their promised recordings had never appeared (particularly from George Hawkins' children). That lack of promised follow through was a mistake that I vowed never to repeat again, although I began experiencing similar problems with timely issue stemming from within Rounder itself towards the end of my recording activities, in the 2005-7 period. Indeed, a number of essentially completed projects can be found in the NAT Research Archive's "Published projects" section that were, in fact, never released in the anticipated manner (and sometimes appeared on sundry other small labels instead). Some of our final Rounder projects are exceedingly rare nowadays due to the begrudging manner in which they were actually released. A few have been subsequently reissued by Musical Traditions and by the Field Recorders' Collective.



I TICKLED HER UNDER THE CHIN.

I met a young damsel a short time ago,
While walking along in the street,
Her style and manner quite pleased me, you know,
She looked so exquisitely sweet;
Politely I asked could I see her safe home,
She smiled and replied, "I don't mind;"
While bidding her good-bye, that night by the gate,
In a manner both gentle and kind—

CHORUS.

I tickled her under the chin—guess not—
I tickled her again and again—red hot;
She couldn't say no—she liked it, you know,
When I tickled her under the chin.

We met very oft, and of course 'twas not strange
That our friendship should ripen quite fast,
I soon found that my heart was no longer my own,
'Twas won by this young girl at last;
I proposed—was accepted—and of course we were wed;
Since then, oh, how happy I've been!
And it all came about that queer little way
That I tickled her under the chin.

My boarding-house mistress called on me one day,
With a terrible scowl on her face,
She said I must pay that bill that I owed,
Or else she'd bounce me right out of the place;
I pleaded for time, said I'd pay her next week,
She smiled and said, "Cull, that's too thin;"
When a solid good thought came into my head,
And I tickled her under the chin.

After I moved to California, Gus teamed up with John Harrod and recorded a large number of fiddlers living to the west of the northeast Kentucky corner in which we had mostly worked. Some of these recordings were finally released on the second of the two *Traditional Fiddle Music of Kentucky* CDs that John and I eventually pieced together, but the original tapes are not part of the NAT archive. Gus' own recordings are instead housed in the Southern Folklife Collection at the University of North Carolina, while John's reside at Berea College.

I should here remark that my rationale for rehashing these rather arcane issues of support (and, frequently, lack of support) for our NAT endeavors lies in believing that I should leave behind some candid notes on the basic circumstances that framed these recordings: what proved feasible and what didn't. (The number of artists whom we failed to entice into recording far exceeded our successes.) Uninterested readers should simply skip past these quasi-autobiographical sections.

Asa was a delight to work with, even if he wasn't always entirely candid with respect to his song sources. The generous manner in which he encouraged the musical efforts of his neighbors was charming as well, some of whom we shall encounter in later volumes of the survey. (Asa performed a similar service for Gennett Records back in the 1920's, getting a lot of performers on wax whose 78's are now among the most highly cherished exemplars of the era.) The present ditty represents an exception to his general reluctance to reveal sources, for he showed me the exact document from which he acquired "Tickled" (*Mowry's Songster*). I took a photo of the exact page and have reproduced it here. But Asa's copy of *Mowry's* had almost completely disintegrated at this point, so we have also provided a complete text as it was published on one of Henry Weyman's contemporaneous song sheets.

Note how closely Asa adheres to the printed copy. I fancy that Asa composed his own melody (an adaptation of "Chinese Breakdown") for this lyric, for I've not found a printed score for this specific version. The Levy Collection at Johns Hopkins, however, contains an 1876 publication by the comedian Harry Montague with a considerably different tune (and somewhat variant lyrics as well, although someone would have had a good case for copyright infringement, had the requisite laws existed at that time). Most likely, Montague's represents the parent edition, although dedicated detective work would be required to certify this as a fact.

Insofar as I can see, the song's underlying sentiment reflects a popular motif of the time, for I found the following lyric in an 1877 Glasgow publication whose title I forgot to record:

Oh, my, at last I've fallen in love
I'm shot by Cupid's dart
That sly young elf, with bow and arrow
Has pierced me through the heart.
I'm awfully spoony on Dolly Giles

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I Tickled Her Under the Chin

I met a young damsel a short time ago,
While walking along in the street,
Her style and manner quite pleased me, you know,
She looked so exquisitely sweet;
Politely I asked could I see her safe home,
She smiled and replied, "I don't mind;"
While bidding her good-bye, that night by the gate
In a manner both gentle and kind—

CHORUS.

I tickled her under the chin—guess not—
I tickled her again and again—red hot;
She couldn't say no—she liked it, you know,
When I tickled her under the chin.

We met very oft, and of course 'twas not strange
That our friendship should ripen quite fast,
I soon found that my heart was no longer my own,
'Twas won by this young girl at last;
I proposed—was accepted—and of course we were wed;
Since then, oh, how happy I've been!
And it all came about that queer little way
That I tickled her under the chin.—*Chorus.*

My boarding house mistress called on me one day,
With a terrible scowl on her face,
She said I must pay that bill that I owed,
Or else she'd bounce me right out of the place;
I pleaded for time, said I'd pay her next week,
She smiled and said, "Cull, that's too thin;"
When a solid good thought came into my head,
And I tickled her under the chin.—*Chorus.*

You'll all have a chance for adventures like this,
With the charming young ladies you meet,
And you'll always find that not nine out of ten
Will object to a drive or a treat;
But if you would win a young girls loving kiss,
And all her affections you'd win,
You must commence easily, and not be too rough,
When you tickle her under the chin.—*Chorus.*

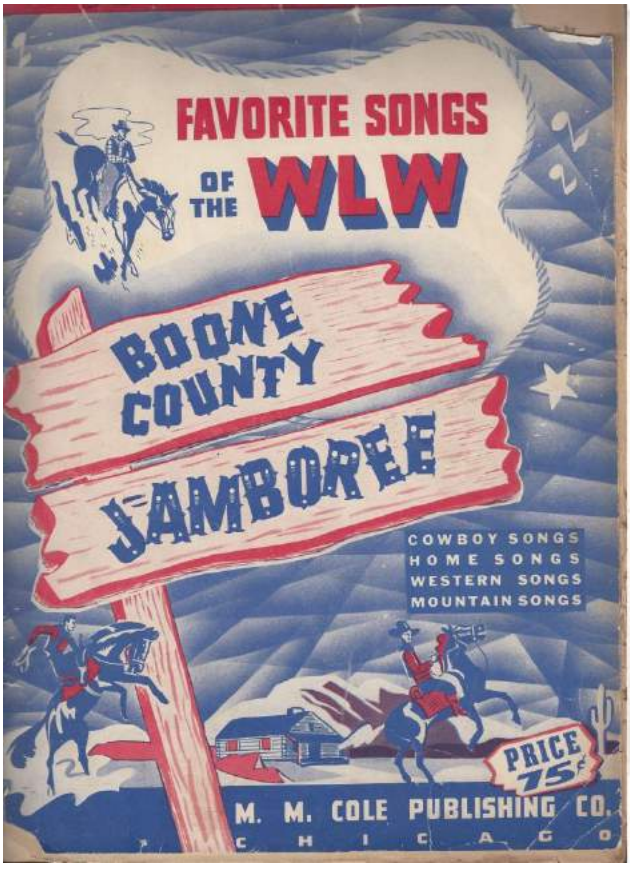
H. J. Wehman, Song Publisher, New York

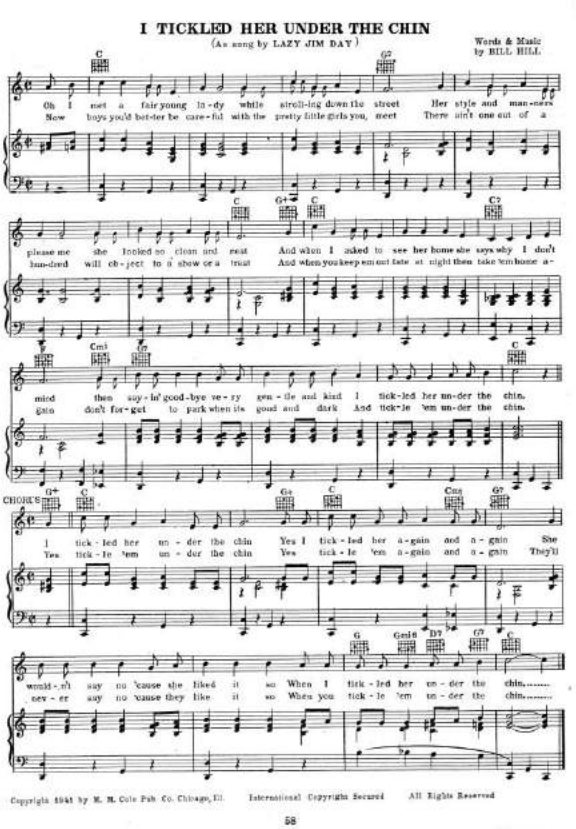
And her heart, too, I did win
For whenever I go out with that young girl
I tickle her under the chin.

Chorus: *I tickled her under the chin (2)*
She didn't say no, she liked it, I know
When I tickled her under the chin.

Emry Arthur recorded an intermediate text of "Tickled" several times, more or less contemporaneously with Asa's, using a different melody that was probably of Arthur's own devising as well. Norm Cohen has made an intensive study of these nineteenth and early twentieth century songsters, but Asa was the only early recording artist with whom we dealt who confirmed that he had relied upon such publications for material. (The demands on Asa's repertory were enormous in view of the number of records he made and the radio shows he emceed.)

A more directly salient influence upon traditional performance traces to the numerous booklets that became associated with popular radio shows, such as Bradley Kincaid's in the 1930's and '40's, some of which we reproduce here. Once again, such publications often spawned novel tunes when only the lyrics were supplied or the purchaser could not read music.





(I presume that Hobert Stallard 's "When the Work's All Done this Fall" in Volume 8 acquired its melancholy Appalachian strain through such a reconstructive policy.) Throughout these notes we exhibit facsimile copies of all of these publications, to better flesh out the environments in which traditional music once flourished.

This is not to say that Asa's customized melody can't be encountered on later recordings, such as those by Lazy Jim Day and T. Texas Tyler. Day was from Grayson County, Kentucky and undoubtedly heard the song from Asa either on the radio or at a personal appearance. (Asa broadcast from nearby Ashland for a certain spell.) Day's version would have become more widely heard, for the WLW Jamboree on which he appeared broadcast with a much stronger signal. Note that Day has simplified some of Asa's Victorian phrasings but has otherwise retained Asa's "Chinese Breakdown" melody.

For an even more popular ditty whose modern dissemination traces directly to Asa's early country music activities, see our notes to "Hot Corn, Cold Corn" in Volume 4 of this survey. In their performances, Asa and Jim Gaskin usually followed up with "There's No Place Like Home for the Married Man" (as on their *Dr. Ginger Blue* LP).

Well, I met a fair young lady
While strolling down the street
Her style and manner pleased me
She was so fair and neat.
When I asked if I could see her home
She said, "Why, I don't mind"
When saying goodbye that night by the gate
In a manner real gentle and kind.

Chorus: *I tickled her under the chin*
Yes, I tickled her again and again
She didn't say "no", she liked me so
When I tickled her under the chin.

We met again most everyday
And our friendship grew quite fast.
I soon found my heart was lost
To the sweet little thing at last.
I asked her to marry me,
Since then so happy I've been,
But it all came about by the queer little way
That I tickled her under her chin.

My boarding house lady called the other day
She had a frown all over her face.
Said that I'd better pay my bill
Or she'd kick me right out of that place.
I pleaded for time, said "I'll pay you next week,"
But now she said "That's too thin."
Then a great big idea entered my head,
And I tickled her under the chin

Now you all may have adventures
With the fair young ladies you'll meet.
You will find not many of them
Would object to a drive or a treat.

But if you get them love and kisses
And all their affections win,
Now be real careful, boys, don't get rough
When you tickle them under the chin.

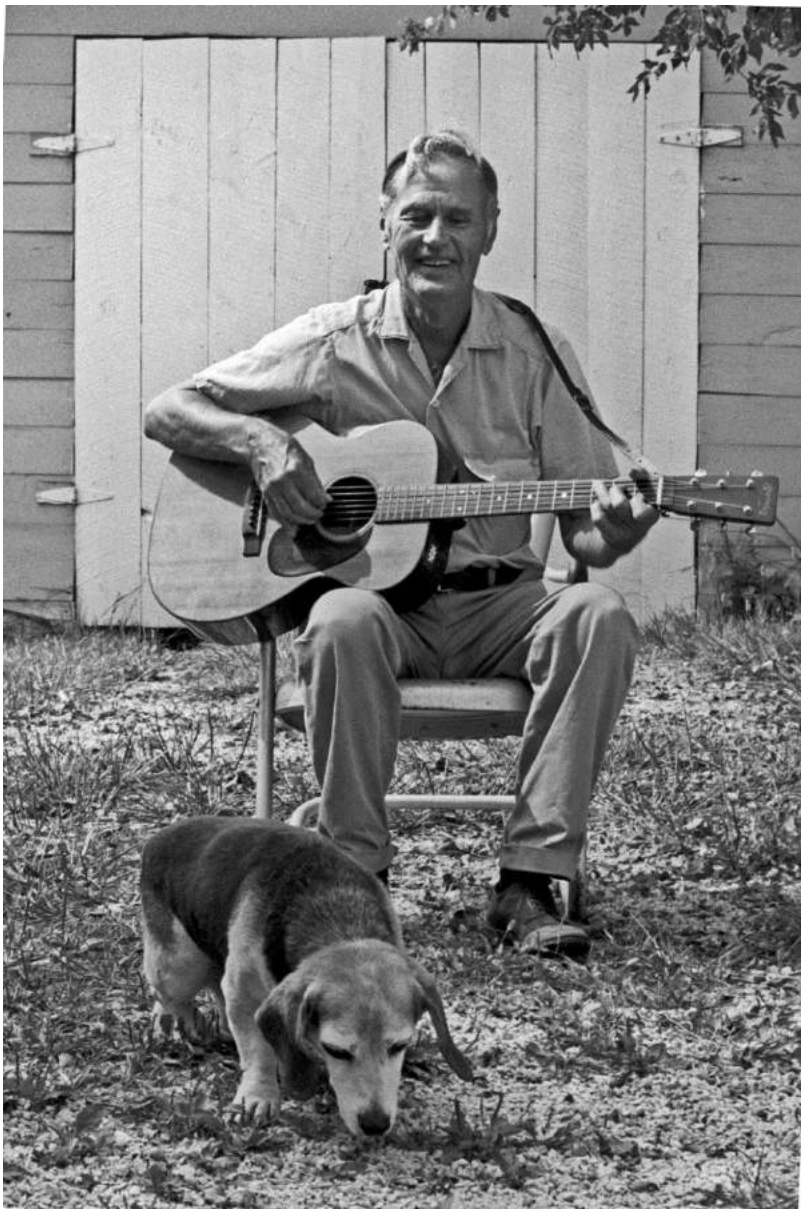


Photo of Jim Gaskin and Asa Martin: WIRV website, 1970's
"I Tickled Her Under the Chin": *Mowry's Songster* (1905)
"I Tickled Her Under the Chin": Harry Montague (1876)
"I Tickled Her Under the Chin": H. J. Lehman (N.D.)

"I Tickled Her Under the Chin": Bill Hill, *Favorite Songs of the WLW Boone County Jamboree* (1941)
"Asa Martin's Roundup Gang": Ashland, KY 1940 (hillbilly-music.com)
"Barn Dance Jubilee": courtesy of Asa Martin
Photo of Asa Martin: Carole Cochran, Irvine, KY 1973

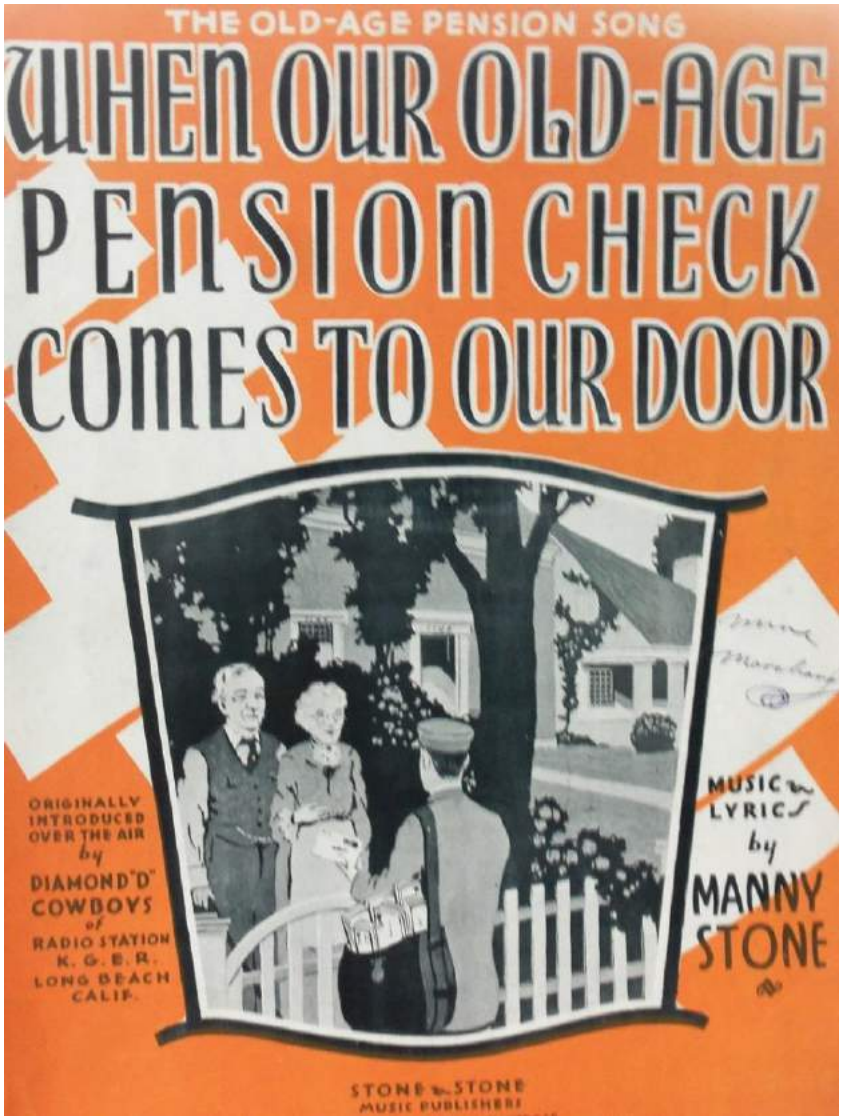
Elsewhere in this survey: Vols. 1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 10

Volume 7: *Songs of Labor and Recreation*

13 **Old Age Pension Check - Nova and Lavonne Baker, vocals** (Roud 15868) (MW, Pound, VA, 9/08/96). Originally issued on Musical Traditions 344, *Meeting's A Pleasure, Vol. 4*

Norm: As Mark observed in his notes to Musical Traditions 344, anyone who has ever dealt with elderly pensioners in the mountains can attest to the significance of the Social Security Act signed into law by Franklin D. Roosevelt on 14 Aug 1935. This charming bit of Depression era ephemera responds to the innovation with typical country humor. The Bakers, mother and daughter, undoubtedly learned the song from Roy Acuff's 78 rpm recording of 5 July 1939 (Vocalion and Okeh 05244; various reissues; copyright by Acuff renewed in 1962). The Bakers follow Acuff's text and tune quite closely.

Various individuals have been credited with Acuff's song. According to the late Charles Wolfe, this song was composed by Buck Fulton and the Sam "Dynamite" Hatcher who is associated with the murder ballad "Hick Carmichael" (see *Meeting's a Pleasure* in the "Published Projects" section). Hatcher, who had been a member of Acuff's original Crazy Tennesseans (and had, in fact, sung *"The Wabash Cannon Ball"* on its original issue), apparently sold this song to Acuff for a 1939 session by his Smoky Mountain Boys.



Acuff waffled about these matters somewhat when he told Dorothy Horstman:

> I bought this number from a boy that lived in Knoxville, and as far as I know, he wrote it. I can't remember his name at the present time. Some people resented the song, but it still sold well. Songs like this are not received one hundred percent. There are some words in it that are a little touchy for some people: “Send your dime to Washington -- get on relief.” It was more of a comedy song for me, but it was taken a little bit politically by some. [Roy Acuff, Interview, Nashville, TN, 8 Sep 1973; reprinted in Dorothy Horstman, *Sing Your Heart Out, Country Boy*, 1976, p. 251].

In fact, none of Acuff, Fulton or Hatcher should have received any credits for the song. It was written and composed by Manny Stone of Montrose, CA in about 1934 and (according to the sheet music) originally introduced over the air by "Diamond D" Cowboys" of radio station KGER, Long Beach, CA. Stone’s words (but see below) and music were recorded by the Sons of the

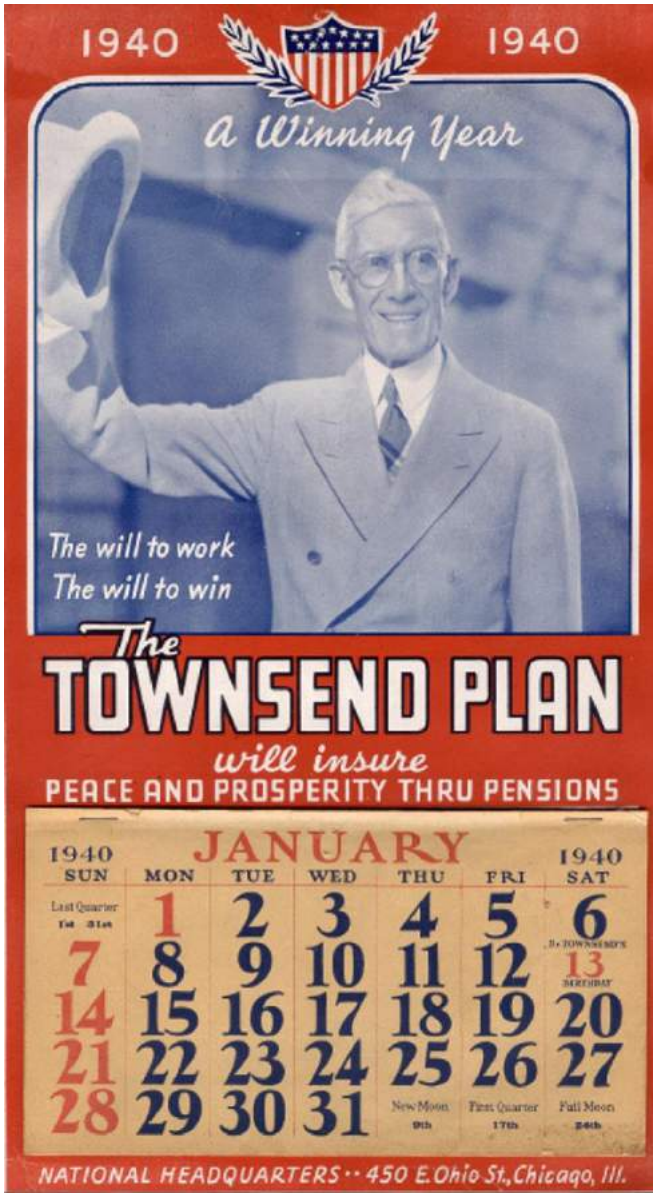
Pioneers on 13 March 1935 and issued on Decca 5082. (Stone copyrighted it two months after that recording session on 9 May.) The song was also used in the movie *The Old Homestead* (released October 1935), performed by Fuzzy Knight with the Sons of the Pioneers. Acuff's recording used only some of Stone's lyrics and is set to a different melody, one very similar to "Old and Faded Picture on the Wall."

Stone published his song before the Social Security Act, and in fact, the song was mainly written in response to another social movement, the Townsend Plan. Dr. Francis Townsend published his plan in a Long Beach, California newspaper in early 1933. The plan elicited prompt and substantial approbation; once upon a time there were over 5,000 "Townsend Clubs" throughout the country that collected 10 cents from each member for lobbying purposes. The plan contained several serious financial flaws, but it may have helped to incite Roosevelt to propose his own Social Security proposal. Some historical documentation can be found on Social Security's own website.

Two stanzas in Stone's original lyrics were not sung by either Acuff or the Sons of the Pioneers. Its final verses referred specifically to the Townsend Plan:

Take a lesson from the lark and learn to sing
The word "depression" soon won't mean a thing;
Times are surely getting better day by day
When the Townsend Plan goes through we'll be ok.

By the time that Acuff's 78 was released (1939), the song's references would have been reinterpreted to apply to Social Security proper.



Mark: Bill Nowlin and I met Nova Baker on a spontaneous side trip when Bill was researching Rounder's celebrated *Early Days of Bluegrass* reissue series. It was immediately evident that the Pound, Virginia area where Nova lived was rich in traditional music, but the region lay too far away from the northeastern Kentucky region where Gus Meade and I usually worked to visit often. (It was already a 16-hour car trip from Boston to Kentucky for a visit that might only last an extended weekend.) So I wasn't able to return to Pound myself until this follow up occasion in 1996 (although Annadeene Fraley and I managed to visit Nova's father, Hobert Stallard, in southern Ohio in 1973 upon a tip from Nova). On this 1996 visit I mainly recorded Nova's charming duets with her sister Lila Vanover that appear upon some of our later Survey volumes

(viz. Volumes 4, 5 and 10). However, at a spare moment Nova and her daughter Lavonne (who was hosting the visit) spontaneously assayed this humorous ditty to the great amusement of everyone.

When our old age pension check comes to our door
We won't have to dread the poorhouse any more.
Though we're old and bent and gray, good times will be back to stay
When our old age pension check comes to our door.

When her old age pension check comes to her door
Dear old Grandma won't be lonesome any more.
She'll be waiting at the gate, every night she'll have a date
When her old age pension check comes to her door.

Grow a flowing long white beard and use a cane
'Cause you're in your second childhood, don't complain.
Life will just begin at sixty and we'll all be very frisky
When our old age pension check comes to our door.

Powder and paint will be abolished on that day
And hoop skirts will then be brought back into play.
Faded cheeks will be the rage and old maids will tell their age
When their old age pension check comes to the door.

All the drug stores will go bankrupt on that day
For cosmetics then will all be put away.
I'll put the flappers on the shelf, get a grandma for myself
When our old age pension check comes to our door.

There's a man who turned this country upside down
With his old age pension rumor going around.
If you want in on the fun, send your dime to Washington
And that old age pension man will be around.

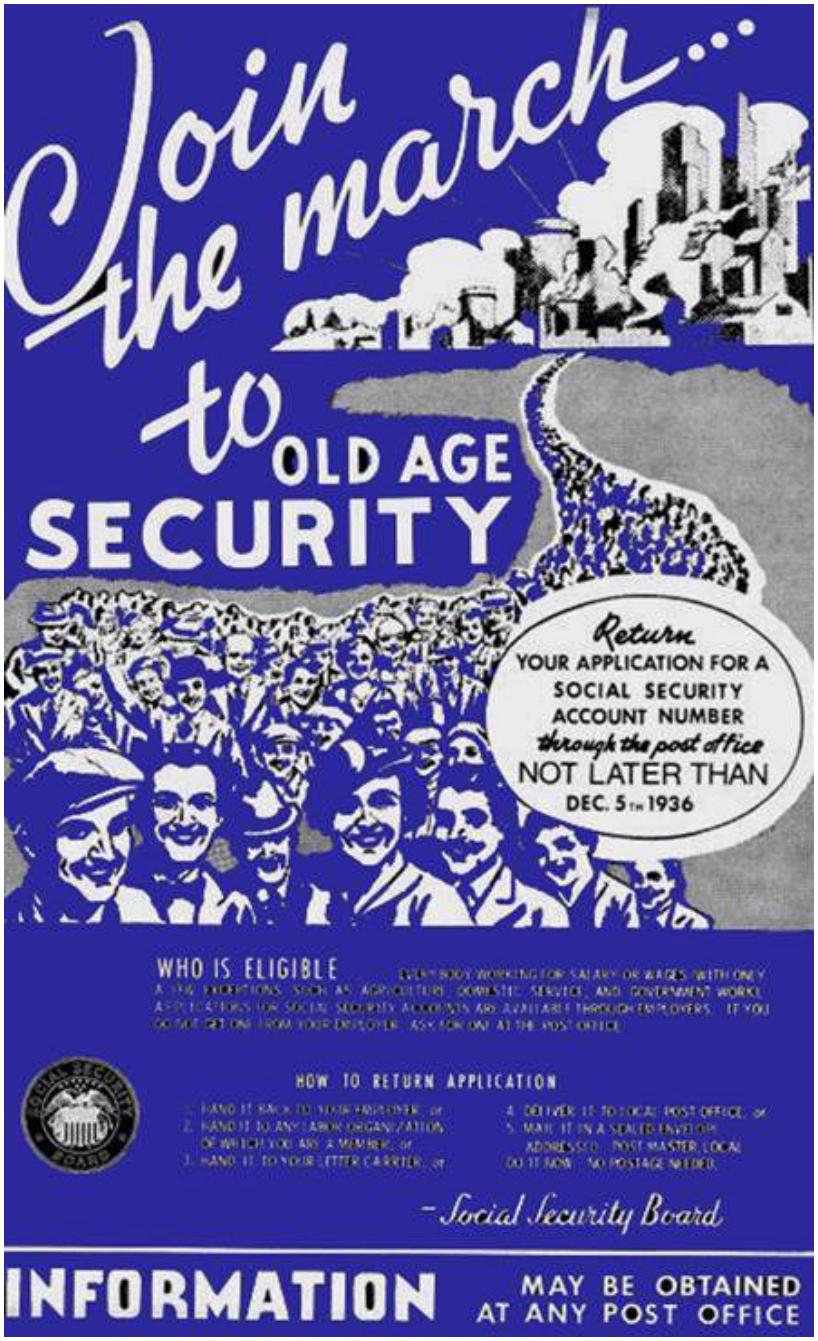
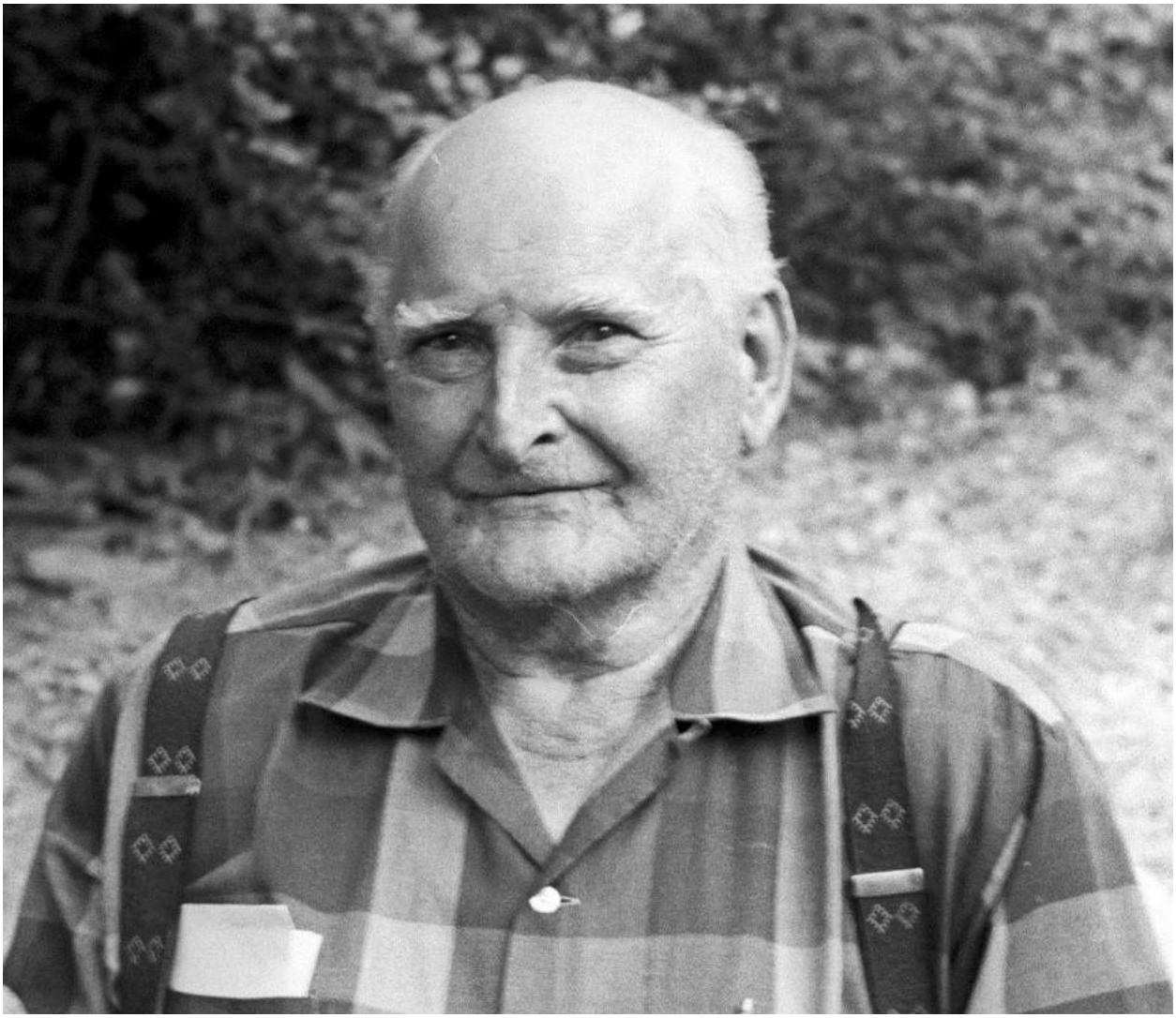


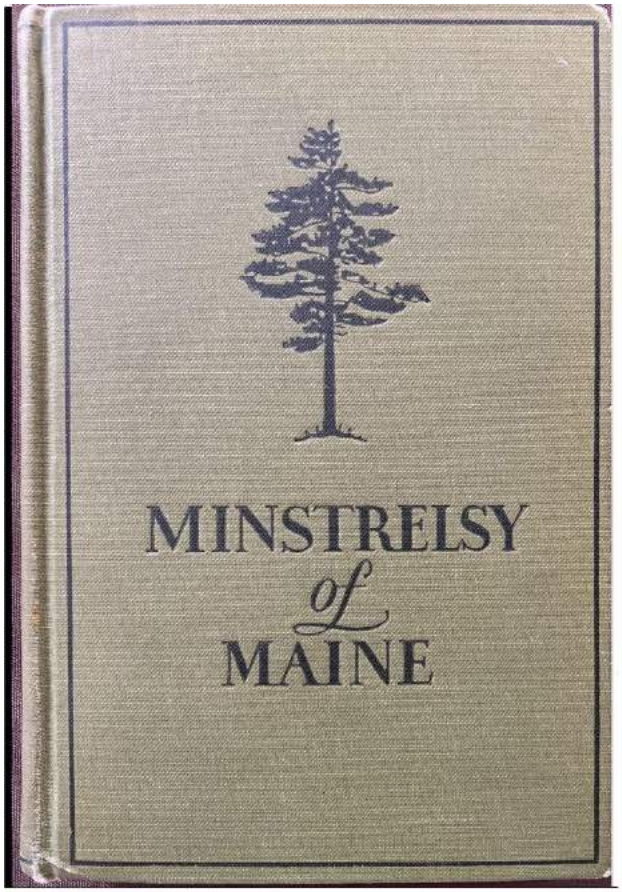
Photo of Nova Baker and Lila Vanover: Mark Wilson, Pound, VA 1996
Manny Stone: “When Our Old Age Pension Check Comes to our Door” (1935)
“Old Age Pension Check”: Roy Acuff and his Smoky Valley Boys, Okeh 05244 (1939)
“Wall Calendar for the Townsend Plan”: Social Security History website (1940)
Photo of Nova Baker: Mark Wilson, Pound, VA 1996
“Join the March to Old Age Security”: The Social Security Agency (1936)

Elsewhere in this survey: Vols. 4, 5 and 10

14 **The Jam on Gerry's Rocks - Wash Nelson, vocal** (Laws C1, Roud 256) (MW, Annadeene Fraley and Mary Nelson, Ashland, KY, 03/73). Originally issued on Musical Traditions 344, *Meeting's a Pleasure Vol. 4*



Mark: Annadeene Fraley had become acquainted with Owen and Mary Nelson through her involvement with the Jean Thomas Festival, and one evening Mary took the two of us up to visit her uncle-in-law. (Mary appears to have supplied Leonard Roberts with some of Wash's songs in a folklore class that she took at Morehead State College.) Wash was in his nineties at the time and told us with great relish many tales of his hellacious youth. As I recall, he picked up this widely distributed lumberjack ballad while working in the woods somewhere. One would presume that with the assistance of the internet and such that someone might have finally tracked down the origins of this familiar song, but we confront the same brick wall that stymied



But I hope John Ross's lumber all
Will safely come to town.

10 And as we gently glide along
We'll make those taverns roar,
And drink a health to old Katahdin
And the girls which we adore.

'I couldn't think of any more of it at the time, but it came to me when I was out on the crossing,' he said. 'Yes, most likely Dan Golden did make it up; it's about him anyway.'

THE JAM ON GERRY'S ROCK

'The Jam on Gerry's Rock.' From the 'Maine Sportsman,' January, 1904, vol. XI, no. 125. This, the earliest printed form of the song as yet found, was sent in by some one who learned it in the Maine woods.

1 Come all of you bold shanty boys, and list while I relate
Concerning a young shanty boy and his untimely fate,
Concerning a young river-man, so manly, true and brave;
'Twas on the jam at Gerry's Rock he met a watery grave.

2 It was on Sunday morning as you will quickly hear,
Our logs were piled up mountains high, we could not keep them clear.
Our foreman said, 'Turn out brave boys, with heart devoid of fear;
We'll break the jam on Gerry's Rock and for Eganstown we'll steer.'

3 Now some of them were willing while others they were not,
For to work on jams on Sunday they did not think we ought;
But six of our Canadian boys did volunteer to go
And break the jam on Gerry's Rock with the foreman, young Monroe.

4 They had not rolled off many logs when they heard his clear voice say:
'I'd have you boys be on your guard for the jam will soon give way.'

These words were scarcely spoken when the mass did break and go,
And it carried off those six brave youths and their foreman, Jack Monroe.

5 When the rest of our brave shanty boys the sad news came to hear
In search of their dead comrades to the river they did steer;
Some of the mangled bodies a-floating down did go,
While crushed and bleeding near the bank was that of young Monroe.

6 They took him from his watery grave, brushed back his raven hair;
There was one fair girl among them whose sad cries rent the air —
There was one fair form among them, a maid from Saginaw town,
Whose moans and cries rose to the skies for her true love who'd gone down.

7 Fair Clara was a noble girl, the river-man's true friend;
She lived with her widowed mother dear, down at the river's bend;
The wages of her own true love the 'boss' to her did pay,
And the shanty boys for her made up a generous purse next day.

8 They buried him with sorrow deep, 'twas on the first of May;
'Come all of you, bold shanty boys, and for your comrade pray!'
Engraved upon a hemlock-tree that by the grave did grow,
Was the name and date of the sad, sad fate of the shanty boy, Monroe.

9 Fair Clara did not long survive, her heart broke with her grief,
And scarcely two months afterward death came to her relief.

And when the time had passed away and she was called to go,
Her last request was granted, to be laid by young Monroe.

10 Come all of you bold shanty boys, I would have you call and see
Those green mounds by the riverside, where grows the hemlock-tree.
The shanty boys cleared off the wood by the lovers there laid low —
'Twas the handsome Clara Vernon and her true love, Jack Monroe.

B

From a written copy furnished by Mrs. L. C. Foster, of Carmel, Maine, 1925; taken down by her son from the singing of a man working with a road-making crew. In twenty years or so the song had become localized at Oldtown on the Penobscot.

1 Come all of you brave shanty boys and listen while I relate
Concerning a young river boy and his untimely fate,
Concerning a young river boy, so manly, true and brave;
'Twas on the jam at Garry's Rock he found his watery grave.

2 It was on a Sunday morning, as you will plainly hear,
The logs were piled up mountain high, as we could not keep them clear,
Until our foreman says, 'Turn out, brave lads, devote your hearts from fear;
We will break the jam on Garry's Rock and for Oldtown we will steer.'

3 Now some of them were willing and some of them were not,
For breaking jams on Sunday they did not think they ought
Until six of our brave Canadian boys did volunteer to go
And break the jam on Garry's Rock, with their foreman Jack Monroe.

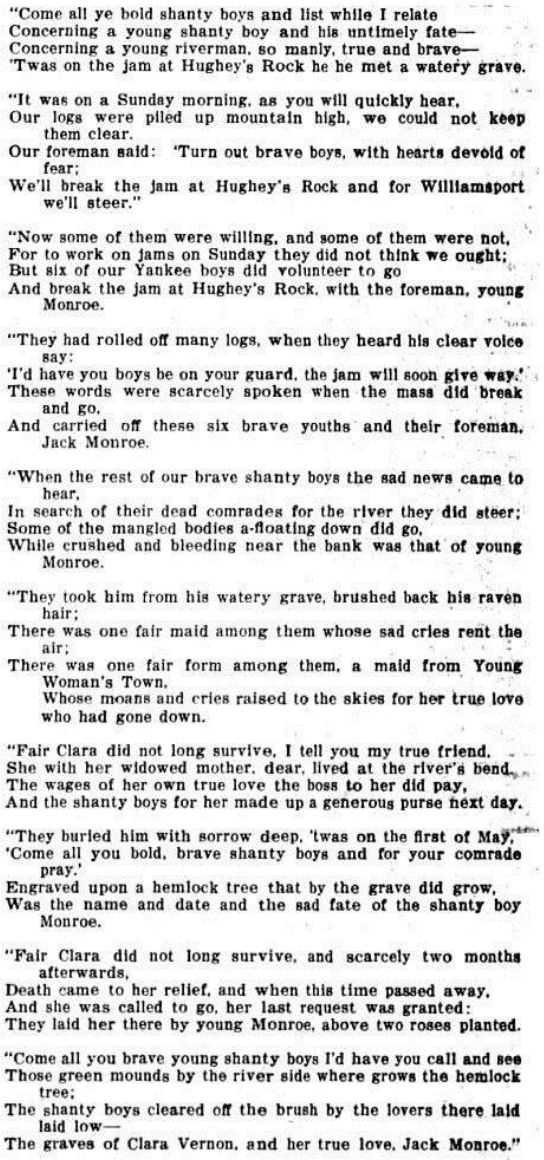
4 They had not rolled off many a log when they heard his clear voice say,
'You had better be on your guard, my lads, for the jam will soon give way.'

Fannie Hardy Eckstrom in her *Minstrelsy of Maine* (coauthored with Mary Winslow Smith, 1927). She concludes her "The Pursuit of a Ballad Myth" survey with the poignant remark:

> If I have lingered long over this song, it is because it is important to know the history of anything which has so profoundly moved the hearts of men. If I have failed it is because oblivion has already all but closed over the origin of the song and the incident it was based upon, which can hardly lie back of the memory of men now living. So swift is Time the effacer!

Indeed, Norm Cohen and I would defend the extended length of these tune notes by the same rationale. Eckstrom and Smith reproduce the earliest known text from 1904.

> *Come all you bold shanty boys and listen unto me.*
> *I'll have you to pay attention and listen unto me*
> *All about some true born shanty boys that was manfully and brave,*
> *It was on the jam at Gerry's Rocks where they met with a watery grave.*
>
> *It was on one Sunday morning when they volunteered to go*
> *To break that jam at Gerry's Rocks with the foreman, young Munroe.*
> *They had not moved but a log or two 'til the foreman to them did say,*
> *"I'll have you boys be on your guard, this jam will soon give way."*
> *But scarcely had these words been heard 'til the jam did break and go,*
> *Carried off six of our bold shanty boys and the foreman, young Munroe.*



"Come all ye bold shanty boys and list while I relate
Concerning a young shanty boy and his untimely fate—
Concerning a young riverman, so manly, true and brave—
'Twas on the jam at Hughey's Rock he he met a watery grave.

"It was on a Sunday morning, as you will quickly hear,
Our logs were piled up mountain high, we could not keep them clear.
Our foreman said: 'Turn out brave boys, with hearts devoid of fear;
We'll break the jam at Hughey's Rock and for Williamsport we'll steer."

"Now some of them were willing, and some of them were not,
For to work on jams on Sunday they did not think we ought;
But six of our Yankee boys did volunteer to go
And break the jam at Hughey's Rock, with the foreman, young Monroe.

"They had rolled off many logs, when they heard his clear voice say:
'I'd have you boys be on your guard, the jam will soon give way.'
These words were scarcely spoken when the mass did break and go,
And carried off these six brave youths and their foreman, Jack Monroe.

"When the rest of our brave shanty boys the sad news came to hear,
In search of their dead comrades for the river they did steer;
Some of the mangled bodies a-floating down did go,
While crushed and bleeding near the bank was that of young Monroe.

"They took him from his watery grave, brushed back his raven hair;
There was one fair maid among them whose sad cries rent the air;
There was one fair form among them, a maid from Young Woman's Town,
Whose moans and cries raised to the skies for her true love who had gone down.

"Fair Clara did not long survive, I tell you my true friend.
She with her widowed mother, dear, lived at the river's bend.
The wages of her own true love the boss to her did pay,
And the shanty boys for her made up a generous purse next day.

"They buried him with sorrow deep, 'twas on the first of May,
'Come all you bold, brave shanty boys and for your comrade pray.'
Engraved upon a hemlock tree that by the grave did grow,
Was the name and date and the sad fate of the shanty boy Monroe.

"Fair Clara did not long survive, and scarcely two months afterwards,
Death came to her relief, and when this time passed away,
And she was called to go, her last request was granted:
They laid her there by young Monroe, above two roses planted.

"Come all you brave young shanty boys I'd have you call and see
Those green mounds by the river side where grows the hemlock tree;
The shanty boys cleared off the brush by the lovers there laid laid low—
The graves of Clara Vernon, and her true love, Jack Monroe."

Oh, the rest of these poor shanty boys when the sad news did hear
And now for the river they did steer
To hunt for their lost comrades with their sad grief and woe
All cut and mangled on the beach was the head of young Munroe.

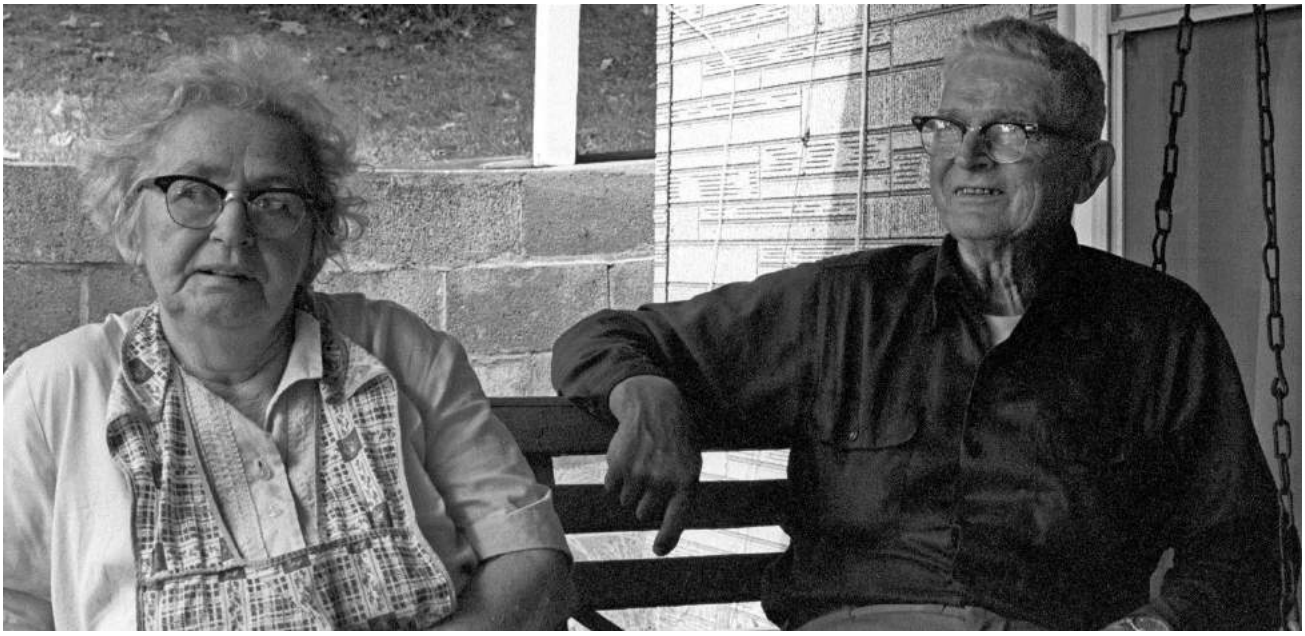
They taken it from its watery grave, brushed back his raven hair.
There was one sad form among them, her cries they rung the air.
There was one sad form among them, was a lady from Saginaw Town,
Her sighs and cries rung the skies, for "My love, he was drowned."

Photo of Wash Nelson: Mark Wilson, Ashland, KY 1973
"Young Munroe": M.C. Dean, *The Flying Cloud* (1922)
"The Jam on Gerry's Rocks": F.H. Eckstrom and M. W. Smyth, *Minstrelsy of Maine* (1927)
"The Jam on Hughey's Rocks": *Harrisburg Sunday Courier* (1938)
"The Jam": "Life Among the Loggers," *Harper's New Monthly Magazine* (1860)

Elsewhere in this survey: Vols. 1 and 5

Volume 8: *Under Western Skies*

15 **The Dying Cowboy - Hobert Stallard, vocal** (Laws B1, Roud 23650) (MW and Annadeene Fraley, Waterloo, OH, 8/29/73). Originally issued on Musical Traditions 344, *Meeting's A Pleasure Vol. 4*



Norm: "Cowboy's Lament" / "Tom Sherman's Barroom" was written by Francis Henry Maynard (1853-1926), a cowhand, trader, buffalo hunter, and, eventually, carpenter, under the title "The Cowboy's Lament," using as a model a nineteenth century Anglo-American broadside ballad, "The Dying (or Bad) Girl's Lament." According to Maynard,

> During the winter of 1876 I was working for a Grimes outfit which had started north with a trail herd from Matagorda Bay, Texas. We were wintering the herd on the Salt Fork of the Arkansas River.... One of the favorite songs of the cowboys was called "The Dying Girl's Lament," the story of a girl who had been betrayed by her lover and who lay dying in a hospital.... I had often amused myself by trying to write verses, and one dull winter day in camp to while away the time I began writing a poem which could be sung to the tune of "The Dying Girl's Lament." I made it a dying ranger, or cowboy, instead of a dying girl, and had the scene in Tom Sherman's barroom instead of a hospital.
>
> Tom Sherman was a noted character in the old cattle days. He first ran a dance hall and saloon in Great Bend in 1873, then moved to Dodge City, where he ran the

UNFORTUNATE LAD.

As I was walking down by the ? Hospital,
As I was walking one morning of late,
Who did I spy but my own dear comrade,
Wrapped in flannel so hard is his fate.

CHORUS.

Had she but told me when she disorder'd me
Had she but told me of it in time,
I might have got salts & pills of white mercury
But now I'm cut down in the height of my prime.

I boldy stepped up to him and kindly did ask him,
Why was he wrapp'd in flannel so white?
My body is injured and sadly disorder'd,
All by a young woman my own hearts delight.

My father oft told me, and oftimes chided me,
And said my wicked way would never do,
But I never minded him, nor ever heeded him,
Always kept up in my wicked ways.

Get six jolly fellows to carry my coffin,
And six pretty maidens to bear up my pall,
And give to each of them bunches of roses,
That they may not smell me as they go along.

Over my coffin put handsful of lavender,
Handsful of lavender on every side,
Bunches of roses all over my coffin, (prime.
Saying there goes a young man cut down in his

Muffle your drums, play your pipes merrily,
Play the dead march as you go along,
And fire your guns right over my coffin,
There goes an unfortunate lad to his home.

The Dying Cow-Boy.

(Published by request.)

As I rode down past Tom Sherman's bar-room,
Tom Sherman's bar-room, so early one day;
It was there I spied a once handsome cow-boy,
He was draped in white linen as though for his grave.

CHORUS.

Beat the drum lowly, and play the fife slowly,
Oh! play the dead march, as you bear me along.
Bear me to the graveyard and lay the sword o'er me;
I am a young ranger, I know I've done wrong.

I see by your outfit that you are a cow-boy;
These words he said, as I went riding by.
Come sit down by me and hear my sad story;
I'm shot through the breast, and know I must die.

Go bear this message to my gray-headed mother,
And drop the news gently to my sister dear.
But not one word of this place do you mention,
When they gather around you my story to hear.

But there is another as dear as my sister,
Will bitterly weep when she hears I'm gone,
But there is another may win her affections,
I am a young ranger, I know I've done wrong.

Once in my saddle I used to go dashing,
Once in my saddle I used to look gay;
I first took to drinking then took to gambling,
Got into a fight, and now to my grave.

Go gather around you a crowd of gay cow-boys
And tell them the tale of their comrades sad fate.
Tell each and all to take timely warning,
And quit their wild ways before it's too late.

Go bring to me a cup of cold water,
To bathe my flushed temples, the poor fellow said.
But ere I had reached him the spirit had left,
It had gone to the giver, the cow-boy was dead.

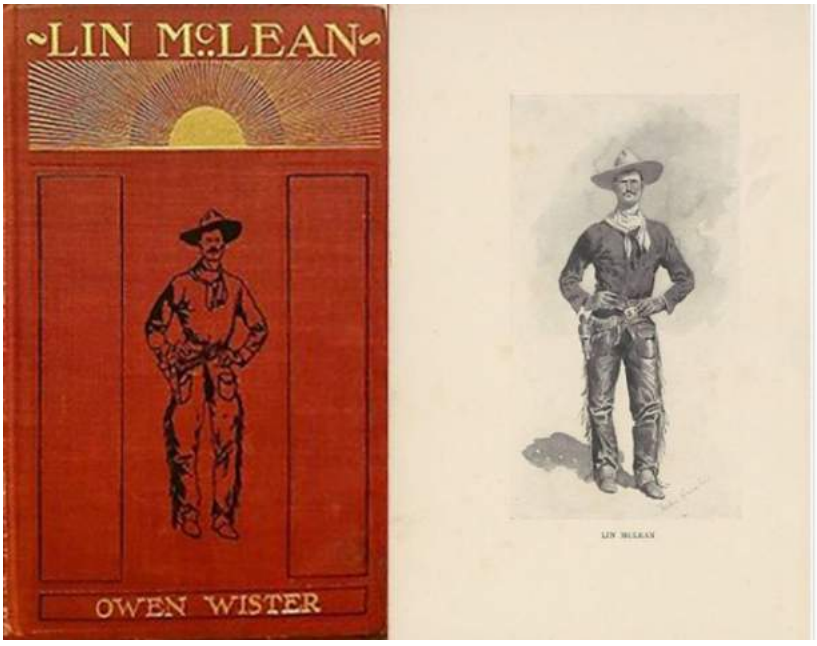
LAST CHORUS.

We'll beat the drum lowly, we'll play the fife slowly,
We'll play the dead march as we bear him along.
We all love our comrade, so brave and so handsome,
We all love the cow-boy, although he did wrong.

same sort of place until sometime in the ‘80s. All of the cowboys who came up from Texas knew Tom Sherman....

After I had finished the new words to the song I sang it to the boys in the outfit. They liked it and began singing it. It became popular with the boys in other outfits who heard it after we had taken our herd to market in Wichita the next spring, and from that time on I heard it sung everywhere on the range and trail.

“The Dying Girl’s Lament” had in turn been based on an Anglo-Irish ballad originating perhaps in the late 18th century, “The Unfortunate Rake/Lad,” which told the sad fate of a soldier who had contracted a fatal venereal disease (probably syphilis) and with his dying words gave instructions for his own military funeral, replete with fifes and drums and musket salutes. Maynard simply adapted the older ballad by inserting the trappings appropriate for a western cowboy, rather than a British musketeer, terminating his moral decline with a gunfight rather than a “social disease.” The omission of such indelicacies was a common fate of ballads brought to the New World. The original purpose of the roses scattered over the body was to conceal the odor of decomposition, another detail overlooked in the ballad’s American descendent. One of the settings in the British versions is St. James’s Hospital, one of the best-known hospitals in the U.K., and a place-name that survives in some American versions. It also provides the title for a derivative jazz standard probably originating in New Orleans in the early 20th century, “St. James’ Infirmary.” Some thirty jazz recordings were made under this title in the decade following Louis Armstrong’s version (recorded 12 Dec 1928 and issued on OK 8657). The ballad is one of a small handful of British imports that took hold in African-American tradition in the 20th century. It also served as a template for a great number of derivative pieces — from the San Francisco longshoremen’s strike of 1934 to college fraternities in the 1960s. Maynard published his poem in 1911 in *Rhymes of the Range and Trail*, reprinted in Frank Maynard and Jim Hoy, *Cowboy’s Lament* (2010).



LIN McLEAN

sank slowly, decently, steadily, down between the banks. The sound that it struck the bottom with was a slight sound, the grating of the load upon the solid sand; and a little sand strewed from the edge and fell on the box at the same moment. The rattle came up from below, compact and brief, a single jar, quietly smiting through the crowd, smiting it to silence. One removed his hat, and then another, and then all. They stood eying each his neighbor, and shifting their eyes, looked away at the great valley. Then they filled in the grave, brought a head-board from a grave near by, and wrote the name and date upon it by scratching with a stone.

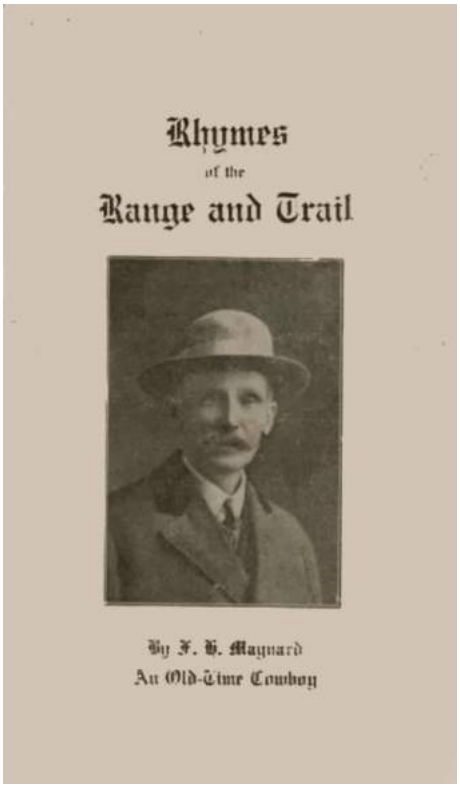
"She was sure one of us," said Chalkeye. "Let's give her the Lament."

And they followed his lead:

"Once in the saddle I used to go dashing,
Once in the saddle I used to go gay;
First took to drinking, and then to card-playing:
Got shot in the body, and now here I lay.

"Beat the drum slowly, play the fife lowly,
Sound the Dead March as you bear me along.
Take me to Boot-hill, and throw the sod over me—
I'm but a poor cow-boy, I know I done wrong."

When the song was ended, they left the graveyard quietly and went down the hill. The morning was growing warm. Their work waited them across many sunny miles of range and plain. Soon their voices and themselves had emptied away into the splendid vastness and si-

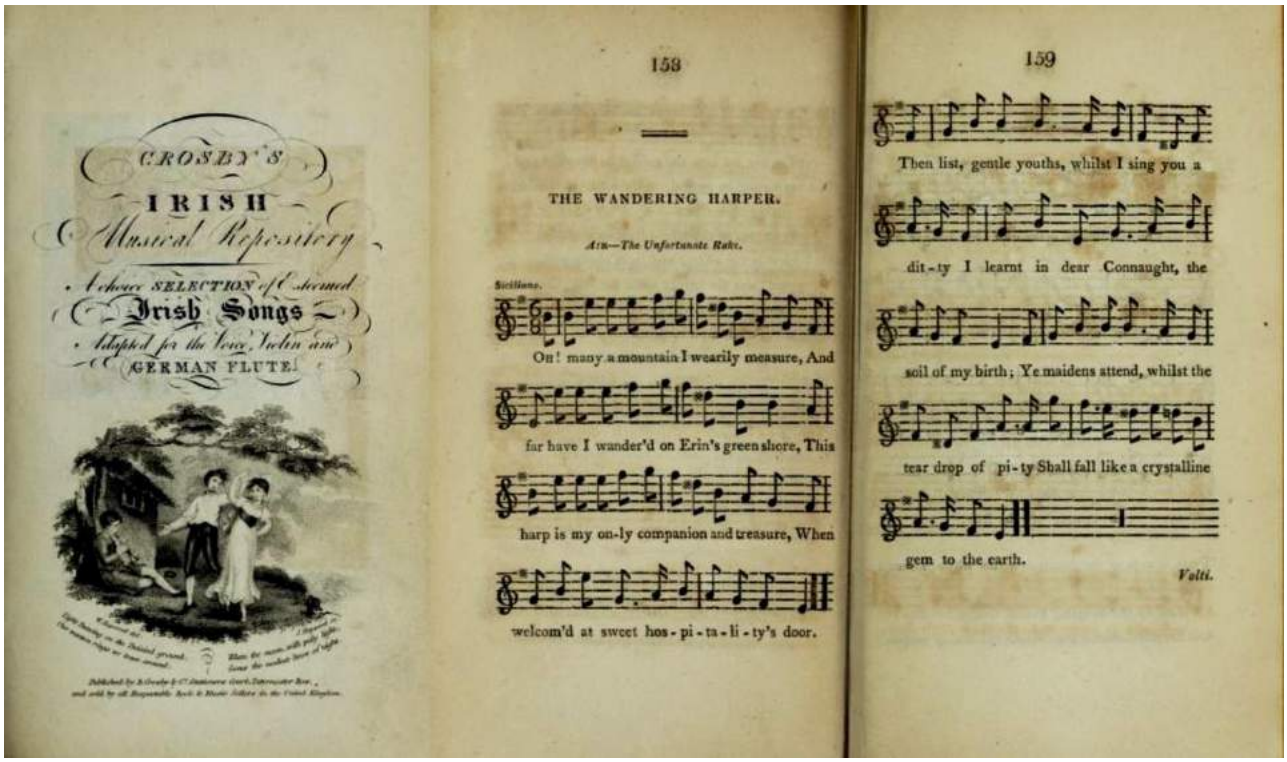


Mark: The Maynard/Hoy book that Norm cites contains an interesting letter to Maynard from a fellow cowboy that supplies a good impression of how poems like this became transmitted from one singer to another. Maynard did not attempt to publish the piece himself except in an extremely obscure pamphlet from 1919 (*Rhymes of the Range and Trail*), but a text very close to his was printed "by request" in a Kansas newspaper in 1881. By 1887 the song had found its way to the New York publisher Henry Weyman, containing substantial alterations to Maynard's lyrics. Another interesting set of early variations can be found in Jack Thorp's *Songs of the Cowboys* (1908) because it includes a borrowing from the original "Bad Girl's Lament" that Maynard himself did not use.

> *Send for my father. Oh, send for mother*
> *Send for the surgeon to look at my wounds*

In a later edition, Thorp remarks that "I first heard it sung in a bar-room in Wisner, Nebraska about 1886." Similar retentions from the parent song can be found in Dick Devall's unaccompanied Timely Tunes recording (1929) and "Iron Head" Baker's 1936 "St. James Hospital" (apparently retitled in a misleading manner by John Lomax, for Baker does not employ the phrase and his setting clearly reflects the cowboy revision). Insofar as I'm aware, the song's geographic displacement to Laredo, Texas first appears in John Lomax's 1910 version of *Cowboy Songs and other Frontier Ballads.* Many of the latter renditions appear to be influenced by Lomax's much fuller text. Bob Hart and Harry Cox (*inter alia*) have recorded good

British versions of the earlier “The Sailor Cut Down in His Prime,” and a New England version of the “Bad Girl’s Lament” can be found in the CD/book *One Rough Life* by Ted Ashlaw and Robert D. Bethke (2018). The well-known “Wrap Me Up in My Tarpaulin Jacket” comprises another branch of this variegated family. Kenneth Lodewick’s original survey of the song’s genealogy (“’The Unfortunate Rake’ and His Descendants”) is reprinted in Norm Cohen’s collection *All This for a Song* (2011). Our own discussion continues further in our notes to “The Gambler’s Blues” in Volume 4.


CROSBY'S
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Irish Songs
Adapted for the Voice, Violin and
GERMAN FLUTE.

158

THE WANDERING HARPER.

Air—The Unfortunate Rake.

Sostenuto.

On! many a mountain I wearily measure, And
far have I wander'd on Erin's green shore, This
harp is my on-ly companion and treasure, When
welcom'd at sweet hos-pi-ta-li-ty's door.

159

Then list, gentle youths, whilst I sing you a
dit-ty I learnt in dear Connaught, the
soil of my birth; Ye maidens attend, whilst the
tear drop of pi-ty Shall fall like a crystalline
gem to the earth.

Volti.

With respect to melody, one can probably localize a performer’s position along the chain of transmission descending from Maynard according to the air utilized. The Baker and Devall recordings employ minor strains akin to those sometimes employed for “The Bad Girl’s Lament” in the South (e.g., Texas Gladden’s Library of Congress recording “One Morning in May,” discussed in Stephen Wade, *The Beautiful Music All Around* (2012)). In the *Bulletin of the Folksong Society of the Northeast* (1934), Phillips Barry cites the attached Irish song as the earliest setting of the original air. Most (but not all) intermediate versions employ the alternative melody that Hobert Stallard utilizes here, which strikes me as a variation upon the Irish “Molly Malone” or ““Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms.” (Barry cites the sentimental ballad “Norah McShane” as predecessor, although none of these represents an exact match.) Hobert quite possibly heard the piece over West Virginia radio as it was quite popular in this period (his abbreviated text is close to those found in Asher Sizemore’s song folios of the 1930s). Sometime in the 1920s the Laredo text became grafted to the venerable

Irish tune “The Bard of Armagh,” possibly under the influence of John McCormick’s popular recording of 1920 (the first example of which I’m aware: Harry McClintock’s 1928 recording). Through its repeated employment as a background theme in Hollywood westerns, this revised setting is now regarded as *de rigeur* for the song. It is worth remarking that a similar standardization also occurred with respect to “Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie,” where a rather jaunty melody has displaced the older minor setting that Fields Ward employs in our Volume 8.

*Tis early one morning I rode over to Charleston
It was early one morning I rode over there.
I met a young cowboy all dressed in white linen
With sparkling blue eyes and curly brown hair.

“Once in my saddle I used to go dashing.
Once in my saddle I used to ride gay.
I first took to drinking and then to card playing.
I'm shot in the heart and dying today.”

“Don't write to my mommy, please do not inform her
Of the wretched condition that's called me in.
For I know it would grieve her, the loss of her darling.
Oh, could I return to my childhood again?”

“Go beat the drum slowly and play the fife sadly
And play the dead march as they carry me along.
Go carry me to the graveyard and throw the sod o’er me,
For I'm a poor cowboy, and I know I've done wrong.”

THE TRIBUNE, DILLON, MON

Songs the Cowboys Sang

"On the Western Trail"—A cowboy group, the work of the famous woman sculptor, Sally Jones Farnham, recently exhibited in New York.

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

ONE of the current Broadway stage successes is a play which bears the title of "Green Grow the Lilacs," and sophisticated Gotham, which doesn't usually think a song is worth singing unless it came out of Tin Pan Alley, is delighted with the songs in that play.

And the majority of them had their origin, not in New York, but in the Southwest—they are songs which the cowboys used to sing!

This incident is another example of the increasing interest of Americans in the folklore of their country. That interest has manifested itself in various forms—in the popularity of the negro spirituals of the South, in the revival of singing of ballads of past generations (ballads which prove conclusively that, although many of them trace back directly to the old English ballads, America had a native balladry) and in the wider dissemination of the legends of Paul Bunyan, Pecos Bill and John Henry, myth heroes created in the fertile imaginations of the lumberjacks, the cowboys and the negro railroad workers, respectively.

The play referred to above takes its name from a song, "Green Grow the Lilacs," which has been sung in the Southwest for generations. Its origin is veiled in obscurity. One critic has ventured the opinion that it traces its ancestry back to Robert Burns' poem, "Green Grow the Rashes." If so, perhaps somewhere in the line of descent may be found a song popular with the American soldiers during the Mexican war, "Green Grow the Rushes, O!" and there is a legend that the Mexican name for Americans, "gringoes" is a corruption of the words "green grows."

Another of the songs of this play which is said to have been an old favorite in the Southwest, hence was well known in Oklahoma, the native state of Lynn Riggs, author of the play, is "My Name is Sam Hall." There is no doubt about the origin of this song for it comes from London where it was a cellar ditty. In 1848 W. G. Ross, a Scotch low comedian, was singing in Cider Cellars in Maiden Lane, Covent Gardens, (the original, incidentally, of Back Kitchen in "Pendennis") and "My name is Sam Hall," was one of his "hits."

How did this song find its way to the old Indian territory? Did some adventurous Cockney carry it there or did some disgraced "younger son," who could not live in England and who had fled to the American frontier where no questions were asked about a man's past, first sing it along the banks of the Canadian or the Cimarron? No one knows! But the cowboys once sang it on the Oklahoma range and it is their version, slightly changed from the original English version, which is being sung on Broadway today.

In reality, though, this is not so unusual for an examination of the collection of old cowboy songs, made by John A. Lomax of Texas several years ago, will show that many of the favorites among the cowboys, especially those of the more sentimental type (and the cowboy was strong for the song which dripped with sentimentality) closely resemble some of the old English ballads and probably trace directly from them. Some typical ones, given in the Lomax collection, are those which bear the titles "Bonnie Black Bess," "Fair Fannie Moore," "Her White Bosom Bare" and "Young Charlotte."

More than that, investigators of this type of folk song have revealed the fact that many of the best known cowboy songs are nothing more than adaptations of sentimental ballads of an earlier day. This is true of one of the most famous of them all—a song variously known as "The Dying Cowboy," "The Cowboy's Lament" and "The Lone Prairie," a song of innumerable verses and of many variations both as to the wording of the different stanzas and the chorus which follows each stanza. In practically all versions the first stanza is the same:

"Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie."
These words came low and mournfully
From the pallid lips of a youth who lay
On his dying bed at the close of day.

By making allowance for much "local color" it is easy to see how "The Lone Prairie" song was adapted from the song, "The Ocean Burial," words by W. H. Saunders, music by G. N. Allen, which appears in "The Nightingale," a book of songs for "Juvenile Classes, Public Schools and Seminaries," compiled by W. O. and H. S. Perkins and published by Ditson in 1859. The first verse of "The Ocean Burial" tells how:

"O, bury me not in the deep, deep sea,"
The words came low and mournfully
From the pallid lips of a youth who lay
On his cabin couch at close of day.

and its other numerous verses describe the deathbed scene minutely and with a wealth of detail, only, of course, the scenes are laid on the "deep, deep sea" instead of the "lone prairie-e-e."

Nearly as famous a cowboy song as "The Lone Prairie" is another also variously called "The Cowboy's Lament" and "The Dying Cowboy," which has this chorus:

"Oh, beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly,
Play the Dead March as you carry me along;
Take me to the churchyard and lay the sod o'er me
For I'm a young cowboy, I know I've done wrong."

Different authorities on cowboy songs and other native American ballads credit the authorship of this song to various persons and the usual statement is that "it appeared on the ranges in the early eighties." Although it is difficult to determine the authorship of a ballad, since such a song usually represents the contribution of a succession of amateur bards rather than the work of a single poet, it is my belief that, as nearly as the authorship of "The Cowboy's Lament" can be determined, credit for it belongs to the late F. H. Maynard of Colorado Springs, Colo., an old-time cowboy. Here is his story as he told it to me several years ago:

"During the winter of 1870 I was working for a Grimes outfit which had started north with a trail herd from Matagorda Bay, Texas. We were wintering the herd on the Salt Fork of the Arkansas river on the border of Kansas and Indian territory, waiting for the spring market to open at Wichita.

"One of the favorite songs of the cowboys in those days was called 'The Dying Girl's Lament,' the story of a girl who had been betrayed by her lover and who lay dying in a hospital. I don't remember all of the song but it began something like this:

As I walked down by St. James hospital
St. James hospital, so early one day,
etc., etc.

"I had often amused myself by trying to write verse and one dull winter day in camp, to while away the time, I began writing a poem which could be sung to the tune of 'The Dying Girl's Lament.' I made it a dying ranger or cowboy instead of a dying girl and had the scene in Tom Sherman's barroom instead of a hospital.

"Tom Sherman was a noted character in the old cattle trail days, a big strapping fellow six feet six or six feet seven tall, who first ran a dance hall and saloon in Great Bend in 1873 and then moved to Dodge City where he ran the same sort of place until some time in the '80s. All of the cowboys who came up from Texas knew Tom Sherman.

"After I had finished the new words I sang it to the boys in our outfit. They liked it and began singing it. It became popular with the boys in other outfits who heard it after we had taken our herd to market in Wichita the next spring and from that time on I heard it sung everywhere on the range and trail."

So "The Cowboy's Lament" is another example of a favorite cowboy song which was an adaptation of an earlier ballad. Mr. Maynard's version, written in 1870 and thus antedating other versions by five and possibly ten years, had for its first verse the following:

As I rode down by Tom Sherman's barroom
By Tom Sherman's barroom so early one day,
There I espied a handsome young ranger
All wrapped in white linen, as cold as the clay.

"I see by your outfit that you're a ranger."
The words that he said as I went riding by,
"Come, sit down beside me, and hear my sad story;
I'm shot through the breast and know I must die."

CHORUS:

Then muffle the drums and play the dead march;
Play the dead march as I'm carried along;
Take me to the churchyard and lay the sod o'er me,
I'm a young ranger and know I've done wrong.

The version of this song, as given in Lomax's collection and as it is often reprinted, starts out:

As I walked out in the streets of Laredo,
As I walked out in Laredo one day,
I spied a poor cowboy wrapped up in white linen,
Wrapped up in white linen, as cold as the clay.

"O, beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly,
Play the Dead March as you carry me along;
Take me to the green valley, there lay the sod o'er me,
For I'm a young cowboy and I know I've done wrong.

"I see by your outfit that you are a cowboy,"
These words he did say as I boldly stepped by,
"Come sit down beside me and hear my sad story;
I was shot in the breast and I know I must die."

From which it will be seen that in the years in which the fame of this "poor cowboy who done wrong" has spread the scene of his untimely demise has been changed to Laredo, Texas. But before it is too late, I want to register this footnote to history and say that it took place in Dodge City, Kan.! I know, because the man who killed him (in a song) told me so!

(©, 1931, Western Newspaper Union.)

SONGS OF THE COWBOYS

N. Howard Thorp

News Print Shop
ESTANCIA, NEW MEXICO

Now there's one thing and a sure thing I've learned
since I was born
That all these educated fellows are not green horns.

Cow Boys Lament.

'Twas once in my saddle I used to be happy
'Twas once in my saddle I used to be gay
But I first took to drinking, then to gambling
A shot from a six-shooter took my life away.

My curse let it rest, let it rest on the fair one
Who drove me from friends that I loved and from home
Who told me she loved me, just to deceive me
My curse rest upon her, wherever she roam.

Oh she was fair, Oh she was lovely
The belle of the Viliage the fairest of all
But her heart was as cold as the snow on the mountains
She gave me up for the glitter of gold.

I arrived in Galveston in old Texas
Drinking and gambling I went to give o'er
But, I met with a Greaser and my life he has finished
Home and relations I ne'er shall see more.

Send for my father, Oh send for mother
Send for the surgeon to look at my wounds
But I fear it is useless I feel I am dying
I'm a young cow-boy cut down in my bloom.

Farewell my friends, farewell my relations
My earthly career has cost me sore
The cow-boy ceased talking, they knew he was dying
His trials on earth, forever were o'er.

Chor. Beat your drums lightly, play your fifes merrily
Sing your dearth march as you bear me along
Take me to the grave yard, lay the sod o'er me
I'm a young cow-boy and know I've done wrong.

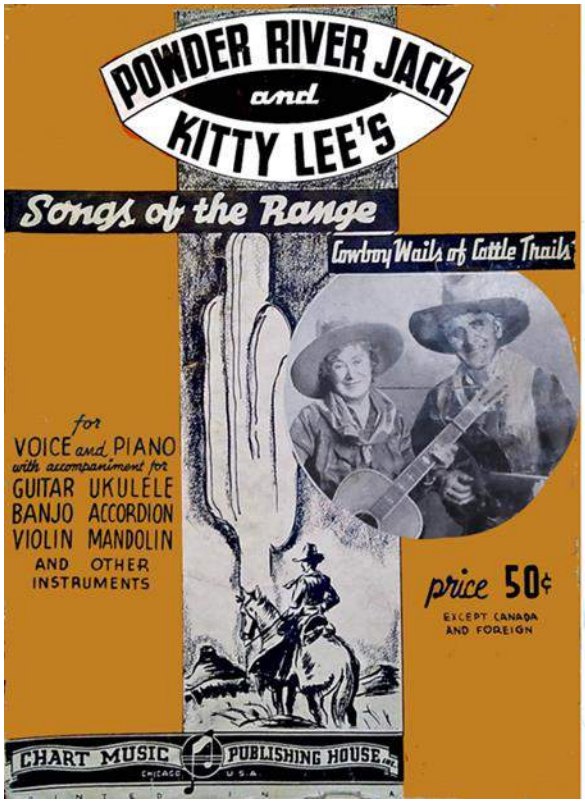
Chopo.

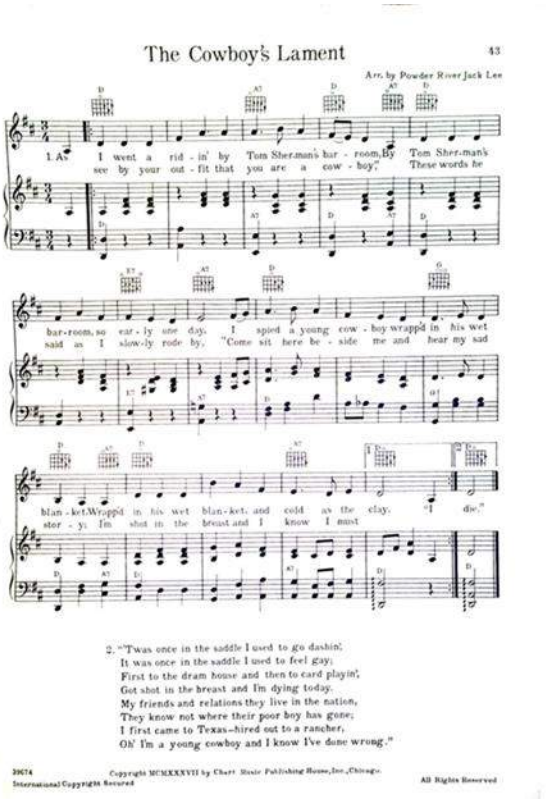
Through rocky arroyas so dark and so deep
Down the sides of the mountains so slippery and steep
You've good judgment, sure footed, wherever you go
You're a safety conveyance my little Chopo

Whether single or double or in the lead of a team
Over highways or byways or crossing a stream
You're always in fix and willing to go
Whenever you're called on, my chico Chopo.

You're a good roping horse, you were never jerked down
When tied to a steer, you will circle him round
Let him once cross the string, and over he'll go
You sabe the business, my cow horse Chopo.

One day on the Llano, a hail storm began
The herds were stampeded, the horses all ran
The lightning it glittered, a cyclone did blow
But you faced the sweet music my little Chopo.





The Cowboy's Lament 43

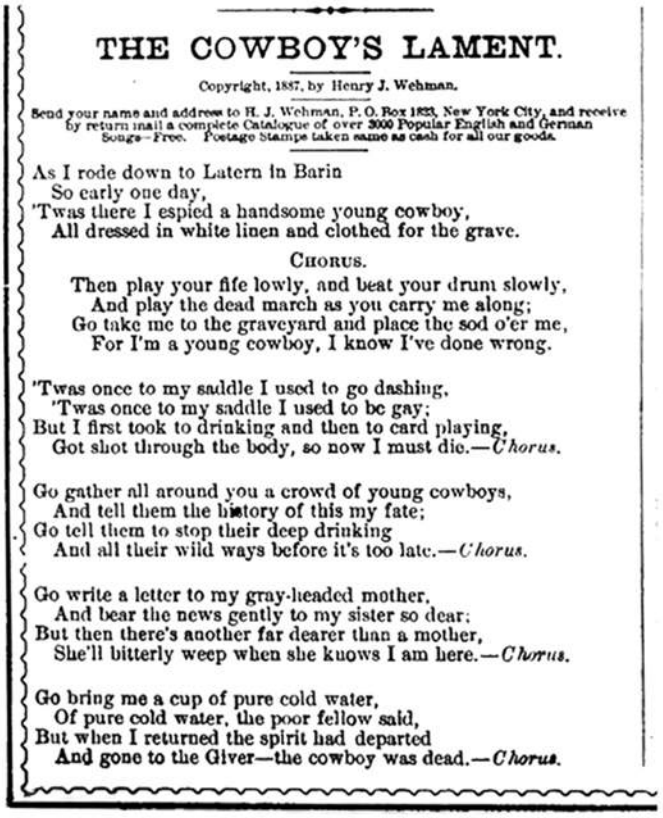
Arr. by Powder River Jack Lee

1. As I went a rid - in' by Tom Sher-man's bar - room, By Tom Sher-man's
see by your out - fit that you are a cow - boy," These words he

bar-room, so ear - ly one day, I spied a young cow - boy wrapp'd in his wet
said as I slow-ly rode by, "Come sit here be - side me and hear my sad

blan - ket, Wrapp'd in his wet blan-ket, and cold as the clay. "I die."
stor - y, I'm shot in the breast and I know I must

2. "'Twas once in the saddle I used to go dashin',
It was once in the saddle I used to feel gay;
First to the dram house and then to card playin',
Got shot in the breast and I'm dying today.
My friends and relations they live in the nation,
They know not where their poor boy has gone;
I first came to Texas—hired out to a rancher,
Oh! I'm a young cowboy and I know I've done wrong."



THE COWBOY'S LAMENT.

As I rode down to Latern in Barin
So early one day,
'Twas there I espied a handsome young cowboy,
All dressed in white linen and clothed for the grave.

CHORUS.

Then play your fife lowly, and beat your drum slowly,
And play the dead march as you carry me along;
Go take me to the graveyard and place the sod o'er me,
For I'm a young cowboy, I know I've done wrong.

'Twas once to my saddle I used to go dashing,
'Twas once to my saddle I used to be gay;
But I first took to drinking and then to card playing,
Got shot through the body, so now I must die.—*Chorus.*

Go gather all around you a crowd of young cowboys,
And tell them the history of this my fate;
Go tell them to stop their deep drinking
And all their wild ways before it's too late.—*Chorus.*

Go write a letter to my gray-headed mother,
And bear the news gently to my sister so dear;
But then there's another far dearer than a mother,
She'll bitterly weep when she knows I am here.—*Chorus.*

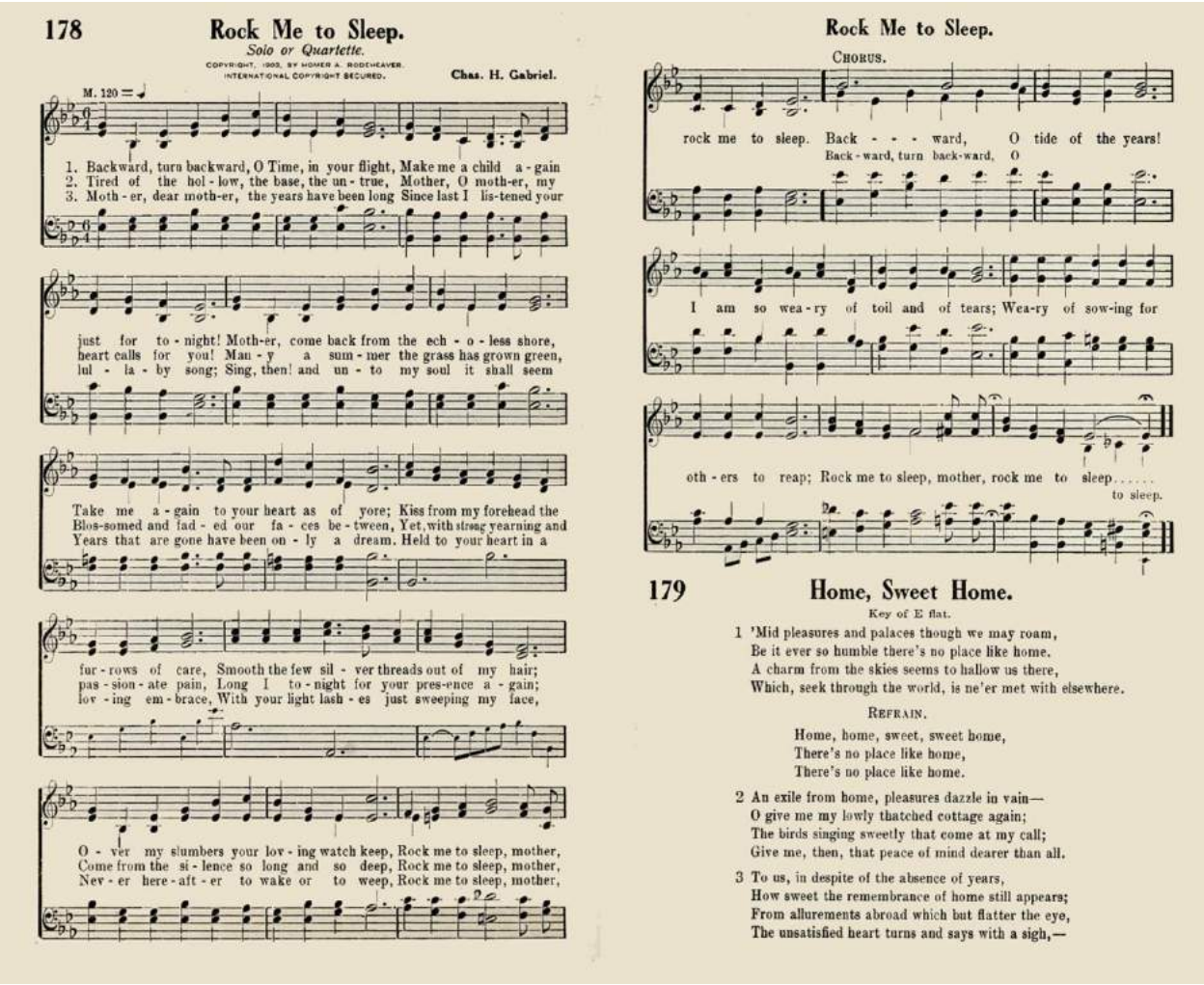
Go bring me a cup of pure cold water,
Of pure cold water, the poor fellow said,
But when I returned the spirit had departed
And gone to the Giver—the cowboy was dead.—*Chorus.*

Photo of Mr. and Mrs. Hobert Stallard: Carole Cochran, Waterloo, OH 1973
"Unfortunate Lad": undated broadside in the Bodleian Library
"The Dying Cow-Boy": *The Longton Gleaner* (1881)
"Cowboy's Lament": Owen Wister, *Lin McLean* (1898)
"Frank Maynard at 23": Frank Maynard and Jim Hoy, *Cowboy's Lament* (2010)
cover: F. H. Maynard, *Rhymes of the Range and Trail* (1918)
"The Wandering Harper": *Crosby's Irish Musical Repertory* (1808)
"Songs the Cowboys Sang": Elmo Scott Watson, *The Dillon Montana Tribune* (1931)
"Cow Boys Lament": N. Howard Thorp, *Songs of the Cowboys* (1908)
"The Cowboy's Lament": Powder River Jack and Kitty Lee, *Songs of the Range* (1937)
"The Cowboy's Lament": Henry Weyman, ed., *Weyman's Collection of Songs No. 16* (1887)

Elsewhere in this survey: Vol. 8

16 **Make Me a Cowboy Again for a Day - Glenn Ohrlin, vocal and guitar** (J.P. Fraley, fiddle, and Gordon McCann, second guitar*)* (Roud 5092) (MW, Mountain View, AR, 12/96). Originally issued on Rounder 0420, *A Cowboy's Life*

Mark: By now most familiar cowboy songs have been traced to their authors, partially due to the internet's capacities for searching old newspapers in which these songs were first printed. The present piece remains an exception, although we can otherwise delineate the details of its subsequent transmission fairly accurately. It represents a parody of a well-known poem by


178

Rock Me to Sleep.

Solo or Quartette.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 120

1. Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight, Make me a child a - gain
2. Tired of the hol - low, the base, the un - true, Mother, O moth-er, my
3. Moth - er, dear moth-er, the years have been long Since last I lis-tened your

just for to - night! Moth-er, come back from the ech - o - less shore,
heart calls for you! Man - y a sum - mer the grass has grown green,
lul - la - by song; Sing, then! and un - to my soul it shall seem

Take me a - gain to your heart as of yore; Kiss from my forehead the
Blos-somed and fad - ed our fa - ces be - tween, Yet, with strong yearning and
Years that are gone have been on - ly a dream. Held to your heart in a

fur - rows of care, Smooth the few sil - ver threads out of my hair;
pas - sion - ate pain, Long I to - night for your pres-ence a - gain;
lov - ing em - brace, With your light lash - es just sweeping my face,

O - ver my slumbers your lov - ing watch keep, Rock me to sleep, mother,
Come from the si - lence so long and so deep, Rock me to sleep, mother,
Nev - er here - aft - er to wake or to weep, Rock me to sleep, mother,

Rock Me to Sleep.

CHORUS.

rock me to sleep. Back - - - ward, O tide of the years!
Back - ward, turn back-ward, O

I am so wea - ry of toil and of tears; Wea-ry of sow-ing for

oth - ers to reap; Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.....
to sleep.

179

Home, Sweet Home.

Key of E flat.

1 'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble there's no place like home.
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

REFRAIN.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There's no place like home,
There's no place like home.

2 An exile from home, pleasures dazzle in vain—
O give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
The birds singing sweetly that come at my call;
Give me, then, that peace of mind dearer than all.

3 To us, in despite of the absence of years,
How sweet the remembrance of home still appears;
From allurements abroad which but flatter the eye,
The unsatisfied heart turns and says with a sigh,—

Elizabeth Akers Allen that was published in the *Saturday Evening Post* of 1859. It was frequently set to music (and, just as frequently, plagiarized) in various hymnals thereafter, with settings that differ from that which Glenn utilizes here. As the reader can see, the original poem nostalgically recalls a deceased mother. The Texas historian J. Evetts Haley reports hearing this cowboy revision on the cow trail in 1920 without a credited author, undoubtedly shortly after it was first written (note its references to airplanes as tokens of the "modern"). It strikes me as a considerable improvement on Allen's original. Evetts also seems to have been responsible for the text's subsequent appearances in newspaper columns such as the attached

Come, all you girls of fashion, to you these lines I'll write,
I'm going out on the buffalo range, on which I take delight,
I'm going out on the buffalo range, as we poor hunters do—
Those old, sore-footed fellows can stay at home with you.

Our game is the antelope, the buffalo, and deer,
That roam these wide prairies without the least of fear,
And when we come upon them our guns have effects—
They raise their tails, punch the breeze, and almost break their necks.

Our fires are made of buffalo chips, our beds are on the ground,
Our houses are of buffalo robes, we build 'em tall and round;
Our furniture's the camp kettle, the coffee pot, and pan,
Our chuck is bread and buffalo meat, well mingled with the sand.

The buffalo bull's a noble beast, most noble of his band,
And sometimes he refuses to throw us up his hand;
His shaggy mane pitched forward, his head he raises high,
As if to say, "Old Hunter, look out for your eye."

Around him with Sharps rifles and the needle gun so true,
Which causes him to bite the dust, we send our bullets through.
We rob him of his robe and think it is no harm—
They buy us chuck and clothing, to keep our bodies warm.

Our neighbors are the Comanches, likewise the Kickapoo,[4]
Their mode of emigration is riding ponies, too,
And if they were to emigrate I'm sure I wouldn't care—
'Cause I dont' like the way they've got of raising hunters' hair.

BACKWARD, TURN BACKWARD

Many frontier ballads are merely parodies upon familiar songs or poems. A ballad that I happened upon in the summer of 1920 will illustrate. Flint Cosby and I were working together on the old Long S Ranch north of Big Spring. We were on the trail with a herd of cattle, and Flint and I were bringing up the "drags." Flint was a good cowhand and, characteristically, a proportionately poor singer; but no minstrel of the ranges ever had a more appreciative audience than Flint had that day.

[4]"The northern hunters substituted Cheyenne and Arapahoe."—Mullens.

Three years ago I read the ballad at the annual banquet of the Panhandle-Plains Historical Society at Canyon. It was printed in a newspaper and its authorship erroneously accredited to me.[5] I do not know who the author is, but I have found the song a favorite wherever it has been heard, especially among the old time cowboys of the Plains country. Its reminiscent spirit appeals to those who have lived in the cow country and who are nearing "the end of the trail." It is a parody on "Rock Me to Sleep," by Elizabeth Akers Allen.

Backward, turn backward, oh time on your wheels,
Airplanes, wagons, and automobiles.
Dress me once more in a sombrero that flaps,
Spurs, a flannel shirt, boots, slicker, and chaps.
Give me a six-shooter or two in my hand,
And show me a steer to rope and brand.
Out where the sage brush is dusty and gray,
Make me a cowboy again for a day.

Give me a bronc that knows how to dance,
Buckskin of color and wicked of glance,
New to the feeling of bridle and bits;
Give me a quirt that will sting where it hits,
Strap on poncho behind in roll,
And pass me the lariat, so dear to my soul;
Then over the trail let me lope far away.
Make me a cowboy again for a day.

Thunder of hoofs over range as we ride,
Hissing of iron and smoking of hide,
Bellow of cattle and snort of cayuse,
Longhorns from Texas as wild as the deuce;
Midnight stampedes and milling of herds,
Yells from the cowmen, too angry for words;
Right in the midst of it all I would stay.
Make me a cowboy again for a day.

Under the star-studded canopy vast,
Camp-fire, coffee, and comfort at last;
Tales of the ranchmen and rustlers retold
Over the pipes as the embers grow cold;
These are the tunes that old memories play.
Make me a cowboy again for a day.

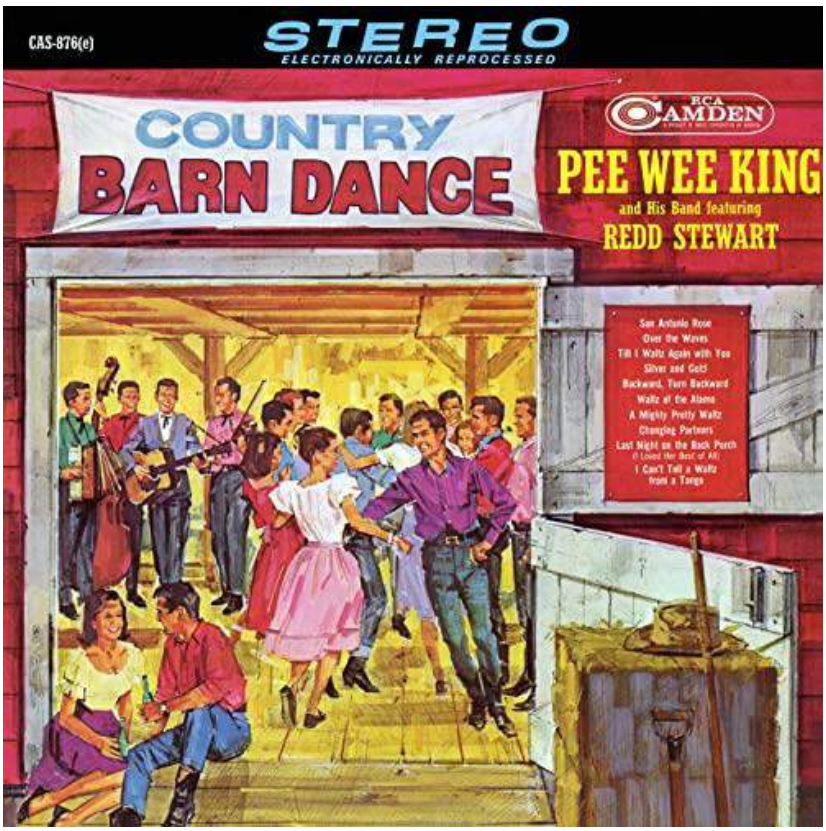
[5]It was printed in **The Prairie**, Canyon, Texas, and has since been copied by many papers of the Southwest.

1927 item from the *Frontier Times*. Peg Moreland recorded the lyrics for Victor in 1929, and it has occasionally popped up in other recordings ever since. In 1953 Pee Wee King released a romantically refocused rewrite (by Dave Coleman) as "Backwards Turn Backwards." (The King outfit converted a fair number of traditional songs into Country and Western updates which have significantly affected "folk" performance thereafter, e.g., the King/Kay Starr recasting of "Bonaparte's Retreat"—see our notes in Volume 11.) Slim Whitman released a particularly popular "cover" in 1962. In his fine book of cowboy songs (*The Hellbound Train*, 1973), Glenn wrote:

> "Backward, Turn Backward, O Time, in Your Flight" has been a familiar sentimental song since before the turn of the century. While I heard Joe Cavanaugh in the process of making his parody in 1954, there is an older cowboy version of the same song. George B. German of South Dakota credits this version to Joe and Zack Miller of the old 101 Ranch Wild West show. I have the old Peg Moreland record of it on tape. I also

collected it in manuscript form from Jim McElroy of Fox, Arkansas, who thinks a lot of this song because "it sure gets a bunch of good stuff in there." I agree, Jim!

The composers' credit to Joe and Zack Miller strikes me as dubious. Insofar as I can tell, Glenn's melody derives from the Pee Wee King reworking, for the previously published settings of which I'm aware (e.g., Jules Allen's *Cowboy Lore* or *The Happy Cowboy,* of 1934) are quite different.



CALL OF THE RANGE

(By An Old-Time Cowboy.)

Backward, turn backward, oh time on your wheels,
Airplanes, wagons and automobiles, dress me once more in a sombrero that flaps
Spurs, a flannel shirt, boots, slicker and chaps;
Give me a six-shooter or two in my hand,
And show me a steer to rope and brand.
Out where the sagebrush is dusty and gray,
Make me a cowboy again for a day.

Give me a bronc that knows how to dance,
Buckskin of color and wicked of glance;
New to the feeling of bridle and bits,
Give me a quirt that will sting where it hits.
Strap on a poncho behind in a roll, and pass me the lariat so dear to my soul.
Then over the trail let me lope far away,
Make me a cowboy again for a day.

Thunder of hoofs over range as we ride,
Hissing of iron and smoking of hide; Bellow of cattle and snort of cavuse,
Longhorns from Texas, as wild as the deuce.
Midnight stampedes and milling of the herds,
Yells from the cowmen, too angry for words.
Right in the midst of it all I would stay,
Make me a cowboy again for a day.

Under the star-studded canopy vast, Camp fire coffey, and comfort at last.
Tales of the ranchmen and rustlers retold,
Over the pipes, as the embers grow cold;
These are the tunes that old memories play,
Make me a cowboy again for a day.

—San Angelo Standard.

Our NAT group was fortunate to record several cowboy singers of the old school. Glenn was probably the best known of these, due to his frequent appearances at cowboy poetry gatherings and the like. Lou Curtiss introduced me to him in 1968, and Lou and I coproduced Glenn's first record for Rounder a few years later. (He had recorded two LPs previously on other labels). I recorded a second CD (*A Cowboy's Life*) in 1996 at his ranch in Arkansas when I was collaborating with Gordon McCann (heard on second guitar here) in the Ozarks. Not liking the term "collector," we generally labeled ourselves as "producers" on those albums, although we performed few of the functions that this label connotes. In general, we refrained from interfering with an artist's style beyond steering them towards the more traditional sides of their repertories. However, in the case of this selection, I made an exception. I had always loved the fiddle on the old Victor 78's of cowboy singing and was greatly pleased when J.P.

Fraley cheerfully agreed to drive out to the Ozarks with me. Glenn was accustomed to singing alone and was apprehensive of needing to coordinate with an accompanist. However, J.P. quickly won him over (as he did with everyone he ever met!). Years later Glenn told me that he thought that this was the best of the records he made.

Norm Cohen reports that in junior high school he heard the parody:

Onward, turn onward, O time in your flight:
Make the bell ring before I recite.

Glenn himself heard it thus at a rodeo in 1954:

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight ,
Bring back my ability if just for tonight.
Bring back that riding ability of mine.
Don't let the bull buck my ass off this time!

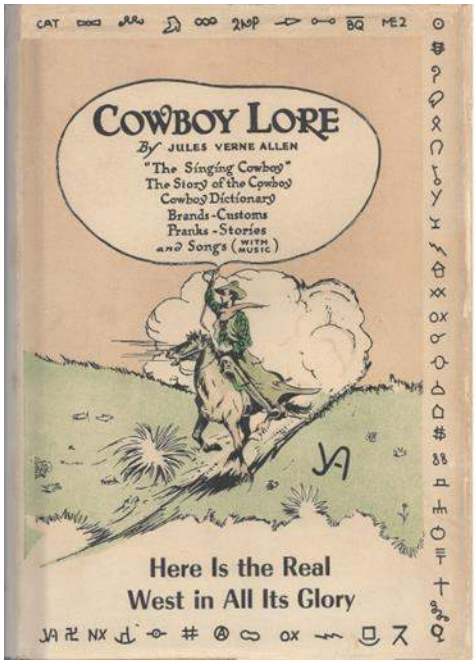
Besides the authentic cowboys such as Glenn, our Volume 8 also features several western songs that managed to wander further afield (into the Appalachians).

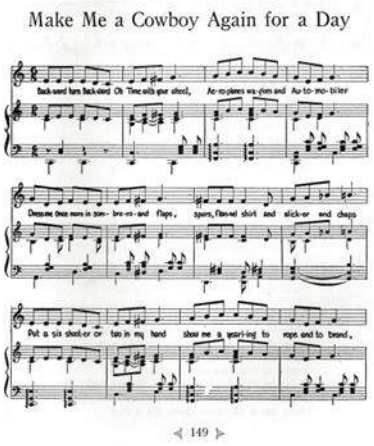
Backward, turn backward, O Time, with your wheels
Airplanes, wagons, and automobiles.
Dress me once more in sombrero that flaps,
Spurs and a flannel shirt, slicker and chaps.
Put a six-shooter or two in my hand,
Show me the yearling to rope and to brand.
Out where the sagebrush is dusty and gray,
Make me a cowboy again for a day.

Give me a bronco that knows how to dance,
Buckskin of color and wicked of glance.
New to the feel of bridles and bits,
Give me a quirt that will sting when it hits.
Strap on a poncho behind in a roll.
Give me a lariat dear to my soul.
Over the trail let me gallop away.
Make me a cowboy again for a day.

Galloping over the ranges so wide,
Sizzle of iron and smoking of hide.
Beller of maverick and snort of cayuse,
Longhorns from Texas as wild as the deuce.
Midnight stampede and the milling of herds,
Shouts of the cowboys too angry for words.
Right in the midst of it all I would say,
"Make me a cowboy again for a day."

Under a star-studded canopy vast,
Campfire and comfort and coffee at last.
Bacon that sizzles and crisps in a pan
After a roundup tastes good to a man.
Stories of ranchers and rustlers retold
Over the pipes as the embers grow cold.
These are the tunes that old memories play
Make me a cowboy again for a day.





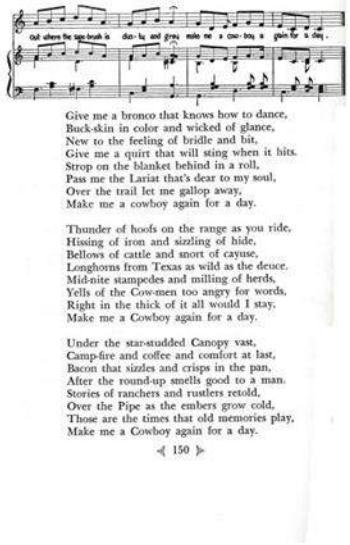


Photo of Glenn Ohrlin: Mark Wilson, Mountain View, AR 1996
"Rock Me to Sleep": Chas. H. Gabriel, ed., *Progressive Sunday School Songs*, (1923)
"Backwards, Turn Backwards": J. Evetts Haley, "Cowboy Songs Again" in *J*. Frank Dobie, ed*., Texas and Southwestern Lore (*1927
"Call of the Range": *Frontier Times* (1927)
"Backwards, Turn Backwards": Pee Wee King, *Country Barn Dance* (1965)
"Make Me a Cowboy Again for a Day": Jules Verne Allen, *Cowboy Lore* (1933)

Elsewhere in this survey: Vols. 1, 3, 6, 7, 8, 9 and 15

Volume 9: *Religious Life*

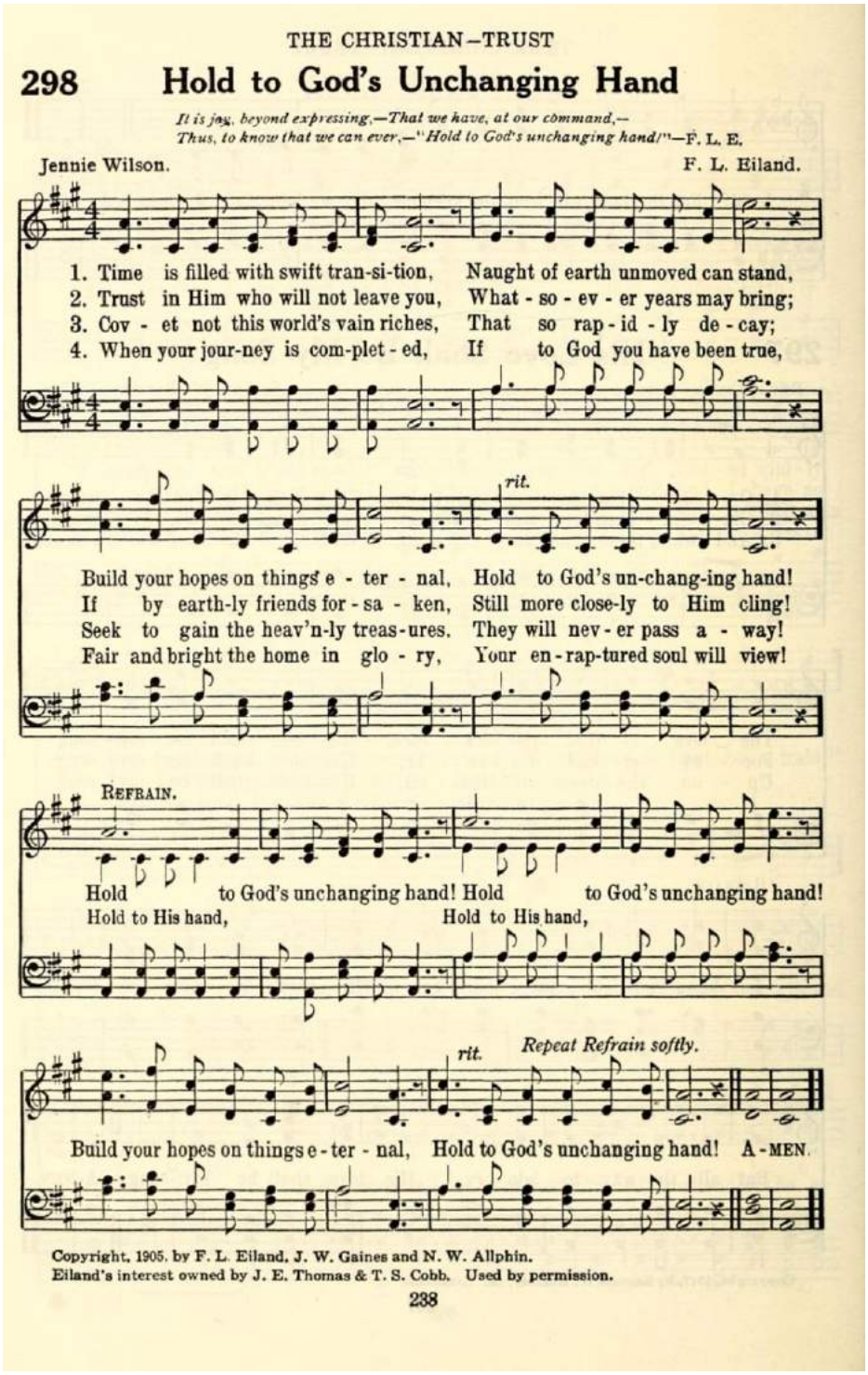
17 **Hold to God's Unchanging Hand - E.C. and Orna Ball, vocals with guitar and accordion** (Blair Reedy, vocal and rhythm guitar, Elsie Reedy, vocal) (Roud 16987) (MW and Bill Nowlin, Rugby, VA, 2/29/76). Originally issued on Rounder 0072, *Fathers Have a Home Sweet Home*

Mark: E.C. and Orna Ball were as friendly and hospitable a couple as one might ever encounter, and the recording session that Bill Nowlin and I conducted in 1975 was as pleasant an occasion

as any we attended. In preparing this survey, I had a much larger group of recorded materials to work with, for Rounder had conducted a fair number of sessions with the Balls in preparation for their first LP project (Rounder 0026). I had access to all of these tapes, for I edited both that release and its extended reissue that in 1995. Besides the gospel songs in which they specialized, the Balls knew an enormous number of other song types that they were happy to perform for us. As a result, their invariably charming performances have assisted us wonderfully in broadening the coverage we have been able to offer in this survey.

This well-known hymn is a sterling exemplar of a middle period within American gospel song composition that flourished after the Civil War. (Archeophone Records' *Waxing the Gospel* (2016) provides an excellent survey of this movement.) Its lyrics were composed as a poem by a prolific Indiana woman, Jennie B. Wilson, and mailed to the Texas composer Franklin L. Eiland in 1905. The completed song then appeared in one of John E. Thomas' popular hymnals, the *New Hosannas,* a year later. It remains widely popular even today, in both white and black services, sometimes in modifications that its authors would have been astonished to hear (e.g., the Caravans' rocking "Hold to God (I'm Changing Hands)" from 1960). Many of these abandon the clever invocation of the "unchanging" theme in Eiland's setting of the chorus, with the bass voice holding on to a prolonged "Hold to" in the exact manner that Blair

Reedy demonstrates here. John Schwab comments on the manner in which E.C. emphasizes the intensity of the song by staying on a constant chord throughout.



THE CHRISTIAN—TRUST

298 Hold to God's Unchanging Hand

It is joy, beyond expressing,—That we have, at our command,—
Thus, to know that we can ever,—"Hold to God's unchanging hand!"—F. L. E.

Jennie Wilson. F. L. Eiland.

1. Time is filled with swift tran-si-tion, Naught of earth unmoved can stand,
2. Trust in Him who will not leave you, What - so - ev - er years may bring;
3. Cov - et not this world's vain riches, That so rap - id - ly de - cay;
4. When your jour-ney is com-plet - ed, If to God you have been true,

Build your hopes on things e - ter - nal, Hold to God's un-chang-ing hand!
If by earth-ly friends for - sa - ken, Still more close-ly to Him cling!
Seek to gain the heav'n-ly treas-ures, They will nev - er pass a - way!
Fair and bright the home in glo - ry, Your en - rap-tured soul will view!

REFRAIN.

Hold to God's unchanging hand! Hold to God's unchanging hand!
Hold to His hand, Hold to His hand,

rit. *Repeat Refrain softly.*

Build your hopes on things e - ter - nal, Hold to God's unchanging hand! A - MEN.

Time is filled with swift transition
Naught of earth unmoved can stand
Build your hopes on things eternal
Hold to God's unchanging hand.

Chorus: *Hold to His hand, to God's unchanging hand*
Hold to His hand, to God's unchanging hand
Build your hopes on things eternal
Hold to God's unchanging hand.

Trust in Him who will not leave you
Whatsoever years may bring
If by earthly friends forsaken
Still more closely to Him cling.

Covet not this world's vain riches
That so rapidly decay
Seek to gain the heavenly treasures
They will never pass away.

When your journey is completed
If to God you have been true
Fair and bright the home in Glory
Your enraptured soul will view.

Photo of Orna and E.C. Ball: Bill Nowlin, Rugby, VA 1976
Photo of Jennie B. Wilson: http://www.olsenpark.com/Bulletins19/FS21.16.html
Photo of Franklin Lycurgus Eiland: http://www.hymntime.com/tch/htm/h/o/l/d/hold2god.htm
"Hold to God's Unchanging Hand": *The Baptist Standard Hymnal #298* (1924)

Elsewhere in this survey: Vols. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9 and 10

18 **God Moves in a Windstorm - Sarah Gunning and Jim Garland, vocals** (Roud 4917) (MW, Medford, MA, 5/07/74). Originally issued on Rounder 0051, *The Silver Dagger*

Mark: Sarah Ogan Gunning became familiar to the urban revival in the 1960's through the folklorist Archie Green's interest in the protest songs that Sarah had written while exiled in New

York City in the 1930's after fleeing the horrible events of the union struggles in "Bloody Harlan." Ten years later, she moved with her second husband, Joe Gunning, to the shipyards of Washington State and then to Flint, Michigan, where they managed a small apartment house. Although Sarah retained her profound anger at the mistreatment the miners and her own family had received from the mining bosses, she had left the days of her own song writing far behind by this time and sometimes needed help in remembering her old lyrics. ("The people around home don't know nothing about this stuff and just think of me as 'sister Sarah.'") For some of her powerful protest songs, see "I Hate the Capitalist System" on Volume 8 and the Folk-Legacy LP *Girl of Constant Sorrow* that she had previously recorded for Archie and Ellen Stekert.

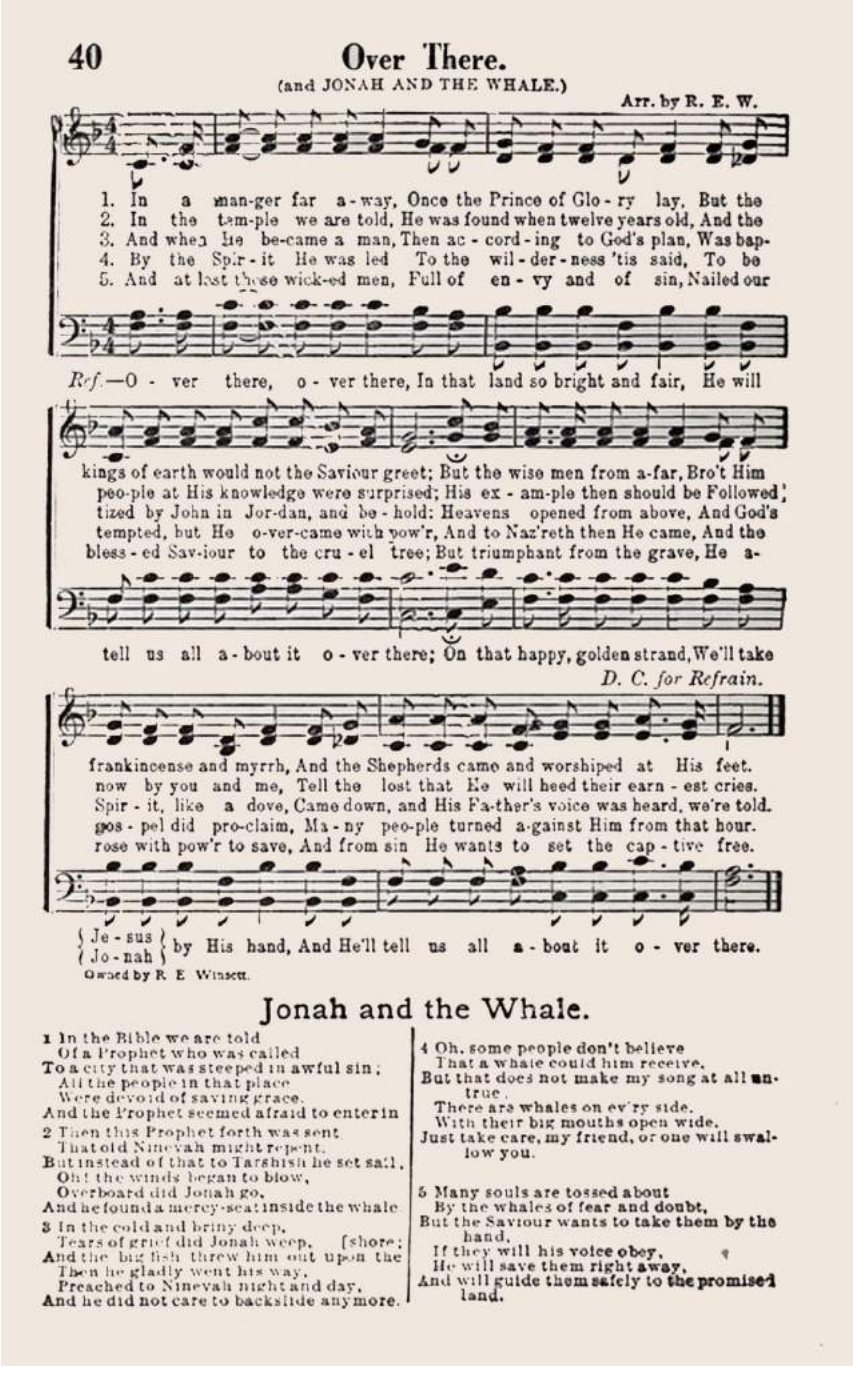
She quite vividly remembered the old folksongs and spirituals that she had learned as a girl in Kentucky, especially the love songs she heard from her revered mother, Elizabeth Garland. As such, she comprised a perfect informant, for she would politely but firmly correct brother Jim whenever he engaged in the least departure from her mother's original stylings. She also distinguished between the long-meter hymns that she learned in the Baptist Church (e.g., "The Lonesome Dove" on Volume 3) from vigorous Holiness compositions such as this, although she cherished them both. Jim had come along to our Boston recording session after he and Sarah had performed together at the Smithsonian Festival in Washington, DC. Unfortunately, my normal Revox stereo recorder had just broken down at this juncture (equipment failures at critical junctures were the bane of my recording life!), and I was forced to use a borrowed monaural Nagra for this session, so I wasn't able to capture Jim's spontaneous contribution to this selection adequately (indeed, I hadn't expected him to join in at all). But it would have required a full congregation of worshippers to answer Sarah's powerful lead in the proper mode of Brother Claude Ely's celebrated Whitesburg revivalist recordings.

6—I went down by the tottery sho',
Found a ship all ready to go.
Cap'n he come, troubled in mind,
"Wake up! wake up, you sleep, sleepy man!"
O, cap'n, if it's me,
Pray you cast me overboard!
Cast Brer Jonah overboard;
Whale did swaller Brer Jonah whole.
Three long nights, three long days,
Jonah lied in de body of de whale.
Las' words I hear Brer Jonah say,
He had no place to lie his head.
God commanded fish to land,
Cast Brer Jonah on dry sand.
Gourd vine growed all over his head,
Inchworm come long and cut it down.

Refrain.

The fantastical elements within the biblical story of Jonah have commonly presented a dilemma to true believers, as evidenced in the lyric of another popular "Jonah and the Whale" song:

Some people do not believe
That a whale could him receive,
But that does not make my song at all untrue.
There are whales on every side
With their big mouths open wide.
Take care my friend, or one may swallow you.



40

Over There.

(and JONAH AND THE WHALE.)

Arr. by R. E. W.

1. In a man-ger far a-way, Once the Prince of Glo-ry lay, But the
2. In the tem-ple we are told, He was found when twelve years old, And the
3. And when He be-came a man, Then ac-cord-ing to God's plan, Was bap-
4. By the Spir-it He was led To the wil-der-ness 'tis said, To be
5. And at last those wick-ed men, Full of en-vy and of sin, Nailed our

Ref.—O-ver there, o-ver there, In that land so bright and fair, He will

kings of earth would not the Saviour greet; But the wise men from a-far, Bro't Him
peo-ple at His knowledge were surprised; His ex-am-ple then should be Followed,
tized by John in Jor-dan, and be-hold: Heavens opened from above, And God's
tempted, but He o-ver-came with pow'r, And to Naz'reth then He came, And the
bless-ed Sav-iour to the cru-el tree; But triumphant from the grave, He a-

tell us all a-bout it o-ver there; On that happy, golden strand, We'll take

D. C. for Refrain.

frankincense and myrrh, And the Shepherds came and worshiped at His feet.
now by you and me, Tell the lost that He will heed their earn-est cries.
Spir-it, like a dove, Came down, and His Fa-ther's voice was heard, we're told.
gos-pel did pro-claim, Ma-ny peo-ple turned a-gainst Him from that hour.
rose with pow'r to save, And from sin He wants to set the cap-tive free.

{Je-sus / Jo-nah} by His hand, And He'll tell us all a-bout it o-ver there.

Owned by R. E. Winsett.

Jonah and the Whale.

1 In the Bible we are told
Of a Prophet who was called
To a city that was steeped in awful sin;
All the people in that place
Were devoid of saving grace.
And the Prophet seemed afraid to enter in

2 Then this Prophet forth was sent
That old Ninevah might repent.
But instead of that to Tarshish he set sail.
Oh! the winds began to blow,
Overboard did Jonah go,
And he found a mercy-seat inside the whale

3 In the cold and briny deep,
Tears of grief did Jonah weep. [shore;
And the big fish threw him out upon the
Then he gladly went his way,
Preached to Ninevah night and day,
And he did not care to backslide any more.

4 Oh, some people don't believe
That a whale could him receive,
But that does not make my song at all untrue.
There are whales on ev'ry side,
With their big mouths open wide,
Just take care, my friend, or one will swallow you.

5 Many souls are tossed about
By the whales of fear and doubt,
But the Saviour wants to take them by the hand,
If they will his voice obey,
He will save them right away,
And will guide them safely to the promised land.

As a result, it is often difficult to determine when such a song embodies satirical intent or not, especially when it further invokes the pungent imagery characteristic of Holiness composition ("*The whale went swimming to Nineveh land/ And he puked old Jonah on a bar of sand").* It was my impression that Sarah liked the Holiness songs because "they made you feel happy," and so including a bit of humorous rhyme in the mix only heightened the effect.

Tracking down the exact origins of this piece has proved elusive, although scraps of its lyric often pop up in earlier spirituals such as the extract that William Barton reported from the 1880's. Our song is frequently confused with the distinct "Jonah and The Whale" piece quoted above, which Sarah also sang for me. (Her version appears in Volume 9 of this survey.)

As this Rodenever printing makes clear, this second Jonah song represents a parody of a 1910 composition by Mrs. T. C. Ferguson and was recorded by Uncle Dave Macon and many others. And there are many other "Jonah" songs of humorous treatment, e.g., the "Jonah" recorded by The Golden Gate Quartet and Louis Armstrong ("Lord, Lord, wasn't that a fish?"). A patently humorous "Old Fish Song" has popped up occasionally as both a song and poem (Marie Boette, *Singa Hipsy Doodle* (1971) from West Virginia, and Blind James Howard from Harlan, Kentucky).

The earliest full version of the present song that I've found is provided in the online site The Mudcat Café (https://mudcat.org/thread.cfm?threadid=58897#1009524) by Charley Ipcar, who reports that his family acquired the song from the Broadway performer Ella Robinson Madison in the early 1920's:

The Lord commanded Jonah one day,
"Jonah, gwine into an inner land!"
But he went contrary to his God's command;
He went on down to the Tarsus sho';
He finds one ship, she was boun' to go,
He pays his fare, and he gets on bo'd,
And the ship done journey 'long on de ro'd.

Chorus: Live humble, humble yo'self!
I got glory and honor, praise Jesus!
I got glory and honor, praise the Lamb!

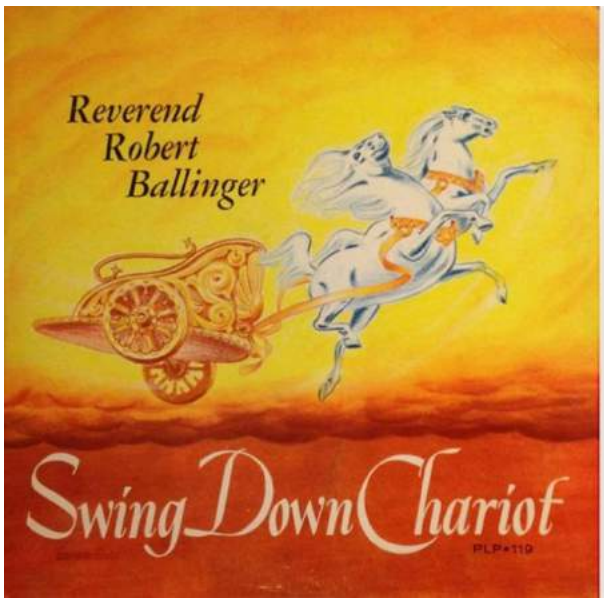
A mighty tempest riz in de sea;
Cap'n and mate come trouble in mind;
Cap'n and mate come trouble in mind;
They went on down to de bottom of ship,
And dey foun' ole Jonah lyin' fas' asleep;

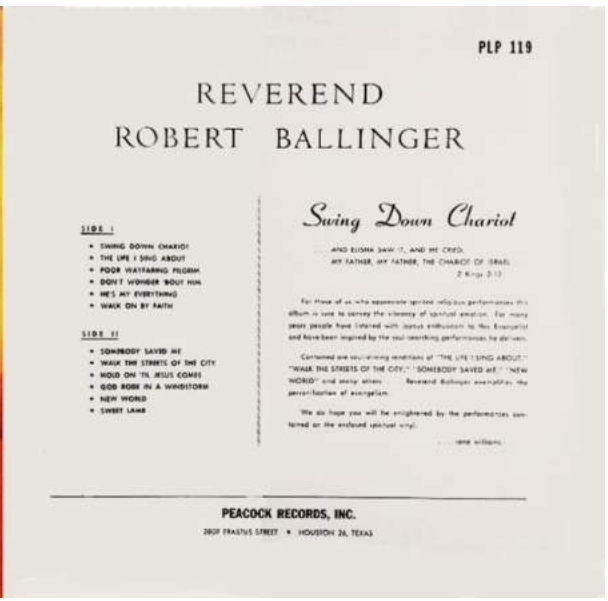
"Wake ye up, ye man of God!
Tell us who ain't honored de Master's word!"

Jonah raised de cry and shout,
"Find de man, den cast him out!"
One to the other says, "Let's cast lots!"
Stick was cut and de lot was drawn;
An' lot fell on ole Jonah's head;
They cast ole Jonah 'long overbo'd,
And de greedy whale done swallowed him whole.

Three long days and three long nights,
Jonah rid in de belly of the whale
Jonah rid in de belly of the whale
God commanded dat whale to run
"Run on whale to an inner land!"
Whale he run to an inner land
And he chucked ole Jonah 'long in de sand.

Some of the Madison text borrows phraseology from earlier spirituals, such as the "Live a-Humble" that Robert W. Gordon as sung by James G. Stikeleather in 1925 (and that John Davis recorded for Alan Lomax in 1959). As "God Rode in a Windstorm," our completed song seems to have been first issued on 78 by Jessie May Hill in 1927. It has been subsequently recorded by bluegrass bands (Blue Highway), white gospel singers (Buddy Greene) and African-American Pentecostal groups (Ron Winans and the Rev. Robert Ballinger). The Garlands' good friend





Tilman Cadle sang a similar version to Mary Barnacle of NYU in 1938 (she later became his wife). Cadle reported that he had acquired the item from a radio song book sold by the Happy Hitters gospel group who broadcast from Birmingham, Alabama. Its lyrics comprise the central core of Rich Amerson and Earthy Anne Coleman's highly elaborated "Jonah" on Harold Courlander's *Negro Music of Alabama: Religious* LP (1956), following an impromptu sermon by Amerson on the same topic.

God sent Jonah to Nineveh land
To preach the Gospel to wicked men
Tell them to repent of their wicked ways
Or he'd overthrow the city within forty days.

Chorus: *God moved in a windstorm*
God moved in a windstorm
He rode in a windstorm
And troubled everybody in mind.

Jonah went down to the seashore
To make up his mind which way to go
He got on board and paid his fare
But God got angry with Jonah down there.

The waves did roll and the wind did climb
And the captain of the ship become troubled in mind
He searched the ship and in the deep
And found old Jonah lying fast asleep.

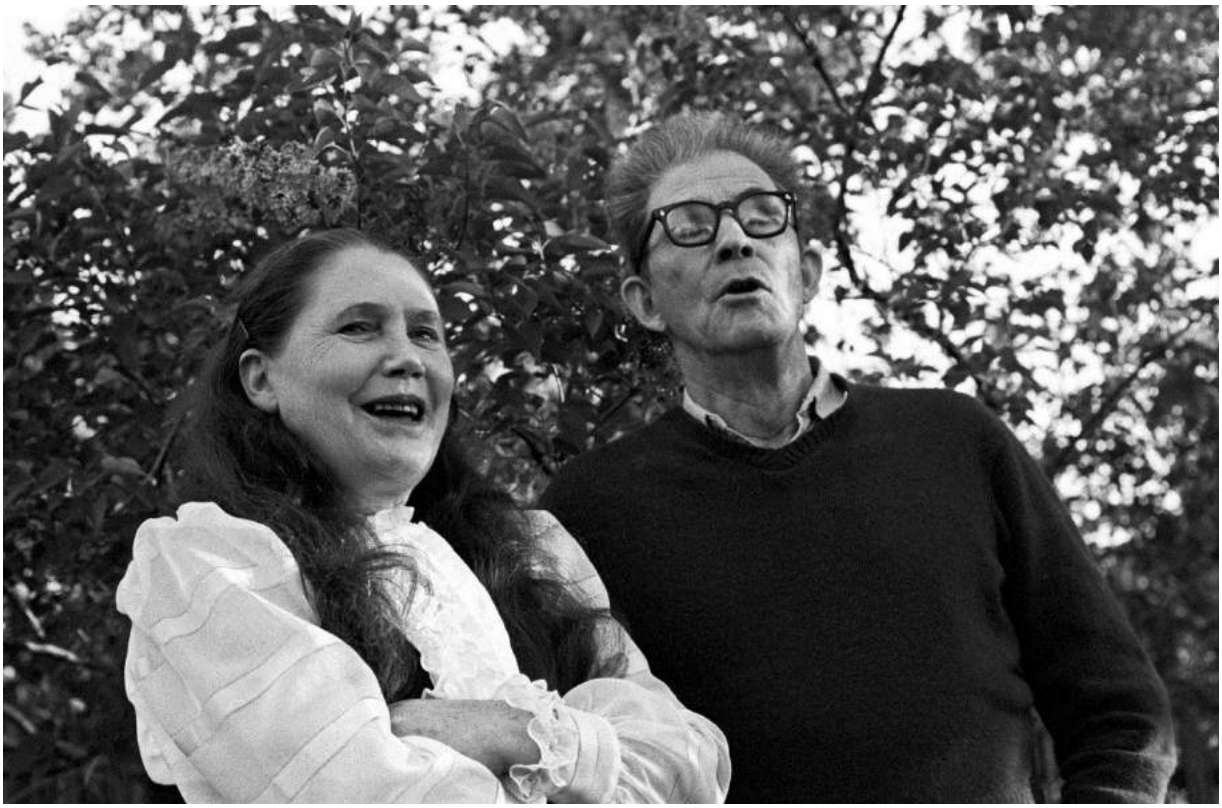
Said, "Wake up, stranger, and tell us your name."
"My name is Jonah and I'm fleeing from the king.
"All this trouble is caused by me.
"Throw me overboard and the ship'll sail free."

They throwed old Jonah overboard.
Along come a whale and swallowed him whole.
The whale went swimming to Nineveh land,
And he puked old Jonah on a bar of sand.

Jonah set down and begin to cry,
He prayed to God to let him die.
God felt pity for Jonah that day,
And God sent a gourd vine to make him a shade

He got so proud that he would not pray
And God sent a worm and eat his gourd vine away.

Well, Jonah got up from the bar of sand,
And he went on walking to Nineveh land
To preach the Gospel at God's command.

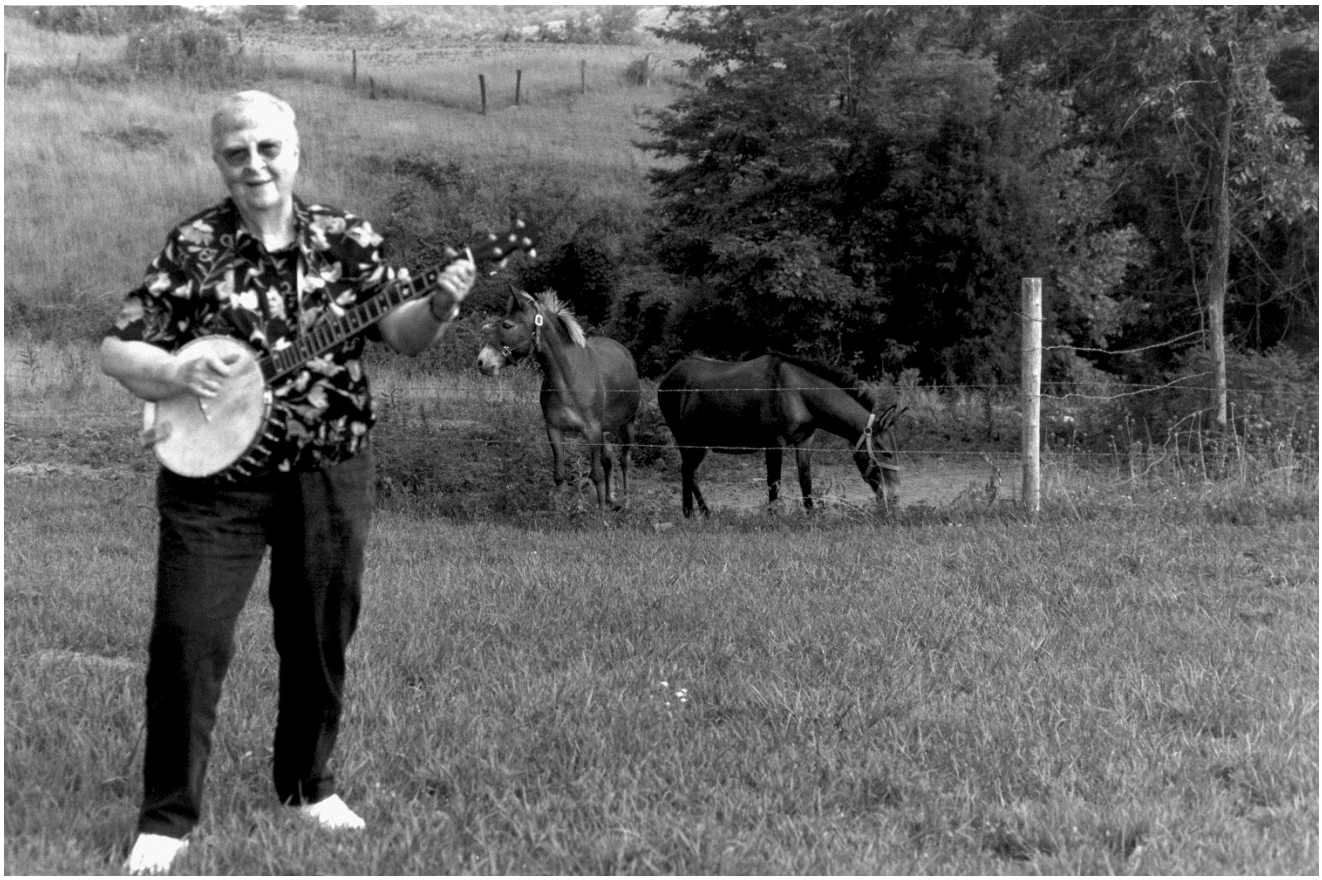


Photos of Sarah Gunning and Jim Garland: Mark Wilson, Medford, MA 1974
excerpt from “The New Buryin’ Ground”: William E. Barton, *Old Plantation Hymns* (1899)
“Over There/ Jonah and the Whale”: *Rodeheaver's Gospel Solos and Duets* (1925)
“Ella Madison and Dalvov”: Marguerite Zorach, Williams College Art Museum (1919)
“God Rode in a Windstorm”: Rev. Robert Ballinger, *Swing Down Chariot* Peacock Records (1964)

Elsewhere in this survey: Vols. 1, 3, 5, 7, 8, 9, 10 and 15

Volume 10: *Songs that Children Like*

19 **Tally Ho! - Blanche Coldiron, banjo** (MW and John Harrod, Heathen Ridge, KY, 8/03/95). Originally issued on Rounder 0394, *Kentucky Old-Time Banjo*



Mark: As a teenager, Blanche traveled with Asa Martin's troupe as "Blanche the Mountain Girl," and some of her hilarious memories of that time can be found in Volume 6. But she had a severely disabled daughter whose care kept her close to home after she was married, although Blanche was naturally gregarious and loved mingling with other musicians. John Harrod introduced her to me after encountering her on one of her rare excursions from home. All of her arrangements were completely spontaneous, and she would often halt in the middle of a splendid take and declare, "or I could play it this way" and try something altogether different. Some of her charming recompositions of traditional songs can be found in the full volume devoted to children's songs (Volume 10). In fact, I was saving many of these pieces for a second anthology of such songs (the first was Rounder 8041, *The Land of Yahoe*, issued before we met Blanche) when the doors at Rounder suddenly closed to the NAT.

Tunes about fox hunts and other animal pursuits were warmly cherished by many of our musicians, who sometimes compared their fiddle tunes to the lonesome baying of the dogs on

such occasions (see Buddy Thomas' comments on Volume 15). The practice of imitating animal chases instrumentally is quite venerable, and further illustrations on sundry instruments can be found on Volumes 10 and 12). Blanche here introduces an English "Tally Ho!" into the proceedings, despite the fact that in Kentucky the "hunters" merely sit around a campfire and listen to their dogs racing through the woods.

An important sector within our Volume 10 offerings of children's songs consists in the various play party games that many of our informants (e.g., Bessie Jones, Sarah Gunning, Mary Lozier, Snake Chapman) remembered from their childhoods with nostalgic affection. The settlement schools encouraged these, and in that capacity Evelyn K. Wells wrote the following passage for a juvenile audience in 1920:

> The next time you go into your beautiful, well lighted, comfortably heated schoolroom, filled with maps and pictures and plants and books, will you think of all those boys and girls down in Kentucky and Tennessee and the other mountain states? Some of them are going to school in one-room log houses, some of them go to frame schoolhouses

True Blue Americans learning to play games in the southern mountains soon find what a lot of fun schools are.

> where there are windows and stoves, but probably the windows are broken and the stoves without grates, and the children have only one book apiece and not enough pencils and tablets to go around. And some of these children never go to school at all. And some of them—just a few—go to big industrial schools where they not only learn everything you do in school, but how to make furniture and keep house and farm and raise cows and poultry. The "foreparents" of these children came over to this country and settled as long ago as yours did—maybe longer ago. So you see they are born true Americans.

Passages like this grate through their suggested ennoblements of white privilege through ancestral descent. Allied "messages" of this unpleasant cast percolate through much of the early literature on "folk song," which is why we've frequently needed to post warning labels with respect to some of the historical materials we examine. Elsewhere in these notes I have cited the beneficial role that inspirational prose of this sort played in persuading Appalachian children to take greater pride in their impoverished circumstances, but the collateral damage induced by these otherwise commendable sociological efforts should not be overlooked either

(see our discussion of “Sourwood Mountain” below). One of our chief challenges in reconstructing the actual histories of Kentucky’s rich veins of traditional music lies in sifting away these encrusted layers of distorted sentiment. The excessive emphasis within such reports on the “ballads from the old country” leads to a situation in which a late nineteenth century Tin Pan Alley composition such as “Three Leaves of Shamrock” (see Volume 6) becomes regularly recast in that dubious ancestral vein, rather than raising the more interesting question of how a late Victorian stage song managed to penetrate so swiftly into the Appalachian Mountains. We believe that surveys of traditional song such as we offer derive much of their aesthetic appeal from the fact that they directly embody, in musical miniature, the lives and times of working people of generations past. But it remains important to view these “miniatures” honestly, not through the ennobling lens of ersatz pedigree or the equally misleading colors of a “weird old America.”

Photos of Blanche Coldiron: Mark Wilson. Heathen Ridge, KY 1995 and 1997

"The Legend of the Laughing Oak": Randolph Caldecott, *The Graphic* (1884)

"True Blue Americans": Evelyn K. Wells, *Over Land and Sea* (1920) (Pine Mountain Settlement School Collections)

Elsewhere in this survey: Vols. 5, 6, 7 and 10

20 **Old Bill Rolling Pin - Bessie Jones and School Children, vocals** (Roud 7876) (MW, M.J. Baron and Bill Nowlin, Southborough, MA, 12/08/75). Originally issued on Rounder 8004, *Step It Down*

Mark: Although we present this item as an exemplar of "Songs that Children Like," it can equally serve to illustrate the historical complexities that we cover in Volume 4, *The Anglo African Exchange*, for Bessie's song embodies a complex blend of ingredients that provide many clues into the qualities of Black folksong in the nineteenth century.

Before we delve into some of these interconnections, let us repeat the warning that we must often post when we investigate histories of this kind, viz., the evidence through which we must shift frequently embody a fair amount of offensive attitudes and language that reflect the social contexts out of which these documents emerge. As I articulated in my previous note, these are the unpleasant surfaces we must penetrate if we hope to reconstruct a just appreciation of the African-American contribution to our national music.

The Georgia Sea Island Singers of St. Simons were originally organized as the Spiritual Singers Society of Coastal Georgia by the arts patroness Lydia Parrish sometime in the 1920's, and their music formed a central core of her book *Slave Songs of the Georgia Sea Islands* (1942). Bessie joined this group after moving there with her husband in the early 1930's. After

the group was recorded by Alan Lomax for his *Southern Journey* LP series in 1959, Bessie took it upon herself to travel to New York City, in hopes of becoming "an ambassador for Georgia Sea Island music," a circumstance that came fully to fruition through Lomax's encouragement. (Several songs from a 1972 Cambridge, Massachusetts concert by the touring group she formed can be found in Vols. 7, 9 and 10 of our survey.) However, the present song, which she had learned from her grandfather Jet Samson in Dawson, Georgia, reflects mainland tradition. (Some writings about Bessie state that Samson was born in slavery days, but the 1940 census maintains that someone of that name resided in Terrell, Georgia and was born in 1866.)

The closest parallel to Bessie's song of which I'm aware is Julius Daniels' 1927 Victor recording of "Can't Put the Bridle on That Mule This Morning" (Bubba Lee Torrence and Wilbert Andrews, additional guitars):

I had a old mule and the mule wouldn't gee this morning (2)
I had a old mule and the mule wouldn't gee, I hit him in the head with a single-tree
This morning got too soon for me.

I got on the mule and the mule wouldn't ride this morning (2)
I got on the mule and the mule wouldn't ride, I hit him in the head with a single trial
This morning got too soon for me.

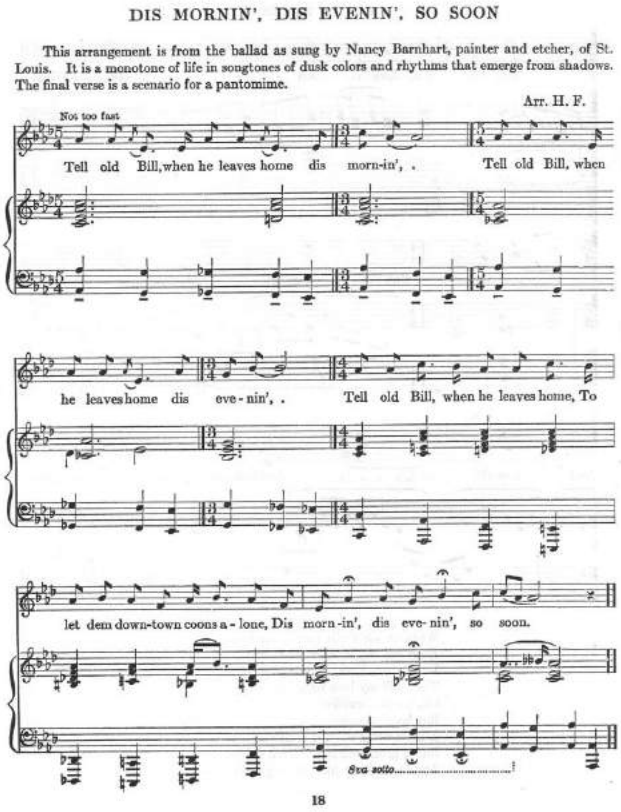
I told that mule and the mule wouldn't gee this morning (2)
I told that mule and the mule wouldn't gee, I hit him in the head with a single-tree
This morning got too soon for me.

Oh, this old mule keep a-cutting the fool this morning (2)
Oh, this old mule keep a-cutting the fool, I can't put the bridle on this old mule
This morning got too soon for me.

I told that nigger with the black hat on this morning (2*)*
I told that nigger with the black hat on, gonna hit him in the head just as sure as you're born
This morning got too soon for me.

A nigger and the white man playing Seven Up this morning (2)
A nigger and the white man playing Seven Up, but the nigger win the money but he's scared to pick it up
This morning got too soon for me.

I'll return to Daniels' "can't put the bridle on this old mule" ingredients in a moment, but the mention of "old Bill" is arresting because it links Bessie's lyrical cluster and melody with an obscure murder ballad of which fragments have occasionally popped up. The most complete assemblage is found in Carl Sandburg's *American Songbag* (1927):



DIS MORNIN', DIS EVENIN', SO SOON

This arrangement is from the ballad as sung by Nancy Barnhart, painter and etcher, of St. Louis. It is a monotone of life in songtones of dusk colors and rhythms that emerge from shadows. The final verse is a scenario for a pantomime.

Arr. H. F.

Not too fast

Tell old Bill, when he leaves home dis morn-in', . Tell old Bill, when

he leaves home dis eve-nin', . Tell old Bill, when he leaves home, To

let dem down-town coons a-lone, Dis morn-in', dis eve-nin', so soon.

8va sotto

18

DIS MORNIN', DIS EVENIN', SO SOON

1 Tell old Bill, when he leaves home dis mornin',
Tell old Bill, when he leaves home dis evenin',
Tell old Bill, when he leaves home,
To let dem down-town coons alone
Dis mornin', dis evenin', so soon.

2 Bill left by de alley gate dis mornin',
Bill left by de alley gate dis evenin',
Bill left by de alley gate,
Old Sal says: Now don' be late,
Dis mornin', dis evenin', so soon.

3 Bill's wife was a bakin' bread dis mornin',
Bill's wife was a bakin' bread dis evenin',
Bill's wife was a bakin' bread,
When she got word dat Bill was dead
Dis mornin', dis evenin', so soon.

4 O dear, dat can't be so, dis mornin',
O dear, dat can't be so, dis evenin',
O dear, dat can't be so;
For Bill left home 'bout a hour ago,
Dis mornin', dis evenin', so soon.

5 O dear, dat cannot be, dis mornin',
O dear, dat cannot be, dis evenin',
O dear, dat cannot be,
Dey shoot my husband in de firs' degree,
Dis mornin', dis evenin', so soon.

6 Dey brought Bill home in a hurry-up wagon dis mornin',
Dey brought Bill home in a hurry-up wagon dis evenin,'
Dey brought Bill home in a hurry-up wagon,
Dey brought Bill home wid his toes a-draggin',
Dis mornin' dis evenin', so soon.

19

Sam Hinton heard a similar version "from a farmer in Walker County, Texas when I was working there with the U.S. Bureau of Biological Survey in 1936"; it is conceivable that this rendition traces to Sandburg as a source. The same applies to a text in Frank Shay, *More Pious Friends and Drunken Companions* (1928).

Howard Odum (*The Negro and His Songs* (1925)) supplies several vagrant stanzas from the same cluster in 1917, and Dorothy Scarborough quotes another brief snatch in her 1923 novel *In the Land of Cotton*:

> The two crap players began their game again, to while away the time. Battle Axe sang softly to himself,
>
> *Carried him off in de hoodoo wagon,*
> *Brought him back wid his feet a-draggin'*

Brown-skin woman de cause of it all.

63. THIS MORNIN', THIS EVENIN', SO SOON

What does it matter to him if he has been in serious trouble? Is not the jail about as good as home, the chain gang as good as his every-day life? He will get enough to eat and a place to sleep. The negro sings with characteristic humor "This mornin', this evenin'," and mingles his scenes in such a way that the singer enjoys them all. Says he, —

| : Went up town wid my hat in my han' dis mo'nin', : |
Went up town wid my hat in my han',
"Good mornin', jedge, done killed my man,"
This mornin', this evenin', so soon.

| : I didn't quite kill him, but I fixed him so, this mornin', : |
I didn't quite kill him, but I fixed him so,
He won't boder wid me no mo',
This mornin', this evenin', so soon.

| : All I want is my strong hand-out, this mornin', : |
All I want is my strong hand-out,
It will make me strong and stout,
This mornin', this evenin', so soon.

70. ROLLIN'-MILL

So in the "Rollin'-Mill" the singer says there's no more iron to ship to town. Sometimes he means he won't have to work because the material is exhausted, sometimes he means there will be no more chains for him, but it is most likely that he symbolizes liquor by the iron. He sings of local whiskey-houses in the same manner, and urges getting a full supply.

Rollin'-mill done shut down,
Ain't shippin' no mo' iron to town.

If you don't believe Jumbagot's dead,
Jus' look at crepe on 'Liza's head,
O babe, O babe!

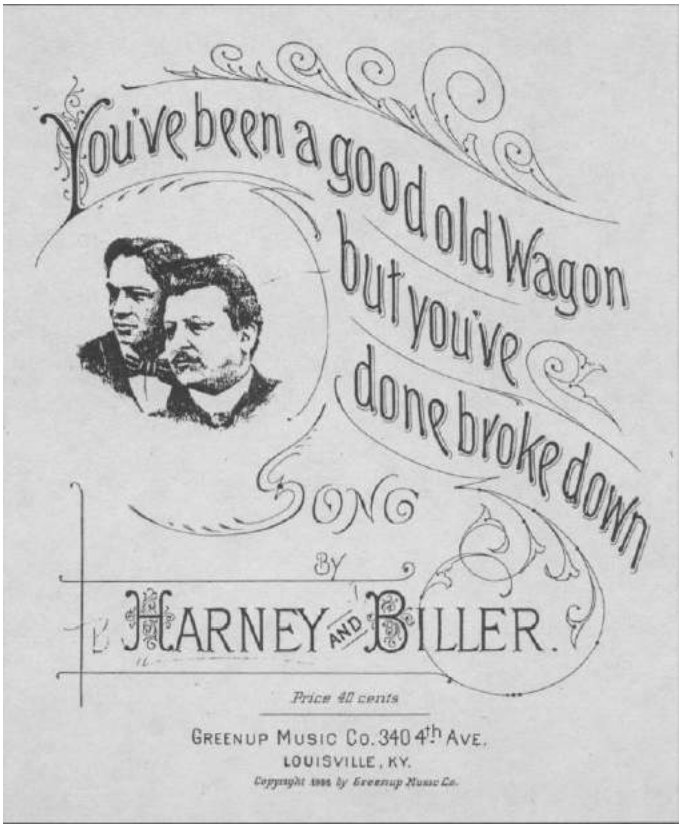
Carried him off in hoo-doo wagon,
Brought him back wid his feet a-draggin',
O babe, O babe!

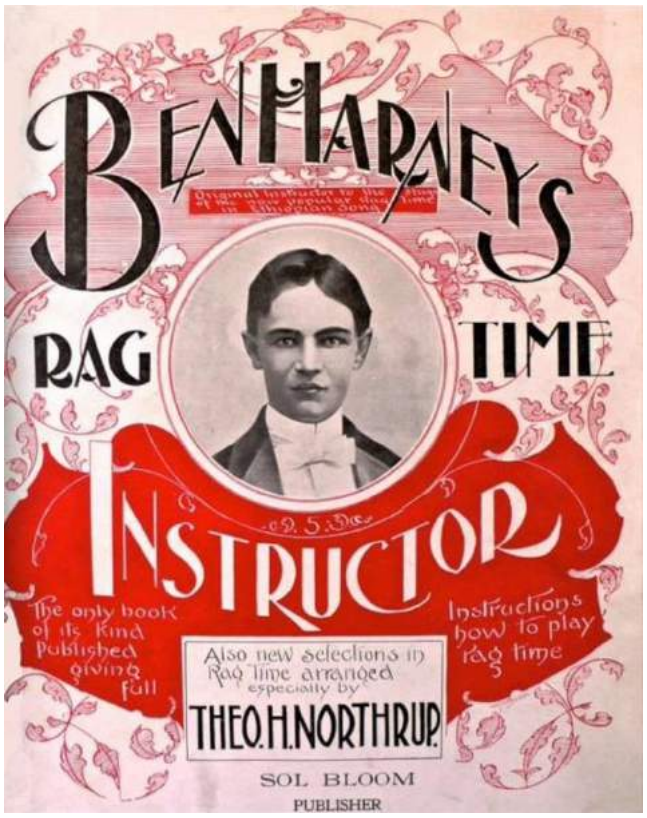
Carried him off on smoky road,
Brought him back on his coolin'-board,
O babe, O babe!

Well, cocaine womens oughter be like me,
Drink corn whiskey, let cocaine be,
O babe, O babe!

If you don't believe I'm right,
Let me come to see you jus' one night,
O babe, O my babe!

The "foot a-dragging" metaphor occurs in a wide number of songs (e.g., Blind Willie McTell's "Dying Crapshooter's Blues"), and Dave Macon's "Oh Loving Babe" may represent a rewrite of Odum's "Rollin' Mill" song. Francis C. Abbott and Afred J. Swan's *Eight Negro Songs (from Bedford Co, Virginia)* of 1923 contains a "Bookuh Red" similar to Odum's specimen, although with a different melody than heard here. Another example can be found in one of the earliest ragtime publications known, Ben Harney's "You've Been a Good Wagon but You've Done Broke Down" published in 1895 and often recorded thereafter. The sheet music contains an offensive





Interpolation (presumably by the arranger, Johnny Biller) that Harney does not sing in the unaccompanied recording that he made for Robert W. Gordon in 1925. (Harney does not play piano on this recording although he had been famed for his skilled playing during his salad days.):

> *Well, jumped on the dummy, didn't have no fare, this mornin'*
> *Jumped on the dummy didn't have no fare, this mornin'*
> *Jumped on the dummy didn't have no fare*
> *Went around the circle didn't get nowhere*
> *This mornin', this evenin'.*

Standin' on the corner, wasn't doin' no harm (3)
When a copper grabbed me by my arm …

Judge asked me what had I done (3)
You standing on the corner just a-grabbing a gun …

Judge and the jury they sent for me (3)
You killed three n--rs in the first degree …

Well, bye bye, my honey, if you call it gone (3)
You been a good old wagon but you done broke down …

Well, a-lookin' for the one big hand-out (3)
That make my body so stiff and stout
This mornin', this evenin', so soon.

Again Harney's version contains a vagrant lyric from another well-known song of the period ("On the Dummy Line"), but its melody is recognizably the same as Bessie's. As has been frequently noted, these melodic contours are shared with "The Crawdad Song," "How Many Biscuits Can You Eat?" and even some versions of the venerable "Froggie Went a-Courting." In fact, Bessie's last verse derives from this source and in the 1987 book of children's songs that Bessie had authored with Bess Hawes Lomax *(Step It Down),* she includes a supplementary comment:

Mrs. Duck went swimming down the lake, this morning (2)
Mrs. Duck went swimming down the lake, but she got struck by a big black snake
Poor thing, her neck got breaked this morning.

"Froggie" is a song of venerable British pedigree — see Volume 10 for more details on its heritage. Nonetheless, Bessie's and Harney's versions both exhibit the infectious syncopation that undoubtedly represents the Black contribution to our song's novel musical aesthetic.

The occasion of the present recording was a set of sessions arranged by the educator Mary Jo Barron as a vehicle for reproducing selections from the *Step It Down* book on behalf of Boston's Kodaly Institute. Bessie had journeyed to Southborough with Doug Quimby and Vanessa James, where they were joined by a group of Boston children to whom Bessie taught the games. I had little involvement with this project besides serving as engineer, but Bill Nowlin and Bruce Kaplan had recorded her in Georgia for her 1972 LP for Rounder *So Glad I'm Here.* (Bruce had become acquainted with Bessie through an appearance at the University of Chicago Folk Festival.)

Bessie's introductory alignment of this song with the dreaded "paterollers" of slavery days may represent an after-the-fact transfer of the lore associated with the certifiably antebellum "Run, N—r, Run" discussed at some length in our Volume 4. However, there is little doubt that Daniels' "can't put the bridle on this old mule" lyric and its associated fiddle tune are of pre-emancipation vintage. With respect to the distinct melody associated with this lyric cluster, Sam Chatmon told Lou Curtiss (see Sam's autobiographical statement in Volume 6):

> My father would play music with old Milton Bracy, just two fiddles and no other instruments. He didn't play no music like we played but just those old breakdowns — "Old Grey Mule," "Chicken in the Breadpan, Kickin' Up Dough," "Hen Laid the Eggs" and all them things.
>
> > *Can't get the saddle on the old grey mule*
> > *Can't get the saddle on the old grey mule*
> > *Whoa! Whoa!*
> > *Can't get the saddle on the old grey mule*
> > *Whoa, whoa, mule, can't get the saddle on the old gray mule.*
>
> He had whiskers down to his waist, and sometimes he'd have to tie them to the side with a cord to hold them off the fiddle. He didn't play too much by the time I was around, but if [brother] Lonnie wanted Daddy to play, he'd just start fiddling one of his pieces. Then Daddy would say, "Boy, that ain't no way to play it. Bring that violin here, and let me show you how." Those old square dance tunes took a bow arm to play, but these blues and things takes a pull.

Margaret McKee and Fred Chisenhall in *Beale Black and Blue* (1981) report a similar conversation with Sam with the additional remark:

> Take my daddy. When he's playing the fiddle in slavery time, he wouldn't want to play, but he had to play. So he'd go along and make up things and holler it out in the fields where the old boss man [couldn't] hear, just singing away. Now that's what he meant—he's tired of playing nearly every night and then working in daytime. He's saying the white man done worked him so 'til he can't even put a saddle on the old gray mule. That's what he talking about.

Likewise, Mance Lipscomb provided a similar report to Mack McCormick (McCormick and Oliver, *The Blues Came to Texas* (2019)):

> "Whoa Mule"—I learned that from my grand-daddy when I was a little boy. My granddaddy was a banjo-picker, and he could play the fiddle too. Old man George Lipscomb, he had a son named George and one named Charlie. Charlie was a professional fiddler, my daddy was too, he could play a fiddle as good as anyone around. My granddaddy came from Alabama, Georgia, came over here on a boat. He was sold back then you know, in slavery, and some of his white people live over in... now, Lipscomb. I imagine that they grandfathers was the ones that my grandfather was sold to. He hit the water in Alabama-Georgia and they brought him over here. They paid $150-$200 for a big-built feller in them days, they pay $200 for a stout-built feller—who could roll the logs about, could cut down trees, but a little man couldn't do none of that. Well, I used to hear my granddaddy tell them tales of slavery. But my father he wasn't born in slavery, he just missed it—he was Texas born and he lived till he was ninety year old. Then my uncle, he had the banjo that my granddaddy left when he died.

Lipscomb often appended a snatch of this ditty to the end of his "Willie Poor Boy" (a version of the same song as Roy Harvey recorded in 1931):

NEGRO FOLK RHYMES

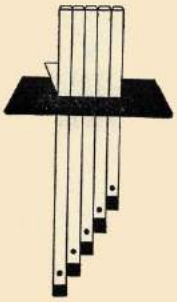
Wise and Otherwise

WITH A STUDY

BY

THOMAS W. TALLEY

OF FISK UNIVERSITY



New York

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

1922

PEEP SQUIRREL

Peep squir'l, ying-ding-did-lum;
Peep squir'l, it's almos' day,
Look squir'l, ying-ding-did-lum,
Look squir'l, an' run away.

Walk squir'l, ying-ding-did-lum;
Walk squir'l, fer dat's de way.
Skip squir'l, ying-ding-did-lum;
Skip squir'l, all dress in gray.

Run squir'l! Ying-ding-did-lum!
Run squir'l! Oh, run away!
I cotch you squir'l! Ying-ding-did-lum!
I cotch you squir'l! Now stay, I say.

DID YOU FEED MY COW?

"Did yer feed my cow?" Yes, Mam!"
"Will yer tell me how?" "Yes, Mam!"
"Oh, w'at did yer give 'er?" "Cawn an' hay."
"Oh, w'at did yer give 'er?" "Cawn an' hay."

Whoa mule, whoa mule, whoa mule
That old mule
Hit that mule, he wouldn't gee
'Cross the head with a single-tree
Whoa mule, whoa mule, whoa mule

Indeed, Lipscomb's friend Teodar Jackson plays an excellent version as a violin instrumental on FRC728. Jackson's version is particularly informative because it includes a drawn-out second part in the mode of "Going Down that Lee Highway" (fiddlers generally add a second strain to eight bar melodies that they pick up from vocal tradition). And one still hears the tune occasionally in Texas (e.g., by Dick Barrett or Major Franklin), although frequently so overladen with contest-style chromaticism as to be almost unrecognizable. But we can be relatively certain of the basic tune's venerable parentage because the melody also attaches to another well-known children's game that Bessie sang on Rounder 8004 as "Peep Squirrel." The relevant selection appears in call-and-response form as:

Whoa mule (can't get the saddle on)
Hold that Mule (can't get the saddle on)
Stop that mule (can't get the saddle on)

Harold Courlander's *Negro Folk Music U.S.A.* (1963) (and its associated LP Folkways P 474) includes a longer ring game rendition from Alabama by Celina Lewis, although such extensions have been clearly improvised:

Whoa, mule, can't get the saddle on (2)
Stop that mule, I can't get the saddle on (2
Whoa, mule, I can't get the saddle on (2)
Run, mule, I can't get the saddle on
Catch that mule, can't get the saddle on (4)
Yonder go that mule, can't get the saddle on
Go that mule, can't get the saddle on

The tune as normally played constitutes a canonical example of what I classify as a "riffing melody" in my fuller discussion of allied performances in Volume 4. I believe that tunes of this rhythmically infectious character represent a direct contribution that nineteenth century African-American fiddlers have made to our national instrumental fabric.

Here's how Bessie introduces her version "Old Bill":

This is a story what my grandfather told us about when they was a slave, you know. They was under a taskmaster, and so they couldn't go to a plantation without getting a permit. They had somebody write them a permit. We're free, called to be, now, but in those days they had to, this is true, they had to get a permit to go to the next plantation. Anybody wanted to see your kinfolks, anything, they had to get a permit. So they had a man on all the plantations round there to go stay in the fields and go round and see who coming across there out the other plantation, they would be a-whipping him. So Pa said that this, people would have a man, a large big tall man, you know, and uh he had a big head and a big face and big eyes and a double chin. Most of them try to get it that way make it look bad, you know. All right. And this man had a long stick, something like a baseball bat and he would hold it at that little end then they had up on the big end, they had a place cut in that for a whip, called a rawhide whip, you know and made out of cowhide. Now when they whip them slaves they whip anywhere, they whip, so this is a real true song. So they name him Bill Rolling Pin because they didn't like him, you see. 'He's up the road,'—say, you say it, 'He's up the road,'—('Up the road'). With your right hand let's go, 'Up the road ('Up the road') and back again'—('And back again'). 'Big eye

('Big eye') and a double chin' ('And a double chin'). So they names him Bill Rolling Pin and they would move their hand like this, 'Old Bill Rolling Pin,' and after do that we always said, 'This morning,' you see, but they was doing it to keep the white folk from knowing just what they were talking about, see, but they still would get it off their chest. Called him Bill Rolling Pin. Put your hand like you're rolling dough, act just like somebody rolling dough, see. All right, and you say, now say, 'Old Bill Rolling Pin,' everybody said, 'This morning.' When I say, 'Up the road and back again,' you do that. 'Big eyes and double chin,' you do that. 'I geed to the mule,' See, they was getting thing off their chest. They say, 'I geed to the mule.' Hold your right hand out, see. 'Cause when you tell a mule to gee he goes to the right hand side, see. 'And the mule wouldn't gee.' Let's say it. Let's say it. 'I geed to the mule and the mule wouldn't gee. I knocked him side the head with a singletree.' Say, 'Singletree.' ('Singletree') That's along piece of thing that pulls the plow, and the two chains are hooked onto it and they wanted to hit that mule so bad, that's what they were saying. Say, 'I hawed to the mule, but the mule wouldn't haw. He wouldn't do nothing but possum-la,' that's the left hand. If you tell a mule to haw, he go left, see. Tell him gee, he go right. If you tell him come up, he go straight ahead. If you tell him whoa, he'll stop. That's better than some of us do today, you know. Had more manners than most, got more sense than we got, and so, anyway, we gonna sing it. When I say 'Old Bill Rolling Pin' we all do it together. We said, 'This morning.' And if any of us have got more questions afterward, I'm gonna tell you later."

Chorus: *Old Bill Rolling Pin this morning, this morning,*
Now Old Bill Rolling Pin this morning, this morning,
Now Old Bill Rolling Pin, he's up the road and back again,
With big eyes and a double chin, this morning, this morning.

I geed to the mule but the mule wouldn't gee …
I knocked him side the head with a singletree this morning, this morning.

I hawed to the mule but the mule wouldn't haw…
He wouldn't do nothing but possum-la this morning, this morning

Miss Frog went swimming down the lake…
But she got swallowed by a big black snake this morning, this morning.

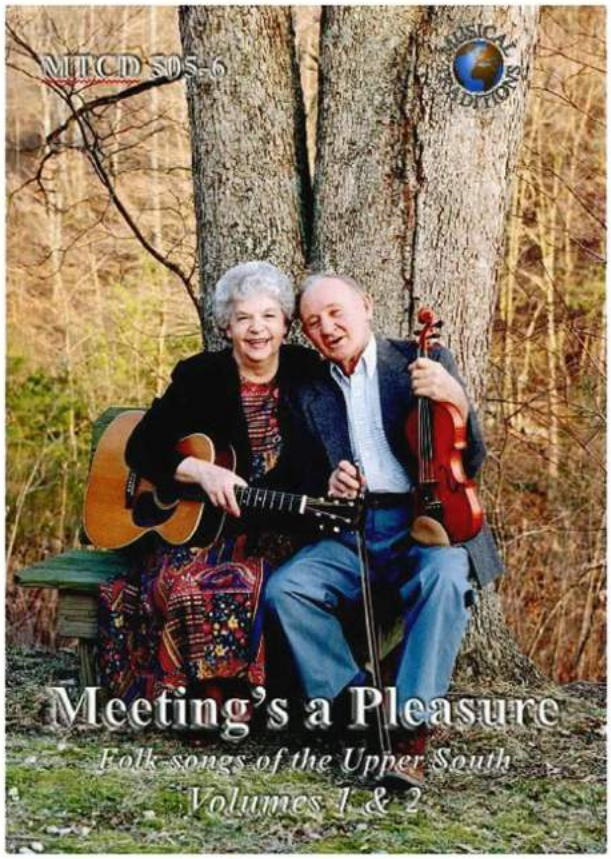
Photos of Bessie Jones and children: Henry Horenstein, Southborough, MA 1975
"Dis Mornin', Dis Evenin', So Soon": Carl Sandburg, *The American Songbag* (1927)
'This Mornin', This Evenin', So Soon" and "Rollin' Mill': Howard W. Odum, "Negro Folk-Song and Folk-Poetry," *Journal of American Folklore* (1917)
"You've Been a Good Wagon": Harney and Biller (1895)
Ben Harney: *Ragtime Instructor* (1897)
Photo of Bessie Jones: Edward Weston 1941 (Museum of Fine Arts, Boston)
"Peep Squirrel": Thomas Talley, *Negro Folk Rhymes* (1922)
Photo of Georgia Sea Island Singers (Bessie Burkes, Gus Hargrove, Bessie Jones, Frankie and Douglas Quimby): Bill Nowlin, St. Simon's Island, GA 1972

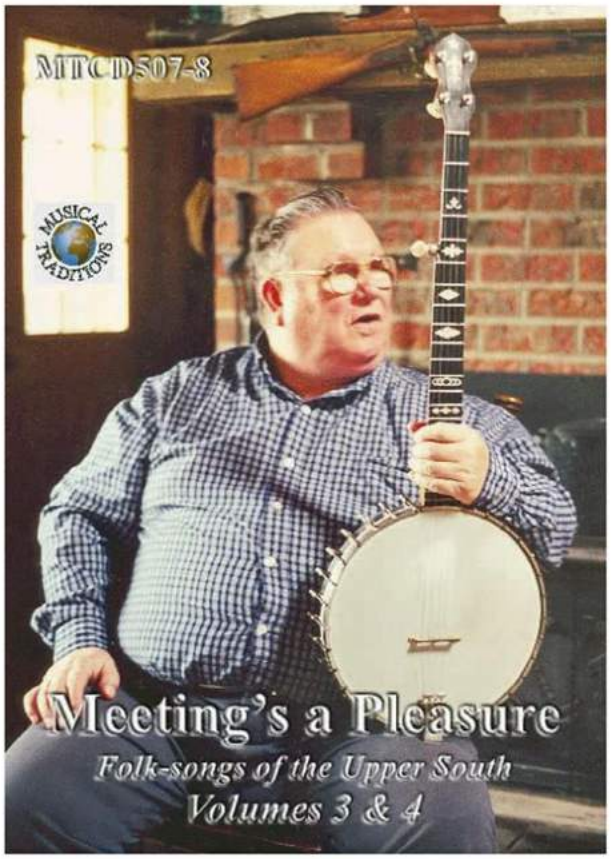
Elsewhere in this survey: Vols. 6, 7, 9 and 10

Volume 11: *In Old Kentucky*

21 **Galleynipper - J.P. Fraley, fiddle** (Annadeene Fraley, guitar, and Doug Chaffin, straws) (MW, Denton, KY, 1/18/95). Originally issued on Rounder 0351, *Maysville*

Mark: Although we have included a fair number of vocal performances in this FRC survey, the bulk of the NAT collection proper is devoted to fiddle music, especially of Kentucky (working in conjunction with Gus Meade and John Harrod), the Midwest (in conjunction with Gordon McCann) and Cape Breton (in conjunction with Morgan MacQuarrie). For each of these regions the NAT group released Rounder anthologies under the "*Traditional Fiddle Music of* …." rubric. These releases can now be found in our associated Research Archive, along with their original documentation. Volumes 11, 12 and 14 of the present survey feature additional selections from the NAT corpus that have not been previously issued. Elsewhere in these notes I have highlighted the advantages of soliciting traditional music from informants with the promise of a commercial release lying in the wings. But this was easier to do in the case of the fiddle music, for when vocal performances and the like were under consideration, it often took us a long





time to assemble the critical mass required for a credible Rounder release (e.g., our children's song collection *The Land of Yahoe* (1996)). I began programming anthologies of a wider character around 2005, but Rounder's increasing reluctance to release our projects in a timely manner forced me to consider other modes of publication. Our fiddle compilation *Along the Ohio's Shores* (Rounder 0544) was originally planned as the first volume of a projected series of wider Kentucky anthologies (which is why its original cover reads "Volume 1") but the published CD received such a minimalist distribution that it now qualifies as a fairly rare record (its contents are now available from the Field Recorders' Collective as FRC 731). In some desperation (many of our artists were becoming elderly), we turned to a small British company *(Musical Traditions*) as a vehicle for releasing a broader selection of our materials (the upshot was the four volume *Meeting's a Pleasure* (2008) collection that can also be found in our Research Archive). Prompted by public commentaries that failed to recognize the obstacles that impeded the publication of traditional music, I took the occasion to write an introductory essay on the limitations under which the NAT worked, as it pertained to the Fraleys in particular. At the cost of a certain repetitiveness, I will reproduce most of these observations here.

Before she died in 1996, I promised Annadeene Fraley that someday I would dedicate a set of the recordings that we had made together in her honor, in appreciation for her vital assistance in my group's attempts to preserve portions of Kentucky's older musical culture. Over the years quite a few local people have aided Gus Meade, John Harrod and me in our endeavors, and we remain deeply grateful to all of them. However, no one has helped us more assiduously than Annadeene, who located performers that she may not have known herself previously and who often went along on the field trips with me. But considerable poignancy lay masked behind this cheerful assistance, for Annadeene harbored her own share of musical ambitions and would have been happier if some larger share of her own singing could be released by the Boston company with which these bearded strangers were somehow associated (viz, Rounder Records). Annadeene was musically talented and was widely admired within her Kentucky community, but she specialized in the sorts of modern 'folk festival' presentations that were simply not what we or the record company sought. Or, to frame the situation more accurately, by the mid '90s, Rounder had enjoyed 'hits' in a 'folky' vein somewhat akin to Annadeene's, but I never played any role in those sorts of production - indeed, I never met

most of the parties responsible for such records (I have instead been employed at sundry universities in faraway towns). Once in a while back in the '70s Rounder's Bill Nowlin or Ken Irwin would accompany me on a recording trip, but I otherwise worked independently of the company, and their internal deliberations have remained quite mysterious to me. But I was morally certain that I could only "sell" them projects considerably more "countrified" than Annadeene's core fare. In any case, Gus, John and I never conceived of ourselves as budding impresarios; our overriding intention was simply to get as much of Kentucky's vanishing older heritage recorded and issued as possible. (I usually characterize my record contributions as that of "producer," but only because the more reasonable term "folk song collector" is now commonly eschewed with disdain within academic circles in the United States.)

I imagine that our musical requirements proved doubly grating to Annadeene, in light of the fact that her husband J.P.'s fiddle music did appeal to Rounder's essentially urban audience. As a canny observer, she was firmly aware that some of these citified preferences traced to misapprehensions about "folk music's" true circumstances within Kentucky. When I read modern critiques of the "folk song collectors" of the past, I am sometimes annoyed by their moralizing tenor, for such commentary is insensitive to the fundamental problems of equipment, time, money and human motivation that invariably constrain endeavors of this ilk. Why, after all, should anyone expect that busy Kentuckians would wish to assist urban interlopers in "preservation projects" without clear benefit to themselves: activities that, by their very nature, raise considerable suspicions of cultural exploitation? Annadeene and I discussed issues of this type quite candidly and I thought that I might simultaneously honor her contributions to our recording work and supply a more realistic portrait of "folk song collecting" in the modern era if I sketched our interactions with the Fraleys more fully in this introduction.

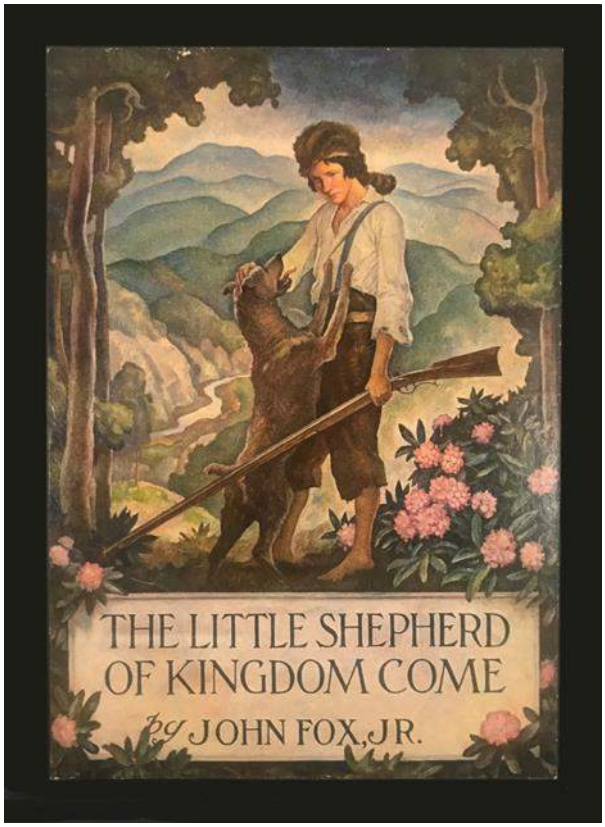
J.P. and Annadeene were born in the early depression to small town families during an era when traditional music could be readily encountered locally, although its character was rapidly shifting. All the same, the childhood circumstances of the Fraleys were quite different from those experienced by Jim Garland and his sister Sarah, who were fifteen years older than the Fraleys and had been raised in a more constrained mountain environment. (These dissimilarities reflect changing times as much as geography. As a girl Annadeene had lived for a period in southeastern Kentucky, but by then she enjoyed far more access to the outside world than the Garlands had.) Accordingly, neither J.P. nor Annadeene was ever confined to an exclusive diet of family-based music, as often proves the case for musicians who possess large stocks of old songs. J.P.'s home music background derived largely from his father, Richard, and his circle of friends, who were country fiddlers in the mold of Alva Greene. I am less certain of the exact measure of music that Annadeene experienced within her own family circle. They had traveled around the coal camps of both Kentucky and West Virginia quite a bit before she returned to Star Branch, Kentucky for high school. She had several relatives who played on

early West Virginia radio, and they seem to have made the biggest early impression upon her. (Her beautiful Martin guitar had descended through the family from one of these musicians.) In their teenage years J.P. and Annadeene gravitated independently (they were not a couple then) to more "progressive" forms of music: specifically, to tight harmony groups in the mold of the Sons of the Pioneers. Annadeene also liked to listen to big band singers on radio, like Rosemary Clooney (who came from nearby Maysville and was a childhood friend of the Dixon family). In fact, Annadeene once told me that, more than anything, she would have liked to have been a popular singer in such a mold, although, as she once told me humorously, "we could never figure out the chords to those songs." In truth, Annadeene had both the voice and the looks to have proved successful in these ambitions, had she not been born just a little too late (as the true big band era effectively ended with World War II). J.P. himself much enjoyed playing "western music" and, in later years liked to listen to Stephane Grappelli and Eddie South.

It is important to appreciate that, although a good detail of indubitable "folk music" could be readily found throughout the Fraleys' home region, it coexisted quite happily in this period with more uptown forms of music. A few examples: the great jazz violinist Stuff Smith was raised in nearby Portsmouth, Ohio; the skilled fiddler Jimmie Wheeler (from whom J.P. and Roger Cooper learned many tunes) played bass and guitar in popular music orchestras where he learned to follow their complex charts; and a relative of J.P.'s named 'Big Foot' Keaton played excellent swing fiddle on a local radio program. And so on. As a result, although J.P. undoubtedly heard a fair amount of backwoods fiddling from his father's entourage, he did not attempt to imitate much of it, nor did Dick Fraley encourage him to do so. (In my experience, fiddle playing parents generally spur their children to develop the instrumental skills heard on the radio, rather than imitate their own more rustic techniques.) In Annadeene's case, I always thought that she sounded best when she sang songs suited to the light, country swing sound that she had preferred as a youngster. Not too long before she died, I located a copy of a record that Annadeene had much admired: *Jo Stafford Sings American Folksongs*. And it struck me as we listened together to Paul Weston's gorgeous settings that here was an Americanized form of art song to which Annadeene would have been perfectly suited, had circumstances proved favorable, for such arrangements would have allowed her to express her affection for

her homeland and its traditions in a dignified manner consistent with her level of musical sophistication.

As these natural processes of modernization were unfolding, a simultaneous campaign urged Kentuckians to take pride in their older forms of music. In fact, the well springs of this movement had begun long before, in the guise of the local color pieces appearing in the late nineteen century editions of *Scribner's Magazine* and the like, which often featured snatches of folk song prominently. Sentimental novels like *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come* of 1903 inspired musical "pageants" designed to draw tourists into Appalachia, and college courses on "ballad literature" encouraged Kentuckians to take pride in the fact they had retained a large degree of British folk culture through oral tradition. Nowadays these representations are often mocked for their inaccuracies, but we should never forget that such infusions of "local pride" once meant a good deal to a young country boy like Buell Kazee, who had advanced, through a dedicated schedule of self-education, from humble circumstances to a comfortable position as a Baptist minister in upscale Winchester. Rev. Kazee retained the fondest memories of his Magoffin County upbringing, but he was also proud of the fact that he had matured into an adult of considerable talent and accomplishment. It therefore pleased him when he was invited to deliver Chautauqua-style lectures that combined narration and song in a manner that portrayed his childhood circumstances within a respectful setting. (Our recording of "East Virginia" is drawn from one of these public presentations in Seattle.) Ray M. Lawless in his 1960 *Folksingers and Folksongs in America* paraphrases Buell's opinions as follows:



> Kazee reports that when he first went to college, he was somewhat ashamed of the old songs; but, after a course in Shakespeare, he found himself at home in the Elizabethan world and therefore began studying and singing the old songs as cultural matter.

Indeed, one of the several factors that later troubled Rev. Kazee about the "folk revival" of the 1960's is that, through its infusion of politically charged content, he felt that his beloved "folk songs" were being stripped of their dignity-conferring value. And I think we fail to understand Appalachia's struggles properly if we do not see some justice in that complaint. However

absurd some of those early characterizations of “folk song” were (and we'll survey some of these in a moment), we should not discount their positive utility in allowing rural Kentuckians a measure of self respect that was otherwise often denied them.

In the Boyd and Carter County region, the chief locus for these kinds of improving “folk song” atmospherics came invested in the form of the entrepreneur Jean Thomas and her American Folksong Festival. By any rational standard, this represented a quite surreal affair, as the following quotation (from *The Singin' Gatherin'* (1939)) from the stage instructions for her 'pageant' indicates:

> The Ladies-in-Waiting (Episode IV in the Festival) are attired in full-skirted, tight-bodiced, black frocks, with white ruff at neck and sleeve. The Narrator, in Elizabethan costume, is speaking the Prologue, which sets forth the English origin of the ballads and mountain minstrels.

Probably Thomas' oddest impulse was to seize upon a local blind street musician, J. W. (“Blind Bill”) Day, and convert him into a literary fabrication (“Jilson Setters”) who spoke as if he had fallen from the pages of a John Fox, Jr. novel. The real Bill Day played a vital role in the musical life of eastern Kentucky, and we will encounter him several times in our tune histories.

In their youth, the Fraleys paid little attention to any of this. As a young boy, “Miss Thomas” asked J.P.'s parents if the young fiddler might appear in her festivities, but J.P. didn't want to bother with anything so stuffy as that. Annadeene commented:

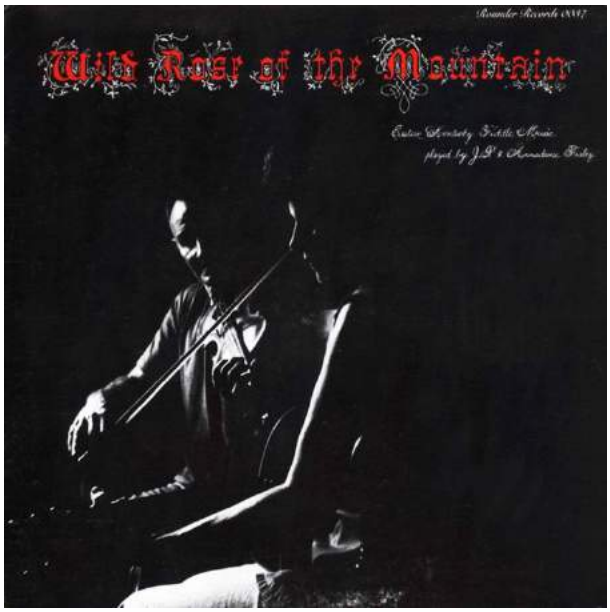
> We really hadn't heard that much about the folk festival — local people just didn't pay that much attention to it — but newspaper people, lawyers and folks like that would come in from other states, even countries from afar. Now in our minds, the festival was famous, but it just didn't seem like something we went to. Ashland also had the notion that she was making fun of Kentucky and that influenced everybody as well. They thought she was making fun of us by dressing the performers in period costumes and so forth. My goodness! Children would go barefoot on stage (as if I didn't go through the whole summer without any shoes myself).

In fact, during the early days of their marriage, neither J.P. nor Annadeene played much music. They had four kids to raise, and J.P. labored in the local brickyard while Annadeene sometimes worked in a sewing factory. It was only through a combination of hard work and ingenuity that their economic lot in life gradually improved. Eventually the brick yards shut down, and J.P. went to work for a company that manufactured the huge continuous miners that extract the coal in our underground mines (J.P. had done a bit of mining when he was young). Because J.P. was both extremely smart and gifted with people, he gradually advanced within the company until they regularly asked him to travel, as their representative, to locales all over the world where the big machines were being installed. Eventually these promotions provided the Fraleys with quite a comfortable way of life. Sometime in the middle '50's J.P. had entered a local fiddle contest on a whim and won it, much to his surprise, as he was utterly out of practice. (J.P. spins the tale hilariously in the autobiographical notes to *Wild Rose of the Mountain.*) A guitarist named Hubert Rogers then asked if he'd like to form a square dance ensemble for the dances across the river in Ironton, Ohio. Soon thereafter the group invited Annadeene to sing country-western songs during their round dance interludes. Hubert Rogers had had prior dealings with Jean Thomas, and that is how the Fraleys came to meet her in the early '60s.

Thomas immediately recognized that Annadeene was extremely intelligent and could aid her faltering "pageant" considerably. Annadeene quickly found herself engaged with a large portion of the festival's logistics, in addition to appearing on its programs. Quite tellingly, Annadeene once indicated that the best part of her time with Thomas (who could otherwise be a difficult boss) came from listening to the somewhat salacious stories that Jean would tell

about her early days, when she worked in Hollywood as a script girl and as a publicist for the notorious speakeasy hostess Texas Guinan. (The contrast between the private Jean Thomas and the prim old lady clothed in "linsey-woolsey" always amused Annadeene.) These entanglements with Thomas didn't last long (Annadeene once remarked that "she began interfering in our marriage"), but Annadeene gained a lot of experience in how to run and publicize a music festival.

As it happens, for some time a small annual Fraley family reunion had been gathering within one of the state parks, and J.P. and Annadeene were invited to enlarge this event into a more public occasion, following the informal model that their friends Nancy McLellan and Barbara Kunkle adopted in their Mountain Heritage Festival in Ashland (in contrast to Thomas' tightly scripted rigmarole). By this time, the Fraleys had also shifted to entertaining within the little restaurants associated with the parks, rather than mainly playing at square dances. In doing so, they developed an easygoing stage presence along the way. Gradually, the Fraley Festival became a late summer attraction for folks in the middle South who were beginning to become interested in their local heritage again. Ray Hilt (Volumes 1, 5 and 11) represents an excellent case in point: He had learned to play the fiddle growing up on an isolated farm outside of Portsmouth, Ohio, but had laid the instrument aside after World War II when he moved north to Marion and worked in the feed business. After he retired in the 1980's, Ray and his wife liked to travel about in a camper, and one summer they dropped by the Fraley Festival on a whim. Its relaxed and welcoming atmosphere inspired Ray to pick up the fiddle again. Roger Cooper and Buddy Thomas had both worked in a tire factory near Marion in the early '70s, and Roger was surprised that he hadn't run into Ray back then. But the reason was simple: Ray was working at the time and wouldn't have found the rowdy world of barroom bluegrass playing especially amenable to his old-fashioned, gentler style. In fact, it is partially because of welcoming forums like the Fraley Festival that John Harrod and I found it somewhat easier to locate old time fiddlers in the 1990s than in the 1970's, despite the fact that their numbers had plainly decreased. (The fact that many former Kentuckians had returned to their home state after leaving in the postwar period also helped.)

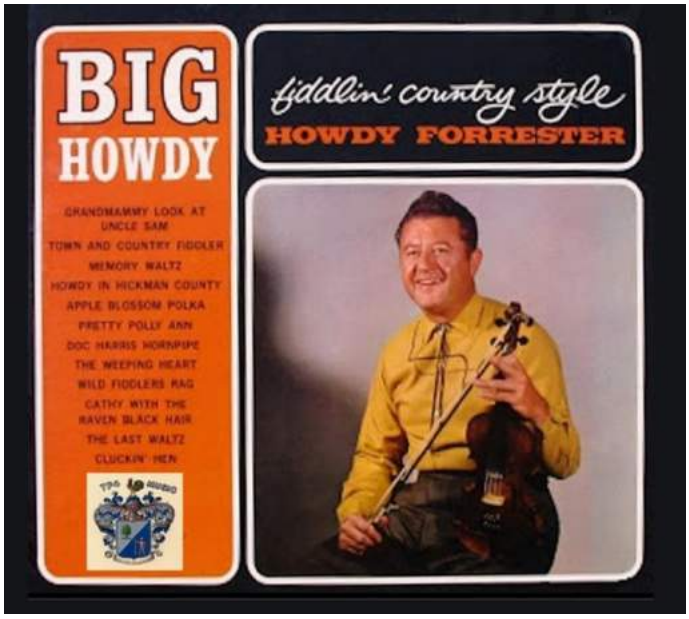


As I observed earlier, I don't believe that such festivals provide as suitable an arena for traditional mountain singing as for fiddling and instrumentally-supported singers. (Performing

in a group is less conducive to stage fright, inter alia.) Insofar as unaccompanied songs did get performed on festival stages, they were frequently executed in the melodramatic manner of the revivalists (“a capella ballad singing,” they would call it), rather than the unmannered narrative of most traditional singing. Accordingly, a homespun singer who had wandered into such proceedings would be far less likely to suppose as Ray Hilt did, “Why, I can do that too.” Accordingly, although an undramatized singer such as Mary Lozier would occasionally sing a ballad or hymn at a folk festival, the locale never provided a wholly satisfactory functional replacement for the music's former “home entertainment” venue. Sometimes Annadeene herself would sing an unaccompanied song or two (she had learned “Rare Willie Drowned in Yarrow” from Almeda Riddle when they worked together at the Knoxville World's Fair) but I generally liked these performances least, as they seemed slightly reminiscent of dressing in “linsey-woolsey.”

Although Annadeene found a comfortable place within the world of modern folk festivals, I believe that in her heart she secretly found some of their representations a bit artificial. We were preparing to take the pictures for the *Maysville* album cover when Annadeene emerged clothed in one of the “granny dress” costumes that she generally wore for her festival appearances. I asked, "Gee, Annadeene, you're a handsome woman. Wouldn't you rather look sharp in your best Sunday clothes?" She told me later that she was flattered by that suggestion, for she truly preferred being taken for what she was: a smart, good-looking and up-to-date woman. And so that is the way I wish to present her here.

The way that Gus Meade and I happened to meet the Fraleys is this. J.P. had begun traveling to some of the fiddlers' contests that were gradually rejuvenating around the South; in particular, to Harper Van Hoy's various events in Union Grove, North Carolina. Gus met J.P. there and subsequently invited the Fraleys to perform for the Folksong Society of Greater Washington. After we began our work on Asa Martin's record in 1972, Gus suggested that we approach the Fraleys, and so I met them on our second trip to Kentucky. Although Gus and I had both listened to a lot of fiddle music in one context or another, neither one of us had much familiarity with the tunes that were native to J.P.'s local context. (Beguiled by irrelevant political boundaries, we instead expected to hear strains akin to those formerly found in southeastern Kentucky, quite a different kettle of fish insofar as fiddle tunes go.) In fact, the airs native to the Ohio River basin were melodically more complex than their southern counterparts and were bowed in an altogether different fashion. In any case, although J.P. had picked up a fair measure of these local melodies through natural osmosis, much of his active repertory consisted in tunes derived from Big Howdy Forrester, Kenny Baker, and other prominent professional fiddlers. (J.P. often couldn't recollect origins, for many of his tunes had been absorbed in jam sessions at the festivals and contests he would frequently attend.)



But these standard tunes were of little use to Gus and me, for to make a record that would impress our intended audience, the selections needed to be fresh and to reflect the local region. And there was a second factor that complicated the planning of a fiddle record. By this time, square dancing had dramatically decreased in Kentucky, as the dance's remaining clientele began its weird drift towards fancy outfits and prerecorded versions of World War II era popular songs. And the folks who attended the folk festivals later on most warmly applauded the stock "show stoppers" familiar from radio and television. In truth, when the top "radio fiddlers" got together amongst themselves, they would often draw forth the older tunes, because they knew they were both prettier and more difficult of execution. But the conviction that no one else wished to hear these old melodies became deeply rooted amongst most public performers, which is why so many fiddle LPs of the period display such a limited palette of tunes. Such presumptions Gus and I worked hard to reverse, eventually with some success, I believe. But in the short run, our policies led to some misapprehensions, as J. P. struggled to satisfy our demands in the face of worries that he should perhaps be recording something else.

For example, he played a perfectly lovely piece called “Cluckin' Hen” (*Wild Rose of the Mountain*) that, in retrospect, must have been derived from Howdy Forrester, although considerably transmogrified through J.P.'s individualistic style. As such, it represented a rare and perfectly traditional tune, although one that reflects Forrester's Dickson County, Tennessee heritage rather than J.P.'s own. However, J.P. credited the tune instead to Ed Haley, whom, as a young boy, J.P. had often heard on Ashland's streets. I now believe that this mistaken accreditation arose through the following process. There were once several tunes native to J.P.'s region involving both hens and left hand pizzicato, one of which he probably did hear as a young man (e.g., Alva Greene’s “Clucking Mary” on Volume 11). However, the intervening years where his fiddling lay fallow, and then the emergent pungency of the Forrester setting, effectively ruined J.P.'s ability to recall his boyhood tune accurately. Under the pressure of our crude entreaties, however, he imagined that he did. J.P.'s performance remains absolutely first class, but it is a pity that its origins were probably misidentified, for one of our scholarly ambitions had been to pin rare tunes to particular regions, in the hope that we might thereby be able to trace historical patterns of fiddle tune transmission. The reader interested in such reconstructive projects should be warned that much published data on fiddle tune “origins” has been corrupted by similar processes. In fact, for some years after, J.P. was somewhat unhappy that the resulting LP didn't “really show his fiddle style,” meaning that it didn't adequately demonstrate his capacity to perform the modern tunes capably. In later years, he changed his mind somewhat, as he gradually realized that it was precisely the uniqueness of his local tunes that served as the magnet that slowly began to attract outsiders to the region. (Annadeene, in fact, was more prescient about these matters than J.P.) Today, a fiddler like Roger Cooper is heartened by the fact that younger Kentuckians are taking pride in their local heritage and playing many of the old tunes again.

No doubt the moralizing critics of whom I complained earlier will find these revelations appalling. “Surely, the folklorist should record everything in an artist's repertory with the strictest neutrality, capturing exactly their own preferences at that moment in time.” Yes, but precisely whom did they imagine was likely to fund or fulfill this perfect research project? I detected no academic folklorist laboring in our pastures throughout my entire involvement with Kentucky's music. Moreover, it cost us (and Rounder) a sizeable amount of money in terms of equipment and travel to record the material we did; the ideally complete survey was utterly beyond our financial capacity. In light of those limitations, focusing upon the most fragile local materials seemed the only prudent policy. Finally, and most importantly, why would such critics presume that any informant would have wished to endure the brutal ordeal of sitting before the tape recorder that a “complete survey” would have demanded? J.P. and

1,000 Hear Folk Songs

Traipsin' Woman's Festival A Hit

BY WILLIAM MOOTZ
Courier-Journal Music Editor

Jenny Wiley State Park, Prestonsburg, Ky. — Jean Thomas, Kentucky's Traipsin' Woman, presented her annual American Folk Song Festival yesterday afternoon at the Jenny Wiley Amphitheatre here.

The festival, sponsored by the Jenny Wiley Drama Association, attracted a capacity crowd of 1,000. At least a hundred more were turned away because seats and standing room were completely sold out.

This was the 34th annual American Folk Song Festival. In the past, Miss Thomas has always presented it at her home, The Wee House In The Woods, in Ashland.

Yesterday, however, it became the inaugural event in Jenny Wiley's recently completed amphitheater. It opened under a broiling sun, was interrupted briefly by a shower, and went on in scorching heat when the rain ended.

The heat did not wilt nor the rain dampen the enthusiasms of audience and performers. People without umbrellas improvised cardboard shelter from sun and rain, or took the elements in their stride. Dress was casual, and a few even came to the festival in bathing suits. Only as the festival moved into its third hour did fatigue and heat cause some people to leave.

Miss Thomas told a reporter yesterday that her family thought she was going soft in the head when she agreed to come to Jenny Wiley.

"But I got my start in Big Sandy when I was a 17-year-old court stenographer," she said. "I felt it only fair that I bring my songs back to a region that has given me so much."

Miss Thomas came back to the Big Sandy region yesterday a spry octegenarian. In heat that would have defeated most professional performers, she held her audience spellbound. When applause greeted her appearance, she said, "Thank you and God bless you," and immediately launched into a program that was part narrative, part song, part homespun philosophy, and part music history.

Through it all, Miss Thomas sat in a straightback chair and delighted everyone with her quick wit and sharp tongue.

"Turn around, honey," she would tell a performer with his back to the audience. "They might put a camera on you. Never can tell."

Or to a small tyke about to sing, she warned, "I've got a girl at the head of the holler. Sing as hard as you can, son, those home-spun britches are uncomfortable, but they can't hurt your voice a bit."

Children were prominent on the program because, said Miss Thomas, "We must depend on them to preserve our tradition."

Miss Thomas has dedicated her life to this preservation of the customs and songs of an almost forgotten past. Her festival gives a leasurely view of a culture that deserves to be preserved.

Miss Thomas allows microphones as a concession to the modern world, but that is all. Anyone who starts singing in a fashion she considers corrupt or too modern is apt to be silenced.

"We sing our hymns and songs as they have always been sung," she announces. "We are proud of our heritage and don't like to make mock of our songs."

Tots Sing Play Songs

On and on the songs came yesterday. Play songs performed by tiny tots. Love songs which warned young maidens, "Don't place your affections on young men too free."

And hymns speaking of a faith deeply rooted and sung in an ornamental style that to the ears of this city slicker was strange but wondrously beautiful.

One such hymn which Miss Thomas called "A foot-washing Baptist tune," was performed by Aunt Alice Williams, who sang it in a strong alto which belied her 90 years.

The instruments performed yesterday ranged from the familiar guitar to an ancient 3-string dulcimer. There was a handsome 16th Century lute, home-made banjos, and such rarities as a piano-harp, and a dobro (a piano harp resembles an auto-harp and a dobro looks very much like a guitar).

One of the most prominent groups at the festival was the J. P. Fraley family of Rush, Ky. Fraley modestly calls himself a fiddler. But he lines out complex tunes with a skill which singles him out as a virtuoso of the rarest sort. His wife is an expert on the lute, and sings in a wonderfully true soprano. Page, his 16-year-old son, is a whiz on the 3-string dulcimer.

Such people as the Fraleys obviously respect Miss Thomas and come to her festival year after year. Some of the present performers are fifth-generation descendants of players who started with Miss Thomas 34 years ago.

Although Miss Thomas shows no signs of slowing up, she introduces Mrs. Johnelle Craft Lacin of Summit, Ky., as her "successor-to-be."

First Of Several

"She's going to take over," said Miss Thomas, "when I'm dead and gone. But don't be putting daisies on my grave yet, or I'll come back to haint you."

Staff Photos by Larry Sather

SONG TIME . . . Mrs. J. P. Fraley, Rush, Ky., plays a 16th Century lute at the American Folk Song Festival. Sitting at her side is Jean Thomas, Ashland, the Traipsin' Woman.

Annadeene were the most genial hosts possible, but I doubt that either would have tolerated such a grueling schedule “for the sake of pure scholarship,” as their daily lives were simply too busy to allow that luxury.

I have always been thankful that, courtesy of Rounder's underwriting, we could offer most of our performers the assurance that some of their material would appear on records under their own names for honest royalties. (Unfortunately, through factors beyond our control, it sometimes took much longer to complete those projects than we ever anticipated.) By the same token, I have been dumbfounded by the streams of revivalists who have persuaded themselves, under the veil of Southern politeness, that country musicians are likely to feel honored to have been visited by urban youth who then publish these tunes on their (that is, the urban performers’) records. Well, I have never met a fiddler who didn't think better of his or her own musicianship than that! Again, being able to offer a Rounder recording contract proved the optimal emollient to assuage the abrasions of visitors who were often mistrusted as urban exploiters otherwise. (The youth who visited the state in search of fiddle tunes rarely conceived of themselves as part of the commercially successful “folk music” boom visible on television, but our Kentuckians rarely drew such distinctions.)

However, in Annadeene's case, I could not offer any parallel opportunity so I tried to explain the basic situation to her as honestly as I could. These rather awkward initial discussions eventually opened out into an intellectual framework whereupon we could compare astringent notes on how the weird world of record companies, folk festivals, and urban revivalists worked. In particular, I think that we each enjoyed learning the point of view

of someone who had been brought up on the other side of the urban/country divide. And once we got started on the right foot together, Annadeene took equal pleasure in tracking down rural performers who still retained the purest cadences of old-time Kentucky in their songs and speech. Like Rev. Kazee, she wanted to lead a successful modern life without pretending to be anything other than what she was, but she fully appreciated the pioneer generations who had come before. I am very pleased that on these CDs I can finally feature those parts of Annadeene's own repertory that stand closest to Kentucky's traditions; I only wish I had found a greater opportunity to do so before she died.

Operating as an unpaid intermediary between a traditional performer and a distant record company was not always easy, but I wouldn't have traded those inconveniences for any other arrangement. There were many who threw themselves at the feet of their informants with nothing more than "Oh, tell us of your wisdom, noble mountaineer," having no more tangible rewards to offer. Some performers, of course, happily succumb to such blandishments, often becoming tedious bores in the process, but keener observers such as Annadeene spied the falseness of the posture right away. There was no reason why a university professor should really wish to take one-sided lectures from her and she knew it.

To finish up the chronology of our interactions, my first round of visits to Kentucky halted in late 1974. Some of this hiatus was due to my taking a teaching job in California and having little money, but part of it was the result of my having endured a messy divorce in that period. Annadeene was a deeply religious person, and I dreaded explaining my circumstances to her. (In this anticipation, I was naive, for when we talked about these problems years later, she was completely understanding, having been tutored in the awkward complications of modern life as fully as myself.) In 1994, J.P. ran into Rounder's Ken Irwin at some folk event and Ken asked J.P. if he would be interested in doing another record. J.P. replied, "Well, would Mark Wilson be available to do it?" I hadn't been involved in much record work for a considerable time, but I happened to have just moved to Columbus, Ohio, and so it was comparatively easy to drive down to the Fraleys' house. (Starting this project prompted me to contact John Harrod to begin our collaborations.) In the course of working on a fiddle CD (*Maysville*), I realized that I had assembled enough material to construct an album of children's songs (*The Land of Yahoo*) and that I could utilize some of the song material that J.P. and Annadeene knew in an anthology context. That all went well, and the Fraleys commissioned me to record material of Annadeene's own choosing for a privately issued cassette, *Another Side of the Fraleys* (Road's End 001). It is from these final sessions that Annadeene's songs within this survey have been drawn. By this time, her cancer treatments had slightly coarsened her voice, but the recordings still provided a good representation of the songs she liked to sing. I told her that one day I would like to blend her traditional material together with some of the

field tapes that we had jointly recorded and the *Meeting's a Pleasure* collection represented the overdue fulfilment of that promise.

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So much for my 2008 reminiscences. As time went on, J.P. seemed to become more comfortable in his role as a conservator of Kentucky tradition (although he still found it amusing when he was designated an "Appalachian treasure" by a local college). His father Richard (for whom no recordings appear to exist) probably played in a manner close to Alva Greene (who was a friend of his) and knew a lot of rare tunes whose titles J.P. could still remember. As time went on, J.P. would occasionally recall some of these, including the present melody. Or, at least, he would claim that he remembered them, for I was never sure to what extent they represented expressions of his own melodic sensibilities. His gorgeous "Maysville" represents a case in point. We recorded a quite different "Going Down to Maysville" from Snake Chapman, which may have been closer to the tune that Richard Fraley actually played. In truth,

everything J.P. played was thoroughly infused with his distinctive melodic sense, including the performances that he had “borrowed” from Howdy Forrester. At the time of that first record, I don’t think that Gus or I adequately appreciated J.P.’s genius in these compositional regards, but I attempted to do better when we recorded the Fraleys again in the middle ‘90’s.

Their bass player (and devoted family friend) Doug Chaffin was learning fiddle from J.P. and had discovered his grandfather’s knitting needles in the old fiddle case. Doug and J.P. enjoyed reviving the old-fashioned practice of “beating straws” on this number, so we recorded it that way. (Other examples of the practice are scattered throughout these volumes.) As we note in our entry on “Old Aunt Adkins,” this practice may derive from antebellum slave tradition.

BTW, a “galleynipper” is a large mosquito.

Photo of J.P. Fraley: Mark Wilson, Rush, KY 1974
Meeting's a Pleasure: Musical Traditions Records (2007)
The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come: J.F. Fox (N.C. Wyeth, illustrator) (1931)
Fraley Band (Hubert Rogers, guitar, unknown banjo player): courtesy of Annadeene Fraley, 1960s
Jo Stafford: *American Folk Songs* (1948)
Jean Thomas in Period Costume: University of Louisville Library
J.P. and Annadeene Fraley: *American Folk Song Festival* 1969, courtesy of Annadeene Fraley
Photo of Annadeene Fraley: Mark Wilson, Rush, KY 1974
Wild Rose of the Mountain cover: Rounder Records 0037 (1974)
Howdy Forrester: *Big Howdy Fiddlin' Country Style* (1963)
"Traipsin' Woman's Festival a Hit": *The Courier-Journa*l (Louisville, KY) (1964)
J.P. and Annadeene Fraley with visitors: Mark Wilson, Denton, KY 1995
Photo of J.P. and Annadeene Fraley: Carole Cochran, Rush, KY 1973
Photo of Robin, Annadeene, Danielle and J.P. Fraley: Carole Cochran, Rush, KY 1973
Photo of Danielle and Richard Fraley: courtesy of Annadeene Fraley
Photo of J.P. Fraley: Mark Wilson, Denton, KY 2002
Photo of J.P. and Annadeene Fraley: Mark Wilson, Denton, KY 1995

Elsewhere in this survey: Vols. 2, 3, 5, 6, 8, 10, 11 and 15

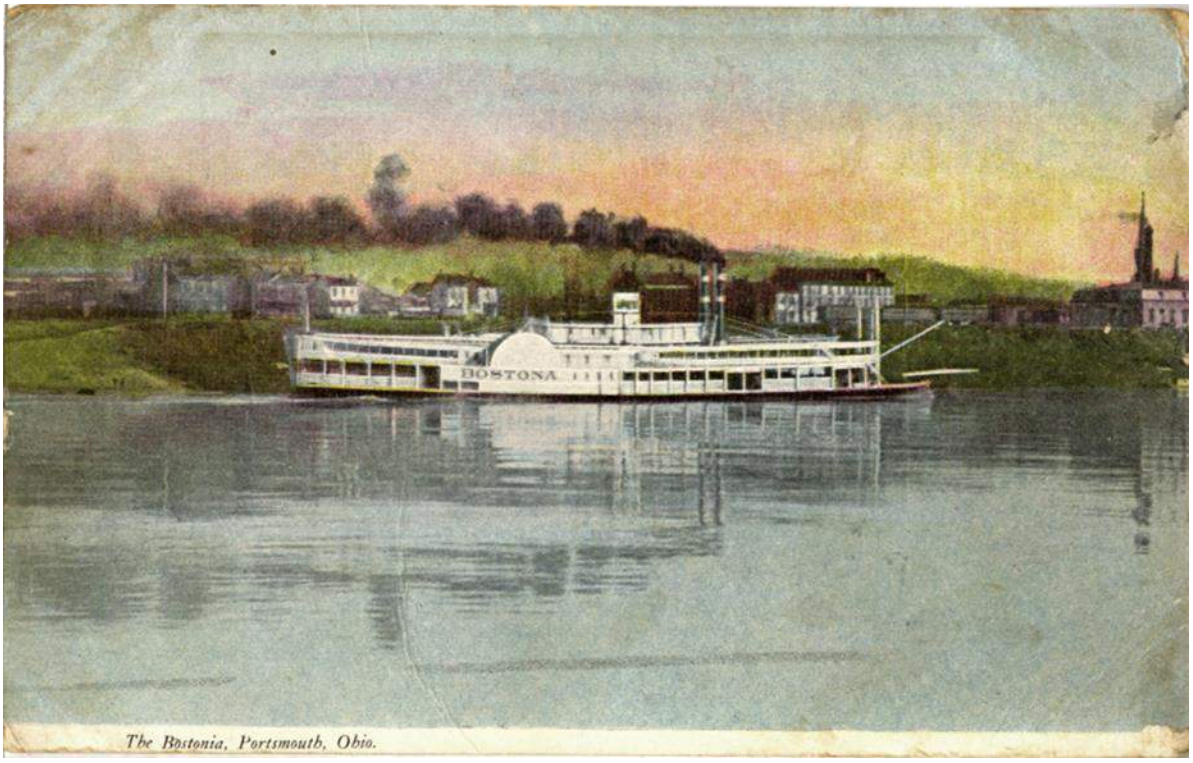
22 **Bostony - Roger Cooper, fiddle** (Mike Hall, guitar) (MW, Garrison, KY, 12/95). Originally issued on Rounder 0380, *Going Back to Old Kentucky*

Mark: One of the formative factors that seems to have influenced the character of American fiddle music lies in the modes of transmission that carried this music from one musician to another. Sometimes these interconnecting links did not take the form of fiddling at all, but rather somebody's whistling or singing a snatch of play party song. Buddy Thomas took us around to some of the older fiddlers from whom he had learned, such as Joe Stamper and Morris Allen. In Joe's case, making out what he was playing seemed almost impossible, but Buddy would somehow make something truly beautiful out of it. Sometimes this refurbishing served to restore an older melody to its former glory. Charlie Kinney (see Volume 11) was a charming musician, but his technique can be fairly characterized as "rustic." However, Roger Cooper believes that Charlie had acquired many of his tunes from an accomplished hornpipe player of long ago named Dick Swearington. (See Volume 15 for a funny story about Swearington related by Buddy Thomas.) In some sense, this isn't so surprising. Buddy Thomas

didn't want to record a range of tunes for us that he "hadn't worked out the bowing quite right yet" (although some of these preliminary drafts can be heard on FRC303). Buddy knew the ingredients required to execute a fully developed melody of an old-fashioned character, and this deep musical understanding was responsible for the manner in which he approached the rough matrices he had directly acquired from his sources. Roger reports that "Buddy was just magic in those ways." I wager that similar processes of informed melodic renewal have frequently occurred in the developmental history of our national fiddle music.

Another of Buddy's chief sources was Morris Allen of South Shore, Kentucky, who had been raised by a family of notable musicians in Portsmouth, Ohio (John Keibler and his relatives). I had paid an earlier visit to Morris by myself but could coax nothing from him except the most familiar of tunes (perfecting "Ragtime Annie" was a particular obsession of his). But Buddy accompanied Gus Meade and me upon a later visit. This time when Morris started

playing “Ragtime Annie“ for the nth time, Buddy would gently inject, “Morris, didn’t you used to play a tune called ‘Bostony’?” And those prompts made all of the difference in the world. We weren’t able to follow up on Buddy’s own playing of some of these tunes, because this session with Morris occurred on our last visit to Kentucky before Buddy’s early death. Many years later, I was talking to Roger Cooper about Morris, whom he knew quite well knew because Morris and his wife Agnes frequently hosted the little fiddlers’ get-togethers that helped keep this music alive through a long span of lean years. (Afterwards, Roger wryly remarked, “When I started out in this fiddle business, I never expected that it would become so *lonesome.*”) But Roger had never heard Morris play tunes like this either, so I sent a copy of the tape we had made. Following Buddy’s manner, Roger came up with this beautifully double-stopped “recreation” that probably represents a plausible facsimile of its original form.



The title itself represents a corruption of “Bostonia,” which was the name of a succession of steamboats that navigated the Ohio River. John Harrod and I have assumed that these opportunities of easy river transportation played a significant role in knitting together the sophisticated veins of instrumental melody that we recovered along the narrow geographical band that leads from Cincinnati to Charleston, WV. (Clark Kessinger used to frequently take the boat from St. Albans to Portsmouth, where Morris knew him well). These boats often carried little orchestras with them, which undoubtedly influenced the musicians in all of the little towns that lay along the river.

It was a great tragedy when Buddy died so prematurely, and I often had dreams thereafter in which Buddy was discovered playing once again, out in the Kentucky woods somewhere. So it was equally surprising when John Harrod introduced me to Buddy's protégé, Roger, in 1995, for I could have never asked for a better friend and explainer of the complexities of Buddy's approach to a fiddle tune. Interested readers should consult the wonderful reminiscences that Roger provides in his two Rounder CDs.

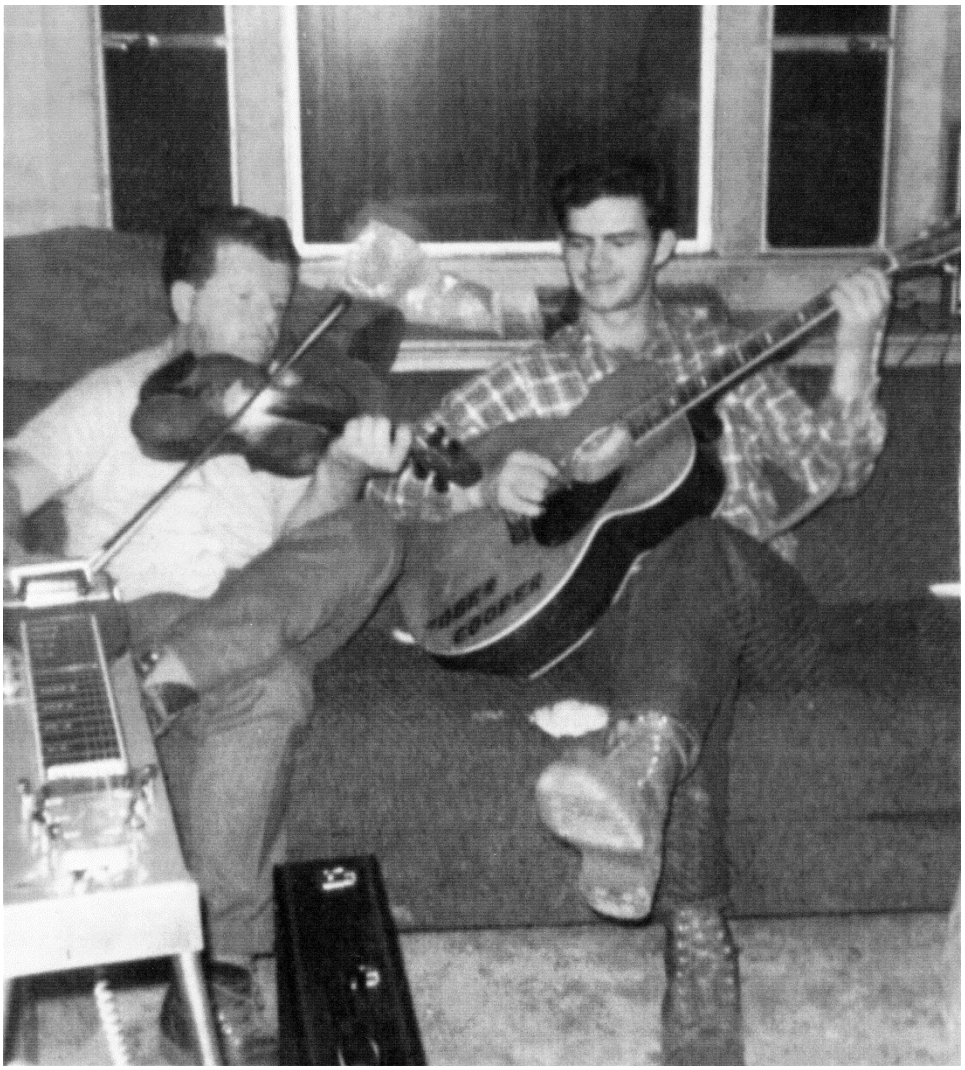


Photo of Roger Cooper; Mark Wilson, Garrison, KY 1996
"The Bostonia": Postcard (1911), Portsmouth (Ohio) Public Library
Photo of Morris Allen: Carole Cochran, South Portsmouth, KY 1973
Photo of Buddy Thomas and Roger Cooper: Bucyrus, OH early 1970's, courtesy of Roger Cooper

Elsewhere in this survey: Vols. 2, 4, 6, 10, and 11

Volume 12: ***The Great Midwest***

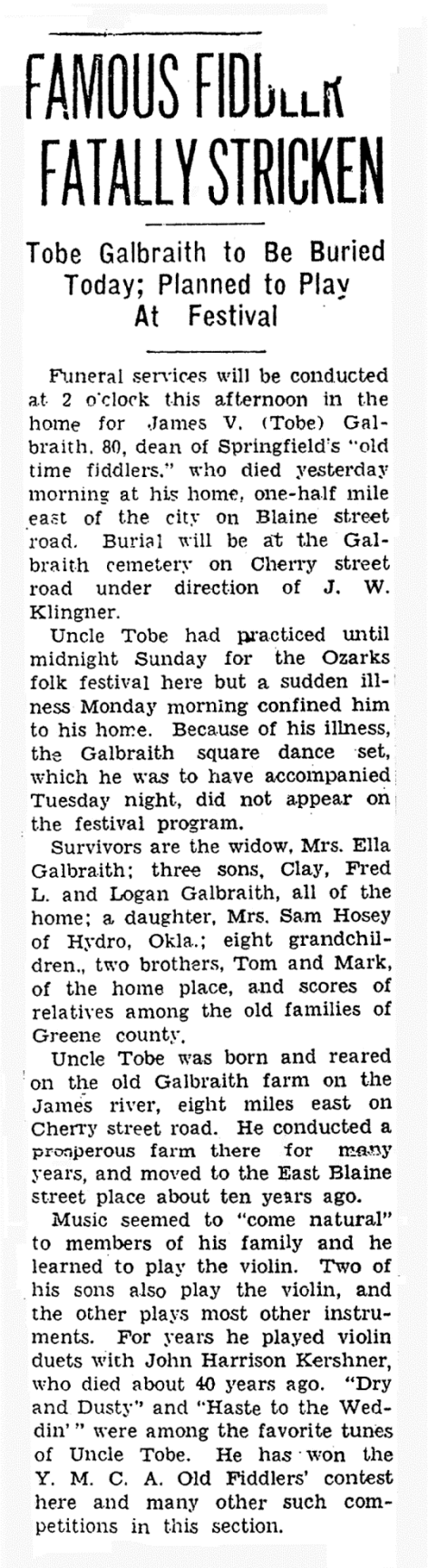
23 **Piedmont - Art Galbraith, fiddle** (Gordon McCann, guitar) (MW and Lou Curtiss, La Jolla, CA, 4/06/81). Originally issued on Rounder 0157, *Simple Pleasures*

Mark: When I was teaching in California, Bill Nowlin sent me a poorly dubbed audition tape to evaluate that had been recorded by the late Charles Wolfe of Middle Tennessee State University. A number of the tunes struck me as unusual, and I asked the Rounder folks to ask whether Charles would mind if we flew Art out to San Diego to play at Lou Curtiss' folk festival and allow me to probe his repertory in greater depth. (I afterward feared that Rounder had not made such a request, although they were in frequent contact with Charles on a variety of other projects.) But this is how I met Gordon McCann, who came along with Art as accompanist.

Afterward, Gordon kindly mailed me some self-published LPs by Lonnie Robertson, who had recently died. When I began active production work again in 1995, I contacted Gordon about the possibility of reissuing some of Lonnie's recordings. It turned out that Gordon had remained good friends with Lonnie's widow, Thelma, and had access to large numbers of thrilling performances that had never been issued. I made a quick trip to Springfield, and the eventual product was *Lonnie's Breakdown* (Rounder 0375) and Fred Stoneking's *Saddle Old Kate* (Rounder 0381). And Gordon became our gateway to the wonderful music of the Midwest.

With respect to Art himself, Charles Wolfe wrote in the notes to the LP that eventually emerged from that audition tape (*Dixie Blossoms*, Rounder 0133):

> As the War of 1812 was winding down, an eighteen-year-old Tennessee volunteer named Andrew Galbraith made his way back to his native Hawkins County in the hills of northeast Tennessee. There he became known as a Dancing Master, and he spent his evenings playing on his fiddle sparkling tunes like "The Flowers of Edinburgh" and "Old Rocky Mountain." He matured, married, and in 1841 moved his family west, to the banks of the James River, in southwest Missouri; their friends had written, "Come to Missouri. Here's the kind of land we want, the kind of river we like, the kind of springs we like." There Andrew's boy grew, married, farmed the land; his name was Stephen, and he got more interested in Populist politics than fiddling. But in 1853 Stephen had a son named Tobe, and he turned out to be the best fiddler yet: he was lean, raw boned, lanky, and he held the fiddle down low on his chest, and without rolling the instrument he could work his long fingers around "The Flowers of Edinburgh" with disturbing ease. Tobe's sons were fiddlers too, but, growing up in the ragtime era, they used the gift to play modern tunes. Tobe found his favorite pupil in a young



FAMOUS FIDDLER FATALLY STRICKEN

Tobe Galbraith to Be Buried Today; Planned to Play At Festival

Funeral services will be conducted at 2 o'clock this afternoon in the home for James V. (Tobe) Galbraith, 80, dean of Springfield's "old time fiddlers," who died yesterday morning at his home, one-half mile east of the city on Blaine street road. Burial will be at the Galbraith cemetery on Cherry street road under direction of J. W. Klingner.

Uncle Tobe had practiced until midnight Sunday for the Ozarks folk festival here but a sudden illness Monday morning confined him to his home. Because of his illness, the Galbraith square dance set, which he was to have accompanied Tuesday night, did not appear on the festival program.

Survivors are the widow, Mrs. Ella Galbraith; three sons, Clay, Fred L. and Logan Galbraith, all of the home; a daughter, Mrs. Sam Hosey of Hydro, Okla.; eight grandchildren., two brothers, Tom and Mark, of the home place, and scores of relatives among the old families of Greene county.

Uncle Tobe was born and reared on the old Galbraith farm on the James river, eight miles east on Cherry street road. He conducted a prosperous farm there for many years, and moved to the East Blaine street place about ten years ago.

Music seemed to "come natural" to members of his family and he learned to play the violin. Two of his sons also play the violin, and the other plays most other instruments. For years he played violin duets with John Harrison Kershner, who died about 40 years ago. "Dry and Dusty" and "Haste to the Weddin'" were among the favorite tunes of Uncle Tobe. He has won the Y. M. C. A. Old Fiddlers' contest here and many other such competitions in this section.

nephew, Arthur, born in 1909, who listened best of all, and who gradually took custody of the old tunes. Arthur Galbraith, like his forebears, grew up on the James River, but he moved off the farm and found a career in the post office. Playing for square dances, and playing for friends in the warm kitchen of the old family farmhouse, he honed and perfected his art, and preserved his family's gift.

I will only observe that reports upon a tune's antiquity of this anecdotal character need to be approached with some caution. "Flowers" is indeed traceable to late eighteenth century sources, but Art's "Rocky Mountain Hornpipe" represents a variant of the "Rocky Mountain Goat" hornpipe family of which several versions can be heard on Volume 2. I would guess that its probable origin lies in the 1840 era or later, but more careful research is needed. The Ozark fiddler Jim Herd (who appears on Volumes 2 and 12) was proud of his family's tune heritage and swore to their venerable character. And his family's stylings were charming in a markedly individualistic manner, but the repertory included both "The Old Hat" and "Monkey in the Dog Cart," which patently derive from a single 1927 recording by the Mississippi band the Leake County Revelers. So tune researchers need to be wary of innocent mischaracterizations of this character. Charles Darwin remarked that false "facts" are more pernicious than false "theories," because their misleading indications are harder to eradicate. And the same moral applies in the realm of tune sleuthing. I happen to think that many of Art's most interesting pieces were the "modern tunes" (the early rags and blues) that he had learned from Tobe's children. A prime example is the "Lay My Good Money Down/Want to Go to Memphis" medley contained in Volume 4 of this survey.

Gordon was eager to see the *Dixie Blossoms* LP reissued in the CD era, and it emerged that in 1984 Charles Wolfe had recorded a third album's worth of materials that had never been issued. With the help of the Center for Popular Music at MTSU (where Charles' archive is housed), in 2006 Gordon and I prepared an extended reissue of Rounder 0133 that includes these additional recordings. But our plans fell victim to Rounder's discontinued support of our NAT projects, and the reissue was only released to very limited circulation on England's Musical Traditions label. This extended release can be found in the "Published Projects" section of the NAT Research Archive.

In our researches, Gordon and I found that Missouri alone had formerly hosted a large number of distinctly different localized musical communities whose repertories gradually merged together through the influence of the many fiddle contests and popular live music radio shows, such as those once hosted by Bob Walters and Lonnie Robertson. In our various annotations, we attempted to unscramble some of these contributing strands as best we could. But there is considerably more stylistic variety found on Volume 12 than I was able to capture within the two selections offered here.

Photo of Art Galbraith: Virginia Curtiss, La Jolla, CA 1983
Tobe Galbraith Obituary: *Jefferson City Post-Tribune* (1934), courtesy of Gordon McCann
"The Old Hat"/"Monkey in the Dog Cart": Leake County Revelers, Columbia 15205-D (1927)
Photo of Art Galbraith and Gordon McCann: Springfield, MO 1978, courtesy of Gordon McCann

Elsewhere in this survey: Vols. 4 and 12

24 **Sourwood Mountain - Bob Holt, fiddle, and Bill Conley, banjo** (Roud 754) (MW and Gordon McCann, Ava, MO, 10/04/97). Originally issued on Rounder 0435, *Traditional Fiddle Music of the Ozarks, Vol 1*

Mark: Although this Preview volume attempts to preview the materials showcased within the 15 later volumes of the survey, its most evocative selections are often individualistic in their aesthetic characteristics. The present duet is probably more accurately representative of instrumental music as it was at the time when settlers from the Tennessee/Kentucky border region first migrated to the Ozarks after the Civil War. As such, it represents a paragon of old-style Appalachian coordination between fiddle and banjo. But few of the Midwestern fiddlers that we recorded continued to work regularly with clawhammer banjo players any longer, and several of them complained that banjos, whether old-time or modern, affected their phrasing adversely. Some of this is due to the fact that the Ozark repertory now embraces many tunes that are cut from a metrically divergent cloth. Bob Holt sometimes used some of his young students as accompanists on his privately issued recordings, but I often felt that the revivalist stylings they employed were ill-suited to the music. It was then an unexpected treat when Bob invited his old friend Bill Conley to come over to his farm for a few numbers at the very tail end of our sessions for *Got a Little Home to Go To*. Their parents had played together regularly, and

Bob and Bill fit together like a hand and glove. I only wish that I could have recorded more of their exceptional work together. Several additional selections by the team (often with Gordon McCann added on guitar) can be found in this survey (including an exceptional solo by Bill on Volume 12).

The venerable "Sourwood Mountain" can be found everywhere in the south and remains popular to this day. I find, after a brisk search in the NAT Research Archive, that we recorded the tune at least twenty times despite the fact that it does not represent a selection that we would have especially solicited. Two additional versions are supplied on Volume 10, with a longer commentary upon its heritage. As we there observe, "Sourwood Mountain" somehow became emblematic of "mountain music" in Appalachia and the Ozarks in popular literature at an early date, through stereotyping processes that remain murky to me. Volume 10 reproduces a long passage from a 1903 novel by John Fox, Jr. that mentions the tune; I have recently uncovered an earlier passage (1898) from the same author that employs the tune in an allied fashion:

roses"; the intervals were strange to her ear, and the tune seemed to move through at least three keys. Anne remembered the folk-songs that Colton said the mountaineers still sang.

"To jump in the river and drown"—that was the last sorrowful line; and then he veered to something lively, singing words that she could barely hear:

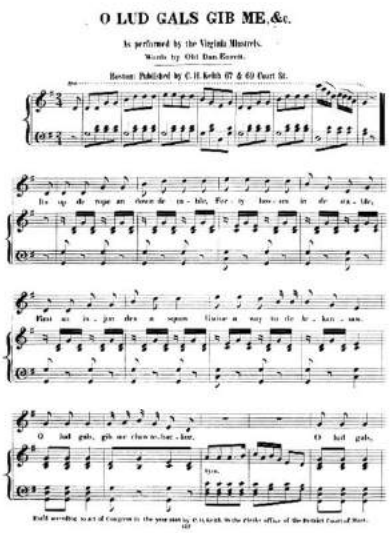
"Chickens a-crowin' on Sourwood Mountain,
Heh-o-dee-um-dee-eedle-dahdy-dee!
Git yo' dogs an' we'll go huntin',
Heh-o-dee-um-dee-eedle-dahdy-dee!"

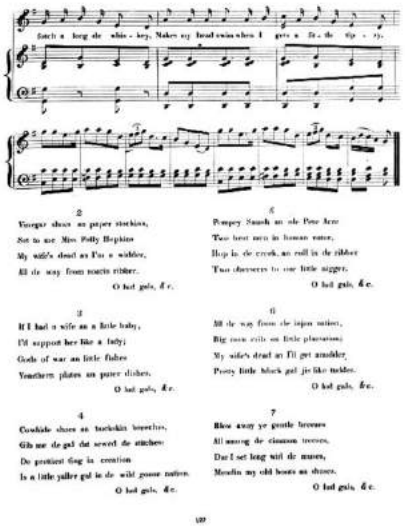
It had the darky's rhythm and the darky's way of dropping into the minor on the third line, while the swing of the last was like the far-away winding of a horn, and it was to ring in her ears for years to come. He was changing now, and she smiled. Colton had sung that to her; he called it "The Dying Injunction of Johnnie Buck."

"Oh, Johnnie Buck is dead,
An' the last words he said
Was, never let your woman have her way."

There was but one verse, and he sang it over and over while she watched him, trying to realize, to understand, what Colton said; that in this age, this day, this hour, in her own land, her own State, within the two days' gallop of a thoroughbred of her own home, were people living like the pioneers, singing folk-songs centuries old, talking the speech of Chaucer, and loving, hating, fighting, and dying like the clans of Scotland. It was very strange and interesting, and for no reason she sighed deeply. The town clock was striking noon.

The jarring juxtapositions Fox poses in this passage are quite striking: invocations of “pioneers, singing folksongs centuries old, talking the speech of Chaucer” appended to snatches of song that Fox himself concedes are probably of African-American origin (“Georgy Buck” and the “Willie Poor Boy” cited in our note to “Old Bill Rolling Pin”). As we have frequently emphasized in these notes, although many parts of rural America remained hard to reach in the era in which Fox wrote, the musical penetration by African-American migrant workers appears to have been quite profound.





Where and how “Sourwood Mountain” actually originated is hard to determine. Its contours remind me of the popular minstrel song “Oh Lord Gals, Give Me a Chaw Tobacco,” and it often shares stanzas with “Black-Eyed Susie” (see Volume 10). Some “folksong” books supply lengthy lyrics for the piece (e.g., Ethel Park Richardson, *American Mountain Songs* (1927)), but I suspect that many of these are diligently collated from the amorphous mass of floating lyrics upon which an instrumentalist might randomly draw for a spontaneous vocal interlude. The old-timers invariably performed in this fashion, but it was virtually impossible to persuade any of our younger informants (including Bob and Bill) to replicate this practice.

The beautiful colored illustration is by W.J. Hudson, illustrating a 1916 “local color” travelogue bearing the preposterous title of “Hobnobbing with Hillbillies.” Its author cites “Sourwood Mountain” as a characteristic tune of the Hazard, Kentucky region.

Bob Holt was a droll dairy farmer (see Volume 15) who, along with Jim Beeler, hosted some of the last “live music” square dances in the Ozarks. He played faster than the fiddlers a generation earlier would have played, to suit the desires of the synchronized jig dancing that

became popular after World War II. We were very lucky in getting a bit of Bob's performances in a "live dance" setting on tape.

THE CUMBERLANDS GROW DREAMLIKE, THEN FADE AWAY ON THE HORIZON

Photo of Bill Conley, Bob Holt and Gordon McCann: Mark Wilson, Ava, MO 1997
"Sourwood Mountain": John Fox, Jr., *The Kentuckians* (1898)
"Oh Lud, Gals, Gib Me &c.": Dan Emmett, *Original Banjo Melodies* (1843)
"The Cumberlands": W.J. Hudson in William Aspinwall Bradley, "Hobnobbing with Hillbillies," *Harper's New Monthly Magazine* (1916)

Elsewhere in this survey: Vols. 3, 6, 7, 12 and 15

Volume 13: *Way Down East*

25 **New Market Reel - Jerry Holland, fiddle** (Joey Beaton, piano) (MW and Bill Nowlin, Antigonish, NS, 6/09/76). Originally issued on Rounder SS-0145, *Traditional Music on Rounder: A Sampler*

Mark: The three *Traditional Fiddle Music of* … collections that our NAT group collated correspond to Volumes 11, 12 and 14 of the present survey and supply reasonably adequate overviews of the older music encountered within the regions we surveyed, given the limitations under which we worked. (These albums be located in the "Published Projects" section of the NAT Research Archive.) However, Volume 13, represented by these selections from Jerry Holland and Paddy Cronin, stem from an allied documentation project that never congealed adequately and for which no *Traditional Music of …* presentation emerged. The hope was an attempt to collect a suitable miscellany of Maritime musical materials in a relatively coherent manner. But we never managed to acquire the knowledge basis required to do so properly. Some of these inadequacies trace to my own unpreparedness with respect to the targeted music which I could not easily remedy while living far away from the relevant region. More

than that, we never found a local enthusiast who would assist our recording efforts in the same knowledgeable manner that Gordon McCann, Morgan MacQuarrie, Gus Meade and John Harrod provided for our other investigations. Indeed, our recording efforts would have been infinitely poorer without their contributions, a fact that I have strenuously wished to underscore in these commentaries. Indeed, the entire idea of grouping these projects under a common NAT (*The North American Traditions Series*) banner arose in 1998 when Rounder's Bill Nowlin and I sought some device for highlighting the unified preservational agenda behind our individual albums, while avoiding the trap of exaggerating the role of any particular contributing party. (The individual aggrandizement of particular "collectors" struck us as alien to the music itself and unfair to folks who assisted significantly in our projects.) However, this lack of focal accreditation seemed as if it greatly reduced the critical attention (and the attendant record sales!) that the more "collector"-centered publications of the time received. Hence the "NAT" moniker. Insofar as I could determine, this feeble effort to showcase the extent of our Rounder-sponsored endeavors never drew any significant attention (or sales!), but our motivations for not suppressing the contributions of our collaborators remains sound. Bill and I merit a certain degree of credit for the organizational skills that allowed our NAT group to operate as long as it did, but the musical merits of our projects trace largely to our collaborators.

As mentioned, we never found a colleague who could provide comparable assistance with respect to the regional music sampled on Volume 13, although not for any want of costly attempts to do so. (Careless individuals could quickly burn through a lot of Rounder's support funds if they didn't keep the NAT's modest objectives clearly in view.) I recognized early on that the older traditional music of French New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and New England merited the same attention to accurate historical documentation that we brought to our other targeted regions. Most of the large number of "downeast" fiddle recordings that were commercially available at the time had been heavily influenced by Don Messer and his popular Canadian television variety show. Messer was, in fact, an excellent fiddler, but his performances were overladen with novelty effects and accelerated to an excessive velocity.

As such, their souped-up qualities (which Buddy Thomas characterized as "hotdogging") closely mirrored similar circumstances in the American South, in which latter day bluegrass and Grand Old Opry influences dominated the commercial fiddle LP picture. We eventually learned that many of the violinists on those modernized records privately cherished the older tunes they had learned as kids but believed that there was no audience for such offerings. (I unfortunately realized this fact too late in my recording career, for we would have otherwise approached a greater number of the "commercial fiddlers" in the manner that we did with Graham Townsend.) With respect to our "downeast" project, I lacked the discriminative skills that are required to gently remove these later layers of Messer-imitative presentation without artificial distortion. (I hadn't liked the music well enough previously to develop the required knowledge base.) I write "without artificial distortion" because a fair number of other "folk"-oriented labels of the period attempted to issue comparable *Fiddle Music of ….* projects whose actual contents largely consisted in a mélange of recent importations. (The inclusion of "Whiskey Before Breakfast" or "Over the Waterfall" are reliable indicators that this had occurred.)

Towards the very end of our Rounder sponsorship, we enlisted the assistance of the late Bert Feintuch of the University of New Hampshire to see if we could collectively assemble a downeast survey of a more adequate quality. Bert conducted a few local recording sessions on his own, but these efforts never gelled adequately, partially because Bert knew comparatively little about this music himself and partially because Rounder's support had started to wane. (I also believe that Bert was philosophically somewhat opposed to the NAT's basic agenda, presuming on methodological grounds that a folklorist should concentrate upon "living tradition" rather than "preservation" *per se.*) None of Bert's recording efforts on our behalf are included in the NAT Research Archive but are housed instead in the American Folklife Collection at the Library of Congress.

The one exception to this rule lies with a joint session that Bert and I conducted with Jerry Holland in 2002, with the intent of capturing some of the French-Canadian tunes that he had acquired from his fiddler father, Jerry, Sr., who had moved to Boston from New Brunswick in the late 'forties. Examples from that session with Jerry can be found in Volume 13, accompanied by Doug MacPhee. However, the inspiration to pursue this line of inquiry traces back to Bill and my first recording session with Jerry in 1976, when he was just 21 years old. (Je was the only major musician that I recorded who was younger than me, although Roger Cooper and Morgan MacQuarrie are approximate contemporaries.) Jerry had just settled in

Cape Breton, where he went on to become a highly regarded (and highly influential) player and composer within the local Scottish music scene. Bill and I idly asked whether he had learned any French tunes from his father, and he obliged us with the spontaneous selection presented here, which I still regard as one of the nicest things he ever recorded. But Jerry did not want to include it on the Rounder LP we subsequently issued, because he had selected its programming to highlight his abilities within a strict Cape Breton-fashioned context (although he did sneak one mainland Canadian tune, "Growling Old Man and Woman," into one of his putatively "Scottish" medleys). I have never run across analogs for either of the present tunes despite having listened to a fair number of French-Canadian recordings over the intervening years. Jerry believed that his father acquired the second tune from a Joseph Allard 78 but wasn't certain of this. Its coarse strain resembles that of "La Guinnelle" as played by Maine's Don Roy, but is otherwise quite different. Insofar as I can make out, French-Canadian musicians commonly mix-or-matched parts from originally distinct compositions, as several examples found in our Volume 2 illustrate. On one of his last recordings *(Jerry Holland and Friends* 2010), the second tune is titled "St. Pamphile" in honor of his mother's Quebec birthplace.

For more on Jerry's work within Cape Breton tradition, see Volume 14 of this survey and the evocative reminiscences he provides in Volume 15. Joey Beaton is the son of the great Donald Angus Beaton and can be heard playing in the context in Volume 14, as well.

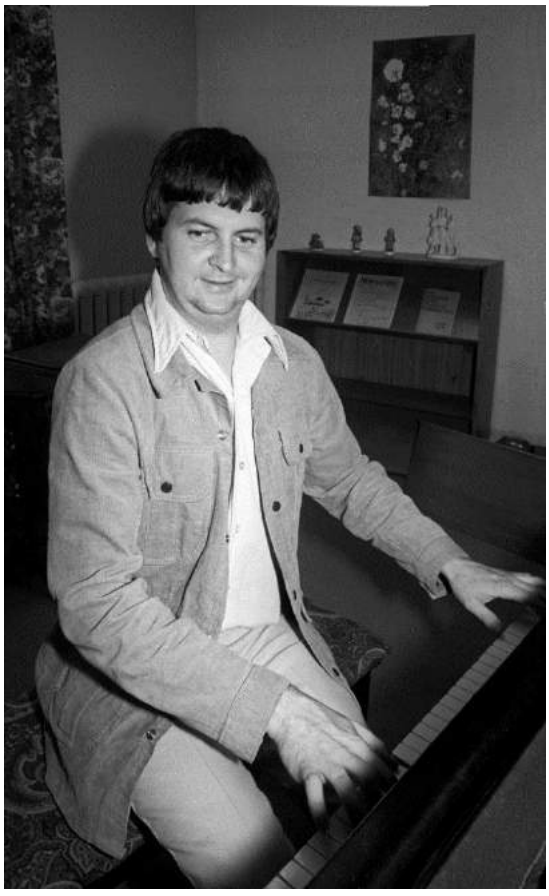


Photo of Jerry Holland: Mark Wilson, Meat Cove, NS 1976
Photo of Buddy MacMaster, Gordon MacLean, Bert Feintuch and Mary MacMaster MacInnis: Sugar Camp, NS 2002
Photo of Jerry Holland Jr, and Sr.: Brockton, MA 1960's, courtesy of Jerry Holland
Photo of Joey Beaton: Bill Nowlin, Antigonish, NS 1976

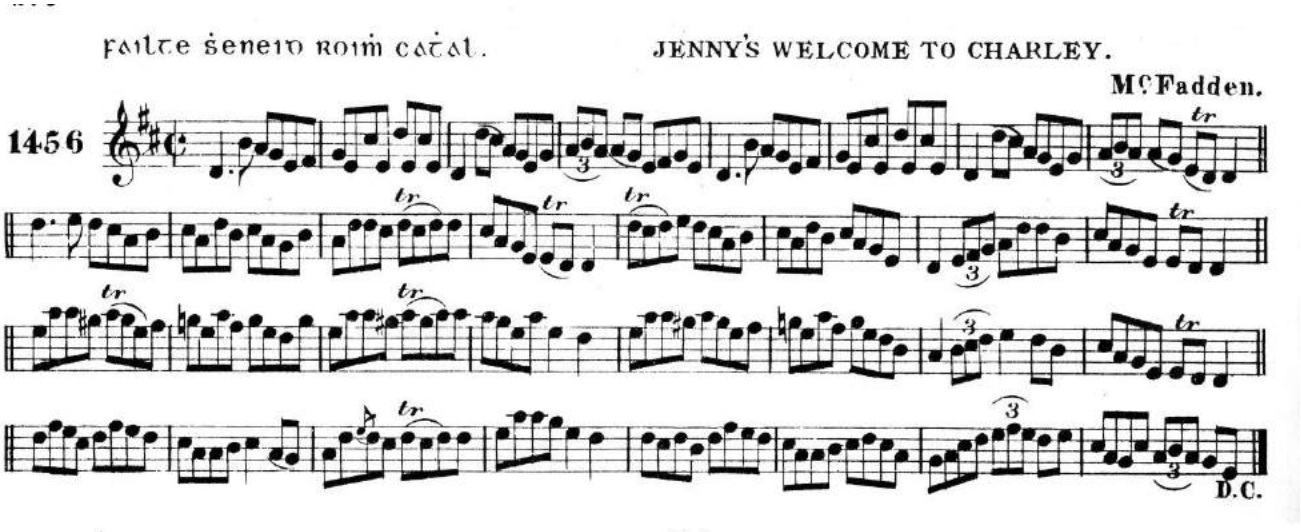
Elsewhere in this survey: Vols. 13, 14 and 15

26 **Jenny's Welcome to Charlie - Paddy Cronin, fiddle** (Mary Irwin, piano) (MW, West Roxbury, MA, 4/09/75). Originally issued on Fiddler 002, *The Rakish Paddy*

Mark: As just stated, the mixture of archived materials sampled on Volume 13 of our survey has been largely drawn from projects that our group either did not directly initiate or that were left incomplete when Rounder's support evaporated in 2008. This recording of Boston's Paddy Cronin (and those of Tommy Doucet) grew out of sessions planned by Frank Ferrel, then living in Seattle, Washington, for release on his own Fiddler Records label. I merely assisted in his recording efforts. But the resulting records did not sell well, and a few years later Frank sold the tapes and their ownership to Rounder in the course of settling debts that he and my brother Danny had incurred while running a fiddle shop in the Pike Place Market. Much later Bill Nowlin consigned these long-neglected tapes to my keeping just before Rounder itself was sold, so that they would not become permanently swallowed up within the great conglomeration of archived materials that Rounder had transferred to Concord Distributing. In

Rounder's very early days, Bill had wasted long endless hours vainly attempting to secure reissue rights to old 78's from large companies such as Victor or Sony who evinced no interest in affairs of such minimalist prospect. Bill presumed that the same suppressive fate would await Rounder's Fiddler tapes, were they to fall into Concord's hands. So that is how these recordings came to lodge within the [NAT Research Archive].

I attempted to work with Frank again twenty years later when I began active recording again in 1995, after a hiatus of nearly ten years. Doing so required that we keep our projects under tight financial control and to not expect significant outcomes in terms of outreach or publicity (recording prominent musicians such as Buddy MacMaster or Jerry Holland always made me nervous, because Rounder would not devote the resources to promotion that such artists might have reasonably expected). Frank was very knowledgeable about a range of musical types but promptly engaged in a range of unmonitored and costly activities that nearly severed my own ability to continue working with the company. Our NAT group was able to capture as much material as it did only by respecting the tolerances that Rounder required. Such unhappy experiences in outreach were not atypical. Early on I early recognized the tremendous benefits of being able to assure a source artist that "some of these selections will be issued on a commercial recording for which you will earn royalties, but the company in question hopes to mainly emphasize the traditionally acquired aspects of your repertory." And I would further warn them, "We'll try to do a nice production job on the project, but don't expect to build a swimming pool with the proceeds." Generally (but not always!), these promises of moderate rewards worked ably in persuading busy people to devote sufficient time to making these recordings. From time to time, I attempted to persuade a range of quasi-academic "experts" to



take advantage of these same motivational enticements and thereby enlarge the scope of Rounder's traditional offerings. Most of the time these "experts" refused to operate in the essentially selfless manner that our projects required. This is why I have repeatedly expressed my personal gratitude in these notes to the core group (Lou Curtiss, John Harrod, Gordon McCann, Morgan MacQuarrie and Gus Meade) that allowed us to capture the wide range of performances sampled here.

Paddy was raised in the Sliabh Luachra region of Ireland, where he had been tutored on the fiddle by the great Pádraig O'Keeffe. Paddy's brother, Johnny, was also a well-regarded player, and Paddy frequently played together with Denis Murphy and many of the other great players of the Kerry region. He emigrated to the United States in 1949, and eventually settled in West Roxbury, Massachusetts, where he hung wallpaper for a living. The dance hall scene in Boston in the 1950's was very vibrant and is well documented by Susan Gedutis in the book *See You at the Hall* (2004). (By the time I came on the scene, the Irish community in Boston had largely become dispersed by urban dislocation, whereas the French Canadian and Cape Breton populations in Watertown and Waltham remained more cohesive.) In those little dance halls, Paddy mingled with many of the Nova Scotian expatriots such as Tommy Doucet and Mary Irwin, and her son Eddie. Paddy had also recorded some well-regarded 78's in the early 1950's for the local Copley label, which was run out of the O'Byrne DeWitt travel agency. A few years after the present recordings were made, Paddy returned to Ireland, where he made an excellent LP for the Outlet label (*Kerry's Own Paddy Cronin*) including many of the same numbers as we

By PADDY CRONIN

(Violin)

★ 9-119	Templehouse and Duke of Leinster Reels Boys of the Town & The Hag With the Money. Jigs
9-113	The Doon Reel #2 and O'Callaghan's Reel Cronins Hornpipe and Fitzgerald's Hornpipe
9-114	The Mountain Top and The Galtee Mountains. Reels Byron's and Delahunty's Hornpipes
9-115	Gorman's and Pretty Girls of the Village Reels O'Keefe's and The Rights of Man Hornpipes
★ 9-116	Flax in Bloom—The Millstone—The Dairymaid. Reels Rakish Paddy and Wheels of the World. Reels
9-112	Con McCarthy's Favorite and The Killarney Wonder Hornpipes The Doon Reel and Quinn's Reel

VIOLIN AND FLUTE DUETS

By PADDY CRONIN and FRANK NEYLON

★ 9-195	Galway Reel and The Woman of the House Reel The Butcher's March and Old Man Dillon. Jigs
★ 9-196	Paddy Finley's Reel and The Red Haired Lass. Reel The Clare Reel & The Maid In the Cherry Tree. Reel

Copley
9-145A UNBREAKABLE
IRISH RECORDS

recorded. For a helpful overview of Paddy's career, visit the website *The Music of Sliabh Luachra* (https://rushymountain.com).

The Fiddler LP that was issued was marred by some unfortunate supplements that Paddy insisted upon including on the record, despite the fact that they were unpleasantly out of tune. Indeed, Paddy's engagements with auditory issues struck me as puzzling. When I played the tapes back for him after our sessions, he would put pillows over his ears "to hear it better." Possibly this reflected a phenomenon that I encountered in sundry forms elsewhere, in which performers had become so used to hearing themselves on the cheap cassette recorders of the era that they had come to believe that that these severely muffled and slurred products represented "what they really sounded like." Our most heart-breaking episode of this character occurred in Cape Breton in connection with Michael Anthony MacLean, who was the brother of Joe MacLean and Theresa Morrison. Together with his son Vince, Michael Anthony genially hosted a fair number of the sessions that Morgan MacQuarrie and I conducted in the local Washabuckt region. But Michael Anthony himself would never accede to our repeated requests for a recording himself. However, on our very last visit, he unexpectedly played a long, beautiful set, after which he triumphantly declared, "There you can have it!" Apparently, he had presumed that we had been following the customary Cape Breton custom of sneakily recording a session on cassette "without permission." But, of course we hadn't, and Michael Anthony had seemingly forgotten the rather massive array of equipment that we would drag into his parlor when we actually did record. "Don't worry," Vince assured us at the time, "I have hours and hours of Dad on tape." And Vince indeed did issue a privately published CD of those recordings after his father passed away a few years later. But it was that same wretched cassette sound, which didn't remotely capture the sweetness of the playing that Morgan and I had the privilege of hearing.

Settings of the present tune can be found in both of Francis and James O'Neill's major collections. The tune is probably of Scots origin, although I am not aware of any published sources in that country. It presumably honors Jean ("Jenny") Cameron who supported Bonnie Prince Charlie in the Jacobite Rebellion of 1745. The website *The Session* (thesession.org) provides transcriptions of ten versions of the tune, which differ so much among themselves that I would have scarcely identified them as the same melody. The great Irish-American fiddler Hugh Gillespie made an influential early recording for Decca that may have influenced Paddy's setting, although Gillespie adopts a much faster pace. The great Northside Cape Breton fiddler Johnny Wilmot performed a vibrant rendition as "The Belfast Reel" on his Buckshot LP when he lived in Toronto. One of my most exciting early musical experiences was hearing Johnny play for a dance in 1974 at the French Club in Waltham, filling in for a delinquent Cameron Chisholm. Johnny was a great friend of Doug MacPhee's, and we made tentative plans to attempt a new recording in 1977 which became scuttled when Rounder was forced to

discontinue our Cape Breton series (largely due to financial delinquencies on the part of some of our artists).

Photos of Paddy Cronin: Carole Cochran, Boston, MA 1975
"Jenny's Welcome to Charlie": Francis O'Neill. *Music of Ireland* (1903)
"The Doon Reel and Quinn's Reel": Copley Record 9-112
Paddy Cronin page: Copley Record catalog (1950's)
Jenny Cameron: National Library of Scotland

Elsewhere in this survey: Vols. 2 and 13.

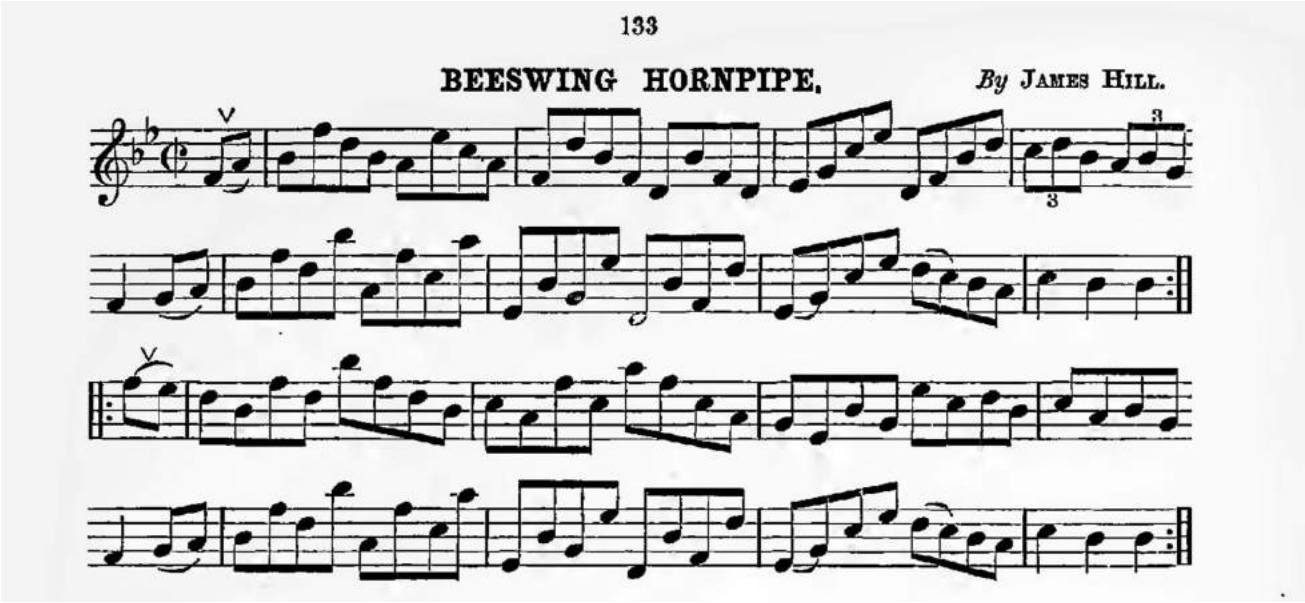
Volume 14: *Gaelic in the Bow*

27 **The Bee's Wing Hornpipe - Carl MacKenzie, fiddle** (Doug MacPhee, piano) (MW and Bill Nowlin, New Waterford, NS, 6/12/1976). Originally issued on Rounder 7005, *Welcome to Your Feet Again*

Mark: Regarded as a guide to the full NAT Research Archive, this 15+1 volume survey is misleading in that at least half of the archive's holdings are devoted to fiddle music, whereas our CDs feature a much wider spectrum of performance formats. Some of this is due to our group's collective affection for the fiddle music, but it also stems from the belief that the backgrounds of these tunes have not been as well documented as the old ballads. And there is the further sociological fact that the fiddlers stayed musically active far longer than the singers and old-time banjo pickers. Capturing the extent of our Cape Breton recordings in this survey has proved difficult, simply because the music does not integrate readily into the largely U.S.-centered narrative we have followed in these notes. A further complicating factor stems from the fact that Cape Bretoners generally perform in medleys that can easily last for six minutes or more. The constructive art they practice in maintaining audience interest throughout these long runs of tune represents one of the astonishing characteristics of this music, but this same

length only allows us to sample but a fraction of the many fine violinists that Morgan MacQuarrie and I managed to record.

Carl MacKenzie was a civil engineer who taught at the local college in Sydney. He had been raised in the same Washabuckt area where Joe MacLean, Theresa Morrison and Gordon MacLean came from. In this first recording, Carl retained much of the infectious drive characteristic of the local style. But afterward he became enamored of the florid neo-classical compositions of "difficult authors" such as J. Scott Skinner and, in doing so, diminished the appeal of his playing, in my opinion. (Carl issued a number of self-published recordings after this initial Rounder project.) The present selection also benefits greatly from its wonderful support by the "dean of Cape Breton pianists," Doug MacPhee, with whom we frequently worked in later years (including a fine LP of piano solos, Rounder 7009), and whom we consider a close and genial friend.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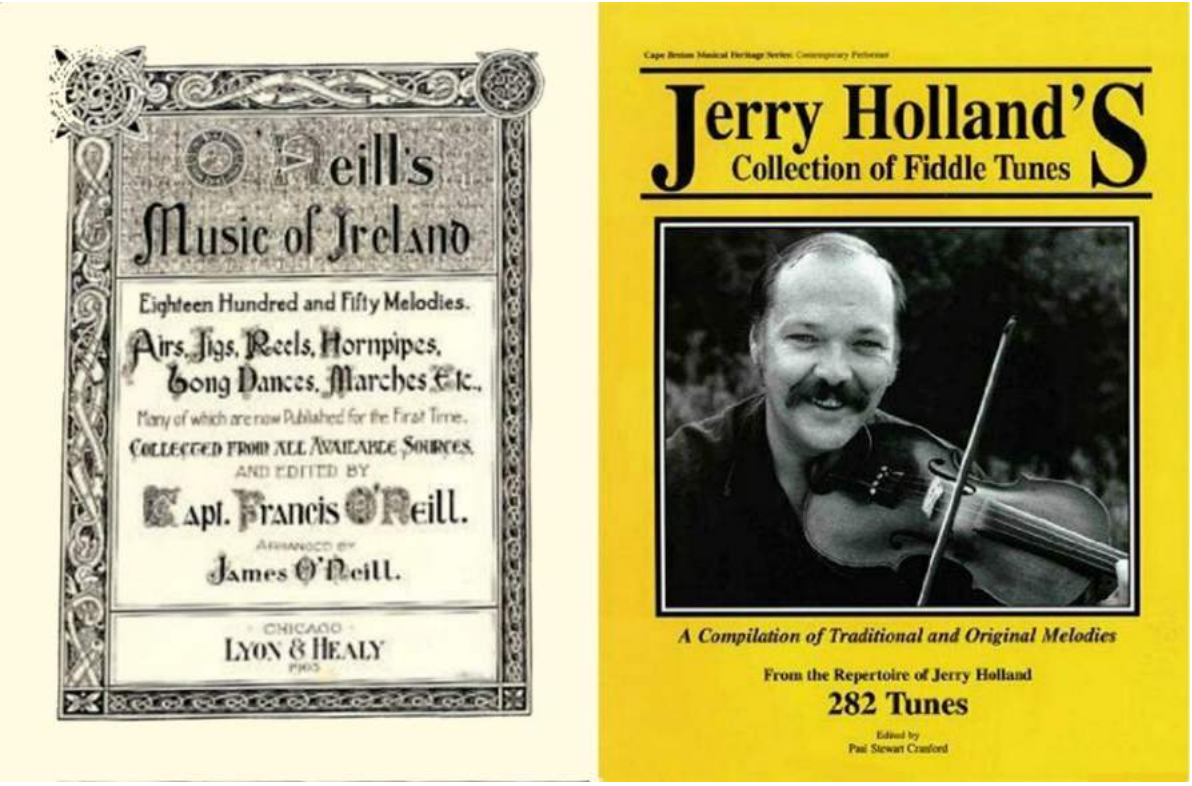
BEESWING HORNPIPE. By JAMES HILL.

The three tunes heard here are set in the somewhat difficult key of Bb which most fiddlers eschew but Cape Bretoners attack with relish. Carl's opening clog ("The Bee's Wing") was written by the "Newcastle Paganini," James Hill, of Gateshead, England. Graham Dixon's *The Lads Like Beer* (2013) documents his life and music. His many compositions of the 1840's (including, most prominently, "The High Level Hornpipe") established the canonical framework upon which the many "Newcastle hornpipes" of succeeding decades are constructed. "Beeswing" was the name of a famous English racehorse. The tune has been reprinted numerous times, but the specimen presented is from Carl's direct source, *Köhler's Violin Repository*. "Spellan's Inspiration" is an Irish tune also composed in the Newcastle idiom that derives from Francis O'Neill's celebrated Irish fiddle "bible" *The Music of Ireland* (1903). The



O'Neill brothers extracted a large number of tunes from a manuscript compiled by Spellan, who appears to have led an orchestra in Belfast. Finally, "Mary Claire" represents a modern composition by our own Jerry Holland, that had begun to circulate amongst the Cape Breton community virtually as soon as Jerry began playing for dances on the island (it was scarcely a year old when Carl decided to fold it into the present medley). Bill and I had recorded Jerry performing this self-authored tune at his first Rounder session just before we recorded Carl and Doug. So it was quite startling when Carl began to play it, as if it was of the same vintage as his first two tunes. But this fact merely underscores Jerry's remarkable abilities to devise truly original melodies while remaining squarely within a traditional idiom. This tune, along with many of Jerry's other fine compositions and arrangements, can be found in the two *Jerry Holland* collections edited by the indefatigable Paul Cranford, whose Cranford Music in Englishtown, Nova Scotia remains a primary source of all things Cape Breton.

Photo of Carl MacKenzie: Mark Wilson, Sydney, NS 1976

"Beeswing Hornpipe": James Hill in W B Laybourn, ed, *Köhler's Violin Repository*, Vol. II (1880's)
Francis O'Neill, *The Music of Ireland* (1903)
Paul Cranford, ed., *Jerry Holland's Collection of Fiddle Tunes* (1988)

28 **The Bell Piano Strathspey - Theresa and Marie MacLellan, fiddle and piano** (MW, Sydney, NS, 6/77). Originally issued on Rounder 7006, *A Trip to Mabou Ridge*

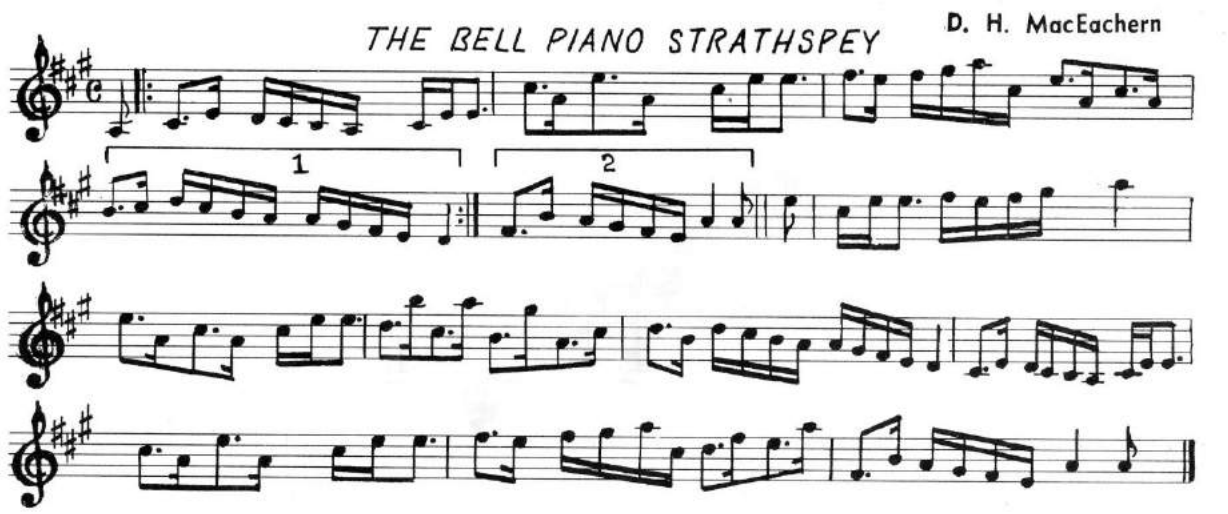
Mark: Theresa and Marie MacLellan were often grouped together with their older brother Donald as the "MacLellan Trio," although they only played together when Donald returned home to Riverside, NS from Toronto on summer vacations. Before he emigrated to Ontario in 1948, Donald had run a popular radio show in Sydney and recorded some excellent 78's, both individually and in league with Bill Lamey. The idea of a family "trio" was concocted as a kind of gimmick by Donald and Bertie MacIsaac who ran a music store in Antigonish that Donald often visited for fiddle strings and the latest music books. MacIsaac was responsible for much of the Cape Breton music that was recorded in that pioneer era, both in arranging the great 1936 Decca sessions with Angus Allan Gillis, Dan Campbell and Angus Chisholm and subsequently issuing records after the war under his own Celtic imprint (which he eventually sold to London Records of Canada). The MacLellans were children of Big Ranald MacLellan, a blacksmith who was one of the most admired fiddlers in the early twentieth century. (Alex Francis MacKay frequently spoke of how well Ranald played when he heard him as a child, although one had to

be careful to not provoke his rage by whispering while he played.) In truth, Theresa and Donald did not play much alike, for Donald followed his father's preferences for strict Scottish settings of the old school, whereas Theresa bowed in a much freer and lighter style (indeed, she barely heard her father play, because he passed away in 1936). In fact, some of the "Trio"'s recordings were in fact individual duets with Marie, because Donald and Theresa's repertories were rather different (although Theresa acquired much of her deep Scottish repertory from Donald, who cultivated the classic tune collections from the old country). In terms of personality too, they were quite different: Donald and Marie were ebullient and forthcoming, whereas Theresa could be moody and inscrutable. I was very pleased to record Donald with Doug MacPhee shortly before he died (Rounder 7044, *The Dusky Meadow* (2003)), and I think I learned more about the Cape Breton musical aesthetic from Donald and Dougie during those sessions as from any other source. This recording of the MacLellan sisters was made in 1977 when Theresa was in her prime (and in mono, because I lost one track on my tape recorder with no way to get it repaired). Bill Nowlin and I supervised a later recording date in 2003 that did not turn out well, as Marie was ill from cancer, and Theresa seemed distracted and disengaged. (Musically, this was a great pity, as I had heard them play a brace of splendid dance sets just six months earlier.) In recompense, Bill and I realized that some live recordings that we had made in 1976 at their regular dance in the Big Pond firehouse were quite evocative, so we begin to work on preparing some of those recordings for eventual release. These plans never reached fruition, but the proposed programming can be found in the "Published Projects" section of the

NAT Research Archive (despite the fact that the anticipated CD was never actually published).

Theresa was renowned on the Island for her marches and strathspeys, although insofar as I could determine, she personally preferred lighter fare such as the "Poor Girl's Waltz," as presented on Volume 13. Her magnificent playing on "The Bell Piano Strathspey" illustrates the reasons why. Many years later I requested the same tune from Buddy MacMaster, who included it on his 2003 Rounder CD ("Glad that you reminded me of that tune; I'd almost forgotten it"). But as skilled as Buddy's playing is, I don't think it compares to Theresa's performance, with its supremely confident bowing and the almost supernatural perfection of its "runs." Indeed, I'd rate this particular performance as among the very best of the items that the NAT managed to capture.

Dan Hughey MacEachern was one of several midcentury Cape Bretoners who followed Dan R. MacDonald's lead in composing admirable new tunes in the Scottish idiom. (The most astonishingly prolific of this generation of innovators was John MacDougall, who is profiled in Volume 14 of this survey.) Several of Dan Hughey's other tunes that can be found scattered amongst our sundry record releases are "The Kennedy Street March" and "A Trip to Mabou Ridge." He also composed a matching reel to "Bell Piano" that can be found in the first of the two booklets of original compositions that he published privately. I never heard Dan Hughey play, as he had developed severe arthritis by the time I came along, but his family later issued a CD of home recordings entitled *The Land of My Love*. Dan Hughey was reputedly the last of the Cape Breton fiddlers who occasionally utilized cross-tunings other than AEAE. We made a concentrated effort to track some of these down but never succeeded.

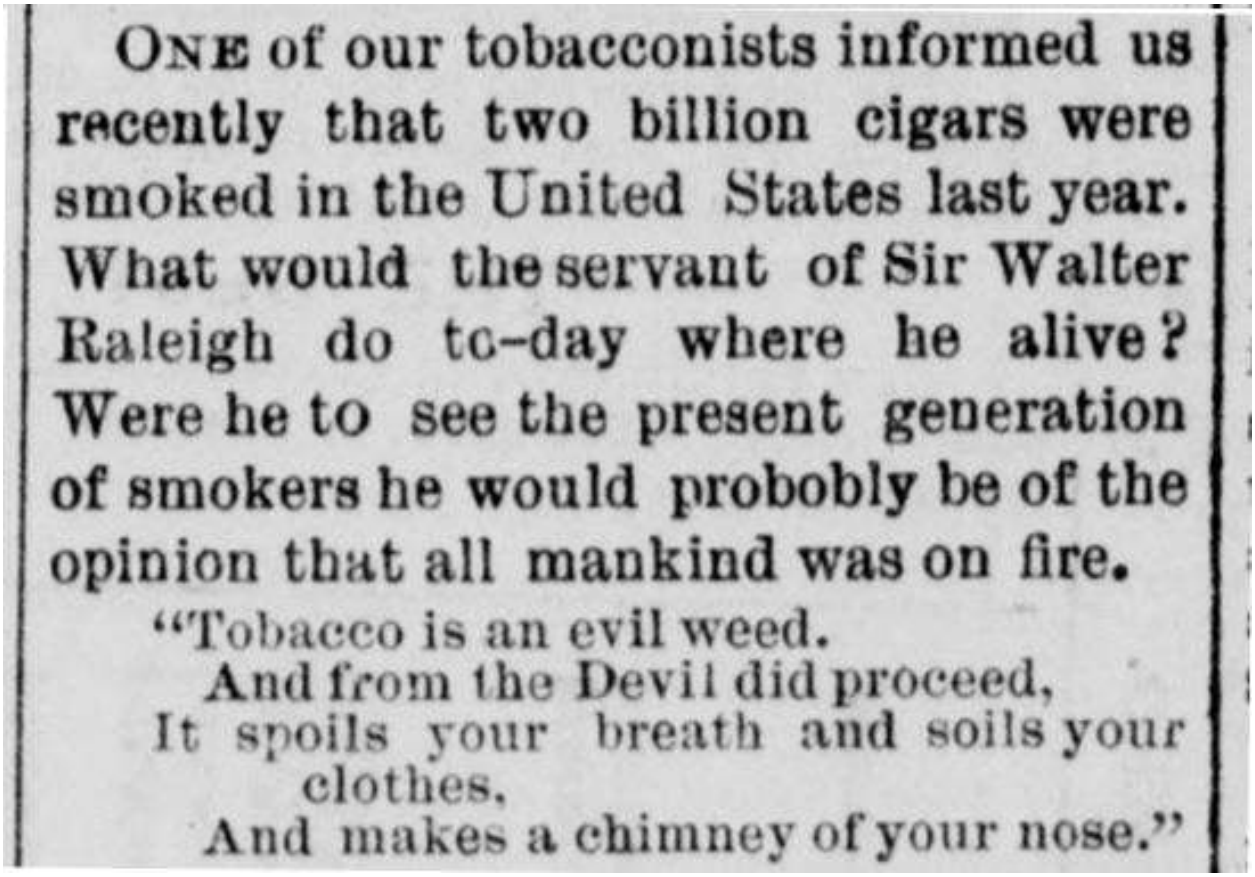


The medley of tunes that the MacLellans perform after the "Bell Piano" itself are "Blair Drummond," "Sheep Shanks" or "The Honorable Mrs. Maule" (claimed by Robert Mackintosh), "Miss Charlotte Alston Stewart" (Duncan McKercher), "Bonnie Nellie" (J. Scott Skinner) and "The King's Reel." All of these are commonly played in Cape Breton even to this day, but we did not obtain most of these titles from Theresa and Marie, who rarely knew what their proper names were. And this "amnesia" was generally the case with most of our Cape Breton artists. Many of them studiously consulted the venerable tune collections from the Old Country as a means of verifying the "correctness" of their note choices, but they rarely recalled the *titles* that were appended in those very same books. As a result, we often called upon local experts such as Paul Cranford to help us affix proper titles to the tunes we had recorded. In the case of the present selection, I obtained the full tune listing from a remarkable website entitled *Alan Snyder's Cape Breton Fiddle Recording Index* (https://www.cbfiddle.com/rx)

Photo of Blanche Sophoculous, Marie and Theresa MacLellan: Bill Nowlin, Sydney, NS 1976
Photo of Ranald MacLellan: courtesy of Donald MacLellan
Photo of Dan Hughie MacEachern: courtesy of Doug MacPhee
The MacLellan Trio Play the Music of Cape Breton: Celtic Record CX 13 (1950's)
"The Bell Piano Strathspey": D.H. MacEachern, *MacEachern's Collection* (1975)
Photo of Theresa MacLellan: Mark Wilson, Sugar Camp, NS 2003

Elsewhere in this survey: Vols. 13 and 14

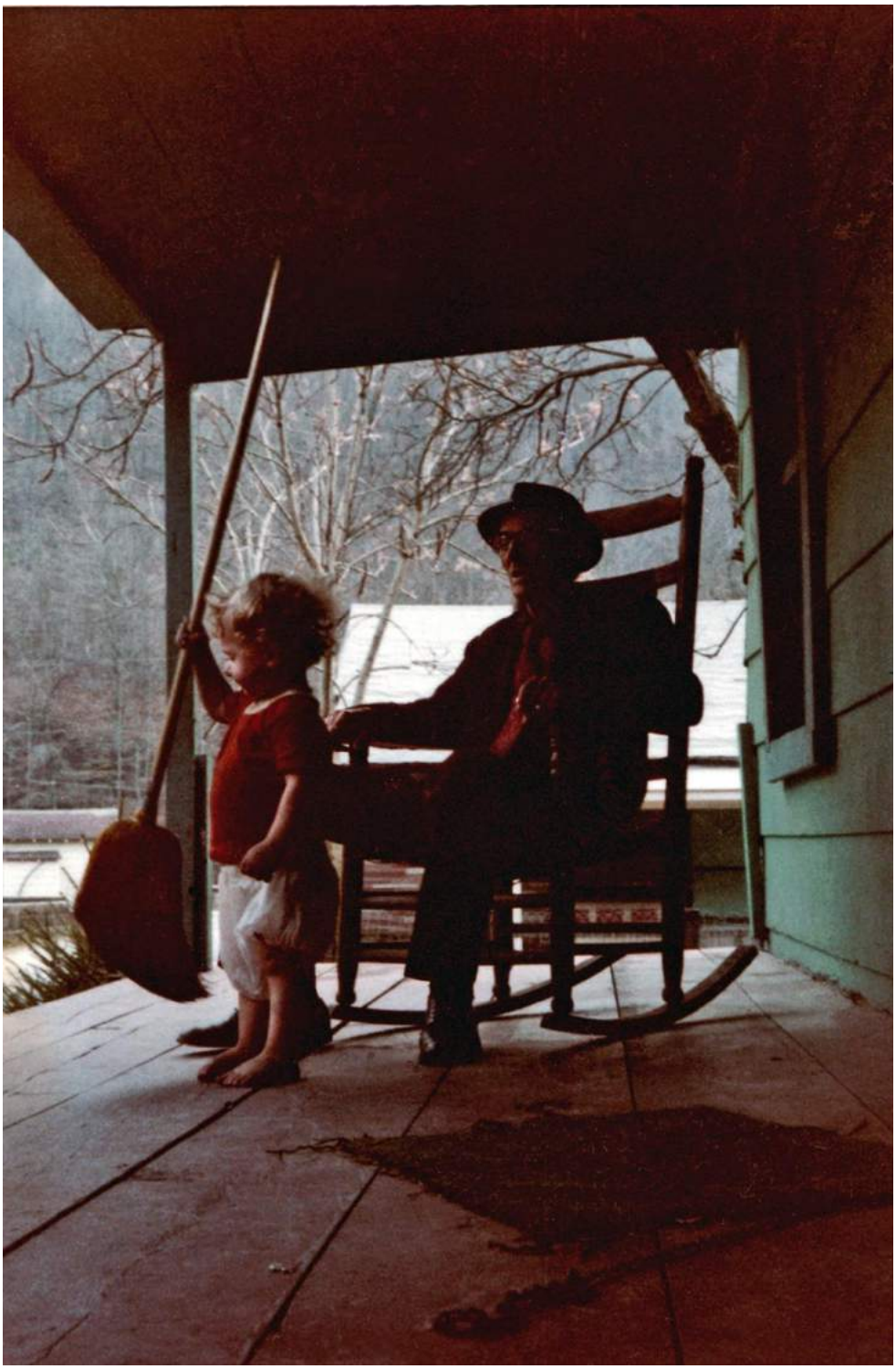
Volume 15: ***In Our Own Words***


ONE of our tobacconists informed us recently that two billion cigars were smoked in the United States last year. What would the servant of Sir Walter Raleigh do to-day where he alive? Were he to see the present generation of smokers he would probobly be of the opinion that all mankind was on fire.

"Tobacco is an evil weed.
And from the Devil did proceed,
It spoils your breath and soils your clothes,
And makes a chimney of your nose."

Mark: The concluding volume of our survey is devoted to poems, stories and other reminiscences from some of our artists. Whenever we were able, our group attempted to fashion autobiographical accounts from our sources, from lengthy taped interviews. We've sprinkled some of these reconstructions throughout these survey annotations, but the complete originals can be found in the accompanying NAT Research Archive. Undoubtedly, much valuable data remains there unprocessed — I was struck by how much of it I had forgotten when I cobbled this Survey together. We've titled this concluding volume "In Our Own Words" because it allows our artists to speak in their own voices, unfiltered through any "interpretations" that Norm Cohen or I might offer. As we observed earlier, Alan Lomax entitled one of his great song compilations *Listen to Our Story*, a phrase that beautifully encapsulates the manner in which we hope our audiences will respond to the selections gathered here. We have compiled these rather lengthy annotations in order to flesh out the social and historical environments in which this music arose and subsequently flourished. But in the final analysis, the merits of this collection reside entirely with the wonderful people who acceded to our requests for recordings. So we will let them have the last words here.

29 **Good Morning This Morning / Tobacco Poem - Nimrod Workman, spoken** (MW and Ken Irwin, Chattaroy, WV, 3/03/76). *Unissued*



30 **Cowboy, Go Union - Van Holyoak, vocal** (Roud 10632) (MW and Lou Curtiss, La Jolla, CA 05/80). Originally issued on Rounder 0108, *Tioga Jim.* This poem is Van's own composition.

Tobacco poem: *Martinsburg* (WV) *Independent* (1887)
Photo of Nimrod Workman and grandson: Mark Wilson, Chattaroy, WV 1976
Photo of Van Holyoak: Virginia Curtiss, El Cajon, CA 1980

Elsewhere in this survey (Holyoak): Vols. 8 and 10